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THE CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE

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No. 123.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

No. 123—BISHOP BOMPAS AND THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

THROUGH the kindness of the Rev. P. L. Spencer, rector of Thorold, diocese of Niagara (who obtained the photograph), we are able to present to our readers a portrait of the Rt. Rev. W. C. Bompas, as he appears at the present time, and also a picture of the

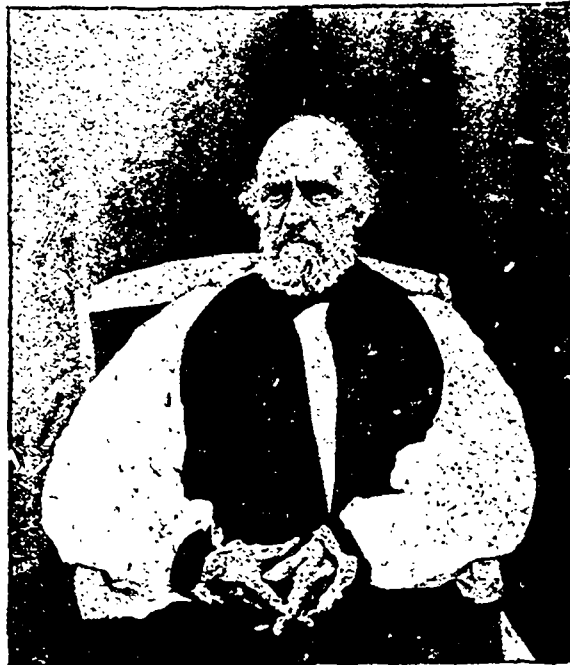
bishop's residence and storeroom. As far back as 1758 two missionary stations were established in the far north of British America, both within or close to the Arctic circle. One was Fort Yukon (in the neighborhood of what is now called Alaska) and the other Fort Simpson, on the Mackenzie River. These were posts of the Hudson's Bay Company, and were established for the purpose of trading with the native Indians, who brought them from time to time valuable furs, which they obtained by hunting and trapping, and received in return blankets, ammunition, tobacco,

beads, red flannel, and various other articles pleasing to the simple tastes of the red man. These trading posts of the Hudson's Bay Company always formed places of welcome for the Christian missionary. Here the weary man of God always knew that he would obtain rest and shelter, and frequently assistance, in the good work in which he was engaged. Such a welcome the Rev. Mr. Hunter, the Rev. W. W. Kirkby, and afterwards the Rev. R. Macdonald, had received at the distant Fort Yukon, and through it they were enabled to establish a good and substantial missionary work among the Indians of the frozen north.

In the same way work was established at Fort Simpson on the Mackenzie River, eight hundred miles southeast from Fort Yukon.

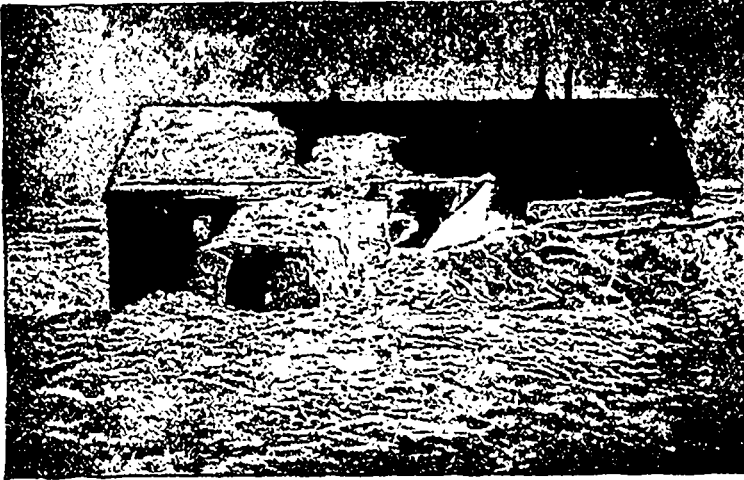
Thirty-one years ago (in 1865) the present Primate of all Canada, the Most Reverend Robert Machray, Archbishop of Rupert's Land, was consecrated bishop of the whole northwest of British North America, known in a vague sort of way as Kupert's Land. Immediately after his consecration, the Rev. W. C. Bompas, an English deacon of thirty

years of age, presented himself for ordination to the priesthood. He had been six years a deacon; now he sought the priesthood that he might go forth as a missionary to the dreary wilds of North America, and very appropriately was ordained by him who was to be his bishop. He immediately went to his new work under the auspices of the C.M.S. The destination assigned him was the Mackenzie River and the Yukon district. At that time the Rev. Mr. Kirkby was at Fort Simpson, and the Rev. Mr. Macdonald at Fort Yukon, with a dreary waste of eight hundred miles between them.



THE RT. REV. W. C. BOMPAS, D.D.,
Bishop of Selkirk

The journey of Mr. Bompas from London to Fort Simpson is one of the most interesting records of missionary travel to be met with anywhere. The latter portion of it was taken by canoe and on foot, by dog sleighs (as the winter came on) and on snow-shoes. He arrived at Fort Simpson on the morning of Christmas day, 1865, having left England about the first of July. He arrived unexpectedly, to the great delight of Mr. Kirkby, and preached the Christmas sermon from the words, "Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy." The church preached in was a handsome structure for such a distant place. It was erected



MISSION HOUSE AT POINT HOPE, ALASKA, IN MAY.

by Mr. Kirkby largely by his own manual labor.

Here Mr. Bompas began that remarkable missionary career, which has continued ever since, a period of thirty one years, almost without interruption. Indeed, the only interruption, which was a necessary one, was in 1874, when the C. M. S. recalled Mr. Bompas to England to invest him with the powers of the episcopate. Only this, apparently, could have led him to break away, even for a short time, from his work. The territory which then formed his diocese was an enormous one, embracing the three huge districts of Athabasca, Mackenzie River, and the Yukon. He was consecrated Bishop of Athabasca, and returned to his work with renewed vigor, and there, in some portion or other of the huge field, he has been ever since. For twenty-two years without interruption he has labored as a missionary bishop, taking for himself the hardest and most dreary work that could be found. He had learned the languages of the Indians and Eskimo of the Arctic regions, and had made himself conversant with their habits of life. He had become known to a great many of them, and his influence among them was great. When, therefore, a division of his great diocese was made in 1884, he retained for himself the northern portion, and was known as the Bishop of Mackenzie River. This relieved him of the district of Athabasca, but it is to his lasting honor that he clung to the dreary regions of the Arctic circle rather than leave the Indians among whom he had labored so long. In 1888 the Rev. W Spendlove, registrar of the diocese of Mackenzie River, spoke of his bishop as follows:

"For twenty-two years Bishop Bompas, a man of learning and holiness, has labored here, and, with only one short visit to England, has made it his home, or rather his residence; home

he has none on earth. Many thousand miles on snowshoes, and in canoe and boat, he has travelled, facing every danger, fearing no foe, untiring, yea, increasing in his labors. He has carried the Gospel throughout the length and breadth of those vast solitudes, literally to the uttermost parts of the earth. Hardy, self-denying, yet humble, he ranks high among the apostolical missionary bishops for zeal and devotion to Christ in the Church of God."

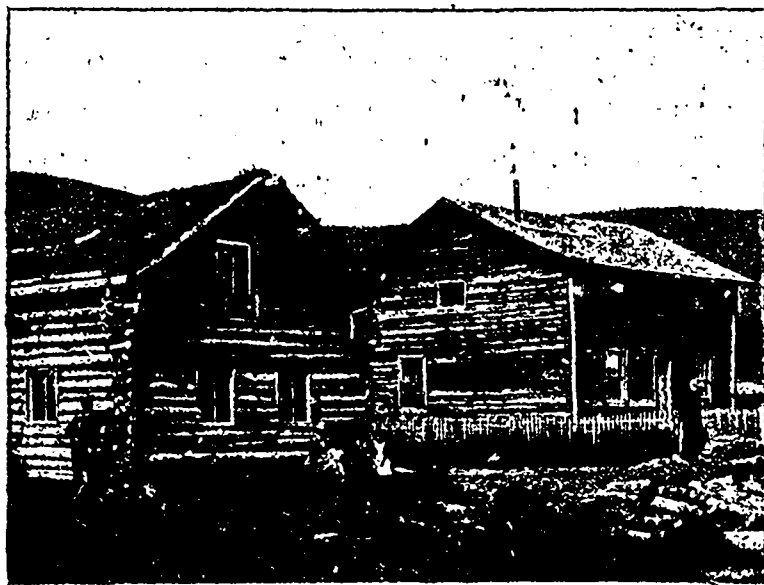
Two years after this well deserved tribute was paid (*i.e.*, in 1890) a further division of territory

was made by which Mackenzie River and Selkirk became two separate dioceses, with Fort Simpson and Fort Yukon as the respective headquarters.

Bishop Bompas again showed his extraordinary powers of self-denial and perseverance by going himself to the new and more inhospitable region, and leaving the better favored territory to a younger man—Bishop Reeve.

The Yukon district, as we have said, is close upon Alaska. The American Church has recently sent a bishop there, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Rowe, a Canadian by birth, and a graduate of Trinity College, Toronto, but a naturalized citizen of the United States. He and Bishop Bompas, ecclesiastically speaking, are near neighbors, but in point of territorial distance are by no means close together. They have much the same cold, rigorous climate to contend with. The little picture showing what a house looks like in Alaska in May is dreary enough. With such scenes Bishop Bompas has been familiar during the whole of his thirty-one years of missionary work. He is an old man now, as his portrait shows, but he and his brave wife still continue that life of exile which has had few parallels in missionary annals.

"No Church has better prospects than the Church of England; no Church has such a record in the past, such a field in the present, such a prospect in the future. Her standard is the Word of God alone; her creeds those of the undivided Catholic Church. Around her may yet be gathered the scattered forces of Christendom. But in order that she may take her place as a living witness to Christ, we must realize that we have been redeemed by Him, and empowered by Him to be His witnesses with the certainty of His supernatural supply, and the convincingness of His supernatural life."



HOUSE AND STOREROOM OF BISHOP BOMPAS.

THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY.

BY THE EDITOR.

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UNDER CHARLES II.

GILBERT SHELDON was born in the year 1598, at Stanton, Staffordshire, and was the youngest son of Roger Sheldon, a servant in Earl Shrewsbury's household. He was entered as a commoner in Trinity College, Oxford, in 1613, and in 1622 was elected a fellow of All Saints' College. He was ordained about the same time. He became domestic chaplain to Sir Thomas Coventry, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, who gave him a prebend in Gloucester Cathedral.

It soon became evident that Sheldon was a rising man, owing to the esteem in which he was regarded by the Lord Keeper, who employed him in several important affairs. He was fortunate also in securing the friendship of Laud, at a time when that rising ecclesiastic was able to help him. Through him he became rector of Newington, and it was also, no doubt, through Laud's influence that the king (Charles I.) presented Sheldon with the vicarage of Ickford in Bucks, for it was in the year 1632, the year when Laud became Archbishop of Canterbury. In 1635, Sheldon was elected warden of All Souls' College, and about that time came in contact with William Chillingworth, who for some time was much unsettled in his mind on the subject of religion. A natural controversialist, he attacked Romanism, but was so assiduously plied by a Jesuit father that he was

convinced he was wrong, and himself became a Romanist. Laud and Sheldon, however, helped him back to his former faith, and the latter had much difficulty with him, to keep him within proper bounds. Chillingworth's work on "Protestantism, a Safe Guide to Salvation," has made him famous, and Sheldon's dealings with him, at a time when Chillingworth was unsettled in faith, won for the future Archbishop much attention in high quarters. The king (Charles I.) appointed him Clerk of the Closet and one of his Chaplains in Ordinary.

During the unhappy war which King Charles waged with his parliament,

Sheldon was true to his royal master, and when the unhappy monarch fell he, too, with many others, descended from his high position to obscurity and degradation. For a time he was held as a prisoner in Oxford, and when released he retired to Snelston, Derbyshire. But in his obscurity he did not forget his loyalty. His old master, King Charles, was gone, but his new and rightful master, Prince Charles, was across the water, and to him Gilbert Sheldon frequently sent money and words of dutiful encouragement.

When "the tyranny was overpast," and the king came back, Sheldon, with many others, resumed his place of dignity and power. He was made Dean of the Chapel Royal, and subsequently Bishop of London. He was the real leader of the Churchmanship of the day. Juxon, of course, old and feeble as he was, was made Archbishop of Canterbury. The good, gentle old man sanctified everything by being placed at the head of the long persecuted, but at length restored, Church; but the younger, stronger man, who had about him more of the "earth earthy" than Juxon, was the active leader and the real holder of the helm. Sheldon had no love for Puritans or dissenters of any kind. Let us not be too hard with him for this. Let us remember what he had suffered, what he had seen done to the king whom he loved, and to the Church which he had been appointed to serve. Let us remember that cathedrals had been desecrated and defaced, in some cases turned into cow-stables and stalls for cattle, nay, in some cases, as in Lichfield, absolutely laid even with the dust, that clergymen and their families had been driven from house and home, and had died but

for the love of those who helped them. Let us remember that the most virulent and blood-thirsty foes for fifteen years had swarmed through England looking for honest-hearted Churchmen who would dare be found reading their Prayer Book. Let us remember all this, and we may not greatly wonder if some advantage was taken at the time of reaction and returning power.

The conference between Episcopalians and Presbyterians about proposed alterations in the Prayer Book was held in Bishop Sheldon's house at Savoy, but it was scarcely a conference. The Presbyterians complained of this. Churchmen simply made what few alterations they chose, none of them in the least degree conciliatory, and then, with some show of haughtiness, merely announced them. But it did not appear to Sheldon that any large amount of regard was due in any sense to those who had never been able to find invective too harsh to hurl against the Book of Common Prayer.

Indeed, the long reign of non-liturgical "pratings" throughout England was to come unmistakably to an end, and for this purpose there was passed through Parliament, in 1662, a long and explicit act, known as the "Uniformity Act," which made the use of the Book of Common Prayer, as revised at the Savoy conference, just as imperative as its non-use had been in the days of Cromwell. This Act carried with it heavy penalties upon all who should fail to comply with its enactments. No doubt this caused great dismay to many parsons then holding livings in the Church, for divers of them were practically Presbyterians, and were in the habit of pouring forth their own long effusions in prayer—"conceived prayer," as it was called.

Charles II., as everyone knows, was a lover of pleasure, even to a scandalous extent. His life was no credit to any cause that he might espouse. This was an unfortunate burden that the Church of the Restoration period had to bear. The Prayer Book perished in England with the gory death of Charles I., it rose to new life amid the shameful and licentious doings of Charles II. The public, therefore, naturally connected the liturgy with the affairs of royalty rather than those of religion. Sheldon was so constituted that this did not worry him greatly. He felt that England could not be England without the national Church just as it had been before the Puritans strove to rend it and stamp it out. Hence he supported the stringent "Uniformity Act" with all his might, and even appeared to enjoy the discomfiture which it caused.

The venerable Juxon died in 1663, and Gilbert Sheldon succeeded to the primacy. Many hard things have been said against him, but they can nearly all be traced to Burnet, the

historian, who, it is said, owed the Archbishop a grudge for not granting him preferment that he expected, or else to Neale, the Puritan writer, whose prejudice against a dignitary of the Church might easily lead to exaggeration.

Sheldon, at all events, was a princely giver. It was a day of restoration, both as to principles and buildings. To the former Sheldon gave his energies, to the latter his money. He spent a handsome fortune upon the works of restoration which went on everywhere throughout England from the time that the oppressions of the Commonwealth let him go free. He was a man, too, of undaunted courage. He feared not the king himself when duty demanded that he should speak. By reproofing his Majesty for some of his shameful irregularities he incurred royal displeasure, which was not removed during Sheldon's lifetime. The Archbishop showed courage, too, in another way. During the awful plague which visited London in 1665, his Grace remained at his post at Lambeth, though all that could leave London did so.

His great crime was that he gave no quarter to dissenters. The legislation of the period shows that. Following the Uniformity Act came, in 1665, the "Five-Mile Act," forbidding people to meet together within five miles of any parish for religious purposes other than Church services, and the "Second Conventicle Act," in 1670, bearing upon "the growing and dangerous practices of seditious sectaries and other disloyal persons, who, under pretence of tender consciences, contrive at their meetings insurrections." It is very evident that the Church and State were resolved to prevent, if possible, a recurrence of the dread power that had trampled the dearest interests of both under their feet.

In 1673 the "Test Act" was passed. No doubt the hand of Sheldon was in this, and the wisdom of it may well be doubted. It provided that all office-bearers under the king or the Duke of York, residing within London or Westminster, or within thirty miles thereof, should "receive the Sacrament according to the usage of the Church of England." The effect in many cases was a profanation of the Holy Communion not pleasant to think of.

Yet here again the state of things in the realm has to be considered. The mention of the Duke of York (the future James II.) in the Test Act shows a reason for the Act entirely different from its bearing upon dissenters. The Duke, though heir to the throne, had married a Romanist, and began himself to show alarming tendencies towards Romanism. Here, then, was a fresh enemy threatening the Church. How was she to be guarded? Sheldon knew of no other way than by the strong arm of the law. All officers of state must in future be, at least,

occasional communicants. This would place a Romanist in a worse predicament even than a dissenter. It was a handwriting on the wall which must have caused the future king some anxiety. His day was coming.

The foundations of the present magnificent St. Paul's Cathedral were laid in Sheldon's time. The old St. Paul's had been destroyed in the great fire of London which succeeded the plague. A new building, the conception of Sir Christopher Wren, was to replace it, and every pains was taken to make it a building worthy of the great nation and Church which it was to represent. How far this was carried out every visitor to it can testify.

But Archbishop Sheldon saw only the commencement of this great work. He died in 1677.

Hard things have been said of the Church of England during this stirring period, and the cry, chiefly, was that she was wanting in spiritual life, that was simply an outward form of religion convenient for offenders against the law of God in high places, that profligate characters were her support and her patrons, and many other things of a kindred nature. The loose morality of Charles II. and his court lent color to all this, but it is to be remembered that these things did not go on unrebuked by the Church, and that it was an age of as faithful preaching and writing as the Church had ever seen. Sheldon lived amongst splendid men throughout the three kingdoms, men who shed lustre upon the Church in their own day and for all time by their holy living and saintly words. Such men were Bryan Walton, editor of the Polyglott Bible; Thomas Fuller, the quaint historian; Joseph Hall, whose "Contemplations" give no uncertain sound; Archbishop Usher; John Pearson, author of the "Exposition of the Creed"; Bishop Cosin; Jeremy Taylor, whose spiritual power has never been excelled; Isaac Barrow; Robert South, and many more of the same kind that might be mentioned.

Sheldon was succeeded by William Sancroft, who was destined to see fresh trials for Church and State which the peculiarities of the age were to involve.

He was born at Fressingfield, Suffolk, on the 30th of January, 1616. He graduated from Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in 1637, and in 1642 was elected a fellow. Three years afterwards he saw the beheading of Archbishop Laud, and then the tragic death of Charles I. Ushered into the iron rule of Cromwell, he could see no chance for men like himself in England. He could not take oath to the "Solemn League and Covenant," nor yet to the "Engagement," which was a brief Act passed by the Cromwellian Parliament to replace the Covenant. It ran thus: "I do declare and promise that I will be true and

faithful to the Commonwealth of England, as it is now established, without a king or House of Lords."

Rather than take an oath of this kind, Sancroft resigned his fellowship in 1650, and left his native land. At the Restoration he gladly returned, and at once met with preferment. In his voluntary exile from home and country he had not only been able to support himself, but also to assist his friend, Dr. Cosin. On the Restoration Cosin became Bishop of Durham, and gave Sancroft the rich living of Houghton-le-Spring and a canonry at Durham. He also became master of his own college, then Dean of York, next Dean of Canterbury, and then Dean of St. Paul's.

He gave large amounts of money towards the restoration of old St. Paul's, and when it was destroyed in the great fire he set resolutely to work towards rebuilding a temple which was to be "exceedingly magnificent."

From the Deanery of St. Paul's he was suddenly and unexpectedly elevated to the primacy at the age of sixty-one. It was a most unusual thing to promote a priest thus suddenly over the heads of all the bishops. It caused much dissatisfaction and some resentment. It is said that the king (Charles II.) had a great liking for Sancroft, and that the Duke of York also (the heir to the throne) advised his appointment.

(To be continued.)

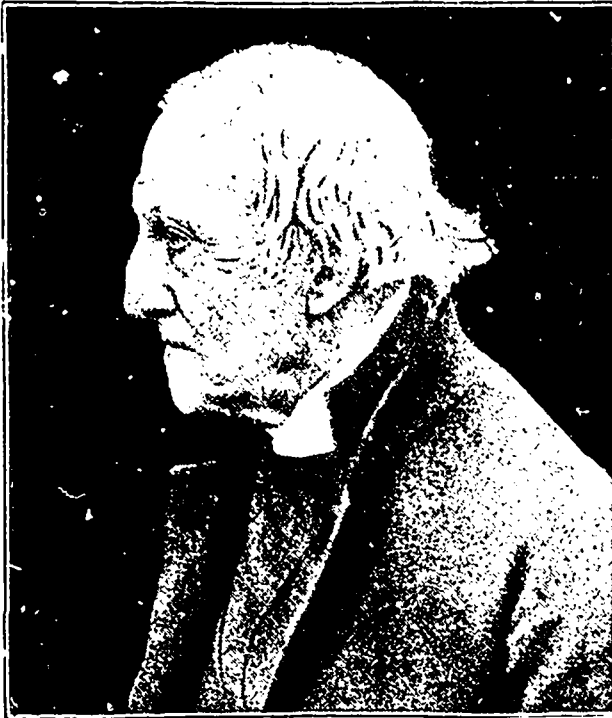
CONSECRATED OLD AGE.



ONE of the finest instances of this is to be found in the late Bishop of Chichester, who, less than a year ago, departed this life, at the age of ninety-four, in the midst of a busy and active career.

When the Venerable Richard Durnford, Archdeacon of Manchester, was appointed by Mr. Gladstone Bishop of Chichester, at the age of sixty-eight, there was an undercurrent of disapprobation throughout England that one so close upon the allotted three score years and ten should be expected to fulfil the active duties of an English bishopric. Yet the appointment proved a successful one in every sense of the word, clearly showing that it is a good thing sometimes to judge of a man more by what he is and what he appears to be capable of doing than simply by his age. Some men are old at fifty, others are still young at sixty. Bishop Durnford showed unmistakably by his life and work that a man may be comparatively young at seventy. Many who complained at his appointment went to their graves long before him, and he lived on, a vigorous active bishop, for twenty-five years. There have been men appointed to the episcopate quite young in life, who were not allowed to work for anything like so long a time as twenty-five years.

Within five years of his consecration, so



THE LATE BISHOP OF CHICHESTER.

vigorously had this old man done his work, the confirmations in his diocese had doubled, and it is said that there was not a town or village within his jurisdiction where he was not known and respected. The restoration also of churches, and building of new ones, characteristic of his diocese, emanated really from himself. In the administration of his see he gave his personal attention to every detail.

A writer in *Church Bells* (England) speaks of Bishop Durnford when he was ninety-three years of age thus:—"During the bitter weather of last February the writer of this article was walking through Dean's yard one morning when the Bishops were assembling at the office of Queen Anne's Bounty for the meeting of convocation. It was a raw, foggy day, with the thermometer almost down to zero. Presently a hansom dashed up, and the Bishop of Chichester sprang from it. After a few minutes' conversation, in which he remarked that this severe cold weather was very trying to old people, and that they found it necessary to keep in doors, Dr. Durnford turned toward the Bounty office, and went up the flight of steps two at a time!" Alas! that such men, however long they may live, should at length have to die!

The *Times* thus spoke of this aged worker when he died:—"The late Bishop leaves behind him a rare record of twenty-five years' unflinching tact and courtesy, coupled with a judgment which the weight of his advanced age had not impaired. Trusted and revered to the

last by the clergy and laity of his diocese, an exceptionally dignified and impressive personality, free from any tendency unduly to advance his personal views, he will long be remembered as a worthy representative of the *via media* of English Churchmanship and a noble-minded English gentleman."

CHINA AND MISSIONS.



HE Rev. Dr. W. A. P. Martin, of Peking, China, writing in *The Missionary Review of the World* says, with regard to China and its relation to missions:—

"My recollection goes back to a time when the walls of exclusiveness stretched all round China; and I have lived to see the gates wide open. They did not, however, roll back to the sound of celestial music, but to the roar of western cannons. I shall speak of five periods:—

1. The period of persecution. This lasted for over a century, and was brought on by dissensions in the Romish camp. The Jesuits who were first in the field were many of them learned, wise, and devoted. Winning the favor of the government by their science, they profited by their prestige to plant churches in the capital and all over China. So favorable was the disposition of the Emperor Kanghi, that he and his people appeared to be on the verge of becoming Christians.

Then came the Dominicans, traditional inquisitors, and professional heresy hunters. They accused the Jesuits of complicity with idolatry, because they accepted for God *Shangti* "The Supreme Ruler," worshipped by the Emperor of China, as do a majority of Protestant missionaries of the present day. The question being referred to the emperor, he upheld the Jesuits. The Dominicans appealed to Rome, and the Holy See, after some wavering, decided in their favor, coining a new term for God, or what was more elevating, in the place of *Shangti*—*Trenchu*, a petty deity, one of eight mentioned in the ancient books as dividing the sway of the universe, and condemning the worship of ancestors.

The emperor stood aghast at the presumption of a foreign potentate to revise his decisions, and he learned for the first time that, in the event of his professing the faith, there was a human authority to which even he must bow. Tolerant of religious opinions in general, the Chinese government is not so liberal when those opinions contravene its most sacred traditions, and imperil the order of society. The Emperor Kanghi withdrew his favor, and his successor in 1723, commenced an open and relentless

persecution, expelling missionaries and slaughtering or banishing their converts.

(2) A period of restricted liberty granted by imperial edict. The first war with England, known as the opium war, changed the relations of China to the western world. The British treaty of 1842 opened five seaports to foreign trade, and Protestant missionaries were prompt to occupy them, though there was not as yet a word of toleration from the throne. In 1844, however, after the signing of his treaty, the French minister preferred a request for the annulment of persecuting edicts, and the recall of exiled missionaries and converts. The request was freely accorded, and at the instance of a British minister the same privileges were extended to Protestant missions.

(3) A period of religious freedom under the protection of treaties. The wider franchise under treaty stipulations was the fruit of the second war with England, and known as the "Arrow War," in which France took part. At Tientsin, in 1858, the ministers of the four powers, Great Britain, France, Russia, and the United States, each in his own treaty, inserted full stipulations by which the whole empire was thrown open to missionary efforts, a thing unprecedented in the history of the world.

(4) A period of popular persecution consequent, in part, upon the success of missionary work. This began with the massacre of French missionaries at Tientsin in 1870. Prostrated by the iron hand of Germany, France was in no condition to exact a suitable reparation, and the people were emboldened to repeat the outrage at sundry times, and in divers manners. These attacks were always excited by the circulation of tracts and placards containing horrible charges against missionaries and all foreigners. When the storm burst, the mandarins generally contrived to be absent, some of them, indeed, including a few of the highest rank, having had a direct agency in fomenting these troubles. In some instances, missionaries suffered from riots aimed at foreigners, as such, and foreign traders suffered from riots aimed at missionaries. The leading governments of Christendom wisely agreed to hold the Chinese government to its obligations. Decrees of the most favorable character have been obtained from the emperor. Officials concerned in the persecutions (in one instance a viceroy) have been degraded. If the great powers maintain this attitude, such riots will be of rare occurrence; but they can hardly be expected to cease entirely until officials and *litterati* become convinced, as they will, that Christianity is the one thing needful for China, without which her renovation is hopeless.

(5) A peep into the future, when the Church of China shall enjoy the fullest privileges in the sunshine of imperial favor. The growth of the churches to a hundred thousand members

(Protestant), and a million Roman Catholics (who entered the field centuries earlier with a vast apparatus of schools, colleges, and printing presses), is auspicious of the final triumph."

SOME MISSIONARY COLLEGES.*

NO. 5—ST. AUGUSTINE'S COLLEGE,
CANTERBURY.



HE following letter appeared in *The English Churchman* on the 13th of September, 1843:

On a bright September morning, two pilgrims set forward on their journey towards the ancient and holy city of Canterbury, which they reached in time for the matin service in that glorious fane. Ushered into the sacred choir by the venerable verger, their spirits were solemnized and refreshed by the holy worship, and prepared to contemplate with awe and veneration that stupendous monument of the piety and skill of the saints of old. Enraptured with the wondrous spectacle, but mourning over the desolation of the Chapter House and Cloister, which are now a receptacle for blocks of wood, they turned their steps towards St. Martin's, that sacred spot so full of holy interest, as the seed-plot of that rich harvest which filled England with her gorgeous temples. Proceeding from thence to the ruins of St. Augustine's Abbey, they were disgusted and horrified at the scene of sordid, revolting profanity and desecration which presented itself. These hallowed and time-honored ruins are now converted into a brewery, pot-house, and billiard room. Those walls which once resounded with solemn chant and swelling anthem now re-echo the wild, fiendish revelries of the Bacchanalian, or the maddening curses of the gamester. Worn and heart-stricken, they turned from the sickening spectacle, not, however, without a feeling of satisfaction on learning that God's righteous retribution was about to bring the property to the hammer.

"May His grace incline the hearts of His servants in the Cathedral of Canterbury to rescue this inheritance of their forefathers from the hands of the heathen desolators, or dispose some pious and wealthy Catholic to purchase and restore the sacred edifice."

A gentleman of England, among many others, read this letter. He had arranged to pay his first visit to Canterbury. He was a man of some wealth, and was a good Churchman. He paid his visit to Canterbury, and was greatly gratified at seeing the magnificent cathedral which marks a place of undying interest in the history of Christian England. Then, remembering the letter in *The English Churchman*, he asked if he might see the ruins of St. Augustine's. "I will take you," said his

*Continued from July, 1895.



ST. AUGUSTINE'S COLLEGE, CANTERBURY.

guide, "if you wish to see them; but you will be much disappointed. They are not worth seeing." But he went, and his eye rested on the melancholy picture which the writer of the letter had described. His whole soul was stirred within him at such unrighteous profanation. His mind ran back to the days of Ethelbert, who, under the direction of St. Augustine, "built the church of the blessed apostles, Peter and Paul, and endowed it with various gifts." He thought of the great mission centre that this Church and the monastery attached to it had been for the Anglo-Saxons, when England was laying the foundation of its future greatness; of the learning that flourished there when "Cambridge was a desolate fen, and Oxford a tangled forest in a wide waste of waters"; of the abbots and priors and monks of old, who went on adding to their magnificent building, till a religious house worthy of standing close to the grand cathedral was completed; of the Norman kings that wrestled with the growing influence of priests, archbishops, and monks; of the long career that the monastery had; of its usefulness and mistakes, like all things human, until, in 1538, the commissioners of Henry VIII seized the whole property, and, to the dismay of the inmates, handed it over to the unrighteous king. The reign of the monasteries was over; but the magnificent buildings, what of them? He thought of the pitiful desolation that went on over all England, but especially at Canterbury; of the lead that was stripped from the roofs of the greater buildings, the church, the hall, the dormitory; of the walls that were slowly but surely demolished as time went on; of the cart-loads of treasure that were carried away, and the domains that were turned into hunting grounds; of the palace that was formed for Queen Eliza-

beth from what still remained of its ancient grandeur; of the nobles that resided there and entertained royalty; of Charles I., who kept his honeymoon there with Henrietta Maria, his bride; of Charles II., who lodged there on his passage through the city to take possession of the throne of his ancestors; of the trying days of William and Mary, the hopeful days of Anne, followed by the long and dreary darkness and lethargy under the Georges, when desolation spread more and more, and church and cloister, kitchen and refectory, shared in the common ruin, until the magnificent pile of ancient buildings had all disappeared, save the

gateway of Abbot Fyndon, the Abbot's private chapel, the Guesten Hall, and the ancient tower of Ethelbert; of this last mentioned relic, which even the dawn of the Victorian age could not save, but which, on the 24th of October, 1822, was ruthlessly bombarded by a couple of cannons and levelled to the ground; of the desecration and profanation that followed, until the ale house, the brewery, the vat, and the Lulling green were set up in the place where religious men had sung hymns to God, and from which they had gone forth to evangelize mankind. Of all this he thought, and much more. Then he noticed that the whole property, as it was, was placarded for sale. The brewery, as a business, had never prospered.

He went home to London and instructed his lawyer to buy the property for him. It thus passed into his hands. This gentleman was the Right Hon. Beresford Hope, then M.P. for Maidstone. But, now that it was his, what was he to do with it?

Another Englishman of noble mind solved this question for him. This was the Rev. Edward Coleridge, a well-known assistant master at Eton. He, along with some other grand men of England, began to feel the missionary spirit stir within him. George Augustus Selwyn went as missionary bishop to New Zealand. Coleridge stayed at home. He watched the last pebble that Selwyn trod on before he boarded the ship, and kept it as a precious relic. He ruminated over it until the conviction came to him with an irresistible power that England should help the men who had gone abroad, and the great idea formed itself in his mind that a missionary college should be established, where young men could be trained and sent out to help Selwyn and

other missionary bishops who were doing their lonely work in distant lands.

Then he began to beg for money to build this college. He openly begged for it, by hundreds of circulars, and by personal application. "If you have any missionary spirit in you" he would write, "give me a subscription; if not, give it if you ever had any love for Edward Coleridge." One man sent him a handsome cheque with the words, "I have not, I am sorry to say, much of the missionary spirit, but I have a great love for Edward Coleridge."

Thus a large sum of money was collected, and when Coleridge heard that Mr. Beresford Hope had bought the ruins of St. Augustine's, Canterbury, he went to him and asked him to give it to him for the site of his proposed missionary college! When Beresford Hope was satisfied that the idea was a good one, he gladly yielded, and Coleridge was made happy.

An architect was at once engaged. Modern defilements were cleared away. As much of the old buildings as could be used were retained, and a grand edifice, which worthily takes its place in close proximity to the great Canterbury Cathedral, now stands as a monument of love and zeal of two noble hearted Englishmen. As described by the late Metropolitan of Canada (Bishop Medley), it is "no motley collection of ill-assorted plagiarisms, but a positive creation, a real thing which may be said to be like nothing else, and yet like everything else in Christian art."

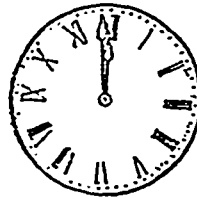
It was opened by Archbishop Sumner on St. Peter's day, 1848. The bell of the chapel (which is the old Guesten Chapel of the original St. Augustine's Monastery, restored and lengthened) was rung for the first time by Lady Mildred (the wife of Mr. Beresford Hope, and sister of the present Premier of England, the Marquis of Salisbury), who was born on the very day that the vandals of Canterbury bombarded and demolished the majestic tower of St. Ethelbert. This marked the dawn of a new era, a missionary era, for the Church of England. Since 1827 there had been but one training college in England, viz. the C.M.S. College at Islington. Then arose St. Augustine's, and since that several others both in England and in the colonies. St. Augustine's struggled with many difficulties at first, but its old friends Beresford Hope and Edward Coleridge helped it in its infancy with the same fervor that enabled them to call it into existence.

It was no mere sentiment that led to the establishment of St. Augustine's College (though that in itself is a noble thing), but it was the desire to have men trained for missionary work. And in this it has been successful. From its walls have gone forth hundreds of men to distant lands. Of these Dr. Strachan became Bishop of Rangoon; Dr. Bransby Key, Bishop of Kaffraria; Dr. Pinkham, Bishop of Saskat-

chewan and Calgary, and many others have distinguished themselves in the mission field in various parts of the world. The ancient site of St. Augustine's missionary work is still marked for the purpose that originally characterized it. The work is done in a different way; but it is still the same work. The missionary of the monastery has become the missionary of modern days, but with great appropriateness he goes forth still from the religious halls of St. Augustine's, Canterbury.

Woman's Auxiliary Department.

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



Remember daily the mid-day prayer for missions.

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

MISSION WORK IN BRITISH GUIANA.

BY A MEMBER OF THE GIRLS' AUXILIARY, ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, TORONTO.

GUIANA was first colonized by the Dutch in 1650. Unsuccessful attempts to follow their example were made by Raleigh and other British adventurers; but in 1863, the settlement of an English colony was effected under Lord Willoughby. After being held from time to time by Holland, France, and England, the country was restored to the Dutch in 1802, but in 1803 it was taken by England, to whom it was finally ceded by treaty in 1814. British Guiana includes the settlements of Demerara, Essequibo, and Berbice, which since 1831 have been united in one colony. In 1803 there was only one church—the first English church. St. George's, was built in 1809—and two ministers of religion, the chaplain of the British forces and the minister of the Dutch reformed church. The evangelization of the Indians and the negro slaves was neglected by the Dutch; but among the former, the Moravian brethren laboured zealously from 1735 to the close of the century, when the mission was abandoned. Fresh efforts for their conversion were made by the C.M.S. from 1829 to 1856.

Early in the present century the colonists began to make some provision for religion by the erection of a few churches; but at the commencement of 1824 there were not more than three clergymen in the colony. Public Schools, with the exception of the Soffou Institution, there were none, and the mass of the population

was in a heathen and an uncivilized state.

We shall now speak more particularly of the work of the S. P. G. in British Guiana. It was to the evangelization of these heathen masses the society's first efforts in Guiana were directed. Each of the three colonies, Demerara, Essequibo, and Berbice, began to receive aid in 1835, and within a year the society was assisting in the maintenance of six clergymen, besides contributing to the erection of church and school buildings, and the support of lay teachers. Liberal grants, both for the church and buildings, and for the maintenance of clergy, were made by the colonial legislature, and in 1841, the society voted £500 toward the establishment of a Church college in Demerara. The year 1842 saw Guiana (hitherto included in the Diocese of Barbadoes) erected into a separate see. During his first visitation, Bishop Austin confirmed 3,322 persons, and visited every church and clergyman in his diocese. Wherever the Church had been sufficiently established to be felt, the attachment of the labouring population to her was marked by devotion and liberal contributions. At one place, where 172 persons were confirmed, the following incident, which occurred shortly before, showed how deeply the negroes had been impressed by their religious training. By the bursting of a dam great destruction of property was threatened; the estate labourers promptly united in repairing the breach, but on the next morning they refused to receive payment as the work had been "done on the Lord's day."

Meanwhile the district committee of the society had turned their thoughts to the hitherto neglected Indians. As early as 1835 an attempt to evangelize the aborigines of the River Pomeroon had been made by the Rev. J. H. Duke, rector of Holy Trinity Church, Essequibo. About thirty miles from the mouth of the river, at Pompiaco, was fixed the base of his operations. With this object Mr. H. W. Brett was sent from England in 1840, and began the mission, "alone, and yet not alone, for God was with him." Just forty-six years from the day on which he landed here this noble man died, having spent all that time in mission work in British Guiana.

The work here at Pompiaco was at first very backward, owing to a superstition emanating from their sorcerers, that if they were instructed they would get sick and die. The spell at last was broken by an Indian, one of their sorcerers, bringing his son to Mr. Brett, and requesting him to teach him. Such was the commencement of the work on the Pomeroon, and it spread rapidly. One Indian, who had seen in the Mission House a picture of the crucifixion, brought one of his acquaintances to Mr. Brett, saying, "Sir, this man wants to see your God." Mr. Brett instantly explained to him that the painted picture was not, and could not be any-

thing proper to be worshipped, and directed him to heaven, as the place to which Jesus had gone. Pictures, however, proved a most useful means of instruction. The creation, the fall of man, the deluge, and the giving of the law on the mount of Sinai, were those parts of the old Testament history which interested them most. Nothing, however, but the love of God, as manifested in His son dying for their sins, seemed to create more than a temporary interest in any of them. In less than a year more than one-half the people were attending the mission church as worshippers, and before the end of 1841, people of every shade and color, and sometimes of six different languages, were represented in the crowded congregation. Two years after Bishop Austin paid his first visit and confirmed forty. Though very poor, the Indians regularly contributed to the monthly offertory, and to keeping the mission buildings in repair. When the news of the great famine in Ireland and Scotland in 1847 reached them, they raised a contribution amounting to nearly £12 for the relief of the distressed, in spite of the fact that they themselves had been impoverished by famine the previous year.

Of the accessible tribes, the Warans were the most difficult to Christianize, but in 1844 a mission with Rev. J. H. Nowers at its head was founded with great success at Naramuri, on the Moruca River. This mission was renewed in 1854, under Rev. J. W. Wadie, and the Warans became steady in their attendance, and eager for instruction. When the Indian, who is naturally sluggish, will travel, week after week, thirty or forty miles to attend divine service and the Sabbath-school, it is evident he is in earnest about his soul's health.

Another mission was established by the Rev. J. F. Browne, about 1840, at Keblerie, Mahai-cony Creek. For the first seven years the work was very discouraging, but by 1853 nearly the whole population had become Christians.

The Corentyn had more than ordinary claims on the church, as they had become corrupted by a settlement of whites there, retaining their vices and none of their virtues. On discovering this, the Rev. T. W. Veness lost no time in opening a mission there, 1869, and in the first year seventy-eight children were baptized and some of the people confirmed.

The missions now embraced the whole of the colony, and the sound of the gospel was heard from the north to the south, and from the Corentyn to the Pomeroon, and the Moruca.

In May 1880, a new mission was inaugurated on the Potaco River, a tributary of the Upper Essequibo. A body of Indians with a native Christian sought out the bishop and pleaded for a teacher. A catechist was sent, and shortly after the Rev. W. Pierce was sent to his assistance. Before the end of November Mr. Pierce had baptized 1,368 people. In the fol-

lowing year, when Mr. Pierce was returning with his family from a visit to the mission, the boat in which they were seated capsized, almost within sight of their home, and he, his wife, three or four children, and an Indian servant girl were drowned.

The immigration from India set in in 1845. by the next year, four thousand coolies had arrived from India, and the movement has continued almost without interruption up till now. Thousands of Chinese coolies have also been introduced. For many years the immigrants were so migratory in their habits as to be almost inaccessible to the clergy. Their principal object was the hoarding of money for a return to their own country, and yet there were a few who were willing to listen to a clergyman if one could be found speaking in their own language. Up to 1879 over 130,000 coolies and 13,000 Chinese had arrived in the colony. Many, of course, had returned and others had taken their places; yet this constant shifting, while adding to the difficulty of their evangelization, at the same time renders their conversion of the utmost importance from a missionary point of view. Representatives of one race, the Nepalese, which in India had been entirely unreached by any mission, have, in Guiana, been brought under the influence of the Gospel. The coolies speak many languages, but Hindi and Chinese are chiefly used by the missionaries. In reference to this Bishop Austin said, in 1881, that it would have been a hopeless task to attempt to evangelize this mass of heathenism, speaking a very babel of tongues, had it not been for the society's assistance.

Although in his eighty-fifth year, the bishop continued his labourious life. In recognition of his services to the colony and his influence for good, the Legislative Assembly on February 24th, 1892, unanimously voted him a jubilee gift of \$10,000. On November 9th, 1892, he entered into his rest. The Rev. Dr. W. P. Swaby has been appointed his successor.

In British Guiana, with an area of 109,000 square miles, there are now 300,000 inhabitants of whom 150,000 are Church members and 18,500 communicants, under the care of forty-one clergymen and a bishop.

A BIBLE WOMAN'S HOME FOR JAPAN.



WE have much pleasure in inserting the following letter from Japan, written by Miss Paterson: Looking forward to the future Christian work in Japan, we have every reason to hope that this will, ere long, be largely carried on by the Japanese, not only for the evangelization of their own country, but for the spread of the Gospel in Corea, Formosa,

and, may we not even hope in China. One of the chief aims of those at present engaged in mission work here, is to prepare both men and women to go forth, bearing with them the glad tidings. One of the most important means to this end is the education of young women, to work in connection with our missionaries as Bible teachers, for only through and by them can the hearts and the homes of the women of Japan be reached, and for the successful spread of Christianity it is necessary that these should be reached. Deep in the heart of every woman lies the germ of religious life, that only requires to be nourished, and trained in the right direction, to make it a fruitful vine in the Master's vineyard. Having now spent nearly two years in Japan, and knowing a little of what the Japanese women are capable of, gives me courage, through the Woman's Auxiliary, to lay my plan and appeal before the Church people of Canada, so that by their generous aid I may be enabled to establish a Bible Woman's Home in this far-away Canadian diocese of Japan. For the first year I ask only for a grant of \$200, and I learn that the Toronto W. A. has already generously promised me fifty dollars of the required sum, and I feel sure that in some way the \$150 still needed will be donated.* In making this appeal I ask that it may be left an open question as to when the home shall be started. I am at present on a visit to the Rev. F. Kennedy, at Matsumoto, so that I may be able to study the work and judge of the advisability of opening the home here. Already Nagano has a good staff of Japanese helpers, and therefore I favor the idea of establishing the home here, where the pupils will have the benefit of instruction from the Rev. Mr. Kakuzen, whom many of our Canadians will remember. The Rev. Mr. Kennedy will also kindly assist. One of the great difficulties that lies before us is to find a suitable house, but this trouble we must always expect, until we have buildings of our own. What I greatly desire is to be able to lease a piece of ground and build a Bible home; this I think would not cost more than \$400; thus in time the mission house could be built in the same compound, but this I fear, we must not hope for at present; it may come in time, if our faith fails not. One requires to know something of the nature of this country to understand that Nagano and Matsumoto, although not more than sixty miles apart, are divided by one or more mountain ranges, which can only be crossed on foot, or by kurumas; as only twenty-six miles are travelled by rail, it takes twelve hours of hard travel to make the journey. Matsumoto is a town of about 28,000, and in a year or so they hope to have a railroad, which will no doubt largely increase the population. One of our

* Montreal and Quebec W. A.'s have each given \$30 since the above was written.

greatest difficulties is to procure the services of native Bible women. The other dioceses cannot supply their own need, and therefore, we cannot expect help from them. Mr. Kennedy tried in vain to get a helper this winter, so Mrs. Kennedy had to do the best she could alone. I was indeed glad to be able to bring my teacher over with me, and already the benefit of her help is felt in the mission. However anxious we foreign women are to do all we can, we are and shall be always more or less hampered by the language and our ignorance of the customs and etiquette of the country. Now I appeal to you, as Canadians and Church people, will you not do all you can to help us to build and support this Church Bible Home. "The love of Christ constraineth us" all, some to go forth and carry the glad tidings, others to give of their means to spread the good news. All of us can belong to one or other of these companies of Christ.

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

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

FRIEDBALD was actually dashing away tears from his eyes as he saw his brother's long locks fall beneath the shears, and when his father called him to mount, and he bent over the boy for an embrace. But Baldrik seemed still to be half stunned, and not thoroughly awake to all that was passing, and all to which he was pledged, and he lay inert, hardly roused by all that was going on round him, or the clatter of the horses' hoofs as his father rode away.

Philetus found him a far better patient than Gilchrist, who was restlessly eager to proceed with his pilgrimage, would not obey orders, and made attempts at walking and getting to church, which resulted in inflaming the wound and bringing on dangerous symptoms. If Philetus had to use most painful remedies, even cutting away the flesh, he would bear all in absolute silence and endurance, even rejoicing in suffering, as for his master's sake; but to lie still and let it heal was more than he could bear, even though Philetus assured him that he would bring on gangrene and have to lose his foot. He seemed rather to like the notion of hopping to Rome on crutches and leaving his bones among the martyrs; and nothing in any way

quieted him but Bishop Gregory telling him that the detention which seemed hardest to him was the appointed cross that he had to bear, and that suffering or even death brought on by wilful imprudence and disobedience could not be reckoned as such a sacrifice as that of will. It might be suspected, too, that the cleanliness, discipline, and good order of the Romano-Gallic household were part of the penance, especially as he thought them worldly. He would much rather have been sleeping on dirty fern in a hovel he could not stand upright in, and living on porridge and pignuts, than lying on a comfortable couch, eating a good meal every day, and having Philetus and a slave daily coming to wash him, instead of only occasionally spending a night up to his neck in a loch, which reckoned as fast, not ablution. Baldrik really set him an example of patience. The boy at first slept a good deal, and when better was content to lie still and try to learn to read. Attalus wanted to play games with him, such as dice or knucklebones, or a sort of nine-pins; but to learn the rules of a sedentary game was quite as difficult and wearisome to him as the conquest of the alphabet—a terrible difficulty, for he never could remember the difference between E and F, and O and Q, though he had them drawn with chalk on the floor and studied them at all intervals. It was with dismay that he discovered that Attalus knew a second alphabet and a second language. "Oh!" said Attalus, grandly, "I knew my Greek *alpha beta* when I was a mere infant, and you will have to learn it too, unless you wish to remain a mere mass-priest, instead of being a bishop."

"Friedbald and the Burgunds will make one," said Baldrik, serenely.

"They cannot, if you have not the learning." But what Baldrik liked best was to hear stories out of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," of Achilles' wrath and Diomed's expedition, though he was greatly shocked at the murder of sleeping men. "A Burgund would never have done such a cowardly thing, nor even a Frank," he declared. Hector's death, however, filled him with enthusiasm, and still more did he enjoy Ulysses' adventures in Polyphemus' cave. But he could not understand why Attalus was to be taught about false gods. "Thou dost not worship them still?" he said.

"No, no, indeed; we have overturned their altars, and no one would be so foolish as to bow down there."

"And we have renounced Odin and Frey—I heard a Thuringer captive do so to whom my father stood sponsor—but we don't learn lessons or sing stories of them. My father was very angry when he found Friedbald and me listening to the song of Siegfried and the flame circle, and said such things were heathen. Yet thou earnest of thy people's old gods."

It was a question far beyond Attalus.

CHAPTER V.—KING HILDEBERT'S HOSTAGES.

"The Franks are coming!" A party of men and women, Gallo-Roman artisans chiefly, came hurrying into the cloistered court with the tidings. "Sporus saw their armor glinting through the forest!"

"Are the town gates closed?" asked Tetricus, who was the nearest at hand.

"They are being closed," cried many voices; "and the Tribune Marcius is gone down to command."

"He must take heed," said Tetricus. "If they come from King Hildebert we cannot exclude them; if from his enemies we must."

Tetricus went in search of his father, whom he met coming from the little chamber that served as his study.

Gregory was the chief authority, civil as well as ecclesiastical, in Langres. The sons of Clovis had divided his territory between them in a strange manner—each taking different towns, with the country round, not all in one continuous territory, but all mixed up together, and each holding a share of Paris. In fact, the right to a town really meant the having a place to put to tribute, if not to pillage. There had been four brothers, Theuderic, Hildebert, Hlodimir, and Hlothar; but Hlodimir was dead, and his children, except Chlodoald (or Cloud), who had been made a monk, had been murdered by their uncles, and there had been fierce fighting over the new division. Langres belonged to Hildebert; and Gregory, in the name of the inhabitants, had made oath to pay him a yearly tribute, and to exclude the other kings. The old Roman walls were kept in repair, and were sufficient to protect against sudden inroads of the Franks, who had no means of besieging a fortified place. The actual government belonged to the Senator, with a few magistrates, known by old Roman titles, under him. Gregory, well knowing that the Franks felt the impression of dignity, and were awed by it into fair behavior, lost no time in having the hall arranged for an interview, while Tetricus went out to the gates to add judgment to the action of the Tribune.

Between twenty and thirty armed Franks, mostly carrying the axe which took its name from them, and the chiefs wearing spiked helmets, rode up to the gate, and the foremost demanded entrance. "Open the gate, ye Gallic slaves, or it shall be the worse for you!"

"In whose name?" asked Tetricus.

"What matters that to thee, thou priest?" shouted the leader.

"It matters little to me, but to thee it matters; since if thou comest not with authority, the gates remain shut," answered Tetricus, who had measured the numbers with his eye, and saw that if this were a mere raid of their own they would not be able to effect an entrance.

"In the name of Hildebert, King of the Western Franks," thundered the leader, "who commands his Roman tributaries to give his free men entrance."

With a sigh that the great name of Roman had fallen so low, Tetricus still refused to admit more than the leader, Wolfram, and three of his followers; and as the gates were strong, and guarded within and without with heavy brass, he was able to carry this out, letting the four favored ones in one by one, and at the same time sending out skins and jars of wine and of cider, which were to be followed by all the food that could be hastily got together, to regale the rest of the warriors and keep them from turning their attention to mischief.

The tall figure of Wolfram stalked along in shining pointed helmet, leathern coat guarded with brass plates, leathern buskins, kite-shaped shield rudely painted with the semblance of a wild boar, sword beside him, an ax over his shoulder—a contrast to the slender, black-robed Tetricus, whom, however, he regarded with a certain contemptuous awe, as a witch might be looked on. It was easy to see that he was only so far a Christian as the axe of Clovis had compelled him to baptism, but that he had a mysterious dread of the priesthood as well as of Roman civilization.

Fully aware of this, Gregory had been preparing an imposing spectacle in the hall. He had robed himself so as to show at once that he was Bishop and Senator. Over his long white woolen garment he wore his toga, which had dwindled to a white scarf edged with purple, and over that again a rich crimson, gold-bordered mantle. His mitre was on his head, his pastoral staff—fashioned like a sheep-hook—was held in one hand, the ivory staff of a senator in the other, and he sat on the ivory inlaid curule chair at the arched circular end of the hall of justice, an embodiment of dignity, with all his train of priests, deacons, subdeacons, and readers drawn up behind him, as well as a few civil officers of the town.

Wolfram was evidently half disconcerted at the first moment at the sight of the Bishop in the great arched basilica, but he put a bold face upon it, and tramped on, while Gregory, though he would not meet his invader at the entrance as he had met his friend Garfried, touched the silver cup of greeting with his lips, and sent it by the hand of his chief attendant to be served to the Frank.

Wolfram stood still. "I drink not till I have performed my king's commands," he said.

Gregory expected some terrible exaction as he said, "Speak on."

"The King of the Western Franks, King Hildebert, son of Clovis, sends his commands to his tributary, Bishop Gregory, and does him to wit that the war with his nephew Theudbert, King of the Eastern Franks and Burgunds,

being over, they two have bound themselves by a treaty of peace to deliver pledges on either side, each to each; and King Hildebert therefore calls on you, as in duty bound, to deliver up to him your young grandson, to be made a hostage to King Theudebert for his peaceful behavior and for the surrender of the cities of Nasium and Tullium into his hands."

"My grandson!" repeated Gregory, in distress.

"Yea! Where is he? He is to be in King Theudebert's safe-keeping, together with other nobly born, until such time as the cities be restored to him by King Hildebert."

"My grandson belongs to the Roman Empire," said Gregory, with little hope, but doing all in his power to save Attalus from such a fate.

"Then let your Roman Empire look to him if it can," sneered Wolfram, gaining more assurance.

"What have we to do with quarrels of your Hildeberts and Theudeberts?" cried Tetricus, waxing angry, perhaps rash. "Why takes he not one of his own nobles?"

"That is known to the kings themselves, thou shaven priest," said Wolfram, contemptuously.

"And what if I refuse to let my grandson be taken to be hostage in a quarrel wherewith I have no concern?"

"Then," said the Frank, swinging his axe from his shoulder, "the Kings Hildebert and Theudebert will wreak their just wrath on yonder miserable serfs of farmers and the like, for the disobedience and presumption of one who should have taught them better."

It was a fearful threat, for Gregory had no means of shielding the unhappy Gallic peasants who dwelt between Langres and Autun, and who under his government had been thriving with cattle and crops. Wolfram spoke, however, more placably. "Come, Herr Bishop, since such they call thee, best let the boy go peaceably—Tullium and Nasium will soon be made over, and thou wilt have him back, taught to ride and handle an ax like a Frank, instead of a puling Roman! Ha! youngling," turning toward Attalus and Baldrik, who both stood by the Bishop, the latter leaning on a stout stick, "wilt come and see a Frankish burg? Thou art a likely fellow," and he fixed his eyes on Baldrik.

"I know a Frank burg well enough," he answered.

"Ha! That's no Roman tongue! What art thou?"

"I am Baldrik, son of Garfried of the Blue Sword," answered the boy, before any one could prevent him from speaking out.

"He is surrendered to my keeping by his father, and has, as thou seest, already received minor orders," Gregory hastened to say, for he saw the Frank's eyes glisten at the thought of the prey so near him.

"A shaveling, eh! That's soon outgrown. Hark you, Herr Bishop, let me take yonder Baldrik youngster with me, then will I leave thy dainty grandson."

Both boys looked up imploringly—Attalus in longing to stay, Baldrik with hope to be restored to the free life he loved, instead of remaining in the cramped clerical and civilized household which with returning health he began to loathe; but Gregory shook his head. "Nay, good Herr Wolfram, that may not be. The boy Baldrik was committed to me as a sacred trust by his father, and I may not let him go out of my hands."

"Sir," Baldrik put himself forward, "I would be glad to go. Thou hast been very good to me, but my leg is well, and I would fain be among bold men and spears and axes once more, and Attalus would never endure the life."

"Thou knowest not what thou ask'st, my child," said Gregory. "Thou art my charge and that of the Church, committed to my trust by thy father. I were guilty and forsworn to part with thee."

"Then I take this one," said Wolfram, stepping toward the boys, and laying his hand on Attalus's shoulder with a grip that made the little fellow shrink and cry out, "O grandfather!"

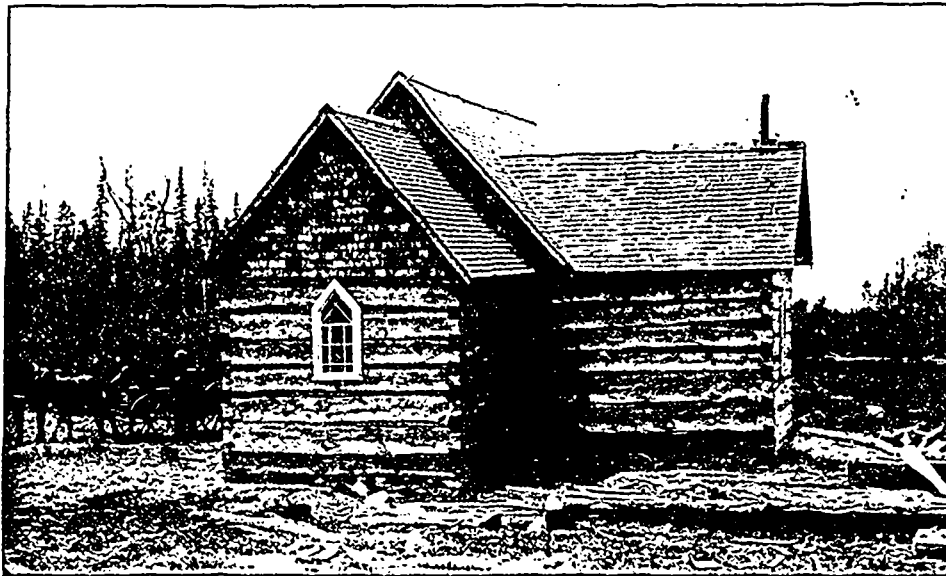
"If it must be so there is no help for it, so thou wilt spare my peasants and my townsmen. Thou wilt swear that he will be restored so soon as Tullium and Nasium are in possession of King Theudebert?"

Wolfram made no difficulty about taking the oath. If it were kept the detention would be short; but whether the towns would be given up was, in the first place, doubtful, and then the good faith of Theudebert; so it was with a failing heart that good Bishop Gregory consented, knowing that the young Roman nobles were selected as the more worthless hostages, in preference to the sons of Frank counts. Yet to yield the child was the only means of preventing his poor, outside the walls, from being ravaged, or the city from being put to tribute, besieged and starved in revenge for his disobedience; nor could he permit his flock thus to suffer, any more than he could yield up Garfried's son to his enemies. He could only give what was his own, much as it cost him to part from his beloved grandson, and to send him to unknown suffering and danger, as well as to break off his education and expose him not only to hardship, but to companionship that might affect the whole course of his life.

It rent the old man's heart, but he was resolute. He invited the guests to stay all night, but Wolfram would not hear of it. It was scarcely noontide, and all he would do was to accept a banquet which Leo was hastily preparing.

(To be continued.)

Young People's Department.



ST. MARY'S CHURCH, SAND LAKE.

A LOG CHURCH.

HIS is a picture of St. Mary's Church, Sand Lake, in the district of Parry Sound, Diocese of Algoma. It is in the mission of Emsdale, which has the Rev. Rural Dean Chowne for its clergyman. It is built of logs. There is a good deal of work about building a log church. The men who want to build the church have to go into the woods and cut down a lot of big trees, as many as they think they will want. Then they have to lop off all the branches and hew off all the sides of the logs until they make them square instead of round. Then, when they have got them to the right place, they put them up, one over the other, according to the shape that they want the church to be. This takes a great deal of work, but then it does not cost very much money. The men who build a log church never have much money, but they give to the good cause all the same. They give their labor, which, in the sight of God, is just as good as money.

But then they must have money also for building the roof and putting in the floor and the seats and the windows and the chimney and a great many other things which a church must have.

You would not think that a log church would

be warm in winter, but it is, if it is well built. The people have to fill up the "chinks" or cracks between the logs, and cover these chinks on the outside with mortar; and if this is well done the church will be quite warm.

People learn to love a log church just as much as city people love a beautiful church built of stone or brick, and if the log church is the best that people can do God is just as well pleased with it as He is with the finest church that was ever built. For our beautiful service is always the same, and people love it just as much in a small church as in a big one; sometimes, indeed, they can enjoy it better, because it is not too grand for them to join in.

Mr. Chowne says his log church is not yet finished. It wants seats and a brick chimney and a porch. Perhaps someone would like to send him a little money to help him to finish it.

ESKIMO BABY LIFE.

WHEN a baby Eskimo's mother makes the hood for her reindeer suit, she stretches it into a long sack or bag, that hangs down behind and is supported by her shoulders, and this bag of reindeer's skin is his cradle and home,

where he lives until he knows how to walk, when he gets his first suit of clothing.

This, however, is while the baby Eskimo is out of doors, and his mother is making a social visit. When at his own home, in order not to trouble his mother while she is sewing or cooking or doing such other work, the little baby is allowed to roll around almost without clothing, among the reindeer skins that make the bed, where it amuses itself with anything that it can lay its hands on, from a hatchet to a snow-stick.

You doubtless think little Boreas should have a nice time rolling around to his heart's content on the soft, warm reindeer skins; but when I tell you more about his little home, you may not think so. *For his winter home is built of snow.*

"But won't the snow melt and the house tumble in?" you will ask. Of course it will, if you get it warmer than just the coldness at which water freezes; but during the greater part of the year it is so cold that the snow will not melt, even when the Eskimo burn fires in their stone lamps inside these snow houses; so, by carefully regulating the amount of the fire, they can just keep the snow from melting. In short, it must always be cold enough in their home to freeze.

So you can see that the little Eskimo cannot have such a very nice time, and you can't see how in the world he can be almost naked all day long when it is so cold. But such is the fact.

Yet, in spite of all this, the little fellow really enjoys himself. He gets used to the cold, and has great fun frolicking around on the reindeer skins and playing with the toys.

At times the fire will get too warm in the snow house, and then the ceiling will commence melting—for you all perhaps have learned at school that when a room becomes warmed it is warmer at the ceiling and cooler near the floor.

So with the hut of snow; it commences melting at the top because it is warmer there—and when two or three drops of the cold water have fallen on the baby's bare shoulders, his father or mother finds that it is getting too warm, and cuts down the fire.

When the water commences dropping, the mother will often take a snowball from the floor, where it is colder than freezing, and stick it against the point where the water is dripping. There it freezes fast and soaks up the water just like a sponge, until it becomes full, and then she removes it and puts on another, as soon as it commences to drip again. Sometimes she will forget to remove it, and when it gets soaked and heavy with water, and warm enough to lose its freezing hold, down it comes! perhaps right on the baby's back, where it flattens out like a slushy pancake; or into his face, as it once served me.
—Lieut. Frederick Schwatka, in *St. Nicholas*.

CLEANING OUT THE PAPERS.

THE misfortune of the newsboy is to "get stuck" on a lot of papers. He must pay for them in advance. In six hours' time they are not worth a half a cent a pound; and every unsold paper is a dead loss to the newsboy, a dead loss which sometimes means want and hunger, and sometimes a whipping at home!

The jostling, hurrying world has little time to think of newsboys after dark; and often the poor must help the poorer ones if they are helped at all. Sometimes they do this.

About nine o'clock of the evening of election day, a gentleman passing up Washington street, Boston, was asked by a small boy to buy a paper.

"How is it," he enquired, "that you haven't sold your papers before this?"

"These ain't my papers," he replied; "I've sold all mine. These are the other little fellow's and I'm helping him clean 'em out."

"Where is the other little fellow?"

"Oh, he's there in the entry."

The gentleman looked and saw a boy fast asleep upon the stairs.

"How old is he?" he enquired.

"Oh, about six, and he lives in South Boston, and don't want to go home till he's sold out."

The evening was damp and chilly, and the sight of the poor, half-clad little waif, tired out and asleep upon the stairs, so moved the gentleman, that he purchased the remaining stock of papers, to the great delight of the child, who, rousing up from his nap, and shivering with cold, gladly took the quarter of a dollar given to him in the palm of his little hand, which was not much larger than the coin he received, and, stowing it away safely in his pocket, started off on a run for his home, a mile or more away, in South Boston. He was probably afraid of punishment if he returned with his papers unsold.

The aid so generously rendered to the boy in the sale of his papers by his associate, though but a child himself, was another and impressive testimony to the strength and beauty of that common bond of sympathy amongst the poor, a bond too rarely known or acknowledged in the higher walks of life.

WHAT MADE BABY CROSS.

IT is easy to make babies cross, and it is not difficult to provoke them to love and good works. "Mamma, I wish you would call the baby; he is so cross we cannot play," cried Robert to his mamma one day, as he was playing in the garden with his sister and the baby.



NAUGHTY FINGERS.

"I do not think he would be cross if you were not cross to him," said mamma, coming out. "He does just as he sees you do. Just try him and see. Put your hat on one side of your head."

Robbie did so, and presently the baby pushed his straw hat over on one side of his head.

"Whistle," said mamma. Robbie did, and the baby began to try to whistle too.

"Stop mocking me," said Robbie, giving the baby a push. Baby screamed and pushed Robbie back.

"There, you see," said the mother, "the baby does just as you do. Kiss him now, and you will see how quickly he will follow your example."

Robbie did not feel exactly like doing this, but he did, and the baby kissed and hugged him back very warmly.

"Now, you see," said his mother, "you can make a cross baby or a good baby of your little brother, just which you choose. But you must teach him yourself." Remember this lesson, young reader.—*Selected.*

THE NAUGHTY FINGERS.

"MAMMA," said Bessie, as she was undressing for bed, "this finger and this thumb have been naughty to-day."

"Why, what did they do?" asked mamma.

"They took some raisins from the closet this morning," replied Bessie, hanging down her head.

"Did anybody tell them to do it?" asked mamma.

Bessie turned away, as she softly answered: "I did not hear any one tell them."

"Did they eat the raisins?" asked mamma.

"No, they put them in my mouth," said Bessie;

"But you were to blame for taking them. Your fingers had no right to them, you know," said mamma.

"Now what shall I do to punish this little hand?" asked mamma.

"It was only one finger and my thumb, mamma," Bessie said, beginning to cry.

"They are two little thieves, then. They cannot be trusted, so we must shut them up," said mamma.

Bessie looked very sorry, while her mamma found some black cloth, and wound it around the finger, then the thumb. Her hand felt very clumsy, but she went to bed and got up in the morning with them still tied up.

"Shall I take this ugly black cloth off now?" she asked, on going to be washed.

"Oh, no!" said mamma. "We have no proof that they are sorry yet, so it would not be safe to trust them. They might go right away into the closet again."

"I think they are sorry," said Bessie.

"But they have not said so," replied mamma.

So Bessie went down to breakfast with the ugly black rags on. She could not eat very much, because every time she used her spoon papa looked so queer. Soon after breakfast she ran to mamma with tears running down her cheeks.

"Mamma," she sobbed, "I made my fingers naughty; I'm so sorry! please forgive me."

And now the black cloth was taken off, and the fingers kissed, and Bessie ran away very happy.—*Examiner.*

A LITTLE BLACK LAMB.

ONCE upon a time there was an old ewe, and she had a little lamb that was very black. When he grew large enough to notice, he saw that all the other lambs in the meadow were white and pretty, and he was very sad because of his ugly color.

Then, too, the other lambs were very full of mischief, and sometimes they would make fun of him, singing, "Bah! bah! black sheep!" so he was very discontented and unhappy, and wished that he, too, could have had a white fleece.

One day his mother found him lying down in a pile of old leaves weeping. "Heyday!" said she; "what in the world is the matter now?"

"A great matter, indeed," answered the lamb. "Here am I of such a color that no one could tell me from these ugly leaves in which I am lying, while any other lamb would only look

the whiter by contrast. It is a hard fate that made me a black sheep!" and with that he mopped off two more large tears with his tail, which was quite wet with them already.

"Now," said his mother, as she stopped browsing on some sweet grass that grew under a spicewood bush, "this is not only foolish, but it is very wicked. We live sometimes to find that what we thought a dreadful calamity was in reality a blessing. We cannot always see it, but we can at least try to believe that this is true. Some day you may have cause to be thankful that your coat is dark instead of white. It is not always what looks best that is best for us, and we must try to be contented with what we have and are."

The lamb thought "this did very well for his mother to say, who was white, and did not know how it felt to be the color of the shadows!" So he kept on discontentedly mopping his eyes, and felt that there was no trouble in the world like his.

Seemingly to add to his woe, just across the stream one of the prettiest of white little lambs, that had strayed away from its mother, was frolicking by itself, frisking and skipping about in the wildest glee. The grass was lovely and green, and here and there amidst it flamed the crimson of the "Pride of the meadow," and swayed the snowy chalices of the meadow lily. In the background was a dense forest, while, yet more distant still, tall crags lifted themselves toward the dark blue of the sky. The bright waters of the brook made rippling music as it flowed away, on its bed of stones, catching the sunbeams as it went. It was very beautiful as the evening lights and shadows played across wood and meadow. So the sulky little black lamb thought; and prettiest of all to him was the lovely little snow-white lamb that seemed so light-hearted and gay, and that had so much to make her happy!

Just as he was looking with wistful eyes at the envied fleece, there came a loud, rushing, flapping sound, and down swooped a great eagle, and, catching up the solitary little lamb with beak and claws, soared away to her nest in the crags, with the poor little victim bleating pitifully!

As the horrified black lamb sprang to his feet, and watched the terrible fate of the object of his envy, his mother spoke again:

"Well may you gaze in fear and trembling at the dreadful spectacle! So soon do you see the value of your own dark coat! Had you been white, as yonder poor little lamb, her horrible fate might have been yours! Your despised color has saved your life. You cannot be seen from afar, as white lambs are. What advantage would it have been to you to have been as white as snow, if you were only to serve as a dinner for a nest full of young eagles? Learn a lesson from this and never murmur

against a cross which does you no harm and may in the end prove a blessing."

A LITTLE BOY'S TROUBLE.

THOUGHT when I'd learned my letters
That all my troubles were done;
But I find myself much mistaken—
' They have only just begun.
Learning to read was awful,
But nothing like learning to write;
I'm real sorry to have to tell it,
But my copybook is a sight!

The ink gets over my fingers;
The paper cuts all sorts of shins,
And won't do at all as I bid it;
The letters won't stay on the lines,
But go up and down and all over,
As though they were dancing a jig;
They are there in all shapes and sizes,
Medium, little, and big.

There'd be some comfort in learning
If one could get through; instead
Of that, there are books awaiting,
Quite enough to craze my head;
There's the multiplication table,
And grammar, and—oh, dear me!
There's no good place for stopping,
When one has begun, I see.

My teacher says, little by little
To the mountain top we climb
It isn't all done in a minute,
But only a step at a time.
He says that all the scholars,
All wise and learned men,
Had each to begin as I do;
If that's so—where's my pen?
—Selected.

SAID Peter Paul Augustus: "When I am grown a man
I'll help my dearest mother the very best I can.
I'll wait upon her kindly; she'll lean upon my arm;
I'll lead her very gently, and keep her safe from harm.
But when I think upon it, the time will be so long,"
Said Peter Paul Augustus, "before I'm tall and strong,
I think it would be wiser to be her pride and joy,
By helping her my very best while I'm a little boy."
—Selected.

"Our bodies are His temples too,
As Holy Scriptures tell;
How pure, how stainless should they be
Where He doth deign to dwell!

"How should we fear lest word or deed,
Or thought of guile and sin,
Should drive away the Blessed One
Who dwells our hearts within!

"O Holy Ghost, Thou Spirit Pure!
Still with us ever stay,
And make us walk in wisdom's path,
And holiness away."

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is with much regret that we announce the death of the Rev. J. J. Hill, who for the last few years has been acting as secretary to the London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews. Mr. Hill's kindly nature won for him many friends.

THE Bishop of Algoma, Dr. Sullivan, much to the satisfaction of his clergy and people, has been able to resume the work of his diocese with much of his old activity and energy. He has already, since his return from the south of France, paid many visits in distant parts of his diocese and has set forth machinery for the obtaining of funds necessary for the support of his work. But an offer of great importance has been laid before the Bishop, which may lead to his resignation of his episcopal work; and should he accept the rectorship of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, the congregation of the church will gain an eloquent and powerful preacher, but Algoma will lose a bishop who, during his fourteen years' term of office, has greatly advanced its interests and prospects.

THE Board of Missions of the American Church is face to face with a deficit of over \$80,000. By a Church as wealthy as the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States this deficit ought to be speedily removed, and no doubt it will be, but the fact that it exists calls for comment on the part of the American Church

papers. Someone must educate the rich, it is said, as to the duty and privilege of using some fair portion of their wealth for the benefit of others. This touches an important question. Has sufficient effort been made with the rich to open their eyes to their great privileges and also to their grave responsibilities? It is said that the poor and people of moderate means give more liberally to good objects, in proportion to their ability. May not the reason be that it has been found easier to educate them up to this point of duty than the wealthy? Have the rich been neglected in this matter? If so where does the responsibility lie? If a rich man is beset with perils owing to the fact that he is rich, it ought to be the duty of the ministry to open his eyes to that fact, not harshly, but gently; not spasmodically but systematically. The disposition too often is to leave the rich man to his fate and turn to the poor. There an easier field awaits the preacher. The poor can be more easily reached and taught; but that affords no reason why the wealthy brother should be neglected in the matter of Christian teaching.

THE "THREE YEARS' ENTERPRISE."

This is concerning the Church Missionary Society, and its plans for the three years to come: Finally, the committee intend to ask the co-operation of the archbishops and bishops of the whole Anglican communion, and of the heads of missionary associations, and other Christian bodies, in making this a time, not for the glorification of one society, but of definite advance on the part of the whole Church in her divinely appointed task—the evangelization of the world. Many other missionary epochs cluster round the close of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century; the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel reaching their bi-centenaries in 1898 and 1901, respectively, while the Religious Tract Society and the Bible Society look forward to the celebration of their centenaries in 1899 and 1904. The committee earnestly desire that these and all other societies and missions laboring faithfully for the extension of Christ's kingdom, both at home and abroad, should share in the special blessings which they believe and pray will be granted to them and to all their work at this memorable time.—*Missionary Review*.

ISLAM—The guilty conscience makes a man suspicious that everybody is trying to abuse him. The Turkish censors prohibited a chemical book which contained the symbol of water—viz., H₂O. These wiseacres read it as signi-

fyng—what else could it mean?—"Hamid II. is nought, a cipher, a nobody." No sultan would stand such nonsense in his empire.—*North and West.*

An affecting incident connected with the massacre at Oorfa was that of a mother in whose presence her two sons were caught by the mob, while men with drawn swords, ready to cut them down, demanded of the young men that they should accept the Moslem faith. But the mother called out to them, "Die, but don't deny the Lord." They stood firm and were immediately cut down.

Mrs. Hore, who visited New Guinea on the last voyage of the *John Williams*, thus describes the wedding of a native pastor in a letter to a friend in this country: "We brought the bride from Mangaia to be married to the son of a native pastor; she had never seen her intended. She is a very pleasing girl of about seventeen, and he is a nice youth. On her wedding day, which was the day after we landed her, she wore a white muslin dress, and her headgear was a wreath of artificial flowers and yards upon yards of ribbon of all colors. They were much concerned because they could not get any mosquito netting for a veil. After the ceremony, which Mr. Pearse performed, they went to the father's house, where the feast was prepared. All the presents in print which the people had given her were tied together; no present was under eight yards; they were tied at the corners, and came to over a hundred yards, and the friends took hold, marching round the village, announcing the generosity of the people. Then the couple were seated in the garden, and the print wrapped round and round the two, and six shirts placed on the knees of the bridegroom. A hat was then placed on the ground, and money was thrown into it, 10s., £1, and £2 at a time, and at each fresh gift a man shouted out double the value, first giving an unearthly yell, I suppose to call attention. They really got a good bit. To wind up, they sang hymns and sacred songs for hours."—*Missionary Review.*

THE NEW BISHOP OF QU'APPELLE.

The appointment of a successor to the late lamented Bishop Burn, of Qu'Appelle, came under the new rule made by the Provincial synod of Rupert's Land, which is the same, apparently, as that which obtains in this ecclesiastical province for the selection of a missionary bishop, at present applied only to Algoma,

as it is the sole missionary diocese of Eastern Canada. The Provincial Synod has to assemble. The Upper House (the bishops) nominate a person whom they think they would like to have appointed to the vacant post. The Lower House must confirm the appointment. Should they refuse to do so the Upper House must make another nomination, and so on till a choice is made.

In this case the Upper House nominated the Very Rev. Dean Grisdale, of Winnipeg, and, by a vote of twenty-six to nineteen, the Lower House confirmed the nomination. It is an unfortunate circumstance that the clergy and delegates of Qu'Appelle voted against the appointment, so that the new bishop, who has accepted the position, undertakes it against the wishes of the people over whom he is to rule. In this respect the rule under which the appointment was made seems most unfair to that particular body of the Church that is to be the most affected by it. The Upper House consisted of four members only, viz., the Archbishop of Rupert's Land, Bishop Pinkham of Saskatchewan and Calgary, Bishop Young of Athabasca, and Bishop Newnham of Moosonee. The synod met in Regina (Diocese of Qu'Appelle) on Wednesday, the twelfth of August. We hope to give a further account of this event next month.

CALGARY.

Bishop Pinkham, of Calgary, said of his diocese at the synod held on July 15th and following days in Calgary;

"We have been trying to keep pace with its development. During the past few years there has been a large increase in the population, and it is steadily growing. Our present staff of clergy, good as it is comparatively, is not large enough. We ought to have three or four more at once, so that all our people scattered over this wide area may be duly ministered to. But, beyond filling the one mission now vacant, no more can be thought of till we either have more outside help or some of our present missions become financially stronger. The diocese has no Church lands, and, with the exception of the Sumner bequest, which is less than \$1,000, no endowments. Our leading parishes have, with the exception of All Saints', Edmonton, temporary churches only. There are no rectory houses in Calgary, Lethbridge, or Edmonton. We have no superannuation fund. We are wholly dependent upon Church people in the diocese for financial support over and above these grants from the S.P.G. and the C. and C.C.S. and such donations from friends in England and eastern Canada as from time to time reach us."

THE TELUGU MISSION OF THE C.M.S.

BY THE REV. F. N. ALEXANDER, OF NELLORE, INDIA.

The Telugu Country proper extends from Nellore, north of the Pulicut Lake, to Orissa, a distance of 400 miles of coast line, and from the Bay of Bengal to Hyderabad, east and west 200 miles. But the Telugu language is spoken far beyond these limits. In and around Madras and elsewhere Telugu villages are numerous.

It is computed that sixteen millions speak the Telugu language, which is called the Italian of the east. A very large proportion of these are Brahmins, who are a highly cultivated and learned class. They are the governors, priests, and teachers of the people. Having taken to English freely they form the bulk of the official class in cities, and are open to the Christianizing influences of our educational missions. A very large section belongs to the artisan castes—these form a guild of their own. Goldsmiths, blacksmiths, carpenters, braziers and masons make one caste; they are most intelligent and well read, crowding into our schools, and are always ready to buy Christian books and tracts.

Cultivators of the soil, mostly Sudras, form the backbone of the population. Malas; Chucklers, and other low castes help them to till the land. All these are, as a rule, unlettered, and have few thoughts beyond the present world. They are full of superstition and ignorance, and are entirely open to Gospel teaching in the vernacular. Malas and Chucklers in every part of the Telugu country are ready to receive the Gospel. Their masters of the higher castes despise the Gospel, which comes to them discredited by its universal reception among the despised Pariahs, who invariably throw off the shackles of ignorance and oppression when they become Christians, and in many instances their sons are educated in mission schools and become teachers to the children of their oppressors and take a high place in native society.

For more than a hundred years the English governed the Telugu country before any attempt was made to bring the Gospel into the land. At last, about the year 1840, a number of officers and civilians living in Masulipatam combined together for the purpose. They collected money and applied to the C.M.S. for a missionary, but in vain. Nothing daunted, they looked about for their own agent, and God gave them Mr. Noble, one who had long determined to become a missionary. He found the Rev. H. Fox. These two fathers of our mission were prepared to enter on their work as a private venture; but the C.M.S. at length came to their assistance, and in 1840 sent them out to commence the work in Masulipatam. Mr. Noble began a school for the higher castes. Mr. Fox undertook vernacular preaching, and these

two branches of the work continue to the present day, each developing in its own way, and bearing precious fruit as years rolled on.

Mr. Noble's idea was to establish a Caste school of a high character, and by the power of Christian principle to break down caste, and bring Brahmins and other high castes into the kingdom of God. Unfortunately, the policy of excluding all but caste pupils had the effect of fostering caste principles. It was only in quite recent times that the school was thrown open to all properly qualified pupils. When boys of Pariah origin were admitted, the schools were emptied for the time of all caste pupils, but when, long afterwards, Christian boys of Mala origin were admitted for the first time into the Noble College, not a single pupil left, thus showing what an enormous advance has taken place in liberal views among the caste people as time goes on.

The jubilee of the Noble College was celebrated two years ago. Fifty years of Christian work by the best and ablest educational missionaries has told for good upon the population. It has had a marvellous success in evangelizing the educated classes. Far and near Christ is known, honored, yea, and believed on, by the highest and most influential in the land. I do not know any other agency for making Christ known and felt in these classes except our educational work. Preachers in Bayaar and Festival come across them, more or less, but never effectively. School and college is the only way at present apparent for bringing Christ home to the heart and head of the upper castes, and it is not in vain. A wonderful knowledge and appreciation of Christian doctrine has been taught during the time. Not a few known to us, and many more known only to God, have believed on Jesus as their Saviour, though not called Christians, and multitudes have felt the power of His word on their heart and life, and have abandoned idolatry for ever. It is calculated that twenty-five caste converts were baptized in Mr. Noble's own lifetime, and it is not merely heads that count in these conversions; the influence on the population is very great, and the help given by these brethren in the work of school and preaching is incalculably precious.

It was a grand sight to see these converts gather round Mr. Noble's table—ten or twelve of them together when I first knew them. Men of high rank came to enjoy Mr. Noble's hospitality, but the Brahmin converts were never sent away, and that in a land where the highest native official has to stand in the presence of his European superior. Mr. Noble went to Madras and other places in holiday times, but he never would go without his converts—they were always with him, and he was a man that could impress himself on others. These converts, as they grew up, showed such a sterling

character and such a highstandard of piety as well repaid the pains taken with them and made them pillars of the Church when they were grown up. Mr. Noble's great idea was to raise up a native ministry from among his converts, and before he died he saw a large measure of success in that direction. Two natives, In Ratuam and Ai Bushnam, were prepared by him for holy orders, while he was at the same time carrying on his school. The pressure was very severe. He used to say in those days, "my life is a scramble." He had the invaluable help of the Rev. J. Sharp, and the work accomplished was worthy of them.

Mr. Bushnam served for many years in Raghapuram and Bezvada, and was early called to his rest, but Mr. Ratuam had a long course of service as headmaster of the Ellore and Bezvada schools, and finally as missionary in charge of the mother district of Mauslipatam, which had then three thousand converts. Along with that he had charge of the Vernacular Training Institute, and was called by the good will of the European missionaries to a seat in the Masulipatam Missionary Conference, an honor never before extended to any Hindoo convert, and not likely ever again to be given to any other. Mr. Ratuam's end was a beautiful conclusion to a noble life. While leading the prayers of the missionary prayer-meeting he was seen to fall forward, and in a very short period breathed his last. These two converts are buried along with Mr. Noble and Mr. Sharkey and many others, in St. Mary's churchyard, Masulipatam—silent witnesses till the Resurrection Day to the power of God unto salvation. In Mr. Noble's lifetime the Rev. G. Krishnayya was also prepared for holy orders and ordained. The Revs. Jani Ali and A. Subarayudu, of his own pupils, and several others became ministers of the Gospel of Christ, and are filling important posts in the mission. Thus the purposes of this noble missionary were fulfilled. In secular walks of life his pupils have also taken a high place. One is a native judge, another is home Sarithsada, the highest revenue and magisterial post open to the natives, apart from the collectorate, and several others have high places in the government of the country, having won the trust and esteem of their European superiors, also the confidence and good will of the people under them.

The Masulipatam School, now called the Noble College, in memory of its founder, has multiplied itself very widely by branch institutions in Masulipatam, and by kindred schools in Ellore and Bezvada. In Ellore, a town of thirty thousand people, there is a flourishing high school, educating up to matriculation standard, with its branch schools. It educates about three hundred pupils, one half being Mohammedans. This school shares with the Harris School in Madras the honor of being

specially worked for the benefit of the Mohammedans. Many Mussulmen have been educated in Ellore and have gone into the Nizam's service in Hyderabad. Alas! not one Mussulman, as far as we know, has as yet been converted to God. One Hindoo, only, has been baptized; for years he has filled a post of great trust in the branch school. Others that we know of have been saved, though not called by the name of Christ.

Bezvada, on the river Krishna, has also another of these high-class schools, and has given us two precious converts; one of them, a graduate of Madras, and an ordained clergyman, takes a leading part in the itinerancy, the other holds a high place in the public service.

"Thank God for our mission schools." I do not know any other agency so powerful for the spread of Christ's Gospel. They carry the "water of life" through many a channel never open to any other Christian influence.

The second division of our mission work may be called evangelistic. Mr. Fox, its founder, was an unwearied evangelist, preaching for the first time over large portions of the country. He was only three years and a half in actual mission work. He saw no fruit to his labours in the open field. Some who came under his personal influence were saved and baptized, yet his glory is to have been the father of vernacular preaching work and to have sent into it two clergymen, Mr. Sharkey and Mr. Darling, God's honoured instruments, by this means, of bringing thousands into the fold of Christ.

In those early days there was nothing else but village preaching. Not one congregation existed but the small one in Masulipatam. We preached mainly to Sudras, who live in large and lovely villages, thickly scattered over the land. The cultivators are a wealthy and very intelligent class. A small and increasing section of them are educated in indigenous or local fund board schools, but the great majority are entirely uneducated. Attached to nearly every village is a hamlet of Malas and another of Chucklers. Malas are very like the Pariahs in the south. I have found in every instance that these Taniel Pariahs are well acquainted with Telugu. I believe they are fairly well off. I believe a good many of them cultivate on their own ground, and generally they help this out by weaving cloth. There is a priestly class among them, well read in the native classics, which they learn mainly for begging purposes. With this exception Malas are nearly all unlettered, and are veritable slaves to the higher castes, who greatly oppress them and make gain of their poverty by giving only a mere pittance in return for unremitting toil. When famine comes these are the worst sufferers, always having hardly a bare margin of support. The least failure of crops leaves them entirely destitute, and they perish, no man regarding them.

They are fearfully ignorant and superstitious, being devil-worshippers of the very worst type. They are indeed in a very low social and moral state.

Among these the Gospel has taken a firm hold. The influx of these poor degraded idolaters is widespread in every part of the Telugu country, and began almost simultaneously in in Masulipatam, Raghapurum, and Ellore districts of the C.M.S. Mission.

The first opening occurred in the Ellore district. On my very first missionary journey I was preaching one evening to a band of weavers under the shade of a great fig tree; on the outskirts of the crowd stood a boy of ten years old listening most attentively to the preaching of the Gospel, then heard for the first time. The words were fastened in his heart forever. Cruel treatment from his father could not drive them out, and he was beaten over and over again when he begged hard for leave to be a Christian, yet he persisted in his resolution. At last, by God's providence, my tent was brought round again to the same neighborhood, and then the boy told his father: "Now you cannot prevent me going to the Padari (clergyman); take me yourself and give me up to him." They came one evening to my tent, the great tall father and the little boy. The story was told. Said the father, "An evil spirit has possessed my son, nothing will prevent him from being a Christian; take him and be kind to my son." After many interviews the father himself and many others were gathered in my tent. I was pleading with them for their own life. I asked them would they kindly kneel down and pray to the true and living God. There was great hesitation from their fear of devils, but at last they did kneel down, and, oh! how I pleaded, that they might be turned unto God. It was done in that prayer. When they rose, without demur they signed a pledge to forsake idols and to believe in the one true God, and His Son, Jesus Christ. Nobly they fulfilled their pledge. Before very long they had to confess Christ in the fires of persecution. They were the first in the land who braved the fear of man to obey God. Armed men beat them down by force, and with drawn swords compelled them through the greater part of a day to hold up heavy stones laid on their backs in the burning sun; but they were not to be frightened. "You may kill us," said these professors, "but we will not give up the new religion." They were at last released, and as it was the first beginning the law was invoked and the persecutors punished. In due time the first twelve converts were baptized. Numbers joined them afterwards, and the Word of God sounded out from them into many villages around. In thirty years fifteen hundred Christians are found in the neighboring villages; a substantial church has been built under the shade of the

idol tree, which, with its field, was given over to me by the converts. It is the headquarters of a native pastor who belonged to the place. Another native clergyman and some fourteen other agents, catechists, evangelists, and teachers have been raised from the school of that village. It is called Polsanipalli, and it is a power for good in all the surrounding country.

Providential openings, the public preaching of Christ crucified, and other means brought us more of these Malas. Centre after centre was occupied, churches built, schools established, and congregations formed. The total number of adherents in the Ellore district is not far short of three thousand souls.

Books and Periodicals Department.

(1) *The Expositor*. (2) *The Clergyman's Magazine*. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

Professor E. Konig, in *The Expositor* for August, gives some useful information regarding the criticism of the "so-called five books of Moses." The article is called "The History and Method of Pentateuchal Criticism," and shows that the theory that the first five books of the Bible are not wholly the work of Moses was broached as far back as the second century, and has been alluded to by occasional writers ever since. He says with regard to it, "It is plain that the controversy was not the fruit of caprice, and that it did not spring in a moment out of a single head." Professor D. S. Margolionth has some useful observations on the fragment of Ecclesiasticus noticed in the July number of *The Expositor*. Other articles are in keeping with the high standard of learning and research usually found in this periodical. *The Clergyman's Magazine* continues its "Lessons in Faith and Love," as gathered from St. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians, and has several sermons and outlines for discourses. "Foreign Missions" are continued by Clericus Anglicanus, the subject being "Things Touching the King."

(1) *The Sunday at Home*. (2) *The Leisure Hour*. (3) *The Boy's Own* and (4) *Girl's Own Paper*. (5) *Cottage and Artisan*, etc. London: The Religious Tract Society.

In *The Sunday at Home* for August, "Rival Philanthropists," a story of collecting for Zenana missions, teaches a good lesson; some delightful thoughts of the land of the heather are given in "Scotland One Hundred and Sixty Years Ago"; "Dr. Adrian: A Story of Old Holland," is continued, and shows many points of interest. "Sunrise in Japan," by Katharine Tristram, is a pleasant and well illustrated sketch of that interesting country. The writer takes a favorable view of the influence of Christianity upon the people. The name "Gasu," or "Jesus," is at least known, whether correctly or otherwise, amongst great masses of the people. *The Leisure Hour* for August is a holiday number, and has several interesting stories. Besides these, "The Round Towers of Ireland" will interest many, and also "The Land's End," with its four attractive illustrations. "Glimpses of Johnson in Eighteenth Century Oxford" promises well, both as to reminiscences of the great "Doctor," and also of the Oxford of his day. *The Cottage and Artisan* is an unusually fine number, and the children's literature throughout is as good and attractive as ever.

The Homiletic Review. New York and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

The Homiletic Review for August, which has just come to our table, is especially rich and varied in its contents. Principal Dawson opens the Review Section with the concluding article on "Natural Facts Illustrative of the Bibli-

cal Account of the Deluge," in which he summarizes the conclusions reached. Among these conclusions are that in the opening chapter of Genesis we are "justified in holding that we are dealing with one narrator, and that he endeavors faithfully to represent to us the results of his experience and observations," and that "we thus have preserved for all time in the narrative of the deluge in Genesis a precious and unique record, from the standpoint of human history and divine revelation, of the latest of those great continental subsidences which, in the course of geological time, have been the means employed by the Creator for destroying and renewing the animal population of the land." He concludes by bringing out the prophetic and practical aspects of the deluge as presented by our Lord and St. Peter.

The Missionary Review of the World. New York and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$2.50 a year.

George Müller, whose life work is well described in the August number of this magazine, is a most remarkable instance of what faith and trust in God can do. On that principle he has for seventy years carried on his remarkable orphanage work in Bristol. He has handled, in that work, nearly seven millions of dollars, and yet he has never asked, either directly or indirectly, a single penny from anyone except from God. When the cupboard was empty and hundreds of mouths to be filled, he betook himself to prayer, and the answer always came. He is now in his ninety-first year, and boldly declares that God has never forsaken him. The rest of the magazine is taken up largely with matters concerning Roman Catholicism, both as to its errors and its work. It contains also its usual extensive information regarding missionary work throughout the world.

The *Review of Reviews* for August, while largely given over to the issues of the Presidential campaign, finds space for the treatment of other important topics. Besides the character sketch of Mr. Bryan, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, the *Review* has illustrated articles on Harriet Beecher Stowe and Dr. Barnardo, the father of "Nobody's Children." There is the usual elaborate résumé of the current magazines; and the departments of "The Progress of the World," "Record of Current Events," and "Current History in Caricature," answer the typical American demand for what is up to date and "live."

(1) *Germania.* (2) *L'Etudiant.* A. W. Spanhoofd, Manchester, N.H.

These are excellently arranged periodicals for instruction in German and French respectively. A study of these periodicals each month will repay anyone who wishes to keep pace with the times in his German and French.



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The next meeting of the Board is appointed to be held in Montreal on Thursday, October 7th, 1896.