

about six shillings and eightpence per head of the population of England and Wales, and the contributions of Churchmen and Non-conformists combined to Foreign Missions alone average under sixpence per head.

THE REV. W. G. LYON.

SOME two months ago we noticed the announcement, on telegraphic authority, of the death by drowning of the Rev. W. G. Lyon, Missionary of the Board in conjunction with the S.P.G. to the Klondyke region. No particulars being given we ventured to hope that there might be a mistake and did not make any reference to the matter in the last number of the Magazine. We regret, however, to find that the statement is all too true, as will appear from an extract taken from the *Church Record* for the Diocese of New Westminster for the month of August. The last letter written by Mr. Lyon from Lake Bennet on Saturday, May 28th, was full of plans to carry on his work efficiently under Bishop Bompas, but not less than four weeks after, his course was run and his labors ended. To our shortsightedness what an untimely end to a career of great promise! But "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." There may yet be an abundant harvest from the, to us apparently untimely, death of this faithful and self-denying laborer in the Mission Field.

The *Record* says: The congregation of St. James' mourns the loss of one who spent Good Friday and Easter with them and helped in the services, preaching both on Good Friday and Easter Day and taking one of the celebrations of the Eucharist. The Rev. Walter G. Lyon graduated from Downing College, Cambridge, in 1884, and was ordained the following year. He worked in the North West Territories under Bishop Anson, 1887—1892, first at Medicine Hat and later at Moosomin. Till the end of last year he was back in England, but when the Klondyke wealth seized hold of everyone's imagination, Mr. Lyon volunteered for Mission work among the gold seekers. The S.P.G. made a grant which was afterwards supplemented by one from the D. and F.M.S. of Canada, towards his expenses; but as he said, the sum was quite inadequate to meet even bare expenses. Mr. Lyon, however, was possessed of private means and these he freely gave together with himself to the cause of the church in the Yukon gold fields. Full of hope and life he and his party formed the first load that the *Tartar* took to Skagway. He ascended the Chilcoot Pass without mishap and wrote down saying how the difficulties of the Pass

were exaggerated. Next we hear of him at Bennett, holding services while they waited for the thaw. The last letter received from him was dated June 17th, just above the White Horse Rapids while waiting for the mounted police to catch him up before passing through. The dangers of the Rapids and Miles Canon were safely left behind and he had reached Lake Labarge, and it was there that he was called. The news reached us on the 9th of July but was not confirmed for a week, when the following letter came and shewed that that was true which we had hoped might have been an error. He was drowned on June 24th, the festival of St. John the Baptist. Nurse Jeannie wrote on July 2nd to Sister Frances:

"I am writing a few lines to tell the dreadfully sad news that Mr. Lyon and his servant were both drowned a week ago yesterday (Friday). No doubt you have already heard of the sad occurrence but newspaper reports are so often exaggerated that you may think things are even worse than they really are.

It seems that at Lake Labarge a heavy sea arose and the canoe, which was loaded and fastened behind the scow, got swamped and the packages lost overboard. So Mr. Lyon went to shore with the scow and the empty canoe, where Mr. Gwillim landed. Mr. Lyon and the man went out in the canoe to try and pick up their lost goods. Everything went smoothly at first and Mr. Gwillim watched them pick up some of the things. Thinking everything was all right he went to hang up some clothes, etc., that had got wet. However, in about five minutes, he looked for the canoe and could not see it anywhere so concluded it was around a point about a hundred yards away. Running along the shore to the point, Mr. Gwillim saw the canoe turned over, and the head of Steward, Mr. Lyon having already gone down, and when Mr. Gwillim left Labarge, Mr. Lyon's body had not been found. Steward had been buried up there. Poor Mr. Lyon had high gum boots on which gave him very little chance of swimming. Mr. Gwillim went up to his neck in water with a rope but as he cannot swim it was useless trying to go any further out. He came back on the steamer to-night as he is obliged to see Major Steele at Bennett, and, of course, he is anxious to let Mr. Lyon's friends know as soon as possible. The poor fellow looks fearfully upset."

JEANNIE.

It is sad to lose thus, at the very outset, one who was going to roll away the reproach that the Church is always last in the field. We know, however, that a faithful son of the Church, be he priest or layman, never gives his life in vain, and we feel sure that his example will stimulate others, and other hands will seize the colors and press on to Victory