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THE CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE

• • AND MISSION NEWS • •

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Vol. X.

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No. 118.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

No. 118.—REV. E. J. FESSENDEN, B.A.

THROUGH the sudden and unexpected death of the Rev. E. J. Fessenden, rector of St. John's, Ancaster, on Saturday, January 18th, the diocese of Niagara has been plunged in profound grief, and the Church in Canada has lost one of

her brightest and most devoted sons. Few men were better fitted than the Rev. Mr. Fessenden for the life and work of an ecclesiastic. With a loving and winning disposition, a deeply spiritual and devotional nature, the possessor of a keen, active, and logical mind—physically such as might have been taken for a model for the old masters—he was a personage you would expect to meet in a cathedral close or Amen corner in the old world, not such as you would expect to find in a rural parish in Canada. He has been called away to other and higher work and better reward. His place cannot be filled. His high ideals for the advancement of the Church in her spiritual and educational life may not be attained in our generation, but

it must yet come, for, as Moses saw the pattern in the Mount by which the Tabernacle was to be made, so he seemed to see that divine ideal of the Master's kingdom which was present with those who laid the foundations of our spiritual Zion."

So read the obituary notice in one of our Church papers; yet in still further illustration we enter into fuller detail of the life of him who has so suddenly entered into rest. Born September 18th, 1839, of United Empire Loyal-

ist descent, brought up in the Eastern Townships, Quebec, Mr. Fessenden graduated at McGill College, Montreal. A licentiate of theology from Bishop's College, Lennoxville, he entered the mission field in the deanery of Bedford, where for several years he served the Church with the devoted energy and vigor which characterized his life work. In 1865 he married Clementina Trenholm, fourth daughter of the late Edward Trenholm, of Trenholm, Quebec,

descended on the maternal side from the martyred Bishop Ridley. Mrs. Fessenden, with three sons, survives him, the youngest son having died a few months before his father

Removing to the diocese of Toronto, he built up strong congregations in Mono and Albion, and was instrumental in the building of the Anglican church erected at Sandhill. Fergus and Clifton still pay loving tribute to his ministrations. Upon the resignation and removal to England of the Rev. D. I. F. McLeod, of Chippawa, the late Bishop Fuller appointed Mr. Fessenden rector of the small but historic parish of Chippawa. Early in the twenties came to Chippawa the Rev. Wm. Leeming as a missionary, sent out by the S. P. G. Old Trinity

Church was built by Rev. Mr. Leeming, but was burned during the rebellion year of '37 by a band of marauding sympathizers from "across the line." The present church soon replaced the destroyed building, and is unique in its endowment, in that it is the sole gift of a layman, the late Thomas Street. There are also two smaller endowments—a poor relief parish fund, and a churchyard repair fund. From time to time gifts have been added by members of the congregation, enriching the church appointments,



THE LATE REV. E. J. FESSENDEN, B.A.,
Rector of Ancaster.

notably a handsome memorial chancel window, the organ, jewelled altar cross and vases, exquisite communion linen, altar frontals for the seasons, and solid silver communion vessels. A tablet to the memory of Rev. Mr. Leeming is seen on the north wall.

It seems a singular coincidence that, sixty years after the establishment of the parish of Chippawa by the S. P. G., the rector of that parish, the Rev. Mr. Fessenden, should be chosen to plead the cause of missions in the motherland by this venerable missionary society of the Church.

During part of the absence of the rector in England, the Very Rev. the Dean of Christ Church Cathedral, Hamilton, the late Rev. J. G. Geddes, D.D., who had just returned from England, ministered to the parish.

While in England, Rev. Mr. Fessenden won distinction as a pulpit orator in the cause of missions, and as a Canadian brought credit upon the Church in Canada, notably preaching the S. P. G. sermons in Westminster Abbey. On the centenary of the Canadian episcopate, August 12th, 1887, he preached the sermon in the morning in Rochester Cathedral, and in the evening of the same day preached again in Chester Cathedral. As selected speaker of the Wolverhampton Church Congress of 1887, his address showed his high ideals of the duty of the Church and Empire towards her children, pleading patriotism towards the Empire, sympathy with the colonial Church, and desire that the red line of English life round the world should be the flame-bearer of Christ."

These eloquent pleadings in hundreds of churches in England brought from the society the acknowledgment that, during Rev. Mr. Fessenden's four years' stay in England, the funds of the S. P. G. had been largely augmented. Upon his return to Canada, Mr. Fessenden was placed upon the executive of the Church Emigration Society as organizing secretary for Canada; and received, also, the appointment of Secretary of the "Church Home," Westminster, England, for the diocese of Niagara. Mr. Fessenden was well known as a strong advocate for religious education in our schools. The successful passage of the resolution on Religious Education at the last Provincial Synod filled his heart with thankfulness. His published articles on this question of the day, and on Church patronage, in the *Canadian Churchman* attracted much attention among Churchmen, showing, as they do, deep insight and careful research. His patriotism and belief in the great possibilities of the future of Canada, as part of the British Empire, are well known, and found expression in public in connection with his membership with the Lundy's Lane and Wentworth Historical Societies and Canadian Club, in his admirable papers, "The United Empire Loyalists," "A Centenary Study," and in that

exquisite word painting, "Niagara from Queenston to Chippawa."

After a life of fifteen years in Chippawa, he became rector of Ancaster, one of the oldest parishes in Canada, and one of the best endowed in the diocese of Niagara.

Mr. Fessenden's sudden death occurred after only a few hours' illness, at the rectory, on Saturday, the 18th of January. The following Sunday was to have been his missionary Sunday, for which he had made great preparations. Among other arrangements for the day, he had invited the Rev. Canon Mockridge, D.D., General Secretary of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, to be the preacher. When Dr. Mockridge arrived, the first intelligence given him was that the rector was dead. He therefore officiated on Sunday for the bereaved congregation, and by the wish of the churchwardens, as being what they thought would have been most pleasing to Mr. Fessenden himself, made the usual appeal for missions.

In spite of most tempestuous weather, the funeral was largely attended. Bishop Hamilton and twenty-five clergymen from the diocese were present. M.E.R.H.

THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY.

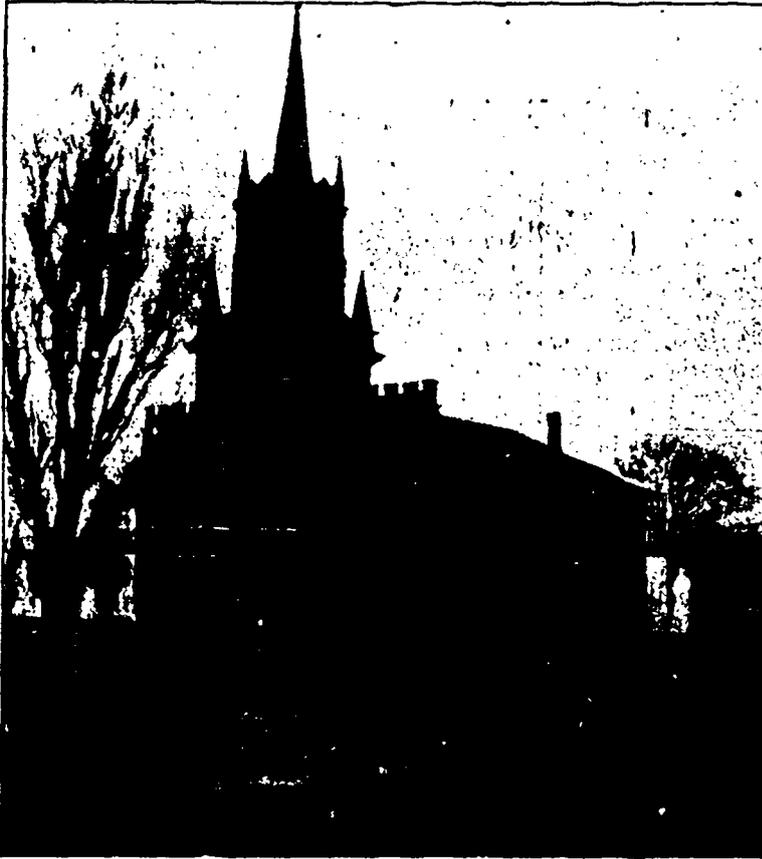
BY THE EDITOR.

REIGN OF JAMES I. (2)



ARCHBISHOP BANCROFT was made Chancellor of the University of Oxford in 1608, and therefore felt a special interest in that institution—particularly in New College and All Souls, where he was visitor. He noticed some abuses which needed rectifying. One of them was intemperance, to which many of the students were sadly given. "It is astonishing," wrote the Archbishop, "the kind of beer which heretofore you have had in your college, and has been some cause of your decrements;" and then he orders that "no other beer should be received into the buttery but small or middle beer." This throws some light upon the customs of the period, against which the authorities of the Church felt constrained to lift up their voice. Strange to say, the excess in feasting and drinking existed to the greatest extent when Puritan rule was strongest in Oxford, and Archbishop Bancroft, with the hopes of counteracting it, decreed that all university students should attend daily prayers, and thrice in the year receive the Holy Communion. He further decreed that the youth of the university should be catechized once a week, and that the Thirty-nine Articles should be read publicly in each college four times in every year.

Turning to the Church itself, we find that one of the leading doctrines of the period, and one



TRINITY CHURCH, CHIPPAWA, DIOCESE OF NIAGARA.

which was clung to most strenuously by the Puritans, was Calvinism, one leading feature of which, stated in very bald form, was that certain among the sons of men were "elected" to eternal life, while certain others were doomed from their very birth to eternal death. This, of course, meant that some persons, no matter how loose their life, were destined to final salvation, while others, however upright they might be, would never receive the safety which God's protection alone could give. It meant, also, "once in grace, for ever in grace"—once a child of God there was no possibility of backsliding, at all events to such an extent as to involve final doom. Some went even so far as to say that there were "infants a span long in hell."

A doctrine of this kind was naturally repugnant to some minds, and it is not surprising to find that vigorous opposition to it arose. For this opposition, one James Van Harmen, of Holland, became distinguished, and through him, in 1608, a complete refutation of Calvinistic doctrines was made to the entire satisfaction of many thousands in Europe. He certainly, to play upon his name, saw much harm in Calvinism, but history has slightly

changed his name to Arminius, from which his teaching is well known as Arminianism. He inculcated, of course, the opposite view from Calvinism, and taught that God's mercy was always open to the sinner, and that if anyone was lost it was not by the decree of God, but owing to man's own determined self-will. These two doctrines caused much disturbance in the Christian Church, from the time of Harmen onwards, but it may be said of our own day that extreme Calvinism is now very seldom taught even by Presbyterian divines, who were generally its most vigorous exponents. The man of Holland has largely triumphed, through the onward sweep of time, over the man of Geneva.

Archbishop Bancroft and the higher clergy of England did not agree with all that Arminius said, but at the same time their sympathies shrank further and further from Calvinistic teaching.

There is a letter written by Bancroft to the bishops of England, calling upon them to "correct abuses," abuses of which he himself had spoken vigorously in Parliament. The chief among them was the permission given to many clergy to hold two or more livings at the same time. This probably arose from the wretchedly small incomes of the clergy; but from a necessity it soon became an abuse, as the only connection that existed, in many cases, between a pastor and his flock was the income which the former derived from lands and other revenues set apart for the maintenance of religious services in their midst. Such pastors were called "double-beneficed men," or "pluralists." In connection with this matter the Archbishop has this interesting sentence, illustrative of the peculiarities of his day, as regards the dress of the clergy and their families. In this he remarks there was "nothing to distinguish a dean or a curate from a bishop. You will find deans usually in their velvet, damask, or satin cassocks, with their silk netherstocks; nay, some archdeacons and inferior ministers, having two benefices, are likewise for the most part so attired; to omit that their wives, in the cost and vanity of their apparel, do exceed as much

and more, which is one principal motive why there is such exclamation against double-beneficed men, and such as besides their two benefices have some other preferment *sine cura*"; in other words, "some other pay without work."

No definite steps, however, were taken for the correction of these abuses.

On November 2nd, 1610, after an archiepiscopate of about six years, Dr. Bancroft died. He was a man not without his enemies; but, for the sake of true Anglican doctrines, it is to be regretted that he did not live longer. He was buried, by his own wish, in the chancel of Lambeth church. He bequeathed all his books to his successors in the see of Canterbury.

It was generally felt that the most suitable man to succeed Archbishop Bancroft was the celebrated Andrewes, Bishop of Winchester, a man of sweet piety and strong Anglican views as a Churchman; but, somewhat to the surprise of everyone, King James nominated Dr. George Abbot, Bishop of London, for the high position.

George Abbot was born in Guildford. His father, Maurice Abbot, was a cloth-worker. He had six sons, to all of whom he seems to have given a good education. Three of them, at all events, became eminent men. At the age of sixteen, George was sent to Balliol College, Oxford, from which he graduated in 1582. He took the successive degrees of B.A., M.A., B.D., and D.D., obtaining the latter in 1597. In 1599 he was made Dean of Winchester, and Vice-Chancellor of Oxford in 1603.

Dr. Abbot always showed a decided leaning to the Puritanical portion of the Church, and became early involved in a controversy with William Laud, a young man of Oxford, destined to run a prominent yet melancholy career. The doctrines of Abbot were attacked by this young man, much to the former's displeasure. Laud advocated the high view of episcopacy and Church doctrine—a view so displeasing to Abbot that he hesitated not to brand Laud as a papist.

In 1608 Dr. Abbot was appointed chaplain to Lord Dunbar, Treasurer of Scotland; in December, 1609, he was made Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield (the title of which, since the Restoration, has been held only), and in December, 1610, Bishop of London. In March, 1611, he was called to the high position of the primacy. Thus his promotion was very rapid, somewhat to the dismay of those who hoped for a triumph of higher Church views. The country clergy, too, looked askance at his appointment, for he had never been a parish priest, and, therefore, as they feared, could never sympathize with them in their trials and work.

King James, who loved religious controversy

more than anything on earth, was engaged about this time in taking sides publicly with Calvinistic doctrine as against Arminianism; and, therefore, it is thought, urged the appointment of Abbot because he wanted to have a good predestinarian archbishop at his back. His eldest son, too, Henry, Prince of Wales, was a man of Puritanical views. The Puritans built high hopes upon him, and, therefore, were correspondingly disappointed when on the 6th of November, 1612, he died. Charles, the King's next son—heir to the throne on his brother's death—was a man of different views. He little dreamed, however, of the terrible struggle that he was destined to have with Puritanism.

King James and Archbishop Abbot were men of strong religious views, and soon showed that they could be as cruel and intolerant as the worst persecutors even in the reign of Queen Mary. A poor creature named Bartholomew Legget was burned at the stake in Smithfield because in personal controversy with the King he could not convince His Majesty of the orthodoxy of his views. A man named Wightman, also, was convicted of heresy and burned to death in the market square at Lichfield.

These disgraceful scenes, however, ended here, for the King, frightened at his own cruelty, decreed that heretics, though sentenced to death, should be punished only with perpetual confinement.

When Bishop of London, Dr. Abbot had officiated at the consecration of three bishops for Scotland. As he was Calvinistic in principle, the Scotch divines had less scruples in submitting to the ceremony. The Archbishop, also, about this time became the means of causing the Channel Islands to conform to the Church, and to become a portion of the diocese of Winchester.

In the midst, however, of the Archbishop's work, an unexpected event occurred which considerably altered the even tenor of his career; at the same time it reveals somewhat of the occasional occupations of the English ecclesiastics of the period. While the guest of a nobleman, he joined in a stag hunt, and had the great misfortune of sending an arrow by mistake through the arm of one Peter Hawkins, keeper of the game; the immediate effect of which was that the poor man bled to death. The agony of the Archbishop was most intense. The King, also, naturally kind-hearted, was greatly distressed, and remarked that "an angel might have miscarried in this sort." Though the affair was a pure accident, it left the Archbishop, in the eyes of ecclesiastical law, with blood upon his hands. The King appointed a commission to inquire into the whole matter, and report upon it. The result of this was that the distressed primate was exonerated from all blame and fully reinstated in his position. The poor man, however, never ceased to mourn over

this great misfortune of his life. Every Tuesday he kept as a solemn fast in commemoration of it.

It would not comport with our ideas of the life of an archbishop that he should join in the chase; but it seems to have been a matter of ordinary occurrence in and about the days of King James. The bishops made use of their estates for the purpose, and often sought relaxation with the hounds and bow. But hunting in those days was a reality, for the forests were full of game. Archbishop Whitgift is reported to have killed twenty bucks, although, the narrator remarks, he "never shot well."

After the affairs of this misfortune were finished, Archbishop Abbot was caused some anxiety by the proposed marriage of Charles, Prince of Wales, with an Infanta, or one of the Princesses of Spain. Charles and his friend, Villiers, a young gentleman who, through the foolish favoritism of the King, had become Duke of Buckingham, disguised themselves, and, under the name of John and Thomas Smith respectively, paid a secret visit to Spain, where they spent seven months wife-hunting. All England was much disturbed at the thought of such a marriage for its future king. The dismay was chiefly on religious grounds, for the feeling was much against any such close alliance being made with a Roman Catholic country. The Archbishop, especially, took very strong grounds against it.

When, therefore, after seven months' frivolities in Spain, Charles and Buckingham returned from their foolish expedition, without any matrimonial alliance having been formed, there was great satisfaction everywhere expressed. This was in 1623. In that year the joy of the nation was checked by learning that arrangements were being made with the court of France for the marriage of Princess Henrietta Marie with the Prince. Early in 1624 this was satisfactorily arranged. It had the effect of stopping the persecutions of Protestants in France, and of reviving the hopes of Papists in England. Its effect upon the Puritans of England was most adverse to the Prince.

While these public events were going on, the Archbishop was endeavoring to improve, as his predecessor had done, the social life at Oxford, which, from pictures drawn of it, certainly stood in need of some alteration for the better. But Abbot's influence in Oxford was on the wane, chiefly through the writings of Laud, who differed widely from His Grace in many matters ecclesiastical.

Preachers, during this period, did not have everything their own way, as they do at the present time. The King forbade the discussion of all theological questions in sermons by all clergymen under the rank of bishop or dean. He forbade, also, all "indecent railing against Papists or Puritans."

But the King was soon afterwards called to his long account. The engagement of his son Charles to the French princess was to him a great satisfaction, though to the Archbishop and the people generally a misfortune; but four months after it was finally agreed to and arranged, King James breathed his last. He died on the 27th of March, 1625. Four days previously he had received the Holy Communion at the hands of Archbishop Abbot, who stayed with him to the end, and said the commendatory prayer as the soul of the King took its flight.

(To be continued.)

A TRIP IN ATHABASCA.

BY RT. REV. DR. YOUNG, BISHOP OF ATHABASCA.



THIS year I decided, after the example of the late good Bishop Wordsworth, of Lincoln, to take my wife with me in my visitation of the diocese, and, she being not unwilling, I succeeded in carrying out my determination.

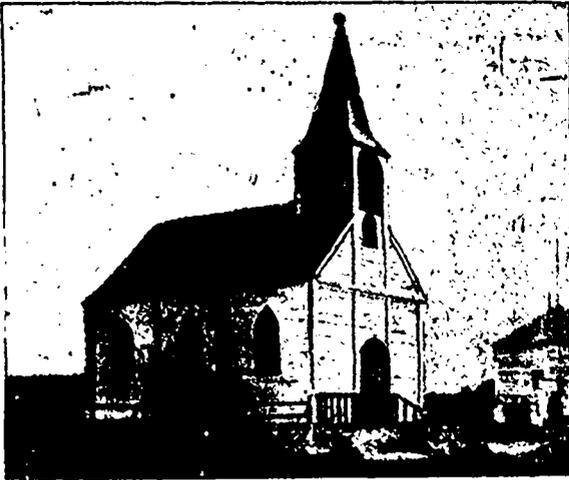
Except for a few minor differences of opinion, the most serious being the amount of wardrobe we should take with us, the experiment proved eminently satisfactory. This difference, too, was natural. She, woman-like, wanted to pack up every conceivable thing that might prove useful under the varying conditions of season, weather, and place, so extended a journey must expose us to. I, looking at things from former experiences of scant accommodation and the usual exigencies of northern travel, advocated, on the contrary, rigid economy. I need hardly say that my counsels did not prevail.

On another point, also, she was firm. She would not consent to any of the modern contrivances for mitigating the hardness of a bed which only intercepts a waterproof sheet and a couple of blankets between one's bones and the ground, supplemented occasionally on our travels by a scant supply of brush, especially where sand constituted the underlying stratum.

We left Edmonton in a wagon, with ample room for ourselves and baggage, accompanied by Mr. A. S. White, a young and promising volunteer for the missionary field.

I will not describe the road, as a description of it will be found in the April number of THE CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE AND MISSION NEWS for this year. One sad feature was the prevalence of fires. The further we went the more burnt and blackened the country became. From the ridge of the country far to the right and to the left huge clouds of smoke indicated the existence, within the range of sight alone, of from six to eight distinct fires.

At other points the fire skirted the road, threatening the bridges and corduroys. A



CHRIST CHURCH, CHIPPEWYAN, ATHABASCA.

three weeks' stay at one unfinished hour; at the Landing was relieved of any monotony by our being called on by the Mounted Police, with every available inhabitant, to fight the fire that came rolling in fiery masses down the hillside and threatened the houses and stores.

I may say here that the whole journey through the diocese has hardly ever been out of sight and smell of fire. This vast area of country, drained by the Athabasca and Peace rivers, must, during this summer, have been sadly devastated. The destruction of valuable timber must be incalculable. At one point on the Athabasca, in a strong wind, the burning embers were carried across the river, quite 500 yards in breadth, if not more, and started the fire among the dense growth of pine and poplar on the opposite bank. At Vermilion, on the Peace river, for two or three weeks during hot, cloudless weather the sun was obscured by smoke. One afternoon in July, about 4 p.m., the sky, though apparently cloudless, became a dark, lurid red. The birds began to roost, and the same hush seemed to creep over nature as in a total eclipse. The air was thick with the burnt spines of pine that powdered at the slightest touch. The Indians said, in awed tones, "Ochetaw"—it is the fated day. The French half-breeds betook themselves to their prayers and their beads. So thickly was the river strewn with the light, almost impalpably burnt spines that a water-mark some two inches in breadth and from one-half to one inch in height was left at the level the river was at when they fell.

And yet there was no fire of so serious a character in the neighborhood of Vermilion itself to account for such a state of atmosphere. Should fires continue to the same extent as they are doing now, the vast tract of country, much of it only valuable for its timber, lying between

the Saskatchewan to the south and Hay river to the north, and reaching from the Rocky Mountains in the west to the country north of Prince Albert, must soon become a treeless waste. I cannot but think that such a condition will be injurious to the whole of the Northwest, including Manitoba.

While waiting for the steamer *Athabasca* to take us down the river, the Rev. Chas. Weaver arrived from Lesser Slave Lake. This enabled me to enter into details, and make arrangements for the erection of the mission building at Wapuskaw. To economize labor and fuel, I drew up a plan to combine the missionary's residence and school under one roof, with which, after a few modifications, Mr. Weaver seemed well satisfied. I regret to say the lowness of water this summer, and so the increased difficulty of getting in supplies, tools, stores, etc., will heavily increase the expense at this mission, and will be a serious call on our resources.

Mr. Weaver was married by the Rev. J. R. Lucas to Miss Harriet Thompson, of London, Ont., July 18, at the Grand Rapids. Her work and influence at Chipewyan give every assurance that she will make a good missionary's wife.

There may be too frequent cause to regard non-celibacy as a weakness in our clerical system, more especially in the apostolic, *i.e.*, missionary order. But, let the wife be imbued with a true missionary spirit, and she is a tower of strength, and just that link between her husband and the Indian women that nothing else could supply. Accompanied by Mr. A. S. White, Mr. Weaver left the Landing about a week before our departure.

The Indian hall, the first room entered in the mission house here, does duty for the present for a church on Sunday. The services have been well attended. The members of the Mounted Police stationed here during the open season have been very regular in their attendance while here. To my dismay, on unpacking the printing press I brought from Winnipeg, I found the goose-neck broken. It would have caused considerable delay and expense in getting this repaired but for the kind offices of the engineer of the oil-boring party, who was able to repair it for me, so that it only awaits a little leisure to commence printing some manuals, small portable books in the Cree syllabics, provided I have not forgotten the lessons learnt at Winnipeg last winter.

The day before we started Mr. Whitaker and Dr. Reazin arrived, *en route* to the Mackenzie, and became our fellow-passengers. The former is, I believe, now on Herschell Island, off the mouth of the Mackenzie river.

Miss Hatley, sister of Mrs. Lucas, also accompanied us. After her arrival at Chipewyan she consented to accept the position of school mistress vacated by Miss Weaver on her marriage

We reached the island on the Grand Rapids on the evening of June 4. The beauty of this island, a mass of rich green foliage encircled by the white foam of the rapids, is almost entirely destroyed by fire. The Hudson Bay Co.'s tramway had shortly before been burnt, and was under reconstruction. This kept us prisoners there for more than a week. An American traveller chafed and fretted at so unconscionable a restraint on the liberty of the citizen. A Mr. Whitney, correspondent for *Harper's Magazine*, on his way out after a successful hunt of musk oxen on the barren grounds, was also detained some days on this account. Our Sunday services, held under the pleasant shade of a few surviving trees, were attended by the Protestants in the brigade, the company's officers, and the Mounted Police.

Dr. Reazin found an ample field for his medical skill among the members of the brigade, who, though mostly half-breeds, yet inherit from the mother's side the Indian's love of medicine. Nor are they disinclined to surgery, and cuts and bruises, tumors and abscesses, indigestion, and other ailments that under normal circumstances would have healed of themselves, were eagerly introduced to the *rara avis* of the north (a doctor) and placed under treatment.

Seated in the flat-bottomed, round-headed scows, called "sturgeon-heads," found best suited for river navigation, we started down stream a bright Sunday afternoon, June 13. The eighty miles between Grand Rapids and McMurray is broken by ten strong rapids and several minor ones. The heavily-laden scows need skilled and careful handling. The brigade of six boats make an effective picture as they follow the pilot's boat through the rush and foam of the breaking water.

The steep, almost precipitous banks, rising some 200 to 300 feet above the river, clothed with sombre pine, gives a deeper hue to the river as it flows under their shadow.

These form masses of dark color, against which the boats and nearer water stand in clear relief. The many-hued handkerchiefs and sashes with which the Crees delight to adorn themselves, together with a few flags, throw into the picture bright touches of color. The white foam that surges from the heavy bows, and the boats, urged onward by the ponderous sweeps, and breasting heavily the waves formed by the lurking boulders in the rapid current, combine to make a very striking scene, too often heightened on this trip by clouds of smoke from which tongues of flame shoot out as the fire flashes up some tall pine, swathes it for a brief moment in robes of fire, from which it emerges a scorched and blackened mockery of what it was.

The situation is also not without a spice of excitement. The rapid orders of the several steersmen tell of lurking dangers in the very thick of the swirl and foam of the breaking

water. It calls for the smart response of the rowers to the orders of the steersmen, and the strong, deft use of the steering oar itself. We had a very sensible illustration in the roughest water of one rapid of the need of promptness. At a critical moment our crew failed in answering smartly to the steersman's call; in the next moment a sharp shock made our heavy craft quiver from end to end. Fortunately the stout timbers withstood the blow, and we shot down the rapid without further mishap.

We crossed the arm of Lake Athabasca that intervenes between the mouth of the river and the rocky peninsula on which the fort stands about sunset of June 24, receiving a hearty welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Lucas and our people there. The steamer was to leave again for Fort Smith at 2 o'clock in the morning, so that there was little observance of night. In fact, at this time of the year, during June, daylight is never out of the sky, and can be plainly traced creeping round from the west to the east. By its light I have read easily between 12 and 1 o'clock. The difficulty is rather to know when to go to bed.

As our own stay was limited on account of the steamer, we had service with Holy Communion the day after our arrival. Twelve to fifteen commemorated together a Saviour's love.

I found the Rev. J. R. Lucas has been making good progress in the Chipewyan language, and, though direct results are still withheld, I trust the faithful teaching of Christian truth, under the Holy Spirit's influence, will bear fruit. One encouraging feature is the readiness with which many, when visited in their lodges, listen to the Gospel. Mr. Lucas is evidently a linguist, and I look for good results in translation work from his studies. We lose at Chipewyan a good teacher in Miss Thompson. The discipline and progress in the school were excellent. Miss Hatley succeeds her, and will, I hope, maintain the standard.

We left Chipewyan in an open skiff with two fine half-breed lads, members and communicants of our Church, for our crew. Two hours with sail and oar brought us to the mouth of the Quatre Forche, one of the narrow, deep channels that link the Peace river with the lake. The channel is very tortuous, some forty-eight miles in length. We spent our first night among the willows and swamps that border the shores of the lake. This was the only night we were painfully sensible of the existence of mosquitos. They disturbed our crew's rest as well as our own. The following evening we were picked up by the *Graham* on her way up the Peace river.

It was certainly more enjoyable to sit on the "guards" forward and watch the banks gliding, if not swiftly, steadily past, or scan new reaches, affording effective bits of river scenery,



WINNOWING RICE WITH A FANNING MILL.
FORMOSA.—See page 81.

or amuse one's self with anticipating the pilot's choice of channels amid "bars" and shallows, than to be creeping under the banks and round the sand bars, and thrusting one's craft up the "schneis" in an incessant struggle up stream. However, this was in store for us in due course.

At Little Red River we found the Rev. M. Scott, our missionary at St. Luke's, Vermilion, awaiting our arrival, having come down to visit the Indians there and in the neighborhood.

On Sunday, besides the usual service in the steamer's cabin, we held a Cree service at the tents.

The tents were pitched on the brow of a limestone cliff overlooking the broad river with its opposite fringe of pines, and, beyond, the bold range of the Cariboo mountains, indicating vast tracts, the hunting grounds of these men and women who, with their children, sat around us.

One's heart was lifted up in earnest prayer for them that the Word of God, read and explained to them in their own tongue, and the beautiful prayers of our liturgy known and used by several of them, may increase in them the knowledge and love of God, and beget in their hearts an earnest desire to serve Him, not with their lips only, but also in their lives. We found the woman here who, a few years before, when starvation threatened her family, though then but partially instructed, spent a night in

the intense cold of January, while the others slept, in prayer to God to supply their want.

The deer had not come, and they had put a net through the ice in one of the deep mountain lakes in the Cariboos. It was, however, a bad time, as the mountain trout do not generally move much at that time of year, and they were too weakened by hunger to be able to reach the nearest trading post. The following morning, with her girl, she went as usual to visit the net which had hitherto been empty. They took six fish that morning, and, what was more, as she told our missionary at her next visit to the mission, they never failed from that time in catching just enough to supply their needs until more moderate weather opened other sources of food for them. She herself never questioned its being other than an answer to prayer. Certain it is, from that time she became an earnest seeker after truth.

Neatly dressed, superior in her bearing to the women around her, one felt that her quiet influence was telling on those about her.

The following day I baptized a young girl, daughter of a Cree woman, who, with her two older daughters, had been baptized the previous winter by Mr. Scott. The woman just alluded to stood sponsor, and we felt that she would prove a true godmother, and that the young girl would profit by her influence.

RICE FARMING IN FORMOSA.*

IN speaking of a farm in Formosa, we must not imagine broad fields enclosed by high fences, and each farmer the proud possessor of one hundred or one thousand acres. The entire farm of a family in Formosa would make but a garden for an agriculturist in America. The owner of eight or ten acres is looked upon as in easy circumstances. The farms are all small and entirely without fences. A rice farm is divided into little irregular plots, for the purposes of irrigation; these plots are made by throwing up around each low mounds of earth, by which means the water is retained at the required depth.

The rice grown in Formosa must be distinguished from the rice (*Zizania aquatica*) found growing wild in Rice Lake, Ontario, and other parts of America. It is a distinct variety (*Beyza sativa*), and of superior quality. A mountain rice is grown on the dry uplands, and does not require irrigation; but it is quite inferior.

Rice is not sown broadcast in the open field, like wheat and other cereals, but requires to be transplanted. The seeds are first steeped in water and spread out in large baskets under cover, till they have begun to sprout; they are then sown thickly in a small bed, which is protected from winds and birds, and watered with a liquid fertilizer. At the expiration of three months the crop is about six inches high, and is ready for transplanting.

Transplanting rice is a very arduous and wearisome task. The farmer digs up the plants from the bed in spadefuls, leaving a liberal supply of mould about the roots. With a large flat basket of these seedling plants he goes into the miry field, where the mud and water reach his knees. The basket floats on the water. Carrying a supply of the plants in his left hand, the farmer wades backward from end to end of the row, and, breaking off tufts, he sinks them in the soft mud beneath the water, at intervals of about eighteen inches. The rows are about two feet apart. Then, a fortnight later, he goes over the whole field again on his bare knees, removing the duckweed and other obnoxious growths. This is, perhaps, the most distasteful part of the farmer's work, and is a fruitful source of rheumatism. Before the grain is ripe he may possibly go through once more, bending the bunches down to protect them from sweeping winds.

Three months after the transplanting comes the harvest. This is a busy season with the husbandman; the water is drained off, the rice

is cut rapidly by a reaper with the sickle or bill-hook, and made into bunches large enough to be held conveniently between the hands. The reaper is followed immediately by a thresher, who draws after him a portable tub; this tub has poles set up around almost the entire mouth, to which is fastened a canvas screen, to prevent the rice grains from flying away. At the open space the thresher stands, and, taking a bunch of rice, he gives it two smart strokes on a ladder-like framework placed within the tub, after the fashion of a washboard. The straw is then bound into sheaves, and when dry is stacked away to be used as fodder for the water-buffalo. The grain is carried home in large baskets, and placed on a winnowing-floor in front of the house; there it is cared for, heaped up, and covered every night with rice straw, and spread out in the morning with wooden hoes. It is then winnowed in a fanning-mill, similar to that used by western farmers, and is stowed away in granaries. The next process is the hulling, which is done in a hand-mill constructed on the principle of the mill-stone. This removes the chaff; the bran-like shell is removed by pounding the grain in a mortar. The rice is then ready for the pot.

The sheaves are no sooner removed from the field than the plowman is once more in the mud and water, a second crop, which is now ready for transplanting, is immediately "set," and the second harvest is reaped in September or October. After the second crop is removed, some plant sweet potatoes, others mustard or rape for fertilizing. Three crops can thus be secured in the course of a year.

As two crops, and sometimes three, are reaped every year, the farmer is kept busy from spring to autumn. During seedtime and harvest his wife rises at three o'clock in the morning, cooks rice and salted vegetables, prepares hot water for the men to wash with, and about four calls them up to breakfast. The men are in the field about five o'clock, and work till ten, when a lunch of boiled rice and some salted vegetable is carried out to them. At noon they return home for dinner, and rest for an hour and a half. In the afternoon the same kind of lunch is taken to the field; at seven o'clock they return, wash their breasts and limbs, and sit down to a better meal, generally consisting of a tiny cup of hot liquor, pork, and fresh vegetables boiled with rice. At nine they retire.

The farmer's lot in North Formosa is not altogether an unhappy one. He works hard, and is generally thrifty and economical; his wants are few and easily supplied. There is monotony, perhaps; but then he knows nothing of the "nameless longing" that fills the breasts of much-read farmers in the restless west. He has no high ideals; and if he succeeds in providing himself and family with rice and vege-

*From "From Far Formosa," a very fascinating book written by Rev. Dr. Mackay, to be had of Fleming H. Revell Company, Chicago, New York, or Toronto. Price, \$2.00.



A PE-PO-HOAN WEAVER—THE MATRON OF THE GIRLS' SCHOOL.

tables, he does not object to the drudgery of his lot. The Pe-po Hoan farmer, in the Kap-tsu lau plain, would be tolerably comfortable, were it not for the oppression of the Chinese land-owners and yamen men, who often rob him of his hard-earned *cash* and evict him from his land. Under the Japanese régime all this is likely to be changed, and the various aboriginal tribes may look forward to a brighter day under the flag of the "Rising Sun."

Woman's Auxiliary Department.

"The love of Christ constraineth us."—II. Cor. v. 14.
Communications relating to this Department should be addressed to
Miss L. H. Montizambert, General Corresponding Secretary W.A.,
159 College Street, Toronto.



Remember daily the mid-day prayer for missions.

"Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost part of the earth for thy possession"; Ps. ii. 8.

NATIVE WOMEN FOR MISSIONARY WORK.

The author of "From Far Formosa," who has had years of experience, shows clearly the

great disadvantage that white women are under in attempting missionary work among the heathen, and he comes to the conclusion that it is much better to train native women and let them work among their own sisters. He thus speaks of the training college in Formosa, erected and supported by Presbyterians:

"On the whole, only native preachers are employed; therefore running expenses have amounted to but a small fraction of what they would otherwise have been. Two native matrons, a preacher and his wife, live in the building. Much of the teaching, indeed, most of it, has been entirely voluntary. Older ones, or those further advanced, have taught the newcomers and little children. Often it is convenient to have a preacher's wife and children, or his mother, in the girls' school while he is at college; so that, in this home for Christian workers, there are gray-haired women and little children, daughters and daughters-in-law, all busy reading, writing, and singing, side by side. Teachers from Oxford College can easily carry on the work of the two institutions. The English language is not taught. If desired, a Chinese teacher can teach them to read and write their own characters. Native women can surpass a foreigner in teaching the romanized colloquial; that is, Chinese words spelled with English letters. That is the hope

of our women, for it is useless to expect them to acquire the Chinese characters. Each one who learns the romanized colloquial can read her own Bible. There is a girl there who, when seventeen years of age, learned in one month to read the catechism of the New Testament. Chinese girls and women are not in need of foreign ladies to teach them sewing, dressmaking, and embroidery; they are experts in the art. In other mission fields it is very different.

"It is inconvenient, if not impossible, throughout North Formosa to secure girls, Chinese or Pe-po-hoan, to remain in the girls' school at Tamsin for any great length of time. It is demanding too much, in the present state of our work, to expect poor little girls to journey from the east coast away from their parents. There is a hard struggle for existence, and the larger girls cannot be spared from the Kaptsu-lan plain. In considering a sensible and useful plan for the education of the girls in any mission, the daughters of those employed by the mission, and whose interest it is to patronize the institutions of their employers, must not be taken into account. A school managed on those principles, and reaching only those selfishly interested, is not likely to be largely influential. Our object must be to reach the daughters of independent farmers, mechanics, laborers, and merchants. To attain that in China the plans adopted must be large, flexible, and Chinese-like. Recognizing these fundamental facts, the girls' school was established. Bible-women are there trained for service at every station in the mission. These are 'looked out' by the native preachers just as candidates for the ministry are in Christian lands. They are bright, Christian women, and come up from the various churches, often bringing with them two or three girls, the daughters of converts there. It is entirely Chinese-like for a mother to entrust her daughter to another woman who will care for her while absent from home. Sometimes the Bible-women bring their own daughters, daughters-in-law, or other relatives. In this way the girls' school has had as many as eighty during one session.

"The women are taught reading, writing, and singing, Bible history and geography, the Scripture catechisms, and also attend addresses in the college during the day, and take part in recitations and other exercises in the evening. They are trained in methods of teaching, and in every way equipped for their work. Then they are sent to stations where their gifts will yield the best service. In this way a hundred little communities are reached, and women and girls, Christian and heathen, in the remotest part of the mission, are brought into touch with the stronger and healthier life at the centre.

"I am not speaking for other missions, or other missionaries; neither am I theorizing about

work in Formosa. I am simply explaining the plan adopted there, and stating results which are evident and verifiable. After an experience of more than twenty years, I may be permitted to say that, in my opinion, only by some such large, flexible, and Chinese-like plan will North Formosa ever be evangelized. The expense of maintaining a large foreign staff is so great, the language and social customs of the people present such formidable obstacles, the climatic conditions are so wasteful of life, making the field, except in and about Tamsin, a hungry devourer of men, and the success which, by God's manifest favor, has attended the work of those native Bible-women has been so real and abiding, that I have stood, and still stand, now as confidently as ever, for the plan that is least expensive, most effective, and that succeeds. In North Formosa that plan is native workers for native women."

CALEDONIA.

This portion of our great Dominion is to be found on its western shore, between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean, and is one of the three dioceses into which the former comprehensive one of British Columbia has been divided. It lies just south of the diocese of Selkirk and north of New Westminster, and was set apart as a separate diocese in 1879, under Dr. Ridley, who is still its much-beloved and respected bishop.

The S.P.G. provide for three clergy to minister to the white people, and the C.M.S. furnishes the income for the bishop, supports eight clergy for the Indians, a medical missionary, four lady missionaries, and eight native catechists. Funds for endowing the see, erecting a training school, and building several churches, are much needed. The chief missionary stations are Metlakahtla, for many years the sole centre of light on the coast, and now the headquarters of the mission and residence of the bishop. It stands on the banks on an inlet of the sea between the Naas and Skeena rivers. In the spring and summer the Indians from all parts congregate on these two rivers for the fishing and canning. Chinese, Japanese, and Europeans are also attracted by the same occupations, and much is needed to be done for them in the way of services, teaching, and nursing the sick, and it is often at these seasons that deep spiritual impressions are made. There are missions also at Kincolith, on the Naas; at Aiyaush, higher up the river; at Hazelton, on the Skeena forks; at Kitkatla; besides one on Queen Charlotte's Islands, for the Hydah Indians.

The lady missionaries have sometimes pretty trying times of it, for they go up and down the rivers in small boats, teaching and nursing at their various stopping places, which are not always of the smoothest as regards either water

or land. Archdeacon Collison has set a band of Church Army workers to labor among the heathen encamped up the Naas river. The following account gives us an idea of what the bishop is expected to do, as told by himself:—

“At intervals the steamer stops to load fuel from the long stacks of firewood cut by the Indians, and at every village, wherever there are Indians, I am recognized in a moment, and as the fuel is piled on the ship's deck I am dispensing medicine on the river's bank, surrounded by the sick or their attendants. Time is most precious, as the steamer cannot afford to linger. So the Indians press around me, pouring a clatter of woes into my ears. ‘I have a hacking cough; I have ulcers; my eyes are nearly blind; I want Epsom salts; I want eye lotion; give me ointment; my child is dying; look! give liniment, all my joints are swollen; this man's arm is broken; my mother is withering; my heart is sick, etc.’ I call out: ‘Bring bottles, cups, cans, or any vessel at hand.’ The wise who had them at hand are first served. With as much precision as under the circumstances is possible, I dispense and direct as rapidly as I can, praying in my heart all the time. To each I try to speak, if but one word, for Jesus.

“Scream, scream goes the steamer's whistle. I look round in dismay, for many are still waiting anxiously. I roar at the top of my voice, ‘Hold on, captain; wait a bit.’ Taking grace from the stopping of the whistle, I work faster than ever. The captain is a man of heart and takes in the situation; but time is precious, so at last the whistle screams again. I bundle the drugs into my convenient cassock, a sailor standing by picks up the medicine chest and rushes for the ship. We are off and away from the downcast remnant, who are wailing because I left them without the help hoped for. God help them.”

INDIA.

The following stirring words, which we hope will find an echo in the hearts of many of our Canadian women, come from the Rev. G. Tonge, secretary C.E.Z.M.S., who had been hearing from Miss Spiller, of the Woman's Auxiliary, several meetings of which she attended last autumn when travelling through Canada:

“We think it would help our cause very much if an appeal could be made to the young ladies of Canada, showing the urgent need of whole-hearted, spiritually-minded women workers among the women of India, who are wholly inaccessible to ordinary male missionaries. There is scope both for ladies of average ability, with the love of Christ in their hearts, with common sense and tact, and for those who can endure hardness, for the ordinary Zenana visitation and village itineration during the cold season. Then there are openings in such in-

stitutions as the Sarah Tucker in Tinnevely, the Alexandra High School at Amritsar, and the Normal School at Calcutta for those who have taken university degrees, or had advantages in the way of higher education, to carry on in a Christian spirit the training as teachers of native-Christian young women, and perhaps, most of all, fully qualified lady doctors, of a true missionary spirit, are needed to take the double healing to the poor suffering and ignorant heathen and Mohammedan sisters.”

We spoke of these phases of woman's work for women in the January number, when the Zenanas were the foreign subject of our cycle for the month, and would again urge our younger members to think seriously whether it may not be a privilege open to them, this witnessing for Christ among the women of India or China, and one not to be overlooked. “Inasmuch as ye did it *not*,” etc.

The population of India is 287,000,000, and it is increasing at the rate of 33,300,000 in ten years. In 1891 there were 18,000,000 more Hindus and 6,000,000 more Mohammedans than in 1881. Roughly speaking, the Hindus now number 207,000,000, the Mohammedans 57,000,000, and the Protestant native Christians only about 584,000. Is not the disparity fearful to contemplate, and can we quietly fold our hands and not strive to wipe out this reproach to our Christianity, either by going ourselves to help these poor darkened souls, or making it possible, by giving liberally, for others to go? Surely not!

STRAIGHTFORWARD.

CHAPTER XI.



H, Perran, why were we afraid? Has not God been good to us?”

Night had fallen on that little village in New Guinea; the restless native tribe were all in their huts; the chief had paid a good-night visit to his white son, as he called little Jesse; Molly was found asleep in a corner, and all was peace.

The reason why the European party had met with such respectful treatment was soon made clear to them. It was entirely due to Jesse. The Patira tribe had a rude religion of their own, consisting of a superstitious regard of certain days, states of the moon, etc.; and the white child falling into their possession at a happy conjunction of seasons became at once “sacred,” and everything belonging to him was, therefore, sacred too, and to be treated with the utmost reverence.

“They must have been very kind to the lad, or he would not seem so much at home with them all,” said Perran.

“Yes, I am sure he has been given the best

they had," said 'Lisbeth. "But, Perran, he is very ill."

"He never was strong," Perran stooped over the sleeping child, and listened to his labored breathing. "'Lisbeth, you must get proper food for him, good, strong soup, such as you made for Captain Mostyn."

"Oh! how is the Captain?" asked 'Lisbeth, suddenly rousing to an anxious remembrance of her late patient.

"Looks like another man," said Perran. "Says all our troubles are over now; that these are capital fellows in spite of their being hung all over with dead men's bones. But there, you needn't shudder, 'Lisbeth, they won't touch us."

"No, we are quite safe," she answered confidently; then she asked in an anxious tone, "Perran, will the chief ever give us back this dear little fellow? He seems to count him so very precious."

Perran turned away his head. He did not want 'Lisbeth to see the utter hopelessness he felt as to the result of the boy's illness; he had seen a similar case before—in India—watched a comrade's young child fade in rapid consumption.

Jesse could never be moved, he was sure; how long he would last he could not guess; and, after that, what might be the fate of the rest of the party was a dark problem! But, there! to what use was this pondering over future perils? He would try to be as trustful as 'Lisbeth. So he roused himself to reply, "We could not attempt to return to the coast with Jesse in his weak state; so our best plan will be to settle down in this place for a while, and make friends with the tribe."

"And strengthen Jesse up for the journey," 'Lisbeth chimed in quite bravely.

A further consultation with Captain Mostyn on the morrow confirmed this decision. He was more hopeful about Jesse. Children do pull through so much; why, he was twice given over as a baby!

He was in high spirits; returning health, freedom from anxiety, the opportunity afforded of studying the habits of a new race, the possibility of collecting specimens of rare insects and flowers, which should make him a benefactor to the British Museum on his return to England—all these circumstances combined to make him entirely hopeful for the future.

"We'll carry the little heir in triumph to Greenmeadows," he declared; "and I mean to buy a property close by, which you must manage for me, and when the lad comes of age and wants to turn you out of his nest there will be mine alongside for you to take to—eh, old fellow?"

Perran tried to smile at the kindly suggestion; then he turned the subject to the strange people among whom they found themselves.

"Queer fellows, indeed!" said the Captain; "from what I can gather, they assemble every night at sunset for a sort of evening prayer: last evening you saw it. Well, Peter says the white child taught them to do so. Hallo! you, Peter, come here, sir—that fellow has a wonderful knack of getting at a matter." This as an aside. "What have you been palavering about this hour or more with that lot of darkies?"

Peter grinned. "They tell me what luck white man bring; they never see white man before Jesse there; some say he good to eat, some say no: some like to taste, but fear bad luck. Peter tell them they drop down dead minute they eat white man's flesh."

"There, that'll do, Peter; we know that you are a fine hand at conversation; but I want to know something about the darkies' intentions and ideas."

"They got no ideas," said Peter, confidently; "that why they love Jesse there; white boy got ideas, and tell them."

"What ideas has Jesse told them?" asked Perran.

"Same ideas you got, master. Ideas about what dead men do. Patira think he stay in the ground in the dark; Jesse say no, he go up in the sky in the light; so they pray to the sky every night. When Patira quarrel, or strike with club, Jesse cry, and say God will not have him in the sky. Then Patira afraid."

"Poor little lad! He seems to have been a sort of missionary to the tribe without knowing it," said Captain Mostyn. "Oh, we must pull him round. Your wife is a fine hand at sick-nursing, Perran."

And Jesse did rally for a time, and was able to sit in the shade of the forest, and talk to his foster-brother about old times. The English words all came back to him now he was a little stronger, and he had forgotten nothing of Kings Cobbe and the happy visit he had paid there. Of India he spoke little, of the voyage to New Guinea and its disastrous termination nothing; a merciful haze seemed to envelop that period of the young child's life.

Perran tried to tell him about Greenmeadows and his inheritance there, but Jesse seemed to have no interest in it. If he ever went away from his Patira father, he confided to Perran, he only wanted to go to heaven.

Jesse always welcomed the tall chief with the brig-test of smiles. The big savage's face, too, would light with a new radiance at the sight of his beautiful white boy.

Jesse's bright golden hair had never been forced into the top-knot peculiar to Patira fashion; nay, it hung almost as it used to do, in the English days, round the small delicate face, making him still look the little angel his mother had thought him. He was, perhaps, more childish at eight than he had been at six,

the languor induced by a hot climate, and constant feebleness, had kept his mind almost stationary.

Was he always to be a child? Perran sometimes thought it would be so. What he did know of God and holy things it seemed that he had striven, in his childish way, to teach those around him. He had quickly picked up the language of the people into whose charge he had fallen, and every word that fell from those baby lips had been deemed both sacred and important. The Patira belief about Jesse was that he had come from the skies in some unknown manner, so his acquaintance with heavenly things was not surprising to them.

The little fellow had, quite unconsciously to himself indeed, begun a missionary work among these ignorant savages. Not only did he directly repress quarrelling and fighting, but their more barbarous customs of mutilating the dead, and decorating themselves with human bones, so shocked his tender child's heart that the former practice was concealed from him, and the only decoration pressed on him was that of garlands of beautiful flowers, woven freshly every morning. Jesse liked these and always wore them.

Though 'Lisbeth nursed him now, he was only half hers, she would complain. He loved his protectors, the Patiras, and would lie for hours in the arms of one or another of his dark friends.

The warm springs had given him a little strength for a time; but when the rains came on he flagged greatly, his cough returned, and it was soon evident that the precious life, so dear to them all, was quickly passing away from this earth.

A great pleasure to him at this time was the concertina. Either George or Perran would play some simple tune on it while 'Lisbeth or Molly sang. Sometimes it was a hymn in which all could join. The Patiras were most apt mimics, and those who did not understand a word of English would seem to be singing with great heartiness the Evening Hymn with the white people. They had all fled in amazement from the music at first, but afterwards, finding Jesse was not alarmed, they tremblingly returned to investigate this "voice from the sky."

'Lisbeth had begged Perran to try to carry on Jesse's teaching of religion as far as might be. So morning and evening the chief was requested to summon his people for a prayer, which still on their part could only consist of outward show, and faces, instead of hearts, turned heavenward.

George Holt, indeed, had from the first devoted himself to acquiring the language of the tribe; he had at heart a secret desire to carry the Gospel to this poor ignorant people. They were intelligent and kindly; if they were cannibals, it was the result more of gross ignor-

ance than ferocity; he could not go back to the world of civilization leaving them to their heathen darkness. Such thoughts as these were always creeping into his mind.

One day he tried to put the "Our Father," they willingly but ignorantly repeated after him, into Patira words, explaining the meaning of them somewhat lamely as he went along; and the excitement among the poor creatures was intense. The Great Spirit above, their Father. How could that be? His kingdom to come among them? When—now? Oh, yes, they would do His will if the white man would teach it! So the comments ran—George only grasping the drift, not the words.

After that he was always followed by one or another of the tribe, asking him questions.

But the little child was still to be the best teacher in death as in life.

The end was very close now. A day or two of feebleness, and then he asked to be carried out into the air one evening. He put aside Perran's outstretched arms; his "Patira father" must take him.

He lay on the chief's knees for some minutes, the circle round of dark figures growing every moment thicker; then he raised one little hand, a smile of great pleasure came into the baby face. "Hush!" he cried, in the Patira tongue; "my Father in heaven calls me, let me go to Him." A short struggle for freedom, and Jesse had gone as he wished.

* * * * *

A little grave in the forest! Oh! was this the end of the expedition, its fatigues, its anxieties, its many hopes and anticipations?

'Lisbeth wept bitterly; Perran's heart was sore, too. It was silent George, the lad never thought clever by his family, who was now the mourners' best comfort.

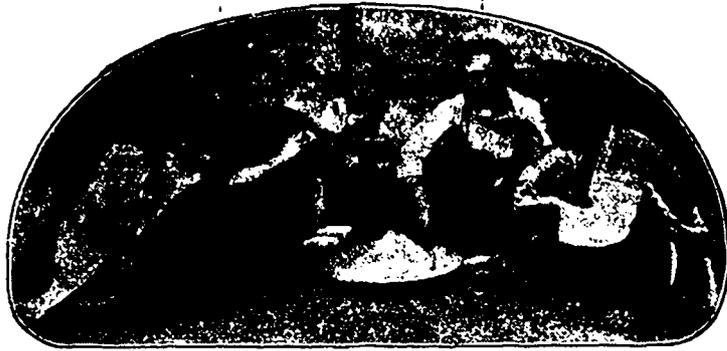
"It isn't the end, 'Lisbeth. Can't you see? It's only the beginning. God knows that Jesse, young and weak as he was, has begun a good work here; and if He lets me, I'll go on with it. Yes, I am in earnest. Leave me behind with that little grave. I am not afraid. I'm a poor sort of witness for God, but better than none. As for you all, the sooner you are off the better."

George spoke truly. There was nothing now to detain the party. The Patiras had sorely felt the loss of the white child, the chief especially was inconsolable; but he now attached himself greatly to George Holt, and, finding that he would promise to remain with the tribe, he offered no opposition to the departure of the rest.

So at daybreak one morning they turned their faces towards the great river, and, with many thoughts and recollections surging in their hearts, left their dead in the silent forest, to go forth once again into the hurry of civilized life.

(To be continued.)

Young People's Department.



FORMOSA ABORIGINES EATING RICE.



A VILLAGE IN EASTERN FORMOSA.

FORMOSA ABORIGINES.

WE told you something last month about Formosa, and this month we show a picture of the way the people of the island take their dinner. They are not bad-looking people, are they? but they look very uncomfortable, squatting on the ground in that way. I don't think they would stay quite as long at their dinners as we do sometimes, and there is not much variety, either, about their food or their dishes. It would not take long to "wash up" after the meal is over.

Then there is a picture of a village. The island is full of villages, towns, and cities;—but they all look very funny in their curious clothes and queer little houses. But behind the houses

you see the beautiful trees! All nature is so lovely around them, and "only man is vile." So the hymn says. What does it mean? It means that heathen people, though living in lovely countries, are very cruel and wicked; but missionaries are trying to make them better. Is it not a good work?

GOOD MANNERS.

GOOD manners are among the greatest charms a person can possess, and everybody should cultivate them, especially young people. They are something money cannot purchase, for there is only one way of obtaining them, and that is by habitual practice.

We know a good mother who used to say :
 "Always use good manners at home, and then when you go among strangers you need never be alarmed, for it will be perfectly natural to you to be polite and respectful."

This is true, and we have always thought that the best and easiest way to do anything right was to get in the habit of doing it right.

Hardly anything is of more consequence than good manners and politeness in a boy or girl. They render those who possess them favorites with their relations and friends, and prepossess strangers toward them. Politeness costs nothing, and at the same time is of the greatest value.—*Selected.*

THREE LITTLE SOULS.

AN EASTER STORY.

DELL had decided not to keep Lent. It was such a bother—so many services; and, besides, she hated giving up things, especially her own way. Then, too, papa, the rector, would be almost sure to want her lily, if in bloom, for the retable. And that lily, Dell had decided, should take the prize at the Flower Show, in Easter week, and she was not going to have it seen first in that shabby church. It *was* shabby, and the rector sighed when Dell said so, as a sort of excuse for her decision about Lent. Papa looked very grave over that decision, but he only said :

"Very well, daughter; Mother Church does not want a grudging service, nor does the Master; *He* did all out of Love!"

But Mollie left her blocks and crept into the rector's lap.

"Don't care, papa!" she whispered, tucking one hand under his chin. "You shall have my lily!"

There were times in those six weeks when Dell wasn't quite happy. Her own way didn't always bring pleasure, and somehow she felt so cross. Old Aunt Hetty came over from Fennville, and, hearing Dell's snappy answers, recommended, "A good dose of senna tea, Charles, is what the child needs. This warm spring is tryin' to the bile."

Dell, forgetful of her fourteen-year-old dignity, made a face at Aunt Hetty, and Hiram, Aunt Hetty's hired man, under his breath, in the kitchen adjoining, suggested another remedy—"a rod in pickle."

Then she went to look at the lily. Strong and thrifty with its fast-growing buds, Dell exulted in it. Now three little white spotted balls took her eyes. There they were, tied by a silken thread round the middle of each to the very stalk of that prize lily.

"The idea! The horrid worms!" and Dell

rushed for something with which to scrape them off. She could not understand how she had failed to find them before. The fuss she made brought Mollie and the rector.

"Poor little souls!" said the latter, while Mollie cried, "Oh, *don't*, Dell! they're em—em—*blems* of us, and of Jesus' rising, don't you know? And they're in their graves—papa told me—same's we have to be; only they bloom into butterflies, and we into 'deemed souls! Oh, wish they were on mine!" breathlessly. "Maybe they'd bloom Easter morning with the lily."

"They won't do any harm, Dell," said her father.

With a scowl Dell turned away; and the chrysalids were safe.

Bright dawned Easter, and the lilies, not quite open on Easter even, saluted Dell and Mollie with fragrance and perfect whiteness at half-past five—before the early service.

Mollie said "Oh!" delightedly. Then as a little cloud of white floated in the air, she said "Oh!" in a hushed voice, for from Dell's lily came three white black-veined butterflies, and settled on her own. Dell hadn't wanted them, but now she did not want Mollie to have them, either. In a flash of anger she struck at the white beauties, and missed them. But there was a crash, and her own lily lay broken at her feet, while a sharp pain in her chest made it hard to breathe.

Nurse Jean said she'd strained her chest, and bathed it in liniment. And the rector looked very sorrowful for Easter.

In a moment it seemed to Dell all the badness and sins of the past six weeks passed before her.

"Oh, oh!" she moaned. Nurse, thinking the pain worse, took up the liniment bottle. Dell motioned her away.

"I want Mollie," she said.

Mollie came, but impatient to start for the church with her offering.

"Stick the two good ones in the cross," Dell whispered, and smiled.

Mollie always understood; and taking her own pot of lilies, and with Dell's two branches in her arms, and her apron tied up to make a basket for her other flowers; she trudged along towards the church, her pet lamb following, as though he expected a nibble from the great load his mistress was carrying.

The rector was settling his stole, when a hand tugged at his vestments. Mollie, with the broken lily stalks in her arm, stood beside him; the butterflies, following the flowers, fluttered over her.

"Fore I gave 'em to Miss Julia to fix, I thought I'd come tell you," she said, showing Dell's lilies. "Dell's Easter joy's 'rected, papa. Guess the little souls know 'bout Jesus—they've come too!"—*Selected.*



A MISSION HOUSE.

THE MISSION HOUSE.

HERE are many kinds of houses. One of the best is the mission house. It makes a home for missionaries, where they all live together. There can not be a home without a house. Men and women never forget the house they lived in when they were children. Why? Because it was their home. And it is so with missionaries. In some countries these mission houses have to be very warm, for the winter is cold; in other places, where there is little or no winter, very thin and open houses will do. In Japan many of the houses are built of paper. What a funny thing it would be to have a house built of paper here! How soon the rain would soak it; how soon the wind would blow it over! So we think; but they have rain and wind in Japan, and yet the houses stand for a long time, because, I suppose, they know how to build them. But still they are, oh! so cold in winter—for the winter in some parts of Japan is as severe as it is in Canada. Some of our missionaries are living in those cold houses in Japan, and when the Missionary Society gets money enough it will build better houses for them. So it is that money is always wanted for missionary work.

RAGGED TOM; THE SURETY.

ON Sunday afternoon a big boy stood at the door of the Sunday-school. He was so bad that he had been turned out of school the Sunday before. His father and mother brought him, and begged he might be received in again. The superintendent said: "We should be glad to do him good, but we are afraid he will ruin all the other children. It is very bad for a school when a big boy sets a wicked example."

"We know he is a bad boy at school," said the parents, "but he is ten times worse at home, and he will be lost if you do not take him back."

"We could take him back if we could secure his good behavior. I will see," thought the superintendent.

So he stepped back into the school, and rang the bell for silence. All listened while he said, "That boy wants to come into the school again, but we cannot take him back without making sure of his good behavior. Will anyone be surety for him?"

A pause followed. The elder boys shook their heads. They said they knew him too well. The others did not care for him. But one little boy pitied the big bad boy, and was very sorry no one would be surety. The little boy went by the name of "Ragged Tom." It was not his fault that he was ragged, for his mother was very poor. The superintendent soon heard the little voice, "If you please, sir, I will, sir."

"You, Tom? a little boy like you? Do you know what is meant by being a surety, Tom?"

"Yes, sir, if you please; it means that when he is a bad boy I am to be punished for it."

"And you are willing to be punished for that big boy?"

"Yes, sir, if he's bad again."

"Then come in," said the superintendent, looking to the door; and the big boy, with a downcast face, walked across the floor. He was thinking as he walked, "I know I'm a bad boy, but I'm not so bad as that! I'll never let that little fellow be punished for me—no, never!" God had graciously put that thought into the big boy's mind. He was helping Tom as a surety.

As the children were leaving school, the superintendent saw the big boy and little Tom walking together. He said to himself, "I am afraid that boy will do Tom harm. I must go and look after them."

When he reached the cottage where Tom lived, he said to his mother, "Where is your son Tom?"

"Oh, he's just gone upstairs with a great boy he brought with him. I don't know what they are doing."

"May I go up?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

The superintendent went softly and quickly up the stairs, and, as he reached the top, he could see through the door that Tom and the boy were kneeling together. He soon heard Tom's voice saying, "O Lord, make this boy that has been the worst boy in the school, O Lord, make him the best."

The superintendent knelt down by Tom's side, and they all prayed together.

God heard them, and he made the big boy one of the best boys in the school, and raised up friends for "Ragged Tom," who put him to school, and after that sent him to college, so that at length he went as a missionary to the heathen.—*Selected.*

ALL FOR THE BEST.

HERE once lived in England a good man named Bernard Gilpin, whose pious labors in Westmoreland, York, and Northumberland counties, at the period of the Reformation, procured for him the title by which he is still remembered in those parts, of "The Apostle of the North." It appears that it was a frequent saying of his, when exposed to losses and troubles, "Ah, well! God's will be done; nothing happens that is not intended for our good; it is all for the best!"

Towards the close of Queen Mary's reign, Bernard Gilpin was accused of heresy before the merciless Bishop Bonner. He was speedily apprehended, and he left his quiet home, "nothing doubting," as he said, "but that it was all for the best," though he was well aware of the fate that might await him; for we find him giving directions to his steward "to provide him a long garment, that he might go the more comely to the stake," at which he would be burned.

While on the way to London, by some accident he had a fall, and broke his leg, which put a stop for some time to his journey. The persons in whose custody he was took occasion thence maliciously to retort upon his habitual remark. "What," says they, "is this all for the best? You said, Master, that nothing happens that is not for our good; think you your broken leg is so intended?"

"Sirs, I make no question but it is," was the meek reply; and so in very truth it proved, for before he was able to travel Queen Mary died, the persecution ceased, and he was restored to liberty and his friends.—*Selected.*

DOING AND NOT DOING.

SIR," said a lad, coming down to one of the wharves in Boston, and addressing a well-known merchant, "have you any berth on your ship? I want to earn something."

"What can you do?" asked the gentleman.

"I can try my best to do whatever I am put to do," answered the boy.

"What have you done?"

"I have sawed and split all mother's wood for nigh on two years."

"What have you not done?" asked the

gentleman, who was a queer sort of a questioner.

"Well, sir," answered the boy, after a moment's pause, "I have not whispered in school once for a whole year."

"That's enough," said the gentleman; "you may ship aboard this vessel, and I hope to see you the master of her some day. A boy who can master a woodpile and bridle his tongue must be made of good stuff."—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

FIVE BARLEY LOAVES.

IT may be that many of our boys and girls who love the dear Lord Jesus and desire to serve Him grieve because they seem to be able to do so little for Him. They should be cheered when they think of that lad with the "five barley loaves and two small fishes" whose little store our Lord used to feed the great multitude. So He may use your store, whatever it may be, if you place it at His disposal.

Some one, in writing of this miracle, says:

"Little did that Jewish mother think, as she ground the grain, and mixed the dough, and heated the oven, and gave the five cakes to her little boy as he started for the great outdoor meeting, that her little cakes, passing through the hands of the Prophet of Nazareth, were to feed the five thousand men who gathered to hear the words of grace. And little do we think, when we are doing some trifling service, how great a blessing God may pronounce upon our labor. . . . Let us do our work heartily for God, and pray that He may accept the labor of our hands and crown it with His eternal benediction."—*Selected.*

Last eve I paused beside a blacksmith's door,
And heard the anvil ring the vesper chime;
Then, looking in, I saw upon the floor
Old hammers worn with beating years of time.

"How many anvils have you had," said I,
"To wear and batter all these hammers so?"
"Just one," he answered; then with twinkling eye,
"The anvil wears the hammers out, you know."

And so, I thought, the anvil of God's Word
For ages skeptic blows have beat upon;
Yet, though noise of Paine, Voltaire, was heard,
The anvil is unworn—the hammer's gone.

—*The Current.*

So, as up life's hill we journey,
Let us scatter all the way,
Kindly words to be as sunshine
In the dark and cloudy day.
Grudge no loving word, my brother,
As along through life you go,
To the ones who journey with you;
If you love them, tell them so.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Board of Management of the D. & F. M. S. will meet in Montreal on April 15th.

WE are sorry to have to place on record the death of Rev. G. A. Anderson, M.A., which took place recently at Tyendinaga, diocese of Ontario, where he was rector of the Indians of the Mohawk Reserve for many years.

THE appointment of the Right Rev. Dr. Alexander, Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, to the Archbishopric of Armagh and Primacy of the Church of Ireland, has given general satisfaction. His eloquence and power in the Church will well adapt him for the position.

THE Rev. W. A. Burman, Commissary of the Bishop of Athabasca, makes an earnest appeal on behalf of Christ Church Mission, Upper Peace River. The mission was founded by Rev. J. G. Brick, and has peculiar difficulties to contend with. The effort is being made to teach the Indians industry and the great art of helping themselves. This disposes them to the reception of Gospel truth. Contributions will be received by Mr. Burman, or by Miss L. A. Dixon, 29 Wilton Crescent, Toronto.

THE new diocese of Ottawa has at last started upon its way with the Right Rev. Charles Hamilton, D.D., D.C.L., present bishop of Niagara, as its diocesan. The new Synod met in Ottawa on Wednesday, the 18th of March, and, on the third ballot, elected Bishop Hamilton. The bishop will take to the capital his ripe experience and careful methods of

work, and will soon place the new see on as firm a basis as he has succeeded in establishing in the diocese which he leaves. Thus another election will have to take place before long to supply Niagara with a bishop, who will be the third from its formation in 1875.

THE following words of the Right Rev. Dr. Potter, Bishop of New York, are worthy of most serious thought: "Take my word for it, men and brethren, unless you and I, and all those who have any gift or stewardship of talents, or means of whatever sort, are willing to get up out of our sloth and ease and selfish dilletanteism of service, and get down among the people who are battling amid their poverty and ignorance—young girls for their chastity, young men for their better ideal of righteousness, old and young alike for one clear ray of the immortal courage and the immortal hope—then verily the Church, in its stately splendour, its apostolic order, its venerable ritual, its decorous and dignified conventions, is simply a monstrous and insolent impertinence."

MR. J. W. RUSSELL, in an article on Canadian affairs in the *Review of Reviews*, speaks thus of an important discovery in and about the diocese of Moosonee: "A large and partly unexplored region north of the Province of Quebec and between the head waters of the Ottawa River and James Bay, the southern part of Hudson's Bay, has recently been the scene of a notable discovery by Professor Bell, of the Canada Geological Survey. During his explorations last summer he traced the course of a large river, hitherto unknown, which drains the region of the south-east of James' Bay. The river is larger than the Ottawa, and a great part of it averages a mile in width. The country drained by it is level or gently undulating, and may be generally described as a plateau of one thousand feet above the sea level along the height of land, diminishing to some four hundred feet at one hundred miles or so from the mouth of the river, and then descending more rapidly to the shore of James' Bay. The soil is sandy in the vicinity of the height of land and for some distance beyond, but of brownish clay along the banks of the rivers and in the forests. The country is well wooded, and is fitted to be the home of a large population."

MISSIONARY NOTES.

"And the Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the world."—Matt. xxiv. 14.

I desire to make a simple, earnest appeal touching the offertory notice. He who speaks these words is our Master—the Captain of the Army—they are as it were our marching orders. We may take share in this work or not

—as we will; we may obey this command or not—as we will; but whether we take share or not, whether we obey or not, Christ's words can never fall to the ground. This Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached, by whomsoever it is done. These words come to us from the lips—and we may believe—from the heart of the Saviour, and we shall be taking the part He would have us to take, even if we help to save but one soul from the darkness of heathendom. To some, the subject of missions is not an attractive one—they question whether there is any good done—whether it is not all a failure. But, consider; if we kneel and thank God for our many spiritual privileges—for the many Eucharists that we have been permitted to make—for all that we value most; can it be that we have any right to keep all to ourselves, as if we alone dwelt in the Saviour's heart—we alone were the objects of His love?

How can these nations who know Him not learn unless they be taught? How can they hear without a preacher? It rests with us—if we may not go ourselves—at least to send forth and support the messengers of truth. The appeal especially comes home to us of the Canadian Church. Are we seeking to do this, even at the cost of some self-denial to ourselves? It is often asked, What has been done through all these years of missionary effort? Has anything really been accomplished? What is being done now? Yes; something has been done. Take these figures relating to the work of one-half century: Eighty-four bishoprics have been founded in colonial and heathen lands; 14,000 clergy are now employed—a vast increase over the number in the past; there are many special societies doing all in their power to send forth men and means; there are some 8,000 lay workers—men and women working alongside the clergy—seeking to enlarge the borders of Christ's kingdom. Everywhere, in every land, our men of the Anglican branch of the Church Catholic are to be found.

Again, it is asked, Are you simply extending your own branch of the Church in these far-off lands—seeking to make Anglican converts? Not so; churches are being built up among these various peoples, ministered to in many instances by native clergymen—of whom there are now at least 800—one with us in faith and doctrine—bound by the same ordination vows and with the same right to minister at God's holy altar. Yes, there is work being done; albeit, some have ventured to say—despite our Lord's own words—that it has all been failure. Tokens of God's approval have not been wanting amid all the difficulties and discouragements, which have been so bravely, so heroically met. The very characters of the workers gives the work a claim upon our help and sympathy. To the honor of our church be it said, we too have had our saints and martyrs; men

such as Bishop Patteson and Bishop Hannington, who laid down their lives willingly in the Master's cause; such as Bishop Tucker, who went out at once to fill Bishop Hannington's place, where he has since bravely and faithfully labored. Has not the Church of our day its saints of God—its martyrs of God?

Look back for fifty years—here is a picture of what was happening then in British Guiana, on the banks of the Essequibo river, of which we have heard so much lately. The only dwellers in that region were four Indian tribes, who never met except in cruel Indian warfare. In 1840, one young man filled with missionary zeal went alone among these savage people, lived in a half-ruined hut, the only dwelling permitted to him, utterly despised by the natives for his lack of skill in all that they prized. He could not fish, he could not hunt, he could not manage a canoe; in their eyes he was only contemptible; yet he was a man of parts and power—one who would have succeeded in any profession or calling he had chosen in his own land. He suffered from fever, from the climate, from the dreariest loneliness; still he lived on for five long years, patient as you and I would scarcely conceive of patience. Then, like Nicodemus, one man came by night—the herald of the many who were to follow.

Eleven years later the scene is very different—there is the venerable figure of Bishop Austen; the young missionary is there; and there, too, a thousand Indian converts, already baptized; of these large numbers kneel together to receive the Holy Communion—men of different tribes, who before met only in the bitterest warfare.

Many years follow of earnest, chequered labor, and in 1868 we have the same Bishop gathering the harvest of the same heroic worker's toil. Another tribe, hitherto inaccessible to Christ, had been won. The scene seems almost to belong to the earliest times.

In the depths of the forest, below the Great Falls of the Demerara river, they stand on the river bank, and the sacrament of Holy Baptism is administered to 240 men and women and 145 children by the Bishop's hands. Had this man failed even as men count failure?

I say in the character of the workers—strong, gentle, patient, and faithful—missionaries have a claim upon our support. You and I, as members of the Canadian Church, are called upon to send help to one special mission field—we are responsible for work already undertaken in Japan. Mr. Waller, who is known personally to many among us, writes of their many needs, rouses our sympathy, perhaps—but what is done? These mission workers have no houses,—such as are needed by those going from this climate. It is a very bitter thing for a man to see his family suffering! And we are unable to build them any houses for lack of means!

Then they have no proper church. In the little room, 18x16, which has been fitted up for service, there is scant space for the worshippers when one end has been set apart as a sort of chancel with its altar and little brass cross, to give at least some idea of the dignity of our service. Out of their small means the native converts have subscribed enough to buy a site, and they now plead with us to build the church for them. Seven hundred dollars would do it. There must be men here, possibly among ourselves, who could do it and never feel it—and yet it is not done! We send out pittance—pardon me, they are pittance—and the missionaries are hampered and the work is hindered. Surely it is our duty to see that these workers have the common comforts of life, such as will enable them to do their utmost in the task they have undertaken, as well as our loving sympathy amid frequent trial and discouragement. They have a claim upon us for *all* that we, by a little prayerful self-denial can give—we who have so much of luxury in things spiritual and temporal. God grant that our Master, through our work and prayers, "may see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied."

J. C. R.

WORK IN JAPAN.

Rev. Masazo Kakuzen, native deacon of the Canadian Church, sends us the following report of his work. The outlook is brighter this year than last. There is to be a general Synod in Osaka in April, and Mr. Kakuzen is going to represent the Canadian Mission there. The following is Mr. Kakuzen's report:

Matsumoto, Japan, Feb. 21st, 1896.

To the Secretary-Treasurer of the D. F. M. S.:

DEAR SIR,—Our work during the whole of last year was chiefly in sowing seeds in this town and its neighboring villages, and so what was actually gathered in is very small. Three men and one woman were received as catechumens, and two men and one child were baptized at different times during the year. One of the two baptized men was Mr. Kennedy's Japanese teacher since June. He was baptized on the Sunday before Christmas, but, much to our sorrow, left us shortly after with the expressed intention of going over to Formosa, the newly obtained possession of Japan.

He visited his people at his native place, to say good-bye to them, who disapproved his adventurous enterprise, and urged him to put it off for some years. So he has changed his mind and is coming back here bringing his wife and child with him, to take up his former position, which has not been filled yet since his departure.

The bishop was here on the 20th of May, accompanied by Mrs. Bickersteth. They trav-

elled over the two difficult passes between Matsumoto and Uyeda, which are respectively called Hofukuji and Cariyahara. Messrs. Waller and Kennedy also came over with them from Nagano. The next morning four men and one girl were confirmed by the Bishop at our little preaching house—the first confirmation ever held at Matsumoto. Only two of the candidates lived in the town, and the others came either on that day or the night before from their homes.

The distance travelled by them varied from eight to twenty miles.

Although there were several removals of the members of our congregation to other districts, the deficiency was made up by the coming of Mr. Kennedy and his whole household from Nagano, toward the end of September. He came here just in time to extend our work, which was in need of more laborers.

Collections made during the year amount to twenty yen and eighty-two sen. This is not a large sum, but is very good for a little congregation like ours, consisting of only ten communicants.

The average attendance on Sunday was five at the morning service, and ten in the evening.

A Bible class was begun in the beginning of May, and was held on every Wednesday evening. Those who attend this class are all very earnest.

By the end of July we secured a pretty house with a large garden for our preaching house and my residence, on the street not very far from the former house, and much more quiet, for we felt that the former was too small and too retired from the street.

A knitting class has been carried on since November by Mrs. Kennedy and Mrs. Rowe. There were four girls coming to this class at the beginning of December when Mrs. Kennedy's illness and removal to a new house obliged her to stop work for a time. But I am glad the work is still continuing and is getting more prosperous.

Since Mr. Kennedy came here we have gradually been arranging the inside of our preaching house so that we can serve God orderly and reverentially. A pretty baby organ which was bought with the money given by the bishop was placed in the preaching house since December. This is a great addition to the feature of the room, and makes our service more hearty than before.

In February we commenced a mission at Nakagawate Mura, ten miles north of Matsumoto. We have eight enquirers there. They are all members of a young men's association which has no religious tint. I first made their acquaintance at one of their general meetings, where I was asked to give an address, and since then I have been continually visiting them.

The second mission is at Shiojiri mura, where we held a special preaching in August, and found out quite a few enquirers, most of whom are influential people in the place. The work here is very promising, for the proposed railway between Shiojiri and Shinonoi, a station on the Tokasaki-Naoetsu line, will be commenced as soon as it gets warmer, and the central line between Tokyo and Nagoya, which is to run through this village also at an early date.

Since December Mr. Kennedy and I are visiting together each of these two places twice a month. May God, who is the fountain of all wisdom and source of life, guide us and strengthen us in teaching those people for whom we are sent, and open their hearts to receive the Light of the World, and to obtain salvation through His only begotten Son, whose blood was shed for the redemption of all mankind.

THE CANADIAN CHURCH IN RELATION TO FOREIGN MISSIONS.

(Concluded.)

Turning now from figures, it may be well to note that a feeling began to grow among many of the Church people throughout Canada adverse to the sending of offerings made to foreign missions to the English missionary societies. It was urged by many that as a Church—a Church, in fact, thoroughly independent in her position—she ought to be doing her own direct missionary work. This feeling existed in the minds of some of the members of the Board of Management of the D. and F.M.S., but the majority felt that the responsibility of doing anything that might interfere with the grants that were still being made by the English societies to the Church in this country was great, and, therefore, the board requested the bishops who should be in attendance at the Lambeth conference to hold an interview with the English societies on the subject, the result of which was that the Standing Committee of the S.P.G. passed a series of resolutions regarding the matter, and recommended:

(1) That it would not be well for the Church of England in Canada to undertake direct work in the foreign field until she had an assured income of at least £3,000 (\$15,000).

(2) That in the meantime the S.P.G. would be willing to receive Canadian missionaries under their protection, their support to come from Canada.

(3) That the S.P.G. would not allow the Canadian dioceses to suffer, so far as aid from England is concerned, in the event of the daughter church entering directly upon her own work in the foreign field.

In the meantime, a voluntary missionary

association in connection with Wycliffe College, Toronto, had taken the bull by the horns, and sent a missionary, to be supported by itself, to Japan. This was Rev. J. Cooper Robinson, who went to his work in the year 1888, and may, therefore, be considered to be the pioneer missionary sent into the mission field from Canada and supported by Canadians.

The Board of Management, acting upon the resolutions passed by the S.P.G. in England, soon adopted the principle recommended, and proclaimed itself ready to send a missionary to the foreign field and support him through the venerable society, so that he might receive the protection which the name of such a well-known and powerful organization would give him. The result of this was that in October, 1890, the Rev. J. G. Waller, a graduate of Trinity College, Toronto, was accepted as a missionary and sent to Japan.

The history of Canadian work in Japan (which at present is the only field of operation attempted) has been so frequently given and so recently recounted, both in the Triennial Report of the D. and F.M.S. and also in the last Epiphany Appeal, that it is unnecessary to repeat it here. Suffice it to say that there are two Canadian missions now in Japan, one supported by the Wycliffe College Missionary Association, or, as it is now termed, the Canadian Church Missionary Association of the Church Missionary Society, and the other by the D. and F.M.S. itself. The former of these is in Nagoya, under Rev. J. Cooper Robinson, and comprises in all eight missionaries, and the latter is in Nagano, under Rev. J. G. Waller, and consists also of eight missionaries.

Thus has the Church of England in Canada at last succeeded in establishing work of her own in the foreign field, and a missionary spirit is being aroused in her midst. There are difficulties surrounding her work which render progress slow. The fact that two dioceses appropriate all their foreign missionary money to the English S.P.G., and a third appropriates more than half for the same purpose, and that private support is given to the Wycliffe mission, greatly hampers the D. and F.M.S. in the support of the missionary work it has undertaken, and has rendered any extension of that work, for the present, at all events, impossible. Indeed, the requirements of the staff at Nagano already tax its financial capabilities to the utmost, and many things that the board would like to do for the comfort of its missionaries, such as providing them with suitable houses, and churches, and schools, have to be left undone. The board always feels grateful to the Woman's Auxiliary that was formed in the year 1885, to be an assistant in its aim and objects; but the great bulk of work done by that organization is in the domestic field. Beyond the support of Miss Jennie C. Smith

(which is undertaken almost entirely by the W.A.), the board receives no accession to its funds for the support of its own direct work in Japan. Yet the board lives on and works on, hoping for better things to come, hoping for the time when the sons and daughters of the Church of England in Canada will take a livelier interest in what ought to be considered—for it certainly is such—the greatest work on earth, viz., the conversion of the heathen to that religion which we know brings happiness and peace to the soul of man.

Books and Periodicals Department.

(1) *Missionary Heroines in Eastern Lands.* By Mrs. E. R. Pitman. (2) *Through Prison Bars.* By William H. Render. (3) *Light on Life's Duties.* By F. B. Meyer. The Willard Tract Depository (Fleming H. Revell Company), Yonge street, Toronto. Price each, 50 cents.

Mrs. Pitman has put together an interesting little book on woman's work among the homes and zenanas of the East. It would form good and appropriate reading for meetings of Woman's Auxiliary branches. It is almost a revelation to find out how many and great things noble-hearted women have endured for the sake of their suffering sisters in the East. Mr. Render's book is also a tale of suffering, though widely different from the woes of Eastern women. The tale of prison reform necessitates a description of the condition of prisoners before the reform was effected, and this is terrible. The lives and labors of John Howard and Elizabeth Fry, as told in the book, bring the whole dark tale to light. Prisons are palaces now compared with what they used to be. These two books are nicely illustrated. Mr. Meyer's book, "Light on Life's Duties," consists of ten readings on spiritual matters in keeping with its title.

(1) *The Expositor* (one shilling); (2) *The Clergyman's Magazine* (sixpence). London: Hodder & Stoughton, 27 Paternoster Row.

A glimpse is given in *The Expositor* of some early Christian literature in "An Ancient Homily of Gregory Thaumaturgus." It is a curious document concerning the Virgin Mary, and is an Armenian manuscript now for the first time translated. The translator is F. C. Conybeare, M.A., Oxford. Prof. Ramsay has a fine article on "St. Paul and the Jewish Christians," and Dr. Dale some suggestive and comforting thoughts regarding the "Elect Race." Some of the striking characteristics of St. Luke's gospel are well brought out by Prof. Bruce in his "Jesus Mirrored in Matthew, Mark, and Luke." Among a large number of sermon notes and outlines, Dr. Moule speaks wisely on "Lessons in Faith and Love, being chapters on the Epistle to the Philippians," and the editor has an interesting paper on the late Bishop Thomas Valpy French—"St. Thomas of Lahore."

The Sunday at Home; The Leisure Hour; The Boy's Own and The Girl's Own Papers, etc. The Religious Tract Society, 56 Paternoster Row, London.

The Sunday at Home continues Dr. Adrian's vivid and distressing tale of religious persecution. A good idea is given by pen and pencil of Johannesberg and its president. "Sunday in Liverpool" gives a good sketch of the busy city in the repose of the Lord's day, with some portraits of the clergy. *The Leisure Hour* has another instalment of "The Dreams of Dania," the Irish tale, which becomes quite thrilling, and many excellent articles; among them, one on "Homes and Clubs for Women in Paris," in which a capital portrait of Mrs. Lewis (late Miss Leigh) is given,

together with an interesting reference to her work. *The Cottager and Artisan* is a beautifully printed publication. *The Boy's Own* and *The Girl's Own* are well up to the mark.

The Review of Reviews. 13 Astor Place, New York. \$2.50 a year.

The March number presents, in compact form, the most valuable material yet available concerning the new process of photography by cathode rays. A translation of Professor Roentgen's own account of his discovery is given, together with a portrait, a reproduction of a photograph of a living hand taken with the "X" rays at Hamburg, Germany, and other illustrations. A large portion of the magazine is devoted to Canadian affairs, and Mr. Cecil Rhodes the "Napoleon of Africa."

The Missionary Review of the World. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York; Toronto, 11 Richmond street west. \$2.50 per year.

Articles on Turkey, Mexico, Armenia, the Indians of Central America, the "Attitude of the Turkish Empire Toward Christians," a "Missionary Cruise in the Pacific," are to be found in the March number of this excellent missionary magazine, together with a large amount of information regarding missionary work of all kinds and from all parts of the world.

The American Church Sunday School Magazine. Philadelphia.

An interesting article on "Ur of the Chaldees," and a Lenten meditation on the "Yoke and Burden of Christ," are the chief characteristics of the March number of this magazine. The Sunday-school instruction part is valuable.

The Babe of Bethlehem. H. L. Hastings, Boston, Mass. Price 25 cents.

This is the story of the birth of Jesus put into rhyme for children. It does not improve the good old story, but, perhaps, it might be found useful for children in the way of memorizing it.

TREASURER'S STATEMENT.

The following are the amounts received to date by the Secretary-Treasurer since February 14th, 1896:

	Domestic.	Foreign.
Niagara W.A., for—		
Algoma General.....	\$ 2 00	\$
To Indian Homes.....	2 00	
Saskatchewan and Calgary Blood Reserve.....	75	
Saskatchewan and Calgary, St. Barnabas' Home.....	30 00	
Athabasca Education Fund.....	200 00	
Mackenzie River.....	5 25	
Rev. I. O. Stringer's and Mr. Marsh's work.....	10 00	
Qu'Appelle, Saltcoats.....	2 00	
" " ".....	1 00	
Rupert's Land, General.....	2 00	
" " ".....	25	
" " Indian Mission Fund.....	19 00	
" " General.....	3 00	
" " Church at Somerset..	5 50	
" " Washakie.....	2 00	
" " Stamford.....	2 00	
" " A Friend.....	1 00	
Saskatchewan and Calgary, salary, lady teacher.....	17 00	
Saskatchewan and Calgary, St. Barnabas' Home.....	75 00	

Japan, Wycliffe.....	10 00	
“ Stewart Memorial.....	14 65	
Zenana Indian Mission, Miss Colman.....	60 00	
“ Mission Fund.....	2 50	
“ “.....	1 00	
“ “.....	2 00	
Jews, London Society.....		5 00
“Armenian Sufferers,” from Mrs. Martin.....		5 00
Niagara Diocese, for—		
Epiphany Collection from Christ Church Cathedral, Hamilton.....	105 15	
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	\$379 75	\$200 30
Nova Scotia, for—		
Domestic Missions, from Dartmouth..	\$ 12 40	\$
Collected in Halifax.....	7 50	
“ “.....		7 50
“ “.....		63 83
Offertory, St. Luke’s, Halifax.....		1 00
Souris, P.E.I., per Rev. J. Simpson..		2 34
Cherry Valley, P.E.I., “.....		14 13
Jews, London Society, from Dartmouth		14 34
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$ 19 90	\$ 88 80
Quebec, for—		
Algoma, Shingwauk, support of boy, from St. Matthew’s Church.....	\$50 00	
S.P.C.K., from Bishop’s College, Lennoxville.....		5 08
S.P.G., from Bishop’s College, Lennoxville, for St. Paul’s College, Madagascar.....		11 86
S. P. G., Korea, from Cathedral, Quebec.....		19 00
S.P.G., Archbishop’s Assyrian Mission, Quebec.....		14 50
S.P.G., General Purposes.....		658 23
Unappropriated.....		46 33
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$50 00	\$755 00
Toronto, for—		
Saskatchewan and Calgary, Nepowewin, from Collingwood Sunday-school	\$10 98	\$
Japan, Rev. J. G. Waller’s Church, per W. A.....		10 00
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$10 98	\$10 00

TOTALS.

	Domestic.	Foreign.	Total.
As above.....	\$1,054 10	\$ 466 63	\$1,514 73
Previously acknowl’d.	4,113 30	2,878 97	6,992 27
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$5,167 40	\$3,339 60	\$8,507 00

CHAS. H. MOCKRIDGE,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Toronto, March 14th, 1896.

DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN
MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF
THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND
IN CANADA.



All persons who are members of the Church of England in Canada are members of this Society. See Canon XIX, Provincial Synod.

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The Secretary-Treasurer in each Diocese, to whom all moneys for missionary purposes are to be sent, is as follows :

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Huron, J. M. McWhinney, Esq., London, Ont.
Ontario, R. V. Rogers, Esq., Kingston, Ont.
Niagara, J. J. Mason, Esq., Hamilton, Ont.
Algoma, D. Kemp, Esq., Synod Office, Toronto, Ont.

The next meeting of the Board is appointed to be held in Montreal, on Wednesday, the 15th of April, 1896.