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 serving as curate in England and Ireland, he came out to Canada, and was appointed a missionary at Pembroke by Bishop Lewis, of Ontario. He then went to the United States and filled some positions there, after which he returned to Canada, and was appointed to Dunham, in the diocese of Montreal. In 1878 he was made principal of the Diocesan College, a position which he held with credit to himself and honor to the college till his recent death. This event occurred just as the new college, in which he took great pride, was inaugurated. Dr. Henderson was kind and gentle in manner, and will be much missed in Montreal.

Niagara diocese, also, we regret to say, has lost one of its leading laymen in Henry T. Ridley, Esq., M.D., who was suddenly called away while far from home taking a trip for the benefit of his health. Dr. Ridley was a staunch Churchman, and a life-long, devoted member of Christ Church Cathedral, Hamilton, where he was almost a perpetual churchwarden and delegate to synod. Dr. Ridley's kindness to the clergy, and devotion to the Church, were widely known, and the city of Hamilton, and the diocese at large, will greatly miss him.

CANON MOCKRIDGE'S RECENT BOOK.

In lieu of a Review Notice of our own regarding Dr. Mockridge's recent biographies we append the following clipped from the *Toronto World*:

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 "The following extract from *The St. James' Budget* (England) has been sent me, and I am very glad to give it space in these columns, seeing it is about a gentleman than whom none higher stands in the affections of all who know him, while others from mere hearsay have learnt to respect and admire his singleness of purpose and earnest devotion to his life's work. 'Not the least striking feature of the colonizing activity of Great Britain during the nineteenth century,' says *The Budget*, 'has been the fact that, simultaneously with the expansion of the empire, there has grown up into vigorous life a colonial Church which, like the colonies themselves, still owes allegiance to the mother country. To Canada belongs the distinction of having set the example, which has been so well followed by other British dependencies; and a peculiar interest, therefore, attaches to the history of the Canadian Church. That history has not yet been fully written, but Dr. Charles H. Mockridge, Canon of St. Alban's Cathedral, Toronto, has published through *Church Bells*'—a well-known Church paper in England—'a book entitled 'The Bishops of the Church of England in Canada and Newfoundland,' which, he modestly claims, is designed to furnish the outline of such an histori-

cal work, should it ever be undertaken. As a matter of fact, Dr. Mockridge has given us, in the form of brief but admirably written biographies of the bishops of the Dominion, an account of the Canadian Church which can scarcely fail to be of value, both to English and to Canadian Churchmen. From the physical character of the country it will be realized that the Canadian Church was not extended from 'ocean to ocean' without ceaseless labor and unflinching zeal. This is an age which has never hesitated to accord unstinted honor to the heroism of modern missionaries, but it may be doubted whether there are many stories of missionary enterprise more interesting than those which are to be found interspersed throughout Dr. Mockridge's pleasant pages.'

OUR CHINESE BROTHER AND "WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?"

When recently strolling as tourists with an able and sympathetic guide in Victoria, B.C., one could not be but surprised and impressed with the huge wave of Chinese life which, in God's providence, has quietly settled itself upon the shores of the great Northwest.

Here are the Celestials by the thousand living side by side of our Canadian civilization, bringing their traditions into the heart of Victoria, proving themselves, not only to be a law-abiding people, working with their own hands in varied ingenious fashion, which has a fascination from its indescribable deftness and minute lines of beauty, but filling in the great gap of domestic need, so keenly felt, with an aptness and a reliability which won a willing testimony from the highest authorities in Victoria, adapting their well-worn customs of centuries to the daily wants of the latest settler with an assiduity and honesty which shames the uncertain and too often half-hearted service of well-paid immigrants.

Walking down the narrow street in the Chinese quarter, the Chinese woman and girl, wife and mother, were frequently met; their broad and intelligent faces meeting ours with a somewhat wondering and questioning gaze as chattering in their own language they evidently felt that we were to them what they were to us, objects of curiosity.

We visited the Joss House, the only link between Chinese men (their women being excluded) and the unseen, which appeared to approach more to a chamber of weird trickery and chance belief in bygone genealogies, rather than inspiring and supernatural power.

The perfect freedom with which strangers are allowed to enter, ask questions, and even to touch some of their weird appliances forbids the thought of desecration, or that their worship is of a devotional character; their prayer is