



A SCENE IN THE NORTH-WEST.

since. It came about, we are told, in this way. When consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury a question arose as to whether he should be designated or addressed the same way as the English bishops. The point was settled by the Prince Regent emphatically saying to him when introduced at a levee, "How do you do, my Lord Bishop?—I am glad to see your Lordship."

The bishop had three sons and five daughters. His sons all died unmarried, so that his name has died out. He has, however, numerous descendants under other names, his five daughters having all married. We have been unable to obtain a likeness of Bishop Stanser other than the silhouette (which was kindly furnished us by his granddaughter, Mrs. Ingles, of Radcliffe-on-Trent, Notts, England), accompanying this sketch.

OUR HOME MISSIONS.

By Miss M. L. Sragon.*

THIS subject I have chosen to write a few words upon; but when I think of the immense extent embraced in our Home Missions I am appalled, and I feel utterly unable to do justice to it. We are sometimes apt, in our enthusiasm over Foreign Missions, to overlook the mission duties lying right at our doors, aye within our own doors. By all means let us assist the Foreign Missions in every way we

possibly can, but charity may well begin at home.

We are living in a Christian country; we profess and call ourselves Christians, but are not the marks which distinguish Christ's followers sometimes sadly wanting—the charity which thinketh no evil—the patience which endures to the end—the self-sacrifice which most nearly imitates the Divine Model? How many of us stop to ascertain if we can give a reason for the faith that is in us; and we are all quite sure we have the faith?

In these days in particular infidelity in its every form stalks through our land. Much of our literature sows it broadcast. In the alluring garb of a popular story, an author seeks to propagate his or her sceptical notions, which are eagerly devoured by the boys and girls whose plastic minds are so ready to receive impressions. Should we not prevent, or at least try to prevent, our younger friends from reading books in which the "faith once delivered to the saints" is so wantonly trifled with? And another class of books, in which there is simply no faith, whose morality usurps the place of religion, and that often a false morality. Shall we be held blameless if we lift not up our voice against their being read? Will God account us innocent if we sit idly by, and content ourselves with *hoping they may do no harm*? If we do nothing what will be the probable result? Surely the survey is not encouraging! Life and religion are so affected by the wind of fashion, that there is a chance of our being swept away in the gathering whirlwind! "Fools rush in where angels fear to

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