

problems were forcing themselves upon the Church, and were loudly demanding solution, and these demands were likely to be more urgent in the future than they were now. Something had been done in the direction of temperance reform, though it must be admitted that it was disappointing and disheartening to find that it was so hard to move the Government and Parliament to adopt means towards lessening the terrible evil of intemperance. Something was being done, also, in the direction of what was called "social service"—i.e., the promotion of efforts for the improvement of the condition of the poor in cities and large towns; and he earnestly hoped that the movement would grow in volume and energy, and become an active force for good in society, both inside and outside their Church.

The Bishop of Ripon on Foreign Missions.

If there is one piece of cheap clap-trap in the world which you and I ought to repudiate, it is that foolish one which, after all, is such a very popular one, and such a very taking one, of measuring a whole class of men by the few weak characters which belong to it. I am heartily sick of hearing all doctors called atheists because there happen to be one or two; I am heartily sick of hearing lawyers called swindlers, because there happens to have been a fraudulent solicitor here and there; I am heartily sick of hearing all persons called fools because there happen to be one or two. And even if it should be that there have been foolish and indiscreet and over-zealous missionaries, that has nothing to do with the question. Is the work bad? That, continued His Lordship, was the question. They had nothing to do with the weakness of the individual. He believed the missionary societies were, to the best of their ability, finding the best men to go out. But, he asked, if it should be found to be a true indictment that from our great missionary societies there have sometimes gone out weak men, whose fault is it? Why, it is yours and mine, for not sending better men. The real answer is—send better men, support the societies with more vigour and generous contribution; send of the best that you have—the clearest brains, the most loving hearts, the most tactful dispositions; send of the best of your sons—as you would to the field to fight for your country—fight for the cause of humanity. Is there anything essentially inimical to political peace in the progress of the Gospel of Christ? asked the Bishop. It was important to separate between civilization, as such, and Christianity. He did not want for a moment to say that the two could be divorced in essential principle—he did not think they could. There must be contact between nation and nation. What was the difficulty in China? It was just this, that through what was called "the growth of things"—the accumulation of commerce, the industry, the enterprise, everything else which belonged to mankind—the nations of the West were brought face to face with the nations of the East. What we called civiliza-

tion could only come in three ways. There was the old-fashioned way of conquest; there was another and a better way—the way of commerce; but there was a third way, the way of the Gospel, and he knew of no other way in which civilization could interchange with civilization. He was not sure whether we were right in thrusting our commodities upon a nation at the point of the sword, but in proportion as nation understood nation, and people understood people, so would they realize that no one country could do without another. From a commercial standpoint, he would argue that if we had a religion which had elevated our hearts, which had given us something which we felt to be a priceless gift from Heaven, we had no right to enter into intercourse with other nations and ask them for material commodities, unless we were prepared to give them the thing which we knew to be most precious amongst ourselves. He reminded his audience that in 1837 a Government Commission expressed the opinion—and they made no exception in favour of Great Britain—that the contact of civilization, the intercourse of the so-called civilized nations with native races, inevitably ended in the deterioration of the races unless it was accompanied by the preaching of Christianity. They could not stop the progress of this intercourse of civilization. The witness of those people who had studied the question was that whenever European civilization came into contact with, say, the Asiatic races, that civilization tended to destroy the old beliefs, and we were bound, therefore, to give some faith for that which we had displaced.

An Episcopal Holiday.

Bishop Coleman, of Delaware, is an enthusiastic walker, and has, in this recreation, the sympathy of the writer. He recently took a vacation tour through the Blue Ridge and Allegheny mountains, walking 261 miles in thirteen days, an average of twenty miles a day. In crossing one of the ranges, he climbed up five miles and then down four, not meeting a single soul the whole way. The greatest trouble the Bishop seems to have had was to persuade people that he walked for the love of it. But he must have worn a very unconventional garb, and have looked quaint still, by carrying through the trip a fine down pillow sent him by women friends in Philadelphia. In this guise he must have resembled Christian in the Pilgrims' Progress, and as he never got rid of his burden, he could not have found the Blue Ridge to be the Delectable mountains. In fact, he was taken for a peddler, a shoemaker, a carpenter in search of work, a book agent, school inspector, and the advance agent of a circus. He was also amused at being taken for a penniless tramp. We might be pardoned in suggesting to the worthy Bishop that he could enjoy his walks quite as much, and probably do more good to those he meets on his tramps through this lovely country, were he to dress in such manner, as, without sacrificing comfort, no one could mistake his calling or treat him as

occupying the lowest position in the social scale. His experiences would be equally amusing, but his conversation would be more profitable to those he met than it must have been on this excursion, when he was actually told of himself: "That is nothing, I read of an eminent Bishop of the Episcopal Church, who walks for pleasure, but cannot remember his name."

Mrs. Cole.

The obituary notices of this week record no greater loss to the Church below, than that which announces the departure from amongst us of Mrs. Cole (nee Agnes Hallen), widow of the late Edmund Cole, for some time rector of Whitby; and daughter of the Rev. George Hallen, rector of Penetanguishene. Like her saintly father, Mrs. Cole manifested in her life, in a high degree, the legitimate fruits of the Church's doctrinal system, which she earnestly believed, and which she made the law of her life. That life was marked by unswerving loyalty to the Church, by scrupulous honesty, truthfulness and integrity of character. She was reverent and devout in all her conduct and conversation; and constant in the discharge of her religious duties. She continued steadfast in the Faith, and instant in prayer and in good works, even to the end. It is but seldom one's privilege to know a life so pure, and glad, and bright. Her serious religiousness did not prevent her entering heartily into the amusements and joys of the young life that surrounded her, and even though the knowledge of a fatal malady hung over her for many years, it cast no gloom over her life, and brought no sadness to the lives of those around her. It will not surprise anyone to know that the end of such a life was peace. She knew for a long time that she could not recover, but that knowledge cast no gloom over the brightness of her spirit, nor did it call forth one word of complaint. With unflinching faith and trust in her Saviour's love and power, she calmly waited and prayed for the end, which came like the peace of a quiet sleep. Her loss to the whole Church, and especially to St. Luke's congregation, of which she had been for many years a member, cannot be estimated.

O Father, grant to her eternal rest,

And on her Thy light perpetual shine;

O make her glad in Paradise, the blest,

And in the judgment day declare her Thine.

Mrs. James Strachan.

On Monday, the 12th November, there passed away one long and widely known in Toronto, Mrs. James Strachan, a daughter of the late Sir John Beverley Robinson, and daughter-in-law of the first Bishop of Toronto, Bishop Strachan. During nearly all her active and useful life, Mrs. Strachan had had uninterrupted good health, but over a year ago an illness began, which, though at first not considered serious, gradually became more severe, confining her altogether to her house and to her bed, and attended with much suffering, until she was happily released, and entered into her rest, on Mon-