

day they would bring me blubber for my sore hands. The children are very obedient, and delighted to be taught. They are very fond of singing. It is a very inhospitable country, and I do not see how a white man could live up there; not a stick or a blade of grass to be seen, and the country is ice bound from year's end to year's end. What a grand thing it would be if we could get the children together near Churchill, but at Fort Chimo, where timber and food are in abundance. May God grant that the work will be pushed forward! My school was built, and every morning I had 20 or 30 children present and often adults. No one could desire more encouragement than I had, when one looked upon all these bonny and bright faces. At times I felt a little down, as I had a great deal of opposition from some of the sailors. The time seemed so long to wait without hearing any news from home. All these things I had weighed in my mind before starting on that long journey. In April I left the ship and accompanied a few Eskimos who were travelling north to Whale Point. Arriving there I was given a hearty reception by the natives who had heard of my work amongst the people below, and the school for children. The natives built me a school of old spars, and sails, and seal skins. I saw a great deal to make my heart sad; one afternoon I was talking to an old Eskimo, one who seemed to take such an interest in the work, and the next morning it had been decided by council that he must commit suicide, as he was too old to live. He got hold of a spear and plunged it into his breast; his eldest son took a knife and severed the main arteries of the wrist. Another case was of an old woman, too old to work or walk, so they took her one night and buried her alive. Bartering their children is nearly an every day occurrence. I heard of several cases of cannibalism to the further north. Hunger and starvation stare these people in the face if deer are scarce in the winter. Their life is a hard one. Go into their snow houses, and if they have no seals you will see the children's faces frozen often. Many a little child you will see minus ears, toes or fingers. They are cheerful through it all, but they are so dirty; it was very hard for me when first I went and lived with them, slept and took my meat with them. I had to bear very unpleasant things which I need not mention. I have tried to do my duty well to God, and to those who sent me. I have tried to learn the language as well as I could. I left all comfort behind me at Churchill when I went to live with these people, amongst whom I hope it will be my lot to go and work in the near future. I do not think there was anything to be gained except the affection of these poor people, and to carry to them the Gospel of Jesus Christ. But so much has to be done before one can hardly touch such a subject. The month of April was very cold, 22 below zero; every hour or so we would run over the ice to warm ourselves, and very seldom we could get anything warm to drink. Every night for three months we slept on the floe ice on the lee side of an iceberg, but once in our bags we were very warm and comfortable. The Eskimos are very fond of singing.

SOCIAL EXTRAVAGANCE.

BY REV. J. WATSON, CANON OF YORK.

The prominence given at the present time to social questions is an indication of the increasing seriousness of the problems which face every thoughtful man. Some striking social phenomena confront us and demand our serious attention—phenomena which are indeed exercising the minds of many earnest reformers, both Christian and non-Christian. There are rude and drastic remedies proposed in some quarters for social ills. Whatever we may think of these proposals, the policy of the ostrich will not do any longer.

The subject of social extravagance is not without its difficulties. What is and what is not extravagance is not always a very easy thing to settle. Culpable luxury is not an easy thing to define. . . . The tendency observable in what is known as society, is such as to occasion serious misgivings. The widespread and general luxury of the richer classes in England, and the extravagance of their living, spreads insensibly below, and is constituting a very grave peril to the nation. I believe it is true what they tell us who know, that luxury, ease, love of pleasure, and selfish indulgence are producing a decadence which is to be deplored, and undermining our society as surely as they sapped that of ancient Rome. It is high time that the Church made a determined protest against a tendency which is as much condemned by the laws and principles of political economy as it is by the laws and principles of the religion of Jesus Christ. The existence side by side of urgent need and wasteful extravagance—of grinding poverty and lavish expenditure—the sharp contrast of want and misery at our very doors with the luxury and ostentation

around us—are facts so glaring as to demand the most earnest consideration. The discontent at the misuse of wealth is very widespread. I believe myself that we are on the eve of no inconsiderable change in our social conditions. The rich are strangely obtuse if they do not see which way things are tending. But it may be asked, Do you want us to go back and live on acorns and clothe ourselves with skins? Well, I am not one of those who think that the best man is necessarily the man who lives on bread and water. But I do say that what we need is a very much simpler life than that which a large number of us live. I am convinced that a simpler living would bring increased happiness. Few realize how easily the current mode of life, so needlessly complex and expensive, may be simplified, and with how much advantage to health and happiness. Now, at what point does expenditure become luxurious in a bad sense? When does it become unjustifiable and wrong? This question is by no means an easy one to answer. I think, however, that we should not be far wrong in replying, When a man becomes the slave, and not the master of his wealth: When that which ought to be a mere instrument, becomes an end in itself: When money is spent in mere pomp and pride and self gratification. It is of the highest importance that men should be made capable of refined enjoyment, and money is well spent when it is made the instrument of cultivation—a source of pure and disinterested pleasure, helping to purify the taste, and contributing to the general progress of the people.

It is luxury in a bad sense when money is spent in vulgar ostentation and display, and ministers merely to men's vanity and self-love; when the new-made millionaire dashes his wealth in your face, and expects you to admire him for it on the ground that he has more money than his neighbours. But is not this spending a benefit to the State? Does it not find work for the labourer and circulate money? Does not luxury, in short, uphold the State? Yes, I reply, as the rope upholds the hanged man! Surely there can be no doubt that this wasteful, extravagant living is a mere bonfire which burns up the product of labour! Good for trade! Why, you may as well say that to burn down London would be a benefit to industry! and that Nero, when he fiddled (if he did fiddle) at the burning of Rome, was acting on true economic principles. I believe that one of the chief sources of all this mischief is the social power of mere wealth. The greed for wealth is greatly augmented by the worship paid to the wealthy. Wealth and respectability are regarded as two sides of the same thing. Another element of the shameful extravagance of our time lies surely in the conspicuous tyranny of fashion. Our women spend year after year more and more upon their dress, and seem to adorn themselves not so much to please men as to outvie one another. And now comes the question, What are we to do? Can we do nothing towards the awakening of our national conscience in this matter? I believe all this extravagant living is utterly incompatible with Christianity. It gives a constant lie to the doctrine of human brotherhood. The selfish and unprincipled use of wealth is absolutely condemned by Christian ethics. I maintain that the Christian Church is pledged to fight a battle against this terrible sin of our age—the shameless extravagance, and the unblushing pursuit of luxury which is darkening the spiritual vision, and hardening the heart of our people. Primitive Christianity reproved it in the name of charity and humility. Political Economy condemns it in the name of utility, and Right in the name of equity. The old Fathers of the Church were ignorant of political economy, but they were inspired by the instinct of justice and right, and by the idea of charity and human brotherhood. What we have to do is to help men to realize that the possession of wealth entails serious obligations and responsibilities. This is emphatically a Christian principle. We must be ready in season, and out of season, to remind men that they are responsible not only for the way they make their money, but also for the way in which they spend it. I believe that the only force that can regenerate society—the only power that can cope with this serious and growing disease of modern life, is the religion of Jesus Christ. The old faith of Christendom will teach men that luxury is the misuse of the material world. It will teach them that man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth. It re-echoes the voice which of old taught men to seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness. It will teach men that in every Christian life there must be something of the love, the earnestness, the seriousness, and self-sacrifice of the Cross of Jesus Christ.

The Church of St. Nicholas, Plumstead, which is over 900 years old, was recently much damaged by the explosion of cordite which occurred at the new butts, Woolwich arsenal.

THE HOLINESS AND HAPPINESS OF OUR DAY OF REST.

BY CANON JELF, ROCHESTER.

"Remember the Day of Rest, to keep it holy."—Exodus xx. 8.

Which day are we to remember? Which is your day of rest? And why are you specially to keep that day? The Hebrews kept—the Hebrews were charged to keep—the seventh day. For them the Sabbath ended the week, crowned it with a sense of completion, and a season of peace. Ours is the first day—the bright opening of the week, however sadly it may close—the day for the renewal of our strength, for the recreation of soul and body in the Lord. Why this change? Why for nearly nineteen centuries have we observed the first day of the week? It is, as you all know, because this is the Lord's day:

And week by week, it bids us tell
How Jesus rose from death and hell.

Is this, then, less a day of rest? Has the joy of the day taken away its restfulness? Surely it has rather made it better. God has translated to it the sacred rest of the Sabbath. He would not have us lose our weekly quietness, our weekly refreshment. Had He taken it from us, we Christians would have been in far worse condition than the Hebrews, so far as this world is concerned. God forbid that we should think so! Much more truly may we say that the Lord's Day brings us a much better, much deeper, rest than the Jewish Sabbath could possess. For a man's Sundays, as they come quickly round, remind him that we now "have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ"—that when He had overcome the sharpness of death He really opened the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers; and bade all the weary and heavy-laden to come unto Him, that He might give them rest. How can we forget such a day as this? Ay, though you have forgotten it too often hitherto, you will do so no more. It will cost you some trouble to remember it rightly, to honour it always. You will have to give up some passing pleasures, some self-indulgence, some worldly cares. But what of that? It is not much to give up for His dear sake, who died for you and rose again. Look at His Cross; think of His great deliverance of you, His all-prevailing prayers for you on high; and then make a sacrifice for conscience sake, and you will never repent it! And if you are ready to make this sacrifice you will enter into the full meaning of what God says to you and me: "Remember the Day of Rest to keep it Holy." His word is in perfect harmony with His deed: for "God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it: because that in it He had rested from all His work which God created and made." This is the chief mark of our weekly festival of rest and joy—holiness. This shows us the inner character of our rest, the hidden root of our joy. The day is always holy for the continual glory of the Holy Trinity: Our Lord and Saviour, as God and Man, one with the Father and the Spirit, and one with us, is the centre of it all. He is not above us only, but among us, and within us, that in Him we may find rest unto our souls. His heavenly life is our life on earth, and this makes us really joy in God. His resurrection is more than a pledge of our own. We are, in a manner, already risen with Him, able in Him ever to renew our "newness of life." Yes; we are not only called to do this, but enabled to do it. For "the Spirit of Him which raised up Jesus from the dead dwells in us," and though on the workdays we have our work to finish, and can do little more than begin and end the day with earnest prayer to Him, and try to do all in His name, the Sunday lifts us up in the gladness and liberty of Christian worship, and quickens our faith, and hope, and love, in our Lord Jesus Christ. This helps us to understand what St. John, the beloved disciple, means when he says: "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day." The other days had brought him trial and tribulation, suffering and martyrdom, calls to patience and perseverance in the life of pain, or in the life of loneliness. But the first day, which the very heathen named the day of light, the day of the sun—Sunday—brought him some respite, and at all events the glorious memory of Jesus risen, and the sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life. And so his heart was lifted up within him, the love of God was shed abroad in his heart through the Holy Ghost which was given unto him, and in the power of that Spirit he was filled with prayer and praise. Great and wonderful, as you know, was the revelation granted to him on that day. Heaven was opened unto him, and he saw visions of God. And, my friends, though he who speaks to you is no prophet, he dares to say to everyone among you who will honour God on His holy day, and enter His house, and join in His worship, that the Lord will make Himself known to you in His Word and in His sacraments, and give you the blessing of peace.