

## "The Seed of the Church."

Bishop Scott contributes to the *Mission Field* for April a paper entitled "A 'Marked Year' in North China." In it he refers to the brutal murder of the young missionary, the Rev. Sydney Brooks. The note appended we reproduce:

"The Tientsin correspondent of the *Standard* sent to that newspaper a letter dated January 16th, which was printed on March 6th. It occupies a column of the paper, and describes Mr. Brooks' murder and what has followed it. We may quote the following passage, terrible though it is:

"He was overpowered, stripped of his own clothes, re-clad with some of their rags, and his hands bound. Then they slit his nose and put a rope through, and led him round the streets for several hours. In the course of the afternoon they stopped to eat at a restaurant. Brooks found an opportunity to escape and did so, but, the Big Sword men being apprised of it, three of them mounted and pursued. They quickly overtook him and cut him down. They threw his body into a ditch, taking the head with them. The Hsien official, or, being notified, did nothing further than to provide a coffin. He took no steps to arrest the murderers. The new Governor here, Yuan Shih-Kai, took energetic measures immediately on hearing of Brooks' danger. He sent a body of cavalry to follow up the clue, but they arrived too late. Indeed, he had already been killed before the troops were sent. I think the Governor now realizes the gravity of the situation, and any Big Sword men who fall into his hands will have short shrift. Our little community is very much stirred up by the murder. Brooks was a friend frequently welcomed in our homes. . . .

"The 'Big Sword Society' are very emphatic and profuse in their profession of loyalty to the Throne, and clearly state their object as purely anti foreign and anti-Christian."

## Bishop Sullivan Memorial Sustentation Fund.

Amount Required	\$30,000 00
Amount Received	13,904 10
Yet Needed	36 035 90

Additions to this fund reach a total this month of nearly \$1,000—but almost all comes from England, as will be seen from appended list of contributions:

Miss Lucy Coldwell, Hunisville	\$ 1 60
C. W. R., per J. A. Worrell, Toronto	6 00
Jocelyn offertory	1 95
Marksville offertory	3 01
Mrs. S. Rafuse, Lunenburg Co., N. S.	50
W. A. of All Saints' Church, Burk's Falls	2 00
Per Miss Tucker, Hon. Treas. of the Fund in England, £200	972 22
W. A., Toronto:	
Church of the Redeemer	\$5 00
St. James' Cathedral girls	2 00
	7 00
Churchman, North Bay, Lenten self-denial offering	4 00
	\$978 28

## The Bishop's Visit to Michipicoten

Starting from Sault Ste. Marie on Thursday, March 15th, and stopping only to visit Sudbury on the Friday and Chapleau on the Sunday following, the Bishop of



Algoma reached Missanabie at 6 o'clock on Monday morning, March 19th.

As the night had been spent on the somewhat precarious and not too soft benches of a freight van, or cahoose, the party (the Rev. Geo. Prewer had joined the Bishop at Chapleau) was not particularly fresh on its arrival at this point.

But there was no time even to think of rest, for a stretch of 50 miles lay before them through the unsettled wilderness between Missanabie and Michipicoten and it had to be done within a limited time.

At a little after 9 o'clock they were on their way, reclining comfortably on bunches of hay spread in the bottom of a large contractor's sled with a bundle of pressed hay at their back—a very easy way of travelling.

Leaving Missanabie, which consists of a station, boarding-house, Hudson Bay store, a few small cottages and a chapel

for the Indians, the travellers took the ice immediately on Dog Lake and made the lunching place—a sheltered spot in the forest at the farther end of the lake—by midday. An hour's rest; a few oats poured in to the snow before the horses, a little refreshment eaten as they walked up and down in the snow, and the party was off again. Another long stretch of ice, Manitowick Lake, was covered by 4 o'clock—and that notwithstanding the fact that soft roads, caused by water on the ice, forbade any faster pace than walking.

The forest now closed around the travellers and in a short time they drew up amid the tall spruce trees before a group of log shanties known as Halfway House.

Here the horses were put under shelter and a very refreshing meal was provided for man and beast.

It was a fair evening and, instead of spending the night as is commonly done at this point, a push was made and the little settlement of Wawa at the farther end of Wawa Lake, the centre of the gold mining region, was reached at about half-past ten o'clock.

A kind reception, a cup of tea and a comfortable bed made every one forget the fatigues of the day. And the following morning found the Bishop and his chaplain pressing on under the charge of the careful driver known popularly as "Billy the Third." It was a heavy journey. The snow was at least four feet deep and the track soft and narrow. But all was interesting. It was the now famous Michipicoten district. Signs of activity were on every hand. At intervals lumber and railway camps were passed. Glimpses of cuttings made for the new railroad were obtained now and then. Anon the whistle of the locomotive a strange sound in the depth of the wilderness, broke the silence of the forest. And at length crossing the track itself, which is laid several miles out from the harbour towards the great Helen Iron Mine, the party reached the throbbing heart of all this wonderful activity, the growing settlement known as Michipicoten Harbour, and situated most picturesquely on the rugged shore of Lake Superior.

Michipicoten Harbour is a settlement of only a few months' growth. Last June its site was covered with primeval forest. Now it has a dock, offices, boarding and lodging houses, cottages, a large store, a frame hospital, and above all, a railway reaching several miles into the back country, with a station and other buildings. And last, but not least, on a tiny island