

One or two statistics respecting the work of Holy Trinity parish may give a better idea than many words.

With a Church population of one thousand persons, the amount contributed within the parish last year was over \$4,500, being an increase of nearly a thousand dollars upon the contributions of the year before, in spite of the stress of hard times. Besides this over \$70 was raised for foreign missions, and \$456 for home missions, hospitals, etc. Forty-one infants were baptized during the year, and sixteen persons confirmed.

New Westminster will probably never be very much larger than it is at present, and it has been rapidly outstripped in growth by its sister city, Vancouver, so that the premier position it has hitherto held in the diocese may not always be maintained. But whatever the changes of the future, Holy Trinity Church will always be looked upon as the mother church, the nurse of all good work for the diocese as for the parish, and as affording the example of what a reverent, hearty service should be, after the ideal set before us by the Church of England.

BISHOP BOMPAS AT HOME.



ANY parts of the mission field provide far more sensational and stirring materials for missionary history than the Arctic region, in different parts of which twenty-eight years of Bishop Bompas's life have been quietly spent. The privilege of preaching the Gospel to large masses of people has been denied him, nor has he experienced opposition and persecution; his heroism and devotion, none the less real, have been proved by other means. Isolation from the civilized world, so complete that letters from home can only arrive at rare intervals and through unofficial channels; pioneer journeys over immense tracts of country, braving either the snow and ice of winter, or the heat and glare of the short Arctic summer; an utter uncertainty, humanly speaking, as to how the barest necessities of life are to be supplied; these are some of the hardships to which an Arctic missionary is exposed, and who shall say that the truest heroism is not displayed by him in voluntarily facing them? Bishop Bompas, in his interesting "History of the Diocese of Mackenzie River" (S.P.C.K.), touches lightly upon these hardships, preferring rather to dwell upon God's providential supply of all his needs, the healthiness of the climate, and the many opportunities for quiet study which are afforded to him by the long evenings and comparatively light mission work of the winter months. Of these opportunities the bishop makes the fullest use. He is an enthusiastic Bible student, and is able, being familiar with Hebrew and Syriac,

to make independent researches into the original text; researches most minute in detail, and carried out with astonishing perseverance. He also writes English verse with great facility, and one of his poems, "A Plea for the Wild Sheep of the Rocky Mountains," appeared in the *Gleaner* of last November. Every line of it breathes out the writer's tender yearning over the souls of the heathen, especially over those of his own dear flock, who form, as he delights to remember, the last link between eastern and western missions, thus completing the missionary chain round the world. Referring to this inspiring thought, he writes, in the poem already mentioned:

"From ocean's bound far eastward
Is wanting, as we think,
To chain it with the westward,
But this one missing link.
So tidings of salvation,
With world-encircling bands,
Shall rouse remotest nations,
And cast with west clasp hands."

Another poem, entitled, "A God of Stone," is a modern development of Bishop Heber's well-known hymn, and draws a sad contrast between the simple faith of Christian converts in heathen lands and the agnostic tendencies which prevail so widely in Christian England. We give the first two verses:

"From Arctic Rocky Mountains,
From Western prairie lands,
Where many bursting fountains
Sparkle with golden sands,
From earth's remotest places
Men join the solemn strain,
To own in heartfelt praises
The Lamb for sinners slain.

"Call home the convert prayerful,
Now taught in many a place,
With grateful soul, all tearful,
To know a God of grace,
And let him see in wonder,
On ancient Christian sod,
The world-wise, in their blunder,
Invent a new-made god."

Many other poems have been written by the bishop in his enforced leisure, of which only passing mention can be made here. One, of great length, entitled "The Critic," deals quaintly, yet forcibly, with the modern criticism of the Bible; another, upon "Lot's Wife," contains a solemn warning against tampering with "the pleasures of sin," and the remainder consist chiefly of parables and leading events recorded in the Gospels, rendered in a versified form.

Many, no doubt, would have welcomed further quotations from the bishop's writings; but we hope enough has been said to enable the friendly minds of those who love and admire him to picture him in his moments of recreation, as well as in his devoted labors for the extension of Christ's kingdom in his far-distant diocese.—*Missionary Intelligencer*.