

in Toronto met weekly at the house of Deacon Wickson, with his family, for prayer and Christian fellowship. At these meetings the hard case of Mr. Raymond was rehearsed. As a result of this, a subscription was started, with which to buy a missionary horse for the use of this devoted servant of God. A box was provided, into which a weekly offering was cast at the fellowship meeting. This was the beginning of what afterwards developed into the Congregational Home Missionary Society. The original box in which these offerings were taken is now, or was till lately in the possession of Rev. Stephen King, member of Bond Street Church, Toronto, who was present at the incipency of the movement. In connection with the Colonial Missionary Society there were at that time the Rev. W. Clarke, sen., at London, Rev. W. Wastell, at Guelph, Rev. J. Nall, Burford, Rev. Sam Harris, Pine Grove, and Rev. Hiram Denny. Of the connection of the last two with the society we are not certain.

These men and their churches prosecuted missionary work in Ontario. The Rev. William Clarke opened preaching stations in Westminster, and soon had one or two stations in Warwick.

The early students found places as soon as they were out. They did not aspire to high things. The mistake—if it was a mistake—was in taking up too much ground. Many places were taken up that had subsequently to be relinquished. Nobody could certainly tell in advance what places we could certainly hold, or where the centres of settlement were going to be. When the Rev. W. Clarke settled in London he gathered around him not only the few Congregationalists that were there, but also Baptists, who had no church of their own there, and Christians of several of the smaller Methodist bodies who were not then affiliated with the leading body of that name. These all, as they gained strength and increased by immigration and by other means, each denomination set up housekeeping for itself. These all bade good-bye to the generous, liberal Congregational Church, into which they had turned in to wait and strengthen themselves. Instead of our catholic body being strengthened as London grew from a village into a town and from a town into an incipient city, we seemed to grow weaker. The Baptists went out; the British Wesleyans, or Missionaries, as they were then called, went out; the Primitives and Bible Christians went out. All these organized, and built churches of their own. The New Connexion and Secession, or U.P.'s, as they got to be called, did the same. And some of these began to denounce the liberality of the body with whom in their weakness they had at first found a home.

The result was that when it was thought to be time for our church in London to be independent of missionary aid it was numerically weaker than it was

years before, because of those who had left for sectarian purposes.

In these early days there was a readiness to take up new spheres, which we did, and others were quite as ready to follow us, so that we had no sooner found an inviting field to work in than other denominations would come in and divide the field. In many places we took unoccupied ground, but it was not possible to hold it, for several of the sects would at once follow, and where there were people enough to form one congregation they were often divided into three or four.

W. H. A.

## WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS COLUMN.

MRS. PICKETT'S MISSIONARY BOX.

BY ALICE M. EDDY.

### BENEFITS AT A CENT APIECE.

"That there missionary box," said Mrs. Pickett, surveying it with her head on one side, as it stood in state on the best parlour mantel. "That there missionary box is worth its weight in gold two or three times over to me. You'd never believe it, Mis' Malcolm, the things I've been a-learnin' of, ever sence Mary Pickett, she brought it home, or rather the mate to it, an' sot it out on the dinin' room shelf, an' told me she'd brought me a present from meetin'."

"Do tell me about it," said the new minister's wife, with girlish pleasure at the prospect of a story.

"I've half a notion to," replied her hostess. "You've got a real drawin' out way with you, Mis' Malcolm. Some way you make me think of Mary Pickett herself, that was the beginnin' of it all; she that's a missionary to Turkey now—my niece you know. You've got jest her coloured hair and you'r light complected like her, and you laugh something like her, too. Mary Pickett always was a master hand for laughin'. I remember how she laughed that afternoon when she come in with them two boxes an' sot mine on the shelf out there. She knowed I warn't the missionary kind. I do' no but she done it just for a joke. It was five years ago, you know, and I was scrapin' along with my boarders, an' rents was high an' livin' higher, an' I had hard enough times to make both ends meet, I can tell you, though it warn't half as hard times as I thought it was. I was that down-hearted that everything looked criss-cross to me, and I'd got to have hard feelings against every one't looked's if they got along easier'n me, 'n I'd most give up goin' to church at all, for all I was a professor, an' I won't say but what I had some murmurin's against Providence—fact is I know I had—if you be a minister's wife! An' so it was work, work, from one week's end to another, an' I never thought of nothin' else. Then Mary Pickett she come home from