

God alone knows the inner life. Church partisans may talk as they like about their form of worship being spiritual, and another form being merely ceremonial, but as a matter of fact, when saying this, they are speaking wholly, utterly, absolutely without the slightest justification—it is slander, pure and simple, and very commonly is grossly untruthful. The self-contradictory aspect of this slander is plain, for those who publish and use it claim to be spiritually minded, yet they profanely claim to share an attribute of Deity in reading the hearts of their fellow-Christians, and, by declaring the result of such reading, they speak untruthfully, as such reading is only possible with God. If men would only speak of what they know, and would avoid giving as facts what they know to be mere guesses, or surmises, or suspicions, their statements would be fewer, their letters less pungent, but they would be less harmful to themselves and to the Church.

#### ST. ALBANS CATHEDRAL, TORONTO.

The Synod of the Diocese of Toronto has met, transacted an enormous amount of business, and separated. With the exception of a few flurries—just to enliven it—there was nothing but mutual forbearance and good-will all through the session. Though to us, deeply concerned as we always must be for the progress of the Church, and thankful that both at home and in the foreign field the English branch of the Catholic Church in Canada is alive to her duty, we are more than thankful that in the matter of St. Albans Cathedral, such a sober, valuable report was presented, and a debate in which sympathy with the bishop, and a fixed and determined purpose to rally round him in this hour of mental trial and suffering, were the universal marks of the Synod. We are glad at this. To the best of our ability—for we are convinced of the value and importance of St. Albans to the diocese—we have ever aided, and ever will do so, this noble enterprise, and pray it may be our lot yet to see the sacred fabric completed, “a thing of beauty and a joy forever,” to us and to our children. And we say, when the present crisis is passed (and in the unanimity of the Synod we see a bright omen that the worst is over), that the bishop has done his part, even though another stone may not be placed upon it during his episcopate. Consider the English Cathedrals; St. Paul's and Salisbury are the only two built direct on from start to finish; the others are the work of ages—this bishop building a nave, his successor a transept, his successor the tower, and so on from foundation to pinnacle. Let the successor of the present incumbent of the See do as much, out of as small means, as the bishop and chapter have done, and then they will do well. We are rejoiced and gather from the enthusiasm—earnest and deep—that a way is now opened for the canon missionary of the diocese to get into the pulpits of the diocese, and in his able and forcible manner, appeal to his listeners to come forward with their means and then their prayers, to wipe out this standing disgrace, for disgrace it is that the Church's wealth is not directed so as to lift the burden off shoulders which have almost sunk beneath the load. We ask each incumbent of the parishes in the diocese who may read this article, to open his church and pulpit to Canon McNab, and in every way aid him, that at our next Synod we may have the good news to tell that the work entered on now, has been accomplished. We know how attractive in its services, in its guilds, in its Sunday-school, &c., &c., the present imperfect structure is. If so, and it is so, what a cen-

tre for Church life and Church encouragement the Cathedral, when completed, would become?—the whole Cathedral system in perfect operation, and all the various departments of central Church life in vigorous action. *This might have been done, but we let the sad past go.* This now will be done, until the head-stone thereof shall be brought, with shoutings, crying grace, grace unto it. We appeal again to the incumbent of every parish, be he rector or be he missionary, to take a share in this work, and then have the proud satisfaction of thinking, as the towers and pillars of the stately pile progress towards completion, “Well, thank heaven! I did not stand indifferent while others worked; I did not hinder while others helped; I was not apathetic in the struggle while others toiled; as a priest faithful to my kind and sympathetic bishop, as a layman asked to co-operate in this noble enterprise with my fellow Churchmen; I did all in my power to help.” Even in its imperfect and incomplete arrangements there is in St. Albans now a service stately, grand and finished equal to that of many English Cathedrals. It was our good fortune to be present at the service on the evening of the 1st Tuesday after Trinity. In the choir—now 52 voices—the various tones were so blended, and the shading of the sentences so complete, the spirit and meaning of the sacred passages so brought out, that they were sermons in themselves, and we have seldom had such opportunities of seeing and knowing the power and beauty of sacred song as we had on that Tuesday evening. God grant we may yet see such a choir sweeping “through the long drawn aisles and fretted vaults” of St. Albans, singing as they go,

Rejoice ye pure in heart,  
Rejoice, give thanks and sing;  
Your festal banner wave on high,  
The cross of Christ your King.—Amen.

#### “THE CANADIAN CHURCHMAN” CATHEDRAL FUND.

##### SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$326 75
Mrs. A. Purvis, Young's Mills.....	1 00
Mrs. G. Redmond, Brockville.....	1 00

#### THE BISHOP'S APPROVAL.

MY DEAR MR. WOOTTEN.—I have read in your paper your announcement of a CANADIAN CHURCHMAN Cathedral Fund, and write to thank you very warmly for this spontaneous and unsolicited enterprise on your part to come to the assistance of St. Albans Cathedral in its great emergency. Your earnest appeal affords me much encouragement as a proof of loyalty and a true Churchman's interest in this anxious diocesan undertaking. Its completion and support would impose no heavy tax upon any one if our Church people generally, throughout the diocese, would unite in making small contributions; and I cannot but believe that if the matter were brought before them and the opportunity given, they would gladly do this to secure to our diocese the crown of our Church of England system—a noble cathedral—the centre and source of the spiritual activities and unifying forces of the Church; the worthy spiritual home of all her children, the pride and glory of our ancient and historic communions. Earnestly hoping that you will receive such a response as shall be the best reward of your disinterested effort, I am, yours very truly,

ARTHUR TORONTO.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

The air seemed filled with God's bright sunshine and with the songs of happy birds on the

morning of the 17th of June, but alas! as into the finest days some rain will fall, so a sudden chill seemed to creep into our hearts as the deep, sad note of “the passing bell” struck our ear, and we knew full well that to some dear soul had come the “voice from heaven, saying, write, from henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: even so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labours.” Under the leafy shade of the spreading trees, along the quiet streets of the picturesque town of St. Catharines, slowly passed the little “cortege,” and she who was lovingly borne by her brother's tender hands, and reverently laid in the chancel of St. George's Church, amidst the surrounding emblems of mourning, was indeed resting in the blessed calm of Paradise. Margaret Hallowell Stayner, daughter of the late Rev. S. S. Wood, first saw the light in the quaint old rectory at Three Rivers, Province of Quebec, some fifty years ago, in which old historical Canadian town her happy girlhood was spent in the company of many brothers and sisters, the link of kinship rendered doubly strong by her ever sweet, unselfish nature. The keynote of her gentle life seemed to be, in quiet sympathy to share the burdens and trials of the many who constantly craved her love and advice. An earnest Christian, a staunch member of the Catholic Church, she was always ready to help on the advancement of Christ's kingdom. Although of so gentle and retiring a disposition that she was never seen in the forefront of life's battle, still, as the sentient power that the delicate lily possesses of filling its environment with sweetness, so her life of wondrous purity and goodness seemed to help and strengthen all who came under the sway of her gentle influence, and as the words of the beautiful hymn were sung, as she lay resting before the altar, we felt how truly the words had been the earnest hope of her life:

“Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for this glad day;  
O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.”

As at length the lovely little “God's acre,” redolent with the perfume of many flowers, was reached, those nearest and dearest surrounded her, as on the sweet summer's air echoed the comforting words of prayer and solemn benediction. So calmly and hopefully we left her gently sleeping, until the day break, and the shadows flee away. For,

“They are not dead, the dear ones we hold dearest,  
They live and love where death shall be no more!  
Perchance e'en now they may to us be nearest,  
Praying and watching, as in days of yore.”

“Yes, we believe that we shall yet behold them,  
Bathed in the light and life of heaven above—  
Ah! with what joy shall we again enfold them  
There where eternity is endless love.”

B. V. T. W.

“Wenvoe.”

#### THE MISSIONARY FIELD.

When two Christian Kohls (India) meet they salute each other with the words, “Jesus is our Help.” There are about two million Kohls in all their tribes, and of these 100,000 are said to be Christians.

These Formosan converts have proved themselves able to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. At Sintiam the mob found the Communion roll and marked every name on it for a victim. They began with the first and set fire to his dwelling, plundering, beating and seeking to kill. But they found that death by drowning, torture by bamboo strips bound about the fingers till the blood oozed at the finger-tips, hanging up by the queue—all these inventions of fiendish hate were unavailing. Thirty-six families