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THE CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE

• • AND MISSION NEWS • •

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No. 124

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

NO. 124. QU'APPELLE AND ITS NEW BISHOP

THE huge civil district of Assiniboia was formed into a diocese through the energy and personal liberality of the Hon. and Rev. Adelbert J. R. Anson, brother of the late, and uncle of the present, Earl of Lichfield. He, while a busy parochial clergyman in England, hearing of the spiritual destitution of the Canadian Northwest, paid a visit to Winnipeg in 1883, and, after conference with Bishop Machray, was commissioned to organize church work in Assiniboia. At that time this immense district promised to be a good field for Church work, and Mr. Anson returned to England resolved to make it the sphere of his future labors. Large sums of money were collected by him in England from societies and from private individuals, and Assiniboia was formed into a missionary diocese, with himself as bishop.

He had succeeded in interesting others in the projected work and set sail from England with a staff of fifteen persons—eight priests, one deacon, and six lay readers. This formed a very promising mission, and active work was at once commenced, with Regina, the capital of the district, as its headquarters. Afterwards, however, Qu'Appelle station was chosen for the "see city," on account of its more central position, and the diocese henceforth was known by that name. Here the centre of what was intended to be a great work was established, a see house built, a farm secured, a theological and agricultural college formed, and a school for boys inaugurated.

But this mission had evidently been plan-

ned from the very beginning upon the supposition that a large influx of population would take place to the new province. Such had been the representations in England, and such, no doubt, had been the hopes of those interested in the scheme of Northwest emigration. It must, therefore, have had a chilling effect upon the Bishop and the clergy when, as years went by, the hopes so strongly entertained were but meagrely realized. Assiniboia did not seem to promise much to the farmer. The long winters,



THE RT. REV. JOHN GRISDALF, D.D.
D.C.L.,

Third Bishop of Qu'Appelle

followed sometimes by a summer frost which destroyed the very grain in the fields, put a serious check upon the rapid advancement of the country. Some of the clergy, discouraged and disappointed, withdrew to other and more promising fields; and Bishop Anson, with all the powerful aid he had from England, began to find it difficult to keep the stations he had opened supplied with men. Yet this did not deter him from causing new ground from time to time to be opened. The farm, however, was not encouraging, nor was the boys' school, the attendance at which was never as large as the Bishop had fondly hoped it would be. For a man who likes to see progress marked on everything he might touch, this must have been discouraging.*

Still Bishop Anson persevered. In 1892 he was obliged to state to his synod that the last one of those who had come out with him in 1884 had left the diocese. In eight years the original staff of missionaries had all disappeared. Others, of course, had taken their places, but they themselves had gone. And in that year Bishop Anson himself resigned and returned to England.

* See "The Bishops of the Church of England in Canada and Newfoundland," by Rev. Canon Mockridge, D.D.

This was a blow to the struggling diocese, but a successor was speedily found in the Rev. William John Burn, vicar of Coniscliffe, near Darlington, who was appointed Bishop of Qu'Appelle by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and was consecrated on the 25th of March, 1892. Bishop Burn was but forty-two years of age when he took charge of his diocese. He was a man of deep spirituality, an earnest preacher, experienced in that kind of mission preaching which moves men to forsake their evil ways and turn to the living God. He was self-denying and unsparing as to himself. His clergy soon learned to love him, to form high hopes for the future of the diocese, dreary as everything seemed to be when his episcopate began. The buildings and farm that had been established at Qu'Appelle had through necessity been abandoned, but, through the liberality of Lord Brassey, a new see house was erected at Indian Head, and a new start in all departments was made, when suddenly the bishop was stricken down by the hand of death, and the diocese was once more without a head. He died on the 16th of June, 1896.

In the meantime a canon had been passed by the Provincial Synod of Rupert's Land regulating the appointment of bishops within its bounds. In the case of a missionary diocese, such as Qu'Appelle, not supported by any missionary society and not possessing within itself six or more self-sustaining parishes, the appointment of a bishop was vested in the Provincial Synod, the Upper House (the bishops) to nominate and the Lower House to elect.

The regular triennial meeting of the Provincial Synod had been appointed, strangely enough, to be held in Regina, instead of Winnipeg. To this meeting Bishop Burn had looked forward with much interest. Alas, for things earthly! The first act of the Provincial Synod was to elect Bishop Burn's successor. The synod met in Regina on Wednesday the twelfth of August. The Upper House nominated the Very Rev. John Grisdale, Dean of Rupert's Land, to the vacant bishopric. The Lower House accepted him with much enthusiasm, and by a large majority. After prayerful consideration the Bishop elect accepted the post entrusted to him.

The Dean was consecrated in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Winnipeg, on Sunday, August 30th, and was thus enabled to take his seat in the Upper House at the General Synod which met in Winnipeg on the second of September.

A biographical sketch of Dr. Grisdale has already appeared in our columns,* but we may state here that he is an Englishman, and was born at Bolton, Lancashire. He was educated at the C.M.S. College, Islington, where he spent five years, from 1865 to 1870. He was sent to India

and did some missionary work at Calcutta, and was appointed master of St. John's College, Agra. Returning to England in poor health, he worked there for a short time as a curate. In 1873 he came out to Rupert's Land to do missionary work under Bishop (now Archbishop) Machray. He took charge of the C.M.S. parish of St. Andrew's. In 1874 he was made a Canon of St. John's College, Winnipeg, which office he held till 1882, when he was appointed Dean. In 1876 the Archbishop of Canterbury conferred upon him the degree of B.D., and in the following year St. John's College, Winnipeg, made him, honoris causa, a D.D. In 1893 Trinity University, Toronto, conferred upon him an honorary D.C.L.

Thus for about twenty years Dean Grisdale has been connected with the Church work of Rupert's Land, first as a missionary, then as a professor and parish clergyman. He has been associated for all that time with the great pioneer bishop, Robert Machray, now Primate of all Canada, and all this ripe experience he will carry with him to the work which the Provincial Synod has called upon him to do.

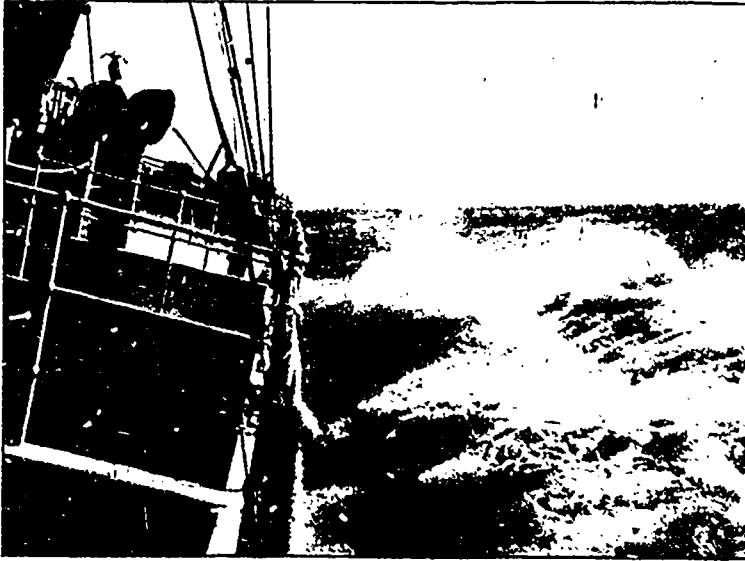
Though the new Bishop is not an "advanced" Churchman like his predecessors, he is nevertheless a fair-minded Christian gentleman who will be sure to bend all his energies towards the strengthening and enlargement of the Church of his baptism in the large and somewhat trying field of labor to which he has been called.

A LANTERN TOUR IN ENGLAND.

BY REV. P. L. SPENCER, THOROLD, ONTARIO.

YOU should go to England and try this plan; the people there are always glad to learn anything about Canada, and the Canadian Church." A suggestion couched in words like these had been made to me at the close of more than one missionary meeting held in Ontario. Encouraged by the kind remark, I began to make definite enquiries respecting the best way of accomplishing such a desirable enterprise. I wrote to the secretary of the S. P. G. to learn whether my services as a deputation speaker and illustrator would be of any advantage to the society, and to the cause of missions. The reply which I received was not such as to move me to pack up at once my impedimenta and purchase a ticket for "the island home of the Englishman." I was very courteously informed that so many clergymen from Canada had lately visited England, and spoken for the society, that the story of the Canadian Church had lost its freshness, and that the English people now preferred to listen to some person who had come from a less civil

* See our issue of October, 1895.



THE "LABRADOR" FIGHTING THE WAVES.

ized land, and had served as a missionary among real heathen. I then conceived the plan of going the second time to our great West, and making a more thorough acquaintance with the work among the Indians and the Chinese, hoping, by this means, to qualify myself for speaking as an interested observer of the heathen, if not as an actual missionary to them. The reply which I received from the S.P.G., after communicating my intention to the secretary, was in brief, "Go and come." Accordingly, with the consent of my bishop, I set out for British Columbia, and performed most of those journeys described in "The Camera in the Mission Field," learning as much as possible, in the time at my disposal, from white man, red man, and yellow man, and getting sunlight images of the latest and truest visible evidences of the good effect of Anglican missions in the newer parts of Canada.

A few days spent at home sufficed for the final arranging of parish business and the completion of the optical outfit. Then came the beginning of the realization of a long-cherished hope. Often have I joined with loyal parishioners in singing the Canadian additional verse of "God Save the Queen," which begins,

"Far from the mother land
Nobly we'll fall or stand
By England's Queen."

Now I was actually starting on a journey to that "motherland." For thirty-nine years I had been absent from old England. I had forgotten many things which I must when a child have known well. Soon I was to set foot upon my native soil and see sights of which I had often read, and mused, and had sometimes even dreamed.

The ship in which I was to "go down to the sea," and for the space of a week "occupy my business in great waters," was the *Labrador*, one of the finest vessels that steam along the Canadian route. The course from the commercial capital of the Dominion to the entrance into the Gulf of St. Lawrence was as enjoyable as fine weather and magnificent scenery could make it. The passage through the gulf itself was almost equally delightful. Majestically did the good ship with horizontal keel and level deck move onwards towards the mighty deep, through water as unruffled as that which fills the Welland canal. When, however, the floating hotel had

traversed a part of the vast watery plain of the Atlantic, its motion was not quite so steady. The invisible element that had hitherto but gently fanned the cheeks freshened to a stiff breeze, which, in its turn, assumed at length the character of a gale. In response to these efforts, the other element, visible and more substantial, began to heave its mighty breast. The waves grew in force and volume until, if they could not be said at any time to be "mountains high," they might be truthfully compared to respectable hills. Many of the passengers sought the seclusion of their staterooms. The gatherings at the cabin common board were reduced to less than half their usual proportions. I am happy to say, however, that I felt no inconvenience at any time during the prevalence of these strong north-westerly winds. The experience was truly joyous. I could understand the feeling which prompted Byron in one of his loftiest flights of poetic eloquence to write:

"And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sport was on thy breast to be
Borne, like the bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanted with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here."

I was sufficiently successful with the camera to obtain two or three mementoes of the effects of the gale. One of the views shows a wave dashing against the starboard bow and breaking into a cloud of spray. Another represents a large billow which the vessel has just surmounted, and left on the port quarter.

A Sunday at sea, if properly spent, cannot fail

to bring to the voyager much spiritual profit. The service of the Prayer Book shows nowhere to better advantage. All present, whether Anglican or Nonconformist, can take part; and usually all gladly avail themselves of the privilege. The thought of man's dependence upon the Almighty is strongly impressed upon the mind by the peculiarity of the situation. How suitable at such a time are the words of the *Venite*, "The sea is His, and He made it." How helpless would be the congregation should accident or calamity occur! Nevertheless, the earnest heart can say,

"Peace, perfect peace, with love I ones far away;
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they."

On this particular Sunday the congregation enjoyed the unusual advantage of the presence of three clergymen of our communion, the Rev. Gilbert Carney, of St. John's Church, Paddington, London, England; Rev. E. A. Vesey, of Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario; and the writer. We divided the duty in such a way that one read the service, another acted as pianist, and the third delivered the sermon. In the evening another service was held, with a change among the officiants.

In due time the coast of Ireland was sighted. As a nearer approach was made, white cottages in green fields appeared. Occasionally a light-house or a nobleman's castle was seen. Next in order came into view the Isle of Man. Finally the mouth of the Mersey was reached. Waiting a few hours for the rising of the tide, in order that we might safely "pass over the bar," we thankfully reviewed the incidents of the voyage and carefully arranged our plans for the near future. At last the shipping metropolis of the world was gained, with its twenty-two miles of wharfage and its three hundred and thirty acres of enclosed docks. The customs were passed without trouble or annoyance. The "booking," or procuring of a ticket, was performed. The luggage was entrusted to the porter, who, with the aid of paste-pot and brush, attached to it the highly essential label, and placed it carefully within the proper van. Then, having entered an apartment, the door of which was shut by the courteous guard, I was soon moving towards the largest, busiest, most populous, and wealthiest city in the world.

The journey to London was a ride through one continuous park. Canada, even without the "snake fences," would not be able to compete successfully in point of beauty with those rural parts of England. Along the whole route I do not think there was an unsightly object. The neat, trim, and orderly appearance of field and garden was extremely pleasing, while the scattered trees, the thick-set hedgerows, the quaint-looking cottages, the winding roads, the arched stone bridges, and the shady lanes, combined to produce a panorama truly charming. There occurred the mental reflection that, while Can-

ada excels in the grand, the magnificent, and even the sublime, England stands first in that which may be rightly expressed by the one word *picturesque*.

The day following my arrival in the great city I reported for duty at the headquarters of the S. P. G., 19 Delahay street, Westminster, S.W. An interesting experience it was to interview the representatives of that venerable society. Pictures, pamphlets, and books were to be seen, which carried the mind back nearly two hundred years. One could find proofs of the fact that when Robert Addison was sent by the society to Upper Canada, in 1792, to be the first clergyman of St. Mark's Church, old Niagara, the work of the society, that of the "propagation of the gospel in foreign parts," had been going on in different regions of the globe for ninety-one years, a sufficiently long time to gain for the society, even then, the honorable title "venerable," which its friends love to apply to it. By examining its list of missionary laborers, one could learn that it provides partially or wholly for the support of 11 bishops, and 758 priests and deacons; that of the whole number there are 250 in Asia, 178 in Africa, 30 in Australia and the Pacific, 226 in North America, 45 in the West Indies, and 40 in Europe, acting as chaplains to English-speaking people; and that 179 of the whole number are natives of the countries in which they work. When I reflected upon such facts as these, I felt that to be employed in the service of the society for a few months as an advocate of its worthy claims, and a delineator of a branch of its excellent work, was an honor and a privilege. How I tried to fulfil my engagement by going from parish to parish, in order to preach in churches, and to give lantern addresses in school buildings; how I was received by clergy and people, and what measure of success attended my honest, but humble endeavors, I hope to tell in another number of the magazine.

(To be continued.)

THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY.

BY THE EDITOR.

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UNDER CHARLES II.—Continued.



HE Church of England has had a very varied history. From the time of her purification, commonly called the Reformation, she has had to fight her way against two great opposing bodies, Puritanism and Popery. To steer the middle course between these two extremes has been the sacred trust committed to her, and at times it has been no easy task. A storm of



THE "LABRADOR" IN MID-OCEAN. *Page 218.*

Puritanism well nigh bore her down, for a time; indeed she suffered ship-wreck, but the storm subsided. Once more the ship was manned, with the Archbishop of her ancient see of Canterbury at the helm; her breaches were restored, all damages repaired, and with sails set anew she proceeded on her way.

The Church gained strength to a surprising extent during the reign of Charles II. There was a spiritual growth also that the age does not usually get credit for. In 1678 a few young men in London formed what they called "Societies." They had noticed clubs formed by atheists, Deists and "Socinians" and therefore, by way of counteraction, organized themselves in to societies of religion. This was the beginning of powerful agencies which afterwards were to spring up within the bosom of the Church, to her great benefit and enlargement. In fact, England, but a short time before overrun with dissent, put forth energies on behalf of her ancient Church, which, viewed from the present day, seems surprising; and all the more so because of fresh difficulties which at once began to assail her. If the people had shown an abhorrence of Puritanism, they now began to see that there was danger from Popery, a term very generally in use at the time we write about. It was known that the king himself (Charles II.) was tainted with Popery, as it was everywhere expressed, and that James, the king's brother, and heir to the throne, was an openly avowed Romanist.

The nation was undoubtedly and staunchly Protestant, and therefore, through its Parliament, endeavored to exclude the Duke of York from the succession. This angered the king. In 1679 he dissolved the Parliament. It met again in 1680, and also in 1681, and resolutely maintained its position. The Exclusion Bill was passed, but the king refused to sign it. This began to show great trouble looming up in the distance for the Church of England, for the great bulk of the members of the Church were Protestant, but at the same time were loyal to the throne. They were accordingly on the horns of a dilemma. If they supported the royal cause they would endanger the principles of the Church; if they did not support it they would be lifting up their hands "against the Lord's

anointed." Such was the doctrine which had been industriously preached. It was the divine right of kings. Charles caused a declaration to be read in all the churches censuring those who would have excluded his brother from the throne. Archbishop Sancroft supported the king in this. It caused much hardship among the Dissenters and led to much persecution among them.

But difficulties were precipitated by the death of the king. He died in 1685, shrieved, it was said, by a Romish priest.

UNDER JAMES II.

James II., the new king, was a Roman Catholic. Here then was another storm through which the Church had to be steered. Archbishop Sancroft was at the helm. For this position he had many of the qualifications, yet not all, for his management of the tossing ship, though admirable at first, became unfortunately weak towards the last.

James II. was an undoubted Romanist and clearly stated that fact in his first declaration, but he promised to maintain the Church of England as by law established. This, however, could not well be. The two things could not exist side by side. The laws of the realm were against the king. He wished his officers to be Romanists. The Test Act was in the way. His first attempt, therefore, was to erase it from the statute book.

A strong party in England, seeing the breakers ahead, entered into negotiations with William, Prince of Orange, an undoubted Protestant, regarding the future disposition of the throne of Great Britain. As William was married to the Princess Mary, the elder daughter of King James, it was thought that the royal father might be deprived in favor of her who was in reality the next heir to the throne. While negotiations of this kind were going on, James continued a policy so utterly Romish and inimical to the religious feeling of the great bulk of the British people that a result disastrous to himself seemed inevitable. He informed his Parliament in November, 1685, that he had appointed some officers in the army who had not qualified according to the Test Act, *i. e.*, who had not received the Holy Communion in the Anglican Church. Somewhat to his surprise, this was resented in both Houses of Parliament. The king then prorogued Parliament, and endeavored to win the bishops and leading men of England over to his side by a series of private meetings called closetings, but only a few were found willing to side with his views.

He then had recourse to law. The fatal spirit of the Stuarts came upon him. He would crush his people, and rule by absolute power. A few of the judges were found who declared that the king, by virtue of his royal prerogative, was supreme over all laws. In other words, all law could be set aside by the exercise of his own will.

Acting immediately upon this, the foolish king began to fill vacant offices by the appointment of rampant Papists and to place Jesuit fathers in ecclesiastical positions in and about the court. In fact, an air of Romanism prevailed everywhere. Romish worship was established for the king's household, Romish buildings were founded and Romish processions were seen in the streets. This aroused the feeling of the nation. The bishops and clergy in many places preached strongly against Romanism, and made strenuous appeals against this unworthy attempt to undo the great work of the Reformation; foremost among these was Thomas Ken (Bishop of Winchester), whose eloquence attracted crowds of people eager to show their zeal for the Church which they had been taught to love.

The action of Archbishop Sancroft at this juncture is disappointing. He had yielded too much to the commands and wishes of the king, and even when James desired "all controversial preaching" to be stopped, with a view to silencing Ken and all the other denouncers of Romanism, the servile Archbishop complied. He found, however, that his orders were but little regarded. The great bulk of the clergy resented earnestly the attempts of the king to subvert the faith of the nation. Some of the best sermons ever preached against Romish

doctrines were delivered in England at this time.

The king, however, pursued his mad policy. He appointed a tribunal to manage ecclesiastical affairs, and chiefly to try those who should be found opposing his will. Sancroft was appointed the head of this commission, but he refused to act. This displeased the king, who forbade the Archbishop to appear any more at court; but he, as Primate, should have gone further than this. He should have resented the establishment of any such illegal court of commissioners. Before this court Dr. Compton, Bishop of London, was cited for a sermon he had preached. He was tried and deprived, to the great indignation of the people.

The king, in order to crush the Church, made common cause with the Nonconformists, and with a view to getting their good-will, published his famous "Declaration for Liberty of Conscience." This document expressed the wish that all people might be (Roman) Catholics, but inasmuch as this could not be, liberty was granted to all denominations of Christians to worship as they might see fit. This gave liberty to Romanists and Dissenters alike, and many of the wisest among Nonconformists saw that privileges accorded them on such terms could not be in the end beneficial to the religion of the nation. It therefore greatly failed in the result anticipated. Churchmen and Dissenters were drawn more closely together in their common contention against Rome. But, at the same time, Churchmen saw to their great grief that Romish chapels and dissenting conventicles, under the cover of this declaration, were springing up all over England. Their consternation, therefore, was great when a royal command was given that it should be read in all the churches. This order was given on the fourth of May, 1688. It immediately aroused Archbishop Sancroft. He could stand the king's tyranny no longer. His intense loyalty to the king had led him, so far, to be passive, almost culpably so. He had a very high idea of the allegiance due to a king. He almost doubted whether a king should be disobeyed in anything. But this order conflicted with his allegiance to the Church whose chief officer he was. He therefore held a consultation with some of the bishops, the result of which was that they resolved to disobey the king's command. There were seven of them, *viz.* Sancroft, Lloyd, Turner, Lake, Ken, White and Trelawney. The king was exasperated. The next day was Sunday, the day on which the declaration was to be read. The churches were thronged everywhere by an excited people. In only a very few places was the declaration read. The action of "the seven bishops" exerted great influence over the whole of England. The king knew not what to do, but he was an obstinate and resolute man, who could

not brook opposition. After waiting another week he caused Sancroft and his six suffragans to be arrested. Refusing to give bail, acting on legal advice, they were committed to the tower. Crowds of people attended them as they were conveyed to their prison, and many knelt for their blessing. On the day of their trial the whole city was moved with intense excitement, and crowds thronged the streets, awaiting the verdict. The charge against them was that of having written "a certain false, pernicious, and scandalous libel." This was simply the document in which they had stated, with every expression of loyalty and respect, their inability for conscience sake to comply with the king's demand. Of the four judges that presided, two pronounced the document a libel and two declared it no libel. The jury were locked up all night. At ten o'clock the next morning they delivered a verdict of "not guilty." A wild cheer burst from the court room. It was taken up by the crowd outside. It reverberated through the streets of London. Horsemen galloped in all directions and to distant places proclaiming the good news. The Church and the nation had alike achieved a great victory.

But the king refused to see the handwriting on the wall. He pursued his policy of repression and proceeded to punish those numerous clergy who had refused to read the declaration.

In the meantime those who were negotiating with William, Prince of Orange, had completed their work. James was informed that the husband of his own daughter was marching to take possession of the throne. In his extremity he consulted with Sancroft and other bishops, who advised him to reverse his policy in several specified particulars, and to return, if possible, to the bosom of the Church of England. To some of these the king consented and the bishops remained, somewhat to the dislike of the people, in and about the palace. James knew well the blind devotion of bishops and Churchmen generally to royalty, and therefore tried hard to persuade the bishops to resent the coming of the Prince of Orange. But events had gone too far. Some of the bishops were already committed to the coming of William, not as king, but as regent. They felt that the distress of the nation demanded it. William came and the nation flocked to his standard. James, on December 10th, 1688, fled for his life. His other daughter, Anne (afterwards queen), joined the supporters of William and her sister. "God help me," said the unfortunate king, "for my own children have deserted me." He returned, however, to England and was met in friendly mood by Archbishop Sancroft and other loyal bishops, who, having found out that nothing would satisfy William but that he should be king, returned with feelings of loyalty to their lawful sovereign.

But the temper of the nation generally was

unmistakable, and James finally quitted England on the 23rd of December (1688).

UNDER WILLIAM AND MARY.

William, Prince of Orange, was not in great sympathy with the Church of England. He was a Protestant, and that the nation wanted. They wanted someone, at least, who would not undo the work of the Reformation. Yet there were Churchmen who were not satisfied at the turn things had taken. There were many of them who believed honestly in the "divine right of kings," and who looked upon James Stuart, with all his faults, as their true sovereign. At the head of these was Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury. From him there was no enthusiastic welcome for William, Prince of Orange. He would have been willing to recognize him as regent; but when parliament declared him king, his sympathies with him were gone. He regarded him simply as a stranger and usurper. Other bishops shared this feeling, and among them Ken, the eloquent and energetic Bishop of Bath and Wells. Many dignitaries, rectors, and vicars also took the same view. They therefore stood quietly by, distressed in mind, yet powerless, while William, Prince of Orange and Mary Stuart his wife received ovations from the people.

Religion received early attention from the new sovereign. He was a man of ability and energy, and quite capable of grasping the new reins which fortune had placed in his hands. "The Bill of Rights" was drawn up in February (1689). In it the Prince of Orange is referred to as one "whom it hath pleased Almighty God to make the glorious instrument of delivering this kingdom from popery and arbitrary power," the oppressive actions of James II. are recited and pronounced illegal, William and Mary are proclaimed king and queen of "England, France and Ireland and the dominions thereunto belonging," oaths of allegiance were required to be taken to their majesties, and a king or queen that was a Papist, or married to a Papist, was for all time debarred the crown. In May (1689) the "Toleration Act" was passed through both Houses of Parliament and became law. The object of the act was "to unite Protestant subjects." The laws against religious nonconformity were not to extend to Dissenters who should take the oath of allegiance and supremacy, provided that the act should not be construed "to give any ease, benefit, or advantage to any papist or popish recusant whatever, or any person that shall deny the doctrine of the blessed Trinity." The "Bill of Rights" also became law in December (1689).

Now all this placed a great many of the bishops, clergy, and laity of the Church of England in great perplexity. Many declared that they could not and would not take the new oaths of allegiance. Though perfectly sound in the

faith, and utterly opposed to popish doctrine, they nevertheless held that James II. was, by the law of God, their lawful sovereign. In the House of Lords Archbishop Sancroft and eight of the other bishops took this stand. Their compeers were inclined to mitigate it as far as possible, so as not to bear heavily upon the consciences of such men; but the House of Commons was in no temper for half measures. It insisted that all clergymen who would not take the new oaths were to be deprived of their livings. Many Churchmen also were alarmed at the large concessions that had been made to Dissenters, especially as a "Bill for Union," which provided for the uniting of all Protestant forces against Romanism, was passed by the Lords. In other words, the Church of England by this law was declared to be only one of the numerous Protestant sects of the realm. There were many Churchmen, even of that unsettled and trying age, who held a higher view of the ancient and apostolic Church of England than that

During all this perplexing legislation, Archbishop Sancroft stood aloof, as if he took but little interest in all that was done. If ever the Church needed a vigorous leader it was at this trying time; yet Sancroft did not take his natural place as such a leader. He even allowed the "Bill of Union" to pass the House of Lords without a protest from himself as Archbishop of Canterbury.

But the House of Commons rejected the bill, and so conserved the true position of the Church. The people of England, after all, though sternly set against popery, were true to the Church "as by law established," when bishops and lords were wavering in allegiance.

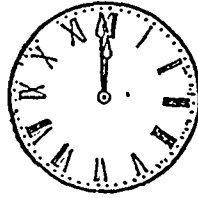
It is difficult to understand Archbishop Sancroft's action at this time, unless, indeed, it was because he felt himself in a false position in the whole matter. He could not take the oath of allegiance to the new sovereigns. Deprivation was to follow after a certain time if this line of action was maintained; but still he and eight other bishops, together with many other divines and some leading laymen of the Church, determined to stand by their decision. They were called "non-jurors," and therefore felt themselves outside of the deliberations that were going on around them. Among these non-jurors were some of the best men of the Church, and the loss of their influence was a sore trial to it, especially as they were led by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

(To be continued.)

The quiet member is often the best and most efficient worker. It is not the loudest sounding horn that makes the sweetest music; so also the best results do not come to the man who talks the most. They come to the most intelligent talker.

Woman's Auxiliary Department.

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



Remember daily the mid-day prayer for missions.

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

THE GENERAL SYNOD.

THROUGH the great kindness of one of our members, your editor finds herself in Winnipeg, enjoying the numerous and grand privileges contingent on meeting so many famous in the history of our Canadian Church gathered together for the meeting of the General Synod. When this letter comes into the hands of our members the Synod will be a thing of the past, and the Church papers and secular press will have given full details of its proceedings. Your provincial corresponding secretary is trying to take full advantage of securing information from the many bishops and clergy from the North-west, and finds herself face to face with those with whom it has been her privilege to correspond for several years.

From the far northern diocese of Mackenzie River there are two well-known heroes in the mission field, Bishop Reeve and Archdeacon Macdonald. The latter is on his way to England, to see through the press the last portion of his translation of the whole Bible into the language used by the Indians amongst whom he has labored for forty years. Archdeacon and Mrs. Canham are also here, going to England for a well-earned furlough, after ten years of work in the diocese of Selkirk. Poor Mrs. Canham is in very frail health, but makes light of the many severe experiences she has gone through. Next in distance comes our much-esteemed Bishop Young, and also the Rev. Malcolm Scott, from the same diocese, and the Bishop's former home, Fort Vermillion. The Bishop's daughter is returning to the Landing with him, and Mr. Scott is taking back his son and daughter. From the west coast have come Bishops Perrin and Dart, Archdeacon Scriven, Canon Cooper, and others. Then from Moosonee we have the Bishop and Archdeacon Vincent, who has labored in that diocese for over forty years.

Time fails me to mention those nearer at hand, but it is none the less instructive and pleasant to hear of their work, than of that



THE MOST REV. DR. MACHRAY,
Archbishop of Rupert's Land and Primate of all Canada.

from more distant parts. The hospitality and kindness of the W.A. friends in Winnipeg are beyond description, and, in fact, all the citizens seem bent on doing their very utmost for the visitors in every possible way. Your secretary keeps constantly wishing that very many of our interested officers and members were here to share her advantages with her. A meeting of the Rupert's Land W.A. was held on Tuesday, September 8th, when a very large audience assembled to welcome their sister-workers from the east. Addresses were given by Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. DuMoulin, Miss Newnham (sister of the Bishop of Moosonee), and your secretary. The meeting was presided over by Mrs. Grisdale, whose name has been a household word among us for so long. Rupert's Land's loss will be Qu'Appelle's gain, for Mrs. Grisdale is one whose kind, loving ways endear her to all who know her. A mail has just come in from Moosonee, bringing news from Mr. Lofthouse which will be of interest to all, so we give it below.

L. H. M.

"Fort Churchill.

"Some thirty Chipewyans came into the post this winter; they stayed a week, during

which we had some hearty services with them. I trust they were helped forward on their journey of life. They were well off for food, and brought us as well a good supply of dried meat. There is a good prospect of their returning to this post. I had a long consultation with their leading men; they were delighted at the prospect of getting a mission up there. All say there are large numbers of Eskimo to be met there in summer, whilst the Chipewyans are there from July to November. It would be a splendid centre could we get there. They strongly oppose my going now, as they are going up the Seal River, where they get into the woods. They report there is wood of fair quantity but to a limited extent where they stay, while all around are barren lands. It would take fifteen days to reach it in winter, ten or twelve of which would be on barren lands with no shelter. I hope to start for that place in July, by canoe. The Chipewyans do not know whether the river is navigable, but I think I can get two of them to go with me, and we will see what chance there is of establishing a station there. The Chipewyans will help us all they can, and I do hope the way may be opened; my heart longs for this; willingly would I spend my life itself in planting such a station. I do want to go to Split Lake this winter, Fish River in summer, Trout Lake and Severn River in 1897; but don't be greatly surprised if we have to run for it. Mrs. Lofthouse does not improve in health, and I cannot write hopefully of myself. I have long tried to put away the idea that I needed change, but can no longer blind my eyes to it. In November and December I was really ill; for weeks I could hardly take any food, and was becoming a shadow. From shiptime to November we lived greatly on tinned meat, we could not get a goose or a duck anyway, but the Chipewyans brought us some dried meat; and by taking an iron tonic I began to improve a little. You may rest assured I shall not give up without good reason. Peck begs me to go home. How can I go? A change for a year or two might set me up. I believe I have work in me yet, but I do not think I could ever return to Churchill for another spell of ten unbroken years. I cannot shut my eyes to my failings. May it please our Heavenly Father to give us health and strength for another winter if it be His will and for His glory; if not, His will be done; He can carry on the work without us.

We must have another house if a married man comes out to the work here. May I use the money that has been given for a frame house? If not, I will forfeit a year's allowance for it, and live on what we can pick up. Joseph Kirkut and his wife have come to spend the winter with us. We must put up with the inconvenience for the sake of helping them, but I could not have it again. He is a dear good

lad; he has worked hard at his books during his absence and is now learning English. A Roman Catholic priest tried to get him to work with him, but he refused. Joseph has been teaching all he can. If we can get our northern post he will be very useful, but if not he will have a good influence over the Huskies, among whom he will live.

"Split Lake, March 4th—Here we are! Thanks be to God for bringing us safely through! We left Churchill February 12th, striking due south. I had with me Joseph Kichekeshik, our catechist, my boy Sammy, aged eleven years, and five dogs hauling a flat sledge, with blankets and provisions for twelve days. Nearly all our small population came to see us start, and joined us at family prayer. For eight days we worked our way through deep snow and heavy blizzards; it was terrible work. Then we came to the tents of the York Indians, whom we had come out of our way to visit. Instead of seeing them we found letters written on a tree, saying they were short of food and had gone further west in the hope of meeting deer. We were greatly disappointed! We were obliged to travel on Sundays during this trip, as we were short of food owing to this losing our way and wandering. Sunday, 23rd, we had a real thanksgiving service in the evening, as we came across an old trail, so we had hope of reaching Split Lake. We gave our dogs their last food that night. The next day we overtook a party of Indians, sixteen in all. They were in a sad state from starvation, some hardly able to walk. A little boy ten years old had perished in the gale; they had not even been able to find his body. We camped near them and held service with them, and we all felt better for it; but holding service with starving Indians is not a pleasant duty. We could only give them a little tea and sugar, as we were still four or five days' journey from the post, no food for the dogs, and very little for ourselves. After service, next morning, one family of Indians pushed on with us; the others said they must wait there for help. On the Wednesday we came upon another family fishing, and although they were getting barely enough to support life, they willingly shared with the others, who stayed with them. Two days later we met three Indians carrying relief to those we had left behind on Monday. They gave us a little flour and oatmeal, and a small piece of venison for each dog, but I could not give it them till night, though they had been fasting for five days, for a Husky dog will not haul if fed at all during the day. Saturday, February 29th, we reached the post at 4.30 p.m., with devout thankfulness to God for bringing us safely through. Split Lake Post is very pleasantly situated. It stands upon a high point of land running some distance into the lake, which is really a branch of the Nelson River.

There is a fur trader here, with two houses and a store, besides the Hudson Bay Company's post with its buildings. The officer in charge welcomed me most kindly, and received me into his *one-roomed* house during my stay of ten days. On Sunday, at 10.30 a.m., it was well filled with Indians, and we had a most hearty service, with a splendid address from Joseph Kichekeshik, our catechist. In the afternoon I visited another post, where over fifty were crowded into a room about fourteen feet square. After this we had a *praise* meeting, John Kichekeshik (brother of Joseph) leading and praising God that at last they had a minister of their own Church. It was a joyful time and richly repaid me for all the toil and trials of the journey. Everything at this post is Indian."

The next ten days were spent in visiting the sick, holding services, discussing Church matters, performing marriages, baptisms, etc. Then Mr. L. writes: "Sunday, March 8th, a grand, joyous day. Numbers of Indians came in yesterday, some quite thirty miles. At morning service there were one hundred present. Two infants were baptized, and afterwards, thirty-three knelt with me to receive the Lord's Supper. In the afternoon I had a very large gathering and a very hearty service, concluding with a prayer meeting. The people are really in earnest. It is a great pity they are left without means of grace. Nearly four hundred Indians left alone to keep up spiritual life as best they may. At a week-day meeting they told me they had been waiting for years for someone to visit them, and greatly desired me to send them a teacher; they would build a schoolhouse and do what they could to help. The master speaks well of these men, and says he is sure they will do all they have promised. I have promised to send Joseph Kichekeshik there next August, (1896) though this will leave York vacant, and, *if possible*, to get an ordained man who would build a church and establish the mission.

"Tuesday, March 10th—Started on the tramp this morning at 9.30 with my two men and five dogs, the latter having improved with their rest, but they are not in very good condition. On Wednesday we lost half a day. I bought a deer for the trip from some Indians; they said it was quite close to the track, but it took Joseph four hours' hard walking to get it! Indians measure distance by days, half a day's walk is considered quite close. Thursday—One of our dogs was taken ill during the day; we were obliged to leave him hoping that he may come up to us when we camp. Friday—The sick dog did not come in last night, and another was taken sick during the night; he kept up till noon, when we were obliged to leave him. This will make our trip both long and hard, as the three left can hardly haul our sled. I trust they may keep up. Saturday—I put the men into the traces with the dogs whilst I



THE RT. REV. W. D. REEVE,
Bishop of Mackenzie River.

managed the sled; made but little way all day Sunday—spent the day in camp, all needing rest; two hearty services, realizing “Where two or three . . . there am I.” Then followed five days of fearfully heavy travelling and bad weather till they reached Fort York in blinding snow 7 p.m. Friday. Next day an Indian came in hardly able to stand, having been buried in the snow all the night, and no blanket. On Monday the march home to Churchill began, and a terrible time it was. Sunday, April 19th—We tried to get home yesterday, but it was no use, so, having no food, we were obliged to travel to-day, and reached Churchill after twelve hours’ heavy walking. Thank God! I found all well at home, though my wife has been very poorly and is very lame with rheumatism; being quite alone has tried her health and spirits greatly. During my absence the Huskies have been in, some of whom have not been here for four or five years, and may not return for the same length of time. Chipe-wyans have also been coming in, so that my work has suffered somewhat by my absence. Yet, I am truly thankful that I went to Split Lake, and thank God for bringing me safely through. Thirty-five nights spent in winter

camps, thirty-five days spent on snowshoes, tramping fully one thousand miles, is not pleasant or easy work. I was often footsore, and weary, yet always truly happy, for I was fully assured I was doing my Master’s work; and the path of duty is ever the path of pleasure, even though it be through much pain.”

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Reeve, Bishop of Mackenzie River, was enabled to be present at the General Synod from his distant northern diocese, but he had to return speedily, that the fast approaching winter stop him not. As it is he will have a race with old Boreas, who never stays away for any long period of time from Mackenzie River.

Bishop Bompas was not at the General Synod. Will nothing ever tempt him to leave the frozen north? How many thousands would be glad to see this now aged hero of the Arctic regions, if he would only visit these more favored lands!

After the building of a church in an Indian mission—mainly by the congregation—on the first Sunday when service was held in the new church, the people were asked to bring a thank-offering for the Lord and lay it on the altar. These were willingly brought. “Blankets, furs, baskets, all found their way to the Lord’s table; but there was one old, crippled man who seemed to have nothing to give, and yet he, too, was thankful. He had thought about it a long time. Must he come before the Lord empty-handed? But the idea came to him that if he could only get a suitable stick, he could shave it and make a wooden broom. The journey to the woods was a painful and a tedious one, for he had to go on his hands and knees. The broom was finished, and on the appointed Sunday the old Indian himself carried the broom to the altar.”

When we give thanks for “all the blessings of this life,” do we try to think of all, or do we just say the words, without thinking much about them? “Every good gift, and every perfect gift” should fill our hearts with that love for the Giver which will not let us rest until we offer Him our best service.

THE COOK AND THE CAPTIVE;
OR,
ATTALUS THE HOSTAGE.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)



AFTER drinking the guest-cup with him, Gregory prayed to be excused, and that Tetricus and Laurentius, the Consul, might be allowed to entertain them, while he prepared Attalus for the journey.

He took the boy with him into the antechapel. Attalus was weeping, and when he said, "My poor child!" exclaimed, "O, Sir Father! Baldrik would be glad to go."

"True, my son; but I have given my word to his father. He is not mine, nor have I a right over him."

Then with earnest words and tears Gregory entreated the boy to bear his duty to God in mind, to say his prayers, to keep from all evil, and bear insults and hardships patiently. At Treves, or wherever the court of Theudebert might be, he was sure to find a church and clergy, who would be friendly to him for his grandfather's sake, and he was to seek them out and follow their counsel. Gregory would do all that was possible to obtain his return, and with him were to go Gola, the old Moorish slave, who had always been as a nurse to him and would take charge of his clothes, and the younger Festus, who had the care of his mule.

So Gregory, hiding his tears, delivered the weeping boy up to Wolfram, who made oath, in the name of his master, that he should duly be restored, sound and unhurt.

All the household came out to see him start, the clergy of all ranks standing up with folded hands, while Bishop Gregory, choked with emotion, gave his solemn blessing; all the slaves, many of them weeping, for Attalus had been the pet of the house in spite of many a prank; Leo, still black with charcoal, with tears running down his face, loaded Festus with provisions and put a honey-cake into Attalus's hand, and last, of all, Gilchrist stumbled forth on his knees and cried, "God be with the boy! Remember holy Patrick's breastplate."

CHAPTER VI.—THE COUNCIL AT SOISSONS.

As far as Soissons, or Noviodunum, as he had learned to call it, Attalus did not fare ill. Wolfram and his men took little notice of him, and the two slaves kept near him. At night Wolfram called a halt near the edge of a great wood, where he sent his men to collect sticks so as to make a fire, to keep off the wolves that might be in the neighborhood, and struck a light with

a flint brought from the chalk country on the Seine. Some rabbits and partridges had been shot with arrows or pulled down by the dogs on the way, and these served for the food of the escort, with some wine which the Franks had required of the Langres people; and they sat carousing and shouting or singing over it, paying hardly any attention to their hostage, after Wolfram had shouted to him to lie down there, pointing to a great beech-tree, and not to stray farther.

Gola was in despair at his young master having to sleep out-of-doors, but Attalus somewhat haughtily told him that it was the duty of a Roman soldier. They had no lack of food, bread, smoked fish, cheese, dried grapes, and an earthenware bottle of wine; and the bed of beech leaves, raked together by Festus, was comfortable, so that, after lying awake a little while, looking up at the sky through the branches, and wondering what his fate would be, Attalus went to sleep, and did not wake till the camp was astir.

Again the troop went on, and in due time they reached Soissons, an old Roman town, where the fortifications still stood, and in the midst was the forum, or market-place, and the theatre, open to the sky and surrounded with galleries of seats. Large Roman houses, and small dens built on to their sides, stood all round. It had been made the capital of the Meerwing kings, and at this moment the helmets of Hildebert's men glanced within the open space of the forum, those of Theudebert in the theatre. The kings themselves lodged in the houses of the propretor and the legionary, for Noviodunum had been a grand old Roman town. It had a fine old church, once a basilica or hall of justice, and a train of priests and clergy was passing into it, a sight which made Attalus feel as if he had come to friends.

He was driven on, however, to the Roman house, where the once beautiful paved court was full of rude Franks, sitting on the ground, their horses tethered round them. They were feasting on the remnants of the meal that the chiefs had been eating within, sitting in groups, some gnawing bones, some, a little more dainty, grilling them over the fires that they had lighted on the ground with fragments of the once fine old woodwork, others drinking out of their helmets; all laughing, shouting, or bickering at the top of their voices, except one party, who sat listening to a harper chanting a lay of ancient heroism and bloodshed. Through all these various parties Wolfram made his way to the hall of the palace, where, under the fine old arches and mosaic ceiling, on the rich inlaid pavement, the table was spread, and the two long-haired kings, Hildebert and Theudebert, and their chiefs were carousing together out of finely chased silver cups, while the

rude relics of their feast lay on the tables around.

The kings were uncle and nephew, but there was not much difference in their ages. They both looked harsh and rugged, but Hildebert, whom Attalus had seen once or twice before, looked somewhat the more civilized, or it might be only that his hair and beard were less rough, and his dress nearer the Roman than that of Theudebert, who was very much sunburned, and, save for his rich sword-belt and the jeweled chain at his neck, might have been taken for a mere hunter. Their chiefs were with them, and Bishop Silius, whom Attalus knew already and looked to with hope; but the Bishop was a timid man, and looked very uncomfortable at Theudebert's right hand. Garfried, for whom the poor boy looked, was not there.

"Ha! Wolfram," cried the king, "hast brought the hostage?"

"Ay, Herr King, I have brought the priest's darling here, petted up like a lady's tame fawn. The old Bishop made no small ado at parting from him. Sent mule and slaves with him, forsooth."

"He'll set high store by him, nephew," said Hildebert, laughing. "Thou wilt make a good profit of thy pledge, even if it be not convenient to me to part with the cities."

"It skills me not to barter and bargain," replied Theudebert, carelessly. "Take him, Hunderik, keep him safe, and we will do the best we can with him."

"Trust me, Herr King, I will see to the little Roman rogue like a fresh-caught foal."

The epithet was not given tenderly, or it might have been hopeful. However, the bishop held out his hand to Attalus, and presently ventured to ask whether he might not have the guardianship of the young hostage; but this was received with a burst of rude laughter, and a declaration that he was too much of the same sort as the old man at Langres, and would quickly know how to let the child slip through his fingers. However, they allowed him to take Attalus home with him for the night, Hunderik fiercely telling him that he should be held accountable for the production of the pledge the next morning.

"See, Bishop Silius, if that's what they call thee! thou claimest to be a shepherd, as they tell me. Herd this same sheep of mine to the best of thy power, for if thou lettest him go, thy priests shall aby it."

Attalus had never heard such uncivil language addressed to his grandfather; but Bishop Silius was a timid, though a very kind man, and had never inspired respect in the wild Franks, who had only become nominal Christians at the will of Clovis. He hurried out of the theatre and along the street, holding the hand of Attalus, evidently in dread of the

scoffs and laughter that broke out at the coward priest. "Like an old ewe and her lamb," cried one rude voice, raising a storm of mocking voices.

"Oh, my lamb, my lamb, would that I could keep you!" he cried; and no sooner was he within the shelter of his own house than he drew the boy into his arms, and wept over him profusely, as the lamb thrown to the wolves. How could his holy brother Gregory consent?

"It was the only way to save the peasants or the town from being sacked," said Attalus.

"Ah! thou art the lamb indeed, the victim," exclaimed Silius. "Would that there were means of saving thee from these pagans, who know not God and will make thee forget Him."

"God will not forget me," dreamily answered Attalus.

"Good child! Ah! it is foul sin and shame to let him go among the heathen, and be beaten and foully used. Yet that ferocious robber will require him of me, and it will go ill with us if we hide him or keep him back."

"See here, your Holiness," said one of the bishop's train, a dark, sinister-looking subdeacon, not young, "there is a child here very like the noble Attalus—a slave lad, the son of the deceased slave woman Retia. He has the same dark eyes and light hair, he is quick-witted, and is clever in waiting at your Holiness's tables. Change the dress, and none of those Franks, who were all half drunk last night, would know the difference. Then, when these two kings and their rabble followers have left the city, it will be easy to pass the young patrician back to Langres or Autun."

"It is a risk," said one of the priests, thoughtfully. "Yet Retius is quick-witted and would support the part, and as long as they found him not out, he would be better off there than as a slave here."

"Or, even if they discovered him, they would do him no harm," continued the subdeacon Tergivus. "Let this noble boy lie quiet and out of sight here till all are well away, then could we pass him home to his Clemency of Langres by the time all was forgotten."

"But," said Attalus, looking in utter surprise from one to the other, "my grandfather would not have me if I ran away and broke the terms."

"Nay, child, I said not that thou shouldst go back at once, when peril could come; wait here—or, as a safer place, at Tours—till the bargain is forgotten."

Attalus shook his head. "The Frank Wolfram offered to take the son of Garfried of the Blue Sword instead of me, and my grandfather would not, because Baldrik had been committed to his trust."

"That might have brought danger, on him

through the vengeance of him of the Blue Sword," observed Tergivus; "but this is a mere worthless slave, after whom none will inquire."

"My grandfather holds a slave of full worth," cried Attalus, hotly.

"Thy grandfather is a saint," interposed Bishop Silius. "Deem not that we would ask thee to do aught that he would hold as evil; yet it is permitted to dissemble with the unbeliever, and we would fain save thee from pollution and hardship such as he would dread for thee."

"He would not have me act treacherously, nor send another into my own danger," cried Attalus.

"The boy *will* not," whispered Tergivus. "No doubt he likes the freedom of the Frank better than his books."

This was very sore to Attalus, just as he had begun to feel that he was doing something brave and true, of which his grandfather and uncle would approve. Bred up by such men as Gregory and Tetricus, he little knew the artful spirit which oppression had engendered among the Gallo-Romans, and he shrank back from Silius when beckoned up to him.

"Do not persuade me to be mean," was on his tongue.

"My son, Heaven forbid that I should persuade thee to what thy good and holy grandfather would forbid. It was only that my good friends would spare thee, yea, and him, from ills thou dost not guess at. When—if—thou seest him again, let him know that the device was not mine, and I only might have consented in the hope of saving thee, my fair lad, the jewel of his old age."

"God can save me," said Attalus.

"Christ in the fort,
Christ in the field."

There was a strange, bright gleam on the boy's face and uplifted eyes as that sense of confidence came home to him.

Silius bowed his head and wept. It might be for the child who knew not what he was to encounter, or it might be for those loftier, purer thoughts which had become obscured in him by the long and weary course of striving to bend with the storm and avoid oppression.

CHAPTER VII.—ATTALUS LEFT ALONE.

That quiet night in Silius' household was the last peaceful one that Attalus was to enjoy for many a month. It was still early morning, and the first hymns of the day were being sung in the church attached, as usual, to the Bishop's dwelling, when there was a thundering at the door and shouts for the little dog of a Roman.

He durst not wait for anything but Silius'

hasty blessing and murmur of "God help thee, good and high-souled child, and bring thee back to thy grandfather!"

The Bishop was too much in dread of the wild Franks willingly to show himself, but Tergivus would have led the boy forth. Attalus, however, put his hands behind his back, marched forth, and solemnly said, "I give myself as King Hildebert's hostage, of mine own free will and by the desire of my grandfather, Bishop Gregory."

Nobody particularly attended to him, and as he spoke Gaulish Latin the Franks would not have understood him if they had, but it gave him a certain feeling of being like Regulus, whose story he told to old Gola, walking beside his mule.

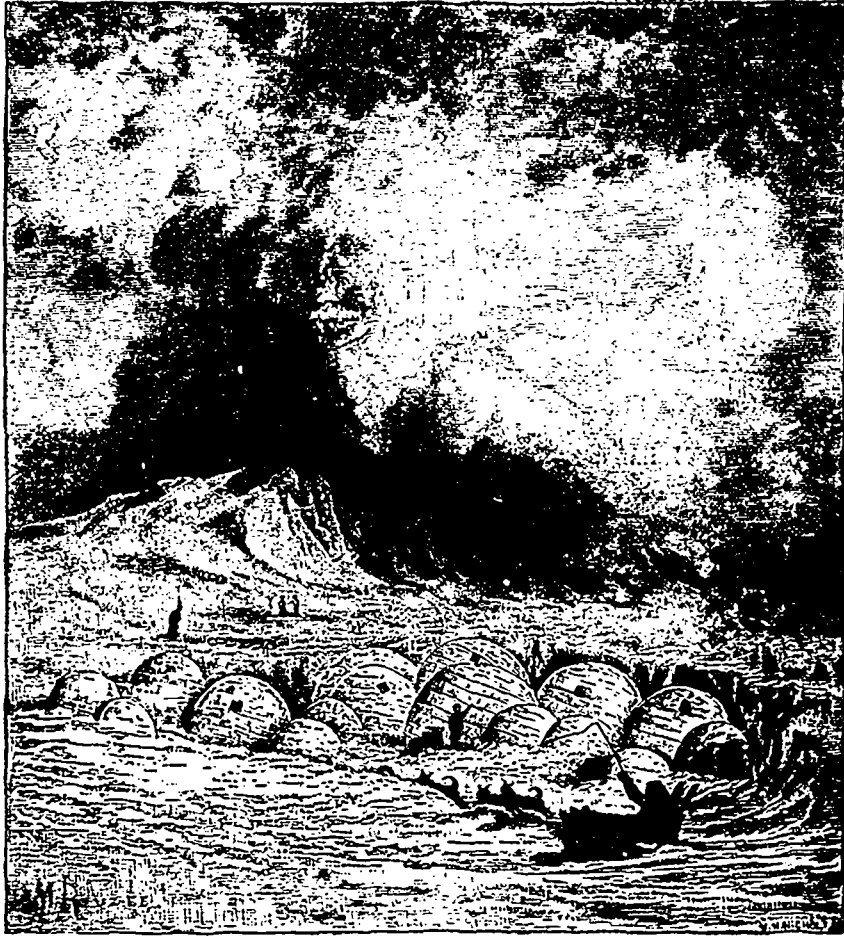
Perhaps it was well that he should have such consolation, as they went through moors that grew wider and with less and less token of habitation, though still with the straight Roman way to guide them. He asked for Festus, and Gola answered that he had been claimed by a shaggy Frank, who told King Hildebert that he wanted a groom to tend his horses Roman fashion. The poor fellow had wept, and declared that he belonged to Bishop Gregory; but was only laughed at and told that the Bishop was no better than a bondsman himself, and so he was beaten and driven away.

Then, when there was a halt, and Gola was producing the wallet of provisions which Silius' pitying household had replenished, a great rude voice shouted out something about seeing what the gluttonous little Roman was swallowing, and a big hand clutched the bag away, leaving Attalus and Gola nothing but the dry morsels of bread remaining from their original store. Hot tears rose to the boy's eyes, and he would have cried out against the spoiler, but Gola held him fast, with a sign to hold his peace, and he recollected that to break out at that fierce-looking man might be dangerous. He never saw the wallet again, except hanging as a pouch at the girdle of the Frank. Gola, however, contrived at night to get a lump of half-raw goat's flesh for supper, which he was hungry enough to devour down to the very bone. But worse still was to come. Gola had wrapped him up and laid him down to sleep under a tree, with the mule tethered near; but when the sound of horns and the confusion of voices awoke him, the mule was gone. Gola was out of sight, too, but presently, on his frightened call, came back to him.

"Ah! poor Jugurtha," he said, with tears in his eyes; "his halter has been cut and he has been carried off by that malicious young heathen. I followed, but he laughed at me. Alas! what will become of him?"

(To be continued.)

Young People's Department.



SNOW VILLAGE.

ESKIMO BOYS.

IN the long winter evenings, when food is plentiful, and everybody is merry, the Eskimo boys play at *noo-gloo-took*. This is done by taking a piece of walrus ivory as large as a man's middle finger, piercing it with several holes, and suspending it by a stout sinew string from the roof of the *igloo*, or hut. The other end is attached by a taut cord to some heavy object on the floor. One of the players then puts up something as a prize—a reindeer coat, or a pair of walrus tusks. The playing party place themselves in a circle around the perforated ivory cylinder, armed with long sharpened sticks, or iron ramrods, with points small enough to pierce the holes.

At the shout of "yi! yi!" from the leader, the sport begins. The object of each player is of course to be the first one to thrust his stick through the cylinder. Sometimes the jabbing and thrusting continue several minutes before any one is successful. Finally, some lucky fellow cries "yi! yi!" and pushes the cylinder aside to show that he is the winner, when the game is at an end.

Another pastime that amuses the Eskimo boys very much, called "reindeer hunting," is a little more violent and exciting. They select a long and gentle slope on a hillside, and place at the bottom a number of reindeer antlers. These are stuck upright in the snow, singly, or in groups, in such a way that a sled well guided can dash between them without knocking

any of them down. The boys gather with their sleds on the top of the hill, each lad having three or four spears, or a bow with as many arrows. They start together down the hill, each boy's object being to knock down as many antlers as possible with his spears or his arrows. Down, down, they go, and as soon as a boy is within effective shooting distance he begins to discharge his arrows, or throw his spears. Even after his sled has passed the antlers, an exceptionally skilful lad will turn round on his sled and bring down an antler by a bolt. When they have all reached the bottom of the hill, they retire to the rows of antlers, where each boy selects his prize, and places it by itself. If any of the antlers have been accidentally knocked down by the sledges, they are reset, and the boys proceed to the top of the hill for another dash, and so they continue until all the antlers have been "speared."—*Our Young Folks.*

DICK'S TRIAL.

"BE careful," said Mamma, as she went out of the yard.

"Yes um!" answered Dick. But in ten minutes he had forgotten, and was climbing to the top of the tallest tree. He climbed till he reached such a weak branch that it broke beneath his weight, and he fell to the ground. Then the doctor came, and poked and punched and pulled and hurt him terribly, and covered his little body with plaster which quickly became hard, so that he could not move an inch; and told him that he must lie still for a month, till his backbone was well again.

Dick didn't suffer much pain; his bed was downstairs, close to the window, and he could look out on fields and distant mountains. His boy friends came to the window, bearing gifts—nuts, fruit, puzzles, books which his mother was always ready to read. But boys, gifts, and beautiful views were of no account to Dick.

"Those boys had fun picking those nuts," he grumbled; "and as soon as I've taken 'em, they'll go away and have more fun. I ain't going to be pleased with anything. I've got to lie here, and can't have any fun. It's a mean shame! Ben, you just go off; I don't want you bothering 'round."

But little Ben was trying to fit his round face into the inside of his straw hat. "See, Dickey," he cried; "I can't see anything! Haven't I got a big hat! It covers every bit of the world. My hat's as big as the mountain! It just covers it, every bit."

"Pooh!" said Dick. "It isn't as big as one tree, not even one post of the fence. It hides the things because you hold it so close. What a goose you are! There, cry, will you! If you had such a great trial as I have, you'd just roar.

I've got a bigger trial than anybody else in the world, and so I've a right to be cross."

Mamma took Ben's hand in hers to comfort him. "Don't be too hard on Ben," she said; "for you are doing exactly the same thing."

"I don't put my hat over my face so I can't see, and then call it big," said Dick. "What do you mean, Mother?"

"You don't put your hat over your face," answered his mother; "but you hold this trial of yours so near to your eyes that you can't see the many pleasures that are around, and then you call your trial the largest in the world. It is a pretty big one, I know, dear, but not half as big as many other trials sent to other boys, and it will only last a month.

"If you will only stop looking so hard at it and thinking so much about it, you will discover that you still have many pleasures: boy friends who are willing to spend much time with you; nice books and games; nice things to eat, and a mother who tries hard to make you happy. Do you understand?"

"Of course," said Dick, crossly, and he turned over and pretended to go to sleep.

But he was not really asleep; he was thinking. When his mother left the room to make some jelly for him, he turned over again, and looked out of the window, and watched the mountains grow purple in the sunset, and the stars come out in the quiet sky. He thought how careless he was to climb that tree, and how patient and kind everybody had been. When his mother stole softly in, thinking him asleep, he put his arms around her, and gave her a loving kiss.

"I've put my trial 'way off beyond those fields," he said, "and it looks mighty little. I'm going to keep it there, too. You're a dear little Mammy, and you shan't hear another complaint. I am sorry I was so cross to Ben, and if he comes in I'll tell him a go-to-bed story. I see now that I was a great deal sillier than he was, but I hope I am going to have more sense."—*Young Christian Soldier.*

LIFE OF A BRAHMIN GIRL.



THE little girl is at the age of two or three years betrothed to a man who may be anywhere from twenty to ninety-five.

The child lives with her mother until she is ten years old, when she goes to the house of her husband for a few months to learn what her future duties will be. After this she returns to her maternal home, but at the age of eleven she goes to her husband's home to stay. The real hardships of life begin for her now, especially if she has a mother-in-law.

The little wife has to get up every morning at four o'clock and go to the well, which is



LITTLE GIRLS IN INDIA.

sacred to the use of the Brahmins. "I, as a Christian," said Miss Sorabji, "could not touch that well." Here she draws the water, and carries it home in three large water-pots which she bears on her head. This practice gives a fine, erect carriage.

After bringing the water she takes a bath and puts on a delicate pink garment, worn only in the kitchen, which, by the Brahmins, is considered a sacred place. Indeed, their religion is mixed with their ordinary life in everything, and Miss Sorabji remarked that, should we, copying them, make every act an act of devotion, consider every gift as a blessing from God, and thus mingle our religion more with our everyday life, we would be happier and do better.

To return to the little wife. She now enters her kitchen and prepares the breakfast for her household, the mother-in-law looking on and criticizing.

First, she must make a great number of unleavened cakes, eight or ten for each member of the family; and after that she must prepare several kinds of vegetables and other dishes.

When the cooking is done, she enters the dining-hall, which is a large oblong apartment opening from the kitchen. Around each side of this hall are placed stools, as many as there are men in the household.

First she takes a sieve, made in the form of the lotus blossom, fills it with fine wheaten flour, and makes the impression of the lotus flower before each stool, down the centre of the dining-room. The lotus is the sacred flower of the Hindus, hence they consider its image as a charm protecting the household.

After this she takes the polished brazen plates and sets one at each place. Then around the

large plates she places twelve little ones, also of brass, and beside each place two bright brazen tumblers, one for water and a smaller one for milk. When all these preparations are completed she stands in her kitchen door and waits. Soon the men come in to their breakfast. Before coming they must bathe, and the garment which they wear to this meal is of spotless white from the loins down, with nothing above the waist but the sacred Brahminical cord around the neck, and this they put over the ears while eating.

The little wife keeps her eyes on her lord and master. He does not meet her with a smile and a morning greeting,

but when all are seated he nods. This is the signal for her to serve breakfast. So she brings in the dish with a large spoon, and serves (just as a servant would in our country) each dish in turn, and lastly fills the tumblers. She then retires to the doorway of her kitchen and awaits further orders. "If the master wishes a dish replenished," said Miss Sorabji, "he does not say, with a smile, 'Will you please help me to some more of this?' but points to the dish, and the obedient little wife fills it again."

When the men have finished their meal the poor little wife cannot eat her own breakfast and rest, for the many dishes and all the stools must be washed and polished, and, after the completion of that task, she must again bathe ere she can break her fast.

The midday meal consists of fruit and milk, which require no cooking, but the evening repast is the most extensive of the day, and rice is added to the "bill of fare."

At the age of twelve, perhaps, she is a mother. She shows you her tiny baby, and smiles and says, "I am a little mother now." But her life is no easier now than before; the labors and hardships are the same, with the additional care of the infant.

Should she ever make a mistake in one of her many tasks she is beaten by "that dear mother-in-law."

"And what," said Miss Sorabji, "happens to one of these young wives of from ten years upward if her husband dies?"

Should she die, her husband might marry the next day if he wished, but she may not marry again, and is treated as an outcast. Her handsome clothes and her jewels are taken away from her; she is given a garment of the coarsest material, such as is worn by the very poor. Her beautiful, long, heavy hair is shorn close,

and she is most cruelly treated, sometimes being whipped or burned with hot irons.

When the Hindoo women are taught about Jesus and His great love for mankind they are filled with joy and amazement, and beg to be taught to read that they may learn more of Him. But the men fear that if the women become educated they will no longer remain in complete subjection.

Those who are Christians cannot have Bibles and read them openly, but must steal a few moments during the silent night watches to read God's Holy Word.

After hearing about India and the poor child-wives there, may we not rejoice that we are citizens of a country where woman's true rights are respected!

A MISCHIEVOUS LITTLE BEAR.



A FAVORITE amusement of the little bear was to go off to the end of his cage away from his mother, and then, rising on his hind feet, walk over to her, and, throwing his arms about her neck, hug her for all he was worth, and then begin to bite and scratch and pommel her.

This she would stand for awhile, but if it became too severe the usual cuffing was given him; or else, if he was very bad, she would take him up in her mouth and go and drop him in the large water tank at one end of the cage, the edge of which was on a level with the floor. This great tank was two feet deep, and even when there was no water in it it was wet and slimy, and the little bear did not like it.

Sometimes he was thrown in when the tank was half full of water, and was left to gasp and choke several times before the old bear would reach in, and, grabbing by the leg, foot, back, or head, whichever came uppermost, pull him out and drop him on the floor to dry. The last time I saw him he was very naughty indeed, and was several times doused in the water.

The last dip seemed to have been successful, for a very quiet little bear crept up to its mother's side by the edge of the tank. But when the mother's head was turned, he leaped up and sprang at her in such a way as to make her lose her balance. There was a tremendous splash as the old bear slid over the side and under the water.

The little bear's ears stood straight up, and he looked the very imp of mischief as he saw his mother disappear. His expression changed, however, when the old bear's head came above the water again. There was a look in her face that made him think that it would be well to retire.

With ears laid flat back he sped for the small covered room opening off the back of the cage and retired to the darkest corner, where he

crouched down and pretended to go asleep. Mrs. Bear slowly climbed out of the tank, then tramped across the cage to the room in the rear, and blocking up the entrance with her body leaned forward and administered several resounding thumps to the little black bundle in the corner. The little bear was on his good behavior after that for twenty minutes.—*Selected.*

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

O forth to the battle of life, my boy,
Go while it is called to day
For the years go out and the years come in,
Regardless of those who may lose or win,
Of those who may work or play.

“ And troops march steadily on, my boy,
To the army gone before ;
You may hear the sound of their falling feet
Going down to the river where two worlds meet
They go to return no more.

“ There's a place for you in the ranks, my boy,
And duty, too, assigned.
Step into the front with a cheerful face ;
Be quick, or another may take your place,
And you may be left behind.

“ There is work to be done by the way, my boy,
That you never can tread again—
Work for the loftiest, lowliest men,—
Work for the plow, plane, spindle, and pen—
Work for the hands and the brain.

“ Temptation will wait by the way, my boy—
Temptations without and within ;
And spirits of evil, with robes as fair
As those which the angels in heaven might wear,
Will lure you to deadly sin.

“ Then put on the armor of God, my boy,
In the beautiful days of youth ;
Put on the helmet and breastplate and shield,
And the sword the feeblest arm may wield,
In the cause of right and truth.

“ And go to the battle of life, my boy,
With the peace of the Gospel shod,
And before high heaven do the best you can
For the great reward and good of man,
For the kingdom and crown of God.”

—*Jennie F. Willing.*

The sunshine is a glorious thing
That comes alike to all,
Lighting the peasant's lowly cot,
The noble's painted hall.

The music of the birds is heard,
Borne on the passing breeze,
As sweetly from the hedge rows as
From old ancestral trees.

There are as many lovely things,
As many pleasant tones,
For those who dwell by cottage hearths
As those who sit on thrones.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE meeting of the Board of Management of the D. & F.M.S. has been postponed from the 8th of October to the 11th of November, the time appointed for the special meeting of the Provincial Synod, summoned at that date to elect a Bishop for the missionary diocese of Algoma.

IN response to the urgent appeal of Bishop Sullivan regarding the deficiency in the mission fund of Algoma, an anonymous contributor sent from England the handsome gift of £500. A few more such gifts would relieve Algoma from all its present financial difficulties. The Bishop appealed for \$6,000. There now remains a little over \$3,500 to be obtained.

WE congratulate our sister society in the United States upon its financial success. For some time past it has been obliged to borrow money to pay the missionaries depending upon it, and has been dreading a serious deficiency. But gifts have poured in from all parts of the great country to such an extent as to enable all obligations to be met and the deficiency to be avoided. A single gift of three thousand dollars was sent the society to begin the work of the new year. Our own Board would be somewhat surprised at a single gift of three thousand dollars!

THE recommendation of the General Synod to extend the D. & F.M.S., so as to embrace the whole Dominion, is only what might be

expected. If the General Synod is ever to be of any practical use, that use must surely show itself at an early date in connection with the missionary work of the Canadian Church. The chief reason urged by the English societies for their intention gradually to withdraw their grants from missions in the Dominion is that the Church of England in Canada is now one consolidated Church from ocean to ocean, and ought to be able to support her own missions. We confess we do not see how that is likely to cause any increase in the missionary contributions of the east to help the spiritual destitution of the west. Still, if such an effect is ever to be produced, it must be done by the General Synod. The present Board of Management of the eastern province extended so as to embrace the dioceses of the far west would doubtless produce in time a better state of things and bring the needs of the west more prominently before the people of the east, and, therefore, is a consummation devoutly to be wished. We are pleased to see that the scheme adopted by the General Synod admits the principle of at least one paid officer, who shall be a sort of head centre and rallying point for all missionary designs and efforts. Without such an officer no efficient missionary work can ever be done. Such, at least, has been the experience of all religious bodies.

RESIGNATION OF BISHOP SULLIVAN.

THE diocese of Algoma is once more without a bishop, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Sullivan having definitely resigned in order to accept the rectory of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto. The frequent attacks of illness which, for a few years past, have interfered with His Lordship's work render it, in his own judgment, advisable that he should retire to the more quiet and regular life of a city rector, and leave the heavy work and great anxieties connected with the diocese of Algoma to other hands. For fourteen years Bishop Sullivan has faithfully done the work of a missionary bishop. When he was younger and stronger than he is now and felt quite capable of wrestling with his work, not even the proffered bishopric of Huron could tempt him from it. "Duty to Algoma" led him then to decline the high honor, but now "duty to Algoma" (for we feel assured that this weighed with him in the acceptance of the rectory of St. James') has caused him to retire from the work. By his eloquent pleadings and powerful influence he has raised large sums of money for Algoma, which will be of lasting use to it in its missionary work. It now has several permanent diocesan endowments which it did not possess fourteen years ago, and a good foundation has been laid for future aggressive work in its midst.

JAPAN.

The Rev. J. G. Waller writes to us as follows:

"We have had the Bishop up for confirmation in the early half of the month. There were only fourteen candidates. Christian work seems to be very difficult since the war, and I think that the great calamities with which this land is visited in such rapid succession should justly be regarded as an outpouring of God's wrath upon a stiff-necked people. Of course, they arise from 'natural causes,' but these 'natural causes'—in whatever shape, fire, flood, famine, earthquake, disease, or volcanic eruptions—seem to be very potent instruments in God's hands, and certainly are more prevalent in Japan than in any Christian country I have ever heard of. The cable has probably told you of the latest calamity—a tidal wave which visited the northeast coast of the main island on the evening of June 15th, when the air and sea seemed perfectly calm. The destruction wrought, whether of life or property, has been very great. The first reports of three thousand drowned and killed, instead of being exaggerated, as many thought, prove to have fallen absurdly short of the mark. Official statistics up to June 22nd give the number of deaths as over thirty thousand. The descriptions of the disaster by eye-witnesses, or by those who have since visited the place, are most harrowing. The 'tidal' wave is supposed to have been caused by volcanic eruptions in the sea some distance from the land. The great earthquake at Gifu, in October, 1891, did not do half the damage that this wave has.

"I remain, yours very sincerely,

"JOHN G. WALLER."

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY'S CALL TO CHRISTENDOM.

(From the *Homiletic Review*.)

I. The call is emphasized by a fact. That fact is that we are just approaching the nineteenth hundredth anniversary of the birth of Christ.

The nineteenth century of the Christian era will close and the twentieth begin somewhere between Christmas of this year (1896) and February to April of next year (1897). This has been established by the investigations and calculations of the best scholarship; so that it may be said to be universally acknowledged that Christ was not born on Christmas in the year 754 after the founding of Rome—as Dionysius mistakenly put it in making up our common chronology, and as the Roman Church endorsed it—but in the year 750 or 749, the latter year being far the more probable, and toward the springtime the more probable date. This conclusion rests especially upon the indis-

putable fact that Herod the Great, in whose reign the birth of Christ took place, died in the fourth year before the commencement of our era, or in the year 4 B.C., according to the proper reckoning. That will be nineteen hundred years ago next Easter.

The nineteenth hundredth anniversary of Christ's birth is not, therefore, several years off, but just upon us—not further away than the close of the present year, or the opening months of 1897.*

It is not, however, the purpose in the present connection to present with any fulness the arguments that have led the scholars of Christendom to the so general acceptance of this change of date. We hope to have them presented soon by able and authoritative writers on this subject. Our present purpose is strictly practical, for—

II. The call is to an imperative and pressing duty.

The simple fact that we are just about to cross the threshold of the twentieth century ought to be enough to rouse all Christendom to this duty. Our desire is to let the twentieth century utter its own trumpet-call to our twenty thousand subscribers, largely heralds of Christ's Gospel, and to our much larger number of readers, and through them to the Church of Christendom, for the final rally of the nineteenth century, with a view to final victory for the Gospel in the opening years of the twentieth century. Brethren, does not Christ call us all just now, by His Word and by the signs of the times, to co-operate in inaugurating a movement all along the line for the immediate evangelization of the world? We ask you, in Christ's name, to consider, carefully and prayerfully, some reasons that urge such a movement.

1st. Nineteen centuries have passed since Christ uttered the "Go ye" of the great commission, and it is still true that the majority of mankind are unsaved. Almost a thousand millions of our lost race perish in the life of each generation without the Gospel. Does not that commission throw the responsibility for all this upon the Church of Christ, and especially upon its leaders, the ministry?

2nd. We have evidently reached a great crisis in the history of our race, when nothing but the universal spread and triumph of the Gospel can save the Church and the world from dire disaster. The Gospel has wrapped up in it the solution of all the industrial, financial, political, social, and moral problems of the age with which the philosophers and statesmen and philanthropists are hopelessly struggling. Is not the call a clear one, to those who have the Gospel and understand its regenerating and transforming power, to apply it speedily in

*See Matthew ii. 1; Josephus, "Antiquities," xvii. 9. 3; Andrews, "Life of Christ"; Robinson, "Harmony of the Gospels."

making over mankind and transforming human institutions by this divine agency?

3rd. Christ requires that we should give the Gospel to the world immediately. His command is, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." That is the plainest of commands. It means us personally. It means now, for it is in the present tense, and God has now unquestionably, for the first time in the centuries, removed out of the way every obstacle to the immediate evangelization of the world, and given to the Church everything needed for the completion of the work of preaching the Gospel to the world. The whole world is open and accessible physically, geographically, politically, to the Gospel messengers, and waiting for them. The Church has the means, the messengers, and the promise of the Spirit, at her command, and seems dangerously near to suffering eclipse of faith and blight of life because of her failure to avail herself of them in fulfilling her great and pressing mission. Christ is waiting for her to move in obedience to His command. Who among her leaders will risk the responsibility of holding back or of hindering the onward movement He demands?

4th. The organizations and machinery necessary for the immediate and world-wide forward movement to victory and conquest for Christ are all ready and in working order, and need simply to be directed under the quickening breath of the Spirit of God. The agencies are all organized for reaching every class and condition of mankind. There are our general societies—Bible, tract, etc.—and our special societies in all denominations for home evangelization. There are the numberless agencies for saving heathendom through the foreign mission work. There are the lay organizations that take in substantially the Church membership of Christendom—the Young Men's Christian Association, the Young People's Societies for Christian effort, the Armies of the Cross, etc.—already marshalled for the final conflict. Every agency needed to reach all the world is already in existence. And all these organizations will inevitably deteriorate into mere machines and become hindrances rather than helps, curses rather than blessings, unless they speedily become Spirit-filled and consecrated to the accomplishment of their intended work. And does not the responsibility for their use fasten itself chiefly upon the ministry as the leaders of God's hosts?

The reasons in favor of the movement are answerable and overwhelming.

A year and more ago the secretaries of the Foreign Missionary Societies of the various religious bodies sent out a paper calling the Church to the "Final Rally of the Century." We understand that they are now planning for an Ecumenical Council of Missions to mark the

coming anniversary. All this may be well; but discussion and resolutions always fall short of saving the world. What is needed is well-directed personal effort for saving men and saving the world, reaching out from one to another in all directions till the tide of sacred influence shall belt the globe. Hence, we ask the personal questions of each one of our readers:

1st. Are you ready to co-operate in this great movement now?

2nd. Are you ready to consecrate yourself to and to enter upon this work now?

3rd. Are you ready to cry mightily to God for the gift of the Holy Spirit of power for the work now?

4th. What will you do NOW?

We have only some brief suggestions to make for aid and guidance. Are they more than Christ requires in this great crisis? They are as follows:

1st. That you set to work in your sphere immediately yourself.

2nd. That you stir up the Christians next to you and seek the salvation of the sinners nearest you.

3rd. That you seek to rouse every Christian organization with which you are connected—whether church or young people's or missionary society—to enter immediately upon the work for which it was made and for which it exists, the work of giving the Gospel to the world for its speedy salvation.

4th. That in all this you do not wait for someone else, or some organization or mass of Christians to move, but that, without delay, you yourself rise to present duty by taking advantage of present emergencies and opportunities.

It cannot be denied that the task is gigantic, almost appalling; but the Gospel, as St. Paul assured the Roman Christians, is "the power of God unto salvation." Even in the old dispensation the Lord, by the Prophet Malachi, cried to Israel: "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, and prove me now therewith . . . if I will not open the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." What limit, then, to Gospel grace in this the dispensation of the Spirit? God delights in Pentecostal scenes. We have only to cast ourselves on the divine grace in a full consecration.

In so doing we shall, by the grace of God, make the movement for which Christ calls world-wide and effective, and the twentieth century will dawn with bright prospects for the conquest of the world for Christ.

We ask you to ponder this matter prayerfully and make your own decision regarding your personal duty, as one of the appointed leaders of God's host, and to let the Master know and the world know what you propose to do as your part and in your place. Give us and give the

Church the benefit of your prayers, your counsel, and your hearty co-operation. Is it not for the Master's glory?

HEROISM IN THE PINES.

One of the most impressive religious services I ever attended, one which moved me deeply, I want to briefly describe to you, and mayhap in the scene and surroundings there may be something of help to those who toil in mission fields, home or foreign; something, perhaps, of stimulation to those who give of their substance to advance the cause of Christ in the slums, on the far frontier, or in the blackness of heathendom.

It was half-past five o'clock on a wintry afternoon in early December, 1895. There was a shimmer of starlight through the rift in the roof where the stovepipe and the pine shingles failed to meet by several inches. The room was cold. A huge box stove on one side kept the air warm for those who sat nearest it, a half dozen serious-faced folk, in humble attire. I sat on a low school seat bench, and my heavy overcoat was hardly proof against the stinging cold. In front of me stood a rude desk on which two kerosene lamps made sad show of illumination. The room had no plastering, no furnishings. The building was made of pine boards with a covering of tarred paper, and was used for a schoolhouse.

At my left there stood a slender man in the white garb of a rector. His face was flushed from the biting cold, for he had been walking perhaps ten miles from his station to preach to this handful of people—not more than twelve all told. He used an abbreviated or condensed form of the Episcopal ritual, and then preached a short sermon on the second coming of Christ. It was Advent Sunday, and he made his sermon fit the day.

It was not so much the arrangement of his discourse, though that was sensible and logical; it was not so much the exposition of the wonderful coming of Christ, though it was full of tenderness and void of irrationalism; it was not so much the manner of address, though that was forceful and worthy of a city pulpit—not these that most impressed me, but, if I may use the word, it was the transcendent earnestness of the man that marked this sermon as one to be remembered a lifetime. The central thought was the oft-repeated promise, "I will come again," and the universal need of being ready for this coming, whether it be on the morrow or in a thousand morrows.

The preacher's face was radiant with a hope that moved one as perhaps not even his earnestness did.

But it was not only the preaching of this man that impressed me, as he told the story of the Cross to this handful of people away up in the heart of one of the vastest pine forests yet left

on the globe; there was even more in his life. I learned of this life from him only in the barest outlines—from others I learned more in detail.

Twenty-two years ago, a young rector, he went into the forests of Northern Minnesota to preach the Gospel to the Indians. Since that time he has been steadily at work among them. He has ten or a dozen mission churches, perhaps three hundred souls all told. These churches are located at widely separated points on a vast Indian reservation. The preacher is absent from his home at the agency, where stays his devoted wife, about half of every week. Sometimes he will walk fifty miles to meet a preaching engagement to his Indians. Sometimes he travels on horseback, sometimes in a humble, one-horse rig, sometimes, in the dead of winter, on snowshoes. He sends his little children at the age of six years away to school, for not all the mission work he may do makes it safe morally for them to come in daily contact with the vices of the Indians—I might perhaps say acquired vices of the Indians, for who shall say for how much the white man is responsible? Think of it, will you? forced to part company with his precious children at this age, to see them perhaps only semi-yearly until they reach manhood and womanhood. He told me, when I asked him about his life, with a sadness in his speech I shall not forget, that he was ashamed to say he read but little of the world's thought—he was so busy with his work. He was abroad in the forests so much, he could not find time to keep up with the mental pace of the day, and he had quit trying to.

But there was one more phase to this man's life—not one of which he told me, but one of which, on several occasions, men in the woods who knew him had spoken of with much earnestness—a phase which put special emphasis upon his life-work. Some years ago wealthy relatives in Great Britain left this rector a large fortune, several hundreds of thousands of dollars. A large portion of this fortune he has already spent for the Indians. He held back part of it, and from this remainder he derives an annual income which I was told amounts to about \$12,000. Save for the absolutely necessary expenses of his household and for the education of his children, this annual income is spent for the advancement of the interests of the Indians—spent in a thousand and one ways to make their lives happier and higher.

"I've known him for nine years," said a burly woodsman to me when we had been speaking about the man and his work, "and he's worn that same old fur overcoat you saw him have on ever since I first saw him. If any man ever born in this here world gets to heaven, he's the one; you kin jest bet on that, mister."

When I went out into the white moonlight after that Advent sermon, it was with a heart deeply touched. This heroic man for nearly a

quarter of a century has been in the forest; he has renounced the delights of the world; he has stinted himself while in the midst of plenty that he might give of his substance for the red man; he has, with his self-sacrificing wife, denied to himself the exquisite pleasures of companionship with his children; and all that he may help illumine the darkened heart of savagery by the wondrous light from the Cross.

He told me half sadly, when I asked him if he had attended the recent triennial Convention of his Church in Minneapolis—a meeting which must have been of great interest to him—that he had to go to Minneapolis with a sick Indian, and was so busy that he only had time to look in upon the Convention a few moments one afternoon. But the traces of sadness in his voice or face were soon effaced when I led him to speak somewhat of the possibilities of his work. Then, indeed, did his face grow radiant, and he spoke as one who, amid all his trials, was glad with a great gladness that it was his privilege thus to labor for the outspreading of the Master's truth.

He who seeks for heroism only in the red glare of battle, or where great deeds of valor are done; or who delves into the mystic pages of romance or the stately chapters of history, and thinks there only will he find heroes, how hath he been blinded to the truth, for in this century of missions unknown men, as common thought marks prominence, have been doing deeds of heroism that will live through all eternity.

All honor to the noble men and women who, like the subject of this paper, are leading lives of rarest self-sacrifice, unblazoned to the world, but on full record above.—*The Standard*.

Books and Periodicals Department.

Origin and Development of the Nicene Theology. By Hugh M. Scott, D.D. Chicago: Theological Seminary Press.

To go back to the first few centuries of Christianity is always interesting. It has been done over and over again in a doctrinal as well as historical point of view. It is peculiarly the position of the Anglican communion regarding its great struggle during the Reformation period. Dr. Scott's book, though not written in all respects from an Anglican point of view, presents a very good outline of the growth of Nicene theology. The author has made himself thoroughly conversant with the views of modern German writers, both for and against Christianity, and his object throughout is to test this with the evident teachings of the Nicene period. In nothing, he thinks, does the nineteenth century resemble the first so much as in the central, all-controlling position given by the Church to the personality of Jesus. He distinguishes between orthodox and liberal churches, and says that the latter in America have grown less than one-fifth as fast as the former. On their own confession they "are tame and spiritless," and "going back in usefulness, in vitality, in Church soundness." Holtzmann says they are "a diminishing minority" in Germany. The Nicene theology centred in the divine Christ. Nineteenth century theology must do the same. When once the divine Christ is lost the Churches soon give signs of woe and decline. Strauss gave up Jesus as Lord, and ended with the denial of a future

life and profession of mere Epicurean evolution. Such is the author's position and the spirit in which he investigates the development of early Christian theology. He has done his work well, and the result is a book which cannot fail being useful for anyone interested in the study of theology.

(1) *The Sunday at Home.* (2) *The Leisure Hour.* (3) *The Boy's Own* and (4) *Girl's Own Paper.* (5) *Cottage and Artizan,* etc. London: The Religious Tract Society.

What a curious town Mandalay, with its four hundred and fifty pagodas, must be! The fine illustration in *The Sunday at Home* for September, accompanying the article "Among the Burmans," shows this. "Dr. Adrian," a story of Old Holland, is continued, and other brief stories, as usual, are given. Tillotson, Archbishop of Canterbury, figures in portrait and handwriting. In "One of the Nicene Fathers, a Recollection of Corlu," the story is told, by the Rev. Fred. Hastings, of "the redoubtable old Bishop Spiridion, whose body, in the form of a mummy, is still preserved there. Every year there is a festival in his honor."

Among other good things in *The Leisure Hour* is "Echoes from the Dungeon of Vincennes," by Tighe Hopkins. Vincennes and the Bastille have been contrasted. Grim is the contrast. Terrible the tales, slightly different, that they both have known. The article on "Glimpses of Johnson in Eighteenth Century Oxford" is continued, and also that on "The Round Towers of Ireland." The photograph of the moon, taken at the Paris Observatory, is a capital piece of work. The other publications of the society are up to the usual standard of excellence.

The Canadian Magazine. Ontario Publishing Co., Toronto.

The September number has an article which will interest Church people in general and Trinity men in particular, in all parts of Ontario, and even far beyond that favored province. It is written by Mr. A. H. Young, M.A., who has presented a useful and vivacious outline of Trinity College, Toronto, past and present. The illustrations are remarkably good. The full-page picture of Trinity itself shows well; the excellent portraits of Bishop Strachan, Sir John Beverley Robinson, and Provost Whitaker bring up many old memories among those who remember when these three were the leading lights of Trinity in her old and smaller days—the beginnings of what Trinity is to-day. Of this, the portraits of Provost Body and of the present provost, Dr. Welch, of Dr. Jones—a link still binding the past and the present together—of Professor Clark and Dean Rigby, are well-chosen landmarks. We congratulate the author and *The Canadian Magazine* on the production of so good an article.

(1) *The Expositor.* (2) *The Clergyman's Magazine.* London: Hodder & Stoughton.

In *The Expositor* the Rev. Rayner Winterbotham has an interesting article on "The Cultus of Father Abraham," gathering the information on which he dilates chiefly from the parable of Dives and Lazarus, which he takes as the foundation of his article. There is always something interesting in the Roman army and its officers, especially in its relation to Christianity. Prof. Ramsay's brief article on "Cornelius and the Italic Court" bears directly upon it. Sir William Dawson has one of his excellent disquisitions upon Genesis, his subject being the "Sons of God and Daughters of Men."

(2) *The Clergyman's Magazine* furnishes much suggestive thought for preachers and sermon writers. The article of the Rev. William Burnet on "Parochial Visitation in the Country" contains some useful hints on that important subject.

The Missionary Review of the World. New York and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$2.50 a year.

What an object lesson is presented at one glance by the initial picture of the September number of this magazine!

It is "The Sanju Sengen no Kioto," Japan, a temple of 33-333 images of the Goddess of Mercy. What a monument of the errors and follies of heathenism! Following it is an excellent article by the editor-in-chief, entitled "Christian Missions, the Peculiar Enterprise of God." There are in this number, also, some good articles on medical missionary work and hospitals and dispensaries. Japan, China, and Korea come in for important notices.

The Eclectic Magazine of Foreign Literature. New York: E. R. Pelton, 129 Fifth Avenue.

Many well-chosen articles are to be found in the August number of this favorite *Eclecti*. These articles are on varied topics of interest, and are gathered from such standard periodicals as the *National Review*, *Nineteenth Century*, *Gentleman's Magazine*, *Contemporary Review*, *Longmans' Magazine*, *Temple Bar*, *Blackwood*, etc; and amongst them, to lighten the pages, is a story or two culled from the best current literature.

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

"The Progress of the World," though chiefly American, keeps one posted as to passing events. In the obituary notices there is a capital portrait of the late Bishop Cox of Western New York. The rest of the magazine is largely taken up with matters relating to the Presidential election. Something more general is obtainable from "Leading Articles of the Month," and the "Periodicals Reviewed."

The Homiletic Review. New York and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

"The kind of preaching needed among the unevangelized people of our country" is a suggestive theme and an all important one. It is well handled by Dr. Witherspoon in the September number of *The Homiletic Review*. "The Prophets of the Exile," in the "School of Bible Study," is valuable. "The Hymns of Bishop Cox" recall the service done by that late gifted prelate by his admirable Christian ballads.

The American Church Sunday School Magazine. Philadelphia.

Besides the useful Sunday-school lessons this periodical, as usual, has some very excellent reading matter.

(1) *Germania* (2) *l'Éclairant*. A. W. Spanhoofd, Manchester, N. H.

These are well-arranged periodicals for instruction in German and French respectively. A study of these each month will repay anyone who wishes to keep up or acquire a knowledge of those languages.



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