

they said, "We shall never see you again, It is madness for you to go." But he said, "I must preach Jesus to them."

For two days he travelled without meeting hardly a human being, until at last he found himself in the mountains, surrounded by a crowd of savages. Every spear was instantly pointed at his heart. He expected that every moment would be his last. Not knowing what else to do, he drew forth his violin and began with closed eyes to sing and play:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all."

Being afraid to open his eyes he sang on till the third verse, and while singing—

"Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all,"

he opened his eyes to see what they were going to do, when lo! the spears had dropped from their hands, and the big tears were falling from their eyes.

They invited him to their homes. He spent two and a half years among them. His labours were so richly rewarded that when he was compelled to leave them, because of failing health, and return to this country, they followed him for thirty miles.

"O missionary," they said, "come back to us again! There are tribes beyond that never heard the Gospel."

He could not resist their entreaties. After visiting America, he went back again to continue his labour till he sank in the grave among them.
—Selected.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

THERE are some things worthy of note in connection with the Church of England, and which are not generally known. It is claimed that, excepting a grant of £1,000,000 from the House of Commons as a Thank-Offering for the return of peace in 1818, and a further grant of £500,000 in 1824 for building churches, the State has given nothing towards the building of cathedrals, churches, collegiate schools, chapels or clerical residences. On the other hand the Church is said to have raised and expended through voluntary contributions £11,000,000, and to have built 3,150 churches in the first half of this century.

During the last fifty years it is estimated that £70,000,000 has been given by Church people for Church purposes, in great part for the religious benefit of the poor. Between 1840 and 1874 the Church of England expended in church building and restoration over £25,000,000 and

it is therefore claimed that to take the proceeds of these voluntary contributions and use them for State instead of Church purposes would be simple robbery. The friends of the Establishment proceed to state that it is utterly untrue that the Church property, tithes, land, investments, or buildings were given by the State, or that the clergy are paid by the State. The State consequently cannot take what never belonged to it.

Mr. Gladstone speaks thus of the Church:—

"The Church of England has not only been a part of the history of this country, but a part so vital, entering so profoundly into the entire life and action of the country, that the severing of the two would leave nothing behind but a bleeding and lacerated mass. Take the Church of England out of the history of England, and the history of England becomes a chaos without order, without life, and without meaning."

To Canadians the issue is not of vital import, but it is certainly of very considerable interest.
—*The Empire*.

GREAT PRESENCE OF MIND.

IT was in India. Dinner was just finished in the mess-room, and several English officers were sitting about the table. Their bronze faces had the set but not unkindly look common among military men. The conversation at best had not been animated, and just now there was a lull, as the night was too hot for small talk. The major of the regiment, a clean cut man of fifty-five, turned towards his next neighbor at the table, a young subaltern, who was leaning back in his chair with his hands clasped, staring through the cigar smoke at the ceiling.

The major was slowly looking the man over, from his handsome face down when with a sudden alertness and a steady voice, he said:

"Don't move, please, Mr. Carruthers, I want to try an experiment with you. Don't move a muscle."

"All right, Major," replied the subaltern, without even turning his eyes. "Hadn't the least idea of moving, I assure you. What's the game?"

By this time all the others were listening in a lazy expectant way.

"Do you think?" continued the Major, and his voice just trembling a little, "do you think you can keep absolutely still for two minutes to save your life?"

"Are you joking?"

"On the contrary, move a muscle and you are a dead man. Can you stand the strain?"

The subaltern barely whispered "Yes," and his face paled slightly.

"Burke," said the Major, addressing an officer across the table, "pour some of that milk