

to make a pair of overshoes for me such as the Indians wear in bad weather. Half the skin was to make the overshoes and the other half was to be the Indian's pay, the total cost was half a dollar. When they were made an Indian adjusted them to my feet,—they were just mere bags or pockets into which I shoved my toes, boot and all, and then the Indian wound the remainder of the loose skin round my ankles, enclosing the ends of my trousers and tied all up with string. The overshoes were very warm and comfortable and kept my feet dry, but they had rather a strong odor.



AN ENGLISH MISSIONARY MEETING OF LONG AGO.

By MISS FANNY SIMPSON, HAMILTON, ONT.

THE parish of Aspal Stonham is in many respects a good specimen of an English village in one of the eastern counties. The prominent men there are tenant farmers. There are a few shopkeepers and mechanics and a large contingent of farm laborers. Some years ago the rector of Aspal Stonham was the Rev. Francis Bloomfield, an energetic and popular clergyman who took a practical view of the text, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

Although he did not feel it his duty to resign his preferment he was none the less the friend of all missionaries and did all in his power to promote their welfare. Not content with preaching sermons he held an annual missionary meeting on a rather extensive scale, and this practice being continued for a long series of years the missionary meeting at Aspal Stonham came to be regarded as an institution through all the country side. It was generally held in the month of July, after the gathering in of the hay and before the labors of the regular harvest commenced. The neighboring clergy were always represented, farmers with their wives and families came from miles around, and the agricultural laborers donned their Sunday suits and trudged to the meeting.

At nine in the morning on the particular occasion to which we refer, the magnificent peal of bells for which Aspal Stonham is justly celebrated rang out merrily announcing to the neighborhood that something important was impending.

The peal consisted of ten bells, and five men were required to play them all, and the bellringers were held to be persons enjoying a most desirable status in village society. Bell ringing was an ac-

complishment much studied in Aspal Stonham and those who excelled in it were proportionately esteemed. For the ordinary Sunday service only eight bells were used, but for festivals the entire peal was set in motion. On this day Divine service began at 11 a. m. and was well attended. The choir sang "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" with more than their usual fervor and Mr. Blomfield took for his text, "For we preach not ourselves but Christ Jesus the Lord." There were a few high old fashioned pews, and one or two were furnished with curtains, but the greater part of the congregation sat on open benches, the men on one side of the church and the women on the other side, which is a system frequently observed in many parts of rural England, being merely a matter of custom and having no special significance. After the service was over the attention of the visitor was drawn to the peculiar memorial brasses of which there were several fine specimens, and also attracted by a very conspicuous monument to the memory of a member of the Wingfield family, who is said to have come to his death under peculiar circumstances. He was lying on the grass probably near a shrubbery or under the shade of a tree, and while asleep was stung by a viper, the bite causing death a few hours afterwards. The monument which is in white marble and fully life size, represents a young man dressed in the fashion of the 17th century, in a recumbent posture, apparently just awakened from sleep, the face upturned and the poisonous reptile coiled about the wrist.

The Wingfields have long departed from Aspal Stonham, nothing is known of them, and another family owns their land, but the monument remains, and although somewhat out of repair, is still interesting to those who love to wander among the tombstones of a bygone generation, to gaze on the quaint devices, and decipher the half obliterated inscriptions.

In the meanwhile preparations for luncheon were rapidly progressing. A marquee had been set up on the glebe land, and one of the churchwardens was personally superintending the arrangement of a number of tables, which were set out with bread and butter, cakes and jam, a large urn filled with tea being placed at the head of every table.

These tables were presided over by the principal women of the parish, and soon the pleasant hum of conversation and the genial jingle of tea-cups filled the marquee. At the conclusion of the repast, when the rector had said grace, the tables and the remains of the refreshments were put away, more benches were brought in, and the missionary meeting in serious earnest was about to begin. The rector spoke first, and as he well knew he had a long list of speakers to follow him, he merely expressed his pleasure at seeing so large a meeting, and to notice so many of his own parishioners present, and then introduced Dr. Ryan, once bishop of Mauritius and at that time the holder