

able, in view of the fact that the accommodation was becoming altogether too limited for the congregation, to proceed at once with the erection of the permanent church. A committee was appointed to put into effect and arrange details for the successful carrying out of this determination. The results of their labors, together with the hearty co-operation of the parishioners and friends, is the neat, commodious, and churchly edifice, a cut of the exterior of which illustrates this notice. It should be stated that the tower is not as yet built, the funds not at present warranting this expenditure. The cost of the church, including the organ, was \$7,050, towards which \$3,666 has been subscribed. The balance still owing leaves the parishioners, who are exceedingly liberal, according to the limited means with which they have been blessed, with a heavy burden of debt to carry. They merit the kind and practical support of their fellow churchmen in their laudable undertaking.

The corner stone of this new building was laid by the Bishop of Niagara (Dr. Hamilton) on June 13th, 1893, and it was opened for public worship on Sept. 28th.

## GOD ONLY KNOWS.

### (i) The Question.

WHITHER are going with hurrying feet  
Forms that are passing to-night on the street?  
Faces all sunny and faces all sad,  
Hearts that are weary and hearts that are glad;  
Eyes that are heavy with sorrow and strife,  
Eyes that are gleaming with beauty and life;  
Pictures of pleasure and crosses of care,  
Going, all going, God only knows where!

Hands that have earnestly striven for bread,  
Hands that are soiled with dishonor instead;  
Hearts that are tuned to a purpose sublime,  
Hearts all discordant and jangled with crime.  
Souls that are pure and as white as the snow,  
Souls that are black as the midnight of woe;  
Gay in their gladness or drunk in despair,  
Going, all going, God only knows where!

Some to the feast, where the richest red wine  
And the rarest of jewels will sparkle and shine;  
Some in their hunger will wander, and some  
Will sleep, nor awaken when morning shall come.  
The robed and the ragged, the foe and the friend,  
All of them hurrying on to the end:  
Nearing the grave with a curse or a prayer,  
Going, all going, God only knows where!

### (ii) The Answer.

And God, knowing all, sends a message to these—  
A message to bring them to Him on their knees.  
And who is to bring them? "Go ye," said the Lord,  
"Help the great crowd by the power of My Word;  
Teach them, baptize them! as onward they move—  
Not one need be lost, for the call is of love.  
Speak to them, rushing on madly in strife,  
Bring them, through Me, to their rest and to life."

**V**ERY few persons in Europe, or elsewhere, are aware that human sacrifices still exist in a part of the Russian Empire. The fact is, nevertheless, certain. Among the Tchuktchis such sacrifices still take place, and seem likely to be practised for a long time to come. At the same time, no blame therefor can be attached to the Russian Government or the Orthodox Church, for efforts by both to stop the custom have proved ineffectual. The sacrifices alluded to are those of old people and the sick, who, finding no pleasure in life, resolve to have done with earthly existence, rejoin their dead relations, and go to increase the number of happy spirits.

The Tchuktchi who has made up his mind to die immediately notifies his neighbors and nearest relatives. The news spreads in the circle of his friends, and all of them soon visit the unhappy person, to influence him to change his mind. Prayers, reproaches, complaints, and tears have no effect on the fanatic, who explains his reasons, speaks of the future life, of the dead who appear to him in his sleep, and even when he is awake, calling him to them. His friends, seeing him thus resolved, go away to make the customary preparations. At the end of from ten to fifteen days, they return to the hut of the Tchuktchi, with white mortuary garments and some weapons, which will be used by the man in the other world to fight evil spirits and hunt the reindeer. After making his toilette, the Tchuktchi withdraws into a corner of the hut. His nearest relative stands by his side, holding in his hand the instrument of sacrifice, a knife, a pike, or a rope. If the Tchuktchi has chosen the knife, two of his friends hold him under the arms and by the wrists, and, at a given signal, the sacrificer thrusts the knife into his breast. If the pike has been chosen, two of his friends hold that weapon, and two others throw the victim on its point. For strangulation, the rope is put about his neck and the sacrificers draw it until death ensues. Then the assistants go to the corpse, redden their hands and face with its blood, and place it on a sledge drawn by reindeer, which draws it to the place of the funeral. Arrived at their destination, the Tchuktchis cut the throat of the reindeer, take from the dead body its clothing, which is torn in pieces, and place the corpse on a lighted funeral pile. During the incineration, the assistants offer up prayer to the happy in the other world, and supplicate these to watch over them and theirs.

These horrible practices are followed to-day with the same exactness as in ancient times. The Iukatchis, the Lamouts, and the Russians, invited to these sacrifices, often take part in them, although there is no example of one of them having taken the same road to reach the other world.