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HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

NO. 12—MOOSONEE AND ITS FIRST BISHOP.

By REV. H. POLLARD, Rector St. John's Church, Ottawa.

WHEN I gave notice in church some years ago that the Bishop of Moosonee would preach in St. John's, a smile flitted over the countenances of some of the congregation, as they wondered where Moosonee might be—in what quarter of the globe! Yet it is not much over 500 miles north of Ottawa. Yet what a distance! I received a letter from the secretary of the S. P. G., in 1877, asking me to look up a box that had been sent from the Bray Library Committee for the Bishop of Moosonee, and was supposed to be somewhere in Ottawa. I found it at the express office, addressed, "Bishop Horden, Moose Factory, Ottawa River, Canada": a right direction enough for letters, but on enquiry as to the best way of forwarding the heavy case, I found the quickest and indeed only feasible plan was to re-ship it to England, and let it go out by the Hudson Bay ship in June. It seemed a pity to send such a valuable lot of books back to England; and my suggestion that the trustees should make me a present of them was partly acted upon. They are now in the Bray Library, in Ottawa.

On the Bishop's return home, in 1882, it took him eighteen days of very hard canoe travelling to reach Moose from Mattawa, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, during which, he says, he suffered much from the great heat and mosquitoes, which sometimes amounted to a perfect plague.

The diocese is the largest in British North America. Surrounding Hudson Bay it extends inland from 200 to 500 miles on its eastern, western, and southern sides, and includes the north pole on the other. The northern parts are quite unfit for the abode of civilized man, but in the south agriculture can be carried on with fair success, although wheat will hardly ripen, and in winter the climate is very severe, the thermometer sometimes falling to 50° below zero.

In such a country bishop Horden has been laboring as priest and bishop for thirty-six years.

Born at Exeter, England, he was educated at St. John's school, on "the foundation," and remained in the neighbourhood for some years.

Moved to offer himself as a candidate for missionary work, his name was placed on the list of the Church Missionary Society, and he waited for an opening. One June morning, in 1851, he received a note asking him to go to Hudson Bay under the auspices of the society. If he consented he would have to be ready in one week, as the Hudson Bay ship would then sail, and there was no other means



RT. REV. JOHN HORDEN, D.D.,

First Bishop of Moosonee.



MOOSE FORT, WITH MOOSONEE CATHEDRAL, ETC.

of reaching the proposed field of labor for the next twelve months. He replied that he would be ready, and hastened the few preliminaries necessary. He was engaged to be married, but no definite time had been set for the wedding. A note was sent off to the place in the midland counties, where the future Mrs. Horden lived, asking her to consent to an immediate union. This was at once given, and in about ten days from the first intimation, Mr. Horden was married, ordained deacon and priest, and sailed down the Thames in the Hudson's Bay ship for his distant and isolated mission. The energy and promptitude exhibited at the commencement of his work has been shewn during the whole of his ministry.

After laboring vigorously for twenty-one years, under the nominal supervision of the Bishop of Rupert's Land, Mr. Horden returned to England, and was made D.D. by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and in December, 1872, was consecrated the first bishop of the new diocese, named Moosonee. The following June he returned to his sphere of duty.

His idea of relaxation may be gathered from the following extract from a private letter: "Albany lies 100 miles north of Moose, and is under the charge of the Rev. (now Archdeacon) Thos. Vincent. There also resides my second daughter—Mrs. Broughton. I went here for Christmas, and enjoyed myself as I only could do among my own kindred; but I paid dearly for my pleasure, having been no less than six days in returning, in consequence of the depth of snow and the severity of the weather: the whole way I neither saw a house nor met a human being."

The seat of the see is on Moose Island, at the mouth of Moose River, which a few miles below

runs into James' Bay. Here are the Cathedral and the See House,—by no means large or pretentious buildings, but built with an eye to comfort and convenience, during the long winter. In summer the place is full of Indians, all baptized Christians, with every adult confirmed and a very large number communicants, leading as consistent and Christian lives as if their faces were white, and they the inhabitants of some quiet English village. "Our Church on a Sunday," the bishop says, "is a great sight, crowded with Indians to its utmost extent, and there are few individuals there who cannot take an intelligent part in the service. For them I hold a day school, and a daily church service, which is very well attended. I have also the burden of the English speaking congregation, composed of the employees of the Hudson Bay Company, and for all this I have no clergyman to assist me. All my clergy are on their travels through the diocese, the results of which will be that not a single tribe of any nation in Moosonee will be left unvisited by a priest."

In another letter the bishop says: "Moosonee is the most exclusively Church diocese in the world; there is no priest or minister of any other denomination except that of the English Church resident within its borders."

There are six clergy in the diocese, whose labors may be judged from the following extract from the bishop's report in August, 1883:—

"Archdeacon Vincent is on a journey to Martin's Falls and Osnaburgh, having already visited Henley; he will have travelled 2,000 miles. Mr. Nevitt is on his way through the Rupert's River district, having already been to Long Portage House; he will have travelled 1500 miles. The Rev. John Saunders is going through the Matawakumma



MOOSONEE CATHEDRAL (NEARER VIEW).

district, and will have travelled 1800 miles. The Rev. E. J. Peck is on his way to Ongava, at the entrance of Hudson's straits, having already made long journeys by dog sledge and canoe; he will have travelled 1600 miles. The Rev. J. J. Winter is travelling to Trout Lake and Severn, through a very difficult country; he will have travelled 1200 miles. The Rev. J. Lofthouse is on his way to York and Churchill, and will arrive at the former station by the end of September; he will have travelled 2000 miles. All these journeys are performed by canoe; neither railroad nor steamer exists in the diocese."

The homes of the clergy are at the principal Hudson Bay posts, and from these centres they make their periodic visitations to the various Indian tribes, etc. The population is estimated at about 10,000, consisting of a small number of whites in the service of the Hudson Bay Company (who have fur stations scattered over the entire countries), Half-castes, Eskimo, Ojibeways, Crees, and Chippeways. There is no immigration at all. The few Europeans are all connected with the fur trade; the Indians are all hunters, and carry on their occupation during the winter, and bring their furs to the various trading posts in the early summer, when they exchange them for European clothing, flour, guns, ammunition, etc. A few of them are employed during the summer to transport trading goods to the distant stations.

Like civilized nations, some of the tribes are provident and others very improvident; these latter are often in deep distress and danger of starvation.

In a letter, the Bishop speaks of visiting Rupert's House, on the Mission boat, and finding numbers of the Indians had died of starvation from failure of the deer, which were formerly so numerous in their hunting ground. He adds: "It greatly pained my heart when asking for one or another to receive the answer, 'He was starved to death two years ago,' or 'She died of starvation some time ago.' I trust the worst is over now (1885), and that such stories of misery and death as I was constrained to listen to will never fall on my ears again."

In the same letter he adds: "I commenced a house for a clergyman whilst there, but the greater part of the material will come from England. Indeed, speaking in a general way, everything that is eaten or worn or used comes from England. A Hudson Bay Company's vessel leaves London about June every year to bring the needed supplies, and should an accident happen to detain it, there is no possibility of getting anything in any other way. One year, some time ago, the ship was wrecked *en route*, and the whole of the staff at the different posts were in danger of starvation. Since then a year's supplies are always kept ahead to prevent such a dire calamity." The bishop tells of many an anxious season when the ship was delayed and they had almost given up hope of receiving their physical and mental food from the outside world. Only lately have they had mails sent to Moosonee more than once a year, and that by the Hudson Bay ships; now they are forwarded from Mattawa three or four times a year.

Churchill is about 800 miles from Moose. To reach it the bishop has had to travel 2000 miles, or sometimes has gone to England and returned by "the ship." At the northern-most point of the diocese, the Rev. J. Lofthouse had been working for a year or two, occupying a room in the Hudson Bay factor's residence. A lady had consented to share his lonely life, and was expected from England the next season, but there was no place to live in. When the Dominion surveying steamer was there, he told his difficulty to the officers on board, and asked Lieut. Gordon, the commander, to bring enough material for a house on their next trip. This he consented to do. Dr. Bell, of the geological survey, although a Presbyterian, took up the matter most enthusiastically, on his return to Ottawa. In the spring we went amongst the lumbermen of Ottawa, and had cheerfully given to us nearly all the lumber needed for a small house, with doors and window frames complete. Sad to say, the only refusal we got was from one of our richest lumbermen (not of Ottawa), who is a churchman. The Board of Domestic and Foreign Missions granted \$100, and with this and some contributions from friends in Halifax, nails, hardware, glass, etc., were procured; also a cooking-stove for house-warming. The railway companies conveyed the material to Halifax free, and it was shipped on board the surveying steamer *Alert*, through the great kindness of Lieut. Gordon, and conveyed to its destination.

Here, for some unaccountable reason, the Hudson Bay agents refused to help even to land it. The ships hands set to work, and put it in a safe place for the winter. On their return voyage next year, all was safe as they left it, but nothing done towards the building. Again the British tars set to work, and under Lieut. Gordon's direction, put the house together, and in the teeth of the disapproval of the Hudson Bay agents, built a habitation for the missionary.

One can hardly realise that men live in a spot where scarcely anything grows, trees, shrubs or vegetables; where men depend upon the rest of the world, which practically is some thousands of miles away, for food, clothing, fuel and even the commonest necessaries of life, and yet most of the mission stations in this diocese are so situated.

There is very little soil to cultivate, and the very short season is not hot enough to grow much. There are no roads, and travelling is done in canoes in summer with numerous portages, and in dog-sledges in winter. Even a steamer would be of little use, as the bay is only navigable four of five months in the year.

Of course the whole country is under the paternal care of the Dominion, but the chief interest taken by the authorities is the collection of customs duties, which fall very heavy on the bishop and clergy.

Should one or all of the projected railways be built, it will soon change the state of affairs, and make Moosonee more come-at-able.

The bishop talks of resigning his see before long, and he well deserves rest from such arduous labors, May his successor be his equal in zeal and endurance, as well as in adapting himself to every necessity of his isolated life, for he will be tinker, tailor, printer, sailor, shoemaker, school master, translator, as well as bishop, priest, deacon and sexton. The only occupation he will not need is groom (for there are no horses), and farmer for there is no land to till. I was told by one who heard it, that a newly arrived clergyman took for the text of his first sermon: "Who so putteth his hand to the plough," etc. After preaching awhile, he thought he discerned a puzzled look on the faces of his hearers, and it came to his mind that perhaps he was using illustrations which they could not understand. It was so; they had never seen a plough, nor even a horse.

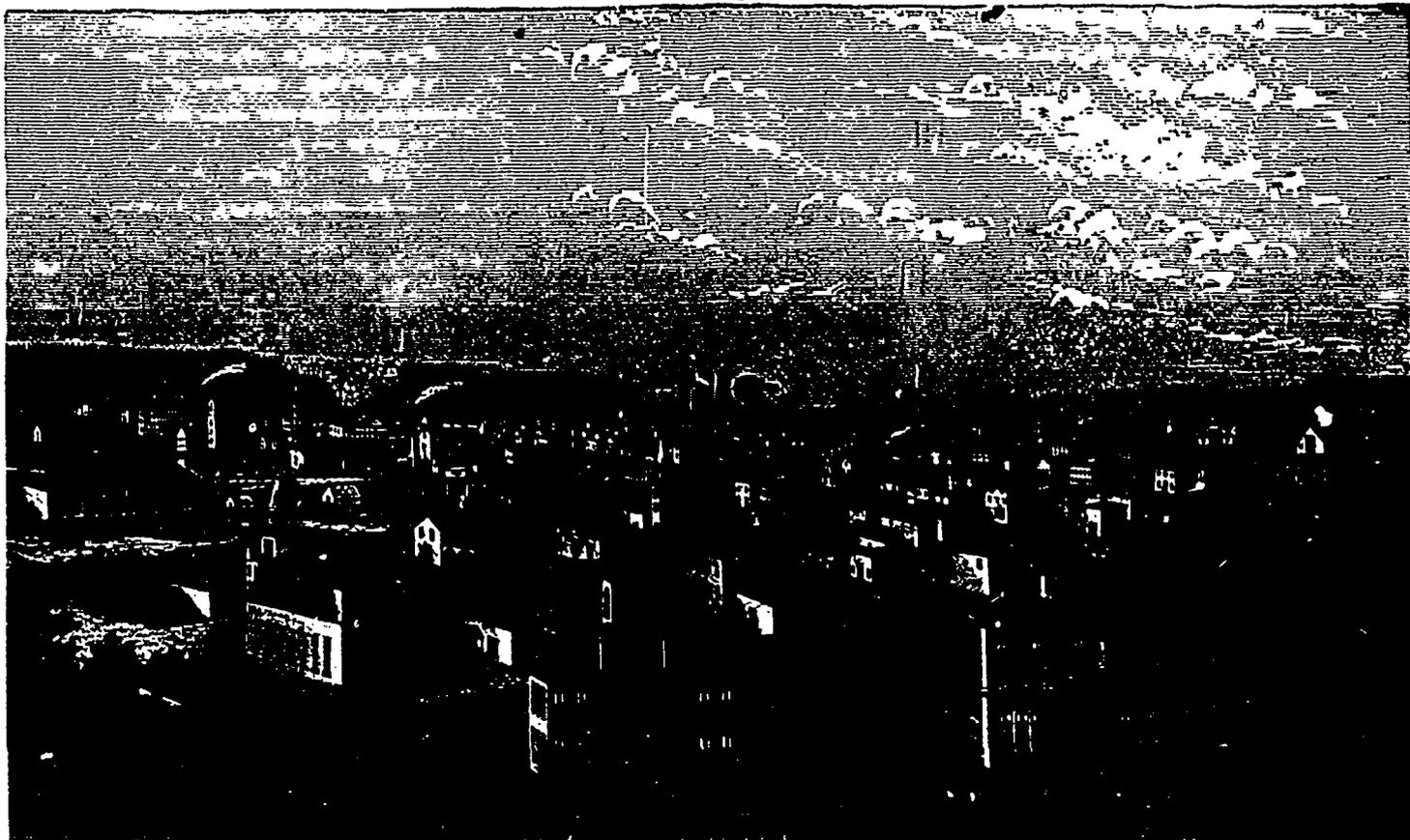
It may be asked, Why live in such a place? The Indians themselves must answer that. It may be asked, Why follow them? The Christian's answer is, They are part of the "all nations" to whom Christ sent His Church.

MINNEDOSA.



THE Town of Minnedosa is prettily situated in the valley of the Little Saskatchewan River at the crossing of the old trail between Winnipeg and Edmonton, which in the past was the chief artery of travel to the North-West. At the time when the C. P. R. was being built the expectation of the people of Minnedosa ran high in the hope that that railway would pass through the town, and the consequent speculation in land was almost reckless, as in other parts of the province. The evil effects of this are still evident, and when the railway changed hands and was carried some 35 miles to the south, the distress of the land speculators was very great. The country is now rapidly improving, specially since the building of the Manitoba and North Western Railway, which passes through the town and follows very closely the old trail to the north-west. The town, as a town, has been in existence about three years, and is now the principal station on the line west of Portage La Prairie. It is here that the Saskatchewan and Western Railway branches off, which promises to be an important line running towards Battleford, about midway between the Manitoba and N. W. Railway and the Canadian Pacific. Minnedosa is also the end of a division, and promises in due time to become a place of some importance.

Church work was begun in the end of the year 1882, when the Rev. M. Jukes was appointed pastor. Despite many hindrances and drawbacks gradual progress has been made. At first, services were held on Sunday afternoons in the Presbyterian Church, the only place that could be obtained at the time. After this, use of the town hall was



MINNEDOSA, DIOCESE OF RUPERT'S LAND.

granted for a time, and finally by God's blessing, a little church was built, and opened and consecrated on the 24th May, 1885 (Whit Sunday) and answers all present needs; but as the congregation is gradually increasing, the time is not far distant ere it will be necessary to enlarge it. It stands about the centre of the town, as shown in our illustration. The opening of this Church (St. Mark's) has afforded the opportunity of holding more frequent services, as well as establishing a Sunday School, which is attended by about thirty children, resulting in an increased interest in the work and more regular attendance on the part of the congregation. The interior of the church is not yet quite finished. It needs painting or varnishing, and also a fence. The congregation has so far kept out of debt, except that about \$60 remain to be paid for the building and this is covered by subscriptions yet to be paid in.

A parsonage has also been built, the money for which (\$1,000) was borrowed, with interest at the rate of 8 per cent. We have the privilege of paying back any portion of the capital in sums of not less than \$50 at the time when the interest is paid.

A recent fire has done much damage to the town, destroying a large block of buildings on the main street, in which some of our Church members were great losers. The depot of the Bible Society was destroyed in the conflagration, nearly all the Bibles being burnt, causing a very heavy loss to our young society.

From Minnedosa the Rev. M. Jukes extends his labors to the surrounding country. At Clanwilliam, twelve miles north, another church has been built and paid for. At Glendale, fifteen miles south-east, a church is in the course of erection. Regular fortnightly services have been held in these places for some years past. In the summer months fortnightly services have also been held at Nupawa, twenty miles distant, and occasional services in other places as opportunity offers.

There is also a Ladies' Aid Association, established some three years since, in connection with St. Mark's Church, which has rendered valuable assistance, having purchased an organ, beside contributing to the building and external painting of the church. The ladies are now working for a bell and hope ere long to have sufficient funds to purchase one.

THE Anglican Church in one generation has weathered the hostility of the first Radicals, the unpopularity of the first Tractarians, the alarm created by "Essays and Reviews," and the popular indignation excited by extreme Ritualists. All these perilous phases she has passed through, not only in safety, but with renewed health and strength. Not only are more churches and schools provided, but they are filled as soon as they are built, and it is the poor and hungry and the weary who are flocking to the Church's ministrations quite as readily as the rich and the respectable, with whom religion is a special duty.

SOME ASPECTS OF LIFE AND WORK IN COLD REGIONS.

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By THE REV. FRED. E. J. LLOYD, SHIGAWAKE, P. Q.

HAVING in two previous articles referred as extensively as our space would permit to the physical features and climate of the countries under consideration, it now becomes necessary to give some account of the various peoples who inhabit them (we refer of course to the aboriginals), together with a brief description of their mode of life, religion, customs, &c., and this we propose to do in two articles, of which the present is the former.

We will begin with that most interesting people, the aboriginal inhabitants of Newfoundland, then, proceeding north, speak of those of Labrador and the North-West, and finally of the various tribes who inhabit the Arctic regions, consisting as they do, of Eskimo, Samoyedes, Lapps and other closely allied races.

A very melancholy interest attaches to the aboriginal inhabitants of the island of Newfoundland, of whom, though once a numerous and powerful people, not a single individual remains to tell the tale of departed glory, and of how his progenitors passed over into the happy hunting grounds. It is known that they called themselves Beoths; but, from their habit of painting themselves with red ochre, they were called Red Indians by the early settlers of the country.

For a long time ethnologists were very much in the dark as to their probable origin, and many theories were afloat. They were supposed by some to have been related to the Mic-mac, and by others to the Eskimo Indians, but from certain Beothic relics which have been unearthed of recent years in Newfoundland, it has been almost conclusively proved that they were a portion of the great family of North American Indians, and supposed by Latham, a most eminent ethnological authority, to be a branch of the Algonkin tribe.

That these noble, though rude men, no longer hunt the timid cariboo on the broad savannahs of the interior, nor the skilful beaver in his river haunts, that they no longer fill their creels with the silvery salmon, nor the more sombre hued cod, that their graceful canoes no longer glide fairy-like across the placid surface of the sun lit lake, nor flit like phantoms over the silvery moonbeams which play upon it at night, that the barrens and vales no longer re-echo with the chastened sound of their voices when "calling" the lordly bull moose in the autumn twilight, is due to the combined cruelty and treachery of the much dreaded pale face and the Mic-mac, the record of which has too often blurred the pages of the early history of the settling of Newfoundland by the foreigners.

There still lingers a tradition amongst the inhabitants of northern Newfoundland, that the last of the Beothics, who had dwindled away to a mere handful, passed over the Strait of Belle Isle in two

canoes to the opposite coast of Labrador, after which, but little, if anything, was heard of them. This tradition seems to derive some colourable support, from the testimony of the late Dr. Mullock, of St. John's, Newfoundland, who says, in speaking on the present subject: "I have slight reason to think that a remnant of these people remains in the interior of Labrador. A person told me there some time ago, that a party of Mountaineer (Montagnais) Indians saw at some distance (about fifty miles from the sea coast) a party of strange Indians, clothed in long robes or cassocks of skins, who fled from them; they lost sight of them in a little time, but on coming up to their tracks, they were surprised to see the length of their strides, which showed them to be of a large race, and neither Mic-mac, Mountain-eer or Eskimo." He then concludes: "I believe that these were the remains of the Beothic nation; and as they never saw either a white or red man, but as enemies, it is not to be wondered at that they fled. Such is the only trace I can find of the Beoths."

Mention is made of them by Cabot, the discoverer of Newfoundland, and also by Jacques Cartier, in the fifteenth century, and by a Florentine writer in the sixteenth century. They tell us that the Beoths wore the skins of wild beasts for clothing, and that the women went straighter or closer in their garments than the men, with their waists girded; that they tied their hair on the top of their head, like a wreath of hay, and put a wooden pin, or any other thing instead of a nail, and with them they bound bird's feathers. A much further account, however, is given of them by Captain Richard Whitbourne, who visited the Island of Newfoundland in the seventeenth century. He says: "The natural inhabitants of the country, as they were but few in number, so are they something of a rude and savage people, having neither knowledge of God, nor living under any kind of civil government. In their habits, customs and manners, they resemble the Canadian Indians, as they constructed canoes with the bark of birch trees, which they sew very artificially (artistically?) and close together, and overlay every seam with turpentine. They sew the rinds of spruce trees, round and deep in proportion, like a brass kettle, to boil their meat in."

Like other Indian tribes, the Beothic seems to have spent all their time in hunting and fishing, and we may well believe that from the quantity of game which is found even at the present day in the interior, and fish in its numerous rivers and seas, Newfoundland must have been a veritable paradise to the rude red man.

Early in the present century, but a short time before their extinction, several individuals of the Beothic tribe were captured by explorers in the interior, and by them taken to the capital of the island; but after spending a brief time there, they either returned to their tribe or succumbed to the ravages of consumption. At that time, too, but



ABORIGINES IN WINTER.

alas! when it was too late, several successive proclamations were issued by the British Government to restrain the murderous hatred of the white settlers for the poor savages, and to protect them from further molestation. They were, however, unheeded, and but a short time afterwards, the only traces that were visible of this noble race were a few grassy mounds, decaying deer fences and ruined wigwams.

An interesting feature in the Beothic character, which is also prominent in that of North American Indians, generally, as well as the Eskimos, was their great reverence for the bodies of their dead. Cormack, the earliest explorer of the interior of Newfoundland, tells us that there were among them four modes of burial, which varied according to the rank of the deceased.

The first was to wrap the body in deer skins and to place it full length on the floor of a hut or tomb previously constructed, whose dimensions varied from eight to ten feet square, and four or five feet high. It was floored with square poles, and the roof was covered with birch rind.

Another mode was to substitute a winding sheet of birch rind for that of deer skins, and to place the deceased, together with his property, consisting of snow-shoes, tomahawk, bows and arrows, on a scaffold about four and a half feet from the ground. The thus depositing his property with the deceased would seem to point to a belief on the part of the Indians in the existence of a future state, the happy hunting grounds, the remembrance of which has so often sweetened the dreams and soothed the dying pillow of our heathen Indian brethren.

A third mode was to place the body, which had been previously wrapped as before in birch rind, on its right side in a box well lined with bark to exclude the weather.

The fourth, last and most common practice was to wrap the body again in birch rind, and to cover it over with a heap of stones in some quiet and secluded spot. Sometimes it was placed a few feet under the ground and the spot covered with stones.

Their wigwams or huts were well constructed buildings, and, if we may judge from what travellers

tell us, exceedingly comfortable. They were usually conical, framed with poles and covered with birch rind, which was overlaid in the manner of tiles, and firmly secured in its place by means of external poles. These wigwams although differing so materially from the Eskimo snow hut, which mushroom like, grows under the hand of the skilful builder in the short space of an hour, were usually constructed in a similar brief space of time, and yet so well and firmly were its several parts knit together that they have been known to stand as solidly and safely as ever for thirty years.

In personal appearance the Beoths are said to have been about five feet ten inches in stature, with black coarse hair, and a complexion somewhat lighter than that of the North American Indians, generally. There is nothing to prove that they possessed any mode of religious worship, if we except a few carved wooden images, which were discovered in one of the tombs above mentioned, by Mr. Cormack; but these, however, may have been, as some authorities conjecture, mere representations or memorials of the persons interred within the tombs. The Florentine writer referred to above states distinctly that they worshipped the heavenly bodies.

We will conclude our observations upon these most interesting, though departed people, by a reference to their mode of capturing the deer, which was at once ingenious and successful. It was not, however, peculiar to the Beothic nation, for we find it practiced even at the present time by the Coyukon Indians of Alaska. A kind of corral or fenced enclosure was constructed, elliptical in form, and open at one end. The last feature is characteristic of the Coyukon deer fences. It was made on the deer trail, usually near the outlet of a wood, or on the banks of the rivers near where the deer swam across. The Beothic deer fences were frequently of great extent, and those portions of them which still exist (and they are numerous) are monuments as well of the diligence as of the skill of those by whom they were originally constructed.

Mr. Cormack says: "Down this noble river (the River Exploits) the steady perseverance and intrepidity of my Indians (Mic-mac) carried me on rafts in four days, to accomplish which otherwise would have probably required two weeks. What arrests the attention most in gliding down the stream is the extent of the Indian fences to entrap the deer. They extend from the lake (Red Indian Lake) downwards continuously on the banks of the river at least thirty miles. There are openings left here and there in them for the animals to go through and swim across the river; and at these places the Indians were stationed to kill them in the water with spears out of their canoes, or at the lake. Here, then, connecting these fences with those on the north-west side of the lake, are at least forty miles of country, easterly and westerly, prepared to intercept all the deer that pass that way

"in their periodical migrations." And then reflecting sadly on the untimely fate which had overtaken those whose hands had fashioned the fences, the explorer mournfully concludes: "It was melancholy to contemplate the gigantic, yet feeble effects of a whole primitive nation, in their anxiety to provide subsistence, forsaken and going to decay. There must have been hundreds of the Red Indians, and that not many years ago, to have kept up these fences and pounds."*

The only Indians now to be found in Newfoundland are the Mic-mac, who have formed a colony on the west coast, whence they prosecute their hunting and fishing. They are much sought after as guides by sportsmen and naturalists, who visit Newfoundland during the months of summer and early autumn. They originally came from Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island—are a fine race of noble presence, and many of them, particularly the women, are of prepossessing appearance. They have been civilized and Christianized by the continuous and self-sacrificing zeal and devotion of Roman Catholic missionaries. They own large flocks of sheep, which find congenial pasturage on the fertile banks of the river, and in nearly all other respects, live as do their British neighbours. Besides these there are a few families of Eskimos, who reside in the extreme north of the island, of whom, however, more anon.

Northern Labrador is the home of a portion of the Eskimo family, numbering about two thousand souls. The Eskimos are a very numerous people, being scattered over an immense territory, embracing the Mackenzie River, Hudson's Bay, the polar regions, generally, as well as Greenland. The name Eskimo, which means "eaters of raw flesh," and is a term of reproach, was given to them by hostile Indian tribes. They call, and moreover, doubtless consider themselves "innuits" (men). These people, although differing in many particulars, feature, stature, etc., with the localities in which they variously reside, undoubtedly owe their origin to a common source—an interesting subject to which we hope to refer in our next article. Their food, costume, houses, implements and weapons are the same, a fact natural and obvious enough, arising from identity of wants, and from the similar nature of the countries they inhabit. The Eskimo Indians of Labrador are described by one traveller as of "low stature, with coarse features, small hands and feet and black wiry hair," and those of the Mackenzie River as "tall and powerful, some being more than six feet, the average stature exceeding that in England. The women are smaller, probably about the average stature of English women." When first visited by the hardy Moravian missionaries more than a century ago, the Labrador Eskimos were living in the midst of a more than usually darkened heath-

enism; but now, owing to the heroism and unparalleled devotion of these noble and Christ like men, they have been transformed into a gentle, peaceful, law abiding and diligent people, and as a conclusive proof that the work of the missionaries amongst them has been thorough and permanent, it has only to be mentioned that amongst other evils which these once ignorant heathen have "put off," is the practice of polygamy, which, as the past history of mission work in Africa abundantly shews, requires a large amount of self-sacrifice on the part of those who have been addicted to it.

Besides the Eskimo who reside at or near the coast of Labrador, there are found in the interior about four thousand Indians of the Montagnais (Mountaineer) and Nasquapee tribes. It is said that their numbers are rapidly diminishing, and although they are, for the most part, Christians (Roman Catholic) and consequently live quiet and happy lives, and moreover, are never interfered with, either by the pale face or hostile Indians, still it is but too sadly true that before many years have passed away, they, like the well-nigh forgotten Beoths, will have disappeared; but thank God, unlike them, they will die at least nominal Christians, and in many cases, true and faithful servants of their Lord. Truly great shall be the reward of those who first taught them the words of Christ.

(To be continued.)

BEGGING SERMONS.

NO such phrase as "begging sermons" should ever be used. God permits us to come into His presence with money in our hands,—yes, though it rings in men's ears from Monday morning till Saturday night, though it goes forth on many a message of sin and shame, and sometimes to defraud, to oppress and to ruin,—with this in our hands we may go into the presence of God. "Bring an offering and come before Him." But it is money sanctified for a holy purpose. Money represents strength, and often happiness. It is happiness to a man's wife and children and home, and it makes the hardships of life much easier to bear. Money represents strength, and with this strength we should go into the presence of God. But when this is urged, it is not begging for money. When God's ministers represent to their people the needs of their work and ask them to lay on God's altar sufficient to carry on that work, they do not beg for money. They simply place before their people the privilege of worshipping God through their offerings. It is an act of worship. See 1 Chron., xvi, 20. Through it we render to God the glory due to His name, Through it we worship Him in the beauty of holiness. It is a privilege to the giver and not a favor conferred by him. Therefore never think that the Church begs for money.

* Quoted by Harvey in his valuable work on Newfoundland, to whose pages I am indebted for a part of the substance of this article.

THE LATE BISHOP BINNEY, OF NOVA SCOTIA.

BY REV. D. C. MOORE, RECTOR OF ALDION MINES, AND RURAL
DEAN OF AMHERST, N. S.

BRIEFLY as possible we will try to show who and what manner of man it is that the Diocese of Nova Scotia and the Church at large now so deeply and deservedly mourn. Hibbert Binney was born in Sydney, Cape Breton, August 12th, 1819. His father, the Rev.

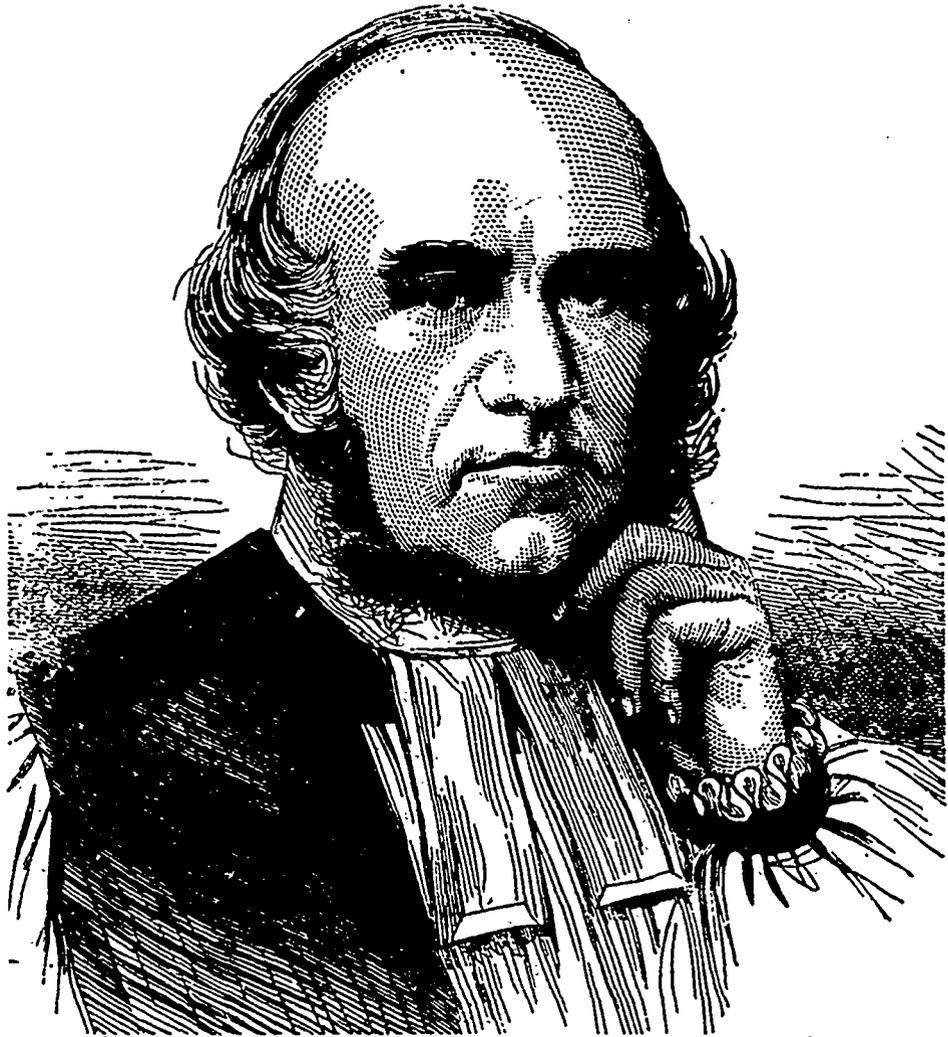
Dr. Binney, was Rector of that Parish, and removed with his family to England, where in 1838, he became Rector of Newbury in Berkshire. The future bishop was sent to King's College, London, and was afterwards entered at Worcester College, Oxford. He came out first-class in mathematics in 1842, took the degree of M.A. in 1844, gaining a fellowship and was appointed tutor of his college in 1846 and bursar in 1848. He was ordained deacon in 1842, and priest in 1843.

The family from which the future bishop sprang

came to Nova Scotia from Massachusetts early in the eighteenth century: Jonathan Binney from Hull, near Boston, and his father-in-law, Henry Newton, from Salem. Both these gentlemen became "Honorable,"—the former was chosen to the House of Assembly in 1761, and was raised to the Council in 1764; his eldest son was the Honorable Hibbert Newton Binney, collector of excise at Halifax, and a member of the Council. He married a daughter of Colonel Creighton, of Lunenburg, and their eldest son was the Rev. Dr. Binney, the father of the late bishop. Another son

was Mr. Edward Binney, collector of customs in Halifax, whose munificence to King's College (especially in the erection of the stone hall and chapel) and whose large offerings to the Church and to the poor, are not likely soon to be forgotten. The next brother of the Hon. Hibbert Newton Binney was Stephen, who married a grand-daughter of the Hon. Benjamin Green, a member of Council under Cornwallis, 1749. Their son was Mr. Newton Binney, of the Bank of British North America. One of their daughters married Captain Charles Hill, father of the Rev. Dr. G. W. Hill, the retired rector

of St. Paul's Church, Halifax. The bishop himself married Mary, daughter of the Hon. Wm. Blowers Bliss, first puisne judge of Nova Scotia, and for her the whole diocese now feels deepest sympathy in her sad and sudden widowhood. Their three surviving children are: Rev. Wm. Hibbert Binney, M.A., Oxon, vicar of Wilton, Cheshire; Miss Binney, and Mr. John Edward Binney, B.A., Oxon. The bishop has rejoined two of his dear children. His eldest daughter, who was married about five years ago to Capt. Belfield, died four years



RT. REV. HIBBERT BINNEY, D.D.,

Fourth Bishop of Nova Scotia. Born Aug. 12th, 1819; died April 30th, 1887.

ago, on April 30th (the same date on which her father entered into rest), leaving a little girl, who has been a great source of comfort to the bishop during these last years of his life. His youngest daughter, Lucy, died 9th March, 1864, while only three years and four months old. It was a beautiful sight to see the bishop with his children while they were all yet young. His great heart seemed to contain love for *all* children, and all children loved the bishop.

When Bishop John Inglis died the Rev. Hibbert Binney was appointed by the British Crown to

succeed him, and on the festival of the Annunciation, 1851, he was consecrated in Lambeth Chapel by Archbishop Sumner of Canterbury, with the assistance of Bishops Blomfield (London), Wilberforce (Oxford), and Gilbert (Chichester). The new bishop arrived in his diocese July 21st, 1851, and preached the following Sunday in St. Paul's. He was the guest of the Venerable Archdeacon Willis, then rector of that church. Soon after he held an ordination, at which six deacons were made and one priest ordained. He was most truly possessed of "mens sana in corpore sano," neither of which did he ever spare in his work for Christ and the Church. Especially did he believe that to the poor the gospel should be preached. At his own risk and largely at his own cost he opened as the Bishop's Chapel "Salem," and placed it in the charge of Rev. J. C. Cochran, to whom he afterwards gave a canonry in the Cathedral. Mr. Cochran had been a hard-working missionary in Lunenburg for many years, and was well fitted for the gathering of the poor and the stranger. When Salem had to be given back to the Congregationalists, to whom it belonged, the bishop purchased a disused Methodist building, on Argyle street, but afterwards determined on other provisions for "the poor and the stranger forever," and the brick building known as Trinity was built—the bishop giving largely and obtaining large donations from his immediate friends; however, in the interests of peace (which he dearly loved), but against the opinions of many, Trinity was given up to the parish of St. Paul. By this time a population was growing in the south-west portion of the city. Judge Bliss had given a magnificent site for a cathedral; plans were given by Mr. G. E. Street, the eminent English architect; \$10,000 promised if a cathedral were begun within a certain time. The bishop again drawing upon his own resources erected a building which might be, from its proximity to the cathedral site, a chapter house, and from its size a synod hall, but which should, at first, be used as a chapel, in which a congregation might be gathered for the future chief church of the diocese, and was responsible for the stipend of the chaplain, himself ministering within its walls whenever freed from diocesan calls; and until lately it was called "The Bishop's Chapel," a name which the congregation will, especially now, find it hard to relinquish. All these years a fitting cathedral for the diocese had been a strong wish in the bishop's heart. The celebration of the centenary of this the first colonial diocese seemed a fitting time to make a supreme effort for its erection. The Provincial Synod in September last, warmly endorsed the project, and the last few months of the bishop's life were greatly occupied in maturing plans for the carrying out of his so long cherished thought. He will never worship within its walls, but the cathedral will, without doubt, be built, and will be a fitting memorial of the projector, who was born on the anniversary of its birth, and laid down his pastoral staff just before its centennial celebration.

The bishop, on his arrival, followed his predecessors in using St. Paul's as the pro-cathedral; but when he called the attention of his diocese to the inconvenience of using the academic gown for preaching, and the disobedience to the rubrics of the Book of Common Prayer, involved in placing the elements of the Blessed Sacrament on the Lord's table before the beginning of the office, he met with determined resistance, notably at his own chapel (Salem) and at St. Paul's. So in April, 1864, the idea was published of adding a suitable chancel to St. Luke's, and when this was completed the bishop's throne was therein erected, and to this time the quondam chapel of ease has been the pro-cathedral. Lands had long ago been reserved for a dean and chapter, and at the time the dean (Rev. W. Bullock, D.D.) and chapter were first appointed. On the lamented death of the dean the bishop himself became dean; the canons now are the venerable Archdeacon Gilpin, D.D., the Rev. Rural Dean Maynard, D.D., and President Brock, of King's College. Canon Townshend lately retired.

Of Bishop Binney's constant, self-denying labors for King's College, of which he was ex-officio visitor, we have no time or space to speak. Through him his father's name is forever connected with the University of Windsor. Large gifts from his mother, sister and uncle, have also contributed to make the name of Binney foremost among the benefactors to our Church College for all time. It is intended to place in the beautiful chapel of the college a stained glass window to his revered memory.

The maintenance of the clergy in his diocese was always foremost in the bishop's thoughts. The Diocesan Church Society had been fourteen years founded when he arrived, and had an income of \$3,884; it last year reported \$9,707. Upon it he grafted the Widows and Orphans' Fund, the Superannuation Fund, and the Church Endowment Fund, which is much the same as a Diocesan Mission Fund and spends nearly \$7,000 per annum. The Widows and Orphans' Fund pays pensions to twelve widows, and the Superannuation Fund has already a capital sufficient to give a fair allowance to as many clergy as are likely to need its aid. The number of the clergy has, during Bishop Binney's episcopate, increased from sixty to a hundred, but of the sixty, the Archdeacon, Rev. Dr. White, Rev. W. H. Snyder, Rev. Dr. Uniacke, Rev. Canon Maynard, Rev. Dr. Nicholls, Rev. P. Filleul, Rev. J. S. Smith, Rev. Dr. Fitzgerald, Rev. Jas. Forsyth, Rev. Dr. Avery, Rev. R. F. Brine, and Rev. H. Stamer, with two who have severed their connection with this diocese (Dr. Hill and Mr. Spike) are, as far as we know, all that remain. Of the lay officers of the Diocesan Church Society, in 1851, there are living Messrs. Pryor, Akins, W. Silver, W. Gossip, Nepean Clarke, W. M. Brown, W. Hare, Dr. DeWolfe and ex-judge Ritchie, with Messrs. A. Uniacke and P. C. Hill, who have left Nova Scotia. As early as February, 1854, the bishop spoke of the necessity of a Synod in this diocese, in which the voice of the laity, the

clergy and the bishop might separately have its influence. The carrying out of this important project caused the bishop much labor and anxiety. He met with a strong opposition from the parish of St. George, also from Annapolis and St. Paul's. The Rector of Wilmot wrote a pamphlet, learnedly attempting to show that the laity should not be admitted to the councils of the church; but the bishop, with his greater learning and his sledge-hammer logic, beat down all opposition.

The Declaration of Principles had been adopted in 1855; the Act of Incorporation passed in 1864, but not without great exertions on the bishop's part. A former bill was rejected. He was his own counsel before the Legislative Council. In the Synod that year his lordship explained that "He was very reluctant to appear before the Committee of Council, but he could not allow judgment to go by default, and he could not find a lawyer who felt himself to be sufficiently acquainted with the subject. He had therefore to undertake the task himself. He performed it to the best of his ability, and hoped that it would meet with the approval of the Synod. He felt that he was out of his element before the committee of Council." He spoke for four hours. The synod passed a cordial and unanimous vote of thanks, and it was said of him by a member of the bar (as had been said years before of Bishop Doane, of New Jersey), "If the bishop had been brought up to our profession he would have beaten us all," to which his auditor replied "Small thanks for the compliment: he is not a lawyer, and has beaten you all as it is." Today all acknowledge his foresight and wisdom, and ask what should we do now without a Synod!

Of the increase of churches in his diocese, of the improvement in the architecture and arrangement of those churches, of the advance made in the propriety and solemnity of Divine worship "nunc prescribere longum est." These matters are patent to all; but the present generation have no idea of all Bishop Binney did, endured and gave to bring about these beneficial changes.

Then again his laborious visitations will probably never be appreciated in these days of railways. It is a light matter now to go from Halifax to Amherst, but it was not so for many years after the bishop's arrival, and even yet the roads to Lunenburg and Queen's—along the shores of Halifax county and the Island of Cap. Breton, are hard enough to be traversed in all but the finest weather and are rough at the best of times—but he never spared himself.

Of the bishop as a preacher it may be said that his great learning, his invincible belief in the doctrines of the Catholic Faith, his towering intellect, together with his ringing voice, made him one of the most powerful and instructive preachers of his day.

As a chairman he was unexcelled. To watch him through the long days of the sessions of Synod was a study of patience, promptness, readiness and knowledge on each subject, and above all of the most perfect impartiality. Indeed this latter

characteristic was most marked in his every relation of life. The man who most nearly agreed with him would receive just and stern rebuke when the bishop thought he deserved it and the man with whom he least agreed would not want most kindly encouragement if he would only be faithful to his duty.

In the matter of duty the bishop reminded men of the Iron Duke. He neither spared himself nor others, and was therefore often misunderstood. He would say just what he felt, and his words might cut, but it was from no hardness of nature nor unkindness of heart. He had the most overpowering sense of his own responsibility as chief pastor of the diocese, of the responsibilities of the clergy under him, and these he determined should, as far as in him lay, be realized; but let the duty be that of "visiting the fatherless and the widow in their affliction," and then the tender nature shewed itself. We have already spoken of his gentle ways with "the lambs" of the flock, but cannot forbear to pay one other tribute to his kindly generous nature,—his goodness to his clergy in time of trouble. Was it pecuniary help that was needed? His purse was open. Was it bereavement? No earthly comforter more kind. Was it mental anxiety? He was skilled to heal, and most earnestly and affectionately did he lead the sufferer to the source of all true comfort.

His open purse has been spoken of. The poor were helped from it; the city and Province were the better for it, and the diocese above all will miss it.

The mention of one object of his care has been left till now. Windsor provided training for the sons of the church; for years he tried to find a way to train similarly the daughters. St. Margaret's Hall flourished for a time and broke down, causing the bishop great worry and no little pecuniary loss. Girton House, under Mr. Sumichrast, took its place, but difficulties which arose in connection with it, of which it is not desirable in this place to speak, put such strain upon the bishop, while his heart was yet sore from the loss of his daughter, and borne down as he was with the results of thirty-six years of hard work, in that which came upon him daily—the care of all the churches—as he was not able to withstand, and he died. "To add greater honors to his age than man could give him, he died fearing God."

The sad event took place in the city of New York, April 30th, and the bishop was buried in Halifax, beside his beloved children, on May 6th, 1887.

What Halifax, the city in which he lived so long, thought of Bishop Binney, was shewn not only by the immense number of real mourners that attended his funeral, but the hearty assent given to the words uttered from the pulpits of men of different schools. At the Cathedral church Rev. Canon Murray (the rector) spoke of "that keen intellect, that firm will, that calm patience, that loving heart, that fervent spirit, that generous nature, that keen sympathy, that unbounded liberality, that strict adherence to what he believed right, that strong

conviction to act on principle which were so dominant in the beloved prelate."

At St. Paul's, the rector, Rev. Dr. Hole, spoke thus: "I speak necessarily with some restraint, because I am not qualified as others are to speak from long personal intercourse with the late bishop. I shall, however, be quite within what is allowable to me if I say that the late bishop has stood such a test, that we may all be thankful if we can bear one so severe. During an episcopacy of thirty six years it cannot be but that he had differences and difficulties. No man of strong convictions and high conscientiousness could escape them, yet living among the same community for more than a generation, under the fierce light that beats on every public position, he has been called to his rest amid the regrets of the entire community, and his obsequies have been the occasion for a manifestation of respect, nothing less than magnificent. The testimony to his scholarship, his large administrative powers, and those other qualities demanded by his high and responsible office is universal and emphatic, and better still in the circumstances in which we are placed, none will gainsay his personal piety and dependence on Christ alone as his Saviour. None either will question that in the great work of his life and office his motives were pure and disinterested. Therefore the language of our text in his mouth would be most entirely appropriate, 'To me to live is Christ to die is gain.' Speaking of my own personal intercourse with him, I gratefully acknowledge his kindness and the earnest and ready encouragement he gave to whatever efforts for the spread of the gospel I was able to make. He was anxious always that to the poor the gospel should be preached."

At St. George's, Rev. Dr. Partridge, the rector, spoke of the bishop as "A prelate of most powerful mind, perfect administrative capacity and child-like kindness of heart. He had left the most brilliant prospects in England, including, in all probability, that of a bishopric in the Mother Church. His talents were such as to command the highest place wherever he might be. He relinquished them all to accept the bishopric of the sea-girt, rocky and out of the world diocese of Nova Scotia. From the first moment of his landing he experienced the most bitter opposition from most of those from whom he should have received support. He literally fought his way through hostile forces, till after many years he placed the church in this province ahead of other dioceses in faith and good works. His grasp of public questions was most acute. His understanding of contemporary events and tendencies was little less than prophetic. And when all men were against him, he fought the battle of the church to such good purpose that now three-fourths of the diocese reflect his views,—which were themselves the reflection of the Church of England in her purest ages. * * *

Let us imitate his fearless faithfulness! We have lost one of the most capacious and far-seeing minds our country has produced. Let us revere his memory and follow his example."

In his own chapel (St. Stephen's), built with his own means, hopefully along side the site of the cathedral which he will never see with mortaleye, the priest in charge, the Rev. Clarence McCully, paid a most touching tribute to his life and work. "To but few indeed was it granted to combine such rare gifts of learning, wisdom, foresight and executive ability. In every scheme for the welfare and promotion of the church, his piercing eye saw all the necessary details, even the most minute, and he incessantly labored until, as far as possible, it was perfected. Frequently and in the face of fierce and bitter opposition, of predicted failure and disaster, sufficient to discourage any of a less firm and dauntless nature, he successfully accomplished that which for all time to come will be for the lasting good of the Church of Christ in our midst. His life was a life not of peaceful ease, but of unwearyed, incessant toil,—a bush ever burning, and as it burned consumed with his own unextinguishable zeal for God's house and God's honor, devouring as a burning flame the mind and the body which enclosed it, bearing every one's burdens and relieving every one's grief. Who was not weak and he was not weak? Who was offended and he burned not? It was a life too not withdrawn from earthly concerns, not wrapped up in abstruse contemplation. He was an active citizen as he was an active churchman, ever foremost to forward any public work for the general good. With his means and influence he was ready to work with all of whatever class or creed to promote the prosperity of this city and country."

OUR BISHOP RESTS.

"No labor there, no wearing employment,
No creed, confession, litany to raise;
But all fulfilled in the complete enjoyment
Of knowledge, adoration, love and praise.

Devotion there a pleasure, not a duty;
No anxious hopes, no over-mastering fears;
But the near vision of the King in beauty,
To eyes, whose seeing is not dimmed with tears.

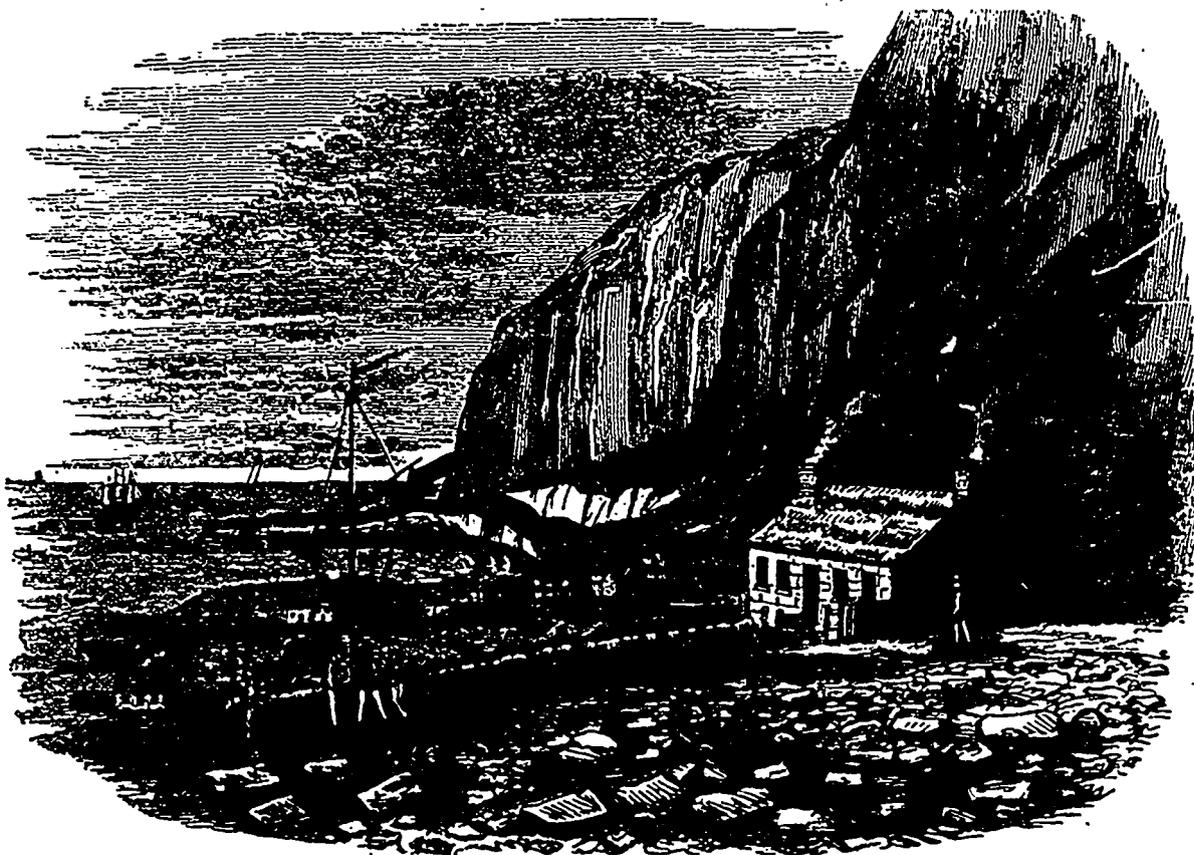
That joy we know not, to more glory leadeth,
There, hope assured, in perfect patience waits,
And scarcely feels the only thing it needeth,
That God should open Heaven's jewelled gates.

The white robed souls, the palms, palm branches bearing
The tongues, attuned to sing the angels' song,
Reach out for crowns, that seem for ever nearing,
And only cry "How long, O Lord, how long?"

O home of peace, to our homes drawing nearer,
As one by one our darlings enter in,
How art thou fairer, surer, better, dearer
Than those abodes of sorrow and of sin.

Thy pastures green, thy rivers of God's pleasures
Bid us stray sheep and tired lambs to come,
Restored to all our human hopes and treasures,
And finding first, our one 'continuing' home."

Young People's Department.



"EDINBURGH," TRISTAN D'ACUNHA.

TRISTAN D'ACUNHA.

(Concluded.)

THE Island of Tristan D'Acunha is only five miles square, and stands alone, a tiny speck in the South Atlantic Ocean. Consequently it is a very difficult place to reach, and when Mr. Taylor, having been ordained priest, was ready to go, he was obliged to trust to the good nature of the captain of a vessel bound in that direction to land him there. "Wind and weather permitting," was the only promise he could get from the captain.

The ship sailed from England on Nov. 23rd, 1850, and it was not till the middle of February, in the following year, that the captain felt certain he must be in the region of the lonely island. During the long passage he had become interested in Mr. Taylor and his work, and determined to land him at Tristan, if possible. But his best endeavours were nearly thwarted, owing to the cloudy and unfavorable state of the weather. The good natured captain spent a whole week, beating against unfavorable winds, trying to find the mysterious island; but it seemed lost in the boundless waste of waters, and at last he declared that he must spend no more time in the attempt, but set sail for the Cape of Good Hope. This was

sad news for Mr. Taylor, and for all the passengers, who for days had been straining their eyes to catch a glimpse of Tristan. Towards evening, however, as the ship was put about to resume her course towards the south of Africa, Mr. Taylor himself saw in the path of the setting sun, a jagged point protruding above a bank of clouds, and that was Tristan! Amid cheers and congratulations the captain turned the ship again, with the hopes of landing Mr. Taylor; but night came on and they had to wait till morning. In the morning a heavy sea had set in, and it was feared that after all Mr. Taylor might not be able to land. As the captain, however, was about to lower a boat to make the attempt, a whale boat, well manned, was seen approaching from the island itself, and it was soon along side of the ship. This boat was under the command of Governor Glass himself, who, when he found out the good news that a clergyman had been sent to his people, was overcome with joy, and dear old England was blessed that day that she had not forgotten the lonely exiles in their sea-girt little colony.

Mr. Taylor had brought a small cabinet organ with him, and this, himself, and all luggage were landed safely on Sunday morning on his strange new home. The inhabitants of the island gathered round him and gave him every welcome, staring at him the while as a sort of living curiosity. After

saying good bye to the captain, whose ship he watched till it disappeared in the distance, and being too tired and worn out for service, he sought his much needed refreshment and sleep.

In the morning he found that Tristan had a town, and that its name was Edinburgh, scarcely so large, however, as our picture shows, as its great namesake in Scotland. Governor Glass was so glad to have a clergyman among his people that he gave up the largest room of his house, known as "Governor Glass'" room, for Mr. Taylor's residence and church.

The active missionary set to work at once to organize a day school for the children and an evening school for adults. Of the forty who were anxious to learn, he found only six that could read and not one that knew anything about writing or arithmetic.

In a few days the islanders built Mr. Taylor a house, attached to Government House, and here on the first Sunday after his arrival he held his first service, and had a congregation of eighty people, that is to say the entire population of the island. When he came to the Psalms and read the first verse he found that nobody responded, although several had prayer books, so he stopped and shewed them how to do it, and after that he had no trouble on that score.

It was the beginning of Lent when Mr. Taylor arrived in Tristan, and by Easter time several had learned to sing hymns well, and some had been prepared for the Holy Communion and received it on the day of the resurrection.

But the zealous missionary was not content with Sunday services. As soon as a separate room for sacred purposes was provided for him he commenced daily service, and many from time to time attended it. And there these people were. They had a little world of their own; but never were lives more brightened than theirs were by the arrival and work in their midst of Rev. Mr. Taylor.

It will be remembered that a large box of books had been sent from England for Tristan, but nothing had been heard of it. However, a whaler had promised to call for it at St. Helena, where it was supposed it must have been landed. One day all were gladdened by the arrival of this whaler with the precious box, and how the eyes of all danced with joy when armfuls of beautiful and useful books were distributed amongst them. And so Mr. Taylor taught these people. They sang their carols at Christmas time, and in every church season they joined in the same services that went on all over the world wherever an English Church was known.

One day Mr. Taylor got a letter from home, and how glad he was to get it! For only once a year was he able to receive intelligence of his dear old home in England. Yet he was happy,—happy because he was doing work for Jesus and his Church.

And another day a steamer arrived at Tristan, and this was a great event. The whole island

turned out to see it, for but few of the islanders had ever seen such a thing. Even the governor, himself, had never seen a steamer.

Later on a large house that was abandoned as a dwelling was turned into a church, and a very good one it made, and church work and all other work went on quietly in Tristan.

In 1856 a bishop visited Tristan. And this was a great event. It was Bishop Gray, of Capetown, in the south of Africa. How glad Mr. Taylor was to see a bishop! Long and earnestly did he talk with him, and his voice was to him like music of days gone by. After holding a confirmation on the island the good bishop sailed homewards to the Cape.

And then people began to get lonely at Tristan. Poor old Governor Glass had died, leaving behind him an excellent name for truth and religion. His body lies in the little grave-yard by the sea, where the murmur and the roar of the waves alternately break in upon the silent and distant home of the dead. And many began to leave the island. Indeed all resolved to go. Mr. Taylor's five years were up, and he felt it was no place for man to live, and left it with forty-six others to live and work for God at the Cape.

But yet the people did not all go. Thirty of them remained behind, and Peter Green, a son-in-law of Glass', took up his abode in Government House. In 1875 there were fifteen families on the island, and in time a clergyman came once more to dwell in their midst. His name was Mr. Dodgson, and he arrived in Tristan on the 30th day of April, 1881, and remained there for four years, when he went home to England and represented that people ought not to be left on such a dreary spot and tried to get them removed; but he did not succeed, and, not wishing to desert them, he went back to labor again in their midst as of old. They were to him almost literally the few sheep in the wilderness, and there he is with them to-day.

The latest news from Tristan is as follows; it is taken from the *Pall Mall Gazette* :—

"According to the latest reports there are now on the island 19 families, comprising 97 souls, namely:—Aged men, 3; aged women, 5; men 20 years of age and over, 11; boys from 14 to 20 years of age, 9; married women, 3; widows (with large families), 16; girls over 14 years of age, 20; children under 14 years of age, 30 of both sexes; total 97. Some time since they sustained a disastrous loss, the whaleboat in which 15 of their men put to sea to intercept a passing vessel, being lost and everyone being drowned. Reduced in number in this way, they have been put to great straits. A plague of rats has also invaded the island and done great destruction to the potato crop. The vermin landed from a shipwrecked vessel which came ashore on the coast. The Government has considered the question of conveying the islanders to the Cape or Australia, but in the meantime they have contented themselves with instructing a

ship of war to pay an annual visit to the island. The islanders have a rule after the republican fashion, but they regard themselves as under the English Crown. Peter W. Green, who was shipwrecked on the island about 50 years ago, is at the head of the community."

And all this story of Tristan D'Acunha shews how great can be the comforts that the Church can give. Few people think of the blessing that Christian Missionaries have been to many a lonely and benighted people. It is for Christ they work, and in His large heart not one is forgotten. Even the cup of cold water given to the little child will in no case lose its reward.

NOTES ON EARLY-CHRISTIANITY IN BRITAIN.

By MRS. NICOL, Aurora, Ont.

(Continued.)

THE Britons in Cornwall, Cumbria and Wales, however, maintained their independence, while many others found refuge with them or in Ireland; and the emigration to Armorica, in Gaul, was so great that its name became changed to Brittany.

Considering the comparative wealth and refinement of the Britons at this time, and the improvement they had made in the arts, under the Romans, the spoil taken in the towns must have been valuable, though many of those who fled would probably carry the most precious of their treasures with them.

Paganism now reigned over a great part of the country, and some of the churches were converted into temples for the worship of Woden; but the Britons, though conquered, were not annihilated. Indeed, they must have formed the majority of the population, and their influence no doubt, had a gradual effect on their heathen conquerors, and prepared the way for their future acceptance of the Christian religion.

In A. D. 596, about 500 years after the introduction of Christianity into Britain, and while the famous St. Columba and St. Mungo still lived and ruled, and the British church had its bishops and archbishops, Augustine and forty other monks were sent from Rome to the heathen King of Kent, who had married a daughter of the Christianized King of Paris; and through her influence they obtained a settlement at Canterbury, and the King embraced the Christian faith. The old church in which the Christian Britons and Romans had worshipped was repaired, (where now stands the Cathedral of Canterbury) and Augustine was granted ground on which to build a monastery,—much of which still remains.

The daughter of this King of Kent married Edwin, King of Northumbria, and was accompanied to her new home in the North by the monk Paulinus and a number of others. Paulinus is described as tall, with a slight stoop, long black hair, thin features, a very sharp hooked nose, and of a

commanding and almost fierce countenance. It was at a council called by Edwin to hear an exposition of the new faith, that an aged Thane addressed to the assembly the beautiful speech so often quoted:

"The present life of man, O king, is in comparison of that time which is unknown to us, like to a sparrow flying through the room, well warmed with the fire made in the midst of it, whilst the storms of rain and snow prevail abroad; the sparrow, I say, flying in at one door and immediately out at another—whilst he is within is not affected with the winter storm; but after a brief interval of what is to him fair weather and safety, he immediately vanishes out of your sight,—returning from one winter to another. So this life of man appears for a moment; but of what went before or what is to follow, we are utterly ignorant. If, therefore, this new doctrine contains something more certain, it seems justly to deserve to be followed."

Coifa, priest of the pagan worship, also declared for the new faith, and the result was that Northumbria became Christian in name at least, and Paulinus obtained the See of York. But all this was short-lived. Edwin was slain in battle A. D. 633 by Peuda, the Heathen King of Mercia, and his widow and children, with Paulinus and his clergy, fled south to her father's kingdom of Kent, and Christianity disappeared once more in Northumbria.

But during Edwin's reign of 17 years his nephew, Oswald, the rightful heir, had lived in exile among the Scots, where he had been converted to Christianity. He now recovered his kingdom and appealed to Iona for help to Christianize his people. Aidan was therefore consecrated bishop, and sent with a company of assistant monks. Aidan established his church and order on the Isle of Lindisfarne, which became, under his apostolic ministry, "the Iona of the Anglo Saxons." From this centre, the bishop and his clergy, aided by the zeal of the king, carried the doctrines and rites of Christianity far and wide over the North of England; and by the time that Calman filled Aidan's place, the Celtic mission, together with the labours of St. Chad, the Saxon bishop, had spread the influence of the Christian religion throughout the whole country.

(To be continued.)

BETTER THAN GOLD.

"I will give that to the missionaries," said little Billy; and he put his fat little hand on a tiny gold dollar, as he counted the contents of his money-box.

"Why?" Susie asked.

"Cause it's gold. Don't you know the wise men brought Jesus gold? And missionaries work for Jesus."

Susie said: "The gold all belongs to him, anyhow. Don't you think it would be better to go right to him and give him what he asks for?"

"What's that?"

Susie repeated: "'My son, give me thine heart.'"

REPORT OF THE BABIES.

BEING A RECORD OF FACTS.

OF the happy workers,
Youngest ones are we;
That we're *very* little
Any one can see.

P'r'aps you think our help, too,
Must be also small,
But we're sure it's better
Far than none at all.

Would you know the many
Things we've learned to do?
Listen, and the secret
We will tell to you.

I made lots of stitches
In a patchwork square—
Hardest work I ever
Did too, I declare.

I can't sew; but grandma
Holders made for me;
These I sold to carry
Light across the sea.

I shelled beans for heathen
(Papa-said I might;)
So my little fingers
Made a shilling bright.

My mamma, to help me
Bottled up some ink;
I've sold seventy cents' worth;
Now, what do you think?

Out of auntie's pansies
I've picked every weed,
And she's going to give me
All I sell of seed.

I can'muse the baby
When he wants to play;
Many a shining penny
I have made this way.

Sometimes I run errands
Over 'cross the street—
Earn our mission-money
Helping older feet.

So you see, though little,
We've found work to do;
When we said we helped some,
Don't you think 'twas true?

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

THROUGHOUT the British Empire the 20th of June will be observed with great rejoicing and eclat because it is the jubilee of Queen Victoria's glorious reign. A reign of fifty years is one of unusual length, but few there are throughout the whole of the great empire who do not wish that the good Queen's reign might be continued for fifty years longer; but that of course cannot be. The National Anthem will be sung by "ten thousand times ten thousand" voices in all parts of the world on the day of the glad jubilee.

We would suggest that the verse usually sung as the second verse be left out as scarcely suitable for

the times and particularly in the colonies. It is a verse which to many people has always seemed awkward in its rhythm and expression, and to be somewhat wanting in that gentler spirit of Christian love which we would expect to find in a prayer addressed directly to the Deity:—

"O Lord, our God arise
Scatter her enemies
And make them fall!"

In a martial sense this may be all right, but scarcely in a Christian sense. And then what follows seems to be wanting in that dignity which such a direct prayer should always carry with it, especially as the word "confound" is so constantly used in a light manner of denunciation among those who feel that they must have some word, however mild, wherewith to express an anathema. The word "politics" has scarcely the meaning that it seems to have had when the words were written, for if so what answer could we expect to the prayer, "Confound their politics"? Again the expression "Knavish tricks" is scarcely defensible as used in a prayer to the King of Heaven. Is it a well expressed or well judged prayer to say to God, even of enemies,

"Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks"?

And then the sudden change of sentiment to,
"On Thee our hopes we fix,"

is to say the least awkward.

For these reasons, coupled with the fact that these are days of peace, long it is hoped to remain such, and that the Queen has few enemies, and also that the National Anthem should be sung in Christian churches, we should suggest that this martial if not savage verse be left out, or replaced by something of a kindlier nature. For us in the colonies we would suggest a verse which we remember having heard long ago, but of the author of which we are ignorant. By this arrangement the National Anthem might be made suitable for Canada and especially for singing in our churches, as follows, the new verse to which we refer being placed last:—

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen.
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On her be pleased to pour,
God save the Queen.
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen.

Far from the mother land,
Nobly we'll fall or stand
By England's Queen.
Through towns and forests free,
Britons undaunted we
Sing with true loyalty,
God save the Queen.

The Canadian Church Magazine AND MISSION NEWS.

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TERMS:—ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
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REV. C. H. MOCKRIDGE, D. D., Editor and Manager.
REV. J. O. COX, Travelling Agent.
Letters for Mr. Cox may be addressed Hamilton, Care of Rev. Dr. Mockridge.

JUNE, 1887.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

WE have concluded to make our first volume close in December, 1887, so that each new volume may commence in January of each year instead of July, an arrangement which we hope will be found satisfactory to our readers. The December number will contain full indexes, title page, etc., for the first volume. The Clerical Directory for the year by that time will be completed. But our friends will please notice that, in the case of those who subscribed last July, a year's subscription, in advance, is now due again. Prompt remittances will be a great help to us.

IN the new printed addresses the figures after the name indicate the number of the magazine up to which your subscription is paid. If your name has a 12 after it, it means that you have paid up to number 12, and that a new year's subscription, in advance, is due with No. 13. The magazine will be sent unless we receive directions to discontinue doing so; but we earnestly hope that our first twelve months' effort may be sufficiently appreciated to induce all our original subscribers to give us their continued support.

THE Synod of Nova Scotia is called for July 6th. to elect a bishop. In the Official Year Book of the Church of England the income of the see is put down as £700. This it seems is held in trust for the diocese by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. There is no see house.

REV. MR. EDGECUMBE, of Pictou, N.S., who may be obliged to leave on account of the financial condition of his church, is spoken of in the *Pictou Standard* as a man of fine scholarly attainments, an able and eloquent preacher, and as one highly respected by all denominations, and whose departure, should he deem it necessary to leave, will be greatly felt by all in the town.

THE Bishop of Algoma paid a visit to Cobourg, Ont., on the 16th of May, and made a deep impression there in favor of his work.

THE Diocese of Moosonee, a portrait of whose bishop we give this month, is entirely a Church of England diocese. The bishop is monarch of all he surveys; his rights there are none to dispute.

THE Report of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts for 1886 shows a gross income during the year of £105,711, 14s., 11d., an amount which falls below the sum received in 1885 by £2,242. The report, however, expresses hope for the future, and speaks proudly of the British Empire. "The great Indian and Colonial Exhibition," it says, "which was held last year was intended to impress on its millions of visitors that the kingdom of England is no longer confined to these islands in the Northern Seas, but that it is a kingdom spread over the whole world, that the great growth and magnificence, the intense liberty and power of the colonies is making a great Empire, with England for its centre, and that the colonies in any part of the world are as much a portion of England as is any English county. But it should be remembered that it is neither commerce, nor ships, nor gold-fields, nor vast territory, but righteousness, that exalteth a nation. Had people believed this they would have felt that the present is no time for slighting the claims of the Society; for 186 years it has done that which the nation could never do; it has sanctified our extended Empire.

CANADA has had a flying visit from Canon Wilberforce, the great advocate of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks. He speaks with a rapid flow of language which is truly surprising, and seems to carry everything before him. His illustrations are vivid and are usually presented in such a way as to seize upon the emotions or deep interest of his listeners. But his great charm is his intense earnestness and his unqualified love for his Master in Heaven. The liquor subject with him is far above a question of political reform, or even philanthropy; it is one which touches the honor of his crucified Lord, and is inseparable from religion. He takes his stand upon Christ Himself first, and then upon the life of self-denial which, for the sake of others, Christ would have us live. He looks upon drunkenness as a slavery from which he is called upon by his very name of Wilberforce to free his countrymen, as his grandfather did when he opened the eyes of Englishmen to the stain and disgrace of the traffic in slaves. A man impressed with an idea of this kind cannot fail to raise up many friends to the cause of total abstinence.

THE sudden death by accident of Mrs. Pocock, wife of the Secretary of the Treasury of God, has caused much grief among all who knew her. We sympathize much with the afflicted husband and family.

THE Bishop of Qu'Appelle intends to visit Ontario towards the end of this month.

THE CATHOLIC POSITION AND MISSIONS OF THE ANGLICAN CHURCHES.

By the RT. REV. A. CLEVELAND COXE, D. D. Bishop of Western New York.

"THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL."—REV. XIV, 6.

(Continued).

The Continent of Europe caught from John Huss the impulse of reforms, which he learned from Wiclif; but with Huss perished the grand principle of Catholic Reformation on the Continent. In England, thank God, not so. Guided, let us trust, by the Holy Ghost, and not by any wisdom of their own, the Anglican reformers sacrificed nothing Catholic. They preserved the historic continuity of the National Church; detached her from the schism of Nicholas I. and his fraudulent Decretals; restored her Nicene character; and rescued the Catholicity of Western Christendom from the havoc that was soon made of it in the Council of Trent. The late Council of the Vatican has demonstrated how absolute was the slavery which Trent inflicted on the Western Churches and how thoroughly it has neutralized their Episcopate. Our own, (thanks to the Reformation), remains unimpaired; the only Canonical Episcopacy of Western Christendom. Thus God has distinguished this ancient Church:

"Founded in Truth; by blood of Martyrdom
Cemented; by the hands of Wisdom reared.
In beauty of holiness, with ordered pomp
Decent and unimproved."

"Oh! never may the bright succession fail
Of her pure altars worthy; ministers
Detached from pleasure, to the love of gain
Superior, insusceptible of pride;
Men whose delight is where their duty leads
Or fixes them; and be her priesthood, still,
For her defence replenished with a band
Of strenuous champions to support the Faith
For their dear countrymen and all mankind."

Yes, "for all mankind." Give her to the wide world. This is her real character, her genuine mission. When I visit her old cathedrals so lovingly restored even in this practical and money-loving age; when I walk the cloisters of her colleges, in those great Christian universities, which, so long as they remain Christian, must command the homage of all men; when I see over her spreading fields those myriad parish-spires from which the music of their sweet bells is only a feeble symbol of the sound they send forth into all the earth; when I behold England's true glory in these sources of all that makes England great and free, my heart is lifted up; I admire, I do not envy, I feel thankful that my mother isle is so richly blest; I glorify God on her behalf. But, after all, it is here and across the St. Lawrence, in my own dear native land, and wherever I have visited the Colonial Churches of her empire, that I recognize the magnificent proportions and the real mission of this Anglican Communion. Yes, here in Canada, where God has tried and afflicted her children and is now exalting her in due time—here, as in

my own country, where I see her missions spreading over a continent and scattering the seeds of evangelization from the Atlantic to the Pacific: yes, here and everywhere, when I see how instinctively the true Christian loves her worship and adapts, or even adopts, her prayers, and praises, and how the strongest and noblest minds find repose in the creeds she has preserved for the human race—in all this I recognize her real glory and forecast her future in diffusing the Everlasting Gospel. Such were my thoughts when the gates of St. Paul's, in London, were flung open to receive her missionary bishops, who had come from all parts of the earth to the Lambeth Conference, and who were about to separate and return each to his appointed work—beneath the Arctic Pole or under the Southern Cross; in China, in Africa, or here in your own vast Dominion. Then, it seemed to me, the spirits of her ancient worthies looked down with thanksgiving and looked up to the Throne with new songs. The holy Andrewes and the saintly Ken seemed near us, and a noble army besides, from Hooker to Henry Martyn and Heber and Selwyn. A day it was uncalendered in the world's affairs; but its moral influence will be felt forever. How it quickens one's love to such a mother to recall a day like that! "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth."

But it is part of the essential Catholicity of this Church that in the only Christian sense of the word she is truly broad. By this I do not mean latitudinarian. I do mean that no Christian who accepts the creeds and delights in her liturgy can be a latitudinarian in any sense that should exclude him from her communion. On the other hand, she has never refused communion to such men as Sir Thomas More; and for many years, till forbidden by Rome, the adherents of the Papacy in England worshipped at her altars and received from her hands the cup of salvation. Like the blessed apostles, who suffered Jewish Christians to practice Jewish rites and to worship in the Temple at Jerusalem, she has ever been tolerant of tolerable infirmities.

Her charity, indeed, is made her reproach; but she follows apostolic example in this, as in other things. She dictates the creeds, she prescribes a Scriptural liturgy. These she must preserve, for they have come down to her as an inheritance from the purest ages of the Gospel; but she refuses to make more narrow the old Catholic way of salvation. She dares to say, and none but a Catholic Church can say so much: "Let us therefore, as many of us as be perfect, be thus minded, and, if in anything ye be otherwise minded, God shall reveal even this unto you; nevertheless, wherein we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule, let us mind the same thing." Thank God, this was the spirit of her Reformation. In a scholastic age she was reproached by the Calvinists, on one side, and the Romanists, on the other, because she utterly refused to erect a Code of Belief as they

did and to split metaphysical hairs and bind humanity like the giant in the fable, by Lilliputian webs, a bond slave to scholastic subtleties. This is the sect spirit; the Catholic spirit has nothing of it. You must crush the manhood out of man before you can enforce such systems on all "peoples and nations and kindreds and tongues." Not such is "the Everlasting Gospel." It baptizes even those who come to Jesus crying: "Lord I believe, *help thou mine unbelief.*" It blesses "all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." To dogmatize beyond the few simple definitions of the Catholic councils is to sectarianize. And, therefore, I say that, what is often made her reproach is, indeed, the glory of our Anglican mother. An ideal reformation, yielding nothing whatever to the clamors of reaction, would have suited you and me much better, no doubt; but it would not have suited that generation. She went out to meet the demands of a scholastic age so far as to draw up a few scholastic articles, in terms so general that they are said to admit of a Calvinistic or even of a Romanist interpretation; but, be that as it may, she refused to make these Articles terms of communion. They are in no sense a creed; her clergy must agree to them as an *Firenicon*; but no one who refuses to subscribe them can be denied the sacraments, nor any privilege of full communion. Just because they did otherwise, the reformers of the Continent failed to perpetuate their work, or to give it unity; and thus the Romanist fathers at Trent equally failed to commend their labors to the enlightened conscience of Europe. Romanists and Protestants, alike, they all erected *Codes of Belief* and piled anathemas on all who were unable to accept them—even "to the estimation of a hair." And hence the catastrophe, the explosion into fragments of Continental Protestantism; in France, the more formidable explosion of the Revolution; that outbreak of Satanic infidelity which destroyed the only Church that had subscribed the Trent Confession without an absolute surrender of all Catholic traditions. As for the Churches of Italy and Spain, they were too lifeless to explode.

Look, then, at the position of the Anglican Church in her restored Catholicity. Says one of her most honest and yet most bitter opponents, trying to construct a canon that shall destroy her: "If a people possesses one of these *Codes of Belief*, we may be sure of this, that the religion of such a people is false." This he says because he imagines the Thirty-nine Articles to be a creed; a code required of all men as a condition of salvation. We have seen that this is a mistake; but the gibbet that was meant for Mordecai often serves for Haman. The Trent Council, in its interminable sessions of seventeen years, erected the most enormous system of scholastic subtleties ever digested into a *Code of Belief* by the human mind. And all of this, resolved into a formula, is professed as an article of the Faith in the Creed of Pius the Fourth, as follows: "I embrace and re-

ceive all and every one of the things which have been defined and declared in the Holy Council of Trent. This true Catholic Faith, *without which no one can be saved*, I do freely confess and sincerely hold." Here we have a *Code of Belief*, indeed, such as the Ultramontist De Maistre, whom I have quoted, pronounces necessarily false. I accept his premise and I am forced to adopt this conclusion. Not the Anglican, but the Romanist puts a code into his creed. And think what this code involves, "without which no one can be saved." Millions who cannot write or read are forced to receive even its infinitesimal definitions, some of which not even the wisest men can understand. Is this a Catholic Creed; a creed for "all peoples and kindreds and tongues"? Is this "the Everlasting Gospel"?

Let me again appeal to De Maistre. Very beautifully he maintains that the Catholic creeds are, in their nature, hymns. He says: "We chant them in our temples we sing them to the notes of harp and organ." This is true of our Anglican worship. But possessed with his notions that our Articles are a creed, he adds, facetiously: "I should like to see the Confession of Augsburg or the Thirty-nine Articles set to music. That would be amusing, indeed." Here, again, his gibbet hangs not Mordecai, but Haman. We have no creed that is not set to music. We often chant the creeds; but how about this modern creed of Pius the Fourth? Was that ever set to music? Do they ever chant "every one of the things which has been defined and declared by the Holy Council of Trent?" Alas! such an attempt would hardly prove amusing to poor De Maistre; and yet it is from this very De Maistre that I shall borrow the strongest confirmation of my position concerning the glorious mission of this Anglican Communion. In spite of all that he can imagine against her, yet, after all, he says: "She is most precious." Yes, "most precious," and why? Just because of that position which she holds between the Protestant and the Tridentine, which makes her, of all Churches, that to which all Christians approximate and in which they all find much to admire and love. "If Christians shall ever reunite," he says, "as all things persuade them to do, it seems that the movement for unity must go forth from the Church of England." Many years ago I asked my brethren in England to look at this testimony, and now I beg you to observe that the movement has gone forth and is working in many lands. She is attracting candid study and investigation in Germany, in France, and even in the United States. Yes, in my own dear country earnest and reflecting minds and a few even among Tridentines begin to adopt the conclusions of De Maistre and to confess, in his words, that "She is most precious; for, like a chemical medium, she possesses the power of harmonizing natures otherwise incapable of union. On the one hand, she reaches to the Protestant; on the other, the Roman Catholic."

(To be continued.)

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

NO. II.—THE DIOCESE OF ONTARIO.

BY THE REV. A. SPENCER, CLERICAL SECRETARY OF THE SYNOD.

(Continued.)

THE completion of the Endowment Fund of the proposed Eastern Diocese, early in 1861, prepared the way for the final steps necessary in the establishment of a new See, viz., the election and consecration of a Bishop. Eleven years before there had arrived on the scene one destined to take a prominent part in Canadian Church affairs.

John Travers Lewis, son of the Rev. John Lewis, M.A., was born in 1825, at Garry cloyne Castle, County Cork. Having received his primary education at Cork, he entered Trinity College, Dublin, from which he graduated in 1847, after a very distinguished career, in which he carried off the highest honors, being senior moderator in Ethics and Logic, gold medallist in Mathematics, and obtaining honors in Classics. He received his Divinity Testamer in 1848, and was ordained Deacon by the Bishop of Chester, acting for the Archbishop of Armagh, Dr John George Beresford. In the following year he was admitted to the priesthood by Archbishop Knox, (then Bishop of Down) also acting for Archbishop Beresford. After a curacy of two years at Newton Butler, in the Diocese of Clogher (which See was then held by the Archbishop of Armagh), he came to Canada in 1850, and was appointed to the laborious mission of West Hawkesbury, taking the place, and to a considerable extent succeeding to the duties of the travelling missionary of the Ottawa District. In the following year he married Anne Henrietta Margaret, daughter of the Hon. Henry Sherwood, some time Attorney-General for Upper Canada. In 1854 he was promoted to the Rectory of Brockville, in succession to the Rev. Edward Denroche. A year later he received the degree of LL. D. from his University, and soon after he proceeded to the degrees of B.D. and D.D. A man of Dr. Lewis' pre-eminent ability could not long remain in obscurity, and he very soon came to occupy the foremost rank among his brethren. The proposed division of the diocese early met with his powerful advocacy, and he spared neither voice nor pen in actively promoting what he saw to be fraught with such momentous consequences to the Church of God in this rapidly developing country. All eyes were soon directed towards him as the one best fitted by his learning, culture and commanding abilities to become the Bishop of the new diocese. The Venerable Archdeacon of York, Dr. A. N. Bethune, would naturally have been preferred by the elder clergy; but his advanced age and his residence outside of the proposed diocese placed him at a disadvantage. A special session of that section of the Synod of the Diocese of Toronto, which represented the territory to be included in

the new diocese, was summoned at Kingston, on June 12th, 1861. Fifty-three clerical and one hundred and eleven lay members answered to their names, the aged Bishop of Toronto, then in his 84th year, presiding. The resulting election was practically unanimous in favor of Dr. Lewis, and he became the Bishop-elect of the Diocese of Ontario.

The same year was signalized by the first meeting of the Provincial Synod of Canada, 'which important event' took place at Montreal on September 10th. Dr. Lewis, being not yet consecrated, could not take his seat as a member of the Upper House. Hence for that session he acted as secretary of the House of Bishops. Owing to the delay in the issuing of the Royal Letters Patent his consecration was put off to the following year; but at length, all formalities being completed, exactly a quarter of a century ago at this time of writing, on March 25th, 1862, by the hands of Dr. Fulford, Bishop of Montreal and Metropolitan of Canada, assisted by the Bishops of Toronto, Quebec, Huron, and Michigan, Dr. Lewis was raised to the Episcopate, being the first Anglican Bishop ever consecrated in Canada. The Synod of the Diocese was summoned at the earliest possible moment, and met on April 9th. The Bishop's address was mainly occupied with the necessity for immediate action as regarded the missionary work of the diocese, and strongly advocated the incorporation of the Synod itself as preferable to the formation of an irresponsible Church Society. "The vast missionary work before us," said the bishop, "cannot be done unless the whole Church works as a unit. It is too solemn in its greatness to be thrown by us on the precarious charity of isolated parishes, or allowed to be dependent on the popularity or unpopularity of a society. The Church expects every parish to do its duty. We need, then, an organization which must command the moral support of every *bona fide* church member."

The noble ideal of duty thus presented to the inauguration of the Synod by its youthful president could hardly fail to arouse enthusiasm. Measures were immediately taken for the incorporation of the Synod, a thoroughly representative Board of Missions was formed, and a scheme of deputations arranged for the purpose of making known throughout the diocese the pressing needs of the Church, and as far as possible securing the active sympathy of every loyal church member in aid of her missionary work.

The arrears of work to be overtaken were indeed enormous. The total population of the diocese, as shewn by the census of 1861, was 373,635, of whom over one-fifth, viz., 81,388, returned themselves as members of the Church of England. The machinery which the new bishop found provided to his hand for carrying on the work of the diocese was comprised within forty-six parishes and missions. Of these six were within the Cathedral City, or in its immediate vicinity, viz., the parishes of St. George's, St. James', St. Paul's, Barriefield, Portsmouth, and Wolfe Island. Eleven formed a

thin and narrow fringe along the shores of Lake Ontario and the Bay of Quinte, viz., Bath, Amherst Island, Adolphustown, Naparee, Tyendingaga, Belleville, Trenton, Ameliasburg (better known as Carrying Place), Hillier, Picton, and Marysburg. Four were scattered along the second range of townships north of the Bay of Quinte, viz., Stirling, Hungerford (or Roslin), Camden East, and Loughborough. Twelve stretched at immense intervals along the banks of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa, viz., Gananoque, Elizabethtown, Brockville, Prescott, Matilda, Williamsburg, Osnabruck, Cornwall, Hawkesbury, Ottawa, March and Fitzroy and Pakenham. Of the remaining thirteen, six, viz., Lansdowne Rear, Newboro', Merrickville, Kemptville, Mountain, and Osgoode, lay between the St. Lawrence and the Rideau; and seven, viz., North Gower, Richmond, Huntley, Carleton Place, Franktown, Smith's Falls and Perth, were widely scattered through the counties of Carleton and Lanark, between the Rideau and the Mississippi. Thus it will be noticed that the centres of Church life lay chiefly along the frontiers of the diocese, leaving the vast interior almost wholly unoccupied. Estimating the Church population of each rural parish at one hundred families, or seven hundred individuals (which is a high estimate), and allowing the city parishes the full population reported by the census, it will be found that these forty-six parishes may have provided the good offices of our holy religion for the benefit of some 36,800 souls, leaving at least 44,500 wholly uncared for. It would probably represent more accurately the real state of affairs if 10,000 were subtracted from the former number and added to the latter. Certainly not fewer than 50,000 Church people lay beyond the range of the Church's ordinary ministrations, many of whom were glad to accept the good offices of religious teachers of whatever sect or name, provided they claimed to be "sound Protestants," and in the continued absence of their own beloved Church were year by year forming permanent connection with such religious bodies as had established themselves in their respective neighborhoods. How to bring these thousands within range of regular pastoral oversight, and how to keep pace with the rapid development of the country, were the difficult problems which the bishop had to face.

At his first ordination, held on April 27th, the bishop admitted to the diaconate Christopher T. Denroche, the eldest son of his predecessor at Brockville,—the first upon whom he laid his hands to confer Holy Orders. This was the only addition made at this time to the clerical staff of the diocese; but two deacons were at the same time advanced to the priesthood, viz., the Rev. E. Loucks, Curate of Ottawa, and the Rev. W. Fleming, missionary at Roslin. The number of the clergy was now 56; but the death of two, the retirement of one, the suspension of two, and the departure of three,—all within a few months, soon reduced the number of actual workers to 48, only two in excess of the existing number of parishes. Seven of these being

chaplains or curates, and one a very aged man, who had recently arrived from Ireland, and who was not attached to any organized parish, but was striving to do pioneer work at Renfrew,—it is obvious that there were left clergymen for only forty parishes. But the energy of the bishop happily proved equal to the emergency; the six parishes threatened with an interregnum were soon filled with able and efficient workers, several new mission fields were at once opened up, and in two years, at the Synod held in June, 1864, the bishop was able to announce that the number of clergy had risen to 73, three of whom, however, were on the retired list. "It would have been possible," said the bishop on this occasion, "to have added largely to this number if I had seen my way clearly to the decent maintenance of additional laborers; but it seemed to me better policy to increase our missionaries only in the ratio of our ability to support them, rather than run the risk of encountering afterwards all the disheartening effect of a reaction and a diminution in the number of the clergy, who would inevitably have been forced to leave the diocese."

This question of the maintenance of the clergy gave reasonable grounds for grave anxiety. The generation of clergymen now passing away consisted largely of men possessed of considerable private means, to whom the income derived from the Clergy Reserve Commutation Fund afforded a sufficient stipend, making them independent of the contributions of their parishioners. Even as regarded collections for diocesan purposes the people had never been awakened to any true sense of the responsibility resting upon them. The total contributions for the twenty years ended, July, 1862, from the whole territory now constituting the Diocese of Ontario for all diocesan (as distinct from local) purposes amounted only to \$24,580,—an average of \$1,229 per annum! The thought seems scarcely to have dawned upon the minds of the great mass of Church people that they owed any duty to the Church beyond that of receiving her ministrations and attending the services provided for them. Even subscriptions given for the erection of churches were in many cases regarded simply as loans, to be repaid out of the sale of the pews as soon as the building should be ready for use.

From this state of lethargy, however, the process of awakening had already begun. The establishment of the Church Society had accomplished something in this direction. The summoning of diocesan Synods had given a strong impetus to the awakening and development of dormant ideas. The efforts required and put forth in the establishment of the new diocese,—particularly the formation of the Episcopal Endowment Fund, had powerfully evoked the latent energies of the people. Thus the fallow ground was broken up, the seed sown, and preparation made for the reaping of the harvest in due season.

(To be continued).

OUR PARISHES AND CHURCHES.

NO. 9.—LACHUTE AND ARUNDEL.

BY MRS. H. J. EVANS, MONTREAL.

(Concluded.)

IN the summer of 1885 the Mission being vacant by the retirement of the Rev. Mr. Brown, who had succeeded Mr. Evans, Mr. Sanders, of the Theological College, was sent out as Lay Reader, and was afterwards ordained deacon, and appointed to the full charge of the Mission. Mr. Sanders has proved himself most acceptable to the people. Two of the leading Methodist families have united with the Church and are among her most active working members. A lot has been purchased for a parsonage in Lachute, and steps initiated for the raising of funds for the building. There is a total of 95 Church families in the Mission, distributed as follows:—Wentworth, 20; Arundel, 30; Lachute, 45. Besides this the congregation of course includes some in each of these and other places in the Mission, who, although not actual members, attend the services and will probably eventually be drawn in. Mr. Sanders felt, as Mr. Evans had felt before him, that it was impossible for one man to do the work of this back and scattered Mission.

During the summer vacation of this year the bishop kindly sent Mr. Harris, another Theological student, to assist Mr. Sanders in Arundel. Mr. Harris, like Mr. Sanders, has been eminently successful in his work, and the people have since petitioned the bishop to appoint him permanently, offering, if he will reside amongst them, to contribute \$163 towards his support.

Now, what is most wanted of outside help? In Lachute there is no communion service, for the service used is an old one belonging to St. Andrew's, which the church there kindly lends; and the altar linen is always lent for the occasion by some parishioner. Sunday school papers too would be most acceptable, either a yearly club of, say 25 copies, which would come direct from the book seller or office of publication and would alternate with the club taken by the school itself, and surplus or old copies which might be saved from any of our city Sunday schools. Subscriptions also towards the building of the Parsonage are needed, or indeed towards any one of the numerous church objects which are ever straining to the uttermost the energies of a willing but poor and struggling congregation. The Church is but the household on a broader scale. If every day of every year the household has its wants that must be supplied, its claims that must be met; so, also, has the Church, which is the Household of Faith. Let us not ignore them. As for Arundel, it is still poorer. I was astonished when Mr. Harris told me what the people were willing to do in the event of his being sent there, for money is not plentiful amongst them, and what there is of it they are, perhaps

naturally, reluctant to part with. As an illustration of this I may mention an incident, for the truth of which I can personally vouch, and which proves the kindly nature and loving hearts of some of these rough backwoodsmen. One of those sudden changes, common to our variable climate, had set in. It was towards the end of autumn; the mercury had fallen suddenly; a wind of sleet lashed the face of the Missionary like a scourge and almost blinded both him and his patient horse. Making his way with difficulty through the lonely and romantic glen of Harrington to hold a Sunday-morning service the Missionary was met by a well-to-do farmer, Henry Burns. The man accosted him in the usual friendly manner, and then, noticing that the clergyman's head was protected simply by a felt hat, he laid his hand affectionately on his shoulder and said in tones of genuine concern:

"Dear, you're froze with the cold! Now when you go home just go into Meikle's (a shop in Lachute) and buy yourself a good war-r-r-m fur cap, and tell them to charge it to Henry Burns."

The clergyman fearing that in the event of his accepting this generous offer he might go beyond the donor's idea as to price, inquired further into the matter and learned that "a good war-r-r-m fur cap" could be got at the shop in question for one dollar and fifty cents. It is needless to say that he did not avail himself of the offer, though he never forgot the kindness that prompted it.

In building the Arundel Church the contractor agreed to put in a foundation of cedar, it not being convenient to procure stone just then, and delay being considered unwise. Had he done his work thoroughly there would have been no trouble; for a solid cedar foundation would have lasted, if not as long as the building itself, at least for a great many years, and could have been replaced by one of stone at any convenient time. Unfortunately the work was bungled, and the result is a cold and now unsafe condition of the church, to remedy which funds to the extent of about \$60 are required immediately.

During Mr. Harris' residence he had worked the Sunday school up to thirty, and the Bible and the Church Catechism were regularly taught. When he returned to Montreal, he left a Miss Smith, the teacher of the day school, in charge, and so faithful and efficient has she proved that an increase of ten is since reported. Books, papers, reward cards, and Sunday school literature of every description are here required, also a surplice and communion service and linen, a reading cushion and carpet for the chancel, and furniture for the vestry.

It is for our Society to take up the cause of struggling parishes such as this and many others. To bear them in our hearts in prayer and to succor them with our gladly given material help is a duty clearly laid upon us as Christian women.

"Give us, they cry, our portion, co-heirs of grace divine;
Give us the word of promise, give us the three-fold line."

Let us not be deaf to the cry.

Woman's Auxiliary Department.

Communications relating to this Department should be addressed Mrs. Tilton, 521 Cooper Street, Ottawa.

RUPERT'S LAND.

The Secretary writes: "We have just received a box from Durham, which was opened and distributed between three different missions. A share was sent to the Posen Mission. It is eighty miles from here (Winnipeg) on Lake Manitoba. Mr. Page, the student, who holds monthly meetings or services there, tells me the people are building a log Church, and need assistance to roof the building. There is an attendance at the services of fifty or sixty people of different denominations. Contributions would be most acceptable. They should be encouraged, as they are trying hard to help themselves. Most of the clothing sent to this Mission will clothe the children, who, I am told, are quite naked. I have had several copies of OUR MISSION NEWS sent me from Toronto. Each number contained an interesting article on Auxiliaries. Archdeacon Pinkham is now away. When he returns I will get what information I can about distant missions in the diocese and their several needs."

THE annual meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary for Huron Diocese took place on the 28th March. This Association has nineteen parochial branches. Treasurer's report showed receipts for the year to be \$626.14; disbursements, \$580.69; balance, \$45.45. The President, Mrs. Baldwin, has established a Boys' Missionary Association, which promises well, and efforts are made to infuse missionary zeal into the Sunday Schools.

THE Annual Meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary for Toronto Diocese was held in St. James' Cathedral School House on the 26th of May. The Holy Communion was administered at 10 a.m. in the Cathedral, with an address by the Rev. Dr. Mockridge, the Secretary of the D. & F. Missionary Society. In the evening addresses were delivered by Canon Du Moulin, Dr. Mockridge, Rev. J. D. Cayley, Mr. Biggar and others, the Bishop of Toronto in the chair. The Report shewed good progress made by the Auxiliary, and all seem in good heart for the future.

AT the annual meeting of the S. Mark's Church Hamilton, Parochial Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary to Missions the following officers were elected: Mrs. Sutherland, President; Mrs. Wilson, Vice-President; Mrs. Martin, Treasurer; Mrs. Slater, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Walker, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Ambrose, Mrs. Mason (two women appointed by the rector).

THE Annual Meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary for Ontario Diocese will be held in Kingston on June 8th and 9th.

Treasurer's Department.

J. J. Mason, Esq., Hamilton, Ont., Treasurer.

RECEIPTS FROM 1ST AUGUST, 1886, TO 20TH APRIL, 1887.

	Domestic.	Foreign.	Total.
Huron.....	\$869 59	\$802 40	\$1,671 99
Niagara.....	1,152 93	997 46	2,150 39
Toronto.....	1,906 11	1,627 47	3,533 58
Ontario.....	1,259 61	681 46	1,941 07
Montreal.....	297 60	200 00	497 60
Quebec.....	396 40	871 18	1,267 58
Fredericton.....	322 40	322 40
Nova Scotia.....	979 03	456 95	1,435 98
Algoma.....	5 60	94 26	99 86
Miscellaneous.....	38 88	38 88	77 76
Total.....	\$7,228 15	\$5,770 06	\$12,998 21

The Domestic Receipts include \$2,409.08 on account of the stipend of the Bishop of Algoma, as follows:

Huron.....	\$525 00	Niagara.....	\$500 00
Toronto.....	750 00	Ontario.....	400 03
		Nova Scotia.....	\$234 75

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Foreign Missions, General.....	\$3,687 62
S. P. G. ".....	\$943 19
" for Madagascar.....	12 35
955 54	
C. M. S. General.....	79 93
" for China.....	6 50
" for native missionary, "Jonah," Ellore, S. India.....	25 25
111 68	
Colonial and Continental Ch. Society.....	2 75
London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews.....	481 26
Zenana Missions.....	449 17
S. India, etc.....	48 61
Ceylon Missions.....	12 68
Parochial Missions to the Jews.....	17 25
Church Extension Society.....	3 50
\$5,770 06	

ANALYSIS OF RECEIPTS FROM 1ST AUGUST, 1886, TO 20TH APRIL, 1887.

DOMESTIC MISSIONS.

Domestic Missions, General.....	\$1,566 53
Algoma ".....	\$ 892 67
" Bishop's Stipend.....	2,409 78
" Rev. R. W. Plante's parsonage.....	50 00
" W. & O. Fund.....	65 46
" Nepigon District.....	5 60
" Shingwauk Home.....	82 34
" Wawanosh Home.....	10 48
" Indian Homes.....	97 02
3,613 35	
Northwest Missions.....	202 58
Rupert's Land ".....	800 95
" " Work amongst Sioux.....	71 49
872 44	
Saskatchewan Missions.....	87 80
" Piegan Building Fund.....	1 00
Athabasca Missions.....	22 00
" Rev. J. G. Brick's mission.....	7 50
" Peace River ".....	10 22
Qu'Appelle Missions.....	62 86
" for Abernethy Church.....	20 37
83 23	
Sabrevois Missions.....	760 50
Labrador ".....	1 00
\$7,228 15	

