

world; and I can, for the Church and the Master's sake, pray that He will raise up more that may thus command the confidence and cordial respect of their fellow Christians and of their fellow men.

Yours truly,
EDWARD SOFTLY.

APPEAL.

SIR,—Some little time ago you were kind enough to insert in your columns an appeal from this mission to the readers of the DOMINION CHURCHMAN, at home and abroad, for aid in building a church in Bexley. The cordial response that was made on that occasion encourages me again to appeal through your valuable Church paper, for assistance in building a church in Cambray. A site has been procured and about \$200 in material and money subscribed, which is all that we can do among ourselves. About \$500 more is needed to complete the building, which will be of brick, and capable of seating one hundred worshippers. The congregation is very much scattered, and with one or two exceptions very poor, but all are communicants that have arrived at the proper age. Our fortnightly service at present is held in a building formerly erected as a Union church, but now claimed by the Methodists, who allow us to worship in it once a fortnight, from 1.30 to 2.30 p.m., and even then the latter part of our service is badly interrupted by children and boys coming in to a so-called Union Sunday-school, which is held at 2.30 p.m.

Subscriptions to the building fund will be thankfully received and acknowledged by the undersigned, either by post office order payable at Cambray, cheques, or letters of credit, etc., payable at the Lindsay branch of the Bank of Montreal.

JOHN G. COOPER, Cambray,
Travelling Missionary, Diocese of Toronto.

ALGOMA.

SIR,—As our new Bishop has now had time to look over his Diocese a little, we are all hoping that his lordship will see his way clear to reside entirely among us. I believe very great pressure was brought to bear upon the late Bishop Fauquier to take up his residence in this district. Notwithstanding that, if any plea at all could be legitimately granted to obviate that necessity, it was allowable in his case; as, owing to the prolonged dangerous state of Mrs. Fauquier's health, such a step—at least, for some time—could not reasonably be expected of him; in fact, under the painful circumstances, it was impracticable. Yet, notwithstanding the additional trouble and anxiety caused by the ultimate death of his wife, his lordship had actually entered upon arrangements to take up his residence amongst us, doubtless anticipating much beneficial results for the successful working of his district to accrue therefrom, but which, sad to say, was frustrated by his unexpected death. It surely, therefore, cannot be out of place for one to ask why should not a similar condition be exacted of his successor?—who happily has not the difficulties and trials to contend with as his predecessor had, who, cramped as he was in monetary resources, yet laboured to meet the increasing exigencies imposed upon him with a zeal and self-denial, that were seen and appreciated by all brought in contact with him.

Our Church here is in but a very primitive state, and therefore needs frequent and hearty intercourse and encouragement with and from those who are specially ordained and set apart to establish and extend the Church's mission amongst us. Nothing gives an army waging war with an opponent—as we are against contending sects—so much confidence and energy as to see that their leader and chief in command is ready to take part with them in the fight. By identifying himself with them he establishes a bond of union, which often effects results far in excess of the most sanguine expectations.

Yours respectfully,

Aspdin Station, Muskoka, C. W. JOHNSON.
Sept. 16th, 1882.

A SAINT AT THE ZOO.—Capt. Harry Piper, Alderman, and Superintendent of the Zoological Garden, lately communicated the following facts to a reporter of one of Toronto's most influential papers:—"Some time ago we purchased from the collection of animals at Central Park, New York, a monstrous Russian bear, which we have named 'Peter the Great,' on account of his tremendous size. Not long after 'Peter' arrived we found that he was suffering from the rheumatism, and in a pretty bad state. Pete was not the only one in the 'Zoo' which had a touch of that delicious torture; the lion likewise had it, and in fact I was just being cured of a bad case of the rheumatism myself, by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy. I found St. Jacobs Oil an excellent remedy, for it cured me in a short while, and my case was a very aggravated one. I argued that if it cured men it must be good for animals as well."

Family Reading.

WHO ARE THE BLESSED?

"And I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me write—
Blessed are Rev. xiv. 13

Who, saith the Heavenly Voice,
Are the Blessed Ones?
Those that in great riches do rejoice,
And, decked with precious stones,
And clothed in purple robes and gay,
Fare sumptuously every day—
But, when they die, take naught away?

Or those on whom affairs of state
Are cast by willing hands,
And by the world are called great;
Whose names are known in distant lands—
At whose death a nation mourning stands?

Are they the ones whom all rejoice
With flattery incense to extol,
Because of beauty, charming voice,
Or wit, or strength none could control—
Naught that in time of need could save the soul?

Is it the one born to command
With all the pomp and circumstance of war:
Whose mighty squadrons shake the land;
Who comes from battle conqueror—
Around whose grave crowds throng from far?

Are they the Kings and Potentates,
The crowned ones of earth,
Possessing power their race perpetuates
With pride of princely birth—
But whom death strips of all their worth?

Hark to the voice of the Heavenly Vision—
Pealing from the plains Elysian!
This burden of that cry
Echoed back from earth to sky,
Piercing where the dead doeth lie—

"Blessed are the Dead which die in the Lord"
"From henceforth, yea, forever more!"
Responsive chant the heavenly choir
In harmonious, sweet accord—
"Theirs the exceeding great reward,
"The spotless robes, the harps of gold,"
"Theirs the rest of Paradise!"
Yes, there with Christ our Sacrifice,
In those blest realms beyond the skies,
No sorrow comes, nor age grows old!

Louder, sweeter, sounds the Anthem,
Saints and Martyrs all have joined them,
An innumerable throng;
Hosts Angelic swell the chorus,
Thousand thousands gone before us:
Listen to the ecstatic song—

"They the crowns of conquerors wear,"
"They the palms of victory bear;"
"God has wiped each tear away!"
See them stand in bright array,
At His feet their trophies lay,
While Seraphim and Cherubim
Veil their faces and adore Him,
Chanting the celestial hymn—
Alleluia! Alleluia! Amen!

—Living Church.

A VISIT TO TWELVE HUNDRED SILENT MEN.

One fine day I approached a vast building, built of white limestone. It covered many acres of ground, and stood very high. In front was a beautiful garden of flowers and grass plot, the whole surrounded by a neat iron railing. It had a great arched doorway, with heavy iron gates, through which to pass—after first ringing a bell. Within, I found it to be in shape of a hollow square of great extent, and down the centre were grass beds, with here and there flowers, in front, while on either side it was paved with slabs of stone for walks. Far at the other end, I saw what appeared "Zebras," walking upright, but upon closer inspection I found them to be "men," with woollen suits, made up of broad stripes, brown and white. Their pants were in stripes, the stripes running in a lateral direction around the material; their vests were in stripes, their jackets the same, and so were the caps on their heads. They were a silent set of men, but most industrious, for none spoke to the other although all had the power of speech.

Industrious? Yes, they made many useful articles, such as spades, shovels, chisels, knives, woollen hosi-

ery, and other things. They were gathered in great rooms, and stood or sat side by side in long rows; but none spoke to his fellow companion besides him; but each one pecked and hammered away at his work from morn to evening, day by day, week by week, year by year, except Sunday. When their labour was finished for the day, they passed out in long rows of forty and fifty, single file, every man closely hugged up to the man before him, with arms clasped around the other's breast; and when they walked it was as one man—so well-timed was their step. And tramp, tramp they came with steady, measured tread, down the broad walks, and filed into a great dining-room, where they sat and ate their meals in silence; the only noise to be heard being the rattle of tin cups, tin plates, knives and forks. Meal finished, in solemn silence they took up their march again, and streamed away in long strings, up and down great galleries, all over the building, and passing, each one into a little room, retired to his couch and remained until morning. And so it would go on the same, year by year. No laughter, no joy, no mingling together in social intercourse, no holidays for them; for they were twelve hundred "convicts," confined in the State Penitentiary, at Columbus, Ohio. Here they were for all sorts of crimes: murder, house-breaking, robbery, forgery; to endure, five, ten, twenty years' service at hard labor; and some for life—never more to be permitted to mingle with their fellow-men outside, where might be found joy and happiness.

And yet these twelve hundred men had all been infants, boys; reared, many of them, in luxury, elegance; with education, Church privileges; each nurtured, too, by a loving mother, receiving her warm embrace and kiss—proud of her boy. But as they advanced in life they threw off the restraints of home, father and mother; they would none of their counsel or advice; but, being determined upon following out their own pernicious, wicked ends, they went from bad to worse, until the strong hand of law was laid upon them and they were stopped in their headlong career.

Many of them, doubtless, knew the Bible and its teachings, and had been taught to pray, but evil companionships formed, they came at last to look upon such things as unmanly, weak, and now they are branded as "convicts," and instead of freedom they must endure confinement and labor. And if we examine into the primary cause of all this evil, we shall find much of it was due to intoxicating drink, for wine and wickedness are kindred spirits. Many would remember how they were induced to commence, bantered, teased by their companions; aye, and sometimes—be it spoken with shame and sorrow—by their friends—ladies—for many and many a bright young man has been ruined by a lady; laughed at, jeered at until no longer able to withstand such railery, he has given away. Oh! what a lamentable fact! that they who are refined, whose influence is considered elevating, drag down to ruin youth of our land—themselves guilty of the grievous sin, not content, until they have wrought destruction and mischief upon these young men. Alas! here, too, are found within these walls "convict" women, who are clad in prisoner's garb. As I looked at them, thought went back to their girlish days, how, possibly, some of them had been educated, nurtured. But they, too, refused the teachings of home and religious influence; and here they are at last, men and women.

"Choose you this day whom ye will serve."

A HYMN OF WORSHIP.

How pure the dawn and bright!
A thousand songs of waking joy arise;
And to the zenith, flooding all the skies,
Mounts the wide splendour of the light.
So rise my soul to God!

Filled are the curving banks
With hastening streams and waters running bright,
Dancing and singing in the morning light,
Or gliding into grassy nooks.
So flows my life towards God.

I look for flowers to bloom
Along the margin of these streams; the skies
Of warmer May, with many a fond surprise
Of violets shall cheer my gloom.
Thus do I hope in God.

All nature turns her face
Toward the increasing sun and prays the fire
That kindles life, and bids the buds conspire
To clothe the earth with forms of grace.
Thus I aspire to God.

The day wanes to its close,
The drowsy herd turn homeward, and the wing
Of every bird is folded; vespers ring,
And weary hearts seek soft repose.
So rest my heart in God!