

It will be the wisdom of the lay missionary to lay hold of every agency that comes suitable to hand. Ladies are sure to turn up to help, and he will employ them in teaching the young—improving the singing—getting up mothers' meetings, &c. The men should be looked to, to bring forward other men, and make the missionary acquainted with their difficulties. His great function will be to set them all agoing to help themselves and others. In conclusion, we admit that all this sounds rather alarming to the lay mind, and, if it is undertaken, there may be a danger that the missionary may come to his work too high strung for the people with whom he has at first to deal. We deprecate this very much in first efforts. Let him at the beginning do only what he can do comfortably and naturally, avoiding all formality, feeling his way with the people, and, by experience, learning to meet the difficulties as they arise. If he, in the name of the Church, can get the people to learn the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, and to say them to God, he will be doing a great work and yet one quite within his power.—*Scottish Guardian*.

#### EPISCOPAL JOTTINGS FROM ALGOMA.

A VISIT was paid on June 7th to the Indians at Garden River, who had been anxiously enquiring when "Jebahsiga" was coming to see them, their anxiety to renew their acquaintance with the Keche-Makuhdawekoonunga being doubtless whetted by their knowledge of the fact that he had already secured a thousand dollars to assist on the erection of their church, and had also brought the plans for its construction. To give all possible eclat to the event, advantage was taken of the occurrence of the fifteenth anniversary of the marriage of the Rev. Mr. Wilson, to make the occasion one of the widest possible interest, and so the Bishop and his family, accompanied by the Rev. G.B. Cooke, Mr. Wilson and his household, and all the resident population of the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Home, numbering in all nearly 50 persons, started down the river, half the party on board the little steam ferry boat the "Antelope," while John Esquimaux's capacious boat followed "in tow," with the other half, comprising not one or two, but a great many little Indian boys and girls, as happy a gathering of children as one could see anywhere, out for a holiday. A very pleasant trip of about an hour and a half brought the party to their destination. Then the Bishop's tent was pitched, the flag hoisted, and preparations made for the midday meal, which was discussed with avidity on all hands. After this all adjourned to the school house about half a mile distant, where the Indians were assembling for the inevitable pow-wow. Prayer having been offered, in the Ojibway tongue of course, addresses were given by the Bishop, Revs. E. F. Wilson and G. B. Cooke, bearing on the subject of the new Church, and giving them to understand, that though much money had been given to the Bishop for them, they must, every one, do their part in helping, the men by hauling and hewing the logs for sills, &c., the women by making matting for the floor and curtains for the windows, and anything else they could provide. Then the two chiefs rose, and expressed their gratitude, saying that their hearts were very glad, so were the women and children. The plans were then handed from one to another, for closer inspection, the general sentiment expressing itself in exclamations of "Kagate, Kagate," i. e. "good, good." Shortly after this the pow-wow was brought to a close, by the pronouncing of the Benediction. Before leaving this subject for the present, we must ask the friends of the Garden River Indians who have furnished the Bishop so promptly with the \$1000 he asked for, not to be disappointed if some little delay attends on the accomplishment of our work there. In the first place, carpenters are few and far between, indeed workmen of any kind are scarcely to be had, even at very high wages, and have to be imported at great expense, all the way from Collingwood. Next, the Indians themselves are not always easily manageable where work is to be done. We could of course build the Church without their aid, allowing them to look on admiringly, but here, as in every other direction, we desire as far as possible, to develop their power of "self-help," and therefore insist on their co-operation. And in the end it is given, though the dilatoriness and indecision that always characterises their movements tempts one sometimes to feel as if nothing would be lost by dispensing with it. At 7 o'clock the church bell tinkled out its invitation, and before long the little building, so soon to be superseded, was filled with a devout and reverent congregation of about eighty, whose hearty responses and singing would have put to the blush the mild and scarcely audible murmur to be heard in some more pretentious assemblies that might be mentioned. Mr. Wilson read the service, after which the Bishop spoke (Mr. W. being interpreter,) on the parable of the Vine and the Branches, showing first how the soul, the undying thing in each of us, derives its spiritual life from Christ "the way, the life and the truth," and then,

how this life, if in us, will bring forth fruit, such as love for prayer, for the Bible, for God's House, &c., and hatred of all evil, such as idleness, lying, drunkenness, &c. By this time the evening was drawing on apace, so the "Antelope" sounded her shrill summons, the tent was struck, baggage hurried on board, passengers collected, (increased in number by an Indian boy who had left the Shingwauk rather unceremoniously a short time before, and now being penitent, desired to return,) and the homeward trip accomplished in good time, the Shingwauk contingent landing at the new dock constructed for the Bishop's steam yacht (when he gets it,) and the new "missionary" now being built for Mr. Wilson, at Shequandah, as a gift to the Diocese from the Sunday School of St. James Cathedral, Toronto.

#### AGNOSTIC MORALITY.

THE following is the conclusion of the very powerfully written paper commenced in our last number.

Of the three branches of the elder morality corresponding to the threefold aspects of human life—Religious Duty, which was laid on man as a son of God, Personal Duty, laid on him as a rational free agent, and Social Duty, laid on him as a member of the community—the last alone survives in Agnostic ethics. Two-thirds of the provinces of morality have been abandoned at one sweep, as by retreating Rome in her decadence. But, I ask, is the hope of preserving the remainder from the barbarian host of selfishness and passion any the better? Is it more easy to make men philanthropists when we have given up the effort to make them saints? Surely it is nothing of the kind. Even for our neighbor's own sake there is nothing we can ever do for him half so useful as to be ourselves the very noblest, purest, holiest men and women we know how. The recognition of the supremacy of Personal Duties appears to be the first step toward the right performance of the highest Social Duties.

Deprived of two-thirds of its original empire and dethroned from its high seat of judgment, does there yet perchance remain for Duty, as understood by the Agnostic, some special sanctions, some more close and tender, if not equally lofty and solemn claims, than those which belonged to it under the older Theistic schemes? Such would seem to be the persuasion of many amongst those who have felt the "Responsibilities of Unbelief," perhaps of all the best minds among them—Mr. Morely, Mr. Harrison, George Eliot, and now, obviously, of Vernon Lee. This thoughtful writer is actually of opinion that the belief in an immortal life is an "enervating" one, and that there is a "moral tonic" in believing that "there is no place beyond the grave where folly and selfishness may be expiated and retrieved, and that, whatever good may be done, must be done in this world." It is hard to realize the mental conditions out of which such a judgment as this can have arisen. It is true that an immeasurable pity, an almost limitless indulgence, seems the natural sentiment which should flood the heart of one who looks on his brother-men, and thinks that all their pains and sorrows are to lead only to the grave; that all their aspirations and struggles and prayers are destined to eternal disappointment; that all the love of which their hearts are full is ready to be spilled, like precious wine, in the dust. But these mournful feelings are assuredly the "enervating" ones, for nothing can be so enervating as despair. What "moral tonic" can there be in the conviction that whether we labor or sit still, sacrifice our life-blood for our brother, or sacrifice him to our selfishness, it will soon be all one to him and to us?

We have all heard much from pulpits of the virtue of Faith and the virtue of Charity; but I think we here too little of the virtue of Hope, which completes the trinity, and is an indivisible part of it. We are so constituted that it is impossible for us to exercise Charity persistently without both Faith and Hope, like Aaron and Hur, to sustain our sinking arms. Without Faith in the divine germ of goodness buried in every human breast, we cannot labor for the higher welfare of our brother, or afford him that nobler sympathy, without which to give all our goods to feed him profiteth nothing. And without Hope in a future, stretching out before him in infinite vistas of joy and holiness, we cannot attach due importance to his moral welfare; we cannot measure the sin of misguiding and corrupting him, or the glory of leading him to virtue. Nay, in a larger sense, philanthropy and the Enthusiasm of Humanity, the very flowers of Agnosticism, must wither, if unwatered by Hope. We must needs work on one hypothesis or the other. Either all men are destined to an immortal existence, or else they will perish at death, and the earth itself will grow old and sustain life no longer on its barren breast, and then all the hopes and virtues and triumphs of the human race will be buried in ob-

livion, no conscious mind in all the hollow universe remembering that Man ever had existence.

Is it not a paradox to say that the former idea is "enervating," and the latter a "moral tonic?" A moral curare, I should take it to be, paralyzing will and motion.

But if Agnostic ethics be thus miserably defective—if they be narrow in their scope and poor in their aim of conferring transitory happiness on a perishing race—if they have no basis in a poor reason or a divinely taught conscience, but appeal only to a shifting and semi-barbarous prejudice—if, even from the point of view of sentiment, they lack the motives which are best calculated to inspire zeal and self-sacrifice; then it is surely time for high-minded Agnostics to recognize that their laudable efforts to construct a morality on the ruins of religion, has failed and must ever fail. The dilemma is more terrible than they have yet contemplated. They have imagined that they had merely to choose between morality with religion, or morality without religion. But the only choice for them is between morality and religion together, or the relinquishment both of morality and religion. They were sanguine enough to think they could rescue the compass of Duty from the wreck of Faith; but their hope was vain, and the well-meaning divers among them who have gone in search of it have come up with a handful of sea-tangle.—Miss Frances Power Cobbe.

#### BOOK NOTICE.

DURING the last year, *The Century* has published an unusual number of original poems. The June number had eleven; the July number contained as many as seventeen pieces of verse,—while the August, or Midsummer, number has no less than twenty-six pieces including the rhymed contributions to Bric-a-Brac. A large proportion of the poets here represented have not yet published their first volumes. In order to give some of the younger poets a better chance of making their work felt, *The Century* has adopted the plan of occasionally printing groups of poems by a single writer; at other times a group will be made up of poems by different writers who have happened upon some special phase of the same general subject; as for instance, in August, there is a sea group with an illustration by Kingsley the engraver-draughtsman.

The "Century's Portrait Gallery" (as the unending series of portraits given in the magazine of that name is popularly called) has four interesting additions in the Midsummer number,—namely, those of Daudet, the famous French novelist, and Frederick Watts, the English painter; together with reproductions of two portraits, by Watts himself, of Mrs. Percy Wyndham and the Rev. James Martineau. A new portrait of the poet Burns will be the frontispiece of the September number.

#### Home & Foreign Church News.

From our own Correspondents.

#### DOMINION.

##### ONTARIO.

PEMBROKE.—Many of our readers are totally ignorant of the beauties of the upper Ottawa, and the little town of Pembroke on the shores of Lake Allumette. To many tourists capable of judging, the scenery in some parts is not inferior to that of the Rhine or the Danube in Europe. Boats leaving Pembroke three times a week, convey travellers over 100 miles up the river, returning the same day, affording a pleasant trip to those who have an eye for the "beauties of nature." Pembroke, an incorporated county town of over 3,000 inhabitants, is also noted for its handsome public buildings and private residences, of beautiful white freestone or brick. The Anglican Church of Holy Trinity is a substantial brick building in the Gothic style, with sanctuary and choir, magnificent open roof and free seats, and having the rectory on the same lot, with a nice lawn and flower garden in front. A strawberry festival was held in connection with Holy Trinity Church on the 18th July. Unhappily the day was windy and cold in the extreme. Notwithstanding this, the ladies of the committee, Mrs. McLean, Hollingsworth, S. Richardson, Archer, Taffe and Leach, assisted by the Misses Thacker, Stanley, Drennen, Cattle, McKenney and Richardson did their utmost to make the party a success. Miss Josephs presided at the apron table, and realized the large sum of \$29.80. The ice cream table was served by the Misses Willoughby, Hoare and Cockburn, and