

the place, Henaro Trevaton. He had been educated by the Bishop at St. John's College. And now, when his dying enemy feebly moaned for water, and there was none inside the camp, this noble warrior crept down, at the imminent risk of his life, within the line of English sentries, filled a vessel with water, and bore it back to the parched lips of the Englishman. Next day he, too, died a soldier's death, and on his person was found the text of Holy Scripture which had suggested this noble deed—"If thine enemy thirst, give him drink."

When obedience to Gospel precepts can produce such effects, it is sad to find such a sentence as this in one of the Bishop's letters: "The influence of the immoral English living in the land is the greatest difficulty I have to contend with, as they continually object to me the lives and conduct of my own country-men." May we who know the truth seek for grace to practise it.—*Life of Bishop Selwyn.*

THE BISHOP OF LONDON ON THE CHURCH.

The following is a report of the recent speech of the Bishop of London at the Mansion House, London, Eng., on the occasion of the Annual Ecclesiastical Banquet. The speech has occasioned so much comment that we present it in full.

The Bishop of London joined in the regret expressed at the absence of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Church to which they belonged had often, in past times, had a great deal to encounter, and even at the present day there was no doubt that there were struggles and contests, and troubles and difficulties to be dealt with. There was, therefore, need felt that they should be prepared to take their part as true men and Englishmen in defence of what they believed to be of great value to the country at large, and especially to the religion of the country. They believed the position held by the Church was of high value to the State, and that the Church was doing great service, which it would, no doubt, be possible largely to diminish and hinder, but which it would not be possible to replace by any other arrangement that could be made, and that it was certain that if the Church were dislodged from her place it would not be easy or within the power of some generations to come to put anything in the empty place that could in any degree supply what the Church was now doing. They believed that, to a large degree, the positions and relations of the Church maintained that religious feeling which was a characteristic of the whole world; that Englishmen owed very much in the past, and were owing much in the present, to the liberty of the Church. He constantly felt how the words of the Church had entered into the very language of the nation, and how that great word "duty," which, above all other words, was the signal to rouse an Englishman's heart and make him spring to whatever exertion might be required, and also to whatever sacrifice might be demanded of him—how that great word had been branded into the memories and into the talk of the people of this country by the Catechism of the Church. It was this Church which was now the object of attack. He would not use one word of reprobation or indignation against those who, holding themselves conscientiously bound to do so, were endeavouring to take away from the Church its place, its property, which the ancestors of Churchmen had given it, its schools, and eventually its churches. He knew that many of these persons were truly conscientious and earnest men, and he had always held that the first duty of every Christian was reverence for conscience, whether it was a man's own or that of another man. If, therefore, there were those who

thought the Church of England ought to lose her place, let them say so, and press forward in the battle with all their might. The only answer he could give them was that they, the Church, were also ready for that kind of fight, and that they stood as strong in their convictions as any of those who were endeavouring to take away what they believed to be their own. They, too, could stand firm, and could call upon their friends everywhere to stand with them. They, too, were something in this country, and if they showed that they were in real earnest and meant what they said, and that their consciences were with them in the endeavour to maintain their place, he was confident that the strength of the Church would be far greater as time went on, and would show more and more how hard it would be before it was possible to tear up by the roots an institution which had been a part of the Constitution of England long before the Heptarchy existed, and before the Heptarchy was united into one kingdom. The Church maintained no claim to infallibility, and did not say that others might not sometimes be right; but its members stood by what their consciences told them was the right course, and would hold to that until it was made plain that, in the providence of God, their Sovereign in Heaven had decided that some great revolution should befall them. If this were so, he ventured to say, from the bottom of his heart, it would be the State, and the country, and the civil power that would suffer most if evil should befall the Church; but she would still remain the Church, and would still continue to do her duty with whatever remained of her crippled powers—sure then, as she was now, that she had God on her side, and that He would not desert her. Whatever the Church had to fight for (and the fight had begun), whether she had to fight for her position as a Church, for the continuance of her schools and the religious education they bestowed—whatever battle came first, the Church must not flinch from it. She must not flinch from contending for religious instruction, which her members believed to be the very essence of all true education; they must not shrink from upholding that instruction as a necessary part of all true elementary education, but they must and would stand by their schools with all the strength of men who were convinced that it was their duty. If they allowed religious instruction to go, thirty years hence England would have to rue the neglect which had ruined all that was most valuable in all instruction.—*Family Churchman.*

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

BY THE BISHOP OF SPRINGFIELD.

The years of many now living measure the history of Chicago. What we mean is this, that we have thousands of men and women among us to-day in health and strength of body and mind, who were born when Chicago was less than a village, it was a fort with a few houses around it, and the locality was so forbidding a place for man's habitation that there seemed little prospect of increase.

An aged man, who died within four years, told us that he came as an adventurer to seek his fortune, to Fort Dearborn about 1830, and there was so little to attract and so much to discourage settlement that he left in a few days for a home in Michigan. The old fort was, he said, undergoing repairs with a view to convert it into a tavern for boatmen. The population did not amount to three hundred. The mud was appalling, the accommodations were wretched, far worse than Horace's inn afforded on his way to Brundisium.

Sixty-three years have sped, and our little hamlet buried in the mud has become a mighty city, taking rank among the largest in the world.

Behind London, Paris, Berlin, and even New York, Boston, and Philadelphia are centuries. Back of Chicago are not even three-score years and ten, and yet its population is largely above one million.

In a sense by no means imaginary Chicago, itself is "a world's fair." The world has poured into it her treasures of men and means, and the mighty city displays them as it throbs with life and energy, and push and self-consciousness, and achieves success.

And now there is added to this permanent world's fair a temporary World's Fair which comes to commemorate the revolution of our hemisphere to civilized man four hundred years ago, and tarries for a season and departs.

In this view of its location the World's Fair becomes doubly interesting as a study. It is a World's Fair in a world's fair. The picture and the frame are one. The setting and the jewel are of the same stuff. The fire-place holds the fire and all is ablaze with light and heat and life.

The first impression of it—is the combined impression, made by the city, intensified by Jackson Park—the first impression is profoundly that of man's might and prowess and genius. The city, with its stretch of streets for miles in all directions, its endless rows of houses, its countless shops, its buildings for commerce, manufactures, trade, and entertainment, rising like towers of Babel to an enormous height, its surface and elevated cars whirling past by cable and electricity, its throngs of people, young and old, coming from every quarter and crowding the thoroughfares, and the colossal railways bringing from far and near every hour their vast supplies of freight and their hundreds of passengers—the great city in itself and its adjuncts exhibits man's might, and then within its bosom, life within life, in Jackson Park, the World's Fair of 1893 presents in an intenser way, because condensed, the same fact, man's might. A comparatively little space, a few acres, hold the trophies of the world's achievements in the many and diversified fields of man's labor. The products of his busy brain and cunning fingers are here gathered from every race and nation. The choicest flowers of human genius in mechanics and fine arts, exquisite skill, culled from the workshop and the galleries of Europe, and Asia, and Australia, are displayed as a garden of romance and delight. It is the world epitomized, condensed, brought to a focus. The impression made by the vast city, and the great Fair in the midst of the vast city, is how wonderful is man. This is inevitable, since it is the surface truth. All can see thus far and all can interpret thus far the meaning of Chicago and its Fair.

We write in order that at least may go farther, and see a profounder truth, not hidden, but obscured by the glory of the kingdoms of this world. Man is not the ultimate cause of these splendid results, this magnificent display. The raw material, the metal, the wood, the clay, are not his manufacture. He did not generate the gases, nor produce the subtle forces; he found these things and countless other things prepared for his use, and he has not always been quick to find them, and when found, ready to discern their purpose and appropriate them to his service. Electricity for example has always been man's closest and constant companion in the air he breathes, the ground he treads upon, the clothes he wears, and yet this intimacy of thousands of years has borne no fruit until the present generation has discovered that our mysterious comrade has an untold store of marvellous gift for us, and has always had them, and we have only as it were to-day been receiving the telegraph, and telephone, and phonograph, and batteries, and cars, and motors, and our benefactor seen scarcely to have begun to bestow upon us the magic presents which he holds in trust for our race.