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THE CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE

• • AND MISSION NEWS • •

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TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1896.

No. 116.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

No. 116.—ST. LUKE'S CATHEDRAL, HALIFAX,
NOVA SCOTIA.

IN the year 1844 the necessity of building a Chapel of Ease in the southern part of the city of Halifax, to accommodate those members of the parish church (St. Paul's) who were living in that quarter, began to be felt, and at a meeting held on April 8th of that year it was resolved to erect one on some eligible site which might be obtained "in the old burying ground." As, however, this old burying ground was used by Presbyterians and others, objections were urged against a church edifice being erected upon it. The project was, therefore, abandoned.

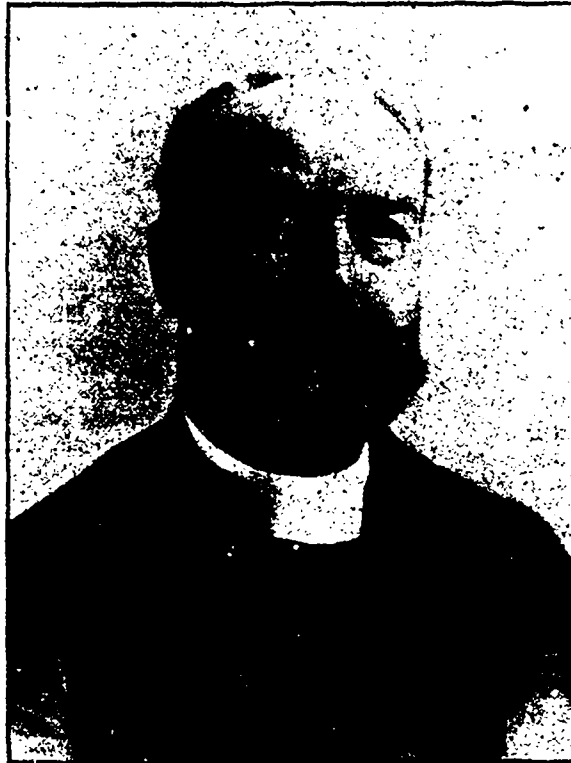
At this time the Rev. Wm. Cogswell was curate of St. Paul's Church, and his father, the Hon. Henry H. Cogswell, apparently on his own responsibility commenced the erection of a church on the site where St. Luke's now stands, but the undertaking came to a standstill, probably owing to the illness of Rev. Mr. Cogswell, who was obliged to retire from his work. In September, 1846, Rev. Wm.

Bullock, the rector of Digby, N.S., was appointed curate or assistant minister of St. Paul's, and on the third of the following April a public meeting was called with a view to completing, if possible, the erection of the Chapel of Ease which had been already commenced. At this meeting it was resolved to obtain possession of the lot on which the par-

tially constructed building stood, and to raise on it the sum of £2,500 by means of a mortgage, the said mortgage to be paid off or reduced to the lowest possible amount by the proceeds of "sales of the good will of pews" for a limited number of years. The money required was obtained in the following September from the Hon. Mr. Cogswell on the terms mentioned, the result being that the "Chapel of Ease" was completed and opened for divine service on the 4th of May, 1848, and was placed in charge of Rev. Wm. Bullock, with a clearly defined

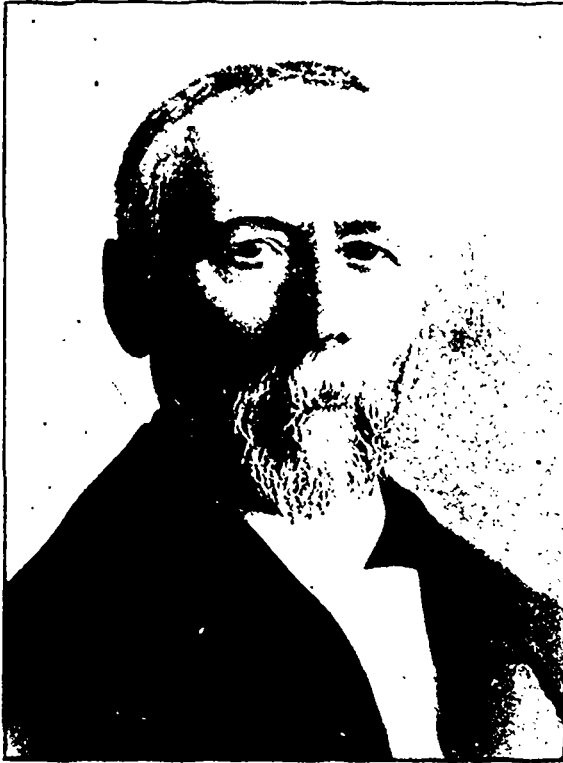
district of the city attached to it. In the following April (1849) the debt on the building was reported £3,000. At that time also the old organ of St. Paul's Church was placed within it.

In 1850 a motion was set on foot to separate the new district from the parent church, and so form it into a new parish; but this was negated "by a vote of 40 to 20." In April, 1851, the Hon. M. B. Almon presented the chapel with a bell; but the affairs of the newly-built edifice were in a bad state. Its heavy debt seemed greater than it could bear, for in May, 1851, it was offered for sale by public auction, the debt "and any other debts which may be due by the



REV. E. P. CRAWFORD, M.A.,
Fifth Rector of St. Luke's, Halifax, N.S.

parish," i.e., St. Paul's, to be paid from the proceeds of the sale. This deplorable step, however, was not taken; for what reason does not appear. Probably a sufficient amount could not be raised to pay the debt, or it may be that the disgrace of such a retrograde policy aroused the spirits of the supine and induced them to put their hands in their pockets and pay the debt.



THE RT. REV. JOHN DART, D.D., D.C.L., *

Second Bishop of New Westminster.

Certain it is that some substantial arrangement was made with regard to the debt, for on the 22nd of October, 1851, the building was consecrated by Rt. Rev. Dr. Binney, the fourth Bishop of Nova Scotia.

The church was built entirely of wood. It had no chancel, and the vestry was a small room at the northwest end of the church. It had galleries, of course, according to the custom of the age, and the pulpit, a high one, presented by Admiral F. Bullock, was placed in the centre, in front of the communion table. A person was engaged at £20 a year to "lead the choir." The black gown was worn in the pulpit.

In May, 1856, St. Luke's was set off as a separate parish, but as the vote in favor of it was a narrow one, standing 30 to 28, no action was taken regarding it till two years afterwards, when, by a vote of 27 to 15, a second resolution in favor of subdivision was passed, and the boundaries between the two parishes were fixed. St. Paul's was allowed to retain "all the glebe lands."

The Bishop's "deed of constitution" appointed St. Luke's as a separate parish on the 14th of May, 1858. The three gentlemen who

composed the committee to arrange for this separation from St. Paul's were Col. Myers, Mr. P. Lynch, and Mr. W. C. Silver. Mr. Silver still remains a member of St. Luke's. He and Mr. B. W. Salter were appointed the first churchwardens on April 25th, 1859, Rev. Wm. Bullock being the first rector.

In 1860 the lot adjoining the church, on the corner of Queen and Morris streets, was purchased at a cost of \$435. The income of the church about that time was \$2,532.37, which included \$360 for "putting in the gas." In 1861 the sum of £150 a year was voted for the support of a curate, and Rev. John Abbott was appointed to that position. In the following year a schoolhouse was erected on the new corner lot, the rector having secured for the purpose, by subscription, nearly \$3,000. In 1864 a chancel was built, and in the following year Bishop Binney made St. Luke's the Cathedral Church of the diocese, with Rev. Wm. Bullock as the first Dean. On the 1st of April, 1872, a congratulatory address was presented to the Dean on his having completed fifty years of ministry in the church; but in March, 1874, to the great grief of all, he died.

Before the appointment of a new rector, the vestry made an arrangement by which the Bishop was to have the disposal of the pulpit on the morning of the first Sunday in every month, and on the evening of the third. This arrangement has continued in force ever since. The Rev. John Abbott was elected rector in 1874. Shortly afterwards Rev. John L. Bell was appointed curate, at a salary of \$1,000, but he only retained the position till the following Easter. A legacy of \$100, left by Mrs. Wallace, was devoted to the purchase of a small bell for the church. The two bells still ring to call people to worship; they do not ring simultaneously, but separately, the large one first, and then the small one, to let the people know that the last chance for not being late is almost at hand.

In 1878 the church was reshingled and otherwise repaired, at a cost of \$1,200, but at the Easter meeting in 1879 the finances were reported in a bad condition, so much so that the services of the curate (Rev. Mr. Sills) were dispensed with.

Towards the close of 1881 the parish met with a great loss in the death of its rector, Rev. John Abbott, who died on the 3rd of October. In December, 1881, the parishioners elected the Rev. F. R. Murray, a missionary who had labored most successfully at Heart's Content, Newfoundland, to be the third rector of St. Luke's. Mr. Murray carried on the work with vigor, but through his heroic conduct in trying to save the inmates of the Poor's Asylum while it was in flames, his lungs were scorched and his general health so much injured thereby that he was forced to seek rest in a milder climate.

* By a printer's error which we much regret, the title of this portrait last month was incorrectly given. We, therefore, insert it again with its proper designation.



ST. LUKE'S CATHEDRAL, HALIFAX.

Part of Schoolhouse shown to the right of the picture.

On his return, Falkland was set apart from St. Luke's as a separate mission, receiving from the parent church \$100 a year, a sum which is still paid.

Mr. Murray had set his heart upon building a new church, and in 1885, through a successful sale of work, \$1,000 was raised for the purpose; but the project of erecting a new and grand cathedral on an entirely different site—a project which, as yet, has not got far beyond the laying of the corner-stone—spoiled the prospect of a new St. Luke's.

In February, 1886, the Rev. W. B. King was appointed curate. Bishop Binney died, and a small chapel, to be known as St. Alban's, was purchased for \$800. Mission services are still held there. In 1888 Mr. Murray, through continued ill-health, was obliged to resign. His resignation having been reluctantly accepted, the Rev. W. B. King, the curate, was elected rector. In the meantime the Rev. F. Courtney, D.D., was elected Bishop of Nova Scotia.

During Mr. King's incumbency, extensive improvements, at the cost of \$5,000, were made in the interior, both of the church and the

schoolhouse, and the important step was taken of abolishing the renting of the pews. This latter step was taken at a meeting held on April 7th, 1890; it was adopted unanimously at a very full meeting. Steps were also taken towards erecting a mission church across the northwest arm, to be known as St. Augustine's. Money was raised for the purpose, but the project was interrupted on account of the resignation of the rector, who accepted a call to Christ Church, Cambridge, Mass., in the United States.

Mr. King's resignation took effect on the 1st of July, 1892, and on the 19th of the same month the Rev. E. P. Crawford was unanimously chosen rector of St. Luke's, and was inducted by Bishop Courtney on August 7th, 1892.

The present rector, Rev. E. P. Crawford, M.A., was born in Brockville, Ontario, and is a graduate of Toronto University. He was ordained deacon in 1869 and priest in 1870 by Rt. Rev. Dr. Lewis, Bishop (now Archbishop) of Ontario, and

served as missionary at Hillier and Hawkesbury, and as first incumbent of Trinity Church, Brockville. While here he received a call to the Church of the Ascension, Hamilton, diocese of Niagara, where he was when the St. Luke's people requested him to come and live down by the sea. Mr. Crawford is a busy worker, and keeps his church bell constantly ringing, bidding his people to frequent communions and services. His assistant is Rev. R. F. Dixon, late of the diocese of Huron.

Mr. Crawford has succeeded in replacing the old organ with a fine instrument, purchased in England. He also expresses the hope that the proposed mission church of St. Augustine's will before long be completed. Last October he celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination, when he presented the church with a handsome silver cross for the altar. The exterior of St. Luke's is not of striking beauty, being but a very plain wooden building, yet it has come through a long and varied history, and will probably serve as the Halifax Cathedral for many years to come. The rectory is on the opposite side of the street from the church.

THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued.)

REIGN OF ELIZABETH (c).



O procure a successor to a man like Archbishop Parker was no easy matter. It had been his policy to keep the Church of England in a middle course, however displeasing it might be to violent papists, on the one hand, and extreme Puritans on the other. Should a man be chosen with decided leanings to either of these parties, much of Parker's good work might be undone. The Church was not yet sufficiently well established in the middle course (which was truly the old catholic and primitive course) to make it a question of indifference as to who should be her primate. The man selected was probably as good a man as could have been chosen, yet he was not as strongly wedded to the "middle course" plan as Parker was. His sympathies were decidedly with the Puritan party. His name was Edmund Grindal, who had recently been appointed Archbishop of York.

Of English birth and education (his university training having been received at Cambridge), he was subsequently subjected to foreign influences, which made themselves manifest in his life and character. He became at an early age a firm supporter of the principles of the Reformation, chiefly under the guidance of Ridley, who was the master of his college. Having taken holy orders, Grindal remained for a time assistant vice-chancellor of the college. When Ridley was made Bishop of London he retained the services of Grindal as one of his chaplains, and afterwards made him precentor at St. Paul's.

Grindal was one of the divines who fled to the continent when Mary became Queen of England. Parker was one of those who felt that he might safely remain at home. Hence, probably, the slight difference between them; for on the continent Grindal met Calvin and other reformers of his kind, and although he did not agree with them in everything that they advocated, still, he was influenced to some extent by their principles.

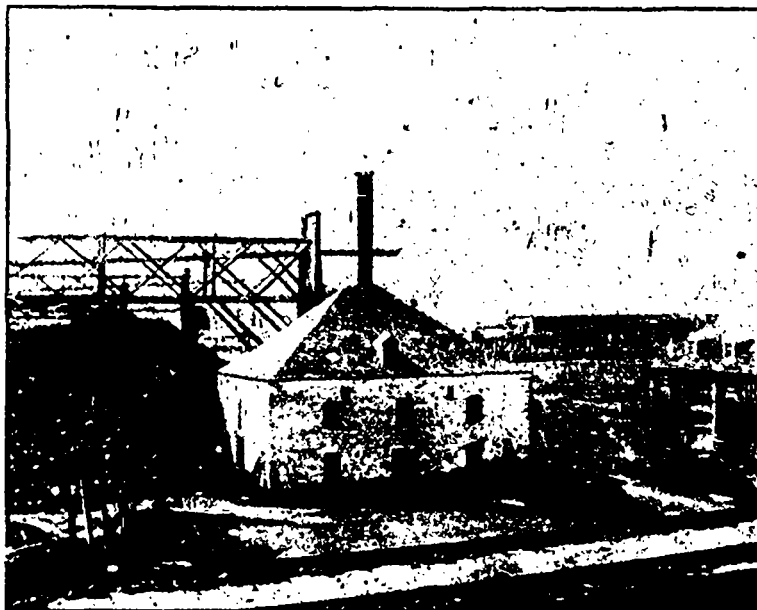
On the death of Mary, he, with many others, returned to his native land. Here he found a field of usefulness opened up before him in assisting his old friend Dr. Parker in the work of perfecting the Reformation of the Church in England. He was one of the commissioners appointed to revise the Prayer Book, and who succeeded in bringing it very much to the form in which we now have it. We see one peculiarity in Grindal in his dislike to wear gar-

ments, which a bitter experience had led him to regard as being connected with popery. He shrank even from wearing the surplice, and when he was consecrated Bishop of London he wore the episcopal robes, but ever afterwards he donned them as seldom as possible. Archbishop Parker, however, tried to disabuse his mind of these and similar prejudices, and to some extent succeeded. Himself a man of a kind and gentle disposition, Grindal was easily influenced by friendly persuasion on the part of others, and in this way he was kept by the Primate somewhere near the mark up to which he would have liked to bring him.

From London Grindal was promoted to the Archbishopric of York. He was an active worker, and paid many visitations throughout his northern province. He found the clergy in many cases very ignorant, as, indeed, they were all over England, and somewhat unsettled as to what they should wear or as to what they should do. One thing that Grindal induced them to do was to read morning prayer, litany, and the ante-communion service as one office, without any pause between them—a custom which continued in the Church till a comparatively recent date, when some modification of it came into use.

Such was the man who, on the death of Dr. Parker, was selected to be Archbishop of Canterbury. Queen Elizabeth, however, treated herself to six months' enjoyment of the emoluments of the vacant see by finding it difficult for that period of time finally to make the appointment, which took place in November, 1575. He was consecrated in the January following. At one time the queen would have refused to appoint a man of Grindal's principles, but she had evidently studied the people, whose welfare she honestly wished to secure, and found that it would have been dangerous to show too pronounced a leaning towards crushing the Puritans. The appointment of Grindal, a man known to the continental reformers, and friendly towards all that sympathized with them, was probably regarded as a politic move—perhaps a wise move in the interest of the Church itself; for the Puritan party was becoming very strong.

At first Grindal showed a desire not to accept a position which he felt himself scarcely qualified, either by ability or physical strength, to fill. However, he was given to understand that it was not intended that he should decline. He entered at once upon a visitation of his province, and the enquiries that he caused to be made showed that there were many things yet to be given up by the clergy before it might be said that the Church of England was free from "papist" practices. The clergy were required to give up all such practices—which are somewhat curiously specified and described. They were also required



OLD HUDSON BAY FUR HOUSE AT FORT WILLIAM. (See page 31.)

to conform to the Thirty-nine Articles, which had been recently passed.

Public coaches were now introduced into England, but they were so unwieldy and uncomfortable that only the strongest could manage to take long journeys in them. For short journeys, such as from place to place in his own diocese, the Archbishop found these new vehicles useful, but for longer trips he kept up the old method of locomotion, viz., riding on horseback.

At first Elizabeth was very friendly to Archbishop Grindal, but this kindly treatment of him soon changed to a dislike, which the strong-minded queen lost no opportunity to evince. This was a severe blow to the Archbishop, and all the more so because he began to feel himself threatened with blindness. His quarrel with the queen was chiefly over a matter which would seem to anyone of the present day as trivial in the extreme. The clergy in different places used to meet together sometimes for the purpose of reading and expounding to one another the holy Scriptures. These were called "prophesyings;" for what reason does not appear. Their chairman was called a moderator.

Now, the queen conceived a great dislike to these "prophesyings," even under Archbishop Parker. Whether it was that they smacked too much of Puritanism, or that she was afraid that constant meetings of the clergy might lead to some political crisis, or whether it was a mere whim, history does not tell us. But her dislike for them was real and determined, and Archbishop Parker contrived in his time to have them discontinued; but Grindal

seems to have thought the queen's stand with regard to these innocent and profitable meetings most unreasonable, and when they were resumed he countenanced them. When commanded by the queen to cause them to be discontinued, he resolutely refused to obey. This was more than the despotic queen would endure, and Grindal was promptly sequestered. This meant that he could exercise no authority as metropolitan, and that his clergy need not obey him.

It was a most distressing time for the poor old Archbishop, who had only one thing to console him, and that was that he considered that he had done his duty. He had taken a truly dignified course in

the matter, and plainly, yet courteously, told the queen that he must obey God rather than an earthly sovereign.

He does not seem to have desisted from his acts as a bishop, but any acts which were of a metropolitan nature he relegated to John Whitgift, Bishop of Worcester, and a prime favorite of the queen.

In 1582 the queen seems to have relented somewhat, for Grindal is found at that time performing certain acts which belonged to his high office. And by this time the poor old man was blind. He begged to be relieved of his position, and expressed great sorrow to the queen for the unpleasantness that had arisen between them. Elizabeth delayed action for some time, but at last, in January, 1582, he was permitted to retire on an honorable pension. The queen wanted Whitgift to succeed him, but he declined to accept the Archbishopric as long as Grindal was alive. The Archbishop died, however, on July 6th, 1583, and was buried at Croydon Church.

The queen's wish was now gratified, and John Whitgift was appointed to the primacy. He was the son of a Lincolnshire merchant of great respectability, and was educated at Cambridge, along with Edmund Grindal, at Pembroke hall, under Dr. Ridley. He subsequently became master of Pembroke hall himself. During the reign of Queen Mary he lived quietly at his college, and on the accession of Elizabeth he, at the age of thirty, took holy orders. From the first he was a favorite of the queen's, whom she playfully termed her "White gift." In her displeasure with Grindal she sought all the more the counsel of Whitgift,

whom she made Bishop of Worcester. On the death of Grindal, Elizabeth helped herself to a month's emoluments, being as much as she dare do with a man like Whitgift, and then appointed him Archbishop.

We say "being as much as she dare do with a man like Whitgift," because there is on record a letter which he wrote to her, apparently immediately before his promotion to the primacy, in which he speaks most plainly of the sin of robbing the Church of her rightful property. The wonder is that a queen like Elizabeth would receive such a letter without making the writer of it feel the force of her wrath, for it was the letter of a man who was prepared to suffer, if need be, for the truth's sake. And the fact that Elizabeth did receive the letter kindly, and still retained the writer in high honor and respect, speaks well, after all, for "the virgin queen."

Whitgift began his archiepiscopate with a brilliant enthronization at Canterbury, to the great delight of the citizens of that ancient city, who had not witnessed such a sight for eighty years, or since the days of Warham. It seemed to them like a return to the ancient glory of the Church, and an indication that her days of weeping and trial were over. This is probably what the new archbishop had in view by the grand display, for he was a man of simple habits and quiet tastes. But he was the son of a wealthy merchant, and thought it well to gladden the heart, in this way, of Canterbury and of England. He frequently afterwards made brilliant displays and processions, which only a wealthy man could do.

During the whole of Archbishop Whitgift's term of office, there was forced upon him the dire necessity of steering the Church, whose primate he was, between the two great extremes, popery and Puritanism; for the rancour of both these parties began to show itself in most dangerous form. The Church of Rome began to realize and to regret most bitterly the loss of England, and many of her agents in Spain and elsewhere on the continent took upon themselves to reclaim the loss by fair means or by foul. Jesuit priests and students from foreign seminaries paid stealthy visits to England, and set up in different places the Romish mass. A stringent law was therefore passed forbidding any service being held anywhere in England but that of the Church. Some of the foreign visitors were arrested under this law, and from their confessions it was found that they had come to England to secure, if possible, the murder of the queen. So many instances of this were discovered that Elizabeth herself declared that there was no one in the kingdom whose life was in greater danger than her own. This caused earnest watchfulness and great grief to Whitgift, and if the laws of Elizabeth regarding conformity to the Church of her king-

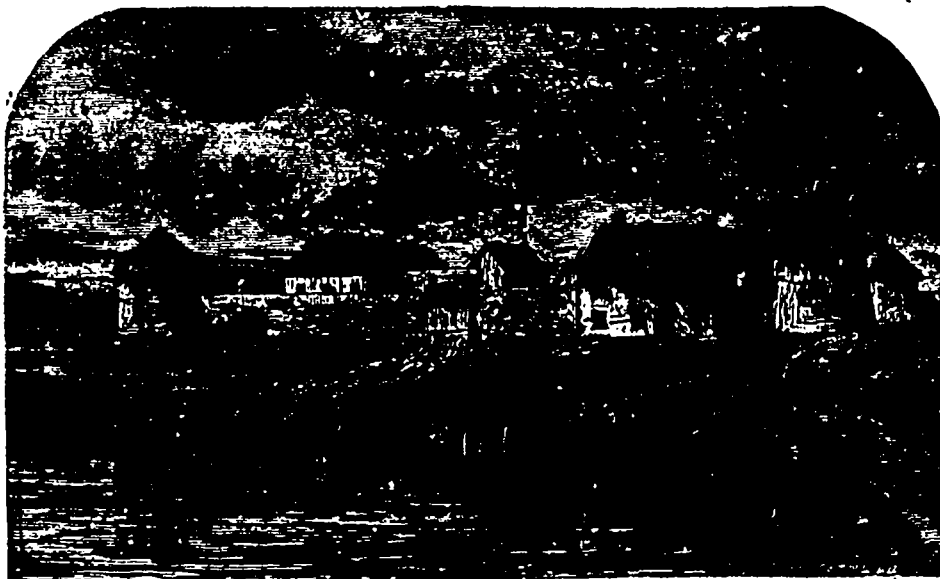
dom seem to some harsh and tyrannical, some account must be taken of the dangerous days in which she lived. A terrible battle for a principle, which she and the great majority of her bishops, priests, deacons, and laity felt was a matter of life and death, obliged her to use her authority against the murderous designs of those who were sworn to pull down all that she and her Church had built up.

It seems strange to us, viewing those scenes from this great distance, that this resolute stand against "popery" did not cause the Puritans to rally round their queen and help her to drive these dangerous foreign visitors from her shores. But it was not so. Their hatred of such things as the wearing of the surplice, the sign of the cross in baptism, the use of instrumental music in church, and of the Prayer Book itself, all ecclesiastical titles such as archbishop, bishop, dean, archdeacon, canon, etc., all forms and ceremonies of any kind, was so great that they seemed to be willing to have *their* method of reform or none at all. One Thomas Cartwright, whom we have mentioned before, had issued most scurrilous attacks upon the Church. Parker and Whitgift, in earlier life, had both carried on controversies with him, and though towards the last of Whitgift's rule as archbishop, Cartwright relented a little, yet his rabid writings did much harm.

The Puritans even began to raise a clamor against the orders of the Church, as having come through "the muddy stream of Rome," and when the master of the temple died an attempt was made to get the position for a man named Travers, a "Presbyterian preacher." But he was passed over. Had he been in Anglican orders, his claim for the position would have been good; but, as it was, "Master Richard Hooker" was put in his place, at which there was great indignation. But then and there sat down Master Richard Hooker and wrote his great book in defence of the Anglican Church, as set up by the Reformers, who knew how to distinguish between popery, on the one hand, and unreasonable fanaticism on the other. This book has defined once and forever the true position of the Anglican Church, and is a text-book everywhere for those intending to take upon themselves holy orders in the Church of England or any of her branches.

Such were the troubles of Whitgift's rule, such were some of his triumphs. He was now an old man, and had served his Church and his sovereign well. One of his last acts was to be present at the death of Queen Elizabeth. With the prayers of Whitgift in her ears, the great queen quietly passed away on the 24th of March, 1603, to the intense grief of the archbishop and the great mass of the people.

(To be continued.)




OLD FORT GARRY.

THE CAMERA IN THE MISSION FIELD.

ALGOMA AND THE WEST.

BY REV. P. L. SPENCER.


 any person seeking objects of missionary interest in Canada, the "big teaching wigwam," commonly known as the Shingwauk Home, will well repay a brief visit. Situated on the left bank of the rushing river of St. Mary, about two miles below the ambitious town of Sault Ste. Marie, it presents to the summer tourist, standing on the deck of one of the Georgian Bay steamers, an extremely picturesque appearance. Named after the late chief Augustine Shingwauk, of Garden River, built with money gathered in England by Rev. E. F. Wilson and his traveling companion, chief Buhkwujjenene, and opened by the Bishops of Algoma and Huron a year after the laying of the foundation-stone by Lord Dufferin, it has a history full of attractive incidents. For twenty years it has served the useful purpose of a boarding school and training institution for Indian boys of various tribes. A memento of one's visit in the form of a photograph of a group of forest children, with the large, vine-covered stone building as a background, is sure to interest one's friends. Other attractions are to be found in the stone and timber edifice known as the Bishop Fauquier Memorial Church, the hospital, and the industrial building. These, with other erections of less importance, constitute a small village, and speak volumes for the zeal and enterprise of the

late principal and original promoter, Rev. E. F. Wilson.

Between this part of Algoma and the town of Port Arthur there is little of special interest. A circumstance worthy of note, however, is that one missionary, whose field of labor is traversed by the C. P. R., uses the railway almost exclusively in visiting church stations and parishioners. Between Saturday evening and Monday morning he travels five hundred miles, and conducts two services and a Sunday-school. His mission extends from Chapeau to Schreiber, a distance of 250 miles.

Port Arthur's growing rival, Fort William, situated on the Kaministiquia River, possesses, as one of its attractions, a remnant of the Hudson's Bay Company's fort, erected probably when the century began with the figures 17. This relic is the stone fur-house of the ancient factory, now used by the Canadian Pacific Railway as a building in which to generate steam power for conveying coal from deck to dock. Thus, though the present town is extremely modern in its general characteristics, it can boast of an origin which carries one back to the time when the Indian whoop, instead of the locomotive whistle, was wont to disturb the forest solitudes, and when the trail and not the track marked the way to the white man's habitation. Near to this old storehouse stand at short intervals the three huge grain elevators, A, B, and C, capable of containing three million bushels of Western wheat, "No. 1, hard." What a revolution has Time wrought!

Taking away with us shadows of these material contrasts, we speed onward towards the prairie city. The hours, which threatened to

be dull and wearisome on account of the absence of farm and settlement scenes, are brightened by the conversation of the passengers, who, like ourselves, are destined for the west, and whose acquaintance is therefore welcomed by us. The young people find a cause of wonder and a source of amusement in the frequency with which the train burrows into the opposing rock, while the older members of the party comment upon the wonderful engineering skill that has thus penetrated granite promontories, besides spanning ravines and rivers, and solidifying marsh, swamp, and slough—obstacles inferior only to those which afterwards confronted the iron horse in the mountain region of British Columbia.

Occasionally one meets among one's travelling companions a person whose loquacious propensity brings him into passing prominence, and gains for him a lasting place in one's memory. During a day's journey like that under consideration, such a person is apt to provoke a little mirth by his attempts to keep himself and the company in good spirits. One of these irrepressible members of human society I remember very well. He was very respectful, although inclined to be a little familiar. His friendly salutation, "Good morning, your reverence," was followed during the day by many a greeting of equally honorable regard. As the hours sped, his warmth of feeling seemed to intensify, until, observing that I had betaken myself to an upper berth for a little change from the long *session* of the committee of exploration, his thoughts found expression in the climax, "Is that where you are, your holiness?"

This enthusiastic son of Erin I parted with when Winnipeg was reached, but I made new friends in the Canadian Chicago. Among the sights to which they introduced me was the portal of the fort which was built by the Hudson's Bay Company about the year 1835, and which, in course of time, became the nucleus of an important settlement, developing in 1875 into a growing city. Fort Garry gate, as it now exists, is an interesting relic; but it should either be removed and re-erected in another place, or it should be "restored" and preserved as one of the chief historical attractions of the Manitoba capital. Unless a little care is bestowed upon the structure, I fear it will soon share the fate of the walls and their enclosed buildings, and disappear altogether. I succeeded in capturing this remnant of a fortified position, and adding it to the trophies previously gained in the course of my expedition. St. John's Cathedral, the successor of a church erected about 1833, with the help of Indian labor, proved another good subject. As one views either the reality or the representation, one's thoughts picture the first bishop, David Anderson, making his early episcopal tours

through his illimitable diocese, with the help of dog-sledge and Indian runner. The mind also follows the course of Bishop Mountain, of Quebec, in his earlier journey from the St. Lawrence to Fort Garry by bark canoe, for the purpose of learning the spiritual needs of Rupert's Land. Bishop Anderson went to the Red River Settlement from England by way of Hudson Bay! Bishop Mountain occupied thirty-eight days between Montreal and Fort Garry, and his French-Canadian voyageurs "paddled their own canoe" 2,000 miles! While this Dominion is still distinguished for its "magnificent distances," the lapse of fifty years has tithed the time required for traversing them.

(To be continued.)

THE FAULT OF THE AGE.

The fault of the age is a mad endeavor
To leap to heights that were made to climb;
By a burst of strength or thought that is clever,
We plan to outwit and to forestall time.

We scorn to wait for the thing worth having;
We want high noon at the day's dim dawn;
We find no pleasure in toiling and saving
As our forefathers did in the good times gone.

We force our roses before their season
To bloom and blossom that we may wear;
And then we wonder and ask the reason
Why perfect buds are so few and rare.

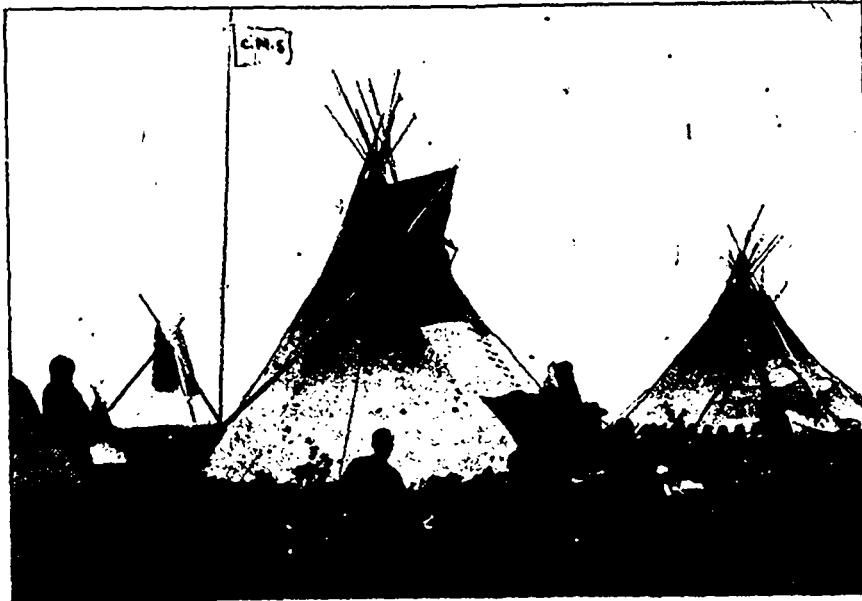
We crave the gain, but despair the getting;
We want the wealth, not a reward, but as dower;
And the strength that is wasted in useless fretting
Would fell a forest, or build a tower.

To covet the prize, yet shrink from the winning;
To thirst for glory, yet fear the fight—
Why, what can it lead to at last but sinning,
To mental languor and moral blight.

Better the slow old way of striving,
And to count small gains when the year is done,
Than to use our forces all in contriving,
To grasp for pleasures we have not won.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

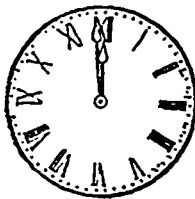
No one thanks God more heartily than I do for the increase in missionary interest, in increased offerings, in new fields occupied. But we are as yet only gleaners. What could not our branch of the church do if no day broke and no sun went down without earnest prayer for the coming of the kingdom of Christ in all lands, in all hearts, in all homes? Then all tithes would be brought into the Lord's storehouse, and He would surely pour out a blessing that there would not be room to receive it.—
Bishop Whipple.



ARCHIDEACON TIMS AND HIS TEACHING WIGWAM. (See page 34.)

Woman's Auxiliary Department.

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



Remember daily the mid-day prayer for missions.

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

WE find the following in an English paper, and give it to our readers, as Columbia is the field to which our thoughts and prayers are to be directed this month:

By the death of George Hills, first Bishop of Columbia, many who have labored in Leeds, in Great Yarmouth, and in his far western diocese, will feel that a link with their past life has been broken, and that a true pastor and bishop of the Church of God has gone to his rest.

In the earlier years of his life his ministry must, to a great extent, have been overshadowed by the personality of his great vicar, Dean Hook. But the large seaboard of Yarmouth quickly grew, under him, to be a school of clergy, when such schools were few—a place to which Wells' students eagerly resorted to learn the lessons of effective pastoral work under one who had himself been the foremost parish priest in the Norwich diocese. But the work

in Leeds and Yarmouth was only the preparation for a greater work still, and when the call to the newly founded see of Columbia came Mr. Hills at once responded. He was consecrated on St. Matthias' Day, in 1859. During the summer he sent out several who had offered themselves for pioneer work in the great and then distant diocese, while he himself visited nearly every part of England to raise funds for the work

which lay before him. How that work was done during an episcopate which lasted for nearly 34 years, the history of the Church in the province of Columbia bears ample testimony. At the time of his consecration there was one clergyman; at the time of his resignation three dioceses, each with its bishop, and with clergy and missionaries numbering about 70 in all.

In the earliest days everything seemed to prosper, and growth was rapid. His energy, his indomitable courage, his strong faith, seemed to carry everything before them; but opposition, political and religious, sprang up as time went on, and a terrible period of financial depression well nigh wrecked the colony, and caused the gravest anxiety to its chief pastor, who had invested there the larger part of the English endowment fund.

Bishop Hills was noted neither as a speaker, a preacher, nor a scholar, and yet he was a great influence. This was partly due to his fine presence, his magnificent voice, his rare power of conversation, but chiefly to his wonderful energy, his great gifts of organization, his unwavering faith that if a work was God's He would make it grow in His own time. He could create enthusiasm in his workers and draw out their strong affection. Bishop Hills' counsel to his itinerant workers among the gold miners was, "Give them plenty of preaching and plenty of singing," an idea which gauged the receptiveness of congregations gathered frequently outside the gambling dens and in drinking saloons. Of course the state of things had greatly changed; well-appointed churches and dignified services were to be found in most parts of the diocese long before the bishop's

departure from the colony. The growing ill-health of Mrs. Hills had decided the bishop to resign some years back, but she died before they could return to England, and, as the immediate cause of resignation seemed determined by act of God, he bravely consented to stay on at his post for such time as strength would allow him to do his work. It was not, however, for very long. That even the reduced area of his see, namely, Vancouver Island and its dependencies, had been too much for him was painfully evidenced by his being struck down by paralysis a few weeks after his return to England in 1892.

He recovered slowly. A small country parish, which would afford him a home and such work as he was able to undertake, helped by a curate who had married his favorite niece, was what he much desired, and before long this was found for him in his old diocese of Norwich, through the graceful act of a former valued chaplain in Columbia, who had succeeded Bishop Hills' own diocesan (Bishop Pelham) as Bishop of Norwich.

There was something striking in the coming together again of these two men. Thirty-three years before John Sheepshanks, a young curate from Leeds, had knelt before the first Bishop of Columbia to be solemnly instituted to his first parochial charge, in a diocese where his name is only second to that of his chief. Now the aged bishop kneels before his former chaplain and presbyter to be by him instituted to his last parochial charge in his Master's vineyard.

Bishop Hills sank to rest on Tuesday, Dec. 10th, 1895, at Parkham, Suffolk, aged 70.

A memorial service was held in Christ Church Cathedral, Victoria, B.C., on Sunday, Dec. 15th, and very largely attended by both clergy and laity.

VEN. ARCHDEACON TIMS.

The Ven. J. W. Tims, Archdeacon of Macleod, in the Diocese of Calgary, is visiting Ontario and Quebec in the interest of the Indian missions in the Calgary diocese. Archdeacon Tims has been over twelve years in the Northwest, having commenced work among the Blackfoot Indians in 1883. After having published a grammar and dictionary of the Blackfoot language and translated one of the Gospels, Mr. Tims directed his energies to the education of the young. In 1891-92 St. John's Home was built to accommodate thirty children. In 1894 it was enlarged to hold twenty more. There are at present twenty-eight children in this home. In 1894 the new home of the South Camp was erected, at the earnest request of the Indians themselves, and part of the expense was borne by the Dominion Government.

There are nineteen boys at present in this institution, and more are expected.

The schoolhouse, which is also used as a church, having sliding doors to shut off the chancel, was built in 1893, and stands near St. John's Home. By the erection of these necessary buildings a heavy liability has been incurred, and Archdeacon Tims hopes to obtain sufficient help by this visit to eastern Canada to wipe it out. Once the buildings are paid for, the cost of the mission will be very much reduced. The archdeacon is also ready to give all information about the other Indian missions in the diocese—the Piegan, Blood, and Sarcee—for all of which he is appealing for assistance, as they are more or less crippled for funds.

The accompanying sketch is of the missionary (Mr. Tims) camping among the roving Indians, who can only be reached in this way. To the left of the picture is a part of the missionary tent, in the centre the preaching and teaching tent, and to the right those of the Indians.

Mr. Tims is anxious to visit every branch of the Woman's Auxiliary which will receive him, so we trust that many will arrange a welcome for him. He has very much to tell that is most interesting.

CHINA.

The Emperor of China rules over one-fourth of the human race, a population equalling that of North and South America, Africa, and Australia. We talk of their hoary antiquity, their interesting peculiarities, but in one brief sentence has their true state been summed up: "Having no hope, and without God in the world." These words are just as true of the Chinese in the nineteenth century as they were of the Ephesians of old. According to Confucius, the poor women have no souls at all, and so those who feel religious promptings of any sort must turn to Buddhism for comfort—it, at least, tells of a future. But their only idea of prayer is a never-ceasing repetition of the name Buddha. We often read of the sorrows of childhood in China, the awful infanticide, the binding of the feet, etc., etc., but they are as nothing compared with the sorrows of womanhood. We talk of the suppression of the slave trade, but in China many of the wives and daughters are the merchandise by which the victims of opium gain money for this sinful habit. At a village of 10,000 inhabitants, called Sa-iong, in the autumn of 1892, this incident occurred: The old men of the village gathered together in council to see what they could do to save the town, which was going to ruin, as all the young men were smoking opium and gambling. One old man among them said, "Ten years ago a Christian passed

through this village, and he told us the Christians' God could save men from smoking opium and gambling. Let us send for the Christians." They sent for the Christians, and to-day some of these poor men and women are standing fast "in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made them free."

Is it not a fearful reproach to us enlightened ones that the native Christians in China, with all their poverty, give a larger percentage of their income to God than do the Christians in Christian lands? But such is an undoubted fact.

That God is blessing the work done for Him in China and opening the way for greater results still, we may feel assured when we know that in 1843 there were but six baptized Christians in China (Protestants), while to-day there are 37,000 communicants.

SUMMARY FOR 1895.

Receipts.

Diocese of Quebec—	
Total contributions for the year.....	\$ 2058 57
Diocese of Toronto—	
Total contributions for the year.....	7687 18
Diocese of Montreal—	
Total contributions for the year.....	1872 20
Diocese of Huron—	
Total contributions for the year.....	3293 18
Diocese of Ontario—	
Total contributions for the year.....	1548 81
Diocese of Niagara—	
Total contributions for the year.....	1807 64
Total	\$18267 58

Disbursements.

Domestic Missions, viz.:	
Diocese of Algoma.....	\$2343 50
" Athabasca.....	858 18
" Calgary.....	1990 05
" Mackenzie River.....	590 96
" Moosonee.....	286 24
" New Westminster.....	73 25
" Qu'Appelle.....	460 25
" Rupert's Land.....	1355 56
" Saskatchewan.....	109 78
" Selkirk.....	69 00
Northwest missions, diocese not specified.....	1410 57
Sabrevois mission.....	37 00
Undesignated.....	147 55
	\$ 9731 89
Foreign Missions, viz.:	
Africa.....	11 20
China.....	40 00
Chinese in B. C.....	43 60
India.....	\$ 116 75
" Zenanas.....	1351 37
	1468 12
Japan.....	\$ 255 88
" Lady missionary.....	851 36
	1107 24
Missions to the Jews.....	90 81
Madagascar.....	11 00
Sundry, in small sums.....	36 10
Undesignated.....	23 00
	2831 07

Dioceses, not Home, Domestic, or Foreign:	
Newfoundland.....	\$196 50
Nova Scotia.....	10 00
	\$ 116 50
Missions undesignated.....	124 72
Education, 'Missionaries' children.....	908 00
Sundries.....	185 46
Total expenses of diocesan branches.....	1250 97
Total balance in the hands of the treasurer.....	3117 32
	18265 93
Plus printers' errors in reports.....	1 65
	\$18267 58

LOUISA IRVINE, Gen. Treas., W.A.
Quebec, August 23, 1895.

A HINDU SCHOOL.

Miss Bland, sister of Rev. Canon Bland, of Hamilton, Ontario, has a school for Mohammedan and Hindu girls in Acra, India. She thus speaks of the Hindu school:

The first thing that strikes us is that the girls are far less subdued than in the Mohammedan school. This is probably owing to their lives being freer, as they are less shut up than the other children. They will hardly let you sit down, after their brightly repeated *salams*, before they gather round you, each with her book, and each determined to be heard first; but the nice teacher, *Jemnee*, with a light wand in her hand, we will not call it a cane, soon places them in their classes, and asks me what they shall do, and which class I will take first. The course is much the same as in the Mohammedan school, except that "Peep of Day" is taught as a third book, and the children answer the questions on the chapters very brightly. They are doing a little work, too, but only as a reward, in the upper classes. They learn to knit comforters and socks, and sometimes do a little wool work. A quick child soon learns to work a pair of slippers for her father, who is glad to pay for wool and canvas. They are very fond of hymns, and bring their own books, and one child after another will call for a favorite hymn. Sometimes it is quite difficult to get them to go when the time for closing school comes, and they will beg for "just one more, only one," and how can we refuse such a petition, especially when we know how much they learn by these hymns? Before closing you may like to know that a Mohammedan school costs about £18, and a Hindu school £12 a year. The greater expense of the former is owing to the *dooly* which brings the children. These sums cover teachers, rent, a woman to call the girls, and the cost of books and general keep up of the school.

STRAIGHTFORWARD.

CHAPTER IX.

DESERTED again!" Captain Mostyn pronounced the words in tones of real dismay. Courage had been screwed up to the sticking point, the village had been reached, the stockade had been entered through a low door in the side, with some misgivings, and the dozen of native huts within the enclosure had been hastily examined, without disclosing a living soul.

Sam muttered sulkily, that he didn't believe there were any men at all in this hole of an island. They were all monkeys, and hid in the trees when disturbed.

"That no monkey!" promptly pronounced Peter.

A pair of bright eyes were peeping through the stockade door from without—a daring little brown damsel of ten or eleven was evidently fascinated by the scarlet and glitter of the new-comers.

'Lisbeth held up a string of beads, and, after a few coy retreats, the creature could resist no longer. She advanced hastily, made a snatch at the treasure, and then fled like the wind.

A moment later, and she returned with the whole village at her back—all at least who were at home, consisting of some fifteen women, a few old men, and a horde of curious little children, of whom the bright little maid with the necklace was evidently queen and chief—the men were all out on a hunting expedition.

The poor creatures were trembling with fright at this sudden inroad of the "moon-faced" people, of whom they might have heard from natives that visited the coast, but whom evidently they had never met face to face before.

Presents, however, soon brought them into a happier state of mind, and their faces began to assume their natural aspect over red handkerchiefs, clasp-knives, and cheap ornaments. They would not have been ill-looking but for a disfiguring custom, which was very general, of boring large holes in their noses and ears, and carrying rolls of tobacco in these cupboards.

At the instigation of their first little friend, whom 'Lisbeth instantly named Gipsey, the new comers were pressed to rest, and take possession of an empty hut, built of tree-trunks, standing as they grew, and thatched with palm leaves.

It was a nervous moment when this little lady, doing the honors by displaying a box of leaves, and closing her eyes to entice 'Lisbeth to repose, suddenly caught a sound from without, and bounded away like a kid.

"The men!" 'Lisbeth gasped, clutching at Perran's hand; she was but a woman, after all.

But Gipsey was, as afterwards appeared, the petted daughter of the head man of the village, and she had undertaken the protection of the visitors, so all was to be well.

Besides, the hunting party had returned in great spirits; it had been a good day, they had "bagged" twenty kangaroos.

"Kangaroo chop mighty good!" whispered Peter to George, and then, with the freedom of his nature, he was soon hand and glove with an unclothed young sportsman; apparently conversing, although neither knew a word of the other's language.

Captain Mostyn advanced straight to the chief, bowed to the ground, pressed his hand to his heart, and then laid at his feet a store of trifles, which, at home in England, would have only been acceptable to a very immature schoolboy in the parish school.

There was a slight consultation, and then it appeared that the hand of friendship was to be extended to the white men.

A kangaroo was at once placed at their service, upon which Molly triumphantly produced her frying pan. Alas! a moment too soon, for the chief's eye caught the dazzle of the copper, and he instantly coveted it as a headpiece.

In vain Molly said, in very decided English, "After dinner, sir, I'll lend it to you."

His longings could not be mistaken, and when she set it on the ground for a second it was missing. Nay, it was on his dark Excellency's head, the long handle trailing down his back, a good deal in the way. He had taken it for a species of helmet!

Molly wanted to cry, but George and 'Lisbeth laughed till the tears ran down their cheeks.

"If I'd only brought the glazed saucepan, too," sighed Molly, "I could have made a stew in that."

But the native mode of cooking had to be resorted to for to-day, and very good the roast meat proved to the tired, hungry travellers.

"That friend of Peter's is a very sharp lad; listen to him now, he is saying 'How you do?'" "Ver well, thank you," after Peter in the exact tones of his teacher, I wonder could we get him as a guide. I must have a palaver with the chief about it. We can't go far without someone to explain matters for us. In two days' time we must reach the territory of the unfriendly tribes, and then we may find ourselves in a mess."

Captain Mostyn spoke lightly, but the subject was serious.

The next day was Sunday, and though the natives crowded like flies round their strange guests, the white men determined to hold their usual Sunday service.

They listened in some amazement to the chanting of the psalms for the day, and were tolerably quiet during the reading of a lesson,

but when Captain Mostyn said, "Let us pray," and the newcomers knelt on the floor of the hut, the position appeared so extraordinary to the ignorant savages, that they burst into uncontrollable laughter, running off in every direction.

No one had ever taught them to pray, it was evident. The little service was continued more happily in their absence. Only the chief's daughter remained. She had attached herself specially to George Holt, and with the powers of mimicry, peculiar apparently to this tribe, she had knelt when he knelt, and folded her hands in imitation of 'Lisbeth opposite to her.

Oh, how glad a thing it would be to teach this willing creature's heart to follow the leadings of her hands! To teach her to know the true God, whom even now she was trying ignorantly to worship!

On the Monday morning the chief was formally invited to an interview. He was a singularly intelligent man, and little Gipse, who had spent the whole of the previous day with the English party, helped him to guess at the meaning of the strangers. Peter and 'Lisbeth also made capital interpreters, natural quickness with both taking the place of actual acquaintance with the language.

By dint of many signs, and reference to a young child in the village of about the size Jesse might be supposed to be, it was at last made clear to the chief that they were in search of a lost child, but, when they pronounced the name of the tribe, he first went through a pantomime (so lifelike that 'Lisbeth trembled) of braining Captain Mostyn with his stone axe, to show the ferocity of the people, and then he suddenly threw himself upon the white man, embraced him, offered him tobacco, and finally took his arm in the most affectionate manner, and led him to the door of the hut.

Captain Mostyn repressed, as best he could, all feelings of disgust at this close contact with the unwashed savage.

"He means, sir, that he will be our friend," cried 'Lisbeth.

"So far, so good. But the chief next insinuated that much scarlet cotton, beads, knives, and looking-glasses would be necessary to complete the contract. These were produced and laid in a heap before the party.

Now Captain Mostyn went through his part of the play. By the side of the chief's large heap of spoil he raised a smaller one, and then he fetched the lad, whom Peter already had named Joe. Then he took Joe's arm and led him to the door, and across the cleared ground to the stockade entrance, pointing northward to signify that he was to accompany them; then he brought him back to the house, still arm in arm, to signify a safe return, and conducted

him to the heap of treasure which was to be his reward. Joe was delighted, and wanted to lay his cheek against Captain Mostyn's, too, but this was more than he could bear. He ordered Peter to act as proxy, and take all further embraces.

After that they all dined together in token of friendship—more kangaroo chops!

That evening Peter, who had spent the day with Joe, gave the result in such a complete form, that the council of Englishmen thought it best only to place a partial reliance on his story. It sounded too accurate.

"He tell me all 'bout it," began Peter ("if you going to snigger, Sam, better you clear out of this); Captain, *he* knows I understand all nigger talk." There was a skit at Sam intended here, which the great sulky fellow thought of resenting, but didn't. Peter went on: "Joe he quite know what to do, he know this tribe, what has one little child, quite well—he take us there in nine days and a half night. Then we hide in bush, and he take tobacco and beads, and try buy Jesse; if not, steal him, and we all run back. That fine, eh?"

"Let Joe take us to the tribe first, and we'll see about the rest," was the answer. At least it was evident that the stripling had no objection to act as guide to the party, and that was much gained.

All were anxious for the start, and chose to believe Peter's next announcement—"Joe know beauty nest for us to sleep in, only three hour from dis place," so they started that same afternoon.

It would be only useless and wearisome to give a diary of this march through forests and swamps—fatigue and danger always in the company of the lively band. Joe proved faithful, nay, he speedily became attached to his strange masters, rapidly learning their language. The greatest annoyance experienced on the route arose from the sulky ill-temper of Sam, and yet he was of such a powerful build that they could not do without him, however much they desired to be rid of the grumbler.

He settled the matter, however, by entirely disappearing on the morning of the fourth day, and taking his load with him.

"Mighty good riddance!" said Peter.

But what was in his pack? Nothing could be spared of the small stock of necessaries brought with them.

"Only dem papers and boxes to keep beetles in for Mr. Crane," Peter avowed—"not much food."

But 'Lisbeth softly whispered something in her husband's ear; only three words: "*All the quinine.*"

"Hush! do not let us speak of it," he answered in the same tone.

It was indeed a grievous loss; it almost meant death, in case of future attacks of fever. But

they had been mercifully preserved so far—why doubt or fear?

Yet, as if to try them, Captain Mostyn awoke next morning heavy and languid. "In for another touch of fever," he said, with an attempt at a smile. "Perran, old fellow, get out the medicine tin, I expect I shall not make much of this."

Alas! he had then to be told of the grievous loss. He knew the importance of it. Yet he answered cheerfully, "Don't look so down, old chap; it's all right; if I am to get better, I shall."

'Lisbeth could not help a burst of tears, when she realized that this precious life was in danger through the treachery of a servant.

"Don't cry, go and pray for him," said George. He was a man of very few words. He had prayed, his sister felt sure. She dried her eyes and called Molly. "Two or three" should pray, and then, indeed, Jesus, the healer, would come into their midst.

"Is he very ill, missis?" asked Peter, who looked on the stupor of fever as nothing very alarming.

"I am afraid," was all 'Lisbeth could say.

Her fears proved correct. The young man's attack was so sharp, that without medicine it seemed, humanly speaking, impossible he should recover.

Peter was very disconsolate. He had an affectionate heart. He wandered a little apart, coming suddenly on Joe working hard with axe and pick in the loose ground.

"What you do there?" enquired Peter, wondering.

Joe shut his eyes and drooped his head. "For Captain."

He was digging a grave!

"Captain not dead and not going to die," declared Peter, angrily. "What do you mean, you scoundrel young savage?"

Luckily, Joe did not comprehend all Peter's wrathful expletives; he paused, however, amazed at his angry tone. He was only working for the good of the party. Why should he be blamed?

Perhaps Peter's conscience smote him when he saw the cloud on the poor lad's face, for he took pains to explain that he was in a rage with that Sam, who had run off with all the medicine.

A sudden light came into Peter's eyes as he endeavored to make the lad understand. Sam would never carry that heavy pack far. He would surely throw away what he would regard as useless. If only he could get on his trail! No doubt Sam would try to make what Peter called straight tracks for the coast! That would be by yonder forest, he reflected, the forest they had just left behind them. Joe had a good nose, he would consult him.

The queer pair did hold a conversation, the

result of which was that they set off towards the forest, arm-in-arm, the best of friends.

Not till next morning did it strike anyone to miss them. Then 'Lisbeth lifted tired eyes to Perran—she had watched half the night by the now delirious sufferer—and said: "Have they gone, too, Peter and Joe?"

It looked as if they had deserted the camp in its distress, certainly. That was a bad moment for the remnant.

'Lisbeth and Ferran stood watching the restless, fever-stricken man.

"He must die, then?" she said, in a tone of despair. "Oh, Perran, I can't bear it. Poor Sir John, poor Lady Mostyn!"

At that moment there was a shout in the distance. Perran ran to the hut door, for they had found a lodge in the wilderness in which to shelter their sick.

Peter and Joe were coming toward them, the former holding something triumphantly in the air.

It was the tin case of medicine! Oh, the joy and relief of the sight! 'Lisbeth felt her heart jump with thankfulness, she could not speak. She seized almost like a tigress the precious box, and administered the medicine. Then she laughed and cried, and shook hands with Peter and Joe, who, tired and hungry, were trying to find something to satisfy their cravings.

"Good boys!" she cried, "good boys, the best in the world, where did you find the tin—tell me?"

"Dat lazy hulk, Sam, he not carry it far," said Peter, brightening, and pausing before crunching the bone of a pigeon he had discovered near the ashes of yesterday's fire. "But it took Papua boy to find his track, and Joe here he very good boy at that. We look, and look, and at last find his great ugly foot, and then search all bush, and I find papers and books, and last dis box and empty bottle of beetle-killer. He drank dat, Sam, he have, I do hope! Think it grog." Peter grinned delightedly at the idea.

'Lisbeth was too excited to listen. She ran back to their quarters and brought the handsomest reward she could think of for the pair, some of Perran's best tobacco.

"And the Captain's going to get well now?" asked Peter.

"Please God, please God!" prayed poor 'Lisbeth, going back to her watch.

(To be continued.)

"Life is a leaf of paper white,
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night;
Though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime;
Not failure, but low aim, is crime."

Young People's Department.



DAMASCUS.

DAMASCUS.

THE oldest city in the world, perhaps, is Damascus. We read of it in fifteen different books of the Bible. How many children can tell the names of those fifteen books? One of them we will mention. It is the first of all the books. It is Genesis. Damascus is mentioned twice there—once in the fourteenth chapter and once in the fifteenth; but we are not told in the Bible who founded or built it. Yet the builder of it seems to have been known. You have heard of Josephus. He was a Jew who wrote a history of his own people, and a good deal of what he wrote is the same as what we read in the Bible. Well, he says that Damascus was founded by a man named Uz, and his name is mentioned in the Book of Genesis. You will find it in the tenth chapter and the 23rd verse. He was the grandson of Shem, and Shem, you know, was one of the sons of Noah. Noah had three sons. Can you tell their names? Every Christian child ought to know the names of the sons of Noah, for "of them was the whole earth overspread." They were called Shem, Ham, and Japheth—and one of the sons of Shem was Aram, and one of his sons was Uz; and Uz, Josephus says, founded the city of Damascus.

Think of all the hundreds and hundreds of

years that have gone over Damascus, and yet it is standing now, with its old wall about it as you see in the picture.

It was just as Saul of Tarsus, a bold, strong man, who wanted to kill all the men and women that believed in Jesus—it was just as he came in sight of Damascus that Jesus spoke to him in the midst of a great light that threw him down to the ground. Then he was blind. He could not see to enter the city. Men had to lead him in through the gates into the city. But after that he became a believer in Jesus, although a little while before he was ready to kill all those who did believe in Him. God touched his heart and changed his mind. For all the rest of his life he preached for Jesus and worked for Him. You know he was always afterwards called Paul, not Saul, and we speak of him as St. Paul, or "the holy Paul."

Once bad men were angry with him for believing in Jesus, and they were going to kill him; but his friends put him in a large basket and let him down outside the wall, and so he got away safely, that he might go to all parts of the world and preach about the Saviour. A short time after this a Christian bishop lived at Damascus, but it was conquered by the Turks, and is now a Mohammedan city. Let us hope that some day a holy missionary like St. Paul will yet be able to make this ancient city what it once was—a city of God and a city of Christ.

BEGIN RIGHT.

"BOYS," said papa, coming in through the yard as the rain began to fall, "put on your rubber coats and boots, and run out and clear away the heap of dirt you threw up yesterday around the cistern platform. Make a little channel where the ground slopes, for the water to run off below."

Hal and Horace thought this great fun, and were soon at work. But presently papa called from a window:

"You are not doing that right, boys. You've turned the water all towards the house. It will be running into the cellar window next thing you know. Turn your channel away from the house at once."

"But this is the easiest way to dig it now, papa," called Hal. "Before it does any harm we'll turn it off."

"Do it right in the beginning," said papa, in a voice that settled things. "Begin right, no matter if it is more trouble. Then you will be sure that no harm can be done, and won't have to fix things up afterward."

The boys did as they were told, and were just in time to keep a stream of water from reaching the cellar window.

Soon after this papa found Horace reading a book borrowed from one of the boys.

"That is not the kind of reading that I allow," he said. "Give it back at once."

"Please let me finish the book," pleaded Horace. "Then I can stop reading this kind, before it does me any harm."

"No," said papa, repeating the lesson of the rainy day, "begin right in your reading, and in all your habits, and then you will not have to change. Take the right direction first, and then you'll be sure of it."—*Exchange*.

JOHNNIE'S ORATION.

"NOT your speech ready for Friday, Johnnie?" asked a school boy.

"No," said John.

"Well, I have. You'd better hurry up."

"Pshaw! what's the use?" asked John. "You see, a speech for Friday isn't just like lessons that a fellow ought to learn. Ever so many things may happen, so that I shan't have to speak at all. Visitors may come in, or some other boy may recite something real long, so that there won't be time for me. I shan't bother. Maybe I'll go out in the country that day, and then if I learned anything it would be of no use. I'll wait till the time comes."

John waited, but he did not go to the country; the other boys chose short declamations, and Friday morning was so cloudy that there was no prospect of company. At noon John was in a state of desperation. He flew here and there about the house in search of something that would answer his purpose. Uncle Jack gave him a book of dialogues and orations, but before he could learn more than a line or two it was school time.

The others spoke, but John listened without hearing much, and when his own name was called he walked across the floor with a very bewildered feeling. Then, staring at the ceiling, he leaned against a post in the centre of the room. Mr. Grey would not accept excuses; John knew that perfectly. He put his hands in his pockets and looked at the boys, pulled them out again and looked at the clock; then he began confusedly:

"My name is Norval. On the Grampian hills—my name is Norval. On the Grampian hills my father feeds his—his—name is Norval."

"Runs in the family, that name does," slyly whispered a boy near him. The others began to laugh, for they all knew how grandly John had talked of not taking any trouble.

Mr. Grey began to look curiously over his glasses, and John knew that something must be done; so he suddenly said, "I don't know much about Norval, but I know something about industry; so I'll talk about that."

"Industry is a good thing to have; it's better than luck. If a boy just trusts to luck, it may not turn out as he expects, and then he gets into trouble. If a boy is real industrious, and gets ready for things, why—he's ready. If the man that invented the telegraphing had waited for luck, I don't suppose there'd have been any messages sent yet. Boys, be industrious; get ready for things beforehand, and don't wait till the time comes."

John bowed and sat down, and the boys applauded heartily.

Mr. Grey, who did not understand the matter so well, hesitated a moment, but finally said: "This address seems to be original, and I suppose we must judge it leniently on that account, though it is very imperfectly prepared. There is some valuable truth in it, however, which the speaker himself may profit by: 'Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.' Or, rather," he added more seriously, "there is a better motto still that I should like to give you: 'Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men.' That will prevent all shams and careless work."

The boys thought John had escaped wonderfully well; he was certain of one thing—that if he had not learned anything to recite, he had learned something else that day.—*Kate W. Hamilton*.



DRESS.

HIS is a picture of a foreign lady. Her dress is simple enough, but you see she has a good many ornaments. Women are always fond of wearing ornaments, and, when not carried too far, it is very nice for them to do it. Men often wear dress that is very gay and bright, but it is only when they put on some kind of uniform. Women in their every day dress usually have something on them that is bright and attractive—ear-rings, necklace, head-gear of some kind, finger rings, and other things like them. Women are often cautioned in the Bible not to be too silly about their dress. "Whose adorning," St. Peter says, "let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair and of wearing of gold, or of putting on-of apparel, but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

All girls and young ladies would do well to learn that text of Scripture off by heart, for very often a girl's dress tells what her mind is, and what her disposition is like. Some ornament in dress, of course, she ought to have. She is not to make herself look "dowdy," but plain dress and neat, with a little ornament, looks the best after all, and is the best. Let all have "the meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price."

ONE WAY TO EARN MISSIONARY MONEY.



LADY writes: "I think if I add to this little enclosure of two dollars an account of the way most of it was raised, some other little girl may be induced to earn another two dollars in the same way."

When self-denial week came, Margery decided to try to raise a little money by dolls' dressmaking. So she fitted up one of the stalls in our unoccupied stable with an improvised counter and showcase, and a curtain to shut off the work-room behind; and then she got out some little cards of invitation to her little friends in the neighborhood, appointing an "opening day," when specimens of dolls' dresses, collars, caps or hats, vests or guimpes, would be exhibited at a certain hour after school was over.

At the appointed time the little girls came, bringing their dolls, and, as the prices charged were not too high, a good many different articles of a doll's wardrobe were ordered, and Margery was kept quite busy for about a week, thus making one dollar.

A SWARM OF BEES.

B hopeful, B cheerful, B happy, B kind,
 B busy of body, B modest of mind,
 B earnest, B truthful, B firm, and B fair,
 Of all Mis: B haviour B sure to B ware.
 B think, ere you stumble, of what may B fall;
 B true to yourself, and B faithful to all.
 B brave to B ware of the sins that B set;
 B sure that one sin will another B get.
 B just and B generous, B honest, B wise,
 B mindful of time, and B certain it flies.
 B prudent, B liberal, of order B fond,
 B uy less than you need B fore B uying B yond.
 B careful, but yet B the first to B stow;
 B temperate, B steadfast, to anger B slow,
 B thoughtful, B thankful, whate'er may B tide;
 B just and B joyful, B cleanly B side
 B pleasant, B patient, B gentle to all,
 B best if you can, but B humble withal;
 B prompt and B dutiful, still B polite,
 B reverent, B quiet, B sure to B right;
 B calm, B retiring, B ne'er led astray,
 B grateful, B cautious of those who B tray;
 B tender, B loving, B good and B nign;
 B loved shalt thou B, and all else shall B thine.

—Selected.

WISE AND BRAVE.

LITTLE Frank Hall is a very tender-hearted boy; he is very brave, too. One day he was carrying a basket of apples home which his Aunt Bertha had given him, and just at the end of the street he saw a man beating a horse most cruelly. Frank stopped and breathed hard for a moment, and thought rapidly. Then he went up to the man and said to him with a pleasant smile:

"Wouldn't you like an apple, sir?"

When the man looked down and saw the anxious little face, he laughed, took the apple, and said:

"Thank you, sonny!"

Then he drove on without hitting the horse again. Wasn't Frank wise as well as brave?
—*Mayflower.*

A PENNY AND MISSIONS.

REV. J. MARTIN, of Fu-kien, China, sent the *Children's World* this poem, which we are sure will interest our readers, especially those who have gone in for trading with pennies. He says: "These lines were written by a young girl who was left an orphan when only a few months old. She supports herself by needlework, not being strong enough for housework. Her earnings are small, but she always finds some way of giving substantial help in sending the Gospel to those who have it not, and, as she says in the following lines, God adds His blessing to her efforts."

I've been asked to write a story,
A story that is true,
About a little dollie
Which from a penny grew.
'Twas the penny trading system
I thought that I would try,
So a penny ball of cotton
I went to town to buy.
Then with my crochet cotton
I made two yards of lace;
I had two months to work in,
And time flew on apace.
For the lace I got a shilling;
'How dear!' I hear you say.
'Twas dear, but she who bought it
Just gave me double pay.
I then with eightpence of it
Bought wool of "rainbow shade,"
And set to work in earnest.
Four "daisy mats" I made,
And these I finished making,
And sold for one and four;
And next I had an order
To make a pinafore,
To fit a little baby,
A child eighteen months old;
When finished, for three shillings
My pinafore was sold.
I thought myself quite rich then,
For I had three and two;
I had not yet quite finished,
I'd something else to do.
I thought I'd like a dollie:
To town once more I went
And saw a little beauty,
So one and six I spent.
I still had one and eightpence,
With that I bought her clothes;
To dress a doll is pleasure,
As everybody knows.
It sold for six and sixpence.
That's how my dollie grew
Out of a little penny;

And may I say to you—
That when you think there's nothing
For missions you can do
Just try the penny trading;
I've tried it—why not you?
Ask God to bless your labor
And little work of love,
Ask for "the shower of blessing";
He'll send them from above.

KOREAN MANNERS.



HE girl in Korea is not considered worth educating. She is welcome to such knowledge of the native script, *The Unman*, as she may be able to pick up from her mother.

The boy, however, before he has attained the age of six, is put into *The Thousand Characters*, or A B C book. Some never get through their alphabet.

It is good manners, in Korea at least, for the girl to get up first in the morning, sweep the room, roll up the bed (a mattress spread on the floor), and then begin the preparation for breakfast, which is not served until ten o'clock.

It is proper for the boy to rise early and go round to his father's apartment, and greet him with, "Have you had peace in your sleep?" The boy is expected to busy himself around the front of the house—put in order the parlor (which, by the way, belongs to the male part of the family), sweep the yard or see that it is swept; he then goes to his studies. He goes to school before breakfast.

Children stand with eyes cast down and hands folded in the presence of parents and superiors. They are supposed "to be seen and not heard," unless spoken to.

Great care must be exercised in addressing superiors. The omission of a single syllable may, like the omission of *r*, change *friend* to *fiend*. The same word, pronounced in exactly the same tone, may have as many as ten different meanings.

When anything is handed to a child, he receives it with both hands. He does not say "Thank you," but "I shall enjoy eating this," or "I shall make good use of what you have given me."—*Selected.*

NEVER a day is lost, dear,
If at night you can truly say
You've done one kindly deed, dear,
Or smoothed some rugged way.

Never a day is dark, dear,
Where the sunshine of home may fall,
And where the sweet home voices
May answer you when you call.

Never a day is sad, dear,
If it brings, at set of sun,
A kiss from mother's lips, dear,
And a thought of work well done.

—*Our Young Folks.*

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

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE mission of Sandy Lake, diocese of Saskatchewan, has been placed under the charge of Mr. James Taylor, who has been an active lay worker in Prince Albert. As he begins with a knowledge of the language, there is every promise of his doing excellent work.

THE Ven. Archdeacon Tims is now in Ontario, where he will spend some months before entering upon fresh work. The disturbance of his work at the Blackfoot Indian Homes has been a great disappointment, but will doubtless prove to be a blessing in the end.

PYRAMID mission boxes for collecting children's missionary offerings will be sent free on application to Rev. Dr. Mockridge, 56 St. Alban street, Toronto, provided the offerings be made for Indian homes in Algoma or the Northwest, or for any "domestic" or foreign missionary object.

THE Sioux mission, diocese of Rupert's Land, has been placed under the care of Rev. W. Robertson, *vice* Mr. G. Hartland. While living at the mission he will continue in charge of the English work at Alexander. Mr. Clement Taylor will assist Mr. Robertson as school-master and catechist.

THE forces of Christianity are very unequally distributed. It is said that there is one Christian pastor for every 900 people in Great Britain, for every 800 in the United States, for

every 200,000 in Japan, for every 250,000 in Africa, for every 300,000 in India, for every 400,000 in South America, and for every 700,000 in China. In the face of these figures, which are given on the authority of *The Missionary Review of the World*, a redistribution of the Christian ministry might seem to be worth consideration.

THE unfortunate Armenians, being still slaughtered right and left, must wonder why among the millions of Christian people throughout the world no one steps in to help them. The sword of the Kurd is still bloody; the Sultan of Turkey knows no pity; Mohammedans still mow Christians down, and Christian powers seem not to care. Some great result, at present unforeseen, may follow from these horrors, but ordinary people cannot help wondering why the Christian world allows them to continue.

ANNUAL REPORT, 1895.—ERRATA.—On page 28 of the Annual Report the totals for Quebec diocese should be \$1,967.64 (domestic), \$1,546.26 (foreign), \$158.44 (Jews), \$3,672.34 (total), instead of those published. The printer inserted the totals of the last page of returns sent by the diocesan officer, overlooking the sum of the pages written on the back of it. The name of Rev. G. B. Morley should have appeared opposite the parish of Tullamore, diocese of Toronto. In Nova Scotia the children of North Sydney (Rev. C. G. Abbott) contributed \$16.04 to Indian missions, which was not included in the returns sent us from Nova Scotia.

CHINA, Japan, Corea, Formosa, are words well known through the late war in the east. On the whole, the war has been somewhat favourable to the work of Christian missionaries. China has been badly shaken, and her old exclusiveness somewhat disturbed. This may open up a new opportunity for Christian workers. Japan feels her national importance, and the native Christians are pressing all the more for a church entirely their own, without "foreign" rule or interference. This is regarded with anxiety by many thoughtful missionaries, who think that the time has not yet come for the infant church—still a very little one—to walk alone. In Corea the staff of missionaries is small, but they see signs of improvement in their work, and are longing and praying for reinforcements. People formerly indifferent are now willing, and even eager, to hear the Gospel. Formosa, having recovered from the unrest caused by the disposition made of it in the war, is resuming its march towards Christianity. The whole island gives strong indications of soon becoming a Christian land.

EPIPHANY APPEAL, 1896.

To the Reverend the Clergy, and the Laity, of the Church of England in Canada :

DEAR BRETHREN,—We once more appeal to you on behalf of the foreign missionary work of our Church. In 1883, or about twelve years ago, the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society was formed. It was formed at a time when the Church of England in Canada was making no united effort on behalf of foreign missions. Some work was being done, it is true, but only by the separate efforts of certain parishes or dioceses. By the formation of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, the nine different dioceses composing this ecclesiastical province were enabled to move shoulder to shoulder in the two great departments of missionary work indicated by its name; and it may be well to state here a few figures to show the progress that this society has made in the work that it was called upon to do. The result of the first year's appeal for domestic and foreign missions, which was in the year 1884, was \$14,887.94. The amount collected last year was \$42,070.67, or nearly three times as much as was contributed eleven years ago. This is a fair indication that the appeals issued regularly by the Board of Management of this society have not been without good results, but that they have been met with a spirit of growing interest and appreciation on the part of the members of the various congregations. We cannot refrain, however, from saying that \$42,000 is not a sufficiently large sum for nine such dioceses as those of eastern Canada to contribute for missionary work outside their own borders. It is only an average of about \$4,666 for each diocese, any one of which—except, perhaps, Algoma—ought to be able to contribute more than that. Let us hope that a growing interest in missionary work will produce a steady increase in the contributions of the people, for, without a good supply of money, no missionary society can send an adequate number of workers to the field.

The result of the regular preaching of the Gospel, and the ministration of the Sacraments, and other means of grace in our parishes, ought not only to be seen in the consistent lives of our home population, but also in men and women coming forward to offer themselves for "service at the front," where the forces of "the Captain of our salvation" are directly engaged with those of the enemy in battle. Christian parents, will you not offer your children? Young men and maidens, will you not offer yourselves for "the help of the Lord against the mighty"? When God asks, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" which of you will gladly say, "Here am I, send me?" Alas! the Saviour's words regarding His own age are as true now as they were then—"The laborers are few."

"The laborers are few"—painfully so in proportion to the work which has to be done—and save in rare instances they cannot be increased in number without the aid of money. To say nothing of the actual support of the missionaries themselves, every move connected with the work involves expense. The opportunities to-day for missionary work are splendid, for the Christian preacher may go where he will. The whole world lies open before him. No walls are built against him, no gates are closed in his face, no sword is drawn to oppose him. Here and there some few savages may strike a missionary down, or some excited people may put the few Christians among them to death, but such cases are only exceptions to an almost universal rule of the day—that the world is now open to receive the Gospel message. There is no national feeling against it.

At the same time, missionary work can not be done without the expenditure of money. People wonder sometimes that there is such a demand for money in connection with it, but a little reflection will convince them that it must be so.

Printing, for instance, is a powerful assistant in the prosecution of missionary work. A new language has to be studied and reduced to a system, so that the Bible, Prayer Book, and hymns, and tracts setting forth the Gospel story, may be printed and circulated among the people whose conversion is being undertaken. Yet this involves not only an enormous amount of labor, but also very considerable expense.

Again, education is a large factor in missionary enterprise. Instruction must be given to heathen children. Schools and colleges must be established, teachers engaged, maps, books, and appliances of various kinds obtained, all for this single purpose—in every sense of the word a good one. Children—sometimes poor, naked savages—must be gathered into schools to be taught things which their fathers and mothers knew not. They have to be clothed and fed, taught to read, and instructed in the many refinements of civilization, and then sent back as useful missionaries to their own people. For these children, while taught the ways of civilized life, are taught also the salvation which is in Christ. They are taught to pray and to sing hymns. In fact, as far as can be, they are made intelligent Christian children.

The wisdom of this method can not well be controverted. It has its difficulties, it is true, for sometimes it is no easy matter to persuade a heathen people to allow their children to be taken from them. But, still, it is done, and in some cases with the very best results. Yet such work can not be carried on without the aid of money. The missionary in a distant land, living among a strange people, sees that he can teach them, in many cases only through their children, but he needs help. He needs money. Is it any wonder that he tells us so? And if

we think his cause a good one, if we think his method for prosecuting it a wise one, we surely ought not to withhold that which will not only greatly encourage him, but without which he can not undertake it.

These are among the reasons why money is needed for missionary work. Others might be mentioned, such as the work of the medical missionary. This powerful auxiliary to the "furtherance of the Gospel," a leading feature of the present age, is being found most effective and useful. To save life, to minimize bodily affliction, to nurse with tender care the distressed and the diseased, is to gain an honest and powerful hold upon the affections, and if this can be utilized to win souls to Christ and to teach them the ways of His true and beautiful religion, surely it ought to be encouraged and upheld. But here again money is necessary.

"The field," said our Lord, "is the world," and the English-speaking peoples are certainly trying now to occupy it, and to sow in every land the good seed of the Kingdom. The reports of the great Missionary Societies of the Church of England, and of other communions, and of those in the United States of America, would, if carefully read and pondered, fill you with admiration for the enthusiasm, courage, and heroism, the endurance, perseverance, and devotion of those who are toiling and laboring, and, in many instances, giving their lives, sometimes by actual martyrdom, for the spread of the Gospel, and the coming of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ; for the reports are full of the most interesting and heart-stirring accounts of what is being done.

Brethren, we can not now stop to reason with the man who says that he does not believe in foreign missions. We have pointed out over and over again that it is a work which must be done, but which calls for faith. Thank God, there are enough who do believe in it to make foreign missions a feature of the present age.

Of this we will point to but one solitary instance. It shall be that wonderful country, Japan. But yesterday it was a barbarous and cruel land. But times changed. A wave of civilization reached her shores. By degrees one product of civilization after another was introduced throughout the whole country, until it could be called a barbarous land no longer. By the late war with China, a country ten times larger than herself, and the speedy conquest gained, Japan proved to the world that she had not been idle in learning the arts of modern warfare both on land and sea; and her Parliament, postal arrangements, railways, telegraphs, and all other like improvements of the age show to the peaceful visitor that she has advanced far along the road of civilized improvement. Her religion alone remains, dark, superstitious, and, as we view it, unreal.

But even in this she has shown a willingness to learn. In her barbarous state she refused to listen to the Gospel. Her gates were closed to the missionary. No one dared mention the name of Christ there; but now every facility is offered for the propagation of the Gospel. It seems unquestionable that the Lord has opened "a great door and effectual" for the Gospel in Japan.

Our mention of this country is specially appropriate because it is the one solitary foreign field where the Church of England in Canada is personally represented. In the year 1888, Wycliffe College, Toronto, sent the Rev. J. Cooper Robinson as a missionary to Japan. Two others and a lady missionary were afterwards sent to his assistance, and they have now a flourishing mission at Nagoya. In the year 1890, the Board of Management of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society sent Rev. J. G. Waller to Japan to establish a Canadian mission there. Two others—one a native deacon—have since been associated with him in his work, and Miss Smith, as a medical missionary, who has already had nearly three years' experience in hospital work at Kobe, Japan, has also joined the mission. Miss L. Paterson, of Toronto, is likewise there, devoting her time and means to the work.

Besides these, mention must be made of others, such as the Ven. Archdeacon Shaw, a native Canadian, for many years a missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Japan, while your special attention is called to the fact that the Rev. J. McQueen Baldwin and his wife, together with Miss Paterson, already mentioned, have gone to the same interesting country, at their own charges, and are spending themselves and their substance in the furtherance of the Church's work there.

Thus is our Church represented, if not adequately, at least by a few living agents in the foreign field, and already the bishops in charge of our missionaries in Japan have spoken in most encouraging terms of their work.

It is thus with a strong claim upon your interest and sympathy that we appeal to you to-day for missionary contributions. The amount given last year for foreign missions by the Church of England in this part of Canada was \$15,553.93, being over \$1,500 more than the previous year; and if this amount itself was not very large, it is satisfactory at least to know that it is on the increase.

We press upon you the great necessity, in this busy and hurrying age, of your taking time to think upon those matters which are of prime importance, so that you may see your duty respecting them. Of these, none can be greater than glad and ready obedience to the last command of our King, "Goye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." You have had communicated to you the

knowledge of God's love, His forgiveness of all your sins through the sacrifice and death of His dear Son, the guidance of His Holy Spirit, the help of His heavenly grace, the teaching of His holy Word, the promise of everlasting glory in the life to come, and it is your privilege, if you will so regard it (but if not, then, without doubt, it is your duty), to give this knowledge to those who have it not, until "all shall know the Lord, from the least unto the greatest," and "the kingdoms of this world shall become the Kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever." Let each one ask himself, "What am I doing to this end?" and let all pray earnestly, importunately, and in faith, for the spirit of sympathy and generosity for those to whom the means have been entrusted, for faithfulness and diligence for those who are the heralds of salvation, for "repentance unto life" for the heathen, for consistency of conduct and guidance into all truth for the converts, for wisdom and grace for the members of all missionary societies, that so God's "way may be known upon earth, His saving health unto all nations."

Once a year the Church of England in this older part of Canada appeals to her members on behalf of foreign missions. The season selected for that purpose is Epiphanytide. The blessed strains of Christmas still linger in the ear. Christ is still a babe in His mother's arms. Wondering shepherds are standing by with the words of holy angels sounding in their ears, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men." The wise men from the East are kneeling before Him as they "offer their gifts, gold, frankincense, and myrrh." The season for offering gifts is still upon us. Our Christmas and New Year's presents are not forgotten. They have made many happy. The Church asks her loyal sons and daughters for offerings now to be laid at the feet of Christ; not now the babe at Bethlehem, but the glorified Redeemer in Heaven. As a babe He was made known to the Gentiles by the leading of a star. They were representative men, who received this first manifestation of the Christ, and they represented power. Wisdom is power, and they had it; they were wise men from the East. Wealth is power, and they had it; the gifts that they offered were costly. Power is needed now for the further conversion of the Gentiles. The wisdom of the Church, the wealth of the Church, her learning and her offerings are all needed. She asks for these to-day, and she trusts to a loyal people not to allow that appeal to be made in vain. Christ must be made manifest to all people who are yet in heathen darkness. The Gospel, like a bright star beaming in the heavens, must be made the means of bringing them to Him who came "to be a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of His people Israel."

Books and Periodicals Department.

The Cook and the Captive. By Charlotte M. Yonge. Author of "The Constable's Tower," "The Slaves of Sabinus," etc. New York: Thomas Whittaker.

This is not only a highly entertaining story book, but it is a narrative from which a great deal of information can be obtained. Those who make a collection of historical tales should not fail to get it. The name of the author alone is a sufficient guarantee of its merit. The scene is laid in France in and about the year 532 of the Christian era, and the characters presented are those who, in a typical way, represent the customs and manners of that early and rude period. Here are the pilgrim and the hermit, the bishop and his monks, the king and his warriors, the little child and the Frankish lady. The imaginary characters are grouped around the story of the captivity and escape of Attilus, who had a devoted friend in Leo—a story related by St. Gregory, Bishop of Tours, the historian of the Franks. A well told historical tale such as this presents to the young mind facts of history in a way which, in all probability, will be remembered. The historian relates facts, the writer of historical tales surrounds facts with pictures of the people connected with them, in their modes of living, style of conversation, appearance and dress—so that they speak to us from their own age as living men and women, guided by the only light that as yet had reached them. Such a book is this, and it is well worth reading, both by old and young.

(1) *The Sunday at Home*; (2) *The Leisure Hour*; (3) *Friendly Greetings*; (4) *The Boys' Own Paper*, (5) *The Girls' Own Paper*, and other publications. The Religious Tract Society, 56 Paternoster Row, London.

The Sunday at Home for January has a suggestive article from Rev. A. F. W. Ingram, champion worker among the slums of London, on "What Christianity has done for Working men." "Dr. Adrian" is continued, showing gathering clouds for the proscribed religionists in old Holland. Two short stories, entitled respectively "The Little Professor," and "No. 25," are very beautiful. The articles throughout are copiously illustrated. "The Philosophic Mole Catcher" is the title of the "Penny Tales for the People." *The Leisure Hour* keeps up its time-honored standard for good family reading. The article on "Mountaineers and Mountaineering" gives a full description of that exhilarating pastime, even to a picture of the boots to be worn on the occasion. "London Traffic" tells of the public conveyances, omnibuses, etc., that thread their way through the crowded streets of the great city. "Old New England" continues an exhibition of pioneer life in the ancient colony. "The Dreams of Dania" increases in interest, and is well told. *Friendly Greetings* has a handsome picture called "After the Day's Work" as a frontispiece.

The Anglican Pulpit Library, being Sermons, Outlines, and Illustrations for the Sundays and Holy Days of the year. Vol. 1.

Mr. F. N. W. Brown, Church publisher, 31 Czar street, Toronto, has undertaken the sale of this excellent work, and is prepared to make very liberal terms with clergymen who may wish to secure it. It is a fine large volume of sermons, outlines, and illustrations suitable for the four Sundays in Advent, courses of Advent sermons, holy days in Advent (St. Andrew and St. Thomas), Christmas Day, and two Sundays after Christmas. It is the first volume of a series of six in all (to embrace the whole Christian year), and presents some of the ablest thoughts that can be presented on those important topics upon which the minds of Church people should be specially engaged. The following names, selected from among the writers found in it, will show the high class

of sermonic literature which it presents: Canon H. Scott Holland, Canon Duckworth, Dean Vaughan, Prebendary Gordon Calthrop, Rev. J. Keble, Canon Knox-Little, Prebendary M. F. Sadler, Rev. Marcus Dods. The work is thoroughly English, and is published by Hodder & Stoughton. Suggestive thought is what the preacher wants. *The Anglican Public Library* gives it in all its freshness and power.

Persian Life and Customs. By S. E. Wilson, M.A. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago, Toronto, 140 and 142 Yonge street.

Could there be a more interesting country than Persia? The land of Cyrus, and Darius, and Xerxes, the land of the Persepolis, and other great triumphs of architecture. All ancient history is full of Persia, and yet she still exists, no mean power on earth, with well-defined limits, more than twice the area of France. The book before us is beautifully printed and illustrated. The "Types of countenances seen in the Caucasus" is a first-class picture. The faces are those of a handsome and intellectual people. The writer is master of his subject apparently, having been a resident in Tabriz, Persia, for fourteen years. What Persia needs now is Christianity. It is in a backward state, and no substantial progress can be hoped for till some radical change takes place in its religion. For this many of its intelligent people are longing. The book is written with the hope that the pictures drawn of a benighted people, capable of better things, will arouse the interest of Christian people in missionary work among them.

(1) *Duty's Call.* By H. N. B. Price 3 shillings. (2) *Jason and the Golden Fleece.* By Manners Stephenson. Price 2s. 6d. London: Simkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co.

The former of these is a pleasing tale written by H.N.B., whose works on "Life in Algoma" and "Manitoulin" have been already noticed in our columns. It is a story of a girl's work in the service of others, and her reward, with some brief sketches of undergraduate life in England. The second is a Cornish tale, in verse, about a duke, a banker, a young man, and a young woman, and a stag-hound, the latter being the Jason. The versification in many places is weak.

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

In an article on the "Outlook," the editor-in-chief gives some excellent thoughts on the prospects and drawbacks of missions, showing how much there is to be thankful for, and how much there is to cause caution and even anxiety. That "the drift of the Anglican body towards Romanism is increasing," however, is not consistent with facts. The Anglican Church, as a body, was never further away from "Romanism" than it is at the present time. An interesting sketch is given of missionary work, under the title "A Missionary Romance." There is a great deal of valuable information in the whole number.

The Cross in the Land of the Trident. By Harlan P. Beach. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago, Toronto, 140 and 142 Yonge street.

This little book is primarily intended for classes in missionary study, yet it is hoped that it will be of value also to other readers. The topics discussed are such as most vitally concern India, considered from a missionary point of view. It is really an interesting lesson book about India, showing what the people are like in their ordinary life, and what the requirements among them are in the way of enlightenment and improvement. The Trident has come to be regarded as a symbol of the Hindu religion.

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

Dean Farrar writes in *The Expositor* an important article on "Professor Sayce and the Higher Criticism," combating the Professor's recent statement that the belief that Moses wrote the Pentateuch seemed to him to involve considerably fewer difficulties than does the contrary belief of the higher criticism. The Dean does not agree with the Professor. *The Clergyman's Magazine* begins "Chapters on the Epistle to the Philippians" which promise to be instructive. Useful sermons and sermon outlines, as usual, are to be found in this magazine.

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

The January number is somewhat American in its view of the Venezuelan Question, but it is throughout an excellent number. The article on "Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey," is most attractive, abounding with maps and illustrations. A good deal of space is devoted to Israel, the Jews, and Jerusalem.

The Cosmopolitan (price 10 cents), New York, is a splendid number. It carries a mass of advertisements, which accounts for the cheap rate at which it is sold. By this means a first class magazine is placed within the reach of the great bulk of the people.

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



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

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

BOARD OF MANAGEMENT.

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- Nova Scotia*, Rev. W. J. Ancient, Halifax, N.S.
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- Algoma*, D. Kemp, Esq., Synod Office, Toronto, Ont.

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

TREASURER'S STATEMENT.

The following are the amounts received to date by the Secretary-Treasurer since December 14, 1895:

	Domestic.	Foreign.
Huron for—		
Algoma, per W.A.....	\$ 13 00	
Saskatchewan and Calgary, Blood Reserve, per W.A.....	10 00	
Moosonee, per W.A.....	5 00	
Mackenzie River, per W.A., Rev. I. O. Stringer.....	3 00	
Algoma, Education, per W.A.....	50 00	
“ Bishop's stipend.....	175 00	
	<u>\$256 00</u>	
Niagara—		
Collected in Hamilton.....	\$ 5 00	\$ 5 00
	\$ 5 00	\$ 5 00

Nova Scotia—

Collected at Windsor.....	\$ 5 00	\$ 5 00
“ “	10 00	10 00
“ “	2 00	2 00
For Domestic missions.....	146 12	42 00
For Algoma Indian work.....	15 18	
For “ Shingwauk.....	5 00	
For “ Indian Homes, C.L.O.....	38 40	
For P. M. Jews.....		4 82
	<u>\$221 70</u>	<u>\$ 63 82</u>

Ontario, for—

Algoma, Bishop's stipend.....	\$100 00	
Rupert's Land.....	40 00	
Japan, Miss Smith, per W.A.....		15 50
“ Rev. J. C. Robinson, per W.A.....		8 00
C.M.S., China, per W.A.....		2 00
	<u>\$140 00</u>	<u>\$ 25 50</u>

Toronto, for—

Algoma, Marksville, per W.A.....	\$ 52 41	
“ General, “	81 70	
“ “ “	7 25	
“ “ Teniscamingue, per W.A.....	40 10	
Mackenzie River, “	8 00	
Qu'Appelle, general, “	5 00	
Rupert's Land, general, “	4 00	
Saskatchewan and Calgary, “	72 02	
Mackenzie River, “	5 45	
Rupert's Land, “	85	
C.M.S. China, “	4 60	
Japan, Wycliffe C.C.M.A., “	12 46	
Domestic Missions, “	2 00	
Algoma Mission Fund P.M.C., per W.A.....	15 99	
Algoma Mission Fund P.M.C., per W.A.....	15 00	
Algoma, medical expenses, per W.A.....	15 00	
Mackenzie River, “	55 00	
“ general, “	1 17	
“ Rev. I. O. Stringer, “	4 65	
Rupert's Land, general, “	7 25	
Qu'Appelle, “	27 97	
Rupert's Land, “	18 00	
Saskatchewan and Calgary, Piegan, salary, per W.A.....	100 00	
Saskatchewan and Calgary, Blackfoot Home, per W.A.....	80 55	
Saskatchewan and Calgary, Piegan Reserve, per W.A.....	20 00	
Foreign Missions, collected.....		2 00
For C.M.S., China, per W.A.....		5 05
Japan, “		5 00
“ general, “		5 77
C.M.S., China, “		05
Foreign, miscellaneous “		10 00
Japan, Rev. J. G. Waller, per W.A.....		6 00
“ Church building, per W.A.....		15 00
“ special, Rev. J. G. Waller's mission, per W.A.....		10 00
Japan, Rev. J. C. Robinson's Orphans' Home, per W.A.....		10 00
Collected in Cobourg.....	7 50	7 50
	<u>\$663 92</u>	<u>\$ 76 37</u>

TOTALS.

	Domestic.	Foreign.	Total.
As above.....	\$1,286 62	\$170 69	\$1,457 31
Previously acknowledged—	1,810 67	963 70	2,774 37
	<u>\$3,097 29</u>	<u>\$1,134 39</u>	<u>\$4,231 68</u>

CHAS. H. MOCKRIDGE,
Secretary-Treasurer,

Toronto, January 14, 1896.