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THE CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE

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No. 94

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

NO. 94.—AFRICA.

BY MISS MAY HOSKIN, DEER PARK, ONT.

 Africa, the subject of this paper, my only knowledge is from reading. And the few facts I have gathered together may already be well known to you.

This immense continent, covering an area of eleven million miles, which was once, in its north-eastern part, the seat of civilization and learning, has become the least important, as regards the progress of the human race, till of late years, when the zeal of missionaries and explorers, and of commercial speculators, has opened up this unknown and mysterious dark continent. Yet still the difficulties are great, due as much to the pestilential climate as to the barbarous savagery of the native tribes. In the western, southern, and eastern dioceses, missionary work is being carried on by many devoted servants and martyrs for Christ's sake. Through persecutions and fearful deaths has the knowledge of our Saviour been carried to these ignorant heathen, whose only religion is the devil worship, with his prime minister,

the witch doctor, against whose fearful power the medical missionary alone can prevail. Cannibalism, infanticide, human sacrifices, and tortures most horrible have been practised throughout all ages.

Of the Western or Niger district, Bishop Hill,* the successor to Bishop Crowther, says "that here sin has done its worst; here Satan has most enslaved humanity." Under him work two native bishops, who are in charge at Lagos, but most uphill is the work before them.

Cruelty and savagery seem ingrained in the native. The great district of Yoruba is now thrown open to Christianity as never before, and two and one-half millions of heathen are still waiting like those of Macedonia. In the Soudan, ever to be associated with the name of the saintly and heroic Gordon, the work is, unhappily, for the present, at a standstill for lack of men to take the place of those devoted young soldiers of the cross now lying in the graveyard of Tokoja.



RT. REV. ALFRED ROBERT TUCKER, D.D.,
Third Bishop of the Church of England in Eastern Equatorial Africa.
(From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London, England.)

Why is it so? Is it not because, as the celebrated traveller, Isabella Bird, says, we are too fond of looking on the *work done*? To her, the *work undone* was vast and appalling—the terrible, terrible degradation and misery that

* Bishop Hill has since been called to his rest.



RT. REV. G. W. H. KNIGHT-BRUCE, D.D.,
Bishop of Mashonaland, Africa.

met her in all her travels, as a voice, seemed ever saying, "What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground."

In Eastern Africa the first missionary was Dr. Krapf, who, in 1809, landed at Mombasa, off the coast of the Arab state of Zanzibar, and immediately commenced his life's work of combating with that terrible evil, the slave traffic, carried on so extensively along the coast, and to translate the Bible into Swahili.

In 1874 the British established Freretown as a station for preventing the slave trade. It is beautifully situated opposite to Mombasa, and is now the headquarters of Bishop Tucker. No one here stays away on collection Sunday; in fact, service is held one-quarter of an hour earlier on that account, and at Kabia they support a catechist themselves. Still, the work is not as progressive as in the more central Uganda.

Here, in Uganda, to Stanley is due the first missionary expedition. In 1875, finding King Mtesa willing to receive Christian teachers, he wrote to England, and two anonymous donations of £5,000 were offered to the Church Missionary Society to organize a mission to Uganda. Amongst the party was a Scottish engineer, afterwards known as "Mackay of Uganda," in just recognition of his unwearied labors there. In his parting words to the C.M.S., he said:

"Most likely in six months you will hear that one of us, at least, is dead; but don't lose heart; send out others to take the place of those who have fallen."

Only too true proved his words, for shortly after landing two of the party died. Still sadder news followed. In 1877, after a year's long and toilsome journey they reached Lake Nyanza, where their leader, Lieut. Smith, and another were put to death by a chief. Undaunted, Mackay set to work, his great desire being to translate the Bible, believing that if they once had it in their own language the truth could never be driven out. He succeeded in completing the Gospel of St. Matthew. But on the death of Mtesa, his successor, young Mwanga, began a system of torture. The native Christian boys were seized and slowly roasted to death, in an endeavor to make them recant. But what a lesson to us! They remained steadfast, praying for their murderers, many their own fathers, till death released them from their sufferings. Hannington's martyrdom followed. Mackay was driven out, and in 1890 went home to that rest, not his oh earth, after fourteen years of unceasing toil for Uganda, tended to the last by his first convert, Sembera, afterwards killed in the war of 1892.

"Ah! happy saints, forever blest,
At Jesus' feet, how sweet to rest!"

Truly, here it may be said that "the blood of the martyr is the seed of the Church," for Bishop Tucker reports that since his arrival, in 1890, there have been 153 adults and 53 infants baptized, 141 confirmed, 9 deacons and 4 priests ordained, 10,000 gospels sold, and a church to hold 4,000 erected at Mengo. Mwanga is a nominal Christian, and last year nine out of the thirteen chiefs drew up a document stating that, "We Protestant chiefs desire to adopt the good customs of freedom. We wish to untie and free completely all our slaves. Here are our names as chiefs." So wonderfully has the work progressed!

Further south, our work has been far less prosecuted for lack of means wherewith to do so.

In the district of Lebombo, northeast of the Transvaal (created a diocese in 1893, under Bishop Smythe), many thousands of Zulus—that fine race, so superior to the negro of West Africa, and the Hottentot of the Cape—with Zambesi, Tongas, and Europeans, work in the mines. At present no clergyman is stationed there, though the need for one is great. The bishop, during his journey, on arriving at a tavern at Elands, found that a white man had just died, and proposing to read the burial service over him the people demurred, saying that, considering what his past life had been, they thought it would be better not. This is but one case out of many. Sin and drink pervades these mining camps, especially among the whites. Yet "how can they hear without a

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A NATIVE AFRICAN VILLAGE.



A BOER FARMER.

preacher; how can they preach except they be sent?"

In the Transvaal, the work was commenced as early as 1864, but has not progressed rapidly, for the Cape people and half-castes, who speak Dutch almost entirely, are deeply degraded through drink. Their masters, the Boers, in no way try to convert them, their rigid Calvinism forbidding it. At their centre, Molote, is the mission farm, which so far has proved a success, though usually it is not found good to collect them into locations, as leading to idle and vicious habits.

A little farther north of here is Mashonaland, that country now exciting so much interest by reason of the recently discovered gold mines, and the present war. The Mashonas, unlike the Matabeles, are a cowardly, indolent race, though many show an intelligent understanding of what is taught them. The mission in this reputed kingdom of the Queen of Sheba is seven years old, under the charge of Bishop Bruce. The work is divided between the natives and Europeans, and the missionaries have found the Company's officer most kind in assisting with the Church services.

Umtali, one of the principal stations, is 130 miles from the railway, and the journey has to be performed on foot, as no cattle can live in that region on account of the Betse fly, so all provisions have to be brought by carriers, which causes them to be very expensive. In some places, black sugar is 21 cents a pound; a 200-pound sack of flour costs \$125. At Umtali a church has recently been built by Mr. Pelly, who is succeeding admirably. The nurses at the hospital, who were completely worn out, have lately been replaced by others from the University College Hospital, London.

Canon Balfour, who is stationed at Fort Salisbury, the headquarters of the Company, is doing most valuable work, especially in his journeys among the kraals, all of which must be performed on foot, sleeping either out in the open veldt, or in the filthy huts of the natives. One layman, Mr. Edwards, since invalided home, having been frequently at death's door by repeated attacks of fever and ague, induced a witch doctor to give him his grandson to bring up as a Christian—a wonderful concession! The duty we owe to Mashonaland is plainly shown. At a meeting in Capetown a Presbyterian missionary made a remarkable speech, saying he looked on Mashonaland as especially entrusted by God to the Church of England. For years they had been longing to go there, but no opening had come till the Church of England undertook it.

The chief of Pondoland, the only independent state, gave his heir to Canon Gibson to educate in England. He is now a Christian, Edwardes Mditstiwa. As all his surroundings are heathen, it will prove most difficult to retain his Christianity and self-respect among a people who, the Bishop of Kafiraria says, "still remain in heathen darkness, practising the most revolting and barbarous cruelties in obedience to a long-established system of witchcraft and superstition." At Umtata is St. John's College. The three greatest hindrances in South Africa are beer, idleness, and polygamy.

At Wyldsdale, Swaziland, is a small mining camp, in which the visiting clergyman found only two men sober. Among them he discovered the son of a general, whom, after some conversation, he induced to leave the camp, and a young Welshman from the parish of a friend of his. These men all earn from \$17 to \$25 a

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month. The people about Horo are the most degraded he had ever seen. Parts of the country are fairly healthy, and at Umbulsi very fertile, dotted all over with mimosa bushes. Elsewhere, both natives and whites suffer much from fever in summer, at one town he found all the people down with it. Usutu is the chief town. Though under Dutch, native, as well as English rule, it is to England the Swazi looks and puts his trust. And shall he look in vain?

THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY.

(Continued.)

WHEN William the Conqueror was simply William, Duke of Normandy, he married Matilda, daughter of the Earl of Flanders, a lady too nearly related to him to admit of a legal marriage according to the laws of the Church. One who was loudest in denouncing this marriage was Lanfranc, an Italian, who had worked his way up to be a lawyer. As a layman he had been a complete stranger to Christ; but he experienced one of those sudden conversions which, though not necessarily the rule of Christianity, are nevertheless among its highest triumphs and glories. He at once embraced the religious life, and rose to the position of Prior of Bec, and it was in this capacity that he denounced Duke William and his marriage with Matilda. This brought down upon him the anger of the powerful duke, who ordered him out of the country, but in some way, not very clear in history, the duke and the prior were reconciled, and the latter went himself to Rome and procured a dispensation which legalized William's marriage. From this time, these two dignitaries, the one civil, the other ecclesiastic, became great friends, and Lanfranc was advanced to higher positions in the Church, until he was offered the Archbishopric of Rouen. This, however, he declined. And in the meantime his great and powerful friend had become King of England.

With the accession of William the Conqueror in A.D. 1066, a new era alike for the Church and realm began. The sway of the Anglo-Saxon was over, yet England, in feeling, in language, in religion, and in habits of life, was, in the main, as Anglo-Saxon as ever. Norman nobles built their castles in many places throughout England, and became the higher class in society, yet the bone and sinew of the country remained, as of old, Anglo Saxon.

The Normans, though fierce and implacable, were pious in their habits. They were noted for their long prayers and outward observance of religion. William I. had every respect for the power of the Church, and desired her organ-

ization to remain the same as of old. Canterbury was still to be the metropolitical see, and when it became vacant by the deposition of Archbishop Stigand he at once cast about him for a successor. And for such he naturally looked among his own people, and selected his old friend Lanfranc. With great reluctance and after much persuasion, he accepted the position, and was consecrated at Canterbury on August 29th, 1070, at the age of sixty-five. The scene of desolation at the time of this consecration was almost as great as at the time when Canterbury was sacked by the Danes. The cathedral was in ruins, having been (three years previously) again destroyed by fire, and the consecration took place in a shed temporarily raised upon its site. The whole country was in equal desolation, Norman barons and Saxon people alike afraid of one another.

Fortunately, the hand of Lanfranc was a vigorous one, and he applied himself to the reorganization of the Church. He influenced the king to summon his sheriffs and officers of law with a view to have the Church lands which had been taken away by violence restored. This bore heavily upon Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, and Earl of Kent, the king's brother, who had managed to get into his hands a large portion of Church lands and property. Though this distinguished personage was the second nobleman of the realm, Lanfranc, on the authority of the king, instituted proceedings against him, and recovered by a regular trial by law at Penden Heath most valuable property for the Church.

The Archbishop of Canterbury thus found himself a man of wealth and power. One of his first steps was to restore the unfortunate cathedral, and this he did on a large and substantial scale. The Normans were possessed of great architectural skill. Their churches were built so as to serve for places of refuge in time of war. This was in reality the origin of the strong square tower, for in it women and children could be placed in comparative safety, and easily defended.

Lanfranc acted as William's adviser in affairs of state as well as in matters of religion, and therefore became much interested in his adopted country. The pope (Gregory VII., or the celebrated Hildebrand) tried to exercise control over him, but Lanfranc managed to hold out against him, chiefly through the power of the Conqueror, who was always ready to support him. Hildebrand, at the same time, with all his assurance, did not care to offend the sturdy king.

King William died in the year 1087. His wishes regarding the kingdom were carried out by Lanfranc, who crowned his second son, William, King of England, leaving his eldest son to be Duke of Normandy. Thus, to the great delight of the Anglo-Saxons, England was once

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RAMABAI. (See page 80.)

more an independent country, although ruled by a foreign prince. William Rufus allowed himself to be influenced for good by the archbishop, but this did not last long. Lanfranc, after having done an immensity in the way of Church reorganization, died on the 24th of May, 1089, being eighty-four years old, and having been nineteen years archbishop.

William II., the red-headed king of England, was a rough, boisterous man, who felt his own power, and loved to make others feel it also. As long as Lanfranc lived the better side of his nature was kept to the front, but when the archbishop died his coarser disposition soon showed itself. Like all profligate monarchs he needed money, and at once claimed that, as king of England, he was entitled to the revenue of a diocese when vacant. This being admit-

ted, he found it convenient to keep the Archbishopric of Canterbury vacant for four years. When he did begin to think of filling the vacancy, he looked about him for a suitable man. He sought for him naturally among the friends of the late archbishop, and therefore looked towards the monastery of Bec, from which Lanfranc had come. The Abbot of Bec at that time was Anselm, an Italian of noble birth, who from a child had formed a determination to live a monastic life. He studied under Lanfranc at Bec, and rose to be prior and abbot as his teacher had done. It naturally occurred to William Rufus that he would be the man to succeed also to the archbishopric. Anselm happened to be in England at the time, and William, having invited him to the palace, treated him with every deference and cordiality. But Anselm foolishly displeased the king by upbraiding him for his mismanagement and misdeeds, and the appointment of an archbishop was again deferred. The time came, however, when William was seized with a heavy illness, and the fear of dying with more sins than necessary upon his head drove him to appoint an archbishop. With a view to this, he sent at once for Anselm. This caused great excitement among the friends of the king. They felt that his safety depended upon this abbot of Bec. To their dismay, he declined the position. The king besought him with tears. The crozier was forced into his hand, which had to be opened by force. Anselm at length consented, and William Rufus got better. This gave the archbishop a great hold upon the wayward king, but he was not a man of sufficient tact to retain it. He was consecrated on December 4th, 1093, and almost immediately afterwards he had a serious quarrel with the king. After a long vacancy in any office, an incumbent was expected to make the liege lord a present. Anselm scouted the custom, and refused to give anything to the king, who was his liege lord. He yielded, however, at length to persuasion, but only to the extent of such a small sum of money that the king sent it back to him, and when Anselm held an interview with his majesty he only made matters worse, and was sent away with the words: "I want neither thee, nor thy foul tongue; so be off with thee!"

War between the Norman kings and the Archbishops of Canterbury had begun. Anselm could have pacified William by paying him the money which the king felt was due to him, but the archbishop would not do it. The king sent him words of defiance. "Tell him," he said, "I can do without his benediction."

At this period of history there were two popes. Gregory VII. (Hildebrand) had been deposed, and Clement was appointed in his place; but many held that Gregory's depo-

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sition was irregular, and therefore adhered to him. Hence kings and ecclesiastics had to chose which pope they would serve. On this point Anselm again offended the king. Without consulting his monarch, the archbishop had selected Urban II. (in the line of successors of Gregory). The king was furious. The other pope was the one for him, if, indeed, a pope were a necessity at all. Anselm could have managed this man, rough as he was, if he had shown the least tact, but he failed in this continually. As this quarrel progressed the king and Anselm saw little of one another, but the archbishop was suddenly surprised at finding a proclamation issued by the king to the effect that he acknowledged Urban II. as pope! Rufus had done this with a view to deposing the archbishop, who had not yet received the pallium or cloak of office. Rufus hoped that Urban, in return for acknowledging him as pope, would send the pallium to him to be disposed of as he might see fit. Instead of this, the pope sent the pallium by a special legate, who acted with such consummate tact and skill that he procured permission from the king to place the pallium upon the altar of Canterbury Cathedral, and that Anselm might take it from there. This was done, and the king and Anselm were satisfied. These things seem to us more like the quarrelings and reconciliations of children than of kings and archbishops.

However, William II. and Anselm were again at peace, but the archbishop possessed two qualities which forbade the continuance of any prolonged friendship. One was a strong feeling of independence and exaltation of his own power, and the other was an intense reverence for the pope as the successor of St. Peter. These two points greatly exasperated the king, for he felt that they both struck at the root of his own authority as king of England. To these, perhaps, might be added a third quality, viz., obstinacy, and all these united to produce his great and final quarrel with the king.

Anselm wanted to go to Rome "to seek aid from the blessed Peter and his vicar," but he could not leave England without the permission of the king, and this Rufus refused to give. Over and over again the permission was asked for, till the king lost all patience, and declared that if he went he would forfeit his rents and position. The bishops of England tried hard to dissuade Anselm from his purpose. What possible necessity, they represented to him, could there be for him to go to Rome, especially in defiance of his own king? But Anselm would not listen to reason. He put the pope for God, and the king for man, and said that he must obey God rather than man!

He left for Rome in October, 1097, prepared to take all the consequences of the wrath of the king, whom, however, he never met again. He resided for a time chiefly at Rome, and in the

presence of the pope. Wishing to return to England, he induced Urban to write to King William to get permission to return. He received a most savage answer, to the effect that the archbishop's income had been attached to the crown, and would never be restored to him again, and that the archbishop had been plainly told, before he left England, that such should be done if he were to leave. The pope replied by a threat of excommunication, but a messenger from Rufus, who was sent with a reply, persuaded the pope, partly by means of a bribe, that it would be unwise for him to proceed to extreme measures in such a matter. The next message that came from England was that William Rufus was dead. This intelligence reached Anselm in August, 1100, and he immediately set out for England, where he was cordially welcomed by the new king, Henry I. (William's brother), who promised to reform former abuses, and particularly engaged never to keep sees vacant for his own enrichment.

But this strange ecclesiastic seemed born to quarrel with kings. It had been the custom of the kings of England to invest the archbishops with their office, and Anselm himself had formerly been invested by William Rufus. But since then he had obtained new light. He had been living close to the pope, and had learned that no layman, not even a king, had a right to perform the duties of investiture. Henry was as depraved as his brother had been, but he was not so quick-tempered. He tried a policy of delay in this matter, and in the meantime treated the archbishop with marked deference and kindness. In order to gain time, he sent a messenger to Rome to procure the pope's views regarding the right of investiture. The pope upheld the archbishop. The king, however, used every possible means to persuade Anselm to comply with what he regarded as his clear right, but the archbishop stoutly refused, whereupon Henry's wrath at last broke out and he ordered the contumacious ecclesiastic to quit his realm. Anselm, however, who had left England when ordered by William Rufus to remain in it, now refused to go when Henry I. ordered him to leave it. Much unrest and disorder ensued. The king became calm again, and tried pacific measures. A second appeal to the pope only left matters where they were. Then Henry begged the archbishop to go himself to Rome, and try to get some peaceful arrangement of the whole matter with the pope. With reluctance Anselm consented, and left England for Rome in April, 1103.

Pope Paschal supported the archbishop in his contention against his king, but to such a mild and timorous extent that Anselm was disgusted. In his long-continued absence from his diocese, Henry confiscated his property, and in return Anselm prepared to excommuni-

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THE LATE BISHOP HILL.

cate the king. Nothing was more dreaded than excommunication. Henry felt this, and as his brother, the Duke of Normandy, had waged war upon him, he saw that the curse of the Church would probably give his enemy such tremendous advantage over him that the result would be extreme disaster. He, therefore, was obliged to seek peace with the archbishop. He made Anselm very handsome offers, but said nothing about the investiture. This opened up the question again, and gave Henry what he wanted—delay; but when forced to face the question, he yielded to the extent of allowing the pope to give to the archbishop the pastoral staff and ring, provided Anselm would do homage to him as his king, and swear fealty to him. The pope was induced to favor this settlement of the question, and Anselm felt constrained to submit to it, though he was not at all satisfied with it. An old man, shattered in health, he returned to England in 1106, where he was received with much joy and hearty good will. The king acted generously towards him, and gave him his true place as the spiritual head of his household, and as his chief adviser in the realm.

Notwithstanding the unhappy quarrels in which Anselm found himself involved, he was unquestionably a great and good man. He left behind him many productions, which have been admired in every age, and which showed him to have been a man of deep thought and pious mind; but he was Roman in his tendencies, and did much to bring the Church of England under the sway of the pope. He was an ascetic in the habits of his life, and could not endure anything else in his clergy. By his influence, the clergy of England were forbidden to marry, and much hardship was brought upon those who already had wives. Though of feeble health, he had reached his seventy-sixth year when death removed him on the 21st of April, 1109.

THE LATE BISHOP HILL.

FEW histories are more pathetic than that of the late Bishop Hill of Western Equatorial Africa, the mission of the Church Missionary Society in the Niger Territory. Joseph Sidney Hill was a student from 1873 to 1876 at Islington College—a missionary college established by the C.M.S. It was at this college that Samuel Crowther, afterwards Bishop of the Niger Territory, was educated. Mr. Hill was ordained on Trinity Sunday, 1876, and, with his newly-married wife, sailed for Lagos, in the Yoruba country, Africa, in the autumn of that year; but his health, and that of Mrs. Hill, obliged him to return speedily to England. In 1878 he went to New Zealand and labored in mission work in the diocese of Waiapu, and afterwards, removing to Auckland, gave himself up to work connected with the Young Men's Christian Association. Returning to England, Mr. Hill, who was an excellent preacher, joined the Church Parochial Mission Society under Mr. Aitken, who speaks highly of his work as a mission preacher. But his desire for foreign mission work caused him to offer himself once more to the C.M.S. as a missionary to the Niger Territory under Bishop Crowther; but the death of that noted native prelate changed the course of events. It was thought best not to continue the experiment of a native bishop in full charge of a diocese, but to appoint an Englishman. Mr. Aitken then suggested the name of Mr. Hill, a suggestion which was warmly endorsed by Bishop Stewart, of Waiapu, New Zealand, and his name accordingly was submitted to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, however, thought it best to send him on a visit to the mission, in order that any feeling regarding the abandonment of the native episcopate might be allayed or removed. This proved to be a wise step, and Mr. Hill returned to England for consecration. It was thought, however, best to associate with him in his work two native bishops as coadjutors, and for this purpose two colored missionaries, Charles Phillips and Isaac Oluwole, were selected. Mr. Hill and these two associates were consecrated in St. Paul's Cathedral on St. Peter's Day (June 29th), 1893. On the same day, twenty-nine years before, Samuel Crowther was consecrated in Canterbury Cathedral. By the 21st of November, Bishop Hill, with his missionary party, were ready to sail for Africa. He had spent the interval in England, making missionary addresses; "Tearing about the country," as the *Church Missionary Intelligencer* puts it, "(no other phrase will do!) everywhere lifting up the missionary cause to a higher spiritual level, and everywhere calling forth the prayerful sympathy of the truest servants of the Lord." He left England on the 22nd of November, for his work in Africa,

Bishop Oluwole being with him. Bishop Phillips and Rev. H. Tugwell, one of the English missionaries in West Equatorial Africa, had already sailed on the eleventh of November. On December the sixth Bishop Hill and his party reached Sierra Leone, Bishop Phillips and Mr. Tugwell having arrived there several days before. The next intelligence received was a brief telegraphic announcement received in England on the festival of the Epiphany (Jan. 6th), 1804, "*Bishop Hill and Mrs. Hill at rest.*"

Subsequent intelligence showed that the bishop held a confirmation service on Christmas Eve, and preached on Sunday, December the 31st, but on January the 1st he was taken ill with the African fever. A few hours afterwards, Mrs. Hill was also prostrated by it. They lingered for a few days, suffering great pain. At length, on the 5th of January, in the afternoon, the energetic bishop, full of hopes for his new work, was called away. His wife, who lay unconscious in an adjoining room, breathed heavily till midnight, and then, in the first hour of the Epiphany, joined her husband in the ranks of those whose work on earth is ended.

To tell of the havoc made in the life of English people by the deadly climate of Africa would be a gloomy tale. It is being repeated every day, yet men and women are found to fill the breach, for the work of Christ must not languish, even though death is busy. Already it is said, the Rev. H. Tugwell is to be consecrated to take the place of the good bishop so suddenly and unexpectedly called away.

RAMABAI.

PROFESSOR F. MAX MULLER, in *The (London) Times* of Monday, August 22nd, 1887, says of Ramabai work in India: There were, according to the census of 1881, no less than 20,930,626 widows in India. Out of that number 78,976 were under nine years of age, 207,388 were under fourteen years of age, and 382,736 were under nineteen years of age.

We can hardly realize the idea of a widow under nine years of age; still less can we realize the life of misery that is implied in that name. That poor creature, the child-widow, is the combined result of native superstition and Mahomedan licentiousness. In ancient times it was considered the duty of the father to see his daughter married as soon as she was marriageable. To make quite sure of a husband, a father would often marry his daughter when she was a mere child. He had then done his duty. The child was brought up at home, or in her future husband's house, and, when the time came, the betrothed children became hus-

band and wife. This system acted fairly well so long as women knew of no other. Parents were careful in the selection of husbands for their daughters and of wives for their sons, and women were taught to accept a husband as they accepted a father.

But when, during the present generation, European education found an entrance into some of the better families in India, it could not be otherwise but that some of the young women who had read Shakespeare, Scott, and Tennyson should revolt against being treated as mere articles of barter. They would become the wives of their betrothed husbands if they could respect and love them; if not, they would choose for themselves, or rather remain unmarried.

Unfortunately, it was not always easy for fathers to find boys as proper husbands for their daughters. The daughter of a Brahman could be married to a Brahman only, and there were numerous restrictions as to consanguinity. Hence, if no proper husband could be found, any husband, was taken as long as he was of the right caste. Mere girls were affianced to husbands old enough to be their fathers and grandfathers. At last it became a regular trade for certain Brahmans to marry as many as fifty or even a hundred little girls, some of whom they would never see again, but all of whom would become child-widows as soon as their reputed husband died.

This may help to explain the appalling number of widows and child-widows in India. But now let us hear what is the life of a widow in India. It is true they can no longer be burnt, but it is equally true that many of them would gladly prefer the funeral pile to the hell on earth to which they now find themselves consigned. I quote the words of Ramabai, herself a widow, a lady who has tasted well-nigh every bitterness that human life can present to a woman's lips, but who is as courageous as ever, and determined, so long as her frail body can hold her strong soul, to fight the battle of her sisters against native intolerance and English indifference. She says:

"Throughout India, widowhood is regarded as the punishment for horrible crimes committed by the woman in her former existence. . . . If the widow be a mother of sons she is not usually a pitiable object, although she is certainly looked upon as a sinner. The widow-mother of girls is treated indifferently, and sometimes with special hatred. But it is the child-widow upon whom, in an especial manner, falls the abuse and hatred of the community, as the greatest criminal, upon whom heaven's judgment has been pronounced. A Hindoo woman thinks it worse than death to lose her beautiful hair. Among the Brahmans of the Deccan the heads of all widows must be shaved regularly every fortnight. Girls of four-

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THE BISHOP OF HONDURAS.

teen and fifteen, who hardly know the reason why they are so cruelly deprived of everything they like, are often seen wearing sad countenances, their eyes swollen from shedding tears. They are glad to find a dark corner where they may hide their faces. The widow must wear a single coarse garment. She must eat only one meal during the twenty-four hours of a day. She must never take part in family feasts. A man or woman thinks it unlucky to behold a widow's face before seeing any other object in the morning. The relations and neighbors of the young widow's husband are always ready to call her bad names. There is scarcely a day of her life on which she is not cursed by these people as the cause of their beloved friend's death. In addition to all this, the young widow is always looked upon with suspicion, for fear she may some time bring disgrace upon the family by committing some improper act. She is closely confined to the house, forbidden even to associate with her female friends. Her life, then, destitute, as it is, of the least literary knowledge, void of all hope, empty of every pleasure and social advantage, becomes intolerable, a curse to herself and society at large."

Need we wonder that these young widows try to escape from their prison home? But what can they do? The only alternative before them is either to commit suicide, or, worse still, accept a life of infamy.

This is, indeed, the sad end of many a woman's life in India. After the few years of a joyous infancy follows the sudden darkness of child-widowhood, of a woman's despair or disgrace.

Can nothing be done to alleviate the miserable lot of those poor child-widows under nine years of age? If they are outcasts in their own families, if many of them are almost inevitably driven to a life of infamy, could not an experiment be made to found a home and a school for these waifs and strays of womankind, where a chance might be given them of preparing themselves for a happy and a useful life?

It is to the task above suggested that Ramabai is devoting herself, and, in May last, the Christian people of Toronto were privileged to hear her plead for her work, and many hearts were deeply stirred by the pathetic and powerful appeal then made. With the view of enabling all so desiring to share in this great work, there was subsequently organized a "Toronto Ramabai Circle for the Elevation of Woman in India," and the following officers were elected: Mrs. Stephen Heward, 38 Peter street, President; Miss Carty, 221 Jarvis street, Secretary; Mrs. S. R. Hart, 25 Wilcox street, Treasurer.

The "Circle" consists of persons who contribute, in one payment, \$10, or, annually for ten years, \$1 to the fund, which is being raised to defray the annual cost of maintaining and carrying on the school for high caste child-widows about to be established by Ramabai in or about Poona, in Southern India. Contributors of \$1 per annum must also, in order to become members of the "Circle," pledge themselves to continue their subscriptions for ten years. Information in regard to the progress of the work will, from time to time, be disseminated among the members of the "Circle," chiefly by means of printed statements, as it is not felt necessary or desirable to have stated meetings of the members. The "Circle" is in connection with the central organization, known as the "Ramabai Association," organized in Boston, Mass., December 13th, 1887. The work is to be carried on under the direction of an influential committee of the Association, assisted by an Advisory Board in India. The expenditure of the funds contributed will be entirely under the control of this committee, and the treasurers of local "Circles" will remit to the treasurer of the Association at Boston all moneys received by them.

Contributions of any amount from those not desiring to become members of the "Circle," or from others, will be gladly received.

THE BISHOP OF HONDURAS.


THE recently appointed Bishop of Honduras is the eldest surviving son of the late Right Honorable Justice Ormsby, of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice in Ireland. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took high honors in the Hebrew,

Syriac, and Chaldean languages, and obtained the B.A. degree in 1865; first-class Theological Testimonium, 1866; M.A. degree, 1868; ad eund. M.A. Durham, 1877; B.D. and D.D. *jure dignitatis*, Dublin, 1893.

He was ordained to the curacy of Eglington, Northumberland, where he worked under his uncle (who was Vicar, then Archdeacon of Landisfarne, now Archdeacon of Northumberland) for three years. In 1869 he was appointed by the late Lady Northbourne to the rectory of Jarrow-on-Tyne, where he ministered in the church and parish of the Venerable Bede for six years. During his incumbency in that parish, by the assistance of the late Ralph Carr-Ellison, Esq., he was enabled to see his parish divided, and the church and vicarage of St. Cuthbert, Hebburn, erected. He also was enabled, by the co-operation of many friends, to build two large church schools in the parish, and at the same time he was for three years chairman of the school board. In 1875 the late Bishop Baring of Durham preferred him to the rectory of Rainton. There he labored for ten years, and in 1885 he became Vicar of St. Stephen's, Walworth. In conjunction with the work of this parish, he filled the office of organizing secretary to the Rochester Diocesan Branch of the Church of England Temperance Society. The extension of the Police Court Mission within the diocese has been largely due to the new bishop's untiring exertions. He held the appointment of chaplain to His Grace the Duke of Manchester from 1869 to 1880, and was for three years early Sunday morning lecturer at St. Swithin's, London Stone, in the diocese of London. In 1871 he was married to Ellen, daughter of the Rev. Canon Scott, Vicar of New Seaham.

OUR PARISHES AND CHURCHES.

No. 94 —NEPOWEWIN, DIOCESE OF
SASKATCHEWAN.

 HE Rev. A. H. Wright writes in the *Greater British Messenger*: I arrived at my new field of labor on September 27, 1889, the newly-appointed government schoolmaster for the Indian Reserve having arrived in Prince Albert in time to come down with me. The short trail from Prince Albert to here, being a newly opened one, is very rough indeed. Save a thorough good shaking up, however, we arrived in fairly good order. As the first signs of approaching winter had visited us, I at once started to prepare the mission house, so that the teacher, who is residing with me for the present, could the sooner get his wife and child secured from the severe frosts. I called on the "village car-

pentner," a brother of the chief, to come and assist me, and I found that he was so well up to his trade that if I told him how to do the work, and did most of it myself, he got along first rate. Poor Samuel! I think I can see him yet, and the look on his face, when he told me he had cut the hole too small in the building for the window, and, to make both ends meet, had cut a good strip off each side of the already not too strong window-sash.

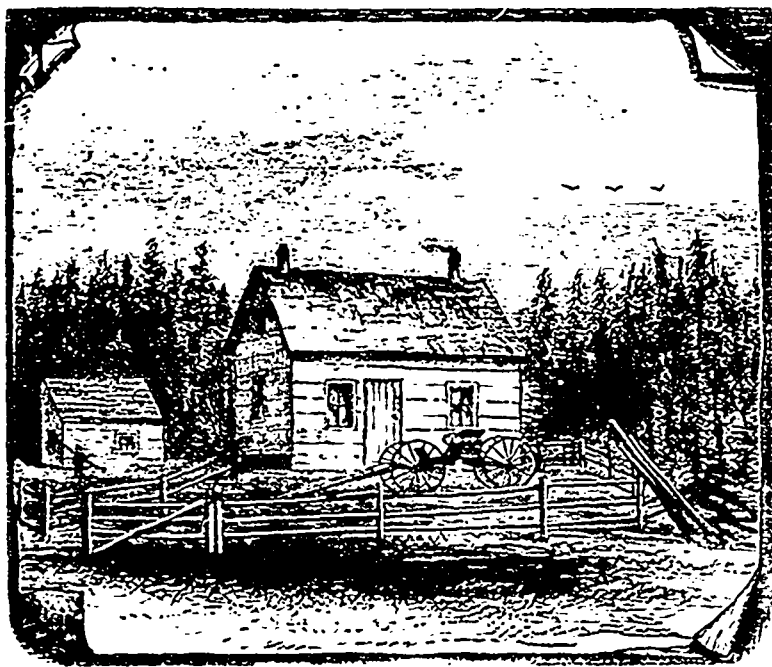
I held my first service in the reserve on September 29, when there were 38 present. Many of the Indians were then away on the fall hunt, but kept on arriving till the government treaty payments took place. At a service previous to the treaty day, I reminded them that it was not often they had the means to give pecuniary help to their church, and that I had been told there was no church money on hand, and a debt against them. I was much pleased and encouraged to find that no less than five dollars was collected, which, when one remembers that the Indian only gets five dollars per year from the government in cash, is, I consider, a good collection.

A singing-class has been started, and though the older people have not been able to attend regularly, yet the children have, and it is almost wonderful to see how quick they are in picking up the new tunes.

Christmas day was one of much joy to me. On Christmas Eve the chief and some of his men went down to the schoolhouse and white-washed the building inside. After dark I went with my lantern and did the Christmas decorating, which was nailing up some Scripture pictures on the walls, and putting a banner that had the Lord's prayer on it to hang before the rough little reading desk. On Christmas morn I found the building crowded—every form occupied, and on the floor were sitting the old women and children. So crowded was the building that I hardly had room to step from the desk to the communion table. Out of the seventy-eight persons present, forty-nine remained to the Holy Communion. Though the day was cold, yet many of the old Indians walked several miles to be present. It is a day to be ever remembered by me. I was much pleased to find that one old man, who is more familiar with the Holy Scriptures than most of his friends, was explaining to them, after the service, what the Scripture pictures had reference to. Many are the churches that had far, far more attractive decorations, but not one of their congregations returned to their homes more pleased than did my Indians here. The responding during services would be good had we only the prayer-book printed in syllabic characters. There are only two books for the whole congregation, and I am continually asked by the old and middle-aged if I can get more. Hymn-books also we have none.

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THE MISSION HOUSE.

The influenza found us out even in this isolated mission, yet we have much to be thankful for, as not a single death occurred. Though every house was visited. The school had to be closed for a short time, both the teacher and myself being laid up. Fortunately, before Easter arrived, this cloud had rolled away, and the services, which had for a time been but poorly attended, were again good. On Good Friday and Easter Sunday the congregations were good. It was very touching to see one poor Indian brought by his family a distance of four miles, and on a cold day, to join in the Easter services. So weak was he that a bed had to be made for him on the floor near the stove. I fully expect this will be the last time he will partake of the Holy Communion with us during public worship.

On coming to the parish I found several confirmed persons who had not yet taken their first communion, and Easter day, much to my joy, and, I trust, their soul's health and God's glory, I saw them remaining. Truly this was a day of great rejoicing, for Christ had risen and was reigning in the hearts of these people.

Hitherto this mission has been known as the La Corne Indian Mission; at the Easter meeting it was named St. Stephen's Parish.

ST. PETER'S PARISH.

Joining St. Stephen's Parish on the west side, and about seven miles from the mission house, lies the Pahonan settlement, composed,

with the exception of one man, of half-breeds who have left off taking the treaty payments from the government, and are now trying to gain a living by farming. Most of these new settlers are very little removed in their habits from their neighbors on the reserve. They nearly all can speak English, or understand it, yet among themselves the Cree Indian language is spoken.

The first service I held in this mission was in a house about 15 by 20. There was only one man who did any responding. The rest of the congregation, to show how much they appreciated my presence, turned their backs to me, and, when standing, would put one foot on the form. The children's greatest delight seemed

to be to get out of the building and find out who could get nearest to the windows and make the loudest noise, while the infants inside seemed to have come to a mutual agreement to drown my voice. I shall not soon forget that service.

I called a public meeting of the Church members soon after, when I spoke about Church work generally. At this meeting it was decided to form the settlement into a parish, to be known by the name of St. Peter's Parish. The minister's warden very kindly made an offer of two acres of land for church site and graveyard. It will, no doubt, be some time before the people will be able to erect a church, being far too poor, in many cases, even to procure sufficient food and clothing for themselves during the long winter months. The poor people are having a hard time of it on starting as farmers, after being trappers and hunters, but I look forward to the days of better things in this parish, for the people are willing to be taught, and are loyal to the Church. It is in a parish like this, and with people of this kind, that one cannot help wishing to spend and be spent.

ST. DAVID'S AND HOLY TRINITY PARISHES.

These are the same parishes that I formed and visited as itinerant missionary. A day school has been kept in the former during the summer months for the past three years, and I am now glad to say that the people in Holy Trinity Parish have secured a teacher for the summer months also. Last winter the snow

was very deep, four feet on the level. I continued the service until January, but was then obliged to abandon them till spring. Not only were the many miles from the mission-house to these missions impassable, but, when I went there in January, there was no road from house to house, which in some cases are far apart.

Now that the snow has abated, I am able to continue my usual trips, but am fearing, should we be returning to wet seasons, that the Duck Creek, which swells into a deep river and is not bridged, may again prevent regular visits to these parishes. But this is looking too far ahead. At a church meeting held in St. David's Parish, one of the congregation offered to give five acres of land for church, churchyard, and parsonage purposes.

By the unexpected arrival of the school-master's sister-in-law, Miss Phillips, the daughter of a retired British officer, I have the pleasure of sending a sketch of the mission house. The building to the left is the stable. My buckboard stands before the door, in which I have travelled many hundreds of miles.

NO FLATTERY THERE.



SOME years ago there was a missionary bazaar held in a Christian city in aid of the African missions. When the bazaar was finished, it was found that a number of articles were left unsold. Some of them, it was thought, would be very handy for the mission, so it was decided to send the lot out to Africa. Among other things was a box of little hand-mirrors that had been given by a merchant. Looking-glasses seemed queer things to send to a foreign mission; however, they were sent, and became the most useful article there. The mirrors took the people's fancy, and their fame was carried far beyond the station. The knowledge of this wonderful thing came to a princess of a distant powerful tribe. She had never beheld her dusky countenance, except as a double silhouette in a placid lake, and she longed to behold all her charms, for, being a princess, she was told by everybody that she was most beautiful; where as, she was one of the plainest women in the whole tribe. A messenger was despatched for one of the mirrors, which he procured and at once returned to his mistress. When she got possession of it she did not look into it at once, but took herself off to her own place, that she might have a good long look at her beauty. When she beheld herself as she was, with one blow of her royal hand she dashed the glass to pieces. She ordered the missionaries off her territory, and published an edict forbidding looking-glasses being brought into the country.

Are there not many in other lands who are

in a similar condition with regard to their souls? When they are brought face to face with God's looking-glass, with the hideousness of their sin, and they cannot deny the fact, they blame the mirror, seek to avoid it, and destroy it, that they may lay the flattering falsehood to themselves that they are not so ugly as they appear.—*Selected.*

WHEN MY FACE SHALL BE CHANGED.

Joh xiv. 26.



T first when my face shall be changed, and I go
To dwell in a silence that cannot be broken,
A few whom I love will lament me, I know,
And eyes will be dim when my name shall be
spoken.

If any have blamed me, their censure will cease,
For when the full light of eternity flashes
There's nothing to do but to whisper of peace,
And no one can war with a handful of ashes.

But, oh, to be gone from the home that was mine,
With no more a share in its joys or its sorrow;
My part in its plans to forever resign,
No thought of to-day, and no care for to-morrow:

All this is beyond me. How strange it will be
To go on a journey that has no returning,
With year after year speeding on without me
To gladden or grieve when the sunsets are burning:

The children will lean their light weight on the stone,
To spell out my name, and question and wonder
What 'tis to lie there in the darkness alone
Through moonlight and starlight and rolling of thunder.

But then in a moment some butterfly gay
Will hover about them and chide their delaying:
With beautiful wings it will lure them away
And they will forget all the stone has been saying,

And I shall lie patiently there in my place,
The slumber a part of my life and my story:
Till some time the morning will flash in my face,
And I shall awake to its gladness and glory.

—*Ellen M. H. Gates, in the New York Ec.*

DESPITE Church papers, missionary magazines, and pulpit and platform addresses, the majority of the laity are still *profoundly ignorant* of the details of the Church's missionary work, whether at home or abroad. The clergy are directly responsible for their ignorance in so far as they fail to give their people this information, whether from neglect, or because they fear that what may be contributed to some missionary object is so much lost to the parish. The "live" parishes all through the country are those that "look not only on their own things, but also on the things of others"; the *dead* parishes are those that "live unto themselves."

GENEROSITY does not consist in giving, but in making sacrifices in order that you may be able to give.—*Barrows.*

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Young People's Department.

EASTER
TIDE



EASTER.

CHRIST is risen, oh, hear the angel voice,
While the light of Easter morn is shed,
Ev'ry heart with holy love rejoices,
Christ is risen from darkness and the dead.
—*Ida S. Taylor.*

A MISSION BOX AT SEA.

BY MARY BURGESS IN THE "YOUNG CHRISTIAN SOLDIER."

KNOCK, knock, rattle, cre-a-k, swish!
Knock, knock, rattle, cre-a-k, swish,
thump!"
Tom Benson tried to turn over, and
found he had a stitch in his side, and
as he grew more wide awake realized that he

was not on his bed at home, but swinging in a narrow hammock, in the little cabin of the "John and Maria." Close, hot air and the mingled smell of tar, kerosene, pork, fish, and tobacco bore the fact in upon his mind, as did also the ticking of the little clock, that seemed to be running a race with itself, and the regular "knock, knock, rattle, cre-a-k, swish," which meant that the "John and Maria" was making good progress toward the "Banks," where her crew hoped to get a fine load of fish.

It was Tom's first regular fishing voyage, although he had taken many short trips with his uncle, who owned part of the schooner. Tom had begged hard to go; he loved the sea. All the hardships that came on the water were better to Tom than any pleasure on land. So, when he found that he could not toss about in

his hammock as on his bed, and when he was nearly stifled with the close air, his heart gave a great leap of joy that at last he was on the sea.

"Turn out!" shouted a voice down the companion way, and in a few moments Tom was on deck. The morning wind whistled and dashed the icy brine, but Tom rubbed his hands and danced about a bit, and then was ready to haul on ropes, reef sails, swob the deck, or do anything else that fell to his lot to be done. This gave a fine appetite for breakfast in the little cabin, which seemed wonderfully cosy after the storm and wet outside.

Tom was busy all day, for the crew of the "John and Maria" was small and there was more than enough for every one to do; but after tea there was leisure to unpad his chest and see what his mother had put in it. Many pleasant surprises had that loving woman tucked in among the sailor-boy's clothes. A pair of warm wristers to keep the bitter cold out of his sleeves; some home-made salve for the many cuts and bruises that were sure to come on the beloved old ocean that tumbled them about so roughly; a big cake that Tom knew would call cheers from his companions; and with his Prayer Book and Hymn Book, a new Bible with his name on the fly-leaf, and, below, a prayer, in his dear mother's hand, that he would never forget to study and follow its teaching; and shut in the Bible a paper box which Tom recognized as a little missionary mite box.

"It shall stand in sight all the time," said he, "and maybe the others will put something in when we have good luck," and he set it in the rack over the table.

"Ship ahoy!" cried the men, when they tumbled into the cabin for the evening. "What craft's that? Lay off a bit and show your papers!"

"A mite box, eh! For the heathen!" said the captain, who was an honest, upright Christian man, or Tom's mother would not have let her boy sail with him. "Well, well, I've seen enough heathen in my day! Seen 'em in most every country of the world. Heathen! In China they're packed like sardines, and the worst of it is, for every missionary who preaches love to God and man comes a crew of sailors drinking and swearing and knocking about, as if Christianity didn't teach them any better, and they undo all the missionary has done. Just the same in other countries, but the good men get ahead sometimes. Once I saw a lot of fellows on the African coast who had filled a boat with negroes and were taking them into slavery. Two missionaries met them, and you should have seen how those two unarmed men stood up against the mean slave-traders and scared them into standing still. Don't know how the affair would have ended, but it called a crowd together, and some of us backed up

the missionaries, and they finally got the blacks free, and carried them off to feed and teach them in their schools. There are plenty of heathen all over the world, in the big cities too, and good men and women teaching them, but there's sore need of money. Yes, lad, I'll put money in your box gladly."

The men followed the captain's example that night, and other nights that followed, for the little mite-box made them think of a lighthouse, as it shone out in the dimness of the cabin, and they thought of the many souls tossing on the sea of ignorance and doubt without a Gospel light to guide them to safe harbor. So hands went into pockets, and coppers chinked, although the store of money in their chests was but small. "It doesn't matter," said the sailor fashion, "for she's a lucky box, that will bring us plenty of fish and good markets when we get home."

And truly, for a time, the nets were drawn in full of splashing, struggling fish, and everything went prosperously. Then there came a change, and day after day the nets came in almost empty. The sailors grew grave; even the cheery, stout-hearted captain looked very sober.

"It's that there little yaller box," muttered Sam Mason, who was next to Tom in age. "We never ought to have set it up like an idol and put all our money into it; it's brought us the bad luck."

"Nonsense," said the captain, "the box has nothing to do with it. We're doing a good work filling it. What we put there is laid up in the Lord's bank, that can't break, and pays good interest. We'll let her stand there, and fight it out like men."

But Sam still muttered, "It's an evil genius, I tell ye; I wish I had my money back out of it."

Sam thought this over a great many times; so often that, at last, there seemed to be many good reasons why he should take his money back; and so, one night, when the rest were sleeping and the cabin lamp burned dimly, he stealthily worked with his clever fingers till his money was back in his pocket.

But that was not the end. From taking back his own money, he passed to feeling that he had as much need of all the coppers as the heathen, who, to be sure, were so far away that nobody knew what they did need. So the stealthy fingers did their work again, and bits of shell took the place of the coppers. And after that, lo! the nets came in full again, and Sam was sure he had turned the luck; at least, he said so to himself.

But soon there came a day of storm, with angry sea and threatening waves, and winds that swept everything before them with a terrible force that none could resist. There was need then of steady heads and strong, quick hands. The crew pulled at the ropes and tore



A CHINESE BEGGAR.

down the flapping sails. Sam was hauling in a rope when the wind veered round and caught the sail to which it was fastened; the rope whirled out with mighty force, caught Sam's arm, and in a moment he was struggling in the water.

"Man overboard!" shouted Tom, who saw him go; and he dashed into a dory and cut the rope that held it to the schooner. It was a rash act, for, pull as he would, the sea was stronger than he, and the schooner had been whirled far from him. But Tom set his teeth and pulled at the oars; was not a brother's life in his hands? And soon he saw Sam lifted by a great wave that seemed to fling him into the dory. There he lay in the bottom, like a log, and Tom pulled for them both, making his slow way back to the schooner.

But although Sam lay like a log, he did not feel like one. He was thinking, thinking of the Lord's bank that had been robbed; of those good men who were toiling in distant lands, bearing all kinds of hardships that they might save souls, of his base act in putting worthless shells into the pyramid in place of the needed money. "If I get aboard safe," he said, through his chattering teeth, "I'll confess all."

But when he was safely pulled aboard, and warmed and dosed with hot drinks, he put off the telling; and when the storm had passed, and they were all sitting cosily round the cabin stove, he still put it off, and he tried never to turn his eyes toward the shelf over the table where the small yellow box raised itself like a warning finger.

The men wondered what made Sam so silent as the days passed, and why he flew into such rages over little things, while all the rest were jolly over the good fishing. They wondered why he cast such queer looks at Tom, and writhed about, and opened his mouth as if he were going to speak. But at last Sam himself explained his strange behavior.

"I can't stand it any longer," said he. "I put back every cent long ago, but, all the same, I feel as if I was cheating ye. You think I'm moderate good, like the rest, but I ain't; I'm a regular sneak, I am. I took every cent of money out o' that there box, and would ha' carried it off and let ye send clam-shells to the heathen, if Tom there hadn't risked his life and saved mine. The money's back, but I can't make myself over, so you may do what you like to me."

"You *have* made yourself over, lad," cried the captain, holding out his hand. "You've cleared your soul of a lie, and run up your true colors, fair and free, and shame to him who wont help you make a fair start."

"Thank ye, sir," said Sam. "Now I can look that there box in the face once more."

And the next week, they hailed a schooner going home, and by it the mite box was safely carried to New York to do its work.

BEGGARS IN CHINA.

BEGGING, in China, where everything is upside down, is a regular trade. And the beggars themselves are very troublesome.

"Who is that making such a noise at the front gate?" Listen! "Lao Yeh! Lao Yeh! tio lien wo. Chin ming, ah!" which being interpreted means, "Venerable gentleman! Venerable gentleman! Have pity on me. Save life. Oh, do." Such is the loud cry which has been echoing in our ears for the last half hour. Shall we go out and see what is the matter? At the gate we find a bundle of rags, which we scarcely recognize as belonging to a human form until their owner rises, and, suddenly falling on his face and knocking his forehead on the ground, cries out the cry we heard. As we do not show any disposition to respond to his cry, he nimbly turns himself around and thrusts out his foot, green with disease. Ugh! We throw him two cash (worth about the fifth of a cent) and hurry away. Well satisfied, the poor wretch limps off to torment somebody else, while we walk on up the street, carefully selecting the driest spots in the muddy road, for there is no such thing as a sidewalk. We have not, however, gone more than


fifty yards before another beggar stands before us. The cold is intense, but this poor fellow is barefooted, and almost naked. Placing himself in the centre of the narrow road, he beats his chest with a brick. It is already bleeding, but as we approach the blows fall faster and faster with a sickening thud, thud, thud! We give him a little copper cash, and go on our way with a sad heart.

And so it goes on all day, and day after day. While I was yet young in knowledge of the Chinese and their peculiar ways, I tried to raise the beggar from his sad state. I found a poor boy lying at my front gate almost dead from cold and hunger. He was speechless, and on the point of sinking into his last sleep. By degrees, I brought him back to life. Disease had eaten away the roof of his mouth so that we could only understand him with the greatest difficulty; but when his head was clean shaven and his poor body decently and warmly clothed, little Shon Fyu looked quite hopeful. At first, however, no barber would approach him, and we had to hire another beggar to shave his head and to wash his body in clean water. He had to sleep, too, on some straw in an outhouse, for his stench made it impossible to occupy the same room as any one else. Time and kindness improved matters considerably, and after Shon Fyu had lived with me for two or three months he was a different boy. I sent him to learn to be a carpenter, but begging was more in his line, and he ran away so soon as the warm weather returned, and was soon as bad as ever.

In China begging is a regular calling or business, and storekeepers have regular well-known dates each month when they give fixed sums to all beggars who come. On these days they sit in front of the store, and in a sort of sing-song tone cry aloud, "Oh, may you grow very wealthy! Merchant, oh, merchant, may you soon be rich." They will often wait hours for their cash, and after long waiting and much shouting receive it as cheerfully and as thankfully as if it had been given when first asked for.

The blind beggars of China are the most pitied. These are always treated with the utmost respect, addressed with the honorable title of "elder-born," and are never kept waiting for their money. The lepers are the most pitiable sights amongst the beggars, but they, strange to say, get little pity.—*Selected.*

IT IS MY BOY.

HROUGH Rochester, New York, runs the Genesee River, between steep and crooked banks. On one occasion a gentleman, who lived in the city, had just arrived by train from a journey. He was anx-

ious to go home and meet his wife and children. He was hurrying along the streets, with a bright vision of home in his mind, when he saw on the bank of the river a lot of excited men. "What is the matter?" he shouted. They replied, "A boy's in the water!" "Why don't you save him?" he asked. In a moment, throwing down his carpet-bag, and pulling off his coat, he jumped into the stream, grasped the boy in his arms, struggled with him to the shore, and, as he wiped the water from his dripping face and brushed back the hair, he exclaimed, "Heaven, it is my boy!" He plunged in for the boy of somebody else and saved his own. He had received "good measure, pressed down," for a courageous and humane action.

THE GIRLS THAT ARE WANTED.



HE girls that are wanted are good girls—
Good girls from the heart to the lips;
Pure as the lily is white and pure,
From its heart to its sweet leaf-tips.

The girls that are wanted are home girls—
Girls that are mother's right hand,
That fathers and brothers can trust to,
And the little ones understand;

Girls that are fair on the hearthstone,
And pleasant when nobody sees;
Kind and sweet to their own folk,
Ready and anxious to please.

The girls that are wanted are wise girls,
That know what to do and to say;
That drive with a smile or a soft word
The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are girls of sense,
Whom flatterers can never deceive;
Who can follow whatever is pretty,
And dare what is silly to leave.

The girls that are wanted are careful girls,
Who count what a thing will cost;
Who use with a prudent, generous hand,
But see that nothing is lost.

The clever, the witty, the brilliant girls,
They are very few, understand;
But, oh! for the wise, loving, home girls,
There's a constant and steady demand.

—*Selected.*

AND it is this life's lessons that will prepare us for eternity. Love sets them, too, and they make or mar our happiness forever, according to the way in which we learn them.

Is not worth our while to learn each lesson perfectly, when so much, in this life, as well as the next, depends upon the learning?—*Little Folks.*

DEEP waters are still. Wise men generally talk little because they think much.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

We thank the *Colonist* (Winnipeg) for a flattering notice of the February number of this MAGAZINE, which appeared in its columns recently.

THE *Canadian Church Juvenile*, we are glad to know, has now a circulation of nearly three thousand. Every Sunday-school should have this cheap, yet neat, illustrated children's paper for distribution among the scholars.

THE Board of Management of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society will meet in Ottawa on the fourth of April. A goodly number of bishops will probably be present, as the House of Bishops is to meet on the fifth of April, in the same place.

A SET of musical hand bells makes a capital amusement for the drawing room. Even a small child can join in their use, and the oldest can take equal pleasure out of them. They are made in their perfection by J. Warner & Sons, London, England, whose advertisement appears on the cover of this MAGAZINE.

THE Bishop of Algoma, we are pleased to state, is gradually recovering his strength again. He has gone to Colorado for change of air and other benefits, which, it is to be hoped, will come from an extended trip. His Lordship hopes to be at work again in a few weeks, but he begins to feel the need of assistance. Just what form such assistance should take is uncertain. Probably the House of Bishops will consider the matter.

THE new church of St. Andrew, Shavanpur (India), was consecrated by the Bishop of Bombay on December 12. The service was mostly in Marathi. The church is built of stone, and stands on rising ground to the west of Nasik. Its red roof will be a conspicuous object to the pilgrims to the famous source of the Godavery at Trimbak. It is a silent witness that Christianity has come to Nasik to stay in the midst of the stronghold of Hinduism in Western India.

THE missionary bishop is a recognized factor to a high degree now in the Anglican Church. Sometimes, he himself is the sole pioneer in the district which he calls his diocese. The Bishop of Lebombo, for instance, in Africa, as yet, has not even one clergyman to help him. The Bishop of Corea had to beat up recruits to go out with him, and Bishop Bompas, of Selkirk, has but three priests under his charge. In time, of course, these bishops will, doubtless, be at the head of a goodly band of clergymen.

SPECIAL meetings were recently held in England to bid Godspeed to Bishop Tucker, who returns to his diocese in East Equatorial Africa, and to Bishop Herbert Tugwell, who goes to West Equatorial Africa, to take the place of the late Bishop Hill, and also to Bishop Henry Evington, who goes to Japan as Bishop at Kiushin. The Bishop of Carlisle, who presided over one of the meetings, said that it used to be made a reproach against missionary bishops that no graves of these prelates could be found away from home. The graves of Bishops Patteson, Horden, French, Hannington, Parker, and, finally, Bishop Hill, showed that that reproach could no longer be levelled at them. There were men who had hazarded their lives, and there were others who would be prepared to do the same, in the propagation of the religion of Christ.

THE Rev. C. S. Rivington has settled at Rahuri, Bombay, with a band of native workers, living in community life. He and the Rev. E. Browne, of the S.P.G. Mission, throw in their lot entirely with the natives, and live some twenty-five miles from the nearest Europeans. An effort is being made to erect a prayer-house in the village of Tardulwadi, in the district. It was visited by the Bishop on January 5th; and the entire staff of two missionary districts met there to hear his words of advice and encouragement. In the afternoon there was a debate on the subject, "How to make the work of catechists and masters more efficient." The inefficiency of the staff and the need of more funds were dwelt upon.

The Indian Churchman says: "The most vigorous efforts at reform which proceed from Hinduism itself are to be found in that part of India where Christianity is strongest. In Bengal, such efforts provoke but a languid interest, and from Bombay we scarcely hear of them at all; but in Madras there are movements promoted by two excellent papers, *The Indian Social Reformer* and *The Hindu*; and Mr. Subra-mariya Iyer has commenced a new reform association. He goes so far as to say that caste, at the present day, has ceased to serve any useful purpose, whatever the community may have owed to it in times past, amidst the difficulties of primitive existence and social vicissitudes. The evil caused by it far outweighed the good it might have done. In these days, true sympathy, knowledge, and science are the real powers for civilization."

THE Rev. G. A. Lefroy, of Lahore (India), has printed a valuable paper on "The Strength and Weakness of Mohammedanism," dwelling first on the best side of Islam, its intense faith in a personal Deity, and in a resurrection and a judgment to come; and then arguing that Mohammed not only impaired the good effects of the truths which he proclaimed by his licentiousness, but aggravated the evil by his claim of a special divine sanction for his irregularities. The paper is illustrated by some apposite quotations from Archbishop Trench's Hulsean lectures. Mr. Lefroy, however, in reference to a speech by the Archbishop of Canterbury at the S.P.G. annual meeting, argues that in commending the elements of truth in the system of Islam it is necessary to correct the favorable view by admitting its evil side. He shows that the speech, as reported, was misapprehended by Mohammedans in India. He also states that in his preaching in Delhi he is frequently confronted by the alleged success of Mr. Quilian's "mosque" in Liverpool.

A PARABLE.

"I NEED oil," said an ancient monk. So he planted him an olive sapling.

"Lord," he prayed, "it needs rain, that its roots may drink and swell. Send gentle showers." And the Lord sent a gentle shower.

"Lord," prayed the monk, "my tree needs sun. Send sun, I pray Thee." And the sun shone, gilding the dripping clouds.

"Now frost, my Lord, to brace its tissues," said the monk. And, behold, the little tree stood sparkling with frost. But at evensong it died. Then the monk sought the cell of a brother monk, and told his strange experience.

"I, too, have planted a little tree," he said, "and, see, it thrives well. But I entrusted my little tree to its God. He who made it knows

better what it needs than a man like me. I laid no condition. I fixed not ways or means. 'Lord, send it what it needs,' I prayed—storm or sunshine, wind, rain, or frost. Thou hast made, and Thou dost know."

SOME BUDDHIST CRITICISMS ON THE CHRISTIAN FAITH.

BY REV. ARTHUR LLOYD, TOKYO, JAPAN.

IN the *Yaso Mugen Rou*, "The Absurdities of Jesus," published at Tokyo, in the 25th year of Meiji, and the year of the Japanese era 2552 (A.D. 1892), we have a series of five lectures by Mr. S. Katsube, which may be interesting to some of our readers as affording an idea of the way in which the native religious teachers view the new doctrines which are being imported into their midst.

The object of the first lecture is to prove that the so-called God of the Christian religion is none other than the devil himself. The argument is ingenious. It is shown, in the first place, that all destruction of life is contrary to one of the fundamental laws of the universe—the one which forbids the taking of life. A particular case is then taken—that of the Flood. It is pointed out that in the Flood there was a wholesale destruction of life, which God, who is almighty, might very easily have avoided. It is also pointed out that Noah was likewise involved in this sin, inasmuch as he confined his warnings to words without taking any active steps to ward off the evil—the building of the ark being only for the selfish purpose of saving himself and his family. But, so says the Christian Scripture, whosoever committeth sin is of the devil. Therefore Noah is of the devil, and He who instigated Noah to do all this can be none other than the devil himself.

The English reader will probably smile at this argument; but it is one that passes muster with an average Buddhist audience.

In the second lecture the writer sets himself to prove that the God of the Christians cannot be the Father of mankind. This lecture begins with a text, or rather three texts, from the Christian Bible: "Call no man your father upon earth, for one is your Father which is in heaven"; "Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth"; "No man cometh unto the Father but by me."

When Christians, it says, are asked the meaning of the first of these texts, they reply that we owe our bodies to our earthly parents, but our souls to God, who is, therefore, in this sense, our Father.

But, says he, to use such an argument betrays an entire ignorance of the nature of the soul, which is so intimately connected with the body that it cannot possibly be supposed to have an independent origin. (If our author could read Wilberforce on the Incarnation,

he would see that by no means all Christians are bound up with the Creationist theory of soul. The Traducionist theory has always been strongly represented.) Further, he points out, if the argument be true that each soul has God for its Father directly, then there can be shown to be no need at all for the Christian machinery of atonement and redemption. If God creates each soul, He can create it pure at once.

But, he continues, let us suppose for a moment that God is the Father of all men. It is the clear duty of every Father to care for all His children. But Christ exhibits only a partial care. "He that believeth shall be saved: he that believeth not shall be damned." Very different from this is the original vow of Amida, who vowed that he would not accept Nirvana except he were assured of the ultimate salvation of all sentient beings throughout the universe.

Another point made in this connection is as follows:—The earthly father cares for the earthly wants of his offspring; it must, therefore, be the duty of the spiritual progenitor to care for their spiritual wants. But, supposing God to be the spiritual Father of the European nations, then from what we may gather of their history He, on His part, would seem to have been strangely neglectful of His parental duties of education and training; and they, on their part, would seem to have repaid the compliment by exhibiting remarkably little likeness to the moral qualities of their parent! Nay, the moral qualities seem to be wanting even in the parent, for did not Jesus Himself say that He had come to bring, not "peace upon the earth, but a sword"? And, though Christians may explain this away by maintaining that it was a sword of peace that Jesus brought, the history of Christendom points to a very different conclusion.

As Christians, we must confess this to our shame. But when the lecturer goes on to contrast with all this the peaceful history of Japan in its pre-Christian days, we can but marvel at the man's audacity. Shakespeare's historical dramas have not one-tenth of the bloodshed in them that we find in a Japanese play founded on historical facts, and, as for intrigue and diplomacy, there never were such places for the exhibition of these talents as the mediæval courts at Yedo and Kyoto.

The third lecture is on the conception of Jesus Christ by the operation of the Holy Ghost. This is dismissed as being supernatural, *ergo* miraculous, *ergo* unworthy of credit. But it is made a text for an essay upon miracles and prophecy, both of which are discarded upon apparently modern grounds as being utterly incredible. We can see in this lecture a very distinct trace of the influence of western antichristian literature. No Buddhist in the old days would have thought for one moment

of making such a statement. The lives of Buddhas and Buddhist saints and martyrs swarm with wondrous legends; and if the argument against miracles be applicable to Christianity, it is applicable with tenfold force to the "patristic" literature of Japanese Buddhism. The great Saint Nichiren was, in his way, as great a wonder worker as Saint Dunstan. The last two lectures are devoted to questions arising out of our Lord's passion.

There is an account given of the Crucifixion, and details taken from various sources of the deaths of the twelve apostles. An argument used in the previous lecture is then tacitly assumed—that the accounts which we have of these events were not published for several years after the events, and that consequently the accounts are possibly garbled. Under these circumstances, it is no unwarrantable supposition that Jesus, who, as we know, was crucified with thieves, and whose words we have already seen to be of so unsatisfactory a nature, was Himself a malefactor, and that His apostles were men of like character with Himself.

This consideration will of itself dispose of the Christian doctrine of the ascension of Christ, which is a manifest impossibility. For it is clear that man cannot be re-born in heaven except his life upon earth have been of a heavenly character, and it wants no argument to prove, and it requires no proof to show, that a malefactor's death upon the cross can be the gate to nothing but a re-birth in hell.

Nor, again, he says, will the substitution theory of the Christian faith stand the test of reason. It cuts, he says, at the roots of morality (morality is a very powerful word in Japan); for what is the good of leading a troublesomely virtuous life if you can satisfy God's justice by transferring your guilt to a substitute?

It is, further, not consistent with Christ's other sayings, and hence it is implied that those Christian teachers who have come to teach Japan do not know the meaning of their own doctrines.

It is finally stamped, he says, with the stamp of failure. For though nearly nineteen centuries have passed since the consummation of this great tragedy, the world, and especially the Christian world, is none the better for this great act—of justice? or injustice?

In giving this summary of Mr. Katsube's lectures, it must not be supposed that I am giving a literal translation, or indeed anything approaching a translation. I have tried to represent the course of the argument as faithfully as possible, though the words in which I have clothed it are mostly of my own choosing. To give lengthy verbal extracts or translations would, I fear, make this article needlessly bulky, without adding much to the information of the general reader.

There is here abundant food for thought. We are dealing in Japan with the well-trained minister of a very subtle religion. We have to be on our guard against misrepresentation of two kinds. On the one hand, we must be very careful not to misrepresent our own religion—not to make those vague, indistinct, or, worse, incorrect, doctrinal statements of our faith which, comparatively harmless amongst practical, philistine Anglo-Saxons, are deadly poison to a quick people, trained to subtle dialectics. We must, on the other hand, avoid the cause of the prejudice which is invariably kindled against us when we wilfully or ignorantly misrepresent the doctrines of the people with whose religious beliefs we presume to interfere.

Everything in Japan now points to a coming conflict between the two great rival religions—rivals, alas! not only in Asia, but even in America and Europe. The Buddhist priesthood are putting forth all their strength. Minor sectarian differences are being laid aside in order that the priests of all sects may combine against the common enemy. Great attention is paid to the training of the priesthood. The Buddhist scriptures are being re-edited with new commentaries up to date. Modern science, German philosophy, English criticism—all are being called in as allies to support the old cause against the invader. The next few years will see our Japanese missions going through a tremendous crisis. The indifferentism which has been our chief obstacle in the past will be replaced by a spirit of active opposition, which will call forth all our energies. It will be mainly a literary conflict—let us take courage from the thought that the Church of England has always come out well from her literary conflicts.

THE ESKIMO.

BY THE RT. REV. W. D. REEVE, D.D., BISHOP OF MACKENZIE RIVER.

(Concluded.)

IT is now time that something be said about the efforts made for their evangelization. Expedition after expedition has been sent to explore those icy regions. Much treasure and many lives have been given in vain attempts to reach the North Pole. Perils and dangers have been faced and endured in the interests of scientific discovery and commerce. Hardy fishermen have braved the storms of those icy seas and returned again and again in the pursuit of their calling. But the dwellers in those snowy wastes have been left, for the most part, untaught and uncared for. To the Moravians belongs the honor of first carrying the message of the Gospel to them. They started a mission in Labrador in 1771. The first missionary was murdered, but, un-

daunted, they sent another, and now have six flourishing stations along the coast. It was more than one hundred years later before the Church of England made any direct attempt to reach them. In 1870 Mr. (now Bishop) Bompas, dragging behind him a small sledge, containing his blankets and provisions, and accompanied by two guides, visited a party of them on the Arctic coast, near the mouth of the Mackenzie River, and spent a few weeks amongst them, teaching them. At that time a white man's life was scarcely safe amongst them, but he was kindly treated, and they showed themselves willing to be taught. From various causes the visit was not repeated. But it was not until 1877 that a missionary was set apart specially for them. In that year the C. M. S. sent out Mr. Peck, who settled at Little Whale River, on the east coast of Hudson's Bay, and for sixteen years has labored zealously and successfully amongst them. He has now two native teachers, and more than one hundred Christian adherents. Several have died in the faith, and many can read for themselves the life-giving Word of God. The Rev. W. G. Walton has lately taken up the work in Ungava Bay, north of Labrador, and Mr. Peck is going (D.V.) still farther north, into the regions beyond, to carry the message of salvation. On the western shore of Hudson's Bay, at Fort Churchill, the Rev. J. Lofthouse speaks of the eagerness of the Eskimo for the Word of God, and says:—"They are learning truly to reverence the Lord's day." The Moravians have two prosperous missions near Behring's Straits. The American Church has one or two in northern Alaska, and I think the Presbyterians have started one recently at Point Barrow. But I wish to draw attention more particularly to the effort which is being put forth in the northern part of this diocese. As above mentioned, Bishop Bompas' visit of 1870 was not repeated, but whenever the Eskimos came to Fort McPherson he, or Archdeacon McDonald, or the Rev. Mr. Canham, whichever of them happened to be there, tried to impart some instruction to them; and this, together with the example of the Christian Indians, has so far affected them that Archdeacon McDonald writes in 1892. "It is gratifying to find them evincing an increased desire for Christian instruction. . . . They appeared to listen to the preaching of the Word with more intelligent interest, and expressed thanks for what they heard." One man had died "in the strong exercise of faith in Christ as his Saviour," but there have been no baptisms as yet, excepting the two interpreters.

But what has Canada done for these, her children, living in the most remote and most inhospitable region of her vast dominions? What has she done to mitigate the hardship of their lot by telling them of a Father's home above? Nothing, absolutely nothing, until

last year! In response to my appeal a young Wycliffe graduate, the Rev. I. O. Stringer, B.A., volunteered for work amongst them. He accompanied me the same summer to Fort McPherson, and showed his zeal and devotion by consenting to go at once to their village at the mouth of the Mackenzie River, and thus repeat the visit made by Bishop Bompas twenty-two years before. An account of the visit has appeared in some of the religious newspapers, so here it need merely be said that he was kindly received on his arrival, and listened to with attention; but when they found that he would give no presents, he was told pretty plainly that he need stay no longer. At length, however, after nearly giving up in despair, he succeeded in winning the young chief, and, on his departure at the end of a fortnight, was pressed to return in the winter, to become their minister and teach them. The following May, instead of returning to this party, he went to another tribe on Herschel Island, where he stayed three weeks, visiting the people in their snowhouses day by day, and being hospitably entertained by some American whalers who were wintering there. Another three weeks was spent with a family journeying back to the fort, during which he not only taught them, but obtained a better grasp of the language than he had done before. He says: "We were together for three weeks, in rough and smooth, through storm and sunshine, and got to understand each other. The old man wanted me to promise to live with him next winter. I felt much pleased by their hospitality and kindness. Many things on the trip were a little hard at the time, but they were kind after their fashion, and would have been kinder had they known how."

When I visited Fort McPherson last July, some of the same Eskimos were there whom I met the previous summer. In the evening they assembled for a short service in church, sang a couple of hymns, repeated the Lord's prayer, and another, and listened most attentively to a short address which I gave them through the interpreter. It was quite cheering to see how freely they visited Mr. Stringer, and made themselves at home in his room; and to observe the progress he had made in the language. He seems to have quite gained their confidence. There is good prospect of a successful work amongst them, and we have every reason to thank God and take courage. After my departure he intended to go again to the village at the mouth of the river, and then, after spending a week or two, to go westward along the coast to Herschel Island, visiting other villages *en route*, and to stay at the island until winter.

These are the people for whom Canada has done so little—heathens, but willing to be taught—interesting and intelligent, but ignorant of the one true God, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent—poor as regards this world's goods,

poorer still with regard to the true riches, and perishing for lack of knowledge.

St. David's Mission, Nov. 21st, 1893.

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. Montirambert, General Corresponding Secretary W.A., 22 Mount Carmel St., Quebec.

THE W.A. of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Toronto, presented Mrs. Mockridge, the wife of the secretary-treasurer of the society, with a life-membership recently, on her retiring from the position of president.

THE Rev. J. Gough Brick makes an earnest appeal for help in his mission on the Peace River. Clothing for boys and girls between the age of 5 and 12 years, and good second-hand clothing for distribution among our Indians, also donations of groceries, medicine, pills, liniment, ointment, etc., will be most acceptable. Bales or boxes should be addressed Rev. J. G. Brick, Peace River, per C.P.R., to Edmonton, N.W.T., and should be forwarded not later than May 1st. All monies should be sent to the secretary and treasurer, Miss L. A. Dixon, 29 Wilton Crescent, Toronto.

St. Barnabas Mission,

Sarcee Reserve, Calgary.

ALLOW me to lay before the many members and devoted well-wishers of the W.A. the following appeal for such assistance in our work as God may enable them to render. Our boarding school, which was first opened in May, 1892, has (notwithstanding occasional discouragements) given us cause for much thankfulness to God. Children who, before, were allowed to grow up in heathenism and depravity have been rescued, and are daily brought under Christian and civilizing influences. The result of this is that our children are becoming intelligent and industrious, well behaved, cleanly, and happy; and we look forward, hopefully, to the near future, when, with the divine blessing, they may take their places in the world as young Christian artisans or farmers. We have been, and still are, impeded in the work from want of funds; so much so as to threaten the closing of the institution. Several additional children are also waiting for admission into our Homes. Nine are promised to us under written agreements, but we are unable to receive them until some pecuniary help is given to us. Assistance to the extent of \$1,000 is very urgently needed to pay off the debt incurred in building the Home in order to receive the children at the earliest moment possible, and I earnestly ask help in the matter. Monies may be sent to His Lordship the Bishop, or to my-

self. May God open the hearts of His children to respond, as they are able, to this pressing call!
Yours in the work of the Gospel,

H. GIBBON STOCKEN,
Missionary.

"I HEARTILY endorse the above appeal, and pray that it may be speedily answered, in order that a faithful and most devoted missionary may be relieved from harassing financial difficulties."

CYPRIAN SASKATCHEWAN AND CALGARY.

Calgary, February 10, 1894.

A FRIEND photographed the above-mentioned Home Mission House for Mr. Stocken, and he kindly sent the General Secretary of the W.A. copies. If any of the branches who help Mr. Stocken wish to see these, they can do so by applying to the General Secretary, enclosing 2 cents for postage.

St. John's Mission, Gleichen.

LAST year the Indians of the South Camp asked me to erect a boarding school for their children like the one here, and when the Minister of the Interior visited them later they asked him to assist me. The government has granted \$1,500 in answer to their request; and the building alone is to cost \$3,000. This was part of the arrangement with the government that we should find half. Now, the work is going on, and in May the building will be completed, and I shall be responsible for the \$1,500. The Romanists tried hard to stop our work, but without any success. They held meetings with the Indians, and tried to find out if I had been prejudicing the Indians against themselves, or against the Government Industrial School under their charge, about thirty miles from here. They were anxious to find some cause against me which they might report to the government; in fact, they had already sent in charges against me which they could not substantiate, and these meetings were held afterwards to try to find proof, which they failed to do. This much just to show you that money anxieties are not the only ones we Northwest missionaries have to put up with. You cannot relieve us of this kind, but you can help us where money is concerned; and I am certain that if our position is properly understood, we shall have no difficulty in getting the money required for our work. The Home for which help is required covers an area of 68 ft. x 40 ft., and has basement, ground and upper floors. It will accommodate 50 children. We want to open it in June or July. I would like to have a collection in every junior branch of the W.A. I would also like the adult branches to raise, say, \$10 each, so far as they can. The cost of furnishing the Home will be considerable, probably \$500 more. That our Homes are bearing fruit, you may judge from the fact that four of our oldest pupils have been baptized

during the past year at their own request. If we are careful to make the best of the opportunities the system of Homes or boarding schools, so recently inaugurated, gives us, in a few years the majority of our Indians will be followers, with us, of Christ. Believe me, etc.,
J. W. TIMS.

Collection cards for the above object can be had on application to the General Corresponding Secretary, W.A., 22 Mount Carmel Street, Quebec.

Bishop's Court, Calgary, Feb. 16, 1894.

DEAR MISS M.,—The Rev. J. W. Tims has asked me to write and sanction the appeal he has sent you. I need hardly say it has my warm sanction, but I am afraid we are crowding appeals just now. Still, they are necessary, and I hope this, as well as Mr. Hinchcliffe's and Mr. Stocken's, will meet with all possible success. Yours, etc.,

CYPRIAN SASKATCHEWAN AND CALGARY.

THE secretaries appointed by the Bishop to correspond with our W.A. are: For Saskatchewan, Mrs. Matheson, of Prince Albert; and for Calgary, Mrs. Kernard, Bonnybrook, Calgary.

This diocese is the one to be prayed for in May, so that, by having information regarding its needs beforehand, we will know what special petitions to offer for it.

Caledonia asks our attention this month. This diocese was divided off in 1879, and has for its northern boundary the new diocese of Selkirk, its neighbor on the south being New Westminster diocese, and on the east that of Athabasca. It includes Queen Charlotte Islands. The Bishop, Dr. Ridley, resides at Metlakatla, a name which recalls that wonderful conversion, some little time ago, when the young chief and all his braves threw off heathenism and embraced Christianity, for it was at Metlakatla that they announced their decision and rejoiced the hearts of those who had labored so hard for this very end. Several ladies are devoting themselves to work in this diocese: Miss E. J. Stephenson, Miss Vest, Miss Dickenson, and Miss Hicks, besides Mrs. Ridley and the wives of the missionaries, many of whom are true and self-denying helpmates. For a most interesting account of the work, etc., see "Handbook of Northwest Missions," by Dr. J. G. Hodgins, Toronto.

INDIA means to many of us now much more than it did before Miss Sugden's vivid description brought the suffering and degradation of its poor benighted women so clearly before us. But when we think of seven millions of Buddhists, fifty-seven millions of Mahometans, and two hundred millions of Hindoos, it seems simply appalling. However, in the last century, nearly three millions have been won for Christ,

and it is said there has never been a single backward step in the progress of Christianity in that country. So let us pray for greater blessing in the future, knowing that God is fathering the work.

Books and Periodicals Department.

Eminent Christian Workers of the Nineteenth Century. By G. Barnett Smith. S.P.C.K., London, England.

Nine interesting biographies in one neat, compact volume of 416 pages. The biographies are those of Archbishop Tait, Bishop Patteson, the martyr bishop, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Bishop Wilson (Calcutta), Arnold, of Rugby, Bishop Wilberforce, George Moore, the philanthropist, Hannington, the East African hero, and Bishop Selwyn. This book presents to its readers the noble side of humanity, as shown by typical great men in their work for the benefit of mankind, both at home and abroad, and should be placed in the hands of all young men. So many men spend useless and aimless (to say nothing of vicious) lives, it would be well to emphasize the work of those who aim at doing some good in the world. Besides this, the S.P.C.K. has published many fine books for the present year—fine books for boys, such as "Sail Ho! or, A Boy at Sea," by George M. Fenn, a 5c. book, illustrated, telling stirring things of sailors and the sea; "From the Bush to the Breakers," by F. Frankfort Moore, a story of Australia and the Pacific Ocean; "The Fairhope Venture," an emigration story, by Rev. E. N. Hoare, M.A., a tale of Canada's great Northwest, the "once lone land," in which we have the St. Lawrence, and Edmonton, and Moosejaw, and the Canadian Pacific Railway, and many other scenes of pioneer life in Canada; "Plucky Jim; or, The Gang of Thieves," by Beech Wood, a tale of the discovery of a thief. Fine books for Sunday School prizes and the library, such as "The Uttermost Farthing," and "Out in the World," by Helen Shipton; "A Lady Born," by Eila Edersheim Overton; "Of High and Low Degree," by Helen Milman; "The Old House," by Catharine M. MacSorley; "A Storm and a Teapot," by Frances Harriott Wood; "Enid's Victory," by Cecilia S. Lowndes. Fine books for juveniles, such as "The Child's Pictorial" for 1893, a mine of wealth for little ones, and "The Days of the Rose, and Other Tales," by Mrs. R. Hallward, pretty little tales with colored pictures. "The Dawn of Day" for 1893 is an attractive volume of miscellaneous information, and many incidents and tales. The S.P.C.K. publishes some of the best novels, such as Sir Walter Scott's "Talisman," J. Fenimore Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," in cheap form, paper covers; price, one penny.

The Cosmopolitan. New York. This is a really fine magazine. It claims that notwithstanding its extraordinary reduction in price, it is bringing the most famous writers and artists of Europe and America to interest its readers, and, in proof of this claim, submits the following list of contributors for the five months ending with February: Valdés, Howells, Paul Heyse, Francisque Sarcey, Robert Grant, John J. Ingalls, Lyman Abbott, Frederick Masson, Agnes Repplier, J. G. Whittier (posthumous), Walter Besant, Mark Twain, St. George Mivart, Paul Bourget, Louise Chandler Moulton, Flammarton, Tissandier, F. Dempster Sherman, Adam Badeau, Capt. King, Arthur Sherburne Hardy, George Ebers, De Maupassant, Sir Edwin Arnold, Spielhagen, Andrew Lang, Berthelot, H. H. Boyesen, Hopkinson Smith, Lyman J. Gage, Dan'l C. Gilman, Franz von Lenbach, Thomas A. Janvier. And for artists who have illustrated during the same time: Vierge, Reinhart, Marold, F. D. Small, Dan Beard, José Cabrinety, Oliver Herford, Remington, Hamilton Gibson, Otto Bacher, H. S. Mowbray, Otto Guillonnet, F. G. Attwood, Hopkinson Smith, Geo. W. Edwards, Paul de Longpré, Habert-Dys, F. H. Schell. How this is done for \$1.50 a year, the editors of *The Cosmopolitan* alone know. *The Cosmopolitan* and *THE CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE* may be had together for \$2 a year.

The Testimony of History to the Truth of Scripture. By Rev. George Rawlinson, M.A. H. L. Hastings. Price, 35 cents. The good service done by Layard in 1845, in the way of unearthing and investigating ancient monuments and inscriptions, has been continued, until the truth of the historical events of the Holy Scriptures are greatly supported and corroborated. This is all the more gratifying because unbelievers have made great use, in days gone by, of the alleged absence of such evidence. The Rev. George Rawlinson pursued this subject with great learning and research, and gave to the world his great work on "The Seven Great Oriental Monarchies." The present volume presents, in a condensed and inexpensive form, the results of some of the later researches in this department of oriental antiquities. The different divisions of the Bible are gone into, and comparisons made between its statements and those of newly-discovered records, with the result that (1) there is very little contradiction between sacred and profane history; (2) there is a large amount of minute agreement. The conclusions to be drawn from these results are to a high degree favorable to the establishment of the authenticity of Holy Scripture.

(i) *The Expositor*, (ii) *The Clergyman's Magazine*. London, England: Hodder & Stoughton, 27 Paternoster Row. In *The Expositor*, Rev. Arthur Wright's article on "The Proper Names in St. Mark's Gospel" is striking. He has carefully counted and analyzed all the proper names mentioned in it, and has compared them with those of the other Gospels, and uses them as "a study in the synoptic problem." "The Righteousness of Christ's Kingdom," by Prof. Marcus Dods, calls new attention to a theme which never can be worn out. Other articles are in keeping with the able manner in which this magazine is conducted.

The Clergyman's Magazine has its usual "Amplified collects and devotional exercises for the Christian year," and several other useful articles. "The Tears of Jesus: What They Teach," by Rev. J. Jeffares Jones, B.D., is suggestive of somewhat new ideas on that tender subject.

The Missionary Review of the World. Published monthly by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, 18 and 20 Astor place, New York. \$2 a year. India, Thibet, Japan, Burma, have special articles—India especially, under the aspect of (1) its religions, (2) its child marriages, (3) medical training for women for it. An article on "What trade and commerce owe to missions," being an address delivered in Philadelphia by Rev. Dr. Nassau on his departure for his field of labors in West Africa, is a capital vindication of missionary enterprise. The fact is, the world does not know what it really does owe to the missionary, pioneer and support of civilization, as he often is, in savage lands. Numerous paragraphs and incidents of a missionary nature are always to be found in this magazine.

The Review of Reviews. New York, 13 Astor Place. April, 1894; price, 25 cents.

The April number is fully up to the mark. The "Progress of the World" tells us well what is going on around us in the old world and in the new, supplying a. the same time numerous portraits of public celebrities. Several illustrations are given of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Rosebery, and Sir William Harcourt, the three Liberal leaders. "Leading Articles of the Month" and "The Periodicals Reviewed" occupy several pages of much interest.

The Newbery House Magazine. Griffith, Farran & Co., London, England. Price sixpence. This magazine, having cut down its size and lowered its price, and somewhat lightened its articles, bids fair to be a popular Church periodical.

Germania. A W Spanhoofd, of Manchester, New Hampshire, publishes an interesting periodical for the study of the German language. Each number contains valuable assistance for students of that tongue.

The American Church Sunday School Magazine. Philadelphia. This is a well-edited periodical, containing information valuable for Sunday-school teachers, and, in fact, for Church workers of all kinds.

TREASURER'S DEPARTMENT.

The following are the amounts received to date by the Secretary-Treasurer in cash and vouchers since November 3rd, 1893:

	Domestic.	Foreign.
Algoma Diocese—For foreign general fund.	\$62 19	
“ “ London Society Jews.....		3 20
“ “ Domestic general fund.....	\$23 70	
“ “ Epiphany Appeal (Port Arthur).....		8 91
	<u>\$23 70</u>	<u>\$74 30</u>
Fredericton Diocese—For Algoma.		
“ “ Bishop's stipend.....	\$ 75 00	
“ “ “ General... ..	155 94	
“ “ “ Indian Homes... ..	32 40	
	<u>\$263 34</u>	
Huron Diocese—From “C.C.C.”.....	\$ 10 00	
“ “ W.A., Chinese in B.C.....	25 91	
“ “ “ Miss Smith, Japan... ..	\$3 00	
“ “ “ Woodstock (New St. Paul's).....	\$ 8 00	8 00
	<u>\$ 8 00</u>	<u>\$126 91</u>
Montreal Diocese—M. Dio. Theo. College.		
“ “ For Bishop Japan.....	\$ 10 00	
“ “ Collection Bishop Japan (W.A.).....	20 00	
“ “ Foreign general.....	49 77	
“ “ Domestic general.....	\$307 92	
“ “ Algoma Indian Homes... ..	14 70	
“ “ Athabasca (For Rev. J. G. Brick).....	10 00	
“ “ W.A., Miss Smith, Japan.....	40 00	
	<u>\$332 62</u>	<u>\$119 77</u>
Niagara Diocese—Japan (Dr. Ridley, Hamilton).....	\$ 5 00	
“ “ Foreign general.....	437 42	
“ “ Zenana missions.....	120 27	
“ “ C.M.S., general.....	10 55	
“ “ “ Fuh Chow, China.....	6 00	
“ “ Collection, Bishop Japan... ..	18 28	
“ “ Wycliffe Japan missions... ..	10 00	
	<u>\$607 52</u>	
Nova Scotia Diocese—Algoma, general.		
“ “ Windsor.....	\$ 60 25	
“ “ “ Domestic, general... ..	139 65	
“ “ “ Foreign, general... ..	15 61	
“ “ “ Parochial mission Jews.....	2 32	
“ “ “ Missionary meeting collections.....	85 57	85 56
“ “ “ Indian Homes, Algoma (voucher).....	20 50	
	<u>\$395 97</u>	<u>\$103 49</u>
Ontario Diocese—W.A., Bay de Verde, Newfoundland... ..	\$ 10 00	
“ “ “ Miss Smith, Japan.....	67 50	
“ “ “ Chinese in B.C... ..	10 00	
“ “ “ Zenana.....	10 00	
“ “ “ Japan (B'p Bickersteth).....	11 00	
“ “ “ General fund.....	400 00	
	<u>\$508 50</u>	

Quebec Diocese—W.A., Miss Smith, Japan.		\$ 75 00
“ “ From Bishop of Quebec for S.P.G. and S.P.C.K.....		50 00
“ “ For Bishop of Athabasca (From Sherbrooke).....	\$ 42 06	
	<u>\$42 06</u>	<u>\$125 00</u>
Toronto Diocese—Domestic general.....	\$ 10 12	
“ “ Mackenzie River.....	125 00	
“ “ Domestic general.....	31 66	
“ “ Qu'Appelle (From St. Thomas', Toronto)....	39 17	
“ “ Mackenzie River (From S. G. Wood, \$25; St. James' S. S., \$5.....	30 00	
“ “ Saskatchewan (Nepowewin), from Collingwood.	6 00	
“ “ Collection, Bishop Japan.		\$35 52
“ “ Domestic general.....	2 75	
“ “ Mackenzie River.....	10 00	
“ “ Athabasca	100 00	
“ “ Epiphany appeal.....		578 03
“ “ Sundry offerings.....		20 00
“ “ Bible woman, Japan, St. Margaret's, Toronto, W.A.....		12 00
“ “ Domestic general.....	4 05	
“ “ Saskatchewan (Nepowewin), Stayner \$2.29, Collingwood \$10.06... ..	12 35	
“ “ Algoma, general.....	198 50	
“ “ “ Beatrice mission.....	5 00	
“ “ “ Temiscamingue catechist	83 00	
“ “ Rupert's Land.....	135 00	
“ “ Calgary, Blackfoot Home and salary... ..	173 00	
“ “ “ Blood Reserve... ..	78 00	
“ “ “ Piegan Home and Reserve.....	110 00	
“ “ Athabasca—Wahskan—Dixie.....	12 00	
“ “ Mackenzie River... ..	78 95	
“ “ Chinese in B.C.....		2 00
“ “ Zenana, general.....		53 00
“ “ India, Ramabai circle .		1 00
“ “ Wycliffe Japan missions... ..		1 94
“ “ London Society Jews.....		1 66
“ “ Domestic general (contribution).....	10 00	
“ “ Rupert's Land (vouchers).....	26 00	
“ “ Qu'Appelle (voucher)....	20 39	
“ “ Calgary, Blackfoot Home and salary (voucher)... ..	75 00	
“ “ Calgary, Piegan Home (voucher).....	13 64	
“ “ Mackenzie River (voucher).....	26 00	
		<u>\$1515 58</u>
		<u>\$705 15</u>

RECAPITULATION.

	Domestic	Foreign.	Total
Algoma.....	\$ 23 70	\$ 74 30	\$ 98 00
Fredericton.....	263 34		263 34
Huron.....	8 00	126 91	134 91
Montreal.....	332 62	119 77	452 39
Niagara.....	607 52		607 52
Nova Scotia.....	395 97	103 49	499 46
Ontario.....	508 50		508 50
Quebec.....	42 06	125 00	167 06
Toronto.....	1,515 58	705 15	2,220 73
	<u>\$2,491 27</u>	<u>\$2,370 64</u>	<u>\$4,861 91</u>

CHAS. H. MOCKRIDGE,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Toronto, March 20th, 1894.