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# THE CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE

◦ ◦ AND MISSION NEWS ◦ ◦

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

Vol. III.

MARCH, 1889.

No. 33.

## HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

### No. 33—WORK IN NEWFOUNDLAND.\*

**T**HE history of Newfoundland during the 17th and beginning of the 18th centuries is but the record of rivalries and feuds between the English and French fishermen who frequented its coasts in search of cod and seal, until, by the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, it passed finally into the possession of England and thus became the nearest to the mother-country of all her colonies. Sir Walter Raleigh had in his day made unsuccessful efforts to colonize it, but a territory which was described as but "a rough shore with no interior," incapable of occupation save by its aboriginal inhabitants, baffled all attempts to transplant to its sterile soil any fruits of civilized colonization. To this day its English-speaking population is confined to its coast line, where, scattered here and there amid an endless succession of coves and inlets, enveloped during the winter in mist and fogs, they pick up a precarious livelihood from the fisheries, which not unfrequently fail altogether, and where, even in a good season, the frail barks with their precious cargoes are often at the mercy of Atlantic storms. Tribes of Indians once inhabited the country, but they are now fast dying out.

The diocese includes the Labrador coast, where the climate is rigorous and cold (where seal fishing is carried on sometimes in the midst of danger

among floating icebergs), and also the islands of Bermuda 1,200 miles distant across the Atlantic, where roses bloom in January and where the chief products are bananas, oranges and peaches. It was first erected in 1839 when the Venerable Aubrey George Spencer, who had for many years been Archdeacon of Bermuda was appointed the first bishop. He was succeeded by the Apostolic Edward Feild, the labors and successes of whose long episcopate have often been well and ably

told.\* Those who doubt or disparage the labors of missionary bishops must feel rebuked by that simple record of faith and duty amid trials and dangers, which their own worldly philosophy would never nerve them to face. Bishop Feild was indebted to the generous kindness of an English friend, the present Primus of Scotland, for what proved the greatest boon to the Bishop of such a see as Newfoundland—the gift of the "Church ship." Amid the gales and storms of that inhospitable coast a voyage in a small schooner was not the cruise of a pleasure yacht. Unable as it often was to "make" the desired haven, compensation for the discomforts of a night's tossing out-

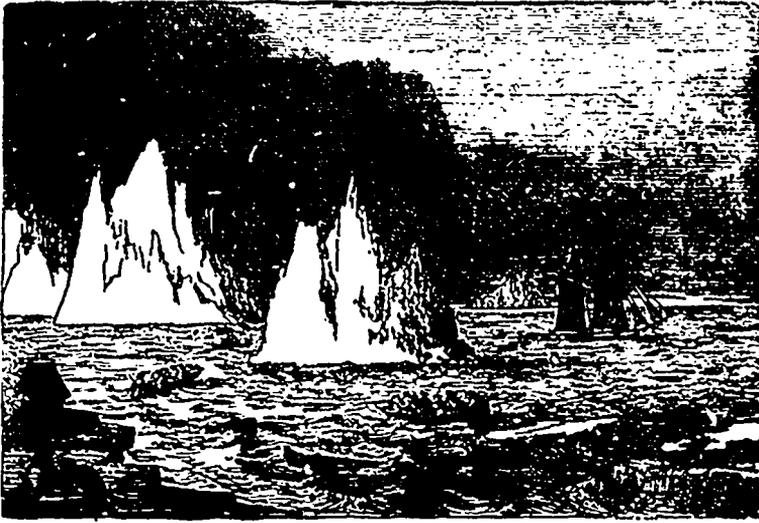
side one of the hundred harbors which jotted the coast, was amply found in the cordial welcome ever shown to its "skipper" and crew next morning, in their errand of mercy and glad tidings to the settlements of the scattered fishermen, who hoisted flags and fired guns whenever the "Hawk," (as the Bishop's ship was called) hove in sight.



RT. REV. JAMES B. KELLY, D. D., D. C. L.,  
Second Bishop of Newfoundland.

\*Compiled from "Historical Sketches," published by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and other sources.

\*A sketch of Bishop Spencer with portrait will be found in the November No., 1856, of this magazine, and of Bishop Feild also with portrait in the July No., 1888.



SEAL BOATS ESCAPING FROM THE ICE.

The Bishop was never weary of acknowledging his obligations to this good ship, which, however, could not be navigated on his long voyages of visitation without considerable expense, but he bore the chief burden out of his own stipend, which as his "personal expenses, being unmarried, were few," he freely gave in furtherance of the Church's work through it, as "his palace and cathedral" combined.

Appointed in 1844 he labored unsparingly till, in 1864, he was obliged to appeal to England for "a good clergyman" to come out and help him, and such a one was found in the Rev. J. B. Kelly. When on the occasion of his visit to England in 1867 he was enabled by the aid of Archbishop Longley to obtain the consent of the Colonial Office to the appointment of a coadjutor bishop, and as the nomination was graciously conceded to himself, he naturally selected Mr. Kelly, who had generously taken upon himself the responsibility of the church ship and the visitation voyages in her, thus relieving Bishop Feild of arduous duties which the weight of advancing years caused him to feel more sensibly than he had acknowledged in his prime.

This "good clergyman" who came out to help Bishop Feild and who proved a valuable coadjutor both as priest and bishop was born in England in 1832. He was a graduate of Cambridge, taking successively the degrees of B. A., M. A. and D. D. He took priests' orders in the year 1855, was domestic chaplain to the Bishop of Sodor and Man in 1856, and became vicar of Kirk Michael in the Isle of Man in 1860, and Episcopal Registrar of the Diocese. In this position he was when the call came for him to undertake missionary work in Newfoundland. His first position there was that of Incumbent of St. John's, the capital of the colony. The following year, (1865) he was appointed by Bishop Feild Archdeacon of Newfoundland and Labrador, and was

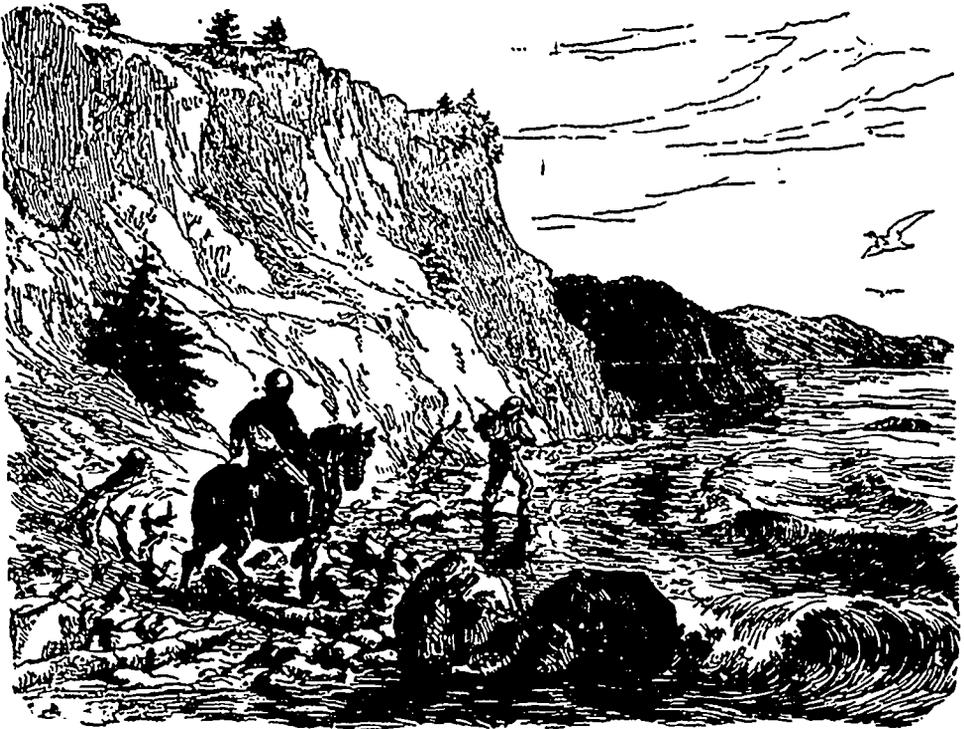
selected, as already stated, coadjutor bishop. In 1872 the Synod of Newfoundland endorsed his position and voted him the right of succession.

The "Star" had now taken the place of the "Hawk," from which Bishop Feild parted with much regret for the loss of a faithful servant, like himself, as he said, "used up." But the connection of the "Star" with the Mission voyages was destined to be brief. In 1871 she encountered a heavy sea at the entrance of an island harbor, and Bishop Kelly with the crew only escaped with their lives. She was, however, soon replaced by the noble generosity of

Lieut. Curling, R. E., who, when on the staff of Sir Frederick Chapman, the Governor of the Bermudas, had learned to appreciate the self-denying labors of the bishop and clergy. He presented to the bishop his own yacht, the "Laverock," of seventy-two tons burden, together with a steam launch of more convenient size for entering the land locked harbors of a coast where the navigation is always most intricate. The first Day of Intercession (1872) resulted in a still nobler gift to Newfoundland. Lieut. Curling gave himself; and since his ordination in 1873 he and the "Laverock" have both been ever ready to face the perils of the seas whenever duty calls them to carry the ministrations of the Church to the outlying coves and harbors of Newfoundland and Labrador.

The labors of Bishop Feild had been lightened materially by the valuable support always freely rendered by his "faithful, able and experienced coadjutor," Bishop Kelly, but he loved to continue at his post thinking that perhaps "though unattached he might still do some good." For nine years the two bishops thus continued their work together, but in 1876 Bishop Feild was called to his rest, leaving the diocese under the sole control of Bishop Kelly, whose health, however, was not sufficiently robust to enable him to continue long at his post. In the year following the death of Bishop Feild he was compelled to resign the see and to seek rest and quiet in England.

"If one were asked," says Rev. H. Tucker, in his *Under His Banner*, "in what portion of the world the conditions under which missionary work is carried on are the hardest, the answer would probably be given without any hesitation. In Newfoundland all circumstances seem to combine to make the work of the clergy irksome and difficult to men actuated by any but the highest motives."



QUEEN'S HIGHWAY, ST. GEORGE'S BAY, NEWFOUNDLAND.

The Rev. J. G. Mountain, for many years a hard working missionary in remote portions of Newfoundland, describes well the nature of the work that the missionary is obliged to do there. In the summer the whole population seemed busy with the occupation of catching fish, and in winter they retired to the woods for shelter and lived comfortably, though with but little to help them either spiritually or morally. "The wind," he says, "and storm might howl without, and the snow-drift whirl in fury all around, and the deep ponds become almost solid blocks of ice; yet within, the little room was thoroughly warmed by a huge square-piled fire of wood, which sometimes half filled the area of the floor; and as the flame blazed up the wide open wooden chimney, it mattered little if it caught fire, for a cup of water extinguished the flame as soon as it was caught, and a little clay repaired the damage."

During the fishing season, he says,— "I have known men not take off their clothes for a week together, or get more than a snatch of an hour's broken sleep with their clothes and boots on for the whole time. Except at this season, the men begin to come away from the fishing-ground a few hours before sunset; the splitting and salting are done shortly after dark, and then follow supper and bed. This is the opportunity of the missionary; when on his visits he arrives at one of the smaller of these settlements, where there is no school, and few families, he can occupy himself most profitably

in teaching the children and women; or if they are not ripe for even this partial and occasional instruction, he has to wait patiently till the hour when the *cod* fishing has ceased, and his fishing of *men* can begin. Then he has his time; and, wearied as they are, in most cases they willingly attend prayers, as soon as they have concluded their hasty meal; and, in many cases, though not so generally, they will also attend prayers in the morning before setting off to fish, if the missionary can be early enough on his ground. This practice was first instituted in my mission by the laborious and faithful Rev. J. Colley, in spite of his weak and declining state of health."

In 1856 the Rev. T. Boland was frozen to death within a mile of his own house. Mr. Le Gallais, another missionary, was called in October, 1869, to visit a sick woman six miles away from him. On his return he was caught in a gale; his small open boat could not live in the stormy sea, and of himself and his companions nothing more was heard or seen. Such is the nature of the work that has to be done in this rigorous mission field.

The progress made by the Church during the long episcopate of Bishop Feild, assisted as he was in later years by Bishop Kelly, was greatly promoted by the staff of fellow-laborers, whom his noble example attracted to the uninviting coast of Newfoundland. Never had general a braver staff of subordinates. The names of Le Gallais and of Boland, of Mountain and of Hutchinson, will long

survive in the annals of Newfoundland as models of what good soldiers of the Cross should be, enduring hardness, ready to devote, and actually devoting, their lives in the cause of the Master whom they served. It was the privilege of St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, to have trained some of her hardest sons for the arduous struggles of ministerial life in Newfoundland and Labrador, where without hope of worldly advancement, without winning other applause than the consciousness of a faithful discharge of duty, they were content to labor on for a small pittance, which was more-over precarious. It was doubtless Bishop Feild's noble heroism which first induced some of them to join his standard—but their steady perseverance amid all the discouragements of poverty, cold and hunger, proves that they were animated by some nobler and higher sentiment than either hero-worship or a brief enthusiasm. The annals of the Colonial Churches, multiplied as they are now throughout the known world, nowhere present a picture more suggestive of faith and devotion than in the daily life of a missionary in the Diocese of Newfoundland.

### ALASKA MISSIONS.

FROM THE "HELPING HAND," BROOKLYN, N. Y.

I AM writing you from Anvik, on the Yukon River, at the junction of the Anvik with it. The Yukon ranks, so it is said, as the sixth or seventh largest river in the world. It has not, however, been officially surveyed yet, hence this is uncertain. We are about 500 miles up the river, and after leaving Anvik it is said one may ascend this river over 2,000 miles. We live in a three-roomed log house, purchased for us by the Board of Missions. One room is 12 by 16—the other two about half that size.

The larger room serves as chapel, schoolroom, kitchen, dining, and sitting room. We use the other two as bedroom and storeroom. From Monday morning till Friday evening we teach school, and a most interesting school we have. Four or five of our boys are reading and beginning to speak English quite intelligently for Indians. On Saturday we wash, iron, and bake for the week. My colleague and I keep bachelor's hall strictly. On Sunday we hold divine service, which has always been fairly attended.

Our house being a mile and a half from the village, we found it impossible for the children to go home to dinner and return, so we give them a meal of tea, crackers, and dried salmon every day except Saturday. Sometimes we take in sick boys. Only lately we discharged two convalescents who had been with us respectively seven and nine days. What do we get for this? The privilege of feeding, doctoring and nursing them, and adding to their wardrobe on their departure. Our tithe helps to defray the expense of such matters. I sometimes wish we had a barrel of children's underwear :

for the thermometer goes as far as ours will register (52 degrees below zero). Little or no under-clothing is worn.

On Sunday, before and after service, we throw open our room as a reading room—at least the pictures are read. I regret that the two or three picture books we have are almost worn out. You would be much interested to see how grown people and children will sit perfectly satisfied if a nicely illustrated book is placed in their hands. We like the people very much. They are quite superior physically, and by no means lacking mentally. The children are bright, teachable and easy to get along with.

In the summer all travel is by water; in winter by snow, with sled and dogs. We have a nice sled, and some fine dogs. Nine dogs with loaded sleds will average 30 miles a day.

The latter end of May we shall prepare our boat, and early in June make our way down the Yukon and across Norton Sound to St. Michael's, distant about 580 miles. Here we wait for or meet the annual mail steamer, get and briefly answer our mail; receive and pack in our boat our year's provisions from San Francisco, and then slowly make our way back to Anvik. The round trip occupies over a month, during which we live on our boat, except perhaps a few days at St. Michael's. A word about this boat, which I think would be wrecked were a storm to overtake us on Norton Sound. She is a crazy, leaky, flat-bottomed, unsafe affair, 30 by 8. The work needs a good, staunch, light-draught, sailing boat, 40 feet long.

A word about provisions. We have almost forgotten the taste of beef, mutton or potatoes. But we have, in the summer, salmon and salmon trout, nice enough to satisfy the most fastidious of epicures. In winter we get white fish, caught in large traps placed away down under the ice. Geese and ducks abound in summer, grouse and rabbits in winter. Deer and moose are plentiful in other sections. In their season we get salmonberries, blueberries, huckleberries, raspberries, red and black currants, and cranberries. The latter are very fine, and we have feasted on them all winter. Fish, game and berries are brought us in small lots all winter, frozen almost as hard as stones. We give in exchange tea, sugar, flour, biscuits, thread, needles, combs, thimbles, powder, shot, lead, caps, beads, salt, drill, calico, ticking, etc. Indians are sharp traders, but I think they deserve all they get. Of course you know our work is with Indians, in fact, I have seen but two white men for months, and two or three half-breeds.

Such isolation is most trying, but we will not complain, but rather hope that the dear, good Lord will give us souls for our hire. We have a grand field, only needing faithful, self-denying, unselfish work. Please pray for us that we may be such. OCTAVIUS PARKER.

It is the part of fools to find difficulties and the part of wise men to remedy them.



GOVERNMENT SUPPLIES FOR BLACKFEET INDIANS.

## THE NORTH-WEST INDIANS.

**T**HE Rev. F. F. Wilson, of Sault Ste. Marie, furnishes us through the Christmas number of his excellent magazine, called *Our Forest Children*, with a couple of illustrations regarding the Indians of the North-West and some interesting information regarding them.

The Blackfeet Indians living in the far North-west, not far from the Rocky Mountains, live in their cotton-covered teepees, wear their hair in long plaits, paint their faces, cover the body with a blanket or a blanket-coat over the naked skin, wear leggings ornamented with beads and long dangling strips on their legs, moccasins on their feet; adorn their fingers, wrists, necks and ears with ornaments of brass, beads, bones, shell and claws, and wear feathers on their heads. Such is their condition at the present time; by day they stalk about their camp, by night they drum and dance; twice a week they receive the Government rations—a pound of beef and a pound of flour per day to every individual. A few of them make a little attempt at farming; but it is very little. A few of their children go very irregularly to the mission schools. A few people gather occasionally in the school house for Sunday worship, or come to-

gether under Christian auspices for a pow-wow or a tea-meeting. Just the thin edge only of Christianity has been introduced thus far; but we may hope that the time is not far distant when the truth will prevail and these people will accept generally the invitation of the Gospel.

Referring to some of the strange customs that exist among the Indians regarding the burial of their dead, Mr. Wilson says:—"With nearly all the tribes it seems to be a custom to kill a horse or cattle at the death of a chief or person of note, the idea being that the animals so killed will accompany their owners to the spirit world. A death teepee is a horrible place to enter. We saw one last summer when visiting the Sarcee Indians, near Calgary, in the North-west. Riding across the prairie with a young Englishman, who had spent several years in the neighborhood, we came upon a little copse of fir and poplar trees, two or three acres in extent. We suspected it was a burial ground, and dismounting from our horses, entered it. No sooner had we done so than we found ourselves in the midst of graves, the bodies wound up in blankets and tent cloth like mummies and deposited on scaffolds from six to eight feet from the ground. Four or five of these bodies could be seen from one point, and others became visible as we pushed our way through the underbrush. A little

baby's body, wrapped up in cloth, was jammed into the fork of a fir tree about  $5\frac{1}{2}$  feet from the ground. The earth was black, wet and filthy, and the stench repulsive. Here and there lay the bleached bones and sodden tangled mane and tails of defunct ponies which had been shot when their warrior owners died; also several skeletons of dogs. Beside each body lay a bundle of earthly goods, blankets, leggings, saddles, etc., also cups tin pots, kettles and everything that the spirit of the departed could be supposed to want. Pursuing our explorations, we came upon a "death teepee." I had heard of these and had often desired to see one. It was just an ordinary teepee or Indian lodge, made of poles leaning from the edge of a circle fifteen feet or so in diameter to a point at the top, and covered closely with common tent cloth. The stench was disgusting and the ground like a cess-pool, but I wanted to see all, so we effected an entrance and examined the contents. The old warrior, whoever he may have been, was wrapped up in rotting, sodden grey blankets, sitting with his back against an ordinary Indian back rest. We could not see his face as the blanket covered it, but the top of his scalp was visible, and a great bunch of slimy, filthy-looking eagle feathers adorned his head. Just behind him hung his leathern quiver, full of arrows, ornamented with a leathern fringe two feet in length, and his tobacco pouch worked with beads, and by his side were a tin basin and a fire-blackened tin pot with a cover on it. At his feet rested a large bundle of blankets, clothing and other effects. I made a hasty sketch of the scene, and then we crept out through the hole by which we had entered, and replaced everything as neatly and hastily as possible. The graveyard was in sight of the Indian camp about two miles away, and we were rather afraid some of the Indians would come galloping over to see what we were doing. It was a relief to mount our horses and breathe once more the fresh air of the prairie."

In parochial choirs the use of "services" and anthems is, as a general rule, very strongly to be deprecated. And for four good reasons. (1) A parish choir's rendering of elaborate music, as compared to their earnest and reverent singing of a simple chant or hymn, is inefficient and clumsy, and therefore they are not giving to God of their best. (2) Elaborate music cuts at the root of congregational music, since the people, being unable to join in it, feel themselves shut out from the singing. (3) It tends to make the choir trespass beyond their legitimate functions, and so supersede instead of leading the singing. (4) It will be found to add materially to the length of the service, which is highly undesirable. Therefore let the ordinary parish choir show themselves off in concerts and entertainments, by all means, but let them not find in the Church and its services an arena for crude displays.

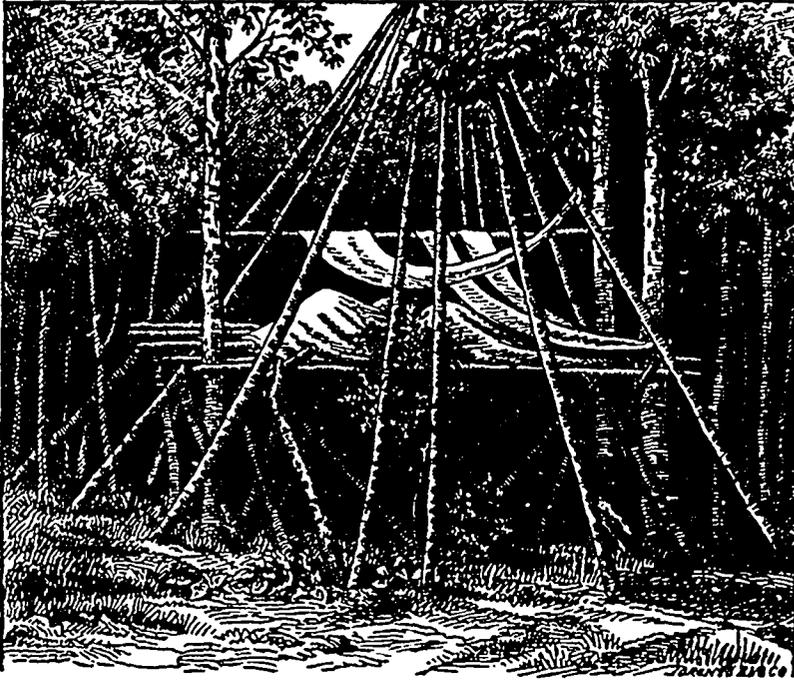
Not here, nor there, but in a self forgot  
Greatness is found of them that seek her not.

DR. PARKER, of the City Temple says:—"It is a remarkable fact that the men who have denied either the God-head of Christ, or the reality of the supernatural, have never been able to draw within their ministry those who are known as the common people. They seem to have nothing to say to the broken heart of the world. They philosophize and rationalize and theorize with abundance of ability, but to the agony of life's future and bitterness they have no message. Take such men as James Martineau and Stopford Brooke, and where can more intellectual ministries be found? We are justly proud of them as men of literature, and men of genius, yet I venture to say that outcast London never heard their names as Christian preachers. They gather round them the rich, the intelligent, the cultivated, and in some instances, the pedantic and the conceited, but I question whether a tear was either shed or dried under their cultivated or eloquent rationalism. For Martineau, Brooke, Frederic Harrison, Charles Voysey, and others whom they represent, I have the highest personal admiration and respect, but for want of a Gospel made pathetic and mighty by the cross of Christ, the world, in its vastness, does not know them, and in its anguish never asks for their aid."—*The Advance*.

THERE are 600 native newspapers in India, all of which, with the exception of about half a dozen, are bitterly opposed to Christianity. Societies are now being organized for the dissemination of the skeptical writings of England and America. An important one is in operation from Lahore as a centre, while another has its headquarters in Benares. The pictures of the gods best known to the Hindoo pantheon are even lithographed in Germany and England, and are sold in Calcutta. Native rajahs interest themselves in circulating Hindoo tracts, and have adopted shrewd methods to carry on their work. The Rev. Mr. Craven informs me that he knows of one rajah alone who is printing just now, at his own expense, 2,000,000 of Hindoo tracts, and intends to distribute them at the larger fairs of North India.

The missionaries, however, keep close watch over these antagonistic forces. They, too, are enlarging their operations rapidly. But the churches and societies which they represent should adopt far more liberal measures to furnish the millions of natives to whom they are sent with some Christian literature. The passion for reading has struck every part of India. The people will have books and newspapers. It is for the Western Christian world to say what their fibre should be.—*Dr. Hurst in Harper's Magazine*.

BISHOP Stuart, of Waiapu, says that the number of native clergymen laboring in New Zealand, has been lately trebled, and that they are not supported by money from England, but by the contributions and endowments of their own people.



AN INDIAN GRAVE.

THE boys of the famous Rugby School in England entirely support a mission school in Masulipatam, in south India. There is now talk of adding mission work in the east end of London to this philanthropy.

OUT of the 555 adult converts baptized by the English Church missionaries at Amritsar, India, no less than 253 have been converts from Islam.

### THE EMPEROR FREDERICK IN THE HOLY LAND.

**A** DIARY of the late Emperor Frederick has been published descriptive of his travels in Palestine. One paragraph reads: "I reached the summit of the Mount of Olives shortly before sunset, and had taken up such a position that the whole extent of the town of Jerusalem spread itself before me, gradually sinking towards the Brook Cidron; whilst on the opposite site the peculiarly beautifully-formed sides of the rocks of the Dead Sea, with the surface of the water and a part of the Valley of the Jordan, were to be seen in lovely grandeur. The rays of the setting sun illumined with golden red the town and the bare gray dreary mountains round Jerusalem, so that it seemed as if suddenly life and warmth had come into the landscape. At the same time the rocks of the Dead Sea took up this evening glow, and every minute the waters shone with a brighter life. Only now could I imagine the beauty with which the Bible connects the name of

the holy and exquisite town; only now I could think how the Saviour let His eyes rest with sadness on these fields and buildings, when He accused the inhabitants of not recognizing at the right time what was necessary for their peace.

All my life I shall never forget this first evening in Jerusalem, when I watched the sun set from the Mount of Olives, when at the same time that great stillness of nature set in which at every other spot has something solemn about it. Here the mind could turn away from earth, and give itself up undisturbed to the thoughts which move every Christian soul on looking back at the great work of redemption, which had on this spot its most sublime beginning. The reading

of favorite passages in the Gospels in such a place is divine service itself."

THE wonderful change from the past in Japan is almost incredible. There are now 20,000 communicants connected with the various missions, and they increase by 500 a month. This is the best of all the wonderful advancement in the country. Twenty years ago there was no Japanese public journal; now there are more than 500 periodicals—daily and weekly papers and monthly magazines and reviews, and nearly all these publications are favorable to the Christianization of Japan.

A WEALTHY man, whose identity is not disclosed, has subscribed \$300,000 for the establishment of a Christian University at Nankin, China. Mr. Arthington, of Leeds, Eng., has offered \$75,000 for the beginning of mission work among the Indian tribes in the valley of the Amazon. A single donor has sent \$27,500 to the English Church Missionary Society. Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, of Boston, spends all her income of \$50,000 a year in charity, except what is barely sufficient to enable her to live plainly.

THE Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has begun what ought to be a useful series of colonial Church histories, in small two-shilling volumes. The first is on "The Diocese of the Mackenzie River," and is written by Bishop Bompas himself.

TIME would fail me to tell the story of missions in North America; I should begin at Hudson's Bay, where Bishop John Horden has lived thirty-five years amid its solitudes and won every one of its Indian tribes to Christianity. I should tell you of the Bishop of Athabasca, whose home is within the Arctic circle, who could not attend the Lambeth Conference because he could not go and return the same year. I should tell of my young friend, the Bishop of Mackenzie River, when I knew that he spent nine months each year travelling upon snow shoes and three months in a birch bark canoe, that his people had no lands to cultivate, that the only way that he could carry to them the Gospel was to follow them in the chase, hunt with them, fish with them, lie down in their wigwams in his blanket, and always have waiting upon his lips the sweet story of God our Father. I told him I wished he would give me his post-office address and I would send him books and papers, he said, "Bishop, I am a thousand miles from a post office and only get one mail a year."—*Bishop Whipple.*

THERE are now fourteen African bishops. Not one of those dioceses existed till Her Gracious Majesty had been on the throne fully ten years. There are nineteen sees in British North America, and only two of them were in existence at the commencement of this reign. There are now thirteen Australian sees, and the first of them was created just about the time Her Majesty ascended the throne. There are eight sees in New Zealand and the Pacific Islands, and not one of them existed at the commencement of the reign. Let us ask ourselves what a see means? It means the completion of the framework of a settled Church government, it means the establishment of an Apostolic ministry, which we believe was especially ordained by God to be the means by which the ministrations and the gifts of the Church of Christ should flow to men. It is the enrolment, as a corporate unity, of one other member of the great Anglican communion.

THE emigration of Syrians to foreign lands continues. Between ten and fifteen thousand of them from the pashalic of Mount Lebanon alone have taken out passports during the last few years, going mostly to the United States, to Brazil and Buenos Ayres.

MR. COLLARD, who has gone to establish a mission on the Zambesi, writes: "It is hard to understand how a people of so volatile a disposition as the Zambesians can be so cruel. Alas! we cannot so much as take a walk without stumbling over some shattered skull, or some calcined fragments of human bones."

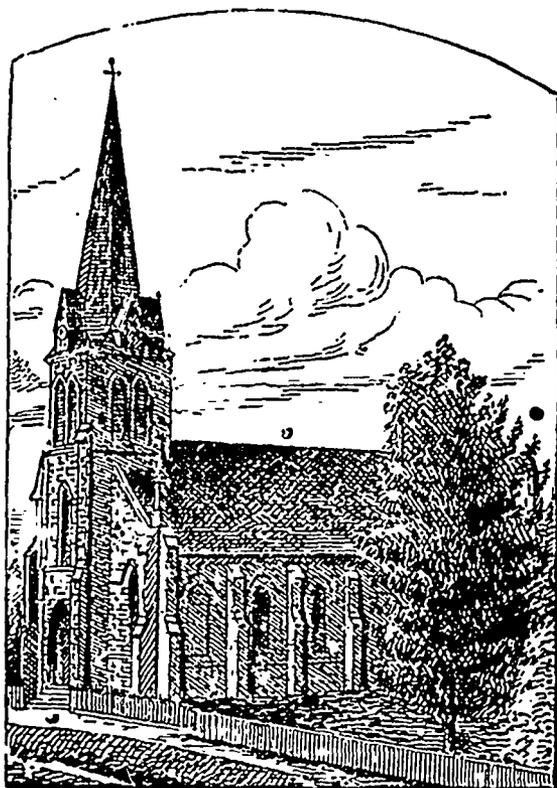
IN the Chinese mission schools of the American Missionary Association on the Pacific slope there are 1,044 pupils and 150 converts.

## OUR PARISHES AND CHURCHES.

No. 30—ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, BOWMANVILLE,  
DIOCESE OF TORONTO.

T. JOHN'S CHURCH, parish of Darlington, is one of the rectories created many years ago in Upper Canada by Royal authority. The first edifice of the above name was erected on the present site more than fifty years ago, the material being wood and the structure very limited in its dimensions. At that period there was no resident clergyman, but for several years clerical visits were frequently made to the parish by Rev. Dr. Bethune, Rector of Cobourg, and in later years Bishop of Toronto. The first incumbent of St. John's was the late Rev. Thomas Smith Kennedy, who entered upon his duties in 1838, and was inducted as rector in 1842. At the expiration of ten years he resigned, in order to take the position of Secretary to "The Church Society of the Diocese of Toronto," which office he held up to the time of his death. At Easter, 1852, he was succeeded in the rectory by the Rev. Alexander Macnab, D. D., who, after the lapse of nearly thirty-seven years, continues to hold the same position. This gentleman is the representative of one of the oldest and most influential families of the Canadian Church. His parents were among the earliest of its members in the parishes of Niagara and York in the latter part of the last century; and through the instrumentality of his father and uncle, government officials at the time, the first English Church was erected at Belleville, County of Hastings, seventy years ago. He is the heir also of the gallant Captain Alexander Macnab, who, after having held the position of confidential clerk to the first Executive Council of Upper Canada in 1797, when the seat of Government was at Niagara, served in the 30th Regiment through the Peninsular Campaign, and was on the staff at Waterloo where, in that memorable battle, he fell, as did also his chief, the famous General Sir Thomas Picton. In memory of this distinguished officer and A. D. C. a memorial tablet has been erected in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, England, which is believed to be the only memorial in that far-famed national edifice ever granted in honor of a Canadian. Not long after that crowning battle, in the issue of which the highest interests of England and Europe were largely involved, a memorial tablet was erected in the old church adjacent to the bloody field of Waterloo, by his surviving brother officers of the 30th Regiment, to the memory of this patriotic Canadian and devoted churchman. His nephew, the Rev. Dr. Macnab, is now seventy-seven years of age, and, although he has seen fifty-five years of public life, is still able to perform clerical duty. Between forty and fifty years ago he was President of a Canadian University and Acting Chief Superintendent of Education for Canada West.

In 1856, owing to the need of additional church accommodation at St. John's, the old wooden



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, BOWMANVILLE.

equipment of the sacred edifice. The taste and zeal of the officials and congregation have been lately evinced by improvements effected in the surroundings of St. John's Church, thus adding to the beauty of its situation on a commanding eminence overlooking, for many miles, a beautifully undulating country and the expanse of the blue waters of Lake Ontario.

## THE FIRST CHRISTIAN MISSION IN ONTARIO.

By MRS. G. A. MACKENZIE.

**T**HE work of the Mission went on with varying success for some years: at one time the black-coated strangers (as they were sometimes called) were accused and persecuted as sorcerers who had brought the pest upon the nation, at another converts thronged the Mission House anxious to escape the wrath of the Great Spirit. So that (as in all missionary undertakings) alternate fears and hopes filled the hearts of the faithful workers.

It had at first been the intention of the Fathers to form permanent missions in each of the principal Huron towns, but the risks and difficulties of this plan soon became evident and in 1640 they resolved to establish one central station to be the base of operations, and as it were, a focus whence the light of faith should radiate through all the wilderness. They chose, therefore, as their site the right bank of the little river Wye (as it is now named), near its entrance into Lake Huron. Here they set up a building at once a residence, fort, magazine, hospital and convent, and called the new station St. Marie.

But the destruction of the tribe was impending. In 1638 the Hurons had waged war successfully against their hereditary foes, the Iroquois, a strong, warlike, and remarkably intelligent nation, occupying the country south of Lake Ontario. How the quarrel between the Hurons and their kindred, the Iroquois, began, no one can tell. For about thirty years there had been comparative quiet; but the Iroquois had been only nursing their hate. The Dutch traders on the Hudson had supplied them with fire-arms and now they were on the war-path vowing the destruction of the Hurons, the Algonquins and the French.

There had been up to 1648 and 1649 a fair harvest of converts in the infant church, both as to numbers and character. Besides the parent Mission at St. Marie's, there was now a church with one or more resident priests which they had piously named La Concepcione, St. Joseph, St. Ignace, St. Michael and St. Jean Baptiste. In March, 1649, there were in the Huron country and its neighborhood, 64 French, lay and cleric, engaged in the mission work. All was method, discipline and subordination. Two or three times in the year they assembled at St. Marie, to take counsel together to determine their future course, and

building was superseded by the erection of a substantial brick edifice capable of holding five hundred people, and having a spacious basement for the purposes of a Sunday school and lectures. The exterior of the church is not without some architectural beauty, while its interior arrangement is well devised for the proper observance of public worship and the due administration of the Holy Sacraments. The organ, although not large, is a sweet toned instrument, presided over with taste and skill by Miss Roche, granddaughter of the rector. The choir numbers about twenty, having recently received an accession of several lads—the nucleus of a boy choir—and is efficiently led by an old member of the choir. The chancel window is of stained glass, and there are two beautiful memorial windows in the nave, one being erected to the memory of the late Rev. Allan Napier Macnab, B. A., eldest son of the rector, and the other to the memory of Rosamond Maud Manning, youngest daughter of Mr. Robert S. Manning. Substantial and useful *thank-offerings* have at different times been made to this church, such as a Communion service, consisting of flagon, chalice, and paten of solid silver and of exquisite workmanship and design, valuable offertory plates and alms' basin, and recently an exceedingly beautiful font, erected at the front entrance, and a costly carved oak altar and reredos, which, with gas to be introduced, will complete the

through prayer and meditation to nerve themselves and gain new inspiration for their stern duties.

The town of St. Joseph was near the south-eastern frontier of the Huron country. For four years Father Daniel had preached here with good results. On July 4th, 1648, while many of the Indians were away with the trading party, the shrill cry "The Iroquois! the Iroquois!" broke the stillness of the early morning. The faithful priest, still in his vestments, having just celebrated Mass, refused to fly while there were souls needing his priestly ministrations. He fell, torn with arrows and a gun-shot pierced his heart. In a few minutes St. Joseph was a heap of ruins—the inhabitants either killed, fugitives or prisoners. A neighboring town shared the same fate.

Through the gap made by the destruction of these villages the Iroquois in the following March entered the heart of the Huron country unperceived. A thousand Iroquois warriors were in their midst; in vain the Jesuits tried to rouse the besotted Hurons; it was as if a prescience of their coming ruin were upon them paralyzing their energies. St. Ignace was next attacked; its devastation was the work of a few moments and the invaders sped on to the next town St. Louis. Here were the two priests Jean Bre'beuf and Charles Lalement; their converts besought them to fly; but their "post was in the teeth of danger, to cheer on those who fought and to open Heaven to those who fell." The Hurons brought to bay fought bravely behind the palisades; but at length the Iroquois broke through the defences, capturing all the survivors, the Jesuits among the number. The town was set on fire and many helpless wretches were consumed in their burning dwellings. "The Iroquois," says Parkman, next fell upon Bre'beuf and Lalement, bound them fast and led them with the other prisoners back to St. Ignace. In the afternoon Bre'beuf was led apart and bound to a stake, he all the while exhorting his captive converts to suffer patiently, promising them Heaven as their reward. The Iroquois, incensed, scorched him from head to foot to silence him; but he still held his tall form erect and defiant, with no sound nor sign of pain. They then led out Lalement that Bre'beuf might see him tortured, having tied strips of bark smeared with pitch about his body. Seeing the condition of his Superior, Lalement cried out with a broken voice in the words of St. Paul, "We are made a spectacle to the world, to angels and to men." Then he threw himself at Bre'beuf's feet: upon which the Iroquois seized him, tied him to a stake and set fire to the bark that enwrapped him. Next they hung a collar made of hatchets heated red hot around Bre'beuf's neck, but the indomitable priest stood like a rock. A renegade Huron called out to pour hot water on their heads since they had poured so much cold water on those of others. Accordingly boiling water was poured slowly on the heads of the two missionaries. "We baptize you," they cried, "that you may be happy in Heaven, for nobody can be saved

(you say) without a good baptism." At last when their barbarities were exhausted they scalped Bre'beuf, laid open his breast and drank his blood thinking to imbibe with it some of his courage. Thus died Jean de Bre'beuf, the chief founder of the Huron Mission, its truest hero and its greatest martyr. Never had the mailed barons of his noble line confronted a fate so appalling with so prodigious a constancy; his death was an astonishment even to his murderers. Lalement, physically weak from childhood, was buoyed up with a zeal equal to Bre'beuf's: after being led back to the house he was tortured all night, until in the morning one of the Iroquois growing tired of the entertainment killed him with a hatchet. The bodies of the two missionaries were afterwards carried by the survivors of the massacre to St. Marie and buried in the cemetery. But the skull of Bre'beuf was preserved as a relic, his family in France sending a silver bust of their martyred kinsman, in the base of which was a recess to contain his skull; and to this day the bust and the relic may be seen at the Hotel-Dieu, Quebec.

The ruin of the Hurons was complete; within a fortnight after the disasters at St. Ignace and St. Louis, fifteen Huron towns were abandoned, many of them being burned lest they should shelter the Iroquois. The Hurons as a nation ceased to exist; some of the survivors hid themselves on the rocks and islands of Lake Huron; others sought asylum among kindred tribes. The good fathers, their flock scattered, abandoned St. Marie, their last stronghold, and following a considerable band of Hurons with their chiefs found shelter on Christian Island, which may be seen as the steamer passes north from Collingwood. Here, besides trying to comfort and console the poor fugitives, they aided in fortifying the town which had been hastily built, and erected a small chapel. As the winter drew on some 6,000 or 8,000 expatriated wretches were gathered under the protection of the fort. Alas! the Iroquois were not the only enemy of these doomed Indians. Before spring a terrible pestilence broke out and aided the work of famine, and soon one-half of their number were dead.

At last, in the spring of 1650, after ineffectual efforts to get food from the mainland, the chiefs and a portion of the Hurons decided to go with the missionaries to Quebec and to form there a church under the protection of the French. To-day the only remnant of this lost people may be seen at Indian Lorette, a little village about four miles from Quebec—"harmless weavers of baskets and sewers of moccasins"—the Huron blood fast bleaching out of them as with every generation they mingle and fade away with the French population around. But the memory of the heroic Jesuit martyrs will be perpetuated in the church which (as we have said) is being rapidly completed not far from the spot where their bodies were interred.

And now, ere closing this page of Canadian History, let us ask what was it that enabled these

heroes of two-and-a-half centuries ago to gain such influence over a savage tribe?

i. The missionaries lived as nearly as possible the life of Indians and treated them as brothers.

ii. Converts were not made to change the outward circumstances of their lives more than morality required; they were not made into Frenchmen as well as into Christians.

iii. The priests did not hasten adult baptisms to swell the returns to the Society, but thoroughly proved those admitted to the Sacrament.

It is interesting to note that these three points are now being dwelt upon by a well-known canon of the English Church, as those on which reform is needed before our Church can be a great Missionary power in the world.

### WORK IN ALGOMA.

By REV. FREDERICK FROST, MISSIONARY.

**I**t sometimes happens that the work of the missionary is rendered very pleasant, when weather and roads and modes of travel are good and convenient, and comfortable stopping places are found, and then on the other hand it is very trying when one is caught in "a pitiless pelting storm," and the road gets blocked up with snow, so that the horse can scarcely pull the empty sleigh, and the snow and sleet beat in one's face and eyes. Or when travelling on the ice a thaw sets in and the ice is covered with water to the depth of several inches and is rendered unsafe because of soft thawing weather, and, as sometimes happens, a freezing wind starts up before a place of shelter is reached and robes and sleigh and horse and missionary are covered with ice. In this case the travelling becomes exceedingly laborious for, a thin sheet of ice is formed over the surface water above the original ice, and yet it will bear neither horse nor sleigh, the horse toils along, breaking through at every step, the sleigh cuts down, ploughs through and finally stops, the horse unable to pull it further. Sometimes, too, night finds the missionary at a very poor cabin, where the inmates, though hospitable, can offer him nothing but the floor to lie upon, and this sometimes not extra clean, for no one was expected, and he lays down his robes to make a bed to sleep on. Yet in this poor place he has an opportunity to preach the Gospel. The experience connected with the journey I am writing about was pleasant in the extreme. Everything was lovely. The roads were good, the weather pleasant, the ice none too strong, yet with only about an inch of snow upon it, made the travelling easy and pleasant for both horse and man. The weather, too, was calm and pleasant with about ten degrees of frost. The first place where service was held was a Hudson Bay post. The gentleman in charge, his family and servant, together with the rest of the servants of the Company, formed the congregation. A short service and a sermon, followed by the

evening hymn, formed the religious exercises of the evening.

The next morning I was on my way to an Indian village where some of our friends were visited and notice given of a service for the following evening. The roads were good, the weather very pleasant and warm. The hemlock and pine trees were magnificent, the wreaths of snow glistening on their dark foliage. Even the barren rocks looked beautiful in the sunshine, and the small islets in the lakes covered as they were with fir trees showed out prettily amid the snowy expanse.

The Indian village is situated on the steep banks of a river, and on the surface of the river my road lay. Some Frenchmen had taken up land on the bank of the river and built cottages at intervals on their lots. I called at some Indian cabins farther down and gave notice of service on the following day. Then following the course of the river I visited some English people and read and prayed with them, and then towards evening pulled up at a place where I intended to stay the night and preach. My host and hostess were members of our Church. We held service in the evening and I preached a sermon on the Epiphany, and after service we had singing until bed time. The next day I took a long drive farther on to visit an Indian family living at the mouth of the river. The road was not so good as usual, in fact, it was bad, the snow was not sufficiently deep to cover the roots and stumps and stones and logs. The sleigh went bumping over them in a most uncomfortable way. I preached at noon in the house of my Indian friends, then obeying an invitation to dinner at a farm house, I pushed on to keep my appointment with the Indians. It was now evening. There were weddings, baptisms, divine service and a magic lantern lecture with Scripture views. With regard to the marriages, the ladies in the case were two Indian damsels, who were baptized some two or three years ago. The bridegrooms were two Indian dandies who were still heathen. I explained to them the doctrine of Christianity, and after teaching them for an hour or so they consented to be baptized. They told me they did not drink and would try and follow the teaching of the Saviour and come to hear the missionary every opportunity they had. After the baptism came the marriage service, but the damsels seemed loth to stand up. They got over their *sham* reluctance and the ceremony proceeded smoothly till it came to the production of the rings. Then they told me they were sorry but they had no rings. At length, however, two silver ones were found which answered very well in one case, but the other I could not get over the second joint of the finger, nor could the bridegroom, so it had to stay there short of its proper goal. The service was in Indian, but neither could read and it seemed of course very tedious to them, at least I suppose it did.

After marriage service came divine service and the baptism of an old man about seventy years of

age. I preached a sermon explaining, or rather impressing, the doctrinal and practical points of Christianity. Then followed the magic lantern with views illustrating the chief events recorded in Scripture. After this I was tired, but when I was leaving a child was brought to be baptized and a lad offered himself. I promised to see them in the morning and hold another service, which I did, and in the evening preached at a lumber camp to a large congregation.

LET us turn once more to the modern demand that so many missionaries shall produce in such and such a time so many converts, and to the impatience, if not the indignation, which is felt and expressed if this expectation is not realized, as though something had taken place which was akin to a commercial fraud. What is this modern way of looking at missions but an endeavour to apply to the kingdom of Divine grace those rules of investment and return which are very properly kept in view in a house of commerce? Do you not see that this demand leaves God, the great Missionary of all, out of the calculation? God has His own times for pouring out His Spirit, His own methods of silent preparation, His own measures of speed and of delay, and He does not take missionaries or the promoters of missionary societies into His confidence. He has a larger outlook than they, more comprehensive plans; and whether He gives or withholds His gifts, it is, we may be sure, in view of the truest and broadest interests of His spiritual kingdom. We cannot compel His bounty, we can but do as He bids us, and abide His time. "Even as the eyes of servants look unto the hands of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress, even so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God until He have mercy upon us;" or, as St. James puts it: "Like as the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it until he receive the early and latter rain." Not that this reverent patience in waiting for God's blessing is any excuse whatever for relaxing the zealous activity with which missionary efforts should be prosecuted by the Church of God. The husbandman does not the less plough the soil, or the less sow the seed, because he is uncertain whether his labor will be followed by the early and the latter rain. If he does not plough and sow, he knows that the rain will be useless, at least to him. It is quite possible for a secret indifference to the interests of Christ and His kingdom to veil itself under the garb of reverence for the incalculable character of the ways of God. To refuse to help the work of Christian missions because we do not know how far God will permit a particular mission to effect many or striking conversions is only one of the many forms of self-deceit which we Christians too often employ in order to avoid Christian duty. Duties are for us, results are with God. We have no doubt, if we are Christians, about our duty in this matter. Before us lies the greater part of the human race, "sitting

in darkness and in the shadow of death," with no true knowledge of God, or of the real meaning of life and of that which follows it; and above and among us there rises the Cross, that Cross to which we are indebted for peace and hope, that Cross on which He hangs, whose Name is the only Name given among men whereby men may be saved, and in our ears there sound the commands, uttered eighteen centuries ago, but always binding, always new: "Ye shall be witnesses unto Me;" "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Our part is clear, even though, after a century of labor, we should have to say with the Prophet: "I have labored in vain; I have spent my strength for nought and in vain," since even then we may add with Him: "Yet surely my judgment is with the Lord, and my work with my God." Activity and patience, these are the two conditions, whether at home or abroad, of good missionary work. We must learn to cultivate long patience for the precious fruit of the spiritual soil without in any degree relaxing our active cultivation of the soil which yields it. When a Christian takes part in these great efforts, he rises, or should rise, above the limits of his own petty individual life; he acts as, what he is, a member of the body of Christ; and the Body of Christ, it lives, not for some thirty or forty or fifty, or at most eighty years, it lives in the centuries. Already eighteen hundred years and more have passed since its birth, and it gathers in one century the harvest whose crop was sown in the century before. To belong to a great family, to a great country, may be of itself an incitement to noble effort; what should it be if we claim fellowship with the general assembly of the Church of the Firstborn in earth and in Heaven from Pentecost till now? Let us endeavor in spirit to associate ourselves with this larger, this nobler, this more hopeful life, and to remember, not only the privileges which it confers, but the duties which it enjoins; and, in laboring according to our measure to extend its frontier, to be content and thankful, if it should please our Divine Master to show to us of this generation His work and to our children His glory.—*Selected.*

AND as in nature so, as St. James implies, it is in grace. Man does his part; he sows the word of life, he prepares the soil of the soul, he plants with St. Paul, he waters with Apollos, but he can do no more; and God who sends the early and the latter rain alone gives the increase. So it is in the history of individuals when that great change takes place which is called conversion, whether from error to truth, or from ungodliness of life to the obedience of Christ. Conversion is not so sudden a process as it may seem to be. It is sudden perhaps at last. There may be a moment when a man is conscious of passing a line from darkness to light, "from the power of Satan to God," just as there is a moment when the fruit is ripened perfectly so that it falls. But that moment has been long prepared for.—*Selected.*

## Young People's Department.



SERVICE IN A LOG HUT.

### WORK IN THE BUSH.

**S**OME people speak of Algoma and all unsettled parts of Canada as "the bush." In many of these places there are no churches except at very long distances from one another, and many of our children in our old, settled parishes would be surprised to see some of the buildings which they call churches in the bush. There are some very nice ones, but many of them are built of logs and are very plain both outside and in. But the settlers are very thankful for even these, and so are the missionaries, for often they have to hold service in a house,—and you know, a settler's house is generally very small, what is called a log hut. Sometimes it only has one room, the beds at one end, the stove and table at the other. The above picture shows a little congregation assembled for service. There is to be a christening; perhaps all the children are to be christened. You see the bowl of water for the font. The service is in the sick room, so that the mother can see her baby christened and join in the service.

Many missionaries travel long, long distances, to hold just such a little service as that. They travel sometimes on foot for days and days together, sometimes on dog sleighs and on snow shoes, and they are often so tired when they get from one settlement to another that they can scarcely stand up to read the service and preach. But the people are very kind and think a great deal of these services. They will take the missionary by the hand and thank him with tears in their eyes for the service he has rendered. Of course many of them can read the service themselves, but that is not like the visit of a clergyman. There is something in

the voice of a clergyman that these people like.

Dear children, we ought to remember these people who are working so hard in the bush. They often feel very lonely and when a good man like a clergyman finds them out, it is a bright spot in their lives. They remember it for a long time and great good is done sometimes even by one visit. Pray then for missionaries and save your money for them. By doing that you will do a good work for God.

THE poet Rogers used to tell a story of a little girl, a great favorite with everyone who knew her. Some one said to her, "Why does everybody love you so much?" She answered, "I think it is because I love everybody so much." This little story is capable of a very wide application; for our happiness as human beings, generally speaking, will be found to be very much in proportion to the number of things we love, and the number of things that love us. And the greatest worldly success, however honestly achieved, will contribute comparatively little to happiness, unless it is accompanied by a little benevolence towards every human being.—*Dr. Smiles.*

I COMPARE the troubles which we have to undergo in the course of a year, to a bundle of fagots, far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to lift the whole at once. He mercifully unties the bundle, and gives us first one stick. This we might easily manage, if we could only take the burden appointed to us each day; but we choose to increase our troubles by carrying yesterday's sticks over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to bear it.—*John Newton.*

## PREACHING WITH A SHOVEL.

I was a dreary winter evening, and Laura was snuggled up in a corner of the sofa with her book in her lap, just in the middle of a most delightful story. The boys were playing in the corner, and now and then she caught a scrap of their talk, but she paid very little attention to it. Rob was putting his locomotive together, and Fred was arranging an orphan asylum with his alphabet blocks. Twenty-seven orphans were ranged about the carpet: some of them in bed, some eating soup out of Laura's china dishes, one desperate fellow in solitary confinement behind the door, and a long row learning to read from bits of newspaper. The only trouble was that they all had such jolly faces; they would grin all the time; and what can you do with a boy that grins even when you whip him.

So presently the orphan asylum was turned into a gymnasium, where twenty-seven little acrobats stood on their heads, walked on their hands, turned somersaults, and performed all manner of wonderful feats. Then they were all convicts in State Prison, and Rob came and preached them a sermon. This was the sermon:

"My brethren,"—

"People in jail aren't *brothren*," said Laura, looking up from her book.

"Oh, yes, they are," said Rob; "brothren is just a kind of preach word and means everybody but the minister. My brothren, folks ought to be good, and not steal things, and quarrel, and get angry. When you begin to be bad, you can't tell how bad you may get to be. The minister knows of a boy that begun by wouldn't let his brother take his skates when he didn't need 'em at all himself, and he grew up so't he set a house afire."

"Is that *true*, Robby?" asked Fred, with very big eyes.

"Course not; that's a 'lustration. Sermons are true, and 'lustrations are just to make you understand 'em. Now, my brethren, you mustn't steal, or do any more bad things, 'cause you can't do it any way, and if you try to get out, they'll shoot you."

The convicts now marched back to their cells under the sofa. Rob lay upon the carpet, with his arms under his head, and said, very slowly, "When I am a man, I shall be a minister."

"I thought you were going to be an engineer," said Laura.

"Well, p'raps I shall. Cars don't run on Sunday, and I could think up my sermons all the week, and then go and preach 'em."

"Oh, you can't make sermons just thinking them up on an engine," said Laura positively; "you have to do 'em in study with books and writing."

"I could," persisted Rob; "I shall say my sermons like Mr. Challis, and I know lots of texts."

Laura looked at papa, who was smiling at them over the top of his paper, and asked, doubtfully, "could he papa?"

"I suppose he could," said papa.

"But I thought ministers had to be just ministers, and not part something else."

"I know of a boy," said papa, "who preaches first-rate sermons, and he does a great many other things—goes to school, brings in wood, takes care of a horse."

"Me, papa," asked Rob.

Papa laughed, and shook his head.

"He preaches them to people on the street; he preached one to me to-night."

"Oh!" said Laura, and Rob sat right up and looked at papa.

"He preaches them with a shovel."

Rob laughed heartily at this, and Laura looked more puzzled than ever. Fred came and leaned his arms on papa's knee.

"Now, papa," he asked, "how could any body preach with a shovel?"

"I'll tell you," said papa. "All through this month of snowy weather there has been one hundred feet on Beech Street of clear, clean sidewalk. No matter how early I go down town, it is always the same—clean to the very edge of the walk. People pick their way through the slush, or wade through the drifts, or follow the narrow, crooked path the rest of the way; but when they come to this place, they stamp their feet, and stand up straight, and draw a long breath. It makes you feel rested just to look at it. The boy that keeps that sidewalk clean preaches with his shovel. It is a sermon on doing your work well, and not shirking; a sermon on doing things promptly without delaying; a sermon on sticking to things day after day without wearying; a sermon on doing your own part without waiting for other people to do theirs."

"Maybe a man does it," said Rob.

"No, it is a boy. I have seen him at it. I saw him one day when it was snowing very fast, and I said, 'Why do you clean your walk now? it will soon be as bad as ever.' 'Yes, sir,' said he, 'but *this* snow will be out of the way. I can brush it off now easily, but when it is tramped down it makes it hard work.' I call that a first-rate sermon, and every one who does his work in his very best way preaches a sermon to all around him."

The bell rang, and somebody called papa away, but Rob kept thinking of the little crooked, uneven path he had made to the barn and well, and what a stingy little pile of kindlings he had split for the kitchen, and he made up his mind that he would try and preach a sermon with the shovel the next day.

Laura saw that her mother had laid aside her own book to show some pictures to little Nell.

"That's what mamma is always doing," she thought, "preaching sermons about loving other people better than yourself; I guess I'll preach one about 'Do unto others,'" and Laura left her story and amused her little sister until her blue eyes were too sleepy even for smiles.

The next day Rob widened his path and show-

elled it clear down to the firm ground, and then he called Fred to admire it.

"It's nice," said Fred: "I guess it's as nice as that sermon boy could make.

'Spos'n we go and shovel a path for Mrs. Ranney."

"Come on," said Rob; that'll be a sermon about—about—I wonder about what?"

"Being kind," said Fred; "but I don't know what the text for it is, unless it's 'Love one another.'"

"That's a pretty good text," said Rob, "that fits to most anything good."—*Selected.*

### A CHEAP SOUL.

FROM THE "YOUNG CHURCHMAN."



FEW years ago, says a gentleman, I was sitting in a large dry goods store in Chicago, waiting for a friend. It was storming a little outside, and the clerks were not very busy. Not far from me stood a cash-boy, with his back against a pile of prints, and his elbows carelessly resting upon the same. I noticed his handsome face, set with dark hair and eyes so expressive, his cheeks bespeaking perfect health. A lady at an opposite counter, while paying a bill let fall some fractional currency, such as was then in circulation, that fluttered and fell to the floor, and was picked up by the gentlemanly clerk in attendance, except one, a twenty-five cent piece, which noiselessly skimmed along and fell near the cash boy I have alluded to. Without changing his position, he set one foot upon the money, and seemed unconscious of everything except the sky-light, and stood gazing up into the open space while search was made for the money.

I watched him, with a sickening thought in my mind, "What will be the end?" I went swiftly to him, and whispered in his ear; "Boy, will you sell your soul for a paltry twenty-five cents? Don't you know perfectly well that the money is under your foot? Restore it, and never, never do such a thing again."

The boy turned pale, stooped and picked up the money. "Sir," he gasped, "don't tell on me, I pray—I beg—and I will never do so any more. Think of my mother."

I presume he thought I knew him. I did not then, but afterward found out who he was; and from the fact that he stayed with his employer several years, and was raised to a high position, I think the offence was never repeated.

Boys, the first theft is the longest step you take toward prison; the first glass of liquor takes you nearer a drunkard's grave than all you swallow after; often the first oath clinches the habit of profanity. A stained soul is hard to purify. There are virtues you can lose, but once lost they are gone forever.

### THE TRANSLATING OF THE GOSPEL.

**W**ITHIN a cloister of the olden time,  
As slowly swung the bell for even chime,  
The holy Father Bede, whose failing breath  
Gave sure foretoken of his holy death,  
Besought a scribe to write the precious word  
That from his languid lips scarce could be heard.

"A chapter yet is wanting, master mine,"  
Up spake the boy, as fast the sacred line  
Of John, the best beloved the saints among,  
Was deftly wrought into the mother tongue.  
"Then quickly speed!" the dying monk exclaimed,  
Whilst on his face the golden sunset flamed.

"Dear master," spake the lad in mortal dread  
(For now the noble face was like the dead),  
"The work must rest unfinished, much I fear;  
There lacketh yet a single sentence here."  
"Write quickly, boy," was spoken in reply;  
"Until the work be done I may not die."

"'Tis finished," said the little scribe at last,  
And looked upon the holy man aghast.  
"Yes, *all* is finished," the great monk replied,  
Then crossed his pallid hands and, smiling, died.

### THE REWARD OF PERSEVERANCE.

At one of the mills in the city of Boston, a boy was wanted; and a piece of paper was tacked to one of the posts, so that all the boys could see it as they passed by. The paper read:—

"Boy wanted. Call at the office to-morrow morning."

At the time named there was a host of boys at the gate. All were admitted; but the overseer was a little perplexed as to the best way of choosing one from so many, and said he,—

"Now, boys, when I only want one of you, how can I choose from so many?"

After thinking a moment, he invited them all into the yard, and driving a nail into one of the large trees, and taking a short stick, told them that the boy who could hit the nail with a stick a little distance from the tree should have the place.

The boys all tried hard; and, after three trials, each failed to hit the nail. The boys were told to come again next morning; and this time, when the gate was opened, there was but one boy, who, after being admitted, picked up the stick, and, throwing it at the nail, hit it every time.

"How is this?" said the overseer. "What have you been doing?"

And the boy, looking up with tears in his eyes, said:—

"You see, sir, I have a mother; and we are very poor. I have no father, sir, and I thought I would like to get the place, and to help all I can; and, after going home yesterday, I drove a nail into the barn, and have been trying ever since, and have come down this morning to try again."

The boy was admitted to the place.

Many years have passed since then, and this boy is now a prosperous and wealthy man; and at the time of an accident at the mills he was the first to

step forward with a gift of \$500 to relieve the sufferers. His success came by perseverance.—*Selected.*

## THE DESERTED CAMP.

BY MRS. BOMPAS.



THE wigwam is deserted, the camps forsaken all ;  
No more at evening hours the hunter's footsteps fall ;  
No more the watch-dog bays, his master's voice to hear,  
But silence reigns supreme with its deepening sense of fear.

But yesterday the voices of children there did ring,  
The mother crooned her babe to rest in its moss bag or its swing,  
The father smoked his pipe of peace, and dark skinned youths did tell  
Of many a bold adventure which mid their sports befell.

But yesterday that wigwam was dear to one and all,  
The sturdy poles for frame work, mooseskin for plastered wall,  
The brushwood for their carpet, or their couch by night and day,  
Where, wrapt in fur or blanket in dreamless sleep they lay.

Now on that camp deserted, they look with fear, not pride,  
Far from its sacred shelter with hasty steps they stride ;  
The smoke no longer curls aloft, nor sparks at evening soar,  
For on that spot the Indian will kindle fire no more.

For there a step has halted, a grim, pale form has been ;  
No warning marked its coming—its presence felt, not seen.  
At morn the woods rang sweetly, and children's shouts were gay,

At eve one little blossom in death's long slumber lay.

Well may the stricken mother, bowed low beneath the blow,  
In cry of bitter anguish, bewail her hopeless woe ;  
Well may her words re-echo throughout the forest lone,  
" ' Se yaze, se yaze, ' my child, my sweet, my little one. "

Yes, and that cry of anguish speaks with unconscious power,  
The minstrel can the patriot stir with visions of an hour,  
The preacher wakes the slumbering soul to a remorseful sigh  
But the cry of a broken heart wells up to the throne on high !

For to the Indian ever is death with horror drest ;  
He recks not of the sleep wherein the weary rest,  
He thinks not of the spirit from its cruel bondage free,  
Crowned, by the Saviour's blood, with Immortality !

No, strong and brave and tender,—patient mid earthly storm,  
He owns in death's dread image but the destroyer's form ;  
And to the stern and fixed decree will unresisting yield  
His victim, then with boiling tain as from polluted field.

But yesterday their darling was their glowing hope and pride,  
Now tremblingly they hasten the sleeping form to hide ;  
And, clothed in blankets, lay her within the new made grave,  
With gay cloth streamers fastened above her form to wave.

They take each childish relic from her safely hoarded store,  
The little, well worn garment, with quill and bead run o'er,—  
The toy with which she played, the robe on which she had lain,—

And hang them safe on lofty bough never to be moved again !

Perchance her dog at evening around that camp may rove  
And track the tiny footprints with quickening sense of love,  
And where his little playmate sleeps may weary lay him down,

And wake the slumbering echoes with fitful bark or moan ;

But only he ; not e'en the mother with heart so strong  
To suffer, and so serene un pitying hosts among,  
Not she, nor yet the father, brave, fearless, thro' fields of blood

Would tread again the spot where the angel death has stood !

TRANSFORMATIONS of character, such as take place among individuals and races under Christianity, are more encouraging than would be a statistical table of larger figures relating to persons whose light was not shining before men. The boy sprung from a degraded tribe of Kohls, living formerly by rapine and pretended magic, and notorious as drunkards, who, a few years after the conversion of his family, could write in English to the Missionary, and tell of his gaining a Government allowance at the end of his school career to enable him to continue his studies, and of his formerly thriftless father possessing twenty-five cattle ; and the idle, lying Kaffirs, who have been taught handicrafts, and learnt candour, straightforwardness, and honor at such stations as Keiskamma Hoek and St. Cuthbert's, show that they have not merely substituted one set of beliefs for another, changing the false and absurd for the true, but have learnt to cast off evil, and to adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things. Such as these are not mere numerical conversions.

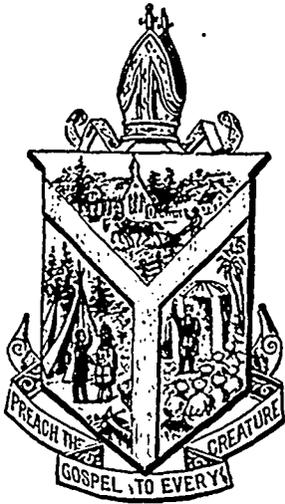
MAHANORO is a Mission in Madagascar, which was opened only four years ago, and in one of his quarterly reports the Rev. A. Smith mentions 192 baptisms there, and several times describes how the opportunities offered by the work exceed those which can be seized by the workers. At Phokoane, in Basutoland, forty-three adults were baptized on Easter Eve. At Tokyo no less than 130 Japanese were baptized in twelve months. On the Skerang River, and in other parts of Sarawak, numerous conversions have taken place. At Kalsapad, in the Diocese of Madras, the baptized Christians have, in but ten years increased from 779 to 2,514, and the communicants from 200 to 834 ; while all other details of the statistics show a like character. At Ramnad, in the same diocese, the 361 baptized Christians of fourteen years ago have become 3,146, and instead of 91 communicants there are now 741. We do not think we lay undue stress upon such facts as these, which it is our privilege every month to record. Each of the many thousands of baptized converts has caused rejoicing among the angels, and should prompt us to utter thanksgiving and praise.

THE Journals of David Brainerd, who did such a wonderful work among the American Indians, were the means of making William Carey and Henry Martyn into missionaries to India.

## THE MEASURE OF SACRIFICE.

" Do you imagine that the Lord will be satisfied with what you can spare—the 'strait' of your full measure? Has it never occurred to you that God demands, not what you can spare, but what you will miss ; that He requires a real sacrifice at your hand?"—*Pollock.*

Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society  
OF THE  
Church of England in Canada.



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

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The next meeting of the Board of Management is appointed to be held in Hamilton, Ont., on Wednesday, May 1st, 1889.

## The Canadian Church Magazine AND MISSION NEWS.

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

TERMS:—ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Back numbers to a limited extent can be supplied. Liberal terms for localizing as a Parish Magazine given on application.

REV. CANON MOCKRIDGE, D. D., Editor and Manager, Hamilton, Ont.  
REV. J. C. COX, B. A., Business Agent, Grimsby, Ont.

### MARCH, 1889.

THE editor will be glad to hear of one or two clergymen willing to travel in the interests of this Magazine. Good terms can be given on application.

SUBSCRIBERS will please notice the advertisement of John B. Alden, whereby they may be able to purchase "The Lamplighter" at a greatly reduced rate. Other books will be offered in time.

We are now in a position to supply back numbers of the CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE and MISSION NEWS from its first numbers. Vol. I., July, '86—Dec., '87 (18 numbers) \$1.50. Vol. II., Jan.—Dec. '88, \$1.00. When bound these make handsome volumes. Covers for binding for Vol. I. and Vol. II. may also be had on application at fifty cents each.

THE Bishop of Montreal has appointed Rev. Robert Lindsay, Rural Dean, a member of the Board of Management of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society in the room of the late Canon Belcher. Rural Dean Lindsay has been for many years Rector of St. Thomas Church, Montreal, and has always taken a deep interest in the missionary work of the Church.

### ERRATUM.

We hasten to correct an error made in our last issue, regarding West Frampton, of the Diocese of Quebec, in the Report of the Woman's Auxiliary. By a typographical error \$9.00 was made to read \$900. This Branch was only organized last January, but the members have already increased from five to ten, and show a great interest in the missionary readings and work. Monthly meetings were held from January to March, when on account of the busy season they were closed till October. The financial statement is as follows:

Amount sent to Diocese of Qu'Appelle.....	\$ 5 00
Parcel of clothing valued at .....	9 00
Total.....	\$14 00

CHURCH of England Missions to Indians are few and far between. In Algoma, with some 10,000 Indians, there are but three small missions, and of these one is at present vacant. In Manitoba and the Northwest the Church is

stronger, as regards its Indian work, but still it bids fair to be outstripped by the more zealous workers of other communions. The Roman Catholics take the lead, and Presbyterians and Methodists follow in their wake. What we want is not merely isolated missionaries here and there, but *earnest Christian women* who will leave house and friends, and go out, two-and-two, to live among the Indians, and teach them, not merely by precept, but by example, and by kindly sympathy and help.

It is gratifying to mark the rapid advance of the Church into the great North-west of Canada, and to see her threefold ministry occupying settlements on the prairie and amid hills where for ages no white man's voice was heard. Bishop Pinkham, commenting upon the development of the western country, recently said,—“It is an inspiring thought to know that spot after spot is occupied by heralds of the Cross; that as Christmas after Christmas rolls around the message of the Incarnate Word will be delivered wherever the foot of man treads. In the frosty air on the prairie, and echoing from peak to peak of those ancient mountains, the old Christmas hymns will be sung, those hymns that echo on through widest-sundered lands in Christian hearts all earthly Christmas days. Grandly that Christmas song of peace and good will rises and swells by the shores of the Atlantic; it soars upward in choral song in our villages and cities; it echoes over the prairies, reverberates among the mountains, and floats out over the waters of the Pacific, as if to catch the ear of the heathen nations beyond—‘O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.’”—*Church Bells.*

THE Rev. James Thomas Hayes, M. A., Trinity College, Cambridge, has been appointed Bishop of Trinidad, and the Venerable Charles F. Douet, Archdeacon of Surrey, has been consecrated Coadjutor Bishop of Jamaica.

THE Church Missionary Society (England) seems anxious for the coming year,—responsibilities great, contributions not encouraging. They call for prayer and great exertions on the part of their friends to help them in time of need.

THE modern style of illustration now so much in vogue in illustrated papers strikes us as greatly inferior to the good old engravings on wood. Many of these pictures look like blurred photography, as if the object delineated was poorly photographed through a sieve placed between it and the instrument.

THE Bishops of Oregon and Colorado are both exerting themselves to endow their sees. Owing to the munificence of Mr. Harold Brown \$10,000 will be granted to any missionary jurisdiction making up a certain amount for its endowment. Colorado has already organized itself into a diocese and awaits recognition by the General Convention of the American Church.

THE Bishop of Calcutta has prepared a scheme for the creation of a new see at Lucknow. In this it is hoped he will get help from Government.

FOR many reasons India may be regarded as the keystone of all our foreign mission work. It seems as though God had entrusted our empire with India as one grand instrumental means of making His way known upon earth, His saving health among all nations. There are in India 50 millions of Mahomedans, between one and two hundred millions of Hindoos, and several millions of Buddhists in Ceylon. The Government protects our missions and schools in all places. We have free access to the people, and, as a result, we have over 200 trained native clergy ministering to their own people. In Southern India our missions have been peculiarly favored. They began with Schwaly in 1760. He was there forty years. He has been succeeded by missionaries who have spent many years in the day by day work which always tells. The present Bishop of Madras and his two coadjutors have been there as missionaries and bishops, one over fifty and the others nearly fifty years. The famine of these years did its work in teaching the natives that it was the Christian government and the Christian missions that saved hundreds of thousands of lives at great expense of labor and treasure. The result has been a great accession to the Christian Church. The Bishop of Madras says that the whole country is ready to welcome the Christian teacher. It simply awaits the men. We are informed that the Rev. Samuel Morley, who is the bishop's domestic chaplain, and has travelled with him for the last eight years in his visitations, hopes to visit Canada next August. It may be that opportunities will be afforded some of our people to hear him speak on his own experience in missionary work in India.

A NEW church is projected at Seldom-come-by, an outpost in the Fogo Mission, Newfoundland. £60 has been raised by the people, who are giving also free labor and material. The bishop says that Seldom-come-by is an excellent harbor, and as it is situated in the midst of a dangerous part of the coast, it is largely used by the hundreds of vessels in the spring and fall of each year, going to, and returning from the Labrador Fishery. Few schooners pass it by without anchoring for the night—they "seldom come by" it; and as in bad weather vessels are sometimes detained there for a week or a fortnight at a time, it is important that these transient Churchmen, who are on board these vessels, should be provided with church accommodation.

A letter from the Bay of Islands, on the western shore, says: "The herring fishery has been very good; we shall have no poverty again this winter. We had very stormy weather in November, and severe frost. One night the ice formed quite unexpectedly, and cut the nets from their moorings; some thirty were lost, but some of

them have been recovered. The snow is very deep, and one cannot walk, excepting in the foot-path, without rackets." On December 12th it was blowing hard out of the bay, and the ice was gone.

#### DIocese OF NEW WESTMINSTER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

In this Diocese the approximate number of members of the Church of England is reported as 3,885, of whom 1,054 are communicants. The offertories received from the various congregations amounted to \$5,652.20, for the year ending last Sunday after Trinity, 1888. Donations, subscriptions, sales of work, etc., produced \$3,557.12. No revenue, we are glad to note, seems to come from pew rents.

The Rev. Canon Cooper, of Kamloops Mission, has been obliged to return to England on account of his wife's failing health.

#### NEPIGON MISSION, DIOCESE OF ALGOMA.

The Rev. Robert Renison writes to us as follows regarding the above Mission:—

Allow me to ask through the medium of the CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE AND MISSION NEWS for help to continue the building of our little Indian Church, which was commenced last fall in faith and hope, but which we must discontinue unless we receive assistance immediately. The walls are now standing and the roof sheeted with lumber from the old building. There is also a man working almost daily bringing up shingles on a toboggan from Red Rock, and the hardships and discouragements which he patiently endures is almost incredible. Two weeks ago on his way up with a load the lacing of his toboggan got broken up so badly that he was obliged to leave all behind, and come home a distance of thirty miles for rope enough to strap the shingles again, and so to get up 2,000 shingles he had to walk through cold and blinding snow storm a distance of 90 miles. This is a mere fractional part of the difficulties we have to contend with when we undertake to put up a building in such an isolated place as this. But we shall persevere in the name of the Lord, as our only desire is that the Church of England be firmly established on the shores of Lake Nepigon, and that it may shine out as a bright light in the midst of Pagan darkness and Jesuitism. There are now two men sawing lumber; shall I have to send them home again a distance of sixty miles or shall I keep them, hoping that the Lord who has always helped us at the critical moment will now stir up the hearts of his faithful people to help us in this hour of real need? Last winter we had to abandon the old church because we found it impossible to worship God with reverence, while our hands, ears and

toes were freezing, and sometimes the Indians disappearing during Divine service.

Address, Red Rock P. O., C. P. R.

### SASKATCHEWAN.

The Rev. Samuel Trivitt, of Macleod, Alberta, N. W. T., writes as follows:—

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly allow me space in your paper to state a few reasons why the appeal of our dear bishop, which has twice appeared in the Church weeklies, should be at once responded to by the people of the Church of England in Canada, and a Home for Indian girls be established at an early date under the Church of England in this our Diocese of Saskatchewan.

The Romanists, as many are aware, have already an Institution for Blackfoot Indian children built at a cost of about \$30,000 and supported by Government, whilst our Church has nothing.

Are we content to see children taken from us and placed in this institution, to be taught the doctrines and practices of the Romish Church without our putting forth any effort to prevent it?

Are you aware that every girl saved now from their power, may mean a family in the next generation? Are you aware that many of our young girls are led astray whilst young by unprincipled people, sold by their parents to sin?

Are you willing to let them go on in the ways of sin, because for a few dollars you will not put forth efforts to rescue them?

Christian brothers and sisters, you have the means which the poor missionary has not. We are willing to undertake the work. Will not you give us the small sum required to complete the buildings? Are there not many who could give \$10, \$25 or \$50 and not miss it?

My wife has a class of about 13 girls, but we want to get sufficient accommodation to enable us to shelter about 10 or 12. Others will come during the week days, but we want to have about 10 or 12 to reside in the Home. These will chiefly be gathered from the Indians living some distance from the Mission House. To complete the necessary alterations a further sum of from \$1,200 to \$1,500 is needed. Who then will come to the rescue of our Indian sisters? Cannot the Sunday Schools of Canada help us? Christian teachers of our beloved Church, speak to the children on our behalf. Christian shepherds of Christ's flock, cannot you help us? Plead with your congregations on our behalf. Secretaries of the Woman's Auxiliaries, cannot you help us? Lay our needs before that noble institution and get the ladies to collect for us.

Let not our bishop's second appeal be in vain, but show us that you are resolved that the Master's work shall not stand still for want of funds, but that the young girls shall be rescued from heathenism and Romanism, even though it be at a little self-sacrifice.

We are anxious to commence the building by

1st of March. "Who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord," 1 Chron. xxix, 5, marginal reading, "Fill his hand." Will you not respond like Israel of Old? For this is the Lord's work.

For the love of Christ I pray you, let us not plead in vain, but let each give of the substance God has given him, and having done this, follow the work with his prayers. Brothers and sisters in Christ, pray with us, and for us, and for our poor Indians that the Holy Spirit may be poured upon us, and God's choicest blessings rest upon this people.

Subscriptions can be sent to Bishop Pinkham, Calgary, Alberta, N. W. T., to Messrs. Cowdry, bankers, Macleod, Alberta, N. W. T., or to myself. All sums will be acknowledged. Dear Christian friends lay not this aside, but help us, that we may commence the work as early as possible.

### OBITUARY.

We are called upon to record the death of Rev. Canon Stennett, M. A., Rector of Cobourg, Ont.: The deceased gentleman received his education at Upper Canada College, Toronto, and graduated at King's (now Toronto University.) He was ordained deacon and priest by Bishop Strachan in 1847 and 1848, and for many years was a teacher in Upper Canada College, of which institution he was for six years (from 1856 to 1861) Principal. He was for many years Rector of Cobourg and examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Toronto, but, through failing health, was obliged lately to withdraw from active work. Thus one by one the clergy of the earlier days of this Province are being called away.

We also record with regret the death of C. J. Brydges, Esq., for many years a prominent Churchman of Montreal, and lately of Winnipeg. As a member of Diocesan and Provincial Synods he has always striven to promote the welfare of the Church, and his loss in Church circles will be deeply felt. He died suddenly in Winnipeg on the 16th of February. The Earl of Lonsdale, when passing through the inhospitable regions of Mackenzie River this summer, gave material assistance to the diocese which bears that name: £300 for the purpose of restoring St. David's Church, Fort Simpson, which is very much out of the perpendicular, and requires new foundations: £150 towards completing the Church at St. Matthew's Mission, Peel River; and £50 to St. Luke's Church, Rampart House.

At a special meeting of the vestry of Christ Church in the Town of Amherstburg, Ont., held on Thursday evening the 7th day of February, 1889, the following resolutions of condolence were presented and adopted:—Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in his infinite wisdom to remove from our midst our beloved Rector, the Rev. Alexander S. Falls, B. A., Canon of St. Paul's

Cathedral, London, and Rector of Christ Church, Amherstburg, after a painful illness which he bore with meekness, humility and thorough confidence in and reliance upon his Saviour, which characterized his walk in life amongst us, and whereby it may be said of him as of a prophet of old, "And he was not, for God took him," leaving us and his bereaved family to mourn our loss. Now, therefore, be it resolved, that we the members of his congregation and his parishioners, being fully sensible of the loss we have sustained as a congregation and individually, as well as the Church at large by the removal from our midst of our beloved spiritual guide and counsellor, and ever ready, kind and sympathetic friend in the hour of sickness or other necessity, desire to place on record some expression of our deep and lasting sorrow for the loss of one who can indeed be ill spared from amongst us, and for those more especially who were related to him by the ties of family love and affection, coupled, however, with the assurance which we feel within us, that for him who lived in Christ to die is gain, and that although his familiar form will be no more seen amongst us in this world, yet we must ever remember that to the Christian "he is not dead but gone before." And be it further resolved that the dear ones whom he has left behind and to whom he was ever a kind, affectionate and indulgent husband and father, have the united and heartfelt sympathy of the congregation in this the darkest hour of their affliction. And further that these resolutions be placed on the vestry book, and a copy be sent to his widow and the Church and local papers.

Signed, LOFTUS CUDDY, Chairman.

### MISSIONARY UTTERANCES.

Bishop Whipple, the well known missionary of Minnesota, spoke among other excellent things, in a sermon lately preached before the Missionary Council of the United States, as follows:—

I should tell you of the Bishop of Ruperts' Land, in Canada, Dr. Machray, the only Bishop in Christendom who has a university made up of a Roman Catholic college, a Presbyterian college and a college of the Church of England; so large-hearted that almost by one consent the people of Manitoba have made him the president of their entire educational system.

If I turn to our own land it would be to tell you that one hundred years ago the Church was a feeble folk, scattered along the Atlantic coast and known as a people that were everywhere spoken against. Thank God, to day her voice is heard in the miner's camp, in the school house on the border, in the wigwam of the Indians, and sturdy heralds are in the forefront of that mighty movement which is peopling this land with its millions of souls. Marvellous as is the progress of Christian missions and the work which has been done in this century, it has largely been committed to the English-speaking race. In the providence of God,

racés of men have been selected by Him to do His work. Two hundred years ago the English-speaking people of Europe were less than many of the nations of the Latin races. Spain outnumbered England two to one. To-day there are one hundred and fifty millions of English-speaking people in the world, one-tenth of the entire human family. When we think of the future, that by the close of another century more than five hundred millions will be speaking one language, it leads us to ask, on bended knees, why has this commission been committed to this English-speaking race, and what are the responsibilities that rest upon our branch of the Church of God? I reverently believe that it is because on its civil side it recognizes as no other race that government is a delegated trust from God, who alone has the right to govern. It represents constitutional government, and it has done so since Bishop Stephen Langton, at the head of the nobles of England, wrung the *Magna Charta* from King John, and henceforth recognized the sacredness of the citizen, who has been clothed with an individuality unlike any being who lives or will live in all the ages of eternity. On its religious side it recognizes the two truths which underlie the possibility of the reunion of Christendom—the validity of all Christian baptism in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and that the condition of fellowship in the Church of God is faith in the incarnate Son of God as contained in the Old Catholic creeds. Surely we may hold up the olive branch of God's peace, and say we are brethren.

THE Rt. Rev. Dr. Lewis, Bishop of Ontario, was married recently to Miss Ada M. Leigh, the celebrated founder of the Home for English girls in Paris. Her charitable work in this direction attracted some years ago the attention of the great French publisher, M. Galignani, who placed at her disposal the large hospital in Paris which bears his name for a more extended home for her girls. This she soon was enabled to fill. She has lately commenced a similar work for men, which has met with considerable success. If this estimable lady can continue some of her good deeds in her new sphere as the wife of a Canadian bishop, the Diocese of Ontario will be the gainer.

THE Rev. E. P. Gould, formerly professor of New Testament Exegesis in the Newton (Baptist) Theological Institution, was confirmed by Bishop Clark in Providence recently, and is about to apply to be received as a candidate for orders in the Diocese of Massachusetts. Prof. Gould is a graduate of Harvard, and was one of the ablest men in New England belonging to the Baptist denomination.

### JOHN WESLEY TO HIS BROTHER CHARLES.

The following letter written in 1745 will be read with interest:—

DEAR BROTHER,—It was time for me to give

them the ground at Newcastle, and to fly for my life. I grew more and more honorable every day: the rich and great flocking to us together, so that many times the *Room* would not hold them. Iniquity for the present hath stopped her mouth, and it is almost fashionable to speak well of us. In all appearance if I had stayed a month longer, the Mayor and Aldermen would have been with us too.

On Easter Monday we met at *half hour after four*, and the *Room* was full from end to end, with high and low, rich and poor, plain and fine people. At *nine* I preached to almost as large a congregation in the street, at Chester. All were quiet and still, for the hand of our Lord was in the midst of them. About six I preached at North Allerton, in the house, but it should have been (I afterwards found) at the Cross; for the people there are (most of them) a noble people, and receive the word with all readiness of mind.

A gentleman from Osmotherly, (east from North Allerton,) told me he wished I could have come and preached there. I took him at his word, set out immediately, and about *ten* at night preached at Osmotherly, in a large Chapel which belonged a few years since to a Convent of Franciscan Friars. I found I was got in the very centre of all the Papists in the North of England. *Commissatoreum haud satis commodum*. This also hath God wrought.

The classes call me away. I must (for several reasons) see London before *Pistol*. One is, I shall go from Bristol to Cornwall; so that if I come to Bristol now, I shall not be at London these three months. What I propose, therefore, is to go through Birmingham to Oxford (as I wrote before) straight to London. You can send me word where you will meet me. All here salute you much. If you could come hither [to Leeds] soon, (think of it) Leeds would vie with Newcastle. I wish you could.—O let us watch!—Adieu!

JOHN WESLEY.

N. B.—Endorsed thus by the Rev. Charles Wesley:—"Brother in Honour at Newcastle." April 23rd, 1745.

### THE MACEDONIAN GIVERS.

The churches of Macedonia had ten excellent points in giving:—

1. First they gave themselves to the Lord.
2. Then to those who needed help "by the will of God."
3. They gave of their own accord.
4. Out of their deep poverty.
5. In trial of affliction.
6. With abundance of joy.
7. According to their power.
8. Yea, and beyond their ability.
9. With an abounding liberality.
10. Earnestly entreating the opportunity as a favor ("grace") to themselves.

## Woman's Auxiliary Department.

"The love of Christ constraineth us."

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

THE Woman's Auxiliary to the Domestic and Foreign Mission Board, will hold its triennial meeting in Montreal in September, at the time of the Provincial Synod. Diocesan Boards will notify their Parochial Branches. Churchwomen outside of our Ecclesiastical Province will be made welcome.

THE Woman's Auxiliary of Quebec Diocese held its annual meeting on the 11th of February. Montreal Diocese on the 19th of the same month. The Diocese of Huron's annual meeting will take place on March 13th, that of Toronto the first week in May, and of Niagara early in June.

THE Secretary has received from the Woman's Auxiliary Board of Toronto Diocese a very neat and comprehensive leaflet, containing letters and intelligence relating to its Diocesan work. It is published monthly and edited by the President. Parochial Branches in other Dioceses would do well to subscribe for it, the subscription being only 15 cents per annum. From it they would receive a good deal of useful information, which with our OWN CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE AND MISSION NEWS, subscription only \$1 per annum, would give sufficient reading matter for monthly meetings.

### NOVA SCOTIA.

A Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary has been organized in St. John's Church, Truro, Nova Scotia. MRS. W. S. MUIR, Secretary.

### DIocese OF HURON.

A largely attended meeting of the Auxiliary was held at Bishopstowe, London, on Monday, Feb. 25th, his Lordship, the Bishop of the Diocese in the chair.

Interesting letters were read by the President from the Bishop of Saskatchewan and Calgary, the Rev. S. Trivett, Fort McLeod, N. W. T., the Rev. E. F. Wilson, Sault Ste. Marie, and the Rev. J. H. Hamilton, Port Hope, in reference to the Rev. J. Cooper Robinson's work in Japan.

As this was the last meeting of the Central Association before the general annual meeting (to be held in London March 12th, 13th and 14th) the annual reports from the Branches were read. The large majority of these were highly gratifying, showing a great increase of zeal in the cause of missions. Three new branches formed since the meeting in January were reported; viz, Glan-

mouth, Lucan and Christ Church, London, and a Junior Branch at St. Paul's Cathedral. A children's Mission Band formed last spring at St. George's Church, London West, was also reported. In reviewing the work of the past year one most pleasing feature has been the formation of a number of Junior Branches. We feel that we can truly say "hitherto has the Lord helped us," and we trust that he will enable us to accomplish in the future still more, for the increase of His kingdom and the spread of the glorious Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. A circulating library (for the use of the Branches) has been established. Contributions of books relating to mission work, or money will be thankfully received by Mrs. Tilley, 554 King street, London, Ont.

### ALGOMA.

"Waubegsezis," mentioned in the article upon "Indians and Indian Homes" in the magazine of November, the Indian boy who was educated in the Shingwauk Home and at the Port Hope School, passed a successful examination before the Civil Service Board in Ottawa, in November, and on Monday the 11th of February, 1889, commenced his duties as a Civil Service servant in the Indian Department, under the name of David Osabgee. He called upon the Secretary of the Woman's Auxiliary on Saturday the 9th, and looked the picture of happiness over his bright prospects. He worshipped in St. George's Church on his first Sunday in Ottawa, and attended the Sunday School. He promised to call again to report his progress.

### SASKATCHEWAN.

*To the Editor of the Canadian Church Magazine and Mission News:—*

DEAR SIR,—Will you allow me through the medium of your paper to thank all the branches of the Woman's Auxiliary who have helped us in our work amongst the Blackfoot Indians this winter by sending so many valuable articles of clothing and quilts for distribution? Indeed you cannot tell how glad we were to have so many things to give away to these poor heathen. Here on their reserve we are surrounded by nearly 800, and if we include those living down the river to a distance of twelve miles, the number amounts to 2,000 and more.

Perhaps an account of the distribution of these things together with our doings in Christmas week, will interest those who aided us, and I trust encourage others to lend us a helping hand next winter. It has been the custom for the past five years now for me to give the Indians a feast at Christmas time, and since we have had clothing sent us to distribute it at the same time.

Wednesday and Thursday were the days chosen this Christmas season, so that before Christmas Day

had well closed we were all alive here at the Mission House, boiling meat, stewing apples and making other necessary preparations for the next day's feast. We were all about by lamp light early in the morning cutting up beef and bread, sorting over the clothing, and dressing the Christmas trees which Chief Big Plume fetched from some miles up the river on the previous Saturday through blinding snow. The trees contained all sorts of useful presents for the school children. Looking-glasses, combs, mitts, cuffs, spoons and mugs, besides dolls, tops, candies and other toys. You can't tell how delighted these Blackfoot boys and girls were to see such a sight as the fir trees presented. They had often seen them covered with snow, but never before (except last year) drooping under the weight of sweets and toys.

Wednesday was the children's day. All the little ones in the surrounding camps were invited to the feast, and long before mid-day, the appointed time, the boys and girls were clustering around the Mission House and school building, so that when I rang the hand bell as a signal that all was ready, only one solitary child was to be seen coming from the Indian houses in response. All were waiting. One hundred and twenty children presented themselves, and after the singing of a hymn and saying grace our feast began. It consisted of bread and beef, stewed apples and tea. Miss Brown and my sister, together with Mr. Stocken and Mr. Swainson, our two school teachers, formed the working band. Of course we did not have tables laid for them all. Some sat on the school benches, others on the floor, and according to their own custom eat it without knife or fork. When the provisions had been exhausted, (and Indians never think of leaving off until everything has been consumed!) all eyes were turned towards the clothing, new and second hand, which was about to be given away. How the boys and girls who had attended our Mission schools irregularly wished they had come oftener, as they saw the boys and girls who had obtained highest marks for attendance, clothed in the best we had to give them! After these had received their presents of clothing the rest of the children were all given something—the girls a dress apiece, and sometimes a pair of stockings or a petticoat or hood—the boys a shirt or trousers or muffler. Next came the trees, and how much all the toys and useful articles were prized by the children I cannot well say. They were prized I know, and all the little ones went home thoroughly happy.

Thursday brought a hundred and twenty parents to the school-house to receive like treatment. The nicely worked quilts we gave to the wives of the Chiefs, and the rest of the clothing, suitable for adults we distributed to the best of our ability. Scarcely any had to go without anything—a few went away unsatisfied. One man in particular, who wished for a waistcoat, as I had not one to give him, told me he would be satisfied with the one I was wearing with a muffler thrown in! I

thought for a moment of Matt. v., 42, but decided in my own mind that this was not a case in point, especially as it happened to be the only one I possessed, my other having strayed away or been stolen during the fall of the year. Fortunately when I went back to the Mission House I discovered a waistcoat that had been overlooked, so the next day my friend was made perfectly content.

The next day, Friday, our house was full from early morning until late in the evening, with mothers bringing their babes, all of whom were given something in the way of clothing by Miss Brown.

Some day, with your permission, I shall be glad to let all our Eastern friends know what we are doing in our Mission here. Let me now close with saying how thankful we have been for the help the Woman's Auxiliary to Missions has afforded us, and that we hope they will forget neither to pray for us and the heathen Indians, nor to send us more things for our next Christmas gathering.

I am, dear Mr. Editor,

Yours truly,

J. W. TIMS, C. M. S. Missionary.  
Blackfoot Reserve, Gleichen, N. W. T.,  
Jan. 18th, 1889.

### THE MISSION OF THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY TO THE WOMEN OF THE CHURCH.

A parish officer writes upon this subject to the *Spirit of Missions*,—"We hear a great deal in these days about the success and the want of success of Missions. We hear much discussion of the methods pursued and the results attained. We fall into a thoughtless way of taking account only of the good we are doing the heathen, and seldom of the good the heathen are doing us. Yet, perhaps, one of the best results of missionary effort is its effect upon our own hearts, for here, as everywhere, the great law holds good, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'

As I looked round upon a company of women gathered 'in His Name,' to listen to the reports of workers in the Foreign field, to plan for boxes to be sent to our great missionary dioceses, to discuss the Indian work, its progress and needs, I felt that, important as is the work of the Auxiliary, its chief mission is to the hearts of its own members.

We need to *know in order to feel!* We need to be brought into personal relations with those who reap in God's harvest fields. This alone can kindle enthusiasm, and a deep sympathy and tenderness for those on whom fall the burden and heat of the day. The warm and loving heart that gives to one of these the 'cup of cold water only,' is already its own great reward. For it feels in *imparting* a joy that no *possessing* can give.

We need to be saved from ourselves, our selfishness, our indolence, our coldness, our want of

sympathy, our narrowness. How many self-centered hearts, have been touched into new life, new love for the Lord Jesus, by that deepening and broadening of sympathy, which is the result of a true and personal interest in the work of missions!

The noblest recognition of the brotherhood of man is that which manifests itself in a burning desire to share with all God's best gift—the knowledge of Himself which He has given us in Christ.

It is not enough to be interested in those of our own parish, our own diocese, our own country even. Let us feel that the whole 'earth is the Lord's,' and that it is a priceless privilege to be fellow-workers with Him in its redemption. God will accomplish His purposes with or without us, but let us not lose the gracious influences flowing out of a hearty co-operation in this noblest work. We cannot so wrong our own souls with impunity."

### Books and Periodicals Dept.

"An Exposition of the Psalm Miserere Mei Deus: By Fra Girolamo Savonarola, translated from the Latin by the Rev. F. C. Cowper, B. D., Milwaukee, Wis. *The Young Churchman* Co., 1889.

This work of a saddened heart was written by Savonarola during the imprisonment which preceded his martyrdom in the year 1498. The thoughts of a proud, energetic spirit, confined in the lonely horrors of a mediæval prison, can scarcely be imagined. Some such thoughts are given to us in the little book before us. It is simply an impassioned, devotional exposition of the 51st psalm, taken verse by verse. In short, vigorous sentences the well known preacher and reformer, pours forth his soul before God, yearning the while for that freedom which he feels can never be obtained below. The book can be used to good purpose during the solemnities of the Lenten season.

*The Trained Nurse*, published from Buffalo, N. Y., by the Lakeside Publishing Co. is the only journal published in America consecrated to the interests of those who minister to the sick and suffering in hospital and home. With the January number it was enlarged by the addition of a monthly Hospital Supplement, illustrating and describing different hospitals and publishing late and reliable hospital news from all parts of the world. It is succeeding largely because it is worthy of success. If you'd like to get acquainted with the journal send the publishers 15 cents. They want to know you and have you know them.

*The Churchman*: New York, M. H. Mallory & Co., 37 Lafayette Place, New York. A weekly Church paper, now in its 45th year of publication, and well known as one of the best Church periodicals in existence. Subscription, \$3.50 a year; for clergymen, \$3.00.

*Literature*, An Illustrated Monthly Magazine: John B. Alden, Publisher, 393 Pearl St., New York.