

which we only can see. In scrupulously refraining from a harsh judgment of those who differ from us, from "labelling" them, or accrediting them wholesale with opinions which we have taken singularly little care to ascertain that they really hold. By being willing to learn and to see from their point of view as well as our own. By bearing well in mind that in proportion as we take part in, or help by a hair's breadth to intensify division, we are hindering the spread of Christ's Kingdom. *It is impossible but that occasions of stumbling should come, but woe unto him, through whom they come (a).*

And then again, by persistently seeking a common meeting-ground. It is surprising how often that is to be found when it is looked for. The root of difference nearly always lies in misunderstanding and misconception. But so long as we are ready coldly to turn our backs upon one another, to refuse to work together, pray together, worship together, so long, we may be sure, we are failing to put in practice the governing principle of our religion—the *new commandment (b)*, active and energising, which our Saviour gave us—and without which all else is as *sounding brass or a clanging cymbal (c)*. One great meeting-ground we all have. The Mission Field cries aloud to us to sink our differences, to *beat our swords into plowshares and our spears into pruning hooks (a)* and come to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Here lies the cure for our ills. Let us pray God that we may have grace to see that they are ills, and take our cure before it is too late. Some day, when our eyes are opened, how infinitely little, how miserably small it will seem to us that we ever could have wasted our time in wrangling and disputing on questions of ritual or "high" Church or "low" Church, when all the while the one important business of our lives was waiting for us, waiting for the right use of all our misdirected energies,—the winning of souls to God, making others Christians.

In this way we may indeed learn that *we are all one in Christ Jesus (a)* and our prayer will rise up before God—the prayer our Lord has taught us—accompanied by "the sweet incense of obedient days," the offering of ourselves in very deed and in truth (b) for our brethren's sake.

A. B. TUCKER.

The Anglican Church has of late years enormously increased her Episcopate. When Queen Victoria came to the throne in 1837, there were but seven Bishops of our Church in the colonies and mission field. Now there are 91, and the S.P.C.K. can record with thankfulness that it has been permitted to have a share in the endowment of 55 of these, at a cost to its funds of over £95,000. Large sums have also been given for the endowment of mission clergy abroad.

a. Luke xvii. 1. b. John xiii. 31. c. 1 Cor. xiii. 1.  
a. Isa. ii. 4.  
a. Gal. iii. 28. b. 1 John iii. 18.

## The Hand of Justice.

A TALE OF NEPIGON INDIAN WILDS.

It had been a warm day, and as at length the sun sank languidly to rest, gently unrobing itself of its scarlet mantle, it seemed to mock the lone watcher who gazed upon its fading brightness by the waters of the Nepigon. Had the watcher been at all familiar with English literature there might have come to her the words of the great poet:

"I see the mystery of your loveliness."

But she was only a poor Indian, and the beautiful ending of the day brought back no familiar lines of poetry; though it was evidenced as she turned away with bowed head, that the scene had brought to her mind some thoughts that moved her deeply.

Just two years before she had stood on the same spot, and at her side had stood a man—not an Indian, but one "*Waseet Nesageween*"—from the "Far East," as he had told her. How eloquently he had pleaded that he loved her. Half mockingly she had repeated to herself his imperfect attempts to express his feelings in a language in which he was only two years old. But, though his utterances were imperfect, his gestures left no room to doubt his meaning—they were unmistakable. She realized all this as she stood there watching the setting sun. She was not broken hearted, she mused—hardly that—possibly a little disconsolate—offended—"If he was satisfied, why, so was she," and she shrugged her shoulders as if to satisfy herself of her perfect indifference to the course events had taken. She reflected on his words—"I cannot live without you"—"Ah, then, she said, smiling, "I saved him; poor fellow."

Fortune had smiled upon him of late, and the determination to become rich had taken possession of him; but he had gone and left her, and her friends said he would not return. And yet she was his wife. Slowly her soul began to burn within her. The indifference she had striven to assume gradually deserted her, she felt herself scorned, insulted. "He will regret it," she cried. "I will assuredly be avenged." Savagely she tore the neckerchief from her throat and flaunted it jeeringly in the wind. Then, with the fierce passion peculiar to her people, she rent it to shreds—his gift. The evening had become quite dark; shuddering in the cold wind, she drew her shawl close about her, and turned towards her little home. Late into the dark watches of the night, she sat, carefully stitching together a little birch bark box. The bottom she strewed with dead leaves. In this she placed the ring from her finger. She would send him this little casket. It should reach him. It must. Then she sat gazing into the fire in deep thought, though with the expressionless face peculiar to her race, till slowly she fell asleep.

Twenty years had rolled by echoing many a glad song, yet saddened by many a melancholy moan; garnished with

bliss, yet stained with tears; riched by the soft soothing airs of spring, yet chilled by the icy breath of winter. The luxurious *laissez faire* measures of summers and the deep, solemn moan of autumns, had followed each other in quick succession. Things had changed among the Indians of Nepigon Lake. Houses stood where wigwams had been pitched. Here and there was a brave attempt at cultivation. But the whole prevented an aspect suggestive of a vain effort to shake off the characteristics, which each descending generation continued to display. In full view as one entered the settlement, stood the house of the "*Makedaywekonyah*" the faithful shepherd, who for twelve long years had watched over his sheep with unfailing solicitude and care. On a certain occasion the "*Makedaywekonyah*" stood outside his door. Evidently time had pressed heavily upon him, wrinkles were conspicuous above the corners of his eyes and mouth, and the black hair had become steely grey. He was not only a little sunburnt by the glare of life, but weather-beaten by its storms and hardened by its blasts. Just now the sunburnt veteran of the cross was gazing anxiously down the footpath, as he watched the long expected visitor, Mr. —, who with his wife had promised to spend a day or two at Nepigon. He could not possibly stay longer. The old clergyman had long awaited this visit. Mr. — was now a fur trader and had grown very rich of late, with his young wife he was visiting for the first time in twenty years, as he said, the old hunting ground and he was much interested in it yet. Hearty was the hand shake, joyous the welcome, and with becoming pride the old man bowed them into his humble home.

The evening meal was finished. The gentlemen sat smoking their pipes and reclining in their chairs. The young wife finding herself somewhat alone, arose and excusing herself, passed out into the cool night air. The men continued their conversation. Gradually the subject drifted back to those good old days—the visitor asked: "Do you know a woman, *Niqua*, I think they call her"—he had really forgotten—"tall, stately, rather fine looking." "Was she rather delicate; large, sad, searching eyes?" "Why, yes," he had known her, "she is buried just outside." He turned abruptly and pulled aside the curtains. "Yes you can see the spot from here."

Night folded her starry curtains upon the earth—darkness settled upon hill and vale. It was late September, autumn winds rose eager for their work of death and moaned sorrowfully among the trees. It was a solemn, melancholy night, full of dreary phantoms presaging a dark and dismal morrow.

"Yes," continued the old clergyman, "she always puzzled me. Quietly she passed away in the faith, in perfect peace." He paused and slowly took his pipe from his mouth. "One circumstance which impressed me much at the time, he con-