

was deeply touched by their misery. Before we leave India I would like to record one story in connection with the reading-desk in the Leper church at Calcutta.

"A Chinese leper was baptized; the frightful disease had robbed him of his fingers and toes, yet he contrived something extraordinary to manifest his love and gratitude to Christ. He spent his small savings in buying wood, and as he could not grasp any tools in his hands, he put a knife between his teeth, and in this manner carved a beautiful little reading-desk for the Bible and thus put us all to shame by his love and ingenuity in the Master's service."

How this shames us! With members perfect and faculties all alive, what are we doing to show our love to the Master? Into one woman's heart the cry has entered, and from her has come the ready response, "Lord, here am I, send me." Some of you may have heard the story of Kate Marsden's life, that noble English woman, who has gone forth this winter to the frozen plains of Siberia, alone, to visit prisons, mines and hospitals, in order to "ascertain the condition of the leper, alleviate their suffering, and improve their physical condition." Leaving home and friends, she has gone forth strong in faith for the sole purpose of ministering to this dread disease—5,000 miles across the frozen plains and 5,000 miles back—with no fear in her heart and perfect trust in her God, fitted for the work by her experience as a nurse in the Russo-Turkish War, where she went at the age of eighteen, and where she first saw a leper, and the longing desire to be of use to them has never left her mind since, though other fields of work and calls of duty opened before her, and a wider experience was fitting her for her great life-work. She spent some time in New Zealand and Australia, and there travelled hundreds of miles amongst the rough miners, giving them simple ambulance lectures, so that they might help one another in cases of accident. Before leaving England she had an interview with that "angel of mercy," Florence Nightingale, who bade her godspeed on her long and perilous journey. In conclusion, we have seen what the Gospel can do for the leper. Shall we help to send it to them? Earthly means may never be found to cure the poor body, alleviating oils may have little power to give ease, but there is balm in Gilead and the oil of joy for mourning, and we can help to send the message. \$30 will support a leper for one year, \$100 will supply a Christian teacher to an asylum for the same time, \$250 will build a children's home, and about \$800 or \$1,000 an asylum. Think of this; we may not be able to give much individually, but "it is accepted according to what a man hath," and the cup of cold water given in love and faith and for His sake, is not forgotten. Yes, and when the purified soul escapes from the poor polluted body of leprosy, it will

enter its Saviour's presence, spotless in holiness, washed in the blood of the Lamb, faultless before the presence of His glory. We are not called upon to leave home and fatherland to minister to these souls for whom Christ has died, we may not emulate the self-sacrificing life of Father Damien, or follow in the steps of the saintly Moravians, we may not traverse the steppes of Siberia, but in our own homes we can wield a mighty power, which shall strengthen the hands of those who are bearing the heat and burden of the day. We can pray and call down blessing upon them and true praying leads to heartfelt giving. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me." Will not those words of the Master recompense for any self-denial? If indeed, such a word is suitable when we speak of giving for His sake, who gave all for us—yea, even His own life.

"Is there no balm in Gilead then; is there no Healer nigh?"

No freshening spring to cheer the waste, so desolate and dry?

Has Hope's dear vision vanished for ever from thy sight, And darkness fallen around thee, the very gloom of night?

But stay, the cross thou bearest thus, hath first been borne for thee?

Jesus, Himself did hang thereon, thy life and cure to be.

Draw near thou reft and drooping heart, draw near and lift thy gaze

To Him who yearns with outstretched arms, thee from thy grief to raise,

Draw near, and clinging close beneath thy Saviour's bleeding heart,

Tell o'er the throb of that deep woe in which thou hadst a part;

Tell o'er each drop of dear life-blood which ebbs for thee so fast,

And all that weary aching upon that true love cast;

In Jesus' cross and passion is the medicine of thy soul, Yes; there is balm in Gilead, and a Healer to make whole.

## OUR PARISHES AND CHURCHES.

No. 59.—TRINITY CHURCH, KINGSTON, NEW BRUNSWICK.\*

 THE publication of the following extremely interesting narrative of the late Walter Bates, Esq., of Kingston, will be especially valuable if it should prove the means of arousing a spirit of enquiry and investigation amongst the possessors of old papers and documents.

In connection with it I would refer the reader to the *History of New York during the Revolutionary War*, by Thomas Jones, Justice of the Supreme Court of that Province. The work is

\*Abridged from "Kingston and the Loyalists of 1783," by Walter Bates; edited, with notes, by the Rev. W. O. Raymond, B.A., Rector of St. Mary's Church, Saint John, New Brunswick, and Secretary of the Diocesan Church Society of the Diocese of Fredericton.