

A Church 'Gone to the Dogs.'

The following communication reaches us from a well-known Churchman who was present at the mass missionary meeting and enjoyed it :

Missionary meetings are often dull. There is a sameness of anecdote about those "sinners who are saved," the number of miles they have travelled in order to return thanks to their reverend friend for bringing them to grace, the hardships endured, etc., etc., which place between the ordinary lay hearer and the speaker a dull wall, unbrightened by one gleam of sunshine amidst its funereal overhanging foliage. How different was the meeting in Holy Trinity school house during the Synod week. The Bishop of McKenzie River caused a start of genuine surprise amidst the usual crowd of those prepared for any horror, yea even to cannibalism, when he announced that one of his churches had been eaten up by dogs. Many had heard their grandparents lament that the Church was "going to the dogs," but this (they thought) implied innovation, ceremonial, genuflection, flowers on the altar; but that dogs should go for the Church, this was incredible. There were doubters there in the school room for a time. The explanation; how delightfully simple, but pointing out the pluck and fidelity of the Bishop. Yet this was not his intention. Under the supervision of the Rev. Mr. Peck, the natives had built a temporary shelter, under whose roof they could hear the word of God. It was their Church. Neither hewers of stone nor engravers of marble were they. Even if they had possessed the material, the tools of the stone artist were not theirs. Whalebone they had, and of this they made the frame. Walrus skin and sealskin were amidst their possessions. From these they formed the walls and roof, stretched on the frame aforesaid. The Esquimaux dogs were born hungry. The older they grew the more they gnawed: old and young seized the opportunity—and the Church, at one and the same time. A dark night, a pack of howling canines, a joint attack upon the edifice, holes torn in hides, crackling like unto bones as whalebone was ripped up: result—Church "gone to the dogs." This is far and away more life-like, more touching, and brings us into closer sympathy with the man living in such surroundings, than the usual lachrymose details of the converted Cherokee, John Chinaman, or tomahawking warrior, of bloodthirsty parentage, softened to dovedom by the missionary.

CECIL.

Mission Notes.

Bishop Reeve, of McKenzie River, writes: "To my great disappointment circumstances prevent my visiting Eastern Canada this year and necessitate my returning to my diocese as soon as the General Synod is over. I leave Winnipeg on the 12th of September, and I hope by steady travelling to reach home about October 20th. But as half of the 2,200 miles will have to be performed in a small boat, or canoe, and there is not a little probability of winter meeting me on the way, it is not at all unlikely that the journey may have to be completed on snowshoes and prolonged five or six weeks. My dear wife too, although she suffered much from the shock caused by the fire, and although her health is not so good as it was previously, decided to remain at her post and "hold the fort" during my absence, feeling that the work would suffer

if we both left it for such a long time. She has seven scholars, (ten on some occasions), each of whom receives individual instruction and comes for it at all sorts of hours, so that with that and her own duties her time is fully occupied. Some of them are eager to learn, and give much encouragement. I scarcely know when we shall be able to get a new house put up. Satisfactory labour is difficult to obtain in the diocese, and to import it would be very expensive. In all probability we shall have to spend two winters in the old building we are now occupying, (only an outer kitchen to the house which was burnt.—Ed.) Most of our personal loss has been made up and I trust that, in time, enough will be contributed to replace not only the house, but also the other things which were destroyed—printing press, mimeograph, typewriter, magic lantern and slides, furniture, etc., etc. Please thank most heartily those members of the W. A. who have contributed."

Church Women's Auxiliary.

A very large and interesting meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary to missions was held in Holy Trinity school room on Tuesday afternoon, September 8th., at which addresses by visiting ladies from Toronto and elsewhere were given and greatly appreciated by their sisters in church work in this city. Mrs. Grisdale, wife of the newly consecrated Bishop of Qu' Appelle, presided, and in her opening remarks welcomed heartily the visitors, expressing the pleasure it gave all present to receive and hear from their own lips words of encouragement and helpfulness. She then spoke with deep feeling of the irreparable loss the Woman's Auxiliary had lately sustained in the death of their much beloved president, Mrs. A. E. Cowley. The hymn, "For all the saints who from their labors rest," was then sung, each verse finding an echo in hearts who dearly loved and honored their departed friend, to whose lives a deeper tone is given as the remembrance of her "willing service" must ever remain a precious legacy to her fellow laborers in the Lord.

Mrs. Lewis, wife of the Archbishop of Ontario, was then introduced, and gave a most helpful address on "Individual Responsibility." Mrs. Dumoulin, wife of the Bishop of Niagara, gave an account of W. A. work in connection with St. James' parish, Toronto, which was most interesting, as showing the deep interest and progress of the W. A. in the east; and Miss Montizambert, general provincial secretary in eastern Canada, spoke at length upon the formation of branches. Their organization and many practical points were dwelt upon, which all were glad to hear, especially the marvellous growth of the work during the last ten years. Miss Newnham, sister of the Bishop of Moosonee, described the hardships and privations of missionary life in her brother's distant diocese, giving examples from actual knowledge in very clear and touching language.

We want to get church news from every corner of this great Dominion, and, we are particularly anxious to have communications from outlying, and little known parishes in the Ecclesiastical Province of Rupert's Land. Will our readers kindly keep this in mind, and send us notes of every important event that takes place in their neighborhood. While we have our own decided opinions on church matters, we do not pin ourselves to any party, but try to give a fair representation to every school of thought. We will hold to our motto: "Evangelical Truth and Apostolic Order."