

And, although he frequently uses exalted phrases about the bishop, which did much, seemingly, to prepare the way for the hierarchical bishop of aftertimes, yet he occasionally represents him as on something like the same level with the presbyters, as the servant of the Church, liable to be sent on errands and commissions equally with them.

Again, later fathers still speak of the bishop as of the same order with the presbyters. Thus Clement of Alexandria, although he sometimes mentions the bishop separately from the presbyters, yet he speaks also as if there were two orders in the Church. "In all bodies" he says (to use Richard Baxter's rendering of the passage, *Strom.* 7), "there are two ranks; those that better by governing, and those that serve. So in the Church that part which bettereth it belongeth to the presbyters, and that which serveth to the deacons." Here evidently, if there was a bishop, he is included among the presbyters or elders as of the same order.

Later on, when episcopal authority had grown to a greater height, and a wider chasm separated bishops from presbyters, they were still reminded, by the most eminent fathers, of their original and essential equality. Both Augustine and Jerome represent the bishop as above the presbyter, not by divine right, but only by the usage of the Church; and more in title than in office, according to the former (*Ep. 82, p. 23*): "Secundum honorum vocabula quæ jam ecclesie usus obtinuit." Jerome is very emphatic: "As the presbyters know they are subject to their bishop, by the custom of the Church, so let the bishop know that they are superior to the presbyters, more by custom than by the reality of the divine arrangement" (*ita episcopi noverint se magis consuetudine quam dispositionis Dominice veritate*). (*Hieron., in Tit., 1, 5*.)

It is quite evident, then, and it is admitted, as we see, by some of the most learned and eminent Episcopalians, that Presbyterianism is more ancient than Diocesan Episcopacy, and comes nearer to the form of government instituted by the apostles. The claim, therefore, of Episcopal Churches wherever such is made, to exclusive apostolical succession, or to a monopoly in ministerial grace, is a preposterous claim. It is out of place in the nineteenth century, and it is altogether inconsistent in bodies that do not claim infallibility, nor the right to "teach for doctrines the commandments of men."

Happily such views are held by a section only of the Churches referred to; and that section does not appear to be increasing. On the contrary, the spirit of charity is spreading, and the different portions of Christ's Church are coming nearer to one another. The interchange of courtesies lately between the Diocesan Synods of Huron, Toronto and Montreal and the General Assembly at London, and a demonstration of a similar nature in England, are pleasing illustrations of this improved sentiment and propitious omens for the future. And every true Presbyterian will join cordially in Mr. Booth's longing for unity and in his prayer for the hastening of it.

PRINCE ALBERT, N.W.T.

BY REV. WILLIAM McWILLIAM, LL.B.

Prince Albert has of late been occupying a place of no small dignity and importance. The manse, which your correspondent now occupies, by the generosity of the Foreign Mission Committee and the Assembly to his congregation, has for months been guarded with all the "pride, pomp and circumstance" which hedge around kings and royal palaces. From a lofty flagstaff in the centre of the garden floats the grand old flag, which reminds those that live under its protecting shadow that they belong to a country "unaccustomed to defeat, to submission or to shame"; and which served to point the eloquent illustrations of sermons preached in the stockade. Night and day sentries paced before the gate. From dark to daylight every passer-by had to respond to the sharp challenge, "Halt! who goes there?" and at every quarter of the hour throughout the night the inmates of the manse could hear, if they chanced to be awake, the assurance reverberating from every square of the fortification that "all was well." Two lines of pickets kept watch and ward at remoter distance, and beyond these again a line of mounted patrols kept up communication along the hills encircling the town. The minister fondly imagined that he was regarded by the clergy of other denominations with a feeling of envy

carefully concealed. It is little wonder if the situation developed in him too much vanity and self-importance. Perhaps he even dared to dream that he might form some day a member of that elevated body of which we hear so much just now, the College of ex-Moderators; or that one of our numerous degree-conferring institutions might make of him a Doctor of Divinity!

Yet, Mr. Editor, the inmates of the manse would very gladly have bartered all their special dignity and security for a little more quiet and less discomfort. When you are told that on the night of the "scare" it was estimated that there were crowded into the manse about 300 women and children—that every room was filled and every step on the stairs occupied (in one bedroom, for instance, less than 14 x 10 feet, there were two mothers with babes only a few days old, and no less than twenty other persons all the night—that the crowd, though it gradually thinned off, swarmed through the house for days—that for nearly a week every bed was occupied by the sick and helpless—that for six weeks a number came to sleep (some of them on the floors) by night—that carpets were covered with mud and windows broken to give ventilation, and chairs thrown out of doors and smashed, and doors torn off the hinges to give more room—that the only place where for several days one could get a meal was in a small, dark cellar; when you are told that the police and volunteers and public took possession of the place, thronging constantly before the windows and around the doors, appropriating at first whatever their hearts desired—walking off even with the wood which the minister himself had painfully sawed and split, if he left it for a few minutes exposed, and chuckling secretly over his vexation (and now I have reached the climax of the agony I may conclude a long sentence); when you hear of such experiences associated with the pomp and parade before mentioned, you will not wonder that one even of lofty, patriotic spirit, should fall in with the sentiment: "A fig for glory, give me a quiet life."

Our church itself was occupied at first as a guard-room, but we were able to obtain the use of it for one service on the Sabbath afternoon. Afterwards it was converted into a gaol, divided off by close bars into cells and could no longer be used for public worship. We then held service in the Mission School while the Bishop of Saskatchewan preached in the stockade in the open air. On Wednesday last, however, we had a general gaol delivery. Forty prisoners, some of them filthy Indians, were taken off to Regina, and have left in the church, I have no doubt, lively memorials of their sojourn which it will be difficult to extirpate.

So much for the manse and church, who shall describe the desolation of the glebe and garden and the grief of its owner?

Præcipe lugubres cantus Melpomene!

Imagine the havoc wrought among garden walks and flower beds and fruit trees and bushes by the occupation of a large armed force, and the traffic of countless waggons.

Not a blade of grass is seen
Where the trace of Alaric's foot has been.

The barrack of the Mounted Police was erected in the garden, and the supply stores and offices, from which almost the whole population was fed, are by its side. Fruit and ornamental bushes, brought up from Ontario a year ago by mail and carefully tended over the first season in this new country where they are so rare and precious, are now ground into dust and powder beneath the waggon track. It was the ambition of the present occupant of the manse during the term of service for which he engaged, to improve the physical as well as the moral aspect of his surroundings. Those who remember the gardens around the manses of Bethesda and Streetville will believe that he was trying to embellish also the one at Prince Albert and make it more attractive for his successor, and will sympathize in the disappointment of his fond desire. But, Mr. Editor, this is not at all the sort of letter I meant to write when I began. It is indeed difficult to select what would be of most interest to your readers. They must have had details of the rebellion and the various engagements until they must be weary almost of the subject. Let me at least assure you and them with all sincerity and earnestness, that many of us do feel most profoundly grateful to Almighty God for the great deliverance from imminent danger which He has been pleased to grant us in this place. "If it had not been the Lord who was on our side when men rose up against us, then they had

swallowed us up quick when their wrath was kindled against us. Blessed be the Lord who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth." Yes, we recognize, I hope, His gracious hand, and will not be forgetful of His loving care. On several occasions our danger was very great, especially when we had sent off all our volunteers to aid the police at Carleton, we were left "naked to our enemies." But the Lord of Hosts was with us and the God of Jacob was our refuge. We gratefully remember, too, and recognize, the devotion and sacrifices of our friends in the East who came to our rescue, and those also who remembered us in prayer. For ourselves, I think we can say that, during these long weeks of isolation and suspense, even while we thought the troops tardy in appearing, we trusted in God and never despaired of our country. We bated not a jot of heart or hope, but looked forward with confident assurance that no rebellious movement could ever prosper long in our Dominion, and we rejoice that our trust in Providence and in our friends and fellow-countrymen has not been in vain.

It is with no little indignation and scorn that some of us have seen a report from the *Globe* correspondent to the effect that he had been informed by Colonel Irvine and Hayter Reed that the force of police and volunteers was hindered from co-operating with General Middleton's troops by the state of feeling in our town. It is reported that when the Mounted Police offered to march out, "The women and children went wild with fright, and that many of the inhabitants secretly sympathized with Riel and would have joined him had he been successful." I have no hesitation in saying that these statements, if they were ever made, are quite inaccurate. What one or two persons may have said in private to Colonel Irvine, I cannot tell; but the inhabitants generally were never consulted as to his movements, and never hampered them in any way. On one occasion when he moved out with his force for a short distance, no person offered to hold him back or ask him to remain. I do not believe that any of the citizens sympathized with Riel. Certainly none have any reason to be suspected of wishing to join with him when he rose against the Government and shed the blood of their friends. The charge against many of our citizens, as it appears in the *Globe*, is a false and slanderous calumny. It was pointed out even to officers of the police that their force would suffer in reputation if they took no part with the troops from the East in the attack upon Batoche; and that while a portion of the police and volunteers might be required to garrison Prince Albert, the entire force of 400 well-equipped men was by no means necessary for the effectual defence of the town. Some say that General Middleton was to blame in failing to send orders for Irvine to come to his assistance. Colonel Irvine will need to explain to the public satisfaction why, between the date of Fish Creek and the capture of Batoche, even if he had no orders, he did not offer and press upon General Middleton the services of his superfluous men, and so get a share in the labour, the sufferings and the glory of subduing the rebel stronghold.

When the troops marched in from Batoche weary and worn, with their faces and faded uniforms actually black with dust, and saw the large body of Mounted Police paraded before them on sleek horses with bright scarlet jackets, and spotless white gloves and polished boots, it is no wonder if irritation was felt and expressed. When the Colonel with questionable taste expressed a regret that his men were not looking quite so well as he would like, it is little wonder that the General is credited with a stinging though somewhat strong reply. If some one has blundered, the people of Prince Albert do not think that they should be made to bear the blame. They claim to be credited with the same loyalty and public spirit which have characterized other parts of the Dominion. Immediately after the first rising they sent off on two occasions, eighty men—the flower of their manhood and strength—with all the arms in the town to aid the police at Carleton, fifty miles away and left their own town unprotected against the foe. Out of twenty-five volunteers who went to that unfortunate engagement at Duck Lake, nine were left dead on the field, and five or six were very seriously wounded; while out of sixty police the number of killed and wounded respectively was only three and four. When so many of our friends laid down their lives at the call of their country on the field of honour, we