

to build those poor people a church, than to put up that new mantle-piece?"

Mr. Redford smiled and said no more; but he soon lapsed into thought, and that night before he went to bed he wrote a letter to the Bishop of Wideland.

II.—LOGWOOD.

"What is a church, mother?"

This question was asked by little Annie Davis. They lived in a poor little log house in a wild part of the Diocese of Wideland. The trees were thick, and the soil rough and rocky. It seemed a desolate place to live.

The mother sighed and said, "Annie, dear, it is a grief to me that you should ever have to ask such a question. Have I not often told you of the fine old churches in dear old England?"

"Yes, mother, but I have not a clear idea of what a church is. You know, mother, I have never seen one."

"No, Annie, and I wonder how much longer it will be before you will see a church!"

"What day is this, mother?"

"It is Sunday, child, but oh! dear, in this wearisome life we hardly know Sunday from any other day!"

"Was father ever a religious man, mother? Did he ever go to church?"

"Yes, dear, he once loved his church dearly. Our good old church at home had eight beautiful bells, and the ringers used to make the village bright with their merry chimes."

"I wish father was a better man than he is, mother. He is always with Tom Arnold, and everybody says he is so bad, and father gets very angry sometimes and acts wicked like. I know it makes you sad for I often see you cry!"

"Oh! never mind talking that way, dearest: run away and play."

"But, mother, one thing more, I wish I could see a church—but what is this? See, mother, see through the opening of the woods,—two men are driving their horse towards the house."

Two men they were, and they soon arrived. One of them said, "Is this where Mr. Davis lives?" When told that it was, he said: "I am the Bishop of Wideland and this is the Rev. Mr. Mission who is coming to be your clergyman. Can you put us up anywhere for the night?"

Now the log hut, such as we see in the picture, seems but a poor place for a bishop and a clergyman to sleep in. Yet missionaries, whether bishops or priests are often glad of the shelter and hospitality which even such a hut can afford.

That night the bishop asked if any of the neighbours could be got together on the following day. He was told that a few could be summoned. After prayers they retired for the night. Earnestly had little Annie gazed upon the two divines. It was a new sight to her. She wondered whether that meant that she would yet see a church.

By noon the next day several people had been

collected from "the neighborhood." The bishop held a short service, at which some were devout and some were disposed to laugh, while others again, like Tom Arnold, did not attend at all. Mr. Davis was there, but he looked ill at ease. The bishop said that if the men would cut down the logs and do what they could in the way of work they might have a church.

Then little Annie, not thinking of how wrong it was to speak at such a time, cried out:

"Oh! then I may yet see a church!"

The bishop smiled and said, "Come here, little girl, what is your name?"

"Annie Davis, sir," she said.

"Then, Annie Davis, you will see a church, and a good one too, for the back woods."

And then the bishop went away, but Mr. Mission stayed to superintend the building of the church. Soon it was built. All helped to build it. Even Tom Arnold turned in and worked with a will.

In a few months everything was ready. Then Mr. Mission said, "We must have the bishop here at the opening, for he charged me to send him word when all was ready." So they wrote to the bishop, and he fixed a day for the opening. In the meantime a handsome chapel bell arrived, specially marked for the "Logwood Mission Church," and with it a heavy box which was not to be opened till the day of opening the church. The bell, however, was put in its place.

On the day fixed for the opening the bishop arrived, and another gentleman with him. The bell was rung, and its music was sweet through the trees. People came through the woods, on foot, on horseback, on lumber wagons drawn by oxen, and in various other ways, to be present at the church service. Even Tom Arnold was there. He said that, as he had handled the logs, he might as well see what they were meant for. It was a glad sight to see those people in their own little church. Mr. Mission began the service, "To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against him,"—and then the eyes of nearly all present began to moisten. Mrs. Davis wept for joy, and her husband's frame shook with emotion. Tom Arnold had refused to be at any of the services which Mr. Mission used to hold in the house, but curiosity brought him to the church, and soon the familiar words of the Prayer Book, made him think of old days, days of father love and mother love, and the thoughtless man was made that day to feel the power of the Gospel.

The bishop explained how their church came to be built. He said that a gentleman in Toronto sent him a cheque for \$500 to build a church in Logwood, the place that he had preached about, and that he sent it because his little daughter had opened his eyes to the fact that he, and probably many others, were cruelly selfish, and did not realize it; that they sometimes were like the man in the Gospel, who simply spent his money on pulling down his barns in order to build new ones. The bishop then went on to say that while this little