

Approaching the church and monastery, we find the former to be a plain brick building with stone facings and sloping roof, surmounted by a plain cross, and the latter a castellated structure of like materials with the church, but loftier and covering a greater extent of ground, as is natural. The entrance to the church is about flush with the avenue on which it fronts, and admits us to a nave, lofty, clean and bare of everything which is not considered a necessity. We tread the naked boards, and the three aisles are three brick walls; the walls are innocent of ornamentation, unless the Stations of the Cross, which in this case are the crudest of woodcuts, can be considered in the light of ornaments. All the seats are moveable, even the choristers' stalls being set back against the sides of the church when not in use. The women and girls sit on one side, and the men and boys on the other. All the choristers are boys and are so trained that they rather lead the organ than follow it. The chancel arch is spanned by a red-screen, the rood having on either side as "supporters" a statue of the Blessed Virgin and one of St. John the Divine; pendant from the beam are seven lamps. The altar is approached by a series of shallow flights of steps and is unguarded by any rail; it is of wood, gilded and illuminated, and the tabernacle door displays in high relief the pelican feeding her young with her own blood.

We have arrived late; the Creed has been sung, the green chasuble of the celebrant is folded on the altar and the celebrant himself—Father Huntington—is in the pulpit. He is a young man, not much over thirty years of age the loiterer would judge, has a fresh, rosy complexion and wears glasses. He preaches without notes, leaning with joined hands on the pulpit desk, and his sermon is merely a talk—a very quiet, low-voiced talk—to his parishioners on their trials, their comforts and their duties.

The service being ended, we accost a lay servitor and prefer a request to see Fr. Huntington, whereupon we are shown into a little office on the ground floor of the monastery, the furniture of which consists of a writing desk, three or four chairs, and a religious picture or two. The room has one other occupant besides ourselves, a clean-shaven, venerable looking priest with stooping shoulders, whom we identify as the Rev. Beverly Betts, having frequently seen him assist at Mass and Vespers in the Church of St. Mary the Virgin years ago. After conversing with him a short while, Fr. Huntington enters vested in a coarse serge cassock with a rope girdle around his loins, a plain, polished black cross suspended from his neck and—the eye glasses. We readily obtain his consent to inspect the house, and at his request Fr. Betts acts as our guide. "Following our leader" we ascend flight after flight of stairs, and then our guide points out to us a supplementary staircase which is used by the Fathers only. We have mounted but a short distance when the aroma of good coffee in the process of making salutes our nostrils, and directly afterwards we are ushered into a room where a number of boards covered with a linen cloth are laid upon tressels in the form of the ancient *triclinum*; here the acolytes and choristers are shortly to dine. It may as well be set down here that no room in the building is bothered with a carpet, and that the floors are kept so clean and neat that it is refreshing to contemplate them. From here we are led into the refectory of the monks where similar preparations are in progress, and the board (such an appropriate term here) is embellished with common plates, knives, forks and glasses set forth in symmetrical order.

It is possible that these indications of an approaching repast have set an edge on our conductor's appetite, for he hurries us away and seems anxious to complete his mission; accordingly he shows us next into the dormitories which have one window each, a religious picture on one of the walls, a wash stand and a narrow iron bedstead. The Fathers are not supposed to use their rooms for any other purposes than those of prayer, meditation and sleep, and therefore there are no chairs in these dormitories, but from the end of each room and facing the bed is suspended a crucifix with the palms of last Palm Sunday entwined around it. The dormitories are about ten feet wide to twelve deep. Emerging from the last of them—they are all very nearly alike—our attention is attracted to a large steel triangle suspended from a rung of the banisters opposite, and are informed on inquiry that it is there to proclaim the canonical hours; by its metallic voice the fraternity is aroused from sleep and is summoned to chapel; matins, none, prime, tierce, sext, vespers and compline are all rung out on this instrument. It is entirely natural that having seen that which sends forth the call, we should next see the place to which it calls; accordingly we are shown into the chapel of the Brotherhood. This is a room of medium size, capable of holding about thirty persons; it is well lighted and has a plain wooden altar with metal crucifix and the usual tapers for Mass and choir offices.

As a *bonne bouche* we are next shown into a spacious room, both long and broad; windows at both ends give

it light and over against the entrance is a large old-fashioned fire place. This is "the Superior's room;" you breathe more freely here than in any other room in the house, for the ceiling is very lofty. A long oak confraternity table extends lengthwise through the chamber, with an arm chair and a waste basket here and there at irregular intervals, while from a line commencing at the level of the mantel-piece extend on each side tiers upon tiers of books. Here we shall find History from the pens of the most prominent authors, History religious and profane; here, Mathematics; here, Theology; here, Controversy; here, Philosophy and Astronomy; works on Casuistry; the lives of the Popes; Dr. Littledale's "Plain Reasons;" Milton's "Paradise Lost;" Neale's "Urbs Cœlestis," we shall find them all here.

But referring to our watch, we find it after 1 p.m.; as it is, our dinner will be cold and the gravy a lake of grease congealed before we get to it, so we must cut our leave making short. Thanking Fr. Betts for his kind attentions to a couple of comparative strangers, we depart, taking by the way a card of services from which we learn that the Mass which we attended was the only one in English; and so emerge from the cool and quiet cloisters into the hot and noisy, the beery and scuffly, the crowded and ill-smelling streets.

It is said that dangerous as is this part of town at certain times to the average citizen, there is no time when Fr. Huntington or any one of his community cannot travel in its length and breadth with absolute safety, habited only in the cassock and girdle, hat and cloak of the order.

"And Abraham drew near, and said: Wilt thou also destroy the righteous with the wicked?"

"Paradventure there be fifty righteous within the city: wilt thou also destroy and not spare the place for the fifty righteous that are therein?"

"That be far from thee to do after this manner to slay the righteous with the wicked: and that the righteous should be as the wicked, that be far from thee: shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

"And the Lord said, If I find in Sodom fifty righteous within the city, then I will spare all the place for their sakes.—CLIFFORD ERNEST, in *Church School-ist*.

Home & Foreign Church News.

From our own Correspondents.

DOMINION.

ONTARIO.

OTTAWA.—The bishop of Ontario reached this city last week after his visit to the Lambeth palace conference. He was in good health and was informally met by the Anglican clergy of the city and neighborhood.

TORONTO.

The Bishop of Toronto arrived home last week, and was met at the North Toronto Station of the C. P. R. by a large body of the clergy of the Church of the city, and in their behalf Rev. Canon Damoulin addressed the Bishop a few words of welcome and felicitation on his safe return in good health. The Bishop made a suitable reply. He looks much invigorated by his three months' trip abroad.

MARKHAM.—On the arrival at this place, 18th inst., of Mr. Osborne and family, a bus was in waiting to convey them to the parsonage, where they found a number of the members of the Church had assembled to give them greeting. After tea Dr. Robinson, one of the wardens, in a neat speech gave loving words of welcome, and begged that Mr. Osborne would accept as a present from the congregation the horse, which they had placed in the parsonage stable that day. Mr. Osborne replied expressing his gratification at the pleasant reception extended to him and his family. The deputation withdrew with a hearty good-night!

Salvation Army Street Shows.—One of the most scandalous exhibitions it has been our lot to witness was seen in the streets of Toronto during the last week. The Salvation Army had secured an open wagon in which were seated several poor, wretched-looking Easterns, probably lascars, such as are often met with begging in the streets of large English cities. These miserable creatures were paraded through the streets along with a tom-tom accompaniment to the customary savage music of these people, and a huge placard called attention to them as "Converted Hin-

doos." Now this they may be, but we do not believe it. Still, admitting the truth of what is almost impossible, why should human beings be shown up on a waggon like wild animals to the gaze of the crowds of a city, simply because they are "converted?" The same persons were on exhibition at from ten to twenty-five cents per head for entrance to the show at the Army barracks. The whole business is a shocking outrage on decency. We hope the Humane Society will interfere and if possible stop human beings, who cannot know what is going on, being held for circus purposes. There were men in the van whose faces betrayed them, men wearing turbans like the so-called "converts" who are residents of Toronto—thus adding imposition to indecency.

Church School for Boys.—The founders, managers, and tutors of the Toronto Church School for boys have our heartiest congratulations on the success they have already achieved. The applications for entrance have been beyond their expectations, and the necessity is being felt of a building specially erected for this most commendable enterprise. That now more thoughtful people are awakening to the perils of the secular or semi-secular education in our public schools is a hopeful sign. It was feared that the Toronto School would injure the one at Port Hope, but both of these institutions commence this term with largely increased numbers. The notion that mental training is all that a boy requires may satisfy an infidel, or one who is grossly ignorant even of the secular life before them when school days are over, but a wise parent who knows something of human nature, of the trials and temptations of the secular sphere, of the power of moral development in character and habits, must desire that his boys shall have something higher and nobler educated than the mere intellect. A Churchman favoring secular education in such a strangely unnatural phenomenon, that we must decline to believe his Churchmanship to be anything beyond a mere cloak to hide his lack of serious religious convictions.

NIAGARA.

PORT MAITLAND AND SOUTH CAYUGA.—St. John's Church, South Cayuga, was filled with an attentive and devout congregation during the Harvest Festival, 12th September. The church itself had been tastefully decorated, and the alterations which had been made in the chancel added greatly to the general effect. A floral reredos made by the Misses Crawford stood above the altar. The reredos, which was really a work of art, displayed three panels, in which in white on green ground, stood Alpha, a cross, and Omega, respectively. The border of the reredos and its panels was made of dahlias, the groundwork of cedar. The united choir of the parish assisted by nine choristers from St. Mark's, Hamilton, rendered the musical portion of the service with precision and taste, and Miss Agnes Sheldon acted as organist. The Rev. R. S. Sutherland, canon, celebrated, assisted by the Rev. Maurice W. Britton, gospeller, and the Rev. P. W. Smith, epistoler. The Rev. E. M. Bland, rector of St. Catharines, preached an instructive and impressive sermon from the text, "He that observeth the wind shall not sow, and he that regarded the clouds shall not reap: Eccl. xi. 4. The offerings amounted to \$25.75, sufficient to defray the cost of repairs and alterations to the building. A garden party was held in the afternoon and evening at the residence of Mr. George Dochow, and many availed themselves of the opportunity of spending the rest of the day in the grounds.

HAMILTON.—The Bishop of Niagara and family arrived home from England last week.

GUELPH.—The Agricultural College.—Perhaps the most costly mistake that men ever made of a business character was assuming that the calling of a farmer required a very moderate education, because "book learning" was of so little use in the work of an agriculturalist. Better views now largely prevail, but even yet the notion still prevails amongst those who are conspicuous examples of its folly, that a farmer should be an illiterate person. Even were a good education of no practical value to a farmer, still he of all men should have a cultivated mind. His vacation is a lonely one, his very business demands absence from the intellectual life of cities, if then he is to be saved from dropping down into a mere animal life, from a life of degradation indeed, he must be provided with mental resources for his own sake and for the sake of his household and his dependents. Then, too, how large a sphere does Canada offer for farmers in her public life! But what a hindrance is illiteracy, and what a life long annoyance to many a man capable of public service by natural gifts, is the burthen