

The bishop was fond of the water. An expert swimmer and accomplished boatman and sailor he felt at home on the deep. He once said jokingly that the home diocese that would suit him best would be that of *Bath and Wells*. In his ship the "Undine," and later the "Border Maid," and subsequently the "Southern Cross," he made many long and perilous voyages; but he knew no fear and was full of English hope and love of adventure. An old sailor once said of him "It is enough to make a man a Christian to see how the bishop manages a ship."

He gave up half of his income to form a Diocesan Fund, and then a third or the remainder to make an income for a new unendowed see. His diocese was all New Zealand and Melanesia, an area of 5,000 by 1,200 miles, and this he managed by incessant toil. "Everything," he used to say, "runs through my mind, from the cleaning of a knife upwards." And sometimes looking wistfully across the ocean he would ask for the prayers of his friends "for us who in the wild forests and the restless seas, and in the care of all the churches find scarcely leisure so much as to pray."

Here he labored until in 1867 New Zealand was divided into six sees, besides the missionary bishopric of Melanesia. And then he visited England to attend the Lambeth Conference of 1867, intending to return speedily to his work in the far off seas; but other work awaited him. The see of Lichfield became vacant and was offered to Bishop Selwyn. He at once declined it; but after having been offered to two other persons, both of whom, strange to say also declined it, it was pressed upon him again and he accepted. "The great Apostle of the Pacific became the occupant of the ancient chair of St. Chad." Here he was an unusually active bishop, but the romance of his life was gone. After ten years of important work about the time of another Lameth Conference, he passed quietly away to his rest in Paradise, with the murmur of the words, "It is all right" upon his lips, spoken in the soft Maori tongue which the New Zealand lad had taught him on his way to his missionary work.

"Rome in the pride of its long supremacy," says a writer in the *Quarterly* at the time of the death of Selwyn and also of the famous Dean Hook, vicar of Leeds, "may deny validity to our Orders and grace to our Sacraments, and may stigmatize our Reformed Church as a mere creature of the secular power; but as long as she can nurture and send forth, equipped for the warfare of salvation such sons as Hook and Selwyn, can sustain them in all their toils, satisfy all their aspirations, and retain to the last their unswerving loyalty and devoted attachment, so long will she possess a proof of her divine mission and spiritual vitality, than which even the primitive Church of the Apostles could show no surer evidence of a supernatural Presence in its midst."

OLD PATHS AND NEW METHODS.

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EVERY true Churchman must feel a personal satisfaction, as well as profound gratitude at the many signs of progress and renewed vitality in the Church of England. However it may be in country places, about which the present writer is not qualified to speak, there is no question that in towns and cities we are more than holding our own on both sides of the Atlantic. It is interesting therefore, and useful to enquire by what new methods such satisfactory results are being attained. Method it is true is not everything, but nothing can be done without method.

Five years of my life were spent in organizing the work of a Home Missionary Society in England; my district covered five counties and produced for the Society about £5,000 a year. We provided curates and lay assistants in populous places, and the following are some of the items of interest which I picked up in travelling from place to place. They are valuable, probably in this respect rather than in others, that they show how adaptive our system can be made to meet the requirements of widely varying localities, and while many of them would be unnecessary except in populous places, they may furnish food for thought and suggest inventiveness in dealing with the problems of Church life in this country.

I remember a cold winter's night about seven years ago, when I reached a Cathedral city in the west of England, where I was to preach on the following day. My host was an ex-missionary, remarkable for his energy and self-sacrifice. He had two well filled churches in very poor neighborhoods, and he kept his people together by patient and persistent visiting from house to house. In this way he found out those who would welcome a cottage service, and thus he was continually gathering the "nuclei" for still larger assemblies, the ultimate goal being of course the church. He had rented one house up a wretched court, which was occupied from cellar to attic by all kinds of useful agencies, sewing society, Band of Hope, night school, and so forth. On the night in question he proposed to find recruits for another house which he had just rented in an equally squalid quarter of his parish. We went to the first house and found a band of young men waiting, provided with hymn books and lanterns. Then we proceeded to a deserted market place, where all kinds of vegetables were sold during the day. We took our stand against a wall and began to sing one of the hymns, a handful of ragged children being the only audience; but very soon they were joined by stragglers from various quarters, women with market baskets returning from late shopping, workmen with baskets of tools upon their shoulders, and in the dim light we could see