

and see whether, when we come face to face with them, we shall not be convinced of the accuracy of Professor Drummond's statement. We are holding the great verities of our faith "loosely" until they permeate and influence and colour every thought and action of our lives.

If this paper should meet the eye of any who are doing nothing to help spread the Kingdom of Christ abroad, we pray them to think out for themselves what can only briefly be touched on in the pages of a magazine. Lack of thought means always, and especially in the spiritual world, sloth, apathy, deadness. Nowhere is this more true than in the region of missionary endeavour. It is want of thought no less than want of love that keeps back the help and interest (one being worthless without the other) which God Himself asks at our hands. Men are His instruments. There is no one whom He does not want to use for His work.

Time and place are nothing in His sight. The value of a soul is the same all the world over. For each soul Christ died. When once we have learned to estimate this rightly, all sense of distance will be lost. The man who is constrained by the love of Christ to care for souls in England, in his own parish, amongst his own friends, will care equally for his brethren in foreign lands. "There is no space with God, because He loves all and so is near to all. . . . In proportion as we love much we partake of the nature of God, and get rid of space ourselves. Our bodies do not hold us if we are loving, for we are always sending out ourselves to our friends and loved ones. A selfish, unloving person is shut up in a little space, in self, and is so much nearer to being an animal, so much further from the nature of God." The very instinct of an unselfish heart is to share, to give forth, and without measure. It would never enter into a loving heart to balance and keep account with its charities, which are not confined to dollars and cents, but take infinite variety of form, whether in the region of prayer, or speech, or act. And each one of these, each heartfelt prayer, each true and sympathizing word, each kindly deed, is the earnest of an altar, and is charged with blessing. Each lives on into eternity. Each forges another link in that unseen chain of spiritual life which we are perpetually strengthening, in ourselves and others, by our love, or weakening by our selfishness. There never passes a day which is not rich in opportunities of this sort, and they come alike to rich and poor, known and unknown, influential and insignificant, though it takes little reflection to see the unavailability of all these terms when spiritually applied. Neither is it at all difficult to see that unless practice cement principle and action follow closely on the heels of thought and feeling, the highest principle, the noblest thoughts, and the warmest feelings may prove little short of a curse.

May it be given to each one of us, in love, in labour, in self denial and self-sacrifice for others, day by day to know more of that "eternal music of aspiring discontent" which is only heard by the man or woman who is living his or her life in and by the Divine Life of the Saviour of Souls, the King of Love, our Lord and our Brother, Jesus Christ.

"Canadians There."

Ramathlabama,
15 miles from Mafeking.

May 22.

Archdeacon Upcher says: "It is delightful to feel Mafeking is relieved! On Sunday last we heard that the relief column was near Mafeking, and we were going to meet it at a place called Jan Massibi's Kraal, 20 miles from Mafeking. On Monday morning, at sunrise, we heard thrilling cheers in Sephekeh Camp; it was the arrival of the Canadians, with four 12 pound guns and 150 Australians, who had been pushing on as hard as they could to join us. We started that afternoon, our advance column arriving at Massibi's simultaneously with the light column from the south. Early on Wednesday morning our united columns, mustering 2,000, with 15 guns, started for Mafeking with a big convoy. We got within six miles of the town, when we outspanned for breakfast at 12.30. We had hardly lighted our fires when we were told our scouts had got in touch with the enemy. Saddle up and off. We had not got far when we heard crack, crack, crack of the rifle fire. Another minute, and bang came a shell over the ridge right among our crush of wagons, which we huddled together. No one was touched, wonderful to say. The wagons went to the left up a valley. Then shells kept flying around the wagons, but hitting no one; and you could not see where they were coming from, for they made no smoke. You could not see much fighting, the men all hidden, only clumps of horses standing still, shells dropping among them, as you could see by the dust they kicked up. The squadron of B.S.A.P., were having a very hot time of it, holding the ground splendidly, though hard pressed. As the sun began to set, firing almost ceased, and the enemy routed and flying as fast as they could; we were still four miles from the town. Three of our men were killed, and about 20 wounded. Meanwhile we pressed on in the moonlight, and great was the cheering as we got into the town about 5 a.m. on Thursday morning, at so small a cost and so complete a route of the enemy. I was astonished to see so little damage done to the town, considering the length of time and the great guns. I went and looked at 'Chevill' horse sausage and brawn. After that back to camp: heard to my horror the ambulance, with Dr. Stone and the Bishop, had been fired on, and possibly made prisoners. So the Colonel allowed me to go out in

an ambulance to try and find them, and to bring in Lieut. Harland. I started at two to the battle-field, and found the ambulance all right, six wounded men and Major Bird, but no Bishop. I got 'boys' to search for him, and offered rewards to the natives, and to my relief yesterday I heard the Bishop had arrived at Ootsi, 40 miles away, having lost his way. I then buried the dead by moonlight, with a trooper, and going back we lost our way. At last we struck a kraal, and a man told us we were going right, and got at last to a place which turned out to be a deserted Boer laager. My companion was so foot-sore he could go no further, so he lay down under a bush. I tramped up and down to try and keep warm. The cold chilled one to the bone. At 1.30 I said 'Listen! wagons! if it should be a Boer convoy and they catch us!' So off we went from the road and waited. After some time had passed we heard a horse galloping. It turned out to be one of our men and some armed boys from Mafeking, who directed us, and at 5.30 we arrived dead beat, but thankful to get in. In front of every house in Mafeking is a heap of earth, with steps down and bomb proof. The 94 pound shells are most awful; it is a wonder they didn't lay the whole town in crumbs. The bank-room was underground, where they did business. Mafeking relieved, and now the railroad opened! 'Thank God!'

Gold Dust.

"My Lord," exclaimed once a devout soul, "give me every day a little work to occupy my mind; a little suffering to sanctify my spirit; a little good to do to comfort my heart."

As a moth gnaws a garment, so doth envy consume a man.—*Chrysostom.*

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