

the society's industrial agent at the Christian village of Clarkabad, where he labored till Mrs. Bentel's health broke down, owing to the heat of the plains.

This work wants three of your best university men, one for Kangra, one for Kulu, and one for Kotgargh. They must be scholars, and they must be gentlemen, such as Canadian *graduates* always are. These are not backwoods. The Hindu is subtle, and his Brahman priests are philosophical theologians. Again, the European officials are taken by competition from the pick of English schools and universities. The missionary is received warmly by these men; but he must be able to meet them on their own ground. Canadian *graduates* pass muster as well as any the world over. I am sure, if they came, they would do honor to the Dominion, but we must have graduates.

TRAVELLING IN ALGOMA.

In the *Letter Leaflet* of the Woman's Auxiliary for July last, in the Huron diocese department we find the following regarding travelling in Algoma:

An Algoma friend, in reference to some very misleading statements in regard to its Bishop's "luxurious travelling," etc., writes: "During this last week he has been out of reach even of the telegraph; was towed for two days on a scow up a lake; had four portages in the rain; to say nothing of the poor food, miserable accommodation, and paddling from one point to another, all of which is simply a matter of course to himself and clergy, and probably because so seldom mentioned is not realized by outsiders." Of his clergy the Bishop says: "Some of them have given to the diocese the best of their lives, despite the inadequacy of their stipends and the total absence of any provision for the period of age and physical infirmity." The following is another little incident of Algoma travel from Mr. Frost, of Sheguiandah: "I have been away for some time looking up my scattered sheep at the corner of the fence. The weather was against me, a thaw having set in while I was on my journey through the woods, lakes, marshes, mountains, and rivers. Some places, in fact all the low places, the marshes and the rivers, were flooded to such an extent that my mare Nellie was almost swimming for a mile or more. At one place where I had been preaching the water had risen and frozen over about an inch, and for a mile or so of this the poor beast had to break and plunge her way through, the ice would not bear me even, and it was heartrending for me to sit and watch the poor beast in the ice and water dragging me along. No animal in the world can stand this; of course, she is almost prostrate, poor wretch. I travelled about 300 miles, and held about twenty ser-

vices amongst all sorts of men, women, and children, red and white."

STRANGE VOICES AND FOREIGN MISSIONS.

"There is so much work at home that interests me, I really cannot pay much attention to foreign fields. To tell you the truth, I am not interested in foreign missions; they are too far off."

Such was my reply one stormy evening to the patient collector, who for half an hour had been trying to arouse my sluggish sympathies for the benighted peoples and earnest workers across the seas. She left me, and I returned to my cosy chair and glowing fire, wondering why she need have disturbed my reading to tell me so many disagreeable things. I preferred pleasant thoughts, or, if I must go outside of those, it suited me far better to breathe a gentle sigh over the woes of an Evangeline than seriously to consider the needs of other lands, or sympathize with the degraded wretches who, after all, were incapable of such depth of feeling as my delicate self.

Still the disagreeable facts so gratuitously presented by my caller partook of her persistence, and I tried in vain to dismiss them from my mind, until, finally leaving my book and fire, I said pettishly, "I'll see if a good night's sleep will restore my balance." But the thoughts pursued me as the monotonous drip of rain from the eaves resolved itself into the steady tread of feet, and I seemed to be standing on a high platform with a wondrously fair woman, whose stern eyes fastened accusingly on me made me quail, while a seemingly endless procession of women approached us. As they came near, I saw that they were divided into companies. The first division stopped in front of the platform and looked earnestly at me. They were small and dark-skinned, dressed in white jackets and striped skirts, while many-hued scarfs gave a brilliancy like the tropics to the scene.

I was about to ask my companion, despite her austere look, who they were, when one of them pointed to me and said with intense scorn: "Women of Siam, behold this woman! She claims to love the Saviour who made her what she is; she says she is grateful to Him for her sheltered, petted life, but she has no interest in us. We are taught that our very existence is a curse for misdeeds in some former state. The happiest of us are sold to be one of many wives; the most wretched are gambled away by our mothers to become slaves. We are brought up in profanity, in lying, in brawls, in filth. For us is no heaven, only a dreary hope of purchasing from our gods merit that shall secure for us a happier state in our next transmigration; but she is not interested in us. Degraded, ignorant,