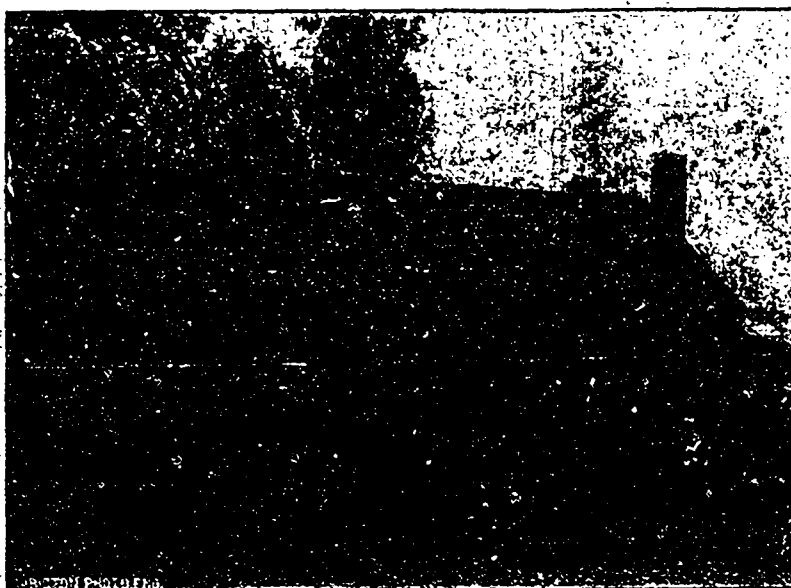




THE OLD RECTORY, SUSSEX, N.B.

England, several of which were well received and widely circulated.

This concludes the history of the parish of Sussex; but it may be added that through the zeal of the first rector an Indian college was built at Sussex and for many years was productive of much good among the Indians for several years. For various causes, however, the chief of which was the migratory character of the Indians themselves, the institution languished, and finally became extinct in the year 1826. Regarding these Indians Mr. Allison states in his pamphlet:

"The greater proportion of the Indians departed from Sussex soon after their allowances ceased, and all speedily abandoned the Church which had made such exertions and outlay for their civilization and conversion; and, indeed, but for the pathetic little wooden crosses in Ward's Creek Cemetery, one would now hardly know that the few Indians remaining in this vicinity had ever heard of Christianity."

CONSCIENCE MONEY.

(Published by the S.P.G.)

IT was Sunday morning, which accounted for Mr. Portley's feeling languid. He always felt languid on Sundays. Perhaps it was the effect of the extra hour in bed with which he used to indulge himself on that particular day, or, possibly, as he preferred to think, of the wear and tear of six week days in the city. But whatever the cause when Mr. Portley entered the breakfast-room and surveyed the comfortable scene, and the brightly blazing fire, it was forced upon him that, as a sort

of duty to himself, he ought *not* to go to Church that morning. Religion, he reasoned, should never be a weariness to the flesh, and he really *had* earned his day of rest. Besides, it was not quite the thing, you know, to enter on such a solemn task as the worship of one's Creator, with a jaded mind. Yes, on the whole, it certainly *would* be better to stay at home. His only daughter, now growing up into womanhood, and beginning to take her mother's place, for Mr. Portley was a widower, presided at the table.

"It is the Missionary Sunday, father," she said, in a tone of expostulation, when he told her she must

go alone.

"Ah, yes, quite so. Very good cause, I will give you sixpence to put in the plate for me, my dear," replied Mr. Portley, and when the table had been cleared he wheeled round his chair to the middle of the fire, and resigned himself to a meditative doze.

The sound of bells was in his ears. The people were all out he knew in Sunday attire, with faces turned towards the House of God. He thought of his daughter alone in the family pew, and then his mind wandered back to the days when she was so little she had to be lifted on the seat when the singing began. Her mother was there then and their only son.

The thought of him wafted Mr. Portley's mind far off to the prairies. In imagination he saw a lonely youth sitting disconsolately by the door of a rough log hut, gazing intently towards the smooth horizon line of brown dry grass, over which hung the mirage, like an æriel lake. Then across the plain he fancied he saw a solitary horseman advance. The youth rose to meet him, and he perceived that the two sat on the bench together, and the visitor began to read from a well-worn volume. Mr. Portley bethought himself that this must be the missionary his son had told him of, who rode so many miles across the prairies to bring the means of grace to the scattered settlers and solitary farmers of the far, far West. Somehow his mind *would* run on missionaries. It was his daughter's remark bearing fruit. Then he began to think of the thousands of other fathers' sons scattered over England's vast Colonial Empire, and he wondered whether the missionaries had found them out. After this he began to speculate, as was natural for a city