

missionary work—the very work the General Conference of 1884 meant that I should do when they said, “Turn him loose in Africa, and let him go.” You may say, How can your support from the missionary treasury injure your work? I reply, First, that the money thus appropriated means jurisdiction, and that means dictation, limitation and delay. Second, it will make trouble with the old work of the Missionary Society in Liberia. Her preachers claim the right to a support from her treasury. They neither ask or expect money from my Free-will Africa Fund, for they know it was not designed for them, but to found missions among the wild heathen. They don’t envy my support from the Episcopal Fund, knowing that unless they become bishops they have no ground on which to base a claim. But to pay their bishop from the Missionary Fund, and not pay them, will kindle an unquenchable fire in their midst. Third, it will tend to demoralize my outside work. Of my eighty-five white and twenty-five black missionary workers, not one ever received a cent of salary, though not allowed to suffer need while developing self-support; but the moment they learn that my work and my workers have been put under the control of the Missionary Society, they will be tempted to claim their equal rights to salary with all other missionaries of the society in other countries, and in a few years forty mission stations would mean at least forty thousand dollars a year for salaries alone, and as much more for building and repairs.

I have always been consciously loyal to the Church of which I have been a member for the past sixty years, and will, at any cost, so remain to the end of the chapter. If you appoint me to Greenland’s icy mountains to found self-supporting missions I will go by the first boat; but don’t send me back to Africa hobbled. To do the marching I must do in Africa, swimming her rivers and climbing her mountains, I must be foot-loose, keeping strictly within the lines of the Bible and the Methodist Discipline.

WILLIAM TAYLOR.

Omaha, Neb., May 25th, 1892.

BISHOP TAYLOR’S SALARY.

For four years, from 1884 to 1888, Bishop Taylor received no salary, because he would not accept it from any other than the regular Episcopal Fund. In other words, he refused to be a charge against moneys collected for missionary purposes. When the General Conference of 1888 established his

status, and ordered his pay out of the Episcopal Fund, as any other bishop, he gave half of it to his African missions. The present General Conference endorsed his status as a bishop, but unfortunately ordered his salary to be paid from the Missionary Treasury—thus imperilling the principle, the principle of self-supporting missions, for which he has fought and labored for eighteen years. His episcopal salary supported his family; the family of his son, who is his assistant and treasurer; paid his heavy travelling expenses, which have never been paid like those of other bishops; and went to carry on the work in Africa. Not a dollar of the contribution to his work has been appropriated to personal expenses.

What is to be done? He has not time to sell his books, as he did for so many years, and always declines gifts for himself. Here is a happy solution of the difficulty, and one that will extend the glorious work in Africa: Bishop Taylor is the editor and sole proprietor of the best paper published on Africa, the beautifully illustrated *African News*. Let every one of the many thousands of friends of the bishop, and of Africa, send immediately the subscription price for one year (one dollar), to his publisher, Rev. Ross Taylor, 210 Eighth Avenue, New York. This will relieve the present embarrassment, you will thoroughly enjoy the illustrated journal, and will rejoice that you have had a hand in once more turning the old hero loose on the Dark Continent.

THE DAY IS LONG.

The day is long, and the day is hard,
We are tired of the march and of keeping guard;
Tired of the sense of a fight to be won,
Of days to live through and of work to be done;
Tired of ourselves and of being alone.

And all the while, did we only see,
We walk in the Lord’s own company;
We fight, but ’tis He who nerves our arm;
He turns the arrows which else might harm;
And out of the storm He brings a calm.

The work which we count so hard to do,
He makes it easy, for He works too;
The days that are long to live are His,
A bit of His bright eternities;
And close to our need His helping is.

—Susan Coolidge.