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THE  
CANADIAN  
CHURCH MAGAZINE  
AND  
MISSION NEWS.

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VOLUME X.

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FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1896.

TORONTO:

*Published by the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society*  
OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN CANADA.

# CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE

AND

## MISSION NEWS

FOR A.D. 1896

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# THE CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE

• • AND MISSION NEWS • •

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VOL. X.

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No. 115.

## HISTORICAL SKETCHES

No. 115 - THE DIOCESE OF NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C.

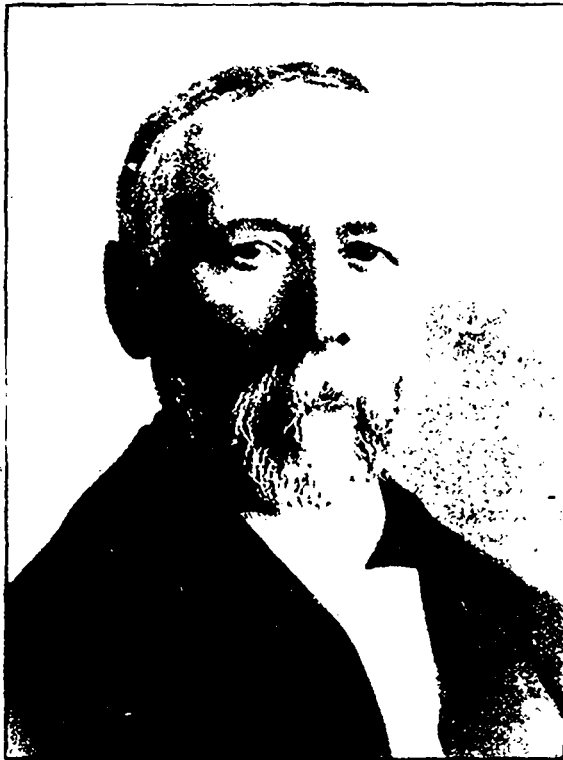
**A**FTER a vacancy of over a year the diocese of New Westminster finds itself at last supplied with a bishop. The late Bishop Sillitoe died on June 9th, 1894, leaving behind him a diocese well organized, though not fully equipped for work. The size of the diocese is so great, and the geographical obstacles, such as mountains and rapid rivers, so numerous, that missionary work is no easy task. It is divided into eleven parishes, and seven huge missionary districts. New districts, owing to mining operations, which attract a large population, have from time to time to be opened, and this, from a missionary point of view, brings fresh anxiety. Bishop Sillitoe, in his last report, spoke thus of his diocese

"The year we have entered upon is going to be one of enormous progress, and this progress will bring with it increased responsibilities. It may seem as if the limit of human industry had been reached in our clergy, and further effort impossible. Nevertheless, the new responsibilities must be accepted, the new call answered, and the increased burden cheerfully shouldered. The Church in this diocese has always, thank God, been able to attract to its services men of energy and devotion. The labourer's hire amongst us is not a sum of magnificent dimensions, but he will be gladly content with it if it be accompanied by the sympathy and regard of the people."

In the midst of high hopes of this kind Bishop Sillitoe was called away, and the work which seemed to promise much received an unlooked for check.

The Synod of the diocese elected Rev. W. Hibbert Binney, son of the late Bishop of Nova Scotia, to be their bishop, but Mr. Binney did not feel himself physically strong enough to undertake the work. As the Synod subsequently failed to unite upon any other person the matter was left to the Bishops of British Columbia who, with the Archbishop of Canterbury,

selected the Rev. John Dart, D.D., D.C.L., for the position. Dr. Dart, though an Englishman, was by no means unknown in Canada, having been for some years connected with the diocese of Nova Scotia. He was educated at St. Mary Hall, Oxford, from which he graduated, taking the degree of B.A. in the year 1867, and that of M.A. in 1871. In India he obtained the position of Warden of St. Thomas' College, Ceylon (which was then, as it is now, an important centre of education for that island), and was appointed chaplain to Bishop Piers Cloughton, Bishop of Colombo. He procured the affiliation of the institution to the Calcutta University. Returning to England he became vice-principal



THE LATE BISHOP SILLITOE.

and science lecturer in St. Peter's College, Peterborough. Subsequently he came out to Nova Scotia and was appointed president of the University of King's College, Windsor, and Canon of St. Luke's Cathedral, Halifax. This position he occupied from 1875 to 1885. In 1877 he obtained the degree of D.C.L. from King's University, Windsor, and in 1895 the degree of D.D. from Oxford.

Dr. Dart was consecrated Bishop of New Westminster in St. Paul's Cathedral by the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Benson), on St. Peter's Day (June 29th), 1895, and soon afterwards set sail for Canada.

The new bishop, accompanied by Mrs. Dart and their four sons, arrived in his diocese in the third week of August. His Lordship was met by the Rev. George Ditcham, and the Rev. A. Shildrick, rector of Holy Trinity Cathedral, and the Rev. H. H. Gowen, rector of St. Barnabas' Church, who welcomed the bishop and Mrs. Dart to the diocese. On reaching New Westminster, the Executive Committee of the Diocesan Synod were introduced to the bishop. A carriage was waiting, and the party were driven at once to the See House, all being much fatigued after their long journey, which, however, they greatly enjoyed. A public reception for the bishop and Mrs. Dart was to be held at an early date. The bishop and his family spent Sunday, the 18th of August, at Yale, with the Rev. C. Croucher.

It is probable that the headquarters of the diocese will be changed before long from New Westminster to Vancouver, which has become a very much larger town than New Westminster, and gives promise of being a better centre for church life and work.

## THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued.)

### REIGN OF ELIZABETH. (b)



THE true Reformation of the Church of England may be dated from the consecration of Archbishop Parker. A new series of Archbishops, so to speak, commenced with him, for all dependence upon and connection with the Church of Rome, or any foreign church, was, for all time to come, swept away. Cranmer, though a reformer, had had many dealings with the pope and also with Cardinal Pole, who, though possessed of a strong feeling of sympathy with Protestant doctrines, was himself the papal legate in England. But Matthew Parker was to occupy ground completely different from that of all the Archbishops who had preceded him. This was deeply felt and clearly understood by all persons at the helm of Church and State at the time, and therefore unusual care was taken at his consecration. Roman Catholics have always seen the force of this, and, therefore, have busied themselves in every way to throw discredit if possible upon the validity of English orders. With a view to this a story was published relative to the bishops of Queen Elizabeth which was eagerly seized upon by some Rom-

anist writers and industriously circulated, but which no historian now of any reputation, no matter what his views of religion might be, would venture to endorse, for the strongest refutation of it is to be found in Roman Catholic histories. It was a story invented by an exiled Roman priest more than forty years after the consecration of Archbishop Parker, and was to the effect that a number of clergymen—some bishops or ex-bishops—met at a tavern called the "Nag's Head," and that one of them laid a Bible on the shoulders of each of the others saying the words, "Take thou authority, etc.," and that they then all stood up bishops.

When we turn from an absurdity like this to true history we find a very different state of things.

In the first place, the consecration of Dr. Parker, to the Archbishopric of Canterbury, was looked upon as an event of the greatest importance by those who were to be engaged in it, or who were interested in the welfare of the Christian church. The Church of England had just fully and forever emerged from Romanism and from the supremacy of the pope, but she was most anxious not to cut herself adrift from the ancient Catholic Church; of which she had always been a most essential part. Therefore great care was to be taken that the long line of Archbishops and bishops which connected her with the past should not in any sense be broken, nor its historic importance weakened. Dr. Parker was elected Archbishop on the 1st of August, 1559. He was not consecrated till the 17th of December.

It was, it is true, an unsettled time. Most of the dioceses were vacant and there were several bishops without sees. Even the Archbishopric of York was practically vacant, Dr. Heath, the occupant, having retired into private life on the accession of Queen Elizabeth on account of a difficulty which he felt in acknowledging the queen's supremacy. Yet there were bishops in England—many of them, about the validity of whose orders there could be no doubt whatever. Such were William Barlow, who had been Bishop of Bath and Wells; John Hodgkins, suffragan Bishop of Bedford; Miles Coverdale, late Bishop of Exeter; and John Scory, late Bishop of Rochester.

These prelates met in the chapel of Lambeth House (the London residence of the Archbishop), on the 17th of December, 1559, at six o'clock in the morning, and there, reverently, and with all due forms of solemnity, using the second ordinal of Edward VI., consecrated Matthew Parker the seventy-first Archbishop of Canterbury.

But this by no means proved a settlement of all the difficulties of the hour. Like Dr. Heath, Archbishop of York, who could not take the oath of supremacy, there were several bishops in exactly the same position. They



A VIEW OF PORT CARLING, MUSKOKA. (See p. 6.)

London; Richard Cox, of Ely; Edwin Sandys, of Worcester; and Rowland Meyrick, of Bangor. These were all undoubted reformers, and other bishops of the same kind were consecrated in January, 1561. In this way did the Archbishop surround himself with workmen on whom, to a greater or less extent, he could rely in the hour of the Church's need.

Among the newly made prelates was Dr. John Jewel, who was consecrated in January, 1560, Bishop of Salis bury. He, under

were called "nonjuring" bishops. What was to be done with them? Parker shrank from harsh measures, and yet a true submission to authority was to be maintained. The influence of these men must therefore be removed from the people. Accordingly they were placed under a mild form of restraint in the immediate presence of some of the more loyal bishops. In one or two cases, such as that of Bonner, the coarse-minded and cruel agent of Queen Mary, a more strict form of imprisonment was adopted. But even with these bishops under restraint, difficulties with the papacy continued. Paul IV. died, and his successor, Pius IV., tried by gentle means to win back the allegiance of Queen Elizabeth, but without success. She refused to allow a papal legate to reside in England.

On the other hand, reformers of extreme and even violent views, like John Knox in Scotland, and the Puritans in England, were denouncing the queen, and the Archbishop, and the Church, and the Prayer Book in unmeasured terms.

And between these two extremes the new Archbishop continued his course, backed by the powerful queen, who, although unable to get everything as she would like to have it, saw the wisdom of assisting in building up a national church free alike from popery on the one hand, and fanaticism on the other. About a year after his own consecration Archbishop Parker had the pleasure of consecrating four divines as Anglican bishops—Edmund Grindal, Bishop of

the persuasion of the primate, wrote a clear statement of the position taken by the Church of England, and with considerable research and learning justified the several acts which had brought her to it. In this work he showed the true primitive and apostolic character of the Church. It is a valuable book, known as "The Apology," or "Jewel's Apology." It was translated into different languages and widely circulated. In it can be seen the exact position of the Church of England in the days of Elizabeth. There were the two provinces of Canterbury and York. In the former were the dioceses of London, Ely, Chichester, Hereford, Salisbury, Worcester, Lincoln, (Coventry and Lichfield,) Bath and Wells, Norwich, Exeter, Rochester, Peterborough, St. David's, St. Asaph's, Llandaff, Bangor, Bristol, Oxford, and Gloucester. In the latter were the dioceses of Durham, Carlisle, and Chester. These, with the archdioceses of Canterbury and York, made twenty-six in all. Considering that there are now in England only thirty-four dioceses, the growth of the English episcopate during the last three hundred years has been very slow, and in proportion to the enormous increase in population wholly inadequate.

It was in the mind of the Archbishop to make certain necessary improvements in the Prayer Book, and also to secure, if possible, a better version of the Holy Scriptures than that in use at the time. This was the Geneva Bible. It was published by John Bodley, the father of him whose name is forever connected with the great

library at Oxford. It had notes of an extreme Puritanical nature, which must have been highly offensive to many in England who otherwise might have liked to read the Bible. This led the Archbishop to secure, by his own exertions and by the aid of some of his learned divines, a new translation of the Scriptures. A beautiful edition of this was published, and it came to be known as the Bishop's Bible. It was at this time, also, that the thirty-nine articles were added to the Prayer Book. Thus was Parker continually looking about him for anything that would help people to understand the formularies of the Church and strengthen her in their eyes.

But he had many difficulties to contend with. The questions which troubled the Church in those days were such as these. The Puritans—supported by several dignitaries of the Church—demanded that no instrumental music, no organs, should be used in divine service, that people should not kneel when receiving the Holy Communion unless directed to do so by the "ordinary," that no copes nor surplices should be worn, and that the distinctive clerical dress should be abolished as being Romish, that all festivals and saints' days should be discontinued. The party that clamored for these things were in the minority, but, still, their demands were a continued source of friction in the Church.

Yet from their standpoint they had much to complain of. The service in the queen's chapel and in some of the cathedrals was "so splendid and showy that foreigners could not distinguish it from the Roman, except that it was performed in the English tongue." So one of their own writers put it, but he adds that this was the means of keeping many "popish laity" in the Church. These, however, were not "popish laity," but Englishmen who saw that a church could be Catholic without being Roman. This greatly alarmed the pope, who saw that something would have to be done to save even a remnant to the Romish Church. He, therefore, excommunicated Queen Elizabeth, and put her kingdom under an interdict. This was in April, 1570, and the bull was published by Paul V.

The day had gone by, however, when papal bulls or interdicts could have any alarming effect upon England. It drove a few Romanists into dissent from the Church of the realm, and at the same time another form of dissent arose when the Puritans, ever dissatisfied with the ways of the Church, began to set up conventicles of their own and so draw people away from the established faith. The only ministry that these extremists would recognize was a sort of presbyterianism, in which their self-appointed ministers were supreme. This was the first organization of dissent in England. It had its origin in a man named Cartwright.

Under the power of this organization fresh demands were made upon parliament, but owing to the strength of Archbishop Parker's followers they were firmly resisted. And in time the demands of these people were less serious owing to divisions among themselves. The Independents or Congregationalists broke away from the original body and set up societies of their own.

In the latter years of his life we find Archbishop Parker engaged in visitations. He visited his own diocese of Canterbury. These visitations were made on horseback and must have been very fatiguing to an old man now weak and infirm, but he was able to correct many disorders and discover for himself the true state of the Church.

About this time there came to England the news of the dreadful massacre, on St. Bartholomew's Day, 1572, of Protestants in Paris.

About a year before his death the Archbishop was much agitated over the frivolous conduct of the queen with the Earl of Leicester, but through Elizabeth's avoidance of him (from a natural dislike to meet him under such circumstances) he did not have a chance to remonstrate with her.

Before long his end on earth began to draw nigh. The last years of his life were lonely and sad. For five years he had been a widower. He had always contended for the right of the clergy to marry if they chose to do so. On this point he was at issue with the queen, but he held it firmly, and showed by his great learning that it was in accord with primitive practice. His own wife had been a great help and consolation to him and her death was deeply felt by him.

His release from the affairs of life came on the 17th of May, 1575, and at his own request he was buried in Lambeth Chapel, where fifteen years or so before he had been consecrated.

(To be continued.)

## THE CAMERA IN THE MISSION FIELD.

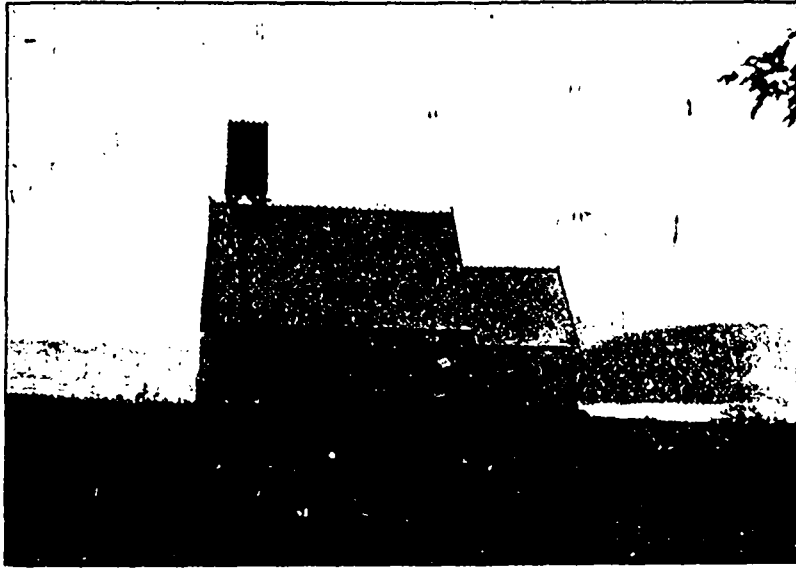
MUSKOKA.

BY REV. P. L. SPENCER.



On the morning of July 8th of a recent year I found me on board the staunch propeller steamer *Lakeside*, at Port Dalhousie, bent on a trip to the mission field of Muskoka via Toronto. I arrived at Gravenhurst at 2.45 by G.T.R., preserving a very vivid mental photograph of the charmingly situated town of Barrie, fittingly styled by a Canadian poet, "The Lady of the Lake." The little steamer *Nipissing*, and her sister boat the *Kenozha*, lay at the Muskoka wharf ready to receive their passengers. Step-





THE CHURCH AT PORT SYDNEY, MUSKOKA.

ping on board the former, I was soon enjoying the passage of the "Narrows" and an extremely pleasing succession of natural pictures in the form of bare rounded rocks, lofty wooded islands, and intervening stretches of sparkling water. At 4.30 p.m. the *Nipissing* entered the pretty little harbour of Beaumaris, on Tondern island. As this place was to be my headquarters during my ecclesiastical survey, I disembarked, being met at the wharf by the kind-hearted proprietor of the Beaumaris hotel, who had previously offered to the Rural Dean of the district to receive me as his guest, free of expense. The "prophet's chamber," which was in a high and airy part of the establishment, afforded a delightful view of the harbour, with its fleet of steamers, row-boats, and canoes.

Tondern island appears to have been named after the scene of a battle fought between the Prussians and the Danes in the year 1864, the name having been bestowed upon the island by a former owner and settler. The area comprises about 340 acres, or a little more than half a square mile, but only about 170 acres are fit for the plough. This proportion of soil to surface applies generally to the land in the Muskoka region. The country is very picturesque, and a taste for the beautiful can easily be satisfied. An appetite for the food products of the earth cannot, however, be gratified so readily, for often the seed falls upon stony places and the yield is very small indeed. Hence, missionaries in this part of Ontario are obliged to look to societies, congregations, and women's auxiliaries, existing elsewhere, for most of their support. Beaumaris, as a name, comes from Carnarvon county, in N. Wales, the original home of the principal residents of Tondern island. Applied to a watering-place possessing

many, natural beauties it is not inaptly used by Muskoka-people. I may add that the word is pronounced *Bo-morris*, with the accent on the second syllable.

I found here in course of erection a building which afterwards recalled to my mind what is related concerning one of the most interesting structures on the island of Philæ in Egypt.

This Muskoka edifice was for some time a *hypæthral temple*, a church without a roof. The people "began to build, but were not able to finish." I took away with me a sunlight image of this interesting object, and afterwards,

during a sojourn of three months in England, I put it to good account by making it serve in the form of a lantern slide, as a visible appeal to the supporters of missions of the S.P.G. for help for the diocese of Algoma. I am happy to learn that this little wooden structure has, since my visit, been furnished with a roof, and that it now rejoices in the name of St. John's Church. Before leaving this delightful summer resort I obtained, under favourable circumstances, a photograph of Beaumaris as a whole, including harbour, dock, vessels, buildings, etc. A lantern transparency made from the negative by Newton & Co., the well-known opticians of London, England, always interested my English audiences.

We read of strange experiences on the part of amateurs. Here is one which was both strange and annoying. I had very carefully prepared the prophet's chamber as a dark room for developing some plates. I had hung up against the fan light a piece of carpet and placed against the front window one or two bed quilts. I had procured an abundant supply of water in pitchers and basins, had added a lump of ice to keep the films cool and safe, and had mixed the chemicals according to directions given on the labels. I was anticipating some real quiet enjoyment. Scarcely a trace of an image, however, could I obtain. Several plates were tried with the same unsatisfactory results. At length I discovered that one very important constituent had been omitted by the dealer. The developer was no developer at all. Fortunately I was able, a few days afterwards, to get a small supply of developing solution from a professional in Bracebridge, and thus proved by means of other plates that the fault had not been in the exposure or any other operation under my own control.

On Sundays I performed service at Gregory, Port Carling, and Beaumaris. I had the honour of conducting the first or opening service in the new church at Gregory. This building had an advantage over the temple at Beaumaris in the circumstance that it was closed in and, therefore, not hygienic. The word *opening*, as applied to the first service, was, however, appropriate for more than one reason. Besides intentionally opened doors and windows, there were structurally open spaces between the boards of the walls. The backs of the benches were very open, in fact, destitute of both rails and uprights. Thus the most eligible seats were those next the west wall, or farthest from the chancel and clergyman. Notwithstanding these slight disadvantages, a large congregation was present at every service. All sorts and conditions of men combined in offering the sacrifice of holy worship. As viewed from a little distance, the Gregory church, standing in the midst of a group of primeval forest trees, on an elevation which forms a sort of promontory in relation to the neighbouring lake, made one of the prettiest pictures that I was privileged to take during this summer excursion.

My Sunday duties involved the novel experience of going to church in a boat. Between Gregory and Port Carling I had on the first trip a crew of three fine young men, who delighted to make their

"Oars with feathered spray  
Sparkle in the light of day."

When leaving Port Carling that day for the third station, a new crew, comprising only one able seaman, took the oars. We were gliding gracefully over the smooth surface of the Indian River, when I observed at the distance of a few rods a man coming down to the river brink from a house situated on the slope. Presently the inquiry, "Is that Mr. Spencer?" was wafted towards mid-stream. I promptly sent back an affirmative response. The question was followed by what seemed to my auditory nerves to be, "I want to go with you to be married." I enquired, "At the service this evening?" The answer came promptly and decidedly, "Yes." This being the first occasion on which I had ever been invited to perform the marriage service on a Sunday, I wondered somewhat at the request; but remembering the familiar saying, "The better the day the better the deed," I brought the helm to starboard, and in a few moments captain and crew were disembarking at a point nearest the landsman's station. As soon as dignity and a disposition to avoid undue haste would allow, I approached the gentleman and asked in a soft low tone of voice, "Have you the license?" "License!" said he, "What for?" "To be married!" I replied. "Married!" he exclaimed; "why, I've been married these twenty years"; and then, turning to a friend who had just arrived

on the scene, he said with a provoking smile, "Bill, he thought I wanted to be married." Just at that moment I wished I could suddenly transform myself into one of Charles Kingsley's water-babies and dive into the flowing stream out of sight and sound. Mutual explanations were, however, given; and I learned that instead of my newly-found friend having said, "I want to go with you to be married," he had stated, "I want to go with you to Beaumaris." Distance, besides "lending enchantment to the view," sometimes imparts a charm to the voice, it did so in this case. The person whose announcement had been so oddly misunderstood proved to be no other than one of the churchwardens of the Beaumaris congregation, he having, along with a companion, come to assist in the work of conveying the minister to that place for evening service. This task was in due time well performed, my Port Carling oarsman being released from his engagement and allowed to return home. Service was held in a large room of the Beaumaris hotel.

During the intervals between the Sundays I paid visits to several places, some of them remote from the lakes of this Canadian Killarney. I took views of churches in Rosseau, Gravenhurst, Uffington, Port Sydney, Aspden, Huntsville and Emsdale; and I tried to give a little useful information to the people of these villages by using an optical lantern and a set of slides illustrative of a missionary tour around the world. In Gravenhurst I found the Church of St. James a good subject for possible future missionary talks, this building having, Phoenix-like, risen from the ashes of the fire of its predecessor. Photographs of both the exterior and the interior were taken. These have proved highly serviceable, no fewer than a hundred photographs having been sold for the benefit of the Gravenhurst church and mission. The public school of the village seemed to constitute another fitting subject for the lens, its solid resting-place of granite rock, destitute of both verdure and soil, affording a material text for a discourse on "the nakedness of the land." A place was accordingly devoted to the acquisition of its form. In Bracebridge a yoke of oxen with heavy wagon attached, meekly waiting for their youthful driver in front of a provision store, and calmly indicating a degree of primitive simplicity as still a characteristic of Muskoka husbandry, tempted the camerist to try a "snap-shot." This has proved a happy and successful venture. South Muskoka Falls, although looking less grand and striking than they would have appeared in early spring, fully repaid me for a visit. A day spent at Port Sydney on Mary Lake gave an opportunity of getting a negative of a very pleasing church interior, not a few prints from which have been distributed among the friends and supporters of the mission. A great surprise awaited me

at Aspden. I had heard of the fine church, erected at that place by Rev. Wm. Crompton, but I was not prepared for the perfection of design and finish exhibited in the substantial stone walls and for the real beauty and costly nature of the interior fittings, draperies, etc. How a Muskoka missionary, at first a farmer of the neighborhood, could erect free of debt a church worth \$4,000 in what is still a comparatively poor district, is a mystery to every person unacquainted with the life of Wm. Crompton. The money came from England, in response to an appeal made to English friends by this Muskoka pioneer, who went to the old land and told a plain story of the hardships of the first settlers. Other churches were built by him, but St. Mary's, Aspden, is the crown and glory of all. Pictures of this, whether in the humble and diminutive form of a 4x5 paper photograph or in the more imposing character of a lime-light view measuring many feet in diameter, never fail to impress an audience with agreeable surprise. Many finished prints of the negatives taken at Aspden have been made for the missionary by one of Canada's best professionals and sent forth from the mission to tell their story of zeal and piety to friends and helpers in distant places both in this country and in the mother land.

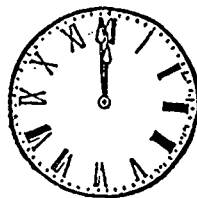
There is one thing which I regret concerning my visit to the heart of Muskoka, and that is that I did not point the camera at one of my missionary heroes while he was ascending with horse and buggy a long-paved acclivity. A horse going up steps and drawing his master after him is not a common sight in Canada or any other country. Nevertheless, in Muskoka, to a tourist riding in a wheeled vehicle, the experience sometimes seems like that. The rock on the steep incline being perfectly bare, logs are placed across the road to give the horse sure footing. Hence the ascent is almost a case of getting up stairs.

With the recital of one more incident I will conclude this imperfect narrative. At an out-station, belonging to the mission of Emsdale, I was to give an illustrated lecture similar to that delivered in several other places. The missionary conveyed me to the school-house of the district in good time, and we soon had everything in perfect readiness for the entertainment. We waited a long time before the audience began to arrive on the ground, and when the door was opened not all entered. There was no rush for seats. Still, as those outside had come a considerable distance, there was evidently a desire to be present at the lecture. Upon enquiring the reason for the diffidence, timidity, or other controlling feeling, we discovered that the lingerers were unable to produce the small pecuniary token which would entitle them to participation in the proceedings within. Times were bad, and money was

scarce; in fact, the latter had reached the vanishing point. However, as the missionary was personally acquainted with these worthy, but light pursed individuals, a compromise was agreed upon, the understanding being that they should pay the charge for admission as soon as they had gathered in their harvest and brought part of the produce to market. I entertain a reasonable belief that this promise was fulfilled and that the fund to be benefited was correspondingly augmented.

### Woman's Auxiliary Department.

"The love of Christ constraineth us."—II. Cor. v. 14.  
Communications relating to this Department should be addressed to  
Miss L. H. Montzambert, General Corresponding Secretary W.A.,  
22 Harbord 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.

### DIOCESE OF RUPERT'S LAND.

**P**REVIOUS to the General Synod of 1893 we were wont to look upon this diocese as our nearest neighbor; but, happily, we can now claim a closer connection still, and feel that it is one of the same household as ourselves—the Church of England in Canada, at whose head we find, as primate, the Archbishop of Rupert's Land. His Grace, the Most Rev. Robert Machray, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L., prelate of the most distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George.

Working under the archbishop we find many whose names are very familiar to our members. Very Rev. Dean Grisdale, Archdeacons Phair and Fortin, Canons O'Meara and Matheson, Rev. G. Rogers, Rev. W. Burman, and others to the number, in all, of seventy-five clergy. Owing to the influx of immigrants into this large diocese new missions are constantly needed to be opened. Indian missions also form a very important element in the work. St. John's College and School, in Winnipeg, are strong institutions for training men and boys, and owe much of their effectiveness to the devotedness of the archbishop.

During the past year Rupert's Land has shown that, though so largely a missionary diocese itself, it can still stretch out its hand to help others. In his charge to the synod the archbishop speaks of parting with one of his clergy, who had been constrained by his sense of the sad condition of the heathen in part of Central South America, along the Amazon river, to whom no one was carrying



CRISTIANIZED WOMEN OF INDIA.

England there we must be up and stirring, and take possession before they can get a footing-- or it will be too late.

## ZENANA.

We cull the following from a paper written by Miss E. S. Bartlett, C. E.Z., missionary at Amritzar, Pantab, feeling that the words of one who has been actively engaged in Zenana work will carry far more weight than anything an onlooker could say regarding this most interesting and important branch of "woman's work for women." Referring to the opportunities now given, Miss Bannister says: "Almost all over India the doors for work among women stand wide open. Only a few years have passed since lady missionaries could not gain entrance to the homes of the people; and now the difficulty is not to find homes which open their doors to us, but women able and willing to come forth from Christian lands in sufficient numbers to meet anything like the large number of claims upon time and strength which are ready to make them-

the glad tidings of a Saviour, to consecrate his life to their service, and how the Woman's Auxiliary have sent out their first missionary, having undertaken her support while at work in the diocese of Athabasca. Another of their members has given up a lucrative position in Winnipeg and gone to labor for a mere nominal sum in one of the Indian schools in the diocese of Saskatchewan. These are bright examples and worthy of imitation. The great needs of this diocese are men and funds to carry on the work already begun, and to open up fresh fields of labour where ministrations are being so loudly called for.

We must ever bear in mind that the Roman Catholics, and other religious bodies, are very active in mission work in the Northwest, and if we would plant our glorious old Church of

ourselves heard as soon as ever missionaries come. Many means have been devised for reaching the women and gaining their confidence; for example, the plan of offering a simple vernacular education in homes has been largely tried, and, indeed, it was for a long time the only way that Zenana societies understood of doing anything at all. Let us now glance at that which is properly Zenana work; that is, the regular systematic visitation of the upper-class houses by the missionaries as teachers. It may be well to state that wherever the lady missionary can bring influence to bear upon a woman of India, there is Zenana work. Between forty and fifty thousand houses are now opened to this work. Pupils of all kinds are met with—those eager to learn, those apparently indifferent, quick and intelligent pupils,



MIKAYE SAN, DR. HASHIMOTO, MR. HAWAGUCHI, REV. C. G. GARDNER, S.P.G., REV. K. YAMAGATA, MIKAYE KIRU SAN,  
 Matron, Teacher of Physiology, Bible Teacher, Acting Head of the Mission, Ass't Missionary in dispensary, Bible Woman,  
 Anatomy, etc.  
 DR. YOSHIDA, SADA TANAKA, MISS JENNIE C. SMITH, NAMI HAMAGUCHI, DR. SHIBA,  
 Head of Hospital, Graduate Nurse, Superintendent of St. Michael's, Graduate Nurse, In Charge of Dispensary.  
 TSUNE TANAKA, MATSU GAWA, TYO ARANI, KOTO AKANO, YOTHI OKAGAKI, HAM MIYAN,  
 Sister of Nurse who died, Nurse in Training, Nurse in Training, Nurse in Training, Bible Woman, Head Nurse in Hospital.  
 One Nurse in Training, YAI KIMURA, absent.

#### MISS JENNIE C. SMITH AND FELLOW WORKERS IN JAPAN.

dull and stupid ones. But quiet, regular, persevering, prayerful efforts tell, and progress is being made. Very often a real affection springs up in the hearts of the pupils for the teacher, and as they learn more and more why she came to teach them, this feeling grows.

"It is touching to see the wistful way in which such pupils cling to their teacher, who has brought into their dark lives that beautiful thing of which they knew little or nothing before—the light of love.

"Medical missionaries have already accomplished a very important work in winning affection and trust, and in proclaiming to suffering and helpless ones the good news of salvation by Jesus Christ. Many an eye-witness can corroborate the statement that the conditions of a sick Hindoo woman, or a Mussulmani, are about the most wretched imaginable; the illness is *minus* everything which could possibly give relief in a sick-room, such as suitable attendants, care in diet, regular carrying out of treatment, cheerful, loving help, etc., etc., and is *plus* everything which could possibly aggravate, distress, annoy, and hasten the end of the patient, as noise, filthiness, crowds of people, swarms of flies, crying children, members of the family and others eating, drinking and smoking; and in the case of the Hindoo woman everything seems done, as soon as her illness

appears the least bit hopeless, to hurry it to a fatal termination. But let no one imagine that the glad news of salvation in Jesus is always received by patients. In this the medical missionary has to work in faith and have long patience, until, in many cases, the blessed fruit appears."

There are millions of women secluded from intercourse with the outer world, shut away from almost every means of enlightenment and education, who claim our help, as perhaps no other fellow-creatures do, and claim it the more because their very ignorance is a witness against our sloth and want of zeal.

Another Zenana worker writes: Women can, of course, only be taught and spoken to by women, and for the most part, in cities at any rate, this must be done by house to house visiting; thus one lady missionary can only bring the message to a comparatively small number, so that to enable us to teach wives, sisters, and daughters, a very large number of women workers is required. While teaching I am often struck by the yearning expression on the faces of the Mohammedan women, a yearning after something they have not reached; most of them indeed have a restless and unsatisfied appearance. I can imagine no life in which *whatever* powers one may be gifted with can find fuller scope than that of a Zenana mission-

ary; no talent, no power need remain unused; there is scope for all kinds of characters, for all differently gifted people. Besides the distinct works of school teaching, Zenana visiting, medical work, etc., etc., there is another very homely occupation, but none the less honorable. I refer to housekeeping, and keeping the accounts for those whose direct missionary work takes up all their time, so that it is difficult for them to attend to such matters properly. This is a call which can be responded to by those who are not young, or not equal to really hard work. For such a position, a slight knowledge of the language, enough to speak to the servants, would be sufficient. From personal experience I can testify what a blessing amongst a busy set of people such a one is. There is ample scope for all gifts, be they what they may, large or small, provided that they be whole-heartedly and lovingly consecrated to the service of our Lord and Master.

There are no less than one hundred and forty million women in India, twenty-one million of whom are widows, and it is only by bringing these loveless, hopeless, perishing, Christless lives into contact with the love of God in Christ Jesus, that they can be reclaimed and emancipated. We have dwelt at length on the need of workers, hoping that God may put it into the hearts of some of our members, ere this New Year closes, to give themselves and their talents, however small, to this great and crying need—the light of God's blessed Gospel to cheer and save the souls of some of these downtrodden, unhappy, and perishing 140,000,000 of our fellow-women, "the love of Christ constraining them," to go forth in His strength.

#### ST. MICHAEL'S TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES, KOBE, JAPAN.

This very useful institution has been in operation now for two years, and on the 28th of September last the first graduating exercises took place, when two of the Japanese student-nurses received their diplomas. Miss Jennie Smith, our lady medical missionary, who is in charge of the training school, writes that the papers given for the examination were more difficult than those used in America, yet one nurse obtained ninety-one and the other eighty-seven per cent., a result which was naturally very pleasing to Miss Smith. The presentation of the diplomas was made the occasion of a very enjoyable entertainment. The room was beautifully decorated after the most approved Japanese etiquette, about which these flower-loving people are very particular. The use and arrangement of certain flowers for certain seasons is as much a part of a lady's education as any other matter of social etiquette.

Two Japanese, who had been nursed by Miss Smith and her students, asked to be allowed to assist in the decorations. One, a gardener, sent a lovely arch of lilies and evergreens. The programme was as follows:—

#### PROGRAMME.

Kimi Ga Yo (Japanese National Hymn).  
Prayer, Rev. Mr. Yamagata.  
Hymn.  
Congratulatory Composition (Officer of the Red Cross Society).  
Japanese Song (Students).  
Presentation of Diplomas, by Miss J. C. Smith.  
Address, Dr. S. Yoshida, Dr. F. Shiba, Dr. J. Hashimoto, Dr. G. Hashimoto.  
Valedictory, Sada Tanaka.  
Composition, Nami Hamaguchi.  
Hymn.  
Benediction, Rev. Mr. Gardner.

Two officers of the Red Cross Society were present, one sent as the representative of the Governor of the Province. It will be remembered that mention was made in a previous issue that Miss Smith was asked by the Japanese Provincial Government to take charge of this society, organized to nurse the soldiers wounded in the war and invalided to Kobé. This was a great honor, as explained by those who know about such matters, for it meant passing over the native nurses, of whom there are many, in favor of a foreigner.

The accompanying illustration is from a photo taken just before Miss Smith and her staff of nurses, pupils, and Bible-women left Kobé for Nagano, where they now are. In the left hand lower corner will be seen a little girl, O Tsune San, sister to O Ren San, who died in May last from the effects of burns caused by the upsetting of a lamp while attending a patient. During her great suffering poor O Ren San told Miss Smith how anxious she had been to get this little sister away from the evil influences with which she was surrounded; so after her death Miss Smith asked for the child, and the relations, in gratitude for the great kindness Miss Smith had shown in nursing O Ren San in her own house, gave her up the child. Shortly after they had done so Miss Paterson went to Kobé, and has now undertaken to pay the child's way until she is old enough to earn for herself, provided that she is trained to some sort of work in the Canadian mission in Japan. The nurses asked to have the little girl included in the group as a "substitute" for their late fellow-student, of whom they were so fond.

Funds are much needed to start Miss Smith's work in Nagano. The sum voted at the Triennial for building a hospital there will not be nearly sufficient to complete and furnish it, so we trust our members and others will do their utmost to give *something* to help on this great branch of our missionary work. While not in any way limiting our prayers for or offerings

to foreign work—for we must ever remember that the “field is the world—” we should bear in mind that the part of Japan now set apart for the Canadian mission is our *special* charge, and that upon us rests the responsibility of Christianizing those millions of souls.

England has her share of the island, the United States her position, and to Canada is allotted the third part, in which we exclusively are to labor. Will not some of our Canadian women give themselves to the work? Not necessarily as nurses: teachers are far more needed, women who will teach the women and children the simplest Bible truths, and by living a consistent, Christian life among these heathen, show them what it means to try to follow Christ with a heart full of love to others because full of love to Him.

THE Venerable Archdeacon Tims, from the Diocese of Calgary, hopes to visit Eastern Canada about the 1st of January, and would like to meet as many of the W. A. branches as he can during his eight weeks' sojourn among us. We have all heard enough of the Archdeacon's grand work among the Blackfoot and other Indians to make us wish to know a great deal more, so we predict a very hearty reception for Mr. Tims.

THE Provincial Dorcas secretary, Miss Halson, has removed from Ancaster, and her address is now 590 Markham Street, Toronto.

THE Provincial Corresponding Secretary has returned to Toronto, and is living at 159 College Street, first door west of the Athletic Club.

A VERY Happy New Year to all our members and readers.

A YOUNG Scotsman was making his way up to the far Northwest of America, and was being conveyed in boats belonging to the Hudson Bay Company. As he journeyed on he was struck by the conduct of some Christian Indians who were of the party. He noticed how at night-time they never retired to rest without kneeling down to pray; he saw how they rested on the Sundays, read some portion from the Holy Scriptures, and offered to Almighty God their simple tribute of praise and of thanksgiving. And the sight started within him deep heart-searching questions, which he was wise enough to strive to answer. How was it that, reared in a Christian home, trained and taught in Christian truth, he could yet “go to bed like a dog” (as the Indians say of a prayerless man), and entirely neglect and ignore his Creator and Redeemer? He felt it was altogether a shame and disgrace, and ere he

reached the end of his journey he was not merely a Christian in name, but one in deed and truth. Thus wonderfully, by God's good providence, the faithful work of a missionary amongst the heathen was directly blessed to the conversion of one who professed to be a Christian, but who had wandered far from the Father's Home.

### CHRIST WITH US.

“For the poor ye have always with you.”

IN Bethlehem had we been, when Mary came  
For shelter from the storm,” we muse in pity,  
“Our homes had not been shut to her in shame,  
She had not been an outcast from the city.

“She had not passed, forsaken and forlorn,  
From kindred doors, an exile and a stranger,  
Her babe in royal purple had been born,  
Nor lain, among the oxen, in the manger.

“On bended knees had many a worshipper  
On Christ, the King, in royal love attended,  
And subject hands had offered gifts of myrrh  
And frankincense and gold and jewels splendid.”

Nay, nay, for Christ is ever at our door,  
For shelter sweet and kindly pity pleading,  
And we—we only, like the blind of yore,  
Discern Him not, hard-hearted and unheeding.

With beggar hands He asketh us for alms,  
He pines upon the threshold of the palace;  
We know Him not, but scorn his outstretched palms,  
And while He hungers, drink of plenty's chalice.

Daily we meet Him seeking mercy sweet  
With tender eyes of orphans, wan and wistful,  
He haunts us in the starveling of the street,  
Among the poor, the tearful, and the tristful.

For still He loves the lowly and the poor,  
And he who scorns in pride his outcast brother,  
Had turned of old the Saviour from his door,  
And barred his gates against His maiden mother.

But ah! the crust, the cup of water cold,  
For Christ's sweet sake to whoso needeth given,  
Will yield us gain of grace a millionfold,  
With rich requital in the courts of heaven.

WHEN some Lecky, or Froude, or Buckle passes the literature of the nineteenth century under review, the missionary literature of the last half-century will indeed astonish him. I have been a steady reader for the first half of that period, and an omnivorous reader for the last twenty-five years. . . . There is no parallel to it in the literature of this century, and no precedent in the past centuries. No doubt, it is conducted on both sides of the Atlantic with ability. It consists no longer of goody-goody stories, or dry facts, but kaleidoscopic pictures of the manners and customs, the material and spiritual thoughts, of all the non-Christian nations in the world. Such a disclosure of the mysteries of human life was never made before.—*Dr. R. N. Cust.*

## STRAIGHTFORWARD.

## CHAPTER VIII.



OLLY had proved a wise doctor. The morning after her long conversation with Peter, 'Lisbeth roused herself sufficiently to occupy a chair on deck, and take an interest in what was going on around her. Peter came in for a kind word from her, we may be sure. "Me love the missis," he informed Molly a little later in the day, an assertion which was promptly rebuked by that young person, who had forgotten her temporary fit of compassion of the day previous.

"You mean the missis is very good to you; and so she is," she declared.

"Hollo! See here, two rivers!" cried the light-natured Peter, quitting Molly to point ahead in the direction the *Dart* was cautiously steaming—cautiously, for snags and rapids, rocks in mid-stream, and pebble-banks had of late made progress difficult, if not dangerous.

No wonder Peter pointed and marvelled, for there was a general pause, and gaze of astonishment on all faces. Two channels—the map only gave one, doubtless the navigable one; but which of these two apparently equally favorable waterways should the steamer take?

Of course opinions differed, but the engineer was the person to lay down the law on such a subject, and after a half-day's serious consideration and investigation of the rival streams, he chose the one which bore eastward: its position seemed most nearly that of the river on Perran's rough map.

Two days of disheartening, slow progress up the stream brought them to a standstill; drought again had diminished the depth of water, to such an extent that the *Dart* was liable to be stranded once more.

Could they have missed their way? Ought they to have taken the other channel?

All was perplexity and uncertainty.

On cool deliberation Captain Mostyn was inclined to think that Mr. Crane had been right in his choice, and that the specially dry season was their only enemy. If so, it would be worse than useless to retrace their steps.

"We can't go on; we won't turn back; we don't want to stick here." George aptly summed up the thoughts of all.

There was an ominous silence. Then 'Lisbeth whispered a word in Perran's ear.

"Dat my thought too, missis," chimed in the irrepressible Peter.

"Let us have your advice, Mrs. Proudfoot," said the engineer, smiling—"yours and Peter's." 'Lisbeth looked at Perran. "All right, go on," he nodded.

And then 'Lisbeth stood up, blushed, and spoke.

"Oh, please, couldn't we land now, and begin our journey through the forest on foot? We must be near the cross on the map."

"Hooray!" Peter threw his cap in the air.

"Peter, go into the coal-hole. You forget yourself," said Captain Mostyn curtly.

Peter retired at the command, relieving his mind by pulling Johnnie's pigtail on the way—evading a side kick from Johnnie's affectionate father afterwards.

Then the council sat again.

'Lisbeth's wish found an echo in most hearts.

Captain Mostyn was all on her side. Perran, too, confessed that he longed to be making way on land. George had no better suggestion to offer. Only Mr. Crane stood aloof.

"You can't expect me to cut my own throat," he said, "by hurrying you off any sooner than I need. A poor time I shall have of it, I expect, when you leave me with Sin-sing and Johnnie."

"Oh, I wish you could come, too," said 'Lisbeth, her soft heart now moved to sympathy for the coming solitude of the engineer.

"I must stick to my post, Mrs. Proudfoot," was the reply. "I shall take to my beetles for comfort."

"Me got one, real beauty, for you in my bunk," said a stifled voice from behind the party, and a grimy face protruded from the coal-hole.

Peter was released from his prison to fetch the beauty. Mr. Crane was an ardent naturalist, and Peter was his great ally in securing specimens.

"You'll not leave me, Peter, surely?" said Mr. Crane. They all made a playfellow of the good-natured lad, who was as ready with repenting as with sinning.

"Me not like to leave you," was the answer, "but me 'bliged to go 'long of missis."

It was pretty well settled before nightfall that the land journey was to begin on the morrow, and great were Molly's preparations for the event. Kettles, saucepans, and dishes she selected as absolutely necessary for the expedition; each separate article drawing forth a special exhortation on the subject of the luggage being reduced to the very lightest weight possible. Thirty pounds was all a strong man could carry in so trying a climate; no wonder Molly could find no one to take her precious frying-pan from her.

"But I'll lap it in my own shawl," the girl whispered to herself. "The missis shall never eat nasty raw food like the savages, as long as I can help it."

Nor was Molly the only busy one. Never, perhaps, since the day of leaving the Australian port had the deck of the little steamer presented such a stirring scene; such choosing of stores, such packing and assigning of bundles to each member of the party.



Perran and his three friends sat up late, deciding on a plan of action, and arranging with the engineer on the best place for rejoicing him and the *Dart*, when they should have attained the object of their expedition.

"Ah, if we only knew how it would end!" said Mr. Crane; "it's a risky sort of chase you're after, man."

He addressed Perran.

"Fever — savages — starvation — death," Perran enumerated slowly and with deliberation.

"Hollo! you seem to have looked the worst full in the face," was the engineer's rejoinder.

"I have," said Perran, simply; "and whether I stayed at home or came to New Guinea, I found things would go the same way—end the same at the last. We got to die some day, all of us, and 'Lisbeth and I talked it out. It isn't death we've got to think of most, though it must come. We can't order that. But, in a way, we can order our lives and try to do our duty. Now, my duty plainly is to look up this poor little chap of mine. So, here I go, with a good heart."

Captain Mostyn got up and took his hand. "Perran, my man, you speak well. God bless your work; God bless us all in it."

They went to bed, feeling calm and solemnized after this.

The start took place at daybreak, the men all standing bareheaded while Captain Mostyn, at Perran's request, repeated the Lord's Prayer aloud, the rest joining in. Then, in very few words, he asked a blessing on their journey, to which a general and hearty "Amen" was added by the party.

Mr. Crane walked a few hundred yards with his friends, and then, bidding them a reluctant farewell, returned to his charges—the *Dart*, Sin-sing, and Johnny.

It was at first felt to be a delightful change by all—this walking under the shadow of enormous forest trees, some at least 100 feet high. The tameness and beauty, too, of the birds was very amazing. They flitted about, screaming, chattering, and cooing—almost within reach. Cockatoos, parrots, pigeons—these last quite double the size of their English cousins—kingfishers, too, and—

"Oh, missis, do look, *do* look!" screamed Molly, in intensest excitement. "Such a beautiful bird, with the feathers on its tail out of Mrs. Ames' bonnet, as she wore at your wedding."

Every one laughed heartily, but Molly was right. It was their first view of the beautiful bird which makes the forests of New Guinea its home—the bird of paradise.

There it sat, perfectly self-possessed, on a bough, with golden head and flame-colored feathers, regarding them with interest, but no fear, and uttering a constant whistle.

"For all the world like master calling the dogs," said Molly. And so it was.

After that they came across many more of these lovely creatures; indeed, 'Lisbeth said, truly enough, they looked like the flowers of the forest—red, blue, and golden blossoms, between the leaves of the trees.

All were sorry when their route left the forest, entering on a swampy track where the grass lifted itself high above their heads.

Captain Mostyn, with his gun, was leading. 'Lisbeth was at his side. She had walked capitally, showing no fatigue, and was now chattering and laughing over some anecdote he was relating to her. The tones of her voice fell pleasantly on Perran's ear; oh, that she might always be as bright and strong throughout this journey!

Suddenly he saw her put a hand on Captain Mostyn's arm, then she turned and looked at him with a warning gesture, and a face as white as snow.

What could it be? Perran neither saw nor heard anything, but quick Peter ran up with a whispered, "Snake, Captain. Stand back; me have him!"

The next moment both he and Captain Mostyn fired at an enormous dark coil in the grass, not half a dozen paces ahead—a huge boa-constrictor, the most deadly of reptiles.

"Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Proudfoot; the brute is quite dead," was Captain Mostyn's exclamation.

For 'Lisbeth was leaning on her husband, sick and pale.

"I'm not frightened," she said, trying to smile. "I'm not generally so silly—am I, Perran? but I never did see such a dreadful snake before. It made me shudder. It made me think of Satan in the garden of Eden."

"I've often found people shrink from serpents in that way," said Captain Mostyn, "and I think they do inspire a sort of horror in us that no other beast or reptile does. Look here! Why, the brute must be eighteen feet long."

"And he just had his dinner; just swallowed young kangaroo," added Peter.

Yes, that was indeed the case; the distended skin of the creature plainly showed what had been the nature of its repast.

"Let's get out of this," cried George Holt; "one doesn't want to meet any more of these ugly customers."

So they tramped on, the sun beating hotly on their heads.

Sam began to grumble about his load, and to cry out that it was dinner-time.

True enough; but there was no spot suitable to rest in. So he was bidden to hold his tongue.

The swamp became every moment spongy, and more toilsome to traverse, so that the cr

of, "River here, little river!" from Peter, who had got ahead, was almost a relief.

But how to cross the stream? The women could not swim, and the probability of alligators, made the idea unpleasant in any case.

Peter ran up and down the bank like a restless dog.

By-and-bye he shouted, "Bridge here, come 'long."

Bridge, indeed!

'Lisbeth and Molly were in despair. They couldn't cross on that slippery tree-trunk, which had either fallen opportunely from bank to bank, or been placed there by natives. Why, no one but a dancer on the tight rope could feel at home on it! Peter, with his bare feet, danced across "like the monkey he was," Molly said, "but——"

"Hush!" said 'Lisbeth; "we can do everything we are told." But she set her lips tightly together, and looked as if it would be an effort.

Perran, however, was at her side. "Here, I'll settle the bridge for you," he said; "it isn't such a bad substitute after all. Here, you, Peter, come back. Get me that great cane yonder; now, look out, run over with the end of it."

The lad soon grasped the idea of a railing to the bridge. Cat-like, he crossed again to the further side with the cane, Perran holding the other end; then Captain Mostyn walked over, holding the rail, as an example to the women; and, after that, 'Lisbeth plucked up courage and followed his example—George watching her carefully on one bank, and the Captain stretching out a hand on the other. Molly, of course, could do no less than "follow missis;" what else had she come for?

On the further side the party tarried, and took their first picnic dinner. Sin-sing had prepared that, but for the future they must depend on their own exertions.

The meal over, Peter, at Captain Mostyn's order, was about to climb a tree to reconnoitre, when he suddenly exclaimed, "Native here, been to fetch water!"

He was attentively considering a newly made footprint on the mud by the river side. There was a continuation of the marks guiding to a narrow beaten path.

"Village ahead!" declared Peter; and up the tree he swarmed to make sure of the point.

Yes, from his perch he could spy a stockade or fence in the distance, above which peeped the tops of several native huts.

"All right; it is well we should make friends before dusk," said the Captain. "Now for your beads, Molly; sort us out something irresistible."

He spoke gaily; it would not do to show any alarm at the idea of meeting a Papuan tribe in its own stronghold. Sam, for all his size, was but a coward at heart; and Peter was

young and untried, ready, no doubt, to take the cue from his elders and betters.

Besides, was not this part of the country marked down on the rough map he carried, as inhabited by a friendly people? Time enough to shiver when actual danger threatened; so he gave the order to march.

Molly had arranged a scarlet cotton handkerchief round every man's hat, and she and 'Lisbeth carried several glittering looking-glasses as a propitiatory measure. What other defence 'Lisbeth used was not apparent to the world. No one heard that silent "God keep us all from harm!" which went up to heaven from her heart.

Only God could defend the little company in this unknown world!

*(To be continued.)*

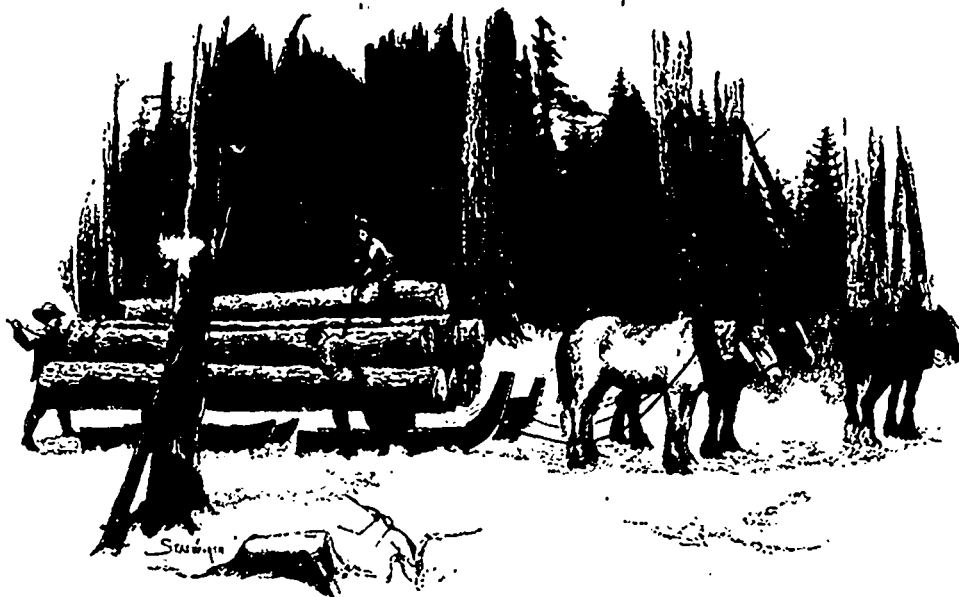
YEAR by year Jesus sets Himself before us, a little child, in great humility, and bids us become like Him, that when He appears again in His glorious majesty we may again be made like Him. Year by year, through His holy Nativity, He calleth us to behold Him, and crieth by His very speechless infancy, "Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and you shall find rest unto your souls."

This is the special festival of humility, as of joy—a lowly joy—a joy of the lowly. Our Lord, from the manger where He deigns to lie, preaches to us humility. This was the beginning and the end of His teaching. He taught it in action, by His birth. He taught it in all His life and suffering. He summed up His teaching in this a little while before His sufferings, when He washed His disciples' feet, and said, "Know ye what I have done for you? If I, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet. I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you. If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

He not merely, as in the days of His flesh, setteth before us a little child, and bids us become like it, if we would enter into the kingdom of heaven. He has become that little child.—*Dr. Pusey.*

REGINALD HEBER wrote the hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," in the year 1812. Eleven years after its composition, Heber was consecrated the second Bishop of Calcutta, his vast jurisdiction embracing British India, Ceylon, Mauritius, and Australia. After a marvelous and brilliant episcopate of only three years, he died of overwork. Now, in this jurisdiction, where only seventy years ago toiled a single bishop and a tiny staff of clergy, we find more than a score of bishops, thousands of priests, and some millions of communicants.

## Young People's Department.



LOADING THE SLEIGHS.

### IN THE SHANTIES.

IT looks like a lonely life, to live far away in the woods and cut down trees and load sleighs with big logs and draw them to the banks of a river, and so in one sense it is; but still there are a great many men who are very glad to do it. They lead a very regular life, up each day early in the morning, cutting away at the trees and handling the logs all day, halting for a short time at noon for their dinner, and coming home tired and hungry at night for their "supper." This is their daily task. They live chiefly on salt pork, potatoes, beans, and bread. Sometimes, for variety, they have some game, which some one procures, gun in hand, from the woods. These lumbermen are always hungry. The steady work and crisp cold air is good for them, and they are generally strong and healthy. They wear homespun grey cloth, with a red sash sometimes tied round the waist. They are very merry all day long, and the woods ring with the sound of the axes and, sometimes with songs as the work goes on.

On Sundays, they halt from their work, sometimes mend their clothes, or do a bit of washing, or write a letter home, or read a little from a book. Now and then a clergyman pays them a visit and gets them together for a short

service. They sing hymns and listen to what the good man has to say to them. He gives them good advice, takes, perhaps, a meal with them, and then says good-by.

In the spring of the year, when the ice begins to move in the river, they all get ready to break up the camp, and set the logs floating on the water. These logs are all marked so that the owners will know them, and then they are pushed into the river, and away they go. The men go with them along the shore, and when the logs get jammed together, two or three of them have to go out on them, jumping from one to the other, with long poles, having a sharp, iron prong at the end, in their hands. By means of pushing and pulling with this pole they start the logs going again; but this is dangerous work, and sometimes the poor fellows lose their footing and get drowned in the water, or crushed by the logs. Sometimes they fasten logs together, and make a big raft of them, and in this way they float down the river. Or, if they don't fasten them together, they chain the outside logs one to the other so that those behind them cannot get loose, and so they keep them all together. This is what they call a boom. These logs are floated down to a saw-mill, where they are sawn into boards and then stacked up as "lumber." This is a great trade in Canada and makes the wilderness, after all, a useful place.

## HOW THE SUBSCRIPTION WAS STARTED.

**H**AS there been anything done about starting the mission?"

It was the minister's wife who asked the question, seated beside the study window.

"No," the minister replied, looking up from his desk at which he sat writing close to her chair; "no, there has been a good deal of talk about it, and it is about decided to start a subscription paper as the best way of finding out how much we can depend upon getting. I wish that it could be started immediately," he added, passing his hand over his head with a sigh; "the building is so sadly needed that we should not delay, and yet I know that the congregation has already given a great deal of money for one thing or another during the past two years."

Beneath the window the sexton's little daughter was playing in the churchyard, as she often did on Saturday when her father was in the church, and, without at all intending to listen, she heard the conversation quite plainly, and though she did not understand it exactly, two or three things impressed themselves upon her loving little heart.

In the first place, the minister, who was the greatest person in the world to little Agnes, wanted something, and that something was money, though what the meaning of the long word "subscription" was, she had no idea. In the second place, the money was for the new mission, about which she had heard a great deal. In the third place, the minister seemed to think that if this same subscription paper was once started it would be all right. With these ideas firmly fixed, Agnes started across the lawn to the church. Her father was sweeping in one of the aisles, and Agnes went in and sat down in a pew near him.

"Father," she asked, "what is a subscription paper?" She pronounced the long word very slowly and carefully, and it is no wonder that her father looked up from his sweeping in surprise at such a question from such a little girl.

"A subscription paper!" he said with a laugh, "why, it's a paper on which people write a promise to give a certain amount of money for some special object. What makes you ask, Aggie?"

"Then would a subscription paper for the new mission be promising to give money for that?" she asked, not noticing his question.

"Yes, of course. But why?"

"O, I was just wondering," she answered. And then she got up and went out into the churchyard again; this time not to her play, however, but over to a certain shady corner where she seated herself at the foot of a grave—her mother's grave—and began to think aloud, as she often did in that one spot.

"It's a great, great deal of money, but I 'spect they need a great deal," she said. "I saved, it a long, long time to buy mother a stone for her grave, and it's grown to be fifty cents—forty cents and two five-cent pieces. Mother dear," she whispered, leaning down over the grave, "mother dear, would you be willing to wait a little longer for your stone, so that the poor little children down at the mills can have a Sunday-school like ours here at the church? Perhaps it will be a good while before I can save fifty cents again, mother dear, but the minister wants so much to have the paper started. Shall I give it to him, and will you wait a little longer for the pretty stone with your name and the nice little text?" And then she laid her little cheek to the soft grass of the mound, and presently she sat up with a satisfied smile on her lips.

"Then I'll give it to him, mother," she whispered. And getting up she went out to the road and on down to the pretty little cottage where she lived with her father and grandmother.

All the rest of the day Agnes was very busy with pencil and paper, and it was almost dusk when, with a deep sigh of relief and satisfaction, she folded her paper and laid it away. The next morning, just before time for service, any one watching might have seen a little girl slip through the open door of the church and, mounting the steps to the pulpit, lay a paper there and go quietly away, for Agnes went always to Sunday-school in the morning, and then home, as her father thought that quite enough for so little a girl at one time, particularly as she always went to the afternoon service.

That particular morning the service proceeded as usual till the minister went into the pulpit to preach the sermon, but then, instead of announcing his text immediately, he paused, lifted a paper, and having opened and read it, looked up and said:

"I have just found this note, and though I am quite confident that it was intended for no eyes but my own, I think that perhaps it may help a good cause if I read it aloud to you, as the little writer is not present." And then he began to read; and this is Agnes' note just as it appeared, only that it was printed in very straggling letters:

"Dare mister Arnol mother an I spoke about it together to day an mother was willin to wait a little longer fur her stone with the pretty tex asleep in jesus on it so i could give you mi fifty cents to build the nue mission sos the little mil girls and boys can go to sundy school, 'cause I kno you want it prety quick and so this is mi surscription paper that Agnes Roe is going to giv fifty cents.

"Realy and truly you know Mother couldn't anser me but you dont think shel mind waitin due you when they don't have any sundy schol down to the mil."



JESSIE AND MAY.

When the minister folded the paper as he finished reading, his eyes were full of tears, and so were the eyes of many in the congregation.

"I have only one word to add," he said, looking about as he laid it down, "and that is that this money has been saved copper by copper, for months, to buy the stone, and now it has been given, a loving offering, for the new mission. If other gifts are in the same proportion we shall not have long to wait for our building."

Agnes did not understand why it was that the minister took her in his arms and held her so close, the next time he came upon her in the church; but she looked up into his face with her own shining with delight, when he said:

"Little Agnes, the money for the new mission has all been promised; would you like to see the subscription paper?" And then he took it out—the long sheet of paper—and at the very head Agnes saw these words, cut from her letter:

"Agnes Roe is going to give fifty cents."

She smiled sweetly up into the minister's face, never guessing, in her innocent little heart, how much those few words had done toward filling up the long sheet; but then she said, as she laid her little head lovingly upon his shoulder:

"I think that mother will be glad, and not mind waiting for the stone, don't you?"

"I think that mother would be very, very glad, and would not at all mind waiting for the stone."

The next day Agnes' father took her to spend a week with her aunt, who lived some miles away. Agnes always loved to go, but as her father used laughingly to say, he thought it was for the sake of coming home again, she was always so delighted to get back.

The first thing that Agnes always did when

she had been away was to go straight "to see mother," as she called visiting the grave. "At this day when she reached the spot the little girl stood looking about her in astonishment. Could she have made a mistake? Surely this was mother's grave! and yet—yet—. She rubbed her eyes and looked again. Yes, there was no mistake; and yet, how could that stone have come there, the very stone, with the very "text," for which Agnes had been saving those cherished pennies?"

She got down on her knees to read what was written there. Yes, it was just what she would have put herself.

Mary L. Roe,  
Aged Thirty Years.  
Asleep in Jesus.

And all that Agnes was ever told was that some of the kind people in the congregation had had the stone put up.—*The Living Church.*

### THE LITTLE HEROINE.

JESSIE and May had been across Cowslip Meadow and down Primrose Lane to the Vicarage for their mother, and they were coming straight home again, like good children, when they heard frightened screams from over where the horse-pond was.

Grave Jessie and laughing little May stood quite still and silent for a few moments, then Jessie said quickly—

"Oh, May, only think if some poor little child has fallen into the pond! Come!"

When they reached the pond there was Mrs. Gettert's two-year-old Teddy floundering in the water, and no one near to help him but themselves.

Just as they came up he fell, and soon nothing was to be seen but a bit of frock and two little hands.

But Jessie was quick. She pulled off her own and May's sash, tied them together, tied one end round the maybush hanging over the water, and with the other in her hand went down bravely into the pond, although poor May cried she would be drowned. Jessie was almost out of her depth when she caught one little hand, and by help of the sash pulled herself and the baby safe back to dry ground. She had saved Teddy's life.

### WHO CAME WHILE EFFIE WAS AWAY?

AS anybody been here to-day, mother, while I was gone?"

Effie had been away all day, since breakfast, and now daylight had faded out of the sky, and the moon's "silver sickle" was hanging above their heads.

"Let me see," said mother, putting on her thinking cap. "Yes, I have had one visitor."

"Oh! have you, mother? Who was it?"

"She did not tell me her name," said mother, with a quizzical little smile.

"Did not tell you her name? How very queer! Where did she come from?"

"She did not say."

"What did she come to our house for?"

"Ah! for several reasons. For one thing, she cured my headache; she brought me a letter from a dear friend; she gave me a new book to read; she put a red rose on my table; she finished a piece of sewing for me, and gave me some sweet, new thoughts."

"What a strange visitor!" murmured Effie. "Was that all?"

"No; she wanted me to do many things for her. She asked me to make broth for a sick girl, to write two letters offering to help two people, to pay a visit, to make a pudding, and several other things."

"And did you do them for her?"

"I did some of them, and some I left undone. I wish now that I had done them all."

"I would give anything to see her, mother. Will she ever come again?"

"No," said mother, "she cannot come again, because she died at sunset."

"Died, mother? How dreadful! and yet you are smiling. I think you are joking somehow—are you?"

"Not joking exactly, Effie, dear, but I am talking in a little parable which I think you can guess, when I tell you that her sister is coming to-morrow at sunrise—her twin sister, so like my visitor that no one could tell them apart, though some of her gifts and some of her desires will be different from to-day's guest."

"You say you don't know her name, mother?"

"I didn't say that. I said she did not tell me her name. But I do know it—it is *Thursday*."

"Thursday!" cried Effie, laughing. "You just mean to-day, then."

"Yes, to-day."

"And your visitor to-morrow will be named—"

"Friday, of course."

"Effie was very much amused at the idea of the Thursday visitor and the Friday visitor; but when she woke up in her little bed the next morning she said softly to herself: "How do you do, Mrs. Friday? I wonder what you have brought me to-day. At any rate, I am going to do all the things you ask me, 'cause you have got to die at sunset, you know."

And, right away, Mistress Friday asked the little girl to get up and dress in time for morning prayers.—*Elizabeth P. Allan, in the Sunday School Times.*

## WHAT WE MAY BRING.

**W**HEN Christ was born in Bethlehem  
The wise men came from far.  
They came with gifts and offerings—  
Led onward by a star.  
Their gifts were quite befitting,  
Such great men as they were—  
The gold that all men treasure,  
The frankincense and myrrh.

So now may men bring learning,  
And others bring their wealth,  
And some may bring their greatness,  
And some bring strength and health.  
We, too, would bring our treasures  
To offer to our King,  
We have no wealth or learning,  
What shall we children bring?

We'll bring the little duties  
We have to do each day;  
We'll try our best to please Him,  
At home, at school, at play;  
And these shall be the treasures  
We offer to our King,  
And these the gifts that even  
The poorest child may bring.

## ONLY A LITTLE.

**D**O you know how much honey a bee gathers in a lifetime? (His life is said to be about three weeks long.) Think now early he rises, how late he stays out, how incessantly busy he is every instant of the "shining hours," as you may know if you stand under that blossoming apple tree; now, how much honey will he store up in a lifetime? *One teaspoonful!* So says a bee student. God thinks it worth while to give him that wonderful body, and more wonderful instinct, for one teaspoonful of honey. Never despise, then, the little you can do, if it is all, really all, you can do.—*S. S. Visitor.*

Check the hasty word or frown,  
Do not judge another—  
Every act to God is known,  
He will judge thy brother.

Give a bright smile when you can,  
Make some dull life glad—  
Life is such a little span,  
We should ne'er be sad.

THE English language is a very expressive language, as witness the following quotation:

"Write we know, is written right,  
When we see it written write,  
But when we see it written wright,  
We know it is not written right.  
For write, to have it written right,  
Must not be written right, nor rite,  
Nor yet must it be written wright,  
But write, for so 'tis written right."

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### EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Very Rev. Dean Partridge has gone to Bermuda for his health.

REV. W. J. ANCIENT has been appointed secretary-treasurer of the Diocese of Nova Scotia, in succession to the late Rev. J. O. Ruggles.

BISHOP BICKERSTETH, of Japan, has gone home to England. It is expected that he will not return to his diocese till next spring.

WITH this number we commence Volume X of our periodical. We wish our readers a Happy New Year. May both they and ourselves prosper in the good work we have in hand!

THE Rev. Canon DuMoulin, of Toronto, has done good service by his vigorous speaking and personal influence towards preventing, if possible, the establishment of professional horse-racing and systematic gambling in Canada.

It is a welcome sign of the times that our Church papers are now having a great deal to say about missionary work. Agitation is needed on this subject, and every effort to arouse missionary spirit should be put forth.

*The Canadian Churchman* has issued a handsome Christmas number, containing several fine illustrations, among them a portrait of the new Bishop of Westminster, the counterpart of which, by a mere coincidence, we present this month to our readers.

THE fourth Lambeth Conference, or "Pan-Anglican Synod," will be held in 1897. The first was held in 1867, the second and third in 1878 and 1888. That of 1897 will be of peculiar interest, as it will mark the thirteenth century since the coming of St. Augustine.

THE Annual Report of the Colonial and Continental Church Society, just received, contains the anniversary sermon preached on Sunday, April 28th, 1895, by the Right Rev. Dr. Sullivan, Bishop of Algoma. It is an able setting-forth of the claims that missionary work has upon the sons and daughters of the Church.

MISS JENNIE C. SMITH expected to leave Kobe for Nagano on the 16th of November. Rev. J. G. Waller went to Kobe to assist her in her moving. They were to take steamer from Kobe to Yokohama, a distance of three hundred and fifty miles. From there a journey of one hundred and fifty miles by railway would convey them to Nagano.

IN distant Armenia over a hundred thousand people are homeless and starving, and, worse still, mourning the cruel murder of nearly as many of their loved ones. It seems terrible that such a fate has overtaken them, and for no other crime, apparently, than that they refused to submit to Mohammedan dictation. A worse ruler than the Sultan of Turkey could not well be found, and it seems high time that Europe should insist upon a better government, especially when the lives and interests of so many Christians are involved.

The message of President Cleveland, threatening war over an affair that was of no immediate concern to him or the United States, was a bad preparation for Christmas, and came as a discordant note to spoil the music of the Nativity Festival, which always rings forth the lovely words, "On earth peace, goodwill towards men." Nothing could be more ill-timed than such a message. Surely the prayers of Christendom will be stronger than the would-be-disturber of national peace, who seems to allow no thought of Christianity to check him in his designs of bloodshed and ruin. Make strong the prayers for, "Peace on earth, goodwill towards men," and the God of peace and concord will hearken and frustrate all bad designs.

THE Dominion Government has recently set apart the unorganized and unnamed portion of Canada into provisional districts. The territory east of Hudson's Bay, having the Province of Quebec on the south and the Atlantic on the east, is to be hereafter known as Ungava. The territory embraced in the islands of the

Arctic Sea is to be known as Franklin, the Mackenzie River region is to be known as Mackenzie, and the Pacific Coast territory, lying north of British Columbia and west of Mackenzie, is to be known as Yukon. According to *The Times'* correspondent, the extent of Ungava and Franklin is undefined. Mackenzie covers 538,600 square miles and Yukon covers 225,000 square miles, in addition to 143,500 square miles added to Athabasca and 470,000 to Keewatin. The total area of the Dominion is estimated at 3,456,383 square miles.

THE REV. F. W. KENNEDY sees good prospects for missionary work in his new station at Matsumoto. His presence there has relieved Mr. Waller of his tedious journeys over the mountains to administer the Holy Communion to the Christians there. Mr. Kennedy is fast learning the Japanese language. He has Mr. Kakuzen as a fellow-worker. Close by are many towns and villages which offer good fields for missionary work. There is, however, a reluctance on the part of those who feel themselves drawn towards Christianity to declare themselves converted for fear of displeasing their relatives. Mr. Kennedy does not give a very bright picture of Japanese dwelling houses. Indeed, it seems incredible that women and children can live in such houses for the winter. The windows are of paper, and the wind blows through the houses at its own free will. Mr. Kennedy writes with his overcoat on, and has difficulty in keeping papers on his table. One wonders how Japanese themselves can live in winter weather in such houses. Mr. Kennedy says: "It is hard for one living in a house with a furnace and solid walls to keep in the heat to realize what one must undergo while living in a Japanese house amongst the mountains of Shinshu." This he says not in complaint as to himself, but because he wishes to protect, if possible, his wife and children. He hopes to induce a Japanese landlord to build a home of some stability and warmth in return for an engagement to pay a higher rental.

THE RT. REV. DR. SULLIVAN, Bishop of Algoma, was present in London on the 5th of November at the quarterly meeting of the Colonial and Continental Church Society. The Bishop expressed his gratitude to the society, and said that without its assistance five or six of the missions in his diocese would have to be given up, and this meant very much more than it seemed to do at first sight, inasmuch as many of the mission parishes were 130 miles in length, and many of the colonists thought themselves fortunate if they were to get a service once in three months. Once a month was a common state of things, and those were highly favored who got one service every Sunday.

Were the missions withdrawn the people would lapse into a sort of paganism. He congratulated the society upon having started a Ladies' Association in connection with it, and spoke of the valuable aid given by the Woman's Auxiliary, well known as the "W.A." in Canada. It had been now about nine years at work, and had four hundred branches; indeed, no parochial organization was considered complete without a branch, and its influence was untold. It raised from \$30,000 to \$40,000 every year for the work of the Church, besides helping it perhaps more effectually by unceasing intercession.

#### THE BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW AND MISSIONS.

Among the many different societies, associations and guilds which of recent years have been established for the purpose of doing church work, that which has attracted by no means the least attention is the Brotherhood of St. Andrew. It has attracted attention for several reasons. First, because it is exclusively an association of men, and men are not conspicuous, as a rule, for their efforts on behalf of the aims and objects of the Church. This is usually left, indeed too frequently left, to women. Secondly, the principles of the Brotherhood seemed rather easy of fulfilment—seemed, in fact, to be something which it might be quite safe to undertake. These principles involved a two-fold obligation—to pray daily for the extension of Christ's kingdom among men, and to make an honest endeavour to bring some one person each week to church or within sound of the Gospel. It is true that this has not proved, in many cases, as easy an obligation as it was sometimes thought to be, and some have been obliged to withdraw from the Brotherhood because of the consciousness that the obligation regarding service was not an easy one to continue; yet, in most cases, the obligation has not been found irksome, though it is to be feared that instances are not wanting in which it has been neglected, or not "lived up to." Other reasons might be mentioned, but these will suffice.

The Brotherhood, in many respects, has been a success, and has brought with it a feeling that it has come to stay, and there are many parishes that can point to very good results accruing from the even partial carrying out of its principles; and it is earnestly to be wished that it will flourish and grow.

But the thought comes to us—naturally, perhaps, as a missionary journal—whether there is not room in this excellent Brotherhood for some extension of its work to the mission field, or at least for seeking to arouse interest in it? Of course, one sees the danger of even suggesting



any alteration in what of itself seems good enough and admittedly useful, in case the very alteration may cause injury to that which, just as it is, has done, and is doing, a good work. And yet, to the minds of some, it might be thought that a little enlargement of the borders might be a good thing for the Brotherhood; for something is wanted continually "to keep up the interest."

Now, it cannot well be doubted that a missionary organization of men in a parish would be found to be extremely profitable and useful. Why should the greatest work of the Church—its missionary work—be, as it is in many, if not nearly all cases, in the hands of ladies, as far as parochial associations in aid of it are concerned? Most parishes have a branch of the Woman's Auxiliary, and the members meet for prayer on behalf of missions, for hearing some information from the field, for collecting money, or doing some work to further its interests; and this is as it should be. But should such a great work as this be left exclusively for women to do? Should not the men have their part to do in the matter?

Surely they should. There should be some band of men, however small, in every parish, who should make it their bounden duty to glean information regarding missionary work, to discuss some problems relating to it, to conduct intercessory prayer for its welfare, and to secure money, when possible, to help it.

Such an organization might be had, it seems to us, in but a very slight extension of the work of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, and chiefly as regards the meetings held in connection with it. How to fill in the full time of a Brotherhood meeting profitably is often a difficult matter, chiefly because the amount of work done from time to time is generally disposed of in a very short period. There is, of course, the Bible lesson, but this is not always forthcoming, for the ability to conduct a Scripture lesson is not, as a rule, found ready at hand.

It is just here that we think the subject of missions might be incorporated into the work of the Brotherhood. Might not a monthly or fortnightly meeting be held in the interests of missionary work, domestic or foreign, or both? Might not some one be appointed to work up information regarding some particular mission and lay it before the meeting, either as a paper or "a talk"? This might be done with less study and less formality than a Bible lesson, which, of course, should never be given up, but which might be taken by the rector or one of the clergy, as the case might be, say once a month.

Would not this arouse fresh interest in the Brotherhood meeting, and lead, perhaps, to a better attendance? And not only that, would it not be likely to arouse missionary interest among men? Some method surely could be

adopted to bring this about, with, one is inclined to think, the very best results.

It is not forgotten that the Brotherhood in question took the name of St. Andrew, because it was he who *first* found his own brother and brought him to Christ, but this would not exclude the possibility of this Brotherhood admitting missions into its general work, because St. Andrew did not stop at bringing his own brother to Christ. He brought him *first* and then went out himself to foreign fields, a missionary faithful and true. Among the barbarous and cruel Scythians he laboured until he was the means of bringing many to Christ. The brother of St. Andrew cannot well help being a missionary; at least he ought to have the missionary spirit. St. Andrew's cross represents St. Andrew the missionary, the martyr for God.

So he has been regarded. The portions of Scripture appointed to be used on St. Andrew's Day show that the missionary character of the apostle was uppermost in the minds of those who selected them. Especially is this the case with the Epistle, in which occurs that most excellent missionary text: "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. How, then, shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? And how shall they believe on him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent?"

Let the full course of St. Andrew be followed, and an accession of strength, in our opinion, would accrue to the Brotherhood by fixing some of its attention upon that outside missionary work which characterizes his great and honourable name.

## THE CHURCH IN THE ARCTIC OCEAN.



AMONG the ventures of faith of the soldiers of the cross during the eighteen centuries of the Church's warfare none has been more daring, none more significant, than the unfurling of Christ's banner on the ice-laden waters of the Arctic Ocean, in the establishment of a mission on Herschel Island, west of the mouth of MacKenzie River.

Our readers will remember the story of the visit of Mr. Stringer, of the Wycliffe College Mission, last year. In romantic interest it has seldom been excelled, and the result has amply demonstrated that God still guides and helps His servants.

Bishop Reeve has lately visited this outpost of the Church in company with Mr. Stringer, and Mr. Whittaker, who went to the north last summer. Herschel Island is the most remote

inhabited spot in the Dominion from the seat of the government of Canada. It is the rendezvous for whaling ships in Behring Sea, and here many of them winter. Once again the missionary enterprise of the Church has turned to the profit of her own children; for this mission, planned for the salvation of the Esquimaux, will prove a perfect boon to the crews of the whalers. During this winter about twenty ships are to winter there, and to their crews it will be Mr. Whittaker's privilege to minister. Thus for these, His needy children, has God "prepared a table in the wilderness."

The Bishop wrote from the island on August 26th, sending his letters by the tender to the fleet by way of Behring Straits and San Francisco.

He gives two items of information, which will call forth the devout thanksgiving of all interested in missions. The first is that the whalers have subscribed \$500 toward the expenses of the mission—the first time on record of contributions for missions given on the Arctic Ocean. Even the most sanguine believer in God's promise to provide the silver and the gold for His work would scarcely expect to find it there. Truly God's mercies and providences are beyond our greatest expectations.

The second calls equally for profound gratitude; for the Bishop states that the whalers have signed a declaration that they will not distribute strong drink among the Christian Indians, or those Esquimaux among whom Mr. Stringer is laboring. Possibly all may not abide by their agreement, but it is a great encouragement, and it shows how great Mr. Stringer's influence has been among people usually so careless. Thus are the restraining influences of the Gospel reaching "unto earth's remotest bounds"; thus is the promise being kept. "All the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto the Lord, and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before Him."

Further interesting information is sent by the Bishop. The visit was made partly in response to the invitation of the Esquimaux chief of those regions—another encouragement to this intrepid apostle of the north.

It will astonish our lady readers to hear that four or five ladies who are with the whaling ships will winter at this *ultima thule* of the Dominion. It gives, too, a significant lesson; for if women can go there, braving the long, dreary winter with their husbands, and engaged merely in worldly enterprise, it ought not to be impossible for women to venture even thus far in the noblest and highest of all enterprises.

The Bishop reports that the whalers had very poor success during the past season. Some ships did not get a single whale, and none got more than three, owing to the prevalence of N.W. winds, which drove in vast quantities of ice, making navigation difficult.

Whales have from the same cause been both wild and scarce.

May we not truly say that if the mission on Herschel Island accomplishes nothing more than to afford the ministrations of the Gospel to these brave, hardy toilers of the deep—amid all their peril and hardship, pointing them heavenward to Him who holds the waters in the hollow of His hand—that mission will have amply justified itself, and will deserve the prayers and the gifts of all Christian people. Will not our readers help?

Of his work further south the Bishop sends most encouraging accounts. At Peel River he found the work of Archdeacon McDonald going on well. Even in those remote regions "la grippe" had prevailed, and the archdeacon was suffering from it, but Mrs. McDonald and their four children were well. Most of the Indians of the district were round the mission. Of the services he writes: "It was a most inspiring sight to see the Indians flock to church every time the bell rang for service, and to observe their devout demeanor and the heartiness of their singing. But probably most people would have been more interested in the Esquimaux service, which was more informal, if not less hearty. They cannot read yet, but they repeated a few short prayers, and Mr. Stringer has taught them some hymns, which they sang with evident pleasure. I addressed them, through an interpreter, and they made audible assent to several of my remarks. I wish I could have taken a photograph of them as they sat there in church. It would have made a striking picture, and one which would have interested all readers and lovers of missionary work."

The archdeacon, with his family, will probably visit Winnipeg next year. The Bishop also hopes to be there to attend the provincial and general synods.

At Fort Norman, during the summer, the Bishop confirmed twelve persons presented by the Rev. J. Hawksley, who has since gone to England on furlough. Eleven of these afterwards received the Holy Communion. During his visit he had daily evening prayers with the Indians, generally followed by an address, which was listened to with marked attention.

Mr. Stringer, who has been granted a well-earned vacation, is now probably in Ontario, and will (D.V.) return to his work next summer.

The recorded work of these devoted missionaries of Mackenzie River reads, indeed, like a new chapter in the Acts of the Apostles. Let the Christians of more favored regions remember their brothers and sisters under the "northern crown" before the Throne of grace. The Bishop's commissary, the Very Rev. the Dean of Rupert's Land, Winnipeg, will be glad to receive offerings for Mackenzie River missions.

B.

## Books and Periodicals Department.

*The Elements of Higher Criticism.* By Andrew C. Zenos, Professor of Biblical Theology in the McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago. Cloth, 12mo, 268 pp. \$1.00 New York, London, Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Co. For those who have but a hazy idea of what is meant by "The Higher Criticism" this book will be found most valuable, and, indeed, to all classes of readers it will be found useful. The aim and objects of the higher criticism are clearly stated, and a very good historical sketch of the various criticisms that have been applied to the Bible from earliest days to the present is given. The writer is clearly on the side of the old interpretations of Scripture and the conservative attitude towards it; but the matter is likewise viewed very fairly from the standpoint of the critics, whose motives—in most cases—are held to be, not the subversion of the Word of God, but the desire to arrive at the historic truth regarding it. Some of the criticism, of course, to which the Bible has been subjected, has been and still is made from an adverse view—from a desire, in fact, to overthrow it; but such is not the case with all criticism, the standpoint being that the more truthful or genuine the book the more easily should it stand even the merciless treatment of the critic, who, laying aside for the time being all preconceived ideas of inspiration, sets himself mercilessly to investigate everything regarding it in the light of modern science and the enlarged vision which ripe scholarship has opened up to the world. The book that can stand treatment of this kind at the hands of its own natural friends will be benefited, it is held, in the long run, and will be all the more firmly established even in the highest position that may be claimed for it. Certainly between these two classes of critics nothing can remain unsaid that can possibly be urged against traditional beliefs regarding the Bible.

*Diocesan Histories—Chester.* By Rev. Rupert H. Morris, D.D., F.S.A. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

Chester was one of the dioceses grudgingly formed by Henry VIII. out of the spoliation of the monasteries, and therefore its history, as a diocese, dates properly only from the year 1541, when John Bird, the last Abbot of St. Werburgh, at Chester, was made the first bishop. The name John Bird, curiously enough, appears nearly three hundred years afterwards in the list of bishops in John Bird Sumner, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. The author, however, has devoted five very interesting chapters to the history of the Christian Church from early days in the district that afterwards was formed into the diocese of Chester. From it, in modern times, was formed the diocese of Manchester (1847), and Liverpool (1880). These diocesan histories, as issued by the S.P.C.K., are of great interest and value.

(1) *The Sunday at Home*; (2) *The Leisure Hour*; (3) *The Boy's Own Paper*; (4) *The Girls' Own Paper*; and other publications. The Religious Tract Society, 56 Paternoster Row, London.

*The Sunday at Home* (December) continues "Dr. Adrian," the story of Old Holland, gives some excellent views of Canterbury Cathedral, with a suitable article descriptive of it, presents another installment of Fiji and its people, together with some interesting tales suitable for Sunday reading. In *The Leisure Hour* "The Dreams of Dania" promises to be a bright and entertaining Irish tale; "Old New England" revives thoughts of old colonial days; and "The Soldier's Stratagem" excites admiration for the heroic. The publications for young people are, as usual, helpful and instructive.

(1) *The Expositor* (one shilling); (2) *The Clergyman's Magazine* (sixpence). London: Hodder and Stoughton, Paternoster Row.

The December issue of *The Expositor* contains much excellent literature bearing upon biblical and theological questions. The programme for 1896 is rich in promise, consisting of expositions by the late Rev. Dr. Dale, articles on the Lectionary, by Bishop Ellicott, by Dean Farrar on "Genesis and the Higher Criticism," by Rev. Dr. James Stenney on various subjects, together with many other important contributions.

*The Clergyman's Magazine* for December has an article on Archdeacon Sinclair, the great London worker, together with many useful notes for sermons and addresses.

*The Missionary Review of the World.* New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$2.50 a year. The December number contains some very interesting and instructive articles on Palestine and the work for the evangelization of the Jews. Besides the comprehensive notes and statistics on these subjects in the Field of Survey, H. H. Jessup, D.D., of Beirut, contributes an article on "The Jews in Palestine," written in his usual powerful style, and dealing with the present situation and prospects, and the duty of Christendom towards them. Rev. Thos. Laurie, for many years a missionary in the East, writes on "The Beginnings of the Education of the Women in Syria," a very readable chapter in the early history of missions. D. H. McKenney, Ph. D., describes the beliefs and worship of the Druses, an important but comparatively little known sect in Syria, who are at present at war with a neighboring sect near Damascus. Other articles of interest find their place, as usual, in this excellent periodical.

*The Review of Reviews.* New York. \$2.50 a year. The December number, in its "Progress of the World" department, plunges, as usual, into the discussion of important current topics. The assembling of the Fifty-fourth Congress at home, and the undisturbed condition of Turkey and some of the European powers at this moment, present questions which call for extended comment this month. The editor also devotes several paragraphs to the boundary dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela, and the results of the recent elections in various states are reviewed and summarized. Many other articles—copiously illustrated throughout—throw much light on events past and passing. The character sketch of "Mr. Herbert Spencer" is well worth reading.

*The Cosmopolitan.* New York. Price tencents. The fiction in this magazine is of a high order, containing Stevenson's last story written before his death, "Ouida," Sarah Grand, Zangwill, and the beginning of James Lane Allen's new Kentucky realistic story, "Butterflies." Probably no stronger array of fiction has ever been presented in any magazine; money could not buy better. The illustrations are a great feature in this magazine, though occasionally one or two are admitted which, in our judgment, might better be left out.

"Ninety-Six." The Toronto Art Students' League has published a very neat little calendar for the year 1896, containing several handsome illustrations, and some verses in season. In the centre of the book is a very fine plate giving the Sundays and holy days of the year. The illustrations are by the Toronto Engraving Company.

*Germania.* A. W. Spanhoofd, Manchester, New Hampshire, editor. This is a well-arranged monthly periodical for the study of the German language. Each number contains valuable assistance for students of that tongue.

**DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN  
MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF  
THE CHURCH OF ENG-  
LAND IN CANADA.**

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

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*Algoma*, D. Kemp, Esq., Synod Office, Toronto, Ont.

The next meeting of the Board is appointed to be held in Montreal, on Wednesday, the 15th of April, 1896.

**TREASURER'S DEPARTMENT.**

The following are the amounts received to date by the Secretary-Treasurer since July 31st, 1895:

<b>HURON, for—</b>		Domestic.	Foreign.
Blood Reserve, from W.A.....		\$ 31 25	
“ (Omoksene) “ .....		31 00	
“ salary, Miss A., from W.A. ....		50 00	
Algoma.....		14 00	
		<hr/>	
		\$126 25	
<b>NIAGARA—</b>			
Collected in Hamilton (Cathedral).	17 50	\$14 50	
“ “ St. Catharines (St. George's).....	38 00	37 00	
Collected in St. Catharines (St. Thomas').....	2 50	1 50	
		<hr/>	
		\$58 00	\$53 00
<b>NOVA SCOTIA, for—</b>			
Rupert's Land (Washakada) .....	12 50		
Collected in Windsor, N.S.....	9 50	10 50	
		<hr/>	
		\$22 00	\$10 50
<b>QUEBEC, for—</b>			
Japan, Miss Smith's fund, from W.A.		65 00	
		<hr/>	
			\$65 00
<b>TORONTO, for—</b>			
Algoma, Marksville, from W.A..	4 56		
Mackenzie River “ “ ..	66 00		
New Westminster (school) “ ..	26 53		
Qu'Appelle (Rev. Mr. Teitlebaum) from W.A.....	2 00		
Rupert's Land, from W.A.....	30 00		
<b>Saskatchewan and Calgary—</b>			
Blackfoot Home, from W.A....	19 08		
Piegan Home “ “ .....	150 00		
Blackfoot Home “ “ .....	150 70		
“ “ “ “ .....	29 80		
Selkirk “ “ .....	10 77		
Rupert's Land .....	1 00		
Japan, thankoffering, from W.A...		90 70	
Japan, Wycliffe College missions, from W.A.....		23 00	
China, Bible woman, from W.A...		30 00	
Japan, general (St. Cyprian's, Toronto) .....		30 00	
		<hr/>	
		\$490 44	\$173 70

**TOTALS.**

	Domestic.	Foreign.	Total.
As above.....	\$ 696 69	\$302 20	\$ 998 89
Previously acknowledged...	1,113 98	661 50	1,775 48
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	1,810 67	963 70	2,774 37

CHAS. H. MOCKRIDGE,  
*Secretary-Treasurer.*

Toronto, December 14th, 1895.