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# The Western Churchman.

A Journal Devoted to the Interests of the Church of England in Manitoba and the West.

VOL. 3—No. 9.

WINNIPEG, MAY, 1898.

PRICE 10c.

## Calendar.

MAY.

1. 3RD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER. St. Philip and St. James, Apostles and Martyrs. Mor. Song—Num. 22 or Isaiah 61; St. John 1: 43. Evening—Num. 23 or 24, or Zech. 4; Col. 3: 1-18.
2. Monday.
3. Tuesday. Invention of the Cross.
4. Wednesday.
5. Thursday.
6. Friday. St. John Evangelist ante Port. Lat. F.
7. Saturday.
8. 4TH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER. Morning—Deut 4: 1-23; St. Luke 24: 13. Evening—Deut. 4: 23-41, or 5; 1 Thess. 5.
9. Monday.
10. Tuesday.
11. Wednesday.
12. Thursday.
13. Friday. F.
14. Saturday.
15. 5TH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER. Notice of Rogation Day and Ascension Day. Morning—Deut. 6; St. John. 4: 31. Evening—Deut. 9 or 10; 1 Tim. 4.
16. Monday. Rogation Day. F.
17. Tuesday. Rogation Day. F.
18. Wednesday. Vigil. F.
19. Thursday. ASCENSION DAY. Pr. Pss. M. S. 8, 15, 21. E. 24, 47, 108. Ath. Cr.; Prp. Prf. in Cn. Ser. until 25th (incl.). Dunstan, Abp. of Canter'y F.
20. Friday. F.
21. Saturday.
22. SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION DAY. Morning—Deut 30; St. John 7: 25. Evening—Deut. 34, or Joshua 1; Titus 1.
23. Monday.
24. Tuesday.
25. Wednesday.
26. Thursday. Augustine, 1st Archbishop of Canterbury.
27. Friday. Ven. Bede, P. F.
28. Saturday. Vigil. F.
29. WHITSUN-DAY. Pr. Pss., M. 48, 68; E. 104, 145. Ath. Cr.; Pr. Pref. in Com. Serv. till June 4 (incl.). Notice of Mon. and Tues. and Ember Days. Morning—Deut. 16: 1-18; Rom. 8: 1-18. Evening—Isaiah 11 or Ezekiel 36, 25; Gal. 5: 16 or Acts 18: 24 to 19: 21.
30. Monday in Whitsun week.
31. Tuesday in Whitsun week.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

The Western Churchman is published in the first week of every month. Communications for insertion and copy for advertisements should be in the office not later than the 2<sup>nd</sup> of the month.

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Matter for the Editorial Department should be addressed to Rev. R. C. Johnstone, Box 310, Winnipeg.

All business communications should be sent, and money orders, cheques, etc., made payable to Wm. Kirkland, Business Manager, Box 310, Winnipeg.

## The Ministry of Art.

An Address by The Very Rev. J. D. O'Meara, D.D.

It was with peculiar pleasure, that some months ago I accepted an invitation to address the Ladies Art Association. Apart from that genuine pleasure that ought to fill an Irishman's heart at being able to do anything in the world to oblige the ladies, there was a special reason why I was pleased to speak to this Association. I am not an artist of any kind. My musical accomplishments are about as limited as were those of the gentlemen who *thought* he knew two tunes. One was the Dead march in Saul and the other was'nt—he always sang the other. If I painted a horse, I'm afraid I'd have to do as the ambitious artist did who drew an elephant, but in a moment of sudden distrust as to its life likeness—so as to make identification dead sure. wrote at the bottom, "N.B.—This is an elephant."

But yet, though the *production* of Art work of any kind is not at all in my line; the study of Art, whether in its roots in human thought and feeling, or in its fruits in great

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pictures and sculpture work, has always had for me a peculiar fascination; and I can truthfully say that few influences have been at once more helpful and delightful to me than the effects produced on me by good music and good pictures. Though I do not profess to be in any way an Art critic, yet there are certain aspects of Art with which my special studies, both of man in the individual and man in the mass have familiarized me, and therefore it seemed to me that I might have some words to say to the ladies of this Association (to whom my words will be specially addressed) which perhaps might be of some interest and some little help, I have been somewhat reassured in this view, by hearing recently from your President that of similar lectures delivered to sister associations in Toronto and Montreal, none were delivered by men who were themselves artists.

Now from your Art, I am *sure* that you must derive real genuine *pleasure*, pleasure of the sweetest, purest, highest kind. Though, at first, the more rigid studies which are the propædæutic of Art, may have seemed to you, dry and difficult, still I am sure that of *Art* may be said what Solomon said of wisdom, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace." To one with the artist's soul, Art studies must be like the opening of doors into a great and glorious palace, each door admitting you to some new and ever brighter vision of delight. Then as you begin to turn out work of your own, the joy of creation that comes to you, the gladness that attends the consciousness of dawning powers, the sense of elation which lifts you onward and upward, always striving to reach some as yet unattained ideal of excellence; the things which you *have* done being but the earnest of the things that you *shall* do, all these, I am certain make your Art become to you a very real Source of *Pleasure*. And I trust that for those of you who intend to follow Art as a profession, that it may become to you not only a source of pleasure but of *profit* as well. I know that in a new country like this, there is by no means that pecuniary encouragement to Art which we should like to see. The pressure of business cares, the want of a leisured class living on their means, the imperative demands upon well nigh every dollar that can be earned, the hard material necessities with which a new and struggling population are always fronted; all these make it difficult for Art to obtain that generous recognition which it receives in older countries. At the same time we will hope that—our citizens find themselves in easier circumstances, they will see it to be at once their duty and their delight to extend to Art that generous patronage which it should receive from all who can at all afford to give it. But, Ladies—what I wish to speak of to-night is not either the pleasure or the profit which you may get from that Art to which you have devoted at least a portion of your energy and your life. I am going to ask you to contemplate art under a far nobler aspect than either of those of which I have spoken. I am going to try to represent to you Art as a service—a *Ministry*. For as you know my theme is not the pleasure of Art or the profit of Art, but the *Ministry of Art*. The whole plan and purpose of my words to you as artists, is that I may clothe you with a new dignity, raise you to a

new level, charge you with a new responsibility and unfold to you a new vision of the splendid possibilities of good which await those who, under any of the varied forms that she assumes, lay their hearts devotion and their life's service a willing sacrifice at the feet of *Art*. I wish to speak to you of Art as a *service*, a *service* for God, a service for our fellowmen and in the highest and best sense, a service for *yourselves*.

I need hardly remind you ladies, of *the royal dignity of service*—Ich Dien, I serve, is not only the motto of the heir to the British Empire: it is the key-note of each kingliest queenliest life that has ever been lived amongst men. For who are those whom the deathless centuries have crowned with the coronal of a fadeless fame? who are those whom humanity has ever delighted to seat upon the enduring throne of a world wide and age-long honor and renown? *not* the men who, to please *themselves* have waded through rivers of flowing blood to seize a sceptre or subjugate a state: not the men who have heaped heavenward, their piles of sordid gold: no, not these, but the men who have *served*: the men who have given their lives in loyal and loving sacrifice for the glory of their God, or the good of their fellowmen; the men whose whole existence has been one long service undertaken and bravely carried through, that the world might be richer, sweeter, better, because they had lived and died. And keeping in view the supreme dignity of service, it seems to me no unworthy object for your lecturer to try to show you Art as a *Ministry*. This is no new view of Art. Much very delightful and suggestive truth comes to us from the old Greek mythology. Now, we find that the Greeks made Art the daughter of Love—thus voicing their thought that at once in her loftiest ideals and most helpful inspirations, all right Art is born of love, Love to God, and love to our fellows. And we only need to study the lives and utterances of the great artists all down the centuries, to find this truth embedded in their hearts, and expressing itself in the choicest fruit of their lives.

Speaking of Art as *service*, I notice *first*, that Art may be, Art *has* been, Art *ought* to be a *Ministry* for God. They talk about Sacred Art, meaning by that, Art occupied with Sacred themes: but in a far truer, higher, wider sense, *all* right Art is Sacred Art, for it is a service wrought for the glory and honor of God. And here let me say that this distinction between Sacred and Secular is often erroneous and misleading. As if the service of God were a thing limited to certain places, and tied down to certain occupations, and hedged in by certain forms and phrases, and indissolubly bound up with certain phases of life and frames of feeling. The difference between Sacred and Secular is not a distinction of caste or place or occupation; it is a fundamental distinction that lies at the root of *all* conduct and all life, the carpenter driving his plane, the merchant plying his trade, the artist wielding his pencil or his brush, the singer by her song opening for her hearers the very gates of paradise. The work of *all* these may be *Sacred* work, if it be done with the thought that it is God appointed work, and if it be achieved in loving obedience to

His will, and with a desire in *some* way to serve our God or our fellowmen. Whereas on the other hand, what seems the most Sacred work, the work of the preacher in the pulpit, or the pastor by the bedside of the dying—if that work be done simply to earn a living or to win the praise of men—then it is Secular work, just as Secular as any of the ordinary businesses or occupations of men. Now it seems to me that in a very special way, we have a right to expect that Art should be a *Ministry for God*, for in a very special sense it is a direct gift from God. Men have always deemed the artist, whether he be poet, painter, sculptor or musician—all cultured people I say have deemed the artist, as if by divine right a man inspired, a man whose soul is fired, and whose whole life is glorified by the inrush of a divine breath. In all Art, no doubt there is much, *very* much that is the outcome of tireless industry and limitless perseverance, so much so that genius itself has been defined as "an infinite capacity for taking pains," and yet at the root of all this there lies something that no industry can of itself produce; an often unconscious but no less real *power to create*: making out the artist of every kind as a true *poet*—a *maker* (for that is the meaning of poet). And this singular, this heaven-born, this God-given power that is the true artist's special prerogative sets him aside from his fellows, as a man apart; for has he not climbed celestial heights, has he not bathed his soul in visions of unutterable loveliness; and is it not his mission to bring down to us dwellers in the plain, some hints and reminiscences of those glories which shone round him on the mountain top; that so he may touch to a new brightness the often sad and sordid lives of men? Because God *has* given the artist peculiar gifts we expect him to be God's minister to pass on some share of those gifts to men. *Again*, the artist may be a minister for God, by becoming in a way the prophet of God, he may become indeed a most eloquent and enduring preacher of righteousness and truth. I wish I could speak to you aright, of the preaching power of pictures. Take that marvellous picture of Albrecht Durer's, representing the Christ as having come down to see how His church is carrying on His work in winning the world for Him. The Christ still crowned with the diadem of thorns is represented, as sitting in the midst of a dreary weed-grown wilderness; the head bowed in his hands, and the whole attitude of the drooping figure eloquent of deep dejection and bitter disappointment. We can almost hear the cry of sorrow with which He chides His church for having done so little to regenerate that world which He had died to Save. So pitiful and pathetic is that picture, that it is said Durer himself, used often to weep over it. *Such* a picture as that will touch the heart, more than some of the most eloquent missionary sermons ever listened to.

Or again, you all know what a power for good, in the evangelization of the world, has been the Moravian Brotherhood; few Missionary Societies in the world, have done as much genuine self-sacrificing work as have they. And yet, it was to a great picture, that that Society owed its birth. Count Zinzendorf, with very little thought of religious effort in his mind, stood one day, before Murillo's great picture of the Crucifixion; and as he looked up into

that kingly face seamed with sorrow, and that royal brow pierced and bleeding with the cruel thorns, and as all the awful agony, stole into his soul and mastered his heart; he turned his eyes, streaming with tears, down to the words written at the foot, "This have I done for thee, what hast *thou* done for me. Words and picture together, smote him like a voice from the opened heavens, and then and there he laid his life in utter sacrifice at his Saviour's pierced feet; and the result was, the foundation and the subsequent work of the Moravian Church.

Or take again, Turner's wonderful picture of the Slave ship. Well might Lord Beaconsfield say of that picture, "That's Turner's sermon against the slave trade, and a splendid sermon it is.

Who can look long at Fra Angelico's Angel-faces, with out feeling as if the pearly gates had indeed opened for him, and earth, and all its sin and care had sunk far away beneath his ascending feet.

Correggio's picture of the Holy Family—who can see the glory that streams from the cradle of the Holy Infant and fills all the room with its radiance, and not see in this, an exquisite prophecy of the world-wide influence of the Babe of Bethlehem.

For myself I can say, that the truth of God has sometimes come home to me more vividly, more intensely, more really from pictures, than from some of the most forcible and fervid sermons to which I have ever listened. And the artist may be not only God's prophet, but his *priest* as well. His service may become *Sacramental*. For is it not *his* above all others, beneath the outward and visible forms of nature, to reveal the inward and spiritual grace of Divine goodness, and mercy, and beauty and power; thus enriching with a new meaning, even the commonest sights, and sounds and scenes that lie around us everywhere. The artist opens our eyes, to read, written large over all the face of nature, the autograph of God's present and prevailing love. He lifts for us, a little corner of the curtain of nature, and peering through to the glory land beyond, we catch gleams and glimpses of "the light, that never was by sea or shore."

The artist shows us nature, as our dim and sense bound eyes can never see it; for pictures, if *true*, and the production of the seer, unfold nature to us, as it never *would* unfold itself to our unaided sense: they are thus revelations to us, of a new world lying back of the mere surface of nature: windows, through which the devout soul may look through from the seen to the unseen; from the earthly to the heavenly; and so to the eye, informed by this priestly ministry of the painter's art, the whole world becomes radiant with the foot-prints of a present God.

No pebble at my feet, but proves a sphere,  
No chaffinch, but implies the cherubim;  
No hum of lily-nauffled bee, but finds  
Some coupling music with the spinning stars;  
Earth's crammed with heaven—  
And every common bush afire with God.

And again, the artist may be, has been, not only God's prophet and priest, but his *workman* as well. What Art has done for religion, is too well known to need more than a passing reference. Architecture has found its noblest achievements in those grand old cathedrals, dreams in marble, poems in stone, which are the pride and glory of the cities of the old world. And as with architecture, so with music, painting, sculpture—all these have counted it their highest privilege, with the ripest fruitage of their genius to adorn the temple of God, or to enoble and enrich the services of his sanctuary. And through all this Sacred Art, there runs the distinct consciousness of a Divine Mission and Ministry.

"Why do you take such pains with that statue; away up on the cathedral roof, no one will see it there?" was asked of a great sculptor, his reply is memorable. "True, he said, *men* will not see it but *God* will, and it's for Him I'm working, *not* for the applause of men." And this answer was just one instance, of the whole spirit of deep religious devotion which inspired much of the noblest work that has crowned with fadeless honor, the names of the great painters, poets, sculptors and musicians of the past. May we not well say of the artist, as God's Messenger and Minister:

Heirs of more than mortal race,  
Framed by heaven's peculiar grace;  
If the word be not too bold,  
*God's* own work to do on earth,  
Giving virtue, a new birth,  
And a life that ne'er grows old.

It is time now to speak of another Ministry of Art, the Ministry of Art for *men*. Did I say *another* Ministry? nay, is it not the *same* Ministry, only viewed from another side? For is not the service of our fellowmen one of the most fruitful spheres in which our love to God can display itself. Is it not just by the measure of our love for our fellow men and our willingness to serve them, that Christ gauges the reality of our profession of Love to God? "In as much as ye have done it to the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto *me*," thus does Christ by a single sentence. lift all manward service to the loftier level of a God-ward service; as by the touch of the philosopher's stone, transmitting the commoner metal of ordinary kindness and self denial for other's sake into the fine gold of a ministry for God.

Whenever through the ages rise,  
The altars of self-sacrifice;  
When love, its arms has opened wide,  
Or man for man has calmly died,  
I see the same white wings out-spread,  
That hovered o'er the Master's head.

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How then does Art minister to the best interests of our fellowmen?

In the *first place*, Art emphasizes and expands the *ideal* element of life. Art has well been defined as "The representation of the ideal under the forms of the actual" The artist sees in what we call common scenes and objects, far more than what meets the ordinary eye. A great Italian sculptor stopped at a marble dealers, and closely examined a piece of rough marble at his feet. A friend asked him what he was going to do with that rough block. "I see an angel imprisoned in that block of marble, and I'm going to let the angel out," was the suggestive answer. And isn't this the artist's mission for men? The musician, the sculptor, the painter: in the common scenes of nature and life, do they not see the angel of some inspiring sentiment, some noble thought, some tender or pathetic association? And do they not just let the angel out to brood with the white wings of an unutterable gladness over our poor, cheap often sordid lives, and then taking our very souls upon those outspread pinions, to bear them upward for a brief space away, away from care and sorrow, and toil and strife, to spend a little while in the very heaven of imagined glories and ineffable delight? Yes, if the artist is a true artist, and not a mere imitator, then he will always endeavor to make us see *through* the picture to some great thought, some noble conception that lies back of it. As Ruskin well says, "All great Art is revelation." The artist sees into the truth of things, for the sense is but the veil of the spirit, and he is the true artist, the real seer, who can penetrate back of the veil, to the ideal glory that it hides. "I assert for myself," said the poet-painter, William Blake, "that I do not behold the outward creation and that to me it is a hindrance and not an action. "What, it will be questioned when the sun rises, do you not see a round disk of fire, something like a guinea?" Oh no no, I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying "Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord of hosts." I question not my corporeal eye, any more than I would question a window concerning sight, I look *through* it, not *with* it.

On every mountain range, there it not only altitude and outline, but also an under-meaning of majesty that appeals not to the eye, but to the *Soul*. In every human countenance, there are lines and features which serve correctly enough to distinguish one man from another; but the Art that only gives these, even though it be with the minutest exactitude, is not the highest Art; there is the *Soul* of the man, his character, aye the very man himself, looking out through the eyes and breathing itself forth in that subtle something, we call expression. The artist who can catch *these* for us, and make them live for us on canvass, he is the master artist indeed.

The great heavens will glass themselves in a little pool at our feet. And so it is the true artists aim, to make the small compass of his picture reflect some great, wide stretching, heaven reaching idea, which will give the spirit the same outreach and uplift that comes to us as we gaze upward on the star-crowned brow of midnight, or have our hearts depths stirred, as wandering on some lonely shore we listen to the mysterious music of the sounding sea. And in thus touch-

ing the life of men with a sense of the ideal; in thus helping to weave the golden thread of the ideal, into the web and woof of men's ordinary existence, Art does noble work, in raising the whole level of human thought and feeling. For, Ladies—the message which a hard, mechanical, money making, material age like ours, most imperatively needs to hear, is a message which tells of the reality, and the abiding influence and value of the unseen, the ideal elements of life. It is the connection of the seen with the unseen, of the individual fact with the idea it represents, of the single occurrence in nature with the widely reigning law which governs, it and makes it possible, it is the ideal back of the actual, that lends worth and dignity to the most insignificant objects, the most ordinary events. The falling of an apple from a tree—a trivial incident indeed, but the man whose soul was charged with the vision of the ideal, saw it, and by the flashing light of an artist's inspiration, read in that trivial incident, the working a law that girds with its influence, the whole circumference of being. "Yes, this whole earth of ours gains a new dignity and interest, because inaudible messages flash between it and the farthest star, and because it moves in rhythmic tread with all the gleaming hosts that throng the eternal plain. Each smallest thing, every-where and always, wins character and grace from the ties that relate it to the distant and the unsounded, as the bay is tremulous with the tide that is heaving and tossing, away out on the bosom of the sea." I tell you, ladies, this sense of the ideal is indeed a saving power for human life and society to-day. Stamp out utterly, these noble conceptions, this sense of the ideal, this struggle to conceive the inconceivable and to utter the unutterable, this nameless yearning that comes to us in our loftiest and best moments, this feeling of Divinity within us, breeding wings with which to spurn the earth, stamp all this out, utterly, and what have you—progress ends, evolution stops, and in the grave, wherein you bury the ideal, you will surely lay side by side with it in an equal death, the noble hopes, the loftiest aspirations, the most regenerative forces which have lifted humanity from the dust of its origin to the throne of its Empire. Let humanity, then in its best interest, welcome with open arms, the artist as prophet and priest and minister of the ideal.

And again, in ministering to the purest possible *pleasure* of his fellowmen, the artist renders them genuine service, and this he does in several ways. In the first place, Art wakes among our people a keener appreciation of beauty of every kind. Especially is this true of the new sense of the beauties of nature, which a general artistic taste spreads amongst our people. I have said that the artist is not only an imitator, but an *interpreter* of nature. He makes nature *mean* more to us; he teaches us to read nature, as we never would have read it without his aid. With his magic wand he touches our sense-sealed eyes, and lo, around us everywhere we see new and ever brightening and broadening beauties, which we never would have thought of before. Will you pardon me if I draw upon my own experience, for an instance of what I mean. I have always been fond of sky scenery. In a flat and unpicturesque country like ours

where at the same time, by reason of our crystal clear air, the beauties denied to the land, are painted in special splendors on the sky, we naturally look *upward*, for loveliness which we fail to find on the great monotonous snow-clad plain around us. And so, through over twenty years in this country, I have been learning more and more to love the skies. But about five years ago, a quite new source of very exquisite delight came to me. I read carefully, Ruskin's matchless descriptions of the forms and colors, and groupings of *the clouds*, and ever since then, the clouds have had a quite new meaning to me, and have become to me a source of very keen and continuous pleasure. And so I think, when we begin to see nature under any of her forms as the artist sees her, doors are opened into new and hitherto unexplored palaces of delight. And here let me say, not to the artists alone, but to all who would find in life a new fountain of gladness, a perennial spring of very noble and exquisite enjoyment, "go to some artist or poet, (for the poet has the artist view of nature) go, and sit at their feet in your study of nature, and forth with she shall clothe herself with a new meaning, and talk to herself, for you, new beauties, and speak to you with a new voice, and open for you, new wells of refreshment along the often dry and dreary roads of life." Just let me give you a specimen or two of what I mean. Look with me for minute or two, at Ruskin's pen picture of Dawn among the Hills. "And then the east again becomes purple, and the heaving mountains rolling against it in darkness, like waves of a wild sea, are drowned one by one, in the glory of its burning; watch the white glaciers blaze in their mighty paths about the mountains, like great serpents with scales of fire; watch the columnar peaks of solitary snow, kindling downwards, clasm by clasm, each in itself a new morning; the roselight of their silent domes, flushing the heaven about them and above them, piercing with a purer light through its purple lines of lifted clouds, casting a new glory on every wreath as it passes by, until the whole heaven, one scarlet canopy, is interwoven with a woof of waving flame, and tossing vault beyond vault, as with the drifted wings of many companies of angels. And then, when you can look no more for gladness, and when you are down with fear and love of the maker and doer of this, tell me who has best delivered nature's message unto men." And again I would say, if we want new views of nature that shall be new delights, let us go to the poets, and catch the artist message about nature, from their lips.

If you want descriptions of nature, exact in their detail, exquisite in their delicate touches, splendid in their groupings, and infinitely faithful in the pains bestowed upon an exact reproduction of minute points of beauty which only reward the eye that waits and watches for them; then go to Tennyson. But, ladies, if you want, not to see only the outer courts of nature, but to enter into the very inner *Shekinah* of her glory, if you want to penetrate to the very *Soul* of nature, to feel the pulse of her life mingling with yours, to feel her very heart beating against your own, then I charge you drink deep of the well springs that bubble up, full and clear and strong in the nature poetry of Wordsworth and Shelley.

I am not an artist. Over and over again, I have wished that I was one, but I think that if I *were* an artist, before I began landscape painting, or in fact nature painting of any kind, I should first saturate myself with the nature poetry of Wordsworth and Shelley, for they love nature as few have ever done; to them, nature is a living, present, almost personal friend. What Turner did in art, they did in poetry; they sat with nature as their sole companion, they drank of her spirit, and listened to her faintest whisperings and followed obediently every beckoning of her hand. As increasing then, immensely our pleasure in the study of nature—Art is a most valuable ministry. But *again*, there is the pleasure which Art of all kinds may diffuse among the great masses of our people and generally refining influence that is thus excited. It would be an entire mistake to think, that for what we call the working classes, all that is needed are the material necessities of life. Man, whether it be the mechanic or the millionaire, man if he is to live his life aright, cannot live by bread alone. The toilers of our great cities have more than hands to employ and mouths to fill; they have sensibilities to be touched and feelings to be moved, and imaginations to be trained and elevated. They have need of heart relief as well as of rest of muscle, souls to respond to stimulating fancy, as well as minds to be trained to reason, and hands to be trained to skill. And surely, amid all the hard drudgery of often wearying and monotonous toil, they have need of all the refined enjoyment that can be got anywhere out of their earthly state. And fine Art is just *the* gift of God which is best fitted to fill the void in life, that is created by the dreary round of hard mechanic labor. Don't for a moment fancy that because a woman is slaving all day amid household cares, or because a man is pent up all day in a workshop or a factory, that therefor they have no appreciation of fine music or a beautiful painting. You have only to go to the parks in our great cities and see the crowds of weary workers and tired toilers, drinking in refreshment from the music of the bands. You have only to go to the great public galleries in England, and see the eyes of fustian clad workmen grow dim and their whole faces soften before some tender or touching picture, to know what a rest and a delight, Art may be to the great masses of our people. So much is this the case, that when private beneficence has failed to do so, I believe it to be the *duty* of our great cities to provide good galleries of Art, open to the public, that so all classes may be able to drink alike at these well-springs of refreshment and delight. And at this point, let me say that I think it's quite time something was done, right here in our own city, in the way of a public encouragement of Arts. A very practicable and helpful beginning, might be made if some well lit and centrally situated room were placed, rent free, at the disposal of this association, that, so something like permanence, might be given to those exhibitions which have already been held under its auspices. Our city and province has been honorably distinguished, for the liberal encouragement extended to other educative influences. Isn't it just about time, that such a splendidly educative influence as Art, should have something done for it in this way? As furnishing pure and elevating pleasure

then, to the great masses of our community, Art may, I think, be well styled the "Minister of Man."

But not only does she minister to the individual and to the community, Art also has a very noble and very valuable office to serve for the *nation*; in the sustaining and increasing of what we call a national spirit, there are few, more helpful factors than *Art*. Take the twin Arts of music and poetry—what wonders have these not accomplished in the story of the great nations of the world. The Spartans, so runs the ancient story, were hard pressed by their enemies, and advised by the Oracle, sent to Athens for aid. The Athenians, in derision, sent them a lame school master named Tyrtaeus, but so wondrous was the magic of his songs, set to martial music, that fired by his heroic lays, the Spartans swept on to easy victory. What a power has been wielded by Art voicing itself in national hymns. In these, all that is noblest and best in a nation's character, seems to express itself. In Garibaldi's hymn, languid and luxurious Italy rouses itself to a force and vigor, worthy of the brave days of Ancient Rome. In the intense earnestness of the Marseillaise, we seem to catch an echo of the stern battle-shout of the old Norse warriors, whose blood mingles in the veins of France's sons, with the lighter spirits and warmer currents of a sunnier clime. And what shall we say of our own National Anthem, how, ringing round and round the world, it has again and again fanned into an ever brightening flame, the fire of that deep love for country and for Queen, which burns with quenchless fervor in each true Briton's heart.

Or take other forms of *Art*. You have only to wander through the great galleries of the old world, to see the most stirring incidents, the most inspiring traditions of the nation's golden past, looking out on you from the canvas that seems to live and move before you in the vivid expression of the stories it portrays. You have only to go to the National gallery at London, or to visit the great rooms of Versailles, to appreciate what painting *can* do, what it *has* done, to keep fair and bright before a people's eye and heart, the richest gems of heroic achievement which has adorned a people's illustrious past.

Or take another form of Art, that of *sculpture*. What a power sculpture has been in surrounding with a halo of undying reminiscence, these noble spirits, who from time to time in each crisis of a nation's history, have built their very *lives* into the foundations on which that nation's greatness rests. Let me give you an instance or two of what I mean. "In streaming London's central war," rises the great equestrian statue of the Iron Duke, the Duke of Wellington. A noble sculpture worthy of a noble man: the man who "never sold the truth to serve the hour, nor paltered with Eternal God, for power; the man, who in the time of Britain's deadliest peril," stood four-square to all the winds that blew; the man who fronted the gathering tempests with heart unmoved and brow serene; the man who led England in her forlorn hope when ringed round with foes, like a lion brought to bay. She fought the world, and won because she fought the battles of her God, to hurl the tyrant from his throne and set the captive people free. And think you, that through those carved lips, the artist

has no message for the Britain of to-day, reminding her, that what Britain did in those brave days of old, she can if need be, do again. That Britain's God is still above her and Britain's sons in clustering millions are still around her; and that Britain's heart still beats high with courage, and true as steel to follow the pole star of honor and duty wherever that star may lead her, as she did when Wellington taught the world for all time, "what long enduring hearts can do; in that world's earthquake—Waterloo. Thus does the artist speak to his nation, bidding her thank God for her glories past, and take courage and a full hope for all the time to come.

Or again, take an instance that comes nearer home. In the centre of Main Street, close to the heart to which and from which, flow all the beating pulses of the commerce and the growing life of all this Great Northwestern Land, stands a monument, compared to the more costly and ambitious structures of older countries, no doubt a modest product of the artist's skill. And yet, for us here in the North West—aye, and for all Canada, that monument is rich in pathetic and yet inspiring suggestions. What are those insignia of war, that surround its base? What are they doing in this city of peace? What does that soldier figure mean, looking down upon the tides of trade and traffic surging up and down our peaceful streets? Oh friends, we who were here eleven years ago, we know too well. We stand and look up at that monument, and as we look, and think of what it means, the sounds around us die away, the streets and buildings of our prosperous city, pass out of view, and lo, borne on sad memory's wings, we are far away on the plains of the Saskatchewan. Around us, echo the sounds of strife, the bugle calls, the words of command and the trampling horse hoofs that speak of grim and real war. And then from that deep ravine before us, we hear the ringing rifle shots of the hidden foe; and then, alas, alas for the weeping, heart-broken fathers and mothers at home: we hear another sound, a sound to send a shudder of sympathetic grief through a nation's stricken heart; we hear the choking death-cry of some one of our boys, the brave bright boys, who, full of youth and hope and courage, went to the front so gladly, to stand by their country in the hour of her bitter need. And as still we gaze, as still we listen to the message of Art, telling us of that sad but stirring incident in Canadian story, a noble band goes past us, and in loving memory, we call out the names carved by enduring affection upon a nation's recollection: Swinford, Frazer, Code, Hardisty, Innis, Hutchison, Ferguson, Wheeler: and as that Company of heroes files past us, on their way to their honored resting place in the cemetery at St. John's, those dead lips seem to us to live again. And as we listen, they seem to say to us, "We gladly left home and friends, and faced desperate privations and deadly perils: aye, we gladly laid our very lives on the altar of our country's need; and what we did, Canada's true Sons will always do, for the blood that flows in their veins, is the blood that beats in British veins across the sea; the blood that has flowed so freely on the foughten fields of Britain's glorious past. Doubt not, that should Canada again need

such services, the memory of what we did will prove the rallying flag of a new consecration, round which shall gather each true Canadian, to do, and dare, and die if need be, in his country's cause."

Such, seems to me, the service that the Sculptor's Art can render to a nation, and what is true of this, is true of all forms of Art. The vestal virgins of Ancient Rome, kept burning on the city altars the Sacred Fires, on whose continuance as was supposed, depended the safety of the Empire. And Art, Ladies, the Art of the poet, the painter and the sculptor—Art is the true vestal virgin of our modern life. For it is hers, to keep alive the holiest memories, the most glorious traditions, the most spirit stirring incidents, the most ennobling deeds of an immortal past. It is her's, to keep the sacred fires of a noble enthusiasm burning undimmed in a nation's heart, it is her's to kindle to a brighter, purer flame, the sparks of a true self-sacrificing patriotism, a generous devotion and a high and holy purpose, which the colder mists of a selfish age, would soon utterly extinguish.

Ladies, the flight of time warns me to bring my words to you, to a close. I have tried to paint for you, the Art we love, (for in intense love of Art, you and I meet on common ground). I have tried to paint her for you, in celestial colors. I have tried to represent her, not as a mere denizen of earth, but as a visitant from heaven. In my thought of her, to-night, she has come to us wearing the golden crown of service, bearing in one hand, high ministry for God, and in the other, rare sweet ministry for men. Along the path her feet have trod, spring flowers of beauty and wells of refreshment, to delight the hearts of men. On her fair features, we read her lineage as the daughter of love. And around her, like a waving garment of light, there floats an unearthly radiance which proclaims her what she is, God's angel, sent down to brood with wings of comfort and gladness, over the weary care-worn hearts and lives of the sons and daughters of men.

If the picture of Art, painted for you by your lecturer, be full of blots and imperfections, as I know too sadly well it is, set them down, I pray you, not to any defects in the original, but to the weakness or pre-emption of your artist, who has dared with a mere apprentice hand, to attempt so high a theme.

FINIS.

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Lay Readers—Mr. George Coleman, Mr. T. S. F. Taylor. Churchwardens—G. R. Coldwell, Esq., B. A., Q. C.; W. L. Harcourt, Esq., M.D.

Sunday Services—H. C.; 8:30 a.m.; H. C. (choral). 2nd Sunday in month, 11 a.m.; H. C. (plain), 4th Sunday in the month, 11 a.m.; on all Sundays, Matins and Sermon, 11 a.m.; School and Bible Class, 3 p.m.; Men's Bible Class, 4:15 p.m.; Evensong and Sermon, 7 p.m.

Saints' Days—H. C. at 8 a. m.

Week Days—Wednesdays: Choir boys' practice at 4.15 p.m.; Evensong and Sermon, 7:30 p.m.; General Choir practice, 7:15 p.m.; Fridays: Evensong at 5; Sunday School Teachers' meeting at 7:30 p.m.

Services are also held regularly at Alexander, Chater, Poplar Hill and Curry's Landing.



ST. MATTHEW'S, BRANDON.—A special effort was made in this parish, during Lent, to have Holy week and its services used to some extent as a parochial mission; and, we are very thankful to say that scheme proved of great benefit to many of us. The Rector's addresses and ministrations generally were all tending to this end; and the co-operation of the people, old and young, was as usual hearty and united. On Palm Sunday evening, The Rev. R. C. Johnstone, editor of the "Western Churchman," gave the first of a series of special Holy week sermons, on "The Day of Triumph," on Monday evening, the subject of his sermon was the righteous wrath of the Saviour as expressed in the cursing of the barren fig tree and the Driving out of the profaners of the Temple. On Tuesday evening, he dealt with the rebukes given by Jesus to the Scribes and Pharisees, Herodians and Sadducees. On

Wednesday evening, the subject under consideration was the Betrayal by Judas. Thursday evening, when Mr. Johnstone gave 2 addresses, was given up to special preparation for the Easter communion. In addition to the evening services, there were also Matins daily at 8 a. m., and Litany with a reading daily at 11 a. m. The attendance throughout was good, that at the evening services being specially so. On Good Friday, the Ante Communion Service was said at 8 a. m., followed by Matins with sermon at 11 a. m. From 12 noon to 3 p. m., Mr. Johnstone gave a series of addresses on the seven last words of Our Blessed Lord from the Cross. The attendance at the Three Hours' Service was excellent, over 150 staying the whole time. At the evening service there was a large and most attentive congregation. Mr. Johnstone preached on "The rest that remaineth for the people of God."

There was a fair turn-out of children at the afternoon Children's Service.

The Easter Day services at St. Matthew's were in every way most encouraging. At the 7.30 a. m. celebration of Holy Communion, there were 117 communicants, at 8.30, 98, at the mid-day service 90 communicants, making a total for the day of 305. In addition to these there were 20 sick communions made, bringing up the total to 325. At the evening service the church was crowded. The offertories for the day, which were for current church expenses, amounted to about \$130.00. Mr. Johnston addressed the children at 3 p.m., when there was an attendance of over 300. The congregation of St. Matthew's have every cause for deepest thankfulness.

[COMMUNICATED]

ALL SAINTS CHURCH, WINNIPEG.—During Holy week, the services were Holy Communion at 7.15 a. m., morning prayer at 10.15 a. m., and evening at 5.15 p. m.

On Wednesday, the Passion music by Sir. John Stainer, entitled "The Crucifixion" was given by the choir under the direction of Mr. Minchin, assisted by Mr. Crosby Hopps and Mr. David Ross as soloists. Mr. Mathews kindly undertook the organ, and accompanied with great skill and feeling. The whole service was wonderfully impressive, and the choir sang with spirit and accuracy. The church was crowded with a very large congregation, who followed the service reverently and joined in singing the beautiful hymns. In speaking of such music in a church, one cannot think only of the musical result. In this respect however, we must say the choir has never done better work. But from a religious point of view, the effect was entirely to deepen and express for many souls, the solemn lessons of Holy week.

Partly owing to this solemn influence, we seemed to enter upon the devotions of Good Friday with even more than usual earnestness. There was Litany and Ante-communion at 8 a. m., Matins and sermon at 10.30. The Three Hours Meditation, 12 till 3 p. m., (very well attended) and Choral Evensong, a solemn and beautiful service, at 8 p. m.

An additional pathos was added to this service by the fact that the Rector had taken part in the afternoon, in the funeral of Miss Bessie Wilson, who died on the previous day at the age of 22 years. Her bright and gentle young life had left sweet memories with many friends as well as with the circle of her own family, and it seemed natural to speak of the flowers, laid on the garden grave at St. John's that quiet afternoon, as symbols of the joyous Resurrection of which our Lord's Resurrection was the first fruits and promise. Mr. Minchin played the "Dead March" very sympathetically after the service.

Easter Day!—with what brightness and beauty it dawned for all of us. Such a sweet morning; so many beautiful flowers in church, the chancel and baptistery never looked prettier—such large congregations too. At 7 a. m. the first celebration was taken by the Rector, at which there were 80 communicants, at 8 a. m. the Rev. Canon Coombs celebrated 82. communicants; at 11 a. m. Choral celebration, with close upon 60 communicants. The choir sang heartily and well, and the High Celebration with the music of Marbecke and Gounod was dignified and solemn as usual.

The Children's Easter Festival was held on Low Sunday at 3 p. m. There was a happy procession of young people round the church with cross and banner, and an offering of \$21.00 for Indian Missions.

The Easter meeting was held on 18th April. Mr. T. Ler Peters and W. G. Nicholls were elected as church wardens. The retiring wardens presented an excellent financial statement showing all current expenses paid, and the mortgage debt reduced by \$500.00 during the past year. It was resolved to undertake the work of building stone foundations under the church, during the coming year.

On Sunday evening, April the 25th, The Rev. F. V. Baker, preaching in All Saints Church, Winnipeg, discussed in an able and impartial manner, the question of the observance of the Lord's Day. He traced the history of the Jewish Sabboth and the Christian Sunday. The object of the reservation of one day in seven was to secure opportunity for worship and rest, both of which he considered vital to the welfare of humanity. The divine, or natural law in this respect, he considered was properly supplemented by civil law. Civil legislation in this regard had its origin in the time of Emperor Constantine. While it was right for the State to provide a day of worship and rest, a compulsory observance of Sunday had no value at all, from a Christian point of view. One might as well seek to insist on everyone taking the Sacrament of the Holy Communion by compulsion as to insist on the compulsory observance of the Lord's Day in a particular fashion. It was only in Puritan times in England, and under the Blue Laws of the Puritan Colonies in America that worship on Sunday was made compulsory by civil law. In regard to the question of rest, he referred to the Sabbath Observance Law now before the Legislature, particularly to the clauses referring to amusements. He did not think that a person could worship all day on Sunday, and he did not think it advisable one should do so even if one could. Rest did not mean idleness; rest might frequently mean recreation.

Under our existing laws there was nothing wrong in amusements on Sunday; and such were not prohibited in the court of conscience. He did not believe in the prohibition of amusements and exercises on Sunday; although, where amusements were of such a character that they interfered with worship and rest of others, it might be desirable that the Legislature should regulate them. The observance of Sunday by the Christian would not be affected by the civil law. The observance of Sunday by the Christian was a matter of faith and conscience. The true Christian could always observe Sunday in accordance with his conception of his duty to God, no matter what the civil law might be.

#### WEDDING BELLS.

On Thursday, April 21st, a very pretty wedding took place in the chapel of St. Agatha, at Christ Church, Winnipeg. The bride was Miss Christina Whyte, third daughter of Ex-Baillie A. Stuart Whyte, of Fern Bank, Govanhill-Glasgow; the bridegroom—Mr. J. H. Mitchell, accountant of the New York Life Insurance Company, Winnipeg. The Rev. Robert C. Johnstone, an old friend of Miss Whyte's family, gave away the bride; Miss Conway acted as bridesmaid, and Mr. Wm. Morgan as groomsmen. Among those who were present were Mrs. Mitton, Mr. J. G. Morgan, Mrs. R. C. Johnstone, Mr. H. L. Deakin, Miss Reid, Mr. R. W. Johnstone, Miss Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. J. Obed Smith, etc. The ceremony was performed by the Rector of the parish, the Rev. W. T. Mitton, M. A. Mrs. Mitton kindly presided at the organ. The chancel was beautifully decorated with choice white flowers. On leaving the church, the newly married couple and wedding guests drove to the residence of Mr. J. G. Morgan, on Carlton Street, where the dejeuner was given. The reception rooms in this beautiful home are always charmingly attractive; on this occasion, artistically arranged flowers, on the tables and in jardinières, added to the charm, and made the gathering one not to be soon forgotten by those who were privileged to present. The dejeuner was in every respect worthy of Mr. Morgan's well known hospitality. A very happy time was spent, and when Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell left for their new home, they carried with them the warmest greetings and best wishes of all their friends.

His Grace the Archbishop of Rupertsland has quite recovered from the severe sickness which for some time kept him a prisoner to his room during the early winter months. In a letter received from him about a week ago, he desires it to be known that the address delivered by him, which we inserted in our March issue, was taken down in shorthand by the reporter of an English Church paper, and has in it more than one serious mistake. The only accurate report of the sermon is to be found in a small volume published by the S. P. C. K., entitled "The Anglican Communion."

His Grace expects to leave England about the middle of June.

MIDDLECHURCH.

APRIL 20TH.

The Easter services in the parish church were largely attended this year. The early celebration at 8.30 a.m., which has only been started in this parish, was encouraging, seven communicants presenting themselves. At the mid-day communion about 40 communicated, and at Bird's Hill, the faithful few were all present, making a grand total of over fifty communicants who came to celebrate the Great Day of the Resurrection. This is as yet, the largest attendance on record. The offertories were large, in spite of the peculiarly heavy calls upon churchmen in this parish, of late.

The annual report shows much to be thankful for. First we note the satisfactory attendance at all the church services, especially late during the Lenten season. The parishioners have indeed begun to realize the value of this Holy season and there were many signs to demonstrate how some have publicly come forward in their determination to follow the church's teaching on this matter. Then, the two young peoples' societies have been most satisfactory, especially the St. Paul's branch of the C. E. T. S. During the winter, experts on the question of Prohibition have been addressing us so as to give the people an intelligent idea of what they will be called upon to vote for, when the Plebiscite is put before us.

Financially, all the funds are in a healthy condition, except the endowment fund, which we hope will come all right in time. We note that the amount of special offertories for the year were over \$250.00, thus proving how the church people are in touch with other work besides their own. The total amount of revenue raised in the parish during the year was \$805.90, an increase of over \$100 since last Easter.

The Incumbent has been granted a year's leave of absence for a visit to England, where family and other reasons demand his immediate presence. He hopes to leave about the beginning of July, returning some time in the spring of 1899. Whilst in England, the Rev. Silva White will undertake Deputation work for the S. P. G. which has been offered to him for a few months by the Society. At a meeting of the parishioners held lately, the Rev. R. C. Johnstone was by the unanimously expressed wish of those present, requested to take charge of the parish during the Incumbent's absence.

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RAT PORTAGE.

A special meeting of the Ladies' Aid of St. Alban's Church took place on Wednesday April 13th, when the annual report was read, the principal feature of which was the statement of the sum total collected during the year, which was applied chiefly to reduce the church debt. The sum collected was over \$550.00, a very handsome tribute to the executive ability of the Ladies' Aid of St. Alban's. The following ladies were elected to hold office during the ensuing year:

President, Mrs. R. J. N. Pather, 1st Vice Pres., Mrs. R. J. Warren, 2nd Vice Pres., Mrs. Arthur Woods. Sec., Mrs. J. R. Bunn; Ass't. Sec., Mrs. J. Hose.

The Rev. J. W. B. Page, whose labors during the past winter have been onerous and incessant, has, we are very sorry to say, broken down, and will have to take complete rest for several weeks. Our correspondent in Rat Portage informs us that church work at St Alban's never made more progress than it has done this winter under the devoted care of the good Rector and his sympathetic wife.

The Right Rev., The Lord Bishop of Qu'Appelle held a Confirmation in St. Alban's Church on April 17th.

The annual Vestry meeting of this congregation was held on Monday, April 11th. The following very satisfactory statement was presented by Mr. W. M. McLeod, the peoples' warden:—

Receipts—

General Church Fund, Collections, etc . . . . .	\$2,512 40
Rectory Building Fund . . . . .	2,236 18
Ladies' Aid . . . . .	669 76
Sunday School . . . . .	236 60
	<hr/>
	\$5,654 94

Expenditure—

General Expenses, Interest and Instalment on Mortgage etc . . . . .	\$2,453 80
Ladies' Aid . . . . .	478 70
Rectory Buildings . . . . .	2,236 18
Sunday School . . . . .	187 29
	<hr/>
	\$5,357 97
Balance in Wardens' hands . . . . .	58 60
" Ladies' Aid . . . . .	191 06
" Sunday School . . . . .	47 31
	<hr/>
	\$5,654 93

The retiring wardens were reappointed. Mr. Pope, rector's warden, Mr. McLeod, people's warden.

The following gentlemen were appointed vestrymen: Messrs Dowsett, Read, Belyea, Bunn, Pather, McAtee, Seegmiller, Pickett, J. Johnson, Warren, Boyce and Sheriff Carpenter.

The auditors were re-elected.

Votes of thanks were given to the rector, church wardens, choir, organist, Ladies' Aid, Girls' Guild, and Sunday School teachers.

A committee was appointed to discuss the question of procuring a curate to attend to the outlying districts.

The lay delegates to the Synod were then elected, viz: Messrs Boyce, McLeod and Talbott.

The meeting then adjourned.

#### GLADSTONE NOTES.

During Holy Week, services were held in the church everyday except Saturday. The attendance was as good as could be expected. All through Lent, the Incumbent was greatly cheered by the regularity of attendance at the extra services. Such things are some indication of the genuine appreciation of the church's great Fast.

The Easter services, thanks to the indefatigable efforts of the organist and choir, were very bright and cheerful, and the attendance at both services and Holy Communion were very good. One particularly encouraging feature was the good attendance at the early celebration.

At the parishioners meeting in All Saints Church, Monday, April 11th, The Rev. R. H. L. Girling in the chair. Minutes of last annual meeting read and adopted. Wardens' report presented and adopted. Rev. R. H. L. Girling appointed E. Rose, his warden and T. L. Morton was elected people's warden. The following were elected vestrymen for present year, Messrs T. Cory, H. J. Pearson, G. Raincock, F. R. Crick, J. W. Woolfe, C. A. Creary, E. R. T. Smith, J. Hack, H. S. Crowder, A. H. Collins, J. Pearson. T. L. Morton and H. J. Pearson were appointed lay delegates with F. R. Crick and E. Rose as alternatives. J. W. Woolfe and C. A. Creary were appointed auditors. The wardens were empowered to get windows frosted and to provide better lamps for lighting purposes.—G. R. Raincock, vestry clerk.

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#### MIDWAY.

Special week-day services were held at Mr. Keyes' house during Lent and were well attended as usual.

The Easter service was very hearty. The Methodist Church, rented by us, was brightened with a beautiful display of plants, lent by Mrs. Keyes, which adorned the Holy Table.

The Easter meeting was held on Tuesday at Mr. Keyes' office.

The officers for the past year were re-elected, the Incumbent nominating Mr. G. S. Pickersgill as his warden, and the people re-electing Mr. Jas. Oakes as theirs.

The wardens' report shows a balance of 20c. to the good for the year. \$70.00 was raised towards the stipend; \$15.00 for rent of church; and \$35.00 for Synod Offertories and other outside work. This from so small a congregation is a sign of genuine life, and it is to be hoped that before another Easter this parish may possess its own church, for which excellent plans have been drawn by Mr. J. W. Carr of Plumus. A lot is being secured on some Government land in the village and should the year turn out well, no doubt building will be commenced in the fall.

A vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Carr for drawing up plans and specifications for the proposed church, and the meeting closed with the Benediction.

#### WINNIPEG.

**ALL SAINT'S.**—At the annual meeting of All Saint's Church on Easter Monday evening the following report was submitted and adopted:—

The receipts for the past year have amounted to \$4,744.71 of which \$2,420.20 was in envelope subscriptions and \$943.45 in open offertories. This income shows a substantial increase on the previous year.

The effort made last Easter to increase the amount of the envelope subscriptions has resulted in an increase under this head of \$86.35. The increase in open offertory is also satisfactory, being \$110.95 beyond last year's amount, or more than \$2.00 a Sunday above the estimated average. We are glad to be able to state that this revenue has enabled the Parish to meet all its liabilities—the stipends have been paid in full and interest on the mortgage has been paid.

The first mortgage on the church property has been again reduced by the sum of \$500 through the efforts of the Ladies' Aid Society, and now stands at \$6,000. The second mortgage still stands at \$1,500. These two mortgages, in all \$7,500, represent our present indebtedness.

During the past year, a movement has been set on foot to build a stone foundation under the church, the need of which, every year becomes more apparent. The matter was discussed at a special-meeting of the Parish on 25th Oct., 1897, and referred back to the Vestry for further action. After full discussion of ways and means for rais-

ing the large some of money required for building foundations and putting in heating apparatus, the Vestry decided to appeal to Lord Hatherton to allow the annual repayments of \$500 on the mortgage to stand over for two years in order to enable the Parish to take up this necessary work with greater prospects of a successful issue. They are glad to be able to state that Lord Hatherton has most kindly acceded to this request. The Vestry hope therefore that by the united hope of all members of the Congregation we may, before long, see this desired improvement become an accomplished fact.

With the Parochial reports the Vestry have printed this year the reports of the Ladies' Aid Society and of the Sunday School, in accordance with the resolution of the last Easter meeting of the Parish. They feel sure that these records of good work will be of general interest to the Parish.

The contributions to various missionary objects have been well responded to, amounting in all to the sum of \$589.30.

The Rector supplies the following record of services and ministrations of the church during the past year: Sunday services 170; week-day services 222; celebrations of Holy Communion, 137; Acts of Communion, 1965; baptisms 35; persons confirmed, 18; marriages, 10; funerals, 12.

The report of the Sunday school shows a gratifying increase in the number of scholars. There are now 148 on the books. Average attendance, 93. Mr. Sweatman is superintendent. Officers and teachers number 14, whose faithful work is gladly acknowledged by the Vestry. The Sunday school is the nursery of the church, and the good work done in it will bear fruit in the years to come.

The choir has done excellent work, and is still, we are glad to say, under the direction of Mr. Minchin. The church has lost during the past year, by removal from the city, the help of several choirmen of long standing and faithful and efficient service. Still the numbers have been well kept up, and the efficiency of the work of both men and boys was well shown in the impressive and beautiful rendering of Stainer's cantata of "The Crucifixion," given in the church during Holy Week.

The Ladies Aid Society, with Mrs. Knight as the energetic and devoted President, and Mrs. J. G. Moore as the kind and business-like Secretary, have carried on their usual good work. The Vestry gratefully acknowledge their assistance to the Parish.

The young ladies' of the Parish are also entitled to the thanks of the Vestry for a donation of \$50 towards church repairs.

The Vestry are glad to hear of the organization of a parochial branch of Woman's Auxiliary for Missions, which has held fortnightly meetings for work, at the houses of the various members. They wish the Branch God-speed in its charitable labors.

The Guilds for elder and younger girls are now organ-

ized separately, as the Guild of St. Mildred and the Guild of the Holy Innocents. The young people have done work for the missions, have presented a new prayer book and altar book for the church, and made a grant of \$10 towards the improvement to the front, the fund for which now stands at \$55, which is in the hands of the Rector.

The Brotherhood of St. Andrew has done its usual good work in distributing invitations to the service, holding a monthly service for prisoners at the jail, and generally in seeking "the extension of the Kingdom of God among young men."

Miss Peebles still continues her faithful work in caring for the sanctuary, with the kind assistance of Mrs. Miller, who has provided flowers for the altar.

Mr. W. P. Sweatman and Mr. H. Godfree have carried out for another year the duty of welcoming and finding seats for strangers, with unflinching kindness and faithful regularity.

Mr. Fred. Bott, who has for three years filled the office of Parish Treasurer, wishes to resign his position. The Vestry feels that not only their thanks, but the thanks of the whole Parish, are due to him for his courteous fulfillment of the important and exacting labors of the position.

In the financial statement there is a balance on hand of some \$8,500, and this despite the fact that the expenditure for the year just ended amounted to over \$3,000. The Ladies' Aid Society, Sunday School and Mite Fund have added greatly in increasing the revenues of the church.

The financial report shows a substantial balance in favor of the church amounting to \$827. The expenses have been heavy for the past year, and it is all the more credit to the members that they have finished another year with the balance on the right side.

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ARTHUR STEWART, Manager.

Officers elected: Mr. Lee Peters as Rector's warden and Mr. W. G. Nichols as the peoples' warden, and Vestrymen Messrs W. S. Becher, Montague Aldous, E. T. Bevis, W. F. Ireland, S. Frank Peters, W. P. Sweatman, W. J. Tupper, W. T. Kirby, Frank Leggo, Lyman Dwight, H. Godfree, G. A. Simpson.

Auditors: Messrs W. A. Henderson and A. P. Nellis.

Lay delegates to the Diocesan synod: Messrs W. S. Becher, G. A. Simpson and W. P. Sweatman.

CHRIST CHURCH.—The annual report of Christ's Church has been received from Rev. Welbury T. Mitton, the rector. In this he says:

This is the third Easter that I have been allowed to present you a report, and it is with feelings of thankfulness that we can review the work during the past year and hope for the future. The services ought to be the first consideration, because they are after all the main part of the church's usefulness. And in reference to the services, the Holy Communion, as the greatest service, ought to be thought of first. There have been seventy-nine celebrations of the Holy Communion; these have been variously attended; the percentage is larger at the early celebrations than before, and this is certainly encouraging. We have still, however, much room for improvement in that respect. In counting up the services held on Sunday there have been altogether 124, and the week-day special services have been 122. The increased attendance at the Sunday morning services at 11 o'clock is also very satisfactory, as the morning worshippers are always the strength of the church. During the year there have been thirty-three baptisms; twenty burials; eighteen candidates were presented for the Apostolic Rite of Confirmation to the Right Rev. the Bishop of Qu'Appelle, who was Rector of this Parish several years ago. The choir under the Rev. S. G. Chambers, has been doing very excellent work for the church. The music has been devotional and well rendered. The Brotherhood of St Andrew have been very helpful in getting young men to come to the services. It is hoped that the Society will further extend its usefulness, in that way, in the coming year. With regard to financial matters, the churchwarden's report will speak for itself. I think the pledge list is hardly complimentary to the workers in the church. Let us hope that this will be made right next year.

Following officers were elected at the annual meeting on Easter Monday evening:

People's warden, Mr. C. C. Chataway; Rector's warden Mr. H. Powell; Lay delegates to the Synod, Mr. H. S. Crotty, Mr. F. W. Rimer, W. H. Stone, Robert Underwood, Ald. Fry, J. Norquay, F. J. Burd, J. Colwell, W. Scrimms, James Watts, A. Bright and M. H. Carsley.

The annual meeting of the Ladies' Guild of Christ Church, Winnipeg, was held in the school house in Easter week. There was a large attendance and much enthusiasm evinced in regard to the work of the coming year. The reports of the retiring officers were gratifying, showing a great deal of progress along the different lines of work. The retiring officers and other ladies supplied refreshments at

the close of the meeting. The Rector occupied the chair and expressed thanks to the ladies on behalf of himself and the church wardens for the valuable help in the past. There was a good deal of rivalry shown in a pleasant manner for the offices. Those elected were: Honorary President, Mrs. Mitton; President, Mrs. Burd; 1st Vice-president, Mrs. Bright; 2nd Vice-president, Mrs. Carsley; Treasurer, Mrs. Powell; Secretary, Mrs. Cockman; Relief Committee, Mrs. Newall, Mrs. Colwell and Mrs. Scrimms. organist. The singing told of pains-taking efforts on the part of both chorus and leader. Mrs. Melville Parry sang the solo, "Hear My Prayer" in her usual pleasing style.

HOLY TRINITY.—A very large audience assembled in Holy Trinity Church to listen to Mendelssohn's motet "Hear My Prayer," and Stainer's sacred cantata, "The Daughter of Jairus." The Holy Trinity choir were assisted by friends and by Mrs. Melville Parry, soprano, Mr. Jackson Hanby, tenor, and Mr. Geo. Bailey, basso. Mr. A. J. Tuckwell acted as conductor and Mr. Robert Fletcher as

"The Daughter of Jairus," opened with an introduction by the organist, Mr. Robert Fletcher, who displayed considerable musical ability. The chorus "In That Day Shall the Lord of Hosts," was well rendered, and the chorus "Awake, Thou That sleepest," which was the best of the evening, was sung in an intelligent manner. The closing chorus, "To Him Who Left His Throne on High," was a most difficult one, but was well sustained. The chorus "Wailing Women," was sung with marked expression. "My Hope is in the Everlasting," was rendered very feelingly by Mr. Jackson Hanby. Mr. Bailey was in good voice and sang his selection in a pleasing style. On the

## EVANS' Gold Cure for Drunkenness. Testimonial (No. 93.)

Mr. Geo. Muirman Writes a Strong Letter of Endorsement, After Twenty Months Have Elapsed Since Leaving the Evans' Institute.

WINNIPEG, Feb., 25, 1898.

To the Evans' Gold Cure Institute, 52 Adelaide Street.

GENTLEMEN:—In the full enjoyment of my new and happy life, I gladly take this means of letting the people of Winnipeg know what a soul-saving institution is in their midst, and what a grand work it is doing for victims of intemperance. It is now over twenty months since I left your institute, cured of all need or desire for stimulants which has been the one bane of my existence for years. When I began the treatment, I was a complete, nervous and physical wreck from drink, and my life was despaired of by my physician who advised, your treatment, and the wonderful change in me is simply miraculous. I gained over twenty pounds after leaving you, and have continued feeling better than since many years. My appetite is good, and sleep comes naturally, and leaves me refreshed and rested. Surely I cannot say too much for the Evans' Cure. I am now a regular attendant at Westminster Church, and Rev. Mr. Pitblado knows my case well. Your cure has proved a moral help as well as physical cure, and I believe the Gold Cure is in perfect harmony with Christianity. I will always be glad to answer any letters regarding my case that may be sent me.

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whole, the performance was a decided improvement on those of former occasions. Mr. Luckwell seems to have a way of his own of instilling confidence into the members of his choruses.

Those who were unable to be present Wednesday evening had an opportunity of attending Thursday evening, when the programme was repeated.



In St. Stephen's Church, Escanaba, Mich., on Tuesday in Easter Week, the Bishop of Marquette admitted John Edward Reilly, D. D., to the sacred order of deacons. The sermon was preached by the Bishop, and the candidate presented by the Rev. J. E. Curzon. The Rev. Jos. McConnell, of Menominee, assisted in the services. The Rev. Dr. Reilly has lately come to the Church from the Congregationalists, and for the past four months, has been acting as lay-reader in St. Stephen's parish. One of the many good results of his work in Escanaba is a class of 26 persons for Confirmation, the largest in the history of the parish.



#### The Story of St. John de Malta or The Legend of the Red, White and Blue Mantle.

A great many years ago, when half of Europe was still wrapt in heathendom, there lived in France a very good and holy man called John de Malta. He was a monk, but though filled with zeal for the salvation of the many souls committed to his charge, his spirit was often sadly troubled by the tidings which reached him from countries in the Far East. Palestine had been again taken possession of by Mahommedans and a great number of Christian people led away captive into distant lands, notably the kingdoms in the north of Africa.

John often pondered over this sad news, till one day, so the legend runs, an Angel appeared unto him and bade him devote his life to the rescuing of these same Christian captives. "This shall be your token," said the heavenly visitor and forthwith dropped his mantle on the shoulders of John de Malta. The cloak was white, and embroidered on it in blue and red was the sign of our Redemption, the Cross.

The monk, eager to perform the Angel's bidding, travelled through all the land of France and begged both from peasant and from lord for funds to carry out his mission.

At last, after many years of patient toil, the good priest was enabled to purchase the vessel and necessaries for his arduous expedition.

He sailed to Tunis, ransomed nearly one hundred and fifty Christian captives and with this precious freight on board sailed once more for the beautiful shores of France. You can imagine with what joy the poor prisoners hailed their freedom and the thought of seeing home again; to most, in fact nearly all of them, home was but a sweet memory of the past, a thing to be spoken of in whispers when the shades of night fell over the Moorish Kingdom and the slaves were free to rest their weary limbs. For the first few hours they seemed able to talk of little else, but alas, the Moors were not contented to lose thus their former slaves. Galleys pursued them far on their return journey and the good French vessel was sorely tried. At last, when they finally made their escape, it was discovered that the sails hung in tatters to the rigging and the rudder having been swept away, the boat was at the mercy of the wind and tide.

"God save us," cried the Captain, "for now we are indeed lost. If we fall not into the hands of the Moors, we perish in a watery grave."

"Not so," replied the good monk. "God's errands never fail." With that, he took off his heaven sent cloak and gave it to the captain saying, "Make thou of this a sail."

They raised the cross-wrought mantle, and at the same moment, so the legend runs, a favorable breeze sprung up, so that the gallant ship, though sailing right before the wind, yet kept out of harm's way.

At the dawn of the third morning, through the gray twilight, they caught a glimpse of the gleaming towers of Ostia. Their ship of mercy with its holy sign was seen by the watchers on the city walls and soon brought safely into port. The bells in all the churches rang out glad peals in honor of the ransomed slaves who once more landed on Christian soil.

St. John's heart was filled with gladness, but not even then did he quit his noble work. He lived to a good old age and undertook several other expeditions of a like sacred character.

Ever after, his followers wore as a part of their uniform the large white mantle with the sacred red and blue cross.

M. E. A.

#### Influence.

There's never a rose in all the world,  
But makes some green spray, sweeter,  
There's never a wind in all the sky,  
But makes some bird's wing, flecter;  
There's never a star but brings to heaven  
Some silver radiance tender:  
To crown the sunset splendor;  
Nor bird but may thrill some heart,  
This dawnlight gladness voicing.  
God gives us all some small sweet way  
To set the world rejoicing.

Anon.



## Diocese of Calgary and Saskatchewan

Bishop—Right Rev. C. Pinkham, D. D.  
Residence—Bishop's Court, Calgary.

### BISHOP YOUNG'S

#### Missionary Tour Through the Diocese of Saskatchewan.

(CONTINUED.)

Pelican narrows was our next point. Here, as elsewhere on our journey, there was a lavish expenditure of gun powder—a salute of welcome being fired. The Rev. R. McLennan accompanied us to this Mission, as it is under his charge. The little School-house was filled with a quiet and attentive congregation. Twenty were presented for Confirmation and about twenty gathered around the Lord's table. One realizes how important to the Indians those services must be, which alas! are so few and far between. How one longs on such occasions, to declare to them "all the counsel of God" Acts 20, 27, and to unfold to them the Gospel of Jesus Christ! How sacred these gatherings, at the Holy Communion where months must elapse before another opportunity occurs! There evident pleasure in seeing us was very touching and encouraging.

I now passed into the second great District into which for Missionary purposes, the Saskatchewan diocese is divided. This extends eastward as far as Cumberland House, but lies mainly on the lower reaches and delta of the Saskatchewan. It is under the care of the Rev. J. Hines. He was awaiting my arrival at Cumberland House. The Rev. J. R. Settee, son of the veteran Missionary Rev. J. Settee has the charge of this Mission. Seventeen were confirmed, and after Morning Service, assisted by the Rev. J. Hines, I administered Holy Communion to forty five. We enjoyed a few pleasant hours with Mr. McDougall the resident officer. I was absorbed in the fine collection of photographs he has taken of various points of interest and beauty throughout the north, when I was disturbed by my new travelling companion wishing to know whether I was possessed of a compass. The shades of night were gathering fast, the wind was freshening and we had some distance to go before we could reach our camping ground alongside the Mission Steamer. I appreciated the hint, as only two nights previously, we had been out on the lake, two or three hours in the dark, hunting for the channel on our way into Cumberland House. Next morning about 6 a.m. steam was up, tents were struck and we embarked. The steamer is a staunch like craft, nothing ornamental, everything for use.

Our pilot was an Indian, so also was our stoker. Our clerical guide, in his blue overalls, combined in his person captain and engineer. The only fault I had to find with the general arrangements for our comfort was an aptitude on the part of the large oil tins to get between our legs and losing their equilibrium to pour a dark stream of lubricating oil over the otherwise scrupulously clean floor of the boat. Barring such minor accidents, my son and I enjoyed much

the yatching part of our trip. On Thursday afternoon, Sept. 2nd we arrived at Pas, with its almost historic and early Missionary associations.

Here, Sir, John Richardson's party wintered on their on their way North by the over-land route in search of Sir John Franklin. In the large district of which this Mission has been, for many years, the centre of the Rev. Henry Budd, his son-in-law the Rev. Henry Cochrane, the Rev. J. Settee, and other devoted Missionaries, both Indian and European labored. From this central point, the Saskatchewan country as far as Prince Albert, and northward to Stanley, was largely won for Christ and attached to the Protestant faith. The sites of the first Church and Mission house have been abandoned, the latter on account of the encroachments of the river. The energy and constructive powers of Mr. Hines are manifest here, as elsewhere, throughout the district. The new church, which I had the pleasure of setting apart for Divine worship, is large and well built, thoroughly finished inside and out. Sixty by twenty-five feet, it consists of chancel and nave. The external walls are weather-boarded and painted; the internal walls kalsomined. The seats are open with carved finials. On Sunday Sept. 5th, we had shortened Morning Service, preparatory address, Confirmation service and Holy Communion. The church was crowded to the doors with a congregation entirely Indian with the exception of the H. B. Co.'s people. The whole service was in Cree. Seventy-one candidates were presented for Confirmation and one hundred and twenty-eight gathered around the Lord's Table. It was touching to see several aged women assisted to the rails. The afternoon service was equally well attended. Mr. Hines may be said to occupy Moses' seat. Every great matter and every small matter is brought to him for judgment or advice, and with Mosaic patience he gives each matter the full consideration the *consulting parties* consider it requires.

We started in a pouring rain on Monday, which when once on board and under the shelter of the launch's awning, we bore with equanimity.

Hundreds of miles of deep channels in this part of the district make the steam boat a very useful and suitable conveyance.

Moose Lake was our next point. Here I opened a new School-church, thirty three candidates were presented for Confirmation and there were thirty communicants. A native teacher, a Mr. Cochrane, is in charge. An English lady in moderate circumstances gave £40 towards this church on condition that the St. Alban's (England) working party should raise another £40 which was duly subscribed.

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The Rev. R. C. Johnstone, Editor of the WESTERN CHURCHMAN, is prepared to take lecture engagements. Special terms when proceeds are for Church purposes. No spare dates in May.

Apply to EDITOR,

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