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# THE CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE

• • AND MISSION NEWS • •

Published by the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada.

VOL. IX.

TORONTO, AUGUST, 1895.

No. 110.

## HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

No. 110.—TRINITY CHURCH, ST. THOMAS.

**T**HE city of St. Thomas is situated about two thirds of the way between London, the see city of the diocese of Huron, and Port Stanley, on Lake Erie. It is the county town of the county of Elgin. For a long time it was but a small town, but about twenty years or so ago it took a sudden change for the better and increased in population to a sufficient extent to allow of its being called a city—the great point or ambition for all towns in Canada and the United States.

The first Church of England missionary who visited St. Thomas was the Hon. and Rev. Dr. Stewart, who, from 1820 to 1822, officiated in Port Talbot, Dunwich, St. Thomas, London, Bayham, etc. Rev. Alexander Mackintosh was appointed first incumbent of St. Thomas in 1824. In the same year a wooden church was built and very appropriately dedicated to St. Thomas. The Holy Communion was administered in this church for the first time by the Hon. and Rev. Dr. Stewart, assisted by Rev. A. Mackintosh, on Sunday, June 19th, 1825. At that time Upper Canada, or Ontario, as it is now called, was to a great extent a wilderness, and many places that are now cities and towns were then only small villages or heads of "settlements." The incumbent of St. Thomas was really a missionary with a large tract of country, extending from London to Port Burwell, under his charge.

The St. Thomas *Journal* of November, 1887, states that the first confirmation held in this church was on August 23rd, 1827. If so, it must have been conducted by the Hon. and Rt. Rev. Dr. Stewart, who between his first administration of the Holy Communion in it and this service had been chosen and consecrated Bishop of Quebec—a diocese which then embraced the whole of Canada except the maritime provinces. Consecrated bishop in

1826, he seems to have lost no time in visiting the old, remote places where he had officiated as a travelling missionary, and the people of St. Thomas' Church, St. Thomas, we may well imagine, were glad to welcome their zealous missionary as their bishop.

Mr. Mackintosh was succeeded in 1829 by Rev. Edward Jukes Boswell, who officiated until December of that year. In December, 1829, Rev. Mark Burnham, B.A., was appointed rector. He was a son of Hon. Zaccheus Burnham, of Cobourg, Ont., was a graduate of Oxford, and was ordained deacon immediately before being appointed rector. He was a man of blameless life, and deservedly beloved. He was rector of the

church for over twenty-three years. Miss Burnham, sister of Rev. Mark Burnham, became the wife of the late E. Ermatinger—a name well-known in St. Thomas and in the diocese of Huron generally.

During Mr. Burnham's incumbency the church was enlarged by the addition of transepts. On his removal to Peterborough in 1852, the Rev. St. George Caulfield was appointed. Dr. Caulfield was an Irish clergyman, born in Kilkenny, educated at Trinity College, Dublin



REV. CANON, HILL, M.A.,  
Rector of Trinity Church, St. Thomas, Ont.



OLD ST. THOMAS' CHURCH, ST. THOMAS, ONT.

where he took the degree of LL.D. He was ordained deacon at Killaloe by the Bishop of Ossory. Coming then to Canada he was priested in Hamilton by Dr. Strachan, Bishop of Toronto, and appointed to St. Thomas, where he remained for upwards of twenty-one years. He resigned in December, 1873, and was appointed rector of Windsor. In his place at St. Thomas came the Rev. S. B. Kellogg, appointed in April, 1874.

By this time a strong feeling had sprung up in favor of the erection of a new church on a site more in the centre of the rapidly-growing town. While St. Thomas remained its own little self, perched upon a lofty hill overlooking the roadway between London and the lake, the old wooden church, dear to the memory of all Church people in St. Thomas, was well situated and answered every purpose; but when a new and larger town began to grow away from the original borough, it was felt that a new site and a new church must be secured.

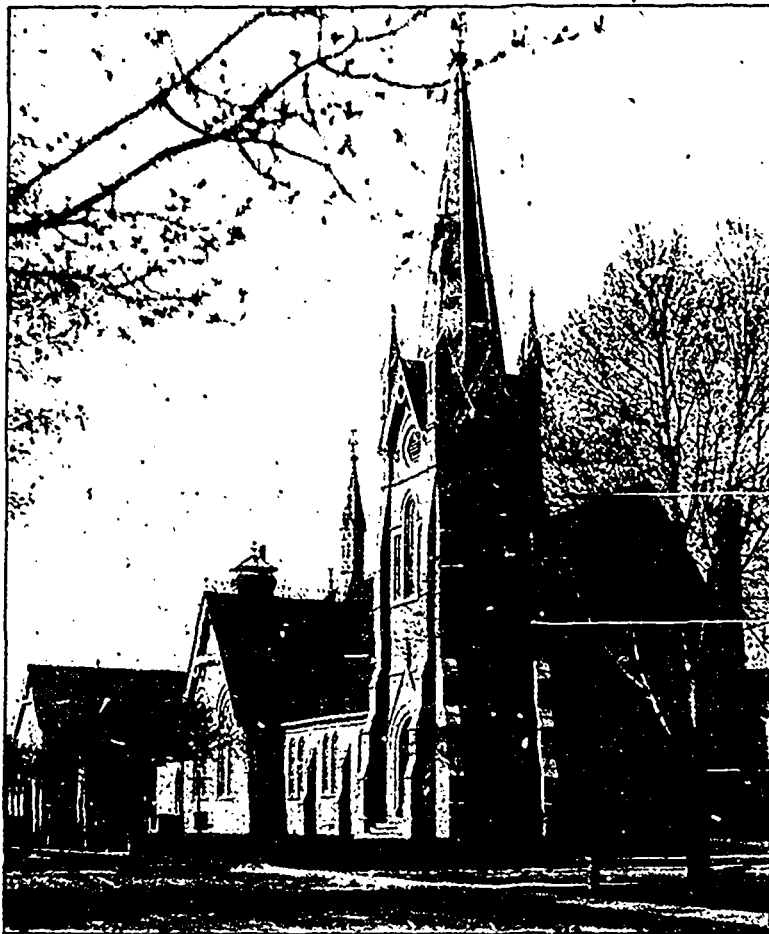
One of the leading Churchmen, Mr. George Kains, presented a fine site on the corner of Wellington and Southwick streets, which was afterwards added to by purchase. The building committee consisted of Messrs. E. Horton, Geo. Kains, D. J. Hughes, Thos. Futchter, Thos. Arkell, Luke Slater, C. O. Ermatinger, J. A. Denison, Chas. Roe, John A. Kains, Sam. Day, Freeman Ellison, and Rev. S. B. Kellogg. The death of Mr. Kellogg, which occurred in 1875, the year after his appointment, cast a gloom for a time upon the prospects of the new church, but the parishioners, at the dying request of their pastor, secured the appoint-

ment of Rev. T. C. DesBarres. He took his place as rector before the close of the year. During his ministry the new church, one of the finest in the diocese, was erected. In 1878 Mr. DesBarres resigned and was succeeded by Rev. G. G. Ballard, B.A., T.C.D., on whose resignation, in 1885, the present rector, Rev. Canon Hill, was appointed, removing from Strathroy.

Arundel Charles Hill was born in York, on the Grand River, county of Haldimand, Ont. He was the second son of Rev. B. C. Hill, M.A., of Trinity College, Dublin, a zealous and

dévoted missionary, who labored in the county of Haldimand for thirty-three years, and built churches in York, Caledonia, and Cayuga. Besides officiating four times, sometimes five times, on Sunday, he preached every night in the week in schoolhouses and buildings of all kinds. In going from one part of his extensive mission to another he always travelled on horseback, and died on Nov. 9th, 1870, from injuries received by a fall from his horse. In addition to his clerical duties he trained young men for the university, many of whom now are prominent professional men in Canada and the United States.

Canon Hill was taught exclusively at home before entering University. He matriculated at Toronto University in 1863. During University course he was successful in winning scholarships and prizes in classics, and graduated as B.A. and classical gold medalist in 1867. He obtained the degree of M.A. at Toronto University in 1868, and afterwards took the divinity course at Huron College, London. In 1869 he was ordained deacon by Rt. Rev. Dr. Cronyn, Bishop of Huron, and was appointed curate of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, which he held for a year. He was ordained priest in 1870, and was curate of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, from September, 1870, to May, 1873, when he became assistant minister at the Church of the Ascension, Hamilton. He was married in 1874 to Miss Emily M. Delamere, second daughter of the late Mr. Dawson Delamere, of H.M. Customs, Toronto. From Hamilton he removed, in 1875, to London, where he was assistant min-



TRINITY CHURCH, ST. THOMAS.

ister at the Chapter House for a few months, when he was appointed as incumbent to Burford mission in October, 1875, and rector of Strathroy, in 1878, from which place he removed to St. Thomas, in 1885. In 1882 Bishop Hellmuth made Mr. Hill a canon of the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, London, having before that date made him a member of Huron College Council. In 1884 Bishop Baldwin appointed him one of his examining chaplains, and in 1885 rural dean of Elgin. For many years he has been elected a member of the Executive Committee of the diocese, and also a delegate to the Provincial Synod. During Canon Hill's residence in St. Thomas he has not only been encouraged by seeing his congregation increase, and the church make rapid progress, but has gained the respect and good will of all those with whom he has come in contact

HEATHEN races often resent missionaries on the grounds that they are foreigners. It is often said amongst them, "You are a foreigner: how can you tell what is best for us?"

A MISSION TOUR IN  
ATHABASCA.

No. III.

BY THE BISHOP OF ATHABASCA.

SOME fifty to sixty miles from Lesser Slave Lake is White Fish Lake.

This mission was begun under interesting circumstances. Two young men came in to St. Peter's mission during the winter of 1888 seeking instruction, and asking for a teacher who might reside among their people and teach them the truths they heard at the mission.

The result of this appeal, and subsequent visits by Mr. Holmes, was the establishment of St. Andrew's mission under the charge of the Rev. Henry Robinson.

Accompanied by the Rev. M. Scott, Mr. Robinson returned to his mission directly after the synod. Some idea of the route to be travelled may be formed from the experiences of the Bishop and Mr. Holmes a couple of years before. The journey, after threading

our way through the swamps in the vicinity of Buffalo Lake, was, for the first twelve miles, over an open country, low hills interspersed with valleys, enlivened by pools of water gleaming in the sunlight, from which the ducks rose and flew to more sequestered spots as we galloped past.

About 11 a.m. we entered the woods, which extended, with but slight breaks, to White Fish Lake.

The road was a bridle-track, encumbered with fallen trees and overhanging branches that threatened to tear the rider from his seat, unless he made obeisance low over the pommel of his Mexican saddle. The narrow, tortuous trail was made more difficult as it constantly crossed muddy creeks (minus bridges), swamps, and, worse still, deep, soft muskegs that nothing but an Indian pony would think of tackling. The order of march was, Mr. Holmes in the front rank, the baggage horse in the centre, and the Bishop in the rear. The ride was not without its ludicrous incidents. At one time Mr. H. turned to see the Bishop clear in

very respectable fashion (as he afterwards remarked) bank, bush, and muddy creek beyond; at another time to see Bishop and horse rolling in a muskeg.

Later on in the day, it did not require any great stretch of imagination to fancy oneself in a cavalry charge, oneself in the third rank, the second-rank horse riderless, and Mr. H., with gun on shoulder, to the front charging at a gallop.

All at once there was a clatter and a crash, and down went Mr. H., man and horse. The cause, no bullet or lacerating shell, but a too intricate interlacing of fallen stems, even for a native horse to overcome, at the pace we were going. It was well that the upset called for nothing more than a hearty laugh.

Daylight disappeared two weary hours before we reached our destination. About half a mile from the mission we had to cross a river, and had been warned of a deep hole which would waylay the unwary traveller steering too straight a course over the ford. Cautiously we entered the river and made for the opposite bank; a gentle current broke in ripples that glinted in the moonlight against our horses' flanks.

It got deeper and deeper, until, to escape the water, we had to cross our legs over the necks of our horses and sit in true Turkish fashion; our anxiety being divided between the fear of a sudden plunge into the lurking depth, and being pitched off our perches by the stumbling of our horses. This safely passed, we saw some Indian tents to our right among the bushes. As we passed, the curtain of one was raised and a ruddy gleam shone out in relief against the cold moonlight, suggestive of warmth and rest. Two Indian boys came out to scan the passing travellers, and we heard them say, as they re-entered, "Unooch takusinwuk ayumehay wiyinewuk"—"The prayer men are arriving." A few minutes brought us to the little log shanty, then doing service for a mission house. It stood under the deep shadow of the trees in a small clearing facing the moonlit lake. The barking of the mission train dogs was our only welcome, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson having already retired for the night. They were, however, soon up and busy preparing supper for the hungry and weary travellers.

Early the following morning the Indians began to drop in by twos and threes. Until about two p.m. we were engaged in talking with them, setting before them the truths of the Gospel, and urging them to make use of the mission we had been enabled to establish among them.

One middle-aged man, though present, stood aloof, and his whole bearing indicated no friendly feeling towards us. In fact, Mr. R. afterwards wrote that he opposed our work.

In 1893, however, he was able to write of him when referring to some other baptisms, "One family of four we baptized, also a little boy whom they had adopted. The father is a man of great influence among these people; he is the same man who opposed us when first we came here."

In another letter, after referring to a child whose baptism he had previously mentioned, he writes, "I have now had the pleasure of baptizing the mother. These six persons say they have now only commenced to pray. They had been coming to the services, but could not make up their minds to join us before."

Wednesday, July 11, we started for the Peace River. To appearance, our team might have been in harness for the first time. Fortunately, Charley, our driver, handled the reins as one to the manner born. Nor was he discomposed when one of the fore-horses threw himself on to his back and succeeded in tangling things up generally.

The road gradually ascends from the mission, more or less skirting the banks of the Hart River, glimpses of which are obtainable at points where the trees and bush have been cleared away, while good views are obtainable of the country lying to the west of Buffalo and Slave lakes.

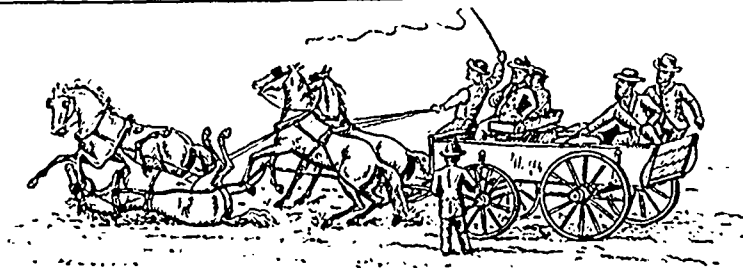
The little log houses of Indians and half-breeds line the road at intervals for the first three miles, and then we are once more in the wilderness.

The trail crosses a series of small open prairies, rich in grass, and then plunges into an unbroken woodland, where the trees and bushes closely flank the road for about fifteen miles. In bad weather these wooded sections of road are somewhat trying.

Here and there, there has been a feeble attempt at corduroy, but, as a rule, tougher pieces of ground interlaced by roots are alternated with weaker bits, generally a mixture of mud and water, into which first one wheel and then another sinks at times almost to the hub, calling for great presence of mind, and sometimes some muscular effort, on the part of the passengers to maintain their seats. Jokes on each other's misfortunes, or a grim smile at one's own, serve, however, to enliven a journey much less tedious in this respect than a "Pullman."

Then, when "banks and braes" and woods glow in the rich hues of the setting sun, and the calm of evening rests on grass and tree and flower, and the wearied, foam-streaked horses are pulled up alongside a bit of grassy sward, it is a pleasant change to stretch cramped and wearied limbs, some busy in putting up the tents, others in getting a fire and preparing for the evening meal.

Three things are essential in choosing camp—water, dry wood, and grass. It is, however, not



HUDSON'S BAY FOUR-IN-HAND.

difficult for travellers, who know the road, to find these essentials duly combined.

After passing the wooded ridge the trail follows a fresh-water creek until the banks of the first Hart River are reached. At this point it flows with a steady current. The channel, flanked by a heavy growth of willows, twists amid the low swampy grounds, a favorite haunt of ducks, and sometimes, in the early spring or fall, patronized by the geese.

A series of sandy ridges covered with tamarack comes next. A stunted growth of ground-creepers, intermixed with low bush cranberries, strawberries, etc., unbroken by tangles of undergrowth and fallen timber, offers a shady vista, welcome after the hot sun of the open ridges. Then some heavily wooded country somewhat hilly, with plenty of fresh-water creeks, until, about sixty to seventy miles from Lesser Slave Lake, an open prairie country is reached.

We are now on the watershed of the Peace River country, and the road very soon brings us to the banks of the second Hart River.

Where the trail strikes the prairie one seems to have struck a settled country. Long stretches show marks of the mower, while at times stacks of hay may be seen in all directions. It is the Hudson Bay Company's hay-grounds, where they get the winter supply for their transport cattle.

The house and sheds of the caretaker, empty during the summer season, is the only sign of human habitation to relieve the solitude.

The plateau between the Lesser Slave Lake and the Peace River is drained by the two Hart rivers, known as the first and second, the one running into Lesser Slave Lake, and so into the Athabasca River; the other into the Peace River. These waters, after a course of some 800 to 1000 miles, once more flow together in Great Slave River beyond Lake Athabasca.

In the far north of the Canadian Northwest there are said to be two hundred thousand Indians. The first missionary paddled up to them in a birch-bark canoe in 1820, when they were all pagans. Ten thousand of them are now Christians.

## THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY.

REIGN OF HENRY VIII.

(Continued.)

**W**HEN all England was talking about the great divorce case between Henry VIII. and his wife Katharine, we read of two great men, Dr. Gardiner, Secretary of State, and Dr. Fox, the Lord High Almoner, being engaged in conversation with Dr. Thomas Cranmer, a Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. Their topic was naturally the divorce case. Dr. Cranmer gave it as his opinion that the point to be settled was, Was it lawful for a man to marry his brother's widow or not? If not, then Henry and Katharine were never man and wife, no matter how many years they had lived together. This opinion was reported to the king, who immediately sent for the quiet Cambridge divine, as he wished to know more of him. In his own rough language, he was a man who had got "the right sow by the ear." So commenced a busy and notable career.

Thomas Cranmer was born on the 2nd of July, 1484. His father was a country gentleman of Nottinghamshire. He was sent to Cambridge and was elected a Fellow of Jesus College, but, falling in love with "Black Joan," an innkeeper's daughter, he resigned his fellowship and married the young woman of his choice. Within a year, however, his wife and newly-born infant died, and were buried in one grave. He then applied, as an unmarried man, for his fellowship again and received it. Having been admitted to holy orders, he proceeded to the degree of Doctor of Divinity, which he obtained. When he attracted the notice of the king, he was simply a private tutor. As a divine, however, he was also a lawyer, and as such was useful to the king.

And Cranmer from the first was a man who readily did the king's bidding. He was engaged as the leading counsel in the state lawsuit, and left the dingy drudgery of Cambridge for the bright and attractive precincts of the court. He was appointed one of the royal chaplains, and was sent as an embassy to the pope to urge upon His Holiness the impor-

tance of securing, if possible, the much-desired divorce of Henry from his wife. Here Cranmer saw things connected with the papacy and the Roman clergy which opened his eyes to the necessity for reformation, in some form or other, in matters religious. He also met some of the German princes, who had already joined what was known as "The Protestant League," and, though he could not move them to take an interest in the divorce question, yet he learned many things from them which greatly influenced his after life, long after the all-engrossing affairs of the divorce were over.

At the present, however, he appeared before the pope as a true and loyal son of the Church, representing a monarch who wished to be known to the world as an upholder of the Catholic religion and the "Defender of the Faith." When abroad he heard much of Luther, but he was not prepared to sympathize with him in his doctrines, which, nevertheless, were shaking terribly the earth. Yet he learned a great deal of the Reformation as it was going on in Germany. It was his pleasure to meet with some of the scholars and great men of that country of letters and learning. Among these he was particularly taken with Andreas Osiander, a German Reformer, whose real name was Andrew Hoseman, with whom he remained for some time.

Cranmer was no believer in the celibacy of the clergy. He had himself married in England, as we have seen, but became a widower. We now find that the niece of Osiander so far attracted him as to lead him again into matrimony. He and the fair Margaret were married. In this he was conscientious. Clergymen of all ranks in those days thought nothing of living unlawfully with women, though they held it to be a dreadful thing to enter the honorable estate of matrimony. Cranmer was sensible enough to see the immorality of this.

It was about this time that Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, died. Henry VIII. at once nominated Cranmer as his successor. His marriage did not seem, either in his own mind or that of others, a bar to his being Primate of England, for the consent of the pope and all others concerned in the matter was readily obtained. It is probable that his marriage was kept as much as possible in the background.

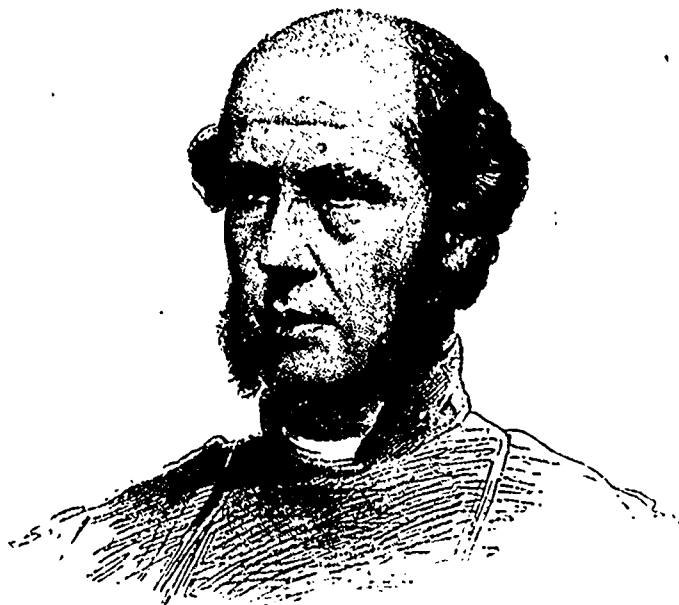
Cranmer accepted, but he showed some hesitation in taking the oaths of office, binding him as they did to the supremacy of the pope. Henry, however, was so deeply involved in his matrimonial affairs that he could not allow any delay in the matter of Cranmer's appointment. To save the good name of Anne Boleyn a speedy marriage must take place, and did take place, for the king was married to his new love before the sentence of the court freed him from his old.

Cranmer was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury at Westminster on the 30th of March, 1533. His primacy proved to be a very celebrated one, but by no means an easy one for him. Indeed, it is difficult to imagine a more trying position than his. He had never expected such a high position, or, if he had expected it, he must have felt that his marriage, of which he made no secret, was a final blow to it. But it was not. The king was bent upon his own affairs. His own affairs demanded that the man who had fought his divorce case through so faithfully must be his chief officer in Church; hence Cranmer was speedily, almost forcibly, thrust into the archbishopric. And when once there he had to support his royal master. It may have been distasteful to him, yet he felt that it was the right thing for him to do. His king must be upheld, and yet to uphold a king like Henry VIII. was no light undertaking. The conscience of the Archbishop must have been put to a very severe strain several times, and never more so, perhaps, than when he was obliged to pronounce final sentence upon the unhappy Katharine and send her out to the world, as far as the law could do it, disgraced and dishonored.

And all this when, in point of fact, the king had been already secretly married to another. The events of this whole business, as regards Anne Boleyn, have never been made very clear in history, yet they all have an unsavory character which cannot exonerate from blame any one who, in any way, assisted the king in his unrighteous deeds. So much for the Archbishop, even making every allowance for the extreme difficulty of his situation.

England was shocked at the whole wretched business. There were no newspapers in those days to keep people informed regarding public events, and to influence their feelings regarding them; but there were preachers who had the power and the mind to do what is now largely done by the press. The king and the Archbishop and all concerned in the divorce case were so indignantly and fiercely denounced by the monks and clergy that all preaching was forbidden. For this high-handed and despotic measure no defence can possibly be urged. Archbishop Cranmer was deservedly unpopular, yet he defended the king throughout, and, when preaching within certain limit was allowed again, he openly defended the king in everything that had been done.

In the meantime, the Church of England kept growing further and further away from the Church of Rome. The chief move that had been taken in 1531, when the King of England was declared supreme head of the English Church instead of the pope, was followed by alterations in the ecclesiastical laws, all looking towards the independence of the Church. The Parliament of 1534 considered and enacted some of these laws.



*Y. very affec. & written  
C. F. Mackenzie*

BISHOP C. F. MACKENZIE.

(See page 181.)

One of these laws prohibited the payment of taxes of any kind to Rome, and powers hitherto granted to the pope were placed in the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

And what about the pope in all this matter? Was he to be shorn of all his power in England without an effort being made on his part to retain it? Efforts he did make in the spirit of conciliation, and when these failed he became wrathful and hurled at the King of England the threat of excommunication unless he should separate from his new queen.

This aroused the nation, and the king left his unhallowed pleasures to help the final act of separation from Rome, which an indignant people now demanded.

Everything was ripe for reformation, but the absorbing topic connected with it now was separation from Rome. The Bishop of Rome was to have no more power in England. To this Cranmer gave his hearty consent. His allegiance to his own king, notwithstanding his crimes, is an unhappy characteristic of this celebrated man. It seemed to form the main-spring of all his actions. The king had called him from comparative obscurity to help him through a disagreeable crisis. He did so, and, in doing it, a great friendship was formed, which seemed to take no account of cruelties or wrongs. On principle, however, he sup-

ported the king as against the pope. And he did it well. The anti-papal movement was national. As yet it had nothing to do with doctrines. It was simply a question of independence. The Church of England, with her bishops and ministry complete, saw no reason why she should continue subservient to a foreign Church. Thus she stood upon her own rights and gained them.

Yet other influences were at work as well. The German Reformers had their influence upon the world, and England felt it. Cranmer studied their doctrines and was much attracted to the "new learning," as it was called. He withdrew to the quietude of his own home; for the worldliness and wickedness of King Henry's court, as presided over by his new queen, was distasteful to him.

The court also did not want him, and he was beginning to think that his political days were over, when, most unexpectedly, he received a summons from the king to come to London.

His royal master wanted him again in the matter of his queen. Anne had offended him. History

is confused as to the exact cause of it, but Henry was exasperated against her. Charges, to some extent, it may be, true, were laid against the giddy creature for whom he had sacrificed so much, and now to the question of divorce was to be added that of death. Anne Boleyn, raised to such a high pitch of grandeur, must suddenly leave it all and die. She was already a prisoner in the Tower when the Archbishop arrived. Guilty or not, the poor creature moves our pity as, with her little infant Elizabeth (afterwards queen) in her arms, she pleads with the king for her life. And she pleaded in vain. Cranmer felt great grief for her, but, as usual, he adhered firmly to the king's side, and Anne Boleyn, whom he had labored so hard to give to the king, must now be not only sentenced to death, but her marriage must be pronounced illegal, null, and void, for charges laid against her that have never been made clear.

This the king expected Cranmer to do, and he did it. In a short space of time it was all over. The head of Anne Boleyn rolled from the block, and Henry was free to choose another wife. Human life in the days of Henry VIII. was held at a low value. Like silver in the days of Solomon, it was "nothing accounted of."

"Duty makes us do things well," said Phillips Brooks; "but love makes us do them beautifully."



## THE UNIVERSITIES' MISSION TO CENTRAL AFRICA.

BY MISS MADEL CARTWRIGHT, TORONTO.

**I**N thinking or speaking of any subject connected with mission work, we are met at once by a vast army of objectors, who must be answered before we can go on to the positive question. Their arguments and the answers to them are as old as mission work, so old that there would be no reason to mention either in a paper of this kind except for the fact that, in relation to Africa, they have an apparent force and plausibility greater than in other cases. Therefore, to speak briefly of the three commonest arguments against foreign missions.

The first objection is the ancient and venerable plea, "Charity begins at home." This is an unexceptionable statement, and one which ought not to have been handed over to the enemy so completely as it has been; in other words, it is equivalent to this: Until our own country, its moral and spiritual conditions, are as they should be, other countries must be left to themselves. Why not carry the argument further and say: Until our own town, or street, even our own household, are in an approximately perfect condition, the country must be left to itself? It may be enough to remind you of the evil auspices under which this argument came into the world; it was that used by Judas when a loving woman brought her precious ointment to the feet of Christ, and as we are told that the complaint of Judas was urged for his own advantage, and not because he cared for the poor, we may assume that the "want of sympathy for foreign missions, because we have so many heathen at home," means, generally speaking, the desire to spare ourselves from work or subscriptions.

The second objection is: Failure is a foregone conclusion; you can't convert the heathen. To this it seems enough to say, the darkest hour that ever dawned on earth, the hour of what looked like the most utter failure, was also the hour of the greatest triumph of the Cross. Even without this assurance we should be in no more uncertain position than the Light Brigade at Balaclava. Even if we say of our Leader, "What though the soldiers knew some one had blundered," we are as much bound to obey orders as the men of the Light Brigade were when the command meant fruitless destruction. If, on the other hand, we are, as we profess ourselves, sure that our Leader cannot blunder, what do we need more than to ride at the guns of the enemy? The only responsibility upon us is to obey orders; the result belongs to God.

The third objection is dangerous because it is one of those half-truths which are worse than

utter falsehood, viz., that "the heathen are better without us." The force of this arises from the confusion it makes between Christianity and civilization. Mere civilization has not of necessity any moral force, any elevating power, and one illustration will prove the truth of this apparent paradox. Rome, under the Empire, at the beginning of the Christian era, had attained a very high degree of material civilization. Her patricians enjoyed luxuries which only the last half-century has given Englishmen; her people understood arts, the knowledge of which we have almost lost. Yet the culture of Rome had no power to touch the heart or elevate the character; it did not restrain its citizens from savage cruelties; it did not prevent its high-born women from enjoying the death-struggles of martyrs and gladiators; and it has taught us that the utmost external refinement may be only a cloak for the utmost savagery in nature. The truth is, like the blades of Toledo, which in the hands of a skilled soldier were the best of weapons, civilization is an effective instrument of Christianity, but it is nothing but an instrument, and Christianity is the only guarantee against its becoming an instrument of degradation instead of elevation. It is this civilization, apart from Christianity, which harms the untaught races by giving them new vices. But all true efforts of the Church in East Africa are directed, not towards Europeanizing the people, but towards planting a native branch of the Christian Church in the Dark Continent. So far the general question. Then as regards Africa especially, we have a twofold responsibility; Africa, a twofold claim.

The first claim of Africa is as the parent of western Christianity. In the early days of Christianity, Africa had a vigorous organized Church of her own, which lasted until she was overrun by the barbarians who colonized the west of Europe. Simon of Cyrene, the Cross-bearer, was of African blood; so was the Ethiopian eunuch, whom we may regard as the first-fruits of missionary effort there. St. Augustine, the chief of theologians, ruled over an African bishopric. The great Christian school of philosophy had its headquarters at the African city of Alexandria, and, if not certain, it is at least highly probable that to Africa the Church of the West owes the beginning of her life.

The other claim is different, but equally strong. To ourselves we owe it to wipe out the past, to atone for the African lives that have been sacrificed to English commerce, by giving our best treasure to the native Africans in their own country. Surely it is enough to state this claim, without enlarging upon its force and definiteness.

And then answering to the twofold claim of Africa there is our own twofold responsibility towards her. First, of course, the responsibility of Christians and Churches. God has laid it

upon us to bring the kingdoms of this world under His feet, and though He could accomplish His kingdom by other than human means, yet His will is to use His own people as instruments for the work, and therefore the Church was solemnly commissioned to baptize all men into His name. But there is another responsibility, not so apparent, but just as real, and just as forcible, and that is the national responsibility of Englishmen and their descendants. England has always been a colonizing country, and to this day her people have a power over the untaught races which is little less than miraculous. Every one can supply instances of this kind. Not very long ago we read of a young English lieutenant who, with a handful of men and a convoy of stores, marched fifty miles by jungle roads, past rivers and stockades, all through a hostile country and exposed to a perpetual dropping fire. This mysterious quality of command is not indeed the exclusive possession of Englishmen, but they do seem to have a greater moral force than that of other nations, and, as was said in reference to Africa, "One cannot help feeling how much is really thrown upon England by the marked way in which the people here prefer an Englishman, and listen to him rather than to any other European."\* Two facts account partly for this supremacy, the mingled elements in the English race of Saxon and Norman blood. That eagerness after daring and adventure which made the Normans the terror of Europe, that spirit which delights in hard work and does not shrink even from pain, which despises all sport that has not some element of toil and danger, this is the colonizing spirit, the spirit of pioneers and explorers; but it must be united with something else to make it effective: it needs the power of continuity, the power of holding on and not allowing oneself to be beaten, which is perhaps the special characteristic of the English. It is the union of these two qualities which makes the explorers and colonists of the world, and, if there were no other reason for supporting foreign missions, we might find one in the fact that they have an appeal to these very forces, and can employ them as well as even Dr. Friedthiof Nansen's expedition can do.

To come now to the special mission which it is our duty now to consider, all that *has* been said, all that *can* be said, on the subject of work in Africa has a peculiar force and truth in relation to the Universities' Mission in Central Africa, and a very slight study of the facts is enough to convince any one of the interest and importance of the work.

In December, 1856, after many years of work in Africa, Livingstone arrived in England for the purpose of arousing interest there in the cause to which he was devoting his life. A

year after his arrival there was held in the Senate House, at Cambridge, a meeting which has since become historic. There Dr. Livingstone addressed the representatives of the University, and at the close, looking towards the gallery filled with undergraduates, he said: "I go back to Africa to try to make an open path for commerce and Christianity; do you carry out the work which I have begun. *I leave it with you.*" In answer to this thrilling appeal a mission was founded, the most striking object lesson in that salvation through loss which is the keynote of Christianity. Thus at its outset connected with one of the great names of the day, and uniting in itself many elements, for it was a colonizing, exploring, and philanthropic movement as well as a missionary one, the enterprise began with fair prospects. At first, indeed, its history reminds us of the rebuilding of Jericho, whose foundations were laid in the firstborn son, and her gates set up in the youngest, but every life lost in Central Africa has been like a trumpet call to many more and a pledge of larger work in the future. For two years after Livingstone's meeting nothing definite was done to fulfil his charge. Then on November 1st, 1859, the "meeting of the Zambesi" was held, and resulted in a definite plan for the mission, and the formation of an association to promote it. The question of chief importance to be faced was who should head the expedition; but it was a question soon answered, for now that the hour had come the man was ready.

On the character of Charles Frederick Mackenzie, first Bishop of the Universities' Mission, it is right to dwell, for he was its first martyr, and it was his life and character which have given its tone to the mission through all its history. He was now 34 years of age, and had already spent four years in Natal as Archdeacon of Pietermaritzburg. At the time of the Zambesi meeting he was in England, and, as he was under no engagement to return to his former work, there was a certain outward fitness in the invitation to him, a fitness which became irresistible when enforced by his own personal qualities.

There are people whose advice we seek, whose judgment we trust in difficulty, not because of any special education or intellectual qualities in them, but because of that singleness of eye and heart whose possessor has been promised fulness of light. Such a one will not always be guarded from error, but his errors will never be those which come from obscure vision or from double aims. This quality of simplicity, or pure intention, was especially characteristic of Mackenzie. Like the cherubim in Ezekiel's vision, "he turned not as he went, he went straight forward."

(To be continued.)

\*Dr. Steere.

## STRAIGHTFORWARD.

## CHAPTER III.

**T**HE Holts were what is generally called "an attached family," and, considering this fact, it was wonderful how easily they slipped into the idea of one of their number leaving them to go "beyond seas."

True, 'Lisbeth was going to be "a lady," and even Farmer Holt allowed that, if she must take her own way, she had chosen a right down good husband.

To quiet Cornish people—even London seemed at the other end of the world, so it was a thing not to be expected that they should feel much more distress in contemplating the unknown distance of Australia. The wedding, therefore, was followed by a very happy three weeks spent by the young couple at the farm—mother and sisters regarding with interested eyes the rapidly filling boxes of the young wife.

For Perran wished 'Lisbeth to have such a number of useful and pretty dresses as the mistress of a large and prosperous Australian sheep-run might be supposed to need. Mrs. Ames readily undertook to help in the choice of suitable materials, and when the Truro dressmaker had made the first dark-blue serge, and blushing 'Lisbeth came to show Perran how well it fitted, she gave every promise of looking the fair young house-mistress she was destined to be. Not every girl can hope to become "a lady" by a single stroke of fortune, but the industrious, the unselfish, and the amiable, all the world over, have that good stuff in them which will take the true polish required to fit them for any sphere.

'Lisbeth's was one of these bright sterling natures. Mrs. Holt groaned terribly that bad harvest year (the third bad year running, she would tell you) when Mrs. Ames asked her to spare a daughter to look after her little girls during the illness of their nurse. "The one that sings at her work, please, Mrs. Holt," were the exact words of the request. 'Lisbeth had to go, because the girls must learn to do something for themselves if times were to continue so bad; but it seemed a sad come-down to the family, and a grief all round.

Molly, the dairy girl, cried all one night after her young mistress's departure, though only four miles of moor lay between them, and Farmer Holt's temper, the laborers said, was "short" for a week. People have their different ways of showing sorrow, you see.

Now that good fortune had come to 'Lisbeth every one rejoiced, and 'Lisbeth's sisters would willingly have acted waiting-maids all day to the new Mrs. Proudfoot, if she would have permitted it. But 'Lisbeth was too active as well as too humble to allow that. She milked

with Janie, and got up in the dark on washing days to help Susie and mother—even when they would fain make of her a petted guest—and Perran loved his wife all the more for her sweet diligence

"They are a pair of nature's gentlefolk, these two," said Lady Mostyn to Sir John; "a pity they should go out of the old country."

But Sir John was disposed to think they should not be grudged to the "new and happy land" in which their fortunes lay. Best look at the bright side of things, and at least they would well represent our English yeoman class, out there.

Very busy days were those with young Mr. and Mrs. Proudfoot. It was now quite settled that Captain Mostyn was to go out with them, and Molly at the Farm, an orphan and entirely devoted to 'Lisbeth, had begged so hard to be taken to Australia too, that it was impossible to gainsay her. "Though she's not half the servant you ought to have, 'Lisbeth," declared Mrs. Holt, with a doubtful shake of the head.

"Mother, I like the girl, she is good to the core," returned the young wife; "besides, she is so fond of animals—remember the dog show at Truro."

And then they all had a hearty laugh over this one expedition of the rough servant-girl and her account of it. "There was three hundred dogs, missis, in the show, and I shook a paw of every one, I did!"

You see, 'Lisbeth was already considering her responsibilities as mistress of Green Meadows.

"The carrier's cart, mum, and more things for you." Molly herself rushed in to communicate the fact.

And then the sisters gathered round the precious package, and George, 'Lisbeth's favorite brother, must bring a chisel to open it, and all was excitement and laughter, when 'Lisbeth felt a hand on her shoulder, and her husband's voice said: "I want you, 'Lisbeth."

"Now, Perran?"

"Yes, now, upstairs."

"Nothing is the matter?"

"Only some more news from—from Australia. Don't look so frightened, child."

"But you look strange, Perran, very strange; there is something wrong—please tell me, quick!"

They were upstairs now in that best farm chamber, which, in all 'Lisbeth's young life, had only been occasionally occupied by visitors whom the Holts desired especially to honor, and now it was hers—hers and her husband's!

It was the first day of the new year, and snow lay all over the fields, and frost blinded these upper windows, but 'Lisbeth did not feel cold, and impatiently waited while Perran put a shawl round her before he took a letter from his pocket.

"The post always brings me strange tidings now," he said, quietly; and then he told the tale of that letter.

'Lisbeth listened eagerly. What! could it really be true?—one of Michael Proudfoot's boys alive in New Guinea, saved in that dreadful massacre—Jesse, was it—little Jesse, of whom Perran had so often spoken?

"Oh, Perran, Perran! but that is good news—good—the best you have had for many a long day—is it not?" she broke out.

"Yes, yes, if it really be so. My little Jesse—my little brother! But look, 'Lisbeth, it is but a rumor. The letter says there is great doubt about the matter. No one has seen the child; report alone alleges that a young white boy is kept by a tribe of natives in the interior, as a sort of god, and almost worshipped. The news has reached Sydney, where they consider the child to belong to the wrecked ship *Medway*. It may be so, and, anyway, I am in a great difficulty now as to my line of action."

"Oh, Perran! There is but one thing to be done—we must go and find Jesse."

"We"; the little word was sweet to the young husband's ears. He drew the shawl closer round 'Lisbeth, and did not take away his arm.

"Dear, you are right; I must go and seek my little brother; but not you, 'Lisbeth, not you. New Guinea is not Australia; it is a land of savages—nay, cannibals, it is said; your father would never give his consent to my exposing you to such dangers."

"Perran," said 'Lisbeth, sitting up very straight on the old-fashioned sofa, "till the other day I would never have gone against one word of my father's; now I am your wife, and I have other duties to think of. Where you go, I shall go."

Then 'Lisbeth took the great strong hand which grasped her shoulder and held it tight in her own. "You are mine," she said, "as much as I am yours. Now, let us talk about how this is to be done; or, stay, father will let us have the trap. Ruby is roughed; let us go directly and see what Captain Mostyn says, he knows all about those countries. Come, Perran; better do that before we tell the others downstairs."

But Perran still held back; he had something more to say, yet it was hard to say it.

'Lisbeth waited, wondering.

"Child, you do not see what all this means. I do; and God forgive me if for a moment the thought of little Jesse come to life is not all joy. Do you not see, 'Lisbeth, that if this rumor is true I am not master of Green Meadows, and you are not mistress—it all belongs to the little lad among the savages."

There was a moment's dread silence—'Lisbeth had not realized this, indeed. Did it come, for a second, like a swift, sudden shadow

over her life? If it did, the girl struggled back into the sunlight directly. "Let him have Green Meadows; I've got you safe," she laughed, almost gaily. "Poor Perran! I see it all now; but, oh! it makes everything so plain, so very plain. Now, indeed, we must find Jesse. *Straightforward*, you know. And it must be straight to New Guinea instead of Green Meadows."

Innocent 'Lisbeth! She talked as if Truro and London were under discussion, and New Guinea as little to be feared. Perran's face was still troubled.

"What will your father say? Oh, 'Lisbeth, if only this letter had come last month!"

"Before our marriage? Perran, I shall think you never loved me if you say such things! But you are my husband, and we can't be parted; the Bible says so, so I don't mind. I don't mind *anything*!"

There was a cheery decision in the girl's voice which roused Perran, and he took fresh courage.

"That was a good idea of yours, 'Lisbeth, about Captain Mostyn; but I will walk over alone to Cobbe—nay, you may trust me," for 'Lisbeth's face was all one appeal in a moment. "I will make no plans without your consent. And, meantime, try not to let them downstairs know anything is wrong. Wrong! Oh, how wicked money makes us! My little Jesse—God bless him!"

'Lisbeth quite understood her husband's feelings, and she had a dread of the tone her father would take when he heard the strange news.

She tried, therefore, to meet the group in the old hall composedly, so as to raise no suspicion. Perran had had a letter from Sydney, she told them, with new arrangements proposed in it; he must consult Captain Mostyn; and, meantime, what about the package? Revolvers for Perran and the Captain! Nothing but guns. What a stupid box!

She laughed in rather guilty fashion. Her mind naturally wandered to that land of savages where such weapons might be sorely needed, and to which she and Perran were bound by every tie of nature and honor. She needed, however, petting and cheering; for things went terribly against her in those following days.

All the world—all her world of loved and honored counsellors—decreed that she ought to stay quietly in England, under her father's roof, while Perran sought to discover the truth of that strange rumor of the hidden child in New Guinea. She would only hamper him in the search, people said, and then the risk of life would be so terrible.

When they came to that part of the subject, 'Lisbeth's face would grow stern and her eyes fall. Bad signs both her mother knew.

Only one sentence could be got out of her: "Nothing shall part me and Perran."

"Not if he wishes it?" questioned the poor mother.

"He won't wish it," said 'Lisbeth.

"Then you won't stay with us?" asked her young sister Susie, trying to prison a cold hand which 'Lisbeth drew away.

"No, dear, no; not unless you chain me," said the wife.

After that, another plan came to the fore. 'Lisbeth was to go to Australia—to Green Meadows—there to remain in safety while a party was despatched, with Perran as leader, to the interior of New Guinea, George, her brother, having offered to take charge of her during the absence of her husband.

There was a general feeling of relief when 'Lisbeth turned gratefully to George at this proposal. "Yes, do come, do; I shall be so glad" (the conclusion, however, spoilt all); "but I shall not stay at Green Meadows; we will all go with Perran to New Guinea."

It was no use arguing with the wife of four weeks; it only seemed to throw her into a feverish state of agony, in which she followed Perran about as if not daring to lose sight of him.

Would he play her false—for her own good, as he thought?

She was nearly ill with these alarms, till Perran, harassed on all sides, put a stop to her terrors:

"'Lisbeth, you wrong me by your fears," he said, one weary day, full of discussions and discouragement. "If I am not a Proudfoot by birth, I am by feeling, and I will be true to my wedded wife. Even for your good, child, I will not consent to be parted from you, since you are so sorely set against it."

And then 'Lisbeth's heart sang aloud, although her lips spake nothing. She could bear all things now, she could laugh at those changed prospects which made poor old Farmer Holt so crusty to contemplate. She could coax that old father back to good humor, and dry her mother's tears before they fell. All must be right if she might be by Perran's side. New Guinea had no alarms for her. See what a strong party they were already, and Government would help them, too. Captain Mostyn said the Queen was most anxious to explore that island, and who knew? perhaps Perran would get some grand post there, if poor little Jesse was alive and must have Green Meadows. Oh, it would all come right now!

Perran had had some uncomfortable moments to wear through, when he thought of all the dangers and sufferings which might befall the young wife he was taking from her safe English rest, but his late master dispelled such self-reproaches.

"I thought you were a more religious fellow, Perran," said the Captain, when he found his late manservant with a very grave face brooding over his anxieties. "Where's all

that trust in God looking after things, however awkwardly they seem to turn out, which poor Michael used to drill into you boys?"

The question was that word in season just then needed.

"Thank you, sir; I hadn't thought enough of that. I won't worry any more about this New Guinea business, and 'Lisbeth shall go with us. I have no right to leave her against her will."

"Go with us," Perran had said, for Captain Mostyn, with returning health, had felt that very natural craving of a spirited young nature for an expedition into a new country. He, too, would go to New Guinea, and help in the search for the missing heir; for as such Perran, despite remonstrances from Farmer Holt, insisted on considering little Jesse. And he had a friend in Sydney, too, who had a capital yacht he would certainly lend for the purpose. He must be telegraphed to at once to have the vessel in sea-going order.

Very soon every one smoothed down to consider New Guinea put in the place of Australia. There were so many chances against finding the lost boy—so many reasons why Perran and 'Lisbeth should still be master and mistress of Green Meadows—that even the farmer left off grumbling, and the packing and collecting of goods went on much as before. Only some special boxes were labelled "New Guinea," and into them went very strange packages and bundles, with Birmingham names on the covers. 'Lisbeth and the other girls laughed heartily after peeping into one small box almost too heavy to lift. It was full to the brim of tiny red beads, and red cotton handkerchiefs. There were, too, many dozens of a somewhat unwieldy collection of small looking-glasses, and common clasp knives.

"Perran, what is all this rubbish for?" asked the old farmer, at last; "looks like prizes for an infant school."

"This is our money," answered Perran; "in New Guinea we shall buy food of the natives with these articles. I hope to lay in a larger stock in London."

"Humph!" The farmer thought it must be a queer sort of place out yonder. "Call it New Guinea, and the folk not to know the value of a brass farthing. Well, well, strange things do come about nowadays, but he never thought to send a girl of his to such quarters. He washed his hands of the whole business."

"But you wish us well, sir—you trust me with 'Lisbeth; say you do, and then I shall go out with a good heart, afraid of nothing."

For all answer a very horny hand grasped Perran's. For some reason, Farmer Holt could not let his son-in-law see his face, but Perran was satisfied, and went about his work with a better heart than he had done since that last most exciting letter arrived:

(To be continued.)

## Young People's Department.



THE MAYFLOWER.

### THE MAYFLOWER.

**A**MERICA is a great country, yet, like most things, it had a small beginning. It had its beginning chiefly from England. Four hundred years ago scarcely anything was known about it. It was looked upon as a very far-off land, and as a place full of wild beasts and savages. The first missionary work that was done in England was in the year 1501, when Henry VII. paid two pounds to "a priest that goeth to the new island." We call two pounds at the present time about ten dollars, and that does not seem much for a king to give a missionary when leaving for a long and dangerous journey. We don't know anything about this missionary, or what he did, but people kept going slowly to the "new island" until new countries were formed in the south. One missionary, whose name was Robert Hunt, used to hold services

under a big sail which he hung from four trees. Twice every day he used to read the prayers of the Church there, and on Sundays he would preach. These were Church of England people.

But many years afterwards a different kind of people set sail for America. Some of them were people who killed King Charles I., and tried to kill the Church, too. They first sailed in the *Mayflower*, and landed on the shores of a wilderness. They called it New England, and it is called that still. It was not in the sunny south, but in the north, where the winter was very cold, and the poor people suffered greatly. The voyage, too, had been rough and dangerous. No one would like to cross the Atlantic now in a ship like the *Mayflower*, but she was a fine big ship for her day. It was in 1620—a long time ago. Nearly all this great country was then a wilderness. How it has improved since then! By little and little, villages and towns and cities were built. At first the people of

New England would not allow the Prayer Book to be used anywhere, but now the Prayer Book is very much beloved even by those who do not use it. Though the people of the United States are not British, still a great many of them belong to the same Church as ourselves and have a service and prayer book very much like our own; and the services once chanted in the woods and under a big sail for a church are now held all over a great country, which is learning to think more and more of the Church of good old England every day.

### NAN'S MISSIONARY BOX.

**N**AN sat at the window, trying to squeeze out an idea. She had been to a missionary meeting, and her little heart was longing to be able to help send the Glad Tidings to those distant countries where so many of the people, the missionary told them, were willing and ready to receive them if only there was some one to carry the Good News to them.

"But," said the missionary, quoting from St. Paul, "how can they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent?"

And then he went on to tell them that there were a great many people willing to go if any one would send them. "And you little children," he said, "can help in that sending. Every penny that you give will do just so much towards telling somebody—somebody for whom Christ died."

But where was Nan to get those pennies? How could she possibly earn them? She could not ask her father for them, for, even if he could afford to give more than he already did, of which there was great doubt, "it would be his money, and not mine," said Nan to herself, with a shake of her brown head. So that idea was put aside.

"I might ask Gretta," a little German neighbor, "to teach me to knit mittens; but by the time I had learned and made a pair it would be too late to sell them at the village store, for who would want mittens so late in the spring as that would be!"

So idea number two was put aside—but for future use.

Some of the girls did things about the house for which they received money; but "doing things about the house" was part of Nan's daily life, and she could never ask the dear, tired mother to pay her for helping—never!

So good-by to idea number three.

"It's such a between-season time," thought the little girl sorrowfully; too early for wild flowers, which some few people were willing to buy; far too early for berries, for which there was always ready sale.

"Nanny, dear, will you set the table for supper?" came mother's voice. And so there was time for not another bit of "squeezing."

"But there's one comfort," said Nan to herself, as she rose, and with both hands pushed the soft little curls from her forehead, "there's one comfort, and that is that God knows I want to do it for Him." And then the white forehead was laid for a moment against the cool window-pane, and in that moment a little prayer flew away, a prayer that, if He thought best, God would show her how she, too, might be "a worker together with Him"; after which, with a light heart, Nan went off to her table, singing such a merry little tune that Dickie, in his cage, went into a perfect ecstasy of warbling, though it was quite time that he made a puff-ball of himself and fell asleep on one leg.

You may be sure that Nan did not forget her great desire, and, though she did not worry, she spent many a spare moment in turning the question over in her mind, but seemingly to no avail. So the days passed on, days filled with work and lessons, and many a good time added in, for Nan was fond of skating, and Roger Hayes, a school friend and neighbor, used to come for her whenever the ice was good, and carry her off to the pond for a long, happy afternoon.

One day, when they were returning, in passing Roger's home, he turned to her, and said, "Would you mind coming in for a moment, Nan? I want to get something that I have for you; then I'll go on with you and carry it home."

Nan went in willingly, you may be sure, for, in the first place, what girl could resist a mysterious "something"? and then Nan was always glad of a chance to run in to see Roger's mother, for she had known her all her life, and loved her dearly.

"Mother, here's Nan," called Roger, as he opened the door. "Just warm her up, and give her a cookey to keep her quiet while I run out to the barn for a moment"; and catching up a basket he bounded away, leaving Nan to receive the cookey and the kiss that went with it.

The cookey was eaten; the warming process had been completed, and Nan had given all the news from the farm which had accumulated since day before yesterday, before Roger returned with the basket.

"O Roger!" cried Nan, jumping up, and spilling Mistress Tabby, who had jumped into her lap, without ceremony, "is that the 'something'? Do let me see!"

"I'm going to give it to you," said Roger, with pretended solemnity, "to keep you from breaking a commandment; for you said, that day that I took you out into the henhouse, that you envied me her. I meant to take her over long ago, but forgot till this afternoon. Can you guess who she is?"



JAPANESE SERVANT.

"Why, Roger, you don't mean that lovely buff hen!" cried Nan, with sparkling eyes; then growing rather rosy, "You didn't think I was hinting, Roger?"

"Nan Bradford hint! Don't be a goose, but come and peep at her highness."

"She's too sweet for anything!" cried Nan, clasping her hands in delight, as Roger carefully lifted a corner of the basket-cover; "the very prettiest hen I ever saw in my life; so soft and puffy!"

"And as good as she looks, or I wouldn't give her to you. She lays the biggest, whitest eggs you ever saw, Nan; she may make your fortune; who knows? And now come away home, or your mother will think that I have left you in the pond."

"She may make your fortune."

The words seemed to sing and repeat themselves till Nan could hardly understand what Roger was saying to her, and the moment that he said "good-by," and turned from the door, promising that he would see Mistress Hen safe-

ly locked in her new quarters for the night, Nan turned and ran up to her own room, and, sinking down upon the side of the bed, laughed a sweet, rippling little laugh which was simply overflowing with gratitude and happiness.

"Mother," she said, when, ten minutes later, she came downstairs, her cheeks glowing and her eyes shining, "how much do you get for eggs at the store?"

"About twenty-five cents; but why, dear?"

"Because," said Nan, "because Roger has given me the sweetest hen; and he says that she is a splendid layer, and I am going to sell every one of her eggs, and give the money to missions. Oh, mother, just think how God answers us! Why, who would ever have thought of Roger giving me a hen! I'm so glad! so very, very glad! How kind God is! I shall call her," with a happy little laugh, "my Missionary Box." And then she put both arms about her mother's neck, gave her a loving kiss, and ran off to put the kettle on to boil for tea.

"I wonder," thought her mother, as she watched the bright face, and listened to the words which Nan was almost unconsciously singing:

"Let us with a thankful mind  
Praise the Lord, for He is kind,"

"I wonder how many girls would feel like that because they had found something to give away!"—*Young Christian Soldier.*

### JAPANESE SERVANTS.

JAPANESE servants are very polite, and are said, as a rule, to be cheerful in their work. Their dress fits tightly around them, and they love to wear a big, wide sash about their waist. Their sandals have great thick soles—sometimes three inches thick.

Here is a picture of one. She looks very happy—and she is happy. We are told that servants in Japan are quite contented with their position, and do not murmur or grumble at it at all—in fact, that they are quite happy. It is always best to be happy wherever you may be. While you try to do well and to get on up to something higher, if you can, be happy where you are. It will be far better in the end to do so.

### ONE SMALL MAN'S PLAN.

THE "blue line" street car stopped at the corner, and a rather anxious-looking young woman put a small boy inside.

"Now, Rob," she said, as she hurried out to the platform again, "don't lose that note I gave you; don't take it out of your pocket at all."



"No'm," said the little man, looking wistfully after his mother as the conductor pulled the strap, the driver unscrewed his brake, and the horses, shaking their bells, trotted off with the car.

"What's your name, Bub?" asked a mischievous-looking young man sitting beside him.

"Robert Cullen Deems," he answered politely.

"Where are you going?"

"To my grandma's."

"Let me see that note in your pocket."

The look of innocent surprise in the round face ought to have shamed the baby's tormentor; but he only said again, "Let me see it."

"I tan't" said Robert Cullen Deems.

"See here, if you don't I'll scare the horses and make them run away." The little boy cast a little frightened look at the belled horses, but shook his head.

"Here, Bub, I'll give you this peach if you will pull that note half-way out of your pocket."

The boy did not reply, but some of the older people looked angry.

"I say, chum, I'll give you this whole bag of peaches if you just show me the corner of your note," said the tempter. The child turned away, as if he did not wish to hear any more; but the young man opened the bag, and held it out just where he could see and smell the luscious fruit.

A look of distress came into the sweet little face; I believe Rob was afraid to trust himself, and when a man left his seat on the other side, to get off the car, the little boy slipped quickly down, left the temptation behind, and climbed into the vacant place.

A pair of prettily gloved hands began almost unconsciously to clap, and then everybody clapped and applauded until it might have alarmed Rob, if a young lady sitting by had not slipped her arm around him, and said, with a sweet glow on her face:

"Tell your mamma that we all congratulate her upon having a little man strong enough to resist temptation, and wise enough to run away from it."

I doubt if that long, hard message ever reached Rob's mother; but, no matter, the note got to his grandmother without ever coming out of his pocket.—*Elizabeth P. Allen, in Youth's Companion.*

#### A LITTLE LOST WORD.

**L**OST a very little word,  
Only the other day;  
A very naughty little word  
I had not meant to say.  
If only it were really lost,  
I should not mind a bit;  
I think I should deserve a prize  
For really losing it.

For if no one could ever find  
Again the little word,  
So that no more from any lips  
Could it be ever heard,  
I'm sure we all of us should say  
That it was something fine  
With such completeness to have lost  
That naughty word of mine.

But then it wasn't really lost  
When from my lips it flew;  
My little brother picked it up,  
And now he says it, too.  
Mamma said that the worst would be  
I could not get it back;  
But the worst of it now seems to me,  
I'm always on its track.

If it were only really lost!  
O, then I should be glad.  
I let it fall so carelessly,  
The day that I got mad.  
Lose other things, you never seem  
To come upon their track;  
But lose a naughty little word,  
It's always coming back.

#### USE SALT.

**M**OTHER, what makes you put salt in everything you cook? Everything you make you put a little salt in." So said observing little Annie, as she stood looking on.

"Well, Annie, I'll make you a little loaf of bread without any salt, and see if you can find it out."

"Oh, mother, it doesn't taste a bit nice," said she, after she had tasted the bread.

"Why not?" asked her mother.

"You didn't put any salt in it."

"Mother," said Annie, a day or two afterwards, "Jane Wells is the worst girl I ever saw; she slaps her little brother Johnny, and pulls his hair, and acts really hateful. When I told her it was naughty to do so, and if she would be kind to her brother he would be kind to her, she only spoke roughly to me and hit him again. Why doesn't she take my advice, mother?"

"Perhaps you did not put any salt in it. Season your words with grace, my child. Ask help of God in all you say and do, and your words, spoken in the spirit of Christ, will not fall to the ground. Don't forget to put salt in, or else it will not taste good."—*Selected.*

WHEN Lazarus was sick they went and told Jesus. Why? Because He loved Lazarus and his sisters. Did Jesus go at once to see him? No; He stayed where He was for two whole days, and, when He did go, Lazarus was dead. The poor sisters thought Jesus might have come when they sent for Him. But He raised their brother to life again, and all was right. So, now, Jesus knows the best time and the best way to answer our prayers. Leave it with Him, and all will be well.

## The Canadian Church Magazine AND MISSION NEWS

Monthly (Illustrated) Magazine published by the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada.

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**BUSINESS MANAGER.**—F. N. W. BROWN, 31 Czar Street, Toronto, Ont., to whom all payments for subscriptions or advertisements should be made, and all communications of a business character should be addressed.

REV. J. C. COX—Travelling Agent, Maritime Provinces, Falmouth, N. S.

VOL. IX.                      AUGUST, 1895.                      No. 110.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Board of Management will meet in Montreal on the evening of the 11th of September.

A PUBLIC missionary meeting will be held in Montreal on the evening of the 12th of September.

BISHOP'S COLLEGE, Lennoxville, Province of Quebec, has been celebrating its jubilee. A full history of this institution has already appeared in our columns.

FRIDAY, September the 13th, the third day of the meeting of the Provincial Synod, will be devoted to the business of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society. The new Board of Management will meet on the evening of that day.

WE are glad to announce that the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada has been incorporated by Act of the Dominion Legislature. It is now, therefore, an incorporated body, duly qualified to receive bequests for missionary purposes.

THE extraordinary success of the Conservatives in England will be hailed with joy by the great bulk of Church people, who do not wish their ancient Church, or any part of it, to be despoiled of the property which of right belongs to her. All such will be greatly relieved at knowing that the new government will be very strong in the House.

IT is most gratifying to know that the Bishop of Algoma, now at Sault Ste. Marie, is recovering his health, and that he fully expects to be present at the Provincial Synod, to be held in Montreal next September. If so, his Lordship will speak at the public missionary meeting to be held there in connection with the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society.

THE Bishop of Sierra Leone is visiting the West Indies with the hope of getting suitable workers there to help him in his mission on the west coast of Africa. Being themselves of the African race, the colored Christians of the West Indies, many of whom are carefully trained for missionary work, will, no doubt, be found valuable for work in the dark continent.

THE diocese of Fredericton has just celebrated its jubilee. At the various meetings held upon the occasion, pleasant recollections were called up regarding the late Metropolitan, the beloved Bishop Medley, who, from the year 1845 up to his death, which occurred a few years ago, was the pioneer leader in Church work throughout the whole Province of New Brunswick.

How steadily are well-known names disappearing from view! In the world of science the names of Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, and Herbert Spencer were constantly before the public. Huxley has now gone to join Darwin and Tyndall in that country "from whose bourne no traveller returns." Herbert Spencer remains. Huxley could not refrain sometimes from religious controversy. As he regarded religion from a material standpoint only, he missed the great object and aim that it has in view. The four names mentioned have been closely connected with evolution, interest in which seems to lessen as one by one the great exponents of it pass away.

IT is pleasing to find that the great question of Christian union is not being lost sight of. A number of representatives of different religious bodies (including our own branch of the Church in the United States) recently met in Chicago, and agreed upon certain articles on which, it was thought, the great body of Christians might unite. How incomprehensible it must seem to missionaries laboring in a country dark with heathenism, like Japan, or India, or China, that Christian workers, Christian zeal, Christian money, are so lavishly bestowed upon fields already cultivated, and the untilled lands left almost unthought of and uncared for! If Christianity were united, at least four workers out of every five could be

spared for the foreign field, and the same proportion of zeal and money. What is wanted is the realization of missionary responsibility. If Christians at home could know and feel their duty towards the enlightenment of heathen lands, they would soon find some method of economy at home, whereby men, zeal, and money might be more freely used abroad.

## BLACK AND WHITE IN THE UNITED STATES.

Under this heading last month we described, on the authority of a writer in the *Sunday at Home*, the condition of things in South Carolina under the black régime. Emancipated slaves suddenly became rulers of the state and filled the legislative hall to the utter subversion of true and honest government. In 1876 this black rule (which had lasted for eight years) came suddenly to an end. The white population, though considerably in the minority so far as numbers are concerned, resolved to bear the heavy burden no longer. But how were they to throw off the yoke? The United States Government had soldiers stationed in South Carolina specially to support the blacks and defend them from attack. Yet the whites resolved to overthrow the negro rule and succeeded.

They elected a governor and state legislature of their own. The blacks did the same and triumphed over their white adversaries, in so far that they got possession of the official buildings. War must have ensued and would have ensued had not the United States withdrawn the troops which had hitherto supported the negro rule.

These troops were withdrawn because of a change in the politics of the country. A Republican president had been elected. The whites of South Carolina were to support the new president, and, therefore, as part of the bargain, the troops were to be withdrawn. Unsupported by the soldiery the blacks could do nothing, and the whites quietly took possession of everything. And they have kept themselves in authority ever since.

But how was it done, seeing that they had the great majority of the voters against them? It is a singular instance of ingenuity triumphing over numerical strength. The franchise could not be altered, because the laws of the country forbade it. Yet the whites were determined that no black rule should ever again disgrace South Carolina. At first they held power by violence and fraud. No ballot that was known to be a colored man's was counted!

But, of course, rule could not long be sustained in this way, and therefore they passed laws and regulations making the voting so complicated that no one who could not read or

write could possibly deposit his ballot. As it is only here and there that a colored man can be found able to read or write, the great bulk of the negro population thus found themselves left completely out of the whole voting business.

And for this reason no white man of South Carolina wants to see the establishment of schools for negro children. The colored man must be kept in ignorance or the white man can not rule. Yet there are schools for negro children. In cities and large towns there are separate schools for them, so that white children shall not be allowed to associate with them. In country districts the two races are obliged to mingle. As, however, the colored man, though no longer a slave, is virtually the hewer of wood and drawer of water for the white man, he therefore will never make any great progress in education. He works at an early age in the cotton fields, from sunrise to sunset, and then he is wearied and must sleep. He has not the time, even if he had the inclination (which is usually decidedly wanting), to pursue the paths of learning. In fact, he seems content now to let his white brother rule so long as he has the wherewithal to be clothed—however scantily—and fed, however poorly.

In England, at the universities, for instance, it is quite possible to see some high-born young Englishman walking arm and arm with a young man of color; but in England a man with a black face and woolly hair is a curiosity, or he may be the son of an African king. In the United States it is very different. In most of the Southern States the railway trains (except in smoking cars) will not admit a colored man, nor will the hotels or theatres or even some of the churches. He has passed from actual slavery to that which is virtually such, and still he seems happy, happy in his routine work. When sent to Africa—which is often done by well-meaning people—he gladly returns to be the white man's workman, if not his slave. He has his own church or meeting-house, where he sings and prays and preaches to his heart's content. Yet there are many kind-hearted people who seek for his elevation, and say that "more than railroads, more than canals, more than factories, the colored man needs schools."

## HOW TO INTEREST GIRLS IN FOREIGN MISSION WORK.

BY IDA M. CREIGHTON.

In order to secure an interest in anything it is necessary first to gain the attention, or, as Miss Willard so well expresses it, "the arrest of thought." Some ways of doing this is what we shall consider for a few moments.

If there should be no missionary society for young people in connection with the church, a lady interested in the subject might send special invitations to her young friends to meet socially at her own home on a certain day. It would not be a very difficult matter then, after explaining the object of the meeting, to secure their sympathy and consent to the plan of organizing a society of their own.

Start out by making them co-workers, giving them all the offices except that of superintendent or leader. Suppose they don't know how to do the work; train them. It may be more trouble at first, but you will be repaid when you see them gradually assuming the responsibilities of the work.

It is a mistake to attempt to interest a society consisting of all ages. Form the juniors into a band, having the important offices filled by the seniors. A united meeting might be held occasionally.

Now comes the practical question, "What shall we do to arouse an interest?" We must remember that people have different tastes; some are attracted through the eye, others through the ear, others by sympathy, or reason, or social intercourse, or by some of many other ways.

Let us first consider the junior branch. The meetings should be bright, varied, and short, with a programme something like the following: Opening missionary hymn, prayer, and a short talk on a missionary text by the leader; a blackboard talk illustrated by colored crayon; a short military drill for a change of position; recitations and music by the children. A missionary story might be told the children, but it is not advisable to read it, if you want their attention. The use of a bright map would make a short geography exercise possible. Pictures and curios from heathen countries will secure the attention of the most indifferent.

A special entertainment, to which the parents are invited, might prove a means by which the interest of the parents could be reached, for the latter always take a deep interest in anything that Mary or Johnnie is going to recite, if it is only "Jack and Jill went up the hill."

The programmes need not always be of a literary character; the manufacturing of bright picture scrap books to gladden the sad lives of some of the little widows in India, or the making of some articles to deck a Christmas tree in Japan, or some such handiwork would be found a pleasant change.

As a most important part of the work, train the children to give. They are not too young to understand the love that Christ has for children and the debt they owe Him. They are not too young to give themselves to Him; so that what they give in money, or work, or time is a happy privilege. They should have their

mite boxes or some such opportunity of giving for this work.

It is not difficult to interest the older girls, but the secret of sustaining the interest is enthusiasm on the part of the leader.

This enthusiasm is best shown by being always present at the opening hour of each meeting, and having a well prepared programme. The success of a society depends almost entirely upon the leader; as Scott says, "As the leader is so will his followers be."

Before discussing the character of the programme a word about the organization of the society. Have as few rules as possible, and do not break them. Make each officer feel that she is responsible for the work she has undertaken; the secretary for her minutes and report; the treasurer for her financial statement, quarterly or otherwise; and the chairmen of the different committees should be prepared to give reports of their work when called upon.

Create as much work as possible for these committees, such as visiting committee, literature committee, reading committee, programme committee, question-box committee, etc. Something should be found for each one to do, that each may feel herself necessary to the success of the society.

If things are not done orderly, there will be confusion, and if confusion, time will be wasted. For this reason the study of "parliamentary usage" is both useful and enjoyable. It ensures courtesy towards a speaker, attention on the part of the audience, and saves much time. Besides, the young ladies feel that they are learning something of practical benefit.

There are so many ways of making a meeting interesting that it would be impossible to mention all in this short paper, but a few may be suggestive.

The chief cause of indifference and thoughtlessness is ignorance of a subject, a lack of knowledge of the true facts. Now turn the light on heathen lands. Describe the condition of the girls and women in the East, how the girls are married at six years of age to anyone, no matter how old he may be, in order that the father of the child may be certain to ascend to the highest heaven. If his daughter be not married before seven, the father will reach the second heaven only. If not married until the age of ten, the father can but attain the lowest place assigned the blest.

The climax of cruelty is reached in the requirements concerning the widow. She may have food but once a day, and she must go without food and water for forty-eight hours twice in the month.

The Shasters teach that if a widow burns herself alive on the funeral pile of her husband she expiates his sins.

India has now 23,000,000 widows, 100,000 of them being under nine years of age.

Let the wife who wishes to perform sacred oblation, wash the feet of her husband and drink the water; for the husband is to the wife greater than Vishnu.

A woman is not allowed to go out of the house without the consent of her husband; she may not laugh without a veil over her face, or look out of a door or a window.

The one fervent prayer of the women, as they crowd the Buddhist temples, is that they may be returned to earth as men.

Woman is practically a chattel. A Mohammedan being asked, "What do you pay for a good wife?" replied, "About the same as for a good mule; twelve or fourteen pounds."

All non-Christian religions degrade women, and as women is, so is society. A nation cannot rise higher than its mothers. The greatest Christian evidence is the contrast between heathen and Christian society.

Bring all sorts of information from these lands before the mission band; encourage the members to gather information themselves. Have, for example, a Japanese evening. Get one of the young ladies to prepare a map sufficiently large to hang upon the wall, and with the important mountains and river systems, cities, and mission stations easily seen. Now, have one of the members give an exercise on the physical features of the country under consideration; its size, its coast, the character of its surface, its climate, its products, industries, and commerce. It is surprising how important these points will be found to bear on missionary work.

Let another member take for her subject the people; describe their appearance, dress, manners, and customs. If possible, illustrate by showing articles of dress and other curios, which may be borrowed sometimes from a returned missionary.

Another may tell of the language and literature, and its educational standing. Another, the position of woman, social and religious; the marriage customs and domestic life. Other topics will suggest themselves, such as "The war between China and Japan," "The opium question in China," "The effects of British dominion in India."

The young ladies of Japan who are studying English in the Christian schools are very fond of corresponding with Canadian girls, although quite unknown to them personally. Their letters would be found a source of interest.

The way is now prepared for an intelligent study of mission work. Tell of the earliest efforts to introduce Christianity; of the beginning of Protestant missions; of the societies now in the field; where stationed; in what force; the progress made; the future outlook; familiarizing the members with the names and

work of our own missionaries. In this connection the interest would be increased by showing photographs of the missionaries and their surroundings.

You see, this study would embrace a series of meetings. Then, if a returned missionary or visitor to these countries could be secured to address the society, there would be no lack of interest.

The most effective way to secure interest in foreign mission work is, undoubtedly, to have a member of the society in the mission field. Every item of information is then eagerly watched for.

The society would now better understand the hardships of a missionary's life; and the sympathy which would naturally be aroused should find some practical channel in which to flow, according to the need. It may be a nice box of clothing made by their own hands; or a package of suitable reading matter; or letters from the home land; or money, which will give an opportunity of developing their originality by devising methods for raising it.

Division of labor is an important feature. Not all are successful in writing essays, but there may be a talent for effective reading; a story or poem well read sometimes moves the heart to blessed impulses. Others are musical; others, again, have executive ability, and are successful in planning entertainments. A good leader will discover the talents of each member and find congenial work for all.

A bright exercise, that might well be called a sharp-shooting exercise, consists in a certain number reciting promptly, one after the other, a short interesting statement, such as, "A heathen once said to a Christian, 'Surely your Bible was written by a woman.' 'Why?' Because it says so many kind things about women." A similar drill, consisting of Scripture texts relating to missionary work, selected by each one who recites, will prove instructive. A missionary album of photos, or a scrapbook, is a fascinating work. Members of one band receive inspiration from visiting other bands. A question-box will provide work for good thinkers. Missionary literature will be found to be a profitable investment. Suitable leaflets and some of the many magazines will always be acceptable and read with pleasure; many a convert to missionary work is due to a well-written leaflet. Plant the society knee deep in literature.

Some with a literary talent might be successful in writing original leaflets. This suggests competitive stories and essays bearing on missionary work.

Although not the primary object of mission bands, the raising of funds is not the least important. "And, now ye have consecrated yourselves unto the Lord, come near and bring sacrifices and thank-offerings unto the house of

the Lord." This suggests consecration. When we give ourselves, we give all. How many lay aside one-tenth or one-seventh as not their own, but simply as a necessary tithe, and then begin to give? We really do not give one cent until after the tithe is paid.

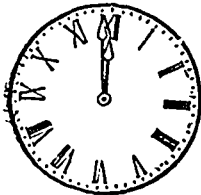
"What shall I render to my Lord for all His benefits to me?" When this spirit is properly understood, there will be no lack of funds.

The pleasure of giving ought to be cultivated, not only giving in money, but in time and talents; for the reaction on the giver is beneficial.

"True happiness, if understood,  
Consists alone in doing good."

### 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.,  
111 Harbord 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.

### TRIENNIAL MEETING.

Dr. Davidson, secretary of the Provincial Synod, has kindly included the members of the W.A. in his arrangements with the railways, etc., for reduced fares. Will our members please remember to take a single ticket and *ask for a certificate*, so as to ensure the reduction in the return fare?

The business meeting of the W.A. will be held in the Synod Hall, 75 University street, Montreal.

### EXPLANATION.

We have much pleasure in being able to say that a personal interview with Rev. J. Cooper Robinson, of Nagano, Japan, resulted in the complete contradiction of the unfortunate rumor of his having made little of the work of our lady medical missionary in Japan. Mr. Robinson says he cannot speak too highly of Miss Smith and of the work she is doing, both as a nurse and as a missionary. The misunderstanding probably arose from his saying that *all* women who go to Japan as missionaries need not be nurses as well, for there is a large field for women teachers who would draw the young around them and bring them to Christ. Even women going out there and leading consistent Christian lives could do a great deal,

simply as examples or living "object lessons" to a people who are so quick to notice and imitate as the Japanese are.

### MEMORANDA ABOUT MOOSONEE.\*

Bales of clothing, flannel or knitted cotton shirts, pinafores, blankets, etc., are always welcomed by our Indians. We give freely to the aged and poor, and as rewards to the scholars, and we encourage those who are not so badly off to pay something in return into the funds of the local church expenses. But we do not encourage the W.A. in Canada to send a great deal in this shape, first, because of the expense. Most of these goods have got to go to England, and come thence direct by H.B. Co.'s ships, so that a large proportion of the value of the W.A. gift goes to the carrying companies. Second, because working parties in England are just now very generous in this way, and our goods have to travel only one way. However, if the W.A. are willing to pay so much for freight, we are glad to get the goods; but when they can give cash instead, perhaps it is better.

Exceptions to this:

Rev. John Sanders, Biscotasing, on the C.P.R., can be reached directly by rail from Montreal and Toronto. He has at least six posts in Moosonee to visit,—all Indians, and they are very poor. He can distribute a great deal of clothing, which the W.A. could supply better than England. Perhaps the W.A. might get special terms from the C.P.R.

Rev. J. Lofthouse, Fort Churchill, Hudson's Bay, can also get goods without their going to England. A schooner leaves Montreal about June 10th, and takes goods to Rigolet, Labrador, where they are transferred to steamer for Churchill. For terms, date of sailing, etc., apply in good time to Peter Mackenzie, Esq., H.B. Co., St. Peter street, Montreal. At present Rev. J. Lofthouse has York as well as Churchill, with a large number of Indians and Eskimo, often in a starving condition. He deserves all our help.

Rev. W. Dick, Indian, at Trout Lake, can be reached in care of Rev. J. Lofthouse. He also needs bales.

It is very desirable that all branches sending goods should have some central bureau or secretary to consult, to avoid all concentrating on some favorite mission or on some special article of clothing.

All bales, except for Rev. J. Sanders, should be sent through the H.B. Co., unless the W.A. have a chance of sending to London, England, in charge of a friend *free*, when they should send to H. G. Malaher, Esq., Missionary Leaves Association, 20 Compton Terrace, Islington, who makes up bales for Hudson's Bay yearly,

\*Written for the W.A. by the Bishop while on his travels.

April 15th to May 15th. It is only fair to pay him enough to cover freight from London to Moose, etc.

Missionaries receiving bales should be written to and encouraged to send letters telling of the use of the goods and of their work for insertion in the Leaflet, and for reading to the branches contributing.

All cash contributions should be sent to Sir D. A. Smith, Montreal, our treasurer, not direct to the missionary for whose mission it is intended, and contributors must not expect an acknowledgment from the Bishop or missionary for many months (Sir D. A. Smith will acknowledge at once), as the detailed statement is only sent to the Bishop yearly, and we have only three mails a year. The mail for Moose Fort, etc., leaves Montreal about May 15th, August 31st, and December 20th.

J. A. MOOSONEE.

ALBANY RIVER DISTRICT.

MOOSONEE. — While ministering to the spiritual necessities of our people, we are constantly brought face to face with their temporal wants. The Albany River District, at least that portion of it bordering on the sea, is exceptionally poor, and the natives in this neighborhood find it difficult to make a living. This may be attributed entirely to the rapid disappearance of wild fowl and fur-bearing animals from this locality. Where formerly wild geese fed on our marshes in thousands, scarcely any are now to be seen, and in days gone by, where the Indian had no difficulty in trapping the fox, catching the marten, and chiseling the beaver, very few are now to be found. The question constantly pressing upon our people may very properly be thus expressed, "What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed?"

ALBANY MISSION. — Albany is the headquarters of this district, and my time is almost wholly spent upon this mission. To visit our interior missions we must wait until summer; then many hundred of miles of hard travelling must be accomplished before they can be reached, and spiritual food carried to those few scattered sheep in the wilderness. At Albany, divine service is not confined to the Lord's day only, but our people are invited to come together daily, morning and evening, for earnest prayer and praise. Then there is the regular reading of God's Word, with explanations, followed by prayer that the good seed constantly sown may fall into good ground and bear much spiritual food. I may here mention that I have at the present time five young lads with me whom, by a course of training and study, I propose to prepare, with the help of God, for some branch or other of our mission field.

ENGLISH RIVER. — This station is on the south branch of the Albany River, and distant about 210 miles. There are only a few families of Indians attached to it, and these very often find their way to other places. One of their number, a very good and earnest man, has been acting as catechist in their midst for several years. So far as I can ascertain, he has been doing good work, and on every occasion possible he assembles the native Christians for united prayer and praise.

MARTEN'S FALLS. — With the chief here, I made arrangements that divine service be conducted as often as possible, and that he be assisted by one of their number, a very capable man. This chief has been newly appointed; he is very intelligent and a man of some weight. I am in hopes he will yet become very useful to us.

FORT HOPE. — There is most interesting work to be done here. Heathenism and superstition have long held their sway, but the people are no longer willing to be enslaved as they have been. They have heard of Jesus, and now they are anxious to give up all for Christ. Ere long we hope to have an ordained man permanently stationed at Fort Hope, and a more desirable spot for an active, zealous missionary to begin work in is not to be found in the diocese of Moosonee. Joseph Kechekechick, the catechist, who spent last year there, has been moved to Severn. We are building a church here. As Fort Hope is 400 miles from Albany, I cannot visit it as often as I could wish.

OSNABURGH. — I have now arranged for the construction of a church here. A family of five persons whom we overlook on the way I had to prepare for baptism. It consisted of a man and his wife and three children. This man and woman were very intelligent; they also showed great earnestness, and I trust they will remain faithful members of Christ's family here on earth. We had a celebration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper the day before we parted, and I hope that many souls were greatly strengthened and refreshed by it.

ALBANY RIVER DISTRICT.

Clergyman, native.....	1
Teachers, male—paid, 2; unpaid, 7.....	9
Baptized persons in district.....	1050
Communicants.....	200

LETTER FROM ARCHDEACON VINCENT.

Fort George, Moosonee.

Our little church will hold about 120 people, but I have had over 200, which, unfortunately, only happens when the heat, flies, and mos-

quitoes are at their worst. Our services are necessarily not very long at such times, for it becomes almost suffocating at last. Very often there are two or three cases of fainting, and it is, indeed, pitiable to see my school children falling off their seats sometimes, though this is partly owing to want of food. I give them a tea-party now at such times, so that the poor little things are better able to stand the heat. Our school average is nearly sixty in summer, and now it is only two! With all its heat, our little church was a place of joy and praise last summer. We had two English, two Indian, and one Eskimo service each Sunday, with a large Sunday school, besides baptisms and sick visiting. During the past summer, I have travelled 300 miles in boats. On my journey in August, we got wind-bound at Little Whale River, and my stock of food ran short two or three days before we could get a fair wind. My Eskimo friend, Moses, gave me a little fish, but he and the others were very short, while our crew had to eat the unripe berries to help them over Sunday. The next day we got to Great Whale River, and there we heard that the master had sent a canoe for us with some food.

The Indians think a great deal of a bear, especially a black one. I was almost going to say that he used to be their god, and he was not very far short of it. They have numerous superstitious ideas concerning him, and it will take many years' teaching to get them out of some. Many think he does not sleep all the winter, but simply retires to meditate. It is a common belief among them that he understands when they speak to him, and some believe he has a soul like a man. I have gathered the Indians together and spoken very plainly about these very foolish ideas, and one old man was perfectly convinced, but I am afraid that it will be a very long time before many of their ideas will be given up. Bear's meat is the greatest delicacy they have, and they always make a feast when one is caught. Whoever gets it generally hands it over to the oldest man in the tent. This is a recognized law amongst them, showing their respect for the old men.

Before they eat a bit themselves, a piece of fat or meat is thrown into the fire. Why this is done I cannot find out for sure, as they are very chary about letting their minister know the pros and cons of many of their customs. Some of the better taught say it is a sign of thankfulness to God for giving them their food, but it is a custom known to them before ever they knew about God, the Giver of all good things. It is most probably done in honor of the animal; at least, so I was told by one who is well acquainted with their ways and customs.

Moosonee, December, 1894.

## Books and Periodicals Department.

*Short Studies in Ethics.* By Rev. J. O. Miller, M.A. Toronto: The Bryant Press.

This is meant as an elementary text-book for schools on the great subject of right and proper living. It is a timely book for the present day, when the only object of school training seems to be the intellectual advancement of the pupil. But to train the child's intellect without, at the same time, surrounding him with the influences of religion, or at least morality, is a dangerous thing for the state and a piece of great cruelty and injustice to the child. Mr. Miller has offered a very pleasant and effective little book on the subject. It deals with such questions as duty, obedience, truthfulness, courage, purity, etc., not in a dry, heavy manner, but with a brightness which is commendable, each article being well supplied with anecdote and illustration.

(1) *The Sunday at Home*; (2) *The Leisure Hour*; (3) *The Boys' Own Paper*; (4) *The Girls' Own Paper*; (5) *Friendly Greetings*; (6) *The Collager and Artisan*; (7) *Light in the Home*; (8) *The Child's Companion*; (9) *Our Little Dots*. The Religious Tract Society, 56 Paternoster Row, London. The articles, stories, and illustrations in *The Sunday at Home* for July are all good and helpful. The same may be said of *The Leisure Hour*. "Sunday at Cambridge" in the former, and "Favorite Sketching Grounds," "Rambles in Japan," and "Valparaiso," in the latter, may, perhaps, be specially mentioned. *The Boys' Own Paper* is full of attractions for boys, and has a summer number to gladden their hearts. The same may be said of *The Girls' Own Paper*, changing merely girls for boys. "The Story of Estelle," a penny tale for the people, is a pretty little romance of Brittany.

*The Missionary Review of the World.* Funk & Wagnalls Co., 30 Lafayette Place, New York. Price, \$2.50 a year. The July number contains, as usual, many interesting and valuable articles. "Life among the Redmen of America," by Rev. Egerton Young, of Toronto, gives some exceptionally entertaining and inspiring incidents from the writer's life and work among the Indian tribes of the great Northwest. In "Transformations in New Guinea and Polynesia," Rev. Dr. McFarlane, the pioneer missionary to New Guinea, tells of the wonderful story of the changes which the Gospel has wrought in the hearts and lives of the savages of the south seas. The editorial and general intelligence departments are by no means behindhand in their items of interest, or in the suggestiveness of comment and criticism.

(1) *The Expositor* (one shilling); (2) *The Clergyman's Magazine* (sixpence). London: Hodder & Stoughton, Paternoster Row. *The Expositor* for July has seven useful articles on Biblical questions, that on "The Fall and Its Consequences," by Sir William Dawson, and "The Kingdom of God," by the Rev. John Watson, being, perhaps, specially worthy of note. Mr. Watson thinks that too much emphasis has been put upon "the Church" and not enough upon "the kingdom" of God. The distinction between the two is very well worked out. *The Clergyman's Magazine* gives many hints for sermon-writing and instruction in Bible and Prayer Book. It has also an interesting description of "Latimer, the Preacher of the Reformation."

*The Review of Reviews.* New York: 13 Astor Place; \$2.50 a year. The July number gives a wonderful amount of information for twenty-five cents, and several very good pictures, that of the promoters of the original Atlantic cable, with Cyrus W. Field in prominence, being specially noteworthy. Australian politics are given a special place by a long and exhaustive article on "The Political Leaders of New South Wales."

*The Religious Review of Reviews.* London, England. Price, sixpence. The first announcement in the June number is the resignation of Canon Fleming as editor, which will be regretted by all who have had the pleasure of reading his well-conducted and useful magazine.



*Germania.* A. W. Spanhoofd, Manchester, New Hampshire, editor. This is a well arranged monthly periodical for the study of the German language. Each number contains valuable assistance for students of that tongue.

*The American Church Sunday-school Magazine,* Philadelphia. This periodical, in its June number, reflects, as usual, great credit upon its promoters.

TREASURER'S DEPARTMENT.

The following are the amounts received to date by the Secretary-Treasurer since last items acknowledged:

	Domestic.	Foreign
<b>ALGOMA, for—</b>		
Domestic Missions.....	\$ 165 07	
Foreign Missions.....		106 08
Jews, London Society.....		18 12
	<u>\$165 07</u>	<u>\$124 20</u>
<b>FREDERICTON, for—</b>		
Jews, London Society.....		121 07
		<u>\$121 07</u>
<b>HURON, for—</b>		
Algoma Education Fund.....	\$ 25 00	
Rupert's Land.....	12 50	
Algoma General Fund.....	24 70	
Athabasca.....	3 43	
Blood Reserve.....	31 25	
".....	5 00	
Mackenzie River.....	5 00	
Moosonee.....	5 00	
Algoma, Shingwauk.....	12 50	
" Bishop's Stipend.....	175 00	
Newfoundland, Relief Fund.....		10 00
Japan, Miss Smith.....		20 75
" Wycliffe Missions.....		10 00
Jews, London Society.....		17 35
	<u>\$ 299 38</u>	<u>\$ 58 10</u>
<b>MONTREAL, for—</b>		
Algoma.....	\$ 5 25	
Athabasca, Peace River.....	2 49	
Indian Homes.....	48 41	
Domestic Missions, General.....	151 54	
Domestic Missions, per C. C. M. Ass'n of C. M. S.....	2 00	
Rupert's Land, Washakada.....	2 00	
Jews, London Society.....		12 00
S P G. work in Madras.....		112 34
	<u>\$ 211 69</u>	<u>\$124 34</u>
<b>NIAGARA, for—</b>		
Algoma, Bishop's stipend.....	\$ 250 00	
" Shingwauk.....	21 66	
Northwest Missions.....	18 38	
Northwest Indian Homes.....	4 00	
Rupert's Land, General.....	8 45	
Rupert's Land, Wycliffe Missions.....	2 00	
Athabasca, General.....	17 04	
Mackenzie River.....	10 00	
" Wycliffe Missions.....	9 00	
Qu'Appelle.....	15 00	
" Indian Homes.....	7 40	
Indian Work, General.....	5 86	
Mackenzie River, missionary outfit.....	33 00	
Rupert's Land, Wycliffe Missions.....	8 45	
Wycliffe Japan Mission.....		19 85
".....		5 00
Foreign Missions.....		172 53
Jews, London Society.....		1 00
Japan Wycliffe Missions.....		5 80
".....		49 19

C. M. ....		\$ 24 30	
Zululand Missions.....		50 00	
Jews, London Society.....		20 83	
		<u>\$ 411 24</u>	<u>\$ 348 50</u>
<b>NOVA SCOTIA, for—</b>			
Northwest Missions.....		6 16	
Jews, London Society.....			67 33
		<u>\$ 6 16</u>	<u>\$ 67 33</u>
<b>QUEBEC W. A., for—</b>			
Algoma.....	\$ 202 59		
Athabasca.....	50 00		
Columbia.....	50 00		
Mackenzie River.....	105 00		
Qu'Appelle.....	30 00		
Rupert's Land.....	113 00		
Blackfoot Homes (Sask., etc.).....	106 00		
Piegan Reserve,.....	85 00		
Sarcee.....	125 00		
Thunderchild.....	6 78		
Selkirk, Indian Boy.....	50 00		
Qu'Appelle, Indian Homes.....	6 00		
Zenana Missions.....			21 00
		<u>\$ 929 37</u>	<u>\$ 21 00</u>
<b>TORONTO, for—</b>			
Algoma, per W. A.....	\$ 204 80		
Athabasca, per W. A.....	108 85		
Mackenzie River, per W. A.....	194 99		
" Wycliffe Mis- sions, per W. A.....	17 52		
Mackenzie River, Wycliffe Mis- sions, per W. A.....	12 00		
Missionary outfit, etc., per W. A.....	7 00		
Moosonee.....	12 00		
Qu'Appelle.....	11 85		
Rupert's Land.....	11 50		
Blackfoot Home.....	219 82		
Piegan Reserve.....	47 86		
".....	106 75		
Sarcee Hospital.....	2 00		
Moosonee (from St Peter's, To- ronto).....	43 89		
Indian Homes.....	108 92		
Blackfoot Home.....	8 09		
Rupert's Land.....	153 50		
Mackenzie River, Wycliffe Missions.....	5 75		
Indian Homes.....	1 00		
Chinese Missions, B. C., per W. A.....			\$ 5 25
Newfoundland Relief Fund, per W. A.....			6 00
Japan Missions.....			5 80
" Wycliffe Missions.....			76 21
Jews, London Society.....			46 80
Zenana Missions.....			85 23
		<u>\$1,278 09</u>	<u>\$ 225 29</u>

RECAPITULATION.

(These figures include sums previously acknowledged.)

	Domestic.	Foreign.	Total.
Algoma.....	\$ 190 75	\$ 124 20	\$ 314 95
Fredericton.....	251 91	383 62	635 53
Huron.....	3,921 95	2,087 95	6,009 93
Montreal.....	737 64	728 74	1,466 38
Niagara.....	1,536 19	926 28	2,462 47
Nova Scotia.....	291 40	767 10	1,058 50
Ontario.....	1,510 27	1,642 57	3,152 84
Quebec.....	984 87	1,533 12	2,517 99
Toronto.....	5,986 61	2,445 42	8,432 03
	<u>\$15,411 59</u>	<u>\$10,639 03</u>	<u>\$26,050 62</u>

CHAS. H. MOCKRIDGE,  
Secretary-Treasurer.

Toronto, July 12th, 1895.