

You can see for yourselves what great results have come from Dr. Bray's efforts; but perhaps you wonder why I have told you so much about Bishop Fell, who prayed and worked with all his might and who yet lived long enough to see the failure of his plan for educating missionaries to convert India. There *seemed* to be no answer to his prayer; yet God did answer it in other times and in a different way from that which to the good Bishop *seemed* the best way. Dr. Bray's successful labors, the two great societies which have carried the Gospel to the heathen the world over; the great and glorious work which England is doing to-day in India, in China, in all parts of Africa, in the Islands of the Sea, in British America, are all answers to the prayers of the good Bishop Fell, and others, even less known saints who were content to do their share, leaving results to God.

St. Paul was the answer to St. Stephen's prayers; and who can tell what noble years of self-sacrificing missionary work may be the answer given to the simple but earnest and persistent prayers of some lowly Christian in your own parish Church? The seed we cast into the ground is very small; but harvests which feed the world come from the tiny grains. The boy's offering of leaves and fishes was a very little one; but Christ blessed it and it fed multitudes.

1. When was the holy communion first celebrated on our Pacific coast according to the English office?
2. When and where were the first Church services held in New England?
3. Relate what you know of Bishop Fell.
4. What other good men shared his labors and prayers?
5. Did they succeed in training missionaries for India?
6. Were their prayers unanswered?
7. How and when did the answer come?
8. When was the S. P. C. K. founded, and by whom? The S. P. G.?
9. How can we do the most for missions?
10. Is it our business to sow the seed, or to reap the harvest?—*Junior Auxiliary Publishing Co., 211 State St., Hartford, Conn.*

RED LETTER DAYS.

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST—JUNE 24TH.

REV. EDWIN J. STURDUE.

Continued.

 He went on as best he could, always speaking kindly to his tormentors, though rarely getting a word in reply, (for one of their cruelties was to send him to "Coventry.") Once and once only he spoke out, it was when Reuben was

going to begin again some filthy talk, "Do it if you dare," said Felix, and Reuben the cowardly quailed, for he dreaded the doctor's cane.

It was Midsummer day and the school had a half-holiday. The weather was so hot that the doctor willingly allowed the boys to bathe in the river which ran through the bottom of the cricket field. In they all plunged, some swimming far away, and others who could not swim, keeping close to the bank and taking a plunge from thence. Suddenly a cry was heard, and Reuben's red head disappeared. He was a long way from the rest, and his feet had caught in some weeds which dragged him beyond his depth. The boys screamed in horror, but none knew what to do. Felix, though not very strong, was a good swimmer, and while resting on the bank saw what had happened. He told some boys who were dressed to run at once for help, and then he plunged to where Reuben was struggling. As he arrived the red head rose again with a final shriek, but before it sank Felix had his hand under Reuben's chin and held him up until Mr. Jones arrived with a boat and was able to pull the boy away from the reeds which had entangled him while diving.

It was some time before Reuben recovered. The doctor declared that if Felix had not held up his head, another minute would have ended his life.

Like wildfire the news went round the school and as Reuben was in bed, the good feelings which God has given to all boys were allowed to prevail, and Felix was as much petted as he had formerly been persecuted.

When the day came that Reuben was pronounced well enough to see one or two of his schoolfellows he only asked for Felix and the headmaster. The latter was surprised, for he knew that Reuben had no love for him.

"Sir," said the sick boy, "I want to speak to Felix, but I must first speak to you," and then he confessed all that had taken place, his vile talk, his cruelty to Felix, and the latter's patient suffering. Then turning to Felix he said, "I have done what I can to make amends. Will you help me after your *example* to lead a holy life; you have been sent to this school I believe to prepare the way of *constantly* speaking the *truth* and *boldly rebuking vice*. I am repeating the words of the Collect for Midsummer day which I have read several times since I have been in bed." And Felix shook him warmly by the hand, whilst his eyes filled with tears.

From that day Acacia House was a very different place. Reuben and Felix were fast friends.