

FOREIGN.

WALES.—It is said that the resignation of Archdeacon Wynne Jones, owing to age and infirmities, is likely to lead to important changes in the diocese of Bangor. Canon Pryce has been appointed to the Archdeaconry of Bangor and Anglesea, and Canon Griffith, rector of Machynlleth, to the vacant residentiary stall. If the consent of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners be obtained, it is in contemplation to separate the Archdeacons of Anglesea and Bangor; and in that case the archdeaconry of Archdeacon Pryce will be that of Anglesea, Archdeacon Evans will be transferred to Carnarvonshire under the title of Archdeacon of Bangor, and Canon Griffith will be appointed Archdeacon of Merioneth.

Lord Tredegar has not only presented an excellent site for the new church about to be erected on the East Moors, Cardiff, but has contributed £1,000 to the building fund. The cost of the new church will be £5,000.

A letter has been received by the Church Missionary Society from Bishop Crowther, to the effect that he was recently shipwrecked on the coast, near Cape Palmas, in the steamship *Senegal*. The captain, crew, and passengers escaped safely to shore, Bishop Crowther, his wife, and other ladies being in a surf boat. But on shore the Kroomen of the locality proved to be wreckers, came down upon them, robbed them of everything, proceeded to the ship, which was still bumping on the rocks, pillaged it, and would have stripped the poor escaped passengers and sailors of their very clothes had not some orderly Kroomen from a neighboring factory, which belongs to an European, become aware of what was happening, and went down and rescued them. The other Kroomen made off with the property. The Bishop has lost over £200 of public moneys which he had with him for various purposes. The captain had also all his papers taken away.

IRELAND.—On the occasion of his recent primary visitation in the Cathedral Church of St. Patrick, Armagh, the lord primate delivered an address in which he reviewed the present condition of the Irish Church. He said:

He believed it would be generally admitted that there never was a time in the history of the Church when more life, activity, and progress were putting forth their energies in various channels, both at home and abroad, for the furtherance of God's Word. But they could not close their eyes to the infidel spirit of the age, which though not peculiar to this age especially, was widely prevalent among the disciples of pure theism, of spiritualism, and science falsely so-called. Those among them who were members of the General Synod of their Church must have observed how a desire for prudent legislation on matters affecting the interests and usefulness of the Church in its religious, social, or financial position had taken the place of the unhappy craving for doctrinal changes and liturgical revision, thus restoring the Church to the confidence of many of its most loyal and earnest members, who, filled with the spirit of alarm and uneasiness for the future, keep aloof for a time; and he firmly believed that each year as it passed over them would tend to confirm the wisdom of this course, which seems rather to lengthen her cords and strengthen her stakes than to remove her landmarks. Of course, he could not venture to predict the future. For himself he would rather take up this position than be among those whom Archbishop Cranmer described in similar circumstances in a letter to the Lords of King Edward the Sixth's Privy Council as the unquiet spirits which can take nothing, but is of their own fancy, and care not to make trouble and unquietness when things are most quiet and in good order. Such spirits were in the Church, and were not limited to the revisers of the Liturgy. But if the spirit of the age to which he had referred was tending to infidelity by professing to rid Christianity of what they call the trammels of traditional orthodoxy, even this, paradoxical as it might seem, had its corresponding advantages. It had been remarked that an epidemic disease indirectly saved more lives by rousing to cleanliness and ventilation than it destroyed directly; so if they used it aright the prevalence of infidelity might do more good than harm, as it might set them to the purifying of their religious atmosphere and the burnishing of their armor to meet all attacks.

Lord Justice Fitzgibbon, in a letter to the Archbishop of Dublin, urging the claims of the Church Jubilee Fund, gives the following figures, which will be read with general interest: The members of the Irish Church number 640,000, as against 471,000 Presbyterians and 49,000 Methodists in Ireland.

ACCOUNT BY AN EYE WITNESS OF BISHOP HANNINGTON'S MURDER.—The Church Missionary Society has received from the Rev. A. Downes Shaw, missionary at Frere Town, East Africa, the following narrative taken down by him from a young African Christian named Christopher Boston, who was with Bishop Hannington when he was killed, but who escaped, and has only lately arrived at Frere Town:

"The bishop was kept a prisoner for seven days. We were all quite free to walk about. We had our guns, and all the loads were left in our house; nothing was taken away, only there was a soldier there always to see that we did not take anything away. On the seventh day the messengers returned from Mwanga, and there was much firing of guns. We asked what the news was, and were told that Mwanga refused to give us permission to go on to U-Ganda, that we were to go back the way we came, and that on the morrow we should start. We all slept well that night. About 7 A.M., on October 29, some soldiers came and began to bind us. Some of us struggled a good deal, and then those who did had their hands tied behind, and were put in wooden slave collars, but those who submitted were only tied with their hands in front. Some Waganda, whom we had not previously seen (they came back with the messengers) came and talked to us. They asked, 'who gave you permission to come this way? You have come without leave, and must return at once.' About 2 P.M., the sultan came to see us; he had the bishop's umbrella in his hand, and when it rained he put it up. He divided us among the soldiers, putting one of us to two soldiers, and then we were taken away, each one to the soldier's house who had charge of us. At 3 P.M., we were brought out and put together in a line, and marched off, taking a road leading in the way by which we had come. Before leaving the houses our guards had taken away our clothes, and gave us pieces of bark-cloth to wrap round our loins. We were marched a long way—it took us more than two hours to reach the spot where we halted. Shortly before reaching that place we saw in front of us the bishop and his boy, Ikutu, who carried his chair; they were surrounded by a great many soldiers. Ponto, the bishop's cook, was with us, with his hands tied behind him. We came to a place where there were many trees on one side and a valley on the other. Here the bishop was with the soldiers. We stopped within a few yards of where he stood, and could see him quite plainly. He tried to sit down, but the soldiers would not let him. They began to pull his clothes off him. They took away all his clothes and left him naked, with only his boots on. This they did, for they wanted his clothes. Then most of the soldiers left the bishop and came and stood near us. Suddenly a gun was fired off as a signal; then two soldiers, who were standing one on either side of the bishop, stabbed him in his sides with their spears, and he fell down on his back."

Mr. Shaw proceeds:

Here all was lost to the poor fellow. He said: "When I saw the bishop stabbed I trembled, because I knew they would kill me." The soldiers set on the forty old helpless men with great ferocity, and he was stabbed in the side and fell down as dead. Seeing him fall, the man who struck him must have imagined him to be dead, and left him to attack another. Christopher said: "All was dark to me till I woke up about 3 A.M. the following morning. It was very cold, and the cold had revived me. I sat up and found that my bowels were coming out of the wound in my side. I picked a broad plantain-leaf, and having put my bowels in, I bound this leaf over the wound to keep them inside. I saw my dead comrades round, but did not look for the bishop's body, I was too ill to do that. I could not stand up, but crawled away in the direction of the country where we left Mr. Jones. I knew that three of our people had not been brought to the slaughter, but I thought that all the others were dead. I struggled along for some days. I saw many people; the women pitied me, and gave me food. Of the men, some said, 'Kill him;' others, 'No, we don't want his blood in our land; let him go on, and he will die somewhere else.' I found a man who was kind to me, and let me live with him for a time; he knew all about the murder of our people, and used to tell me lots of things. I asked why they killed the bishop with spears, and did not shoot him. He said, 'Ah! the gun is the weapon of the white man, they make it, and they know what charm to use, so that it will not kill them, so that it would be no use trying to kill him with a gun; but the spear is our weapon, and the European has no charm against it, therefore the white man was killed with the spear.' After many days—I do not know how many—I reached Kannyi, where the bishop slept on the 19th; here I was treated very kindly and stayed some time."

Mr. Shaw adds:

This narrative was taken down by me from the man himself, Christopher Boston. He knows a very little English, but spoke Kiswahili. He is one of our Frere Town boys, having years ago being released

from a slave dhow, trained in our schools, and when of a suitable age, sent out to earn his living. When we were commencing our work at Taita there was a need of promising lads to go up to assist Mr. Wray with his work. Christopher was one of these. When I went to Taita to visit Mr. Wray I found that Christopher was making himself very useful in many ways. When Bishop Hannington was making up his caravan to go to U Ganda, Christopher volunteered to go.

Correspondence.

All Letters containing personal allusions will appear over the signature of the writer.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

PROHIBITIONIST WORD JUGGLING.

SIR,—I do not see how any religious and considerate man can help forecasting very evil results from the word-juggling, which the prohibitionists have introduced. When Temperance, a word of the highest moral meaning, and in Christianity of the highest spiritual meaning, a "fruit of the Spirit," the grace of holy self-restraint, is disgraced by being clapped as a label on the mechanical constraint to which a criminal is subjected;—the consequences of such a perversion are likely to be wide and deep. There are four sermons by a loyal son of the Church of England, which she is not likely to forget, South's on "the fatal Imposture and Force of words," from the text "Wo unto them that call evil good," and good evil, &c. A still wiser son of the Church, the judicious Hooker, has warned us no less clearly that "the mixture of those things by speech, which by nature are divided, is the mother of error." The end will be, if persevered in, that expressed by Shakespeare's clown: "Words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them." I know how easy it is to scoff at all this philological pettiness in the face of the enormous drink evils, &c., I not only hope, but I am sure I have a far deeper sense of the evil of drunkenness, than have the unbelieving and irreligious advocates so numerous and prominent in this movement; and churchmen are sufficiently inured to their scoffs to be indifferent to them. But let me give to honest churchmen a single warning example of the mischiefs of such misuse of Christian terminology. Until about two centuries ago "Regeneration" was always used in the Bible and Catholic sense, now through the improper use of that word the doctrine has been to a large extent either obscured or abolished. I imagined something better was to be expected from the Rev. Dr. Roy than his reported speech. I was painfully disappointed. What excuse is there for such extraordinary juggling as, "What he understood by Prohibition was the voluntary abandonment by Society of the use of intoxicating liquor?" Ought not any man of education and of an ordinary measure of moral sense to be ashamed of such a sentence? A theory that so obfuscates the understanding stands self-condemned. But we have more of this juggling. "He would feel much obliged to any one who would define the word 'Moderation' for him." Sensible and religious people say with Pandarus, "Be moderate, be moderate." But Dr. Roy replies with the passionate Cressida, "Why tell you me of moderation?" Does Dr. Roy mean to admit that he himself used words inconsiderately in his speech? and yet in the first paragraph he makes what "he regarded as a very moderate calculation." Does that need explanation? A learned divine once wrote a book on "the moderation of the Church of England." Was the very title unintelligible? Very likely Dr. Roy would describe himself as "a moderate churchman," and with the rest of us he talks of moderate opinions, of a moderate price, of moderating one's indignation, of a Presbyterian Moderator—never thinking that the word is so desperately obscure. The whole difficulty, is morals, which have as their subject matter the passions and appetites, are not to be measured with a carpenter's rule, and moderation while invariable in its character is not to be determined by the quantity eaten or drunk; and the very essence of the virtue lies in the determination of the individual. English lexicographers do not think this word "moderation" so obscure as Dr. Roy takes it to be. For example, Temperance is there defined in a good English dictionary: "Habitual moderation in the indulgence of the natural appetites and passions." Surely it was not intended to define the *obscurum per obscurius*? Did our translators think "caviare to the general," such as, "Let your moderation be known unto all men;" "I will give you the former rain moderately;" that "women should adorn themselves with modest apparel," modest being of the same root with moderation? But fortunately I find just come to hand a definition from the London *Lancet* which, I hope, may

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