

machinery appear to be in constant use. We saw a "Daniel" Planer which is an admirable piece of machinery and capable of surfacing any kind of lumber. The main line of the Grand Trunk has a gauge of 5 ft. 6 inches, but we understand that a change, in order to admit of connection with the American roads, will be made this next Fall. From Sarnia to Buffalo, and from Port Huron to Detroit, the gauge will be reduced to 4 ft. 8 1/2. All the engine repairs of the Western Division of the Grand Trunk are made at Stratford, and the car repairs at Brantford. Through the courtesy of Mr. E. Hardman, Superintendent of the Engine Department, we visited the "Round House," which cost some \$100,000, and which required 100 tons of iron to complete its construction. On Saturday nights, when the engines come home "to roost," (as it was jocularly remarked to us they did) 17 engines, worth \$13,000 each, could be counted in the "Round House." We visited the Engineer's Report Room; saw the large Water Tank, and we think Mr. C. J. Brydges and the Grand Trunk are to be congratulated upon having in their service—as they have had for the past 17 years—so experienced and excellent a servant as Mr. Hardman. A drinking fountain quenches the thirst of all the men, and some sixteen hydrants, with an ample supply of hose, stand prepared to extinguish all the fires that may attack the Grand Trunk Works.

(To be Continued.)

THE THREE MISSIONARY CHAPTERS OF AMERICAN CHURCH HISTORY.

BY THE REV. J. LLOYD BRECK, MISSIONARY.

(Concluded from our last.)

The third great chapter in the American Church is the Pacific coast, its westernmost confines being the trans-continental territories, consisting of Sitka, Washington, and Oregon, on the north; Nevada and Arizona, in the Sierras; and the State of California, eight hundred miles in measurement, north and south; which are the *correlative* of the Atlantic States, whether we consider their extent of coast, area of surface, variety of productions, rapidity of development, or cosmopolitan population.

As a Church we approach this coast far different from that wherein our fathers labored on the Atlantic. Here we have no Church and State battle to fight; that has been once and for all (*forever*, we hope) fought. We have no Episcopate to wait for and *do without*. We have no particular gainsayings to the order of Bishops to withstand. Liturgical worship is accepted as a demonstrative fact of Christianity. And wherever we appear as the first Gospellers, there the Church is welcomed, and at once supporters are found from among the masses, which before have been strangers to her faith.

Her orderly worship, her freedom from familiarity of speech in addressing the Majesty of Heaven, Her Catholic views of Christian doctrine, and her conversationalism, without narrowness, so all commend her to the unprejudiced mind.

Now it is this third chapter of the American Church that is painted in bold outline on our western horizon! And we, as Churchmen, cannot refrain from reading it, except, in turn, we would have a lesson full of moral read to us. In those Pacific States are gathering men of stature; not physical stature; not mental: but men of marked purpose for gigantic enterprise, such as appear not in any other land of the world. Men of stature as farmers, as graziers, as manufacturers, as miners; beld in vast undertakings, such as are unknown to our citizens of the Eastern, Middle, and Western States. And if this is true of the Pacific in its infancy of twenty years, what will be the facts of the case here in another score of years?

Never before was there such a field presented to the Church to enter and to occupy. And if we do it not now, the blame and the fault will be ours to mourn over, and in vain will we repent of neglected opportunities when we see the land given over to all sorts of atheism, infidelity, or to false and unworthy views of God and his revealed Truth.

It is a mighty problem, this *Pacific coast*! and, when considered from a commercial point of view, it threatens to revolutionize the world of commerce. Look at the steamers already plying from San Francisco to Japan, China, Australia, New Zealand, and the islands of the Pacific! And the coast at the setting of our sun cannot be overestimated from a Churchly and Missionary point of view. If we neglect it, before we are aware of it the mighty in-

fluences here taking root will outmaster us, and we shall not reconquer at pleasure. From an economical aspect the delay is most hazardous: for the vast moneyed resources which will be here will all be turned into channels foreign to the Church; and to restore confidence in us, after such neglect, will take two or three generations at least, and the expenditure of a vast amount of men and means! but we do not purpose neglecting it; it will not be neglected. The brief history of the Missionary College of St. Augustine, Benica, Cal., with its eighty boarders, beside day scholars, gathered within four years, is proof enough that it is not too late for us to set to work. There are now required buildings for a Divinity School, in order that a native ministry may be educated for the supply of this vast coast, a coast no less in extent than the Atlantic, and with interests equally great with your own in the no-distant future. We cannot afford to send our young men for their theological education three thousand miles across the Continent, and leave them with you three years, no more than in the colonial times could the Missionary Church of this country afford to send her sons three thousand miles across the Atlantic for Ordination. Not afford it, because now, as then, not more than two out of every five would find their way back to us. We must educate them on the soil where they are to minister.

We are striving also to build up here a Church school for the education of the daughters of the Pacific coast; and, to this end, to win them back from out of the embrace of the Romish schools, which are here founded with a magnificence which ought to be startling to our own imbecile action in behalf of the rising generation.

For these two vital objects, we need the help of our friends in the Atlantic States. When accomplished, we shall return the same to others, I trust, fourfold. It is the highest sort of Missionary work to educate the young in the Church, and to raise up a native ministry.

Poetry.

OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who've crossed to the further side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see.
Over the river—over the river—
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet,
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark.
We felt it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the further side,
Where all the ransom'd and angels be.
Over the river—the myotic river—
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from these quiet shores
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale.
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail,
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,
Who cross the stream and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us over life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land,
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully meet will the meeting be,
When over the river—the peaceful river—
The angel of death shall carry me.

HYMN FOR TRINITY SUNDAY.

(THE FIRST THREE STANZAS BY THE LATE BISHOP TERROT.)

PRAISE ye the FATHER, by whose might
Creation sprung from ancient night,
Who guides the stars, and rules the flood,
And gives His meanest creatures food.

Praise the REDEEMER, God, whose love
Left His Eternal Throne above,
Took our degraded flesh, and gave
That bleeding form the world to save.

Praise ye the SPIRIT, Who alone
Softens the sinner's heart of stone;
Removes the film from darkened eyes,
Englightens, comforts, sanctifies.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly Host,
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

Tale.

NED'S INFLUENCE.

(Concluded from our last.)

There were many who listened to the preacher's words who resolved to begin a better and holier life on that first day of the Church's year, many who prayed in the pause which followed the sermon that they and those they loved might obey the gentle command which had been given to each and all of them, when the holy waters of Baptism had made them Christ's soldiers and servants for ever.

"Lord we will follow Thee whithersoever Thou leadest," was the cry from many a heart that night, as they left the glorious Church, where henceforth they could carry their burdens to the foot of the Cross, and find rest for their souls.

Ned Martin's usually bright face was sobered into a strange awe as he walked home in silence with his mother; she poor thing, was feeling wretched enough, she had entreated her darling to accompany her to Evensong, and he had refused to do so in a dogged sullen manner. Where was he now? A shudder passed through widow Martin's frame as the glaring light from the gin palaces fell upon the wet shining pavements and sounds of unseemly revelry fell upon the ear at every turn.

Ned wished his mother good-night with more than usual affection, and the next moment she heard his voice from the top of the attic stairs saying cheerily, "All right, mother, Johnnie is in bed and asleep."

"No I ain't," mumbled a gruff voice from beneath the bed-clothes, "how can a fellow sleep in such a noise as you are making?"

"I am very sorry," answered Ned humbly, "but Johnnie, since you are awake, I want to tell you how sorry I am, I spoke so provoking-like to you this morning; and Johnnie, dear Johnnie, won't you let us be happy, won't you give up O'Reilly and his set, and come to Church with mother and me? Christmas will soon be here, and there will be such pleasure if we'll all of us only give up our own way, and come—(Ned spoke very shyly and hesitatingly now, and hid his face on his brothers pillow,) and come to Jesus who will never cast us away."

"None of your cant I re," said Johnnie, shaking him off roughly, "I tell you I won't have it; if you want me to say I'm sorry I struck you, I am, and that's all you'll get out of me."

Ned knew it was useless to attempt anything more, so he blew out the candle and knelt by the side of the bed, and asked God to help him to be a better boy, more loving and gentle to all around him, and then perhaps he might be able to win Johnnie from his bad companions. They were simple, honest, childlike words which he used; but somehow I don't think the teaching of St. Andrew's Day had been lost upon Ned Martin.