

handled, and refused shelter and lodging.

Here is where their perseverance was brought into play. They did not give up. Through their faithful labors, and the guidance and power of Providence, great things came to pass, till now this same city has become the headquarters for several missions miles around. The language of China is most difficult to learn, being equal to two or three modern languages.

A native assists the beginner. Sitting before his pupil, he pronounces the words, which are imitated over and over again, until they are correctly spoken. Although the Chinese language is so very difficult to learn, it has been known to have been spoken in one year. The C.M.S. allow two years to their Missionaries to acquire a sufficient knowledge of the language to be able to preach, at the end of which time an examination is held.

On Friday, Jan. 19th, Mr. Hickman addressed a public meeting in the Convocation Hall. The four days of Synod with its series of meetings, one of which was of a missionary character, together with the inclement weather, accounted for a comparatively small, yet withal, keenly appreciative audience.

After his introduction by the chairman, the Ven. Archdeacon Mills, Mr. Hickman charmed us by appearing in his becoming Chinese dress, being careful however to inform us that it was his "best Sunday" attire, not his working garb.

Having dwelt with considerable force on China's masses of heathen, counted

by hundreds of millions, he spoke with great earnestness of the need of a "passion for souls," as an incentive for Missionary work in such an abode of utter darkness. Such a passion most fitly represents the yearning of the heart of the Great Master over His wandering children. After referring to the dangers of travelling, or rather rushing down the great rivers, he told us of some of the difficulties and personal danger to life and limb in obtaining an entrance into the larger cities.

In the instance he quoted, when all the efforts of the male missionaries had failed, success was achieved by a *young lady* missionary. Alone in her human weakness, but "strong in the strength which God supplies," she gained admission to a large city, lived in a filthy Chinese hotel, and worked zealously among the women around. This led to her being able to secure a house, and now that house is the centre of a large Christian Mission, while the gentle heroine, attacked by an infectious disease, has been called to her rest.

The singing of the hymn, "Jesus calls us," fittingly followed this address and prepared us for one from Mr. Loft-house, who told of work under vastly different circumstances. Not to the millions in crowded cities, but to the scattered sheep in the wilderness does the missionary go in Moosonee, seeking to carry out the will of the Saviour who is "not willing that *any* should perish."

We learn that the division of the vast diocese of Moosonee is now almost an accomplished fact. The new diocese is to be called "Keewatin," a word meaning "North Wind," or literally "Back Wind." It will include most of what is