

give their sons by thousands to die in India or Africa, fighting for the old flag, and shall it be thought a great thing to devote one's life, in Algoma, for the Cross of Christ? See how the pioneers of trade go forth to the Pacific. No man wonders at their adventure; they but seek their fortune. Why, then, expect less of the "merchantman, seeking goodly pearls," who covets souls for his Master's Crown? It is a great thing to find one's place and work for life, and to discover in the maturity of one's bodily and mental powers just the task which God created him to perform. And what a noble task is yours, my brother—to lose one's life and so to find it; and, as a missionary bishop, to grasp an opportunity such as fired the sanctified ambition of St. Paul, "to preach the Gospel where Christ has not been named before." Think not I am forgetting the saintly pioneer who has opened and prepared your way. It seems but yesterday that I shared the privilege of laying hands upon the pure and lovely Fauquier, and of sending him forth as the first Bishop of Algoma. Nobly has he fulfilled his mission; yet so soon has he been caught up to be with Christ that you, also, go forth as a pioneer. "There remaineth yet much land to be possessed." Again Christ calls, and, as we have just sung in the animating words of Heber, "Who follows in his train?" You come to devote yourself to this following, and to receive not only your commission, but, as we believe, the anointing of grace, to make you "sufficient for these things." God grant you, with all your predecessor's fidelity and unwearied effort, a longer ministry and a rich gathering of the harvest which he sowed with tears. Live long, my brother, if it be God's will; live till the hoary head is your earthly crown of glory, with the wisdom of experience to give counsel to successive generations of missionaries and to "strengthen your brethren." Be yours the fiery tongue of Pentecost to proclaim the everlasting Gospel; and now may your lips be touched as with a coal from the heavenly altar, as you respond to the questions of your Consecrator: "Here am I, send me."

WORK IN INDIA.

REV. F. N. ALEXANDER, BEZVADA, INDIA.

I WAS forty miles away from Bezvada last Sunday, and I had some nice baptisms on that and the following days; five dear little children were baptized, all belonging to quite recent converts. I find my beard is rather in the way when I baptize children, for they are sure to catch hold of it, and I find it difficult to be grave under the circumstances. Nyadagudem is a fine congregation—there are about eighty adults, besides children, who worship there—and within the distance of two miles round there are three other congregations, giving us about 300 Christians where only a few years ago there was not one. A little further on I had a baptism of eight young men and three children, who are reading in our

school there. The service was held under a pandal (i. e., a covering of palmyra leaves resting on bamboo poles.) There were some nice green leaves hung about to refresh the eye. The people sat on the ground on mats, and I sat on a native cot. A rice mortar held a basin of water; this was our extemporized font. I wonder what people at home would think of such a church. Not that we undervalue the beauty of our chaste and lovely Church of England service perfectly carried out. Our bishop, who was lately among us and confirmed over 900 adults, officiated in churches with services that would not be easily excelled for neatness and correctness anywhere in the diocese; but we can, when necessary, rise above the accidents of church order, and worship with as much solemnity in the open air as we do in our churches. And what an offering were those eight young men! Well instructed, intelligent, fearless and devoted, nearly all had to give up an earthly livelihood to win Christ. No doubt this will be more than restored to them, even in this world, but it is not the less hard at first to give up all and follow Christ. Well, I had another triumph of a different sort a few weeks ago. Our bishop was present at the prize-giving of our high-school at Ellore, and the young man who received the first prize in the whole school is a Christian whose father is a Pariah. He is head-master of my boys' boarding school, and when on account of the failure of our mission to provide a missionary sufficiently acquainted with Telugu to teach divinity students in their own tongue, I proposed to send the above master to Madras to study in the English classes, he was refused because he was not up to the matriculation standard of the Madras University. Then I resolved that by God's help he should be qualified to take his proper place. I set him entirely free from his teacher's work, and in six months' time he was ready, passed his examination, and was graded in the first class, not one of his fellow-students coming up to that class, and on the prize-giving day he was called up before all the English and native officials and visitors and his own class-mates to receive the first prize—a Waterbury watch—over the heads of Brahmins, Sudras and Mussulmans, and the second prize of a valuable book for the best answering in Holy Scripture. That is what Christianity can do for down-trodden races. And when afterwards, on the visitation tour, I pointed out his father to the bishop, his lordship was indeed surprised at the mighty difference that was made in only one generation by the Gospel and grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. Oh! how much nobler it will be when we stand before the great white throne and see our Lord receive those who by our ministry have washed their robes white in the blood of the Lamb and receive the prize of a crown of life that fadeth not away.

Now let me give you a few jottings about the bishop's recent visitation tour. Along our main lines of communication there are navigation canals, and Englishmen have provided fine boats, fur-