

A MISSIONARY BISHOP.

No intelligent Canadian can fail to have a lively interest in missionary work in the islands of the Pacific. India, Burmah, China, Japan, and Melanesia are the only portions of heathendom outside of our Dominion where Canadian Protestant Churches have conducted missionary operations. In the last of these, in the New Hebrides, our Presbyterian brethren have had the highest honor the Church militant can enjoy, that of furnishing martyrs for Christ. The Presbyterian Church of Canada can proudly point to its fields of toil in Oceania, where, notwithstanding persistent French and Jesuit intrigue, it has a most flourishing work in which two missionaries and their wives reached their martyr-crowns through martyr agonies. With similar feelings Methodists the world over regard Fiji and the Friendly Islands, where Wesleyan missionaries have sealed their testimony with their blood, leaving one of the grandest monuments of Christian faith and Christian heroism in nations raised from most degrading savagery to intelligence, peace, and Christian civilization.

George Augustus Selwyn was born at Richmond, England, in 1809. Attracted in his early ministry by the commercial interest which was increasing in the islands of the Pacific, and as well by the glorious record of success there of the London Missionary Society, he felt impelled to offer himself for missionary work in those lonely islands away on the desert sea. He soon organized his operations so perfectly that in a short time a new diocese was ready, and he was consecrated first Bishop of New Zealand in 1841, at the age of thirty-two. This diocese would gain in the comparison even with the fields of toil of the Methodist bishops of the United States, for its dimensions were 5,000 miles by over 1,200. It was an ocean strip of over eighty degrees of latitude by twenty of longitude. During the first seven years he had to confine his labors very largely to New Zealand. A great difficulty in evangelizing the more northern groups was that, as they were so near the Equator, Europeans could only live in them three months of the year.

A further hinderance was the great diversity of dialects and languages. The London Missionary Society, which began its operations in Tahiti, 1797, had followed the plan, however, of sending native teachers from one island to others lying near it, and so gradually spreading the Gospel light from island to island.

Landing the native catechists amongst their savage countrymen, they would leave them for weeks or months, and then return to find them either killed or else surrounded by a body of attentive listeners, won by their earnestness and devotion to listen to the story of the Cross. Bishop Selwyn, observing the success of these missionaries from another branch of the Church, was constrained to write: "Many of these islands I visited in their days of darkness, and therefore I can rejoice in the light that now bursts upon them from whatever quarter it may come. I feel that there is an episcopate of love as well as of authority, and that these simple teachers scattered over the wide ocean are of the same interest to me that Apollos was to Aquila. I find them instructed in the way of the Lord, fervent in spirit and teaching diligently the things of the Lord."

Selwyn resolved upon visiting the northern groups of islands and adopting the plan successfully followed by others and upon getting children entrusted to his care to be educated in New Zealand. This work he commenced in his small missionary ship, the "Undine," one of the pioneers in the great work now being done by the royal navy of heaven, the dozens of missionary ships carrying the invincible armament of the Gospel against the strongholds of Satan.

During a voyage in 1851, while the Bishop was landing at Mallicolo, one of the

Loyalty Islands, large groups of men gathered at some distance, shouting and throwing stones and shooting arrows. Desiring his party not to run nor show any sign of fear, he led them straight to the beach, careless of the threats and brandished clubs about them. This was only a sample of his reception on many an island. However, with a spirit of kindness and firmness, showing both courage and sympathy, he conquered many a native tribe and secured young men for the Missionary Institute at Auckland.

The "Undine" had soon to be replaced by a larger vessel, the "Border Maid," and this soon again by one still larger, the "Southern Cross." With such increased equipment the work prospered grandly, and across the wide Pacific, through the faithful labors of Wesleyan, Congregational, and Anglican missionaries, beacon lights were kindled on one island after another as glad signals to "give glory unto the Lord and to declare his praise in the islands;" and to-day out of a total population of 863,000 in the islands of the Pacific, 324,000 are Christians.

Bishop Selwyn was at length obliged by

DECISION.

A teacher in one of the large colleges for women in the Eastern States lately told a little incident, which may be of use to some of our girl-friends. At recreation hour on one Sunday evening a large number of the girls had assembled in the parlor. They began to talk and laugh, quietly at first; then the conversation ran into gossip, and the laughter grew more boisterous and frivolous.

"I felt," said the teacher, "that the effect of the calm of the day, and of its solemn services, was being wholly destroyed. It was not the way in which girls who professed to serve Christ should spend his day, if they hoped to come closer to him; but there was no actual infraction of school laws, and I had not the courage to interfere."

"At last, a very young girl, a member of the lowest class, came in. She glanced around, with a startled, pained look; then, after a moment's hesitation, she walked to the piano, and began to touch the keys softly. As the music stole through the air, the noise was hushed."

would be advisable, of course, if it were right. But it is not honest."

Not a single man had the courage to insist upon carrying out the project.

The time will come to every reader of these lines when, by a firm word gently spoken, he can lead his fellows into the path of right.

If it should seem impossible for him to speak to them, if the heart fails and the voice chokes, let him remember that the words he would utter are already spoken in the conscience of every one present. In all probability each one is waiting, hopeful to hear the call to do right, but without the courage to speak it.

He will only give voice to their better natures if he utters the word in season.—*Youth's Companion*.

SAVED BY A BABE.

"Whoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it," said the Master, when rebuking the conventional opinion and selfish cowardice of his day. He used this paradox that he might make his disciples think of the relative values of life and duty, and stimulate them to sacrifice themselves to their convictions.

The paradox is a prophecy which has had "springing and germinant accomplishment," to use Bacon's felicitous phrase, in every deed of heroism, and in the death of each martyr.

It was signally illustrated during the fearful retreat of Sir John Moore's small army through the snow in the north-western portion of the Spanish peninsula. An overwhelming host pressed the British, day by day; cold, hunger, and the charges of the French Cavalry thinned their ranks; but they marched toward the sea with patient endurance, and calm fortitude.

One day, an English officer, weakened by lack of food and by fatigue, turned aside into a wood to die unseen. Suddenly he came across a soldier's wife lying upon the ground, nearly dead. Clashed in her arms and protected by a shawl was her babe. With her expiring breath she prayed the officer to take the little one, and save its life.

The mother's unselfish appeal roused the dispirited officer. He accepted the new duty, and as he took the babe into his arms, fresh strength came into the wearied body. He determined to endure cold, hunger, and fatigue, that he might prove faithful to the dying mother's trust.

He bound the babe upon his back, and rejoined the retreating army. Day by day, as he marched, he devoted himself to the infant, and was sustained by the determination to save it, no matter what he himself might suffer. He carried it through the long retreat, and saw it safe in tender hands on board a transport in Vigo Bay. The babe saved his life. For through the little one came that heroic purpose which made him strong to endure.—*Exchange*.

WHERE TO FIND THE PRAYER.

Shortly after family worship, which had been conducted by the venerable John Wesley, Dr. Wilson said to him: "My wife was so delighted with your prayer that she has been looking for it in the prayer-book, but cannot find it. I wish you would point it out to me." "My dear brother," said Wesley, "I cannot, because that prayer came down from heaven, and I sent it up there again."—*History of Methodism in Ireland*.

SHARE.

For thou must share, if thou wouldst keep
That good thing from above;
Ceasing to share, you cease to have,
Such is the law of love.

—Archbishop Trench.



failing health to return to England, where he resumed work with influence greatly increased by the brave and noble spirit of self-sacrifice with which he had been toiling among the islands of the Pacific. His sterling merits were universally acknowledged, and in 1857 he was honored with an elevation to the See of Lichfield, Staffordshire. In this position he manifested great zeal in the moral improvement of the peculiar population in the "Black Country." In 1878 he closed his life and labors in the triumphs of Christian faith. He was greatly interested in the canal population of England—a very numerous class who lived, many of them, in large families in these canal boats, and for whose religious instruction almost no provision was made. He organized a canal mission for reaching this destitute class, and employed a mission barge to carry the Gospel to their rendezvous, as the "Undine" had been employed to carry it to the scarcely less taught heathen of the Southern Seas.—*Rev. W. I. Shaw, M. A., LL. B., in Methodist Magazine*.

"Why not have a little singing?" she said to those nearest her, and struck the first chords of "Lead, Kindly Light."

In a few moments every voice had joined in the hymn so dear to us all. The girls are fond of sacred music. One hymn after another was sung with fervent feeling, until at last they separated for the night. Not one of them guessed how firmly and gently they had been led by a child into the right path."

The story recalls a similar anecdote of a member of the New York Stock Exchange who was present at a conference between half-a-dozen men who controlled the market. A certain action was proposed which would prove of enormous advantage to themselves, but which would result in bankruptcy and misery to a great many people who were not informed of this plan of the leading speculators.

The gentleman who had just joined the conference looked about him and saw in every face an inner consciousness of wrongdoing. Then he said, with a smile, "It