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THE CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE

AND MISSION NEWS

Published by the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada.

Vol. III.

JULY, 1889.

No 37.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

No. 37—THE DIOCESE OF MONTREAL.

THE fine natural situation and metropolitan appearance of Montreal," says Mr. G. Mercer Adam in his "Canada from Sea to Sea," "which ranks as the first city of the Dominion, will be admitted by all who visit it. Its massive and busy wharves, its thronged thoroughfares, its spacious public squares and substantial stone buildings, with 'the Mountain' rising 700 feet above the river, and having fine broad streets and numerous palatial residences on its terraced slopes, combine to give it the palm over the other cities of the Dominion. Like Quebec its foundation dates back to an early period in the French occupation of Canada, and to-day its population is largely of French origin. The city, which is situated on an island at the confluence of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence rivers, was founded in 1642, after a solemn religious service by the Sieur de Maisonneuve. On that occasion the Indian name 'Hochelaga,' which it had previously borne, was superseded by that of 'Ville Marie.' Later on it took the name of Montreal from Mount Royal, the picturesque eminence which crowns the city, and from the charming drives about which, many beautiful views of the town, the noble river and the country in the vicinity may be had. The evidences of the racial and ecclesiastical origin of Montreal will be noted by the tourist on all sides. Not only are two-thirds of the present inhabitants French, but French, in the main, are the civil and religious institutions of the place. Here the Romish Church has her special and almost exclusive preserve. In every quarter of the town you will find her churches, hospitals, convents and other

places of religious retreat, while on almost every thoroughfare are to be met the black robed representatives, male and female, of her various ecclesiastical and eleemosynary institutions. The real estate owned by both orders (Jesuit and Sulpician) of the Church, in this paradise of the Roman priesthood, is enormous.

"Considering the limited English-speaking and Protestant population of Montreal, the churches, colleges, schools, hospitals and other institutions of the Protestant denominations, are by no means few or unimportant. The number of churches, indeed, is large of the principal Protestant bodies, and many of their edifices are handsome and, as a rule, beautifully situated. Without being invidious, one may point especially to Christ Church Cathedral, for as fine an example of Church architecture as the city can boast. Each of the more prominent denominations has its own theological college, four of which are in affiliation with McGill University, which was founded by Royal Charter in 1821.

"The drives in and about Montreal and around Mount Royal Park are full of beauty and the delightful views to be had en route, will well repay the trouble and the modest amount expended upon them. The Victoria Bridge,

which spans the St. Lawrence at Montreal, can perhaps best be seen from the mountain; or if a closer view is desired one may take a suburban train to Lachine and from there run down the rapids by steamer, passing under one of the immense piers of the bridge. This will be found a wild and exhilarating experience."

The Diocese of Montreal is territorially large, embracing the counties of Bagot, Shefford, Brome, Richelieu, St. Hyacinthe, Rouville, Iberville, Missisquoi, Vercheres, Chambly, St. John, Laprairie, Napierville, Chateauguay, Huntingdon, Beauhar-



THE RT. REV. WILLIAM BENNETT BOND, M.A., LL. D.
Third Bishop of Montreal.



nois, Soulanges, Vaudreuil, Berthier, Joliette, L'Assomption, Montcalm, Montreal, Hochelaga, Jacques Cartier, Laval, Terrebonne, Two Mountains, Argenteuil, Ottawa, Pontiac, all in Quebec.

In it are the cities of Montreal and St. Hyacinthe, and the towns of Sorel, Hull, St. John's, Farnham, Lachine, Longueuil, Joliette, Aylmer, Chambly, Lachute, Valleyfield, Beauharnois, St. Jerome, Berthier, Buckingham, Laprairie, St. Andrew's, Granby, Knowlton and Huntingdon.

It is divided into the Rural Deaneries of Hochelaga, Bedford, Brome, Clarendon, Iberville, Shefford and St. Andrew's. The clergy number 94, seven of whom are retired or unattached. A few of the parishes and missions are vacant.

The establishment of the Diocese of Montreal is largely due to the late Rt. Rev. G. J. Mountain, the third Bishop of Quebec. After great exertions with the English authorities and after much patient waiting, he was gladdened by the intelligence that Her Majesty had been pleased to set apart a new diocese, with Montreal as its see city, and that the Rev. Francis Fulford, D. D., of England, was appointed bishop. He was consecrated in Westminster Abbey on July 25th, 1850. After eighteen years of a laborious and successful episcopate he passed away, and was succeeded in 1869 by the Most Rev. Ashton Oxenden, who was also Metropolitan of Canada. In 1878 he resigned and returned to England. In the same year the Diocese of Montreal, met and elected on the first ballot, by a good majority of both orders, the Very Rev. Dean Bond to the position of third Bishop of Montreal.

The *Canadian Portrait Gallery* thus speaks of this worthy occupant of the important see of Montreal:—

"Bishop Bond, Dr. Oxenden's successor in the see of Montreal, was born at Truro, a seaport of the County of Cornwall, England, in the year 1815. He received his education partly in Cornwall and partly in London at various public and private schools. In his early youth he emigrated from England to the island of Newfoundland, where, after a brief period in secular pursuits, he studied for orders under the direction of Archdeacon Bridge. In 1840, under the advice and influence of the late Rev. Mark Willoughby, he proceeded to Quebec, where, upon the completion of his studies, he was ordained Deacon, and in 1841 was ordained priest at Montreal by the late Rt. Rev. George Jehoshaphat Mountain, Bishop of Quebec. Immediately after his ordination he

again proceeded to Newfoundland where, on the 2nd of June, in the last mentioned year, he married Miss Eliza Langley, with whom he returned to Montreal. For some years subsequent to his ordination he was travelling missionary with his residence at Lachine near Montreal. Under instructions from Bishop Mountain he organized several missions in the Eastern Townships, and in addition to his

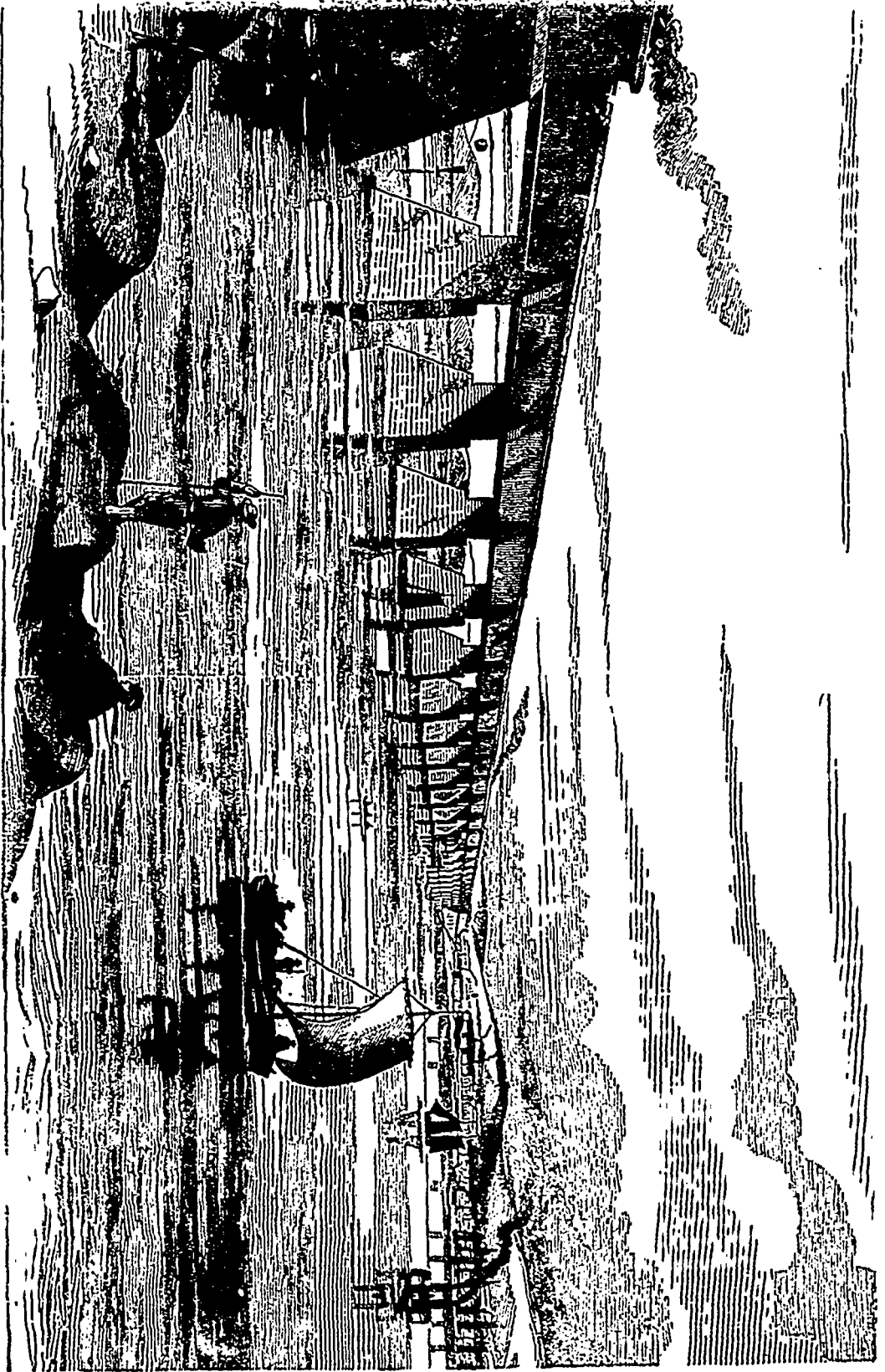
clerical duties in organizing schools in connection with the Newfoundland School Society, establishing eleven in the township of Hemmingford alone. In 1848 he was appointed to the large and important parish of St. George's, Montreal, as assistant to Dr. Leach. His connection with that parish existed without interruption for thirty years. He successively became Rural Dean of Hochelaga, Canon, Archdeacon, Dean of Montreal. He was Chaplain of the 1st or Prince of Wales Regiment. He was out at Huntingdon during the raid of 1866, and in 1870 marched with the regiment from St. Armand's to Pigeon Hill.

On the 1st of July, 1878, Bishop Oxenden, who had held the bishopric of Montreal since 1869, resigned. On the 16th of October, 1878, Dean Bond was elected bishop by a large majority of both orders of the Synod. His consecration took place in St. George's Church, Montreal, on the 25th of January, 1879, in the presence of the Bishops of Fredericton, Nova Scotia, Quebec, Algoma, Ontario and Niagara; the consecration sermon being preached by the Right Rev. Dr. Lewis, Bishop of Ontario. He was installed on the Episcopal Throne at the Cathedral Church at Montreal on the following Sunday. He performed his first Episcopal act by administering the rite of Confirmation in the church of the old parish of St. George's.

Bishop Bond has a fine and commanding presence, is an earnest preacher, and an excellent platform speaker.

Bishop Bond is President of the Theological College in the Diocese of Montreal. He received his Degree of M. A. from Bishop's College, Lennoxville, and that of LL. D. from the University of McGill College, Montreal. The diocese over which Bishop Bond presides was originally constituted in 1850. Montreal was the Metropolitan see of Canada from 1860 (when letters patent were issued to the late Dr. Fulford) until Bishop Oxenden's resignation as above mentioned in July, 1878."

MAX MULLER tells an anecdote of Lord Gifford, which he had from the lips of his lordship's brother. One morning the old lord said to his brother: "Brother John, I have had a terrible night. I begin to feel that I am growing fond of my money. I am sure I must do something with it. I must make it useful, not to myself and my family, but to my fellow-creatures at large." The result was the foundation of the Gifford Lectureship in Glasgow.



THE VICTORIA BRIDGE, MONTREAL.

PRAYER THE SOURCE OF POWER.



S another illustration of this important truth, we may add this story which is told of Wilberforce. He was introduced by his uncle, when only twelve years old, to the good John Newton. Fifteen years after, when his life had been dedicated to the Master, he sought again the society of this excellent minister. What was his surprise to learn that from that early introduction Mr. Newton had never ceased to pray for him in private! And how was the good man's heart gladdened to see this blessed answer to his prayer of fifteen years!

Oh, it is prayer that engages God on the side of the teacher, and clothes his word with enlightening, regenerating, saving power. Let us never forget that. It secures those conditions that are favorable to success, it opens the eyes of the understanding to perceive and handle the truth aright, it fills the heart with love, it tunes the tongue to tenderness, it inspires the word spoken with wisdom, and it prepares the heart of the hearer to receive it gladly. We may set this down as an unquestionable fact, and as a grand maxim in all Christian ministry, that a *prayerful teacher is always a powerful teacher.*

It is said that among the high Alps, at certain seasons, the traveller is told to proceed quietly; for on the steep slopes overhead the snow hangs so evenly balanced that the sound of a voice or the report of a gun may destroy the equilibrium and bring down an immense avalanche that will overwhelm everything in ruin in its downward path. And so about our way there may be a soul in the very crisis of its moral history, trembling between life and death, and a mere touch or shadow may determine its destiny. A young woman who was deeply impressed with the truth, and was ready, under conviction of sin, to ask, "What must I do to be saved?" had all her solemn impressions dissipated by the unseemly jesting of a member of the church by her side as she passed out of the sanctuary. Her irreverent and worldly spirit cast a repellant shadow on the young woman not far from the kingdom of God. How important that we should always and everywhere walk worthy of our high calling as Christians.

Two Bagdad Jews have bought the entire site of ancient Babylon. On this *Le Christian Belge* well remarks: "Is it not a significant fact that two Israelites should to-day possess the soil and the ruins of the immense city where their ancestors were captives and slaves, and of which their prophets had announced the utter destruction?"

TORONTO has 35 Anglican, 27 Methodist, 24 Presbyterian, 13 Baptist, 9 Roman, 7 Congregational, 2 Swedenborgian, 2 Jewish, 12 Salvation Army, and 14 miscellaneous churches.

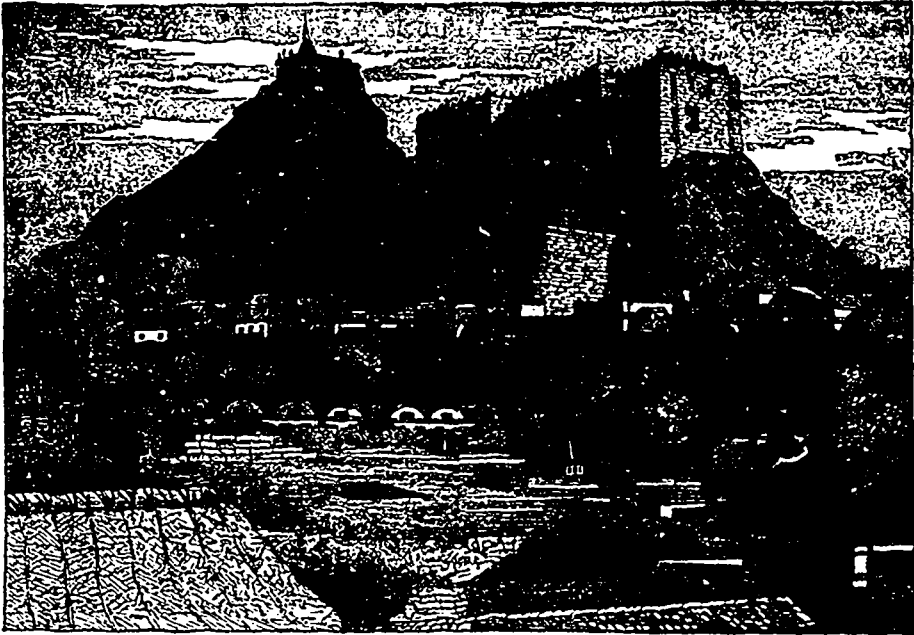
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL ON THE SKEPTICS.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, ex-American Minister to England, just before leaving the latter country for the United States, attended a meeting in London to do honor to the poet Browning. Some of those present made addresses in which they aired their skepticism, and said that they could get along without any religion. They did this, though they knew that by so doing they would give offence to many who were there. Mr. Lowell, having the courage of his convictions, paid some attention to these men in his address, and among things equally pertinent and forcible, he said:—

"The worst kind of religion is no religion at all; and these men who live in ease and luxury, indulging themselves in 'the amusement of going without religion,' may be thankful that they live in lands where the Gospel they neglect hastened the beastliness and ferocity of the men who, but for Christianity, might long ago have eaten their bodies like the South Sea Islanders, or cut off their heads and tanned their hides like the monsters of the French Revolution. When the microscopic search of skepticism, which has hunted the heavens and sounded the seas to disprove the existence of a Creator, has turned its attention to human society, and has found a place on this planet ten miles square, where a decent man can live in decency, comfort and security, supporting and educating his children, unspoiled and unpoluted; a place where age is revered, infancy respected, manhood respected, womanhood honored, and human life held in due regard—when skeptics can find such a place ten miles square on this globe, where the Gospel of Christ has not gone and cleared the way, and laid the foundations, and made decency and security possible, it will then be in order for the skeptical *literati* to move thither and then ventilate their views. But so long as these men are dependent upon the religion which they discard for every privilege they enjoy, they may well hesitate a little before they seek to rob the Christian of his hope, and humanity of its faith, in that Saviour who alone has given to man that hope of life eternal which makes life tolerable and society possible, and robs death of its terrors and the grave of its gloom."

CRÆSUS—I'm afraid deacon, that we'll have to notify our pastor that his resignation would be accepted if tendered. The Deacon—Why? Don't you think he is an able and faithful expounder of the Word? CRÆSUS—Um! Well, he may be all that, but then you know a cultured congregation like ours, may be willing to believe things, but don't like to hear them mentioned.

READING makes the full man, writing the exact man and speaking the ready man.



TRICHINOPOLY, SOUTH INDIA.

TRICHINOPOLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

THIS is the name of a large town and of a district in South India, in the Diocese of Madras. The town is famous for its jewellery, cigars and silk cloths. It has a population, with its suburbs, of about 100,000 souls. The district, which is about the size of the County of Norfolk, has a population of a little over 1,200,000.

Trichinopoly is one of the oldest of the Missions of the S. P. G. It was begun in 1762 by the Rev. C. Schwartz, who is so well known as the Venerable Father Schwartz. He went there from Tranquebar at the time that the great wars for supremacy in India were taking place between the English and French. Trichinopoly with its neighborhood was the great battle-field of the South, and it was there that Lord Clive first came prominently into notice.

The English at that time had no clergyman to minister to them, and they therefore asked the Rev. C. Schwartz to remain with them. He consented to do so, and together with his work among the English, he made known the Gospel to the Hindus. Through his preaching many of them became Christians. He built a large church within the Fort of Trichinopoly, just at the foot of the great rock, a picture of which appears at the head of the page. The Rev. C. Schwartz left Trichinopoly in 1768, and his place was filled by the Rev. Christian Pohle, who lived in Trichinopoly for about forty years. He, like Father Schwartz,

had to minister to the English, and therefore he could not devote much time to missionary work among the Hindus. The S. P. G. has unfortunately not been able from want of funds to keep more than one European missionary there at any time, and consequently there has not been the same progress there as there has been in Tinnevely. The number of our Christians is but little over 2,000, and these are scattered about in small congregations, some of which are forty miles from the town of Trichinopoly.

The great and sacred River Cauvery, the source of so much wealth, and the object of worship, divides the district of Trichinopoly almost in half,—running nearly due west and east,—and for many years the saintly Rev. C. Kohlhoff was the missionary among the people north of this river. In 1879, the Rev. J. L. Wyatt was appointed to Trichinopoly, south of the river, and unfortunately in 1880 Mr. Kohlhoff died and Mr. Wyatt took charge of his work also.

Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt began work by opening day schools for the higher classes of the Hindu girls. Up to the time they went there nothing had been done in this direction. They were obliged to get even their teachers from their old home in Tinnevely. In this, however, they found but little difficulty; the affection of their old pupils and workers for them induced many to volunteer to follow them and help them in their new sphere, and there are now fourteen girls' schools with over 700 little girls learning in them; only about 200 of these are Christians, the rest are Hindus. There are also two boarding schools for

the Christian girls, and one Normal school for training female teachers.

This work of extending female education among the highest classes of the Hindus is of the utmost importance. The little girls are taught in these schools the love of Jesus, of which they and their mothers have hitherto been totally ignorant, and of which they would probably never know anything, were it not for these schools. They are taught to learn by heart many of the Psalms—as the 1st, the 23rd, 51st, 67th, 121st, etc., also those golden chapters in the New Testament, the sermon on the Mount and many choice texts. They learn also to sing hymns chiefly on the love of God and of love towards each other. It is a great pleasure to watch the interest with which the little ones repeat their Scripture lessons and sing their hymns; and may we not reasonably hope and believe that these lessons given in youth will be so impressed upon them that when they grow up to be mothers of households they will still remember them, and, in some cases at least, be led to exchange their present slavish worship of false gods and devils for the holy religion of love which Jesus proclaimed? The work of education among the young girls is supplemented by the same kind of work among the mothers in their homes, and already it is bearing good fruit. About 140 Hindu women of the higher classes are being instructed, and several of these now know what Christianity is and they acknowledge the beauty of it; one woman with her daughter has been baptised, another has openly expressed a desire to be received as a Christian and to be baptised, and is ready to leave her husband and home for it if necessary. The Biblewomen who teach these Hindu ladies, are most affectionately received into their houses, though Christians are usually regarded as outcasts, and requests are being sent by the highest classes, from the country towns and villages, for Bible women to be sent out to teach the women there. Mr. Wyatt, who is now in England, is desirous of building a large church in the part of Trichinopoly where he lives, the present school chapel there being much too small, and some of these Hindu women who are being taught, have heard of this and have asked to be allowed to subscribe towards it, “for,” they say, “it will be a church for our children;” let us pray that what they thus express may be realized. It shows at a rate their good feelings, and it is clear that a considerable change is taking place in their minds towards Christianity.

We hope therefore that those who read this will pray for this important and encouraging work and will try to help it forward by their offerings.

REV. ROBERT BRUCE, D. D., of Persia, said at a late meeting of the Church Missionary Society, that so far from mission work among Mohammedans being a forlorn hope, he was acquainted with three Church of England clergymen who were once Mohammedans, one having baptized fifty converts.

WHEN we consider the condition of heathen and Mohammedan nations, and the firm hold which superstition has of the former, and fanaticism of the latter; the terrible evil wrought by the foreign opium traffickers in China, and the liquor traffickers in Africa, and the encouragement and support given by the British Government to the former, and the authorities of most of the European colonies and protectorates (?) in Africa to the latter; the evil example everywhere of many of the foreign residents and visitors; the comparatively small number of the missionaries; the entire lack of interest on the part of many members of the Church, and the very languid interest of many others; the fact that there are no less than one million communicants connected with the missions, and three million adherents; that two thousand five hundred of the converts are ordained ministers of the Gospel, and twenty-eight thousand are evangelists and teachers, and that thousands of native churches and schools are self-supporting, we see abundant evidence that the promise of the Saviour connected with his last command has been fulfilled: “All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, *I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.*” It has been by His constant presence and blessing with His commissioned servants, that these great results and many others have been accomplished, and to Him be all the praise and the glory forever. Amen.—*Selected.*

“LET me turn away from the subject of language, and say one farewell word of the missionaries, those good and unselfish men, who, for a high object, have sacrificed careers which might have been great and honored in their own countries, and have gone forth to live in heathen, and sometimes to die; who, as it were, in the course of their striking hard on the anvil of evangelization, their own proper work, have emitted bright sparks of linguistic light, which have rendered luminous a region previously shrouded in darkness, and these sparks have kindled a corresponding feeling of warmth in the hearts of great, and to them personally unknown, scholars, working in their studies in Vienna, Berlin, or some German university, scholars who, alas! cared little for the object of the missionaries’ going forth, but rejoiced exceedingly at the wonderful, unexpected and epoch-making results of their quiet labors!”—*Dr. Cust.*

THE Duke of Wellington was asked by a young clergyman if he, having been resident in the East, and knowing how persistently the Hindus adhered to their own religion, did not think it almost useless and extravagant to preach to them. The Duke immediately replied, “Look, sir, to your marching orders, ‘Preach the Gospel to every creature.’”

THE INDIAN MISSION OF SHEGUIANDAH, DIOCESE OF ALGOMA.

By REV. C. A. FRENCH.

WHEN requested once by the Bishop of Algoma to take the duties of the Rev. Frederick Frost (then in England), I walked as far as Kagawong, a distance of ten miles. I overtook Mr. Humphrey May, who was returning to Little Current, and he kindly drove me the remaining thirty-two miles. On the following day through the good offices of Mr. Henry Sims, of Little Current, I was enabled to sail over to Sheguiandah. Here I saw something that astonished and delighted me. On the shores of the lovely bays of the grand Manitoulin Island is situated a neat Indian village of some ten or a dozen houses. About it there are manifest tokens of material prosperity, when taken in conjunction with what I have seen of other "Reserves" in Ontario, and almost in the midst of the village is one of the prettiest wooden churches I have for a long time beheld. It may interest some of your readers to have a short sketch of Sheguiandah history. As far back as fifty years ago there was not much known of

the Manitoulin Island and its aboriginal inhabitants from a Protestant missionary point of view, until the late Rector of Port Hope, Dr. F. A. O'Meara came to the island and established the Manitowaning Mission. Here he labored for a considerable time, and it was through his exertions, as far as I can learn, that Sheguiandah became lightened with the light of the Gospel. The Rev. Peter Jacobs (Pah-tah-se-ga) succeeded Dr. O'Meara, and after his death the Rev. Jabez Waters Sims was sent up to this island. Mr. Sims was ordained by the then Bishop of Huron, and sent by the then Bishop of Toronto to Manito-

waning in 1864. In 1866 he removed to Sheguiandah and commenced what we all hope will be a great work. In the same year he built the old log church with its massive brass cross in the forest land as a token that Christianity was to take a permanent hold on this part of the island. For three years he worked amongst the Ojibways, both in Sheguiandah and on the north shore of Huron, when, alas! he was drowned as he journeyed towards Killarney. The work was not, however, allowed to lapse. The Rev. Rowland Hill followed the much lamented Mr. Sims, and he labored in

the mission some thirteen years. On his resigning his incumbency a couple of years ago the Rev. Frederick Frost was appointed. Through his exertions and through the exertions of Bishop Sullivan the new church was erected. When I got over to the village at the time I speak of I found that a son-in-law of the Chief's, (Manitowassing), was very ill. To the best of my ability, I ministered to the spiritual necessity of the invalid, and as I was about to go away he asked for the Holy Communion. On the following morning I administered it to "Joe Sky" and to six others of the tribe. On the Sunday morning I preached to a congregation of some forty-five of both



PAH-TAH-SE-GA (Rev. Peter Jacobs).

sexes. As I discoursed of "God's love" I could not but see abundant evidences of it here. There are still the elongated features and the dark hair, but the savage expression is gone. For all this I do not like one thing about the Indian. The down-cast eye betokens a degradation begotten of poverty and dread of the whites. Our contact with them has not been what it should be. There has been, there is, too much "firewater" and ruffianism in our backwoods villages to benefit the child of the forest. Thank God there are some who think of "raising the condition" of the Indian. It is a hard task and one that requires

patience. Schools must be established. This has been done in Sheguiandah. The teacher has charge of the "little Ojibways," and it is to be hoped he will, in his sphere, follow in the footsteps of his father in so far as he followed Christ. Will not your readers pray for the "children of the bush," that they may all come to a knowledge of the Gospel?

THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

By THE RT. REV. ARTHUR SWEATMAN, D. D., BISHOP OF TORONTO.

(Continued.)

GREGORY AND THE ANGLIAN SLAVES.

THE story is familiar to all. Gregory, the Archdeacon of Rome and Abbot of the monastery of St. Andrew on Mount Coelius, was passing through the market place when his attention was struck with the beauty of a group of fair-haired, blue-eyed youths standing exposed for sale. Enquiring from what country they had been brought, he was told from England, and that they were pagans. "Alas, what pity," said he "that the author of darkness possesses men of such fair countenances, and that such outward beauty should have a mind so void of inward grace! But of what nation are they?" "Angles." "Truly so, for they have angelic faces, and such as they should be co-heirs with the angels in heaven. From what province come they?" "From Deira." "Rightly, to be rescued from the ire of God and called to the mercy of Christ. How is the king of that province named?" "Cælla." "So be it. Alleluia, the praise of the Creator must be sung in those parts." Thenceforth the conversion of the English nation became one of Gregory's most cherished projects. With great difficulty he obtained permission from Pope Benedict to put himself at the head of a mission for the purpose, and quietly and quickly set out with his companions, fearing some object might thwart his intention. As soon as his absence from Rome was noticed, the populace importuned the Pope clamorously for his recall as essential, in those times of danger, for the safety of the city. Gregory was thus not permitted to fulfil his project in person. He was reserved for a higher mission,—to be the preserver of Western Christianity and the reconstructor of the Western Church.

In 590 he was elected Pope and forced into the papal chair. On the decline of Rome the Imperial Government had been removed to Constantinople, and the Bishop was the most important person left—in fact the virtual ruler of the city. The horrors of the times were filling men's hearts with fear, and it was believed the end of the world was come. The Lombards who had devastated the north of Italy were threatening the south with the same remorseless destruction; fires, storms, floods, pestilence, famine in succession were assailing Rome. Gregory was the predestinated saviour of

the Christian faith amidst this wreck and dismay. But with all his manifold and far-reaching cares, he never relinquished his purpose to endeavor the conversion of those Angles into angels.

A. D. 596 he determined to entrust the work to his own foundation of St. Andrew's, and commissioned Augustine, the Prior of the House, with a band of forty monks, to undertake it—a generous staff which puts to the blush the kind of outfit which the modern Church deems adequate for the evangelization of a heathen land!

As the missionaries travelled through southern Gaul they heard such alarming accounts of the ferocious character of the people they were going among that they sent Augustine back to Rome to beg off from so hazardous and hopeless an enterprise. But Gregory would not hear of its abandonment. He took, however, all precautions to secure its success, raising Augustine to the authority of an Abbot, furnishing him with commendatory letters to the various Gallican Bishops through whose dioceses he would travel, and requesting the King of Burgundy to provide him with interpreters.

ARRIVAL OF AUGUSTINE, A. D. 597.

At length the mission, in the spring of 597, reached the Isle of Thanet and landed at the same spot, the farm of Ebbsworth in a sandy creek between Sandwich and Ramsgate, where 148 years earlier, the Jutes had disembarked.

Augustine had doubtless been led to make choice of this starting point for his work, by learning in Gaul that the king of the Jutes in Kent, Ethelbert, had married Bertha, daughter of Charibert, king of Paris, and as a condition of the union, had permitted her the exercise of the Christian religion, Luidhard, Bishop of Senlis, accompanying her to England as her spiritual director. On his arrival he sent homage to the king at Canterbury, announcing the object of his mission. Ethelbert in reply bade him and his monks remain where they were, until he decided what course to take; but in a few days granted him an audience, which he required should be in the open air, fearing that the strangers might have recourse to some magical arts. On the approach of the king being announced, the missionaries advanced to meet him. A verger carrying a silver cross for a banner led the procession; next came Augustine, tall and of noble bearing; after him was borne the picture of our Lord painted on a board; the monks followed, headed by Honorius, a pupil of Gregory, and chanting to Gregorian tones a Litany for the salvation of themselves and of those for whose sake they had come.

Ethelbert, having heard Augustine, admitted that his words were fair, but would not commit himself at once to assent to his teaching. He promised him protection and hospitality, with permission to convert as many of the people as he could to the Faith, and to rebuild the churches which had been destroyed in his kingdom. Allowed to reside in Canterbury, the missionaries

made their entry in the same order of procession and bearing the same cross and picture as in their approach to the king, and singing, "We beseech Thee, O Lord, in all Thy mercy, that Thy anger and wrath be turned away from this city and from Thy holy house, for we have sinned, Alleluia."

The little church of St. Martin, still standing, had been rescued by Queen Bertha from heathen desecration, and Bishop Luidhard ministered in it. This was given to Augustine and his companions for their use. They soon by their holy lives and heavenly doctrine began to win over the heathen people. Ethelbert and his court were baptized on Whitsunday, June 2nd.

Augustine, on instructions from Gregory, went to Gaul in the autumn, and on the 19th of November, was consecrated by Vigilus, Bishop of Arles, and Æthelrius, Bishop of Lyons, to be Bishop of the Angles. By the time of his return his monks had made converts of the Kentish folk, and on Christmas day over 10,000 were baptized in the Thames, near the mouth of the Medway, opposite the Isle of Sheppey.

RELATIONS OF THE BRITISH AND GALLICAN BISHOPS TO ROME.

In the spring of the next year, 598, Augustine sent two of his monks, Laurentius and Peter, to Rome, with a letter to Gregory asking for directions as to his relations towards the Bishops of Gaul and Britain. In answer to his question, Why different Liturgies are in use in these countries from that of Rome? Gregory replied that he might select from the liturgies he found whatever appeared to be good. The Pope's decision on another point was not equally satisfactory. The question put was, "How ought we to act towards the Bishops of Gaul and Britain?" and the answer, that Augustine was to exercise no authority over the Bishops of Gaul; "but," said Gregory, "we commit all the Bishops of Britain to you." It is plain this decision was entirely unwarrantable. It was a direct breach of the decrees of the Council of Ephesus in 431. It is the first recorded instance of the assumption of superiority by the Bishop of Rome.

The British Bishops denied the claim, utterly refused to own any allegiance either to Augustine or him he called Pope, and maintained the independence and Apostolic character of the British Church.

In 601 Laurentius and Peter returned from Rome, bringing with them from Gregory the pallium for Augustine as Archbishop of the Angles, a supply of holy vessels, altar vestments, ornaments, relics and books, and a reinforcement of clergy, among whom were Mellitus, Justus and Paulinus.

CONVERSION OF KENT.

The Church was now established in Kent. The commencement was made of Canterbury Cathedral under the dedication of Christ Church, and another British church which had been used by Ethelbert as a pagan temple was handed over to Augustine. It was dedicated to St. Pancras.

The scheme which Gregory communicated to Augustine, for the Ecclesiastical administration of the country, contemplated two archbishops, Canterbury and York, with twelve suffragan bishops for each.

MELLITUS IN ESSEX, A. D. 604.

In pursuance of this scheme, Augustine sent Mellitus to Essex to revive the See of London, and Justus was consecrated Bishop of Rochester and divided the supervision of Kent with Augustine.

Redwald, king of East Anglia, and Sebert, king of Essex, were nephews of Ethelbert. He persuaded them to receive Christian teachers into their kingdoms. Redwald did not become a Christian. He only tolerated the new religion. In his kingdom Christian altars and idols existed side by side. On the other hand, Sebert, king of Essex, was baptized, and welcomed Mellitus as bishop in 604. London was then a stronghold of paganism. Heathen deities were worshipped on the spots where St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey now stand and where Christian Churches anciently flourished. Now the faith was restored. Sebert in 610 pulled down the temple of Apollo at Westminster and built St. Peter's, and the temple of Diana and built St. Paul's. Ethelbert was very liberal in gifts to the restoration of these two foundations, the latter being St. Augustine's Abbey Church of St. Peter and St. Paul whose foundations he laid, though he did not live to complete the building.

Gregory had written Mellitus in reply to his enquiries as to the lawfulness of using buildings that had been devoted to pagan rites, that he should cleanse the temples and dedicate them to God, and replace the idols with Christian relics, the idolatrous anniversaries with Christian festivals.

DEATH OF AUGUSTINE.

Gregory died probably, early in 605; Augustine soon after. Previous to his death he consecrated Laurentius as his successor against the ruling of the Council of Nicea and the Council of Antioch in 346, which decreed that no Bishop should be allowed to consecrate his successor. No lasting effect of his work in Britain remained except the renewal of intercourse between the Church in that land and the continent, after an interruption of 150 years. By his unconciliatory temper, he sowed the seeds of discord between the Celtic and Saxon Churches, and he never reached the Province of Deira, north of the Humber.

Laurentius endeavored to repair the error of his predecessor in dealing with the British Bishops by making overtures to them. In inviting them to friendly relations, he addressed them as "Most dear lords and brothers," but when one of them, Dagan, came to Canterbury, to discuss a basis of union, the Benedictine monks vented such gross ridicule on the fashion of his tonsure, that he would not even eat with them, but went away in just anger. For half a century longer the churches stood apart.

(To be continued.)

CHIEF ANNOSOTHKAH.

HIS worthy chief, who is now in England, making speeches on behalf of missions and his own reserve, belongs to a tribe whose loyalty to the English crown and whose sober industry render it one of the most interesting in the whole of Canada. It was this sentiment of attachment to England which led its chiefs to follow the doubtful fortunes of the English army during the campaign preceding the declaration of American Independence. To do this the Mohawks deserted the fertile reserve granted by Queen Anne, which they had occupied almost ever since their conversion to Christianity in the year 1704. Their loyalty was recognized at the close of the war by King George the Third, who granted them another reserve in the place of the one they had lost.

The present reserve is in the Province of Ontario, on the bay of Quinte. Chief Annosothkah was elected chief under an Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1870. He was educated by the New England Company, at their institution in Brantford, Canada. Besides being a chief of the Mohawks of the Bay of Quinte Reserve, he is secretary of the Mohawk Council of Chiefs, and was elected President of the Grand Council of Indians of the Province of Ontario in the year 1884. He had the honor of presenting addresses of welcome on behalf of the Indians to Lord Dufferin, the Marquis of Lorne and Lord Lansdowne. He is the managing trustee of the reserve, and a lay delegate to the Synod of the Diocese of Niagara.

At a meeting recently held in Dublin, presided over by His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, the chief made an excellent speech, an outline of which is given below. He took as his subject the question, "Are Foreign Missions a Failure?" As he spoke he wore the dress of a chief of his tribe—a close fitting coat, with skirt falling down to his knees, and a sash and belt worked with beads. His head dress was of eagle's feathers, fashioned like a fan behind, and stretching down to his shoulders. He spoke fluently and with considerable clearness and point.

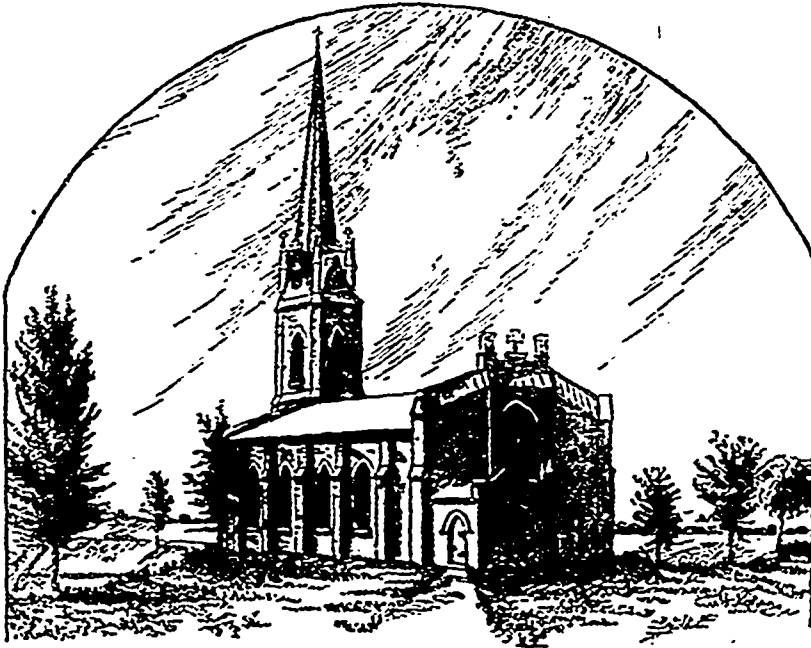
Sometimes, he said, it was thought that the money spent and the time given to missionary work were so much money lost and so much labor in vain. When he came to this country he found that there was a great deal of speculation with regard to this matter. He found, to his sorrow, that a certain gentleman holding a high position in the Church of the living God, and who, no doubt, preached the Gospel Sunday after Sunday to his own people, seemed to feel that missionary work in foreign lands had altogether failed. His attention had been called to an article in point on the subject, and he found to his astonishment that it had something to say with regard to North American Indians. Little did the writer of that article

think, perhaps, that a few months afterwards there would be a representative of that race in the country to relate some facts concerning missionary work among the Indians of North America. When it was said or suggested that instead of sending out the missionary to the Red Indians it would be better to send the British troops to exterminate them, for the North American Indians could never be civilized or Christianized,—when that was said or suggested he thanked Almighty God that he was in a position to meet such a suggestion with a statement indicating the success that had attended the labors of the early missionaries who went and risked their lives among a strange people living in paganism and superstition. He was able to say, thank God, that the Church to which they belonged had extended her work amongst that people. Before the white



CHIEF ANNOSOTHKAH,
Of the Tyndinaga Reserve.

man reached the Indians in North America it was felt by a race there that there was a power above them; and in acknowledgment of the success given to them in their hunting grounds or on the war path by that power, they made a sacrifice by burning a white dog and dancing around it as it was consumed by the flames. The men amongst them who were regarded as good warriors were the men who had gathered the most scalps. But the advent of the missionary changed all that, by converting the whole of the Mohawk Indians. There was not a single Mohawk Indian in North America at the present time who was not a professing Christian. Indians of different races and of dif-



THE MOHAWK CHURCH, TYENDINAGA.

would return to them after many days. In his diocese he had Englishmen, Scotchmen and Irishmen worshipping in his church, and the children of some of those people were baptized in his church. He concluded by reading a portion of the Prayer Book in the Mohawk language, and was warmly applauded as he resumed his seat.

WHERE we find a layman regular in attendance in church on Sunday and week day, as if it was his business to be there, we know at once that his personal influence is valuable in that church. A very few such men make a live church. The value of a layman's example in punc-

tuality at services is the greatest prize that God can grant to any church, next to a faithful pastor.

OUR PARISHES AND CHURCHES.

No. 34—THE MOHAWK CHURCH, TYENDINAGA, DIOCESE OF ONTARIO.

By Rev. J. C. Cox, D. A.

THE Township of Tyendinaga, which comprises this interesting Indian Reserve, is situated to the north of the Bay of Quinte, in the County of Hastings, and contains about 17,000 acres. The present inhabitants of this Reserve, who are now fairly civilized, form one portion of the descendants of those Indians, who separated from their tribe, in the State of New York, after the war of the Revolution, about the year 1784.

ferent tongues gave up their property, gave up everything, and stood true to the core, everyone of them, to uphold the rights of England. They followed the British flag to Canada, and lived in wigwams there, as their forefathers had done in the days of their paganism. Did they go back to paganism in the interval that followed, and during which they had nobody to teach them? No. They put up a log house, and conducted the Church of England service there, Sunday after Sunday, travelling once a year to receive Holy Communion from a clergyman thirty-eight miles distant. They got sometime afterwards a tract of country in lieu of the one they had lost, and they then experienced a good deal of uphill work. They wanted a church and they wanted schools, and they surrendered a portion of their property to the Government, and with the money they got for the land thus disposed of they built a church. Were these facts not evidence of earnestness on the side of Christianity? Were they not an emphatic answer to the question "Are foreign missions a failure?" The work has gone on prospering, and since 1850 they had been a self-supporting congregation. They had established four schools; in his district they had now three day schools and four Sunday schools. They contribute to the work of the Church in Ontario amongst the emigrants settled there. Their contribution amounts to seventy-five dollars annually to assist in maintaining the Church amongst the poor white emigrants settled in that part of the country. The Word of God told them that if they cast their bread upon the waters it

They were converted to Christianity by missionaries from the mother country, long before they removed to Canada. There is now in their possession, a silver Communion service, which was presented to their tribe, as far back as the time of Queen Anne. Both the chalice and paten (the two pieces shown to me) had on each of them the following inscription: "The gift of Her Majesty, Anne, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, and of her Plantations in North America, Queen, to her Indian Chapel of the Mohawks." Strange to say there was no date. Their township, which is named after one of their early chiefs, Tyendinaga, is composed, for the most part, of good tillable land, and is now divided among them, into farms of fifty acres and upwards.

They all live in comfortable frame houses, with good barns and other outbuildings, comparing favorably with those occupied by their white brethren, who follow the same honest and respectable calling.

The aged missionary in charge of this old Reserve is Rev. G. A. Anderson, who was appointed, first, to this Mission in about the year 1850-1. Since that date two other clergymen have held this position, viz., Rev. T. Stanton, R. D. now of Deseronto, and Rev. E. H. M. Baker, now at Bath, both being in the Diocese of Ontario. Some few years ago, at the request of his old friends and parishioners, Mr. Anderson returned to the Reserve from Penetanguishene, where he had been for a number of years acting as Chaplain to the Reformatory. The Indians are strongly attached to their aged pastor, and there exists between them a mutual understanding and appreciation.

At the invitation of Mr. Anderson I had the pleasure of spending a few days at the parsonage in the latter part of March; and this being my first visit to an Indian settlement, I fully enjoyed all that I saw while there. Although the roads were in rather bad condition at the time, we drove over several portions of the Reserve, and I had the satisfaction of visiting several Indian families, and of partaking of their generous hospitality.

The first we visited, was old Mrs. Hill and some members of her family, who are well known in this locality. Mrs. Hill is the granddaughter of Captain Brant, the well known Chief of the Mohawk Indians near Brantford. This intelligent old lady raised a large family of seven daughters, and if I mistake not, two or three sons. Here I also met her son-in-law, John A. Loft, who is an intelligent Churchman, and a delegate to the Diocesan Synod.

In an adjoining house (recently erected in fine modern style), resides another son-in-law, Dr. Oronhyatekha, who is well known throughout Ontario and elsewhere, through his connection with the Independent Order of Foresters. He is fitting up his place, and stocking his farm, which he intends to conduct on quite an extensive scale. The municipal affairs of the Reserve are managed by some half a dozen "Chiefs," who are elected to this office; there being no longer any hereditary chiefs among them. Their Town Hall is a large two storey frame building, known as the "Council House," it being also occupied by their Government Agent, who is the medium of communication between them and the Government.

Sunday, March 31st, I spent on the Reserve, and, at the request of Mr. Anderson (who was suffering at that time from a severe cold), I preached at both morning and afternoon service. The day was cold and disagreeable, with squalls of snow, yet this did not prevent the assembling of a good congregation at the old Mohawk church. This is a large substantial structure, built of stone, with little architectural pretensions; and is pleasantly situated on an elevated site, near the parsonage, and commands a good view of the Bay of Quinte.

FIVE WOUNDS.

FIVE wounds I crave, that I may be
Conformed to Him who died;
And die the death, and live the life,
Of Christ the Crucified.

Oh wound my hands, that I may yield
Myself, my all to Thee,
And clasp Thine all in lowly faith,
In prayer and poverty.

Oh precious wounding, it shall loose
My hold on earth's vain store,
And having nothing, I'll possess
All things forever more.

Oh wound my side, my heart's o'erflow;
This broken heart of mine,
It's deep devotion, constant love,
Be Lord forever Thine.

Oh wound my feet, they shall forego
All self-willed paths to tread;
And follow Thee in weal or woe,
Where'er Thy footsteps lead.

For wounded feet can scale the heights
And win Thy lost ones there;
And wounded feet can tread the depths
Of darkness and despair,

And bring Thy healing to all depths,
And wounded hearts can love,
The most unlovely wounded hands
To tenderest pity move.

Oh for Thy wounding, let me be
Conformed to Him who died,
And die the death, and live the life
Of Christ the Crucified.

THE FATE OF THE APOSTLES.

The following brief history of the fate of the Apostles may be interesting to our readers: St. Matthew is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or was slain with a sword at the city of Ethiopia, in Egypt. St. Luke was hanged upon an olive tree in Greece. St. John was put into a cauldron of boiling oil at Rome, and escaped death. He afterwards died a natural death at Ephesus, in Asia. St. James the Great was beheaded at Jerusalem. St. James the Less was thrown from a pinnacle or wing of the temple and then beaten to death with a fuller's club. St. Philip was hanged up against a pillar at Hierapolis, a city of Phrygia. St. Bartholomew was flayed alive by the command of a barbarous king. St. Andrew was bound to a cross, whence he preached unto the people until he expired. St. Thomas was run through the body with a lance at Coromandel, in the East Indies. St. Jude was shot to death with arrows. St. Simon Zealot was crucified in Persia. St. Matthias was first stoned and then beheaded. St. Barnabas was stoned to death by the Jews at Salania. St. Paul was beheaded at Rome by the tyrant Nero.

HE is a stupid that hath no patience with a stupid.

If thou wouldst have a friend, be a friend.

Young People's Department.

INDIA.

"UNCLE PHILIP, will you tell me something about India? I always like to hear you talk about it."

"Yes, Charlie, I will. But what would you like to hear about it? I suppose as you mean to be a clergyman and perhaps a missionary, you would like to hear something about the good that has been done by the Christian religion there."

"Yes, uncle."

"Well then let me tell you that there were a great many horrible and cruel things that were done about seventy years ago that are not done now, and they were stopped by the influence of the Christian religion."

"But I think you once said that many such things were stopped by the English Government and that was force, was it not?"

"Well, it was just such force as is used to maintain laws. Force has to be used sometimes. But generally speaking it was the Christian missionary that called the attention of the British Government to such things and made them listen to the cruelties described and so got a stop put to them. If you go to India now you will see some strange people, especially in their priests and temple worshippers, their fakirs and mendicants. There is the sun worshipper,

for instance, who tortures himself by standing on one leg with the other turned up in a cramped position. It must take long practice to enable him to do it, and what pain it must be! But that is nothing to the things that were once done but now prohibited. Have you ever heard of Suteeism?"

"I think I have, but I am not sure."

"Well, you know, in India it used to be the custom when a man died that his widow was to be burned with his body. She was bound to his dead body on a large funeral pyre of wood. Heavy things were placed over her so that she could not move. Drums were beaten and the people shouted

so that the cries of the poor thing could not be heard, and the fire crackled and burned, and soon everything, the wood, the dead body and the living body were all a heap of ashes."

"How dreadful!"

"Yes, and the worst is that sometimes the widow was a mere child who had never been really the dead man's wife, for often a little girl is a promised wife, and therefore a wife, in India. But then you know about the Indian mother who used to throw her little child into the River Ganges to be eaten by crocodiles or drowned in the water."

"Yes, I have heard of that."

"Well, that was done up to about seventy years

ago. And then perhaps you have heard of the goddess Kali. She was a hideous looking idol; but she was just as dreadful as she was ugly. Before her, young men and maidens, decked with flowers, were killed and cut to pieces. Fancy doing such a thing as that in a temple!"

"And why did they do it?"

"Simply because they thought that by it they were pleasing the god of the soil. But that was not as bad after all, as the Car of Juggernaut. You have heard of that, Charlie, I am sure. It was a great big, heavy car that was rolled along the streets in India, and people were taught that they would be forever happy in another world if they could only die under its heavy wheels as it

passed along. And by the crowds they fell beneath it as it rolled on its dreadful way. Human bodies were crushed to atoms and no death cries were heard, for the wild shrieks of the living so mingled with the drums and clashing cymbals that only one, wild sound of a moving pandemonium was heard."

"And they never do that now?"

"No, thank God, that is now a thing you will look for in vain in India. And then there are other things. Lepers used to be buried alive in India. That is never done now. Silly people, for the sake of their religion, used to starve themselves



INDIAN SUN WORSHIPPER.

to death. Children used to take their parents to the banks of the Ganges and fill their mouths with the water and sand of the river, which they called sacred and so cause their deaths."

"What dreadful things that river Ganges has seen, uncle!"

"Yes, you may well say that. It has seen mothers putting their children to death and children killing their parents, and all in the name of their religion. And then, perhaps, you remember there was the swinging festival. Ah! that was a terrible thing, too. Thousands of people came to see poor wretches swung high up in mid air, by means of ropes or thongs attached to iron hooks, thrust through the muscles of their backs. How painful that must have been!"

"Yes, uncle, but I have read of the North American Indians doing just such things as that."

"Yes, they have many such things just as cruel. Indeed, nearly all heathen people have had things as cruel, but not to such an extent, perhaps, as in India. It seemed to be the birth place and permanent home of everything that was terrible and cruel."

"But now, uncle, you say that these things have been stopped."

"Yes, no more can these things now be seen in India. Christian England has stopped them all and she has yet a great work there to do."

"I think I will go some day and help the missionaries do their work out there."

"Well, God bless you, my boy, wherever you may go. The world is bad enough, and all that will do good are sorely needed. There goes the bell. It is time for evening service and we must go to church."

LITTLE SCOTCH GRANITE.

BURT and Johnnie Lee were delighted when their Scotch cousin came to live with them. He was little, but very bright and full of fun. He could tell curious things about his home in Scotland and his voyage across the ocean. He was as far advanced in his studies as they were, and the first day he went to school they thought him remarkably good. He wasted no time in play when he should have been studying and he advanced finely.

At night before the close of the school the teacher called the roll and the boys began to answer "ten." When Aleck understood that he was to say ten if he had not whispered during the day he replied: "I have whispered."

"More than once?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, sir," answered Aleck.

"As many as ten times?"

"Maybe I have," faltered Aleck.

"Then I shall mark you zero," said the teacher sternly, "and that is a great disgrace."

"Why, I did not see you whisper once," said Johnny that night after school.

"Well, I did," said Aleck. "I saw others

doing it and so I asked to borrow a book; then I lent a slate pencil and asked a boy for a knife and did several such things. I supposed it was allowed."

"Oh, we all do it," said Burt, reddening. "There isn't any sense in the old rule and nobody could keep it; nobody does."

"I will, or else I will say I have n't said Aleck. "Do you suppose I would tell ten lies in one heap?"

"Oh, we don't call them lies," muttered Johnnie. "There would n't be a credit among us at night if we were so strict."

"What of that if you told the truth?" laughed Aleck bravely.

In a short time the boys all saw how it was with him. He studied hard, played with all his might in playtime, but according to his account he lost more credits than any of the rest. After some weeks the boys answered "nine" and "eight" oftener than they used to. Yet the school room seemed to have grown quieter. Sometimes when Aleck Grant's mark was even lower than usual the teacher would smile peculiarly but said no more of disgrace. Aleck never preached at them or told tales, but somehow it made the boys ashamed of themselves, just the seeing that this sturdy, blue-eyed boy must tell the truth. It was putting the clean cloth by the half-soiled one, you see, and they felt like cheats and story-tellers. They talked him all over and loved him if they did nickname him "Scotch Granite," he was so firm about a promise.

Well, at the end of the term Aleck's name was very low down on the credit list. When it was read he had hard work not to cry, for he was very sensitive and he had tried hard to be perfect. But the very last thing that day was a speech by the teacher who told of once seeing a man muffled up in a cloak. He was passing him without a look when he was told the man was General —, the great hero.

"The signs of his rank were hidden, but the hero was there just the same," said the teacher. "And now, boys, you will see what I mean when I give a little gold medal to the most faithful boy—the one really the most conscientiously 'perfect in his department' among you. Who shall have it?"

"Little Scotch Granite!" shouted forty boys at once, for the child whose name was so "low" on the credit list had made truth noble in their eyes. —*British Evangelist.*

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

A TRUE STORY.

It was one of those chill winter afternoons, when the ground was white all over, and the air came up crisp and keen into people's faces, that two little boys stood leaning against the wall of a house, in a narrow street in New York.

They were very little fellows, the eldest of them not above seven or eight years of age; they had

been to a skating-match on a pond at some distance; and now they had stopped a moment to rest on their way home. They talked and laughed over the fun they had had, the tumbles they had got, or had seen others get, which was quite as good; and being, like most boys, rather fond of making a noise, they rattled about the skates which they carried in their hands, and clashed them together till the steel rang again.

Presently a gentleman—he was evidently a clergyman—came out of the house: his face was kind, but very sad.

"Little men," he said, addressing the children, and pointing to a window close by, which was partly open at the bottom, "there is a poor sick woman in that room; I fear she is dying, and the noise you are making disturbs her: will you not, like good boys, go farther away?"

The little fellows stopped at once, and without a word resumed their walk towards home.

They had gone some distance in silence, when Charlie, the younger of the two suddenly stopped and looked up into his brother's face.

"Willie," he asked, "do you think that woman knows anything about the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"I don't know," replied Willie in a puzzled tone, "the gentleman didn't say that."

"But he said she might die," broke in Charlie; "O Willie, wouldn't it be an awful thing if she died without knowing about Him? We ought to go back and say something to her."

"They hesitated for a moment, then turning, retraced their steps to the house they had so lately quitted; there was no pretty garden in front of it, or even an area railing to separate it from the street; while the window to which the gentleman had pointed came close down upon the footway. Stealing softly to the spot, Charlie put his mouth to the opening, and said, in his clear, childish voice, "Poor sick woman, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved." Then, half frightened at what they had done, the children darted away and were quickly out of sight. Nobody had seen them, nobody either in the house within, or in the street outside, knew they had been there—nobody but God, whose Holy Spirit had put it into little Charlie's heart to carry that message of mercy and love to one who was in sad need of comfort.

It was late on the following afternoon that the same clergyman, Mr. S., once more entered the room of the woman he had believed dying. The snow lay white and thick on the streets, and the frost was unthawed upon the window panes; yet within that sick chamber was something which told of a wonderful change since the day before.

"You seem better to-day," said Mr. S., as he seated himself beside the bed on which his poor friend lay, her thin, wasted face looking very calm and peaceful.

"Yes," was the reply, "a thousand times better; better both in body and soul. O sir! I have such a strange thing to tell you. You know

how bad I was yesterday, and how afraid to die, because I had been such a sinner; and all you said about God sending his own Son from Heaven to save me did not seem to do me any good. Do you not remember?"

Yes, Mr. S. remembered well the poor woman's distress, as she told him it was of no use talking to her, for there was no mercy for her, no hope either in this world or the next; and he remembered, too, his own deep sorrow as he turned away, feeling that his words had failed to shed one ray of peace or comfort round that dying bed.

"Well," continued the woman, I know you will not believe it when I tell you; most likely you will think it was my poor head which was a bit astray; yet it is as true as that you are sitting in that chair. After you had left me, there came an angel to that window there, and said to me, 'Poorsick woman, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved.' Those were his very words, and they went straight down to my heart, for they were just what I wanted; it must have been the Lord Himself who sent him; and now I do believe in Him, for I know he has saved me and taken away all my sins."

What could the good minister say? He did not know who had spoken these words. Of course he did not for a moment suppose that a real angel had come down from Heaven; nor did he find out till long afterwards that it was little Charlie's voice which had come through the open window, bringing such light and joy to the poor sufferer inside; but he saw that the once hard proud-spirited woman had been led a humble believer to the feet of the Lord Jesus; and he knew whoever had been the bearer of that message, God alone had been the sender of it. What could he do, then, but go down upon his knees by that sick bedside, and pour out his heart in thankfulness to the gracious Heavenly Father for His mercy to one who had long refused to hear His Word, or believe His Gospel.

Such is the story. Dear children, as you read it, will not each of you ask God to make you like little Charlie, His messenger of peace and comfort to somebody in want or sorrow?—*Harriet S. Carson, in English Tract.*

WAITING ON GOD.

"Waiting on God?" It is sitting down
By the way to rest awhile,
And learning the secret of perfect peace
In the light of a Father's smile.
It is ceasing to look with anxious eye
On the trials of coming days.
It is leaving the present to God alone
With a heart overflow of praise.
It is never a thought of "how" or "why"
In the matters of daily life;
It is simply letting Him take His way
Through the midst of all care and strife.
It is leaving every thing in His hands
To do as He seeth best;
Assured that He never can make mistakes,
Ah, *this* is the perfect rest!

REFINED SILVER.

By R. R. J. EMMERSON, SACKVILLE, N. S.



HE refiner sits by his melting pot,
With eye intent and with ready hand ;
From the molten silver his face turns not ;
Great drops of sweat on his forehead stand.

Tho' at sevenfold heat the furnace glows,
Ceaselessly still the fuel he plies ;
The strenuous fan knows no repose
But urges the flames as they leap and rise.

Anon o'er the dusky, shimmering disc,
Framed by the crucibles' ardent rim,
Shapeless shadows, frolic and whisk ;
Magical, mystical, images skim.

Surely now, the metal is purged !
Surely now, the fan may rest !
But to ardor more fervent the coals are urged,
And a closer gaze to the work addressed,

Till all the spectral visions fade
Like mists of night at the breath of morn ;
And clear from the depths of the flying shade,
The workman's reflected visage is born.

The work is finished ! That image attests
The metal worthy a master's skill ;
The eager flames cease their cleansing quests ;
The song of their travail at length is still.

And thou, who art pain-worn and weary of heart,
Learn the sweet lesson and joy in the fire,
That proves and explores each inward part,
And fits for what service the Lord may require.

The tear may start and the spirit faint ;
As in-breaking waters may be thy grief ;
Yet while there lingers one spot or taint,
Pray not the great Trier to give relief.

If He love thee much, He will leave thee not,
Till thy soul gives back to His loving eyes
His own bright image ; then happy thy lot,
A glad new strength in thy life shall arise.

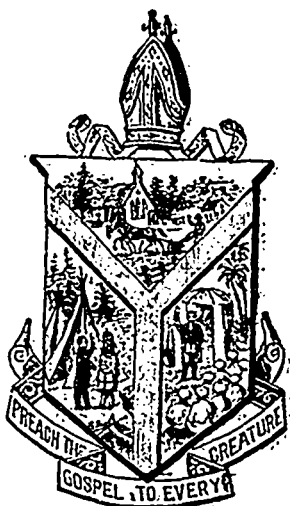
A vessel of honor, of beauty, of use,
Meet for the Mightiest's high employ,
To thy seeking, no blessing his love shall refuse,
Rest will be weariness ; all labor, joy.

It is the fashion in some quarters to scoff at missionaries, to receive their reports with incredulity, to look at them at best as no more than harmless enthusiasts, proper subjects for pity, if not for ridicule. The records of missionary work in South Africa must be a blank page to those by whom such ideas are entertained. We owe it to our missionaries that the whole region has been opened up. Apart from their special service as preachers, they have done important work as pioneers of civilization, as geographers, as contributors to philological research. Of those that have taken part in this, Moffatt's name is not the best known. Moffatt, it may be said, has labored, and other men have entered into his labor. Livingstone has come after him, and has gone beyond him and has linked his memory forever with the records of the South African Church. The progress of South Africa has been mainly due to men of Moffatt's stamp. In him, as in David Livingstone, it is hard to say which character has predominated, that of the missionary proper or that of the teacher and guide. Certain it is that, apart from the special stimulus

they felt as proclaimers of the Gospel message, they would never have thrown themselves as they did into the work to which their lives were consecrated. It was by no zeal for the spread of civilization on its own account that they passed weary years laboring and teaching among savage tribes, amid dangers of every kind, amid privations of which they themselves made light, but which only a sense of their high spiritual mission could have prompted them to face and undergo.—*London Times.*

THERE are vast regions of the earth which once resounded with Allelujahs to Christ the King of Glory, that are now dumb to His praise. Of the Church in North Africa, which at one time counted nearly 200 dioceses, nothing remains. And why is this? Because, like Meroz, of old, it refused to go to the help of the Lord against the mighty. It made no effort, worthy of its position, that Christ might see of the travail of His soul amongst the surrounding heathen, and be glorified in their salvation. And so faith failed, and grace withered away from the Church in North Africa. And the records of its downfall exist to this day as a warning to ourselves. For God will not tolerate neutrality now-a-days, any more than in the days of old. As it was with the people of Meroz, the Church of Laodicea, and the Church of North Africa, so will it be with the Church of England, if she does not faithfully fulfil her office as a Missionary Church. And what is thus true of Churches is also true of individual members of the Church. There are none in a more perilous position than those who are Christian in name but not in spirit, who aid the Church in her missionary work neither by their prayers, their goodwill, nor their money. If we stand aloof, if from want of faith, dislike of trouble, love of ease, love of money, or from any other worldly or selfish motive, we do not help the missionaries, then we may look for nothing less than the curse which fell upon the faithless of old, a curse which will bring leanness to our souls, and hardness to our hearts, which will cleave to us here, and from which there will be no escape hereafter. It is not for us, the followers of the Crucified, the professors of a faith founded in self-sacrifice, to be selfish.

THE late Rev. Albert Barnes, who has left a very excellent, plain, practical commentary on the several books of the new Testament, says: "We have always thought that there are Christian minds and hearts that would find more edification in the forms of worship in the Episcopal Church than in any other. We have never doubted that many of the purest flames of devotion that rise from the earth, ascend from the altars of that Church and that many of the purest spirits that the earth contains minister at those altars, or breathe forth their prayers and praises in language consecrated to the use of piety for centuries."



Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society OF THE Church of England in Canada.

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

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The next meeting of the Board of Management is appointed to be held in Montreal, Que., on Wednesday, Sept. 11th, 1889.

The Canadian Church Magazine AND MISSION NEWS.

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

TERMS:—ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
Back numbers to a limited extent can be supplied. Liberal terms for localizing as a Parish Magazine given on application.

REV. CHAS. H. MOCKRIDGE, D. D., Editor and Manager, Windsor, N. S.

REV. J. C. COX, B. A., Business Agent, Grimsby, Ont.

JULY, 1889.

THE Editor requests all communications to be addressed to him at Windsor, Nova Scotia, to which place he has removed.

We are now in a position to supply back numbers of the CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE AND MISSION NEWS from its first numbers. Vol. I., July, '86—Dec., '87 (18 numbers) \$1.50. Vol. II., Jan.—Dec. '88, \$1.00. When bound these make handsome volumes. Covers for binding for Vol. I. and Vol. II. may also be had on application at fifty cents each.

THE Montreal Theological College is hoping, through its Principal, Rev. Dr. Henderson, to undertake the education of French students so that they may do the work of evangelization among the French speaking people. This is an important step in the right direction.

MRS. BOOMER, of the London Woman's Auxiliary, is pleading for the Auxiliary to take charge of the education of the daughters of missionaries who are laboring either in the foreign or domestic field.

ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL, Kingston, Ontario, is to be enlarged, and to some extent, modernized.

THE Rev. E. F. Wilson and his Indian children at the Shingwauk Home sent \$17 that they had saved by self-denial last Lent, to Miss Brown, who was sent out to the Blackfoot Reserve, Diocese of Calgary, by the Woman's Auxiliary.

LORD ADELBERT CECIL, the well known preacher of Plymouth Brethrenism, was drowned on the 12th of June at Adolphustown, Ont. He was a son of the late Marquis of Exeter.

THE American papers seem quite pleased and relieved when a clergyman is found who will accept a bishopric.

LAURA BRIDGEMAN, lately deceased, could neither hear, speak nor see, and yet, through the medium of touch only, she was proved to be possessed of strong intellectual power. How strange the world must have seemed to her! And is it

not quite within reason to suppose that at the resurrection a sixth sense, added to the five that we now possess, may give that power and strength to the risen body which is spoken of by St. Paul. What an addition of one more sense would have done for Laura Bridgeman! May we not all be an intellectual power struggling under some great disability yet to be removed? "There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body." What may not that spiritual body be?

THE destruction of Johnstown, in the United States, by the floods of water that descended upon it is one of the horrors of a century. A large, flourishing town wiped out of existence and the dead counted by the thousands! No more ghastly pictures were ever drawn by Dore than the scenes depicted after that terrible disaster.

DR. CHRISTLIEB, the distinguished professor at Bonn, Germany, well says: "To-day the Portuguese can no longer maintain that the Hottentots are a race of apes, incapable of Christianization. You can no longer find written over church doors in Cape Colony, 'Dogs and Hottentots not admitted,' as at the time when Dr. Vanderkemp fought there for the rights of the down-trodden natives. To-day no one could be found to agree with the French Governor of the island of Bourbon, who called out to the first missionary of Madagascar, 'So you will make the Malagasy Christians? Impossible! They are mere brutes, and have no more senses than irrational cattle,' since there are hundreds of evangelical congregations established there which have now, counting those only of the London Mission, 386 ordained native pastors, 186 native evangelists, and 3,468 lay preachers and Bible readers."

A LEARNED Brahmin, at the close of a lecture by Dr. Chamberlain, a missionary clergyman and physician, in the presence of nearly two hundred Brahmins, officials, students and others, said:—

"I have watched the missionaries and seen what they are. What have they come to this country for? What tempts them to leave their parents, friends and country, and come to this, to them, unhealthy clime? Is it for gain or profit that they come? Some of us, country clerks in government offices, receive larger salaries than they. Is it for an easy life? See how they work and then tell me.

"Look at the missionary. He came here a few years ago, leaving all, and for our good! He was met with cold looks and suspicious glances. He sought to talk with us of what, he told us, was the matter of most importance in heaven and earth; but we would not hear. He was not discouraged; he opened a dispensary, and we said, 'Let the pariahs (lowest caste people) take his medicine, we won't;' but in the time of our sickness and our fear we were glad to go to him, and he welcomed

us. We complained at first if he walked through our Brahmin streets; but ere long, when our wives and daughters were in sickness and languish, we went and begged him to come—even into our inner apartments—and he came, and our wives and daughters now smile upon us in health! Has he made any money by it? Even the cost of the medicine he has given has not been returned to him.

“Now what is it that makes him do all this for us? It is the Bible! I have looked into it a great deal in different languages I chance to know. It is the same in all languages. The Bible! there is nothing to compare with it, in all our sacred books, for goodness and purity, and holiness and love, and for motives of action. Where did the English people get their intelligence and energy and cleverness and power? It is the Bible that gives it to them. And they now bring it to us and say, ‘That is what raised us; take it and raise yourselves.’ They do not force it upon us, as did the Mohammedans with their Koran, but they bring it in love and say, ‘Look at it, read it, examine it, and see if it is not good.’ Of one thing I am convinced: Do what we will, oppose it as we may, it is the Christian Bible that will, sooner or later, work the regeneration of our land!”

SAYS the distinguished Archdeacon Farrar: “To sneer at missionaries—a thing so cheap and so easy to do—has always been the fashion of libertines and cynics and worldlings. So far from having failed, there is no work of God which has received so absolute, so unprecedented a blessing. To talk of missionaries as a failure is to talk at once like an ignorant and a faithless man.”

WILMOT, the infidel, when dying, laid his trembling, emaciated hands upon the Sacred Volume, and exclaimed solemnly, and with unwonted energy, “The only objection against this Book is a bad life.” We will not say that all of those who declare that the work commanded and blessed by the Divine Author of the Book is a failure are men of evil lives, but the evidence is abundant that a great many of them are.

A SAINT is often under a cross, but never under the curse.

OBITUARY.

The Rev. William W. Walker died in St. John, N. B., on the 17th of May last in his 87th year. He was born in Annapolis, Nova Scotia, of Loyalist parents, was educated at King's College, Windsor, and was ordained to the ministry in 1827. He served for a short time in St. Margaret's Bay, and afterwards at Charlottetown and St. Thomas, P. E. I. In 1830 he was appointed to the Rectorship of Hampton, and discharged the duties of pastor of that parish until 1883. In its early his-

tory, with poor roads, a large district of country, and services held at widely different missions, Rev. Mr. Walker had severe and arduous duties to perform, but he performed them cheerfully, faithfully and acceptably, and in his long pastorate made hosts of faithful friends. It was his boast that he had in his more than half a century pastorate never taken but one short holiday, when in 1855 he visited the United States. Of late years he had resided with his son, Dr. Thomas Walker, of St. John.

“The Walkers,” says the *St. John Glob*, “came to the Maritime Provinces with the New Jersey Loyalists. They are descendents on the father's side of the Pendrell family, by whom Charles the Second was hidden in the oak tree at Boscobel. The pursuing soldiers searched the Pendrell house, but failed to find the fugitive king. The old home is still standing, and a part of the allowance made to the family for their loyalty was an inheritance of the deceased clergyman. Rev. Mr. Walker died at a ripe old age, simply of natural decay, having filled up the measure of a very active and useful life, and leaving behind him a memory which men will respect and cherish.

AN APPEAL TO THE FRIENDS OF INDIAN MISSIONS.

“Take this child away and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages.”—Exodus ii, 9.

DEAR FRIENDS,—For some time past it has been more and more evident that, if our Indian races are to be saved from spiritual and moral ruin, and from the destitution which threatens to destroy them, the Church of Christ must make new and greater efforts on their behalf.

While it is not the office of the Church to relieve the Government of its treaty obligations to alleviate the poverty of the Indians and to promote their advancement in temporal things and secular education, it is manifestly the duty of the Church to countenance and assist in this good work whenever it can do so with due regard to its special functions, and in the spirit of the Gospel.

In fulfilling its treaty obligations, the Dominion Government has, of late years, adopted the wise policy of inviting the aid of the Christian Church in civilizing and educating some of the tribes by means of industrial schools. These are placed under the management of some particular missionary society, the Government giving a grant in aid of greater or less amount, but, with some exceptions, calling for a considerable expenditure of Mission funds. Considering how much, by God's blessing, may be done in arousing and developing the spiritual life of the pupils during the time they are under instruction, and the influence for good they may exercise after leaving, it is felt that the friends of Missions may count it a privilege to assist in the maintenance of these schools.

The results of the work in the few schools now

at work have been so satisfactory that arrangements have been made for opening one for eighty pupils from the various reserves in Manitoba. The institution will be near Winnipeg, and under the control of the Bishop of Rupert's Land, by whom the undersigned has been appointed as the first Principal.

It is proposed to teach the boys farming and different industries, and the girls such things as are likely to fit them for domestic service and civilized life. Above all, it will be the aim of the managers to make the school a real Christian home to which all may look back as a place of spiritual awakening and Divine blessing.

Contributions of money, clothing or other gifts in aid of this important work will be thankfully received and acknowledged by the undersigned.

It is especially hoped that Sunday Schools and branches of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society may be led by God to sympathise with and assist this effort.

Any enquiries will be gladly answered by the undersigned, to whom all communications may be addressed.

Earnestly praying that God may bless this work of His, and raise up many fellow-workers with Him,

I remain, dear friends,

Yours, in the Master's service,

WM. A. BURMAN, B. D.

Sioux Mission, Griswold, Manitoba.

DAY BY DAY AT THE SHINGWAUK.

FROM "OUR FOREST CHILDREN."

HHE school bell has just struck nine; the morning children have trooped into the school and taken their places; morning workers are at their various employments; Mr. Dowler is in the accountant's office, making a set of labels for the boys' lockers. I am in my private office, deep in pen, ink, paper and thoughts. A knock at the door: "Come in." A pencil note folded and dog-eared is handed me by an Indian boy. "Mr. Dowler he sent it." I scribble the answer on the back and the boy takes it back. Another knock at the door. This time the farm man. "Please sir, can you give me an order for the things you wanted up town?" I take my order book and scratch off the order with a blue chalk pencil and hand it to him. Two sewing machines are whirring in the next room, that apartment being class room and tailor shop in one. "Francis," I call—directly there comes a pause in the whirring. Francis knocks and opens the door. "You had better put a little more wood on the fire, please, Francis." Francis gets the wood and makes the fire up. Rather a heavy thump at the door this time, and Mr. Dowler appears. "This is P's account, Mr. Wilson, if you have time to settle it." "I am very busy just now, Mr. Dowler, but if you will leave it, I will send him the money up town, either

to-day or to-morrow." "Very well. And excuse me, but H. wants an order for some small bolts, and Mrs. M. wanted some rolled oatmeal. Shall I give the order?" "Yes, please, for the bolts, but I will see about the oatmeal this afternoon when I go to the Wawanosh." "Thank you, and when you have time would you look at Riley's work in the Dormitory? I don't know whether it will suit you." "All right, Mr. Dowler, I will be up there at noon."

"Amos!" I call. No answer. The machines are whirring. "Amos!"—Amos knocks and opens the door. "Please take this note to Miss Pigot for me, and wait for an answer."

In a little while Amos returns. "Miss Pigot, she says she is very much obliged to you, and she tell me to tell you his medicine all gone, Sharpe." "All right, Amos."

About 11 o'clock I make the medicine and take it over to the hospital. "Well, Miss Pigot, how are your boys to day?" "Oh, I think they are pretty well; Johnson has a little headache and feels rather chilly, so I made the fire up. Do you think it would hurt Sharpe to get up to-day?" "Well, Sharpe, how are you?" I say, rubbing his black hair with my hand. Sharpe grins all over and says, "First rate." He has been sick nearly two months and is only just getting well. "Do you think you could knock me down yet?" I ask. "I guess so." "Well, Miss Pigot, I think he might get up for a little, but you must keep him warm, the wind is chilly outside." "Oh yes, I will keep him warm; he shall run no risk of taking a chill. Is he to keep on with his quinine?" "Yes, please."

From the hospital I cross the wide stretch of land between our front road and the river. We are having it levelled and graded, and six or seven men and two teams are hard at work. After a few words with these men, I cross to the carpenter shop, then to the weaver where dyeing is going on; then to the boot shop; then back again to my office. It is time to copy the letters and put them up for the mail. I have barely done this when the 12 o'clock bell rings, and Abram, the mail-carrier, a boy about 17, knocks at the door. He has the mail bag in his hand, the letters and packets are poured in, the bag locked, and off Abram goes on the pony 'Fly.' Then I turn again to my papers and pens. Tick-tick-tick—tick-tick-tick—tick-tick-tick—tick-tick-tick—The initiated know that this means "S H, S H,"—the telegraph call for my office. The instrument is on a shelf just at my back, and I twist round on my screw-chair and respond, tick-tick, tick-tick, tick-tick, tick-tick—tick-tick-tick-tick,—which means "I, I, I,—S H"—that is—"I, I, I am here in my office waiting to hear what you have to say." The telegram delivers itself—From Albert Sahguy, Captain's room, to Mr. Wilson. "Please, is there to be inspection to-day?" I repeat the question to show that I understand it—which is the best way for amateurs.

Sahgij says "O. K., sig. A. S., 7"—which means all right, followed by his signature and the number of words in the sentence. Finding it to be all right, I respond "O. K., sig. E. F. W." Then I give him my answer, "No, not to-day; all keep at work." After "O. K." again on both sides, and signature, I say, "G. N." (good night), and Sahgij responds "G. N." That means, I am leaving the key;—we always say, "good night" on the telegraph for this—whatever time it may be.

It is lunch time. The mail bag has just been brought in and is lying on the floor by my arm chair. Myself and family are busy at the table. A knock at the door. "See who it is," I say to one of my olive branches. "It is Joe, father." "Well, Joe, what is it?" "Please can you come at once, Kiyoshk, his bone come right out." I step outside the door and close it after me. "What do you mean, Joe?" "Kiyoshk, his bone come right out; he got hurt pretty bad; come right out his shoulder." I go down with him to the office and find the little fellow, Kiyoshk, sitting on the edge of a chair, shedding tears, moaning piteously, and holding up his left arm with his right hand. "How did he get hurt?" I ask. "On the truck; the truck ran off the track and the boys fell off." Two or three boys have followed me in, and a pack of little chaps are peering in with their black eyes through the half open door. "Well, Joe, you can go to your work," I say. (Joe is a bootmaker) "and please tell Arthur to come and help me." Then I take little Kiyoshk into my private office, and very carefully and gently we remove his coat, which happily is a loose one. Then I try a pair of scissors, and the little fellow (he is ten years old) screams when he sees them; thinks that I am going to cut his arm off. But I re-assured him with a few words in Indian, and in a few moments I have ripped his shirt sleeve from wrist to neck, and also his under-vest. Now the mischief is visible—he has dislocated his shoulder, the ball of the arm bone being down in the armpit, instead of in its socket. I call in the services of Mr. Dowler to help hold the child, and Abram to help pull the arm. In a little while I have the little fellow adjusted; a long roller towel with a slit in it for the injured arm is passed round his chest and tied to the door handle. Mr. Dowler holds the little chap; Abram and Arthur pull steadily at the arm in the opposite direction, and I stand behind ready to slip it into place. We all speak kindly to the little fellow, and tell him to be brave. "Now then, boys, pull—very steadily, —but whatever you do don't slack up unless I tell you." The boys did their part well—the little fellow behaves bravely, and we are all glad to hear the click as the ball of the bone once more slips into the socket. I bandage his arm to his side, and send him over to the hospital to Miss Pigot's care. My horse is waiting, and I have to rush the remainder of my lunch, glance hastily through my letters, and then off to Wawanosh. Such and such like is our daily life at the Shingwauk.

WHY AM I NOT A CHRISTIAN?

Is it because I am afraid of ridicule? "Who-soever shall be ashamed of Me and my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed."

Is it because of the inconsistencies of professing Christians? "Every man shall give an account of himself to God."

Am I not willing to give up all to Christ? "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Am I afraid that I shall not be accepted? "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

Is it for fear I am too great a sinner? "The blood of Jesus Christ, His son, cleanseth us from all sin."

Is it because I fear I shall not "hold out?" "He hath begun a good work in you, will perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ."

Am I thinking I will do as well as I can, and that God ought to be satisfied with that? "Who-soever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point he is guilty of all."

Is it because I am postponing the matter without any definite reason? "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

THE MARTYRS OF UGANDA.

THE painful intelligence of the massacre of the native Christians in Uganda, by King Mwanga, who murdered the excellent and devoted Bishop Hannington, has been confirmed by later accounts. The first victim was speared to death, partly by the king himself; another was hacked to pieces, and another was clubbed to death; but the greater part of the victims, after being tortured in various ways, were burned. Some of these martyrs died confessing their faith, and exhorting their executioners to repent of sin and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.

After the massacre the head executioner reported to the king that he had never killed men who showed such fortitude and endurance, and that they had prayed to God in the fire. The wicked persecutor replied: "God did not rescue them from my power." More native Christians are in hiding than those who have been put to death; but a number of these are specially marked for fire if they can be found, and the tyrannical and cruel king seems determined that all who have become Christians shall suffer, with the exception of a very few who are exceedingly useful to him as artisans. Some of the martyred ones could have escaped, but they preferred to seal their testimony with their blood. A number of those who have fled could not be persuaded to escape until after the missionaries had said that it was right to do so, and that even St. Paul, when persecuted in one place, escaped to another.

Even while the fierce persecution was raging in

the capital of Uganda, the missionaries were visited at the dead of night by one and another not yet baptized, seeking further instruction and pleading to be admitted into the Christian Church by baptism; and while the massacres were going on no less than twenty persons were baptized in secret in the night time. So the anguish of the missionaries at the slaughter of some, and the burning of others of the Christians, was mingled with rejoicing and thanksgiving at their faithful witnessing for Christ, and at the eager desire of others, even at such a time to become the baptized followers of our Lord. About two hundred in all have been put to death by this African Nero, though not all of them were professing Christians. Some were only inquirers and readers of Christian books.

That there are many possessing the true martyr spirit in the old Church of England as well as in this infant Church in Africa, is evident from the fact that within a few weeks after the intelligence of the massacre of Bishop Hannington and the native Christians in Uganda reached London, the Church Missionary Society received the offer of upwards of fifty men for the same field, and a new bishop and about a dozen new missionaries have already been sent out.

SELF-SACRIFICING DEVOTION OF CHURCH OF ENGLAND MEN AND WOMEN IN WEST AFRICA.

THE Society which carries on the most extensive missionary operations in Africa, is the English Church Missionary Society. It has large missions at Sierra Leone, the Niger Territory, the Yoruba country, and in Eastern Equatorial Africa, from Mombasa to Uganda. Soon after the organization of the Society missionaries were sent to West Africa, and when Sierra Leone became an English colony it was made the principal field of the Society's operations on that coast. The living cargoes of the slave ships which English cruisers captured were taken to this colony, and to them the climate was not unsuited, but it proved to be so fatal to Europeans that the expressive title the "White Man's Grave," was given to the region. Missionaries dropped in the first rank, but others came forward to take their places and fell in their turn.

In a work entitled "The English Church in Other Lands," it is stated that "in the first twenty years of the existence of the mission, fifty-three missionaries, men and women, died at their post;" but these losses seemed to draw out new zeal, and neither then, nor at any subsequent period, has there been much difficulty in filling up the ranks of the Sierra Leone Mission, or of the others established on the same coast. The first three bishops—Vidal, Weeks and Bowen—died within eight years of the creation of the See, and yet there has been no difficulty in keeping up the succession.

The present results are a sufficient reward for all the self-sacrificing devotion. There is now at Sierra Leone a self-sustaining and self-extending African Church. The only white clergyman in the colony is Bishop Ingram, the whole of the pastoral work being in the hands of native clergymen. Many native missionaries, both clerical and lay, have been furnished for the Niger and Yoruba missions. A very recent publication of the Church Missionary Society, says: "The Society's work in West Africa is now represented by 25,000 adherents, under seven European missionaries, 40 native clergymen (one of whom is an honored bishop of many years standing), 9,000 communicants, 7,000 scholars in 90 schools and seminaries, and by 1,228 baptisms in the last year."

Woman's Auxiliary Department.

"The love of Christ constraineth us."

Communications relating to this Department should be addressed to Mrs. Tilton, 251 Cooper Street, Ottawa.

HURON DIOCESE.

An interesting meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary in this diocese was held at Bishopstowe on the 6th ult. The meeting was addressed by Miss Campbell, a lady missionary from China who is travelling in the States and Canada. Miss Campbell is attached to a Mission in China which was started some years ago by a Mr. Taylor who began life as a doctor, going to China when his education was completed, to work as a missionary. Since then he has been singularly successful in his work in China, both as regards workers and friends. Miss Campbell stated that all contributions to Mr. Taylor's mission have been unsolicited offerings in answer to prayer. The workers, Miss Campbell explained, were of all ranks in life and of different Protestant denominations as well as some members of the Church of England. His Lordship, the Bishop, was in the chair and the meeting seemed to give much pleasure to the members of the Auxiliary.

The monthly meeting of the Auxiliary was held at Bishopstowe, London, on Monday afternoon, April 29th, the Lord Bishop of the diocese in the chair. The report of the Treasurer for the past two months was most satisfactory. The formation of a new branch was reported; this is a joint branch formed by three missions, viz., Haysville, Wilmot and New Hamburg, and is called the Wilmot Branch; meetings are to be held alternately in each mission. A letter from the President of the branch at Forest was read, in which she said that their members were much benefitted by the copious notes taken by their delegates at the annual meeting held in London in March and felt much encouraged in the work. The Juvenile Branch had set to work in earnest, the girls having

orders from the confectionery for home made candy and the boys planting flowers and vegetables, the proceeds of the sale of which would be devoted to missions. The Cathedral Branch reported four sacks, valued at \$126, as having been sent by them during the month of April to the Rev. George Holmes, Lesser Slave Lake, \$20 of which was the work of the Juvenile Branch of the above association. On April 22nd two sacks valued at \$65 were sent by the Central Branch to the Rev. J. Gough Brick, Peace River. The Treasurer of the Branch at St. Jude's Church, Brantford, reported that they had subscribed \$10 toward's Mr. Trivett's building fund at Fort McLeod.

A vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Eugene Stock, Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, for the gift of a number of books from that Society to the Woman's Auxiliary of the Diocese of Huron. A standing vote expressing the pleasure felt by the members of the Auxiliary in welcoming again to their midst, after an absence of many months in England, Mrs. Whitehead, Diocesan Secretary of the Auxiliary, and Miss Whitehead, Treasurer of the Flower Mission, was also passed, and a hearty vote of thanks was extended to Mrs. Talbot Macbeth for the very efficient manner in which she had acted as secretary during Mrs. Whitehead's absence.

There will be no meeting of the Central Branch again until autumn. So far the progress of the Woman's Auxiliary in this diocese has been most encouraging.

DIocese OF QUEBEC.

The annual meeting of the Diocesan Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary was held in the parish rooms of St. Matthew's School House on Friday, the 17th of May.

The Diocesan Committee was well represented, and delegates from Richmond and Melbourne, Compton and Inverness were present. Interesting and encouraging reports and letters were read from nearly all the Branches.

The following resolutions were adopted:—

That Mrs. Von Iffland be requested to continue to act for Mrs. Williams during her absence.

That Miss Hamilton be elected Treasurer in place of Miss Forsyth, resigned.

That Mrs. Colin Sewell be elected Secretary in place of Mrs. Macpherson, resigned, and Miss Tillie Shaw, Assistant Secretary. Mrs. Sewell refused. Mrs. Macpherson is still acting.

The Secretary's report was read and adopted.

The Secretary of the Quebec Diocesan Branch has much pleasure in stating that the work of the Woman's Auxiliary has been most successful throughout the diocese during the past year. Increased zeal in missionary work has been shown by every Parochial Branch, assisted greatly by the Juniors. The result of the whole labor has been truly wonderful. That good and substantial work

has been done by all will be readily seen by the following report of the Diocesan Treasurer:—

DIOCESAN TREASURER'S REPORT.

Receipts from Sept., 1888, to April, 1889.

	ALGOMA.	FOREIGN.	DOMESTIC.	TOTAL.
Fair held Sept. \$	\$147 31	\$147 32	\$294 63
St. Michael's...	40 50	14 48	24 62	79 60
Compton.....	5 00	5 00
West Frampton.....	1 00	1 00
St. Matthew's..	104 99	35 50	135 10	275 50
The Cathedral.	55 55	11 00	44 25	110 80
St. Peter's.....	20 00	25 00	35 00	80 00
Cookshire.....	10 00	10 00
Sherbrooke....	40 00	40 00
St. Paul's.....	11 05	11 06	22 11
				<u>\$918 64</u>
The Lennoxville Branch sent direct to the Wawanosh Home.....				50 00
Windsor Mills sent direct to the Treasurer for Foreign and Domestic Missions.....				5 00
				<u>\$55 00</u>

BARRELS, NUMBER AND VALUE.

St. Matthew's, 4.....	\$272 00
The Cathedral, 24.....	320 00
Lennoxville, 2.....	65 00
Inverness, 1 box.....	21 78
West Frampton, parcel.....	4 00
St. Michael's, 2.....	151 80
St. Peter's, 1.....	65 00
St. Paul's, 1.....	30 00
	<u>\$929 58</u>

Total Receipts.....\$1,913 22

TREASURER'S ACCOUNT.

Received from members for Mr. Foote's account.....	\$12 00
“ “ “ “ St. Paul's.....	50
“ “ “ “ St. Peter's.....	1 00
“ “ “ “ St. Michael's.....	1 00
“ “ “ “ Cathedral.....	4 00
	<u>\$18 50</u>

PAYMENTS.

Mr. Foote's account.....	\$11 00
Postage, etc.....	1 00
On hand.....	6 50
	<u>\$18 50</u>

A. BELL FORSYTH,
Diocesan Treasurer Woman's Auxiliary.

ONTARIO DIOCESE.

The annual meeting of the Ontario Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Domestic and Foreign Missions was held in Carleton Place Wednesday and Thursday, 5th and 6th of June. Divine service was held in St. James' Church, at which the delegates and others—about sixty in all—were present. The Missionary Litany was said by Rev. A. Jarvis, Rector. A sermon was delivered by the Ven. Archdeacon of Ottawa, and followed by a celebration of the Holy Communion.

The work of the delegates commenced in the afternoon by a meeting held in St. Andrew's Hall, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. The meeting opened with prayer by the rector and a hymn. Mrs. Tilton, the President, was in the

chair. An address of welcome was read by Miss MacCallum of Carleton Place, and responded to by Mrs. B. Buxton Smith, of Kingston, 2nd Vice President.

Delegates were present from Ottawa, Kingston, Prescott, Brockville, Morrisburg, Carleton Place, Camden East and Gloucester. The President read her annual address. The Recording and Corresponding Secretaries furnished their reports, showing a steady increase of members. New branches during the year have been formed in Pembroke, Napanee, Hawkesbury, Janeville, Belleville and St. Peter's, Brockville, making a total of 23, representing 31 parishes in the diocese.

The Treasurer reported the sum of \$1,029.61 in money and \$1,779.75 value in boxes sent to missionaries, making a grand total of \$2,809.36.

Interesting papers were read by Miss Gildersleeve, of Kingston, on "Mission Work in Egypt and the Holy Land," and by Mrs. Saunders, of Prescott, on "Child Life in India." Mrs. Boomer, of London, Ont., brought forward a scheme for the education of the children of our far-away missionaries.

The members of the new Board for the year are:—President, Mrs. Tilton, 1st Vice-President, Mrs. Grant Powell, 2nd Vice President, Mrs. B. B. Smith, Corresponding Secretary, Miss A. B. Yielding; Recording Secretary, Mrs. W. J. Muckleston, Dorcas Secretary, Mrs. McLeod Moore; Treasurer, Mrs. R. V. Rogers; Committee on Literature, Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Rothwell, Secretary for Children's Guild, Miss Reiffenstein.

The delegates to the Triennial meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary to be held in Montreal on the 11th and 12th of September, are:—Mrs. R. V. Rogers and Mrs. McLeod Moore; substitutes, Mrs. Lewin and Mrs. W. J. Muckleston.

A public meeting was held on Wednesday evening and notwithstanding the heavy rain, was largely attended. The chair was taken by the Archdeacon of Ottawa, who opened the meeting with prayer. The musical part of the programme was efficiently rendered by the choir of St. James' Church. Addresses were made by the Rev. Messrs. Pollard and Owen Jones, of Ottawa, and Mrs. Smitheman, of Stafford, who had been engaged in missionary work in India and Assam. Mrs. Boomer also read a paper upon the education of our missionaries' children. A vote of thanks to the speakers was moved by Mrs. Tilton, seconded by Mrs. Crawford, of Brockville. The Archdeacon of Ottawa, both in his address in the church and at the public meeting, encouraged the members of the Auxiliary by showing that though in its infancy, the blessing of God had been made manifest, and he trusted the members would not rest until every Church woman of the diocese was a member of the Auxiliary, and thus become partaker of the blessings.

(Signed) HARRIET MUCKLESTON,
Recording Secretary.

Ottawa, June 10th, 1889.

OUR COUNTRYWOMEN IN PARIS.

FROM "THE CHRISTIAN."

May we ask for very earnest prayer for the efforts which are being put forth for our young countrywomen at the Paris Exhibition? Ever since last October, numbers of homeless, friendless young women, have been only too glad to avail themselves of openings in Paris, which offered apparently remunerative employment.

Whenever we have been able, we have discountenanced their coming, having the sad experiences of the last exhibition in too vivid remembrance.

Thus, in one of the bars devoted to selling intoxicating drinks only, out of sixteen young women, chosen for their attractive looks, no fewer than five were the orphan relatives of clergy and ministers; three of these were too glad to break their engagement, and return to England at our suggestion.

The saddest of all is, that anything like one hour of Sunday, or thoughts of God, becomes impossible. Sunday is their day of heaviest toil, and the tone of their whole life is to obliterate the fact that He is.

When one sees the effort which the world makes to propagate its faith, one is ashamed at the feeble response on behalf of a crucified Lord by those who owe Him much. We have several of our lady workers told off for this special branch, but we need more. We also still lack the means to clear the cost of our forty extra beds. May I add that I hope to be in Paris, and superintend this work myself, until August, and shall gladly welcome visits from our friends.

ADA M. LEWIS (nee LEIGH).

77, Avenue Wagram, Paris.

Books and Periodicals Dept.

Our Forest Children. The Rev. E. F. Wilson is indefatigable in his exertions in favor of the Indians in this country. His magazine is started on a new basis as a monthly periodical, illustrated, giving all kinds of useful information regarding the Indians and work amongst them. We commend this new effort as worthy of all support.

The Missionary Review of the World for July comes full of missionary intelligence and advocacy. Published by Funk and Wagnalls, 18 and 20 Astor Place, New York. \$2 per year; 25 cents for single numbers. In clubs of ten, \$1.50.

The Churchman: New York, M. H. Malory & Co., 37 Lafayette Place, New York. A weekly Church paper, now in its 45th year of publication, and well known as one of the best Church periodicals in existence. Subscription, \$3.50 a year; for clergymen, \$3.

Literature, An Illustrated Monthly Magazine: John B. Alden, Publisher, 393 Pearl St., New York.