

shown by the cruel logic of statistics. In 1868 there were 2,472 parishes; 1868, 6,205; that is, one fresh parish has come into existence every three days for the last thirty years. During the same time, the communicants have increased from 104,602 to 670,604. Can the Roman Church in America show such figures as these? This looks more like "vitality" than "moribundity."

Bishop Lancelot Andrewes.

A memorial service was held at the end of last month in St. Saviour's, Southwark, where the body of this great Bishop lies, whose "Book of Devotions" is cherished by Churchmen all the world over. The preacher at the memorial service, a collateral descendant of the Bishop, the Rev. J. Andrewes Reeve, rector of Lambeth, in his sermon urged the clergy and laity to walk in the steps of the great Bishop and to study his "Book of Devotions." Summing up his life and work, he styled him the truest representative of the English Reformation; adding that while Laud endeavoured to coerce the people and make them Anglicans, Andrewes argued and prayed and had a kindly word for the Puritans. "No doubt he had his faults. He dangerously exaggerated the Royal Supremacy, even as now some people did the Parliamentary Supremacy; but he taught that the National Church could be Catholic without being Roman. Thank God the teaching of Andrewes on the sacraments and the beauty of worship was pervading the English Church; dissenters were building beautiful chapels and having sweet music, and the president and ex-president of the Wesleyan Conference had shown an appreciation of Catholic truth which a little time ago would have been impossible."

A Canadian Bishop's Life.

The Bishop of Moosonee, in a recent letter, narrates his experience during a three days' journey in canoes along the shores of James' Bay: "I wandered all day in a pathless morass, and was only found and rescued long after I was tired out, at all events that night. My men having broken my canoe, and having to wait, after mending it, for the next tide, I determined to walk on until they caught up with me as we were not far from Albany. I waded ashore, and started to make a direct course across a few miles of swamp; but the swamp became a bog, almost bottomless, and crossed by many a stream or ditch, and I was soon wet up to my waist. I did not want to turn back for fear my men would have passed, so I struggled on hour after hour. I had been up since midnight, and had only had a mouthful of crust since the previous day; was heavily clad with high wading boots, which were soon filled with water, and the sun was beating on me. There was no dry ground for me to sit down on and rest, so I rested against some willows drawn together, which bore a part of my weight, and thus I took a dog's sleep once or twice. For some time I walked barefooted and barelegged, as I could not lift my boots full of water; but my legs and feet were so torn by

the willows that I had to don the boots again. Thus I walked from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m., and at last could only go a few yards at a time, my hands helping my legs to lift my feet, when my men, anxious about me, fired their gun, and I answered with a shout. They soon reached me, as I had almost reached the bank of the river near Albany, carried me to the canoe, and laid me under the tarpaulin, and I instantly fell asleep. We soon reached the Archdeacon's, who tended me most carefully, and after bathing my torn feet, I again fell asleep instantly. However, next day, though dressing was pain, and movement worse, and climbing the pulpit stairs agony, yet I was able to perform all the duties arranged for me, beginning with Indian service at 6 a.m., when I preached. Then came 10.20, English confirmation, sermon, and administration of Holy Communion; the same for the Indians, with seventy-six communicants. I was glad to rest in the evening with my aching and torn feet and legs wrapped in cotton and vaseline. It was indeed a merciful deliverance, and I hope I was spared to do many years' work in the vineyard."

IS IT SHAME?

Such is the question which many Canadians have been asking themselves during the past few weeks, when it has been brought home to them that their country, or at least their Government, has been the laggard in coming to testify its loyalty to the imperial flag, and its devotion to the unity of the Empire. Undoubtedly, this is the fact. We have been the last to declare our readiness to draw the sword. While the troops of New Zealand have been marching through the streets of London, we have been debating the question, and at least one of our ministers has been using language which can only be described as disloyal. Yet, for all that, it cannot be said that Canada is disloyal. The people are sound at heart, have been chafing under the delay, and now that the word has been given, are crowding to the standard. Yet a day will come when the country may take upon itself the shame which now rests only upon certain of its representatives. We believe that time will never come. We believe the country will call these men to a strict account. In the first place, it is not creditable to us, that we, the greatest of the colonies of the British Empire, should have been the most backward to come to the help of the Mother Country. It is not, of course, that she actually needs our help. Great Britain could fight out many such wars, humanly speaking, without drawing upon any resources but her own. But that is not the point. More and more the sentiment is growing that the Empire is one. We are not mere outside dependencies, hanging upon our Mother, yielding her a kind of filial support. We are part and parcel of the great Body Politic; and we want to enjoy privileges and to fulfil duties in accordance with this idea; and we should feel mortified and humbled, if we could believe that any part of the

Empire was more ready to recognize such duty than ourselves. Then, again, our dependence upon the strength of the Empire is much greater than that of any of the other colonies. We do not imagine that it would make much difference to Australia or New Zealand, whether the strength of the Mother Country were great or small. It is hardly conceivable that any other European Power should greatly desire to annex those colonies; certainly it is in the highest degree improbable that any such power should submit to any considerable sacrifices, in order to bring about any such result. But such an attempt is by no means impossible or even highly improbable in our own case. In thus writing we do not imagine for a moment that the United States Government has any design against the Independence of Canada, and we do not suppose that either the Government or the people of the United States would think for a moment of annexing the Dominion of Canada to their own territory—that is to say, in any direct and immediate manner. But everyone can see that, in the case of certain emergencies, such a desire might very easily arise, or at any rate that such measures might be taken as would seriously injure the interests of the Dominion. And, if we stood alone, how would it be with us? And what is the difference between our entering into controversy with our powerful neighbour, by ourselves or with the power of the British Empire behind us? We do not suspect the United States of the least desire to do us harm in any kind of way. We rejoice to think of the greatly improved state of our relations with them. But to whom is that improved state attributable? And how should we wish ourselves to be situated if our relations were different. Now, are we prepared to lay down the principle, that we are to fall back upon the strength of the Empire, when we have need of it, but that we are not to render aid to the Empire when it seems to be required? We fancy not. But there is one thing still more serious that we must deliberately lay to the charge of a member of the present Government, Mr. Israel Tarte, and that is, the evident purpose of arousing an unfriendly feeling towards the Empire and British supremacy among the French people of the Dominion. To this Mr. Tarte has received no provocation whatsoever. No English-speaking politician or private citizen (that we are aware of), has hinted anything of a hostile or unfriendly character towards the inhabitants of Lower Canada, or of their kindred in any part of the Dominion. We believe that the vast mass of English-speaking Canadians would resent any such attempt on the part of any of their own people. Yet Mr. Tarte goes to France and poses as a Frenchman, and declares that if his position in a British colony interfered with this, he would be, as he is, first of all a Frenchman, and so forth. And he comes back and talks in the same fashion here. Now, Mr. Tarte may be a Frenchman whenever he likes. He may go and live in France, or he may throw off his allegiance to the British Crown. But at this present moment, he is a British citizen,