

somewhat late in entering the field in and about Stratford, for there is no record of any work being done there previous to the year 1842, when we hear of the Rev. John Hickey as travelling missionary in the counties of Waterloo, Perth and Huron. In 1846 Mr. Hickey was stationed permanently in Stratford, where he succeeded in erecting a small frame church which answered the purposes of the congregation for some time. He did not, however, confine his exertions to Stratford but worked zealously in the surrounding townships.

In 1851 Rev. Ephraim Patterson was appointed Incumbent of Stratford, a position he has held ever since, except that as another church has been built recently in the city he is now rector of St. James' or the parent church.

In 1856 Mr. Hickey's frame church was replaced by a brick building, 70 by 45, which continued to be the place of worship for the congregation till the year 1868, when the present fine edifice of St. James' church was erected at a cost of about \$25,000, from plans prepared by Messrs. Gundry & Langley. Its extreme dimensions are 130 by 51, and it is capable of accommodating 800 persons. The chancel is elaborately decorated from designs furnished by Mr. Darling, architect, and it has an excellent organ, built by the Messrs. Warren, at a cost of \$3,200.

There is now in Stratford a second church known as the Home Memorial Church, a full account of which we hope to give before long.

Rev. Canon Patterson, who is also Rural Dean of Perth, is one of the few clergymen who have retained a long incumbency in the same place, having been for thirty eight years in his present position.

DUTY: RESULTS.

BY HELEN M. WEIR, BRANTFORD, ONT.

 IN THE first page of our leaflet entitled "A Plea for Missions" there is a sentence, very short, but of threefold value as being an incentive, a preventive, and an encouragement, "Duty is ours; results are God's." An incentive, because there is no word more comprehensive and more utterly unanswerable than that word "Duty"—"severe, stern Duty," as a great French author calls it. Our duty is that which God has given us to do, and if we neglect it, or evade it, we are simply disobeying our God. A preventive, because the reflection that "results are God's" must, if we let it come home to our hearts, relieve us of our self-imposed burthen of wearying anxieties, doubts and fears. Duty is ours, results are God's—we are to do His work lovingly, faithfully, to the best of our ability, this is the task He sets us, the results are His: if He sees fit, if it be for our good, He will let us see these results, in part, here on earth; if not, He will reveal them to us only when, having passed

beyond the veil, we shall see all the full and perfect harmony of that earthly life which now, to our dim vision, sadly limited perceptions and weak faith, seems so full of discords, injustices and harsh discouragements. And finally the words "Duty is ours, results are God's," are a great and comforting encouragement; the results—the results of all our poor labors and endeavors are God's. God takes up our faulty, half-hearted work, even our very mistakes, where we err in humble ignorance, and sanctifies them, and uses them for the furtherance of His holy decrees, and His glorious plan for the welfare of His creatures.

Most appropriate, then, are these words, as one of the devices of our missionary societies. With 874 millions of human beings living still, nearly 2,000 years after Christ's Cross was raised on the hill of Calvary, in heathen darkness, the urgent need of missionary effort cannot but present itself very forcibly to every thoughtful Christian. The Duty is ours—ours, here in Canada; not, for us, the duty of the Mother Church and the missionary societies in the Old Country, but our own. Ours, because the Church of England in Canada owes its existence to the missionary Church at home; ours, because we are more able, in some respects, to do missionary work, than the dwellers in the mother land. People sometimes say "Our Church and our missionary societies in Canada are so poor, look at all the wealth in England,"—but does it never occur to those who reason thus that the most real wealth is there where it is most equally divided? and would we not do well to pray God that never, never in this land, literally a land of peace and plenty, may that enormous wealth be accumulated and transmitted by the few, which, thus unequally divided, entails such inconceivable poverty on the many. The bitter need of thousands and thousands of perfectly destitute people in all the large cities of Great Britain hampers the efforts and drains the resources of the charitable. Listen only to this heart-rending account of only one branch of Home Mission work in London. The speaker is a Mr. Austin who has organized refuges for destitute children which he calls "Outcast's Havens," and this is his account of the manner in which he gathers in the poor little waifs and strays:—

"I started from my office regularly at midnight with a furniture van full of loaves, visited the Metropolitan meat-market, Covent Garden, the Thames embankment and finally Trafalgar Square. Everywhere human beings were camping out in the cold, naked and hungry, respectable and disreputable huddled together. One night it snowed, and when I approached the square I saw only a white sheet. Suddenly the multitude rose like an army of ghosts, casting off the snow, and clamoring for bread, which they ate voraciously. The large cold square, from Nelson's Column to the National Gallery was full of starving people. And the children! The boys and girls were literally friendless, with only rags to cover them. Every