

to the extent even of three-pence? That humble coin will not go a great way, it is true, but it will, at least help to pay for the washing of that rag of Popery, the surplice. The particular gentleman in question hailed from Neath; and so is presumably a Welshman, and on the strength of Mr. Gladstone's letter, he may possibly have dealt with the lady to the extent of a shilling. Suppose that shilling went towards the purchase of Altar candles at Hawarden Church, how could he consistently refuse to pay tithes to his vicar to purchase bread? And this brings us to another question, Why is Wales gallant? We are nowadays constantly hearing of gallant little Wales from people who have hitherto been foremost in making fun of the headdress of her womankind, her national emblem, and her unpronounceable language. Is contracting oneself out of one's engagements gallantry, and does starving parsons give one a title to super-eminent bravery?

But to return to the ex-Premier's chips. Will they be exposed to the veneration of the faithful in Welsh chapels as relics of the G. O. M., and if so, what guarantee will the custodians give to envious and chipless doubters that they are indeed chips off the "Grand Old Block"? Is every individual splinter marked with the name of their *inamorato*, like the tobacco-box of his humble prototype in "Wapping Old Stairs," who disestablished his Molly and shivered his timbers with the same readiness as the right hon. gentleman forswears his first love or tells his oaks? And again, there is no reason why this new *cultus* of relics should stop short at pieces of wood. One of Mr. Gladstone's famous collars, for instance, would look well in a Protestant reliquary, and as he is apparently a very liberal Home Ruler he would doubtless give them to his son's wife to dispose of for parochial purposes. Very likely he has also a few copies left of his "Church Principles," which, as they are of no further use to him, might go the way of his other left off articles. As all these things would fetch a good price, and bring in a great deal of money, who knows but that the lady might devote some of the surplus to the fund for aiding the distressed clergy in Wales, and thus, by the irony of fate, make the very men who have so cruelly treated their parish priests unconsciously contribute to their support?

In the meantime we congratulate the lady on the success of her scheme. At first sight, the connexion of ladies with chips does not seem very obvious, except in association with chip bonnets. But everything connected with Mr. Gladstone seems destined to be anomalous, and therefore it is not at all a matter for surprise that while he is chipping away at the Church, at the bidding of the mob, his daughter-in-law is quietly helping to build it up, at the bidding of her conscience. Both sell their chips, the one for parochial, the other for political purposes, the only difference between them being that the lady is consistent, for whereas the *bonnet rouge* which is constantly being dangled before the ex-Premier's eyes by interested persons has obscured his vision for the time, and rendered his steps ecclesiastically uncertain, his daughter-in-law, with her plain chip, sees straight before her, and never falters in her benevolent purpose. We may, however, be permitted to hope that Mr. Gladstone may ere long follow her example, and end his days as he began them, by devoting all his many and great talents to the building up of that Church of which he is so distinguished a member.—*Church Review*.

Home & Foreign Church News.

From our own Correspondents.

DOMINION.

QUEBEC.

(Continued from Last Week).

GASPE, LABRADOR AND THE MAGDALEN ISLANDS.—Notes from the Pen of the Bishop of Quebec's Acting Chaplain.—On Friday morning we began at Sandy Beach. The Rev. Mr. Eames sent two carriages to the ferry to meet us, and after a drive of about four miles we arrived at the church and found the people assembled for service. There are three churches in this mission. We had Matins and Confirmation at Sandy Beach, and in the afternoon crossed the Bay in a small boat to the Peninsula Church and had Evening-song and Confirmation there, and after ten drove nine miles to Grand Greve and spent the night. The next morning we had matins and confirmation here, and after dinner returned to Gaspé Basin. There were in this mission 58 confirmed. On Sunday the Bishop confirmed in the two churches of Gaspé Basin mission, there being sixty-eight candidates. Sunday night at 10.30 we went on board the "Admiral" again and went to bed. We were awakened in the morning at half-past three, the steamer stopped and we got off into a small boat and landed at Point St. Peter, the mission of the Rev. Radley Walters. As we landed in the early dawn we met some of the fishermen starting out on their day's fishing. The Bishop went out to Mr. Walters' house and I went to a fishing room and went to bed. There is but one church in this mission and the church was not till afternoon. The little church was well filled. Mr. Walters has lately introduced a surplice choir and the singing and responding were good. The people seemed greatly interested in the choir, and I have no doubt the missionary will find it a help to him in many ways. We spent the night here intending in the morning to cross Malbaie—about 7 miles wide—to Perce. When we arose in the morning, however, we found that the waves were coming into the Bay with such force that we were advised by the fishermen not to attempt to cross. So carriages were procured and we drove around the Bay, telegraphing to Perce to have waggons meet us part way. We enjoyed the drive very much, especially the ride over the Perce mountains from which an extensive view of the Gulf and coast may be had. We arrived at Perce about noon and dined at the fishing house of "Robins." There was confirmation in the little church in the afternoon, and in the evening, we drove to Cape Cove—nine miles—the residence of the Rev. Mr. Lyster. This veteran missionary had been laid up for some time with a broken leg. He was now able to go about with crutches. On Wednesday morning there was Confirmation in the beautiful church here and the congregation was large. Next morning at 5 o'clock we went out into the bay in a small boat to meet the "Admiral" again and proceeded in her to Port Daniel—40 miles. This is a part of the Rev. Mr. Lloyd's mission. We got to the church about eleven o'clock and had matins and confirmation, and after which we drove to Shigawake—six miles—the headquarters of the mission, and had service and confirmation there in the afternoon. Next morning we drove to New Carlisle—12 miles—the mission of the Rev. Dr. Blaylock. There were three confirmations here—at New Carlisle, Paspebiac and Hopetown—and in all 69 candidates. Besides a drive of 25 miles and confirming, the Bishop delivered six addresses this day. In the eight days he confirmed 800 candidates, delivered 26 addresses, and travelled more than 300 miles—by boat, steam and carriage. At all the places where we landed flags were run up in honor of the Bishop, and in some places guns fired a salute on his arrival and departure. On Saturday morning we left New Carlisle on the "Admiral," which, by the way, was once Gen. Grant's dispatch boat,—for Gaspé Basin, having finished the work, and in the evening as we were entering the harbor we passed "La Canadienne," also bound to Gaspé Basin, to prepare for her Labrador trip.

We passed Sunday in the Basin, and on Monday afternoon we went on board "La Canadienne," and in a few moments the anchor was drawn up and we steamed slowly out of the bay. As we passed the Bar we found a heavy swell coming in from the Gulf, and when we reached Grand Greve there were signs of fog outside, so it was decided to anchor for the night. The ship rolled a great deal. I went to bed without supper and suffering from the horror of sea sickness, but the Bishop is a splendid sailor and feels quite at home in the roughest sea. The next morning was bright and fair and at daylight we rounded Cape

Gaspé, and took our course for the North-West point of the Island of Anticosti, which we passed just after noon, and at 8 p.m., we anchored in the harbor of Mingan, on the North shore of the St. Lawrence. Here is a Hudson's Bay post, and a tribe of Montagnais Indians were camped just up from the shore. We landed with the commander and while he was transacting his business at the Hudson Bay post the Bishop and I went to see the Indians. As we approached them, the deputy chief, who speaks English, came and offered to protect us from the dogs which upon our nearing them set up a series of growls. The chief sang us some of the Mass, and several hymns in their own language. In the autumn they go up the river into the interior and spend the winter in hunting, and in the spring they come down to exchange their furs for food and clothes. While they are at the post a priest of the Oblat Fathers comes to confess them and holds service in the church. We are told that the priest had just left having held a five day's mission. We only had a few minutes to remain so hurried away to meet the commander at the boat, and in a few minutes more we were steaming out to sea for an all night run. After we got on board we were told by the Commander that the Deputy Chief, apparently so devout and religious, had pleaded in most pitiable tones for an order to get just one drink of whiskey. It is well that the Government forbids the sale of liquor to these children of the forest, for if they had an unlimited supply they would soon destroy themselves by it.

We travelled all night and at daylight entered the harbour of Natashquan. Here is a large fishing house of the Robins, but it was closed and there was only one man who was left in charge. This has all the characteristics of the Labrador country, bare granite rock without vegetation of any kind. Not a tree or a shrub is visible, and in some parts there is not soil enough upon many acres to grow one blade of grass. We found here several bags full of papers and letters for the people along the coast, which were taken in charge by Commander Wakeham. After a short delay, we proceeded along the coast to Musquaro, another H. B. Post. Here we found some more Indians, but Mr. Scott, the agent, was away, so we proceeded to Romaine for the night. Thursday morning we went on to Wolf Bay, and the Commander took us in his boat to the house of Gilbert Jones, about five miles from where the steamer anchored. We had service and the Bishop preached. There were seven present, among them being an English gentleman who has been spending some time on the coast in hunting. Just as we finished the service the two eldest boys came in from their fishing. It would be impossible to imagine a more lonely life than these people lead, but they seem to prefer it to any other. We returned to the ship that evening, taking with us some fresh codfish for our Friday's dinner—a gift from Mr. Jones. The next day we went on to Harrington and found there letters from the missionary, the Rev. Josiah Ball. He had been here and spent three or four weeks and had prepared a class for confirmation. There were fourteen families in the place. We went ashore and visited some of the people, and in the evening had service in the house of Mr. Daniel Bobbit. Mr. and Mrs. Bobbit had spent a couple of winters in Halifax, and while there had joined the Church Army. Mrs. Bobbit was an enthusiastic soldier, and was making herself useful by teaching Sunday School. There were only four confirmed, as the rest were away fishing and would not return for some time. Quite a large congregation assembled and the responding was very hearty, and all the congregation knelt during the prayers. Those who could not read knew the responses by heart, and joined in heartily with the rest. The next day we went to Mutton Bay—another village of about fourteen families. On the way we called at two houses to give them notice of the Sunday service. One was Mr. Galleyshaw's who had a large family of grown up sons and daughters. These were delighted, as all the people were, to see their beloved Bishop again, but these people were particularly so because they were in the midst of trouble. They had just lost a young daughter, and their son's wife was lying at the point of death. The Bishop read and prayed with them and comforted them as best he could. Poor people they little knew what is in store for them. On our return the Bishop brought them the sad news of the death of their youngest son at the St. Augustine River—whither he had gone to assist his brother in salmon fishing.

(To be Continued.)

The board of concurrence of the Anglican Cathedral have unanimously concurred in the nomination by the Lord Bishop of the Rev. J. A. Lobley, late principal of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, now vicar of Sedberg, in England, to the rectorship of the parish of Quebec, vacant by the death of the late G. V. Hourman.