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THE CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE

° ° AND MISSION NEWS ° °

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VOL. X.

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No. 122.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES

NO. 122—THE PARISH OF COBOURG, DIOCESE OF TORONTO

ONE of the most English looking pieces of church property to be found in Canada—church, rectory, and school—is St Peter's, Cobourg. The church, built of stone, has that old-fashioned,

substantial appearance so often seen in England, and the rectory adjoining it—too large for anyone to live in who has not private means—the counterpart of many an old world "vicarage." Alas the shrinkage in incomes, characteristic of the present day, has made many of these noble residences appear uncomfortably large for the unfortunate occupant.

Cobourg is but a small town, quietly standing on the shore of Lake Ontario. It has traces of a once more prosperous past. The abandoned buildings of the Methodist Victoria College, unoccupied and silent, tell of a busy throng removed. But though for many years it was the educational centre of Methodism, it has also been from the first an important stronghold of the Church of England. When it was but a hamlet, surrounded by primeval forests, Church services from time to time were held. This much is known, but exact information as to the earliest services cannot be arrived at, owing to the fact that no regular records were kept, or, if they were, they are not to be found. The church registers have been carefully kept since January, 1819, but before that nothing certain can be ascertained. In Hawkins "Colonial Church, Toronto," the

mission is called Hamilton, from the township of that name, and is mentioned as being in the charge of the Rev William Macaulay. He it was who began the parish register. Among those who were active in Church work in those early days were Captain and Mrs. Boswell, Mrs E Jones, and Mr. James Bethune, names still well known in Cobourg.

In June, 1827, the Rev Alexander Neil Bethune, "formerly of Grimsby, U.C.," was appointed to "the mission of Cobourg, district of Newcastle, U.C.," by "Charles James Stewart, Lord Bishop of Quebec."

There appears to have been a frame church in the town at this time, for one of Mr Bethune's first acts of improvement was to paint the primitive edifice "inside and out." The adjoining burying ground also was duly "laid out"—laid out for burial. This church was standing in 1820, evidenced by a receipt for a purchased pew, and by the fact that in 1821 it was enlarged.

The church of wood, however, gave place to one of stone in 1854, when the nave of the present building was erected with side galleries and all other accessories that were deemed

ed necessary in those early days, including windows of ample width, and a pulpit of exalted height.

Salaries and wages in those days do not appear to have been very large, for there is an item of "twenty five pounds (£25) a year to be paid to the sexton, he to furnish organ-blower in addition to the usual duties." This was an increase upon his former allowance, the amount of which is not mentioned. Ten pounds was also presented to the organist, Mrs. King-



REV. CANON STRAGGE, M.A.,

Rector of Cobourg



QUEEN STREET PUBLIC SCHOOL, COBOURG,
Formerly Dr. Bethune's Divinity School.

Cameron, in acknowledgment of long and efficient services, especially in training the choir.

Dr. Bethune (for the first rector of Cobourg was a man of learning and power in the early days of Church history in Ontario, and became a D.D., and also an Archdeacon—Archdeacon of York) spent a great many years as rector of Cobourg. He established there a divinity school, and gathered round him a number of young men whom he educated for the sacred ministry. Some of the best-known clergymen of Canada received their first divinity training there. The brick building in which they studied still stands in Cobourg, and is now known as the "Queen Street Public School." This enterprise formed the nucleus of Trinity University, Toronto. The clergymen who had studied at Cobourg were allowed to take their B.A. degree afterwards at Trinity by simply passing the final examination.

Dr. Bethune also commenced, in May, 1837, in Cobourg, the publication of a Church newspaper, called *The Church*, which was so successful that it was enlarged in about a year. From July, 1840, however, the publication office was moved to Toronto, the Archdeacon still, at intervals, being its editor.

After a successful pastorate of forty-one years Archdeacon Bethune was elected second Bishop of Toronto, and removed from Cobourg.

The second rector was the Rev. Canon Stennett, M.A., who threw himself into active church work, especially in the way of endeavoring to remove the church debt and effect repairs in the buildings. The present beautiful chancel was erected, a fine new organ procured, and the choir brought downstairs. A schoolhouse in the western part of the town was also built,

chiefly through the zeal and liberality of the Misses Ley. Canon Stennett died in February, 1889. A beautiful memorial window was erected by the congregation to his memory. The present rector, the Rev. Canon Spragge, was appointed in March, 1889, since when many improvements have been made. A mortuary chapel, begun by Canon Stennett, was completed; a lot adjoining the church purchased, and a handsome schoolhouse erected. In the church the old side galleries were removed, the old pews replaced by handsome seats of modern style, and several memorial windows of chaste stained glass set up. The rectory also has been improved. In all, about \$12,-

000 has been spent since Canon Spragge's time on church extension and improvements. He has labored single-handed in his historic parish, and has already seen many good results of his perseverance and energy.

Albert W. Spragge is a son of the late J. G. Spragge, Chief Justice of Ontario, and was born in Toronto. He was educated at Upper Canada College and Trinity University, Toronto, where he graduated in 1876. He was made a deacon in 1877 by Bishop Bethune, and was priested in 1878 by Bishop Fauquier, of Algoma. He served first as a missionary at Caledon and next at Bradford. In 1882 he was appointed incumbent of Newmarket, and rector of Cobourg in 1889—all in the diocese of Toronto. The Bishop of Toronto (Dr. Sweátnan) appointed Mr. Spragge, in 1890, a canon of St. Alban's Cathedral, Toronto.

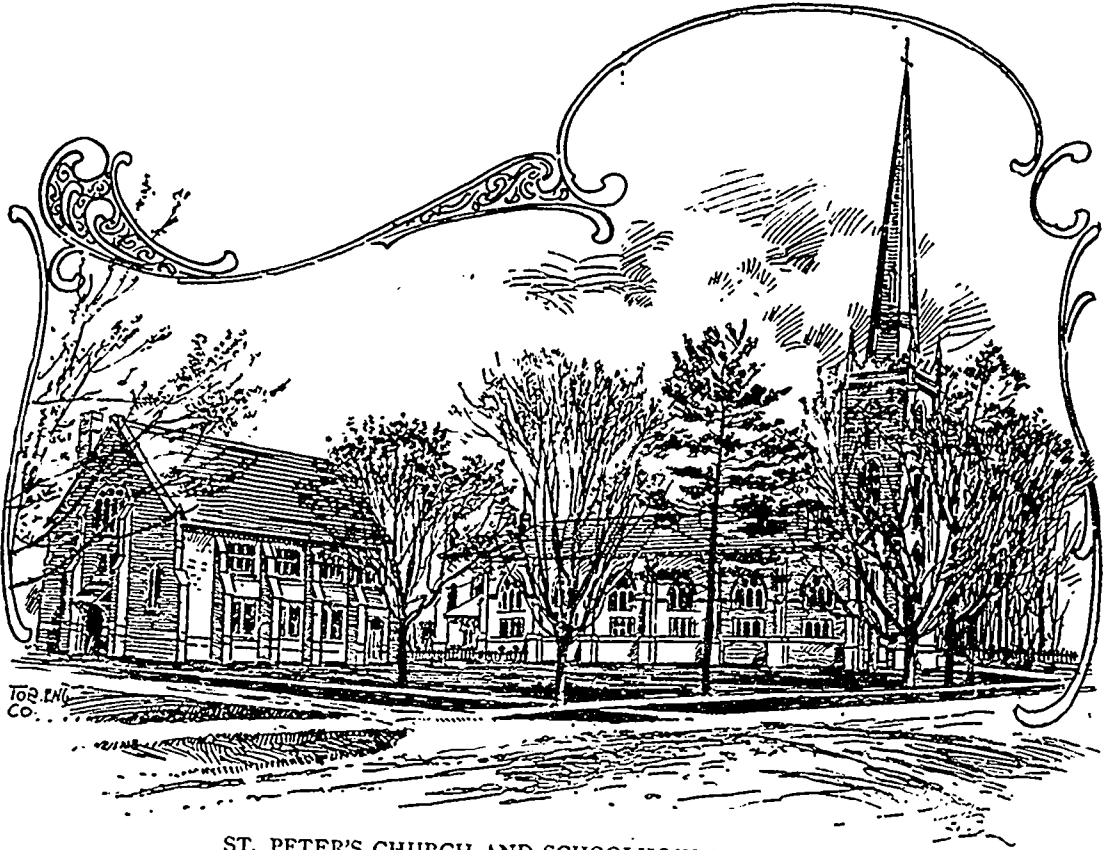
THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY.

BY THE EDITOR.

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REIGN OF CHARLES II.

IN addition to the notices already given of William Juxon it may be said that he was born in Chichester in the year 1582, when Queen Elizabeth was on the throne. His father was receiver-general of the Bishop of Chichester's estates. As his father was connected with the Company of Merchant Taylors in London, a nomination was obtained for him in the school of that company. From there he went to St. John's College, Oxford, and was elected a "Fellow" in 1598. As his first intention was to study law he took the degree of Bachelor of Law in 1603, the year when



ST. PETER'S CHURCH AND SCHOOLHOUSE, COBOURG,
Diocese of Toronto.

James I. became king of England. In 1609, however, he took holy orders and became vicar of St. Giles', Oxford,* where he was well spoken of as a preacher. He was afterwards made rector of Somerton, in Oxfordshire. In 1621 he succeeded Laud as President of St. John's College, taking at the same time the degree of D.C.L. In 1626, the year after Charles I. became king, he was made Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford. It was probably his knowledge of law which procured for him this position, for Laud, whose power was now paramount, though he was not yet primate, loved to have around him men skilled in law. Juxon became a prebendary of Chichester, and afterwards Dean of Worcester. He was a man in whom Laud had unbounded confidence, a man whom he knew to be truly loyal to the Church and to the king. He was, therefore, selected to be chaplain to the king, clerk of His Majesty's closet, and dean of the Chapel Royal. In 1633 the see of London became vacant by the translation of Laud to Canterbury, when Juxon was appointed to succeed him. He thus became Bishop of

London, and in 1635 was made Lord High Treasurer of England, a post of great dignity, elevating him to the highest position in the land, next to the primacy. For five years he held this post, and managed it with such frugality and honesty that he saved to the country the large sum of £900,000. King Charles greatly relied upon Juxon, more as a spiritual guide, perhaps, than a statesman. He was a man of sound judgment and true integrity, but reserved and somewhat taciturn. The king was wont to say, "I never got Juxon's opinion freely in my life, but when I had it I was the better for it." He would certainly have been the better for it if he had taken his advice to save poor Strafford from the block when he had promised to protect him. It was for a man like Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, to make a Jesuitical distinction between a private and a public conscience, and so to urge Charles—as well as others did—to play his friend so terribly false; but with the upright Juxon there was only one answer. It was the answer that God would have approved of. It was an answer which, if acted upon, might have saved Charles from all his dire distress and calamity, for during his struggles with the parliament a man like Strafford would have

*Some account of this church, with an illustration, will be found elsewhere in the present number of THE MAGAZINE.

been of the greatest value to him. It was just such a man, indeed, that he wanted to be the leader of his cause.

The rest of the melancholy story, such as falls within our purpose, we have already told.

At the Restoration Juxon was very frail and aged, seventy-eight years having gone over his head. The Church had been shattered and broken. Stringent measures were necessary to bring her back again to her former position, and the true policy would have seemed to be to appoint as her head some younger man who could give more vigor and strength to the great work that lay at hand to be done. Such men there were in England. Such a man, for instance, was Gilbert Sheldon, who had been one of the chaplains in ordinary to the king, and continued a great royalist during the rule of Cromwell, a greater politician perhaps than theologian, but a good man to build up what had been torn down.

Such, viewed in an ordinary light, might appear to be the policy that should have been adopted, yet the course that was taken was the wise one. The nation wanted to undo as far as possible the terrible deeds of years not very long gone by, but deeds of awful import. The people wanted the king restored and the Church given back to them. Charles I. they could only have through his son, but there was one tottering old man whom the people loved now to see. He had stood with the unhappy king upon the scaffold. He was a strong link between the joyful present and the unhappy past. He had been the great friend of the unfortunate Laud, and had stood by him in all his troubles as Archbishop of Canterbury. And now who was there that *could* be placed in that high position but the deprived Bishop of London, the now celebrated William Juxon? Such was the feeling, and his appointment under the circumstances was judicious. It has been said of Charles II. that he never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one. Yet his first act in the Church showed wisdom. The best step in the abstract is not always the wisest. The circumstances that surround it must be taken into consideration.

William Juxon was made Archbishop of Canterbury on the 20th of September, 1660, by a brief ceremony which took place before a large gathering of enthusiastic Churchmen, who thanked God for His mercies in restoring the ancient prestige and power of the Church.

With a view to giving the aged Archbishop the vigorous assistance that he ought to have, Gilbert Sheldon was appointed Bishop of London. And thus the Church began to move once more upon her way.

But there were great difficulties to contend with. Seven thousand clergy, out of ten thousand, had been turned out of their livings under the Puritan rule. These clergy naturally ex-

pected their places to be restored to them, but what was to be done with those already in possession? The adjustment of this matter involved much time, tact, and patience. The Presbyterians were now strong in the land, and Charles, with a view to his restoration, had made certain promises regarding changes which might be made in the Prayer Book and other matters connected with it, so as to make the Church services less repugnant to them. But when they urged the king, after the Restoration, to abolish the liturgy altogether, and to forbid the use of the surplice, he became annoyed at their inflexibility, and said that, while he was willing to give them liberty of action even as nonconformists, he must have the right to exercise his own freedom.

The king, however, anxious to meet their wishes in every reasonable way possible, appointed a conference to be held between twelve bishops on the one side and twelve dissenting ministers on the other. This assembly is known as the Savoy Conference, because it was held in the Savoy Hospital, of which the Bishop of London was master. The bishops stood upon their dignity and threw the burden of all dispute upon "the ministers," who found themselves more in the position of pleaders before their judges than debaters in a common cause. Their leader was Richard Baxter, a man of much piety and of good intentions. He wished to remain in the Church, provided the Church could be constructed so as to be suitable to contain him. Instead of suggesting some alterations that might be made in the Prayer Book, this zealous and able man wrote, in a fortnight, an entirely new liturgy, which he expected the bishops to accept instead of the venerable Prayer Book which had been compiled from the wealth of ages. Somewhat to his surprise his liturgy was rejected *in toto*. Several changes in the Prayer Book, however, were suggested and talked about, but nothing definite was done, except that the bishops "promised to take the matter under their consideration." The leader in this conference on the bishops' side was Sheldon, Bishop of London. The aged Archbishop was able to attend only at intervals.

A ceremony, however, now took place on which the eyes of the whole nation rested. It was that of the coronation of Charles II., which for splendor and magnificence remains, perhaps, unrivalled in history. It was intended, no doubt, as an offset to the gloom which for many years had grimly settled over England.

It was a day of joy and gladness for William Juxon, when, as Archbishop of Canterbury, he placed, with trembling, aged hands, the crown upon the head of Charles Stuart. In doing so his mind must have gone back to the first Charles Stuart, and his unexplained word "Remember," which he uttered shortly before his head fell from the block. Was it this that



ARCHBISHOP LAUD.

(See previous Magazines, May, June, July.)

he wished his faithful chaplain to remember—the time when the nation would resent all the wrongs done him, and heap upon his son the honors they had dragged away from him?

Much cannot be said of either of the Charles's as men, yet the memory of the one and the popularity of the other received strong evidence on the day of coronation, which succeeded the Restoration, and intimately connected with both was William Juxon, in the former case Bishop of London, and in the latter Archbishop of Canterbury.

The coronation over, the Church began to feel herself standing once more upon firm ground, and therefore bishops and clergy looked forward with high hopes to the meeting of Convocation. It was called together at St. Paul's on the 8th of May, 1661, by Archbishop Juxon. The procession of bishops, judges, clergy, in their splendid robes and many-colored hoods, was a delight to the people. Sheldon, Bishop of London, acted as representative of the Primate, whose failing strength would not permit him to attend.

At this Convocation several alterations were made in the Prayer Book, not in the spirit of the Savoy Conference, but with an earnest desire to make necessary, or, at least, advisable, improvements. The minds of all were so full of the late political events that special services were arranged for the celebration of the Restoration, the "Death of King Charles the Martyr," and the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot. Though these services are now obsolete, yet one cannot peruse them without noticing how exceedingly pointed they were made, and appropriate to the events commemorated. It is

scarcely within our province to recount the numerous changes that were made in the Prayer Book. Suffice it to say that the book was thrown into the form in which we now possess it, except that the political offices are now omitted.

The work of Convocation was then passed through the two houses of parliament, received the royal sanction, and became the law of the land. It was now, also, that the problem of ejection was dealt with. Many Presbyterians were holding Church livings, and were not using the prescribed liturgy. Such could have been deprived under the Act of Uniformity which was passed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but the first parliament of Charles II., in the exuberance of its newly-found power, passed a new Act of Uniformity, the wisdom of which may reasonably be questioned. It was framed so as to render the holding of a parish impossible except by those who were real and undoubted Churchmen. It enacted that every beneficed clergyman should be ejected *ipso facto* unless before the 24th of August, 1662, he used the Church service and declared his assent and consent to everything contained in it. It also had other enactments which rendered it impossible for any persons even inclined to nonconformity to hold any office whatever in the Church.

It was perhaps not in human nature for the Church to adopt a policy which might conciliate her enemies and gently lead them within her fold. The hardships that had been endured could not reasonably be forgotten, and therefore the legislation of the period was tinged with an imperiousness and intolerance which in after times had to be greatly modified. It is a pity, perhaps, that Juxon had not been able to be at the helm, for, although Sheldon was a clever man, and a good leader, it is usually acknowledged that he was controlled more by political feelings than by piety. When someone said to him that the terms of the act were so severe that he feared many of the ministers would not comply with it, he is reported to have said, "I am afraid they will!" and, "Now we know their minds, we will make them knaves if they conform."

However, the act was passed, and received the royal assent on the 19th of May, 1662. About a year afterwards the aged Archbishop Juxon, who had passed through most stirring times of history, departed to his long rest. He had seen the rise and triumph of a most terrible rebellion, had lived through the English reign of terror, had seen an archbishop and a king beheaded, had gone through many years in his own land when no prayer book was allowed to be used, had witnessed the complete reaction when Puritanism which had been proved had been found wanting, was elevated unexpectedly to the Archbishopric of Canterbury, which had

been vacant for fifteen years, with his own hands had crowned the king whom the voice of the nation had restored, and had witnessed the returning strength of the Church as shown in her enlarged and improved Prayer Book, as well as in the enactments of parliament. He then, on the 4th of June, 1663, "fell on sleep" and was gathered to his fathers.

He was buried in the chapel of St. John's College, Oxford, where he had been educated. Contrary to his expressed wish, he was buried with great pomp and splendor. As gorgeous a procession as perhaps England had ever seen conducted the poor shrunken remains of the kind, good old man to his place of long repose.

(To be continued.)

A TRIP IN ATHABASCA.

(Concluded.)

BY RT. REV. DR. YOUNG, BISHOP OF ATHABASCA.



NE point on the river, a couple of days below the Forks, or about a day going down stream, is known as the Cliffs. The bank about half-way up is scarped. Up to this point the slope is covered with pine, with a sprinkling of poplar. From there it rises a sheer wall of limestone much weather-worn. Against this light background the pines tower up in strong relief, with a very pleasing effect. The chief interest consists in the weathering of the rocks. They are roughly grooved into huge slabs. These, with their narrow ends up and down, are ranged side by side. Their surfaces are worn into what, from the river, might easily be taken for writing in the cuneiform characters, with here and there shadowy suggestions of gigantic figures. One cliff suggests a castle keep, with its massively arched gateway.

Three weeks of such a life passed over our heads, and then, one Saturday evening about sunset, we drew our canoe up on the gravel bar just below the Christ Church Mission, only too thankful to be there in time for Sunday.

The morning service was in Cree, as Indians formed the majority of our congregation.

With a few alterations to meet local differences in dialect, we find Archdeacon Hunter's translation of the Prayer Book well understood, and thus we have no difficulty in bringing our beautiful liturgy, in its chief prayers, to the Indians, and making use of its chief offices of baptism, communion, and burial.

With some modifications the gospels in Cree are quite understood. We are looking forward to bringing out in syllabics such a revision as will suit our needs in the diocese. My address was on the healing of the leper. White Bear and his family formed a portion of the congregation, and after service I duly delivered him his letter.

Before leaving, I arranged with our missionary, the Rev. Henry Robinson, the site for a small school-church. Mr. Robinson has received in local subscriptions about \$80 or \$90. He has on the spot the necessary logs. A grant I have made him of \$200, from diocesan funds, will go a good long way to its erection. We must still look for help from friends in eastern Canada to enable us to finish it, as well as to sustain a mission which looks to the Church in Canada for its support. A lack in such help has hitherto been met by farm produce. Unfortunately, this year, for the first time in the six years since it was commenced, the crops on the mission farm have proved a failure. We arrived there September 7th. Had it been any time in July there would have been every prospect of a fine crop. Oats, barley, and wheat all headed out. All early garden produce, such as onions, carrots, lettuce, etc., were in their prime. Potatoes, turnips, and cabbage were well advanced. The cause was continued drouth throughout May and June. The cold, wet weather in September and frosts about the middle of the month banished all hopes of a crop, except potatoes, turnips, and cabbage.

We left for Lesser Slave Lake the following Tuesday afternoon, dropping some twelve miles down the river to Mr. McKenzie's farm, a retired Hudson's Bay Company officer, where we spent the night. His farm also was an entire failure, with to him the added misfortune of a recently imported steam flour mill lying idle.

At the Forks we experienced some difficulty in crossing the horses, with which our party, consisting of ourselves, Mr. Robinson, and Mr. Currie, proposed travelling over the road to Lesser Slave Lake. The obstinacy of one horse in particular, who seemed to prefer suicide by drowning to crossing, lost us the best part of a day. Only early on Thursday morning did we ascend the steep hill behind the landing.

The view from the heights is admired by all who have seen it. It was first brought to my notice by a remark of Mr. McDougall of the Hudson's Bay Company, when speaking of the scenery around Edmonton. "Wait," he said, "till you see the view of the Peace River above the Forks." My first opportunity was drowned in rain, as drenched I trudged through the mud down to the Forks, accompanied by Mr. Buck, in 1884. I have, however, frequently revelled in it since. Beneath one's feet, in a deep ravine, flows the Hart River. In the near distance the valley of the Smoky River is seen. The river itself is not visible, being hidden behind a high ridge separating the valleys. A yet higher and still narrower ridge divides the latter from the far-reaching valley of the Peace River. This river, broad, sweeping, and studded with islands, can be traced by the naked eye far up its course to the west, while

reaching away to the north and west are the highlands so admired and so graphically described by the explorer Mackenzie toward the close of last century. His winter camp, a block-house, was constructed on a now poplar-covered flat near the junction of the Smoky and Peace Rivers, within range of the view just described. In his day these highlands were the pasture grounds of herds of buffalo, while the willow-grown creeks were tramped into mire by the hoofs of the moose. When bathed in the mellow light of a fall day it is a very attractive scene.

The morning we ascended the slopes we saw it under a new and no less pleasing aspect.

Emerging out of the heavy fog that filled the valleys of the three rivers we found a bright, cloudless sky overhead. The scene that presented itself was that of a far-reaching, white, billowy sea, losing itself in deep bays and fiords in the foreground, with one dark line of coast stretching away into distance till it ended in a bold, abrupt cape. I could only regret the absence of my camera, and my own probable inability, even if it had been at hand at the time, to secure a picture of so enchanting a scene. Our attention was soon claimed by less pleasant and more prosaic matters, viz., mud-holes, and broken corduroys, etc., that were too plentiful along our road, requiring some very fine steering with the reins to prevent our loose-jointed buck-board coming in collision with the intrusive trees, generally most intrusive just where the mud-holes were thickest. At one trying point a loose stick reared itself up out of the mire, as though by intention, planted its rough, jagged end in contact with our fore axle and, as one horse pulled on, neatly lifted up the buck-board, till, but for stopping the horse on the moment, Mrs. Young and I would have descended into a good mud bath that yawned for us on the off-side, and in which our hind wheel was immersed up to the axle.

Our travelling companions, mounted on a home-manufactured two-wheeled conveyance, for some occult reason termed a "jerushky," preceded us. Mr. Robinson is somewhat of a Jehu, and, certainly, considering the condition of the roads, drove furiously. We should never have kept up with them had not, fortunately for us, constant ruptures of harness and other gear compelled frequent halts on their part. It certainly afforded us some diversion from our own discomforts to watch them with first one wheel down in a mud-hole while the other, ascending some stump or unworn road, tilted their conveyance to one side, in the next moment reversing their several positions and mercilessly heaving it over to the other side, now bumping its passengers up in the air and catching them again as though having a game of ball. On our second night darkness came

upon us before we could make the next camping ground. While plunging through the mud and mire, among heavy woods, a break difficult to repair in the dark occurred, and so we had to camp where we were. It was raining, too. We were, however, too old stagers to remain in discomfort. A good fire soon gave light and warmth; space was cleared among the dripping bushes for the tents, and water taken from the cleanest mud-hole was filtered through a handkerchief, and a good hot cup of tea soon dispersed the last lingering feeling of discomfort.

Our third day, about 1 p.m., we arrived at St. Peter's Mission, Lesser Slave Lake. We found all well, but rather short of supplies. Fish, and then only an uncertain supply, had to be brought on horseback from a considerable distance. Ducks, usually plentiful in the fall, scarce, and difficult to get near on account of the low water in Buffalo Lake; supplies were, from the same cause, very difficult to get in.

School opened the week after our arrival, with fourteen children and others to come. Great improvements have been made in the building since my last visit. The several rooms have been ceiled with dressed pine. Some rearrangements of partitions have added to its commodiousness, and, under Miss Durtnall's (sent out by the Toronto branch of the Woman's Auxiliary) thoughtful and thorough management, cleanliness prevails throughout the building and in the persons of the scholars. A per capita grant by the Government of \$50 per head, up to twenty, lightens the working expenses of the institution, but does not cover all the outlay where provisions and labor are dearer than in places further south.

Mr. D. Currie, of Huron College, London, Ontario, has succeeded Mr. Muller as teacher. He is earnest and painstaking in everything he undertakes, and the school will, I am confident, not lose ground under his management.

The hospital room, for which the Toronto auxiliary voted a liberal grant, has been built over a substantial log building formerly the schoolhouse. The lower room could, in an emergency, soon be converted into a sick room. The upper room will, when the ceiling is finished, be a very comfortable and pleasant room. Both Mr. and Mrs. Holmes are anxious to have it completed, so that it may be ready at a moment's notice.

Our earnest and energetic missionary, the Rev. G. Holmes, continues the life and soul of the mission. His thorough knowledge of Cree, his fluency in speaking it, his earnest, heart-searching addresses pointed with illustrations borrowed from their own manner of life and surroundings, arrest attention and beget enquiry. Mrs. Holmes ably assists him, and it is very pleasant to see her with the women about her. After all, true-hearted women are the best missionaries to women.

Sunday, September 22nd, assisted by the Rev. G. Holmes, I ordained Mr. W. G. White, our missionary to White Fish Lake, a deacon. During morning service I baptized a young adult Cree who had been for some time desirous of baptism. I afterwards married him to a Cree woman, whom he had taken for his wife after the native fashion.

During last winter Mr. Holmes made a careful revision of St. John's Gospel, which I trust to be able to put through the press before long.

He has also translated some of the best of the Sankey hymns, which, with the accompanying tunes, are much liked by the Indians.

We spent a pleasant three weeks at St. Peter's, and then once more resumed our journey.

We on started the afternoon of one of those lovely Indian summer days, the perfection of North American weather. Towards evening the setting sun, cradled among dark and ominous clouds lying low on the western horizon, dyed the unruffled surface of the lake a rich crimson, while the moon, to borrow Milton's language, "in opposite aspect" drew a path of gold over the darkening water. It was late when our crew went ashore and camped. A strong head wind that threatened to carry off our tent got up in the night, and blew all next day, prevented our travelling. A few Indian families were near us engaged in fishing. A part of the day was spent with them in reading and instruction, also letter writing, but some of the time, perforce, had to be spent in idleness.

Mrs. Young watched the Indian boy who was cooking for the crew prepare to make up his bread. The preliminaries were amusing. Filling his mouth with water (Indians are addicted to chewing) he carefully blew a fine spray upon his hands, and so cleansed them from too palpable marks of dirt before plunging them into the flour. But these Indian boys are experts at making up the cakes known in the north as "bannocks" at the very shortest notice. Our friend was evidently a little more civilized than the traditional Indian cook of the Hudson Bay Company officer, who expressed to his confidants his wonder that the Okimow should be always at him to wash his hands before making the bread, a most unnecessary operation to his mind, as, however dirty his hands might be before he commenced operations, they were, he maintained, always quite clean when he had done.

The next morning was rainy, but with a fair wind that soon strengthened sufficiently to exhibit, not altogether agreeably, Lesser Slave Lake in one of its stormier moods. Our craft, short, high-sided, not even ballasted, and with yawning seams, appeared ill-fitted for a heavy sea. Our guide, too, had no previous experience, and evidently not much confidence in her sail-

ing capabilities. But provisions were not plentiful, and our guide decided on starting. Sail was hoisted, and for three hours we ran before a heavy sea. She lurched heavily as the high, short waves heaved up her stern. Not having a rudder, our steersman was in some danger of being thrust overboard by the heavy lurches of the long, clumsy steering oar. A second one was rigged at one of the side thwarts, which served to lighten the strain. The wind was cold, and the rain continuous. Our crew rolled themselves in their blankets and lay in the bottom of the boat. Puffs of tobacco smoke rising now and again from the silent heaps was the only evidence that they were not asleep. The only occupation was to watch the waves that broke into "white horses" before the wind, and surged under our counter, while the bilge water, liberally fed through the badly calked seams, swished backward and forward in sullen response; or to gaze on the distant hills blurred with the gusts of driving rain. With no shelter from the rain, it was impossible to read with any comfort, though I managed to while away an hour or so, till the pages of the magazine got soaked and pulpy. To prevent any disastrous effects from the incessant pitching and rolling of our cockle shell of a boat, that rose and fell like a huge cork on the waves, I extracted from our provision box some "hard tack" and slabs of dried moose meat. Washed down with lake water, it made a very acceptable meal in which our guide at the steering oar managed, notwithstanding the difficulty of his position, to partake, and for which, cold and wet though he was, he was very thankful. Mrs. Young nearly succumbed to the exigencies of the situation, but managed by an effort to pull herself together. The little son of our guide, a plucky little chap of about seven years, who was making the first journey of his life (who does not remember with pleasure his first journey?) did not just then find it so pleasurable. Wrapt up in his father's blanket, however, he soon forgot his troubles. After crossing a wide traverse we ran about a mile to half a mile off the shore, along a very rocky bit, and were thankful, on turning a projecting point, to land behind a sand bar, and, shivering with cold and wet, to seek the lee of some bushes, where a big fire and a hot meal soon raised the temperature. A white-fish broiled before the open fire requires no sauce on such an occasion.

Three hours more across the open, exposing us to the full sweep of the waves, and, passing the island, we were thankful to run into calmer water, and so gained the river.

On reaching the Athabasca we found it quite populous for this country. The gold-seekers were numerous, in all sorts and sizes of craft, from well-got-up skiffs down to a few rough boards nailed together. I conversed with

many of them, some quite communicative, others not so much so.

From all I gathered it was only the few who had made anything worth speaking of, while many have barely made their expenses. Still, I believe the aggregate result is that a considerable amount of light gold has been shipped by the Edmonton banks or taken out in other ways.

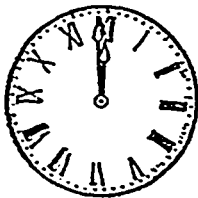
ST. GILES' CHURCH, OXFORD.



AMONGST the many churches of Oxford, St. Giles' is one of the oldest. It stands on the northern extremity of St. Giles' street, on the road to Woodstock. Some portions of the building are "transitional," and date back to about the year 1280. The tower, square and embattled, is built of rubble and small stones in a very durable and substantial manner, and is evidently the oldest part of the building. It contains six bells, all of which bear inscriptions without dates, in Latin, the fourth having the legend, "*Sonitus Egidii concendat culmina celi.*" In the north aisle is buried Richard Rawlinson, LL.D., F.S.A., founder in 1795 of the Professorship of Anglo-Saxon, whose heart is preserved in the chapel of St. John's College; he died at Islington, April 6th, 1755: Dr. William Juxon, Archbishop of Canterbury,* who attended Charles I. on the scaffold, was rector here 1609-15, in the reign of James I.; and Dr. Thomas Turner, chaplain to the king while a prisoner at Carisbrooke, rector, 1623-8. The register of baptisms dates from 1576; marriages, 1599; burials, 1605. The living is a vicarage, in the patronage of St. John's College, and has been held since 1887 by the Rev. Henry Bidder, B.D., of that college.

Woman's Auxiliary Department.

"The love of Christ constraineth us."—II. Cor. v. 14. Communications relating to this Department should be addressed to Miss L. H. Montizambert, General Corresponding Secretary W.A., 159 College Street, Toronto.



Remember daily the mid-day prayer for missions.

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

DIOCESE OF MOOSONEE.

THE BISHOP'S ANNUAL LETTER.

MY DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIEND,—I am once more dating this letter from my "Cathedral

* See "Archbishops of Canterbury" of present issue.

City," my headquarters, and from what is now and will be, I hope, for many years my home—if the Bishop of such a vast diocese can be said to have any fixed home. At all events it will be my home, I hope, for the winter months of each year, though I may be a wanderer each summer. I am still in the old house, and expect to be so for perhaps two years yet; for work progresses slowly where skilled labor is scarce. But the new house which the kindness of friends in England and Canada enabled me to undertake is well advanced for the short time it has been in hand. Before the weather became too cold to handle building tools in the open air, we had just finished the courses of logs which make the foundation (about four feet above ground), and were beginning to frame the building. It will be a log house, solidly built and spiked together, with doors and windows framed in it, the ground floor some four feet six inches above ground, so as to be above flood level, and stands further from the river, and on slightly higher ground than the present house. The initial cost almost frightened me, I mean the cost of felling, fetching, squaring, and sawing the logs for the walls and a part of the planking; that has already amounted to £220, and very little of the house showing as yet. We are very careful of our expenses, and I shall not run into debt, but the house will go ahead, and I am confident the funds will come in. We shall be thankful to get into it, not only for safety, but for convenience. At present, for three adults and three babes, we have only two day-rooms and three tiny bedrooms, so that I have no private room for study and seeing people only, and no bedroom to offer a visiting missionary; but I have to send him to a shake-down in a cold room in the mission house.

But it is of the diocese at large, and the missionary work, that you want me to tell. Well, it is with the greatest thankfulness and joy that I write of the state of things here, and throughout—as far as we can judge. I am almost afraid of seeming to congratulate too strongly. God has graciously given us much encouragement the past year, and abundant cause for gratitude. You will remember the sad report I sent home in 1894 of the vice and sin seemingly on the increase among the Moose Fort Indians. To-day I should draw a very different picture. In 1894 I was obliged to speak strongly and severely to the Indians of their ill-conduct, and even to threaten to mark my reprobation in a practical manner. Soon after that I left for a year's absence, to visit other parts of the diocese, but before leaving I found a slight improvement, and during my absence this improvement continued markedly. I left Rev. I. J. Taylor, formerly C.M.S. missionary in Northwest Canada, in charge especially of the English-speaking part of the people, with Rev. R.

Faries, a native, just ordained deacon, to assist him, more especially for the Indian work, Archdeacon Vincent, of Albany, having supervision of the whole. There being now two clergymen, instead of myself alone as before, the work could be done more thoroughly, and the people be instructed and counselled more closely and personally. Both Indian and English day schools were carried on all the winter for the second time only—I had done this single-handed the previous winter, but only by the help of very imperfect native assistants—and Indian school all the summer as usual, though Mr. Taylor was alone by that time. The Gospel teaching was thus pressed home on individuals in a way that could not be done before. R. Faries, knowing the Indian language and habits intimately, could influence the Indians, and instruct them far better than a white man, unless one with the experience and Indian knowledge of the late Bishop; and under the power of the Holy Spirit they responded to his faithful ministrations.

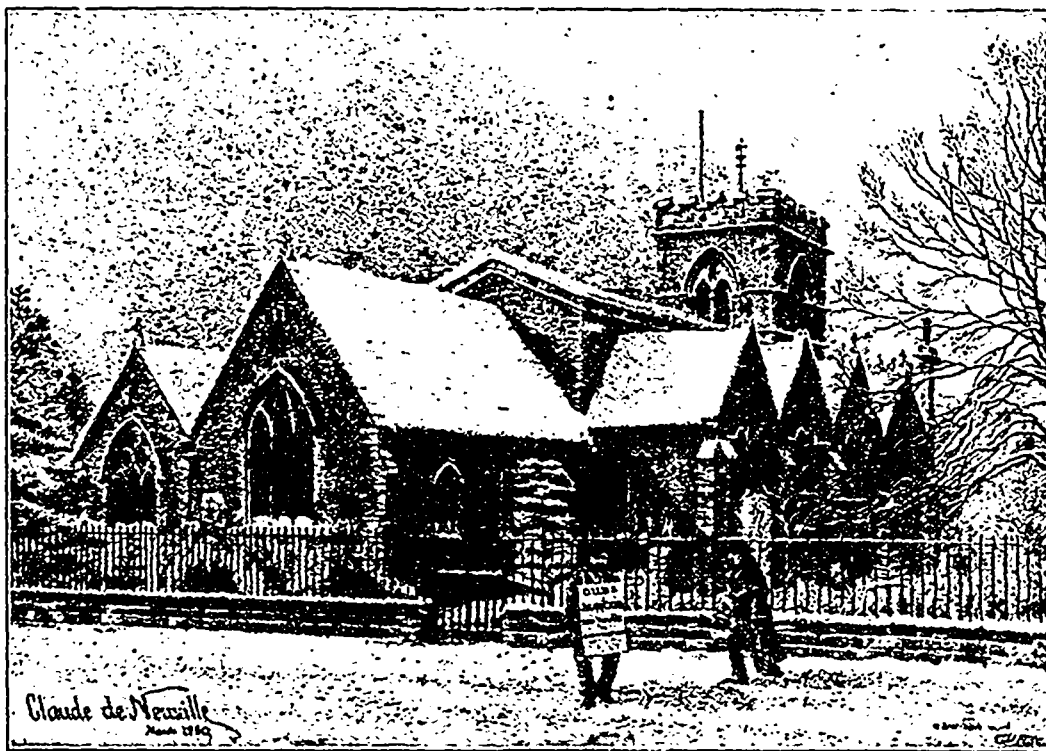
I can now speak of sober moral conduct on week days, instead of the drinking and disorderly behavior of the past, and of more regular and earnest attendance at the Church services; of a better response to exhortations and remonstrances; of better attendance at Sunday and day schools; of more regular attendance at the Lord's table; of new communicants who, confirmed long ago, had never before communicated, as well as of a small but seemingly earnest class confirmed this winter, and of others almost fit for confirmation. To God be all the glory and praise! I have mentioned fully the human instruments which God has been pleased to use, but I feel very strongly that we may see in this His loving and ready answer to the earnest prayers of many friends, which have been sent up to Him since I lamented to them the sad falling away.

May this brighter picture not lead friends to think that they may relax their efforts, but encourage them to still further intercession! But prayer and work must go together, and you must help us to maintain *at least* the present number of workers. There are three of us constantly engaged in the work of the day schools, besides two native assistants who receive some pay. For I not only have the unwearied assistance of Rev. I. J. Taylor, who has charge of the English day school, but also the valuable aid of my sister, who has given a great impetus to the junior department, of which she has charge. My wife and sister are also about to recommence a sewing class for the Indian girls. Not that I find any less for myself to do than when I was alone, for we have in proportion increased the number of services and classes; I take the daily Indian school, and still can hardly find time for the correspondence and accounts of the diocese. I hope that

you and all friends will bear this in mind, and that the work must fall back and the mission lose ground if our numbers are reduced. But in another year I shall have to find the stipends of missionary and teacher myself. For (1) my sister gives her services free, but when she leaves, probably in 1897, we shall have to engage a paid teacher from a distance, who can give his or her whole time to the school, as there is no one here who can. And (2) after this year the C.M.S. grant for Rev. I. J. Taylor's stipend will cease, and I must provide the stipend of himself or his successor. The best way to help this is by contributing to the St. Thomas (Moose Fort) Pastorate Fund, the interest on which supplies deficiencies in the Moose Fort income.

As to my journeying, it will be best to enclose a copy of my report of it to C.M.S., and here merely to acknowledge my gratitude to God for journeying mercies, a safe conclusion to the arduous trip, and for encouragements received all the way through, and my thankfulness to friends who helped me by their prayers. I wish I could send you a full report of the work done in the north under the persistent labors of Rev. J. Lofthouse. If I had one or two more Lofthouses there I could find work for them. He is now the only European missionary in north Moosonee, with only one native missionary and two regular catechists to help him. I was able to take out, and leave with him, a volunteer from Canada, who will, I hope, some day prove a valuable missionary, and who is meanwhile assisting Mr. Lofthouse while he is learning Eskimo and reading for ordination. Meanwhile he must live, and I have undertaken to provide the means. Mr. and Mrs. Lofthouse are working nobly and bravely bearing their utter isolation and constant privations, and the fruits of their self-denying work are seen among the Eskimos, Chipewyans, and halfbreeds, who are devoted to them. The company and co-operation of Mr. Buckland, whom I have left with them, will, I think, cheer and help them; but more men are needed there and at once.

There ought to be a resident missionary at York Factory, a week's journey from Churchill, and depending, at present, on a resident catechist (Indian) and Mr. L.'s occasional visits. Moreover, I fully agree with Mr. L. that the Eskimo work ought to be extended northward. This would need yet another man, or preferably *two*, as there would not be another white man within two or three weeks' journey, and the solitariness would be fearful, let alone the risk of one being alone. But that is not all we propose for the Eskimos. The very best way—indeed, almost the only satisfactory way—of influencing the Eskimos is by instructing the children regularly and constantly. This can only be done by starting a school where twenty



A CHURCH IN OLD ENGLAND—ST. GILES', OXFORD. (See page 177.)

or thirty children can be taken in and boarded for a year, while the parents are away. At present Mr. L. can only teach the Eskimos for the few weeks that they are within reach, very irregularly, and at a great loss of time. In the only case where Mr. L. tried this other plan, an Eskimo boy, Kirkut, whom he received into his own house (!) for a year, the result has been very satisfactory. Kirkut is now among his own people, acting as a home missionary, and keeping up correspondence with Mr. L. Mr. L. is quite ready to start a school, for which I have obtained the sanction of C.M.S., and a promise of help. But we shall need a further sum from outside sources, and I have promised Mr. L. to do my best to supply the sinews of war. For Mr. Buckland's support, for a missionary at York, and for a great part of the Eskimo school expenses I am responsible, and I confidently look to friends in Canada and England to bear me out. While at Churchill, I had the great pleasure of assisting at the gathering in of the first fruits of the seed which Mr. L. has been sowing patiently, and under such difficulties; I refer to the baptism of a few Eskimos, the first, I believe, with the exception of Kirkut. We also sketched out a programme of fresh work for the next two years, stretching inland from Churchill, which will entail a great amount of hard journeying for L. and our fine catechist at York, Kiche Keshik, but which will not, at present, involve

much extra expense. This will bring the Gospel to the tents of scattered bands of Indians, who, as yet, have scarcely heard of its existence.

My own programme for the coming year, for the successful issue of which I ask your prayers, is as follows:

Early in June, to leave my wife and home and work here, Mr. Taylor being left in charge of the mission, and to travel by sea in a canoe to Albany, where I join the Archdeacon. Thence we go together up the five hundred miles of river and lakes to Marten's Falls, Fort Hope, and Osnaburgh, coming into contact with numerous bands of Indians. All this is *en route* to Winnipeg, which we hope to reach about the beginning of August, in time, first, for the Provincial Synod of Rupert's Land, to which province we belong; and, secondly, for the second session of the General Synod of Canada. After that we must hurry back to Missanabie, where our return canoe journey to Moose begins, so as to reach home by the end of September, which is quite late enough for canoe travelling.

Now, my dear friend, I have had your sympathy and prayers in past disappointments and discouragements, and I want you to share my joy and thankfulness for the great mercies of the past year. May the Lord incline you to continue to help us with your prayers and your alms.

JERVOIS A. MOOSONEE.

THE COOK AND THE CAPTIVE;

OR,

ATTALUS THE HOSTAGE.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

All this lasted till the meal was over, and then Garfried told what had brought him. "Know, most holy Bishop, that my wife, Adelhild, seeing me in great danger of death after King Theuderic's raid, made a vow that her next child should be dedicated to God, St. Denis, and St. Martin, if I recovered. She hoped, poor woman, that it might have been a maid-child, when no scath would have been done. Forgive me for talking as an unchastened heathen," he exclaimed, crossing himself; "but there stands the child, my son Baldrik, and I have brought him hither to ask of you to foster him, give him the tonsure, and bring him up to fulfil his mother's vow and be a worthy priest."

Baldrik, though he knew not the language, knew well enough why his father had brought him, and as he saw the Bishop's eyes fixed on him his fair cheeks became dyed of a deep red.

"We will do our best, with God's good help, to train him," returned the Bishop. "Hath he manifested any vocation?"

"He hath known to what he is destined," replied the father; "but for the rest he hath been like other boys, though not untoward. You, I see, have a young lad in training."

"My beloved daughter's son," replied Gregory; "but I am not wholly decided as to his destiny. I wait to see him show what is his mind when he is less childish. He will rejoice in a companion."

"I thought he was shaven," said Garfried, "but I trow it is only the Roman fashion. You will give my boy the tonsure ere I leave him with you?"

"If it be your will," replied Gregory.

"To tell the truth," said Garfried, lowering his voice, "he may be the safer thus. At any time Theudebert or Hildebert may recollect that I and my boys bear the blood of King Gondebald of Burgundy and of Odin, and if they should cut us off—which they would not do save at their own peril and loss"—and he grasped his dagger-hilt—"then would the life of the youngest, his dead mother's darling, be safe, even as Chlodwald's was when his brethren were slain."

The elder son, Friedbald, who could follow the words, muttered, "Better die as a brave man than live as a priest."

"Sayest thou so, my son!" said Gregory in the Frank tongue. "Mayhap as much courage

is needed by the priest as by the soldier. Come hither, my son," he added to Baldrik, in the same language, laying his hand on the young head, while the boy shuddered at the first touch on his fair hair. "Nay, I am not going to shear these bright locks to-night. Wilt thou come and be comrade and brother with my Attalus?"

"My father says I must. My mother has vowed me," returned Baldrik.

"Thou art obedient. It is well. Take him, Attalus," and he laid the two boys' hands in each other. "Use him as thy friend and brother."

"Let him show me the horses and the boarspears and axes," cried Attalus, with glancing eyes.

"Ah!" put in Garfried, "I was about to say that some of the serfs, as I rode in, when they saw the sucking-pigs on my men's saddles, told us that the old boar and sow were making great havoc of their crops, and it would be a good deed to slay them. I thought, if you gave me hospitality for another day, that I would go in quest of them."

"It will be a deed of charity," said Gregory.

So in the early morning there was a great scene of bustle. Friedbald went with his father as a matter of course, and Baldrik pleaded hard to have one chase more, while Attalus entreated his grandfather to let him go for once and see the enterprise. He hesitated, for a boar-hunt was a particularly dangerous sport, especially when there was the chance of meeting an infuriated sow; but the boy was wild to go, and when Leo came up respectfully to beg leave to go out with the hunters, otherwise he was sure that the daintiest morsels would never be scientifically cut off, and that the bristles would never be secured for the painters and binders of the precious books, and when he further promised to take the utmost care of the young Lord Attalus, Gregory consented, on condition that his grandson promised to keep close to Leo, and not to run into danger with Baldrik and Friedbald.

Attalus had a mule, for everyone learned to ride, as it was the only way of moving about, and Gregory with his whole household were wont to move from one town of his see to another. Of course the Burgundian guests were all well mounted, and Attalus begged and prayed to be allowed to have one of the horses, old as it was, which had belonged to his grandfather's days as senator; but the ways even of old Lartius were thought to be too dangerous, and he was refused.

Even then it may be feared that he would have persuaded Niger, the slave who had charge of the stables, if Leo had not come up and absolutely refused to take charge of him on anything but his own animal, named Jugurtha in derision of its pace.

"You would be far in front of me—Lartius would carry you into the very haunt of the swine, and I should find my lady sow snorting over you for the sport of her piglings."

So Attalus was forced to submit, with a sulky face, believing that Friedbald and Baldrik were laughing at him, though their father spoke to him in a friendly way: "Cheer up, young Herr, you will not find that anyone needs much speed if the boar lies where I am told to seek him."

They went out at the gate of the town, and a rabble rout of men and boys were following, when Garfried turned round, shook his great boar-spear, and shouted in his bad Latin that no one was to follow and disturb the animals. He only wanted as guides a couple of stout Gallic peasants, the same whose field had been devastated; as to the others, if they followed, they must expect to be treated—"like the swine they are," muttered Friedbald, looking ready to charge upon them with his spear.

They fell back, the boldest meaning to follow at a safe distance out of sight, where they might chance to pick up a little pig.

There were some twenty Burgundians besides Garfried and his two sons, Leo, and Attalus, and four great hounds, two and two in leashes, bristly, brindled creatures, with fine crested heads, fierce fangs, and deep thunderous voices. Attalus shrank from them, and wondered to see Baldrik fearlessly caress them, and the great heads laid lovingly against him.

They passed the field, where the stone fence had been knocked down, and there were traces of the hog family in the grievous trampling and rooting up, and the vine lying prostrate. Then they turned off the smooth Roman road into the forest, a tangle where the peasants led the way, and truly the horses had little chance of outspeeding those on foot, though there was a kind of rough path.

Attalus was not sorry now that Leo kept close beside his mule's head. The Burgundians, who went before, made the path all the easier for those who followed on their traces; but there were fears of being left behind and lost, which made the kind companionship welcome, as the rest hurried on their way, leaving their traces only in broken or bent boughs, which now and then swung back again, and were held or sometimes cut off by the great butcher's knife which Leo carried with him.

They had gone on to a more open space, where the trees had grown more scantily, and there was a marsh filled with rushes, a few alder bushes growing up among them, and a sluggish stream taking its course along the midst. They heard shouts, and cries, and blasts of a horn, and were about to direct their course by them when suddenly out of the thicket burst Baldrik on his horse, which was running off at full speed, quite beyond his con-

trol, and dashing blindly against a tree, fell with him. The horse was up again in a moment, and flew on; the boy lay senseless, and, before Leo and Attalus had had time to reach him, out came, with furious floundering pace, the much-dreaded raging mother-pig, and was about to wreak her vengeance for her scattered brood upon the prostrate boy, when Leo, standing over him, arrested her progress by seizing her by the ear with one hand, and with the other plunging his knife into her throat with all the judgment of his art, so that she fell dead just as Garfried broke through the trees with his spear.

CHAPTER IV.—GARFRIED'S GRATITUDE.

Baldrik lay insensible, and only groaned as Leo dragged the weight of the sow from off him; but he was living, as Leo assured the father, who threw himself from his horse to call to him to look up and say where he was hurt.

The rest of the hunt came clamoring up, and it appeared that while Garfried, Friedbald, and their men were engaged with the boar, which had slaughtered one of the dogs and torn the side of one of the men, standing at bay under a steep bank, where his lair was to be found, Baldrik had caught sight of some of the little pigs, and, remembering the exploit of yesterday, had ridden at one with his spear; whereupon their incensed mother had broken forth from the bushes, and his horse, taking fright, had rushed away headlong, and apparently had dashed his head against one of the branches of the trees, for there was a heavy black bruise and a wound under his hair across his brow, and his leg also hung as if it had been broken in the fall.

There was a certain rough knowledge of surgery among the Burgunds, and Attalus declared that Philetus would know what would be a cure, for he loved to be called Machaon, after the old man who doctored people in the "Iliad." This last piece of information was lost upon Garfried, who was, with the help of his shield-bearer and Leo, binding the broken limb with his belt to the shaft of a spear, and causing some brancher to be cut down on which Baldrik could be carried back to Langres, as he still lay unconscious, stunned by the blow, which might be regarded as the worst part of the mishap.

Leo did not, however, forget to secure the boar's head and feet and a couple of the unfortunate little orphan pigs, which he put, alive and squeaking, into a bag on his back, falling thus into the rear, while hungry townsmen and peasants, who had been watching in the distance, went out to dispute over the remainder of the booty.

Meantime, as the slow and melancholy march proceeded on the way, Attalus was replying to the chief's inquiries as to the manner in which the accident happened, the boy giving a true

and generous account, as one who loved Leo and was glad to tell of his deeds.

"Who is this Leo?" asked Garfried.

"He is our cook: the best and most dainty cook in Langres," was the answer.

"A slave?"

"Oh, yes, a slave, and so was his father."

"Where is he?"

Leo was not to be seen in the immediate company, and when the town and the Bishop's abode were reached the first cares of everyone were bestowed upon the patient. Attalus had ridden on in advance to warn those at home, and a couch had been prepared in a quiet chamber opening out of the cloister, where Philetus stood, swelling with consequence, waiting to receive the sufferer. He was in great request, with Gilchrist still on his hands, and he liked acting as physician to the household far better than teaching his often refractory pupil. He puffed out his lips and talked wisely about Hippocrates and Galen, but he did what was most needful and cut Baldrik's long hair from round the wound. It made him murmur something about being shorn, and Philetus unwillingly had to abstain from cutting away the mass of yellow locks, which would be a great inconvenience as he lay.

Philetus augured that he would soon regain his senses, but that it would take some weeks to repair the fracture. The father, reassured, obeyed the invitation to supper, but asked on the way for Leo, the cook, who had saved his son's life.

Attalus ran off to the kitchen, where he found Leo stooping over the choicest of his pigeon-holes.

"Leo, Leo, come! the Count Garfried wants to see you."

"A plague upon it," muttered Leo, just raising his face, fiery red and black with cinders. Can't he wait till I have finished stewing these dormice and washed my face?"

Attalus insisted, and Leo called to his Gallic assistant, Rhys, who had the French aptitude for cookery, though it was not without a pang and a murmur that the mice were intrusted to him; but Attalus dragged Leo away, and the tall Burgundian met him with, "Good slave, thou hast saved my son's life."

"By God's good mercy I was in time," responded Leo, bowing to the chief.

"What can I do for thee? I would fain buy thy freedom from the Bishop and take thee with me to hold Burgundian lands."

Attalus could not but look with dismay at Leo. He did not like to lose his best playfellow.

Leo made answer, "Sir, I thank your great clemency, but I am not made to cultivate lands. It suits me better to remain as I am with my good master, though I thank the good Lord Garfried most heartily."

"The abject Roman!" cried Friedbald in his own language, "to prefer bonds to freedom."

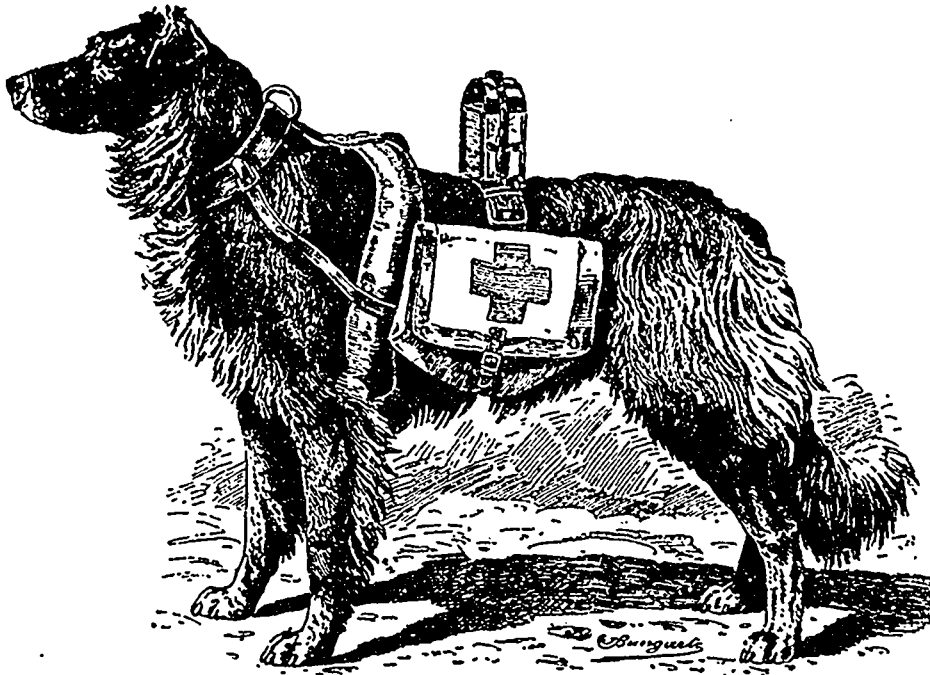
Leo understood and smiled. It was of no use to explain to the wild young chief that what he did prefer was civilized life and power of improvement, for which his whole nature thirsted, under conditions of slavery which hardly pressed upon him with such a master as Bishop Gregory. He had saved from casual gifts nearly enough to buy his manumission when he thought good, and could set up a cookshop in the town with advantage. There was little to tempt him in freedom among a semi-savage, semi-Christianized race in a state of constant warfare, where he, as a peaceful being, would simply meet with contempt, even if he were not murdered, for the rate of price for killing a Roman was much below that for killing one of Burgundian, Frank, or Gothic blood. So he refused the persuasions of Garfried, who was forced to end by assurances that he would find a friend and helper in any time of need. Leo bowed and thanked him, and promised to remember his goodness, and then Garfried handed him a token by which he might appeal—namely, a coin of the Emperor Constantius, much effaced, but still recognizable. He bade his son, Friedbald, look at it and remember it; and Leo made a little hole in it and hung it round his neck with grateful thanks, for in those uncertain times a break-up of the Bishop's household might make it well to be secure of an asylum. Then he was allowed to go back to his dormice.

Wounds and blows were not such very uncommon disasters among the Burgundians as to cause much sensation, and Garfried soon saw that his son was in a fair way of recovery, and therefore desired to leave him at once in the home that was to be his forever. Poor little Baldrik, who had fully recovered his senses, was sad and down-hearted at being left alone and unable to move, but he bore the idea with the silent acquiescence of his sturdy uncomplaining race. His father was anxious that he should receive the tonsure and minor orders before he was left, as a dedication and also, though he was unwilling to speak of it, as a protection. He was far from being able to walk, so that he was carried on a mattress by two Franks to the narthex or antechapel of the church, and there his golden locks were clipped, and the Bishop laid a hand upon him, praying that he might be accepted as a servant of God, but not conferring the grace of ordination on him. He thus was accepted as a reader, though he had yet to learn to read, but he would carry the sacred books.

Friedbald was far more affected than anyone else. To him it was the loss of a dear brother and playfellow, and he could not help sharing the Frank spirit of contempt for the unwarlike priesthood, and thinking that Baldrik was condemned to be a coward, who would learn to read, and never handle a sword.

(To be continued.)

Young People's Department.



"TO THE RESCUE."

DOGS OF MERCY.

THIS dog is a member of the Red Cross Society. He goes with the kind nurses who help the wounded on the battlefield, and carries things for them. These dogs get to know all about it, and are just as much interested as the nurses themselves. They are like the grand old dogs of St. Bernard. Of course you have heard of them.

On a very high mountain in Italy there is a place where monks live, called the Hospice of St. Bernard. The monks keep some splendid large dogs, the largest in the world. They are called St. Bernard dogs. Travellers up this high mountain sometimes get lost in a heavy snowstorm, and get so tired and sleepy that they fall down, and would soon perish in the snow if not rescued. The fine dogs of St. Bernard are trained to go out in a storm and find these poor travellers. Each dog knows how to wake up a lost traveller, who finds tied to the dog's neck some stimulant to bring back his strength. This he takes and is able to walk again. Then the dog very proudly leads him to the Hospice, where the kind monks take care of him.

What a noble thing for a dog to do! A gentleman who visited the St. Bernard Hospice says that one morning after a storm one of these great, honest creatures came struggling through the snow, with his little barrel of stimulant hanging to his collar, and made his way round to the kennel where all the dogs are kept. The gentleman followed him. The kennel was a good, large room, and was full of dogs—all great big creatures—the delight of the monks. When the door opened these dogs all began to bark and whine at their companion that entered, and they gathered round him and wagged their tails, as much as to say, "Well, how did you get on to-day?" But Carlo (we will call him that) did not seem to be very happy. His head and his tail hung down to the floor, and he seemed ashamed of himself. After a while he crept off to a dark corner and lay down, blinking with his eyes, as if quite discouraged. A man came in to feed the dogs, but Carlo would not come when called. The sight of the food, even, did not tempt him. He merely opened his eyes a little wider and rapped slowly on the stone floor with his tail, but would not take any food. What was the matter with him? The man knew perfectly

well, for he said, "Oh, he is ashamed of himself because he did not find anyone. But," he added, "he will soon get over his sulks."

Good old dog! He was ashamed because he had not found anyone. No traveller in the snow had needed his rescue, and the noble brute felt that he had done no good that day. It was not his fault that no poor dying traveller had been out on the mountain track that night or had fallen in the snow, but he did not know enough to reason about that. All he knew was that he had been sent to save someone and he had not done it. This made him feel bad and he could not eat.

What a lesson for all! How many poor people there are in trouble, sinking, perhaps, under some terrible load, and yet those that are happy and strong care nothing about it! A true Christian should be like his Master. His Master was sent here to seek and to save those that were lost, and every Christian should try to do the same. How many feel unhappy because they never do it? Look at the Epistle of St. James, the last two verses, and you will see what this means.

AN EARLY MORNING BURGLAR.



DRIZZLING rain had been falling all night; just the kind of rain to make people sleep more soundly and comfortably. And now, though the morning was breaking, it was through a dull, gray mist which was certainly not bright or cheering.

It was through this gray mist, and as though from a great distance, that Anchen heard the rising-bell. Very often, of late, as the autumn mornings grew chill and heavy, had Anchen heard that sound more and more faintly, more and more regretfully. This morning it seemed merely a far-away tinkle, too faint, by far, to wake one fully; and Anchen's eyes therefore closed the tighter, and, with only a slight stir, the little girl snuggled down more comfortably on her pillow, shutting her ears as well as her eyes.

No burglar could have asked a better chance. Anchen's room was in the upper story. All the sounds of busy feet and hands were below. About her all was still; and it is not strange that a sly thief, lingering near, and ever watching his chances, should have snatched at such an opportunity.

Silently, noiselessly, he slipped into the room and the first thing he did was to lay on Anchen's pillow a poppy branch, which is well known always to soothe people into deeper slumber. Then quietly he set to work to discover what he could steal.

Very strange things they were that this burglar selected!

First of all, he stole a nice bath that had been

left in readiness for Anchen, and without which the little girl never felt fresh and well all day.

Next, he quietly put out of sight the pretty nail-brush and hair-brush, each of which Anchen was in the habit of using for five minutes every morning.

Then, as was but natural, he appropriated a bit of gold; a rare bit it was, for it was a "golden text," which lay hidden away between the pages of a dear little book, given Anchen expressly that she might go forth every morning with this bit of gold in her heart for the needs of the day.

And then, last of all, most precious of all, this wily burglar stole a prayer, the priceless little prayer without which Anchen had not gone from her room for many a day.

What a strange burglar he was, and what strange things he stole! But if you do not believe they were valuable, and losses indeed, I wish you could have seen what a miserable little girl it was who at last crept down, to find even a large part of her breakfast stolen, too! She had had no bath, so of course she did not look sweet and fresh; her hair told plainly of the lost brush; and, alas, her face, her sour, sullen, joyless little face, showed even more plainly that no sunshiny gold lay warm in her heart, nor any cheering, helpful word with the One who had kept her so lovingly through the dark night.

And now to find nearly all her breakfast stolen, too; it was too bad!

"Ah, Anchen, dear," said mamma, "I am sure a burglar has been about this morning; and if the rest of us had not been up and stirring, there is no telling what he would not have carried off. He is a sly fellow, and he knows there is no time like the early morning for finding valuable things around, nor for finding their owners fast asleep."

Anchen ate what was left of her breakfast silently and thoughtfully.—*L. L. Robinson.*

JACK.

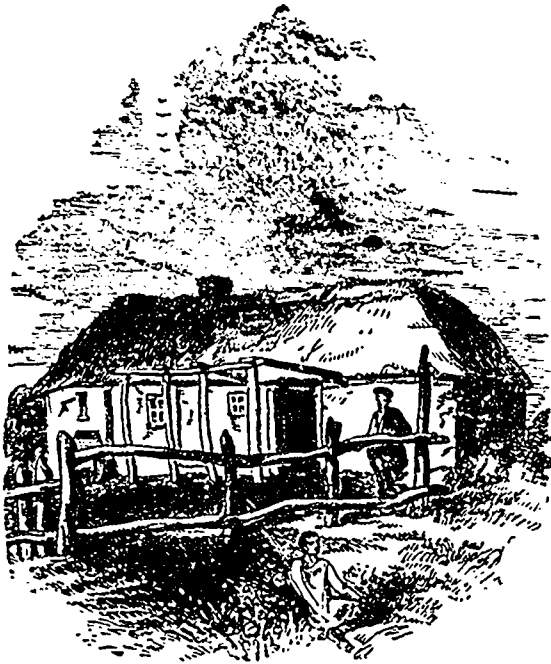
JACK was cross; nothing pleased him. His mother gave him the choicest morsels for his breakfast, and the nicest toys, but he did nothing but fret and complain. At last his mother said: "Jack, I want you now to go right up to your room and put on all your clothes wrong side out."

Jack started. He thought that his mother must be out of her wits.

"I mean it, Jack," she repeated.

Jack had to mind. He had to turn his stockings wrong side out, and put on his coat, and his pants, and his collar wrong side out.

When his mother came up to him, there he stood—a forlorn and funny-looking boy, all linings, and seams, and ravelings—before the



A LONELY GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

glass—wondering what his mother meant; but he was not quite clear in his conscience.

Then his mother, turning him around, said; "This is what you have been doing all day, making the worst of everything. You have been turning everything wrong side out. Do you really like your things this way so much, Jack?"

"No, mamma," answered Jack, shamefaced. "Can't I turn them right?"

"Yes, you may, if you will try to speak what is pleasant and do what is pleasant. You must do with your temper and manners as you prefer to do with your clothes, wear them right side out. Do not be so foolish any more, little man, as to persist in turning things wrong side out." —Selected.

A LONELY SPOT.

THERE is a small island in the South Atlantic ocean called Tristan D'Acunha. It is only five miles square, and stands alone, with no other land in sight. Here, many years ago, some soldiers came to live, but they all left it but one man and his wife, and two Englishmen. The man was a corporal named Glass. He built a house and called it "Government House," because his wife and the two Englishmen had made him Governor. He was Governor over three people, one of whom was his wife. But these four people were pious and devout. They had service regularly on Sunday. Everybody on the island attended "church," but that made a congregation of only four.

It was a very lonely life. It was only when some chance ship happened to stop there that they ever saw anybody but themselves. Other people, however, after a time went to live there, and a clergyman was sent there, too, who for five years held services, taught their children, and preached to them. They kept good laws most of the time, but people, as a rule, did not like to stay there. It is too lonely a spot for man to live in. Yet "Governor" Glass lived on and managed it well. Three years ago there were fifty-two people living on this island, but they had no clergyman. The Bishop at the Cape (Africa) sometimes visits them and holds services among them. But it is not often, for it is a long, long way from any other land.

SIGNAL LIGHTS.

I ONCE knew a sweet little girl called Mary. Her papa was captain of a big ship, and sometimes she went with him to sea.

One day on one of these trips she sat on a coil of rope, watching old Jim clean the signal lamps.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"I am trimming the signal lamps, miss," said old Jim.

"What are they for?" asked Mary.

"To keep other ships from running into us, miss; if we do not hang out our lights we might be wrecked."

Mary watched him for some time, and then she ran away and seemed to forget all about the signal lights; but she did not, as was afterwards shown.

The next day she came to watch old Jim trim the lamps, and after he had seated her on the coil of rope he turned to do his work. Just then the wind carried away one of his cloths, and old Jim began to swear awfully.

Mary slipped from her place and ran into the cabin; but she soon came back and put a folded paper into his hand.

Old Jim opened it, and there, printed in large letters—for Mary was too young to write—were these words: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

The old man looked into her face and asked, "What is this, Miss Mary?"

"It is a signal light, please. I saw that a bad ship was running against you because you did not have your signal lights hung out, so I thought you had forgotten it," said Mary.

Old Jim bowed his head and wept like a little child. At last he said, "You are right, missy, I had forgotten it. My mother taught me that very commandment when I was no bigger than you; and for the future I will hang out my signal lights, for I might be quite wrecked by that bad ship, as you call those oaths."

Old Jim has a large Bible now which Mary gave to him, and on the cover he has painted, "Signal lights for souls bound for heaven."—*Selected.*

WHERE JOHN FOUND HIS AFTER-NOON LUNCH.

JOHN was ploughing in the apple orchard behind the house. He liked to plough; it was a man's work, and he was proud of being tall enough and strong enough to do a man's work.

"That's fine, John," encouraged his father; "as straight as I could do it myself."

His father seldom praised his work, believing that praise made boys careless and conceited. John thought praise the sweetest thing in the world; it made him proud and glad, and ready to do even better next time. "Help me to do better next time," he prayed every night at bedtime. "I'm going to try not to do one wrong thing to-day," he said to himself, after his father passed on.

His father had been down to the spring for a drink of its pure, cool water; John was thirsty this hot afternoon, and hungry beside; on the top shelf in the pantry was a delicious something that was good for hunger and thirst this hot afternoon. Just after dinner he had seen Dora stand on tiptoe to hide a large piece of apple pie—harvest apple pie—under a milkpan on the top shelf. It was deep and juicy, and sweet and cool—his tongue longed for it, his lips coaxed for it—why should he not have it? True, he had eaten two pieces at dinner-time, and Dora had not taken any—he supposed she did not like it; anyway she did not like it as much as he did—nobody could. Ploughing was hard work, and hot work, even in an apple orchard; Tom and Jess would enjoy standing under this shady tree just two minutes while he ran in to see how the pie looked.

"Whoa," he shouted, and threw the leather reins over Tom's back; "just you two stand still and meditate a little, while I go and see about it."

It was there on the top shelf—deep, cool, juicy, and such tender brown crust. He looked. He touched. He held it in his hand and tasted. Then the milkpan went down and hid the empty pie-dish. There was no one in the kitchen, and he ran out between bites to Tom and Jess, who were taking bits of green leaves for afternoon lunch. Was ever pie so good? If there had only been two pieces!

"Git up!" he said to Tom and Jess, giving Tom a flap with the leather reins.

"Johnny! Johnny!" called Dora's voice at the kitchen window, "there's something I saved for you on the top pantry shelf. I'm going upstairs; I can't bring it to you."

Then how do you suppose Johnny felt?—*The Morning Star.*

STANDING IN GOD'S SMILE.



LITTLE boy, about two years of age, was in a room with his mother, when a bright ray of sunshine streamed in through the window on the floor. He went and stood in it, saying, "Me standing in God's smile, mamma." His mother said, "God grant that my darling boy may so live as to be always standing in His smile."

Many years passed away; the mother fell asleep, and the little boy grew to be a man. He grew in favor with the king, and tried to please him, and forgot to put God first. How to please the king was his great wish now; but God's smile was gone. One day he was looking over some old things in a drawer, and a paper parcel caught his eye. He opened it, and inside was a tiny pair of blue shoes, with this letter in his mother's hand-writing:

"These shoes were worn by my darling boy when he was two years of age. He stood in a ray of sunlight, saying, 'Me standing in God's smile, mamma.' God grant that he may so live as always to stand in His smile."

When the gentleman saw the little shoes and his dear mother's words, God spoke to him through them to show him how, instead of always standing in God's smile, he had stood in the king's smile and lost God's smile; and, asking God to forgive him, he turned to Him with all his heart, and again stood in God's smile.

"God is light, and in him is no darkness at all. If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." I. John i. 5, 7.

A Missionary Doll Club consists of fifteen girls. Each girl has her own doll. They meet once in two weeks to make dolls' clothes, read about missionary heroines, and plan ways to get money to purchase new dolls. These dolls, after they are dressed, are named after some woman missionary and are given away to poor girls. A short history of the lady whose name they bear is tacked on the clothes, with these words on a card: "If you want to know more about the lady the doll is named after, write to the Missionary Doll Club.—*Over Sea and Land.*"

THE Bible speaks more than once of the wings of the Almighty. Those wings are broad wings. They cover up all our wants, all our sorrows, all our sufferings. He puts one wing over our cradle, and He puts the other over our grave. Yes, it is not a desert in which we are placed; it is a nest.

EVERY good deed that is done simply and only to honor God will have something to do with making us more like Christ.

The Canadian Church Magazine AND MISSION NEWS

Monthly (illustrated) Magazine published by the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Rev. Philip Kemball Fyson has been appointed Bishop of the new diocese of Hokkaido, Japan. He will be supported by the C.M.S.

WE are glad to note that the degree of D.D. was recently conferred at Oxford upon the Hon. and Rt. Rev. Dr. Anson, formerly Bishop of Qu'Appelle.

It is hoped that the Rev. J. G. Waller and Mrs. Waller will be able before long to visit Canada on furlough. Mr. Waller will very soon have completed seven years of active and faithful work.

THE bishopric of Likoma, which has remained vacant since Bishop Chauncy Maples was drowned last September, has been conferred upon the Rev. J. E. Hine, who, having once been a medical man and a member of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa, promises to make a useful missionary.

WE understand that the committee appointed to secure honorary officers to do the work of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society will recommend Rev. Canon Spencer to be secretary, and Mr. C. A. Elliott, of Ottawa, to be treasurer. No announcement as yet has been made regarding the editorship of THE MAGAZINE and the *juvenile*.

THE Board of Management will meet in Montreal on Thursday, the 8th of October. The meeting will be held in connection with the convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, which is to take place in Montreal at the same time. It is hoped that a missionary meeting will be held on the Thursday evening in connection with the Society and the Brotherhood.

A CHURCH has been completed at Fort Simpson, close to the borders of Alaska. It cost \$4,300, and is declared to be the prettiest church in those regions. The missionary, the Rev. F. Stephenson, visits once a month Georgetown, a little settlement eight miles away, where a saw mill finds work for Englishmen, Indians, and Japanese. Representatives of almost every race under the sun are to be found there.

THE Rev. J. B. McCullagh, of the Aiyansh mission, diocese of Caledonia, B.C., writes to the C.M.S. in England very encouraging reports of the progress and development of the Indians under his charge. Spiritual progress and civilization react upon one another. As a savage people become civilized through teaching and example, they respect and prize Christianity. As, also, they learn of Christ they see the value, nay, the necessity, of living civilized lives. Old things have passed away—behold, all things have become new.

THE Rev. J. R. Shields Boyd, who with Mrs. Boyd reached Fuh-Chow in December, 1895, the first missionaries of the Canadian Church Missionary Association, writes thus to the *Church Missionary Intelligencer*: "We all—for I may include my cousin, Miss Garnett, who has come out with us—thank God that He has sent us forth, especially now when there is such a wonderful movement going on amongst this people. In a district in connection with Hing-hwa two thousand people have put down their names as inquirers, and have subscribed one thousand dollars towards the support of the work. Two or three days ago news came from a district of Hok-Chiang that twelve hundred families (about six thousand people) have also put down their names as inquirers. It may be that on the surface political currents are the cause, but we must believe that God's hand is in it. One of the native brethren said that 'God last summer sowed ten grains of wheat on Hwa-sang hill, and the grain is springing up, not in one place, but everywhere, some such a height, some less, and some just pushing their way up through the soil; they all need our care.'"

It is earnestly to be hoped that some influence may be brought to bear upon the S.P.G.

to induce that venerable society to reconsider its decision to withdraw its grants from Canada. If it should be carried out it will simply mean unparalleled disaster to the Church in this still new and struggling country. Archbishop Machray states that in his own diocese of Rupert's Land notice has been given that the S.P.G. will reduce the grant for next year by £150, and that the society proposes to withdraw all help from Canada after the year 1900, and His Grace adds, "It is hard to see how in that case our missions can be maintained." Some new society will have to be formed in England to help the daughter in Canada if the good old S.P.G. breathes over it its threatened chilling breath! The contention of the society that the Church in Canada does not stand in need of aid from England, because it is now one consolidated Church from ocean to ocean, is not one of justice to the daughter Church. The relations existing between the missionary dioceses and those of the older part of Canada are not altered, as far as aid and support are concerned, by the consolidation of the Church. They are all just as poor as they ever were. The older dioceses of Canada are themselves, almost to a unit, missionary in character, and have to maintain their own mission fund. It is the only way by which many parishes now doing a good work could be maintained. And to suppose that these dioceses could supplement what they are now doing for domestic missions by the amounts now granted annually by the S.P.G. is to suppose what certainly can not be done. The Church in Algoma and the Northwest will simply have to suffer and contract its work, for, as Archbishop Machray says, it is difficult to see how, without aid from the S.P.G., the missions can be maintained. Some strong resolution on the subject should be passed by the General Synod in September next, and suitable representations made to the S.P.G. to reconsider this most important matter. Probably when the bishops assemble in England next year for the Lambeth Conference some more hopeful phase may be put upon the case, which is one which affects largely the future of the Church in this country.

ALGOMA GENERAL MISSION FUND \$6,000 IN ARREARS.

To the Clergy and Laity of the Church of England in the Ecclesiastical Province of Canada:

REV. AND DEAR BRETHREN,—I am confronted with a financial crisis which demands the most serious attention of the Church at large. My "General Mission Fund," from which grants are made towards the stipends of the clergy, the erection of churches and parsonages, and other diocesan objects, is now \$6,000 in arrears. Such was the intelligence with which our dio-

cesan treasurer greeted me on my return, when about to resume my missionary work with new heart and hope, in the health and strength which God has, in His great goodness, restored to me. The causes leading up to this lamentable condition of things are manifold: (a) The extension of our work in the occupation of new missions and the subdivision of old ones, involving a corresponding increase in the number of my co-workers.

(b) A very serious diminution of late years in the sums received from the D. and F. M. B., consequent, I am informed, on the great shrinkage in the amount of undesignated funds placed at the Board's disposal.

(c) A marked reduction in the contributions of individuals, attributable to (1) an idea, wholly unfounded on fact, that Algoma ought by this time to be all but self-supporting; (2) To the fact that ever since the Board declared against appeals for individual fields, as not consistent with an even-handed justice to the whole area of the Church's domestic missionary enterprise, Algoma has almost totally abstained from them. (3) To the diversion of the support of former sympathizers into new channels, created for the maintenance of foreign missionary work.

(d) Add now to all this the recent receipt of an official notice from the committee of the S. P. G. of a serious reduction in their annual grant, and of its intended total withdrawal in 1900. These, then, being the facts of the case, and their assignable causes, what is to be the solution of the grave financial problem which confronts your missionary diocese?

1. Algoma is willing to help herself to the full extent of her ability—I can answer for it—but her ability is very limited. (a) Several of her stronger parishes, at centres such as Sault Ste. Marie, North Bay, Bracebridge, etc., are just now struggling to enlarge or rebuild their churches, and the effort completely exhausts all their available resources. Until they have succeeded in it I cannot, with any justice, call on them to increase the local quota to their clergymen's stipends. (b) In the rural districts the farmers have a hard struggle to maintain themselves and their families, what with light crops, mortgaged farms, heavy taxes, hay, *e.g.*, \$18 and \$20 per ton last winter, and feed, therefore, so scarce that many cattle died; three-year-old steers were sold for \$12, horses for \$10, etc. Nor are the prospects much more favorable this season. Yet, despite all this, we are doing our utmost to develop our local resources, deputations being appointed to visit the missions, and a pastoral letter issued urging the laity to increase their contributions where at all possible, and so relieve the pressure on our "General Mission Fund."

2. Yet another solution has been suggested, viz., the reduction of our expenditure by the

contraction of our work. Should the consensus of Church opinion point in this direction, so be it, but otherwise I shrink from taking the responsibility of such a retrograde step, involving as it must, the cutting down of my staff of co-workers—injustice to a number of faithful and devoted missionaries—the abandonment of promising fields of labor—the consignment of hundreds of loyal sons and daughters of the Church to spiritual destitution, and, last but not least, deep reproach and dishonor to the Church of England in Canada. These, then, are the simple facts of the case. I submit them for the consideration of the clergy and laity. Action is needed and that immediately. Justice is not being done to the missionary diocese of this ecclesiastical province. The pledges entered into fourteen years ago are not being redeemed. Far off fields possess more attractions than those nearer home. The Church is wearying of her firstborn. If this be punishment for neglect or unfaithfulness on our part, we will accept it without complaint. Otherwise, while very grateful for past assistance, we claim the continuance of it as our rightful due.

July, 1896.

E. ALGOMA.

UPPER PEACE RIVER.

The following letter from the Rev. H. Robinson tells a tale of struggles and disappointments. He echoes the cry that comes from so many quarters for more laborers:

"It is for lack of laborers and means to carry on the work that we are languishing, and strongly tempted to give up in despair. We have to work in the face of many hardships and difficulties, but we cannot for a moment think that God is closing the door against us. Every ear is open to hear the glad tidings—parents asking us to take their children and teach them, and others inviting us to visit them in their camps. We dare not give the work up. 'No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.' We are here to do the ploughing and sowing, and I would earnestly plead with those who have helped us in the past to increase their subscriptions, and awake others to a sense of their duty and privilege in this glorious work of spreading the Gospel of Christ.

"My straitened circumstances prevent me from engaging any reliable help for farm work. Visiting is impossible; Sunday services far from what they ought to be. I am one of those who have the care of cattle, pigs, and horses, and I can speak from experience that they need attention seven days in the week. Many of our kind friends are looking for great results, but this cannot be until we have more laborers.

Can nothing be done towards sending out and supporting a good reliable man, one who has a good knowledge of stock and farm work in general? We are able to raise wheat, oats, barley, all kinds of vegetables, even pumpkins and cucumbers; but last year, I am sorry to say, was a total failure. After the snow disappeared in the spring, no rain fell before July 22, and the temperature day after day was over 90 degrees in the shade. Only a very few of the seeds germinated, but after the rain they came up well and grew very quickly, but it was too late in the season for any of the grain to ripen. The loss to the mission in securing food supplies and farm help is very great. On this we were depending for our subsistence and for school purposes. Our cherished hopes of having about fifteen or twenty children have all vanished, and, to the great sorrow of our hearts, those who might have been under our care have all left their homes, and are now running wild in the bush in search of food. We are thankful to learn from them that fur-bearing animals and rabbits are plentiful, so there is no fear of starvation. That we should continue the mission farm, raising our own supplies, etc., seems unquestionable, as we cannot even buy flour in the springtime of the year, and freight charges are so great that it is simply impossible to live on imported provisions. I have just arrived safely home from a long trip of about 300 miles. I travelled nearly all this distance on foot. I used horses to Lesser Slave Lake, and from there I travelled with dogs to Athabasca Landing. This, I know, will seem a long way to most of our friends for anyone to travel for seed grain, but I can assure you this means a great deal to us, and I am thankful for the little that I have been able to bring safely home. Owing to the tremendous expense of getting it to Peace River I was not able to bring more than vegetable seeds and ten bushels each of wheat, barley, and oats. Our friends will at once see that, though we may have more than an average crop next summer, it will not be sufficient for the support of a school, though we might reap more than the usual quantity of seed sown every year, which is between 50 and 60 bushels. Vegetables, trust, we shall be able to raise, and of beef we shall have sufficient, but we need about 3,000 lbs. of flour, beans and groceries, which will cost about \$150 dollars, before we can take in the children next winter.

"Our church consists of its baptized members of Europeans and Protestant half-breeds. Last year I admitted as members of our Church by baptism three infants, and only last Sunday another one was baptized, though we cannot speak of any converts. Yet the prospects are bright if only I had the time to work amongst the people. I commend the work and its needs to your sympathy and prayer."

WORDS FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

A deeper interest in foreign missions is being aroused in the Church in Canada—an appeal for a Canadian bishop in Japan marks, surely, an era in her history—and some recent utterances of those who have themselves felt the strong attraction of missionary life, as well as shared in its trials and hardships, may well come to us with special force and power.

At a meeting of the London Junior Clergy, associated with the S.P.G., amidst much that was inspiring and hopeful as to the work being done, some of the weaker points in missionary organization were pointed out, and suggestions offered as to possible remedies; at the same time it was strongly urged that such societies as already existed in the Church should be loyally supported and made the best of.

More than one speaker contrasted the methods of the State with those of the Church, instancing the expedition sent out to over-awe King Prempeh, with its picked officers and men, its two or three troop ships, its ocean steamship fitted up as a floating hospital; while a bishop went forth to Zululand to win souls—and none are braver than the Zulus—with an equipage of ten men and £3,000. Was there no disproportion here?

The three great factors of the age are steam, gold, and emigration. What do they mean for the English race? This: that upon the English Church and people is laid a heavier responsibility than any nation has ever borne before—to them is offered a wider opportunity than any nation has ever had before.

Wherever British colonists went they carried with them the blessing of regular, orderly government—did they carry Christianity as well?

The question is whether this great race, spreading like a wave over the world, shall some day need a second St. Augustine to re-convert it, or whether the Church shall now, by timely and united effort, go whither her sons go, and keep alive in them the knowledge of the love of God?

The Bishop of Brisbane, writing to a friend, speaks of the problem with which the majority of colonial bishops are confronted: vast dioceses, scattered people, the minimum of clergy. How is the work to be done? Again, the action of the State furnishes a lesson. The Church of England has a splendid fighting army doing good work at home and abroad, but she has no reserve to meet the cry for men coming continually from all parts of the earth, a force that could be sent here, there, everywhere, just where the need was greatest.

Might there not be a band of men specially enlisted for this purpose; who would enter, say,

for five years, go anywhere, do anything, so that a bishop going forth to plant the Church in a new land would have a band of helpers ready to his hand, helpers who could be supplied with the necessaries of life and travelling expenses from a fund provided for the purpose? What a reinforcement to the colonial bishops if, for a time, one of them could borrow fifteen or twenty men to help to establish the Church in his diocese.

Or, in the case of a great railway striking across a continent, what would it not be to have such a band going up and down the line caring for the scattered sheep until they could provide spiritual ministrations for themselves? Is it impossible for Churchmen to take counsel together and furnish men and means for some such reserve force as a permanent part of the Church's equipment for her work? Men who had served in this way would return with a wider, deeper experience, which would enable them to do still better whatever work might claim them at home.

Nor should such men be stigmatized as "returned empties," any more than the men in the army and navy who have returned after foreign service.

In some places—notably in Burmah—the mission work of the Church has by no means kept pace either with the prosperity of the country under British rule or with the efforts of other Christian bodies. Surely the addition of these vast territories meant more than added wealth; it meant added responsibilities to the Church of England. Are these always fully realized?

The religion of the country—Buddhism—was practically a religion of despair, yet it freed men from caste and left their minds open to receive Christianity. The speaker, who had spent thirty-six years in Burmah, had only once or twice had to ask the S.P.G. for a grant, the Burmese themselves having built and maintained schools for him—the property handed over to the Society being their free-will offerings.

One of the best of the Burmese kings had built a beautiful Christian church at Mandalay.

In very many cases the work begun in our own schools was afterwards carried on by the Roman priests or the American missionaries, simply because the Church was miserably under-staffed. There were stations in Burmah without priests, with people ready and willing to build and maintain schools. Must the message go back to them that there were none in England who would "come over and help" them?

Was there not something wrong here. With a plethora of priests at home could none be spared, were none willing to volunteer for foreign work?

Let no one think that those who advocate the need in other lands underrate the importance of

home missions. Far from it. The wider and deeper the sympathy in the one case the wider and deeper it will be in the other. The more clearly people grasp the meaning of the mission of the Church, given her by the blessed Lord himself, the more readily they will give themselves to such work, whether it be at home or abroad.

Once more was emphasized the need of some organization by which a band of free, single-handed men could be maintained, and sent hither and thither at a moment's notice. Never before, perhaps, has the need of such a reserve been so strongly felt, or so distinctly stated. These, and all others engaged in mission work, must be strong men, strong enough, oftentimes, to brave public opinion.

In many cases colonists are apt to oppose missionary work. Too often the attempt to elevate the native runs counter to some fancied good or prosperity of his employer, and then men are needed who can effect a change of opinion, and win their own kith and kin to a recognition of their duty, not as colonists only, but as Christians. If, as Mr. Chamberlain has said, a responsibility rests upon a great governing race, must it not rest heavily upon the Church of that governing race?

Two short obituary notices appeared in the issue of the *Church Times* from which the above report is taken, and seem to furnish a fitting commentary upon it. In October last, in India, died Nehemiah Goreh, who belonged to a high caste Mahratta family of Benares, and who was a valued member of the Cowley Brotherhood.

He had once sought to silence the missionaries by a series of arguments, but, after a long and painful struggle, he himself yielded, was baptized, and ultimately ordained a priest of the Church. In 1877 he paid a second visit to England, and after a time became a novice of the S.S.J.E., Cowley.

A paper read by him at a missionary conference, held at Oxford, attracted much attention. We read that this unknown man "spoke from the very heart of Hindu society and character, and bore witness that the conversion of India waited for missionaries trained in the ascetic life; that no other instrument could reach the heart of India." He wrote and lectured much in defence of the Christian faith, and it may be noted that he strongly urged his native brethren to uphold the use of the Athanasian Creed, which he maintained was of the greatest service in controversy with Mohammedans.

A few days later is recorded the death, at Mandalay, of a young Burmese priest, Rev. John Izan Baw. Unlike Father Goreh, he had been baptized in childhood, being a pupil at St. John's College, Rangoon. Later he went to school in England, and afterwards to St. Augustine's College, Canterbury. He was

ordained priest in 1885, and after ten years of faithful work among the Burmese and Europeans his labors here were ended.

He was the first Burman admitted to holy orders, his grandfather being the first Burmese pastor of the Baptist communion and Dr. Judson's assistant in translating the Bible into the language of Burmah.—*M. Algon Kirby.*

Books and Periodicals Department.

The Missionary Review of the World. New York and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

As a rule one hears very little from this periodical of the great work that is being done by Episcopalians in the mission field. It is therefore pleasant to see in it an article on "The Missionary Band at Cambridge and Oxford." It is accompanied with four illustrations showing the Henry Martyn Memorial Hall, Cambridge (exterior and interior), and the exterior of Bishop Hannington Memorial Hall, Oxford, the latter before remodelling. To have the great centres of thought and learning pervaded by the spirit of missions is a matter of world-wide significance. "Nothing," says the writer, the editor-in-chief, "in the tour which I am now undertaking among the cities and towns of Great Britain has awakened an interest so profound and a gratitude so great as the intercourse enjoyed with the godly and consecrated students of these two conspicuous universities." The Henry Martyn Memorial Hall is a singular incentive and inspiration to missionary enthusiasm and heroism. Inscribed on its walls are the names of men who have gone forth to mission fields, and, if deceased, the date also of their departure for a higher service above. No student can come into this hall for "a daily prayer service" or an occasional missionary meeting without thus being compassed about with a great cloud of witness-bearers, whose constant and pathetic pleading for more laborers to enter the wide harvest field he cannot but hear. The writer of the article appeals for a similar hall to be built in New York in connection with the "Students' Volunteer Movement." Australia comes in for a fair amount of notice in this number, also the Philippine Islands and the Eskimo of Cape Prince of Wales, Alaska. This latter article is furnished with four good illustrations. The present outlook for missions in Turkey is a subject of grave importance and well discussed. Japan, China, the Islands of the Sea, and many other countries are touched upon from a missionary point of view.

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

"Winchester, Yesterday and To-day," in the *Sunday at Home*, revives pleasant memories of that ancient city. William of Wykeham, Thomas Ken, Isaac Walton, and many other worthies connected with it are mentioned, and their portraits given. The voice of the author of the "Schönberg-Cotta Family" having passed into silence is kindly and prettily noticed. "Dr. Adrian, a Story of Old Holland," is continued. "Sunrise in Japan" tells of the Ainu, the aborigines of that interesting country. A portrait of Bishop Jeremy Taylor, and a specimen of his handwriting, is given, and a tale for boys, called "Teddy's Ride," finds its place for their benefit. In *The Leisure Hour*, the scenes described in North Wales, with illustrations, give a good idea of that part of the world. The Presidents of the Royal Society, beginning with Lord Viscount Brouncker, in 1663, and ending with Lord Rayleigh, 1896, are fully described, with portraits of all—thirty-six in number. These include the names of Sir Christopher Wren, Sir Humphrey Davy, and Prof. Huxley. "The Schools of Ancient Greece," "The Forcat as Prison Breaker," "The New South Africa," all furnish interesting reading matter for the people.

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

The Expositor opens with an article by S. Schechter, of Cambridge, on "A Fragment of the Original Text of Ecclesiasticus." The article by the late Rev. R. W. Dale on "The Sacrifice of Isaac" is suggestive and well worthy of study. All the difficulties are fairly stated and as fairly met. One has a better idea of the reasonableness of the whole extraordinary action after reading this article than he is likely to have had before. "The Escapes of Jesus," by Professor Bruce, dwells upon some points of our Lord's actions not usually put forward.

The Clergyman's Magazine has an interesting article on Timothy and Epaphroditus, together with several sermons "In Season and Out of Season." We are glad to note also two sermons on foreign missions by Clericus Anglicanus.

The Review of Reviews. New York: 13 Astor Place.

As usual, this excellent periodical is full of useful information from all parts of the world. It is put in such shape as to afford this information in the readiest manner possible. It evokes the aid of art by means of numerous illustrations, and gives the comic side of the world's politics by the reproduction of numerous recent cartoons. When kept month by month and year by year the *Review of Reviews* makes an admirable record of passing events, and thus affords a current history of the times.

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

In the July number Sir Wm. Dawson continues his articles on "Natural Facts Illustrative of Biblical Accounts of the Deluge," a subject which he handles with much ability. Several sermons are also given, together with many helps and hints to guide the overworked preacher. The articles on "Pulpit Elocution," and "The Building of a Sermon," are well worth reading.

The Gospel in Uganda. London: C.M.S., Salisbury Square. Price threepence.

This little book, in pamphlet form, is written by Rev. G. K. Baskerville, and Mr. G. L. Pilkington. It is supplied with a map, and gives in useful and interesting form the wonderful story of the Uganda mission.

(1) *Germania*, (2) *L'Étudiant*. These are excellently arranged periodicals for instruction in German, on the one hand, and French, on the other. A study of these periodicals each month will repay anyone who wishes to keep pace with the times in his German and French.



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