

fresh shoots of the noble tree, and much might be done at that moment, the last time when the company might meet on earth. St. Paul was given to the prayers of his flock, and these who were going forth into the wilderness might be given to us. The cheering voice, the helping hand, might be wanting to the devoted missionaries for many a long day, yet "Be strong, God has given you the land to inherit it." "Fear not, neither be dismayed." What could man add to this? The final commendation of the Head of the Mission and his coadjutors to the good keeping of God, and the tender words in which what might befall them in Africa was touched upon gently yet faithfully by the Bishop, left few, as Dean Alford afterwards said at the dinner, unmoved, and will not, probably, be soon forgotten. A number not much less than 100 of both sexes remained to partake of Holy Communion with the noble band, for the last time perhaps on earth. The collection amounted to exactly £400.

The tickets issued for the dinner were 300 in number, besides those reserved for the students and authorities of the college; those who had not applied in time—and they were many—were glad to have cards admitting them to hear the speeches. The Bishop of Chichester, the Deans of Ely and Canterbury, Archdeacons Clerke and Randall, the Revs. F. D. Maurice, G. Williams, W. T. Bullock, C. Sparkes, H. P. Wright, Burrell and John Hayley, F. H. Murray, C. D. Goldie, J. Lawrell,—Sharpe of St. John's, Cambridge, H. Wyatt, S. Blackall, G. Gilbert of Grantham, Conyngham Ellis, J. Eaton, W. Ince, and D. Williams may be mentioned as representing the numerous clergy present: Sir Walter James, Messrs. Forbes Mackenzie, Brett, and Combe, Captains Greene, Hayley, and Burrows, as representing the laity. The Warden of St. Augustine's gave the toast of the day—"Archdeacon Mackenzie and the Members of the Mission." Skilfully gathering up the missionary association of the place, ancient and modern, he elicited great applause from the meeting when he confidently predicted that it would not be many years before the Archdeacon, soon to be the first Missionary Bishop of Africa, would be able to announce to his friends that he had consecrated the cathedral of his see, and that, in triumphant celebration of the occasion, the rags of the church-tent which he was now taking out with him had been hoisted, after the fashion of a war-worn regimental flag, from the summit of the lofty steeple. We were assisting to send forth an Apostle of the Church, and the remembrance of that day would have its effect. It would have its effect in his own college, the heart of which ever beat true to the Church of England. It would show that there was no missionary enterprise too great for that Church, and would give them confident hope in its future. Clouds might hang over the Mission, yet they would be swept away. "We wish you good luck in the name of the Lord." The allusion to this cloud was deeply felt by all present, for it referred to the severe illness of him who was to have sailed with the Archdeacon as his right-hand man, the Rev. G. H. Smyttan. The labour and anxiety of the past year has proved too much for him, and he is at present utterly unable