

pose any one gave more than five dollars!"

"But, father, you could give five hundred dollars, surely, to build a church?"

"Why, what makes you talk so, Helen?"

"Because \$500 does not seem to be much. I heard you say that the new drawing-room mantelpiece cost \$500, and I wondered why you had the old one taken away. It was very pretty, and I loved it so much. Would it not have been better to build those poor people a church than to put up that new mantle-piece?"

Mr. Redford smiled and said no more; but he soon lapsed into thought, and that night before he went to bed he wrote a letter to the Bishop of Wideland.

II.—LOGWOOD.

"What is a church, mother?"

This question was asked by little Annie Davis. They lived in a poor little log house in a wild part of the Diocese of Wideland. The trees were thick, and the soil rough and rocky. It seemed a desolate place to live.

The mother sighed and said, "Annie, dear, it is a grief to me that you should ever have to ask such a question. Have I not often told you of the fine old churches in dear old England?"

"Yes, mother, but I have not a clear idea of what a church is. You know, mother, I have never seen one."

"No, Annie, and I wonder how much longer it will be before you will see a church!"

"What day is this, mother?"

"It is Sunday, child, but oh! dear, in this wearisome life we hardly know Sunday from any other day!"

"Was father ever a religious man, mother? Did he ever go to church?"

"Yes, dear, he once loved his church dearly. Our good old church at home had eight beautiful bells, and the ringers used to make the village bright with their merry chimes."

"I wish father was a better man than he is, mother. He is always with Tom Arnold, and everybody says he is so bad, and father gets very angry sometimes and acts wicked like. I know it makes you sad, for I often see you cry!"

"Oh! never mind talking that way, dearest—run away and play."

"But, mother, one thing more, I wish I could see a church—but what is this? See, mother, see through the opening of the woods—two men are driving their horses towards the house."

Two men they were, and they soon arrived. One of them said, "Is this where Mr. Davis lives?" When told that it was, he said: "I am the Bishop of Wideland, and this is the Rev. Mr. Mission, who is coming to be your clergyman. Can you put us up anywhere for the night?"

Now the log hut, such as we see in the picture, seems but a poor place for a bishop and a clergyman to sleep in. Yet missionaries, whether bishops or priests, are often glad of the shelter and hospitality which even such a hut can afford.

That night the bishop asked if any of the neighbors could be got together on the following day. He was told that a few could be summoned. After prayers they retired for the night. Earnestly had little Annie gazed upon the two divines. It was a new sight to her. She wondered whether that meant that she would yet see a church.

By noon the next day several people had been collected from the "neighborhood." The bishop held a short service, at which some were devout and some were disposed to laugh; while others again, like Tom Arnold, did not attend at all. Mr. Davis was there, but he looked ill at ease. The bishop said that if the men would cut down the logs and do what they could in the way of work they might have a church.

Then little Annie, not thinking of how wrong it was to speak at such a time, cried out:

"Oh! then I may yet see a church!"

The bishop smiled and said, "Come here, little girl, what is your name?"

"Annie Davis, sir," she said.

"Then, Annie Davis, you will see a church, and a good one, too, for the backwoods."

And then the bishop went away, but Mr. Mission stayed to superintend the building of the church. Soon it was built. All helped to build it. Even Tom Arnold turned in and worked with a will.

In a few months everything was ready. Then Mr. Mission said, "We must have the bishop here at the opening, for he charged me to send him word when all was ready." So they wrote to the bishop, and he fixed a day for the opening. In the meantime a handsome chapel bell arrived, specially marked for the "Logwood Mission Church," and with it a heavy box which was not to be opened till the day of opening the church. The bell, however, was put in its place.

On the day fixed for the opening the bishop arrived, and another gentleman with him. The bell was rung, and its music was sweet through the trees. People came through the woods, on foot, on horseback, on lumber wagons drawn by oxen, and in various other ways to be present at the church service. Even Tom Arnold was there. He said that, as he had handled the logs, he might as well see what they were meant for. It was a glad sight to see those people in their own little church. Mr. Mission began the service, "To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against him"—and then the eyes of nearly all present began to