

such work. We must remember further that such waste was going on in thousands and tens of thousands of places throughout the world. But if we would see the full outcome of the evil of the system we must look to places where we were trying to win others to the obedience of Christ. He could never forget a story he once heard related by one whom all present would probably acknowledge as one of the greatest of missionaries of modern days. Bishop Selwyn at a church Congress many years ago said that he once knew an old Mavie Chief who was almost convinced of the truths of Christianity. He was urging him to take the final step and become a Christian, when the old Chief answered: "Well I believe almost all you tell me is true and good, but I have come to a point where I find many ways diverging, you tell me that I ought to go this way; a Roman Catholic priest tells me I ought to go another way; a Presbyterian points me to yet another, and the Methodist to yet another. Before I decide to become a Christian I must make up my mind which is right, for it must be important or Christians would not be so divided upon them." "And," added the Bishop, "the poor old chief remained at that point considering till it was too late. He never became a Christian because of the divisions of Christians." The same story comes to us from all parts of the mission field. Our divisions are the great hindrance to the spread of the Gospel. May we not see in this a reason for that prayer which our Lord and Saviour offered the very night He gave His life for our sake, that His people might be one even with the oneness which subsists between the Persons of the Godhead, that the world might know that the Father had sent Him.

The second point is that we desire to return to a state of thing that once existed when Christians were really one, such a state as that of which we read in Acts ii, 41. "They continued steadfast in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship and in breaking of bread in the prayers, and all that believed were together, and had all things common." How long this state of things existed, was not now the question, but we know how severely St. Paul spoke of the first appearance of disunion and severance, when one began to say I of Paul, and I of Apollos, and I of Cephas. We cannot read the New Testament without clearly seeing that the intention was that these should be one body animated by one spirit.

The last point is that we believe that even this great work can be accomplished by the Almighty power of God. And that if it is a thing to be desired its accomplishment will be hastened by our prayers. He had no doubt that there were some there present who had been thinking "however right and in accordance with the first state of Christendom this idea may be, you cannot expect all that has happened during the last hundreds of years to be suddenly rolled back and to be as though it had not been. Doubtless we cannot expect suddenly. But if it is right that it should be we may expect the Spirit of God will gradually bring it about by showing men more of the evil of the present state of things, by showing them what is essential, and what mere matters of opinion, and we must ever remember that the smaller are the matters that now keeps us asunder, the greater is the wrong of the divisions, and by leading them into all truth. We may surely be content to leave the matter in the hands of God. He concluded by exhorting to a more steadfast faith in the promises attached to earnest prayer.

CALGARY.

On the 12th of August last the 100th anniversary of the consecration of the first Colonial Bishop, the Synod of the Ecclesiastical Province of Rupert's Land unanimously adopted the following resolution, viz.:

"That the civil territory of Alberta be formed into a separate diocese from the rest of the diocese of Saskatchewan to be called the diocese of Calgary, subject to the consent of the Archbishop of Canterbury to the appointment of the present Bishop of Saskatchewan, on his choosing either the diocese of Calgary, or the diocese consisting of the remaining portion of the diocese of Saskatchewan, which shall continue to be known as the diocese of Saskatchewan, to be Bishop of the other diocese until such time as in the opinion of the Provincial Synod an adequate endowment is provided or other sufficient provision is made for the Bishop of Calgary, when the Bishop shall resign either of the dioceses as he sees fit."

Bishop Pinkham has received from the Archbishop the instrument appointing him the Bishop of Calgary.

The area of the new diocese is 100,292 square miles. The number of clergy in it is ten. Two or three clergy in addition to the present staff of clerical and lay workers are urgently needed, and will be appointed as soon as the necessary funds can be obtained.

The Bishop is most anxious to open a Collegiate Church School, at Calgary, to be carried on under his general supervision, but from the want of funds all that has been done is to secure an eligible site.

The diocese of Saskatchewan, although lessened in size by the formation of the new diocese, has an area of nearly 150,000 square miles. The number of clergy in it is fourteen, besides several catechists and lay readers.

Each diocese will be organised separately, so that whenever the time comes for the appointment of another Bishop each section will be as completely organised as possible.

The Bishop's headquarters are at Calgary.

His Lordship goes to England this summer, partly to attend the Lambeth Conference, and partly to advance the interests of his two Sees. He expects to arrive in England about June 30th.

The Bishop has appointed Rev. J. W. Tims, incumbent of St. Andrew's, Gleichen, and C. M. S. missionary to the Blackfeet, to be one of his chaplains for the diocese of Calgary.

During Mr. Tims' four years work among the Blackfeet he has acquired a thorough knowledge of their language. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge is about to publish a grammar and dictionary, and also a manual of devotion in the Blackfoot language, of which Mr. Tims is the author. From his knowledge of the language there can be no doubt that these publications will be of very great value.

His Lordship's examining chaplains are for the diocese of Saskatchewan, Ven. Archdeacon J. A. Mackay, D.D., and for the diocese of Calgary, Rev. E. Paske Smith, M.A.

FOREIGN.

St. Paul's Cathedral; its Organ, and its Retiring Organist, Dr. Stainer.—Ten minutes to seven o'clock in the evening. Already the vast area under the dome of St. Paul's is a sea of faces. The great building is flooded with abundant light shed down from the gas jets high up overhead, and reflected from the gleaming white and gold reredos. But the enormous spaces of the interior of St. Paul's render the light hazy and dreamy, and it falls all ineffectual on the sombre clothing of the throng, and glints but feebly on their faces, which have a curiously spectral, unfamiliar aspect. Looking from the front across the hazily illuminated dome, and away down the nave to the western door, the people constituting the rapidly growing crowd seem to have lost their individualism, and to be merged in one silent, thoughtful, expectant personality. Hastening in by the handsome iron gates at the north-east corner of the dome, white robed choirmen and sable clad vergers are grouped in the "dim, mysterious aisle," as Samuel Prout was fond of seeing them; and in the glamor of the light flashed down upon them by that gorgeous white and shining reredos they are strikingly picturesque, with broad masses of soft shadows and vaguely discernible architecture.

On the right hand is a little spiral iron staircase, winding up through a forest of pipes to a small landing, on which are bookshelves laden with scarlet bound music books; and thence up to the organ loft, from which, through little apertures in the oak carving, and between the gilded pipes, the organist can look down into the misty void. Aided by cunningly adjusted mirrors he can be seated there and watch the movements of the celebrant at the communion table yonder at the eastern end of the church, or the preacher in the pulpit, or the great congregation, by this time stretching away in an almost unbroken mass to the western doors. What a body of people it is gathered here when St. Paul's is full, and when one comes to look down upon them from this elevation! They are surging all around the pillars, away right and left and down yonder, fading off into the mist till one can see only the faintest indications of upturned faces. No wonder that so many of the preachers of St. Paul's experience a nervous trepidation as they step up into that pulpit yonder and face this vast critical throng. The church looks now to be full to overflowing. Down the centre is left a narrow strip of space, and on the left hand side of this avenue, as seen from the organ, is a straight black band running the entire length of the church from the reading desk to the western entrance. It is the black coats and black cloaks of the people seated in their chairs at the ends of the rows, and it is the only space all over the cathedral floor undotted by human faces.

Seven o'clock, and a sharp "whirr-r-r" is heard somewhere down from behind the great organ. It is an electric signal flashed across the cathedral from the dean's vestry, intimating that service time has arrived. Electricity plays an important part here. Already a signal has gone down to the engine room in the crypt, where an Otto silent gas engine has been started, and the swelling bellows, as it raises its huge back, has automatically telegraphed back, "wind on." It has begun to blow a small hurricane through two trunk pipes leading out of "Willis's patent cylindrical feeders." These feeders are four cylinders, each provided with a double set of valves; two cylinders supplying a high pressure reservoir, and two the low pressure. "Wind on" has been signalled up from the engine room, and now is heard the "whirr-r-r" from the dean's vestry to the minor canons and the choir. If the organist is not on the alert another subdued racket will be immediately set upon an electric apparatus just over his head. But he has caught the other signal, and in an instant a charming overture by Mendelssohn is swelling and soaring gloriously out into the great dome, and a long white-robed procession is moving slowly through the crowd toward the chancel steps. As far as the eye can distinguish the people, there is a general stir; but it would be difficult to say positively whether or not they are standing up, if it were not for that black band stretching down the church. That suddenly expands to double its width as the choir and clergy appear, and when they have taken their places it shrinks again. The overture is finished now, and if the organist has anything to say to his choir down in the stalls below he can communicate by telegraphic wire or speaking tube. There is another apparatus here also. On great days, when an orchestra of fifty performers and a special choir of more than three hundred take part in the service, an electric communication is maintained between the left foot of the conductor down in the body of the church and a movable arm which beats time close to the music box of the player.

The organ loft of St. Paul's Cathedral is a nook into which, of course, only privileged persons can be admitted, and probably not one in a thousand of the worshippers at St. Paul's has any very definite idea whereabouts in the great maze of key-boards and stops and pipes and pedals sits the sensitive and accomplished musician, who has it all in such absolute command. So delicately and completely is he in touch with the clergy, choir and congregation, that Dr. Stainer, to one who sits beside him, seems not so much the organist as the very impersonation of the music that goes waiving and rejoicing out into the dim space. One can hardly think of the organ—now, at least, that he is about sorrowfully to part from it—but only of the man who when seven years old sang down yonder in the surpliced choir, and who now at middle age has become so identified with the music here, and so marvellously familiar with the splendid great instrument he has so long manipulated, that it seems to have become absolutely a part of himself. It is a wonderful instrument on the whole—very few finer in existence—and Dr. Stainer is said to have been no mean performer on the organ even when he became a chorister at seven years old. Since then he has had forty years and more of incessant study and training and practice. He became a choir boy in 1847, and he remained at the cathedral in that capacity till 1856, during the intervening period very often taking the organ.

Dr. Stainer came to the post of organist quite a young man, with consummate skill and knowledge, a great amount of experience, and an enthusiasm stimulated by life-long associations. It so happened, too, that the organ at the time of his appointment was undergoing complete reconstruction, so that with his assumption of control there was an entirely fresh start, and very soon St. Paul's became as conspicuous for the high character and attractiveness of its musical services as it had formerly been for its dullness and slovenliness. The music of St. Paul's has been part of a great *renaissance* in all things pertaining to public worship, and here in the heart of the metropolis it has exerted an influence that has been felt throughout the kingdom. It is interesting to notice how great has been the change in all sorts of ways at St. Paul's during the past few years. Dr. Stainer says that he remembers standing as a choir boy by the graveside of Turner, the great painter, at a time when the crypt was without windows and the floor was all in puddles. Everybody remembers when the cathedral was without the splendid ring of bells it now possesses,—largely, by the way, owing to the interest and energy of its organist; and Mr. Green, the highly respected dean's vergers, who has been connected with the cathedral for thirty-six years, tells an amusing story of his having been one Sunday evening, at seven or eight o'clock, called out by a policeman, who was convinced that there was "something up in the cathedral as didn't ought to be." There was actually a light in the church!

The service Dr. Stainer has rendered to English music everybody knows has not been confined to St.