



THE LATE BISHOP STEERE.

need of inward strengthening and comforting. No man in the whole world has less of it." "When we survey the two pictures," writes Archdeacon Maples, "that of the African native as it is ere Christianity has touched it, that of the same native when Christianity has embraced and reformed it, then we realize in very truth that Christ, through the Holy Spirit, still works His miracles, for we see certain and sure signs that simply the grace of God has done and is doing for Africans what centuries of secular education and civilization would be powerless to effect. And a miracle it is, for water was not more surely changed into wine at His word than by the same transforming word, new hearts and new lives have been given to scores of these African lads whom God has sent to Kiungani." Of the five slave boys given by the Sultan to the bishop, one only died unbaptized, one is a native deacon, one died as a subdeacon, one is a regular overseer, and the fifth occupies the responsible post of mission traveller. It is also interesting to note that in August, 1861, Bishop Mackenzie took charge of a little waif and carried her to camp on his shoulder. She was one of those taken to Cape Town when the mission moved to Zanzibar, and at a meeting held at Cape Town three years ago she was present, and offered a pound towards the work.

In conclusion, it remains to say a few words on the character of the mission itself and the special appeal that it makes to one's prayers and alms. It has a special appeal, as already said, to the athletic, chivalrous side of life, to the energy and love of adventure which is latent in most men, especially young men. The finest soldiers always volunteer for the forlorn hope, and it is not surprising to find Dr. Steere speak of his staff as the "best workers in the world." It is a great testimony to the supernatural character of our holy religion. If it rested on a natural and not a supernatural basis, it would be a strange thing to appeal to men and women and ask them to go to a dangerous country, where some of the English workers die every

year, and to ask them to go for nothing but the love of God, and the love of man. Our own age is a philanthropic and humanitarian age; it likes work for the love of men, and much of its work, noble work too, is done on the assumption that we are only creatures of a day. It likes to have unlawful dealings with the supernatural, but it has very little sympathy with the love of God as a motive of philanthropy. And yet it is the Christian view, the supernatural view, of life which makes work for men seem worth the doing. It is only because this life is so closely connected with the heavenly forces, because this life is the portal of eternity, the training of a life which is forever—it is for this reason that philanthropy is worth while, and it is this view of life which missions force us to realize.

"Your mission seems a good place to go to if you want to die," was said to one of the staff not long ago, and his answer was, "It is a good place to go to if you want to *live*." Nothing shows more clearly the spirit which is aroused by the mission than the story of a young clergyman connected with it who died not long ago. He was invalided home to England in 1887 for two years, and then returned to Africa to work in the south until his health was sufficiently restored for Nyassaland again. On his journey to the up-country he was taken ill and died at Mozambique, begging, even to the last, to be allowed to go up the Zambesi. "I can go in any kind of a boat," he said; and the self-surrender of that one young life, wasted, as many said it had been, changed the heart of more than one of those who came in contact with him. It seems fitting to close with the words of another noble worker in Africa, the present Bishop of Grahamstown: "The only way you can get the right workers, and do the right work, is to have the vision of the City of God, that city which must be built, and will be built—nay, is even now built, in one sense—which hath walls and foundations, and is coming down out of heaven, yet which is to be first built on earth, and by us." On earth, and by us; of course, such work as that must have its martyrs, but "the angels of martyrdom and victory are twin sisters, and martyrdom is also the benediction of heaven."

THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY.

BY THE EDITOR.
(Continued.)

REIGN OF EDWARD VI.



MONARCHY is a splendid form of government when the monarch himself is a strong, good man; but it shows its weakest point when the monarch is a child. Such was the case when Henry VIII. died. With all his faults, his governing powers were strong. Every