

It may have been sufficient for what was considered necessary in the past, but even Missionaries of the old school long felt the desirability of episcopal guidance and supervision on the spot. This was so strongly the opinion of the present diocesan, that in 1877 the two senior missionaries were advanced to episcopal orders as assistants to the Bishop of Madras. The arrangement was a tentative one, and it has been described as "a complete failure." One great difficulty was that the Assistant Bishops were also missionaries in charge of stations which naturally received more attention from them than other Mission districts which were under ordinary missionaries not in episcopal orders. A second objection felt by all was that the appointment of one Bishop for the C.M.S. and another for the S.P.G. was a fatal error.

After the decease of the two Assistant-Bishops appointed in 1877 to work in Tinnevely (Bishop Sargent died in 1889, and Bishop Caldwell in 1891), the Bishop of Madras, on the 9th December, 1891, brought up the desirability of the severance of Tinnevely and Madura from the Diocese of Madras and their formation into a separate diocese. Speaking of the trust undertaken by the Bishop as the Diocesan of Madras, his lordship said: "That trust now involves heavier responsibilities, and demands greater labors than a Bishop in sole charge is able to fulfil. Especially have these responsibilities and labors been augmented during the fourteen years in which Assistant Bishops watched over the Native Church in Tinnevely. For additional agency requires additional work. Also, while those Bishops have borne a part of the burden, clergy and congregations have multiplied in other mission fields of the diocese, so that the presence of a second Bishop cannot henceforth be dispensed with. That such Bishop should be appointed to exercise his functions in Tinnevely is generally allowed to be on the whole the best arrangement." For five years the legal difficulties in the way of the appointment of a local Bishop of Tinnevely were so considerable that proceedings were stayed, but the new Bishop was consecrated last year (1896).

An instance has lately come to our notice which will, we think, put most of us to shame. A lady who was brought up in the highest ranks of society found her income suddenly reduced to what might well have seemed a minimum allowance for maintenance under tolerable social conditions. She contrived, however, by dispensing with servants and by other self-denying economies, to reduce expenditure to about one-half of the diminished income, saving seventy pounds a year to help missions. Then by numerous means, as ingenious as laborious, she earned a further sum of £200, assisting missions to the extent of £270, nearly twice her own income. And her life—one long act of self-denial as some would esteem it—is by her own confession "one long song of praise."—*Selected.*

ONE MISSIONARY BOX.

BY MAZIE HOGAN.

"Wonder when papa will come back," said Bertie.

"Wonder when papa tum back," echoed Belle.

"Papa tum bat," lisped baby Nell, from her seat on the floor.

"It is such a heavy snow-storm that it will be hard to see the way, and they must come slowly," said mamma, speaking cheerily, though there was an anxious look on her face which Lucy did not fail to note.

Lucy was the eldest daughter, a pretty girl of sixteen, whose bright eyes and flushed cheeks did not betoken health. She was sitting in a warm corner by the stove knitting a scarlet stocking for the baby. The mother, close to one of the small windows, where she could get as much as possible of the fading light, was carefully mending a small coat. Bertie and Belle, six and four years old, were leaning on the sill of the other window, looking out into the snow-thickened twilight, and the two-year old baby played contentedly on the floor with mended toys. In spite of scarcity of furniture, the room had an air of home-like comfort, and a few pretty pictures and handsome mantel ornaments added grace to the home-like furnishings.

The story of the family may be told in a few words, it is but too common in those western wilds. Mr. Wellwood, three years before, was the talented and eloquent rector of a flourishing parish in an eastern city, and his family lived in comfort and plenty. But the same spirit which actuated the early saints and martyrs to give up houses, lands, all earthly possessions, nay, sometimes life itself for the cause of Christ, led him to think his life too easy, and to long to do more for the spread of Christ's kingdom upon earth. The Bishop of North Dakota was a personal friend, and urged his coming to that district, promising him plenty of work,

So they had moved to the North-west, and during these three years had passed through experiences well known to many of our missionaries. The change from the comforts and conveniences of a city home to frontier life was in itself trying, but there were many greater hardships to encounter. The salary was small, and often delayed. The people among whom Mr. Wellwood was laboring were, at their best, rough and often antagonistic, and his ardent zeal met with innumerable discouragements, while among those who were more responsive to his teaching, he found so much want and suffering that he felt he must relieve it, even when by so doing he deprived his own family