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THE

CANADIAN

CHURCH MAGAZINE

AND

MISSION NEWS.

VOLUME VI.

FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1892.

TORONTO

Published by the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society
OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN CANADA.

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THE CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE

AND MISSION NEWS

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

VOL. VI.

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1892.

No. 67.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

No. 66.—THE LATE DEAN OF NIAGARA.

IN the city of Hamilton, on Monday, the nineteenth day of November, 1891, the Very Rev. Dr. Geddes, first Dean of Niagara, passed quietly away to his rest, at the ripe age of eighty years.

John Gamble Geddes was born in Kingston, Ont., on the 29th day of March, 1811. His father was James Geddes, Esq., Assistant Staff-Surgeon in Her Majesty's service, and his mother, Sarah Hannah Boies Gamble, a direct descendant, on her mother's side, from a United Empire Loyalist family. When a girl, his mother ascended the River St. John with her mother and four sisters, in a bark canoe, travelling long distances on foot with but the primeval forests as her shelter.

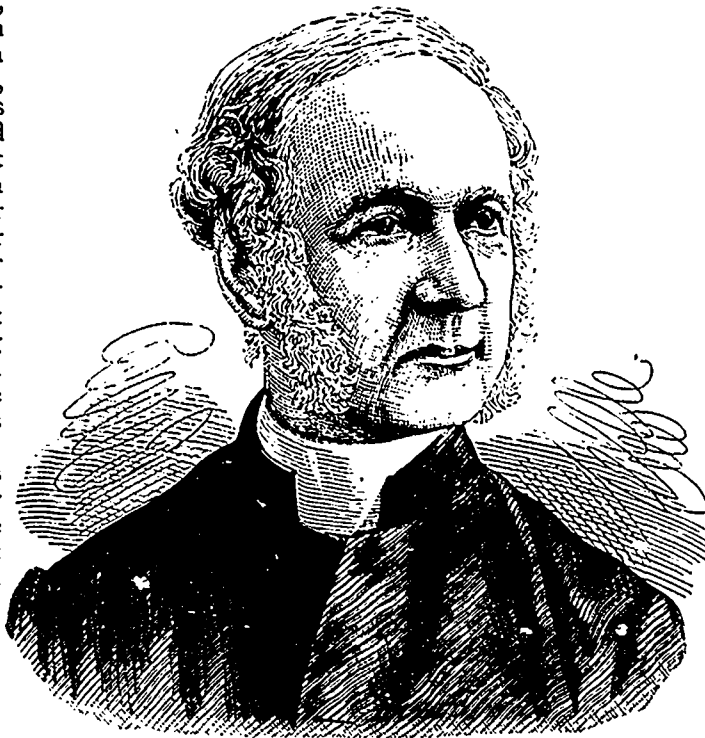
Young Geddes received his early education in the grammar school at Kingston, and at the age of seventeen years was appointed to a scholarship in divinity under the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. For six years he studied at the theological college at Chambly, and when twenty-three years of age, on August 10th, 1834, was ordained deacon. His father died of Asiatic cholera the day previous to his ordination. For three months he served as curate to Archdeacon Stuart in St. George's church, Kingston, and was then sent as curate to Three Rivers, in what was then Lower Canada. His next place of service was Hamilton. In March,

1835, when just twenty-four years old, he received the appointment of rector of Hamilton, Barton and parts adjacent. Fifty-six years have made a wonderful change in what was then his parish. When he entered upon his duties on March 10th he found there was no church building in which to worship. The jail and court house building was offered for Sunday services and the ardent young man gladly accepted. Hamilton was then an ambitious town of 1,500 inhabitants. Mr. Geddes' first congregation numbered only thirty-five people, but when the parish was organized in 1835, there were enrolled as members seventy heads of families, of whom one or two are living yet.

Up to this time occasional services had been held in the Court House by Rev. John Miller, rector of Ancaster, and by Mr. James C. Usher, a divinity student, afterwards Rector of Brantford; but in a few months after the arrival of Mr. Geddes a public meeting was held for the purpose of "furthering the erection of a Protestant Episcopal Church." The erection of the church, for various reasons, proceeded very slowly, its completion not taking place till 1839,

when on the 31st of July it was opened for Divine service. When finished, however, it was pronounced "one of the handsomest churches in British North America and a lasting credit to the piety and liberality of those who built it."

On September 23rd, 1841, Mr. Geddes was married to Susan Davidson, second daughter of the Honourable John Stewart, of Marchmont,



THE LATE VERY REV. J. GAMBLE GEDDES, M.A., D.C.L.
First Dean of Niagara.



CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, HAMILTON.

in the Cathedral of Quebec, by Bishop Mountain.

Many and varied were his experiences during his long incumbency of this his first parish. Canada had two terrible visitations of Asiatic cholera, one of ship-fever among immigrants, one of rebellion and one of invasion. It requires but a brief investigation of the parish registers to be convinced of the faithful and untiring work done, largely unaided, by Mr. Geddes. In the times of cholera and ship fever the funerals were of daily occurrence, and the registers shew that they were nearly all taken by himself. The sick visiting connected with this, to say nothing of the funerals themselves, represents an enormous amount of work.

After getting the parish thoroughly organized and in a prosperous condition, Mr. Geddes applied himself again to his studies, and in 1848 he graduated from King's College, Toronto. Subsequently he took the degree of B.A. at Trinity and afterwards that of M.A.

During forty-five years he continued as rector, and saw the church grow and prosper. He was made chaplain to the jail and hospital and was one of the grammar school trustees, Dr. Craigie and Rev. Father Gordon being the other two. He was also appointed a member of the Council of Trinity College, Chaplain to the Incorporated Battalion of Militia, then under command of Col. Gourlay, and was Chaplain to the 47th Regiment, the Rifle Brigade and other regiments that were quartered here later on. The Gore and Wellington Church Society made him secretary, an office which he held many years, and for a great length of time he was Clerical Secretary of the Synod of Toronto. Later on he was made examining chaplain to Bishop Bethune of Toronto; then Rural Dean, then Prolocutor to the Provincial Synod, and when the Diocese of Niagara was formed he became Dean. His Alma Mater then conferred upon him the honorary degree of D.C.L.

During this time Hamilton had become a large and important city and new parishes were formed. The old Christ Church was taken down and the present Christ Church Cathedral erected.

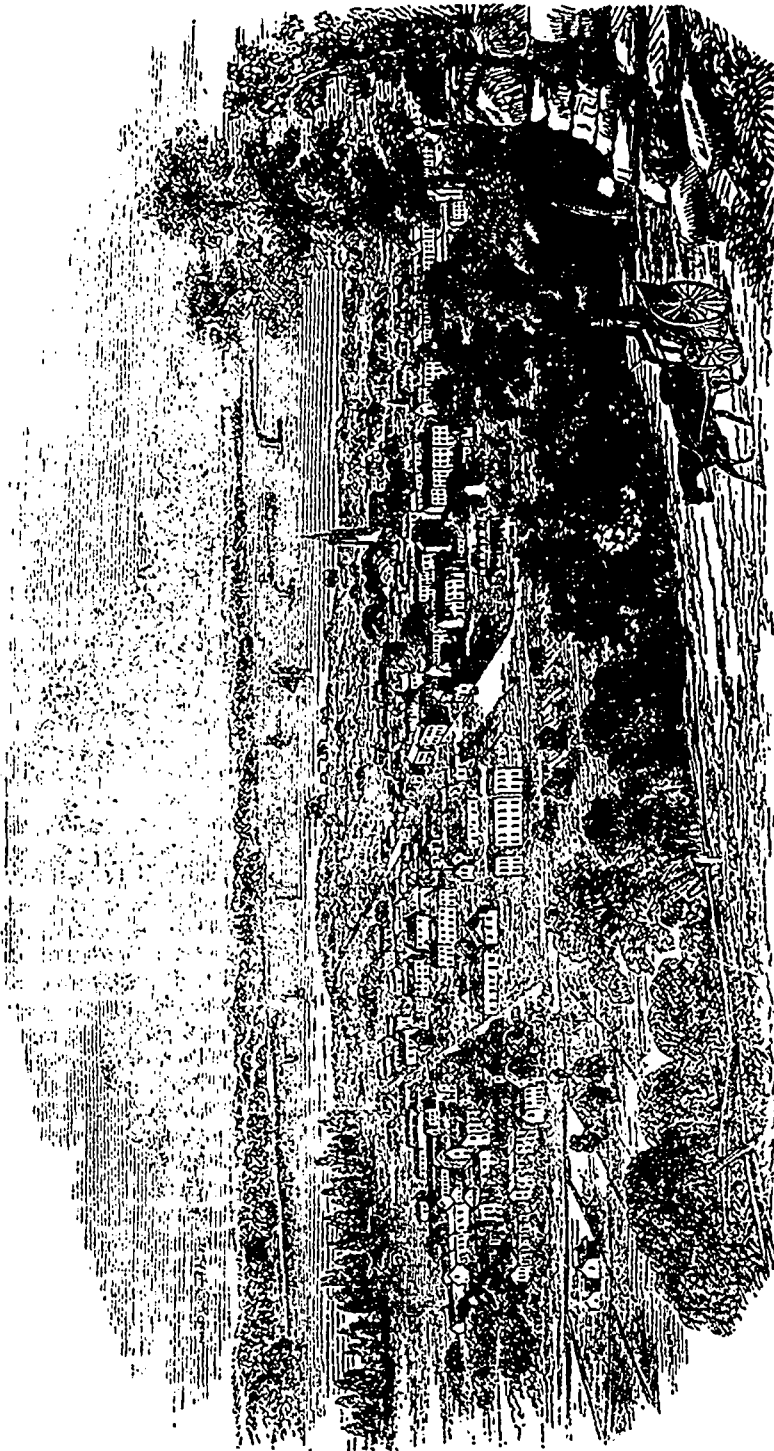
In 1879 the Dean retired from the parish and went to England where he was appointed rector of Tatsfield, Surrey, and a member of the Council of the Diocese of Rochester.

Dean Geddes, however, was a Canadian, and though loyal to the mother country dearly loved his native land, and the longings of his heart induced him after a few years to resign his English living and come back to Canada. For two years he took charge of the parish of Chippawa and then returned to Hamilton, at the age of over seventy-seven years, to live the remainder of his days amid the scenes of his early and successful ministry.

About half-past one o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, October 27th, he was seized with a severe attack of pneumonia, and his physician, Dr. Ridley, who had been his life long friend and supporter, gave little hope for his recovery. The dean himself felt that his time was short. Calmly, and without expressing regret or showing fear at the near approach of death, he told the sorrowing friends around him that he believed the end would come before another nightfall. Towards morning he rallied, however. His extraordinary vitality asserted itself and by noon of that day he was somewhat better. For three weeks he held out against the inevitable, but at length breathed his last on the afternoon of Monday, the 16th of November. His widow, two sons, John and George, three daughters, Mrs. C. Brough, Mrs. (Major) Phipps and Mrs. (Dr.) John Walters, survive him.

The dean is of a long-lived family, his grandmother having reached the great age of ninety-two. He was one of a family of sixteen children, of whom nine daughters and five sons grew up, married and raised families. Six of his brothers and sisters survive him and are in the seventies and eighties. These are: Mr. Forbes Geddes, who lives at Niagara-on-the-Lake, and who was the youngest brother of the family, and five sisters. Mrs. Grier of Toronto, Mrs. Henry of Hamilton; Mrs. Armstrong of Ottawa; Mrs. Hallowell of Toronto; and Mrs. Gold, who lives in England, the three first mentioned being older than the Dean and the last three younger. He is the fourth of the family who has passed away in less than two years. At the beginning of last year there were three brothers and seven sisters living, their combined ages being 750 years. A year and a half ago his eldest brother died, and since then two sisters and another brother.

Dean Geddes has had his place in the history of the Canadian Church from very early days. When he was ordained to the ministry there was no Diocese west of Quebec. The Bishop of Quebec was also Bishop of the whole of British North America west of the ancient capital. Ontario was almost a trackless wild with here and there small towns, some of which were



HAMILTON IN EARLY DAYS. (The church with the high tower represents the old Christ Church).

this territory he lived to see divided into sixteen different dioceses, most of them well and substantially endowed.

The remains of the much respected Dean were viewed by thousands before they were carried to the cemetery and there they were laid to rest where his own voice had so often been heard in committing earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in the "sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ."

SUCCESS OF MISSIONS.

THE question is sometimes asked, "Has any marked benefit accrued to any country through the introduction into it of the Christian religion?" This has frequently been answered in the affirmative, and examples and illustrations have been given to prove it. The latest illustration and proof comes from British India and is given by the *Times*. The editor of that leading English journal, in discussing the census of that country lately taken, remarks:

"The native Christian community in an Indian district is, as a rule, better looked after in childhood, better educated in youth with

destined to be cities, gradually springing up as the forests began to disappear. The North-West was but a vast wilderness inhabited by a few Indians and trappers with here and there a post of the Hudson's Bay Company, whilst British Columbia was almost unknown. All

relation to its practical needs, better treated in sickness, more promptly aided during scarcity, more continually cared for and disciplined throughout life, than any other of the labouring castes. While among the non-Christian population only thirty-eight per cent. of the boys of

the school-going age are actually receiving education, the population among the native Christian boys is as high as sixty-one per cent. At the first Arts Examination of the Madras University, the native Christians are said to have beaten even the Brahmans in the proportionate number of passes, twenty per cent. of the native Christian candidates having got through the examination, as against eighteen and a half per cent. of the Brahma candidates. This reveals a marvellous change from the old order of things. The report on Public Instruction in Madras sums up the situation in the following weighty words, words which no British official in India would have dreamed of using with reference to the native Christian community a generation ago: "There can be no question, if this community (the native Christians) pursues with steadiness the present policy of its teachers, that with the immense advantages it possesses in the way of educational institutions, in the course of a generation it will have secured a preponderating position in all the great professions, and possibly, too, in the industrial enterprise of the country. This is a state of things, we repeat, simply inconceivable in an Indian presidency half a century ago. When English men and English women feel inclined to doubt whether their aid to Indian missions is productive of results, they can comfort themselves with the reflection that, although the results may not exactly be what they had in their minds, they are more solid and have a wider reach than the first Indian missionaries of the last generation could have ventured to anticipate."

COLLOQUY ON PREACHING.

HODGE—"That wor a main good sarmin."

WIFE—"It wor. He did stand up to it straight."

HODGE—"I'll tell yer what, old 'ooman: if that there mon allays preached, I'd never go to meetin'."

WIFE—"Then I wish he did allays preach. You know you never didn't ought to go to meetin'. Parsons is parsons: but what them is as preaches at meetin', who can say?"

HODGE—"My opinion is that parsons is as parsons does. I don't understand nowt of what they calls nordination and that, but I knows a good sarmin when I hears un."

WIFE—"But rector says we don't go to church so much to hear sarmins as to worship God."

HODGE—"That's all roight, no doubt, but he do preach sarmins, rector do, and they baint frustrate. Not but what they may suit the squoire and the doctor, and maybe the farmers, but bless yer, they don't suit me."

WIFE—"A noice judge o' sarmins you be. There's niver a better mon in the parish to shear a sheep, or to keep a plough straight, but what do yer know of sarmins?"

HODGE—"I knows when they does me good. That there mon this arternoon 'as put thoughts into my yed as'll stick there all the week, when I be's in the lanes or on the lond."

WIFE—"But do yer mane to say that them preachers at meetin' is up to that gemnon we've been a hearing on this arternoon?"

HODGE—"Noa, wife, I don't say that: he's a cut above 'em, he is; and as I tell'd yer, if I could allays hear him at church, it's uncommon little they'd see of me at meetin'. But, heart alive! he do come from a distance, he do. Next Sunday as ever is, rector'll be at it agin. Them as preaches at meetin' baint allays very smart at it, and they says the same thing over and over; but I can foller 'em, lass, I can foller 'em."

WIFE—"But rector be a good mon. Only Friday he dropt into our place, and you can't think how koind and comfortable he wor. Stroked the cat and all."

HODGE—"But he baint no preacher."

WIFE—"The children are right down fond on him. You know he taches on 'em at school, and gives 'em little story-books. Willie and Annie have both got quite a nice few on 'em."

HODGE—"But he be no account in pulpit."

WIFE—"Don't yer remember how he came ever so many times when you was ill and brought yer grapes?"

HODGE—"The grapes was good, but the sarmins, they be bad."

WIFE—"And I should like to know who got Tom his place on the railway?"

HODGE—"That wor rector, that wor. I up'd and thanked him for it with all my heart. But he be no better nor an owl when he gets up them stairs."

WIFE—"I calls it ongrateful, considerin' all the things, and a many besides, that you vexes rector by going so often to meetin'. I know it do vex him. He have mentioned it several times."

HODGE—"I be sorry to vex rector. I allays touches my hat to him when I meets him, and he says 'Good day,' cheerful loike. But old wench, I mun look to myself. I baint a clever man. As thee knowest, I can't read, to say read. When I was a youngster, readin' and writin' was for the gentry. I want to be larnt someat. I want to have what good feelin's I has, and I wishes their was more on 'em, kept brisk. Somehow I allays find myself a noddin, and a gapin' afore rector's well into his sarmin. He don't take no hold. People is a noddin' and a gapin' all round 'ne. Woife, we don't often take different soides, you and me, but we does in this. I loike church sarvice a deal better nor meetin' sarvice, but church sarmins in this here village is nowt."

WIFE—"Well, I shall stick to the church, I shall. I can't argify, but I feels its a deal roighter. Ain't God's blessing better nor sarmins?"—*Methodist Magazine.*



MOUNTAIN CRATER, DOMINICA (DIOCESE OF ANTIGUA).

WEST INDIES.

3—DIOCESE OF ANTIGUA.

LIKE all pioneer prelates the first Bishop of Barbados, the Rt. Rev. W. H. Coleridge, D.D., found himself in possession of a diocese of considerable extent. It was also what we might call an aquatic diocese, like some of the dioceses in the south Pacific Ocean. Besides Barbados itself and the Windward Islands, the Bishop had to sail in and about the Leeward Islands to the North and Trinidad and British Guiana on the main land of South America to the south. For eighteen years, from 1824 to 1842, this work was done and no doubt a history of this early episcopate would be highly interesting were the data for writing it before us, which unfortunately is not the case; but at the end of that time two new dioceses were formed, the one embracing the Leeward Islands with the Island of Antigua as its headquarters, and the other comprising portions of Guiana with Demerara as the chief city. The first was called the Diocese of Antigua and the latter that of Guiana. These were both formed in the year 1842. The West Indian dioceses were more easily formed than many others because of the liberal state aid that was granted, but when that state aid came to be withdrawn—as was the case in nearly all of them—a severe pinching was felt which could

not have been relieved but for the timely efforts of the great missionary societies of England, notably the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

The Diocese of Antigua comprises the English islands of Antigua, Dominica (not to be confounded with the large portion of the island of Hayti which bears the same name) Barbuda, Montserrat, St. Kitts, Nevis, Anguilla, Tortola, Virgin Gorda and Anegada as well as churches on one or two adjacent islands which belong to other countries.

Antigua is described as an island whose area is 108 square miles and circumference fifty, very fertile, producing large quantities of sugar, grain, cotton and tobacco. It has many bays and harbours, the largest of which, (English Harbour), is capable of receiving vessels of the largest size. Its coast is high and rocky. Here lives a Governor, and of Governors there seem to be many in the West Indies, and an executive and legislative council; and here also resides an English bishop. Though discovered by Columbus in 1493, it was uninhabited until 1632, when it was occupied by some English settlers. It has been taken by the French and recaptured by the English and has remained British territory ever since the treaty of Breda in 1667.

The first bishop appointed to this see was the Rt. Rev. D. G. Davis, D.D., 1842, who was succeeded by Rt. Rev. S. J. Rigaud,

D.D., in 1858. He held the position for only two years, when the present bishop, Dr. W. W. Jackson, was appointed in 1860. A coadjutor Bishop, Dr. C. J. Branch, has been assisting him since 1882.

When in the year 1834 freedom was given to the slaves of the West Indies, Antigua alone of all the islands refused to keep the slaves in the apprenticeship of four years allowed by the act, but set them immediately free, and there they are to-day in large and overwhelming numbers. Through the bounty of the S.P.G. and a fair amount of Government aid, the diocese of Antigua and indeed all the then existing dioceses of the West Indies (four in number), enjoyed up to the year 1868 all the privileges of a fairly endowed church, any funds raised from voluntary contributions being employed in the work of education and in the improvement and enlargement of buildings, with some addition either to school houses or to parsonages in almost every year.

But in 1868 all government aid was withdrawn except to the then existing incumbents during their tenure of office, and the gradual process of disestablishment took place, till finally, in 1874, nearly every vestige of it was swept away. At first this seemed a great blow, but good has resulted from it in its being forced to be self-reliant. One congregation, St. George's, Dominica, almost at once became self-sustaining. By means of heroic efforts in the diocese itself, and liberal grants from English societies, the see has now a very fair endowment of its own and may be regarded as a permanency.

Some idea of the condition of this diocese may be gathered from the words of the coadjutor bishop, Dr. Branch, addressed in December, 1890, to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel:

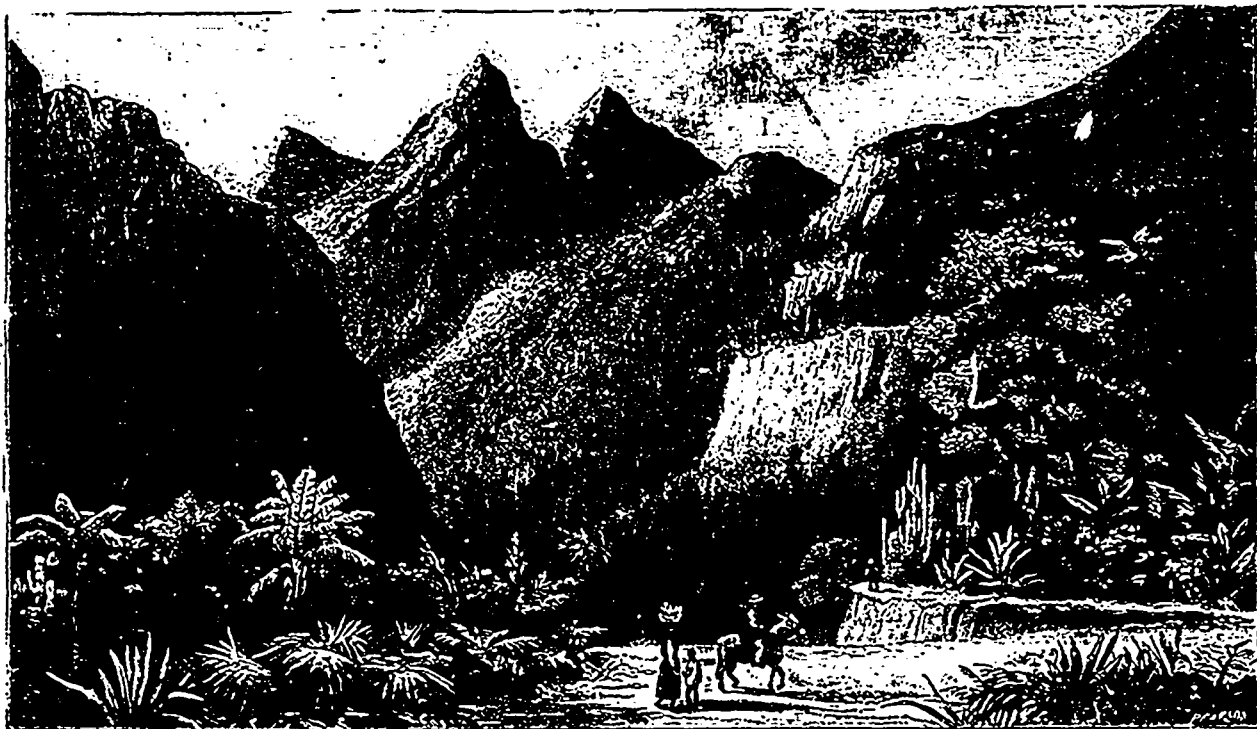
"I have only the same story to tell of much earnest and faithful work done for Christ and His Church by the clergy of this diocese, and of the great difficulties under which they have to struggle by reason of the poverty of the people. My clergy can tell no tales of hair-breadth escapes or danger to life or fascinating missionary details, but they can, every one of them, tell tales of patient self-denial, of the unwearied daily discharge of duty, of work which, though not done among the heathen, is in every sense true missionary work, of work which God is blessing."

Froude in his "The English in the West Indies," has given us a very vivid picture of Dominica, one of the Leeward Islands, belonging to the diocese of Antigua. Lord Rodney, to whom England owes its position in the West Indies, captured Dominica from the French and made it English, and English it has ever since remained, though now it is almost entirely given up to the blacks. It is "the most mountainous of all the Antilles and is split into many valleys

of exquisite fertility. Through each there runs a full and ample river, swarming with fish and yielding water power enough to drive all the mills which industry could build. The soil is as rich as the richest in the world. In Roseau, the chief town of the island, the European element is more French than English. A French patois is the language of the blacks. They are almost to a man Roman Catholics and to the French they look as their natural leaders. England has done nothing, absolutely nothing, to introduce her own civilization, and thus Dominica is English only in name. Not a black in the whole island would draw a trigger in defence of English authority, and, except the crown officials, not half a dozen Europeans."

Thus he describes his visit to the island:

"My first night was disturbed by unfamiliar noises and strange imaginations. Frogs, lizards, bats, croaked, sang and hissed with no intermission, careless whether they were in discord or harmony. The palm branches outside my window swayed in the land breeze, and the dry branches rustled crisply as if they were plates of silver. At intervals came cataracts of rain, and above all the deep boom of the cathedral bells tolling out the hours like a note of the Old World. The Catholic clergy had brought the bells with them as they had brought their faith, into these new lands. It was pathetic, it was ominous music, for what had we done and what were we doing to set beside it in the century for which the island had been ours? In the morning I wandered out as soon as the sun was over the horizon. The cool of the morning is the time to see the people. The market girls were streaming into the town with their baskets of vegetables on their heads. Our Anglican church had its bell too as well as the Cathedral. The door was open and I went in and found a decent-looking clergyman preparing a flock of seven or eight blacks and mulattoes for the communion. * * * From this church to the great rival establishment was but a few minutes' walk. The Cathedral was five times as large, at least, as the building which I had just left, old in age, old in appearance, with the usual indifferent pictures or coloured prints, with the usual decorated altar, but otherwise simple and venerable. There was no service going on for it was a week-day; a few old men and women only were silently saying their prayers. On Sundays, I was told, it was overflowing. The negro morals are as emancipated in Dominica as in the rest of the West Indies. * * From the Cathedral I wandered through the streets of Roseau. The streets had been well laid out and spoke of a time when the town had been full of life and vigour. But the grass was growing between the stones and the houses generally were dilapidated and dirty. Dominica had once been regarded as the choicest jewel in the necklace of the Antilles. For the last half



VIEW IN DOMINICA (DIOCESE OF ANTIGUA).

century we have left it to desolation as a child leaves a toy that it is tired of.

"As to natural beauty the West Indian Islands are like Scott's novels where we admire most the one which we have read the last. But Dominica bears the palm away from all of them. * * * What a land! And what were we doing with it? This fair inheritance, won by English hearts and hands for the use of the working men of England, and the English working men lying squalid in the grimy alleys of crowded towns and the inheritance turned into a wilderness!"

Mr. Froude thinks that a Rajah Brooke or a Mr. Smith of Scilly is wanted there to govern and to direct, and that Dominica, as well as other West Indian Islands, in a similar condition, could be made a home of luxury and a place of prosperity for thousands of people. Nothing could be stronger than his complaint against Great Britain of her utter neglect of this goodly heritage which lies within two weeks' sail of her own territory. Let us hope that some policy may yet bring hope for these islands, and in the meantime let the Church do the work that lies before her, a missionary work it may be, whether among blacks or whites, but at all events the true work of salvation among the souls of men that her Master expects her to do. She also possesses a great power in the way of civilizing the rough features of colonial life.

OUR INDIAN HOMES.

REV. E. F. WILSON'S QUARTERLY LETTER.

I AM very thankful to be able to announce to our many friends both in England and in Canada, that the prospects of our Indian Homes, the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes at Sault Ste. Marie, and our twin Homes, the Kasota and Washakada, at Elkhorn, Manitoba, are brighter. We have had more to encourage us during the last three months than we had in the earlier part of the year. It is satisfactory to be able to state that we have fifty boys now in residence at the Shingwauk and twenty-four girls at the Wawanosh, and that our receipts to the present date have been sufficient to meet our expenditure. At Elkhorn, although we have been forced to reduce both the staff and the number of pupils temporarily for the winter in order to economise funds, we have nevertheless the hope and expectation of re-opening early in the spring with increased numbers and a sufficient staff of teachers and employees. Our Elkhorn receipts are at present more than meeting our expenditure, for which we thank God and take courage.

Another cause for thankfulness is that the Board of Domestic and Foreign Missions has, in answer to our frequently repeated appeals on behalf of mission and educational work among the Indians, at length taken some decided steps

in the matter which we trust may, with God's blessing, lead to a wider interest being taken in the Indian cause. Nothing could, we think, be more satisfactory than the appointment of an Indian Committee with so good a friend of the Indians as the Bishop of Toronto at its head as convener, and the Bishop of Algoma, Dean Innes, Rural Dean Pollard, Canon Sweeney, and Messrs. Mason, Garth and Walkem as members. We trust that this committee will take steps to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the Indian work throughout the length and breadth of the land and do all they can to stir up fresh interest in the cause. In regard to our own Indian Homes, the Board does not, it appears, see its way to relieve me of my present responsibility in regard to them. In the published report of their October meeting, Section 15, the following resolution was adopted: "(a) That as constituted by the Provincial Synod, the Board cannot, in justice to themselves or to the interests committed to their care or to the interests of the Indian Homes, accept the direct responsibility of the Indian Homes which have been formed by Rev. E. F. Wilson. (b) That this work and responsibility of the Board should be directed to the extension of a more active interest in Indian work and the securing of more liberal contributions to it. (c) That all the details of management in the case of each of these Homes cannot be controlled by a Board constituted like the Board of Management, and can be effectively managed only by those having local knowledge and able to bring personal influence to bear closely upon each Home and its affairs."

Although the Board by passing this three-fold resolution, refuses to assume any responsibility as to the direct maintenance or management of the Homes, it is, nevertheless, I think, highly satisfactory that they will endeavour to arouse more active sympathy and more liberal contributions both for this and other similar work. It was a kind thought also to recommend that the Lenten contributions of the Sunday schools should this next spring be devoted to the Indian Homes. I trust that the local committees which have been organized at Sault Ste. Marie, at Elkhorn, and at Medicine Hat will, encouraged by the action of the Board of Missions, bend now to the oar and unite with me in an endeavour to make these Indian Homes in every sense a success. And now a few words about each of the Homes in detail. At the Shingwauk we have a nice set of boys and a nice set of teachers all working kindly and harmoniously together. My eldest son, Archie, now twenty-three years of age, whom I have been gradually training for the work, both at Elkhorn and at the Shingwauk, is at present at home with me, acting as my accountant and assistant superintendent. It is a cause of very great thankfulness to me that he has developed into a useful, reliable,

painstaking man, and is very generally beloved both by employees and Indian children. The Bishop of Algoma, Archdeacon Phair of Winnipeg the Indian Commissioner at Regina, the Inspector of Indian schools, have all a good word for him, and I believe that I am taking a right step and a step that will meet with very general approval in appointing him, as I hope to do, superintendent of my Elkhorn Homes in the course of the coming spring. Miss Vidal, a niece of Senator Vidal, who has done a brave two years work amid much discouragement at our Elkhorn schools as teacher and lady superintendent, is to be united with my son in marriage, and under the joint superintendency of these young people, each of whom take the greatest interest in the Indian children, and with a fatherly eye at Sault Ste. Marie resting upon them and their work, my earnest trust is that the Elkhorn Homes may become a useful, flourishing, and in time, an independent institution. But I was speaking of the Shingwauk. I trust my digression, under the circumstances, may be pardoned. The great feature, which must always be so satisfactory in a public institution of any kind, is that all is going on most harmoniously, the matron speaks well of the boys and the boys speak well of the matron, the same with the other teachers, they seem to be fond of their pupils and the pupils are fond of them. Our farm man, who has been with us a number of years, is now teaching our boys drilling in our new drill hall on Wednesday afternoons, he being a member of a volunteer corps. Our carpenter, obliged to shut down on carpentering for the present because of the failure of an expected Government grant, rather than give up his connection with us, has gone back into the bush to chop. He and four of our boys are "keeping bach" in a little log shanty four miles back in the bush, cutting our supply of cordwood for the winter. They go on Mondays and come back on Saturdays so as to spend Sunday at the Shingwauk. One of my daughters took them out a plumcake the other day and some pictures and curtains for the one little window, with all of which they were very pleased. While I am writing now in my office in the industrial building, I hear the thump and click of the weaver's shuttle below me and the rattle of sewing machines in the room next to me, for we have weaving and tailoring now in full operation, a competent man being in charge of each department. The weaver is making dark blue cloth, which, after being fulled and finished, will go to the tailorshop to be made into uniforms for our various schools.

I have quite a number of classes during the week, Bible class Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, Telegraph class Tuesday and Thursday evenings, Medicine class Monday and Wednesday evenings. I am thankful to say that at present we have no sickness at the Shingwauk, so that

Miss Green, who is in charge of the hospital, is able to give a considerable part of her time to teaching. At the Wawanosh, out of our twenty-four girls, one, I am sorry to say, a little girl of eleven, whom we call Mary P, is laid on a sick bed with symptoms which seem to threaten consumption. All the other girls are well and look as happy as they can be. Miss Champion is an excellent teacher—Indian children always know a good teacher from an inferior one—and her heart is thoroughly in her work. The Home is kept in beautiful order, and it is always a pleasure to me to visit it.

Our Elkhorn Homes I have spoken of. Only one of the three buildings is being kept open this winter and the attendance ranges from seventeen to twenty. The expense of fuel was so great last winter, that taking that into consideration, and also that I had no one to take the place of Superintendent since my brother left last September, it seemed best to economise during the winter months, and we hope, as I have said, to blossom out again when the Spring comes. Of our Medicine Hat Home, I am sorry that I have nothing to report except that the half finished four thousand dollar building which we erected in the Autumn of 1890 still stands as it was left that year, and that the little blanket Indian Children whom we had hoped to gather in and teach are still in their blankets. The expected Government grant of \$5,000 toward building, and \$2,000 towards the first year's maintenance, passed the Privy Council and got so far as to be "in gallery," but at the last moment (for what reason who can divine?) was thrown out. There is nothing owing on the Medicine Hat building. Land and building are both paid for so far as the work has gone; and all has been deeded to the church, but nothing further can be done till more money comes in. Is not this a work that "the Standing Committee on Indian Work" should take in hand?

OUR PARISHES AND CHURCHES.

No. 66.—MOHAWK CHURCH AND INSTITUTE.

BY MISS FANNY SIMPSON.

IT was a bright warm morning in August, and the first breath of approaching autumn was scenting the air when the long talked of expedition to Brantford was at last decided on. For several miles our road lay by the side of the Grand River, on the opposite bank of which was the Indian Reserve, and where we saw here and there little edifices, which certainly bore a strong resemblance to wigwams. Once we descried something which we thought was the image of a wolf, and was no doubt the totem of some peaceful Indian, who clings to the customs of his forefathers in these simple matters with the same tenacity with which many an English gentleman clings to

the heraldic bearings granted, perhaps, to some warlike ancestor in the days of the Tudor sovereigns, while he himself is chiefly occupied in the preservation of game and the improvement of his herd of shorthorns. We saw the cosy little English church of Middleport, nestling in a green arbour, and the more imposing and handsome building where the Anglicans of Onondaga unite in the worship of Jehovah. Then we lost sight of the river for some time and drove through the town of Cainsville. We crossed the railway track more than once, and after a really beautiful drive of nearly twenty miles reached the city of Brantford where we again caught a glimpse of the historic stream which at this point, it must be confessed, scarcely deserves its title of Grand. We stopped at the house of one of the stalwart yeomanry of Brant who had helped to clear up the country more than forty years ago, and who amused us with tales of pioneer life, when log houses were the order of the day, when there were no roads to speak of, and when a man was seldom less than a mile from his nearest neighbour. After dinner we walked to the Mohawk Institute which is about a mile outside Brantford.

It is a large house standing on well kept grounds, with an approach which certainly reminded me of England. We saw some Indian girls playing croquet on the lawn, and in a field close by we saw a party of Indian youth sharvesting goats. And then I remembered that these young people were the descendants of the terrible Iroquois who two centuries ago had puzzled the best officers of Louis XIV, and for many years held in check the growing civilization of France. Who are those who say that the Indians have degenerated? Is it not better to look on the bright side of the picture and to say that the task of civilizing the aborigines of North America, although not without its difficulties, is by no means hopeless? These thoughts passed through my mind as we walked up the broad stone steps of the Mohawk Institute. Then we knocked at the door, which was answered by an Indian lass wearing a becoming cap and apron, and in a few minutes my friends and I were politely received by the Rev. Mr. Ashton, the gentleman in charge of this department of missionary enterprise in Canada. No classes were being held just then so we could not see the pupils in school, but Mr. Ashton said he would show us through the building. First he drew our attention to a collection of arrow heads and other relics, most of which had been picked up on the farm. They were artistically arranged in stars, circles, and other designs, and formed in fact the chief ornaments of the entrance hall. The Mohawk Institute seems to be fortunate as regards the health of the inmates. Mr. Ashton told us that only three deaths had occurred in twenty-one years. There are now between ninety-nine and 100 children in the school. The standard of



THE MOHAWK CHURCH FROM THE RIVER.

education is also satisfactory, fifty-six pupils have been passed into the Collegiate Institute, and when one remembers the difficulties attending the tuition of Indians this is very creditable. One of the teachers is an Indian woman, trained here, and holding a second class certificate. Indians as a rule have very little ambition and seldom if ever ask questions; some of the tribes have no labials and such letters as B and P they cannot pronounce without a special course of instruction. School fees are never paid by any of the pupils, because we were told that if they paid fees they would refuse to learn anything. Mr. Ashton took us into his study, and shewed us several books in different Indian languages. Some have labials and others are without this form of articulation. Indian linguists have added a new letter to the English alphabet, in print it looks like S, but the sound of it bears some resemblance to a W. This letter was of frequent recurrence in one of the books Mr. Ashton showed us. We saw a translation of St Mark's Gospel at which Chief Brant assisted. There was one word in it containing thirty-two letters which Mr. Ashton was kind enough to pronounce for us, it meant "holy angels." The date of the book was 1787. There are some words in the Bible such as "faith," "holiness," and other kindred terms which it is impossible to translate, because these are expressions of the meaning of which the Indian in his natural state has absolutely no conception, and there are no words in his language to convey the requisite ideas. We saw the communion plate, in solid silver, presented by Queen Anne to the Mohawk church in the year 1711.

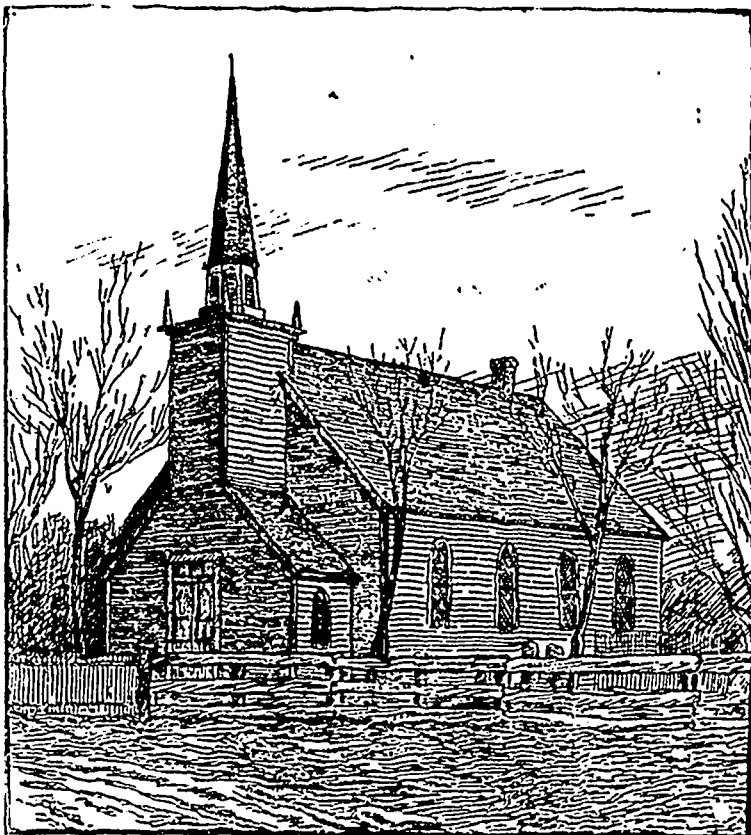
It originally consisted of six pieces but two of the pieces have been given to the Indians themselves, and are frequently in the custody of

Dr. Oronhyatekha, who by the way is one of the most distinguished of the many Indians trained in this establishment. The four pieces that remain the property of the Mohawk church are a cup, a chalice, an alms-dish and a paten.

We saw the seal of the New England Company that keeps up the institution. The date of the charter of this Company is 1661. We saw a copy of the original charter of the Company, many distinguished English names of that date are mentioned in it: the Marquis of Ormonde, Lord Anglesea, Sir William Boyle and many others.

While we were chatting we happened to see from the study window a young man of about nineteen, who we were told was none other than North Axe, the dread of the Piegan Indians.

When he arrived North Axe must have been a savage looking youth, judging from the photograph Mr. Ashton showed us, representing him as he appeared when he first came to Brantford, some time ago. Now he has quite an intelligent and rather prepossessing appearance. "Yes" said Mr. Ashton, "Cleanliness and clothes have a great deal to do with civilization." Then he told us how North Axe had been induced to cut off his pigtail. The young savage was compelled to use a shower bath every day as part of the regular routine of the Institute, and this exercise leaving his long hair heavy and damp North Axe found so unpleasant that he consented to submit himself to a barber as a means of alleviating the nuisance. In answer to a question about interpreters Mr. Ashton told us that the pupils are allowed an interpreter during their first month of residence, but that after that they have to make themselves understood as well as they can. Only English is taught in the school. Then we walked through the classrooms and



THE MOHAWK CHURCH.

dormitories which were well kept and comfortable but without any particular features. We heard the sound of a piano in one of the rooms, and were told that music enters largely into the educational course pursued here. Indians however are not like negroes and have no special musical facilities, but they are capable of acquiring a certain amount of skill, and Mr. Ashton said that three of the girls were proficient on the piano, "Although" he added "I do not think anything in the world would induce them to play before strangers." Then we visited the kitchen and the laundry and found Indian girls working away with order and alacrity. Some of them were quite pretty, Mr. Ashton told us to what tribes they belonged, but it takes an experienced eye to detect the difference. The curriculum of the Institute includes manual as well as intellectual training, and every girl goes through each of the departments in turn.

We did not see much of the boys, as some of them had gone down to the river to bathe and some were engaged in the harvest field. The farm covers 400 acres we were told, and they have some good horses and cattle, but we were not able to see any of them. By this time I think we must nearly have exhausted the patience of our kind and reverend cicerone, He had answered a great many questions with

the utmost good nature. We asked him to lend us the key of the Mohawk church, and this he willingly did, merely asking us to return it.

(To be continued).

THE CANADIAN INDIANS—PAST AND PRESENT.—(Concluded).

BY THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON MCMURRAY

MY reception at the Sault Ste. Marie, after an absence of some fifty-seven years, is best told in the description given of it by the Rev. E. F. Wilson in his last communication to the CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE:—

"I only wish that some of our bishops and leading clergy could have witnessed the affecting interview that took place recently between the aged and venerable Archdeacon McMurray and some of the old people who had known him sixty years ago at Sault Ste. Marie. Nearly a hundred Indians, men, women and children, from Gordon River, their reserve,

ten miles distant, flocked to see him when they heard that he was at the Shingwauk Home. One old woman, eighty-two years of age, who arrived late and came into our chapel in the evening after others were gone, took his offered hand, at first hesitatingly, and, turning to me, said in Indian, 'I was told that William McMurray was here.' 'Yes,' I said, 'that is William McMurray.' Then the old creature clasped his hand in both of hers, and, falling on her knees, covered it with tears and kisses. I thought as I witnessed this affecting scene, surely life is worth living for if only to gain such love and affection even from a poor despised Indian." Is, let me here ask, his zeal to be quenched, his energies for these poor children of the forest, over whom his heart yearns, to be thrown away? Surely not, unless by the apathy and indifference of our Church in Canada. He has with very great labour and anxiety established these admirable homes for Indian children, capable of holding double their present number, with many Indian parents applying for the admission of their children, but the doors of these excellent institutions are closed against them for the want of means, through the neglect and indifference of their white brethren, who owe them so much. Is it possible that these homes, so admirably adapted for the

purpose, shall be closed and the present inmates sent home to their parents to follow their ignorant, nomadic life again? Can we as Christian churchmen allow such a catastrophe? Surely in our eight dioceses in this Dominion an ample amount could be raised annually, not only to fill the present homes, but to add to their capacity.

We are asked as a Church to contribute annually for the support of foreign missions and to extend her teaching to the heathen of India, China and other lands. But are there no heathen at our very doors for whom, in the sight of God, we are as responsible as to those I have named? Surely charity and love for souls should begin at home. Cannot each Sunday school in the larger and more wealthy congregations in the dioceses I have named, take under its charge the support of one poor Indian child, and sustain it at the Shingwauk Home?

I feel assured that when the necessity is laid before our Sunday schools ample means will be provided to fill the Shingwauk Home, as well as those of the great North-West, which are in the course of construction.

Seventy-five dollars a year for the support of each Indian child could readily be supplied by the larger and wealthier Sunday schools in our Dominion without inconvenience, or its being felt by the members of such congregations.

Again, it is most painful to learn that the Dominion Government are about to withhold, or decrease, the annual trifling amount hitherto doled out to the Indians of our Dominion from whom their lands and hunting grounds have been taken, rich in soil and minerals, abounding in game sufficient for their support, but now driven away by settlements of the whites, railways and mining operations, and the real owners left comparatively to starve.

It may be said that the Indians have conceded their lands to the Government by treaties to which they were parties. But this was done under pressure. They were compelled to do it by a Christian Government. I speak advisedly, for I had the opportunity of being present at the Treaty with the Indians in 1843 at Sault Ste. Marie, when they were asked to surrender their lands from Fort William to Penetanguishene, including the 30,000 islands on the north shores of Lake Huron, a territory of vast extent, extending from the height of land between Hudson Bay and the great lakes.

The terms offered them for this surrender, allowing them to make a few reserves, was to give each Indian, men, women and children, five dollars a year during their lifetime. This, in a family of five, which is the computation in numbering population, would be twenty-five dollars a year, barely enough to supply it with four barrels of flour for its support, without any provision for clothing or bedding to cover its members. In lieu of this generosity the customary presents which had been given them for years,

and were by Treaty to be continued so long as the rivers flowed and the grass grew, which I had distributed myself whilst at Sault Ste. Marie, were to be discontinued and the Indians left to subsist on five dollars a year each, the natural resources of their once loved domain to be taken from them.

I cannot conceive that our Government, when the matter is fairly laid before them, will break faith with those poor children of the forest and withhold the grants which have been promised, in fact only a miserable equivalent, for the lands they have surrendered, but that the promises will be faithfully carried out and a more liberal policy extended to those poor people, wards of the Government for which they have in former days shed their blood to support and maintain, and would again if the occasion required a further test of their loyalty and devotion to our beloved Queen, and the maintenance of the country over which she so happily and benignantly reigns.

SOME of the great things of the world have been thought out a little at a time when other things could not well be attended to. The value of the habit of using the leisure moments that everybody has every day is illustrated by the following anecdote which is vouched for as true:

"Two men stood at the same table in a large factory in Philadelphia, at the same trade. Having an hour for their nooning every day, each undertook to use it in accomplishing a definite purpose; each persevered for about the same number of months, and each won success at last.

"One of these two mechanics used his daily leisure hour in working out the invention of a machine for sawing a block of wood into almost any desired shape. When his invention was complete he sold the patent for a fortune, changed his workman's apron for a broadcloth suit, and moved out of a tenement house into a brown stone mansion.

"The other man—what did he do? Well, he spent an hour each day during the most of a year in the very difficult undertaking of teaching a little dog to stand on his hind feet and dance a jig. At last accounts he was working ten hours a day at the same trade and at his old wages, and finding fault with the fate that made his fellow-workman rich while leaving him poor.

"Leisure moments may bring golden grain to the mind as well as to the purse, if one harvests wheat instead of chaff."

It is said that the Moravians send out one in every sixty of their members to the Foreign field, and raise twelve dollars per member annually for Foreign Missions.

 Young People's Department.



 A LITTLE TRUNK MISSION.

From "The Churchman."

PERHAPS you think this a very queer name for a mission, but when you hear all about the little trunk, the pretty, useful things that are in it, and the good work it may accomplish among the little Indian children, I am sure you will all be interested.

First of all I must tell you, that the kind lady who planned this mission has been among the Indians, and she knows just how miserably they live in their homes, and how much such a missionary work is needed among them. Why, children, they have no home life at all, they simply live like pigs! Gathering round a table at meal-time as we do is something unknown to them; and I doubt if any of them know how to use a knife and fork. They have no tables, no chairs, no dishes; they eat with their fingers, sitting flat on the ground, devouring their food like so many wild animals; and the dirt and squalour and wretchedness in these homes would make you shudder.

We all enjoy sitting down to a clean, neatly-set table, be it ever so simple; and to well-cooked, nicely-served food, be it ever so plain, over

which a blessing has been asked, and we older ones know full well the refining influence which such things have on our boys and girls. Notice the enjoyment you all have at your pleasant meal-time, and then think of the poor little Indian children squatting on the ground, tearing their dirty, ill-cooked food with their fingers.

The questions which come knocking at the door of our conscience seem to be, "Ought we to allow such a wretched state of things to be in this free and enlightened Christian land of ours, where we are trying to live according to the law of Christ? Aren't these poor uncivilized Indians God's children, Christ's brothers and sisters as well as we? Can we not do something to help them?"

And this is not all, either. Many of the Indians allow their children to be sent east to schools and colleges where they are taught, among other good things, to gather round a table for meals, to eat and drink like civilized, refined people, and to ask God's blessing on their food before partaking of it. When the school-days are over, and they return to find their parents and brothers and sisters eating off the ground or out of the pan in which the food has been cooked—no happy meal-time, no family life, no civilization, but misery and degradation on all sides, what is the result?

Disgusted and unhappy, the children look down on their parents, and frequently, after many and bitter quarrels, leave them entirely, while the parents, hurt and angry, seeing no cause for such behaviour, blame the schools, declaring their children have been taught to "put on airs," and obstinately refuse to allow any other members of their family to be sent east to be educated.

In this way much unhappiness is caused which might be avoided if the Indian children who remain at home, and their parents, could be taught to be cleaner and a little more refined before those who are at school come home. Then they could work together and do, oh, so much good among their own people.

Now what we want to do, dear boys and girls, is to civilize and refine these little Indian children. How do you suppose we can begin?

By sending them a little "housekeeping lesson trunk."

Can you imagine what that means? I don't suppose you can, though some of you may guess at part of it by looking at the picture which goes with this article (by the by, a real Indian boy drew it; don't you think it is pretty well done?)

There are lots and lots of trunks in the world, children; I daresay many of you have had more than one pretty and useful gift reach you under cover of a trunk?

Don't you want to pass a good thing along to these wretched Indian children under cover of this little trunk?

Now, I will explain to you what this particular one is like.

It is a perfect little affair, with strong hinges, handles and lock, and so light that two children may easily carry it. It is partitioned off inside, and in the compartments thus made are plates, and cups and saucers, and platters of strong ware, with pretty bright red and blue birds painted on them, to attract the eyes of the Indians, who love bright colors. Besides these, here are knives and forks and spoons, dishes and pans and towels, and a table-cloth (made of enamelled cloth), and everything else that is needed for setting a simple meal for six people, and for washing the dishes after the meal is over.

These are every-day things to you, little readers, but to the Indian children they would be both beautiful and strange—so strange, indeed, that they would have to be taught how to use them.

Miss Huntington (that is the name of the lady who first thought of this excellent plan; I am sure many of you must have heard of her, she has done so much toward benefitting other people) proposes that one of these well-equipped little trunks be sent to each teacher among the Indians, that by its aid a simple "housekeeping lesson" may be taught.

In this way: The teacher might say some Friday afternoon to the children who have been best in school during the week, "Tell your mother that I am coming to take supper with you all to-morrow afternoon; tell her also not to cook anything till she sees me. Take this little trunk home with you now, and put it carefully away in a safe corner until I come. Then you'll see what pretty things are under that cover."

The children will be only too happy to take home the locked trunk and to deliver the message. Everybody's curiosity will be aroused at once, and all will wait eagerly for the morrow's afternoon to bring the teacher to unlock the wonderful box.

You may be sure they will watch her every movement with the deepest interest as she proceeds to spread the table-cloth out of doors (on the ground generally; tables are not often found among the Indians), and to lay out the various articles necessary for a simple evening meal.

Of course the teacher will allow all to help her, showing them where to place the different things; that will be a part of the lesson. And when she produces from her basket something that they all like, in the way of food, you may depend upon it, there will be no happier little people anywhere than these Indian children. It will be so new to them, from the reverent asking of the blessing to the thorough washing and drying of the dishes, and the repacking of the trunk, in all which they will be allowed to take a part.

This little treat, no doubt, will make an impression on the children, and other visits from the little trunk may be given as a reward for good behaviour. Gradually the little ones will learn to like this new way of taking a meal better than their old one; the parents will become interested through the children, and before very long some will be asking: "Why can't we have some dishes and knives and forks for ourselves to keep all the time?" And when that happens, dear boys and girls, you will know that a great deal has been accomplished—that old bad habits are beginning to be broken up and new good ones to take their place; that thoughts of God are associated with their food, and that some degree of cleanliness and comfort exists where only dirt and misery used to be. Isn't this worth trying for?

* * * * *

Archdeacon Moran, of Baltimore, who has tried this kind of mission work, writes to Miss Huntington in the highest praise of it, and orders some more of the "housekeeping lesson trunks."


The boy who drew this picture knows the joy of visits from the little trunk, and in his own fashion he has tried to put some of that joy into this sketch. He is called *Sofay-Ying* in the Otoo language, but he likes best his English name of Charles Washington.

See the bright faces of the boy and girl bring-

ing the trunk into the Indian home, and the eager, alert air of the boy who marches ahead, followed by that funny-looking dog. How happy they all appear to be over the prospect of the treat before them. Charles Washington wrote Miss Huntington, "I make that fellow run ahead and wake up those old chiefs, and tell them good news coming!"

Dear boys and girls, don't you want to send out some of this "good news" among the Indian children who have never heard of it? Don't you want to refine and elevate them by teaching them to be clean and orderly? Don't you want to make them more than mere savages?

STORY OF AN OLD-FASHIONED SCHOOL.

 ONE bright summer morning some children were waiting about the door of a village school-house. They were talking pleasantly together and listening to the song of a merry mocking bird across the way, when Master Lewis himself came up and said, in a cherry, hearty voice, just as he always did:

"Welcome, my children!"

"Welcome, master!" cried they.

The thumb-worn books were brought out of the desks, and school began. The lazy boys forgot to sigh and frown and wish for recess that morning; for Master Lewis talked so kindly to them, and made all their lessons so clear and simple by the way in which he taught them, that the hours passed very quickly.

When the studies were over, the master took from his desk an old-looking box with pictures of birds painted upon it. He called the boys to the desk and told them that he had brought each one of them a little present. Then, while they stood around, he drew out of it some white and pink shells and some pretty toys which he gave to them with kind and pleasant words.

But the most lovely thing of all was a little statue of an angel. She stood with her small white hands folded over her breast, and her face uplifted, and appeared so fair and pure, that the children gazed at her with eyes full of joy. They had never seen anything like it.

"This little angel is too lovely to be given to any child who is not good and true of heart. But the one who brings me to-morrow the brightest thing on earth shall have the angel for his own."

The children looked at each other, not feeling sure that they understood their master. But he said no more, and they went home.

The next day, after the lessons were finished the children gathered around the master to show him what they had brought. Some had picked up sparkling stones by the roadside; one had polished a small piece of silver until it shone like a mirror; another had brought a watch

crystal which his father had given him; and Henry, the merchant's son, had brought a breast-pin with a stone set in its centre that shone like a diamond.

"Ah; mine is the brightest!" cried Henry.

"But where is little Carl?" asked Master Lewis, looking around. "We cannot decide until Carl brings his offering."

At that moment little Carl, the baker's only son, came running into the room. In his hands, held up lovingly against his neck, was a snow-white dove. Some red drops up its downy breast showed that it had been hurt.

"Oh, master," cried Carl, "I was looking for something bright when I came upon this poor dove. Some cruel boys were throwing stones at it, and I caught it quickly and ran here. Oh, I am afraid it will die."

Even as he spoke, the dove closed its soft eyes; it nestled closer to Carl's neck, dropped its little head, and died.

Carl sank upon his little knees beside the master's desk, and from his eyes there fell upon the poor dove's broken wings two large bright tears.

The master took the dead bird from his hands, and laid it tenderly upon his desk. Then turning to the schoolboys he said:

"My children, there is no brighter thing on earth than a tender, pitying tear.

"Give the white angel to little Carl!" cried the boys. "We know what you meant; and his offering is better than any of ours."

The white angel was given to him by the wise master, and you will all surely say the gift was rightly bestowed.—*Selected.*

THE Russian peasants have a curious tradition which may be new to some of our readers. It is that an old woman, the Baboushka, was at work in her house when the wise men from the East passed on their way to find the Christ-child. "Come with us," they said. "We have seen His Star in the East, and go to worship Him." "I will come, but not now," she answered. "I have my house to set in order, when that is done I will follow and find Him." But when her work was done the three kings had passed on their way across the desert, and the Star shone no more in the darkened heavens. She never saw the Christ-child, but she is living and searching for Him still. For His sake she takes care of all little children. It is she who, in Russian and Italian houses, is believed to fill the stockings and dress the tree on Christmas morning. The children are wakened by the cry of "Behold the Baboushka!" and spring up, hoping to see her before she vanishes out of the window. She fancies, the tradition goes, that in each poor little one whom she warms and feeds she may find the Christ-child whom she neglected ages ago, but is doomed to eternal disappointment.

THE OLD YEAR'S VISION.



HE Old Year was just ending as I drew
 My easy-chair before the blazing fire;
 Resolved to wait the moment that the New
 Should be rung out from distant village spire.
 And, as the dancing flamelets rose and fell
 I dwelt on visions of the vanished year,
 Till o'er my being stole a subtle spell,
 And e'en the fire's radiance seemed less clear.

And then methought I stood within a hall,
 Vaster than mortal ever saw before,
 All lined with endless volumes—each and all
 Marked with some surname, and a number o'er.
 I stood in silent wonder, till my eyes
 Fell on a series, small and darkly bound;
 While on each volume, in familiar guise,
 The letters of my name were what I found!

I seized upon the nearest—pulses stilled.
 As through its leaves I glanced in breathless fear.
 Each day a page; each month a chapter filled,
 While every volume held a finished year,
 And oh, what misery! what burning shame!
 Flowed o'er me as I saw my fruitless life
 Opened impartially to Conscience' blame,
 Its wasted hours, its sighs, its petty strife!

I counted! up the volumes; forty-two!
 And now another must be added there!
 Alas! to think how its good deeds were few;
 How many of its pages worse than bare!
 My tears fell fast; and on the instant came
 The chiming of the dreaded midnight bell
 To seal my doom. I knelt for very shame
 And shuddered at each sounding of the knell.

Sadly I prayed—besought for added time
 To cease from evil, and to learn the right;
 When lo! with dying echo of the chime,
 My eyes were dazzled by a glorious light;
 And near me stood a Messenger of Grace
 Turning a blank white record swiftly o'er;
 "It lies with you," he said, "to let me trace
 A fairer year in number forty-four."

INCIDENTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

A SCOTCH minister was taken to task for having had only one added to the church in a whole year, and he only a lad. "True," was the reply, "but I have great hopes of the lad." The lad was Robert Moffatt, afterwards the missionary to whom the whole Church of Christ is to-day a debtor.

A MOHAMMEDAN traveller, whose narrative is quoted by Mr. Mill in his "British India," once saw a man standing motionless with his face towards the sun. The same traveller, having occasion to revisit the same spot several years afterwards, found the same man in the very same attitude. He had gazed on the sun's disk till all sense of external vision was extinguished. By this means he thought he was securing "absorption into the Supreme Being."

It is a great thing to find a man. Several men were grading around a new parsonage, the parson and his wife standing in the door watching them. Noticing that they all deferred to one young man, and as a matter of course followed

his directions in the grading, the pastor remarked to his wife, "There is a leader of men. I must use him in church work." So he set him at work on a committee in a society, and in positions of trust and responsibility, thus opening to him opportunities of labour, and utilizing his talent for the church and the world, instead of "sitting down on him," causing him to fight for a place to stand on, driving him into obscurity, and then wondering why good men were so scarce, or why they took so little interest in the work of the Lord.

THE story is told that a little son of an infidel found a Bible, and was reading it with such absorbing interest that he was lost to all things else—even the fear of his father's anger. The latter discovered him and asked, sternly, "What book are you reading?" The boy looked up abstractedly and said, "*Father, they crucified Him!*" The unbeliever stood still. The arrow of conviction had gone deep into his soul. In vain he reasoned the Bible was not true. Whatever he might say with his lips concerning Jesus Christ, something within kept saying, "They crucified Him." The torment of a convicted soul increased, the burden of sin lay heavier and heavier upon him, and he longed for peace of mind and rest of soul. "They crucified Him" was all the answer the man could get, and at last it came as a message of forgiveness, because he accepted Jesus as his crucified and risen Lord and Saviour. "For Christ sent me * * to preach the Gospel, not with wisdom of words lest the cross of Christ should be made of none effect. For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness, but unto us which are saved it is the power of God." I Cor. i, 17, 18.

THERE are not a great many Churchmen who know that in the interior of Patagonia, far up the Chubut, there is a little colony of Welsh Churchmen striving to win their bread as men did in the days of old, in agricultural and pastoral occupations. They have been for some time building themselves a little church, which, according to the last intelligence received from them, was at the point of completion, and which, it was hoped, would be opened by Bishop Stirling of the Frankland Isles. The little structure which these hardy folk have built for themselves is of brick, and sufficiently large to accommodate about one hundred worshippers. Its bell is the ancient bell of St. Rhedyw, Llanllyfin, which will, in this isolated corner of the world, ring out the call to the faithful few, which in days gone by pealed through the valley and over the mountains of the land of their birth, bidding their forefathers to the worship of God. A pleasing bell indeed, and with associations that make it a priceless treasure in the eyes of the little band of Welsh exiles in the interior of far-off Patagonia.—*Church Bells:*

The Canadian Church Magazine

AND MISSION NEWS.

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

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BUSINESS MANAGERS.

THE J. E. BRYANT COMPANY, (LIMITED), 58 Bay Street, Toronto to whom all payments for subscriptions or advertisements should be made, and all communications of a business character should be addressed. REV. W. ALMON DES BRISAY is their duly authorized travelling agent for the purpose of collecting subscription dues and enrolling new subscribers.

VOL. VI. JANUARY, 1892. No. 67.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We have made a contract with that most brilliant monthly, the "Cosmopolitan Magazine," which gives in a year 1,536 pages of reading matter by some of the ablest authors of the world, with over 1,300 illustrations by clever artists, whereby we can offer it for a year and our own magazine for a year—both for only \$3.00, the price of the "Cosmopolitan" alone.

LAST year, according to Canon Scott Robertson, £550,000 of a total sum of £1,300,000, were raised by Church Societies, and a further sum of £215,000 by joint societies of churchmen and non-conformists.

GEORGIA has at last procured a bishop in the person of the Rev. Dr. Nelson. The position had been previously declined by Dr. Gailor and Bishop Talbot.

THE new Bishop of Zululand arrived in South Africa by the *Scot* on October 19th. He spoke at a missionary meeting in Woodstock and then departed to take up work in his diocese.

THE RIGHT REV. HARVEY GOODWIN, D.D., Lord Bishop of Carlisle, a man of great scientific knowledge, is dead, also Bishop Harold Browne, whose treatise on the Thirty-Nine Articles is now a standard work.

WE have received a letter from Miss Sherlock, written as soon as she arrived in Japan. The ship which conveyed her encountered very rough weather and ran into a cyclone which threatened its destruction, but by God's mercy she reached her destination safely.

A GUN was tried last March at Shoeburyness, which cost nearly £70,000, and costs £200 to charge it! that is to say, the money spent upon this gun would have built fourteen churches at £5,000 each, and every full charge for it would provide a clergyman at £200 a year!

THE Annual Report of the Woman's Auxiliary, about to be published, will show an increase of \$2,483.26 over the amount collected last year. Last year the amount collected was \$12,302.41, while this year it is \$14,785.67, a very gratifying result, showing that the Woman's Auxiliary is alive.

THE Convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, lately held in St. Louis (says the *Living Church*), "was an inspiration to the watchers for the Church's progress and triumph. If such earnestness and enthusiasm and solid loyalty shall become the characteristics of our men in the Church, a new missionary era will have dawned upon us."

A WRITER in the *Nineteenth Century*, clinging to the "scientific" notion of evolution, thinks he sees in the tight squeeze that a baby can give with its little hands an indication of its descent from the arboreal ape, taught to grip tightly when swinging itself from branch to branch. Poor little baby, with its tightly clinched fist, what an evidence of mighty science!

IN advertising for a curate in England, high qualifications, according to *Church Bells*, are sometimes mentioned. He must be "no party or narrow-minded man, a graduate, earnest, energetic, musical, married and a teetotaler." The last item is probably added, not only as a qualification of usefulness, but as a hint to assist him in living on the stipend offered, which is usually not more than £150 a year.

BISHOP POTTER of New York is ever ready to improve the golden hour. At the dinner of the Chamber of Commerce, lately held in New York, he spoke plainly in the presence of men of great wealth as to their responsibilities before God in the matter of giving of their substance for His work. Some wealthy men seem to have been stirred up to better action by the bishop's well-timed and faithful words.

THE consecration of Archbishop Reeve as Bishop of Mackenzie River took place in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Winnipeg, on Advent Sunday, November 29th, 1891. The Metropolitan of Rupert's Land, Dr. Machray, assisted by the Bishops of North Dakota, Minnesota, Qu'Appelle and Calgary conducted

the service. The sermon was preached by Dean Grisdale, who referred to his long and intimate personal friendship with the Bishop elect, and said if past experience was any guarantee of what was to come, if there was any such thing as continuity of character and purpose, the church might hope to witness an episcopate of great and personal usefulness.

How many mothers ever try to enlist the sympathy of their girls for their heathen sisters in India? And yet the story of the lives of these poor little ones, if told, would certainly create a desire in the hearts of all Christian children to help them in some way. Tell your children, then, dear mothers, of the poor girls who, most of them, are married when almost babies, and who go to live in their husband's home when about ten years old—and ask yourself, in passing, how you would like to part with your darling at that early age. Tell them also that if a husband of one of these little ones should die—even if, as is frequently the case, she had never seen him, she is doomed to a life of perpetual widowhood, and from that time her life is one of misery. No one can say a kind word to her. She can eat with no one, join in no pleasures, can have only one meal a day of the coarsest food, and in most families is obliged to fast, even from water, two days every week. There are *seventy-nine thousand* such little widows under *nine* years of age in India!! Surely all Christian children who are old enough to contrast their own bright homes and lives with those of these widows in India, will at least remember to pray for them.

ONE of the missionaries of the Church of England Zenana Society, had been telling the story of the Redemption in a Hindu house, and when she was leaving one of the women exclaimed: "These are not words to be heard only *once*, we ought to hear them again and again. We are so ignorant, and worship our gods only because we know no better. If we had such teaching as this often we should learn better." The missionary adds, "how I wish these words could reach some Christian ladies at home, who perhaps are seeking some work to do for the Master! Here are heathen women ready to be taught, longing for more light, and there is no one to go to them. There are many villages, very many, all through this district where no lady has ever been. Are the women to be left unreached? It is most touching to leave them, begging for more visits and teaching, and to have to tell them I am going, and cannot say when I shall see them again. 'A *thousand* missionaries!' If only the Church were awake to her responsibility, *ten thousand* would be thought little to ask for. But I must not write more. Only just coming from these villages one's heart seems full, and one longs to make the cry of these poor women heard."

EPIPHANY APPEAL, 1892.

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

DEAR BRETHREN,—The great Festival of the Epiphany which we are now called upon to celebrate, should not only fill us with gratitude for the mercies of the past, but stimulate us with renewed zeal for the future. The limits of our thankfulness to God for having revealed his Son to us, will always be the measure of our desire to make Him known to others. The only Festivals, which are not merely local, but which include in their vast design all peoples, languages, empires, and states of the world, are those of our holy religion. The Festivals of our Lord are for all mankind; as He died for the world, so Epiphany embraces the world; celebrating, as it does, the close of her long ages of impenetrable gloom, and the dawn of that brighter day when the Sun of Righteousness arose, a light to the Gentiles, and the glory of His people Israel. The moral gloom of the world, however, is not mere ignorance,—not that mere midnight darkness, which, though never so profound, awaits only the breaking of the day, it is far more than this—it is that all the unemancipated people of the earth are under the direct control of Satan, who, as prince and god of this world, has blinded the minds of them who believe not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, Who is the image of God, should shine unto them. The mission therefore of our great Redeemer is not merely to dispel the mists that envelope so large a portion of the world; it is beyond all this, to destroy the works of the devil: it is, to use the language of the late Archbishop Magee, "an invasion of the kingdom of Satan by the kingdom of God," the wrenching of all potentiality and kingship from the hands of the great usurper, and the establishment of His own throne in the righteousness and glory of the Father.

Such then being the mission of our Lord, it follows that such must be the mission of His Church. She must be absolutely one with Him in His great ultimate design—in the conflict of the present, and in the triumph of the future. As one heart beats in both, the Church must always wage His war. She can only love what He loves, and only grasp at what He desires.

This contest, since the foundation of Christ's kingdom on the earth, has been ceaselessly maintained. It is well, therefore, after nearly nineteen hundred years of war, to pause and see what triumphs have been accomplished in the past, and what yet remains for the future.

The lowly company gathered round our risen Lord in Jerusalem are now represented by some 400,000,000 of professed Christians, scattered over the face of the earth. They are divided as

fellows:—Greeks and Eastern Communions, 85,000,000; Roman Catholics, 195,000,000; Anglicans and all Protestant Communions, 135,000,000. Turning now to hostile forces, we find that they may be arranged as follows: Mohammedans, 173,000,000; Hindoos, 200,000,000; Buddhists and their allies, 400,000,000; outlying barbaric heathens, 200,000,000; total, 973,000,000.

Such then are the terrible powers of darkness, marshalled under the banner of satan, and all bitterly hostile to the kingdom and authority of our blessed Lord. Beside these there are computed to be 7,000,000 Jews. To preach the Gospel to these 973,000,000, and to gather a people for God among them is now the one tremendous and supreme work of the Church.

In studying the history of the past, we cannot but notice a remarkable, though melancholy, instance of retrogression, in which the Church seems practically to have been swept away, and the enemy allowed to occupy all the strongholds of her power.

In early ages the whole of North Africa, from the Red Sea on the East, to the Pillars of Hercules on the West, was mainly Christian. Here lived Clemens and Tertullian, Origen, Cyprian and Augustine; men mighty in faith and love, who, being dead, yet speak. Here were flourishing churches, and here the Truth seemed established beyond all the vicissitudes of time. To-day all this is changed; North Africa is now Mohammedan. The crescent is now waving where the cross once stood, and all Christianity "save an oppressed remnant," is gone.

The question cannot but present itself. Why was this sweeping judgment allowed? No answer can be given except that the Church of North Africa had lost her first love and had ceased to let her light shine. Careless of the great commission of her Lord, she had ceased to be missionary and so provoked His indignation that at last He utterly removed her candlestick and submerged all her glory beneath the wave of Saracenic woe. And He who did all this still walks amid the golden candlesticks, and still tries the children of men, and therefore if we of the Church in Canada, desire to fulfil our high destiny by the advancement of the Redeemer's glory, we must come more into blessed harmony with our Divine Head and realize more fully both His sorrows and His joys. Most clearly in the Holy Scriptures are we taught that, it is in the eternal purpose of the Father that our Lord is to be the head of the heathen, that therefore which the Father has promised is that which the Son expects, and that which the Son expects must be that for which His faithful Church will ever work and wait and pray.

You are all doubtless aware that the Church in this ecclesiastical Province has to some extent rolled away the reproach of the past,

and has established the Board of Domestic and Foreign Missions, whose object is, not only to diffuse missionary light and intelligence among her people, but also to lead them on to direct aggressive work among the heathen, whether on this continent or abroad.

The Board has now three acknowledged missionaries in Japan; although but one of these is supported directly by our funds.

In conclusion: we make an earnest and fervent appeal to you all; as those who love the appearing of our Lord, whose glorious advent awaits the hour when His Gospel shall have been preached to all the nations of the earth, not only to sympathize with, but cordially to extend the helping hand to this most momentous and blessed work.

We would suggest three ways in which your sympathy can be shown:

First—By complying with the Saviour's command that we should pray the Lord of the Harvest that He will send forth labourers into His harvest.

Secondly—By consecrating yearly to this object as large a sum as your means will allow.

Thirdly—By allowing your sons and daughters, should they be so moved by God, to leave your homes to witness, to suffer, and, if needs be, to die for the cause of our blessed Lord among the dark and unenlightened people of the earth.

Our Indian Department.

Edited by Rev. W. A. Burman, B.D., Principal of the Rupert's Land Indian Industrial School, St. Paul's, Manitoba. Missionaries having items of interest regarding the Indians will kindly forward them.

WORK AMONGST THE ESKIMO.

THE following interesting sketches are from the journal of the Rev. E. J. Peck, who has done such noble work amongst the Eskimo of the east main coast of Hudson's Bay, in the Diocese of Moosonee.

In addition to much faithful evangelistic work, involving heavy toil and long and perilous journeys on land, sea and ice; Mr. Peck has adapted a syllabury to the Eskimo language; has printed a grammar, and has done valuable translational work.

Mrs. Peck and he have been living at Fort George, one of the Hudson Bay Ports at which the Eskimo trade. We greatly desire to interest our readers in this devoted couple and their interesting work.


"Monday, March 30th, 1891.—Left Little Whale River in company with an Eskimo. Met some Eskimos on the ice about mid-day. When questioned they complained, poor people, of their dulness in remembering the truths they

have heard from time to time. How many of us, more privileged, forget the words of our Saviour! Put up at night in an old tent, and, having fed our dogs and made things snug, we were soon fast asleep.

"*Tuesday 31st.*—Rose early and went in search of some Eskimos. These we had the pleasure of meeting in good time, and hearing that there were some more of our poor people living out on the ice fields I started to see them, intending to return in the evening. After a brisk drive saw our Eskimo friends whose snow houses were built in close proximity to some vast boulders of ice. Such a desolate looking scene these vast piles of ice with the mound-shaped dwellings, which looked like large balls of snow, scattered amongst the icy mass! After a glance at the surrounding scene I crawled into the first snow house. Here I found three inmates, two of whom are Christians. After a friendly chat I asked for their books. We then read together, after which I exhorted them to cleave to Jesus and to follow him to the end. Passing on to the next iglo (*i.e.* snow house), I found a man who is sadly addicted to conjuring practices. I spoke to him faithfully, but I trust affectionately. May God in His mercy turn him from the path of death ere it be too late. Entered next iglo. Here I found a man and his wife whom I had not met for years. They told me that they had been out to seaward somewhere, and had not been able to come near the white people. Although they had been away so long, I was most pleased to find they had retained much of the knowledge of heavenly things they had acquired in former years. After prayer with these I passed on to the next iglo. Here I found a party who are by no means encouraging. True, they say they believe, but I am afraid their hearts are still far from God. Exhorted these to really turn to Jesus. We then knelt down and I prayed for them. In the next iglo I found a party who are on the whole encouraging. True, one man has given me much sorrow, but I trust he is now desirous of turning to the Saviour, who loves him still. In the last iglo I found a party who are candidates for baptism. These received me in a very hearty manner and listened with much attention when I spoke to them. After shaking hands with the people I returned to the Eskimos I had left in the morning. On entering the snow house in which I lodge for the night the first thing that met my eyes was a large seal stretched along the floor. This had been just harpooned by one of the Christian Eskimos, who very kindly offered me a portion to feed our dogs. In the evening, when the adult members of the little community had returned from hunting, a general meeting was held in my residence, when by the light of an oil lamp we sang hymns, read alternately, had prayer and I then gave them a simple Gospel address. Not a very imposing service this, but

one, no doubt, which our loving Saviour none the less appreciates. Often, yes, very often, have I felt much joy and peace in ministering to my poor Eskimos in their frozen dwellings."

THE SARCEE RESERVE.

HE Rev. H. W. G. Stocken, S.P.G., missionary at the Sarcee Reserve, Diocese of Calgary, writes to us as follows:—

"I wonder if many of your readers have heard of the Sarcees. The Blackfeet, the Bloods and the Peigans are known, but I am afraid my little band of 240 Sarcees are little known. The blame must lie at my own door I fear. Need is making me write now. The Sarcees are a little tribe, a remnant of a once powerful people, living in the vicinity of the Peace River, and closely allied, it is thought, to the Beaver Indians. They now live under the wing of the Blackfoot Nation, having been adopted into it before the treaty with the Government.

"Our people cannot boast of fine physiques and handsome features like the Blackfeet, but they are quick and fairly intelligent. None have as yet been baptized, but all show a readiness for instruction. When I came amongst them in the summer of 1888, after three years' work amongst the Blackfeet, the head chief, Bull's Head, expressed indifference to either secular or spiritual instruction. Since then we have gradually won our way amongst them. We have now two day schools five miles apart in operation, where instruction is given in English and Indian. The religious teaching is listened to respectfully and the greatest reverence shown during prayer by adults and children alike.

"We are now anxious to have a boarding school in connection with our mission, and also a small hospital. Towards both of these buildings the Government has promised small grants in aid. We wish to feel our way at present, and do things on a small scale and as economically as possible. In the future we may be encouraged to go on to greater things. What we wish to do is to erect a small building for a few boys, which can form a wing if necessary to some larger building by and by. The proposed erection would be of lumber, measuring 18 x 24 feet, with a dormitory upstairs. The estimated cost of a warm and neat building is \$350. This does not, however, include any furniture, for which not less than \$50 more would be required. Our only hope of success, we feel, in appealing to Christian friends in Canada, is to be as moderate as possible in our request. Towards the erection of a boarding school the Indian Commissioner has promised \$100, leaving only \$250 for which to appeal. Who will help us in our effort to rescue some of our promising lads from the lives of sin and degradation into which their

parents have fallen through contact with the white man and his fire-water? Let me say that the paucity of girls on this Reserve makes the subject of their training more difficult than that of the boys, as the former are kept at home so much for household duties.

"As regards the hospital, there has always been a great need of one, but not until quite lately has such a plan looked at all feasible. The Indians now favour the idea and wish me to do what I can to help them in the matter. We wish to erect as cheap a building as possible, consistent with warmth and cleanliness. We estimate the cost at less than \$100, including a small coal stove. The Indian Commissioner promised \$25 in aid. It will be built close to our mission house, and will be attended to by my wife and other kind helpers.


"These are our needs. The supply of them will help us very materially in our effort to lead the poor Indian to the cross of Christ. Our work is threefold: to preach the Gospel to the poor; to feed the lambs; and to heal the sick. It is a happy and a holy work, and one in which I am sure many a friend in Canada will be glad to share, and they can do so by enabling us to put up these simple buildings and in following up the offering with their prayers for the divine blessing.

"The boarding school, when complete, will be conducted by my brother, Mr. Stanley F. Stocken, who, after two and a half years amongst the Blackfeet, joined me amongst the Sarcees in December, 1889.

"We are anxious to get these buildings up and at work *at once*, as the winter is the time when there is the truest need for such work.

"How much have those who live in warm houses with so many blessings around them to be thankful for! Who will try to cheer the lives of this little band by giving them the simple comforts that I ask for?"

FROM BRITISH COLUMBIA.

 THE Rev. D. Holmes, missionary at Chemainus, British Columbia, thus writes to us:—

"An item from the far west may not be wearisome to your readers, as we very seldom see much in your valuable paper regarding the work in this Diocese. I know not the reason why, unless the clergy are too busy to write, or else are doubtful of the amount of interest which may be displayed with regard to our work. I am sorry to say that I have not yet received help from the East. It cannot be that we have not needed help, nor is it that we have had no churches or parsonages to build. I may quote from the Bishop's address to the Synod held a few weeks ago: 'Since October three new churches have been completed, St. Barnabas,

Spring Ridge; St. Saviour's, Victoria West; and St. Michael and All Angels', Chemainus. The latter church we owe to the zeal, self-sacrifice and personal labour of the Rev. David Holmes, who has been a chief mover in the erection of six other churches since he came into the Province.'

(From the "Daily Colonist," August 30th, 1891.)

CONSECRATION OF THE NEW CHURCH AT CHEMAINUS BY THE BISHOP OF COLUMBIA.

"The new church of St. Michael and All Angels, Chemainus, was consecrated yesterday by the Lord Bishop of Columbia.

"Travelling by the morning train from Victoria, His Lordship arrived at the church a few minutes before eleven, accompanied by the Archdeacon and the Revs. G. W. Taylor, J. A. Leakey, H. Kinghorn, W. S. Barber, S. S. Scholefield, and S. Agassiz. The petition for consecration was presented to the Bishop at the church door by Rev. D. Holmes, the incumbent of the parish, and Mr. Porter, churchwarden.

"The petition having been read by the Rev. G. W. Taylor, acting as Registrar, the Bishop and clergy proceeded up the aisle to the chancel, repeating, in alternate verses, the 24th Psalm. After the dedication prayers by the Bishop, the Archdeacon read the sentence of consecration, which the Bishop signed upon the holy table and handed to the Deputy Registrar, to be kept among the records of the Diocese. Morning prayer was then read by Rev. D. Holmes and the Holy Communion celebrated by the Archdeacon, the other clergy taking part in the lessons, epistle and gospel.

"The sermon was preached by the Bishop from St. Luke vii, 4-5, and was listened to with marked interest and attention by a congregation which completely filled the church.

"A goodly number of church people went up from Victoria and Cowichan to witness the consecration, and Mr. Holmes received many hearty congratulations upon the success of his work and the beauty of the church, the interior fittings of which he had made with his own hands. This is the seventh church which Mr. Holmes has been instrumental in building, and he deserves all credit for his energy and perseverance. After the service was over the Bishop and clergy and their friends sat down to an excellent lunch, at Gray's hotel, returning by the afternoon train.

"Rev. H. Kingham, who was formerly in charge of the District of Chemainus, remained for the services of the following day. The offertory amounted to the gratifying sum of \$30. In future services will be held morning and evening at St. Michael's, and in the afternoon at the River Church.

"The new church is built upon a site given by the former owners of the saw mill, Messrs. Croft, and is just below the station. A good bell hangs in the little turret and was heard for

the first time on the occasion of the consecration. It was a present from a lady in England.

"The people of Chemainus have good reason to be proud of the beautiful little building now provided for them to worship in, and all who were present at the interesting ceremony of yesterday will join in wishing prosperity to the pastor and the parish of St. Michael and All Angels."

"There is still a debt of \$200, and we need many things for the decent performance of the services, as for instance a font, communion vessels; the acre lot on which the church stands wants a fence; we have no parsonage for the minister and he has to drive twelve miles every Sunday evening after service. I wrote to the Bishop asking him if there was any fund for helping to erect a parsonage, and by this mail received the following reply: 'I am sorry to say we have no funds for parsonage building.' Our friends in Canada have now an opportunity of showing their love to the Church in British Columbia by helping a poor mission and encouraging a pioneer clergyman. \$1,500 will set us on our feet. I trust our friends will yield a hearty response to my first appeal, and lead us, by their acts of charity, to seek more intimate communion with the eastern Dioceses."

Woman's Auxiliary Department.

The love of Christ constraineth us.—2 Cor. v., 14.

Communications relating to this Department should be addressed Mrs. Tilton, 251 Cooper Street, Ottawa.

MISS SHERLOCK, our medical missionary, is to begin her work in Fukushima. This city is, as yet, almost untouched by Christian influences and is about 200 miles from Tokio.

THE winter quarterly meeting of the Toronto Woman's Auxiliary, will be held in Peterborough, on Thursday, January 21st. The railways will give the usual reductions in fares, and it is hoped many members will attend. These meetings have been productive of much good to the Auxiliaries.

MISS PERKES, the lady missionary to Black-foot girls, supported by the Toronto Diocesan Woman's Auxiliary, transfers her field of labour to Athabasca in the early spring, when she will become the wife of the Rev. Mr. Holmes at Lesser Slave Lake. Her work among the Black-foot girls has been very successful.

THE REV. MR. WILSON of Sault Ste. Marie, addressed the December meeting of the Montreal Woman's Auxiliary, and strongly urged the formation of a special committee of the Woman's Auxiliary in each Diocese, to under-

take the Indian Department. \$2,000 yearly are required in addition to the government grant, in order to keep the present institutions open. Mrs. Baldwin, President of the Huron Woman's Auxiliary, was also present at the meeting.

OUR MISSION WORK AND OUR DRAWING ROOMS.

HOW, from my letter, perhaps, you think I mean to declaim against your pretty drawing rooms, and say "O, give it all to missions!" No, I only wish to lay before myself and those who have the patience to read my words the objects of our interest. They came to my mind as I looked at our own prettily furnished drawing room.

How are we furnishing our Lord's House? Do we gather together what we can for that with the same interest and pleasure which we take in making our own homes attractive? Many, I am glad to say, really do so, but again many do not realize that it is our duty as children of our Father's household, to take a delight in bringing others into that home, and to give gladly what we can to "Make His way known upon earth."

May I ask any who read this just to think of their work for missions the next time they look about their favourite rooms, and ask themselves this question; "Do I give as liberally, do I give as gladly to spread the Gospel of Christ as I do to make myself comfortable, my home pretty, and to gratify all my tastes; remember I do not say, "do I give as *much* to Christ as to my home?" We may not be able to do that, but "do I give my due proportion, and do I give it gladly and freely?" Well, if we do not, let us pray that we may for the future. Trust the Father of the great household, He will accept and bless both the gift and the giver, and teach us to value that most which we give unto Him. How happy, too, we shall be when we see the result and reward of our labours, tongue cannot tell. Should we not, too, even now rejoice to have been the means, perhaps unconsciously, of relieving some suffering ones, hushing some cry of grief, soothing some aching heart, enlightening some darkened mind, gladdening some sorrowing soul, perhaps "*saving a soul from death and hiding a multitude of sins?*"

I pray that, in some measure at least, this may be the privilege and joy of us all.

In a recent letter, the writer speaks of the privations endured cheerfully by our missionaries in the far north. Speaking of one in the Diocese of Athabasca, she says, "He told us a little of the life up there, but seemed so bright and contented, although the hardships must be very great. One thing he told us was that bread was quite a luxury and taken medicinally by them, as flour is so very expensive. They

usually, eat barley bread, which is not at all nice unless made every day."

Men are sadly needed for all the mission fields—Diocesan, Domestic and Foreign. "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth labourers into His harvest."

Systematic Giving Department.

The object of this Society is to advocate the duty and privilege of all Christians to give unto God systematically and in proportion to their means, and to promote the study of examples of those who in less favoured times paid tithes and offerings to God.

The present Organizing Secretary is Rev. Canon Sweeney, D.D., Toronto, to whom all communications are to be addressed.

WE hope to see our list of systematic givers largely increased during the present year. Will all who sympathize with the efforts of the Society kindly send the amount of the annual subscription, 50c., at once to D. KEMP, Secretary of Synod?

A WORD ON OUR CONSTITUTION.

By some, the basis of this Society seems still to be misunderstood. A glance at the extract from the constitution at the head of this department will show, that it is not a tithe society, though it embraces tithegivers. Its platform is comprehensive, affording standing room for systematic givers of any and every kind. The Society does not tax its members, who are left free to determine how much or what proportion to give, as well as the objects to which their offerings are to be applied.

Nothing shows more convincingly the need of the organized effort put forth by this Society than the objections which are sometimes made against it: "I do not think we should be stinted by our gifts to religious objects." This literal expression of one anti-systematic giver is the unconfessed response of the majority to-day, to the appeal to give as "God has prospered them, and translated means the bringing in of a new gospel, viz.: the gospel of selfishness instead of that of self-sacrifice."

At the Ripon Diocesan Conference, held in 1888, Bishop Boyd Carpenter said: "During the last month or two I have had it in my mind to bring the subject of systematic giving before the Conference. Why was it we spent one hundred and thirty-six times as much money on the drink bill as we sent abroad on Christian missions? Why were we paying seventy times more in our house rents than on Christian missions? (Cheers). They had been reminded that the Jew tithed himself. Well, he had sometimes imagined the Pharisee entering into our land and saying, 'God, I thank Thee I am not as other men, for I do give tithes of all that

I possess.' (Laughter). He thought that what the English people did give was far nearer one per cent. than ten per cent. of their income. They measured what they had done, but forgot to measure what they had not done. The only adequate and fair measurement was for one to give according to his income as in the sight of God. When there was a collection for certain purposes one frequently had the greatest difficulty in deciding what to give. With systematic giving the question would not be, 'How much shall I give?' but 'How much have I in my charity purse?' (Cheers). Thus one was enabled to perform the more noble duty of making a Christian offering beforehand, and did not contribute out of motives which tended to act prejudicially to giving at any particular moment." Surely these words from across the sea apply with equal, if not greater, force to the people of Canada.

"Freely ye have received, freely give."

W. C. A.

Books and Periodicals Dept.

The Burning of Rome or a Story of the Days of Nero. By the Rev. Alfred J. Church, M.A. London and New York, Macmillan & Co.

The principal characters in this tale are the Emperor Nero and his Empress Poppæa, the "adventuress who had succeeded in raising herself to that position;" Subrius and other conspirators against the Emperor: C. Fannius, who from a motive of honour became a gladiator and afterwards a Christian; Epicharis, a brave girl of Christian leanings, the attendant of the unfortunate Octavia; Claudia, the British princess, a devoted Christian, mentioned by the poet Martial; and Pudens, a noble young Roman finding his way to the light. The descriptions of the burning of Rome and the death of Seneca are very vivid, while the detestable character of Nero comes well to the front. The history of the period is well presented in the book, and gives a capital idea of the dreadful times embraced by it. The dawn of Christianity breaking in upon this darkest period of human history is shewn in various ways. The book is written more in the sober style of history than in the usual stirring manner of the story teller, and impresses the reader as a book of facts rather than a work of fiction. It is beautifully printed by Macmillan & Co., and has several quaint illustrations of ancient persons and scenes.

The announcement of the establishment of a Canadian illustrated monthly magazine is a source of gratification to the very large class of readers who have been waiting to welcome just such a periodical from a Canadian publishing house. The Sabiston Litho. and Pub. Co., Montreal, have taken the decisive step, and the first issue of the *Dominion Illustrated Monthly* will make its bow to the public during January. It will be a sixty-four page magazine, handsomely illustrated, and Canadian and patriotic in tone. The most gifted of Canadian authors will contribute to its pages. The subscription price, \$1.50, places it within the reach of all.

The Pulpit: A Magazine of Sermons; Edwin Rose, Publisher, Buffalo, N.Y. This is a well printed monthly periodical containing ten or twelve sermons by leading preachers of the day, and other hints and selections useful in ministerial work.

The Magazine of Christian Literature: The Christian Literature Co., New York. A useful periodical, especially for clergymen who, from its pages, may cull information upon the great questions of the day, both within and without the Church of England. In addition to many valuable articles each number contains a portion of the "Theological Propædæutic"—a general introduction to the study of Theology—by Dr Philip Schaff, Professor of Church History in the Union Theological Seminary, New York.

The Missionary Review of the World: We find this periodical always most useful in giving missionary information, and suggesting thought for missionary subjects. It is now favourably recognized everywhere, and has become an acknowledged authority on missionary subjects. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, 18 and 20 Astor Place, New York. \$2.50 per year; 25 cents per single number.

New England Magazine, Boston, Mass. The stories in the January *New England Magazine* are of a quaint, unusual character, very refreshing in these days of sensationalism. Edith Mary Norris' "A Salem Witch," is a bright little story with a strain of pathos in it, and something of Hawthorne's power. "The Yellow Wall Paper," by Charlotte Perkins Stetson, is a wild and weird sketch.

The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass. This excellent weekly, well printed and beautifully illustrated, gives promise of keeping up to its usually high standard by a very brilliant announcement of articles and authors for 1892. It is always of a good moral tone and gives wholesome reading for young people of all sizes and capacity.

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

The Churchman: New York; M. M. Mallory & Co., 37 Lafayette Place, New York. A weekly church paper, well known as one of the best church periodicals published.

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

The Scientific American: 361 Broadway, New York. The amount of information of a scientific and general nature that can be obtained from this excellent publication is surprising. Inventions and discoveries of all kinds, and in every department of life, are continually found in it, amply embellished with handsome illustrations.

Biblia: A monthly journal devoted to Biblical archaeology and oriental research. Meriden, Conn. Subscription, \$1 a year.

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

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

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

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