

those interested in religious education and those who belonging to the legal profession are aware of the truth of the saying, "Silence gives consent." "We cannot," says he, "allow it to be inferred from our silence that we approve of a system which we regard as essentially defective, which tends to close God's revelation to the hearts of our children and leave them in ignorance of the greatest characters and the most momentous events in the history of humanity."—The Church Evangelist.

An invidious and misleading comparison has lately been drawn by The London Daily Chronicle, between the bishops of the Anglican and Roman churches in the colonies, in respect of their tenure of their sees. This paper, which is generally full of venom when dealing with the Church of England, says that "the average Anglican colonial prelate is usually back in England in much less than a decade, filling an Episcopal curacy or a fat rectory," while "the Roman Catholic prelate who goes out to the colonies does so with the full conviction and determination to live work and die in his distant see." We have no wish to criticise the Church of Rome, or her prelates; but, in justice to those men who today are filling the ranks of our own colonial episcopate, we must say something in their defence.

In the sees of Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, and Colombo the Roman average has been less than eight years, the Anglican ten and a half years. In Canada the Roman average is thirteen and a third years, Anglican twenty-two and a quarter years.

Our own beloved Primate, Dr. Machray, has been a bishop in this Western land for over thirty years. Bishop Bompas has been working in the wilds of Mackenzie River and in the remote diocese of Selkirk for over twenty years. These are only a few examples out of many that might be given to show that as regards tenure of their sees, our colonial bishops will compare favorably with their neighbors of the Roman communion. And, as to the "fat livings" enjoyed by prelates who have retired from colonial work it will be found, on careful investigation, that the average income now being enjoyed by the twenty-five retired bishops is less than £250 each.

MISSIONARY ITEMS.

A United States contemporary says: "Twenty-two years ago, a young rector went into the forests of Northern Minnesota to preach the Gospel to the Indians. Since that time he has been steadily at work among them. He has ten or a dozen mission churches, perhaps three hundred souls all told. These churches are located at widely separated points on a vast Indian reservation. The preacher is absent from his home at the agency, where stays his devoted wife, about half of every week. Sometimes he will walk

fifty miles to meet a preaching engagement to his Indians. Sometimes he travels on horseback, sometimes in a humble one-horse gig, sometimes in the dead of the winter on snow shoes. He sends his little children at the age of six years away to school, for not all the missionary work he may do makes it safe morally for them to come in daily contact with the Indians. Think of it, will you? Forced to part company with his precious children at this age, to see them perhaps only semi-yearly until they reach manhood and womanhood. Some years ago wealthy relatives in Great Britain left this rector a large fortune, several hundreds of thousands of dollars. A large portion of this fortune he has already spent for the Indians. He held back part of it, and from the remainder he derives an annual income which I was told amounts to 12,000 dollars (24000l.) Save for the absolutely necessary expenses of his household and for the education of his children, this annual income is spent for the advancement of the interests of the Indians—spent in a thousand-and-one ways to make their lives happier and higher. "I've known him for nym years," said the burly woodsman to me when we had been speaking about the man and his work, "and he's worn that same old fur overcoat you saw him have on ever since I first saw him. If any man ever born in this here world gets to heaven, he's the one, you can jest bet on that, mister." The heroic man for nearly a quarter of a century has been in the forest; he has renounced the delights of the world; he has stinted himself in the midst of plenty that he might give of his substance for the red man; he has, with his self-sacrificing wife, denied to himself the exquisite pleasures of companionship with his children; and all that he may help illumine the darkened heart of savagery by the wondrous light from the Cross."

ANECDOTES OF CHILDREN.

The editor of this magazine agreed with the writer that it would be a right good thing to start a column for the reception of anecdotes of our little ones.

Charles Dickens says of the little chicks.

"I love these little people; and it is not a slight thing when, they, who are so fresh from God, love us."

How many a tale can be gathered up from loving mothers of the questions of their offspring.

What puzzling queries come from those lips!

Gilfillan, who loved them with a great affection, speaks of children in a wondering manner. "Oh! how precious to me have been the prattlings of little children, and those subtle questions and still subtler replies that I have heard coming from their spotless lips, and have listened to as oracular breathings."

Suppose now, that each parent sends a little paragraph containing the

quaint questions of the loving little people:—not that the name of the sender should be published—we shall find something to ponder upon, a lot to interest every one of us.

It must be borne in mind that the editor can be too stern in his judicial capacity. He ordered me to inaugurate the idea with an anecdote such as I alluded to.

There are some requests that must be obeyed. My obedience is here shown.

A little four-year-old girl was trotting back from a juvenile party of woots about her own age.

The little legs were tired. A small voice came to her guardian—her father—as she clutched tight at his hand.

"Daddy, put me on your shoulder, I's so tired."

Father was obedient. Golden locks was quickly seated on his shoulder with arms lovingly circled round her protector's neck.

The carrier had one arm likewise employed in holding Birdie on his shoulder.

"Oh! sweet and beautiful is night, when the silver moon is high."

It was a glorious evening, starlight, moonlight. The man who lighted the gas lamps was hurrying along. Throwing up dexterously his long pole with light at the apex, tipping open the bottom of the street lamps, turning on the gas, applying the light to gas jet when illumination followed.

Voices from shoulder after some minutes of thought.

"Daddy, how long it must take God every night to run round and light up the stars."

Did I attempt an explanation. No. The conception of the personality and work of our Creator could not be disturbed from the child's mind. I was silent.

CRC.

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