

England.

The Established Church Missionary Society has during the past year occupied 158 stations by 197 European Missionaries; they have also employed 131 native missionaries and 1,928 native and country born teachers, at a total expenditure of \$785,000, including building outlays and special funds.

The advertisements in the Ritualistic organs in England are becoming more purely Popish than ever. There are announcements where crucifixes of all kinds may be obtained, and appeals are now addressed for money to be sent "for the glory of God and for the love of the Blessed Virgin Mary," for the promotion of Ritualistic schemes.

England sustains three missionary societies of the Established Church, the Propagation Society, the Church Missionary Society, and the Colonial and Continental Church Society. The latter has been the means of the extension of the Church of England in all the colonies of Great Britain, where they are now to be found, and of the establishment of as many bishoprics. Stations are maintained throughout Canada, and churches are continually organized along the frontier in Canada and the United States. But its successes, says the *Independent*, among the Indians of British Columbia, are paralleled by those among the Dyaks of Borneo, quite at the other side of the world. Besides its many establishments in the East Indies, it has a large number of stations on the Continent, at Gibraltar, in Africa, in Asia, in Australia, in New Zealand, and on the Pacific Islands. At the head of its corps of workers in the South Seas was the last Christian martyr, the universally lamented Bishop J. C. Patteson. The work of the Society has been richly blessed in France, Germany, Hungary, Rome and Turkey. Many Jews have become converted. The Propagation Society has in all 463 missionaries, and an annual income of nearly \$500,000.

Island of Ponape.

Rev. Mr. Deane writes to the *Missionary Herald* from Ponape, one of the South Sea Islands: Eighteen years ago Christian teachers landed on this island. The history of their work, their night of toil and day of rejoicing, is known. But they have reached a point when, to day, they begin the work of foreign missions from among those who have received Jesus as their Saviour and are willing to work for him. To-day the Saviour's own little vessel takes on board Nikodemus and wife and Zakeus

and wife, to carry them to two low islands east of us—one perhaps seventy, the other one hundred and fifty miles distant. This is a new thing on Ponape, an unheard of thing, that some of this people have so received Jesus that they are willing to break away from their friends to tell the lost on other islands of him. Let prayer be offered that the enterprise may be a success and that their hearts fail not.

McCheyne's Church and Burial Place.

Dr T. L. Cuyler has been in Scotland, and among other scenes of interest thus describes a church and grave dear to thousands of hearts:—

"On Tuesday I came over to Dundee, purposely to visit the scenes of the labors of that beloved disciple, Robert Murray McCheyne. To this hour his memory is as fresh and fragrant in Dundee as on that sad day when thousands of weeping citizens followed him to his burial. I was accompanied to St. Peter's Church (of which Mr. McCheyne was the first pastor) by Mr. Moncur, one of the magistrates of the city, and an elder in the new 'McCheyne Memorial church' lately opened. St. Peter's is a neat, plain building, and stands in a by-street. Many of the congregation were God's poor; and I found a group of poor children playing around the door as we entered the church. The interior is in severely simple taste; the floors are uncarpeted, and the high-backed pews uncushioned. The pulpit is very small and very lofty, and is surrounded by a sounding-board. A strange thrill came over me as I entered McCheyne's pulpit, and laid my hand on that cushion over which he had bent so often. That pulpit seemed "none other than the gate of heaven." I went from it to the little room in which he used to meet his elders, and sat down in the chair beside the old cherry table at which they met. Then I went to his grave. He lies in the church yard, close to the southern church wall, beneath a tasteful monument. Then I went to the house (also in a by-street) where the sweet spirit fled away to heaven. The house is now used as an infirmary.

"At twilight I went again to McCheyne's church and grave. The whole city seemed to be pervaded by his hallowed presence. I could think of no one else. Upon the monument is a most beautiful inscription. It closes with these words:—"He ceased not day and night to labour and watch for souls—and was honored by his Lord to draw many wanderers into the path of life." Glorious words! Glorious servant of Christ