

alike for body, mind and spirit, the lines on which the work is founded and carried on are broad—billiards, amateur theatricals, concerts, etc., lectures on various subjects, University and other classes, services conducted by Mr. Ingram, many of them in the open air—the Church going to seek those of her children whom she fails to reach by ordinary means. The testimony of the man who has lived and worked for six years among these dwellers in "mean streets" is surely to be taken on their behalf, and this is what he says: "That, as a whole, they are kindly, honest, hard-working, true, much as men are elsewhere; that their religion is a sort of decent paganism—non-religion rather than irreligion—and that though, from various causes, they have fallen out of the habit of churchgoing, they are in many instances, at least, sound at heart." Others, too, have told us how absolutely impossible it often is for the dwellers in the slums to attend the churches in their neighborhood, emphasizing the urgent need that the Church shall go to them, not only carrying the message of the Gospel, but sharing with them, as far as may be, the dignity and beauty of her services.

Asked as to the reasons for such widespread poverty and misery, Mr. Ingram says they are many. The better organization of labor, with the greater demand for skilled workers, pressing heavily on the less capable toilers, the frequent disorganization of labor, and the under-cutting of close competition, are among the causes for which those who suffer from the results do not seem altogether responsible.

Then, again, thriftlessness, early marriages, and intemperance are answerable for much, though Mr. Ingram maintains that the last named cause is far from being the chief one. The man who, struggling against such odds, can still keep a cheerful outlook, and who has won the love and reverence of hundreds of East-end men, must surely feel his is not a losing fight.

This work for London has the unique merit of doing, in its turn, perhaps almost as much for Oxford. It has brought mental culture face to face with the grimmest details of life. University men are learning to sympathize with and understand the poor—the heathen of their own land too often—banishing forever, let us hope, the almost superciliously intellectual tone with which those whose intercourse with their fellows has been too exclusively confined to their own class have been so frequently reproached.

The reality of what has thus been done by others should surely inspire us with hope and courage—as against the despairing feeling that comes only too easily at the thought of the overwhelming misery and sorrow that exists—should surely, too, rouse us to greater diligence, each in his or her own place, however poor and small our work may be.

Little as the *all* of help and comfort seems when measured against the evil and the suffering, there was a time—to the shame and sorrow of our Church, be it said—when it was less. With deep repentance, therefore, for the past, may we not take courage for the future, and go bravely on, trusting that from the many small centres of work and teaching shall come the leavening power that shall one day leaven the whole mass?

THE UNIVERSITIES' MISSION TO CENTRAL AFRICA.

BY MISS MABEL CARTWRIGHT, TORONTO.

(Continued.)

INTELLECTUAL gifts of a remarkable order he had, but it was not to them that he owed the love and reverence which were always the glad tribute of his friends, and with which we still regard his memory. The power of his life was self-surrender. This seems to differ from self-devotion in that the latter may have a mixture of self-assertion, which surrender cannot have. Self-devotion may mean nothing more than the offering of the outer life, whereas self-surrender is the offering of the inner spirit, the will which is the man. Most of us can serve God if He lets us choose our own way of service; most of us can serve ourselves for a self-chosen object; but the work of many lives is marred and spoiled because, while thinking themselves ready for self-sacrifice, they do not listen for the voice behind them to say, "This is the way." It was not so with Mackenzie. Having laid his will, his whole being, at the feet of God, he was content to wait the call, was content to do work, not particularly noble or elevating, far from interesting or congenial, until the call came, and when it came he was ready. Nothing is more characteristic of his life than one letter in which he announced to the sister who had been as a mother to him his resolve to devote himself to missionary work. "I prayed God to help me," he says, "to think what was best to be done, and to do it. I thought if other men would go, then I would stay at home; but as no one, or so few, would go, then it was the duty of every one who could to go. We may, it is true, serve God and show our love to Christ in one place as well as in another (and I am trying to avoid the notion that by going out I shall be free from weakness and sin); but no one else will go, so I will."

In October, 1860, Mackenzie sailed for South Africa, and was consecrated bishop at Capetown on the first day of the following year. With the six or eight companions who had offered themselves to accompany him, he sailed from Capetown and joined Livingstone at the