

**A MEMORIAL CHAPEL TO THE LATE BISHOP FAUQUIER, FIRST MISSIONARY BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE OF ALGOMA.**

It having pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst the first Bishop of the first Canadian Missionary Diocese, and he being one who during his short pastorate of nine years so greatly endeared himself to all whom he ministered and was so loved and respected wherever he went, it will, we feel sure, meet the views and wishes of a very large number of Church people throughout this ecclesiastical province that a fitting memorial should be erected in honor of him who while he lived neither sought or would take any honor to himself.

Bishop Fauquier while alive selected a spot close to the Shingwauk Home for Indian boys as a site for a chapel to be used by the inmates of the Institution and the settlers in the neighbourhood, and on the day of the reopening of the Home, on the 1st July last, he went in company with all the Indian boys in procession to his chosen spot and in a few words of solemn and tender utterance dedicated it to the worship of Almighty God. Then, with some verses of "The Church's one foundation," were sung, the boys deposited each a stone on the line marked for the walls as a pledge that they would assist in the building of the Chapel.

What plan could be more suitable than that this little chapel, which it is hoped may be built next summer, should be erected as a memorial to our late Bishop.

The Bishop and Mrs. Fauquier are both by their own expressed wish to be buried in the little cemetery attached to the Shingwauk Home, and their bodies will be brought here next spring. This is an additional reason why their name should be connected with the Chapel, and it is also the wish of the relatives that it should be erected to their memory. Let it then be called the "Bishop Fauquier Memorial Chapel." The cost would be about \$3000. Of this amount \$1250 has been already subscribed.

Will not some Churches who hold our revered Bishop in loving remembrance take up the suggestion and make a special collection towards the object in view.

All the donations so far have been made secretly, the initials only of the donors being given. We would like to continue this plan as we believe it was wholly in accordance with the mind of our late Chief Pastor and will also tend more to the honor and glory of God.

A few words about the proposed Chapel. It is to be erected, if God will, near to the Shingwauk Home, within full view of the River St. Mary. It is to be built of stone, with two foot walls and buttresses. It will have porch, chancel, and vestry, and there will be accommodation for about 120 persons. The chancel is to have a stained glass window, beneath which will be handsome panelled work in oak, and four tables with the Lord's Prayer, the creed, and the Decalogue in Indian. The pulpit and reading desk will be of oak. These and the chancel fittings are being made this winter in our Carpenter shop. A stone font and a Communion service will be given by friends. The lectern has already been promised. We shall also want a bell, a chancel carpet, and other ordinary fittings such as are always required.

Should any who may read this feel disposed to aid in the work will they kindly send their contributions to the Rev. E. F. WILSON, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., or in England to Mrs. W. MARTIN, 6 Dean's Yard, Westminster, S. W.

From the Lord Bishop of Toronto: "The form of Memorial which you suggest viz.—A Chapel at the Shingwauk, is most appropriate, and I will be happy to give my sanction and influence in promoting the object."

"ARTHUR TORONTO."

The Commissary of the Missionary Diocese of Algoma suggests that the clergy in each Diocese should be asked kindly to read the above circular in their churches, and ask that any who are willing to contribute would do so during the following week, so that their offerings may be taken to Montreal by their delegate to the Provincial Synod and handed by him to the Commissary. In this way the whole amount required for the Chapel could be easily raised before the appointment of a new Bishop.

**BERMUDA.**

On the Sunday before last His Lordship the Bishop of Newfoundland and Bermuda preached in the morning at Trinity Church, taking his text from St. Luke xxii. 62:—"And Peter went out and wept bitterly."

The character of St. Peter was closely examined. When he began to compare himself with others, and to observe his own supposed superiority, then it was that he betrayed his weakness, which carried him away from Christ in the hour of trial. It would be impossible to portray the look with which the Lord regarded Peter. While it pierced to the heart it also gave encouragement for the depressed spirit to rise from its depths of anguish, and to cling to the things of life with greater tenacity than ever. The fall of St. Peter was a loving correction which made him great, and so good men fall and so good men rise again.

On Sunday last His Lordship preached in the morning at St. Ann's, Southampton, and in the evening at St. James', Sandys.

During the week the following Confirmations were held:—

- St. Mary's, Warwick, on Monday.
  - St. Mark's, Smiths, on Tuesday.
  - St. Paul's, Paget, on Wednesday.
  - St. John's, Pembroke, on Thursday.
- On the previous Wednesday at Christ's Church, Devonshire.—*Royal Gazette of 25th March.*

**Family Department.**

**EASTER BELLS.**

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

BY REV. J. A. RICHEY.

Ring, ring the bells for Easter morn!  
The gayest morn in all the year;  
The Lord of Life, from death new born,  
Hath changed our Lent to Easter cheer.  
After the fire the gold is fine,  
After the storm the sun doth shine,  
After the carnage wail is past  
The triumph song for aye may last:  
Weaness still precedes our crown,  
Calvary's Cross Life's fearless crown.

Ring from the grand Cathedral tower,  
Whence woe mayhap hath locked on power;  
Ring from beneath the village spire,  
Its gilding tipped as if by fire;  
Ring from the rural belfry, too,  
And forest arch resounding through;  
O'er city, hamlet, field and bay,  
Ring, ring the joy of Easter Day!  
Our surety is accepted now—  
Not thorns, a halo decks His Brow;  
He dwelt with Death, but did not stay;  
He rolled the massive stone away;  
Angelic watchers, waiting near,  
Proclaim the truth: "He is not here."  
Free is His Arm, mighty to save;  
He let the light into the grave;  
And some, from higher than yon tower,  
May look again on wealth and power.

**EASTER FLOWERS.**

BY MISS E. M. BARNES.

'Tis "of Thine own we give Thee," gracious God!  
Flowers of the Springtime, offerings from the sod:  
Tinted by Thine own hand, with rainbow dyes,  
Or with the gold and blue of sunset skies;  
Of all earth's boundless gifts, to Thee we bring  
Nought that is holier, as an offering.

Oh! glorious symbols of the Easter morn!  
Out of decay, and death, and darkness born;  
Springing to light and life from out the tomb  
Of nature's desolation, sadness, gloom;  
Ye come, sweet flowers, with fragrance pure and rare,  
To blend your incense with the breath of pray'r.

Christ hath arisen, "with healing in His wings:"  
Ye have arisen, O bright and beautiful things!  
To tell us of that resurrection morn,  
When we, immortal, from the grave new born,  
With bodies glorified, to life shall rise,  
And meet the Saviour, in the bending skies.

**MADEMOISELLE ANGELE.**

**CHAPTER VIII—Continued.**

"So, here you are still," said Eugene, as they sat at the eleven o'clock breakfast.

"Yes, it is the little one's wish," answered the general. "She has got it into her head to remain here; and, my faith, I am not sorry to obey her!" Eugene looked at Angele.

"Yes," she answered, nodding to him, "I wanted you to see, monsieur, that I could remain a whole autumn in the country, a winter even; and I confess I am beginning to feel a charm in it."

"The child is full of mysteries. She is changed. She is saying good-bye to her follies," said the general, panting between the intervals of tugging at an obstinate cork.

"How is Mere Coic? What has become of her," asked Dufresny.

"She is sad," answered Angele, in an altered voice. "They must leave the little cottage next week. They cannot make the two ends meet. Mere Coic's pictures did not fetch the price they expected; and there were debts."

"Oh!" said Dufresny gravely. "What will they do?"

"Mere Coic expects to get occasional employment as nurse. Still, it is piteous. She must go about from house to house as a stranger; when she was accustomed to a home of her own."

"And her daughters? I suppose they will go into service."

"That is their intention, and that is the worst of all. They grieve at parting from each other."

"Yes," said the general out of breath, and triumphant at having wrested the cork out of the bottle, "the little one puzzles me. Imagine, Eugene, instead of a pearl necklace her old father wished to give her for a wedding present,—fine pearls, round and even,—she has coaxed the money it would have cost out of him. What for? She will not tell. Old Rosalie is in the secret. They go out

together. They return with the business expression of two agents de change. The child is swimming in mystery."

"And why should I not have a mystery. It is my caprice," said Angele, picking out a lump of sugar and putting it into her coffee.

"But still, pearls! pearls! Eugene," grumbled the general, "fine, round and even, that would have made her friends turn green with envy. For the little one to refuse them! to ask for the money instead. It is incomprehensible. It goes beyond me."

"It is entirely mysterious," replied Dufresny.

"Perhaps," replied Angele, looking at them over the rim of her cup, "I am turning miser. These pieces of yellow gold may have a fascination for me, to feel them, pile them up, gloat over them."

Eugene laughed. He was a little perplexed, yet he was happy. Angele was changed, and still she was herself. Her look was not less bright, but it had gained depth, and her mouth seemed more mobile.

The general would not be put off so easily. It was incomprehensible to him, that the *petite* should have a mystery.

"Well, you shall know it one of these days," said Angele. "My mystery and I shall part company. For this, I shall be sorry. It is amusing to have a secret."

In the afternoon they set off for a walk. They went gaily through the woods, with the autumn sunshine glinting through the yellow foliage, and turning to gold the shreds of mists that still hung among the branches, frozing with silver the dead leaves and bronzy ferns below.

After they had passed the church and entered the village, Angele took the lead and turned into a side street. She walked with her light and rapid step in front of her companions. Pausing before a green door, distinguished from its fellows by having no garden before it, she took out a key, inserted it, turned it, and pushed the door open. It led at once into a room, where a wood fire burned; the room was empty, no servant appeared. "I sent Rosalie in front to prepare for our reception," said Angele in explanation.

The firelight played upon the wall, and showed it lined with drawers, ornamented with brass rings, and names in black letters. A counter rose in front of it. Upon it were placed a pair of scales, some wide glass bottles, filled with dried herbs. On the wall hung pictures, the unmistakable work of Pere Coic.

"What is this? Where are we?" asked the general, looking around him.

"This is my pearl necklace," answered Angele. "Come, you have not seen it all. This is the finest pearl, I admit; but there are others."

They followed her into a tiny kitchen, opening out into a garden, with fruit-trees planted in it; then up-stairs, into two bedrooms, fragrantly clean. Angele flattered hither and thither, pulling the curtains, drawing the blinds, pushing the chairs, showing up everything to advantage coming and going, full of zeal.

"Is it not pretty? Do you not like my pearl necklace?" she asked at intervals, with her bright smile.

"It is the prettiest necklace in the world; a good fairy might wear it," said Eugene.

"But I don't understand," said the general.

"Does it not smell well?" she asked, when they had returned to the shop, taking two glass bowls out, and making her father and lover sniff the aromatic herbs they contained. "Is it not like the perfume of the woods in autumn?"

"Still I do not understand anything about it," remonstrated the general with an aggrieved air. "I do not see an inch ahead of me. It is not your caprice to turn *herboriste*, surely?"

Angele laughed, and shrugged her shoulders.

"It would be a dainty caprice." Then her mood changed. She grew serious.

(To be Concluded.)

**EASTER DAY.**

"The day of days!" The crowning glory of the Christian year! Through all the ages this great festival has been observed as a joyful commemoration of the Resurrection of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. It proclaims the completion of God's salvation for man, and brings life and immortality to light. With these inspiring thoughts, we come, in obedience to the call of the Church, to offer our united tribute of praise and adoration. The past, the present, earth and heaven, join in hallelujahs to the Lord of life and glory. How full of comfort is the Easter tide! It bids us sorrow not for those who sleep in death; for since Jesus has died and risen again, even so shall they also who sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. "Christ the first-fruits." Our hearts linger on these precious words. Since last Easter Day the shadows of death have fallen on our earthly homes; dear ones have been buried from our sight, and the grave holds all that made life bright and joyous. But on this day all is changed. The clouds and darkness have rolled away, and all things are bathed in a new and heavenly light. Even the earth where we dwell becomes our great type of the Resurrection. Life, life is written everywhere! We see it in every swelling bud, in every blade of grass, and in every unfolding leaf and flower. Our hearts are strangely stirred within us. Hope returns, and through the power of the Resurrection we are raised to new-

ness of life. Thanks be to God who giveth us this victory! The grave no longer holds our dead. They are risen with Christ, and are become the children of the resurrection. "Death hath no more dominion over them."

"Roll back! Roll back! ye clouds of night!  
Ye vapors that obscure the sight!  
Shine forth, O morning! fresh and bright,  
For lo, He comes, the Prince of Light!  
This blessed Easter morning!

Roll back! Roll back! ye folds of gloom,  
Ye stones, roll from the vaulted tomb!  
See now, the risen Master come!  
Who filled the sentence of our doom!  
Rejoice this Easter morning!

O let us sing, with tender mirth,  
This day a year of pain is worth!  
Our joy has touched our Mother Earth,  
Who gave the early flowers birth,  
For this, our Easter morning!

Now, now, your floral offerings bring!  
Land praises with the birds of spring,  
Hosannas to the Christ now sing,  
Ring! bells afar and near, now ring,  
This joyful Easter morning!"  
—*Parish Visitor.*

**LOOK UP.**

"He is not here; He is risen."

We are so apt to turn our eyes earthward rather than heavenward, to look at the sorrows of life, its trial and disappointments, that it is well for us to ponder the lesson of the Easter Season, and let faith teach us courage and hope as it points onward and upward, and bids us, "forgetting those things that are behind, press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

There are dark places in life's journey when we can do nothing but look up. Like the Israelites of old we are hemmed on every side. Before us rolls a sea of trouble; behind us enemies follow in hot pursuit. On either hand lie barren wastes that can afford no shelter, or hills of difficulty impossible to climb. Where shall we turn for help? Look up! To the Israelites came the stirring command, "Go forward!" and God made a way for them even in the midst of the sea. So we also are bidden to look up, to seek help in heaven, not on earth; deliverance is sure to come in answer to the upward glance of faith.

The sorrowful disciples sought their Lord in the tomb, where He had been laid after His crucifixion, but they sought in vain, and this is the message that greets their ears, "He is not here: He is risen." They were no longer to look sadly down into the grave, but were to seek a risen Lord. We are too prone to remember only the dead Christ, our priceless Sacrifice, atoning for sin, and to forget the living Friend, "who ever liveth to make intercession for us."

It is the Resurrection of Christ that sets the seal of certainty upon all our most blessed hopes, our most cherished desires. It is in the Resurrection of Christ that we find present comfort as well as the promise of future blessing. We are to look up to the living risen Saviour, who has triumphed over every enemy, conquering both sin and death for us.

**TRUST IN JESUS.**

A doctor, who was once visiting a Christian patient, had himself long been anxious to feel that he was at peace with God. The Spirit of God had convinced him of his sin and need, and he longed to possess "that peace which the world cannot give." On this occasion, addressing himself to the sick one, he said, "I want you just to tell me what it is, this believing and getting happiness—faith in Jesus, and all that sort of thing, that brings peace."

His patient replied: "Doctor, I have felt that I could do nothing, and I have put my case in your hands—I am trusting in you. This is exactly what every poor sinner must do in the Lord Jesus."

This reply greatly awakened the doctor's surprise, and a new light broke in upon his soul. "Is that all?—simply trusting in the Lord Jesus! He has done the work!"

Yes—Jesus said on the Cross, "It is finished," and "whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life!"

From that sick-bed the doctor went a happy man—rejoicing that his sins were washed away in the blood of the Lamb.

**IS THE PURSE CONVERTED?**

There was a quiet but most effective piece of sarcasm furnished by the people themselves against themselves, in the following incident furnished by one of our exchanges:

"An old Methodist preacher once offered the following prayer in meeting: 'Lord help us to trust Thee with our souls.' 'Amen,' was responded by many voices. 'Lord help us to trust Thee with our bodies.' 'Amen,' was responded with as much warmth as ever. 'Lord help us to trust Thee with our money.' But to this petition the 'Amen' was not forthcoming."

There was great point in John Wesley's question, "Is his purse converted?"