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# THE CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE

• • AND MISSION NEWS • •

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## THE LESSON OF ADVENT

The beginning of the ecclesiastical year is the time when churchmen should ask themselves some very plain questions with regard to the duties and privileges of the past, and with regard to those which are to be again presented to them, if life be spared, during the unrolling of the next volume of Church life. There is certainly much cause to think that the present moment in the history of religion has something of critical importance in it. The world was never so keenly applying itself to the solution of spiritual problems. Sometimes we are inclined to think that there is a *dilettante* flavor in present-day religious investigations, and men talk of Buddha and Mohammed, and the claims of Christianity as if they were entering upon speculations of the intellect, which could be entertained without much regard to the personal and subjective importance of these topics. There is a certain amount of interest and excitement in the way men regard these questions, but too often the light gaze with which they are contemplated reminds us of the amusement and delight with which the Gallic barbarians looked upon the Roman engines which were operated against them, and were to be fatal to their homes and lives. ADVENT should bring with it an earnest wish to deal under a sense of deep responsibility with things which are of tremendous importance to each single man. Life is too short to learn the why and the wherefore of everything, and Christianity merely counsels, "While we have time, let us do good unto all men." The sense of human accountability, the consciousness of a coming day of reckoning with the One Lawgiver, are sufficient motives to practical work, to continuous worship, to almsgiving, to repentance and reformation, as well as to those larger schemes of Gospel labor whose sphere is not confined to the parish or the diocese, but concerns *the evangelisation of the whole world*. Missionary work commences in the heart of the individual; it spreads to the household and the neighborhood, but is not complete until it has embraced the world from pole to pole. This is the time when new expedients are to be tried, when old ones are to be revived, when personal religion is to be quickened and to take fresh

measures of vigilance for the future. The Church must now wake once more to the trumpet call, and its forces go out once more to the battle. This is the lesson of Advent — *See*

## THE ADVENT QUESTION.

BY G. T. M.

"What sayest thou of thyself?" — St. John 1, 22.

The real Advent question, the true Advent mission, rings out in these words: "What sayest thou of thyself?" Before we are in any way fitted to kneel at the manger-bed, Advent must come and lay its fingers on the pulse of our most inward and deeply hidden life and demand some answer to this question. Can there be any more heart-searching enquiry put to any of us? In the light of all that Advent stands for, what reply are we prepared to give? As we face the second coming of the Son of Man, and in the full knowledge of that first coming, with all its results and possibilities of power henceforth for you and me, what shall we say, what can we say, when asked, "What sayest thou of thyself?"

It is the fairest question that could possibly be put to a soul, as well as the most heart-searching. None, but your God knows you as you know yourself, and yet, when have you answered this honestly even to your own conscience? Has there not been a shrinking behind what others say of you as a refuge from what you could say of yourself?

Ah, we all know well enough how easy it is to rest satisfied with the favorable estimates of others, mistaken though we know them to be, rather than examine ourselves. But it is not your friends' estimate that God asks of you this Advent, but your own.

"What sayest thou of thyself?" You know the praise you get that is not due, the motives that underlie your efforts that no one dreams of. What are you doing that is going to last, that is going to stand the fire of that Day which shall destroy all that is "wood, hay or stubble," and only spare the true metal? To all this "What sayest thou of thyself?" Can we, in any sense, give St. John's answer, "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness—Make straight the way of the Lord?" Is that

our purpose—to give expressions to another's will—to be the instrument to convey another's message? And that Other the SON OF GOD! Are we His voice to men, or are we drowning that voice by our own harsh ones? Have we grasped, in any true sense, that, He can only increase as we decrease; that every day there must be less of what "I think or do" and more of Christ? Or is our so-called higher life only a higher form of selfishness, a nobler attempt at self-seeking and self-aggrandizement than those of our neighbors in the money market or social arena whom we severely censure?

"What sayest thou of thyself?" Is there any "wilderness" in your life, that you have chosen for the sake of the message you bear?

Is there any decrease at all of self? Any sacrifice made that you can possibly avoid? Are you in any sense preparing His way, making straight His path, or are you simply laying a road way for yourself, over which you may walk with perfect safety, and amid approbation and applause?

Does the success of your own ideas and pet plans fill your mind this Advent? Or are you seeking in all things to know His will for yourself and others, and to live to voice that will, cost what it may?

"What sayest thou of thyself?" Dear friends, we all stand more or less condemned before such a heart-searching, but let each remember this, He must increase before I can decrease; Christ must fill my life before self will ever entirely yield the throne; I must open my heart to Him day by day, just as I am, and let him drive the usurper out.

As we look forward in a few short weeks to kneeling at His manger-bed, so let us now search our hearts till we see them as they are, and then welcome the Christmas message of hope, and claim the Infant Christ in His omnipotent power for our life, and all its needs. And may God grant when another Advent message rings in our ears, "What sayest thou of thyself?" we may be able to answer: "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Make straight the way of the Lord," for He has increased and I have decreased."

"Lord ere our trembling lamps sink down and die  
Touch us with chastening hand and make us feel Thee  
nigh."  
—*The Churchman.*

THE S.P.G. proposes to hold a Missionary Exhibition in London during the second week in May, 1898, illustrative of the Society's work in many lands.

THE "S.P.G. Picture Book" for children would be a good Sunday and day school prize. Amongst other improvements in it it now contains two maps showing every diocese of the Church of England abroad, and is sold at 2s. 6d. sterling.

## CHURCH MISSION, FOOCHOW, SOUTH CHINA.

LETTER FROM MISS E. M. LESLIE, C.M.S.

I have been here just a month and already have so much to tell. It has been so very interesting, meeting again many of my Chinese friends, to say nothing of the missionary sisters. There was so much uncertainty about the steamers from Shanghai, on account of the celebration of the Chinese New Year, (Feb. 2nd), which always upsets all regular traffic, that it was not possible for me to let anyone here know when I was coming. Miss Lee, and others who had been watching and trying to find out when steamers were expected, were quite surprised when I appeared the day after they had met one steamer and a week before they thought it possible that another could come. It was rather fun coming back suddenly like this. The first person who came across me was Miss Newton, the one of the American missionaries I know best. Fortunately, the man who supplies our school with wood was on the bund and shouldered my luggage with a grin of welcome. I don't feel quite sure that he was really glad to see me, for very likely Miss Lee drives less hard bargains than I used to do. She was out, but the servants did all they could to make up for her absence. Our dear woman servant, Cong Cis, of whom you have often heard, ran to light the fire and bring me some tea, and the cook came with the lamp, and from her house next door, in came Mrs. Ahok, who seemed so pleased to see me, and we had a good talk in the room Miss Lee had made pretty for me—new matting on the floor and flowers all about—till she appeared. I was very glad to find that she had quite recovered from her illness and was looking well. We had, of course, a great deal to say to each other. It was so interesting to hear of all that has been happening here during the seventeen months I have been away. The school has increased greatly. Another of the girls, "Golden Water," has been baptized. Several have had to leave to be married, unfortunately. There have been some very useful additions to the school buildings.

I would like to tell about some of the girls in that group of ten in the photo which so many have seen, and in whom the St. Silas Working Party and the Matfield Mother's Meeting are interested. I have seen six of them.

No. 1, Cis Try.—This is the girl who was just going to be married when I left Foochow, and who gave me my little "engagement ring." She has had a great deal of trouble; her husband, who was so willing at first to listen to the Christians and made all sorts of

promises about allowing her to go to church, etc., has been talked over by heathen friends and she has a great deal to bear. He took away all her Christian books, and the Bible we gave her at her baptism he gave to our Bible woman to take care of, and became violently angry if any one reminded him of his promises. I was very thankful that he had not got to the point of preventing any of us from seeing her. Just lately I am told he has been softening a little; his gambling habits are bringing them into poverty and we hope that may be a blessing to him. The dear girl herself said to me, "He may be more inclined to listen to the doctrine now, Gumony, that we have become so poor." It was delightful, of course, to see her again, and to find her still quite steadfast and earnest, though she had such a sad tale to tell; her clothes pawned, and one day, unknown to her, he took the little clock Miss Dushell had given to her as a wedding present. Even the heathen women living in the same house pity her, and told me what hard times she has; but I do believe the man is changing, he has been twice to see some of the native Christians and was actually at church in the city on Sunday last. Cis Try's mother is living with them at present, and, of course, the husband does not like that. I am trying to arrange that she shall move to a new day school we are starting, as companion to a young widow who is to be the teacher.

No. 2, Sen Ong.—This girl has, in a way, had even more troubles than the others, but is now in a happier position. During the times when there was so much sickness here last year, both her husband and her mother died. She was married on Christmas Day, 1895, and was only 15, so she is a very young widow indeed, poor child. Her husband, though a nominal Christian, was not at all a true good man, and, of course, she had hardly ever seen him before marriage, so his death could not be any great grief to her, but I am sure she feels the loss of her mother very much as she was very fond of her. It was she who sent me the charm made of cash, sword shape. She always seemed so anxious for her daughter to learn to be under Christian influence. Sen Ong has just been admitted into the women's school here and we are praying that she may learn a great deal there, we always feel that women are greatly benefitted by being under the influence of the excellent matron there, Chitino.

No. 4, Eng Muol.—This dear girl has not been at school all the time I have been away. Her father died suddenly from consumption and her mother is not strong enough to earn any money, so "little sister Rose," as her name may be translated, sits all day weaving; the bread winner of the family. She earns

only 40 or 50 cash a day for this work. 1060 are equal to a dollar, which is equal to about 2 shillings in English money. She used to work, painting butterfly wings for hair ornaments and earned 70 or 80 cash a day at that, but cannot get it now. She has just had a happy little time with us. Miss Mead invited her to stay with us in the city house from Saturday to Monday and then she came out to revisit the school here for a night and see some of her school-fellows. She was so happy and so delighted to go to church with us. She keeps all her books most carefully and has forgotten very little of what she learnt while with us.

No. 7, U. Guany; No. 8, Hok Mu; No. 9, Sanc Muoi, are all in the school here still, U. Guany and Sanc Muoi in the first class, Hok Mu in the second. I see them all on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, which are my days for taking classes in the school. Hok Mu's mother is still at work here as one of the school servants. I have just engaged Sanc Muoi's mother as embroidery teacher in the Industrial School we hope to start in the city next week, as she came here one day very sad, saying that her husband had become so poor that he had pawned the little girls nice clothes and had spoken of selling her poor child. She looks so pale and thin I am a little afraid that opium may be at the bottom of it. I am most thankful of having the opportunity of giving this little position to the poor woman. How delightful it is to have friends at home enabling us through their money and prayers, to give a helping hand out here. This woman was baptised sometime ago. I have not seen the other four girls in the group yet. No. 6, Senk Muoi, she has been married, Miss Lee tells me. We can find no trace of poor little No. 10, Noo Muoi, who was sold away for opium.

Some of you have no doubt noticed in the C. M. S. magazines, the news that the head of the Taoist priests and his family have all become Christians. They were all at the evening meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society in a chapel in the city the first Sunday I spent there. The man is blind and some one must take a good deal of trouble in teaching him, for when he speaks at these meetings. One notices how much he already knows of his Bible and hymn book. His wife talked with me a good deal, she seems to be so rejoicing in the truth and told me with such a happy face, how now her husband never does the "Devil's business," and how they got rid of all the things used in his former occupation with much joy. One of the little girls is in the school and her mother in the womans' school. It is certainly wonderfully encouraging to notice the change in the city since I

left. Last Sunday there were such a number of women at the service in the morning. I had one on each side looking on my book and another over my shoulder. This sort of thing is rather tiring, but one can only rejoice over the unflagging interest. In the afternoon some of them came to the house and we began a class which we believe will quickly grow into a kind of afternoon service. There are so many at the Sunday school at 9.30 a. m., that the Archdeacon is obliged to make a new arrangement. He wants more room in the church premises for the men, so we are to have all the women and children in our house which is quite close. Of course many women are not present at the evening meeting, but it is delightful to see the men pouring in and filling the room.

All this makes one long more and more for more teachers for these people. Who will come? We have every prospect of getting a site soon for a Women's Hospital, and Mrs. Ahok and I are arranging everything for starting a new boarding school in September. We want a lady doctor and a head for this school. We feel so deeply that just now is the time to push forward while the door is so very wide open. It is so sad to think of women and girls coming to us, wishing to be taught in such numbers that we feel it is quite impossible to teach them all. Will some of you come? And some send others? And all pray?

#### ST. ANDREW'S BROTHERHOOD MISSION IN CHINA.

A member of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew writes to the *St. Andrew's Cross* as follows:

I have many things to write about our work here, but mainly to say how comprehensive are the plans upon which the China mission is conducted and how few are the men we have to work them. The largeness of the issues and the splendid opportunity grow upon me every day; but I shall be better able to write of this when I have become better acquainted with our Deacons and Christians and have seen more of the work as it is actually carried on. One department, however, I feel confident in writing a few words about now—that is, the opportunity in medical work.


Here in Wuchang we have a hospital, which, Mr. Partridge says, is actually the very best in the whole empire. He says those he has seen in Peking, Tientsen, Shanghai, Amoy, and Foochow do not begin to compare with it for substantial building, convenience, and medical and surgical equipment. We have the pavilion plan with separate wards, and not only good furniture, but a good supply of both drugs and apparatus. Dr. Merrins built it. The physi-

cian in charge has opportunities to enter the very highest as well as the lower homes of this important city. Dr. Ludlow has been called frequently to the governor's *yamen*, and the homes of mandarins, where, of course, no other kind of a missionary would be tolerated. He is called because he is recognized as one who can be trusted in extreme cases.

Can you imagine a better opening for missionary work than this? What a chance to dispel the senseless prejudice against foreigners, and especially Christians! Then this hospital is also the place to which all cases from the cotton mill, with its 3,000 employees, are sent by regular agreement; and besides this are the numerous openings made by the Christians themselves, who know, at least, how to direct suffering friends to a place of possible relief.

Of course there are all sorts of difficulties which one would not meet at home, particularly that of getting competent help and of having the doctor's orders obeyed; yet these things may be stepping-stones to influence as well as hindrances. It is really the pioneer work of the mission. Besides that, it is exactly the work for the brotherhood to be interested in, for, while it offers the widest scope for brotherhood influence, both directly in the native homes, and indirectly in the training of native assistants, it is distinctly and necessarily laymen's work.

#### FOREIGN MISSIONS—ITS BLESSINGS.

 THE Rev. Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn, N.Y., in an address lately given well said:

"It would be superfluous to argue for the blessing which comes with Foreign Missions; for everything which we have as individuals, in the way of character or culture, or of prosperity and happiness, by which we are differentiated from our savage ancestors in the woods and on the seas, has come to us from Foreign Missions, from the messages of the Gospel carried from Rome to the British isles, from the subsequent messages sent under Augustine and his monks at the end of the sixth century, to the crude and fighting English people. Every happy home in which there is a Christian influence rests upon Foreign Missions. Every school in which instruction is truly and effectively given, every seminary of learning of whatever rank, every great university, the great libraries, all these, with all pleasant, happy, social customs, all just laws, prosperity, commerce, industry, power in the world—have come as the effect of Foreign Missions reaching our ancestors, and building them to a nobler and lovelier manhood than they otherwise could have attained. Every asylum of charity, every institute of beneficence rests upon Foreign Missions. It is not the


Anglo-Saxon spirit, as we sometimes say, it is not the confluence of life at this centre from all peoples of the earth, which constitutes the basis for these great educational, charitable, beneficent institutions and influences. They come from Foreign Missions. And if we are ever blind to the value and glory of Foreign Missions it will be the worst example of civic ingratitude in the history of the world. Our just and humane legislation, our courts of justice, our republican institutions, our literatures, so far as they are enlightened and purified and purifying in effect, our hopes for the future, as well as our present prosperity and tranquillity, likewise come from Foreign Missions. These have been the builder by whom has been erected the entire personal, public, civic, and national development in which we rejoice today. And so it is natural that there should be an interest in Foreign Missions throughout the country—an interest in them not merely, though primarily and supremely, because they reach individual souls and lead them toward the celestial and immortal life; that would be an impulse to preach in the next village, to preach in any neighborhood. Souls are there needing the Gospel as precious as the souls at Benares or Bombay, in Japan or China, or anywhere else."

#### A LIVE CHURCH.

The *Speaker*, which fairly represents the opinion of intellectual Nonconformity in England, says, "There is a keen, and almost over-anxious desire to make the Church of England able to meet the new demands of society at almost every point." . . . "Those who are not members of the Church of England, and even those who have no sympathy with aggressive clericalism, can still note with admiration the unbounded energy and unquenchable enthusiasm with which the leaders in the Church are carrying forward their mission in the world."

In the Parliamentary report of the trustees of the British Museum many interesting additions are recorded, amongst which are sculptured slabs belonging to the fourth dynasty of ancient Egypt, B. C. 3700, one with a portrait of a deceased man wearing a wig, necklace, and tunic; also a set of foundation deposits from the temple of Queen Hatashpset at Der-el-babari, and a bronze shrine of Necho, King of Egypt. In the Babylonian section many objects of interest from the early empire have been acquired. Inscribed objects of Mulbabbar and Arad-Sin, early rulers of Babylonia, probably between B.C. 2500 and 4000, and a number of tablets inscribed with public accounts—lists of revenue and produce drawn up for the city of Ur, B.C. 2300.

#### BETHLEHEM.

HRISTMAS is drawing near, and among all the places in the Holy Land with sacred associations our thoughts centre most readily upon the little town of Bethlehem, the scene of the greatest event this world has ever witnessed.

It is in its connection with this event rather than anything in itself that our interest in the place lies; and yet it has its attractions. Its position on the top of a "long grey hill" of Jura limestone renders it conspicuous to the traveller as he journeys on the main road from Jerusalem to Hebron, it being only about six miles from the former. The ridge of hill, which runs nearly due east and west, is about one mile in length. The west end of it shelves down gradually, but the east end on which the town stands rises more abruptly and overlooks a plain of some extent; on either side of it there is a deep valley. In many parts the slopes of this ridge are covered by vineyards, fig-plantations, almond groves and gardens, shaded by rows of olive-trees, which betoken great fertility of soil and add much to the beauty of their terraced contours.

Somewhat separated from the town and standing on the extreme eastern part of the ridge is the great Basilica of St. Helena, "half church, half fort," which now groups together in its precincts three convents—Greek, Latin, and Armenian.

Bethlehem is one of the oldest towns in Palestine, and yet but little is known of its early history; we find it already in existence at the time of Jacob's return to the country, for it was near to it that he buried his beloved Rachel.

The event which marked it for veneration by the Israelites was the birth of King David there; and yet in spite of the importance given to it by this circumstance, it never rose to any great eminence, or became the scene of any remarkable action or business. Even after his elevation to the kingdom David did nothing to dignify the place or connect it with himself; the only touch of recollection which he manifested for it is in the story of his sudden longing for the water of the well by its gate (2 Sam. xxiii. 15), which the three brave men hazarded their lives to procure for him. Beyond this and its connection with the story of Ruth, the mention of it in the Old Testament is merely incidental. It is at the outset of the New Testament history that this little town suddenly springs into the fame which it has enjoyed ever since.

Travellers there at the present day find little or nothing in the small straggling village to arrest their attention, and proceed at once to the great pile of buildings, embracing the

domiciles of three different orders, and known as the Convent of the Nativity. In the centre of this group is the Church of St. Helena. Of this the only part of the original basilica remaining is the nave, common to all the sects, and for that very reason deserted, bare and wanting in tokens of devotion, but commanding our interest as being in all probability the most ancient monument of Christian architecture in the world. The long double lines of Corinthian pillars, the faded mosaics dimly visible on the walls above, and the rough ceiling of cedar-wood, dingy and neglected as they now appear, still preserve the outlines of the Church once blazing with gold and marble, and rich with offerings from princes and people far and wide. It is interesting to us as Englishmen to note that when the roof of this Church was last repaired, the rafters were not hewn from the forests of Lebanon, but were gifts from our own oaks by King Edward IV.

Under the Church, and reached by means of a marble staircase and a long winding passage, is a cave or grotto dimly lighted with silver lamps, which travellers are told is the actual site of the Nativity, a marble slab and the rays of a brilliant silver star marking the spot which is supposed to have been occupied by the manger in which the Holy Child was laid.

Writers differ very much as to the credence they give to the tradition, and the evidence adduced for fixing upon this particular site as the "stable" of the Gospel narrative. In favor of it is urged the well-known fact that caves often were, and still are, used as stables, and the passage from the prophet Isaiah (ch. xxxiii. 16), which in the Septuagint version runs—"He shall dwell on high; His place of defence shall be a lofty *cave* of the strong rock," is applied to the birth of Christ. Moreover, the tradition is one of the most ancient attaching to any of the holy places in Palestine, and certainly dates back beyond the time of Constantine. On the other hand it is contended that in the account given by St. Matthew, he expressly says that the Magi came "into the *house*." Also that at the time of the Captivity we know that there was a large Caravanserai or inn existing at Bethlehem, the recognized point of departure for travellers to Egypt (see Jer. xli. 17), it is more than probable that this was the very one existing there at the time of our Lord's birth, and the one in which, already over-crowded with guests, Joseph and Mary could find "no room." During the subsequent disturbances of the Jewish war, no doubt this Caravanserai was swept away, and thus the tradition of the place was in danger of being lost; what more natural, therefore, than that the inhabitants of Bethlehem, wishing to retain a local habitation to the event which made their village illustrious,

should fix upon some strongly marked natural feature such as this cave in which to preserve it permanently, safe from the accidents of war, or the slower destruction of time?

But "house" or "cave" makes little difference to our veneration for the sacredness of the place. There can be no doubt that in Bethlehem, and probably near to, if not on, that exact spot, there took place that stupendous Event with the glory of which all Christendom rings, and which we are once more about to commemorate in our joyous Christmastide services and festivities.—*Selected.*

### EVERY LAYMAN'S DUTY.



AT the recent Church Congress at Nottingham, the Dean of Norwich (Dr. Lefroy), in his paper on "The Queen Victoria Sustentation Fund," said:

"In the name of God and His Christ I believe it to be the individual, abiding, and imperative obligation of every adult layman to contribute to the support of the clergy. This is the conviction by which the whole Church is to be inspired. Nothing short of this will suffice. This principle, Divine in its origin, individual in its application, perpetual in its rule, must be proved, asserted, vindicated, until it is accepted. Let the truth be told. The clergy are, by the thousand, unwilling to advocate it. They consider its enforcement equivalent to pleading for themselves, which it is not; but whether it is or not, it is an essential portion of the deposit of truth entrusted to them to publish. The burden of publication ought to be willingly borne by such of us as have no share in the result. My hope is that the members of every cathedral chapter in the land will place themselves, as far as possible, at the service of the local or central bodies, and, aiding the parochial clergy, who may do much by interchange of pulpit, work and teach until this individual obligation becomes an individual conviction. Knowing, as everyone knows, the difficulty of impressing the public mind with a principle which has been allowed to lie latent and lifeless for centuries, it is obvious that its revival, presentation, and acceptance is no easy task. But the task must be faced. Upon its adoption nearly every other branch of work depends. Upon the adequate maintenance of those who preach the Gospel depends, partly, ministerial capacity, efficiency, supply. Upon these depend missionary work at home and abroad, educational advancement, parochial organization of all sorts, and the social influence of religion. The moral side of national life is conditioned by the

material support of those who mould it. 'If this be admitted, I claim for our subject a foremost place in the problems presented for solution in the closing years of this century.'

### CHRISTMAS PROCESSIONAL.

Shadows flee and light is blazing  
From the dazzling break of day,  
But we come our carol raising  
In the Dayspring's brighter ray;  
Onward—sing thro' earth the glory  
Of the blessed Christmas morn:  
Hymn and chant proclaim the story  
How the Saviour, Christ, was born.

#### CHORUS.

Every continent and nation,  
Every kindred, every tongue,  
Shout the song of exultation  
First by herald angels sung:  
Glory be to God this morn  
Peace to men, for Christ is born.

In a manger low we find Him,  
And with shepherds bend the knee;  
Swathing clothes of linen bind Him:  
Ox and ass their Maker see.  
Scorn and poverty and weakness  
Wait upon His lowly bed;  
But the sceptre of His meekness  
Rules the realm of quick and dead.

CHORUS—Every continent and nation, etc.

Sing the mystery of ages,  
Heavenly Word made Flesh on earth,  
Bethlehem's well our thirst assuages,  
Bread of life allays our dearth;  
He our Joseph true shall feed us,  
He our Daniel, counsel wise,  
He our greater Moses lead us  
To our Canaan in the skies.

CHORUS—Every continent and nation, etc.

Poor, He gives to us the dower  
Of a treasure more than gold;  
Weak, He wins for us the power  
Over sin and Satan's hold:  
Doomed to death, that we by merit  
Of His conquest in the strife,  
May, through faith in Him, inherit  
Blessed years of endless life.

CHORUS—Every continent and nation, etc.

By His sore humiliation,  
By His poverty and pain,  
Death bound souls, acc't salvation,  
Captive exiles, burst your chain!  
Smile, ye mourners; turn, ye dying,  
Turn your eye to Bethlehem's shed,  
Where upon that manger lying,  
Life is born, and Death is dead.

CHORUS—Every continent and nation, etc.

Praise the Lord, the great Creator,  
Blessed ere the worlds began;  
Praise the Lord, the Mediator,  
Priest and Sacrifice in One;  
Praise the Spirit, Gift bestower,  
Praise one God in Persons three,  
Blessing, Victory and Power  
To the eternal Trinity.—AMEN.

—N. Y. Churchman.

## FACTS ABOUT MOHAMMEDANISM AND MOSLEM LANDS.

(C. M. S. Leaflet.)

### 1.—POPULATION AND RELIGIONS.



HERE are 205,775,000 Mohammedans in the world—one-seventh of the total population: of these 5,750,000 are in Europe; 160,000,000 in Asia and the Eastern Archipelago; 40,000,000 in Africa; 25,000 in Australasia. Nearly half the Mohammedans are in subjection to Christian powers.

The area of Palestine is computed to be about 11,000 square miles. The population probably does not exceed 620,000. Of this number from 80,000 to 100,000 are Jews. In and about Jerusalem the Jews number about 40,000, whereas 20 years ago there were but few of them. Eighty per cent. of the people in Palestine are Mohammedans.

Persia comprises an area of 630,000 square miles, and contains a population estimated at 9,000,000. The Persians are mostly Mohammedans of the Shiah sect.

Egypt and its dependencies have an estimated area of 760,000 square miles with 11,000,000 inhabitants.

Queen Victoria reigns over more Mohammedans than the Sultan of Turkey.

Arabia covers an area of 1,220,000 square miles, and contains a population of 6,000,000; it is one of the very few countries still practically closed to the Gospel.

There are 33,000,000 Mohammedans in Bengal.

It is said that there are from 500,000 to 1,000,000 Babis in Persia. They are the followers of a man who termed himself the Bab or Door, and declared that he had come from heaven to supersede Mohammed.

There are only some 5,000 Parsis in Persia.

Mohammedanism is called *Islam*, from its demanding the entire *surrender* of the believer to the will and service of God.

"Self-righteousness, the merit of good works, and of a rigid attention to the prescribed formularies and ceremonies of their faith, with God's mercy to supply any possible deficiency—these constitute the scheme of salvation prescribed by Islam. History, indeed, but too truly records that the faith of Mohammed is altogether powerless to ennoble or regenerate a nation. . . . The minutest change of posture in prayer, the displacement of a single genuflection, would call for much heavier censure than outward profligacy or absolute neglect." (*Stobart's Islam*, pp. 233, 230, 237.)

The personal religion of a devout Mohammedan is thus described by the Rev. R. Clark:—



"Being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish his own righteousness, he practises religiously the five essentials of his creed. He prays five times a day. He fasts so rigorously during the month Ramazan, that he will rather die than allow one atom of food, or indeed of anything whatever, to pass his lips (from sunrise to sunset.) He goes on pilgrimage to Mecca if he has the means of doing so. He repeats the Kalma—"There is no God but one God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God." And he gives alms with open hand to the poor. These are the five fundamental principles of his faith, and obedience to them is his righteousness and his title to life. If he does them well he can claim salvation. If, through infirmity or neglect, he forgets to do *all*, he has lost his title to heaven; but 'God is merciful.'"—(*C.M. Intelligencer*, February, 1877.)

Sir William Muir has said of Islam:—"The sword of Mohammed and the Koran are the most stubborn enemies of civilization, liberty, and truth which the world has yet known." (*C.M. Intelligencer*, May 1894, p. 374.)

Mohammed proclaimed to the nations of the world that whoever did not accept him as a Prophet and the Apostle of God, the same should be slain, his goods seized, and his women and children carried into captivity.

Slavery and polygamy are essential parts of Islam.

A lady Missionary in Egypt recently, wrote:—"I often ask the women if they ever pray; most of them laugh at the idea, and say, 'We pray! We do not know how to pray; only the men pray.'"

A Persian woman once remarked to a Missionary: "Our husbands say we have no souls."

"In Arabia, the cradle of the faith, Islam may be said to be non-existent, if we except the immediate precincts of the Holy Cities and one other district, and there Islam is but the cloak for the grossest vice and immorality. In Africa, the case is not so bad; but even in Egypt, where African Islam shows at its best, it is sadly deteriorated from its former state. In East Africa it only serves to intensify the worst vices of the Arab trader and his half-caste convert. In the Central Soudan it is much the same: . . . cruelty, immorality—hypocrisy—these are the qualities which characterize the Arabs of the Soudan." (*Islam as a Missionary Religion*, pp. 203, 204.)

It is a mistake to speak of the Sultan of Turkey as the spiritual head of Moslems, for he does not belong to the tribe of the Quraish, membership of which is a necessary qualification for being Khalif—*i.e.*, successor to Mohammed. (*Rev. E. Sell.*)

In lands under Moslem rule, if a man happens to be born a Mohammedan, it is next to impossible for him to acknowledge himself a Christian, as it would mean almost certain death, for the man would be quietly put out of the way, and never heard of again.

In 1897 Bishop Stuart baptized a Persian

woman who had suffered much persecution: she once said to the Missionaries: "I believe that I shall be put to death for my faith in Christ, and I want to be baptized before I am killed."

The Oriental Churches are a real obstacle to the evangelization of the Mohammedans, who say, "We have lived among Christians for 1,200 years, and we want no such religion as *that*." (*C.M. Atlas*, p. 66.)

## 2.—MISSIONARY EFFORT.

According to Origen, the Apostle Thomas preached the Gospel in Persia. There are documents recording the acts of martyrs at Edessa in 115, A.D.

Bishop French resigned the bishopric of Lahore in India and went out at the age of 65 as a simple Missionary to Arabia, but died at Muscat within a year of commencing work in that land.

In 1895 there was one ordained Missionary for every 250,000 people in Persia, and for the 6,000,000 souls in Arabia there was only one.

Only one European is at work amongst the 250,000 Mohammedans in and near Calcutta.

There are eleven fully qualified C.M.S. European medical missionaries in Egypt, Palestine, and Persia, and one fully qualified native medical missionary. The five hospitals have 108 beds: during 1896, 1,081 in-patients were received, and there were 92,258 visits of out-patients.

Medical Missions have a far-reaching influence in Egypt. Men only being counted, 457 districts and villages were represented amongst those who came to the C.M.S. dispensary at Old Cairo during eleven months of 1895.

Education is advancing rapidly in Egypt, and Missionaries have liberty in the way of publishing literature such as is not enjoyed in any other part of the Turkish empire.

The Rev. Maulavi Imad-ud-din, D.D., formerly a Mohammedan and a determined opponent of Christianity, drew up in 1893 a list of 117 Christian converts of some distinction from Mohammedanism in India. His own testimony about Islam is as follows:—

"I found nothing in Mohammedanism from which an unprejudiced man might in his heart derive true hope and real comfort, though I searched for it earnestly. Rites, ceremonies, and theories I found in abundance; but not the slightest spiritual benefit does a man get by acting on them. He remains fast held in the grip of darkness and death." (*C.M. Intelligencer*, August, 1893.)

Greater results from work amongst Moslems are seen in India than in countries under Mohammedan rule, because of the comparative safety with which in the former a man can confess himself a Christian.

"There is abundant encouragement from what has been done among the followers of

Islam, and the opportunities now, especially in India, are unique." (*Report of the Committee of the Lambeth Conference, 1897, on Foreign Missions.*)

"The growth of a spirit of dissatisfaction with Islam is now showing itself among Mohammedans in parts both of Europe and of Asia." (*Ibid.*)

"It seems as though the time for approaching Mohammedans had come, and that the call to approach them was made specially to ourselves." (*Lambeth Conference Encyclical Letter, 1897.*)

The special difficulty of Missions to Mohammedans calls urgently for special prayer. A Missionary in Palestine recently wrote:—"I want to make an earnest appeal to Christians at home for more prayer for Moslem lands. There has been too much of taking for granted that such Missions were comparatively hopeless, and so there has been but little prayer, and less faith on the part of the Church for them." (*C.M.S. Report, 1897.*)

C. D. S.

#### REMARKABLE TESTIMONY TO CHRISTIANITY.

M. Taine, who is considered a philosophic historian of the type of Voltaire, discussed in his last book the political evolution of his country. All systems, he says, have been tried but all have failed save one. "We cannot now," says M. Taine, writing not as a theologian, but as a scientific sociologist, "*reckon the value of what Christianity has brought into modern society*; how much modesty, sweetness, and kindness; what it there maintains of honesty, good faith, and justice. Neither the reason of philosophers, nor the culture of artists and men of letters, nor yet even the sentiment of honor, feudal, military, and chivalrous—not any code, or administration, or government can, in this its function, avail, if it be wanting. There is nothing except Christianity which can hold us back on our native incline, or prevent the gradual slipping downward by which, incessantly and with all its weight, our race goes back into the depth; and to-day the ancient gospel is still the best auxiliary that social instinct can call to its aid. "This is not the testimony of a devotee, but of a shrewd student and observer; and the *Quarterly* classes it with that of two other famous men of like intellectual bias and power—M. Littré, long the apostle of Positivism, who entered the Christian Church, and Mr. Stuart Mill, who left it on record that in his eyes the example and teaching of Jesus Christ were "the test of a perfect moral standard."

#### THE BLOOD-STAINED ROYAL BANNER.

(*C. M. S. Occasional Paper, No. 28.*)



WHICH of us has not read of Flodden Field, and felt, sprung though we may be from the very race which wrought Scotland's woe on that fatal day, that this was one of those great battles which brought greater glory to the vanquished than to the victors? Have we not, in earlier days at least, glowed with admiration and sympathy for the brave Scots in unbroken ring, guarding their chivalrous monarch to the last?—

"Each stepping where his comrade stood  
The moment that he fell."

Thank God, there are no more such cruel battles on British soil; but I would fain bring forward one incident of that sad period, as aptly foreshadowing a warfare in which Englishmen and Scotchmen and the warm-hearted sons of the sister isle should unite—a nobler strife indeed, the battle of the Lord of Hosts. Professor Aytoun, in his stirring "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," gives us a striking picture of Edinburgh after Flodden—the terrified and anxious women and children; the scanty band of warders on the wall eagerly looking out for some signs of those who had gone forth with King James from the royal city; the grave city elders assembled in their halls; and a brave knight returning alone bearing the city Banner riven and torn, but saved from the foe. This Banner had been presented to the city of Edinburgh by James III., and the citizens were bound to follow it whenever unfurled in defence of their king and their nation's rights. This royal gift had gone forth to Flodden Field, followed by most of the strong men of the city. It was brought back by a solitary man from the side of Scotland's dead king, stained with the royal blood, but unsullied by disgrace. . . .

We Christians have a still more glorious Banner entrusted to us,—a Banner brought from a more glorious fight than earth's warfare, brought from Calvary's victory over sin and the grave; a Banner stained with royal blood indeed, but not shed in hopeless struggle; a Banner given by our risen and triumphant King to be borne in the power of His ever-abiding presence as the ensign of freedom for all mankind. For the last eighteen hundred years or more that Banner has gone forth leading saints and martyrs to follow the King's road to victory over the world.

In our missionary annals how often has that Banner gone forth to seeming defeat and disaster, but oh! to what further triumphs eventually. Allen Gardiner and his band took that Banner to lone Fuego. It was brought back, not by a survivor, for none survived, but

by those, who long months after learned what the world called a sad story, in the poor mortal remains lying unburied on the shore, the open Bible and carefully written diary of the good men who had died of slow starvation. That Banner went forth with Shergold Smith and O'Neill to 'kerewe, in the first Uganda expedition; it was recovered from disaster by brave Mackay, and unfurled in Uganda. It went forth with joyous Hannington as he cheerily tramped the desert and forests to Busoga; it came back to rouse us with its thrilling call in the story of his patient death and the martyr-fires of Uganda. And not long ago (we have scarce dried our tears yet for the martyred household of Stewart and the sister martyrs of Kucheng) did not the Banner come back to us from what the world would call cruel disaster, but unsullied, triumphant still? Many of us have heard one speak who was almost an eye-witness of the terrible massacre—one who gathered the poor remains of what human cruelty could no further hurt. Did we regard him telling one of the saddest stories of missionary witnessing unto death? did we regard him as a messenger of woe? God forbid! He was the survivor of a glorious field, bringing back the tattered Banner to wave others on to victory. And the spirit of the old Burghers of Edinburgh after Flodden's disaster breaks forth in those who had reason to mourn for dear ones passed away in that fiery chariot of Kucheng.

"Let us meet it, then, in patience,  
Not in terror or in fear;  
Though our hearts are *bleeding* yonder  
Let our souls be *steadfast* here."

"Baptized for the dead." Do we realize that these words apply to us, our Gospel freedom, our means of grace secured to us in this quiet land through martyred forefathers? Do we realize that the same work is being accomplished still in our brethren and sisters of far-off lands? Shall we drink with eager curiosity "the romance" of missionary records, regarding even the perils and privations of our brethren as something to lend variety and change to our lives of luxurious Christianity? or shall we not regard it as David regarded that hard-won draught from the spring of Bethlehem, *something to be poured out unto the Lord*—something in this age of selfishness and doubt to lead us to the Altar of Sacrifice—something to rouse us to take again the Royal Banner from each fallen soldier's hand and wave it ever forward, ever onward?

"Till every foe is vanquished  
And Christ is King indeed."

—W. M. R.

"He that soweth little shall reap little: and he that soweth plentifully shall reap plentifully."

## "THY KINGDOM COME."

Thy kingdom come, O GOD,  
Thy rule, O CHRIST, begin,  
Break with Thine iron rod  
The tyrannies of sin.

We pray Thee, LORD, arise,  
And come in Thy great might;  
Revive our longing eyes,  
Which languish for Thy sight.

Men scorn Thy sacred Name,  
And wolves devour Thy fold;  
By many deeds of shame  
We learn that love grows cold.

O'er heathen lands afar  
Thick darkness broodeth yet:  
Arise, O morning Star,  
Arise, and never set.—Amen.

—Hymns A. & M.

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

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

#### HOME.

The fugitives were far too much exhausted to continue their journey for two days, nor was it needful, for even if the fitful spirit of Hunderik should change and he should demand the restoration of Leo, the walls of Rheims were strong enough to keep him out.

They spent the rest of that Sunday chiefly in sleep, and only awoke enough to join in thanksgiving in church, after they had been bathed and freed themselves from the dust and mire of the journey. Attalus looked forward to the morrow's real elaborate Roman bath, with all its rubbing and shampooing and hot and cold temperatures, and then, he said, he should really feel cleaner than he had done for two whole years.

Such relics of Roman habits were a refinement considered to be over-luxurious by many of the clergy, but the belief that dirt was a sign of mortification had yet to make its way among them.

His clothes had become a spectacle of rags, and the citizens, who had heard his story, vied with one another in presenting garments for the use of both himself and his faithful friend—slave he could not call Leo, in the assurance that his grandfather would reward such devotion by manumission. Washed, trimmed, and dressed, the two scarcely recognized each other again as the squalid beings who had fled from Hundingburg.

That exterior cleansing they held to be a type of their restoration to the privileges and bless-

ings of the Church, of which they had been so long deprived, and Attalus especially felt that richly adorned altar and the dark vaults of the church of St. Christopher as his truest resting-place and home.

Afterward he was called on to be presented to the Bishop, or rather Archbishop, Remigius, or, as the French have always called him, St. Remi. Attalus knew that this was a great honor, and one that would delight his grandfather. For Remigius was in one way the Apostle of the Franks, and it was he who had baptized King Clovis. "Sicambrian, love what thou hast hated, renounce what thou hast loved!" were the memorable words that he had spoken when he had baptized and anointed the half-savage but awe-stricken king. It was whispered among the devout of Rheims, and came to be an article of firm belief among the French in after times, that the oil *wherewith* St. Remi anointed the king had *come in* a holy ampulla, or vase, brought *by* a dove from heaven. All this *was long ago*, and Remi was a very old *man*, but still full of vigor and able to *rebuke* the violence of the Frank, and to be much interested in the escape of the grandson of Gregory of Langres.

If he had not been otherwise remarkable his great age would have made him memorable, for he was no less than ninety-four years old. When Attalus, followed at some distance by Leo, was brought toward him, the old man was sitting on his couch, with cushions behind him, his long gray beard and the locks that remained showing pure and silvery, his dark eyes still bright under their white brows, his face aquiline. He had once, it is said, been nearly seven feet tall, and though he bent over the staff on which his hands were clasped, he still presented a most noble and majestic appearance. Attalus always recollected him, like Jacob leaning on the top of his staff, and his greeting was in Jacob's words, "God be gracious unto thee, my son!"

The boy could not but bend the knee before him, and wait in silence to be questioned. Remi caused him to tell the whole story of his captivity and of his rescue, and beckoned Leo to come nearer and give his history of the escape, and of his entrance into Hunderik's service while he was still the servant of Gregory of Langres.

Then, while allowing that Hunderik fully deserved to lose Leo's price for his extortionate and illegal demand for Attalus, he added, "Though I command it not, yet it seems to me that it would be well that none should be able to speak against us as evil-doers, and therefore that the amount should be restored, if possible to this ungodly man."

Attalus and Leo both exclaimed that this should be their endeavor, and then the old man

gave his solemn blessing to the boy "delivered out of the hands of the fowler," and to the faithful and loving "brother, not servant," who had ventured himself for his rescue.

They bore his words away warm at their hearts when they set out with an escort of traveling merchants, and happily mounted on mules, feeling the contrast to their former miserable journey; though, such is human nature, Attalus could have complained of *missing* the spirit of the unbroken horses to *which* he had become accustomed.

In due time they rode into Langres, and without much notice *reached* the door of the Bishop's court-yard, though Attalus could not help staring *round* on all sides, marveling to see *walls and trees*, houses and stalls so *unchanged* since he went away, long, long ago as *it seemed*, and his heart leaping almost to his throat with the dread that he might not find his grandfather or his uncle in health or safety.

The change was all in himself. He had shot up from a little childish boy into a tall, strong-limbed lad; looking a good deal more like a Frank than a Roman, so that the porter exclaimed, "Ha! Leo! returned, art thou? Hast not sped? Or is this stranger come to deal with the master for the young lord?"

Attalus held his peace to hear the whole of this, then jumped to his feet and cried, "What wouldst give for him, old Lucius?"

Lucius, in utter amaze, held out his hands.

"Is it?—it is!" then broke into a cry of wild joy, half choked with a sob. The servants came running together at the sound, but Attalus hurried through with winged steps, found his grandfather on his knees in the chapel, fell at his feet, and burst out in one joyful cry, "Praise, praise God, I say, Who hath brought me home, safe and sound, by the hands of this good—Oh! where is Leo?"

Leo was the centre of all the other inhabitants of the house, eagerly gathering up the knowledge of his exploit. A few minutes more, and Bishop Gregory, leaning on his grandson's arm, came out to him, and embraced him with a shower of tears, repeating almost the same words as St. Remi had said: "No more a servant, but a son beloved. Leo, thou art free, to whom I owe my child's life and freedom."

And Attalus, at the same moment, was exchanging ecstatic greetings with one after another—Tetricus, who called him a brand from the burning; Philetus, who hoped he had not forgotten all his Greek; and Baldrik, who looked far more like a Roman than he did; while poor old Gola seemed to purr round him like a cat, and was not happy till he had attended his nursling to bath and bed.

What more is there to tell? Leo was freed and endowed, but was sent to Tours as being more out of Hunderik's reach in case that chief

should repent of his relenting. There the historian, Bishop Gregory, heard the history of the escape, which he recorded in his great Chronicle. The sum paid for Leo was diligently raised, and was sent to meet Hunderik at the next gathering of the chiefs of the Burgundian kingdom, and perhaps it saved the life of the taverner, Aulus, whom Hunderik believed to be a party to the treachery, as he considered it. He had complained to King Theudebert, who only laughed at him for being outwitted.

Attalus, though an affectionate and right-minded lad, had become so accustomed to an outdoor life of activity that he had a strong distaste for scholarship and the training of the clerical life, and his grandfather, who lived only a few years after his escape, advised his uncle not to try to force his will. Finally, he became Count of Autun—that is to say, the guardian of the inhabitants, privileged to plead their cause with the King, as well as to be responsible for them.

He was sent for one day to a nunnery, where the Abbess wanted to consult him on a summons from the reigning king, Hlothar, to pay a heavy contribution to assist him in his war against his brother.

For a few moments she looked at him from under her veil. Then came full recognition. "Atli, the hostage!" "Roswitha, the maiden!"

Her fate had not been a hard one. She had been kindly treated. Aldebert and his parents had a strong tincture of Christianity, and her devotion confirmed them in it. At the end of a year, however, her young husband was killed in a skirmish with the Thuringians, and then no objection was made to her repairing to the nearest convent. He father-in-law escorted her thither, and she had been readily admitted, instructed in the faith, and received into the sisterhood. There she had lived a peaceful life of devotion, far happier than was otherwise possible for any woman in those days, the dreadful period of Fredegonda and Brynhilda. It was a course of devotion and of almsdeeds, into which the violent seldom broke. "And," said she, "I owe all to thy captivity among us. Save for thee and thy friends, Leo and Gilchrist, never should I have aspired to better things."

"Thou art, thou hast been happy?"

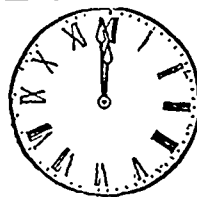
"Verily I have. My poor young husband was always good to me; I loved him as a child might do, and have been glad I knew him and his mother. But peace is not in this world beyond walls like these, and the true Heavenly Love, whereof thou spakest to me first by the Ermansaul, is what I have ever craved for."

"Ah!" said Attalus, "I see once more why my captivity came about."

THE END.

## Woman's Auxiliary Department.

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



Remember daily the mid-day prayer for missions

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

## WOMAN'S MISSION IN THE CHURCH DURING THE VICTORIAN ERA.

(Continued.)

### THE CHURCH EXTENSION ASSOCIATION.

THE Mildmay Institutions, and the almost innumerable bands of Sisterhoods with Deaconesses at the head, devote themselves to rescue the perishing, working directly under the control, and with the sanction of the clergy.

Grace Darling's deed of heroism, fifty-five years ago, directed energies and benevolences in establishing a National Society for Wrecked Mariners, having for its *raison d'être*, the seeking out and succouring the widows and orphans of the drowned sailors, while it also cares for, and restores to his family, the one who happily has been saved. The material agencies ten years ago, threw open a new field for woman's work among sailors, a work begun by Miss Weston among the seamen of the Royal Navy, (and that of Miss Daniels and Miss Robinson, among the soldiers, must not be forgotten). This work embraces gospel temperance, homes for sailors, classes, rescue and preventive work among sailors, which led to what may be called, "The Mission of the Pen, or Letter Guilds," viz: the writing, replying to, and printing of thousands of letters annually, with a circulation of nearly three hundred thousand a year, —on board every ship in the Navy, every training ship for boys, naval and mercantile; Coast Guard Stations, Fishermen, Life Boat Crews, Light Houses, and Mercantile Vessels. The enumeration of these avenues of women's work can give us but a faint conception of the reality accomplished. Mrs. Benson, wife of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, in her report to the Chicago Congress of Women, shows very strikingly how women's work is mapped out all over the country, and how much yet is carried out directly under the fostering care of the Church. To particularize is impossible in such a paper, but it does seem that every privation known to humanity has been thought of and provided for in some manner, great or small.

In deeds of mercy towards the sick and suffering, in modern history, England has led the world, London being the central pivot. To the munificence of La franc, Archbishop of Canterbury, falls the honor of founding and endowing the first hospitals built in England (1080), one for Leprosy, one for general purposes. The reign of Henry the Eighth gave a new feature in caring for the afflicted. Hospitals for the Insane, were then set apart, from any connection with healing of bodily ills; but as time passed on the abuses and ill treatment endured by those "afflicted ones of the gods" grew to be of such a nature as to be almost criminal; and called for legislative redress. Victorian statutes have wiped out these recorded cruelties, even as the statutes of Elizabeth were necessary to purge the management, not only of hospitals, but also that of the various charitable organizations existing in her reign. From the wording of that statute we learn that organized charitable works were already very numerous, and in order that they might be well administered, and their funds employed only for legitimate purposes, the Act orders commissioners to be appointed to act under the Bishop of their several dioceses. All such organizations remained in the hands of the clergy until the Reformation, when some of the Monasteries were appropriated by the State and set apart for the sick. We can, in this way, look back and trace within the Church in unbroken line from Apostolic days down the ages to the present hour, the growth and expansion of the fulfilling of the divine commands, "Feed My Lambs," "The poor and sick ye have always with you," and "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

It is most particularly in connection with hospitals and hospital extension, and the higher education of women, that the Victorian Era will ever be identified.

The perfection of hospital treatment, general or special, still awaited the healing touch of woman's personality. The pioneer in this new departure was Florence Nightingale, who coming from a wealthy and distinguished home, yet so trained herself that she was ready, when the need came, to accept the charge of the military hospitals in the Crimea. "The lady with the lamp" she was called by the sick and wounded unto death, whom she served with such womanly sympathy and ministry.

"Who can estimate the eternal influence of the lives of Florence Nightingale and the devoted army of trained nurses now treading in her footsteps, wherever sorrow, suffering, or sickness reigns?"

The National Association for supplying Medical Aid to the Women of India is one of the most important works instituted during the

era. In 1884, when the Countess of Dufferin was on the point of leaving for India, Her Majesty sent for her to come to Windsor, and asked her if she would consider, on her arrival in the east, what could be done towards supplying the women of our Empire, in that part of the world, with medical aid. Lady Dufferin gave her best attention to the subject, and published a prospectus of the new society she wished to form under the above heading. Its objects were: medical tuition, including the teaching and training in India of women as doctors, hospital assistants, nurses and midwives; medical relief, including the establishment, under female superintendents, of dispensaries and cottage hospitals for the treatment of women and children; the opening of female wards, under female superintendents, in existing hospitals and dispensaries; the provision of female medical officers and attendants for existing female wards; the founding of hospitals for women; the supply of female nurses and midwives for women and children in hospitals and private houses.

The report of 1891 is an amazing one. Medical relief has extended throughout India, 1,200,000 rupees have been spent in erection of female hospitals and dispensaries, and forty-eight hospitals, in connection with the fund, with 446,000 women attending them.

Lady doctors with English qualification, female practitioners and assistants are now working under the National Association of India.

The vast extension of this society's field of labor, taken in connection with the Zenana Society, renders its demand for funds and workers more and more pressing. This work shows how and where, all over the world, women are working for the good of the human race, undeterred, undismayed, recruiting their ranks, as death and removals cause gaps in them. The womanly thought of our Queen has produced results which will go on increasing with every year, and will exercise influence in ways that seem to have no direct connection with the object of the association. These results are woman's making, the action that produced them was a woman's, the impulse that originated them was a Queen's.

In the higher education of woman the Church has been foremost. The movement was initiated in 1846-7 by the Rev. F. D. Maurice, of King's College, and colleague of Bishop Trenchard of Dublin. In 1853 a Royal Charter was obtained by Act of Parliament. This was the first formal public statute in favor of women. The University of Cambridge soon after threw open its door to girls, Oxford slowly following. Wherever the Church has not been divorced from this union we find as a result, the university woman rich in skill, in knowledge, in leisure

or friends, in mental or moral power, willing to share and to serve of her riches with the poor ; for the first lesson learned by this higher culture has been no longer to think of mankind as divided into "upper and lower classes" but rather that of the rich and poor. One of the greatest works set in motion by educated women is the Ladies' Sanitary Association, which by co-operative work, in a quiet persistent way, against ignorance, teaches the rich and poor, what are the essentials of wholesome life, viz.: pure water, nutritious food, daily bathing, and daily exercise, abundant entrance to light and air. Through countless lectures to women of all conditions, and by town libraries, over 100,000 books and tracts have been distributed on hygiene and good cooking. The National Health Society is under the patronage of three Princesses of Great Britain, its motto being, "Prevention better than Cure," and its objects: literature, hygienic dress, smoke abatement, and open spaces.

In 1864 were established colleges for working women, to provide them in business and domestic service with three things: teaching, amusement, and an opportunity of friendly intercourse; also a "College by Post" to help, by correspondence, girls with few opportunities of advancement. This writing mission, includes the work of students attending the colleges and universities and correspondence with factory and shop girls.

Home Arts and Industries, Technical Schools for Girls, and Recreation Evening Schools are largely taught by cultured women, or their paid agents.

In educational effort, we find in the North of England, the Ladies' Council of Education, which carries on active work in assisting their less favored sisters. Affiliated with them and akin to them, is the North Union of Domestic Economy, which shows us that the Church considers as work worthy of her daughters, the support of home cookery, laundry and dairy classes.

The Parents' National Educational Union brings before parents, rich and poor, the most rational methods of training and rearing children, under four heads: the physical, mental, moral, and religious aspects of life.

Such are a few of the educational associations conducted by the Church women of Canada. Such are a few of the educational associations conducted by the Church women of England.

So much for Domestic Missions; while the Church has no fewer than 850 associations of women, who yearly raise the sum of £31,000 for foreign missions. The Venerable S. P. G. is also largely assisted by women who have educated thousands of native women in foreign lands

Surely we can not doubt, that with destined ends and for Divine purposes, did the Archbishop of Canterbury pronounce the solemn words at our Queen's Coronation:

"Be thou anointed with holy oil, as king, priest and prophets were anointed and as Solomon was anointed King of Israel, by priest and Nathan the prophet: so be you anointed, blessed and consecrated Queen over the people whom the Lord our God has given you to govern."

Well was she named Victoria, and well has she justified the title: "By victory abroad and at home, victory upon the plains of battle and upon the subject seas: and better yet, victory in the moral and social fields of the age, victory above all for the principles of home and family, and for the advancement of women."

For women, a nobler time was crystalizing when Victoria became Queen of England.

MARY E. ROSE HOLDEN.

[This interesting and valuable paper was written by Mrs. Holden, of St. Marks' Branch W.A., Hamilton, and read at the Quarterly meeting held in Thorold, Sept. 23rd, 1897.]

REV. DR. PIERSON mentions the following dominant reasons why Christian women have felt specially called of God to the work of Foreign Missions:

(1). Women abroad were inaccessible except to women.

(2). Christian womanhood would naturally both prompt and help work for women.

(3). Woman owes a special debt to Christ for what He has done to uplift her socially and domestically.

(4). Woman naturally sympathizes with her own sex, and can appreciate woman's degradation and elevation.

(5). Woman abroad needs the practical illustration of what the Gospel can do, and has done, for women.

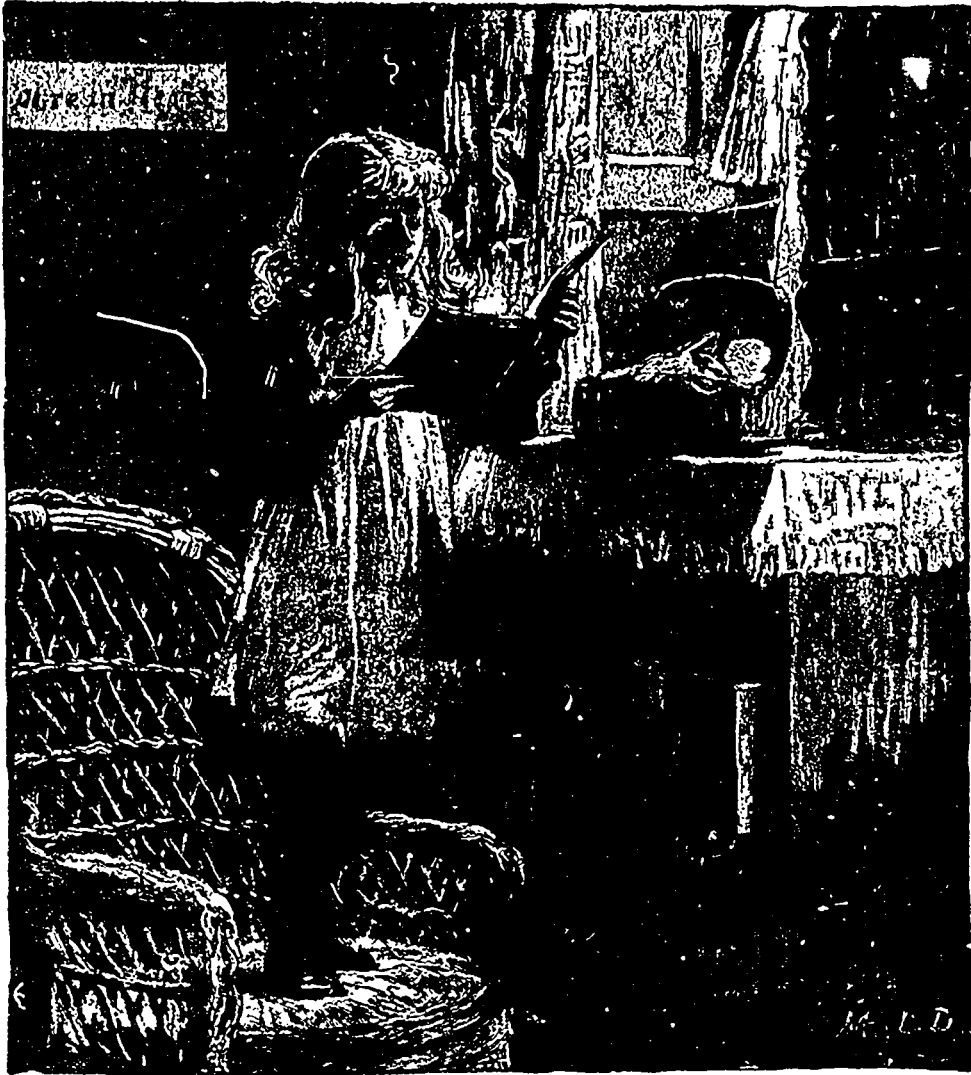
(6). In all education woman is God's ordained pioneer. As wife, mother, sister, daughter, she is the heart of the home and sways its sceptre.

(7). This work provides a legitimate sphere in which all that is best in woman can thus be amply exercised and developed.

GENERAL GORDON frequently quoted the following verse, or part of it, and had a copy hung up in his bedroom at Rockstone Place, Southampton:

"Oh! ask not thou, how shall I bear  
The burden of to-morrow?  
Sufficient for the day its care,  
Its evil and its sorrow;  
God imparteth by the way  
Strength sufficient for the day."

## Young People's Department.



"CLIMBING UPON A CHAIR, WHERE SHE COULD HAVE THE LIGHT FALL UPON HER BOOK, SHE FOUND HER CHAPTER AND BEGAN TO READ."

### MARJORIE'S ADVENT PARABLE.

BY MRS. GEORGE A. PAULL.

**L**YING upon her little bed, in one of the daintiest rooms that any little girl's heart could wish for, Marjorie was sobbing until it seemed as if the rivers of tears would surely wash away her blue eyes, while her curls were dripping and tumbled, she had been weeping so long and so bitterly.

If you had glanced within the room, perhaps you would have thought that Marjorie must be a very discontented little girl to find anything to be so sorrowful about, when she had everything apparently, that heart could wish, to make her happy. It was such a dainty nest of a room.

The walls are a dull blue, and, painted by Marjorie's mother, beautiful trailing morning glory vines run down from the frieze and look



as if they might be swinging their bells with a joyous good morning. It was to give Marjorie happy morning thoughts, and make her what her mother often lovingly called her, "a morning glory," that these pink and white blossoms ran riot over her bedroom walls.

The little brass bedstead, with its canopy and curtains of blue; the pretty little dressing table, just like a grown person's, only of Lilliputian size, as befitted such a little maiden; the most comfortable of little rocking chairs; a real sleepy hollow chair, into which Marjorie liked to sink when she did her Sunday studying and thinking, for this little maiden was very fond of thinking over things; the pictures on the wall; the dainty little girlish belongings everywhere, which told of loving friends, and their desire to make Marjorie happy; all these things went to make up a very charming little nest.

And yet I do not wonder that dear little Marjorie was sobbing as if her heart would break. Best of everybody in the world, Marjorie loved her mother, and during the long months that her mother had been an invalid, Marjorie had made the most loving and faithful of little nurses. It had been easy work to be a companion to her mother, when that meant having the most delightful of times, with lessons made so easy that they were simply fun, and the most delightful relaxations in the way of flower shows, concerts, and other nice times in recreation hours. But if Marjorie had not loved her mother so very dearly that she was always quite happy in being near her, she would not have found the long hours in a darkened room anything but very tedious. As it was, when her mother had one of the very severe headaches that made absolute quiet the first thing to be thought about, Marjorie would steal into the room, and sit on her little ottoman beside her mother's couch, patiently stroking her mother's head, and far happier there than she could have been if she had been running about in the sunshine and playing. The little hands had rendered many a willing service that no one else could have rendered quite so acceptably, and even the long days in a sick room were happy days, both to mother and to daughter, for they were together. And being together meant more to this mother and daughter than it does to some others, who do not love each other so much, or who, loving, do not know how to show their love.

Did you ever think what a difference it makes whether you show any one that you love them, or whether you let them take it for granted? It is just as if you had a treasure house of the most beautiful gems, and could make all the presents you liked to those you loved, and instead of unlocking your treasure house, you should hide them all away, and perhaps give your friends pebbles and bits of iron or gravel

instead. The most precious gifts that you can offer to those whom you love are loving words and deeds, and yet so many forget what treasures they might have to give away, and while they really love their mothers and other friends, forget to say the loving words, or to give the sweet caresses that might be worth so much.

And now we will go back to little Marjorie, and I will tell you why her tears are flowing so fast, and why none of the charms of her pretty nest can make her happy. The doctor had said that her mother must take a sea voyage, in the hope that it might give her back her health and strength, and Marjorie could not go with her. She had never been separated from her mother before in all her life, more than two or three hours at the very most, and it seemed as if her heart would break at the very thought of long weeks in which she could not once see nor speak to the dear mother. The doctor knew that Marjorie was a womanly little maiden, and he told her that a great deal depended upon her. If she would be brave about the separation, and not fret nor complain, her mother would be more willing to go away, and try the voyage which might do her so much good, and then they all hoped that she would come back strong and well once more; but if she should be anxious about her little daughter all the time, the change would be of but little benefit to her.

So Marjorie had shown her true love by keeping back her tears, and instead of talking about her own sorrow at being separated from her mother, had done her childish best to help her mother to go away feeling contented about her little girl, and hopeful of a return with restored health.

And at last the parting had come. Oh, I am sure you will not wonder now, that the tears came like a summer shower, as Marjorie thought of the weeks that should pass before she should look upon the dear face again.

But after this one outburst of grief Marjorie was very patient and brave. She wrote a little on the long letter she sent to her mother once a week, and told her everything pleasant that had happened, and you may be sure that the mother heart read between the lines the bravery and self-denial of the loving child who never once wrote, "I want you so. Come back to me mamma."

Instead of grieving all day, Marjorie planned certain things as pleasant surprises to her mother, and she was almost happy in working at them. There was a cover for the little table in her mother's room, that she worked at every day for an hour; she practised a piece of music that she knew her mother loved, so that when she returned, Marjorie might be able to play it for her without one mistake. She studied her

French verbs as patiently and earnestly as if she really liked them, instead of privately thinking that they were so hard that no one could ever possibly learn them, and that it would be far nicer to speak French without any regard to them.

She did all the little tasks that she was accustomed to do when her mother was at home, and lonely as she was without the companionship which was so dear to her, she found a certain amount of happiness in preparing for her mother's return.

The weeks crept slowly away, and each letter brought glad news of improving health under the sunny skies of Italy. Then came the day of the journey toward home, and Marjorie counted the days, and counted, too, the hours of the days, that must pass before she should be clasped in her mother's arms.

The travellers were coming upon a slow steamer, that the trip might be as long as possible for the sake of the beneficial effects of the sea air, so it was quite impossible to know exactly when they would be home. The time of the incoming of the steamer varied usually some two or three days. From the hour the steamer sailed, Marjorie spent her time in preparation for her mother's return. Each day, with her own hands, she carefully dusted her mother's room, put fresh flowers in the vases, and made everything look as pretty as possible. She kept herself ready, too, and through all the long days she never once faltered, nor forgot to be ready if any hour should bring them.

She tried to be patient, but scarcely an hour passed, as it grew time for the steamer to become due, that she did not ask, wistfully: "Do you think they will be here pretty soon, now, aunt Alice?"

It was almost Marjorie's bed-time one evening when she asked: "Do you think mother could possibly come to-night, aunt Alice?"

"I do not think there is any chance of the steamer coming in before to-morrow noon," was the answer. "You know uncle was to telegraph us as soon as she was sighted, and we have not heard from him, so of course there cannot be any news."

"May I sit up a little longer so as to be ready if she does come?" pleaded the little girl, and aunt Alice consented.

Marjorie loved to read her bed-time verses out of her mother's Testament, and after a while she went up to the room that was all ready whenever the travellers should return, and, climbing upon a chair where she could have the light fall upon her book, she found her chapter and began to read.

Suddenly her quick ears caught the sound of footsteps and, rushing down stairs, she opened the front door, and running out, went straight

into the dear mother arms open to receive her, just as a little bird darts straight to its nest.

Need I tell you what a happy household that was, and how late the hour grew before they could go to sleep? Marjorie slept in her mother's arms, when at last she could go to sleep at all; a mother with cheeks that were tanned with the sea air, and ruddy with renewed health and strength.

Such happy days were the ones which followed, when Marjorie showed her mother how she had improved the time of her absence, and received the loving commendations which she had earned.

Some weeks later, Marjorie and her mother were having one of their Sunday talks, which they both enjoyed so much; Marjorie nestled in her mother's arms.

"I cannot quite understand about Advent, motherdie," Marjorie had said, and her mother answered:

"You know what a parable is, darling?"

"Oh, yes," Marjorie responded. "It is something easy to understand that explains something that is hard to understand, a sort of story."

Mother smiled at the little girl's definition.

"Yes, I see you understand," she answered. "Well, darling, I think my absence from you and my return is a parable of Advent that will help to make the Advent lesson very plain to you. How did you spend the time of my absence?"

"In getting ready for you to come back, and doing what I knew would please you," Marjorie answered, quickly.

"And when I came back everything was ready for my return. You had kept my room all ready for me, even to the flowers in my vases. You could not know the day nor the hour when I would come, so you were ready for me at any time, and that was why, when I did come, I found everything ready to welcome me, and knew that a loving heart had been preparing for my coming."

A sudden light dawned upon Marjorie's mind.

"Mamma, I do understand it all now," she answered. "It truly is a parable isn't it. It makes Advent so plain. It is just like your coming. If we love the Saviour we will try to be ready for Him to come always, won't we? And we will try to do what He tells us, and not to do the things He tells us not to do, and then whenever He comes we will be ready."

"Yes, darling," her mother answered, and then she repeated the beautiful words of the collect which Marjorie had just been learning, and which meant so much to the little girl, now that she interpreted them by the parable of the other coming for which she had so lovingly prepared.

"Almighty God, give us grace that we may

cast away the words of darkness and put upon us the armour of light, now in the time of this mortal life, in which Thy Son Jesus Christ came to visit us in great humility; that in the last day, when He shall come again in His glorious majesty, to judge both the quick and the dead, we may rise to the life immortal, through Him who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, now and ever. Amen."—*The Churchman, N. Y.*

### LOST IN THE JUNGLE.

BY THE REV. A. N. C. STORRS.  
(From *The Children's World*)

This letter has most kindly been sent to us for publication. It was written by Mr. Storrs to two schoolboy cousins in England. Its tale of adventure will be warmly welcomed and eagerly read by our readers, girls as well as boys.—*Ed. C. W.*



WE were staying for the holidays at a Mission bungalow (house), at a place called Dohnavur, about twenty-five miles from Cape Comorin (look it out on your map, it is the most southerly point of India). There were three of us in the house, Mr. Price (whom you heard at Exeter Hall), Mrs. Storrs, and myself. We had besides three or four Native servants, and some girls from Mrs. Storrs' school, who had no homes to go to during the holidays, and so spent the time with us.

Mr. Price and I wished to see a dam at the top of the hills, about ten miles away, which had been constructed to prevent a stream running to waste in the jungle, when the water could be used for irrigating the rice-fields in the hot, dry plains. As both of us are fond of climbing we knew we should enjoy the walk.

So one morning, very early, we started for the foot of the hills, Mr. Price in a cart drawn by the bullocks, and I on my white pony. Fortunately there was very bright moonlight, for the road was very rough, especially when we got near to the foot of the hills, where large stones had come rolling down from the hills, in some places nearly blocking up the path.

When we reached the foot of the hills we both of us got down and began to walk. The sun was just rising as we began to ascend, lighting up the thick forest all round us, and making the granite rocks quite red with the morning glow. The path was not very steep, being cut in a zig-zag way up the hillside, but by-and-by the hot sun began to beat down on the back of one's head, and we got very thirsty; our coolies were carrying our food behind us, and they came on very slowly; and the mountain streams were all dried up or nearly so, so that we got more and more thirsty. At last we reached an old coffee plantation; the house of the planter who formerly lived

there had fallen into ruins, and the garden flowers were all growing rank and wild, but we found what refreshed us more than water could have done—clusters of sweet little tomatoes growing all about the ruins, so ripe and red and juicy, that we had a grand feast and went on our way refreshed. A little further on a huge python crossed our path, and my little dog followed his trail till he came to a tree overhanging the road. I looked up and saw the creature coiled along the topmost bough, looking down at us with its glittering eyes.

We reached the house, built by the engineers while constructing the dam, very tired and very hungry, having climbed up 4500 feet. We were at first rather disappointed at finding it locked, but we broke in one of the doors and our servants immediately set about preparing our breakfast. Our coolies who had carried up our pots and pans were so hungry that they began to pick the roses which grew round the bungalow, and to eat them.

After breakfast we began exploring the forest around. I found out the stone dam. There was a good deal of water in the lake, and I could see it was a place where wild animals come to drink. There was the mark of a young elephant's foot in the mud close to the water, which had evidently only just been made.

(To be continued)

### A LITTLE THOUGHT.

A little light may brightly shine  
Athwart this world of gloom,  
May guide the feet of youth and age,  
And lead some lost one home.

Our Saviour said, "Let your light shine."  
Then lift your lamp on high;  
If trimmed by constant faith and prayer,  
'Twill shine in purity.—*Selected.*

### CALENDAR FOR DECEMBER.

December 5—	2nd Sunday in ADVENT.
" 12—	3rd Sunday in ADVENT.
" 15 }	EMBER DAYS.
" 17 }	
" 18 }	
" 19—	4th Sunday in ADVENT.
" 21—	ST. THOMAS: Apostle and Martyr.
" 25—	CHRISTMAS DAY.
" 26 {	1st Sunday after Christmas. ST. STEPHEN: First Martyr.
" 27—	
" 28—	THE INNOCENTS' DAY.

"Behold thy KING cometh unto unto thee."

"The voice of one crying in the wilderness,  
prepare ye the way of the LORD, make His paths  
straight."

## The Canadian Church Magazine AND MISSION NEWS

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VOL. XI. DECEMBER, 1897. NO. 138

### NOTES FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

THE motto on the seal of the Moravian Brethren is *Vicit Agnus Noster; Eum Sequamur*—"Our Lamb conquers; let us follow him."

At St. John's Chapel, Shanghai, there are at present 77 native communicants and 179 baptized Church members. During the year there have been 17 baptisms and 15 confirmations.

BISHOP Williams has confirmed eighteen Japanese in Trinity Cathedral, Tokio. This is the second class this year, Bishop McKim having confirmed fifteen at Easter. Evidently a good work is being done there.

BISHOP Tucker's return to Africa had to be put off for a few weeks on account of health. He has elected to retain the Uganda Protector within the diocese over which he will preside; and a new Bishop for the coast and Usagara districts will have to be sought for.

CONSIDERABLE increase of missionary interest seems to exist in the Colony of Victoria. Missionary meetings there are reported as being crowded as they never have been before, and local efforts for the support of missionaries are being adopted. Offers for service in the mission field average one a week.

A MISSIONARY in Manchuria, writes: "There is a movement towards Christianity throughout Manchuria. The people, in large numbers, are casting out their idols and taxing the power of missionaries to provide native preachers, who, in their turn, are overwhelmed with the great numbers with whom they have to deal."

RATHER more than one-tenth of the whole number of C.M.S. missionaries for the year past were qualified doctors. This is noted as an encouraging fact of the growing missionary interest amongst the medical profession at home. The total number of medical missionaries on the C.M.S. list at the close of this year will be forty-seven.

THE Rev. J. Addison Ingle, in an account of a trip to the out-station of Han Ch'uan, says: "At 8 a.m. I went to the Chapel and celebrated Holy Communion. To my great surprise there were *twenty-three communicants, some of whom had come long distances through the rain.* About 10 o'clock we had morning prayer, and I baptized twenty-eight men and preached."

THE Rev. George Heber Jones writes from Chemulpo, Korea: In faith, hope, and charity, in sincerity, steadfastness, and patience, the Korean Christians are a constant source of joy and gratitude to God, to the missionaries. The Korean Christians are distinguished by simplicity of faith in God, patience, and endurance of aspersion, both by the heathen native and the unsympathetic foreigner.

A TRACT put in a missionary box in India was afterwards given to a Burman chief, and it led him to Christ. The chief told the story of his new God and great happiness to his friends. They were also led to believe and cast away their idols. A church was built in the neighborhood and a missionary sent for. Fifteen hundred converted from heathenism was the result of the little seed.

REPORTS continue to be made of the wonderful work which is being wrought in the northern districts of China and in Manchuria. A missionary lately from the latter country stated in a great missionary meeting in Edinburgh, that since his landing in England letters had come to him which announced that there had been hundreds of converts in his field who were claiming baptism. "Everywhere," said he, "people want Christianity."

THE work of Miss Fraser for the relief of the exiled Armenians at Varna, Bulgaria, made such an impression upon the committee of wealthy men in that city who aided in the work that, on her departure, they presented her with a handsome silver tea service, with her monogram and "Varna, 1897," engraved on each piece, together with a quotation from Matthew xxv. 35, 36, in Armenian. The Armenian Patriarch at Constantinople also sent to Miss Fraser a letter of thanks, with his benediction, for the services which she had rendered his people in their time of need.

THE Treasurer of the Uganda Book Fund reports receipts during the past four years of £3000, two-thirds of which were received from Uganda in payment for books sent thither. "This represents," says the editor of the *C.M.I.*, "an average of \$500 a year, for the past four years, paid by the Christians of Uganda for Bibles, Prayer Books, etc.; a truly wonderful fact to be said of a people whose civilization has not advanced beyond a currency of cowrie-shells and cloth.

THE first anniversary meeting of St. Luke's Hospital, Tokio, has been held. There was an attendance of about two hundred, who expressed great interest in the report of Dr. Osada, the physician in charge. Among other things he stated that the hospital had been self-supporting with the exception of the small sum of seventeen yen monthly, received from the mission. There had been treated about five thousand patients, and forty-two had been cared for within the building in spite of unfinished wards.

ACCORDING to the last financial statement of the C.M.S. for the six months' ending September 30th, the payments had exceeded those of last year to the same date by £9000, whilst receipts had been £4000 behind, leaving gifts for special objects out of the account. The falling off in receipts, however, was attributable to reduced benefactions and legacies, which are nearly £6000 below last year's figures and nearly £10,000 below the average for the last five years. The receipts from Associations show an upward tendency being £2500 above last year and £4600 above the average of the last five years.

BISHOP Webb, of Grahamstown, South Africa, has written from England to his vicar general announcing that he is reluctantly compelled, for serious family reasons, to resign his See. He has served in the episcopate in South Africa for twenty-seven years, fourteen of which were spent as Bishop of Grahamstown. When he took charge of that diocese it was in a torn and divided condition, and in such a turmoil that the task of bringing order out of chaos seemed well nigh impossible. But with infinite patience and tact Bishop Webb surmounted all difficulties, and leaves his diocese at unity with itself, and a stately cathedral arising, the choir of which is already completed, a material memorial of his work in the diocese.—*Church Eclectic*.

CONCERNING the late Miss Lily Funsten Ward, the Rev. Mr. Pott writes in *The Church in China*: Miss Ward has been in China not quite three years, but during that time she had

endeared herself to the hearts of all who knew her, both Chinese and Westerners. Even in Shanghai the native Church members had heard of her as one whose character was wonderfully noble and unselfish. She was in charge of the Jane Bohlen School in Wuchang, and had done much to make that school a strong force in our mission work. Ever forgetful of self and full of enthusiasm for the work of missions, she has left us a priceless heritage in the Christlike character she displayed. Hers was a life full of noble ideals, and full of an earnest attempt to realize those ideals.

*The Church in Japan* says: Just before the Bishop left for England he paid a visit to the north and held confirmation in Aomori and Hirosaki. The service at Aomori was the first of the kind that had been held in St. Andrew's Church, and was, therefore, a particularly happy time. What also greatly added to our joy was the exceptionally large number of candidates—*i.e.*, for Aomori—that we were able to present to the Bishop for the laying on of hands. Two were privately confirmed, one an old woman, aged 84, whose daughter and grandson are regular communicants of the Church; the other a young man who, we fear is dying with consumption. These were confirmed on the Saturday afternoon. In the evening of the same day eleven candidates were admitted to full membership in the Church, and one more at the Sunday morning service, making a total of 14.

AN interesting fact in connection with the C.M.S. work and the sending forth of its missionaries is mentioned in the editorial notes of the *C.M.S. Intelligencer* for November, namely that offers have been made by individual friends or groups of friends, to sustain the personal charges of nearly all the new missionaries who do not go forth at their own costs. Only six of the sixty-three missionaries sent out since May 1st (excluding wives) have become a charge on the ordinary funds of the Society, and the total number of missionaries on the roll for whom special provision is so made is 305. Individual friends are responsible for ninety-four, parochial and other associations for eighty-seven; The Gleaners' Union and its branches, forty-three; various County organizations, eleven; the Dublin University Fuh Kien Mission, eight; other bodies of friends, thirty; and Colonial associations, thirty-two. Offers are on hand for eighteen others making a total of 323. The mission fields to which these missionaries thus supported are attached are the following: Africa 80 (West Africa 53, East Africa, 27); Mohammedan Lands, 23; India, 96; China, 73; Japan, 28, and Canada, 5.

## THE GOSPEL ON THE FROZEN SEA.

BY THE REV. R. J. PFCK.

**T**HE icy regions of the North have a special interest to the British race. We love to hear of the adventures of such brave men as Sir John Franklin, Admiral McClintock, Lieut. Peary, and Dr. Nansen. No matter what may be said regarding the practical use of Arctic exploration, we must admit that the deeds of such men have left their mark upon the hearts of the people of our British isles. But the objects these noble men had in view were but temporal—they did not, as far as I am aware, seek to evangelize the Eskimo. I know that Dr. Nansen on his last voyage did not come in contact with this people, but other Arctic heroes met them from time to time, and no doubt, through ignorance of the people's language and other causes, they could not, even had they so desired, convey to them much knowledge of the Christian faith.

But who *first* carried the Gospel to the Eskimo? A good man named Hans Egede, who labored on the shores of Greenland for several years. After he left, the good Moravians carried on the work, and later on they extended their Mission to the coast of Labrador. I cannot here dwell upon the labors of the devoted Moravian Brethren, but I may remark that I believe God has used their lives and example to create, foster and deepen in no small measure the missionary life and zeal of our own Church.

The work among the Eskimo of Hudson's Bay was commenced in 1876 (the same year that the Uganda Mission was started), and the writer had the great privilege of being the first missionary specially appointed by our Society to labor among this race. My readers will doubtless remember that in July, 1894, Mr. Parker and myself went out to Cumberland Sound, and our experiences, etc., given in this paper are in connection with this region.

Speaking of one branch of our work among the Eskimo, viz.: preaching the Gospel on the frozen sea, it will be necessary to give you, first, some idea of the people themselves.

The temperature in Cumberland Sound is sometimes over 50 degrees below zero. How can the Eskimo live in such intense cold? To stand the rigors of such a climate it is most necessary to wear suitable clothing. Material for such clothing is found close at hand. Seals and reindeer, especially in some parts of North America, are very numerous. The skins of these animals make just the garments the people need. Two suits are worn, the inside suit being made with the fur turned inwards next to the body, and the outer suit is made in just the opposite manner, *i.e.* with the fur

turned outwards. The lady's dress differs chiefly from the gentleman's in respect to the large hood, which forms part of the woman's fur coat. In these hoods the mothers carry their babies, and I have often seen the little creatures, even in the very depth of winter, carried in these peculiar cradles. If these babies cry—and of course all babies do sometimes cry—the mothers cut off a piece of seal's fat, which they hand to their children in the hood. This is seized by the resident inside, and is sucked with the greatest relish and delight.

The Eskimo live upon animal food, the flesh of the seal being the staple article of diet. To capture these animals the Eskimo live, in the winter time, on the frozen sea, and as one seal has several breathing holes, the hunters may have to wait for hours before these wary creatures arrive at the holes where the Eskimo patiently watch and wait. When the seal breathes in the hole, the hunter drives his harpoon into the seal below. The ice near the hole is then cleared away, the seal is hauled up on the ice, and the gory flesh is often eaten by the hungry hunter, who does not even think of cooking or sauce.

The Eskimo dog is a most valuable animal, used principally for hauling sledges, either loaded or unloaded, over the frozen sea. Some seven or eight dogs are tied with seal thongs to a sledge; when all is ready the driver seats himself on the fore part of the sledge, and generally holds in his hand a whip made of plaited seal line. With much shouting and cracking of whip, the Eskimo manages to start his canine friends. But to start is *one* thing, to go on is quite *another*. Eskimo dogs very seldom seem inclined to go the right way, and being of the most pugnacious nature, they often stop and engage in a regular fierce battle. The driver, losing all patience, then rushes in and belabors the combatants with the handle of his whip. Yelling and howling, they pull away, and pursue their journey over the frozen waste. The snow-houses in which the Eskimo live are made out of blocks of snow cut out of snow-drifts. A rough circle is generally drawn, then the frozen blocks are placed side by side around it, and when the lower tier is complete, another is placed on top. As the walls are built they are made to incline inwards, so that a snow house, when finished, is almost of a dome shape. A small hole at the bottom serves for a door, through which one crawls on hands and knees. Strange to say, one of these peculiar dwellings can be made in an hour.

I must now, in imagination, carry my friends away to Cumberland Sound, and let me try and describe an Arctic village, which I saw last year, and also tell my readers something of our work for the Lord on the frozen waste.

The Eskimo village consisted of fourteen

snow-houses. These were built near large boulders of ice, and looked like large bee-hive-shaped piles of snow. This peculiar Arctic town, the inhabitants of which numbered in all fifty-five souls, was situated on the frozen sea some four miles from the main land. My snow-house was inhabited by three persons besides myself. My host had been a noted conjuror: his wife, who was rather young, was cleanly in appearance, which fact speaks volumes for an Eskimo, while their little foster-son, a nice, hearty little fellow about six years of age, made quite at home with me, so that we got on famously together.

Our daily life was as follows: Kettle filled with snow-water was placed over oil-lamp at about 6 a.m. I crept out of fur sleeping-bag about seven, and dressed. Breakfast then followed. This generally consisted of seal steak, biscuit and coffee. After breakfast, had prayer with the people, and then went out for a walk on the ice-floe. After walk, had private reading, and sought to realize in my own soul the presence of the Lord. From 10 to 12 a.m. visited the people in their snow-houses. The inmates were taught the leading facts of the Christian faith—man's lost, sinful state, Christ's all-sufficient salvation, and the power of God the Holy Ghost to convince, teach, and sanctify. After dinner, held school for children. We had sixteen on our list of names, and bright, intelligent little creatures they were. After school, took long walk on the vast plain of ice, and visited again till tea-time. When the men returned from hunting in the evening, they assembled in our snow residence, when by the light of an oil-lamp, we read our little books, sang the praises of God, and they then listened most attentively while I spoke to them of the Saviour's love. The people did show a remarkable desire for instruction, and some of them are now able to read. The reading-sheets which I gave them the previous year had been used to good purpose, and as I promised to give a book to every one who mastered the Syllabic characters, and could read the sheets, I was besieged with applicants, who, after passing through a rather stiff examination successfully, carried off the books they had won with many exclamations of joy and pleasure. While preaching the Gospel on the frozen waste, God did not leave me without tokens of His blessing. One day I entered into a snow-house, cold and gloomy, and there I saw a poor man wasted away in the last stage of consumption. I was informed that he had not sought help from any of the conjurors, and he certainly showed a marked desire for instruction, and seemed to have a clear view of the plan of salvation. He was with us at Blacklead Island during the winter of 1894, and had heard much of Jesus. The Word of God had thus been

cast into "good ground," and had brought forth fruit to the praise and glory of God. Before I returned from the frozen sea to Blacklead Island I had many opportunities of teaching him, and he was most pleased to hear several of our Lord's precious words, such as Matt. xi, 28, "Come unto Me," etc. When I spoke of the Saviour's unfailing love, he said, "Jesus is good, I thank Him." He also used the few words of praise and prayer it had been our privilege to teach him: "Jesus, I thank Thee, because Thou hast died for me." Through the ravages of the terrible disease from which he suffered, he finally passed away—passed away, I believe, into life; fulness of life in the presence of the Lord who ransomed this lost one, and drew him by the cords of love into His fold.

Friends who read this brief account will have heard, no doubt, of the terrible loss the Mission suffered through the death of Mr. Parker. Mr. Sampson, our fellow-laborer, who only went out last year, is now alone at Blacklead Island, and I shall, (D.V.) go out again in the latter part of June or the beginning of July, to help our brave brother in the work. I earnestly desire the prayers of Christian friends, both for Mr. Sampson, myself, and the dear ones who will be left behind "for His sake" in the home land. We cannot all go out to the mission field, but we can "labor together in prayer." Pray then that the Arctic wilds may be lit up with the glorious light of the Gospel, and that we may have all needful grace given to bear that feeling of isolation and desolation which sometimes creeps into the soul, while living far away in the ice regions of the North!

KEEPING THE SABBATH.—A missionary writing about the Indians living in the far northern diocese of Moosonee, Canada, says:—"What has rejoiced me is the fact that several have tried hard to keep the Sabbath-day holy. I had a most encouraging conversation with one, who told me that even when they have nothing to eat, he finds it hard to go hunting on Sundays, knowing Whose day it is. Another one told me that they do not even visit the nets if they have a little for one meal on Sunday. Several have family prayers daily, and for this purpose I printed them a book of morning and evening prayers."

Fiji is the remotest British possession where there is an organized Anglican Church and clergy, and Levuka owing to its geographical position 178°51'E. Greenwich, enjoys the peculiar distinction of commencing the "wave of song" which taking its rise there passes on through Suva, New Zealand, Australia, India, Africa, England and America with the sun until it has encircled the globe.

**D. and F. Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada.**

FINANCIAL STATEMENT, 1897.—*Concluded.*

**FOREIGN MISSIONS.**

**CHINESE WORK IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.**

<i>Receipts.</i>	
From Huron.....	\$ 18 50
Ontario.....	15 00
	<u>\$33 50</u>
<i>Payments.</i>	
June 11, 1897—Cheque, Bishop Dart.....	\$ 33 50
	<u>\$33 50</u>

**CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.**

<i>Receipts.</i>	
From Toronto, .....	\$ 50 00
<i>Payments.</i>	
July 31, 1897—Draft Treasurer C.M.S.....	\$50 00

**FOREIGN MISSIONS GENERAL.**

<i>Receipts.</i>	
Aug. 1st, 1897—Balance on hand.....	\$1,618 28
From Algoma.....	117 86
Fredericton.....	158 90
Huron.....	891 12
Montreal.....	480 59
Niagara.....	579 03
Nova Scotia.....	760 71
Ontario.....	399 00
Ottawa.....	420 29
Quebec.....	255 70
Toronto.....	1,244 14
	<u>\$6,925 62</u>
<i>Payments</i>	
July 31—Drafts of Rev. J. G. Waller, Japan.....	\$3,175 80
Balance Miss J. C. Smith, of Japan.....	285 15
Charges Acct 2-5.....	682 66
Cash on hand.....	2,781 01
	<u>\$6,925 62</u>

**JAPAN GENERAL ACC'T, BUILDINGS, BIBLE WOMAN, ETC.**

<i>Receipts</i>	
From Montreal.....	\$ 6 72
Ontario.....	12 00
Ottawa.....	6 00
Toronto.....	84 22
	<u>\$108 94</u>
<i>Payments</i>	
Oct. 26, 1896—P.O.O. the Rev. J. G. Waller.....	\$ 4 00
June 11, 1897— " " " ".....	104 94
	<u>\$108 94</u>

**MISS JENNIE CAMERON SMITH, JAPAN.**

<i>Receipts</i>	
From Huron W.A.....	\$ 93 45
Montreal W.A.....	150 00
Niagara.....	175 00
Ontario.....	83 65
Ottawa.....	112 50
Quebec.....	130 00
Toronto.....	150 00
Foreign General.....	286 15
	<u>\$1,180 75</u>

*Payments*

Sept. 10, 1896—Draft paid.....	\$ 295 00
Dec. 1, " ".....	295 00
March 5, 1897— " ".....	295 75
May 31, " ".....	295 00
	<u>\$1,180 75</u>

**JAPAN MISSIONS.**

<i>Receipts</i>	
Transferred to Foreign General.....	\$3,175 80
<i>Payments</i>	
1896	
Sept. 3—Paid Treasurer S.P.C.....	\$1,000 00
1897	
Jan. 21— " " ".....	1,000 00
April 8— " " ".....	1,000 00
June 22— " " ".....	175 80
	<u>\$3,175 80</u>

**JEWS' LONDON SOCIETY.**

<i>Receipts</i>	
From Fredericton, N.B.....	\$ 43 39
Huron.....	15 00
Montreal.....	15 24
Nova Scotia.....	217 16
Ontario.....	55 83
Ottawa.....	28 70
Quebec.....	4 75
	<u>\$380 07</u>
<i>Payments</i>	
1897	
June 11—Draft Rev. W. Fleming.....	\$ 114 77
July 31— " " ".....	265 30
	<u>\$380 07</u>

**JERUSALEM AND THE EAST MISSION.**  
(Bishop Blyth, P. M. Jews.)

<i>Receipts</i>	
From Fredericton, N.B.....	\$ 192 49
Montreal.....	5 20
Nova Scotia.....	134 56
Ontario.....	138 66
Ottawa.....	149 41
Quebec.....	145 67
	<u>\$765 99</u>
<i>Payments</i>	
1897	
June 11—Cheque, Rev. Canon Cayley.....	\$ 371 65
July 31— " " ".....	394 34
	<u>\$765 99</u>

**SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.**

<i>Receipts</i>	
From Fredericton, N.B.....	\$ 13 00
Montreal.....	189 84
Quebec.....	800 67
Toronto.....	40
	<u>\$1,003 91</u>
<i>Payments</i>	
1897	
April 8—Draft, Treasurer S.P.G.....	\$ 259 06
July 31— " " ".....	244 85
	<u>\$1,003 91</u>

**SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.**

<i>Receipts</i>	
From Quebec.....	\$170 00
<i>Payments</i>	
1897	
March 2—Draft, Treasurer S.P.C.K.....	\$170 00



ZENANA MISSIONS

Receipts

From Ontario.	\$ 33 27
Ottawa	46 64
Toronto	16 00
	<u>\$95 91</u>

Payments

June 11, 1897—Draft, Col. Lewis	\$95 91
	<u>\$95 91</u>

SPECIAL ACCOUNT FOR WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF FOREIGN MISSIONARIES.

Receipts

From Ottawa	\$ 17 86
	<u>\$ 17 86</u>

Payments

1897 July 31—Cash on hand	\$ 17 88
	<u>\$ 17 88</u>

MISCELLANEOUS OBJECTS.

Receipts

From Huron	\$ 28 15
Ontario	5 40
	<u>\$33 55</u>

Payments

1897 March 16—Cheque, T. Mortimer, Esq.	\$ 13 90
April 8— " Rev. Canon Spencer	12 25
8— " Treasurer S.P.G.	7 40
	<u>\$33 55</u>

BALANCE SHEET ON THE 31st JULY, 1897.

	Dr.	Cr.
Domestic Mission General		\$2,247 09
" Indian Homes		2,210 91
" Indian Work		40 93
" North West Missions		75 39
Foreign Missions General		2,781 01
Balances appropriated, to be re-mitted		
Mackenzie River	10 00	
Mexico Mission	10 00	
Moosonee	12 00	
Qu'Appelle	4 08	
Selkirk	2 00	
Special account W. and O. of Foreign Missionaries		17 88
Deposit Receipts	\$4,068 24	
Cash in Bank	3,343 05	
	<u>\$7,411 29</u>	<u>\$7,411 29</u>

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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