

DIOCESE OF QU'APPELLE.

Dear Mr. Wilson.—In the number of *The Canadian Indian* for September, just received, I see, with much surprise, that it is proposed to transform the 'Canadian Indian Branch and Aid Society into 'a strong, united Protestant Missionary Society,' p. 339.

When I was asked to allow my name to be enrolled as a member of the Society I was informed that its object would be, 'to promote the welfare of the Indians; to guard their interest; to preserve their history, traditions and folk lore; to diffuse information with a view to creating more general interest in their spiritual and temporal progress.' For such an excellent object I gladly joined a Society which I understood would comprise all persons who were interested in our Indians, irrespective of their religious belief. The proposed alteration, however, makes such a change in the character of the Society that I must ask you at once to withdraw my name from its list of members. I cannot allow my name to appear in any connection with a Society that sanctions that most absurd and erroneous classification of Christians, so common in this country and at which many members of our Church have too long connived; which ranks us with Protestant denominations, and places the Roman Church in an entirely distinct division by itself.

The Faith that I hold as a member of the Church of England teaches me to believe in 'One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church,' but it knows nothing of that spurious conglomeration of self-organized bodies known as 'Protestant communities.' I am pledged by my consecration vows to use all diligence to drive away all erroneous and strange doctrine, and I believe that schism from the Unity of the One Church founded by Christ is as 'contrary to God's word,' and as great a sin, and, at the present time, far more practically injurious to the general welfare of Christianity than the erroneous doctrine, by the addition of which to her creed the Church of Rome has separated herself from the Unity of Faith of the Catholic Church of primitive times.

If earnest, self-denying labours and zeal for the conversion of our Indians to the faith of Christ, or early entrance into the Mission Field, are to be accounted of any value in such a Society, justice and truth would demand for the Roman Church a recognition infinitely beyond that of the Presbyterian and Methodist communities; and, if it were not for the wonderfully self-denying labours of men like Bishop Bompas in the North, and Bishop Horden on the shores of the Hudson's Bay, with their noble band of missionaries in far off regions where no Presbyterians or Methodists have yet attempted to penetrate, I would add, also, beyond our own Communion.

If it is right that, as your proposed circular letter 'to ministers of the Anglican, Presbyterian and Methodist communions' states, the Indians should 'hear as little as possible of our theological differences and dissensions,' on what ground of justice or of Christian charity can the Roman Church be excluded from that organization?

Do not think that I wish to minimize the differences that exist between our branch of the Catholic Church and the Roman branch, I yield to no one in the genuineness and earnestness of my protest against the errors by which I believe, that Church has departed from the true Catholic Faith, 'the Faith once delivered to the Saints.'

But we, as members of the Catholic Church of Christ have, or ought to have, a protest as strong against the sectarianism that has rent, and is still rending that One Body asunder. And it is not, I am convinced, by trying to let the heathen 'hear as little as possible of our theological differences and dissensions,' and by casting a too transparent veil over them that we shall cure the defect and remedy the evil; but rather by manfully acknowledging that

these dissensions are, in themselves, an evil and a sin and an impediment to the conversion of the heathen, and altogether contrary to the mind and will of Christ.

Our Church, if she is to do the work that she ought to do, must, I at least believe, with all boldness be true to the Faith that she possesses, and at all costs refuse to be amalgamated in any organization with a heterogeneous mass of communities, who can have no unity of Faith, but are only bound together by a negation—a protest against another body.

Our Lord Himself told us that the heathen world would only be convinced by His Divine Mission if His disciples maintained unity amongst themselves.

It is not by crying 'Peace, peace,' where there is no real peace, that that unity can be restored; but by faithfully and boldly proclaiming that all schism is sin; and by betaking ourselves to earnest prayer, that somehow, we may not see how, these schisms, whoever may be to blame for them, may be healed, and the great Church of the Living God be again One in her witness to the world.

I am yours sincerely,
ADALBERT, Bishop of Qu'Appelle.

DIOCESE OF SASKATCHEWAN AND CALGARY.

CALGARY.—The Bishop of Saskatchewan and Calgary is in urgent need of: a. Several vigorous young clergymen for places of growing importance in his vast jurisdiction. None but men strongly imbued with a missionary spirit, and able to endure hardship, need apply.

b. Needs for the payment of stipends and other necessary undertakings, in connection with Church extension.

Bishop's House, Calgary, Sept. 8th, 1891.

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

THANKFULNESS.

One of them, when he saw that he was healed, turned back, and with a loud voice glorified God, and fell down on his face at His feet, giving Him thanks.—ST. LUKE xvii., 15, 16.

God's hand is open every day,
To scatter blessings on my way,
Sending His sunshine from above,
Giving me home and parents' love,
O shall I fail God's name to bless,
Or take His gifts in thanklessness?

God gives a guardian for each child,
To tend it on earth's pathway wild,
To warn, encourage and command,
To guide each step with unseen hand,
Ah, then, how thankful should we be
For heaven's angelic ministry!

God's Church, to right earth's bitter loss,
Prints on my brow Christ's Holy Cross—
Water, the sign of grace within,
Washing away each trace of sin,
For Jesus' sacramental love,
O, render thanks to God above!

Where are the nine? Alas, how few
Baptismal promises renew!
Or give to Confirmation's grace
In later life its fitting place,
Using aright the Gospel plan,
Like you despised Samaritan!

How many a Christian man has died
Like seed strewn by the hard wayside!
Be ours the better, wiser way,
"Thank God for all his gifts!" to say,
Nor ours to hear the voice Divine
Ask pleadingly, "Where are the nine?"

A GOOD NAME.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches. Even unscrupulous men know the worth of good principles that cannot be moved.

A gentleman turned off a man in his employ at the bank, because he refused to write for him on Sunday. When asked afterward to name some reliable person he might know as suitable for a cashier in another bank he mentioned this same man.

"You can depend upon him," he said "for he refused to work for me on the Sabbath."

A gentleman, who employed many persons in his large establishment, said: "When I see one of my young men riding for pleasure on Sunday, I dismiss him on Monday; I know such a one cannot be trusted. Nor will I employ anyone who even occasionally drinks liquor of any kind."

Boys, honor the Lord's day and all the teachings of the Bible, and you will not fail to find favor with God and with man also.

TWO BRAVE BOYS.

Two young boys, sons of a clergyman, living in Cincinnati, O., went, not long ago, to visit the Soldier's Home in Dayton. After awhile the clergyman left his sons in charge of an officer, who was to show them the sights. Presently the soldier began:

'Now that the old man has——'

'We do not know any 'old man,' interrupted the elder of the boys.

'Now that the old gentleman——' said the soldier.

'We do not know any 'old gentleman,' once more interrupted the boy; 'he is our father.'

A little while afterward the soldier began to swear. The younger brother looked up into his face, and said:

'Please don't use such words.'

'Why not?'

'Because we do not like to hear them; we are church folks.'

'O!' said the soldier, as he gave a whistle.

But he did not swear any more, and he guided those boys around the grounds as respectfully and attentively as if they had been the sons of Queen Victoria.

"MUST AND MUSTN'T."

'A fellow can't have any fun,' growled Tom.

'It's just 'must' and 'mustn't' from morning till night. You must do this, and learn that, and you mustn't do the other thing. At school you're just tied up to rules, and at home—well, a shake of mother's head means more than a dozen mustn'ts. It seems a pity a boy can't have his way half the time, and do something as he likes.'

'Going to the city this morning, Tom?' asked his uncle Thed from an adjoining room.

'Why, of course,' answered Tom, promptly.

'Going across the common?'

'Yes, sir; always do.'

'I wish you'd notice those young trees they've been setting out the last year or two. Of course the old trees will die sooner or later and others will be needed, but—well you just observe them rather carefully, so as to describe their appearance,' etc.

'What about those trees,' Tom?' asked Uncle Thed after tea, as they sat on the piazza.

'Why, they're all right; look a little cramped, to be sure, snipped short off on the top, and tied up to poles, snug as you please, every identical twig of them; but that's as it should be to make them shipshape, don't you see? They can't grow crooked if they would. They'll make as handsome trees as ever you saw, one of these days. Haven't you noticed the trees in Benson's yard? Tall and scraggy and crooked just because they were left to grow as they pleased. The city fathers now don't propose to run any risks--'

'But I wonder how the trees feel about the must and mustn't?' remarked Uncle Thed, dryly.

Exit Tom, wishing he had not said so much on the subject of trees—and boys.—*Sunday Afternoon.*