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THE CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE

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No. 81.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

No. 81.—THE DIOCESE OF COLUMBIA.

THE retirement of the Rt. Rev. George Hills, D.D., first Bishop of Columbia, calls the attention of churchmen to that remote region of the Dominion. The first missionary effort made by the societies in England with regard to British Columbia was in 1856, when the Church Missionary Society sent out Mr. Duncan (a layman) to take charge of the Indians at Metlakatla. The experiment of sending a layman to a work of that kind was not found, in the end, beneficial to the Church, and the C.M.S. has since adopted the better plan of sending out bishops, if possible, as pioneer missionaries. On this plan the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel acted in 1859, when it sent out Bishop Hills to pioneer work in British Columbia. He was born in 1816 at Egthorne, Kent, England, and was educated at the University of Durham.

On the western coast of British Columbia, towards the south lies the beautiful island of Vancouver, the climate of which Dr. Forbes declares to be unsurpassed by any with which he is acquainted. It is about three hundred miles in length, with an average breadth of sixty miles, and contains an area of about 20,000 square miles. This island, with the smaller islands which naturally belong to it, forms the present Diocese of Columbia, the mainland being under the care of the Bishop of Caledonia in the north, and of the Bishop of New Westminster in the south. But when Bishop Hills arrived in Victoria, the capital (in Vancouver Island), the whole colony, with its mountains and vast forests, its miners and Indians, was under his sole charge. It comprised a territory as large as France and England put together, and was

enough to appal the energies of the strongest; but Bishop Hills threw himself heart and soul into the work. In every sense of the word he has been a missionary bishop. His mode of travelling from post to post was chiefly by canoe coasting, or sometimes by the Hudson Bay steamer which ran at intervals. The typical missionary of those days was, as the bishop describes him, "A man with stout country shoes, corduroy trousers, a coloured woolen shirt, a leather strap around his waist, and an axe upon his shoulder, driving a mule or horse laden with packs of blankets, a tent, bacon, a sack of flour, a coffee pot, a kettle and a frying pan." In this method, halting at intervals for rest and cook-

ing, which involved the making of his own bread, the missionary would travel for hundreds and hundreds of miles, preaching to miners and Indians as opportunity might offer.

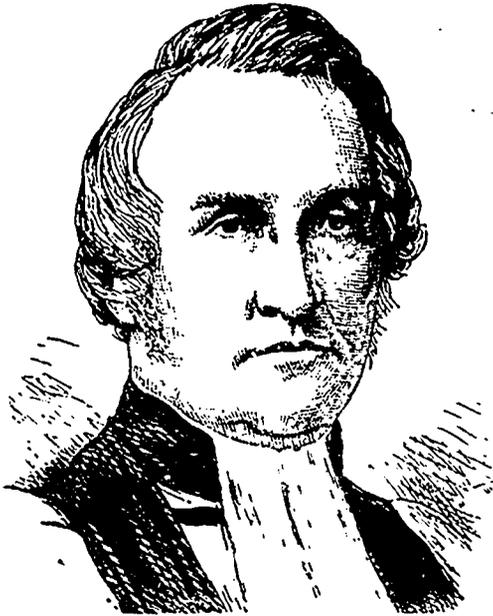
From time to time the bishop received some missionaries to help him, but a great part of the pioneer work was done by himself. However, as time went by, quite a little staff of clergy was formed, and a Synod established. In 1879 this Synod passed a resolution representing to the societies in England that a territory so vast as British Columbia could not possibly progress under the superintendency of but one bishop, and the result of this was that the province was



RT. REV. W. W. PERRIN, M.A.

Bishop-elect of Columbia.

divided into three dioceses, consisting of Vancouver Island, Caledonia (or the mainland north) and New Westminster (or the mainland south). Two prelates arrived from England to take charge of the two dioceses on the mainland, Bishop Ridley for Caledonia in October, 1879, and Bishop Sillitoe for New Westminster in June, 1880; and Bishop Hills ever since has been in charge of the comparatively small territory of Vancouver Island. Why the diocese should be called Columbia is a little difficult to determine. It is to be hoped that its designa-



REV. GEORGE HILLS, D.D.,
First Bishop of Columbia.

tion will soon be changed to Victoria, the name of the see city.

At the time of the formation of these three dioceses there were, in all, twenty-six clergymen, eleven in Vancouver Island, eleven in New Westminster and four in Caledonia. The clergy in Vancouver alone now number twenty-four, and their Synod is thoroughly organized with bishop, clergy and lay representatives. At the Third Session of the Fifth Synod, held in the City of Victoria on June, 14th and 15th, 1892, Bishop Hills said of the progress of the Church:

"Not only have we our own internal statistics, showing a marked progress in the growth of the Church of England in the Province, but we learn important facts from the recently completed Dominion Census for 1891. From that census it appears that the Church of England has made greater progress in British Columbia than any other religious body, the progress being thirty-one per cent. of the whole increase of population during the decade. No doubt this is mostly due to immigration, but also, we may hope to the blessings attending the increase of the Episcopate, treble number of clergy, and efforts in opening and carrying on new missions in districts heretofore neglected. Considering how peculiarly cosmopolitan, from special circumstances, the Pacific Province has always been, its population having been gathered from all points, rather than direct from the mother country, this result is an encouragement to both clergy and laity of the Church of England. It is indeed a call for increased zeal on the part of all."

Shortly after this Synod was held the venerable bishop felt constrained, by his age and failing health, to withdraw from his work, but

he resigned it in the midst of evident marks of prosperity. The clergy had increased from eleven to twenty-four, representing twenty-one parishes or mission stations. Five of these are in the City of Victoria, viz.: Christ Church Cathedral, St. John's, St. James', St Barnabas', and St. Saviour's. There are fifty-eight lay representatives in the Synod.

At Nanaimo, a town on the eastern coast of Vancouver, there are about four hundred Chinese, for whose evangelization very little, if anything, has been done. On the opposite side of the harbour from Victoria, on an extensive area of land, is the Indian reserve, allotted to the Songhish tribe, now greatly reduced in numbers.

It has been their chief dwelling place from time immemorial. Occasional Sunday duty is done among them by the clergy of Victoria.

On November 22nd, 1892, the Synod met in Victoria for the purpose of electing a successor to Bishop Hills, the Venerable Augustine Scriven, M.A., Archdeacon of Vancouver, presiding. The first ballot resulted as follows:—

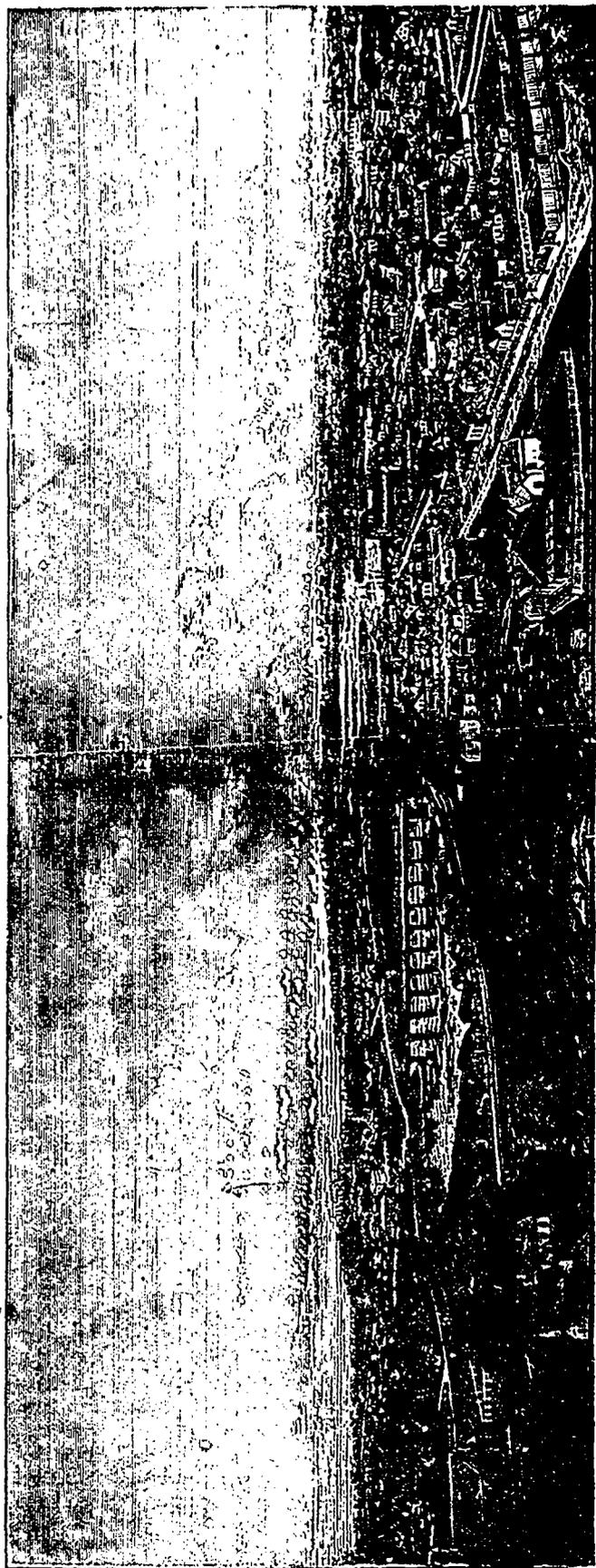
	Clergy	Laity
For Archdeacon Scriven	7	6
For Dean Carmichael (Montreal).....	4	10
For reference to Archbishop of Canterbury	8	20
For Rev. Cañon Padget, London Eng....	1	0
	20	36

Three more ballots were taken without producing much variation from the above, except that in the last of the three Canon Padget received a vote of five clergy and eighteen laity.

On the fifth and last ballot it was decided by a vote of twenty-one clergy and twenty-four laity to leave the appointment in the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

His Grace shortly afterwards appointed the Rev. W. W. Perrin, D.D., Vicar of St. Luke's, Southampton, who is spoken of as one of the "most hardworking and popular incumbents in that town." He has been associated with Canon Basil Wilberforce, and is, therefore, an ardent supporter of the temperance cause. It is hoped that the new bishop will give a healthy impetus to the Church in Vancouver Island.

A WRITER in one of our religious weeklies tells the following story: "A lady once asked John Wesley this question: 'If, said she, 'you knew that you would die at twelve o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?' 'Why,' said Wesley, 'just as I intend to spend it. I should preach to-night at Gloucester and again to-morrow morning. After that I'd ride to Tewksbury, preach in the afternoon, and meet the society in the evening. I should then repair to friend Martin's house, as he expects to entertain me, converse, pray with the family, retire to my room at ten o'clock, commend myself to my Heavenly Father, lie down to sleep and awake in glory.'"



CITY OF VICTORIA, VANCOUVER ISLAND, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA.

IV.—THE THIRD MESSAGE.

"And to the Angel of the Church in Pergamos write."—Rev. ii. 12.

PERGAMOS was a well-known city of ancient times. It was situated about sixty-four miles north of Smyrna, the city to which the message we last considered was sent. It was the capital city of Mysia, and was noted for a splendid library which had been founded there.

We have not space, however, to say much about the city, except what is laid before us by our subject in this third message which was sent to the Churches of Asia. The first was sent to Ephesus, the second to Smyrna and the third to Pergamos.

Whatever the magnificence or political power of Pergamos may have been, it certainly seems to have been a city noted for its wickedness. It is here called the seat or throne of Satan, and many learned treatises have been written to shew what this means. After reading much on the subject we may conclude that for some reason or other, unknown to us Pergamos was a very wicked city. It had in it some insidious power of temptation. There was an air of abandonment about the place which made it very hard for even members of the Christian Church to live the lives of purity which their holy religion, with unflinching voice, enjoined upon them.

We get a hint of the nature of the temptations in Pergamos from the reference made to Balaam. The Saviour in his message to the Church says: "I have a few things against thee, because thou hast there them that hold the doctrine of Balaam." And in order to know what grounds we are standing upon in reference to this matter, it will be necessary to have clearly before us what the exact sin of Balaam was. It is referred to here in such a way as to shew the nature of it. He is accused of having taught Balak to cast a stumbling block before the children of Israel, and this took two forms; first, it caused them to eat things sacrificed unto idols; and second, it caused them to commit fornication.

There have been few worse men in the world than Balaam. True, he was an extraordinary man, and

said many beautiful and pious things. True also, he seemed to pay deference to the will of God, but that only makes him all the worse. Let us briefly recall his history. The children of Israel, in their wanderings in the desert, had come to the territories of Balak, King of Moab. That king, in some respects, was a sagacious monarch. He had a superstitious feeling about the children of Israel. He found out what their religion was, and seemed to feel that he could not conquer them unless he could get someone who professed the same religion as they did to curse them. It happened that a man professing this religion, the religion of Jehovah, lived at no great distance from him. His name was Balaam. Into the peculiarity of Balaam's position we need not here enter; but we may say that he certainly had a correct knowledge of Jehovah the God of Israel, whom we worship to-day. He went to Balak, but he was candid enough to tell him that he could not curse people whom the Lord had blessed; that he could not say a word less or more than what the Lord should command. This was all well enough. He blessed the children of Israel instead of cursing them; but then, before he left Balak, he shewed him a plan by which the people could be made to curse themselves. This was Balaam's sin and it was a dreadful one, both as to its heinousness and its wretched consequences. This, in fact, was his advice to Balak: "You have here in your midst the opportunity of ruining the Israelites if you will only use it; you need not fight against them, nor seek to have them cursed by the powerless words of man; all you need do is to let them live here beside you for a time and cultivate their acquaintance in a friendly way; make parties for them; entertain them; bring them into your temples, let them see the peculiarities of your religion, and the beauty of your women,"—in short, Balaam's advice was this: "Do all you can to corrupt those people, both as to their religion and their morals, and the result will be all right for you." This advice we know from the Book of Numbers was only too successful. The way to evil is so easy, the power to resist insidious temptations is so feeble, that hundreds and hundreds of God's people were soon found bowing their heads in the temple of an idol, and yielding to the unrighteous practices which the ceremonies of that temple allowed. The result was great disaster to Israel. Twenty-four thousand of the people perished by the hand of God. The camp was a scene of mourning and of death, because of the crimes of the people.

But in one thing Balaam was mistaken. His infamous plan did not bring the children of Israel under the power of the King of Moab. Those of them who were true to their God were aroused to such a spirit of indignation and fury, that they fought the Moabites till they destroyed them. The body of Balaam was found among

the slain. Confident that his plan would succeed he had joined the army of the King of Moab, and there he and his fiendish plot perished together.

And this was the evil that was threatening the Church in Pergamos. For some reason the heathen world was determined to crush Christianity. We know all the power that is meant in the expression: "Nip a thing in its bud," and whatever the reason was, whether it was that the wise heads who were opposed to it saw a power in it for good, which in the end would prove a destruction to their sensual pleasures, or what it was, there was a huge effort made to nip Christianity in its bud. To accomplish this purpose two evident methods were adopted. The first was persecution, violence. "Stamp it out; kill, burn, fire, slay; fight them, destroy them." This had been tried at Pergamos, and the Christians had come out of the trial with flying colours. The devotes, who sat round Satan's seat or throne (who ever they were), swooped down upon the Christian with fire and fagot, sword and wild beast, to destroy. It was then that Antipas, mentioned in the message we are considering, was killed. Of him we know nothing except what is told us here. The Saviour claims him as his own, the first martyr of the Christian Church, but of his life we know nothing. But tenderly does the Saviour speak of him here, "Antipas, (he calls him by name), Antipas, my faithful martyr who was slain in Pergamos, the dwelling place of Satan!" The Church was destined in the future to witness many a martyr; Smyrna was to have its Polycarp; Lyons its Ignatius, but Pergamos had already had its Antipas when the Saviour sent this message. His blood had already been shed.

Now, in all this fiery trial the Christians of Pergamos stood firm, and for this there is the Saviour's gracious praise to them through their Angel or Bishop. "Thou holdest fast my name and hast not denied my faith, even in those days wherein Antipas was my faithful martyr, who was slain among you, where Satan dwelleth."

This then was one method of trying to nip Christianity in the bud; but it never succeeded. One martyr made perhaps twenty Christians. But then there was a second method employed for this purpose which was often far more successful than violence. It was the very plan that Balaam had suggested to Balak in order to ruin the children of Israel. The Balaam of Pergamos said, "Let the Christians alone; act a little more wisely in this matter and you will soon make them destroy themselves; cultivate their acquaintance in a friendly way; make parties for them; entertain them, let them see the easy, seductive habits of your own temple; try everything, the beauty of your women, the tempting power of your liquors; let it work quietly and underhandedly and you will do far more than violence will ever do. Don't make



PERGAMOS.

what they call martyrs of them, but tempt them to do what their religion forbids them to do."

Such was the deadly plan acted upon. Already it had begun to do what the death of Antipas and all their martyrs had failed to accomplish. It had already begun to corrupt the Christians of Pergamos. "I have a few things against thee," says the Saviour in his message to them through their Bishop, "because thou hast those who hold the doctrine of Balaam, who taught Balak to cast a stumbling block before the children of Israel, to eat things sacrificed unto idols and to commit fornication. So hast thou also those who hold the doctrine of the Nicolaitanes (who were probably much the same as the Balaamites), which thing I hate."

And here we touch the lesson which the Church of Pergamos is intended to give all churches and people for all time. Were the question asked of many people, "What is it that stands in the way of your being a sincere and true Christian. What prevents you, for instance, from being a communicant?"—the answer might well be given, "Is it not the continued fight that you have to lead a pure life to live up to the requirements of your religion?" Such people have no difficulty as to the doctrines of our faith or practices of our service. There they are all right. They have not much to tempt them there. If their life was as pure as their faith they would doubtless be all right. But it is this continued attack that is made upon them by those who are false to Christianity, or else care nothing about it and who are unscrupulous as to their morality, it is this which brings the trouble. Men tempt them to tricks of trade and manœuvres in business; to sensual indulgence; to too free a use of appetite. It is all drawing them in the one direction, an

undermining of morals. Is this so? Is not the constant ignoring of the highest ordinance of the Church by so many of our leading church people and others an indication that it is? They are honestly conscious that the true standard of Christian morality is not lived up to by them. How careful should we be of our friends; "Know ye not that the friendship of God is enmity with the world?" Let us be careful that while we are ready (or think we are), to go to the stake and yield our life in defence of the Christian faith; we are not gliding into the wicked net spread for us by the seductive plan of Balaam.

There are a few texts to which all Christians should try to give practical force in their lives. They are such as these: "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his soul?" "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world." "Come out from among them, and be ye separate; touch not the

unclean thing, and I will receive you and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."

But a word or two more must be said with regard to this message of Christ to the struggling Christians of Pergamos.

There is a sudden and quick call made upon them to repent or else endure the displeasure of their Lord. It is this: "Repent; or else I will come unto thee quickly and will fight against thee with the sword of my mouth."

To each one of the Churches so far the Saviour had designated Himself in a different way; but to Pergamos He is the one that "hath the sharp sword with two edges." Sin that is not repented of must end in wrath; there is no other teaching for us than that. If the Saviour is all love to those who are His, He will be all woe to those who join hands with impurity and sins; which (in the expressive language of this message), are things which He hates.

But there is also a promise to consider. The reward is to be given, as in the case of the other Churches, to him that overcometh. In this case it is to him that overcometh the sinful desires of the flesh. "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna." Manna was what sustained the Israelites in the wilderness. It was every thing to them; the only thing in the shape of food which sustained their life. Our Manna is Christ. This he specially tells us himself "I am the true Bread which came down from Heaven." In some sense He is hidden now, but we believe He will yet be revealed. We shall know the Lord when our time of life in this world is ended. Better will that feast be, which is called the marriage supper of the Lamb, than all the orgies and sensual banquets that were ever invented.

But the promise to Pergamos goes further than this. "To him that overcometh I will give a white stone and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he which receiveth it." It was customary to give pledges of friendship in those days, just as it is customary now for two people sometimes to exchange pledges of faith that they will be true to one another. And in some societies the sacredness of the white stone as an emblem of good faith is still maintained. This will the Saviour give to his own. It will be presented by them at the golden gate. It will be like that wedding garment which will proclaim them true guests of Heaven. It will bear the name of the Saviour, the new name, which, so often dishonoured below, will be honoured for ever in Heaven.

This Saviour is continually held before us. He gives us the sacred pledge of His love in His most solemn sacrament. It is a sacred symbolism between Him and His beloved. They know Him there and He knows them. There He is the hidden Manna under the form of bread and wine, food which sustains the body. So He sustains the soul. It is the secret tie binding Christ and the Christian together. It is like taking a look at the white stone which is some day to admit us into His presence to be with Him for ever. Sweet is this act of Holy Communion if we join in it from pure love to the Saviour. It will help us to overcome. And "to him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden Manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it."

NYASSALAND.

THE Anglican episcopate, scattered throughout the world, is steadily on the increase. A new diocese is constantly being formed in one or other quarter of the globe. But a short time ago Bishop Smythies of the Universities' Mission in Central Africa, visited England (almost broken down in health), to get relief, if possible, as to the enormous amount of territory placed under his charge. In five short months the money requisite for the endowment of the See was raised. But then this mission does not ask for very much money as the following words of Bishop Smythies, lately spoken in England, will show.

"We offer no salaries to our missionaries. We offer to pay their expenses only. You may think it a strange thing, and if our mission rested on natural and not supernatural principles it would be a strange thing, for me to come to this country, and travel about, and to appeal to masses of people, and ask for missionaries to come out to a dangerous country where we lose every year some of our number by disease and death (and this year we have lost four

already), and to tell them that we have no advantage to offer, and no inducement but the love of God and the love of souls. We have to tell them, 'You will have no emolument. You will get £20 a year for your expenses. Whether you are a priest, or a carpenter, or a blacksmith, or whatever you are, we all get the same. We live together. We share altogether. I have nothing more to offer you.' Yes, but upon the supernatural ground on which we rest it is not unreasonable, and the method is a very sifting one. Only those are likely to come and work in such a mission who are moved by the Holy Ghost to come and give themselves to the work.

"Then it must be remembered that we are all missionaries—not only the priests—but the carpenter, and the blacksmith, and the printer. The printer is a very valuable missionary. Whether it is the ladies who nurse, or the ladies who teach, or the schoolmaster, or the mechanic, the captain of the vessel, or the engineer, all are on the same footing, recognising one another as missionaries. All are communicants of the Church of England, and they have come because they have a missionary vocation to carry out that particular work which God has taught them, and they do it only for the good of the heathen, whom Jesus loves and has died to save. When first we formed the plan of having a missionary steamer on Lake Nyassa, it was said by common-sense and business-like men that the plan would certainly fail. It was said that the officers would get drunk or get out of temper with the natives, and it would be a failure. I knew that the experiment had not been tried before on these lines—on the lines that each person on the steamer should come out as a missionary with a missionary vocation. And I have had the satisfaction of late years to hear these very men get up in our committee and say, 'I acknowledge that I have entirely changed my opinion. At first I thought that it must be a failure. I acknowledge that the steamer has been a great missionary success.'"

This certainly seems to be a true method for doing missionary work. A life devoted to work of that kind is a thing consecrated; money wrung from the general public too often is not so; and it is only consecrated work which will win the heathen. Personal devotion is needed more than money. There must be a return to the method employed by the apostles and early missionaries ere the heathen world can be redeemed.

This mission in the wilds of Africa is characterized by other marks of sound judgment and the best of common sense. Thus Bishop Smythies remarks:

"Then with regard to the way in which we think it right to teach our natives. Our desire is to distinguish very clearly between Christianising and Europeanising. It is not our wish to make the Africans bad caricatures of the Eng-



THE BISHOP OF NYASSALAND.

lishmen. What we want is to Christianise them in their own civil and political conditions; to help them to develop a Christian civilisation, suited to their own climate and to their own circumstances. For instance, we do not allow any of the boys in our schools to wear any European clothing. It is not our business to encourage the trade in boots by spoiling the feet of the Africans for their own climate. That seems to be what has caused in the minds of many Englishmen a sort of feeling against missions, because they see so many people of our poor country whose sole idea of perfection with regard to the things of this life is that they must be as much like Europeans as possible. Very often it only ends in a sort of bad caricature."

To work of this kind the newly consecrated Bishop of Nyassaland has gone. He is the Rt. Rev. Wilfrid Bird Hornby, who, for the past eight years, has been incumbent of St. Columbas, Southwick, near Sunderland. He was consecrated in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by other bishops. Previous to his appointment to St. Columba's, Southwick, Mr. Hornby had gone out to India to help establish the Oxford mission there, so that he is not without experience in missionary work. The *Central Africa* says of his appointment, "He comes from a church dedicated to one of the greatest missionaries of Christendom, and the work of the Bishop of Nyassaland will be, in many ways, strangely like that of St. Columba. It is not too much to hope that what the monasteries on the island of Iona were to our Celtic or Saxon forefathers in Great Britain, that the Christian community on Sikoma will be to the heathen tribes round Lake Nyassa."

THE congregation that will pay its pastor well for telling them the truth about themselves, is one that would be watched with a great deal of interest by the angels.

MODERN CHURCH HISTORY.

III.—THE CHURCH IN SCOTLAND FROM THE RESTORATION.

BY REV. C. H. SHORTT, TORONTO.



O understand rightly the period we have before us, it will be necessary to take a brief glance again at the previous history. It will be remembered that this Church built up by St. Ninian, St. Columba, St. Kentigern, and the Culdees, had been strongly influenced by the Reformation movements which affected the Church of the Southern Kingdom in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; and that the return of the exiles of Geneva and Frankfort, especially the coming of John Knox, had impregnated the Scottish people much more than those of England, with Calvinistic and Presbyterian ideas. In 1610 the consecration of Spottiswood, Hamilton and Lamb by four English Bishops restored the Episcopate, and all went well until in 1637 by the fatal blunder of King Charles I. the English Liturgy was forced upon an unwilling people, and the revolution, begun by the famous Jenny Geddes in St. Giles' Cathedral, restored Presbyterianism. During the Commonwealth, for a time this had all its own way in both nations, drawing up its well-known Westminster Confession of Faith in 1643, which was forced upon all the people; but afterwards the followers of Knox, no less than the loyal churchmen, suffered from the tyranny of the English Puritans. No Scriptures might be read in public, "that could be done at home;" no Psalms could be sung and the Lord's Prayer must not be said, "that would be Jewish;" and all the new-made laws were harshly enforced. Scotland as well as England breathed a sigh of relief when the Restoration was proclaimed in 1660.

The Church was now established again; but as Sydserf alone remained of the former Episcopate, Bishops Leighton, Sharp, Hamilton, and Fairfoul were consecrated at Westminster Abbey, and the country was divided into two Provinces, headed by St. Andrew's and Glasgow. For sake of peace no distinction was made outwardly between Presbyterian and Episcopal congregations; no fixed altars were to be found, no robes upon the clergy, no Liturgy, except in a few cases where the English Book was used. There was nothing like persecution on the part of the Church either; though it may be admitted that the Government measures against armed rebels were somewhat harsh. Yet there was ill feeling, increasing as years went on, stirred up by the Covenanted preachers who would not conform. The ignorant people were persuaded that the new clergy were cloven-footed and had sold their shadows to the devil! The English Presbyterians were surprised at the discontent of their

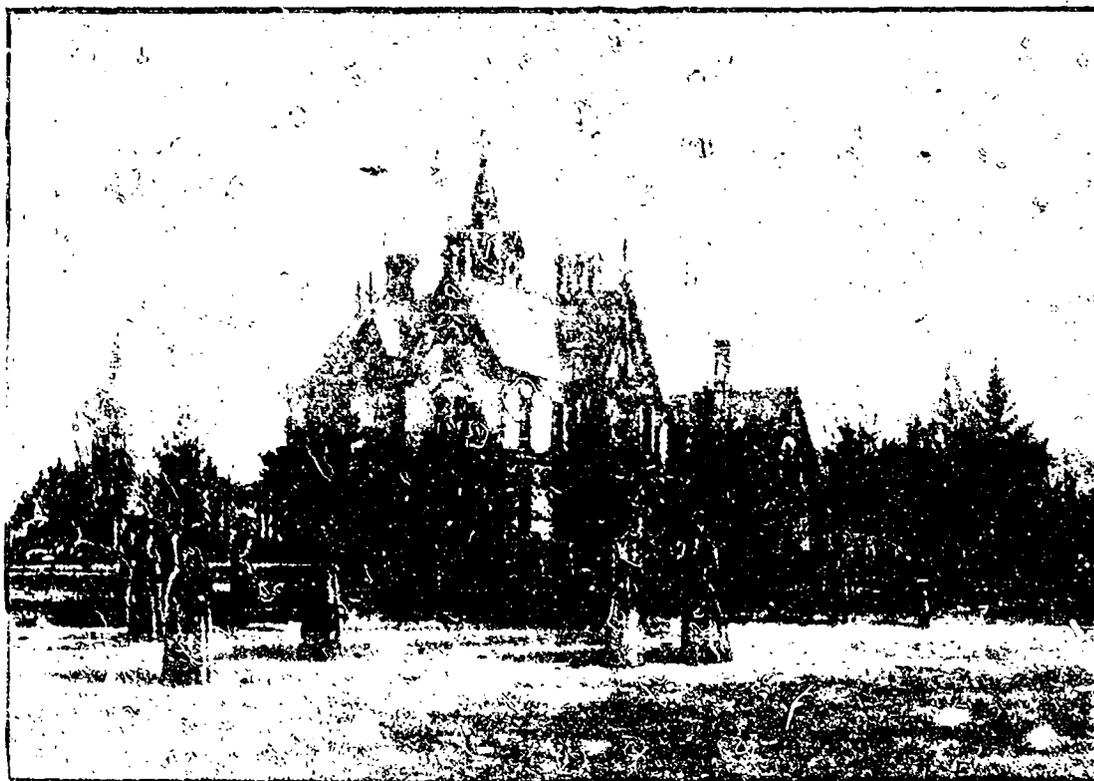
friends beyond the border, one of them (Calany) exclaiming "What would our brethren in Scotland be at, or what would they have? Would God we had their offers!" During King James II's reign their opposition was somewhat quieted by the Edict of Toleration, which was issued by that sovereign in loyalty to Rome, that he might injure the Church of Scotland as much as possible.

The arrival of William of Orange in 1688 was a genuine surprise. Believers as they were in the Divine right of kings, the Bishops were by no means prepared to transfer their allegiance to a new ruler at the word of the other kingdom. Bishop Rose was sent at once to London to confer with the conquering prince, and with the English Church. During the interview William assured him that if he would guarantee the support of the Episcopalians the Church would remain unmolested. He had been misled before he left the continent as to the strength of the Established Communion. The Scottish prelate could make no promises for his countrymen, and for himself would promise allegiance only "so far as law, reason, or conscience would allow." The king at once resolved to establish the Presbyterians whose loyalty was less questionable, as was shown by their Assembly in Edinburgh in 1689 to congratulate him. The disestablishment took effect on July 9th, 1689, and was announced to the kingdom with deeds of violence; churches were sacked, clergymen ill-treated and driven into exile, and the Calvinistic half of the nation assumed the title Kirk of Scotland. All the revenues of the Church were now taken by the new Establishment, which was so grateful for all this, that it appointed the 15th day of September (a Sunday), as a time of special fasting for the former Episcopacy and other sins of the people. A few of our clergy, who were willing to acknowledge William as King, were allowed to retain their parishes, but the rest were entirely plundered, bringing upon them great sufferings. All of them were carefully watched, and were arrested for most trivial offences, *e.g.*, one for whistling and one for gathering peas on Sunday. This latter was acquitted when it was pointed out how closely this case resembled one in the New Testament where our Lord was judge. No services were allowed but those of the Presbyterians but our people found ways of evading the law for some time to come, so that they were not deprived entirely of sacraments nor worship though both were prohibited.

The death of James II. in 1700 did not improve matters at all, for the allegiance was simply transferred to his son whom they called King James VIII. of Scotland; but the accession of Queen Anne greatly mitigated their sufferings. She was a friend of the Church everywhere, and, as a Stuart, was grateful for the loyalty to her family. A collection was

taken up for the poor clergy at once, and for a time they had peace. Sometime after the Union the combined Parliament became more lenient, and the Edict of Toleration was passed in 1712 when recognition was given to the clergy provided they would in express words pray for the Queen, the Princess Sophie, of Hanover, and all the Royal Family; and they were allowed to use the English Liturgy. But for two things during the first half of the eighteenth century the Church might have won back the Scottish people. One of these was a dissension which arose after the death of Bishop Rose, of Edinburgh, concerning diocesan jurisdiction and certain "usages" which were borrowed from the non-juring clergy of England. It threatened to rend in two a Church which could ill-stand it; but happily it was ended in 1732 with only a little loss of time and strength to regret. A far worse blow was the one given the Church for the part she took in the "Enterprise" as it was called, *i.e.*, the attempt to set Prince Charles Edward upon the throne of his fathers, (1745). Everyone knows how this rebellion failed, and how unworthy this last of the Stuarts showed himself of the sacrifices made for him. All hope was now gone of a second Restoration, and the Established Kirk took advantage of the popular feeling to re-enact all the laws against the Episcopal non-conformists. No clergy were recognized but the Presbyterians unless their Orders were English or Irish. Laity, as well as clergy must suffer if found worshipping, contrary to the established rule. There must be no sacraments but those of the dominant communion; and banishment under pain of death was the punishment; all of which was enforced with the vigour of a Papal Interdict. It was a dark hour for the Scottish Church, silenced and persecuted as she was; but as with other parts of the Body of Christ in the days of the heathen persecution, in the days of the Roman Inquisition, in the days of the English Commonwealth, she came safely through it all, less in numbers to be sure, but pure and strong in faith. How hard they had to struggle for their holy worship! The law said: "No Assembly," and that more than four in a room for worship transgressed the law. To evade this, one of the large houses of the nobility would be used, where the priest would stand in the hall having four worshippers with him, while every room within hearing distance would contain its legal quorum, and others would listen at the windows. No psalms could be sung for fear of attracting attention, and the times of the Catacombs seemed to be returning. Yet in the midst of this time of depression and discouragement God honoured His Church in Scotland by making her the mother of a great National Church across the sea.

For after the storm of revolution had subsided in the new American Union, the gift of the Episcopate was asked from England by the



BISHOP BETHUNE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, OSHAWA.

faithful in the Republic, but owing to legal difficulties the request could not be granted at once. In distress the Americans turned to Scotland where they found at once a welcome and a willing assent. Bishop Seabury was consecrated by the Scottish Bishops in 1784, and returned to his own land bearing with him the Apostolic order and jurisdiction which made the "Protestant Episcopal Church" (as it is so absurdly called by the law), a living member of the family of our Lord. Soon after England also sent her contribution to the American Episcopate, and from these acting together the ministry of our Southern neighbour has descended.

"The darkest hour of the night is the one before the dawn," proverbial wisdom tells us. George III. did not enforce the laws against the Church, and in 1792 they were all repealed, the Bishops having complied with the law after the death of Prince Charles Edward, (1788). During the first half of this century the Church continued her work, growing slowly and steadily under the leadership of such men as Bishop Skinner, who died in 1816, and Bishop Jolly, of Moray, who ended his saintly life in 1837. In 1840 Bishop Cox uttered a famous prophecy in verse which has been fulfilled in all points but one. See after see has uprisen, as he said they would, and in every way the

growth has been phenomenal, but "Scotland's altar-service" yet awaits the time when it will form the bond of union for Christendom. God speed the day; for there is no more perfect Liturgy.

THE BISHOP BETHUNE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

MANY years ago the need of some well established school for girls, whose parents or guardians desired them to be trained in the principles of the Church of England, was felt and this led to the establishment of the Bishop Strachan School, Toronto, since which others have also come into existence. In our issue of May last year we gave a description of a very prosperous institution established at Windsor, Nova Scotia, and known as the "Church School for Girls." In 1889 a similar school was established in Oshawa, and dedicated to the memory of Bishop Bethune, the second Bishop of Toronto. A very handsome and most desirable property was purchased, a complete outfit secured and a staff of teachers engaged, and for a time the school made its way with a fair amount of success. But financial difficulties at length led to the school being closed and it was feared that

all the property would be lost, the Roman Catholics being ready and anxious to buy it. However, at the last moment, the Sisters of St. John the Divine, of Canada, Toronto, undertook to re-establish the school on a cheaper and more economical basis, for, as these excellent women give their services to the Church gratuitously there will be a great saving in the way of salaries; and as they are highly accomplished ladies the very best tuition can be given. Under their guidance St. John's Hospital, Toronto, has become known far and wide as a friendly refuge for suffering women, and no doubt their educational work will have a like success. It will also have this advantage that ladies so well skilled in nursing will know how to exercise every care as to the health of the pupils. It is hoped that this school will place a good Christian education within the reach of many who have felt the ordinary boarding school beyond their means; and will obviate the necessity of sending Church girls to convents or other institutions promoted and managed by persons of another faith.

The cut accompanying this article scarcely does justice to the school building since only a very small part of the beautiful grounds can be seen. The block contains five acres, the greater part of which consists of lawn, sloping gently down to the street and planted with pretty groups of trees. The house is very substantially built of white brick, and the rooms are large, lofty and well ventilated, and will afford accommodation, without any over crowding, for a school of from thirty-five to forty girls. The new prospectus of this school will well repay examination.

OUR PARISHES AND CHURCHES.

No. 80.—ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, ST. CATHARINES.

SEE the full account given of this church and parish in our issue of February, 1893, under the heading of "Historical Sketches."

No. 81.—TRINITY CHURCH, MONTREAL.

THE following account of this parish we take from "The Year Book and Clergy List of the Church of England in Canada," published by Joseph P. Clougher, Toronto:

"The first building occupied by the congregation stood on St. Paul Street, immediately opposite the centre of the Bonsecour Market. It was a neat stone edifice, 75 feet deep by 44 feet front, seating about 750 persons, and was built at the expense of Major Christie. As this part of the city became more closely built up for business purposes, it was decided to remove to some more suitable locality; accordingly, in 1860, the St. John Church,



TRINITY CHURCH, MONTREAL.

Gosford Street, was purchased, and was taken possession of on May 20th. The congregation continued to worship in that building until early in the year 1865, when they moved to the present spacious edifice, on the North-West corner of Viger-Square and St. Dennis Street.

The corner stone of the present church was laid on June 23, 1864, by Bishop Fulford and opened for public worship September 17, 1865. The Rector at that time being the Rev. Canon Bancroft, who had formerly officiated in the other two churches, viz.: St. Paul Street and Gosford Street. The church is in the early English gothic style, and built entirely of Montreal stone. The Ashlar work of random coursed work showing the natural face of the stone; the quoins and moulded work being dressed. There is a nave, side aisles, chancel, tower, and basement. The tower, which faces on St. Dennis Street, is 168 feet high. The whole building is 173 feet by 78. The nave 100 feet by 46; side aisles, 12 feet wide. The chancel consists of seven sides of a dodecagon, and is 36 feet by 23. The ceiling of the chancel and nave are groined, with carved bosses at the inter-sections of the moulded ribs. The main entrance is through the tower, and there are two side entrances, which lead to the galleries and basement. The font, lectern, reading desk, pulpit and chancel windows, were the gifts of friends of the church. The seating capacity is stated to be 1,500, although on occasions it has accommodated about 2,200.

The present Rector, the Rev. Canon W. L. Mills, B.D., was appointed to the charge in September, 1882. At that time there were but 42 families and 18 communicants to be counted

as belonging to the parish. Five months afterwards the number of families had risen to 83, and at the Jubilee Celebration, November, 1890, 445 families were receiving pastoral care, and the number of communicants 567. The Sunday School at the same date numbered 321, as follows. Girls, 224. Boys, 102. Bible class, 73. Teachers, 22.

PAKAN, THE INDIAN CHIEF.

ONG the Christian Indians of the far north land the Sabbath is most faithfully observed. All hunting and fishing ceases, and the people quietly and reverently keep holy the day of rest. Long and patiently did the missionaries have to toil, and much was the opposition they had to encounter ere success crowned their efforts, and this pleasing state of affairs was reached.

The following incident will give some idea of the difficulties in the way of their living up to the principles of the gospel they have now accepted, and the sturdy character and boldness they frequently manifest. Their personal comfort or interest is not for a moment thought of when conscience is at stake, and hunger will be patiently endured rather than that their convictions of duty should be sacrificed.

Pakan is the name of the honoured chief of the Indians at White Fish and Saddle Lake. He is the worthy successor of the noble Maskepetoon, the chief who, on hearing a sermon from the prayer of the Lord Jesus for his murderers, showed his sincere desire to become a Christian by forgiving the murderer of his own son.

These Indians, of whom Pakan is now the chief, years ago made a treaty with the Dominion Government of Canada, in which they ceded away their rights to a vast area of fertile land, which is now rapidly filling up with white settlers. In return for this the government agreed to give to these Indians annually a certain sum of money and a large quantity of supplies.

Not very long ago the government commissioner who was paying the treaty money to the different tribes in the west, sent word to Pakan and his people that on a certain date he would meet them at a designated place for the purpose of paying them their money, and distributing among them their annual supplies.

The Indians were promptly on hand at the appointed place, although some of them had to come long distances from their homes or hunting grounds. Owing to the assurance of the commissioner, that he would, without fail, be on hand with the supplies on the date mentioned, the Indians carried with them only food sufficient to last them and their families up to the date of the gathering.

To their discomfort, they found that although the abundant supplies of food were on hand, yet

the commissioner had not arrived to distribute them. Several days passed by, and still he failed to appear.

Very naturally the people became very hungry, and yet their sense of honesty and honour were such that although they well knew that the supplies in their midst, unguarded, and in their power, really belonged to them, yet they patiently endured the pangs of hunger day after day, while earnestly looking for the arrival of the big man and his attendants to distribute the food.

Human nature has its limits, and so, after some days of absolute fasting, a few of the more restive ones began to think it was about time they quieted the cries of their hungry families by helping themselves to these supplies now that the commissioner had so broken his word to them by failing to appear.

When Pakan heard these muttering, he said, in language not to be misunderstood, "No; we will not touch these things. We have not broken a law of the government since we made the treaty, and although we are hungry we will not begin now."

Then he added: "But this will I do. As we are suffering for our supplies I will ride until I meet that white man, and tell him of our hungry condition because of his delay."

Suiting the action to his words, for Pakan is a man of prompt action when his mind is once made up, he was soon mounted on a fleet horse, and, accompanied by one attendant, was in a few minutes galloping over the prairies in the direction he was confident the commissioner would come. Very correct was he in his surmising, for after a rapid ride of not more than ten miles, he found the big man and his party, who, leisurely travelling along, had that evening already pitched their tents for the night.

Riding into his camp Pakan roused him up, and said. "I thought you would be camped here, my men are hungry, for they have waited long, they wanted to help themselves, but I said, 'No, wait until I see the paymaster.' Now I have found you, and I want you to send a man back with me to divide the food among my hungry people."

"O," said the paymaster, "those provisions are all yours, so just wait here with us until tomorrow morning, and then we will all ride on to your camp, and then we will at once divide the supplies among your people."

"But to-morrow is Sunday," said the brave Christian chief.

"Well," replied the white man, "my religion is not so strict, but I can give you out your provisions on that day."

Pakan's reply is worth remembering. He said. "I do not know what your religion teaches, but this I do know, that our religion teaches us to provide for the Lord's day on Saturday, and so, if you will not give us the

provisions to-night, we will not take them on the morrow, hungry though we are."

"Why," replied the paymaster, "I thought we would camp here this Saturday night, and then going on early to your camp to-morrow, would at once distribute the supplies and then, later on in the day, have our annual council talk, and then we would be ready to pay the treaty money on Monday."

The reply of the noble chief to this was short but emphatic: "If we will not take food, we certainly will not have the talk, on the Sunday."

From this position the chief would not move. The result was the dilatory paymaster was obliged to order one of his subordinate officials to return that Saturday night, through the darkness, with Pakan, and see to the distribution of the food among the people.

The next day the big white man made his entry in the camp of Pakan. No salute of fire-arms or demonstrative greeting welcomed him. In that large encampment there was nothing but the quiet decorum of a restful Sabbath day. Vainly did the big official try to gather the Indians in council for their annual discussions over their affairs. Not one person put in an appearance at the place he had appointed, but they all, as was their custom, faithfully attended their religious services.

In solitary grandeur the representative of the government was allowed to remain in his tent, with his attendants, until the following day, and then the Indians were promptly on hand to attend to business.—*Egerton R. Young, in Young Men's Era.*

The following from a recent issue of the *Brooklyn Eagle* should encourage us to expect the rapid settlement of Western Canada:—"Immigration and normal increase have led to the taking up of practically all the land this government had to give away. The railroads have made possible the thing that our fathers believed to be improbable before the twenty-first century. The taking of all the better lands on our side of the border has diverted immigration into British America and the vast plains—even wider than our own and just as rich—of Manitoba, Keewatin, Saskatchewan, Assiniboia and Alberta, will in the immediate future be occupied and made productive."

CORRUPT, selfish, greedy hearts are the chief obstacle to Christian missions. The one all-powerful remedy is the Gospel preached with the Holy Ghost come down from Heaven. There are many helpful agencies in mission work, but the hope of success is that He, who, in the beginning of Gentile missions, opened the heart of Lydia, will, in infinite mercy, open the hearts of modern heathen. For this let us all pray.—*Rev. John M. Foster, Swatow, China.*

BUDDHA'S LESSON.

BY REV. W. H. WITHROW, D.D.



MOURNING mother, with her dear, dead babe,
 Came unto Buddha, wise and merciful,
 And said, "O, Prophet, bring to life my child!"
 "Daughter," great Buddha said, "bring me a
 grain
 Of mustard seed from home, in which no child
 Or parent ever died, and thy sweet child
 Shall live again."

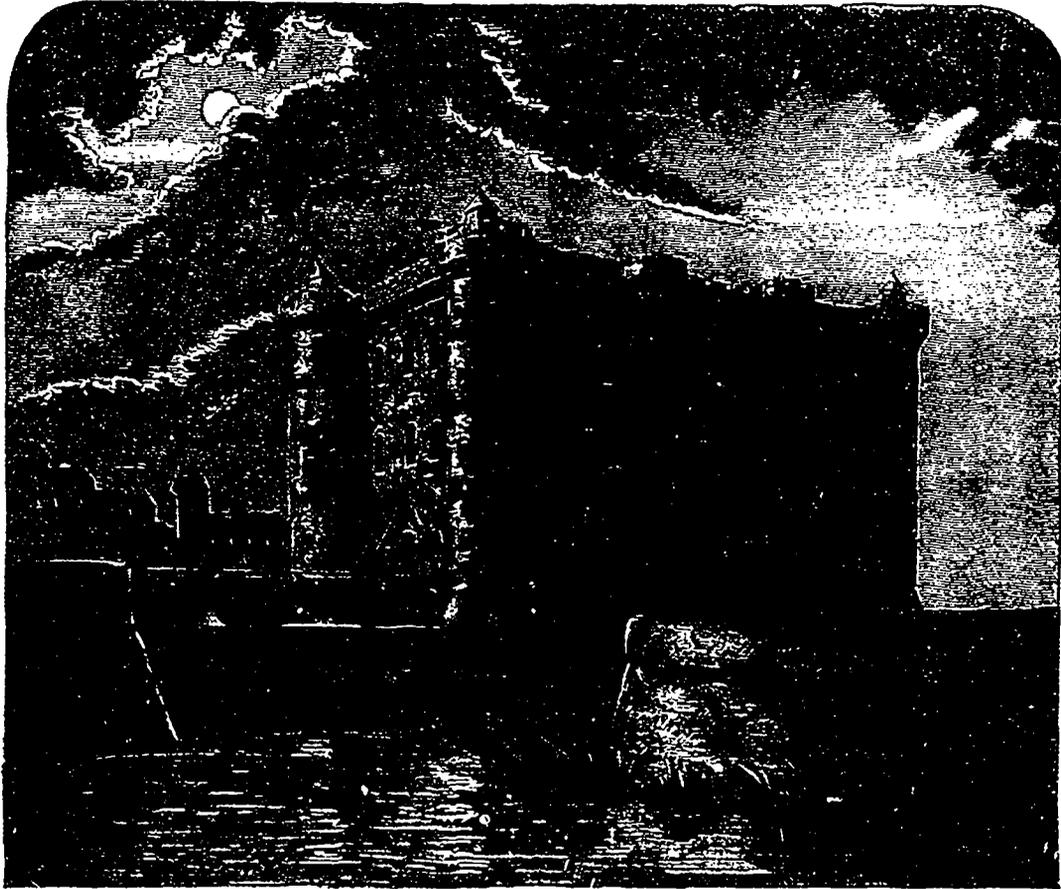
With eager feet she hied
 Away; but ever, as she sought, she found
 No single threshold stone uncrossed by death.
 From all she answer got, "The living are,
 O lady! few, the dead are very many."
 The weeping mother buried her dead babe
 Beneath the banyan's glooming shade, and, sad
 With weary steps, and slow, returning from
 Her bootless quest, reproached great Buddha with
 Deceit, and trifling with a mother's grief.
 "O daughter," said he, "thoughtest thou that thou
 Alone hadst been bereft? Learn thou this—
 Thy child hath but a little gone before;
 Soon to Nirvana thou and I shall go—
 Into blank nothingness—our souls blown out
 Like lamps sent floating down the Ganges stream
 On gusty night. Oblivion wraps us all
 With his inky cloak, and we—what reck's it?—
 Are as tho' we had not been. Farewell,
 O daughter! grieve not for thy buried son,
 Thy lot is but the common lot of all.

GORDON'S GENEROSITY.



ORD WOLSELEY, in the course of an interview with a representative of the *Strand Magazine*, related a story of General Gordon. When Gordon left London for the Soudan for the last time he started from the house of Lord Wolseley. Shaking hands with him as he stood there in "his tall silk hat and frock coat," Wolseley offered to send him anything he wanted. "Don't want anything," was the reply. "But," it was suggested, "you've got no clothes!" "I'll go as I am!" replied Gordon. "He never had any money," we are told, for "he always gave it away." Lord Wolseley asked him if he had any cash. "No," was the reply. "When I left Brussels I had to borrow £25 from the king to pay my hotel bill with." "Very well," said his friend, "I'll try and get you some, and meet you at the railway station with it." "I went round," continues the narrator of this anecdote, "to the various clubs and got £300 in gold. I gave the money to Colonel Stewart, who went with him, Gordon wasn't to be trusted with it. A week or so passed by, when I had a letter from Stewart. He said, 'You remember the £300 you gave me? When we arrived at Port Said a great crowd came out to cheer Gordon. Among them was an old sheik to whom Gordon was much attached, and who had become poor and blind. Gordon got the money, and gave the whole of it to him!'"

Young People's Department.



THE OLD BASTILLE.

THE OLD BASTILLE.

HIS is a picture of the old Bastille, that place of gloom and untold sorrow which once stood in the city of Paris, but is now, in every sense of the word, but a thing of the past. It was built first as a fortress, begun in A.D. 1369, and finished in 1383; but afterwards became a state prison, and there in its gloomy dungeons, and its rooms of torture, many a noble life was crushed, and for no other reason than to satisfy the wicked caprice of some depraved tyrant. On the breaking out of the French Revolution it was attacked by the citizens; and, after a vigorous resistance, destroyed. Not a vestige of it remains; but its site, in the "Place de la Bastille," is marked by a lofty column of bronze, dedicated to the pat-

riots of 1789 and 1830. The bridge of Louis XVI was constructed with its material. Venice has its bridge of sighs and its political dungeons; England has its tower of London, with many savage emblems of days happily gone by, and it is hoped for ever; but Paris has torn down its Bastille; pictures only of it remain. Its gloomy walls were not allowed to stay and bring up memories of the cruel past; but it has gone, and would that all cruelty and oppression had gone with it!

For such certainly was not the case. The very men who helped to pull down the Bastille, because they considered it the oppression house of tyrants, set up, perhaps, the most cruel tyranny that the world has ever known. Hundreds and thousands of innocent people were put to death, and the very rivers of France were

tinged with blood. And this was in 1793, just one hundred years ago. The men who did this thing were men without religion. The churches were profaned by them in the most shocking manner, and they soon became such monsters of crime, that history almost refuses to tell plainly their terrible deeds. This is what happened when infidelity took upon itself to govern. But these terrible things, let us hope, are things of the past. Much has been done to do away with such a terrible state of things, and the power which is gradually killing all distress and wrongs is that of the Saviour of mankind, who gave to the world that Christian religion which it is our bounden duty to support and strengthen in every way possible, and send, with its enlightening rays, to all parts of the earth.

ONE GIRL'S WORK.



FEW years ago a little girl applied to a pastor in one of our large cities for admission into his Sunday-school. She was told that the classes were so full there was no room for her, and that the church was so small that no more classes could be organized. Much disappointed, the little girl began to save pennies—her family was poor—for the purpose of enlarging the church in order that she and other children like her might be accommodated. She told no one of her ambitious purpose, however, so that when the pastor of this church was called to her bedside a few months later, to comfort her in her severe illness, he saw nothing unusual, only a frail child of six and a half years. The little sufferer died, and a week later there were found in her battered red pocket-book, which had been her savings bank, fifty-seven pennies, and a scrap of paper that told, in childish print, the story of her ambition, and the purpose of her self-denial.

The story of that little red pocket-book and its contents, and of the unfaltering faith of its little owner, got abroad. It touched the heart of saint and sinner alike. Her inspiration became a prophecy, and men laboured and women sang and children saved to help in its fulfilment. These fifty-seven pennies became the nucleus of a fund that in six years grew to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and to-day this heroine's picture, life-size, hangs conspicuously in the hallway of a college building at which fourteen hundred students attend, and connected with which there is a church capable of seating eight thousand, a hospital for children named for the Good Samaritan, and a Sunday-school room large enough to accommodate all the boys and girls who have yet asked to enter it. A fairy story? It reads like one, but happily it is not one. The little girl's name was Hattie May Wiatt, and the splendid institutions des-

cribed are located in Philadelphia.—*Harper's Young People.*

THE LENTEN OFFERINGS.



COULD there be a better work for Sunday-school children than to save their Lenten offerings to help to teach the Indians of our own country? This is what they are asked to do. It was said lately to a converted heathen that it was useless to spend money in teaching them because they were dying out, but the reply of the poor man was as apposite as it was pathetic. It was, "If we are dying, let us die as Christians." This is not an unreasonable request, surely. If our Indians are dying out, should we not, as believers in salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ, do all we can to help them to die as Christians? This leaves us without excuse. May God implant within the breasts of our children the true missionary spirit!

THE VIA DOLOROSA.

There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.



HERE is a road leading from one of the gates of Jerusalem along one of the walls of the city, and it is said that this was the way taken by our Lord when carrying the cross to Calvary. That cross was too heavy for him. Another had to help him carry it. Should we ever forget the cross of our Lord? Every Good Friday we hear all about it. The way that leads to Calvary is in Jerusalem called the "Via Dolorosa," the way of sorrow. And so it was for our Lord. But, after all, was it not a day of joy? It was the way that led to salvation through Jesus Christ our Lord. We should think over it and pray over it. All through Lent we should think specially over it, and try and consecrate our lives to God. Can we not do some good in the world? It is what our Lord wants us to do, and even if it is a "painful way," think of the sorrows of the Lord and all the joy that in the end came from them.

A MISSIONARY UNTO DEATH.



THE *Young Christian Soldier* (New York), thus tells the sad, but beautiful, story of Captain Allen Gardiner:—
One August day in the year 1814, two ships lay off Valparaiso, on the western coast of South America, almost hidden in smoke, out of which flashes of fire broke now and then, while loud reports rolled over the waters of the Pacific. For England was at



VIA DOLOROSA, JERUSALEM.

war in those days, and an English ship had met an enemy here. The smoke rolled away at last English cheers filled the air, and the Union Jack floated proudly from the masts of both ships, for the victory was won, and the enemy's ship was a prize. Among the officers on board the *Phæbe*, the victorious ship, was a young midy, just twenty, named Allen Gardiner, and he had fought so bravely that he was at once made lieutenant. No doubt many a bright vision of glory and fame glittered before his eyes that night. Did they come true? We shall see.

Seven years later Allen Gardiner was again sailing those waters, and another battle was raging, but not a visible one. This time the battle was in his own heart—God and Satan were striving for the mastery. And when the battle ended, the standard of the Cross was set up in Allen Gardiner's heart, and he had enlisted under it to fight for his King "unto his life's end."

Years passed by, the war was ended, Captain Gardiner returned to England, married, and settled down. But though he no longer fought for his earthly king, he was always on active service for his King in Heaven. During his voyages he had seen something of the work of the missionaries at Singapore and in Tahiti, and had also seen how grievously the heathen need the Gospel of Christ. "Seeing is believing," and I often think that if we could really see for ourselves how ignorant and wicked the poor heathen are, we shouldn't be so cool and contented to leave them to themselves. At all

events, Captain Gardiner had seen too much to allow him to spend his life in ease and comfort in England. Sometimes he thought of becoming a clergyman, but at last decided that he could serve God best as a layman, and he kept on praying to be guided to his right work. And, of course, that prayer was answered; but, as so often happens, the first part of the answer was written in very sad, black letters. For his dear wife, who was very delicate, was taken away, leaving him with four little children, and then, in all his grief, he saw that her death had opened the way for him to go abroad to the heathen. He could not have gone while she lived. That very year, 1834, he went to South Africa, and founded the first mission at Port Natal. There he stayed for three years, until war broke out between the Zulus and the Boers, and he had to leave.

During the time he had spent on the coast of South America he had seen a good deal of the native Indians of Chili, and longed to teach them of Christ. Now, driven from Africa, he thought of these Chilian Indians, and resolved to go to them. He had now married again, and, taking his wife and children with him, he sailed to Rio Janeiro, then down the coast to Buenos Ayres, and then went right across the country, over the great Cordillera Mountains, into Chili. Get the map and see what a journey it was. Would you have been afraid to go so far? Captain Gardiner's little children became quite hardy little travellers, and their father did all he possibly could to make them comfortable and happy. He played with them, and talked to them, and taught them; and though he was very strict, and never let them disobey him for a moment, they loved him all the better for that.

When they reached Chili he settled his wife and children in a town, and started inland to try to find some place where they might all go to live among the Indians and teach them. But, though the Indians received him kindly, they would not let him come to live with them. They could not understand, and would not believe, that any white man could want to come to their country except to get something out of them. The Spaniards, who had conquered the greater part of their beautiful land, were the white men they knew most about, and they thought Captain Gardiner was a spy of some sort, and if they let him live among them, they fancied he would by and by bring his countrymen and conquer the little land they had left. So, after many weary and difficult journeys among them, he was obliged at last to give up

all hope of teaching them. The Falkland Islands, at the south-eastern corner of South America, had lately come under British government, and Captain Gardiner thought if he went there he might be able to sail over to Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, and teach the natives there. So, with wife and children, he set sail once more, and landed in the Falklands in the end of 1841.

It would take too long to tell you all about the brave captain's efforts to take the news of God's love to these poor heathen. Three times he returned to England, where he left his family, and travelled about over the whole country, trying to make people understand how much the natives needed the Gospel, and explaining his plans for reaching them. But, though many heard him, few were touched with his spirit, and he could not get money enough to start the mission properly. He tried to get the Church Missionary Society to take up the work, but they had more work on their hands in other places than they could do well, and they felt obliged to refuse. Most men would have been utterly discouraged, but nothing could make Captain Gardiner despond.

At last a society was formed, called the South American Missionary Society, to look after this work in Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, and Captain Gardiner started once more, taking with him six others—one a doctor, one a gentleman from London, the rest sailors; but all earnest Christian men, full of love to God and each other. One of the sailors, named Joseph Erwin, had sailed with Captain Gardiner before, and was now most eager to go again, for, as he said, "being with the captain was heaven on earth." They had two big boats, and stores to last six months, and they hoped before that time was over some ship would come from England, and bring them more food. So they landed on Pictou Island, south of Tierra del Fuego, in December, 1850.

When the English vessel which had brought out them and their boats sailed away, the seven brave-hearted men set about preparing for a voyage to another island, where they knew the natives were friendly; but heavy storms came on, their boats were damaged, some of their stores destroyed, and before long Mr. Williams, the doctor, became ill. They managed to sail to a place called Spaniard Harbour, in Tierra del Fuego, and there for six long, weary months they waited for the ship which never came, their provisions failing, their strength wasting, and one after another falling sick and dying. Yet this is what Mr. Williams wrote in all this suffering:—"Ah, I am happy, day and night, hour by hour. Asleep or awake, I am happy beyond the poor compass of language to tell." And Captain Gardiner's diary is full of thanks for little mercies, such as catching a fish when they had had none for days.

At last the people in England thought they ought to send to see what had become of the brave missionaries, and in October, 1851, a ship was sent out, which did not reach Tierra del Fuego till January, 1852. Ah, what a sight was seen then! On the beach lay one of the mission boats, and beside it was the body of Captain Gardiner. In a cave near by lay one of his companions, and about a mile away the other boat was found, with Mr. Williams in it and one of the sailors beside it. Books and papers lay about, and Captain Gardiner's diary was found, telling how one and another of his companions had died, and how at last he was himself lying in the boat too weak to move, having tasted no food for five days, and he supposed that now the others were all dead, as he had not seen them for some time. But he adds: "I neither hunger nor thirst, though five days without food! Marvellous loving kindness to me a sinner!" And the date of these brave words was September 6th, 1851. So, when the long-expected ship came at last, those she came to rescue had been more than four months in the Father's House, where they hunger no more, neither thirst any more.

Was this, then, the end of Allen Gardiner's work? Had all the old dreams of fame and glory come to this? Ah, no! his work had only begun. His death stirred others to work, and the good news of the love of God is now being preached to the natives for whom he laid down his life.

WHILE travelling down the Ohio River on a steamboat, my attention was called to the pilot, who was a coarse-looking man. The captain informed me that three weeks ago, as the boat was going through the rapids, the pilot called to him to take the helm. He had just seen a boy struggling for life in the rapids. He sprang into a mere skiff and ventured himself amongst the boiling waters without an oar, and saved the boy. I went up to the brave man and spoke to him: "Do you ever see the boy whom you saved?" "Yes," he answered, "at every trip he comes down to the boat to see me." "And how do you feel when you see him?" "More than I can tell," he replied; "more intense interest than in any of my seven at home for whom I have run no risk." Thus there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance.

A POOR Chinaman came to a missionary to ask for baptism. When asked where he had heard the Gospel, he answered that he had never heard the Gospel, but had *seen* it. He then told of a poor man at Ningpo, who had once been a confirmed opium-smoker, and a man of violent temper. This man had learned about the Christian religion, and his whole life altered. He gave up opium and became loving and kind,

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VOL. VII. MARCH, 1893. No. 81.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE *Canadian Church Juvenile* is suitable in every way for Sunday Schools. Should not our home papers be supported?

THE Bishop of Algoma still continues to improve, and it is confidently hoped that in a short time his Lordship will be completely restored to health.

THE Synod of Montreal met lately for its regular annual business. It seems to be satisfied with a winter session instead of the usual June sederunt.

WE desire to thank those who so kindly sent the missing numbers of this magazine asked for. We should like, further, to get some copies for March, 1890 and November, 1892.

THE Bishop of New Westminster is on a visit to Eastern Canada under the auspices of the Missionary Board of Management. His lectures, illustrated as they are with stereopticon views, are very interesting.

THE Montreal Diocesan Theological College has established its own magazine. It is edited by Rev. C. C. Waller, B.A., assisted by Messrs. W. D. MacFarlane and J. A. Lackey. It is full of interesting matter.

THE Deanery of Avon, Nova Scotia, has adopted this magazine as its organ, under the title of the *Avon Deanery Magazine*. It embraces the parishes of Aylesford, Horton, Cornwallis, Newport, Falmouth, Rawdon and Windsor. Could not other Rural Deaneries do likewise?

A VAST Hindoo Conference, says the *Living Church*, was recently held at Benares, India, and a day was set apart for special prayer to the Hindoo gods for the preservation of their religion. This is probably the first time that such a thing has been done in any pagan land, and it is a great concession to the growing power of Christianity.

HAWAII has been the scene of a revolution, though, happily, without bloodshed. Queen Liliukolani, who has reigned for two years, has been deposed from her throne, a provisional Government has been set up, which has proclaimed the abolition of the Hawaiian Monarchy, and a deputation has been sent to Washington to ask that the kingdom of Hawaii may be annexed by the United States, but there may yet be some difficulty in producing this result. It is a very mixed population.

THE Board of Management, through its Committee selected for the purpose, has appointed Miss Jennie C. Smith, of Kingston, to succeed Miss Sherlock as nursing missionary in Japan. Miss Smith is well qualified for the position, and appears to be moved by the true missionary spirit. More than two years ago she was accepted by the Board, subject to her agreeing to take a full course of training in the Kingston City Hospital. This she has done, and is now ready for her work, to which it is hoped she will be able soon to go.

WHY should not the Church educate her own clergymen and missionaries? If every congregation in our large cities would found a refuge for little boys, abandoned by their parents and rendered orphans, and educate them carefully in those subjects which should be taken up afterwards in a college course, many valuable missionaries and clergy might be obtained; and in the meantime the boys would be found useful as choristers and as a nucleus for daily service. Think of it. What might not be done if every church had its own family of boys, watched carefully, and educated to preach and to pray? Apart from the charity of the Home—caring for waifs and strays—there would be the strength afterwards which many of these boys would bring to the Church.

OUR JAPANESE MISSION.



HE division of Japan which has been agreed upon by the English and American Church, necessitated the removal of Rev. J. G. Waller, from Fukushima to Nagano. Of this move he writes to us as follows, his letter bearing date January 26th :—

Nagano is rather larger than Fukushima, about 25,000 population, is the capital of Keu of the same name (as Fukushima was) but it is more commonly known to the people by the older name of Shinano or Shinshū, the boundaries of the older province corresponding exactly with those of the new state, erected under the past Revolution Government. It was the largest of the old provinces, and is, with a single exception, the largest of the new states or Keus. There are over a million people in the Keu, but much of it is very inaccessible, because of mountains. The climate somewhat resembles that of Canada—more snow than Fukushima, and the thermometer goes down lower, but yet far more pleasant than the latter because there is scarcely anything of those piercing northwest winds of which we had such a terrible experience last winter.

It will, apparently, be a hard field to work. The old town came into existence through the story of some miracles supposed to have been worked here several hundred years ago in the interest of Buddhism. The main street leads up to the great Zenkoji temple, visited by thousands of pilgrims from the country every year, and the rest of the town seems to overflow with Buddhist temples. However, the people seem indifferent to Buddhism as to all other religions—the lull of putting off the old faith and putting on the new, I trust. But through the enormous wealth and influence of some of these temples, and especially because not a few of the inhabitants make their living from the offerings and spending money of the pilgrims in such ways as lodging them and selling gods, shrines, charms and quack medicines, they are interested in opposing the Truth. Demetrius is very strong. But here we hope, as in Ephesus, God has “much people.”

We were very sorry to leave Fukushima. True we had not been very successful, so far at least as baptisms measure success—generally a very small degree, by the way—but we had got to know the people of all the large towns in the district, most of whom I think loved and trusted us. Our Catechist, Shiraishi San, remains behind, receiving the American Board as his new director. I am glad of this, for had we both left at once it might have gone far to undo much of the last two years' labour. I fear it will be long before we shall gain as much ground here. But someone must bear the brunt of the first shock, and break up the ground—the crop will come later on.

We reached here just before Christmas, but could not get in our house for Christmas Day, which we spent in a yadoga (inn), and substituted fish, soup, bean cake, boiled rice and raw turnip tops salted with other Japanese food for the orthodox turkey and plum pudding. I have no catechist with me, but a young Christian from Tokyo, who acts as my teacher, has given assistance to some extent.

Bishop Bickersteth's pastoral lately issued to the clergy of the Church of England in Japan thus speaks of this Mission :—

“Let me mention that I am assigning the district of Nagano in Shinshu to the mission sent to this country by the Board of Missions of the Canadian Church, of which the Rev. J. G. Waller is the first representative. It is a subject of thankfulness that in this mission, and in that in which Nagoya is the centre, where there are three clergy at work from Wycliffe College, Toronto, and in the newly established Nurse's Training School in Kobe, the growing interest in missions of the Canadian Church is beginning to afford us very valuable aid. The towns in Shinshu are numerous and of considerable importance. It is my earnest hope that the Canadian Board may be able to send out and support a fully equipped mission to that province, consisting of not less than four clergy besides lady workers. Such a mission working in a limited area might before long attain very valuable results.”

MACKENZIE RIVER.

THE following letter from Bishop Reeve, of Mackenzie River, will be read with interest by many :—

Before proceeding to diocesan matters it may interest you, perhaps, to give you a brief account of my journey hither, a very different affair now from what it was twenty-three years ago when I first came to this district! *Then* the journey occupied nearly five months; *now* it could be accomplished in thirty days. *Then* the railroad did not come within 2,500 miles of us; *now* it is only 1,000 miles away! *Then* there was no steamboat nearer than Winnipeg; *now* one passes our very door! There is steam communication in summer, nearly all the way, excepting about 200 miles. *Then*, and for nearly ten years afterwards, it was necessary to order our clothing, groceries, flour, etc., two years beforehand, and sometimes they were three years, and even more, before they reached us; *now* we can receive them within nine months! *Then* we received our letters twice a year; *now* we get them three, and occasionally four times! These are improvements for which we are very thankful.

Leaving England on April 29th by S.S. *Arizona*, after a pleasant trip across the Atlantic, I

reached New York early on May 9th, and left the same evening for Quebec, in order to attend a missionary meeting there on the 11th. It was the annual meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary, which I had the privilege of addressing, having been invited to do so at the request of their late bishop, whose death all were mourning. *In memory of him I have since received a handsome silver communion set from members of the Auxiliary, and trust there will be a continuous bond of sympathy between the dioceses in the two extremes of this great Dominion.*

In a place of such historic interest a stay of two days was much too short, but I was obliged to hurry on to Toronto where on the 15th I ordained to the diaconate two graduates of Wycliffe College, one for the home, the other for my own diocese. For the latter a farewell missionary meeting was held the following night at the college, at which we both spoke, and at the close started immediately for the far north. Late though it was, quite a number of students and others accompanied us to the depot, and sent us off with the farewell hymn, "God, be with you till we meet again." At Winnipeg we received another encouraging "send-off" at the house of a warm-hearted friend of missions.

As it was necessary to be at Athabasca Landing not later than June 1st, I sent my companion on ahead with another co-worker from the same college to look after their baggage and supplies. I followed a few days later, and joined them there on that day. We were now on the verge of civilization. Edmonton, our frontier town, railway terminus, telegraph station and post-office, a hundred miles behind us. Before us the wild north land stretching away to the Arctic Ocean near to which the young deacon is to labour amongst the Esquimaux (D.V.). No more letters or papers now for at least two months, no more crowded cities, no more farmsteads dotting the prairie, no more luxurious palace cars, no more missionary meetings, but missionary work now—careless souls to be aroused, indifference to be overcome, sinners to be awakened, converts to be strengthened, *Christ's work to be done. Behind us, wife and children, parents, sweethearts, brothers and sisters; before us, Jesus.*

The Grand Rapids, our next point, was reached on June 3rd. The steamer *Athabasca*, which carried us thither, also conveyed the year's outfit and supplies for the Hudson Bay Co.'s fur trade; and for the missionaries in Mackenzie River, flour, tea, sugar, guns, ammunition, blankets, traps, tobacco, etc., etc. A series of rapids, nearly ninety miles in length, extend from here to Fort McMurray, and as they are impassable for a steamboat, all these goods have to be conveyed over them partly by tramway, but chiefly in flat-bottomed barges. This is a work of much labour, some danger,

and considerable time. To my mind the most dangerous part of the whc's journey was at the "Cascade," where, as the name implies, there is a small waterfall. The boats had to be partly unloaded, and several of them were broken by the force of the current sweeping them against the rocks and crushing in their sides! *The male passengers had to scramble along the face of the bank where the footing was very insecure. I was really afraid of slipping into the boiling current below, and of being swept away before any assistance could reach me. We all passed safely, however; the boats were repaired, and we reached McMurray on the 16th, where we found the steamer *Grahame* awaiting us. The boats discharged their cargoes into her, received a load of furs in their place, and returned to the Grand Rapids for more goods whilst we went on to Fort Chipewyan. This had been my home and mission for ten years, and we hoped to spend a quiet Sunday with my successors, Messrs. Lucas and Warwick, and have service in our nice little church with my late parishioners, but were doomed to disappointment. A storm of wind detained us on the opposite side of the lake for four days, and when, at length, we did reach the fort there was barely time to shake hands with them all before the whistle summoned us on board, and shortly after midnight we started for Fort Smith. Fort Chipewyan is one of the prettiest places along the route, and is the headquarters of the Hudson Bay Co. in the Athabasca district. The Roman Catholics have a large mission close by.*

At Fort Smith another break occurs in the navigation. Over the "portage" of fifteen miles the goods are conveyed by oxen and carts which are kept thus employed all the summer. In wet seasons the road, for half the distance, is little better than a bog, and the mosquitoes are something "awful." This year both were at their best. We had the choice of riding in one of these ox-carts, or walking. We chose the former for most of the way. I mounted a cart for a short distance, but my poor ox slipped between the logs on a corduroy and fell, and having a decided objection to being pitched *headforemost into a slough, I hastily descended and trusted to my own legs for most of the rest of the way. My companions did the same. The detention here was somewhat longer than at the Grand Rapids and much more trying, owing to the heat and mosquitoes. We were very glad, therefore, when the *Wrigley* arrived, and we were able, on July 5th, to enter upon the last stage of our journey. We had accomplished but 555 miles in five weeks!*

Fort Smith is on the northern border of the Athabasca Diocese, so, immediately upon leaving it, we enter that of Mackenzie River. From this point to our most northern station, following the course of the river, is a distance of 1,300 miles; the diocese extends 200 miles farther.

The first place we come to is Fort Resolution, a Hudson Bay Co.'s post on the south-east shore of Great Slave Lake. Here we have a mission station and diocesan school. The latter has been in existence only two years, and has supplied a long-felt want. There are only ten scholars at present, but we hope the number will be increased next year, and another school be established elsewhere. Annual subscriptions of \$50 for the support of a scholar would be very thankfully accepted. The Indians here are all Roman Catholics, but many of them have shewn a desire to become acquainted with our doctrine, and have visited the Rev. W. Spendlove freely, in spite of their priest's protestations. There are two other posts under Mr. Spendlove's supervision, Fort Rae, 120 miles to the north, and Fort Providence, 170 miles to the west. The latter is the next place at which we arrive. The journey across the lake occupies about twelve hours, and is sometimes a very rough passage. On this occasion it was quite calm. A large quantity of ice was in sight, and in one or two places we had to pick our way through small floes. It would have added greatly to the interest of the journey if we could have visited some of the smaller rivers flowing from the south, as there are some magnificent waterfalls over 100 feet high, but, unfortunately, they are too much out of the line of route.

About 100 Indians belonging to Fort Providence are connected with our Church, but we have no teacher for them, and, consequently, I fear they are gradually dropping off to the Roman Catholics, whose headquarters this is. A missionary for them and a neighboring tribe is much needed.

Another run of 160 miles brings us to my headquarters, Fort Simpson, which is also the chief post of the Hudson Bay Company in this district. Many memories, some sad, some pleasant, are awakened by the return to this, my first sphere of labour in the mission field, but there is no time to indulge in them at present. As our party had to break up here we were very thankful that the next day, Sunday, permitted us to meet together at the Lord's table. Both the English and Indian services were well attended and very enjoyable. This is the oldest but not the most encouraging mission in the diocese. The Indians are rather careless, and not at all eager for instruction. About half of them are Romanists. The Mutes, too, are not all that could be desired. The Rev. J. Hawksley has been in charge during the past year, but is now going with his wife to Fort Norman, to take the place of the Rev. D.N. Kirkby, who, I am sorry to say, is leaving us. Mr. March, the Wycliffe student, is to remain here until I return. He will then go to Fort Liard, a place 200 miles to the south-west, to try to establish a school there. I may as well mention here that he arrived there safely in September, and that

I have not heard from him since. It is the best place in the diocese for agriculture, but is too far out of the way for a school, and I am afraid we shall have to choose another location.

The other Wycliffe graduate, Rev. J. O. Stringer, B.A., I accompanied to Fort McPherson, our most northern station and most encouraging mission. It was very cheering to meet with a warm reception, and receive a hearty grasp of the hand from the Indians and others assembled to meet us; and encouraging to know that whereas at nearly all the other posts Romanism is predominant, here the reverse is the case; for out of the 455 Indians belonging to the place, 410 are baptized members of our Church, of whom 120 are communicants. The Venerable Archdeacon R. McDonald has laboured long and faithfully amongst them, and has been much blessed in his labours. He is now busily engaged on the work of translation. The New Testament, Psalms, Pentateuch, Prayer Book and Hymn Book have passed through the press already, and other portions of the New Testament are ready for the printer's hands. Many of his people can now read the Word of God in their own tongue, and the way they used their Prayer Book and Hymn Book at our midnight service showed that they were accustomed to them. School work is carried on under many disadvantages. The eighty scholars are taught, some at the mission, some in the woods, but their desire to learn enables them to surmount obstacles which might be considered insuperable in more southern lands.

Besides the Indians a considerable number of Esquimaux come hither to barter their furs. They are still heathen, and it is for their evangelization that Mr. Stringer has nobly devoted himself. They are a peculiar people, very different from the Indians in many respects, and instead of being the diminutive race one reads of in Greenland, most of the men here are over the average height. Some of them were encamped near the water's edge when we arrived, their kyacks and uniacks being carefully deposited on the beach, ready to be launched at a moment's warning. Both men and women came out to meet us. All of them were dressed in skin clothing, some of it beautifully and tastefully ornamented, and exceedingly well made. The men had their totokes in their cheeks, and the women had their hair dressed in their own peculiar fashion. But I must defer a full account of them to another time. Before leaving I made arrangements, with the chief's consent, for Mr. Stringer to pay another visit to their village on the coast, and hope to hear, in due course, that he met with much encouragement.

A few lines must now be devoted to Fort Norman, a prettily situated post between Forts Simpson and McPherson—300 miles from the one and 500 miles from the other—from whence

there is a fine view of Bear Rock, some spurs of the Rocky Mountains, and other hills in the distance. Our Indians here are not numerous, but the work amongst them has been encouraging on the whole. Before a missionary was stationed here I used to visit them every spring, and was often much cheered by their readiness to learn. I trust Mr. and Mrs. Hawksley will be spared to continue the good work carried on by Mr. Kirkby, Bishop Bompas and others.

There are only four other posts in the Diocese, Forts Good Hope, Rae, Nelson, and Wrigley. The last named is the only one of the four at which we have any adherents. It has been established but a few years. Previously the Indians used to come to Fort Simpson to trade their furs and reindeer meat, and thus we had an opportunity of teaching them, but now we seldom see them, and the consequence is that some of them are falling away to the Romanists and others into indifference. *No one prays for me*, was the sad plaint of some of them last year when the census was taken. This is the only post in the diocese not yet occupied by a French priest. The Indians are wishful for a teacher, but I have no funds at present to support one. A priest has been promised them by the French bishop, but we may yet be first in the field if our friends will come to our help and supply us with the means of caring for these few sheep in the wilderness.

A missionary for them, help towards the support of our diocesan school, funds for the establishing of another school, and aids for the new Esquimaux mission are our chief needs at present. Any assistance that can be rendered us will be most thankfully received.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Contributions for Mackenzie River Diocese may be paid to:—Mr. George Bliss, 22 Bible House, New York, U.S.; Rev. Canon Empson, Synod Office, Montreal, Canada; Mr. J. Kemp, Secretary Synod Office, Toronto, Canada; The Very Rev. Dean Grisdale, St. Johns, Winnipeg, Canada; Imperial Bank, Winnipeg, Canada; Mr. H. G. Malaher, 20 Compton Terrace, Islington, England.

Woman's Auxiliary Department.

"The love of Christ constraineth us."—2 Cor. v., 14.
Communications relating to this Department should be addressed
Mrs. A. E. Williamson, 83 Wellesley St., Toronto.



ESSRS. BIRNEY and Bell, the churchwardens of Morris, Manitoba, write very earnestly as follows, "Morris is a small village forty miles south of Winnipeg. We have a nice, little church, with a small, poor, but very

earnest congregation. French settlements surround us, therefore no other missions can be worked in conjunction with this one. We have struggled for thirteen years to pay off one building debt, and with the kind assistance of Dean Grisdale we have accomplished it. Last October the Bishop sent us the Rev. J. R. Henwood, We have the highest grant the Mission Board can afford, and do our best, but unless we get outside assistance, we fear we must give him up at Easter. If we could only keep afloat a couple of years, we would get our share of emigration, and would be in a position to assist other missions. If eastern Church people could only see us, and feel what it is to miss our Church services so dear to us all, we are sure they would hold out a helping hand. If every recipient of this letter would only send us one dollar, our difficulty would be overcome and our hearts rejoiced. Think kindly of this request, do not lay it aside for some future day, but act at once. Donations will be thankfully received and acknowledged by Mr. G. F. Birney, or Mr. F. S. Bell, churchwardens All Saints church, Morris, Manitoba. Mrs. A. E. Williamson, 83 Wellesley Street, Toronto, will be happy to take charge of and forward any contributions sent to her towards the above.

ANOTHER St. Peter's Mission, this time at Lesser Slave Lake, Peace River District, is told of in a letter from the Rev. Geo. Holmes. He says, "But for the help of the Woman's Auxiliary in Canada and the C. M. S. in England, we should not have been able to take in a single child this winter. It was only in November we were able to make a beginning of scholars for a start. Now, I am thankful to say, we have twenty, eighteen boarders and two day scholars. Mrs. Holmes has had her hands very full with the girls. Some of them were in such a condition we had to burn their clothing. It is almost incredible that human beings can live in such a state. We find that in addition to all her other duties it will be impossible for Mrs. Holmes to do all the work of the Girls' Home alone. We hope a friend may come from England to assist her, and the question of salary we leave with Him who is able to supply all our needs.

THE report of St. Peter's Mission shows an encouraging state of affairs. Five services are held every Sunday, the attendance has been good in all the different places throughout the year, and much interest is taken in the services at the out stations.

We have Cottage Meetings every Wednesday evening, a Bible class for men on Monday, and for women on Thursday. There are five Sunday Schools all doing good work. Our four day schools are doing much better this year than formerly, owing to our having good teachers who take an interest in their scholars for Christ's

sake. We had a grand time during the Treaty payments. After the business of the day we had service in the agent's tent. It was very encouraging and cheering to see the crowds all-making for this one spot, to engage in the worship of God before retiring for the night. The earnest prayers of Church men and women are asked, that this missionary work may continue in growth.

A NOTICE was inserted in the February number of the *MISSION NEWS*, that copies of the W. A. Triennial Report could be had from Mrs. Denne, general secretary-treasurer, 229 University Street, Montreal. Price, 10 cents. This only applied to individual members of the W. A., who might be desirous to read the report of the meeting. Diocesan secretaries have a number of the Reports sent to them for distribution among their respective branches.

THE Dorcas secretary, Miss Paterson, 48 St. George Street, Toronto, being anxious to make up the sum of \$25, "required to complete the payment for a new large cooking stove at our Blood Indian Mission school, inserted her request for donations in the Church papers, and had a most cheering response from a children's 'stove' mite box, of something over \$3.00, to pay for one of the lids of the new stove."

DIocese of Huron's Sixth Annual Meeting, held in London, January 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th, will ever remain a bright feature in the history of its W.A.M.A. It was well attended by the presidents of branches and delegates and honoured by the presence of our Central President, Mrs. Tilton, this being her first attendance at an Annual Meeting since her election to that important position. Welcome guests also were Mrs. Hamilton, President of the Niagara W.A., and the Hon. Winnifred Lugden, who came to plead on behalf of the women of India. The various diocesan reports showed steady progress in every branch of W.A. work, and the Bishop of Huron, in addressing the meeting, said that the W. A. had his hearty thanks for the impetus it has given to the spiritual life and work of the Diocese. The thank-offerings to be devoted to the Algoma debt, amounted to \$491.50, which with the \$400 already sent to the Diocesan treasurer, brings Huron within \$109 of the \$1,000 she hopes, at least, to raise for Algoma. Mrs. Boomer and Mrs. Lings, the much regretted retiring Diocesan treasurers, were presented by his Lordship, on behalf of himself, the president and officers, and the members of the London branches, with Life Memberships. The money was devoted by Mrs. Boomer to Algoma, by Mrs. Lings to the Jews. With regard to Algoma, a resolution was passed that the delegates lay before their branches the necessity of

doing what they could towards making a permanent provision for that diocese. The Report of the Education Committee showed the keen appreciation of this branch of W.A. work by those missionaries whose children are profiting by it, and the Grace church, Brantford Branch, guaranteed \$50 annually, towards the education of one of the Rev. Gilbert Cook's seven daughters, for whom Archdeacon Phair pleaded during his last visit to Eastern Canada (in connection with this matter we would add that only three days later, came the following pitiful message from Mr. Cook:—"My dear wife died January 8th, and was buried next day. I had to read the whole Burial Service myself, which was terrible, but God gave me the strength to do it. We are now poor indeed, for it is probable I shall have to take my motherless children, the youngest an infant a few days old, back to Touchwood, for my health is failing, and I dread the idea of anything further happening, and leaving an unprotected family in this place. Oh! the loss is terrible to bear, I feel quite stunned. Remember us in all your prayers"). Helpful and interesting addresses were delivered by the president and by Mrs. Tilton; Mrs. Murphy read an able paper on "Chinese Missions in B. C.," and the Hon. Miss Lugden addressed both the senior and the junior branches. Among the many resolutions passed, some of sympathy, some of thanks, was one expressing to Mrs. Baldwin the regret of the W. A. of Huron, at her contemplated absence for some months from Canada, coupled with the hope that by God's blessing she might return with restored health, and another to Mrs. Boomer expressive of the appreciation of the W.A. of Huron of her strenuous efforts on behalf of Algoma.

Books and Periodicals Dept.

(1) *The Caliphate: Its Rise and Fall.* By Sir William Muir, K.C.S.I.

(2) *The Life and Times of Joseph in the Light of Egyptian Lore* By Rev. H G Tompkins. Copp, Clark Co., Toronto, for the Religious Tract Society, London.

The author of the "Caliphate" has told his story well, and it is a most interesting theme. Starting from the death of Mohammed, he traces the wonderful career of Islam as it swept everything before it until checked by Charles Martel in A.D. 732, when France and perhaps Christendom itself was saved from the fate of all previous enemies, and then shows its history for over 700 years afterwards, till it finally ceased to be. It is a charming book, printed in fine large type, and is well worth procuring, especially as much is being said at the present time about the Mohammedan religion. The "Life and Times of Joseph" is a much smaller book, but it is a careful adaptation of the charming story of Joseph to the condition of Egypt as brought before us by recent discoveries. Probable traces of both Jacob and Joseph in an Egyptian record are given, and the customs of the country are shown to be exactly as pictured in the narrative as given in Genesis. It is a scholarly little book, but at the same time is written in a plain and easy style.

The Preacher's Homiletic Commentary of the Old Testament Funk & Wagnalls Co., 11 Richmond Street West, Toronto, also New York and London.

This is a splendid work, to be completed in twenty volumes. It is a commentary arranged specially for preachers, and therefore is full of illustrations, incidents, anecdotes and other matter useful in investing any given subject with popular interest. This commentary cannot fail to be of the greatest use to the most scholarly divines, and also to those who may not have any deep knowledge of the original and early languages of the Bible. The results of recent and best criticisms are given and thoughts abreast of the age in which we live are copiously suggested. It would be well for all clergymen and Bible class instructors to write to the publishers' agents, Toronto, for a circular showing the very easy terms on which these twenty volumes can be obtained.

(1) *The Lord of Dynevor*, 2s. 6d. (2) *In the Wars of the Roses*, 2s. 6d. (3) *The Church and the King*, 5s. By Evelyn Everett Green. T. Nelson & Sons, London, Edinburgh and New York.

T. Nelson & Sons know well how to get up a book to please boys. The three books mentioned above would gladden the eyes and the heart of any boy. The type and paper are of the best, the frontispiece illustrations excellent, and the covers all beautiful in blue and gold. And then these books, as interesting as any tales can be, teach history. In the first, "*The Lord of Dynevor*," we have the heroic days of Edward I.—days of wars and wolves and castles; days such as those described in Sir Walter Scott's "*Castle Dangerous*." In the second, "*In the Wars of the Roses*," we have scenes of those turbulent times when England ran blood owing to the two powerful factions of York and Lancaster, and the culminating struggle at Tewkesbury, when the crown was placed upon the head of the handsome young Edward IV. In the third, "*The Church and the King*,"—a book double the size of either of the others—we have a charming tale of the days of Henry VIII., when the monasteries had to give way to the destructive spirit of the age. Historical tales are good things for boys. Epochs and leading characters of history are by them imprinted upon their minds in such a way as to be of great service to them in after years.

(1) *The Aim of Japan*. By Rev. John Batchelor. Fleming H. Revell & Co., New York, Chicago. (2) *The Story of John G. Paton, or, Thirty Years Among South Sea Cannibals*. By Rev. James Paton, B.A. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son; Toronto: Willard Tract Repository.

Both these books are obtainable at the Willard Tract Repository, and are well worth procuring. The first is a profusely illustrated book giving an account of the aborigines of Japan—a strange, barbarous people, destined no doubt ere long to disappear from the face of the earth. Yet efforts are properly made to Christianize them. The author of the book was himself a C.M.S. missionary among them, and therefore speaks of them from personal knowledge. It is a well-written and beautifully-printed book. The other book, "*The Story of John G. Paton*," is a thrilling book of adventure, all in the way of missionary work in the New Hebrides. Ever since 1858, when he left Scotland for the purpose, Mr. Paton has been there preaching the words of Christ. His adventures read like a story book for boys. It is very freely illustrated by photogravure pictures, many of which indicate positions of peril and anxiety. A book of this kind would render excellent material at any time for a missionary speech.

Year Book for the Episcopal Church in Scotland, 1893. Edinburgh and London: St. Giles Printing Co.

Here we have all the information about the Episcopal

Church in Scotland that any reasonable person could hope to obtain. It is a good-sized book of 310 pages, and is a carefully-prepared compilation.

The American Church Almanac and Year Book, 1893. New York: James Pott & Co.

In this book we have abundant information regarding our sister Church in the United States. It also has a pretty full account of the Canadian dioceses and a list of the clergy. There are coloured portraits of Archbishop Cranmer and Archbishop Laud.

The Church Quarterly Review, January, 1893. Spottiswoode & Co., New Street Square, London. Price, 6s. Annual subscription, £1.

Some of the best thought is to be found in this admirable Review. It ought to be supported on this side of the Atlantic. The present number has articles on "Strong's Manual of Theology," "Pastor's History of the Popes from the Close of the Middle Ages," "Archaic Greece," "Plato and his Influence," and various other subjects ancient and modern. It also has a full notice of the newly-discovered "*Gospel According to Peter*." It is strange that while each of the four Gospels gives a different wording of our Lord's title on the cross, this apocryphal Gospel gives still another, "This is the King of Israel." The typography of the Review, as well as its subject matter, is of the best.

Religious Review of Reviews.

The Christian Literature Co., Astor Place, New York, have been appointed agents for this monthly periodical of religious thought. In the March issue will be commenced a series of illustrated character sketches of eminent divines from the pen of a well-known Church writer.

The Thinker. The Christian Literature Co., New York.

This magazine gives a survey of religious thought throughout the world. There is Christian, Biblical, Expository, Scientific and Theological thought, as well as current American, German, French, Dutch, Canadian, Scandinavian thought. The articles as a rule are of a most useful kind.

The Dominion Illustrated Monthly. Montreal: Sabiston Litho. and Publishing Co.

The issue for February has articles on "Whittier," "Indian Summer in the Gaspereaux," "Canada in English Verse," "Bermuda," and various other interesting subjects, together with an illustrated story by Miss E. Pauline Johnson. It is throughout an interesting number.

Annual Volume of the Illustrated Missionary News, Paper Boards, 1s. 6d. Containing articles on "Zenana Mission Work," "Dr. Barnardo's Waifs," "The Salvation Army in Norway," "The South American Mission," "The Royal Alfred Aged Seamen's Institution," "Mission Work in Algeria," also serial story, "From Cross to Crown," and papers upon Christian enterprise in all parts of the world. Nearly 100 illustrations. The attractive volume of the "*Illustrated Missionary News*" is very suitable for a Sunday school prize, and is admirably calculated to create in young minds and hearts an interest in home and foreign missionary work. London S. W. Partridge & Co.

The Missionary Review of the World for March opens with an exceedingly interesting and timely article on "The Question of Endowing Mission Churches." The following words with which Dr. Judson closes his excellent article contain a most valuable suggestion:—"I sometimes think that our churches are very extravagant in their use of property. In a part of the city, for instance, where worldly men are erecting structures from

six to sixteen stories above ground, with two or three floors under the earth, for using these buildings during all of the twenty-four hours of every day for business and for residence, you will see the people of God spreading out their edifice with a frontage of one hundred and fifty feet and occupying a single floor, with their church proper and Sunday school room placed side by side. And this space, which they enclose and shut in from the cheerful habitations of men, they use about ten hours a week. The rest of the time it is occupied by mice, silence and gloom. It is no wonder that they try to shirk the burden of taxation. A business conducted with such extravagance would be strung up on the reef of bankruptcy within six months. The question arises, Could not a part of this valuable ground be so improved as to secure to the church a permanent endowment for its missionary, philanthropic and educational needs?"

The Pulpit, Edwin Rose, publisher, Buffalo, N.Y., appears this month in a new dress of type, with a new cover, and other marked improvements. The contents include complete sermons by eminent divines.

Newbery House Magazine. Griffiths, Farren, Okeden & Welsh, London, England. This magazine comes every month as a welcome visitor. Its articles are usually on themes of interest to Churchmen, but frequently are of a general nature, instructive for all. Numerous illustrations from time to time are found in it.

Germania: A. W. Spanhoofd, of Manchester, New Hampshire, publishes an interesting periodical for the study of the German language. Each number contains valuable assistance for students of that tongue.

The Churchman: New York, M. H. Mallory & Co., 47 Lafayette Place, New York. A weekly paper, well known as one of the best Church periodicals published.

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

Nova Scotia, Rev. Dr. Partridge, Halifax, N.S.
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BISHOPS OF THE WEST AND NORTH-WEST.

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The Most Rev. R. Machray, D.D., LL.D., Metropolitan and Bishop of Rupert's Land, 1865.
 Rt. Rev. J. Horden, D.D., Bishop of Moosonee, 1872.
 Rt. Rev. W. C. Bompas, D.D., Bishop of Selkirk, 1874.
 Rt. Rev. R. Young, D.D., Bishop of Athabasca, 1884.
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 Rt. Rev. W. C. Pinkham, D.D., Bishop of Saskatchewan and Calgary, 1887.
 Rt. Rev. W. D. Reeve, D.D., Bishop of Mackenzie River, 1891.

2. BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Rt. Rev. George Hills, D.D. (*resigned*), Bishop of Columbia, 1859.
 Rt. Rev. W. Ridley, D.D., Bishop of Caledonia, 1871.
 Rt. Rev. A. W. Sillitoe, D.D., Bishop of New Westminster, 1879.

BISHOP OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

Llewellyn Jones, D.D., 1878.



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

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

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The next meeting of the Board—Hamilton, April 12th, 1893.