

is making no real advance in this country, and this confession has been made again and again by persons holding official positions in the Church of Rome itself.

Meanwhile the Church of England, the church of our fathers, goes on her way and bears witness, strong in the humble confidence that she "keeps whole and undefiled the Catholic faith;" whole as it was accepted and defined in primitive times, and undefiled by either the accretions or corruptions of mediæval error. She does not profess to "have attained or to be already perfect." She is still learning her shortcomings and her needs, and waits for new impulses of spiritual power to carry her on to perfection. The Lord, who has so greatly blessed her and her children, will bless her more and more.

THE CALENDAR AND MISSIONS.

Does not the Calendar in our Prayer Book serve as a continual reminder of the duty of Churchmen toward foreign missions? It would seem impossible to think of the Conversion of St. Paul, the death of St. Peter, to recall the life and work of the ancient saints of England, France, Italy, and Spain, without feeling some stimulus toward spreading the Gospel and strengthening the Church. The practice is growing common of linking to the immovable feasts in the Calendar a special intercession on behalf of some missionary association or enterprise. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel asks for special intention upon St. Peter's Day, the Oxford mission to Calcutta upon the Feast of the Epiphany and Bishop Blyth's work in Jerusalem upon St. Barnabas' Day. Surely the more we look into the meaning of our Prayer Book, the more we study rubrics and directions, the clearer we shall see its completeness, and realize that so far from there being necessity for additions here, and prunings there, we have in the Book of Common Prayer a guide to our duty in all the varied circumstances of our life here on earth.—*Selected.*

THE SEEDS OF THE HIGHER CIVILIZATION.

The Rev. Dr. W. A. P. Martin, of Peking, gives the following illustrations of how the seeds of the higher civilization for which the Chinese nation is now beginning to strive, have been sown by the missionaries:

To show how the seeds of a higher civilization are being sown, I may mention that the late Dr. S. R. Brown, before going as a missionary to Japan, had charge of a school in Hong-Kong, under the auspices of the Morrison Education Society. One of his pupils was Yung Wing, who brought a large body of

young men to the United States for education. Another was Tang King-sing, who led the way in organizing the new merchant marine of China. What may we not hope from the many thousands now being educated in mission schools?

I may add that it is to missionaries that China is indebted for the greater part of the text-books of modern science now accessible to her people; a fact which led a Chinese scholar of high position to maintain that China has derived more advantage from Christian missions than from foreign commerce.

"LIGHTEN OUR DARKNESS."

Awake! Awake, O Christian,
The long dark night is past,
The Day Star is arising,
The Dawn is near, at last!
The lands so long enshrouded
In darkness deep, and drear,
Are longing that the tidings
Of God's love they may hear.

A cry comes o'er the mountains
And floats upon the breeze;
From tropic shores and islands,
And from the Arctic Seas.
'Neath gleaming constellations,
The Pole Star in the North,
From Selkirk's ice-bound borders,
The yearning cry comes forth.

From far-off Australasia,
Where in the starry sky,
The Southern Cross burns brightly,
Again there comes the cry.
In valleys fair and smiling,
Where Christian ne'er hath trod,
The weary hearts are sighing
For Thee—the Unknown God.

Where o'er the slopes of Persia
The fiery Crescent gleams;
From distant, dark Uganda,
And Niger's deadly streams.
From China's unloved daughters,
From flower-crowned Japan,
The cry is heard—"Oh tell us,
God's wondrous love to man."

From lips of suffering sisters
'Neath India's glowing sun—
From earth's dark cruel places,
From many a weary one!
The cry—"Oh come and help us,
Who grope as in the night,
Our eyes are blind and sightless,
Oh! show us the true Light!"

"Oh! hear our cry, good Christian,
And in our sore distress:
Reveal to us the Saviour,
Who longs to love and bless.
And then, with hearts uplifted,
And grateful voice, we'll raise:
To Father, Son, and Spirit,
Our joyful song of praise."

—K. S. M.

Montreal, March, 1898.