

times, and a liberal benefactor to the Church. Besides contributing largely to the cost of erection and subsequently of enlargement of Trinity Church, he built at his own charge the school-house, and at his death he left \$6,000 to build a rectory house, and \$6,000 for the endowment. Mr. Shade was a native of Pennsylvania. In addition to Dr. Boomer's Church work he always took a lively interest in the higher education of the youth of the town and country; it was chiefly through his influence that the late Dr. Tassie established his widely celebrated school in Galt, drawing pupils from all parts of the Dominion, and even from the United States.

In 1872 Bishop Hellmuth appointed Dr. Boomer Dean of Huron, and prevailed on him to leave Galt and accept the principalship of Huron College. His accurate and finished scholarship, dignified and courteous bearing, unflinching Christian sympathy and gentleness, with his knowledge of the wants of the country, peculiarly fitted him for the duty of preparing young men for the ministry of the Church. Huron College has never turned out men more faithful to their work and acceptable to the people, than those who were trained under Dean Boomer.

As to church principles, the late Dean was an Evangelical in the truest sense of the word; broad and kindly in his Christian charity, while holding very strongly his own convictions as a Churchman, he was never known to utter from platform or pulpit, or inscribe one bitter word against any brother Churchman or Christian of any name; his whole life was an illustration of that grace which an Apostle calls the "bond of perfectness;" his intimate and dearest friends were found in both schools of thought—for example, Bishops Strachan and Cronyn, Dean Grassett and Archdeacon Palmer, Dean Geddes and Canon Usher.

The first wife of the late dean was Helen Blair, daughter of Captain Adams, of Her Majesty's Service. She was the mother of his four children, Mary, the widow of the late Andrew Cleghorn, Esq., of London, Helen, wife of Rural Dean Mackenzie, of Brantford, Edward and George, both deceased.

His widow was Mrs. Harriet Roche, of England, the authoress of "On Trek in the Transvaal," but better known in Canada for her zeal and good works in the mission fields of our Dominion, especially in connection with the Widows and Orphans' Fund for the Diocese of Algoma; and more recently on behalf of the educational work of the Woman's Auxiliary for the children of missionary clergy.

The body of the late dean sleeps in Woodlawn cemetery, London. The spot is marked by a beautiful cross with the appropriate inscription, "He asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest him a long life, even for ever and ever."

PYGMIES IN AFRICA.



R. HENRY M. STANLEY thus speaks of the pygmy tribes whom he found inhabiting the tract of country between the Ihuru and Ituri rivers: "They were known to exist by the father of poets nine centuries before the beginning of the Christian era. You may remember Homer wrote about the sanguinary battle that was reported to have taken place between the pygmies and the storks. In the fifth century before Christ, Herodotus described the capture of five young explorers from Nassamoves while they were examining some curious trees in the Niger basin, and how the little men took them to their villages and showed them about to their fellow-pygmy much as you would like us to show the pygmies about England. The geographer Hekataeus in the fifth century located the pygmies near the Equator of Africa, under the shadows of the Mountains of the Moon, and I find that from Hipparchus downward geographers have faithfully followed the example of Hekataeus, and nearly a year ago we found them where they had been located by tradition under the names of Watwa and Wambutti. The forest which we have been just considering extends right up to the base-line of the Mountains of the Moon. We were just now paying due reverence to the kings of the forest who were born before the foundations of the tower on Shinar plain were laid, and because it seemed to us that in their life they united pre-historic times to this society-journal-loving nineteenth century. Let us pause a little and pay honour to those little people who have outlived the proud Pharaohs of Egypt, the chosen people of Palestine, and the emperors of Babylon, Nineveh, Persia and the Macedonian and Roman empires. They have actually been able to hold their lands for over fifty centuries. I have lately seen the wear and tear on the pyramids of Egypt, and I can certify that the old Sphinx presents a very battered appearance indeed, but the pygmies appeared to me as bright, as fresh, and as young as the generation which Homer sang about. You will, therefore, understand that I, who have always professed to love humanity in preference to beetles, was much interested in these small creatures. Near a place called Avetiko, on the Ituri river, our hungry men found the first male and female of the pygmies squatted in the midst of a wild Eden peeling plantains. You can imagine what a shock it was to the poor little creatures at finding themselves suddenly surrounded by gigantic Soudanese six feet four inches in height, nearly double their own height and weight, and black as coal. But my Zanzibaris, always more tender hearted than Soudanese, prevented the clubbed rifle and cutlasses from extinguishing their lives there and then, and brought them