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HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

NO. 18—ATHABASCA AND ITS BISHOP.

BY REV. W. A. BURMAN, B. D., GRISWOLD, MANITOBA.

THE present Diocese of Athabasca embraces the southern portion of the original diocese of that name, which was presided over by Bishop Bompas, whose noble work has already been recorded in these pages. This vast diocese embraced the country lying to the north of the 55th parallel of latitude, with the Rocky Mountains as its western boundary. Its eastern limits were not defined. In 1883, Bishop Bompas, finding it impossible to give this immense region the supervision it required, if the work at its numerous stations was to go forward, begged the Church Missionary Society to send a clergyman in priest's orders to inspect and foster the work in the southern portion, with the ultimate view of dividing the diocese. The person chosen for this important duty, the subject of the present sketch, was one in all respects well fitted for the task.

The Right Reverend Richard Young, D. D., is a native of Yorkshire, England, a county which has given many devoted men to the missionary cause. He was ordained deacon by the Bishop of Worcester in 1868, and received a curacy at Halesowen, under the late Archdeacon Hone. In 1869 he was ordained priest at Coventry by the Bishop of Lichfield. Shortly after he accepted the post of organizing secretary for the Church Missionary Society in Yorkshire, where for several years he advocated the cause of the society with indefatigable zeal and marked success. During this period he married a lady eminently qualified for her future duties as a missionary's wife.

In 1875, at the call of the society, Mr. Young proceeded to Rupert's Land to take charge of the

important parish of St. Andrew's, formerly known as "Grand Rapids." This is one of the oldest stations of the Church Missionary Society in the country, and one of the most important. The people are for the most part retired employees of the Hudson's Bay Company, or their descendants, who have settled on either side of the Red River, some fifteen miles north of Winnipeg.

Part of the special work imposed on Mr. Young by the society in his capacity as assistant secretary to the Rupert's Land Mission, was, in conjunction with the bishop and its local finance committee, to inaugurate and carry out a scheme providing for the gradual withdrawal of the society from such of its missions as seemed no longer to need its special attention. There were several such stations—formerly missionary centres, but so changed by time and the influx of settlers that they had no longer any claim upon a society whose special work is the conversion of the heathen. In due course this scheme was set on foot, the society arranged for annually decreasing grants, and the parishes have become wholly or in part self-supporting. We need not dilate upon the labors of Mr. Young in this connection and in the secretariat. Suffice it to say the work



RT. REV. RICHARD YOUNG, D. D.,

First Bishop of the present Diocese of Athabasca.

was most thoroughly done, and while filling several important posts in connection with the ecclesiastical and educational work of the province, his own parish was most conscientiously cared for. His work, in which he was so loyally supported by Mrs. Young, was fruitful in blessing to many of his flock.

When, therefore, the appeal of Bishop Bompas for help reached the Church Missionary Society, it was very natural that Mr. Young, well tried and trusted as he was, should be selected for the work in view. In accordance with the wishes of the committee, he set out in the spring of 1884 for the Peace River country. His route was by the



A SCENE IN ATHABASCA.

Canadian Pacific Railway to Calgary, thence by road, via Edmonton, northward to Athabasca Landing, on the river of that name. Here passage was taken on one of the "brigade," the Hudson's Bay Company's boats, up stream westward to Lesser Slave Lake, whence carts were taken some sixty or seventy miles to Peace River Landing. The new diocese had now been entered, its southern boundary being the same with the provincial district of Athabasca. Fort St. John on the Peace River is on its western boundary. From this point it includes the Peace River to its junction with the Slave River, and the latter as far as Fort Smith on its northern boundary, the 60th parallel of north latitude. Generally speaking the diocese embraces the country lying between 55° and 60° north latitude, with its eastern boundary still undefined.

After a tedious journey the Peace River was reached on July 1st, and the wayworn travellers forgot their weariness in the grandeur of the view which lay before them. The river here is about 500 yards wide. Pine covered islands add to its beauty, and so far is it below the general level of the country that the opposite banks look like a range of high hills running parallel with the river.

Not far from this point is the Smoky River Mission, now in charge of the Rev. J. G. Brick, who is well known to many readers of this magazine. Here it is that the bishop is anxious to establish the Industrial Indian School, for which Mr. Brick is now pleading in Ontario and elsewhere. The need of this institution is so great, and its success such a probability, that it is most earnestly to be desired that Mr. Brick may receive all the assistance required for the work he has undertaken.

Proceeding up the valley, Dunvegan was reached on July 5th. The Indians in the neighborhood belong to the Beaver tribe, and of these a good many were seen by Mr. Young. Slower and less intelligent than the Crees, they are on the

other hand considered more truthful and trustworthy. This mission (St. Saviour's) was then in charge of Mr. Brick, but is now under the Rev. A. C. Garrioch. Mr. Garrioch speaks Cree and Beaver fluently, and while in England in 1885 he carried through the press a Beaver translation of St. Mark's Gospel, portions of the Prayer Book, a catechism, and some hymns.

After a short stay here, Mr. Young turned northward, floating down the river on a raft, a method of travelling he thoroughly enjoyed. At the mouth of Smoky River, Mr. Young, who is an expert canoeist,

embarked in a Toronto built canoe which he had taken with him for Fort Vermilion. His companion was Mr. (now the Rev.) D. Kirkby, of Fort Chipewyan. Boldly starting down the grand river, after a journey of six or seven days, during five of which not a human being was seen, they at length reached Vermilion. Here they found Mr. Garrioch at work on the substantial church now known as St. Luke's. There is also here an industrial school instituted by Bishop Bompas for the benefit of Indian and other children. Mr. E. J. Lawrence is the excellent head of the school. The Indians here are mostly Crees. After a week's stay the journey northward was resumed, this time in an Indian canoe, and with a Cree guide. Fort Chipewyan on Lake Athabasca was reached on July 30th. This mission is in charge of Archdeacon Reeve, and though not as promising as some points, is in many respects an important post. The archdeacon, who went to Chipewyan in 1879, speaks the languages of the Slave and Chipewyan Indians. He is secretary for the Dioceses of Mackenzie River and Athabasca. After a journey up the Slave River in the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer, Mr. Young left Chipewyan on his homeward journey on August 27th. His route was by steamer across Lake Athabasca to Fort McMurray, thence by the Green Lake route to Carlton and Qu'Appelle.

On St. Luke's Day (Oct. 18th) 1884, Mr. Young was consecrated to the new see, which retained the old name of Athabasca. The consecrating bishops were the Bishops of Rupert's Land, Saskatchewan and Qu'Appelle. The sermon was preached by the Venerable Archdeacon Cowley, the senior missionary of the Church Missionary Society, who has so recently been called to his rest.

The following year the bishop spent in England, working for the society and for his diocese. In the spring of 1886, leaving his family behind, he



PEACE RIVER, NEAR DUNVEGAN.

proceeded to Athabasca, taking with him the Rev. M. and Mrs. Scott, both of whom had been his helpers in former days in St. Andrew's. After visiting Dunvegan, the bishop went down stream to Vermilion, where he wintered. The winter brought its own toil and troubles, amongst the latter an epidemic of measles, a much more deadly disease there than with us. The bishop thankfully records that seemingly through God's blessing on his attempts at medical treatment they escaped the mortality elsewhere so great. Some progress was made in the study of Cree and in preparation for future work. During the past summer the bishop came in to Manitoba to attend the Provincial Synod, and to meet Mrs. Young and the children, from whom he had been so long separated. They left for their lonely distant home in August last, followed by the prayers of many friends. Few who read this article realize the nature of the country and the work to which they have gone. Possibly their isolation from civilized regions is one of their greatest trials. The friends they left in August cannot hope to receive the letter announcing their safe arrival until next March, when one of the two mails of the year will arrive by dog-train. Let us see that they have our prayers and sympathy and help in their work and labor of love for Christ's sake.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.



THE history of the observance of Christmas day is almost the history of England itself. It was, till Puritan days, a day of festivity and mirth, which was not affected, to any great extent, even by the Reformation. Queen Elizabeth kept Christmas with much the same solemnities as her grandfather. In the days of Cromwell, however, and Puritan rule, the festivities and even the observance of Christmas day were forbidden. It is on the statute book of Great Britain in 1652, that "no observation shall be had of the five and twentieth day of December, commonly called Christmas day, nor any solemnity used or exercised in churches upon that day in respect thereof."

And that proved the death blow to the ancient festivities of Christmas, for although the Restoration of Monarchy brought back the ancient liberty of the people, their habits and tastes had changed to a great extent, so that uproarious amusements and merriment in connection with the nativity of Christ could not be revived. This was deplored by many who loved the day more for its festivity than its religion, and popular ballads were written on what was called the good, old fashioned Christmas time. One of those ballads has it:—

"Gone are those golden days of yore
When Christmas was a high day,
Whose sports we now shall see no more—
'Tis turned into Good Friday."

This was written in 1661, in the lax days of Charles II.

But we may say, after all, that it is a good thing that such days are gone, and let us hope, gone for ever. Wine and wassail, intemperance and license but ill restrained, will not suit, in these days, even merrie England herself. Men are finding out more truly every day that man should not only cease to pamper his own appetite, but should endeavor to restrain that of his brother man. There can be rejoicing without levity, festivity without intoxication. And though we have instances of men and women giving themselves up to excessive drinking—far more instances, indeed, than we ought to have—yet, as a whole, they are a little more like what Christian men and women should be, that is to say, more temperate, more reasonable in their festivities and mirth.

And in this form Christmas finds us to-day. The Church of England has always steadily observed the day as a day of religious joy. Her church bells, except for one brief moment, when the Puritans held the ropes, have ever rung out merrily through the wintry air to tell of Christ, born to bring joy to a poor sinful world. For a time the chapel doors were shut on Christmas day. No so called protestant body was known to observe it. Old prejudice, however, has at last given way and all denominations throw open wide their church doors, and set their bells aringing to tell the good old story of Christ that was born in Bethlehem.

There is as we know a religious Christmas and a secular Christmas. There are many who take the sacred name of Christmas upon their lips without the slightest reference to the Holy being after whom it is called,—a Christmas without a Christ!

But others again honor the day because of Christ. He is with them from first to last, in the services and at home, at the sacred feast of the Holy Communion and at the Christmas dinner. The day is as it should be, *Christ-mas* to them.

The spirit of forgiveness, charity, sympathy and good nature should reign supreme at Christmas time.

Glad Christmas day! Glad, for it tells us of Christ as on that first Christmas eve when Judaean shepherds watched their flocks by night.

"The stars of Heaven still shine, as at first
They gleamed on that wonderful night;
The bells of the city of God peal out,
And the angels' song still rings in the height;
And love still turns where the godhead burns,
Hid in flesh from fleshly sight.

"Faith sees no longer the stable floor,
The pavement of sapphire is there;
The clear light of Heaven streams out to the world;
And angels of God are crowding the air;
And Heaven and earth through the spotless birth
Were at peace on that night so fair."

SOME ASPECTS OF LIFE AND WORK IN COLD REGIONS.

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

WE intend to devote the present and, perhaps, two succeeding articles to the consideration, necessarily brief, of Arctic natural phenomena. In no region of the globe does nature appear so gloriously wild and so awfully majestic as in Arctic climes, a fact to which all travellers in those regions bear united testimony. Between the tropics and in the temperate zones every feature of nature is stamped with a character of richness and luxury, and suggests a delicate though beautiful life. But here, in the land of eternal snow, every form of natural phenomena is rugged, wild and desolate, but sublimely grand, and, whether it be the rugged mountains which rise precipitously to the height of thousands of feet, or the deep glens and valleys which occur between the ranges and are either filled with immense beds of snow or with the ancient glaciers, the solitary icebergs which gem the summer seas, the dreadful blasts and eddying of the appalling snow storms, or the mighty upheavals of the ice, all is suggestive of massiveness, strength and unconquerable vigor.

As occupying the foremost place in the imposing pageant of nature as exhibited in Arctic climes, icebergs will naturally claim our earliest attention. We must, however, preface the observations we have to make upon them by a brief reference to their prolific parents, the glaciers. Many of the glaciers of Polar regions are identical with those of Alpine countries, only they are much grander and, owing to their proximity to the sea, different in some respects from those of inland countries. In the Arctic regions the snow-line is close to the water's edge—at most only a few hundred feet above it. The glaciers thus, sooner or later, reach the sea, which they can never do in the Alps. When they reach the sea they break off in the form of icebergs. Glaciers are seen to perfection in Spitzbergen and Greenland, but it is only in this latter country that Arctic glaciation can be seen on a great scale. In writing upon this subject Professor Brown observes: "Greenland is, in all likelihood, a large wedge-shaped island, or series of islands, surrounded by the icy Polar Basin on its northern shores, and with Smith's Sound, Baffin's Bay, Davis' Strait and the Spitzbergen or Greenland Sea of the Dutch completing its insularity on its western and eastern sides. The whole of the real *de facto* land of this great island consists then of a circlet of islets, of greater or less extent, circling round the coast, and acting as the shores of a great interior *mer de glace*—a large inland sea of fresh-water ice, or glacier, which covers the whole extent of the country to an unknown depth. The inlets between the islands constitute the fjords of Greenland, and are the channels through which the over-

A MERKLE PARTY OF THE OLDEN TIME



flow of the interior ice discharges itself." Continuing, he says, "Once fairly on the inland ice, a dreary scene meets the view. As far as the eye can reach, to the north and south, is this same great ice field, the only thing to relieve the eye being the winding black circuit of the coast line land, here infringing in little peninsulas on the ice, there the ice dovetailing in the form of a glacier, and now and then the waters of a deep fjord penetrating into the ice-field, its circuit marked by the black line of coast surrounding it on either side, the eastern generally being the ice wall of the glacier, the western being the sea." Concluding, he observes, "There seems every probability that in Greenland there is one continuous unbroken level field of ice, swaddling up in its snowy winding sheet hill and valley, without a single break for upwards of 1,200 miles of latitude, and an average of 400 miles of longitude, or from Cape Farewell to the upper extremity of Smith's Sound, and from the west coast of Greenland to the east coast of the same country, a stretch of ice-covered country infinitely greater than ever was demanded hypothetically by Agassiz in support of his glacier theory."

We have seen the inland ice-field emptied by the glacier; we now see the glacier relieving itself by means of the ice-berg, or ice-mountain as the word means, of which latter we now proceed to speak. The ice-berg is forced off from the parent glacier by the buoyant action of the sea from beneath, and not, as is commonly supposed by the mere power of gravity. The separation having at length taken place, the bergs which are of all forms and sizes, are driven out to sea by the off shore breezes, where they enter upon the final but most interesting stage of their existence. Occupying many centuries, perhaps, in their gradual march seaward from the head of the glacier, once the separation takes place, their existence is very brief, as they seldom, if ever, survive their first summer, that is, supposing, of course, they are driven far southward into the neighborhood of the warmer waters. Often, however, they will ground in the fjords whence they had their birth, and in this position remain for years, "only to be removed," as Professor Brown tells us, "by pieces breaking off from them, and thus lightening them, or forced off the bank where they have touched the bottom by the force of the displaced wave caused by the breaking off of a fresh berg." They are quickly borne away by the submarine currents, and after voyaging in calm and silent majesty for a few days, or sometimes weeks, the ice-bergs appear within the haunts of mariners, upon whose watchfulness and skill their presence makes extensive and incessant demands. They are frequently found in considerable numbers in the North Atlantic Ocean during the months of June, July and August, and, indeed, sometimes as late as September, but they are then not as numerous as in the former months. To the summer Atlantic voyager the chief feature of the passage across is the probable meeting with ice-

bergs. When the temperature suddenly changes from heat to cold, and discarded wraps and great coats are in immediate demand, the old salt and the experienced traveller are assured of the near presence of the ice mountain which is soon thereafter seen.

Regarded from whatever point of view, whether it be their origin, size, form or colors, ice-bergs are objects of absorbing interest. Their origin has been already referred to, and now as to their size. The explorer Hayes, author of the "Open Polar Sea," calculated that a berg stranded in Baffin's Bay, in water nearly half a mile in depth, contained about twenty seven billion cubic feet of ice, and the entire mass must have weighed not less than two billion tons. Rink has calculated that about one-seventh of the bulk of an ice-berg is above water and six-sevenths below it. These are astonishing figures, and any statement the writer may make as to the size of bergs witnessed by himself will sound, to say the least, meagre in comparison with them. Still the reader must be given to understand that the above prodigious mass of ice whose size and weight were computed by Hayes was an exceptional monster. Ice-bergs have frequently appeared off the coast of Labrador and Newfoundland whose height has varied from fifty to three hundred feet, and the writer was informed of one whose length was more than half a mile, but at no point higher than fifty feet.

The ice-bergs exhibit all kinds of beautiful though fantastic forms, which alternately delight and awe the beholder; one appears as a mountain, whose rugged surface and stupendous heights glisten in the sunlight; another is suggestive of fairy land, with dome, minaret and laughing cascade; from the rugged surface of a third there perhaps arises a tall and graceful spire, whose beauty surpasses far the noblest conception of a Wren or a Scott; and so, as we proceed from one to the other of these beautiful glacier progeny, there is not a form, whether it be harsh or lovely, which nature can assume that we are not permitted to see and admire. Hayes thus writes of a group of ice-bergs seen by him off the coast of Greenland, which may be said to be the home of the ice-berg: "When viewed out of danger, this noble assemblage of ice-palaces—hundreds in number being seen from the end of Jakobshavn Kirke—was a magnificent sight; and the voyager might well indulge in some poetic frenzy at the view. The noonday heat had melted their sides; and the rays of the red evening sun glaring askance among them would conjure up fairy visions of castles of silver and cathedrals of gold floating in a sea of summer sunlight. Here was the Walhalla of the sturdy Vikings; here the city of the sun-god Freyr; Alfheim, with its elfin caves; and Glitner, with its walls of gold and roofs of silver; Gimle, more brilliant than the sun; Gladshheim, the home of the happy; and there, piercing the clouds, was Himmelberg, the celestial mount, where the bridge of the gods touches heaven."

As the forms assumed by the ice-bergs are the most fantastic, so are their hues the most exquisite, they are thus beautifully and accurately described by Mr. Tomlinson in his interesting and valuable little work entitled "The Frozen Stream,"* "A great source of beauty and interest in ice-bergs is the endless variety in their appearance and color caused by atmospheric and prismatic effects, and by the different distances at which they are seen. While from afar the whole mass may appear to be composed of white marble or alabaster, on a nearer view the same berg may have a fine green tint, verging on blue. By night, as well as by day, the icy walls glitter and sparkle with a silvery radiance, or with a vividness of color which the witnesses of their beauty are wholly at a loss to describe. Sometimes the ice is mixed with earth, gravel or sand, sometimes it is the bearer of huge rocks, and even of plants and animals, in each case varying in appearance, and gaining or losing some picturesque effect. The romantic appearance of ice-bergs is greatly heightened by the foaming and dashing of the waves into the curious holes and caverns by which many of them are pierced, but the impression conveyed by their beauty has usually such a large admixture of awe, that we do not wonder at Captain Cook's remark that they 'fill the mind with admiration and horror.'"

Brief mention has been made above of the dangers incident to navigation in the neighborhood of ice-bergs. Such enormous masses of ice as are the submerged portions of the berg, when once given an impetus, are borne along by the powerful submarine currents with astonishing rapidity, against heavy winds, surface currents, and even through extensive ice-fields. On they go, crashing through every obstacle with a quiet, steady, yet murderous deliberation, spreading devastation on all sides, until they either ground or emerge into the open sea, where they continue their voyage with a proud defiance begotten of a conscious superiority to their surroundings. In the polar seas the chief danger to ships is that of being driven by the wind on a berg in foggy or tempestuous weather, and many are the thrilling narratives of hairbreadth escapes from destruction to ship and crew recounted by the brave commanders of Arctic voyages of discovery, with which, doubtless, many of our readers are familiar. In the North Atlantic, however, where steamships preponderate, the danger consists in a probable colliding with ice-bergs in the dense fogs which prevail at the meeting place of the Arctic current and the Gulf stream. Here the ice-bergs sometimes congregate in large numbers, and sometimes, alas! notwithstanding the exercise of the most patient care and watchfulness on the part of captain and crew, they have been the doom of many a fair ship as well as of hundreds of human beings, who, all unconscious of the presence of danger, have been awakened by a fearful



AN ARCTIC SCENE.

crash from natural sleep, only in-time to behold the ghastly means of their destruction, and then to sink into the sleep of death from which naught may awaken them but the thrilling blast of the "last trump."

The bergs undergo many transformations during their brief existence in the neighborhood of the Gulf stream, in consequence of the action of its warm waters, which split them up into many portions previous to their final dissolution. This splitting of the ice-bergs, or foundering as it is sometimes called, is accompanied by a noise resembling the booming of distant artillery, a sound familiar enough to those who, like the writer, have sojourned in the region of ice-bergs. Herein consists an additional source of danger to the hardy mariner who may have the misfortune to be in the proximity of a berg which has been immersed in the warm seas of summer for any length of time. The berg which has expanded by the power of heat bursts with an awful suddenness, "as when porcelain cracks with sharp report, suddenly and unequally heated on the winter stove. Judge of the report when the porcelain of a great cliff cracks and falls, or when the entire berg is blasted asunder by the subtle internal fire of the summer sun! If you would hear thunder or whole broadsides and batteries of the heaviest ordnance, come to the ice-berg then."* The effect of a foundering berg is almost beyond the power of words to describe. The writer was a few years ago visiting a bay on the southern coast of Labrador, in which there were lying aground nine large ice-bergs. The time of the year was July. One of the most

* S. P. C. K., London.

* The Rev. L. L. Noble, quoted by Mr. Tomlinson, in the "The Frozen Stream."

majestic of them, whose height was certainly nearer one hundred and fifty than one hundred feet, arrested my attention. I had gazed upon it with intense admiration for a short space, and was in the act of withdrawing my gaze when, without the least warning, the monster fell abroad with a deafening crash. The sea around, which but a moment before was motionless, was now lashed into leaping waves. By the force of the fall every particle of the berg sank, and, for the space of a few seconds, there remained nothing to indicate the spot in which it had reposed but a seething mass of disturbed water. By-and-by the debris began to appear piece by piece, until at length the sea for a considerable distance was covered with fragments of ice. The largest surviving mass reared itself sullenly and lazily from the blue waters as a wild beast from its lair, to the height of about fifty feet, but the striking beauty of the original berg had now vanished, and all in a much shorter time than I have taken to describe it.

As has been observed above but few ice-bergs are seen in the vicinity of the Gulf stream as late as the month of September, those which appeared there earlier having been dissolved by the warm water. It has been supposed by geologists that the famous banks of Newfoundland which form the great breeding as well as feeding ground of the invaluable cod, and are further said to be "the greatest submarine deposit on the face of the earth," owe their existence to the continuous deposits for ages past of the numerous ice-bergs which are carried thither by the Arctic current and melted by the tepid waters of the Equatorial current. It is a fact well known to those who have studied the subject with the attention it deserves, that ice-bergs have been known to carry on their surface, not only such things as seals and polar bears, but also rocks and large quantities of alluvial soil, in which latter herbs and young pine trees have occasionally been found growing.

The writer has been informed by the fishermen of northern Newfoundland that codfish are more plentiful in the vicinage of ice-bergs than in other places. This, if true, and there is no reason to doubt it, is owing doubtless, firstly, to the lower temperature of the water induced by their presence, and secondly to the presence of particles of matter which they have contracted in the long process of formation and now deposit in the much more rapid process of decadence.

As showing the kind of dangers which beset the seaman in the region of ice-bergs the following authentic narrative, whose details were communicated to the writer by one whom it almost directly concerned, and never before published, may here find a place. A schooner of about fifty tons was bound to a port on the north-east coast of Newfoundland somewhat late in the autumn, and after accomplishing a good part of the voyage, she was, on a certain night, but a few hours' run from her destination. The wind blew heavily off the land, which the skipper hugged as closely as was consist-

tent with safety. Everything went smoothly on board and all hands were busily preparing themselves and the ship for harbor. Suddenly the man on the lookout, who was stationed forward, shouted in tones of great consternation, "two ice-bergs ahead!" The captain rushed forward, and peering into the darkness, was much relieved to find that they were at a considerable distance apart, and after a moment's consideration, he determined, with characteristic courage, to sail his vessel between them, and so save time. On she sped, heading for the open space between the towering ice-bergs. Suddenly there was a fearful bump and every man was violently thrown upon the ship's deck, and the hearts of all thrilled with an unspeakable horror and dread. The schooner's bow rose high and her stern proportionately sank. What had happened? This. What had appeared to the captain to be two bergs was in reality one, the water concealing the bridge which united them, upon which the schooner had grounded, and to the dismay of everybody, remained. What was immediately feared by the imperilled and affrighted seamen was the probable foundering of the berg, which neither they nor their vessel could possibly survive. The wind as well as the sea increased, but the schooner showed no sign of abandoning her frightful position. The crew were quickly becoming paralysed with fear. At length, as all hoped and prayed, the ice-berg began to oscillate in consequence of the increased power of the waves, and in the space of a few moments after its first oscillation the schooner slid gently backwards (her canvas had of course been taken down) and in the space of a couple of hours afterwards was lying at anchor safe and sound within the sheltering harbor. Truly a thrilling adventure and a miraculous escape from a thrilling death! An almost similar accident befel the steam-tender *Intrepid*, one of Sir H. Austin's squadron, in the Franklin Search Expedition of 1850-51. She, however, escaped uninjured, though enclosed in a cradle on the side of a berg formed by the broken floe.

In conclusion, the most impressive feature of an ice-berg, in the opinion of the writer, is its indescribable solitariness. A death-like and absolute stillness reigns around and upon it, broken ever and anon by the melancholy moaning of the waves around its sides. Not a sign of life appears. Occasionally the seabirds will perch for a moment on their dizzy heights; but, generally speaking, ice-bergs are the most perfect picture imaginable of desolation, solitude and dreariness.

REV. CANON WESCOTT said at the anniversary of the Church Missionary Society:—"I cannot forget the hosts of men who pass to the uttermost parts of the earth as merchants, as explorers, as soldiers, and can it be that the love of gain, the love of country, can do what the love of Christ cannot do, call out unnumbered volunteers to a work of exceptional difficulty? To ask the question is to answer it. To answer it is to convict ourselves.



CHRISTMAS DECORATION.

PARSON DRAYTON'S CHRISTMAS.

HERE were some people decorating the little church of Brucefield, with a glad desire that on Christmas day it should wear its suitable Christmas dress. The rector was there and rendered what assistance he could. Presently the time came for work to cease for the night, and all preparing for departure, took a short survey of what had been done.

"Do you think, Mr. Drayton," said one young lady to the rector, "Do you think we shall have everything ready for Christmas day? Remember to-morrow is Christmas eve, and we have only one more day."

"Oh!" said Mr. Drayton, "with willing hands

a great deal can be done in a day."

And then they all left the church, and the rector and his wife took their way through the snow to their humble dwelling. And such it was, for Parson Drayton was poor and his people were not very liberal. He had tried to make them so, but while many of them had luxurious homes, his was poor, for his stipend was small.

"Oh!" he said to his wife, as they were walking home, "I never feel the want of money more than at Christmas time."

"And how much do you want?" pleasantly said his wife.

"Well, at this particular time I would like to have enough to get a new altar cloth and present it to our church. I would like to get you that beautiful fur jacket I was looking at the other day, and some nice things for the children, above all a rocking horse for Reggie, our only boy. Oh! how he would enjoy it. And then I should like to pay \$25 to save Mrs. Tate's piano. She told me to-day, poor

woman, that after all her struggles to pay what she has paid on it, she will lose it. Her husband drinks and the man who used to board with her has moved away. Her daughter is getting on so nicely with her music, and she will miss it so. I never felt more like paying anything than that \$25, which to some would be a paltry sum."

"And then," said Mrs. Drayton, "for yourself what?"

"Oh! for myself, my library is very poor and I think I should purchase at once the Encyclopædia Britannica. The agent sorely tempted me to-day to take one volume every three months."

Mrs. Drayton then hummed pleasantly a verse of "Castles in the Air" and said,

"Well, never mind, dear John, the children are

well and there are many worse off than ourselves and many who will have a less merry Christmas."

That night Parson Drayton sat up late in his little study writing away at his Christmas sermon. All had gone to bed but himself, and he steadily wrote at his task while the house was quiet. "There, now," he said at last, "the work is done. I never like to put things off to the very last moment. My sermon is ready and I shall have to-morrow free to prepare in other ways for Christmas day."

As he spoke some one knocked at the front door. He went quietly and opened it.

"Does Mr. Drayton live here?"

"Yes."

The man that asked the question spoke in pleasant tones and was gentlemanly in manner. At the door stood a sleigh with two fine horses attached. After inviting the gentleman in, Mr. Drayton respectfully waited to hear the object of so late a visit.

"I am a stranger to you, sir," he said, "but still you are not entirely such to me; at least I have heard of you. Now, I want you to perform a kind office for me to-night, and if you do, your kindness will not be forgotten. My name is Fitz Herbert, as you will see by this marriage license which I hand you, for that is the object of my visit. I wish to be married to-night at the railway station. A sleigh is at the door and will take you there and bring you back again. There are special reasons why the ceremony is to be performed to-night; but I must tell you that the bride is in feeble health and unable to leave the car. It is for that reason that I ask you to come where she is."

While he was speaking he had handed Mr. Drayton the marriage license. There it was all fairly written and signed by a gentleman well known to him. The names were James Fitz Herbert, merchant, of New York, and Laura Elizabeth Goode, "of the same city, spinster."

"It is contrary to my rule to marry any where else but in the church."

"And a very good rule it is. It has always been our intention to be married in church, but I hope you may be able to make an exception in this case, as the bride is unable to move from where she is."

Something in the manner and bearing of the stranger inclined the clergyman to accede to his request.

"I will be with you then," he said, "in a moment."

He stoie quietly up stairs. His wife and children were fast asleep. The noise had not disturbed them. "Neither," said the parson to himself, "will I disturb them. I will leave a note for my wife on the study table in case she should awake and become alarmed at my absence."

Saying this to himself, he went down stairs and was soon in the sleigh moving at a brisk pace towards the railway station.

There was the train.

"The train is behind time," said Mr. Drayton, "how have you managed to get it to wait here so long?"

"It need not wait much longer," said the stranger, good naturedly, "if you will kindly fulfil your commission."

Saying this they entered a magnificent private car. The furniture, the mirrors, the curtains, were all superb. Reclining on a softly cushioned sofa was the bride, evidently in poor health. Her mother and sister were by her side and were introduced to the clergyman.

"It seems strange to you, sir, no doubt," said the bride's mother, "to be called out on such an errand; but there are good reasons why this marriage should take place to-night. We had hoped to arrive here sooner; but we have come a long journey and have been delayed."

The ceremony was performed in a quiet yet impressive manner, and Mr. Drayton wished the ladies good night and a happy Christmas.

"Before you leave, parson," said Mr. Fitz Herbert, "just look in here" (showing him into a beautifully furnished compartment of the car); "this is my private room, a sort of travelling office. Sit down for a moment, Mr. Drayton," he continued; "you have this night acted like a Christian gentleman to me, and everything, as you will find, on our part has been done in perfect good faith, however strange it may seem to you. Now, there is an envelope for you, which you are not to open till you get home. Do you remember an old school-mate of yours named Chandler Bell?"

"Yes, indeed, I remember him well; we were chums at school and at college too."

"Well, I met him this morning in T. and I told him that this was to be my wedding day, and asked him if he could recommend a clergyman who would marry me in this car. He said that there were many Episcopal clergymen in the city, and that he would get one. I told him that I had made up my mind to act kindly towards whatever clergyman would marry me, so I hoped he would get some one in whom he was interested. 'Oh!' he said at once, 'I wish Jack Drayton was here!' On inquiring, I found that you were stationed at a place which we ought to reach before night, so I said we would just as soon be married in a small place as in a large one, and we came on here; but an accident happened to our engine which delayed us several hours, and I began to fear that we would not reach you in time. However, we did, and here I am. Now, I own a great deal of property and stocks, and there," he said, handing him a paper, "is the possession of ground rent property in T., which I happen to own, and which brings in with unerring certainty \$1,200 a year, paid monthly, so that you will receive regularly for your life time never less than \$100 a month. In ten years a fresh valuation will be made, and as T. is sure to become a much larger city than it is now, the rental will probably be increased, as it is in one of the best positions for a business house in the city. I left all necessary papers with Chandler Bell to-day, who will execute the deed (on receiving a telegram from me) and

you will receive it by post to-morrow. So, now, good bye, and a merry Christmas to you and yours."

All the time that Mr. Fitz Herbert was speaking, Mr. Drayton sat as one in a dream. He moved mechanically towards the sleigh, led by the happy bridegroom.

"Kind friend," he murmured, "I scarcely know what to say. You overwhelm me. May God bless you—"

But as he spoke the sleigh drove off and the astonished clergyman was soon at home again. All was quiet. Nobody had awoke. His note was on the study table. He tore it up, and sank down in agitation and wonder. Then he thought of the envelope. He opened it and found \$200 enclosed on a piece of paper, on which was written, "May this give a merry Christmas to you and yours.—J. F. H."

The sudden good fortune and the thought of the happiness which it would bring to others was too much for the good hearted parson. His heart welled up with feelings that would have stifled him had not relief come to him by a heavy sob and a copious flow of manly tears. The altar cloth, the fur jacket, the rocking horse, the poor woman's piano, all flashed before his mind, and Parson Drayton wept with surprise and joy. Then he arose. The clock struck one, and a happy thought struck him. "I will do it all secretly," he said. "It will be a Christmas surprise for all."

Then he quietly went to bed, putting the precious notes carefully in his pocket book.

His mind had been so much excited that he slept but little that night and was up early, for a grand day's work lay before him.

"You must have been up very late last night," said his wife, "but still you are up earlier than usual to-day."

"To-day is Christmas eve," he said, "and there is much to do."

"You hummed that 'Castles in the Air' last night," he said to her after breakfast, "and it has been in my ears ever since. Will you sing me a verse or two?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Drayton, as she sat down to the piano, the only piece of valuable furniture in the house—it had been presented to her by her mother,—and then she sang,

"The bonny, bonny bairn
Who sits poking in the aise,
Glowring in the fire wi' his wee round face,
Laughing at the fuffin low—
What sees he there?
Ha! the young dreamer's bigging
Castles in the air.

Mrs. Drayton's voice had a tinge of sadness in it, but Mr. Drayton was happy. Before the second verse was begun a telegram was handed Mr. Drayton. He tore it up as soon as he had read it.

"Why," said his wife, "you generally show me telegrams; is anything wrong?"

"No, no, nothing wrong; but Chandler Bell is coming to spend Christmas with us."

"But you tore the telegram to pieces."

"Did I? Oh! I am sorry, but I am delighted at the thought of having Bell with us so soon."

The wife looked surprised, but she said no more. The telegram read, "I will spend Christmas with you. Deeds all right."

It was the last three words that made Parson Drayton tear up the telegram.

Then Mr. Drayton went out, but before he left he said to his wife,

"Peggy, dear, here is ten dollars for you to spend for Christmas day. Don't be surprised, for I got that much in an unlooked for way, and I know that you will make good use of it. You need not hesitate to spend it. Good bye."

As he went, Mrs. Drayton said to herself, "How excited and strange Jack seems to-day. Oh! I wish we were a little better off."

The clergyman went first to the telegraph office and sent a message to Chandler Bell, "Come to-night and bring altar cloth No. 3, Guild St. Martins. Money at express office." Then he went to Howard's, the furrier, and bought a jacket. Howard looked surprised as he was paid in cash, but he thought to himself, "These poor parsons sometimes have rich relatives who remember them at Christmas time." Then he went to see Mrs. Tate.

"How about the piano, Mrs. Tate?"

"Alas, sir, it must go to-day."

"No, it will not go to-day or ever. The \$25 has been paid. Don't ask me how. There is the receipt. No one can touch it now. Good bye; merry Christmas. I hope to see you in church to-morrow."

And so this happy parson went on that day. We fear there was not much of the two hundred dollars left by night. In the evening Mr. Bell arrived, and the astonished villagers saw the beautiful altar frontal and cloth put on as the finishing stroke to the Christmas decorations.

After all had gone to bed and Mr. and Mrs. Drayton were alone, a parcel was handed in to Mr. Drayton himself, who had gone to the door. His wife cried, "Oh! do not open that yet; it was not meant for you,—oh! yes it was. You may open it now, I suppose; but, dear Jack, do not think me foolish!"

He opened it,—the two first volumes of the Encyclopædia Britannica!

"And that is where the ten dollars went," said Mr. Drayton.

"Yes, please do not be angry. The others will come only every three months, and I hope we may be able to get them all!"

"Yes, dear wife," said the clergyman, and then he poured into his wife's astonished ear the adventure of the previous night and its results.

Then followed the parcels which Mr. Drayton had charged should not be sent in till late at night.

And that was a happy day at that quiet parsonage. The children's eyes, long before the dawn of day, were gladdened with the sight of toys they had scarcely hoped ever to see, and poor little Reggie sat for one solid hour on his grand rocking horse before he would consent to be dressed for the day.



BISHOP FAUQUIER MEMORIAL CHAPEL.

That night Mr. Drayton and his friend Chandler Bell talked till late, as the latter had to leave in the morning.

Before they separated Mr. Drayton said, "Why did Mr. Fitz Herbert wish so anxiously to get married on that particular day?"

"I do not know, but I suppose there was some family or property reason."

"And why was he so unusually kind to me? I suspect Chandler Bell had something to do with that."

"Never mind as to that," said Mr. Bell.

And so it ended. Mr. Drayton was a happy and useful man, with what, to him, was wealth. No man ever made a better use of his moderate income than he did of his, and his parish felt continually the impress of his liberal spirit and practical example.

Every Christmas he had a note or a card of some kind from Mrs. Fitz Herbert, who, with her health restored, never regretted the romantic marriage on the train when her health would not allow her to reach the church.

How happy wealthy men can sometimes make the poor!

OUR PARISHES AND CHURCHES.

NO 15—THE FAUQUIER MEMORIAL CHAPEL, SAULT STE MARIE.

THE erection of a chapel in connection with the Indian Homes was undertaken by Rev. E. F. Wilson in the closing year of the life of Bishop Fauquier, and with his hearty approval. A subscription list was opened during Lent, 1881, and nine months after \$541.32 had been received, while most of the stone required for the building had been corded by the boys of the institution. On Dec. 7th came the

terrible tidings of the Bishop's death, after which it was resolved that the chapel should be a memorial of him, and renewed appeals were made both in England and Canada to those who had loved him and the cause he had so much at heart. The greater part of the funds were received from England, and the building, which was designed in its minutest details by Mr. Wilson, was formally opened and consecrated on Wednesday, Aug. 29th, 1883. Bishop Sullivan was the preacher at morning service, and the clergy present were

Revs. Dr. O'Meara, A. Stewart, J. S. Cole, G. B. Cooke, H. Beer, R. Renison, F. Frost and P. T. Rowe. A missionary meeting was held in the evening at which addresses were delivered by the Bishop and several of the visiting clergy.

The Fauquier Memorial Chapel is situated a mile or more from Sault Ste Marie, and is reached through an old-fashioned lych-gate. The stonework of the building is set in wood, painted dark, and the edifice is thus described by Mr. Wilson:—

"There is a deep porch at the western entrance with stained glass window; within are heavy oak doors with ornamental mountings, and these, being opened, give us a view of the interior of the chapel. In front of us are pillars supporting the chancel arch, and on either side is a smaller arch, one enclosing the vestry, the other the organ chamber, the space between the top of the arches being filled with fretwork. The windows are stained glass. The pulpit, prayer-desk and all the seats are of oak and nicely carved. Under the chancel window is an oak reredos, on which are inscribed the Creed, the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments in Indian. The altar cloth is a very handsome one, given by a lady in England, and the stone font was presented by relatives of the late bishop. Service is held in the chapel twice every Sunday, the pupils from both homes attending; and on Wednesday evening there is a short service and catechizing."

The choir is composed of Indian boys, who chant the musical parts of the service in sweet, soft voices, and with perfect accuracy of tune and time.

Long may the sacred building stand, fit memorial of the saintly man whose name it bears, an honored instrument in God's hand of adding jewels to the Saviour's crown and souls to sing His praise for ever. "This is none other but the House of God, and is the gate of Heaven."

Young People's Department.



THE WAWANOSH HOME.

A HOME FOR INDIAN GIRLS.

LAST month we gave a short account and a picture of Rev. E. F. Wilson's Home for Indian Boys, called the Shingwauk Home, and this month we wish to say something about his Home for Indian Girls. Above there is a picture of it. It is called the Wawanosh Home. It is, as you observe, a fine substantial building, and is situated about two miles and a half away from the Shingwauk Home. It is on the bank of the river a short distance below Sault Ste Marie.

Mr. Wilson has taken great pains in educating Indian children, and for this he will get his reward. Not long after the Shingwauk Home was built he thought it was not fair that boys should be educated and not girls, so he determined with God's blessing to establish another Home. For this purpose he crossed the Atlantic again, and collected some money, but not enough for any great work. A small building was erected, and a lady was engaged to teach. Ten little Indian girls were received within its walls; but no more money came in and the work was stopped. The teacher was dismissed and the ten little Indian girls were sent home. This was a great grief to Mr. Wilson. One day, shortly after the work was stopped, a sail boat with an Indian and five little Indian girls arrived at Sault Ste Marie. The Indian said he had brought these children 100 miles in an open sail boat hoping to find the school ready for them, and it would be a great disappointment to be obliged to take them all the way back again. So Mr. Wilson kept the children and engaged the lady again at half pay. Then God put it into the

heart of a lady in England to send out a cheque for £250, or about \$1,200, for this work, and the Indian Department at Ottawa sent \$600, and promised a grant every year. These gifts were joyfully received and the little building was enlarged to its present form and opened for use on the 19th of August, 1879.

There is room in the Wawanosh Home for twenty-six girls. There is a laundry and laundress' cottage on the other side of the road, together with stables and playhouse.

This Home is a blessing for Indian girls, as the Shingwauk is for Indian boys. There are Sunday Schools, Associations and Guilds in many parts of Canada that are supporting these Homes, and we hope that every help will be given them in the noble work they are doing.

"NEARLY every evening in a Bombay bazaar may be seen two blind Christians reading from a Hindustani New Testament, in raised letters, to a large audience of Hindus and Mohammedans, who marvel at the strange sight.

SOME years before the good Bishop Patteson was murdered by savages when he was trying to do them good, he was on one of the islands, and a savage who met him was about to kill him when he knelt down, and looking up to heaven, prayed that God would forgive the poor man. This so surprised the savage that he changed his mind and let the good Bishop go.

REMEMBER the happiness of making others happy, and especially at the glad season when we hail the birth of the Saviour of mankind.

THE CHURCH CATECHISM EXPLAINED FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

By Miss M. L. SUTTON, St. CHRYSOSTOME, P. Q.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER III.

THE CREED.

YOU have learned that there is only one God, and that there are three persons in one God, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. This is called the Trinity. What is the Trinity? Three persons in one God. The Creed begins by saying "I believe in God the Father." God the Father is the First Person in the Trinity. What has He done for you? He made you, and not you only, but all the world, and the things that are in it,—The beasts, the birds, the insects; the sea too, and the grass, trees, flowers and fruit. He made all things, and He takes care of them and keeps them alive. Can any one on earth make a man with life? Or can any of us make the grass grow or the flowers blossom? No; we know that we can not. If our Father in Heaven did not take care of us we could not keep ourselves alive for one minute. He made us and He keeps us alive.

Then you believe in God the Son, who is the Second Person in the Trinity. The Creed calls Him Jesus Christ, God's only Son, our Lord. You have heard of Jesus, our Saviour, who, though He was the Son of God, was willing to come down on earth for our sakes, that He might save us from our sins; that He might die for us. But first, He must become a man, for God cannot die, and Jesus Christ is God. But is there more than one God? No; there is only one God, but there are three Persons in one God, as I told you. We cannot understand how this can be, but we can believe it, as we believe everything God's Holy Word tells us. How can we who live on earth, and so often fall into sin, expect to understand all about the great, holy God who never sins, and who lives in Heaven above? Before Jesus Christ could die He must become a man. So He became the baby of the Virgin Mary, and grew up just as any other boy would, only there was one difference,—one way in which He was not the same as those around Him. Jesus never did wrong. He was a pure and holy child. When He became a man, He began to preach to people about His Father in Heaven, and did a great many wonderful works. He cured the sick, opened the eyes of the blind, made the dumb speak, and even raised men who were dead to life again. A great many of the people loved Jesus and listened to his preaching and began to live better lives, but some of the Jews would not believe that Jesus was the Son of God. The priests and chief rulers also hated Jesus when they saw how many believed

on Him, and they wished to put Him to death; and because Jesus had come into the world to die, God allowed these wicked people to take Him to put Him to death. They took Him before their Governor, whose name was Pontius Pilate; for they could not have any man put to death until the Governor said they might. Pontius Pilate was not one of the Jews; he did not believe in the true God, and he did not know anything about Jesus being the Son of God; but when he talked to Jesus he thought He was a good man and ought not to die. When he told this to the Jews, they were very angry and made a great noise, and said that Jesus must die. The Governor did not wish to make the Jews angry, so at last he told them they might take Jesus and crucify Him. To crucify is to nail to a cross. Jesus was put upon a large cross made of wood, and His hands and feet fastened to it with nails. The cross was then stood up in the ground, and He was left there to die. Because Pontius Pilate was the governor of the Jews at that time, we always say in the Creed that He "suffered under Pontius Pilate." What a dreadful thing for Jesus to die like this! Jesus need not have died unless He liked, for you must not forget that although He had become a man He was God too, and He could do anything He wished; but Jesus had promised to die for us, that He might bear the punishment which we should bear for our sins. And so He let Himself be crucified. When Jesus was dead some kind friends took His body down from the cross and buried it.

The body of Jesus lay in the grave, but where did His soul go? The Creed tells us it went down into hell. When we say hell we do not mean that dreadful place which is for the wicked; for the devil and his angels; but we understand it to mean the place where the souls of those who die go when their bodies are put in the graves. But the soul of Jesus did not stay there; neither did His body stay in the grave. After three days He became alive again, and many people saw Him. By this we are quite sure that Jesus was the Son of God, for no one else could rise from the dead in this way. He rose from the dead to go back to His Father in Heaven, and there He stays in glory at the right hand of God the Father, until the end of the world, when He will come back again with His holy angels to judge the quick and the dead. When we say the quick we mean those people who will be still living when He comes. Those who are dead He will raise up to life again, that they may all be judged. To judge them means that Jesus Christ will show which are the good and which are the wicked. Those who have tried to live good lives, and have loved Jesus, and have had their sins forgiven for His sake, He will take with Him to the Kingdom of Heaven; but the wicked will be sent to live forever with the devil and his angels in hell.

The Creed goes on to say, "I believe in the Holy Ghost." The Holy Ghost is the Third Person in the Trinity. His work is to make us holy.

Without Him we can do nothing good. Every good habit we have, and every holy thought that comes into our minds, we may know comes from the Holy Ghost; and every time we overcome some sin, it is the Holy Ghost who has helped us. So you see that unless we have the Holy Spirit in our hearts we cannot be good. But the Holy Ghost will not come to us if we do not want Him. He will not dwell in our hearts if we do not wish to have Him there; and He will not keep us out of sin if we are not willing to listen to His voice, or if we try to drive good thoughts out of our minds. No; he will go away from us and leave us to grow more and more wicked, until we lose our right to the Kingdom of Heaven.

What must we do then? We must pray for the Holy Spirit to dwell in our hearts, and whenever we have a good thought in our minds we must attend to it, and do what will please Him, so that He will stay with us always and make us better and better until we come at last to our Father's kingdom in Heaven, with our sins forgiven for Jesus' sake. Is the Holy Ghost God? Yes; He is. "The Father is God, the Son is God, and the Holy Ghost is God, and yet they are not three Gods but one God."

(To be continued.)

THE BELLS ACROSS THE SNOW.



CHRISTMAS, merry Christmas!
Is it really come again,
With its memories and greetings,
With its joy and with its pain?
There's a minor in the carol,
And a shadow in the light,
And a spray of cypress twining
With the holly wreath to-night.
And the hush is never broken
By the laughter light and low,
As we listen in the starlight
To the bells across the snow.

O Christmas, merry Christmas!
'Tis not so very long
Since other voices blended
In the carol and the song!
If we could but hear them singing
As they are singing now,
If we could but see the shining
Of the crown on each dear brow,
There would be no sigh to smother,
No hidden tear to flow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the bells across the snow.

O Christmas, merry Christmas,—
This it never more can be;
We cannot bring again the days
Of our unshadowed glee.
But Christmas happy Christmas,
Sweet herald of good-will,
With holy songs of glory
Brings holy gladness still.
For peace and hope may brighten,
And patient love may glow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the bells across the snow.
—Francis Ridley Havergal.

STOP AND WEIGH.

ONE morning an enraged countryman came into Mr. M's store with very angry looks. He left a team in the street and had a good stick in his hand.

"Mr. M," said the angry countryman, "I bought a paper of nutmegs here in your store, and when I got home they were more than half walnuts; and that's the young villain that I bought them of," pointing to John.

"John," said Mr. M., "did you sell this man walnuts for nutmegs?"

"No, sir," was the ready reply.

"You did, you young villain!" said the countryman still more enraged at his assurance.

"Now, look here," said John. "If you had taken trouble to weigh your nutmegs, you would have found that I put in the walnuts gratis."

"O, you gave them to me, did you?"

"Yes sir, I threw in a handful for the children to crack," said John, laughing at the same time.

"Well now, if you ain't a young scamp," said the countryman, his features relaxing into a grin as he saw through the matter.

Much hard talk and bad blood would be saved, if people would stop to weigh things before they blame others.

"Think twice before you speak once," is an excellent motto.

A MISSIONARY was called to the death bed of a heathen convert—a young girl of 18 summers. She hastened at the summons, and found the beautiful girl already in the dark valley of death, but her countenance was bright. Seeing the missionary, she said with feeble voice:—"Come near; let me take your hand. Dear missionary, I'm dying; but I'm so happy! Jesus is my Saviour. I'll soon see Him! And, dear friend, when I get to heaven the first thing I'll do will be to go before the great white throne, bow before the Saviour, and lay my crown down at His feet; and then I'll ask Him to let me go and stand at the gate of heaven, where I'll watch for your coming; and when you come, I'll take your hand, and lead you before the throne, and I'll say: 'Dear Jesus, here is the missionary who was willing to leave home and friends to tell a poor heathen girl like me of a Saviour. Place a very bright crown upon her head,' and then we'll spend all eternity together in love and praise." And thus she died in joy. Shall not all God's children be so self-sacrificing with their money, talents, prayers, work and lives, that redeemed souls will be waiting and watching for them at the beautiful gate?

"AND so, Mr. Morrison," said a New York merchant to Robert Morrison, on his way to his mission field in China, "you expect to convert the Chinese Empire!" "No, sir," said the young missionary, "I expect God will."

ST. JOHN THE AGED.

I'm growing very old. This weary head
 That hath so often leaned on Jesus' breast,
 In days long past that seem almost a dream,
 Is bent and hoary with its weight of years.
 These limbs that followed him, my Master, oft
 From Galilee to Judah; yea, that stood
 Beneath the cross and trembled with His groans,
 No longer bear me even through the streets
 To preach unto my children. E'en my lips
 Refuse to form the words my heart sends forth.
 My ears are dull; they scarcely hear the sobs
 Of my dear children gathered 'round my couch;
 My eyes so dim, they cannot see their tears.
 God lays his hand upon me—yea, His HAND,
 And not His ROD—the gentle hand that I
 Felt, those three years, so often pressed in mine,
 In friendship such as passed a woman's love.

I'm old, so old! I cannot recollect
 The faces of my friends, and I forget
 The words and deeds that make up daily life;
 But that dear face, and every word He spoke,
 Grow more distinct as others fade away,
 So that I live with Him and holy dead
 More than with living.

Seventy years ago
 I was a fisher by the sacred sea.
 It was at sunset. How the tranquil tide
 Kissed dreamily the pebbles! How the light
 Crept up the distant hills, and in its wake
 Soft purple shadows wrapped the dewy fields!
 And then He came and called me. Then I gazed
 For the first time on that sweet face. Those eyes
 From out of which, as from a window, shone
 Divinity, looked on my inmost soul,
 And lighted it for ever. Then his words
 Broke on the silence of my heart and made
 The whole world musical. Incarnate love
 Took hold of me and claimed me for its own;
 I followed in the twilight, holding fast
 His mantle.

Oh! what holy walks we had.
 Thro' harvest fields, and desolate, dreary wastes;
 And oftimes He leaned upon my arm,
 Wearied and wayworn. I was young and strong,
 And so upbore Him. Lord! now I am weak,
 And old, and feeble. Let me rest on thee!
 So, put thine arm around me. Closer still!
 How strong Thou art! The twilight draws apace;
 Come, let us leave these noisy streets and take
 The path to Bethany, for Mary's smile
 Awaits us at the gate, and Martha's hands
 Have long prepared the cheerful evening meal.
 Come, James, the Master waits, and Peter, see,
 Has gone some steps before.

What say you, friends?
 That this is Ephesus, and Christ has gone
 Back to his kingdom? Ay, 't is so, 't is so.
 I know it all; and yet, just now, I seemed
 To stand once more upon my native hills
 And touch my Master! Oh! how oft I've seen
 The touching of his garments bring back strength
 To palsied limbs! I feel it has to mine.
 Up! bear me once more to my church—once more
 There let me tell them of a Saviour's love;
 For by the sweetness of my Master's voice
 Just now, I think he must be very near—
 Coming, I trust, to break the veil which time
 Has worn so thin that I can see beyond,
 And watch His footsteps.

So, raise up my head.
 How dark it is! I cannot seem to see
 The faces of my flock. Is that the sea
 That murmurs so, or is it weeping? Hush!

My little children! God so loved the world
 He gave His Son: so love ye one another;
 Love God and man, Amen. Now bear me back.
 My legacy unto an angry world is this.
 I feel my work is finished. Are the streets so full?
 What call the folk my name? "The holy John?"
 Nay, write me rather Jesus Christ's beloved,
 And lover of my children.

Lay me down
 Once more upon my couch, and open wide
 The eastern window. See! There comes a light
 Like that which broke upon my soul at eve,
 When, in the dreary Isle of Patmos, Gabriel came
 And touched me on the shoulder. See! it grows
 As when we mounted towards the pearly gates,
 I know the way! I trod it once before!
 And hark! it is the song the ransomed sang
 Of glory to the Lamb! How loud it sounds!
 And that unwritten one! Methinks my soul
 Can join it now. But who are those who crowd
 The shining way? Joy! joy! 't is the eleven!
 With Peter first; how eagerly he looks!
 How bright the smiles are beaming on James' face!
 I am the last. Once more we are complete
 To gather 'round the Paschal feast. My place
 Is next my Master. O my Lord! my Lord!
 How bright thou art, and yet the very same
 I loved in Galilee! 'T is worth the hundred years
 To feel this bliss! So, lift me up, dear Lord,
 Unto thy bosom, there shall I abide.

A PRAYER.

I CORINTHIANS, XIII, 13.

LORD JESU, give me faith
 That I may hold thy precious promise fast,
 That my strong confidence in thee may last,
 Firm and undimmed till death.

Good Jesu, give me hope,
 The anchor of my soul, its strength and stay,
 Set it before me that my weakness may
 With stormy trials cope.

Dear Jesu, give me love,
 That perfect love which casteth out all fear,
 Which seeketh not its own, the earnest here,
 Of perfect love above. R. R. J. E.

HIGH motives are worthier than low, and more effective too, I think. In advocating missions especially they will not only be more elevating to both hearers and speakers but far more influential in swelling the sum of the offerings. Those who cannot join the foremost ranks might be glad—by furnishing supplies—to swell those ranks and make them more efficient. Are private comfort and convenience to be considered at all in this connection? Is it not a shame even to suggest that it is worthy anyone who places his hope on Christ to calculate how he can promote missions with the least possible inconvenience to himself? I wish the missionary speakers would ring out the promises more clearly and frequently: appeal to enthusiasm; put the work before the people, and press upon their consciences the fact that it is a supreme Christian duty to give freely as they have freely received, and to give continually, as they are all the time receiving, and not only to give, but to work and pray.—*Spirit of Missions.*

The Canadian Church Magazine

AND MISSION NEWS.

A Monthly Magazine published in the interest of 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.

Rev. C. H. MOCKRIDGE, D. D., Editor and Manager.

Rev. J. C. Cox, M.A., Travelling Agent.

Letters for Mr. Cox may be addressed Hamilton, Care of Rev. Dr. Mockridge.

DECEMBER, 1887.

OUR FIRST VOLUME.

VOLUME I of this Magazine ends with this year. It consists of eighteen numbers, comprising as many months. Hereafter each Volume will contain but twelve numbers, from January to December of each year. Binding covers specially prepared for Vol. I may be had on application to Rev. Dr. Mockridge, Hamilton, Ont.

WE regret that owing to the pressure on our columns this month we are obliged to hold the conclusion of Rev. W. R. Clark's article on the Diocese of Niagara, over till next issue.

THE bishops of the North-West deplore the smallness of the amounts received by them from the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, but while it certainly is to be regretted that the Society is not furnished with larger contributions for aid in the North-West, it is to be remembered that the Diocese of Algoma, our own Missionary Diocese, absorbs a very large amount of the money raised for Domestic Missions. It is hoped that as the Society gains more influence better results will be obtained.

BISHOP PINKHAM, (Saskatchewan), is now in Prince Albert, having visited many places since leaving Calgary, travelling 800 miles in a waggon and sleeping in the open air at night. The new Rector of Calgary is Rev. A. W. F. Cooper, M. A., lately of the Diocese of Qu'Appelle, and not Rev. Canon Cooper, as some have supposed. The latter has taken up good Missionary work in Kamloops, British Columbia.

WHILE the cry of most of the North-West bishops is for money, that of the bishop of Qu'Appelle is for men. Men are badly wanted in his diocese.

THE Canadian Church Union has issued a leaflet calling upon laymen of the church to help in the laudable objects which they have in view and which are clearly stated in it. All information may be obtained from Mr. W. J. Imlach, London, Ontario.

THE APPEALS OF THE BOARD.

THE Epiphany Appeal will be issued in due time. It is appointed to be read in all our churches on the Sunday before Epiphany. It will be an appeal for aid in Foreign Mission work. Pray we earnestly that God will put it into the hearts of many to give liberally of their substance in aid of this noble cause. That there is need for continued effort in support of Foreign Missions, may be seen from the fact that while there are in the world 390 millions of Christians of all kinds, nominal or actual, and 8 millions of Jews, there are 170 millions of Mohammedans (of whom 80 millions are women shut up in Moslem harems), and 856 millions of heathen, of whom 300 millions are Buddhist women, with no hope of immortality, unless in some future transmigration they may be born as men.

There are some congregations and some few clergy in the several dioceses of this ecclesiastical province, to whom the reading of these appeals is distasteful.

Let us weigh the objections ordinarily advanced and the advantages which may be fairly looked for from these appeals. The most common objection amounts simply to a criticism which may be regarded as a compliment to the usual sermon, but which we are persuaded is not intended by the laymen who make it, to imply any real unwillingness to listen to the appeal. They say, "We prefer the sermon you preach to us every Sunday to the reading of any formal statement from others." The clergyman who hears this feels bound to preach a sermon in addition to the appeal, and then the objection comes very promptly that the service is made too long. Instead of preaching a sermon on a distinct subject the clergyman may be tempted to intersperse his own comments and remarks as he reads the several paragraphs or points in the appeal. This oftentimes becomes tedious to the people, and it may be questioned whether the appeal is always elucidated and strengthened.

The real ground of objection in a large number of cases is one of the strongest reasons for reading the appeal. It is an appeal; it sets forth clearly and forcibly a duty which cannot be rightly and well discharged without self-denial. It disturbs conscience, makes the hearer less satisfied with himself. Naturally enough he objects to the appeal; but the ground of his objection establishes the need there is for his hearing it; in fact his need may be almost as pressing as that of the people on whose behalf the appeal is made, whether they belong to struggling congregations in the North-West or to the heathen in pagan lands. We are persuaded that the clergy are too sensitive about the remarks which reach their ears with reference to these letters of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society.

Any departure from what is customary, any change whatever in the service for the Sunday, is sure to elicit comment. People ordinarily have very little to think about, and must make remarks

about something. It is needless to say that their remarks are not always carefully considered or seriously meant, and that it is quite possible to make too much of them.

The letters which now reach every clergyman in our nine dioceses in eastern Canada at Epiphany and at Ascension-tide, are addressed not to them only, but to their congregations. They proceed from the Board of Management, which consists of all the bishops and two clergymen and two laymen from each diocese. They are carefully prepared by two members of the Board, specially appointed for the effort. They are then submitted to the Board and adopted as their own, being signed by the chairman of the particular meeting. They are then mailed to the clergy, with a formal request from the bishop that they will read them to each of their congregations. The responsibility of withholding these letters must be very serious in more directions than one, and ought to press heavily upon the conscience. Even if the unwillingness to listen to them were far more serious than we believe it to be in any single instance, the position of the clergyman in reading them and his duty are clear to all. He has no discretion to withhold a letter which is formally addressed to his people. In reading it, he is simply discharging a duty laid upon him by sufficient authority.

Let us turn to the advantages which may be fairly and hopefully looked for from these annual appeals. Some of these advantages are not theoretical, but have been already secured as actual facts in the four short years during which the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society and its Board of Management have been in existence. First and foremost, information with reference to the Church's work and needs in both Domestic and Foreign Missions is regularly conveyed to all. This information is carefully selected and considered by the chosen men, clerical and lay, of our Provincial Synod. It is not left to each clergyman to present in his own way, or to neglect to convey to his people any knowledge of the Church's missionary work. He is free to give instruction as frequently on this subject as his judgment may approve, but twice in each year provision is made that his congregation shall hear from the Church in this Province, through those whom she has appointed to represent her and act for her in this matter. This very circumstance ought to secure for the Epiphany and the Ascension-tide statement a weight and power which no individual clergyman, however able or eloquent, would have a right to claim for his own statements. The members of the Board of Management are numerous, and are all deeply interested in missionary work. They must bring together a larger view and wider information than one individual clergyman can possibly provide. There is not the same risk of repetition, and certainly more of freshness and interest must be secured than any other individual can expect to introduce and infuse into the subject year after year.

And, moreover, this same letter with its earnest appeals is read to all the congregations on the same Sunday. There is an influence in this which ought not to be overlooked, it has power to affect many. The same judgement and the same feelings are appealed to in all—one and the same spirit actuates all, and a throb of sympathy in the Church's home work at Ascension-tide and foreign work at Epiphany is felt from east to west, all the way from Halifax to Port Arthur, from the Mattawa to Fort Erie. Soon we may look for a holy rivalry in the efforts of various dioceses and neighboring congregations to surpass each other in their largest and liberal gifts to the church treasury out of which the missionary is maintained in many a distant field. Although there may be room for disappointment in the amount of money actually contributed in response to the letters of the Board of Management—yet there is no room for doubt on this point, the Church's missionary work has a meaning for most of our congregations which it never had before, their interest in it too is being quickened, their sense of duty and responsibility in connection with it is being aroused. Soon will they begin to multiply their contributions until they offer in abundance with willing hands and hearts.

The course which the Board of Management has thus adopted for carrying out the work entrusted to it by the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada, is exceedingly simple and must prove effective, for it is on the very lines of the Church's own methods. Each clergyman is the Church's own mouthpiece to his own congregation, in conveying to them from year to year her message from the field so wide and so varied in which she is working for her Lord and her earnest appeal for help. Only one thing is needed. The clergy everywhere should throw themselves heartily and lovingly into the part assigned to them as the Church's Parsons—her representatives in each congregation, and that the people should not merely acquiesce in the appeals being read to them, but should yield themselves, their understanding and their hearts, to be influenced by the statements put before them and the appeals addressed to them year by year as Epiphany and Ascension-tide follow each other.

One further remark. Some dioceses and some congregations are much poorer than others. This is true, but it is not true that even the deeper poverty of the most struggling diocese or congregation releases it from all interest in and all effort for missionary work.

Although the grace of God may enable some in their deep poverty to give up to their power and beyond their power yet the appeal is always "as the Lord their God hath blessed them." It is to be in accordance simply with their means.

THE next meeting of the Board of Management is appointed to be held in Montreal on the second Wednesday after Easter.

WHERE ARE THE MEN?

By THE HON. AND RT. REV. ADELBERT, Bishop of Qu'Appelle.

HOO often the appeal that is made in sermons and speeches for missions is little more than one for money. And if the hearts of the hearers are at all touched, even a rich man thinks that the claims upon him are satisfied if he puts \$5 into the plate, or at most gives an annual subscription to that amount to the society whose special cause is being pleaded. It causes him no loss or self-denial to give this. Every week, probably, the man throws away an equal or even a much larger amount on his own pleasure or self-gratification. And he neither troubles or thinks any more about the matter till the following year brings another appeal. Can anyone say that this is at all an exaggerated estimate of the interest, or rather lack of interest, that the majority of professing Christians take in the mission work of the Church? By the "mission work" of the Church I would here be understood to mean, not only the evangelization of the heathen, which is strictly its meaning, but all work that needs exterior help, such as the maintenance of the means of grace among those who are already Christians in new and thinly inhabited settlements, where the people themselves cannot afford to maintain clergy—a work, surely, of no less importance than getting others into the fold. May not this lack of interest be, in a very large measure, due to the character of the appeal that is usually made on behalf of the work? We do not ask for enough—with sufficient boldness, or with strong enough faith in the power of God over the hearts of men!

It is true that money is needed, and in much larger quantities than is now given, if the work that ought to be done is to be effectually carried out. It is a very sad thought that in spite of all the efforts that have been made during the last one hundred years, in spite of the very great success with which God has undoubtedly blessed our small and feeble efforts, through the increase of population "the heathen and Mohammedan population of the world is more by two hundred millions than it was a hundred years ago."* And the wealth possessed by Christians is amply sufficient for all needs, if only professing Christians would give but one-half of that tenth which seems to be the very least that God requires of His people as His due. It has been estimated that "the annual income of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom is one thousand million pounds, and that the accumulations from savings amount to the enormous sum of two hundred and forty millions, or at least two hundred and thirty millions, and yet the income of all missionary societies in the same area is only one and a quarter millions."†

But there is a much greater and more pressing want than money in the mission field. God can work without the wealth of man, but He does not

will to evangelize the world, or to feed those who are already His, with the ordinary ministrations of grace, except through the instrumentality of men as living agents. How shall men hear without a preacher? How shall they preach except they be sent? Even the circulation of the written Word of God is not enough, for many will say, as the Ethiopian eunuch answered Philip, "How can I understand except some man guide me?" And everywhere there is a cry heard that even where the money is ready the men to carry on the work—to feed the flock of Christ that is scattered abroad as sheep without a shepherd, and to carry the blessed Gospel of our Lord and Saviour into the distant parts of the earth—are not forthcoming.

I was lately in a town, Port Arthur, in the Diocese of Algoma, that has some 5,000 inhabitants, though it is only of about four years growth, and yet the clergyman resident there has to superintend a district of more than 200 miles in length, with five other stations. The people residing outside this town could partially support at least two more clergymen, but the men cannot be found. The Bishop of Rupert's Land has seven or eight stations vacant for which he has sufficient funds, but cannot find men. In this diocese we have been for a year in very great want of three more priests. And these are but samples of a need that is being felt, we believe, all over the world. It is true that the stipends that are often offered for the clergy are quite inadequate to support a family. But any man could get amply sufficient to support himself. And if there was only more of the real earnest missionary spirit among men—the burning desire to be allowed to spend and be spent for Christ's sake—this would be considered amply sufficient. "Having food and raiment," men, for the sake of the privilege of preaching the Gospel, "would be therewith content." A married clergy have many advantages in settled countries, and in places where there is no lack of means for their support, but there are many places still where the present necessity makes it necessary for the clergy to be unmarried if the work is to be done at all. "The laborer is worthy of his hire;" but I do not know that that hire of necessity includes the support of a wife and perhaps numerous children.

Now, what is the reason for this lack of men? In the first place it cannot be denied that the present divisions of Christians involve a terrible and most deplorable waste of existing energy and power. This, when duly weighed, is certainly one of the most serious of the many evils arising from such divisions. Waste is always sinful. There are thousands of places that could easily be worked by one clergyman, where now three or perhaps four ministers are stationed, and have to be supported, as best they can be, in order to minister to the different sections of Christians. If we look at each place by itself, we do not realize the waste, but take even a hundred places and it will help us to realize what may yet be multiplied by tens if not by hundreds. In a hundred such places there

* "A Century of Missions," by Rev. James Johnston, F.S.S., p. 17.

† "A Century of Missions," p. 31

would be 300 or 400 ministers where 100 would suffice, supported at an expenditure of from \$240,000 to \$320,000 instead of \$80,000, or an absolute waste of 300 to 400 men and \$220,000 to \$240,000. What might not be done for Christianity if all the energy of these devoted men, and all this wealth of means, were set free for places that are now left destitute on account of this waste? Is there not indeed a great cause for all who love the Lord Jesus and His Holy Church to pray with increased earnestness and importunity that the divisions that now so afflict the Church, and so grievously hinder its work, may speedily be healed?

But there is still a deeper and more serious cause for this lack of men. We need a great outpouring of the earnest missionary spirit upon all our people—young and old, rich and poor. Parents must be more ready to give their children to the Lord's work. Now, it is to be feared, many a boy in whose heart the Lord places a desire to serve Him, is more frequently hindered than helped by parents. Parents look at the worldly prospects of the "profession," and seeing that those prospects are but very small, instead of encouraging their children, they urge all the difficulties in the way. Is Hannah's vow an altogether exploded superstition, "I have lent him to the Lord, and as long as he liveth he shall be the Lord's?"

I am not ashamed to confess that I still have faith in a parent's consecration prayer, and that I believe that many and many of the most faithful of ministers will be found in the last great day to have been the result of an early dedication by the parent even before there was any self-choice in the child. Though there must be an inward call of the Spirit felt afterwards, before a man should presume to seek the holy office of the priesthood, it is no small help to have grown up under the sanctifying influences of a parent's dedication. Might not more also be done in our large public schools? How seldom are boys told by their masters, when they have the opportunity of speaking to them from the pulpit, of the high dignity of the priestly office, and the joy and real happiness, beyond all that can be found in other occupations, of ministering to souls as Christ's ambassadors of peace.

But, above all, there should go forth from every pulpit in the country, at least occasionally, a clear, ringing cry, "God wants not yours, but you"—a call to personal service that would constrain some, at least, to give up all to follow Christ a little closer, and to go forth to proclaim to others the message of His unsearchable riches. Why are the lips of clergymen so seldom opened to urge this call on men? Ought not the silence to cause much searching of heart? If the call were more frequently heard uttered by those whose lives were examples of the self-denial for the sake of Christ to which they called, there would soon be little cause for the complaint of want of men. O Lord, let Thy Spirit descend in greater power on Thy Church and fill the hearts of men with greater zeal.

Woman's Auxiliary Department.

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

ALGOMA DIOCESE.

A BRANCH of the Woman's Auxiliary has been organized in Sault Sté Marie. The Churchwomen's Jubilee offering towards the Widows' and Orphans' Fund of Algoma Diocese has reached the sum of \$2,140.63.

Mr. Wilson's trip east with his thirty young Indians was very successful. Miss Brown, sent by Toronto Diocese, is working among the Blackfeet Indians, and other consecrated women are needed. A correspondend writes: "Mr. Wilson ought to be able to open three more schools. The Indian girl trained to home life, to English, to Christianity, will do more than any other agency for the uplifting of the Indian races. I wish you could see your way to begin a work which would send forth some of our own women into these different fields." It will be done, as the work of the Auxiliary progresses. The Secretary would be glad to receive the name of any lady having the health, bodily and spiritual, to undertake Foreign or Domestic Mission work. This would prepare the way for practical work.

RUPERT'S LAND.

THE Secretary writes from Winnipeg: "We had our meeting of Auxiliary on the last Tuesday of the month, all the members being present, with the addition of twelve new members, and as a great number have promised to come to the next meeting, it is quite encouraging. We have decided to hold our meetings on the first Tuesday of each month, instead of the last, as it interfered with the Hospital Aids meeting. We have been very busy the last month canvassing for clothing and material for our boxes, have been very successful, I am glad to say, quite a number have given small sums of money. I had a visit from the missionary at Griswold, the other day. They are going to build a school-room for the Sioux children, and would like our assistance to clothe the children in a uniform. I promised in the Auxiliary's name to do all we could. English friends have promised to help them, also several of the Auxiliary branches in the east have very kindly promised to assist. I have received a letter from one of the Mission teachers in the Diocese of Saskatchewan—I will send it to you—it will give you an idea of the work among the Indians at Fort MacLeod. The Auxiliary was recognized by the Synod of Rupert's Land. E. R."

OTHER items of interest belonging to this Department reached us too late for publication this month.

Books and Periodicals Dept.

William Carey. By John Brown Myers, Toronto, Canada. Willard Tract Depository. Price, 50 cents.

This little book, profusely illustrated by many handsome pictures, is the first of a series of Missionary publications which the Willard Tract Depository intend to bring out. The idea is a good one, for the work which has been done and is now being done in the foreign mission field should be put in attractive form to suit children and the masses, and widely circulated. The book before us is suitable in every way for a Sunday school library, and owing to its attractive form and clear simple narrative will be sure to be widely read, if circulated.

William Carey did not go out to his missionary work as a Churchman, connected as he was with the Baptist Society of England, yet he is generally recognized as "The father and founder of modern missions;" although there had been missionaries before him, such as Eliot, Brainerd and Schwartz. His struggles to obtain knowledge—being but a shoemaker—and become a religious teacher are most interesting. At a "Minister's Meeting" in Northampton, in 1786, Mr. Carey modestly asked "whether the command given to the Apostles to teach all nations was not obligatory on all succeeding ministers to the end of time, seeing that the accompanying promise was of equal extent?" For this he was snubbed and told he was a most miserable enthusiast for asking such a question!

How times have changed since then, thank God! The first prejudices against missions have been overcome. It is now a recognized and highly important branch of Christian work, and has made on the whole, rapid strides since the close of last century when it was regarded as the dream of an enthusiast.

Into the difficulties which this man of gigantic missionary spirit had to encounter before obtaining sufficient support to enable him to take a voyage to India and to undertake work there for his Master, the long and stormy voyage lasting from June 13th to November 9th, 1793, his first experience in India, his mode of life and constant preaching, his extraordinary linguistic ability which caused him to overcome great obstacles in his work and enabled him to give the Gospel to the heathen in their native tongue, and his many adventures in India during his forty-one years of labor there, we cannot enter, but refer our readers to the book itself. May not the possession of such a book in a household inspire the heart of some noble boy to be a missionary for his Master? And what is more sorely needed than hundreds of such in these days of Mammon worship and commercial anxiety?

The second book in this Missionary Series, the life of Robert Moffat, has also reached us, and we hope to give it a more extended notice next month. It is equally well printed and illustrated as its predecessor.

The Society of the Treasury of God.

All communications relating to this Society should be addressed to Rev. C. A. B. Pocock, Commander, R. N., Toronto.

THE LAW AND THE SPIRIT OF THE LAW.

In the exhortation in the office of the Holy Communion, the Church tells us, "First, to examine our lives and conversation by the rule of God's Commandments," and the Decalogue is read for the purpose of self-examination. St. Paul tells us that the law is our pedagogue to bring us to the school of Christ. In the Lesson on the Mount our Lord explained how those who love Him are to keep them; He took examples from four commandments and showed that from henceforth not only the letter was binding, but the spirit of them also. And afterward, he made his meaning clearer still, "A new commandment give I unto you that ye love one another." From the time that voice was heard on the mountain in Judæa, an entirely new conception of sin has been formed; it was removed from the outward act to the inmost depth of the spirit and the heart.

Jesus was "the True Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."—John i, 9. And in this teaching of the law he flooded the Old Testament with new light. Some parts being old, viz., what was merely ceremonial, hygienic, or fulfilled in His sacrifice, vanished away; the remainder is to be obeyed in the spirit.

If any friend on earth, who shared his income with us, did us many kind offices, and whom we dearly loved, was to hint that we could do something that would please him, how gladly we should do it! "Our Father," i. e., the Father of Jesus and our Father, is not only our Friend, but also our Creator and Preserver; He so loved us that He sent His Son to take upon Him, not only our human nature, but the form of a servant, and then to die for us. Surely if we find even a vague hint that He would be pleased if we returned a certain fixed proportion of what He has given us for our support and happiness we would gladly return it. If we examine the law we find no vague hints, but positive commands, and great rewards promised to those who obey; the proportions are fixed, viz., one tenth, again a second tenth, First Fruits, and in order to equalise the rich and the poor-offerings, large and small, etc., etc.; in fact we find a perfect scheme of church and national finance. Surely if we love the Lord Jesus and keep His commandments we shall obey the law in its spirit, and adapt it to the present circumstances of the Church of God. Once and only once in the Church on earth, have the faithful attained to full obedience to THE SPIRIT OF THE LAW; immediately after the ascension of our Lord, before love grew cold, the Jewish Christians, besides paying all that was required under the law, "were of one heart and

soul; neither said any of them that ought of the things he possessed was his own; but they had all things common."—Acts iv, 22. The nineteenth century Christian idea is about this:—"All I have is not mine, but God's; He has given it to me for the support of my family in the station of life to which He has called me, which is my first duty. I give back to Him what remains." And that duty is conscientiously performed. Horses, carriages, servants, fine linen, sumptuous living every day, and the refuse—the odd cents—for God. And so it comes about that the Christian gives less than the heathen, less than the Jew; but let it be noted that even the tenth part of the incomes of churchmen, or rather the spirit which would lead them to give it, would soon lead to the reunion of Christendom, and the conversion of the world; but alas, the one great want of the Church of Christ is Christians!

But to return to the tenth part. Our Lord said plainly, "I came not to destroy the law, but to fulfil it." And he did fulfil the law in the letter and in the spirit. And another commandment He gave us was, "Follow me, deny thyself, and take up thy cross daily and follow me." His sacrifice was not offered up on the altar of the cross alone; He carried it for thirty years; He lived a life of daily self sacrifice. His followers may have horses and carriages, fine linen and other blessings, but unless they follow Jesus in this daily self sacrifice, let them examine themselves whether they are not "crucifying the Son of God afresh and putting Him to an open shame." His commandment was, "disciple all nations." And Christians (so called) send opium to China and rum to Africa. Before men and angels is He not put to open shame?

Did our Lord teach that those who follow Him should give tithes? No, He did not; but He did not rebuke the Pharisees for paying tithe of mint, anise and cummin; nor did He express disapproval of the Pharisee because he paid the tithe of all that he possessed; nor when He was in the treasury watching the rich pouring in their money did He express any opinion; but when He saw the poor widow put in her two mites, which made a farthing, He called to His disciples in his joy, because she obeyed THE SPIRIT OF THE LAW; she alone could trust her all to God, her Friend, her Father, Creator, and Sustainer of her earthly life. Now, as then, it is the poor, and not the rich, who are likely to "return to God in tithes and offerings."

A YEAR or two ago a certain vestry of one of the parishes of the American Church pledged themselves (as individuals, being eight in number) to pay a tithe of their income. This case is here mentioned to show that the spirit of self-sacrifice is not dead in the Church, and that the tithe-payers are not all fully awake to the necessity of adding their influence to the forces already brought to bear in spreading the knowledge of the best method of giving for the cause of Christ.

CLERICAL DIRECTORY.

DIOCESE OF NIAGARA, FORMED MAY 1ST, 1875.

BISHOPS—(1) Rt. Rev. Thomas Brock Fuller, D. D., D. C. L., 1875. (2) Rt. Rev. Charles Hamilton, D. D., D. C. L., 1885.

The PRESENT BISHOP (Dr. Hamilton) was born at Hawkesbury, Ont., 1834. B. A., University College, Oxford, 1856; M. A., 1859. Ordained Deacon 1857, Priest 1858, by Bishop Mountain of Quebec. Curate of Cathedral 1857, Incumbent of St. Peter's, Quebec, 1858-64; Rector of St. Matthew's, Quebec, Clerical Secretary and Prolocutor of Lower House of Provincial Synod. Consecrated by the Metropolitan, in the Cathedral, Fredericton, Second Bishop of Niagara, 1st May, 1885. D. D., Bishop's College, Lennoxville; D. C. L., Trinity College, Toronto.

ARDILL, REV. JAMES, Merrifiton, Ont.

ARMITAGE, REV. WILLIAM JAMES. B in London. Graduate Wycliffe College, Toronto Undergraduate University of Toronto. Ordained Deacon 1884, Priest 1885, by the Bishop of Toronto. Appointed, 1884, Curate St. James', Orillia; 1886, Rector St. Thomas', St. Catharines, Ont.

ARNOLD, REV. ROBERT, A. B. B. in Ireland. Graduate of Trinity College, Dublin. Hebrew Prizeman, also awarded Vice-Chancellor's Prize for English Essay. Ordained Deacon 1841, Priest 1843, by the Bishop of Nova Scotia. Appointed Parrsboro, N. S.; Curate of St. Paul's and Head Master of Grammar School, Halifax; Rector of Sydney Mines, C. B.; Rector of Brampton, Ont. Now Rector of St. Paul's, Fort Erie, and Canon of Christ Church Cathedral, Hamilton.

BELT, REV. ALFRED JAMES, M. A. B. at Scarborough, Ont. Ed at Trinity College School, Port Hope, and Trinity College Toronto. Graduate Trinity University. B. A. 1879; M. A. 1884. Ordained Deacon 1880, Priest 1881, by the Rt. Rev. T. B. Fuller, D. D., First Bishop of Niagara. Appointed Erin and Garafraxa, 1880-82; Arthur, 1882-86. Now Incumbent of Harriston, Ont. Has published "Ecclesiastical History Chart," showing the continuity and independence of the Church of England.

BELT, REV. CHARLES E., B. A. B. at Scarborough, Ont. Ed. Trinity College, Toronto, and Bishop's College, Lennoxville. Graduate Lennoxville University Ordained Deacon 1887, by the Bishop of Niagara. Appointed Curate of Church of the Ascension, Hamilton, Ont., 1887.

BELT, REV. WILLIAM, M. A. B. in Williamsburg, Ont. Ed. at Classical School, Prescott, and Bishop's College, Cobourg M. A., Trinity College, Toronto. Ordained Deacon 1850, Priest 1851, by the Bishop of Toronto. Appointed Curate of Dundas; Incumbent of Scarborough, 1853-69; Incumbent of Oshawa, 1869-75; Incumbent of Ancaster, 1875-79. Now Rector of Burlington. Was appointed Canon of Christ Church Cathedral, Hamilton, 1878, and Rural Dean of Halton and North Wentworth, 1882. Has published "Conversations on the Office of Sponsors, and the Use of the Sign of the Cross in Baptism;" and also various sermons and addresses.

BENNETTS, REV. SAMUEL. B. at Lostwithiel, Cornwall, Eng. Undergraduate Trinity College, Toronto. Ordained Deacon 1884, Priest 1885, by the Bishop of Ontario. Appointed Roslin. Now Waterdown.

BEVAN, REV. W., West Flamboro'. Address, Greensville, Ont.

BLACHFORD, REV. WILLIAM RAND. B. at Hamilton, Ont. Ordained Deacon 1885, by Bishop Fuller; Priest 1886, by Bishop Hamilton. Appointed Missionary of Colbeck Mission. Now Missionary of Freelon Mission.

BLAND, REV. EDWARD MICHAEL. B. at Snarebrook, Essex, Eng. Ed. at Haileybury College. Undergraduate of Corpus Christi, Cambridge. Ordained Deacon 1875, Priest 1876, by Bishop Hellmuth of Huron. Apptd. Dungannon, 1875-76; Bervie, 1876-77; Ingersoll, 1877-85. Now St. George's Church, St. Catharines.

BONNY, REV. ALFRED. B. at Boughton, Kent, Eng. Ed. at Tenterden House Academy (Private). Ordained

Deacon 1882, Priest 1884, by Bishop Fuller of Niagara. Appointed Mission of Palermo and Omagh, 1882. Now Priest in charge of the Mission of Rothsay and Huston, 1884. Address, Moorefield, Ont.

BOULTREE, REV. ARTHUR. B. at Exeter, Eng. Ed. at Bishop's College, Lennoxville. Ordained Deacon 1870, Priest 1871, by Bishop of Toronto. Appointed to Harriston; Georgetown, 1875; Cayuga, 1882. Now Incumbent of St. John's, Cayuga.

BULL, REV. GEORGE ARMSTRONG, M.A. B. in Dublin, Ireland. Ed. at Church School, Hamilton, and Theol. College, Cobourg. Graduate Trinity College, Toronto. Ordained Deacon 1851, Priest 1852, by the Bishop of Toronto. Appointed Curate St. George's, St. Catharines; Barton and Glanford, 1853 to 1886; Rector of Stamford and Niagara Falls South, 1886. Address, Niagara Falls South, Ont.

BULL, REV. GEORGE B., Assistant, Stamford, Ont.

CARMICHAEL, REV. HARTLEY, M.A. B. at Dublin, Ireland. Graduate Trinity College, Dublin. Ordained Deacon 1877, Priest 1878, by Archbishop of Canterbury (then Bishop of Truro). Appointed Curate Calstock, Cornwall, Eng.; Curate Whitwell, Derbyshire, Eng.; Curate St. Stephen's, N Bow, London, Eng.; Secretary of Church Penitentiary, Highgate, and Lecturer at St. Michael's, Highgate, Eng. Now Rector of the Church of the Ascension, Hamilton, Ont. Author of "Footprints," Sermon on Scripture Characters. London: William Shurgate, 1881. "One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church," Lectures on Unity. Hamilton: Spectator Printing Co., 1887.

CLARK, REV. WILLIAM REID, M.A. Graduate Military College and Trinity College, Toronto. Ordained Deacon by the Bishop of Ontario, 1874. Principal and Mathematical Master, High School, Uxbridge, 1875. Ordained Priest by the bishop of Niagara, 1876. Appointed Eganville; Palmerston; Burlington; Ancaster, 1879. Now Incumbent of St. John's Church, Ancaster, and Clerical Secretary Diocesan Synod. Address, Ancaster, Ont.

COOKE, REV. GEO. BRGA. F. at Mt. Pleasant, Ont. Undergraduate Trinity College, Toronto. Ordained Deacon 1878, Priest 1879, by Bishop of Niagara. Appointed Assistant Church of the Ascension, Hamilton; Incumbent Georgetown; Missionary at Sault Ste Marie, Algoma. Now Incumbent of Palmerston.

CORDNER, REV. ROBERT. B. at Dublin, Ireland. Ed. at Huron College, London, Ont. Ordained Deacon 1868, Priest 1869, by the Bishop of Huron. Appointed Paisley; Harriston; Mount Forest. Now Incumbent of Port Colborne and Marshall. Address, Port Colborne.

CURRAN, REV. WILLIAM B., Canon, Rector of St. Stephen's, Montreal, Galt, St. Thomas', Hamilton.

DIXON, VEN. ALEXANDER, B.A. B. in Ireland. Graduate King's College, Toronto. University Prizeman in third year for History and Belles Lettres; also for English Oration, and wrote the prize poem two years in succession. Went through the Divinity Course under Dr. Beaven. Appointed Curate St. Catharines and Missionary north of Toronto; Rector of Louth and Pt. Dalhousie; Canon of St. James' Cathedral, 1866. Was for several years Special Correspondent of "London Guardian," and joint editor of "Church" with Rev. J. G. D. McKenzie. Was also Chairman of Grammar School Board in St. Catharines and Examiner of Teachers. In 1875 Rector of Guelph and Examining Chaplain, Diocese of Niagara. In 1883 was appointed Archdeacon of Guelph.

FENNELL, REV. JOSEPH. B. at Cobourg, Ont. Ed. Victoria College. Took Divinity Course, Trinity College, Toronto. Ordained Deacon 1873, by Bishop of Toronto; Priest 1876, by the Bishop of Niagara. Appointed Grantham, Virgil and Queenston; Grantham, Homer and Merriton. Now, Georgetown

FESSENDEN, REV. E. J., B.A. On leave.

FLETCHER, REV. JOHN H. B. in Dublin, Ireland. Ed. Trinity College, Toronto. Ordained Deacon 1873, by the Bishop of Toronto; Priest 1875, by the Bishop of Niagara. Appointed South Walpole; Port Colborne and Marshville; Palmerston. Now Incumbent of Omagh and Palermo. Address, Palermo.

FORNERET, REV. GEORGE AUGUSTUS, M.A. B. at Berthier-en haut, P. Q. Ed. Berthier Grammar School and Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Huron College and Montreal Theol. College. Graduate McGill University, Montreal. Ordained Deacon 1875, Priest 1876, by Bishop Oxenden, Metropolitan. Appointed Curate Cathedral, Montreal, 1875-76; Missionary Dio. Saskatchewan, and Rural Dean Carlton, N. W. T., 1877-79; Rector Dunham, Dio. Montreal, 1879-81; Curate St. Thomas', St. Catharines, Ont., 1881-82. Curate in charge Dundas, 1882-86. Now Rector All Saints', Hamilton, and Rural Dean of Hamilton.

FRANCIS, REV. JOHN, B.D. B. at Cranbrook, Kent, Eng. Graduate of St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, 1865. At midsummer exam. in that year stood first in the first class in Divinity, Classics and Hebrew, and gained the only prizes awarded in these divisions of subjects. Was also first in the list in Medicals, and took a second in Mathematics. On the unanimous recommendation of the Faculty, was admitted to the degree of B. D. by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Welles, Bishop of Wisconsin, in the Chapel of Nasnotah Theological Seminary, on St. Peter's Day, 1885. Ordained Deacon 1866, by the first Bishop of Toronto, and Priest, 1869, by the second Bishop. Appointed Curate St. George's Church, St. Catharines, 1866-68; Incumbent, Jarvis, 1868-78; Waterdown, 1878-87. Composer of Tune to Hymn 277, "Church Hymns," and several other Hymn Tunes and Chants.

GARDINER, REV. ROBINSON, Welland.

GEDDES, VERY REV. JOHN GAMBLE, D. C. L. B. at Kingston, Canada. Ed. at Grammar School, Kingston, and Theological Seminary, Chambly. Graduate B. A. King's College, Toronto; M. A. Trinity College, Toronto. Ordained Deacon 1834, Priest 1835, by the Bishop of Quebec. Appointed Curate St. George's, Kingston, and of Three Rivers, P. Q.; Rector Hamilton, 1835 to 1880; for many years Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Toronto; for seven years Clerical Secretary of the Synod of Toronto; Rural Dean 1867 to 1875; Prolocutor of the Provincial Synod 1874 to 1877; Dean of Niagara 1875; D. C. L. (honoris causa) Trinity College, Toronto, and a member of the Council of Trinity College; Rector of Tatsfield, Surrey, Eng. Now Rector (retired) Christ Church Cathedral, Hamilton, Dean of Niagara and Rector in charge Chippawa. Address, Kiver View House, Chippawa.

GEOGHEGAN, REV. THOMAS, Rector of St. Matthew's Church, Hamilton.

GRAHAME, REV. WILLIAM EDWARD. B. at Hartlepool, Durham, Eng. Primary education in England and Canada. Theol. education, Trinity College, Toronto. Ordained Deacon 1874, by the Bishop of Toronto; Priest 1875, by the Bishop of Niagara. Appointed to the Mission of Erin and Garafraxa, 1874; Harriston, 1878; Rector of Thorold, 1880. Address, Thorold, Ont.

GRIBBLE, REV. JOHN. B. in Exeter, Eng. Licentiate of Theology of Bishop's College, Lennoxville. Ordained Deacon 1856, Priest 1857, by the Bishop of Montreal. Appointed Missionary to Portage du Fort, 1856; Rector Malone, N. Y., 1859; Missionary Portage du Fort, 1861; Rector Gallipolis, Ohio, 1869; Missionary Port Colborne, 1870; Rector Louth and Port Dalhousie, 1875. Address, Port Dalhousie.

HARVEY, REV. GEORGE A., Curate of St. George's Church, Guelph.

HENDERSON, REV. ALEXANDER, M.A. B. at Tullamore, Ont. Ed. at Grammar School, Ingersoll and Dundas. Graduate Trinity College, Toronto. Ordained Deacon 1861, Priest 1862, by the Bishop of Toronto. Appointed to Orangeville.

HOLLAND, REV. HENRY, B.A. B. at Raithby, Lincolnshire. Graduate Queen's College, Cambridge. Ordained Deacon in Durham Cathedral, 11th July, 1841; Priest in Chester Cathedral, 18th Dec., 1842, by Bishop of Chester. Curate Walkden Moor, Lancashire; Demerara, British Guiana; Rector Tyrconnel, Fort Erie and St. George's Church, St. Catharines. Canon of Christ Church Cathedral, Hamilton.

HOUSTON, REV. STEWART, M.A. B. at Carleton Place, Ont. Graduate of Trinity College, Toronto. Or-

dained Deacon and Priest 1859, by the Bishop of Toronto. Appointed Missionary to Arthur and parts adjacent; Waterdown; Niagara Falls. Appointed Canon of Christ Church Cathedral, Hamilton, 30th Sept., 1875.

HOWITT, REV. FREDERICK ELLIOTT B. at Castle-town Isle of Man. Ed. T. C. T. Ordained Deacon, 1881, Priest 1882, by the Bishop of Niagara. Curate Barton and Glanford, 1881; Priest in charge St. Luke's, Hamilton, 1882; Curate St. George's, St. Catharines, 1883. Now Missionary Stoney Creek and Bartonville.

IRVING, REV. EDWARD ARTHUR B. at Southsea, Eng. Ed. at Christ's Hospital, London, and Hertford Blue Coat School. Ordained Deacon 1881, Priest 1882, by the Bishop of Niagara. Appointed Curate St. Mark's, Orangeville, and Missionary Farmington, 1881; Curate St. George's, Guelph, 1882. Now assistant Minister in charge St. James', Dundas.

JOHNSTONE, REV. GABRIEL, B. D. Jarvis, Ont.

LEE, REV. CHARLES RUSSELL, Barton and Glanford. Address, Hamilton.

LOCKE, REV. ROBERT SHAW, M. A. B. in Balbriggan, Ireland. Ed. at Diocesan Grammar School, Melbourne, Australia. Graduate, B. A. 1866, M. A. 1870, St. Stephen's College, N. Y.; General Theological Seminary, N. Y., 1869. Ordained Deacon 1869, by the Bishop of New York; Priest 1870, by the Bishop of Albany. Curate Rouse's Point, N. Y., 1869; Cayuga 1874; Norval and Stewartown, 1880.

MACKENZIE, REV. W. J., Milton, Ont.

MACNAB, REV. ALEX. WELLESLEY B. at Cobourg, Ont. Ed. at High School, Bowmanville, and Huron College, London. Ordained Deacon 1873, Priest 1874, by the Bishop of Toronto. Appointed Curate St. George's, St. Catharines; Preacher and Lecturer for S. P. G. for two years in England; S. P. G. Chaplain at Murren and Camper, Switzerland. Mission Priest All Saints', Pasadena, California. Incumbent St. Barnabas', St. Catharines, Ont.

MASSEY, REV. WILLIAM, M. A. B. at Wexford, Ireland. Ed. at Richmond Grammar School and Trinity College, Toronto. Ordained Deacon, 1871, Priest, Epiphany, 1872; by the Bishop of Toronto. Appointed Rockwood and Vin; Hastings, 1873; St. George's, Nelson, 1874; Hamilton, 1881. Now Rector St. Luke's, Hamilton.

MELLISH, REV. HENRY FREDERICK. B. at Worksop, Notts, Eng. Literate. Ordained Deacon 1860, Priest 1862, by the Bishop of Huron. Appointed Missionary to Wilmot and parts adjacent, Mount Pleasant and West Brantford, 1873, Caledonia and York, 1875, Rural Dean of South Wentworth and Haldimand, 1886. Author of "A Refutation of many False Charges made against the Book of Common Prayer."

MIGNOT, REV. PETER THOMAS. B. at Alderney, Channel Islands. Ordained Deacon 1886, by the Lord Bishop of Ontario. Appointed Curate St. Paul's, Kingston. Now Curate Mission of Arthur and Alma.

MOCKRIDGE, REV. CHARLES HENRY, D. D. B. in Brantford, Ont. Graduate of Trinity College, Toronto, B. A., M. A., B. D., D. D., by examination. Ordained Deacon 1868, Priest 1869, by Bishop Lewis of Ontario. Appointed Madoc; Hillier; Curate of St. George's, Toronto; Clerical Secretary to the Synods of Toronto and Niagara. Now Rector in charge and Canon of Christ Church Cathedral, Hamilton, Ont. General Secretary of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada, and Editor and Manager of the CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE AND MISSION NEWS. Examiner of Divinity in the Arts Course, Trinity College, Toronto.

MORTON, REV. JAMES, Fergus, Ont.

MOTHERWELL, REV. THOS. B. A. B. at Sligo, Ireland. Graduate Bishop's College, Lennoxville. Ordained Deacon 1872, Priest 1873, by the Bishop of Montreal. Appointed Incumbent of Portage-du Fort, 1872. Now Incumbent of Lowville, Ont.

MUNSON, REV. J. C., Warner, Ont.

MCMURRAY, REV. WILLIAM, M. A., D. D., D. C. L. B. in Ireland, 1810. Ed. at Dr. Strachan's and Royal Grammar School, Toronto. Appointed first Missionary to North-West from Canada, in 1832, by Sir John Colborne.

Ordained Deacon 1833, by Bishop Stewart; Priest 1840, by Bishop Strachan. Curate of St. John's, Ancaster; Curate Dundas, 1838, Rector 1840; Rector of St. Mark's, Niagara, 1857; Rural Dean, 1859; Archdeacon of Niagara, 1875. Appointed by Bishop Strachan as agent to go to Quebec to look after the interests of the church at the passing of the Clergy Reserve Secularization Bill; and mainly instrumental in procuring the Clergy Commutation Fund in 1854. Deputed by Trinity College Council to visit the United States in 1854, and England in 1864, to solicit assistance for that University, and published reports of both missions. Special Preacher in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, by request of the Bishop of London.

OSLER, REV. F. L., M. A. (retired). Address, Toronto.

PIGOTT, REV. W. J., Fort Erie.

PIPER, REV. FREDERICK CHARLES. B. at Hamilton. Ordained Priest 1837, by the Bishop of Niagara. Missionary at Smithville and Wellandport. Address, Smithville.

RADCLIFFE, REV. CHARLES ELWIN SEYMOUR, B. C. L. B. in England. Ed. at Trinity College, Toronto. Graduated in Civil Law in 1882. Ordained Deacon 1883, Priest 1884, by the Bishop of Ontario. Appointed Missionary at Maberly. Now Artbur.

RADCLIFFE, REV. REGINALD S. B. at North Newton Rectory, Wiltshire, Eng. Theological Student of Trinity College, Toronto. Ordained Deacon 1879, Priest 1880, by Bishop Fuller of Niagara. Appointed Missionary Luther and Amaranth; Penetanguishene, 1883. Now Rector of Mt. Forest and North Arthur, 1886.

READ, REV. T. BOULTON, D. D., Canon, Rector of Grimsby, Ont.

SEAMAN, REV. J., Nanticoke, Ont.

SMITH, REV. PERCY W. B. in London, Eng. Ed. at St. Augustine's College, Canterbury. Ordained Deacon 1864, by the Bishop of Ontario. Priest 1866, by the Bishop of Montreal. Appointed Missionary at Addington Road; Incumbent, Madoc; Aylmer, Que.; South Walpole. Now Rector of St. Paul's, Dunnville, Ont.

SMITH, REV. LENOX. Assistant St. Matthew's, Hamilton.

SMITH, REV. THOMAS. B. at Brampton, Co. Peel. Ed. at Toronto University and Wycliffe College. Ordained Deacon 1880, Priest 1881, by Bishop Fuller. Appointed Saltfleet, Binbrook and Barton East.

SPENCER, REV. PERCIVAL LAWSON. B. at Portsmouth, Eng. Pursued Theological Course at Trinity College, Toronto. Ordained Deacon 1873, Priest 1874, by Bishop Bethune of Toronto. Appointed Curate Burlington; Incumbent Palmerston. Now Incumbent of Elora, and Rural Dean of Wellington Co.

SUTHERLAND, REV. R. G., M. A., Rector St. Mark's, Hamilton.

WEBB, REV. GEORGE HENRY. B. in London, Eng. Ordained Deacon 1885, Priest 1886, by the Bishop of Niagara. Now Missionary in charge of Erin and Garrairaxa. Address, Erin, Ont.

WEBB, REV. RICHARD THOMAS WILLIAM. B. in London, Eng. Ordained Deacon 1883, Priest 1884, by the Bishop of Niagara. Appointed Missionary of Luther and Amaranth, 1883. Now Grand Valley, Ont.

WESTMACOTT, REV. A. G. E. B. at Toronto, Ont. Ordained Deacon 1881, Priest 1882, by the Bishop of Niagara. Appointed Curate St. George's, Guelph; Missionary Ridgeway and Stevensville; Rothsay and Moorefield. Whilst on leave in England, held Curacies at Mere, Wilts and Durrington, Curate in charge of Hanley, Dorsetshire, Dio. Sarum; Acting Chaplain, Kensington; Infirmary Curate, St. Luke's, Peckham, South London, Dio. Rochester. Acted as deputation for S. P. G. in different parts of England. Now Missionary in charge of Acton and Rockwood. Address, Acton.

WHITCOMBE, REV. CHARLES EDWARD. B. in England, Ordained Deacon 1875, Priest 1876 by Bishop of Niagara. Appointed Missionary at Tapleytown; Stoney Creek and Bartonville; Assistant of St. Luke's church, Toronto, and now Assistant St. Matthew's, Hamilton.

WORRELL, REV. JOHN BELL, M. A., Canon. B. at London, Eng., now Rector of Oakville, Ont.