

doubts and fears have given place to cordial approval. Many night after night have listened with deepening fervour to the old, old story of the love of Christ. Members of other bodies have been greatly interested and acknowledged that the Gospel was set forth in all its fulness within the Episcopal Church, about which church and its teaching so much misconception prevails. It is not within the province of this letter to tell of the testimonies of individuals, enough to say that after eleven days' services there were expressions of deep regret that the mission was closed. Abiding in the promises of God's word we have abundant ground for expecting a great blessing. As far as my judgment is concerned I would heartily recommend my brethren to have a mission conducted on the principles which the Missioner of the Diocese follows. It amply proves the truth of the words of the Archbishop of York. Speaking of missions he says, "There has not been a case perhaps of a mission rightly conducted in which many and many a soul has not seen cause to recognize the good of them, and every class of people seem to me to share the benefits of a mission." The idea of the regular Incumbent being ignored is sometimes urged as a reason for not holding a mission, but it will be found that the work of the clergyman in charge is magnified not diminished, and in proportion to his faithfulness in his parish so will he be surprised at the results of a mission. The seed has been growing secretly where perhaps he did not think, and reserve is swept away in the earnest conversation which a mission is sure to awaken in any parish, and he will find after the missioner's work is done an aroused and awakened flock more ready than ever to follow his counsel, and to help him in all the works of the Church of Christ.

So important an agency demands earnest prayer. It aims at the awakening the careless, and what is equally important, deepening the spiritual life of believers. A mission in our parishes should come with all the love and earnestness which a church should ever have for the fold of Christ and I would add with all the dignity the church can give. I would suggest there should be certain recommendations prepared for commencing and carrying on a mission, some such as follows:—

1. In announcing the mission the Incumbent should be able to read a letter from the Bishop, commending the Missioner and his work to the people, urging also the formation of bands of workers to help the Incumbent during the mission.

2. That the Tract Committee keep a supply of the excellent tracts so generally used in England during a mission.

3. That the Liturgical services should be so thoroughly arranged and understood that nothing during a mission might awaken controversy or distrust.

Doubtless there are many other things which a thoughtful committee would suggest, and I am so deeply impressed that the work which missions propose to do is of such vital importance to the church that it must command the prayers and thoughts of all who believe in the Gospel of Christ.

I would only add that our Missioner, the Rev. F. H. Duvernet, is a faithful, tender, and most attractive preacher, eminently fitted for his work.

Yours faithfully,
DAVID LINDSAY.
Waterloo, P.Q., March 17th, 1884.

THE NEW REGULATIONS OF THE MISSION BOARD.

To the Editors of the Evangelical Churchman:

DEAR SIRS,—I observe that the Board of Missions of the Church of England in Canada have adopted two rules which I think will not be generally acceptable. 1st. They have apportioned the amounts to each object or society in certain proportions, and what is specially designated to any given object or society by a donor, is deducted from the amount to be given from the Board—thus in effect defeating the object of the donor; for by this rule no matter how money may be donated and designated, after all only the proportion assigned will really be sent to any object or society. The other rule which will give serious offence to our most liberal givers will be the fact that while the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel gets $\frac{2}{3}$ of the Missionary contribution, the Church Missionary Society gets only $\frac{1}{3}$, a division that I for one so far object to, that if it is carried out shall decline to give my contribution for Missions through the hands of the Board of Missions. I trust the Board will re-consider these two rules and thus obviate a very serious difficulty, otherwise I feel sure a large number of present subscribers to the Mission Fund will fall off.

Yours very faithfully,
STAPLETON CALDECOTT.

Children's Corner.

CONQUERING BY LOVE.

II. (concluded.)

"Theo settled down to composing a note to Mason which he found to be an extremely difficult task. Several attempts were made and destroyed, for they seemed to say either too much or too little."

"Will you read this, mother?" he said at last, pushing the latest edition across the table. "Tell me if you think it sounds priggish, for he's rather touchy at the best of times."

This was Theo's letter:

DEAR MASON,

"I want to ask a great favor of you. Do you mind accepting these running clothes from me? My mother made them, and as I shan't be able to go in for races just now, it seems a shame to keep them lying idle. Hoping you will wear them, and that to-morrow will be a jolly day,
Yours truly,
"T. WIMBORNE."

The note was inclosed in the carefully-packed parcel, and sent off that same evening under the housemaid's care, who was charged not to wait for any answer.

"I hope he won't be offended!" was Theo's latest thought at night, and earliest meditation in the morning.

Not a sign came from Mason all day. Some of the other boys rushed frantically in and out of the house like whirl-winds, but Theo felt all at once too shy to ask any direct questions.

Never had there been more glorious weather. The sun shone brilliantly, there was a slight breeze stirring, the swallows skimmed swiftly through the clear atmosphere as if to show the superiority of wings over less flexible muscles. Theo's wistful eyes grew moist just for one instant, as the band, which was to enliven the afternoon's entertainment, marched through the village playing briskly "*La Marseillaise*."

How could the musicians tell that those ringing notes, the prelude to so many battles, would fall heavily to-day on a young heart still quivering with the reality of its first encounter? Such moments pass. But the peace of a true victory remains.

The brightness of the day had faded. Theo was alone on his sofa, wondering when he should know the issue of the races, when a slight tap came at the window.

He turned sharply. Mason stood outside, with downcast head.

"Hullo! Come in, won't you?" Theo said, struggling up into a sitting posture.

His visitor accepted the invitation, and stepped in through the open French windows. He was dressed in his ordinary clothes and his face looked very pale.

"I've come to thank you, Wimborne!" he said, huskily. "But I never meant to wear them. I would rather you had done anything than just that. I put them away, meaning to return them, but when this afternoon came, I felt I must go. And I won a prize, look, I've brought it for you, it's yours by right; didn't you know I meant to hurt you that evening?"

Evidently he had no idea that Theo suspected the truth, and when a nod came in answer to his question, he sank down on a chair, and school-boy though he was, burst into a violent fit of tears.

"What a brute I have been!" he said, between his sobs.

But somehow or other, from that day, Fred Mason left his "brute" nature behind him. It was always a puzzle to the other boys why he and Theo should suddenly become such firm friends. For their favourite Theo's sake they agreed to overlook the past, and the shadow of his "chum's" popularity helped to cover the peculiarities of an untrained nature.

Mason pleaded hard, but pleaded in vain, that he might be allowed to transfer the silver

watch which he had won to Theo's keeping. In later years he was glad that Theo would not consent to this; because it always served to remind him of the turning-point of his life.

Perhaps it was a great deal owing to Mrs. Wimborne's gentle influence that the boy changed so much for good. She took him right into her motherly heart, and the forlorn little sister when she came home for the holidays reaped the benefit of Fred's new friends as well.

No doubt Theo's extenuating words were true, when, after telling his mother about his visitor that memorable evening, he said, flinging his arms around her neck,

"And after all, it's not much wonder if he is queer, for he hasn't got a jolly little mother like somebody else!"

HOW THE RUST GOT OUT OF SIMEON'S KNEES

BY THE REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

Big, big Simeon!

It seemed to Patty as if there never could have been a giant greater than this Simeon Simes, the hired man who lived with her father, David Johnston. When she heard her Cister Polly read in the Bible about the sons of Anak who were giants, Patty said to herself. "They must have been Simeon's folks." She was now sitting at Simeon's side. "Big Blue Eyes" he called her. It was the last of the twilight. Looking out of the kitchen window she could hardly make out the forms of the big army of pines that, ever since she had known anything, had been drawn up in lines on the other side of "Spiteful River," and never had broken their green ranks yet.

"Did you say you were tired, Big Blue Eyes?" asked the giant.

"Ever so tired, and I guess I must say my prayers and go to bed."

"Well," said the 'giant' carelessly, I guess nothin' will happen to so good a little girl as you, whether you say your prayers or not."

"Don't you pway?"

The "giant" coughed and grinned; "I—I—sometimes can't bend my knees." What could the matter be? The "giant" was wonderful with his arms and legs. Why couldn't he bend his knees and pray? it was a great mystery to Patty.

"What is the weason?" she softly asked.

"Rust is in 'em," replied the "giant."

"I'll pway for you," said Patty, and as she could pray in any place, she dropped down upon her knees at once, and silently sent up her petition, incense from a little heart, and sure to climb higher than the stars.

How still it was in the dusty old kitchen! How loud the clock ticked! Every snap of the fire was so noisy! The "giant" was uncomfortable. He had not bent his knees in prayer for years. No wonder the "rust" was in them. It troubles the knees of many people. The "giant" had been keeping far from God; but now, as that little form bent near him, a great presence moved toward him. It came close to him. The "giant" sensibly shrank near to the wall behind him. The big kitchen had become too small for him.

"I pwayed for you; and I hope wust won't trouble you any more," musically chimed the voice of "Big Blue Eyes;" and she trotted off.

"Look here, Simeon!"

Some one had abruptly, noisily entered the kitchen. It was Ned Johnston.

"What is it?" asked the "giant."

"The river is risen!"

"Spiteful River up to her old tricks?"

"Just come out and see if she isn't."