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# THE CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE

AND MISSION NEWS

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Vol. III.

FEBRUARY, 1889.

No. 32

## HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

No. 32—ISAAC HELLMUTH, D. D., D. C. L.,  
SECOND BISHOP OF HURON.

**H**HE Right Rev. Isaac Hellmuth, D. D., D. C. L., was born near Warsaw, Poland, on the 14th of December, 1817. He is of Jewish descent, and received his education

at Breslau University. He renounced the Jewish faith and became a Christian in 1841, and came to Canada in 1844, bringing with him highest commendations from the Most Reverend Dr. Sumner, Archbishop of Canterbury and other eminent men. In 1846 he was ordained Deacon by the Bishop of Quebec, and was ordained priest also the same year. For the space of eight years he acted as Professor in the University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, and incumbent of St. Peter's Church, Sherbrooke. Afterwards Dr. Hellmuth was appointed Gen-

eral Superintendent for the Colonial and Continental Church Society in British America. He then removed to London, Ontario, Canada, and was appointed Archdeacon of Huron, and was first Principal and Divinity Professor of Huron College. He was afterwards appointed Rector of St. Paul's Cathedral and Dean of Huron. In the year 1871 he was elected by the Synod as Co-adjutor Bishop

of the Diocese of Huron, with the title of Bishop of Norfolk, and was consecrated in London by the Most Reverend the Metropolitan of Canada, assisted by the Bishops of Toronto, Ontario, Ohio and Michigan. On the decease of Bishop Cronyn, that same year, he became Bishop of Huron, which position he held until 1883. He then resigned the see of Huron, and was appointed suffragan Bishop in the Diocese of Ripon, England.

On the death of the Bishop of Ripon the office of suffragan ceased, and Bishop Hellmuth was subsequently appointed Rector of Bridlington, Yorkshire, England, which position he now holds. Among the literary works of Bishop Hellmuth are one on the Authenticity of the Pentateuch, and one on the Divine Dispensation, his crowning work being, however, a critical commentary on the Hebrew Scriptures. The labors of Bishop Hellmuth in the cause of higher education are well known. In conjunction with the first Bishop of Huron he established Huron College in 1863,

and was the first Principal and Divinity Professor thereof. In 1865 he established Hellmuth Boys' College, and in 1869 Hellmuth Ladies' College, one of the best schools to be found on either side of the Atlantic. In 1877 the Bishop, at the request of the alumni of Huron College, placed himself at the head of the movement to establish the western University of London, Ontario, and in



ISAAC HELLMUTH, D. D., D. C. L.  
Second Bishop of Huron.



CITY OF BRANTFORD, DIOCESE OF HURON, ONT.

1878 succeeded in obtaining a charter from the Provincial Parliament. Huron College subsequently became affiliated to the Western University, and a Medical Faculty was established with a full number of professors and about 60 students.

Bishop Hellmuth has been twice married, first to Catharine, daughter of General Evans, of the British Army, by whom he had two sons and one daughter. Mr. Isidore Hellmuth, the elder son, is a graduate with honors, of Cambridge, England and is now a barrister in London, Ontario. The second son died a few years since, and the daughter is married to Captain Glancy, of the Royal Engineers, British army. The Bishop is married again in England, to a lady of high standing.

The sudden resignation by Bishop Hellmuth of the see of Huron was a surprise to all, especially as he had put on foot a great many schemes for the future greatness of the diocese. Among these was a large cathedral with Chapter House for a full staff of canons and dignitaries to form the Dean and Chapter. A commencement only of this was made, but unforeseen difficulties seemed to intervene and the ideal was never realized beyond the acquisition of a site, and a small building erected thereon, now known as the Chapter House.

The Diocese of Huron is a large and wealthy part of the Province of Ontario, being its western portion. It has the cities of London (the see city), Brantford, St. Thomas and Stratford and numerous flourishing towns, villages and rural parishes. The city of Brantford comes next in importance to London, and is beautifully situated on the Grand River. Before long the diocese will have to be divided, as it is now in extent of territory and importance of Church work far beyond the strength of one bishop, be he never so vigorous and strong.

THE Moravian Mission on the Nushagak river, Alaska, is 5,000 miles from supplies and trained workmen. It was so cold there on the 18th of December, 1887, that the moisture in the smoke congealed and filled up the chimney with frost so that Mr. Wolf was compelled twice to go up on the roof and clear out the chimney so that the stove might draw.

WHEN Garibaldi had been defeated at Rome, he issued his immortal appeal: "Soldiers, I have nothing to offer you but cold and hunger and rags and hardship. Let him who loves his country follow me!" And thousands of the youth of Italy sprang to their feet at that high appeal. And will you,

the trustees of posterity,—will you turn your backs to the appeal of your Saviour Christ? I know that you will not. You cannot all be missionaries; but some of you may be called to that high work, and all of you may help it forward.—*Canon Farrar.*

## TWO MONTHS IN QU'APPELLE.

BY THE REV. A. J. BELT, M. A., RURAL DEAN.



THE Bishop of Qu'Appelle, being in great need of clergy for vacant missions in his Diocese, wrote to the Church papers in this part of Canada, asking some of the eastern clergy to volunteer for service in the "waste places" of that Territory during their vacations. Having long had a desire to see our great North-west, and thinking this would be a good opportunity to do so, and also to get some insight into the mission work and needs of the Church in that part of the Dominion, I applied for temporary duty, was accepted, and asked to take charge of the Mission of Fort Qu'Appelle during June and July.

Starting from Hamilton on the morning of June 1st and passing through Toronto *en route* our train reached Owen Sound in time for all lake-bound passengers to take the steamer *Alberta* (of the Canadian Pacific Railway) lying at the wharf close by the station. We left Owen Sound for Sault Ste. Marie and Port Arthur about 4 p. m., and spent two delightful days upon the water. The fittings of the boat are excellent, and the accommodation and attention all that could be desired. The two nights of the trip were spent upon the open waters of lakes Huron and Superior. The ride up the Sault Ste. Marie River as the steamer winds in and out amongst the islands, often within a stone's throw of the shore, is very picturesque. Lumbering is the chief enterprise on the Michigan side, as the many saw-mills we passed and well laden barges testified. The only stop made by the C. P. R. steamers *en passant* is at what is familiarly called, "The American Soo." This is a thriving town and is growing rapidly. Several buildings, of some pretensions, which one was able to inspect more fully on the return journey, are being erected. A battery is stationed on a piece



A CANADIAN HOMESTEAD, DIOCESE OF HURON.

of rising ground to the east of the town, where a sentinel with shouldered rifle, takes his stately walk hour by hour, while a few small guns are pointed menacingly—one could not help being amused at the evidence of Uncle Sam's fraternal feelings—across the river where the beautifully situated Canadian "Soo" nestles amongst the trees. The Canadian town, which we could see across the mile, or mile and a half of river, dotted over with many crafts "on various purpose bent," is not so large as her American sister, but is likely to be of growing importance, now that the long talked of canal is being dredged out, and the ubiquitous iron horse has found its way into the hitherto secluded town, and has made its signals to resound amidst the rocks and trees where before Nature held quiet possession. A glance up the river from the wharf showed us the fishermen working in, what seemed to us, almost dangerous proximity to the whirling water of the rapids, which for half a mile or more is making a descent of about 20 feet, and connecting us with the cold waters of Lake Superior. Above them the new iron bridge spans the river where nature left the opposing shores almost within each others embrace.

But we were recalled to ourselves by the steamer moving on, and making its way through the magnificent canal, which, though it appears quite large, is all too small for the increasing trade, into the waters of Lake Superior. As we approached Port Arthur our eyes were on the look out for any scene of natural beauty we might pass. Thunder

Cape, rising 1,360 feet above the level of the lake, can be seen for many miles. This—"The Sleeping Giant"—runs a good way out from the rocky shore so that its length makes the apparent height less than the reality. When we passed the Cape, Port Arthur, nearly 20 miles off, could be seen indistinctly in the distance. This is a rising town in more than one sense as it is built upon a sloping ground running back from the bay. At present containing about 3,000 inhabitants, it is growing very rapidly, and is likely to become a centre of great mercantile activity. Owing to the rocky nature of the land around, it can never depend on the support of agriculture, but will owe its success to the splendid facilities for the transshipment of all kinds of freight, and also to the mining industry which is likely soon to be rapidly developed in the rocky country around. The temporary buildings of the speculators and first settlers are giving place to something more substantial and durable, several of the large blocks really present a very fine appearance. St. John's Church is a neat red brick building with fair appointments. As the boat reached Port Arthur about 9 a. m. several of her passengers availed themselves of the opportunity of attending the morning worship and Eucharist of the Church. A comfortable looking parsonage is close by the church, and the energetic priest in charge is looking forward to the day when a Sunday School building can also be erected on the same lot. The nearest clerical neighbor of the Incumbent lives 160 miles away.

From Port Arthur to Winnipeg the distance is 430 miles and occupies 19 hours of the tourist's time. The country between is very uninteresting and, if often travelled, would become quite monotonous. But one who has never seen it before finds many things to interest him. After passing Fort William and Mt McKay, rising 900 feet, we touched the banks of the swiftly flowing Kaministiquia river, and followed it for several miles. Where the river is deep it appears calm and still, but, where shallow, its mighty force can be seen as it rushes over the rocks like a perpetual rapids. The land is generally flat and the view limited, though here and there we sped past a pretty ravine through which trickled a "living stream" from a spring hard by. The bed of the road passes through muskeg, sand and granite rock in turn. Brushwood abounds, consisting mostly of poplar and spruce, but no large trees are seen. The white strawberry blossom, the yellow of the marigold, the silver bark of the poplar, and the red-tipped crests of moss gave a change of color to nature. Once or twice as we sped along not looking for any change we shot suddenly into midnight darkness when, after the first moment of astonishment, there came before our eyes a vision of the poor old Irish woman whose first experience of a tunnel frightened her so that she fancied herself being hurled at once, and without any warning or preparation into the place of darkness, and had "niver a blissed candle to light her through." Lakelet after lakelet seemed to pass us by. Anon a hillside covered with charred logs of fallen timber, like soldiers slain on the field of battle, while the spruce saplings stood up, fresh in their greenness, and seemed to be keeping watch over their fallen comrades around. The only signs of life are clustered near the stations which are passed at regular intervals in that undeveloped country. For 300 miles the land looks uninviting. Rat Portage is the only town in that long stretch of country. But as we approach Winnipeg more signs of life are evident, horses and cattle graze on the prairie, and the wire fence is seen for the first time running alongside the track. Soon the quiet into which the travellers had settled for the journey is disturbed by the conscious approach to a stopping place of importance, and about ten o'clock in the morning we crossed the muddy waters of Red River into the Prairie City of the West, whose 22,000 children are full of activity and push, though still feeling the reaction which naturally followed the high prices of the "Boom."

I remained a few days in Winnipeg and had the pleasure of meeting several of the clergy who seem to be a hard working band of men, and fully alive to the requirements of the Church in this day, and in this young province. The Church has large opportunities for work in the city. I saw All Saints, Christ Church and Holy Trinity, and was present at services in the two last named. The churches are noted in the order of ritual, though Holy Trinity is by far the most costly and

substantial and has many claims to architectural beauty. Both All Saints and Christ Church have good surpliced choirs and are well appointed internally. I also tried to see the interior of the cathedral but, though it was a Sunday afternoon, I found the doors locked and was obliged to content myself with a walk through the old cemetery, noting many of the interesting records on the tombs. The Church in Manitoba and the Northwest about ties the Presbyterians for first place, but the latter are sending in more men and more money, and we, in Eastern Canada, if we do not respond more liberally to the calls for help from our friends up there, shall find the Church of our father's gradually falling behind. The Presbyterians have secured a capital of \$100,000 for a Church and Parsonage Fund which is loaned at little or no interest to parishes desiring to build. Thus they are getting many centres for their work. Why could not the Church in Canada take a leaf from their book? But strong as is the cry for money, the need of men is greatly felt.

The journey from Winnipeg to Qu'Appelle (323 miles) occupies about 13½ hours. From Winnipeg to Brandon the prairie is very level and scarcely a tree is to be seen except in some bluffs far to the north, and along the banks of the Assiniboine to the south. The country is becoming fairly well settled, especially around and between Portage la Prairie and Brandon, where the soil is very good. Brandon is prettily situated on the southern slope of the Assiniboine. Here we saw about thirty Indian *tepees* clustered on the west side of the city, the Indian children with long jet black hair, ran in playful glee, dancing and shouting at the train. From this point west the aspect of the prairie varies—plain, rolling and broken ground are passed in turn. The Qu'Appelle district, especially a tract of country about 25 miles wide, lying between Indian Head and Balgonie, is very pretty. Bluffs of willow and poplar, in which are often sloughs of water, dot the rolling prairie. This district is not very often seen by the through traveller, as the train passes Qu'Appelle about midnight and the tourist can only see it by stopping over. Qu'Appelle Station, or Troy as it was formerly called, is the centre of a very good farming district. Like other towns in the North-west it grew very rapidly for a time after the railway was built, and then came to a standstill. There is, however, a very fair business done here, and besides a daily stage to Fort Qu'Appelle, 18 miles to the north, a weekly stage with mail and passengers goes by the Touchwood trail to Prince Albert. St. Peter's Church,—the Pro-Cathedral of the Diocese—is a pretty little white brick building with a large chancel for Diocesan functions. The interior is well arranged, with well raised altar and fitting appointments. There is also a surpliced choir. The services are taken from St. John's College where the Bishop and clergy live. The college buildings, consisting of Theological College, See House and Boys' School, stand on a



SHOAL LAKE, MANITOBA, A FEW MILES SOUTH WEST OF RAT PORTAGE.

young laymen who live in the college and give their work for the benefit of the Church.

After a short visit to friends near by, I made the best of my way to Fort Qu'Appelle in time to take duty on Sunday, June 8th. Fort Qu'Appelle is beautifully situated in the valley of the Qu'Appelle, on the Touchwood Trail. A chain of small lakes, varying from four to seven miles long, by a mile to a mile and a half wide, run through the valley here, one on either side of the village, and are joined together by the Qu'Appelle River. This is indeed one of the most beautiful spots in the Northwest and should have been chosen for the capital had not the influence of speculators turned the line of the railroad further to the south. St. John's Church is, I think, the only solid stone church in the Diocese, and will seat about 150 people. A comfortable frame

piece of rising ground about two miles to the north-west of the town, and command a fine view of the country around.\* The college property consists of a whole section of land, 640 acres, and is worked by the Brotherhood of Labor, a band of

parsonage stands alongside the church. The Mission of Fort Qu'Appelle comprises four stations in all, viz: the Fort, Hayward, twelve miles to the north, File Hills, 15 miles to the north-east, and Indian Head, on the line of the railway, about twenty miles to the south-east. One service a Sunday—morning and evening alternately—is given

\*A picture of these buildings may be seen in our issue of February, 1898, page 26.—ED.

to the Fort while the outstations are served about once a month. Indian Head is well known as the site of the Bell Farm, where I saw a magnificent crop of wheat, covering two whole sections (1,280 acres), all in one block.

There are several Indian Reserves near Fort Qu'Appelle, and various specimens of the "noble Red man" were to be seen every day in the town, often in good numbers. The Indians will not speak English, even though they understand it, considering that it is *infra dig* to do so. It is, therefore, very hard to talk with them. Indeed talking can only be done by one who understands their language, or through an interpreter. The nearest Reserves are those occupied by the Sioux and Crees, between the two upper lakes. The Sioux are not native Indians, but settled in the North-west after the Minnesota massacre. They are said to be a more thrifty people than the Cree or Assiniboine. Whether this is due to the fact that they do not receive Treaty money, or to the fact that they are settlers from another country, or to their own greater intelligence, it is difficult to say. Through the kindness of Mr. Reynolds, agent at File Hills, I was able to pay a short visit to that Reserve, about twenty miles to the north. The nearest Church Mission to the Indians is at Touchwood, about thirty miles to the north. There is a beautiful old Indian legend which gives its name to "Qu'Appelle." It is graphically told, by an unknown author, in the following lines:

THE LEGEND OF THE QU'APPELLE.

The setting sun sinks slowly down behind the western hill,  
While sadly sound, to the woods around, the notes of the  
whip-poor-will.

The evening breeze sighs lowly in its flight toward the west,  
And touches, with its gentle kiss, the lake's unruffled breast.  
No wavelets break upon the beach; the waters seem to sleep,  
The mountains rise above the lake, precipitous and steep,  
In places clothed with foliage, rich with autumn's glowing  
tints;

Adown whose sides the mountain stream in sparkling bright-  
ness glits

Like a silver thread on an emerald ground—it leaps towards  
the lake;

While its babbling tone, as it prattles on, the faintest echoes  
wake.

The sun sinks lower and night comes on, stars twinkle in the  
sky,

And in and out of the darkening woods flits the brilliant fire-  
fly;

The cricket's deafening whir begins, the night hawk booms  
above,

And not unfrequent comes the coo of the gentle forest dove.  
But hark! 'Tis the sound of the paddle's splash in the  
wave it dips,

And the fall of the dripping water as from the oar it drips  
As the paddler ceases, then once more resumes; and now  
darts forth

A light canoe; it rounds the tongue of land towards the north,  
And points towards the shelving shore. It grates upon the  
strand,

And a solitary Brave steps out upon the yielding sand.

He is an Indian warrior; this night his journey lies  
Towards a spot which he can reach ere another sun shall rise.  
His errand is to claim his bride upon the ensuing day.

Why stays he here? He has heard a voice which stops  
him on the way.

A voice from out the darkling woods repeats his name: he  
cries—

"Who calls?" No answer comes; his hands he holds to  
aid his eyes,  
And strives to pierce the gloom around. Once more distinct  
and clear

That voice repeats his name, which falls upon his startled ear.  
He knows that voice, 'tis that of her who waits his coming  
now,

And who will wear the bridal wreath next day upon her brow.  
"Who calls?" he shouts in faltering tones. And still comes  
no reply.

Echq repeats his words. The breeze goes softly whispering by,  
But nought he sees. What mystery is this? He feels a  
calden dread,

Oh! can this be a spirit voice from the realms of the dead?  
His race all know full well that such strange voices often  
speak,

And the very thought drives the pulsing blood away from his  
swarthy cheek.

He knows not what he fears, but still he feels an inward  
dread

Of something, for he holds that voice a message from the  
dead.

He speeds down swiftly to the shore. He boards his frail bark,  
And nerved with superhuman strength, he speeds o'er the  
waters dark.

The spray is thrown on either side as his prow the water  
cleaves,

As far astern in the darkling night the shore the warrior  
leaves.

At length he lands once more, and now afoot he takes the  
road

To the camping ground which well he knew as his cherished  
love's abode.

The morning sun is rising now, the dew lies on the green,  
The birds sing blithely on the trees—by him unheard, unseen.  
He hurries on; afar he sees the smoke in curling wreaths  
Ascend from wigwams where, alas, his love no longer  
breathes.

He gains the spot. He sees a crowd near a well known  
wigwam door.

He hears the death dirge, then he knows that she is now no  
more.

With sympathizing faces now the warriors round him pressed,  
And told him all the mournful tale. His head upon his breast  
In sorrow drooped. He knew what meant the voice which  
he had heard

In yonder wood, and he enquired what hour her death oc-  
curred.

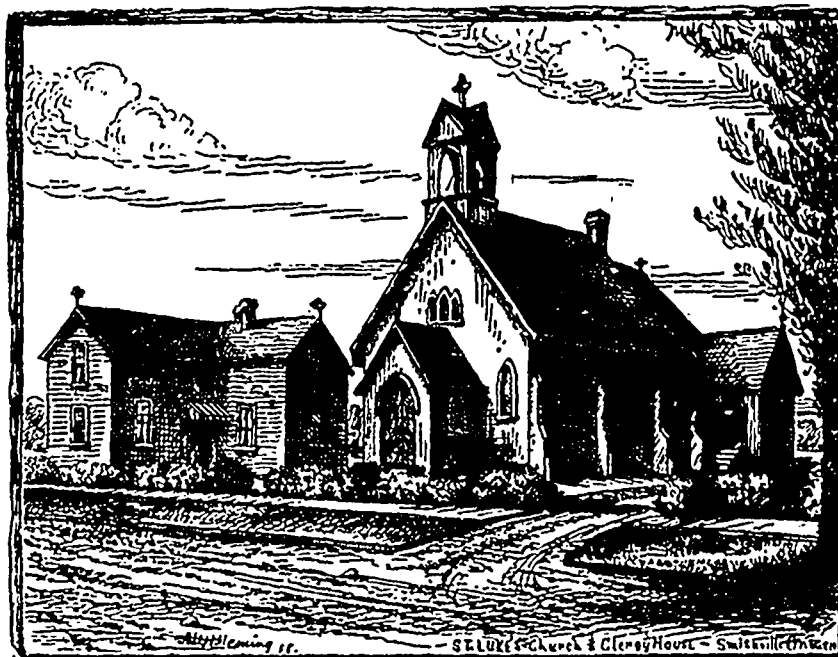
The time was that at which he'd heard the voice' mysterious  
cry.

Full well he knew it was the sound of the maiden's dying sigh.  
His name she'd called before her death, and when the mo-  
ment came

The last word that she uttered was her absent lover's name.  
The warrior heard the tale, then bent his steps towards the  
shore,

And entering his frail canoe was gone—and seen no more."

My two months were up at the end of July, and I came east full of recollections of kind treatment received at many hands, and loath to leave where men were so much needed. The hard working bishop I had the pleasure of meeting in Winnipeg on my way up. He was then starting for England to attend the Lambeth Conference and get some more friends interested in the work of his diocese. During my stay in Qu'Appelle the elections for the North-West Legislative Assembly took place. The open voting reminded one of the old polling days in Ontario, when the state of the poll could be ascertained at any time. After the election some waggish friend of the successful candidate harnessed a single ox to a buckboard and drove through the streets with a large blackboard



ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, SMITHVILLE, ONT.

fastened at the back of the seat recording the result of the voting. A few years ago at an election held for the Municipal Council of North Qu'Appelle the friends of the candidates met and resolved to decide the election by a toss up, which was done. The next year when voting actually took place the poll stood 7 to 5.

The North-west is certainly a grand country with unbounded possibilities before it. And, while I would not advise anyone in comfortable circumstances to "go west" on an uncertainty, yet I certainly think a struggling farmer, on a mortgaged or rented farm, and with a family of boys, would be foolish not to go. There are drawbacks there to be sure—cold winters, pestiferous gophers, cut worm, wire worm and numerous mosquito—yet the hardy settler can laugh at them all. For what are these compared to the drawbacks of many other lands? Heaven has smiled upon his labors and granted him an abundant yield. Indeed the smiling sun is seen all but too regularly, and the great want is summed up in the prayer uttered by many lips, "Lord, Lord, 'a gracious rain upon Thine inheritance.'"

### OUR PARISHES AND CHURCHES.

No. 29—ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, SMITHVILLE  
DIOCESE OF NIAGARA.

**T**HE village of Smithville has long been a point of interest to those who looked anxiously for the extension of the Church in those parts. Old established parishes are found along the shores of Lakes Ontario and Erie, but between these lines of occupation

the middle range running westward from the Welland Canal to the Grand River has been far from sufficiently supplied.

Smithville, as well as being a thriving village of considerable size, surrounded by a fine agricultural country, is a central place in this belt, and if the Church was firmly established there would form a radiating point for further extension.

A few visits from Rev. C. L. Ingles and other travelling missionaries was all that had been done in years past until 1874, when Rev. W. Green was licensed to minister there in connection with Jordan and Beamsville. His ser-

vices in the Smithville Court House were fairly attended during the two years of his stay, after which there was an interval of six years.

Rev. A. C. Jones was appointed to Smithville in connection with Font Hill in 1882, and remained in charge until June, 1883. During this period the erection of a church was mooted, but very little was done.

The true work of this mission commenced with the appointment of the present incumbent, Rev. F. C. Piper, in 1883, who for the first three years also ministered with much acceptance at Font Hill, and until of late at Wellandport, where by great exertion he succeeded in building a small church. Font Hill having been annexed to Welland, and Wellandport attached to Caistorville Mr. Piper found himself at liberty to visit Beamsville, which although within the limits of his mission it had hitherto been impossible for him to reach. In this prettily situated and flourishing village Mr. Piper has lately commenced services, and so far even more success than was hoped for has attended his efforts. A good congregation it is confidently believed will be established there, and in due time the fruit will be seen in the erection of a church.

Mr. Piper's arduous labors at Smithville have produced very gratifying results. A very pretty little church has been built and paid for and is now well attended. A comfortable parsonage has also been secured, but efforts are still required to remove the debt incurred. The people of the adjoining parish of Grimsby, one of the oldest in Canada, rendered Mr. Piper substantial aid in his



work by their contributions.

Seven persons were admitted to the full communion of the Church at the first Confirmation held in Smithville by the Bishop of Toronto in 1874. Twenty-four received the same sacred rite from the first Bishop of Niagara in 1884, and thirteen in 1887 from Bishop Hamilton, the present bishop, who has paid several visits to the place, strengthening the hands of the missionary and his people by his kind interest and wise counsel. His Lordship also held the first confirmation service at Beamsville on Sunday, the 21st of October last, when fifteen persons were confirmed.

In the Smithville congregation there are now 48 regular communicants. The present missionary is full of zeal and energy, laboring with all his strength. The sacred nature of the work engaged in, is present in his intercourse with all whom he meets, and this, coupled with a kindly and genial manner has contributed largely to the success of his work.

There are as yet but few Church families in the neighborhood, but it is the Church's work to draw the worldly and the thoughtless into the fold of Christ. This, we hope, may be successfully done in this interesting Mission.

There is great joy in tracing in this movement the realization of the hopes and prayers of many years, and in the faithful trust that the Divine blessing may rest upon it.

## THE FIRST CHRISTIAN MISSION IN ONTARIO.\*

By MRS. G. A. MACKENZIE.



ABOUT two years ago on our way home from Parry Sound we reached Penetanguishene on a Saturday. The streets were crowded with people in holiday dress, and it was with difficulty that we secured accommodation in the largest hotel. On inquiring the cause of the excitement in the usually quiet little town, we learned that on the morrow the corner stone of a church in memory of the Martyrs would be laid. What Martyrs we asked? And the reply was "The Jesuit fathers who 250 years ago peopled the woods and plains of this part of Canada, with memories of a heroism as disinterested and devoted as any that history has to record."

May not our own missionary zeal be quickened by a brief review of the work of these brave pioneers in one branch of the Church? However much we may differ from them on some points of doctrine, our aim is the same, to bring "life and immortality to light through the Gospel" of Our Saviour Jesus Christ.

Two and a half centuries ago the now prosperous county of Simcoe was a virgin forest inhabited only by the Huron, the most intelligent and least savage of all the Indian tribes. The peninsula, formed by Nottawassaga and Matchedash Bays of Lake Huron, the River Severn and Lake Simcoe,

contained thirty-two villages and hamlets with a total population of at least twenty thousand, engaged in tilling the ground, raising small crops of maize, beans, pumpkins, sun-flowers and tobacco. They were keen traders descending in canoes annually as far as the French posts on the St. Lawrence near the present site of Montreal, and sometimes as far as Quebec, to barter their furs and tobacco for kettles, hatchets, knives, cloth, beads and other commodities. In the year 1615 Joseph le Caron, a friar of the Recollets, a branch of the Franciscan Order, landed with several others at Quebec. To Le Caron was assigned the Mission to the Hurons. Therefore hastening to Montreal where the Indians were assembled for their yearly trade, he induced them to take him and twelve armed Frenchmen back to their home by the great Fresh Water Sea. Their course was up the Ottawa to Lake Nipissing (the line now followed by the Canadian Pacific Railway), thence by the French River to Lake Huron, then moving southward to Matchedash Bay, they landed a little west of the present harbor of Penetanguishene. In a letter to a friend Le Caron writes: "It would be hard to tell you how tired I was with paddling all day, with all my strength, among the Indians, wading the rivers a hundred times and more, through the mud and over the sharp rocks that cut my feet; carrying the canoe and luggage through the woods to avoid the rapids and frightful cataracts; and half starved all the while, for we had nothing to eat but a little "sagamite," a sort of porridge of water and pounded maize, of which they gave us a very small allowance every morning and night." Near the Indian village (a little inland) the Hurons built Le Caron a bark lodge; here the friar erected an altar, and here day and night came a multitude of curious savages to listen to his teaching; and here he remained for a year praying, teaching, making catechisms and struggling with the difficulties of the Huron language. Joseph le Caron was not only the first white man that gazed upon the expanse of Lake Huron, but he was also the founder of Christian Missions in western Canada, and this poor bark lodge in the wilderness was the prototype of the many churches erected to the glory of God throughout the length and breadth of our fair province.

In 1625 finding the Mission fields too vast for their powers, the Re'collet friars applied for the assistance of the Jesuits; and accordingly three of this brotherhood (Charles Lalemant, Enemond Masse and Jean Bre'beuf) embarked for New France. Bre'beuf was the leading spirit in the work—"a tall, strong man, with features that seemed carved by nature for a soldier, but which the mental habits of years had stamped with the visible impress of the priesthood." History tells us also that Jean Bre'beuf was of a noble family of Normandy of the race from which sprang the English Earls of Arundel. Full of enthusiasm he set forth for the arduous mission of the Hurons. But

\*A paper read before the Deer Park Parochial Missionary Association.

delays occurred; and (although he visited the tribe in 1624 and spent three years among them), it was not until 1634, after months of toil, that he with two companions finally established himself on the scene of his labors, his sufferings and his death.

And now let us see at the outset the instructions under which the Jesuits acted, if haply we may learn something therefrom. These (together with the full account of their work among the Indians) are fortunately preserved word for word as they were issued two hundred and fifty years ago, and have been made accessible to English readers through the labors of Francis Parkman. "You should love the Indians," the instructions say, "like brothers with whom you are to spend the rest of your life. Never make them wait for you in embarking. Take a flint and steel to light their pipes and kindle their fire at night; for these little services win their hearts. Try to eat their sagamite as they cook it, bad and dirty as it is. Do not make yourself troublesome, even to a single Indian. Do not ask them too many questions. Bear their faults in silence, and appear always cheerful," etc., etc., the last precept in which all are, as it were, summed up, is this—"Remember that it is Christ and His Cross that you are seeking; and if you aim at anything else you will get nothing but affliction for body and mind."

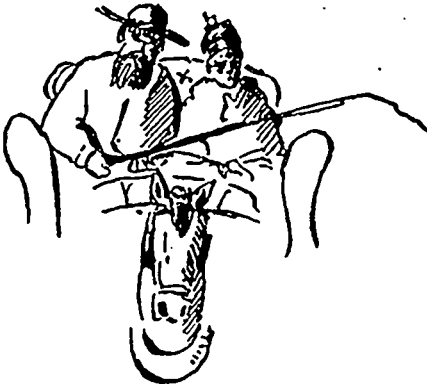
Arriving at Thunder Bay, a little west of Penetanguishene, Bre'beuf's Indian guides deserted him; and alone he made his way along a gloomy forest path to a clearing where lay a populous Indian village. At once he was recognized and the whole population crowded around him with the glad cry "He has come again! He has come again!" The richest and most hospitable of the Hurons took Bre'beuf to his house and there he awaited the arrival of his companions. One by one they appeared foot sore and weary. At length all were assembled and the Huron Mission was once more begun. Two villages united in building the Mission House (that is externally); but the priests with their own hands made the interior the astonishment of all the country. They divided their dwelling into three apartments—a store room, a dwelling room, serving at once as kitchen, dining-room, bed room and school room—and the chapel. Without loss of time the Fathers began gathering the children of the village at their house teaching them to say the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments. The elders of the tribe were also assembled at the Mission House whenever they could be induced to come, and the good priests explained to them the principal points of the Faith. But in spite of all their efforts the progress was slow. at first, they baptized only infants and adults at the point of death fearing backsliding. A deeply-rooted and degrading superstition was the characteristic which most fatally hindered the work of the missionaries. The Indian believed in the immortality of the soul, and among the mass of legends we find traditions of the Fall and

the Deluge. But in the primitive Indian's conception of God, moral good has no part. The early missionaries could find no word in any Indian language to express the idea of God. Manitou and Oki meant anything endowed with supernatural powers from a snake-skin or a greasy Indian conjuror to Manabozho, the name given to a remarkable character of Algonquin tradition. The priests in their teaching were forced to use circumlocution and to call God "The Great Chief of Men," or "He Who Lives in the Sky." There was one peculiarity of Indian belief that aided the Christian teachers in leading up to the idea of one supreme controlling Spirit; the Indians all believed that each race of animals had its archetype or chief: the Fathers seized this advantage and argued that "if each kind of animal has its king, so too have men; and as man is above all animals so is the Spirit that rules over men the master of all other spirits." The Indian mind readily accepted the idea; and the Great Spirit became a distinct existence, a pervading power in the universe and a dispenser of justice even to tribes in no sense Christian.

And now to return to the little band of workers in the dreary Huron country. In 1635 they received two new comrades; the next year three more arrived; and the same summer Daniel and Davost, Bre'beuf's original companions, returned to Quebec to establish there a seminary for Huron children. But alas! the new arrivals at the Mission House only brought trouble; almost at once they were attacked by a contagious fever which spread to some of the French attendants. Scarcely had they all recovered when a pestilence which had for several years devastated the Huron towns returned and with it a new and fearful scourge, the small-pox. The worthy priests did all in their power to relieve the sufferings of their afflicted people, and no house in the neighboring villages was left unvisited. In 1637 one of the Fathers went to the town of Ossossane or Rochelle and found a house ready built for him by the Indians; and here a notable event took place which gladdened the hearts of the devoted men almost worn out with their manifold labors during the pestilence—this was the baptism of the first adult in the full health and strength of manhood. It seemed to the Jesuits a day of hope and triumph; but the promise was not yet to be fulfilled.

*(To be continued.)*

DARKNESS overspreads the earth, and gross darkness the people, but God's glory shall arise on thee and His glory shall be seen on thee! We have only to lift up our eyes to-day and see on the very summits of heathendom, in the midst of the death-shade, the waving flag of the Cross! The glory of God transfigures it, and while it waves and burns, the strongholds of Satan are giving way before the onset of the missionary host!



THE START.

### MY WIFE AND I.

**A**BOVE is the title of a book, which the Rev. E. F. Wilson, of the Shingwauk Home, is preparing for print. It will be a humorous narrative of his recent trip among the Indians, and will be illustrated by a dozen of his sketches and about 60 of his little comic pictures. Following are a few extracts from his manuscript and two or three of his funny pictures:—

#### CHAPTER I—EXPLANATORY.

My wife and I live in the wing of a school—a large boarding school for Indian children. It is very prettily situated on the bank of the broad Ste. Marie River, which connects Lake Superior with Lake Huron.

Our house, though small, is considerably occupied. We have ten children. . . Now, however, our youngest, a fair haired boy, is seven years old and past. My wife thought she would like to go on a little jaunt with me. So we planned a little journey. It was to be through Indian country,—all among the Indians. We counted up the miles which our proposed trip would cover, and we found that it would be in the neighborhood of 7,000 miles; we counted up also the approximate expenditure which such a trip would involve;—a large family and a small income have trained us to be both systematic and economical in our movements—and we found that the cost would be about \$700. We had just come in for a little legacy which would go a long way towards covering a part of the expenditure, and we thought we could see our way to meeting the rest; so we said we would go, God willing, we would go.

My wife's object in this trip would be to see and make friends, to cheer me with her presence, and in a general way to enjoy herself. My own object in making the trip would be to see as much as possible of the Indians, and, perhaps, if pen and pencil would yield their powers, to enlighten the public by and by as to the present condition and chances for improvement of that interesting but little known and little understood people.

Ever since we were united in matrimony twenty years ago, my wife and I have lived among Indians. I like them all. My wife likes a few and bears with the rest. We both have Indian names. . . . But we have not always lived among Indians. Our home is England. We were married in a dear old ivy-clad church with a great old Norman tower in Gloucestershire, and thence, while the bells were clanging, we walked together, as bride and bridegroom amid a throng of smiling villagers to the dear old Rectory mantled with clematis and jessamine and honey suckle, and within the Rectory walls we had our wedding breakfast and cut our wedding cake; and then we bade adieu, and went to Chepstow and Clifton and Cheltenham for our honeymoon.

Since then our lot has been cast in Canada, and our work has been among Indians. We have a big Indian school for Indian boys at Sault Ste. Marie, which we call the Shingwauk Home. . . .

The journey that we planned for ourselves was as follows: We would go, first to Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, where I hoped to obtain letters to the authorities at Washington, which would aid me on my way; thence we should proceed to Kingston, on Lake Ontario, cross the St. Lawrence to the United States, and take the train to Philadelphia to visit the Lincoln Indian Institution; thence west to Pennsylvania to visit the great Carlisle School with its 600 pupils; then to Washington to confer with some of the Bureau of Ethnology and others interested in Indian history; then to Chillicothe in Ohio to visit the ancient Indian mounds, of which so much has been said and written; then to St. Louis on the Mississippi; then south-west into the Indian Territory to visit the Cherokees and other civilized tribes who were said to have their own Legislative Assembly, their own judges, lawyers and other public officials, and to support their schools and public institutions entirely out of their own funds without any help from the United States Government; then west through Indian Territory to visit the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, and other wilder tribes who still wear



Looking for the mounds. (Ohio.)

blankets and paint their faces. Then into New Mexico and Arizona to see the Pueblo, Moqui and Zuni Indians, who build miniature cities, the houses one above another in a succession of terraces, and who are supposed to be the only remaining representatives of the ancient semi-civilized Aztecs,—to see also the Navajoes who have immense flocks of sheep and goats, and weave on looms of their own construction the most beau-



AT THE CAPITOL, (Washington.)

tiful and costly blankets. In New Mexico we would visit also Santa Fee, the oldest city in America, and see something of the ancient Aztec ruins. Then from there north to Denver in Colorado. Then from there to the Genoa School in Nebraska. Then through Omaha to St. Paul, Minnesota, and thence home.

The Carlisle buildings consist first of all of a band-stand. I mention the band-stand first because the band-stand stands in the centre of the grounds. It also emits considerable sound when the fifteen performers on brass instruments and the big drum and the kettle drum are present. When the band is absent the bandstand is mostly occupied by a little girl with a broom; the little girl sweeps out the dead leaves while a number of other little girls look on and laugh and joke. No little boys are allowed on the band-stand. The band-stand is also the headquarters of the editor of the little weekly paper called the *Indian Helper*. The *Indian Helper* is edited by the "Man-on-the-band-stand." And the Man-on-the-band stand is supposed to be surveying from his elevated position everything that takes place at Carlisle both indoors and out. Correspondents to the *Indian Helper* begin their letters, "Dear Man-on-the-band-stand." The Man-on-the-band-stand sometimes complains that he has not been invited to some girls' entertainment or teachers' social, and the girls and teachers wonder how ever the Man-on-the-band-stand found out that they had had an entertainment or social. But there are other buildings in the school-grounds besides the band-stand. Captain Pratt's house is on one side, it has two immense round yellow stones on either side of the entrance, brought all the way from Cannon-ball-

canyon, somewhere up in Dakota. . . . For twenty-two minutes did I ply that Comanche Indian with questions, asking him to give me the Comanche rendering of a long string of words and sentences. "What is the word for man?" "Say it again, please." "Does that mean white man or an Indian or simply man?" "Well, what word have you that simply means man?" "Oh, that's it, is it? thank you." "Now, woman." . . . As soon as the Comanche is finished with, the disciplinarian sends him to his work, and a Cheyenne Indian takes his place at my side. And after the Cheyenne a Kiowa; and after the Kiowa an Omaha; and after the Omaha an Onondaga. Seven languages are taken down now before lunch, and ten more in the afternoon. . . .

A pueblo village is something unique of its kind. I suppose there is nothing in any other part of the world like one. It is a curious mixture of the Eastern and the Western. The flat-roofed houses, and the women carrying their water-pots on their heads, the bright colored dresses—stripes of light and dark colors generally alternating—would al-

most give one the idea of an Eastern village from Syria or Palestine transplanted to this Western hemisphere. And yet there is a barbarism about it all that would scarcely be connected with such a scene in the East. The people that I see stalking about or looking at me from the upper parapets or flat roofs of their houses are Indians, unmistakable Indians, their skins are dark, their hair long and black and falling over their shoulders; they have blankets wrapped about their persons; they have buckskin leggings with long fringe covering their legs, and moccasins ornamented with beads on their feet. Their gait when they walk is not that of Eastern nations—they tread like Indians, they have all the movements and all the gestures of Indians. . . . We could hear drumming and rattling and Indian song in full play. We looked in at a window and saw that Indian festivities were going on within. We tried a door, but it yielded not. "We must climb on the roof," said Mr. H., "and get in that way." So we climbed a ladder, got on a flat roof, threaded our way among the round baking ovens and gaunt mud chimneys, and came to a trap-door through which gleamed light and emanated sound. Mr. H. descended, I followed. I have seen a good many Indian dances and beheld a good many curious Indian performances; but what I saw on arriving on the floor of the room below was to me new and startling. I preserved, however perfect composure and showed no more surprise than would one of these Indians if ushered unexpectedly into the drawing-room of Buckingham Palace. I merely glanced hurriedly at what was going on, and then followed Mr. H. across the room and we seated ourselves on the low adobe wall or seat which ran round the inter-



"We don't keep overshoes."

ior of the dwelling. . . . There was a bright fire burning in an adobe fire place and a number of Zuni Indians were grouped around it, dark skinned, pleasant faced, good humored looking people, their costume giving the impression at first

glance of white, with some heavy daubs of dark blue or black, and flashes of bright red. A closer inspection revealed that the bright red flashes were their scarlet turbans and waistbands, and the dark blue and black daubs were the dark blankets of the men and the dresses of the women, and that the predominating white tinge was caused by the white or light colored pantaloons and shirts which they wore. . . . Along the side of the room opposite to the fire was a long string of sixteen men and youths, almost entirely without clothing and all with rattles, all shouting, and all dancing.

Mr. Wilson will send us some more extracts from his manuscript, and some more of his sketches sketches from time to time.

(To be continued.)

## THE WORTH OF OBEDIENCE.

**T**HERE is an old story told of a poor German family in Strasourg, which discloses the secret of a happy home. The father was a teacher, and found it hard work to support his family of nine children, who were, however, the chief joy of his life. Had he not trusted in his heavenly Father, full often his heart would have sunk as he thought of the numberless jackets, stockings and dresses they would need in the course of a year, to say nothing of the quantity of eatables that would be consumed in that time. His house also furnished small quarters for the merry nine, and the fun and noise they made. But the father and mother managed very well, and the house was a pattern of neatness and order.

One day there came a guest to the house. As they sat down to dinner, the stranger, looking at the hungry children gathered around the table, exclaimed compassionately, "Poor man! what a cross you have to bear!"

"A cross to bear?" asked the father, "pray, what do you mean?"

"Nine children, and seven are boys, at that!" replied the stranger, adding bitterly, "I have but two, and each of them is a nail in my coffin."

"Mine are not," said the teacher, with prompt decision.

"How does that happen?" asked the guest.

"Because I have taught them the knowledge of obedience. Is not that so children?"

"Yes," cried the children.

"And you obey me willingly?"

The two girls laughed roguishly, but the seven boys shouted, "Yes, dear father, truly."

"Sir," said the father, turning to the guest, "if death were to come in at the door, waiting to take one of my children, I would say, 'Who cheated you into thinking I had one too many?'"

The stranger sighed, for he saw that it was only disobedient children who made a father unhappy, a mother miserable, and the home which should be the light of them all, gloomy.—*Selected.*

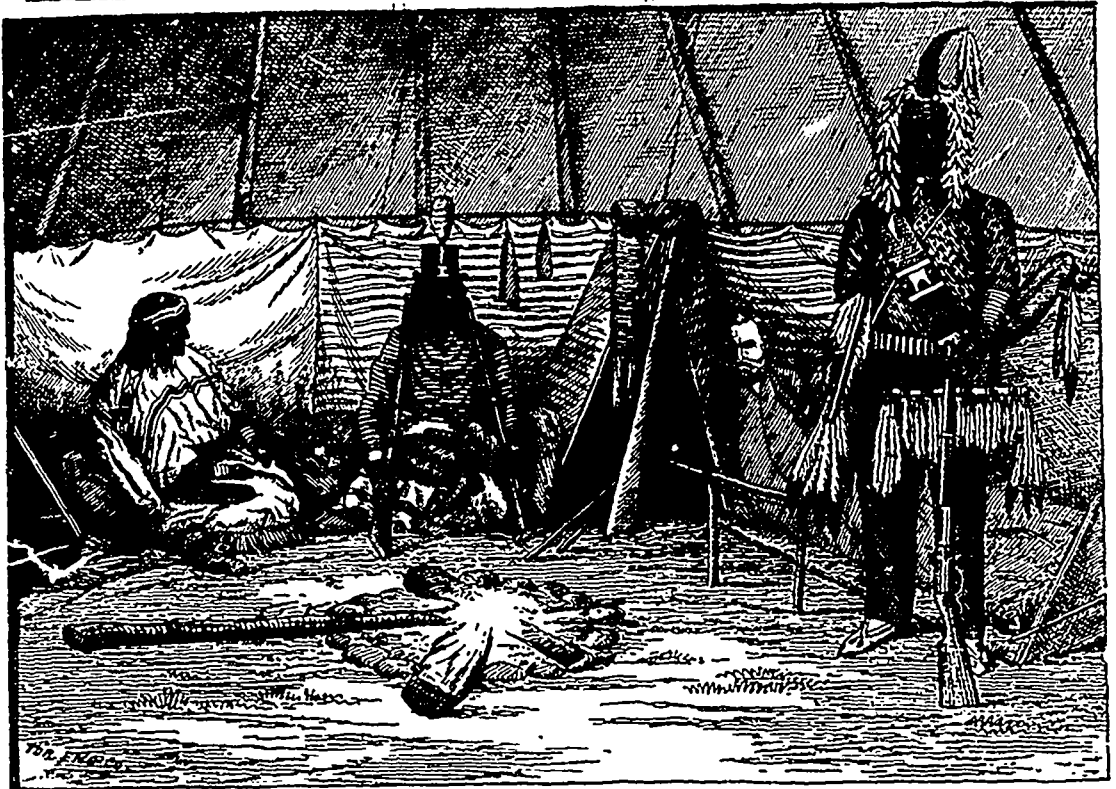
*Church Bells* thinks that too much is made at the present day of appointing men to the episcopate in early life. It should not be a question of age but activity and some old men are more active than their younger brethren. From the different experiences also that men have had before their elevation to the bench it need not be wondered that the Bishops have widely different opinions existing among them. For example, Dr. Durnford (87) was appointed to the Bishopric of Chichester at the age of 68, and after 35 years' experience as head of a large Lancashire parish. Dr. Philpott (82) commenced his episcopate when 54 years of age, having had no parochial experience, but having been Senior Wrangler, Master of a College, and Canon of a Cathedral. Again, the Bishop of Liverpool (Dr. Ryle) was consecrated at the age of 64, and from Crockford we find that his preparation for such a busy diocese was the charge of Helmingham for seventeen years, a country parish with about 500 people, and then for nineteen years the charge of Stradbroke, with 1,200 people. What a different experience from his brother, of Bangor, who was for fifteen years Rector of an enormous town in South Wales before being sent north as Bishop at the age of 46. Once more: here is the Bishop of Bath and Wells (Lord A. Hervey). At 61 years of age he was raised to the Bench after 37 years as Rector of a little country parish, and some seven years experience as an Archdeacon.

Forty years ago Dr. Morrison was addressing in a locked inner room two or three Chinese, who listened in peril of their lives; now there are in China some 50,000 converts. "Do you think," asked the captain of the ship who took him out, "that you can make an impression on the 400,000,000 of Chinese?" "No," he answered, "but God can."

ONE of the most hopeful indications for the future of Christianity in Japan is the missionary character of the native Christians. They are zealous in carrying the Gospel to their own people, and also to Korea and the islands dependent on Japan.

\*At a shanty in Indian Territory.

## Young People's Department.



OLD SUN'S TEEPEE (From the Christmas No. of *Our Forest Children*; edited by Rev. E. F. Wilson, Sault Ste. Marie.)

## THE BLACKFEET INDIANS.

"FATHER, have the Blackfeet Indians black feet?"

"A very natural question, my son, but their feet are not black. They get the name because they used to travel a great deal in black soil, and their feet were generally covered with it and looked dark. Perhaps you would like to know a little about these Indians. They have lived from early times on both sides of the Rocky Mountains, and are still, as they have ever been, a terror to all the western Indians. They are now found chiefly in Montana in the United States, and in Alberta, Canada, and number between seven and eight thousand. They are a fine, intelligent looking people. You see in the picture a likeness of "Old Sun," one of the Blackfoot minor chiefs. The Indian sitting down is the chief himself with his wife at his right hand. The white man is the Rev. Mr. Timms the missionary."

"Is it easy to make these Indians Christians, father?"

"No, it is not. They don't distinguish between the good white man and the bad, and they see a great deal of wicked things in some white men,—

things like "fire-water" or whiskey, which do them as Indians a great deal of harm, and while they try to fight off the vices and wicked things of bad white men who only want to cheat and destroy them, they oppose also his religious teaching. But we must not despair. The missionary has hard work and his greatest hindrances and discouragement come from bad white men who quickly undo the little that he may accomplish. These Indians, however, have a religion of their own and some strange ideas connected with it. They say that when they die their souls go to the sand hills. They say they are sure of this, because they have seen the spirits in the distance hunting buffalo, and have heard them dancing and beating their drums: they have also seen, when crossing the sand hills in the summer time the traces of their camp fires. The spirits of their ponies and dogs go to the sand hills too they say, and also the spirits of the dead buffaloes."

"How much better it would be if they could be taught to believe in God and to go to church."

"Yes, indeed, and this is the work that some of the missionaries of the North-west are trying to do, and we hope that all our good people will try and help them."

## NOT STUCK UP.

**W**ELI, you do look like a posy, sure enough," said Susan, the maid, as Elsie walked through the hall. "Wher are you going this nice morning?"

"I'm going down to poor old Aunt Dinah's, to take her some flowers," said Elsie. "She says she gets 'pow'rful tired in dis Norf country seein' so few flowers."

Susan laughed as Elsie went out into the garden.

Anyone who had seen the dear little maiden would surely have agreed with Susan.

She walked about, taking in the full sweetness of the early June day, wondering if ever a day had been quite so perfect before. Every dewdrop added a brightness to the smile with which the darling little flowers looked up in the sunshine. The birds chirped and trilled and twittered as if they were all trying which could say the most about the beautiful day.

"Don't be sorry because I pick you, you beauties!" said Elsie. "I know it's nice to stay here in the sunshine and just look pretty; but mamma says everything cught to be good for something else besides that. And that's what I'm taking you for."

But outside the garden, and down the road, Elsie found some things not so pleasant as the flowers and the birds. Three shabby, unwashed little children—a boy and a girl and a baby—were playing in the sand.

"My, ain't she dressed up nice?" exclaimed the girl, as she looked at Elsie.

"I know she's stuck up!" said the boy. "Folks like that always is stuck up. She thinks more of her clean duds 'n anything else in the world."

Elsie thought it very disagreeable for anyone to talk so.

Aunt Dinah was sitting alone in her wee little house, looking wistfully at the beautiful world outside, when Elsie came to her window and held up the flowers.

"You'se for all de world jes' like a summer mornin' yo'self, honey," she said, as Elsie found a vase for the flowers.

"Aunt Dinah," said Elsie, soberly, "is it any harm to like to have on clean clothes and look nice?"

"Any harm! Why, bress your little heart, didn't de good Lord make such as you jes' to go roun' a shinin' an' a beamin' like de flowers?"

"I don't know, Aunt Dinah," said the little girl, shaking her head very gravely. "It seems to me that little girls ought t' be good for more than flowers. If they weren't meant to be so, they wouldn't have been able to walk about and talk, and do lots of other things, would they?"

"Dat's more'n I can tell, honey. But I don't make no doubt you'll be 'nough sight better'n a flower some time."

"I'd like to be now," said Elsie, as she walked away, after saying good bye to Aunt Dinah.

She did not like to go by the rude children again, so she went down a little lane, which brought her out by the river just above the saw-mills.

"Ha! ha! There she is again!"

"And just as stuck up as ever."

The other children must have liked the lane and the brook as well as she. There they were, and the saucy boy stooped to pick up a bit of dirt to throw at her as she hurried by.

But it was never thrown, for as he raised his arm he caught sight of something which made his face turn pale.

"The baby!" he screamed.

Elsie looked where he pointed. Down the bank the poor little unkept two-year-old had made his way, and had crept upon a log which lay in the water close to the shore. From this he had climbed to another and another log, until he now stood balancing himself upon one which lay next to the dark water beyond.

With shrieks for help the boy rushed toward the mills, while his sister ran wildly about, screaming, "Mamma! mamma!"

Elsie was older than either of them. Swiftly into her little head came thoughts of stories she had heard about the folly of people allowing themselves to become frightened in times of danger instead of trying to do their best to help. She ran down the bank, and, before the boy had reached the mill, was setting her feet upon the logs.

Her head grew dizzy as they tipped and rolled under, and she half thought of going back. But she heard a pitiful little cry from the baby, and could not find it in her heart to turn her back upon him. Nearer and nearer she came, and had almost reached him, when he slipped into the water. Elsie threw herself at full length on the log, and stretching out her arm could just lay hold of his dress. She grasped it tightly, holding on with all her might as the cruel water seemed determined to sweep her away.

"Hold on a minute longer!"

Shouts and footsteps were coming near, and Elsie was seized by a pair of strong arms just as she was being drawn into the water.

"You're a brave little girl," said the man who carried her to the bank, while another brought the baby.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Someone at the door wishes to see you, Elsie," said her mother to her the next morning.

A very dirty, bareheaded, barefooted little boy stood there with a great bunch of wild flowers which he offered to Elsie, saying:

"You ain't stuck up a mite, and I'm no end o' sorry I said you was. You laid right down on the dirty log with all your clean things on—and if you hadn't—we—we shouldn't a' had any—baby to our house this mornin'."

He rubbed his eyes as he laid down the flowers and went away.

"Mamma," said Elsie, "I'm good for more than a flower, ain't I?"

"What a question for the child to ask!" said mamma, kissing her.—*Selected.*

### GENEROUS OF PRAISE.

HOW much better the world would be if only people were a little more generous of praise! Let no one suppose that we are speaking of flattery; we mean simply praise, or, as Webster gives it, "Honor rendered because of excellence or merit." How easy it is to find fault when everything does not run smoothly!—when anything is omitted which ought to have been done! Why should it not be just as easy to give commendation for the right done?

The day is drawing to its close, and the wife and mother, weary with household care, sits for a moment waiting the sound of the home-coming feet. The door opens quickly, and they have come. "How bright and cheery you look here! But you always make home look that!" and the husband's kiss on her cheek brings back the careless girlhood days, and the life looks suddenly bright again.

"The boys wanted me to stay all night, mother, it was so stormy; but I thought I would rather come home, and I'm glad now I did!" and the boy glanced around the pleasant sitting-room with a look that told plainer than words how attractive a spot it was to him. The mother's weariness had gone, like the shadows before the light.

How many homes are rendered unhappy by too much fault-finding, and too little just praise! "And if one cannot praise—what then? Whittier in his beautiful poem—'My Birthday,' says,—

Love watches o'er my quiet ways,  
Kind voices speak my name,  
And lips that find it hard to praise,  
Are slow, at least, to blame."

Yes, one can always be "slow, at least, to blame." The fact that little faults try and vex us, in those dear to our hearts, only goes to prove that the general character is good, and there is much to praise. The whiter the snow, the darker look all objects against it. Why not admire the whiteness which forms the background?

Then, if we look within, if we see with impartial eyes the short-comings of our own lives, will we not be slower to notice flaws in others? Shall we not say, in the words of Shakespeare: "I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults"? If then we are so frail, so weak ourselves, so dependent on the kindness and forbearance of others, shall we not do the little we can to make the world brighter in turn for them?

If there is anything to admire or praise—and

there is always something—speak the word now; it will brighten the weary hours, it will prevent the bitter regret that comes too late when mother's tired hands are folded, the hands that were never slow in their loving service for us, the loving face that was so often shadowed by our failing to give a word or two of well-earned praise, or saddened by our ready fault-finding, is hidden from our sight. Boys or girls who can so readily make or mar the happiness of home and mother, think of this before it is too late. Save yourselves from that which will sadden the happiest hours of your life, when many miles of land or sea, or perhaps the River of death may have parted you from those who were nearest and dearest to you. The thought that will always come when the mind goes back to early life, that we might have done *so much* while they were with us, to make them happy but didn't.

A. F. B.

### THE TELEGRAPH.

Suppose that you possessed a magnetic telegraph for your exclusive use, by which you could send messages to distant friends in any part of the world. "What an invaluable treasure!" you might exclaim.

But have you not one *far more valuable*?—one operating room of which is your own heart, the other your heavenly Father's audience-chamber. And if it be needful for your happiness, and does not interfere with your best good, the answer to your communication will be instantaneous.

What a thrill of emotion was experienced at the first successful result (as was thought) of the Atlantic Cable! And what Christian does not remember the *first direct answer* to prayer—perhaps immediate—which he ever received?

How vividly comes up to memory's eye the scene of sorrow or disaster, perplexity or anxiety; his silent closet; that hour alone with God; that weight of care or grief; the entire unburdening of the soul into a Father's bosom,—perhaps a voiceless one!—

"The burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear;  
The upward glancing of an eye  
When none but God is near."

Unlike human machinery, those irregular motions cause no interruption to the flow of the electric current of that spiritual battery. They are all under the influence of one great controlling agent—*faith*. It performs its office well. The work is done. The answer will be given.

How sweet the rest of soul which follows, even willing that the answer be a while delayed! But He who doeth "above all that we ask or think," even "*exceeding abundantly*," has vouchsafed a speedy one: "How great is his loving-kindness to them that fear him!"—Eph. iii., 20. M. P. H.

Oh! how good it is to work for God in the day time, and at night to lie down under his smiles.



## THE KEY FOUND.

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.—John xiv, 6, 7; II Cor. iii, 15, 16.



HERE is a strange wild wail around, a wail of wild unrest,  
A moaning in the music, with echoes unconfessed,  
And a mocking twitter here and there with small notes shrill and thin,  
And deep, low, shuddering groans, that rise from cases of gloom within.

And still the weird wail crosses the harmonies of God,  
And still the wailers wander through His fair lands rich and broad,  
Grave thought explorers swell the cry of doubt and nameless pain,  
And careless feet among the flowers trip to the dismal strain.

They may wander as they will in the hopeless search for truth,  
They may squander in the quest all the freshness of their youth;  
They may wrestle with the nightmare of sin's unresting sleep;  
They may cast a futile plummet in the heart's unfathomed deep.

But they wait, and wail, and wander, in vain, and still in vain,  
Though they glory in the dimness and are proud of very pain,  
For a life of Titan struggle is but one sublime mistake  
While the spell dream is upon them, and they cannot, will not, wake.

Awake, O thou that sleepest! The Deliverer is near!  
Arise, go forth to meet Him! Bow down for He is here!  
Ye shall catch your true existence from this first blessed tryst,  
For He waiteth to reveal Himself, the Very God in Christ.

For the soul is never satisfied, the life is incomplete,  
And the symphonies of sorrow find no cadence calm and sweet,  
And the earth-lights never lead us beyond the shadows grim,  
And the lone heart never resteth till it findeth rest in Him.

Do ye doubt our feeble witness? Though ye scorn us, come and see!  
Come and hear him for yourselves, and ye shall know that it is He!

Ye shall find in him the Centre, the Very Truth, the Life!  
Resplendent resolution of the endless doubt and strife,

Ye shall find a perfect fitness, with your highest, deepest thought  
In Him the fair Ideal that so long ye vainly sought,  
In Him the grand Reality ye never found before,  
In Him the Lord that ye must love, the God ye must adore.

Ye shall find in Him the filling of the aching void within;  
In Him the instant antidote for anguish and for sin;  
In Him the conscious meeting of the soul's unuttered need,  
In Him the All that ye have sought, the goal of life indeed.

As the light is to the eyes, with its sensitive array  
Of delicate adjustments with their finely balanced play,  
With its instinct of perception, and its craving for the light,  
So is Jesus to the spirit when he gives the inward sight.

As the full and clear translation of some characters of fate,  
With their sibylline enfoldings of dim, mysterious weight,  
And a haunting terror, lest the real be darker than the guessed,  
So is Jesus to the questions and enigmas of the breast.

As the key is to the lock when it enters quick and true,  
Fitting all the complex wards that are hidden from the view,  
Moving all the secret springs that no other finds or moves,  
So is Jesus to the soul, when His saving power He proves.

As the music to the ear, when the mightiest anthems roll  
With its corridors conveying every echo to the soul,  
With its exquisite discernment of vibration and of tone—  
So is Jesus to the heart that is made for Him alone.

No need to prove the sunshine when the eye receives the light;  
When the cipher is deciphered we know the clue is right.  
The key is known by fitting the strange intricate wards,  
And the ears must own the music when they recognize the chords.

No need to prove a Saviour, when once the heart believes,  
And the light of God's own presence in Jesus Christ receives!  
No need for weary puzzle with heart-lore strange and dim,  
When we find our dark enigmas are simply solved in Him,

We cannot doubt our finding the very key indeed  
When Jesus fills up every void, responds to every need  
When all the secrets of our hearts before Him are revealed,  
And all the mystery of life alone with Him unsealed.

We cannot doubt when once the ear of listening faith has heard,  
With all responsive thrill of love the music of His word!  
He gives the witness that excels all argument or sign—  
When we have heard it for ourselves we know it is Divine.

And then, oh, then the wail is stilled, the wandering is o'er,  
The rest is gained, the certainty that never wavers more;  
And then the full unquivering praise arises glad and strong,  
And life becomes the prelude of the everlasting song.

## SOME CURIOUS CUSTOMS.

In some parts of Australia when a man marries, each of the bride's relations gives him a good blow with a stout stick, by way, it may be supposed, of a warm welcome into the family. Among the Kalmucks of Central Asia, again, the marriage ceremony is very romantic. The girl is put on a horse and rides at full speed. When she has got a fair start the lover sets off in pursuit; if he catches her she becomes his wife, but if he cannot overtake her the match is broken off, and we are assured, which I can well believe, that a Kalmuck girl is very seldom caught against her will. This idea of capture in marriage occurs almost all over the world. Hence, no doubt, the custom of lifting the bride over the doorstep, which occurs, or did occur, among the Romans, the Redskins of Canada, the Chinese, the Abyssinians, and other races. Hence, also, perhaps, our custom of the honeymoon, and hence, may be, after a wedding, things are thrown, as some one has suggested in mock anger after the departing bride and bridegroom. It is remarkable how persistent are all customs and ceremonies connected with marriage. Thus our bride-cake, which so invariably accompanies a wedding, may be traced back to the old Roman form of marriage by *confarreatio* or eating together, and is found also in other parts of the world, as for instance, among the Iroquois of North America.

It is stated that a nephew of the late King Cetewayo, after spending six years in Sweden in theological and other studies, has gone back to carry on mission work in his native land.

A WORTHY example. An exchange says that a brewer who did a large business at Mishima, Japan, has become a Christian and joined the Church. He had a long and hard struggle to give up his profitable business, but at last the grace of God triumphed; he gave up brewing and gave his large and costly building to be used as a church.

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 Hamilton, Ont., on Wednesday, May 1st, 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.

REV. CANON MOCKRIDGE, D. D., Editor and Manager, Hamilton, Ont.  
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FEBRUARY, 1889.

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THE editor will be glad to hear of one or two clergymen willing to travel in the interests of this Magazine. Good business terms can be given on application.

MANY rectors now use this periodical as their Parish Magazine. Liberal terms for this purpose will be cheerfully given on application.

We are now in a position to supply back numbers of the CANADIA CHURCH MAGAZINE AND MISSION NEWS from its first numbers. Vol. I., July, '86—Dec., '87 (18 numbers) \$1.50. Vol. II., (current), 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.

### OBITUARY.

The Rev. Edward Du Vernet, Canon, Diocese of Montreal, died in Parrsboro', N. S., on Jan. 3rd.

Rev. A. S. Falls, Rector of Amherstburg, Diocese of Huron, has also departed this life.

Rev. Canon Belcher, for many years Rector of Grace Church, Pt. St. Charles, Montreal, and a member of the Missionary Board of Management, we regret to say has also been called to rest.

### A LETTER FROM JAPAN.

The General Secretary has received the following letter from Rev. J. Cooper Robinson, Canadian Missionary in Japan:—

We reached Japan after an uneventful voyage on the 15th of September, and it is just two weeks since we came to this place which is, I hope, to be our home for some time. The intervening two and a-half months we spent in Tokio in a state of expectation and uncertainty. This not being a treaty port we had to procure passports before we could come and take up our residence. In order to do this we had to make arrangements to engage in educational work, and after this had been done two or three weeks more passed by before the passports were finally granted. We were told on our arrival, and soon found out for ourselves, that in this country there is nothing gained by being in a hurry about anything one cannot do himself. Japan is

undoubtedly one of the most progressive countries in the world, if indeed she has a rival in that respect at the present time, but the people individually seem very slow and easy going. While in Tokio, we visited the principal places of interest, including some of the finest temples, the Imperial Gardens, Uyeno Park and Museum, the Great Annual Chrysanthemum Show at Daugozaka, the Imperial University and some of the Schools. On November 3rd, the Mikado's Birthday, we saw His Imperial Majesty reviewing his troops quartered in the capital, about 7,000 in number. Of course we have seen many new sights, but nothing very different from what we had been led to expect by the books we read before coming. There is no great difficulty now in obtaining any full and accurate information about this great country, and since it is now Canada's nearest neighbor to the west I trust our people will seek to become better acquainted with it. Nagoya is a city about which I have read very little, and I presume it is comparatively unknown to most Canadians. I shall not attempt to write a history or description of it now, nor do I promise to do so at any future time, but I hope to be able from time to time to send home a few lines which will be interesting to my countrymen and brother churchmen. It is now the fourth city in population in the empire, containing with its suburbs, about 200,000 people. It is a very rich city, and at the present time the stronghold of Buddhism in Japan. It has always been regarded as a most difficult field for missionary work, and it is scarcely two years since the first Protestant missionary came here to live. There are now four missionaries representing three branches of Protestantism, and the Roman Catholic and Greek Churches have each a representative. There are now nineteen foreigners here, who with three exceptions are doing direct missionary work, as far as their limited knowledge of the language will permit. I think the missionary outlook here as well as in the rest of Japan is hopeful, and I trust at some future time to be able to write to you about my own work, which at present I can scarcely say I have begun. There are six or seven Christians here belonging to the Church of England who have come from other places. These have met in our sitting room the last two Sunday afternoons, and I have spoken to them through an interpreter who, I am sorry to say, does not understand English sufficiently to do it satisfactorily. My school work consists of an evening class five times a week. It is attended by a few young men, telegraph operators, who have some knowledge of English which they wish to increase. Two of them are Christians, and I hope that the others may in time, through their and my influence, be brought to acknowledge the Lord Jesus as "the Light of the world."

I request most earnestly the prayers of all your readers that we may receive wisdom and power from above, that our efforts here may be abundantly fruitful.

## THE SOCIETY'S FIRST LEGACY.

IT is with pleasure that we record the gift of five hundred dollars to the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society by the late Rev. Charles P. Reid, of Sherbrooke, Diocese of Quebec, for use in the Domestic field. We trust that this is but the forerunner of many and valuable gifts that the Society will yet receive to assist it in the work for which it was called into being by the voice of the Canadian Church.

The following is the form of acceptance of the legacy by the Treasurer of the Society:—

Whereas in and by the last will and testament of the late the Reverend Charles Peter Reid in his lifetime, of the city of Sherbrooke, in the Province of Quebec, Doctor of Civil Law and Clerk in Holy Orders, he devised and bequeathed the sum of five hundred dollars as follows, to wit:—

"I give, devise and bequeath to the Board of Domestic and Foreign Missions as constituted and authorized by the Provincial Synod of the Church of England of the Ecclesiastical Province of Canada the sum of five hundred dollars in aid of the Domestic Missionary work of the Church in the Diocese of Algoma and the North-west." And whereas Dame Julia Reid and Richard William Heneker, the executors of the said will, desire to make payment of said legacy; now, therefore, acting for and on behalf of the said Board, I, John J. Mason, of the city of Hamilton, in the Province of Ontario, the General Treasurer of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada, duly authorized for all the purposes hereof by virtue of my office, did and do hereby accept of the said legacy in accordance with the terms and conditions thereof as above set forth, and do hereby acknowledge to have received the said sum of five hundred dollars of and from the said executors who are hereby released and discharged from all further liability and obligation in respect thereof. In witness whereof I hereunto affix my seal and signature at the said city of Hamilton, this eighth day of January, eighteen hundred and eighty-nine.

J. J. MASON, Treasurer,  
Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society  
of the Church of England in Canada.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON  
INCREASING MISSIONARY  
INTEREST.

FROM THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS.

(Concluded.)

MISSIONS A DUTY OF ALL CHURCHES.

IT IS certain that any Church, or congregation or parish which puts forth no efforts for making Christ known beyond its own limits is false to the idea and purpose of its existence. It is alien to the spirit of the Gospel. It is disloyal to Christ, and though it may have a name

to live, it is spiritually dead. Its own edification is dependent upon its seeking to evangelize others. It is in this principle that our people need to be educated. Children should be taught this from their earliest years. It should be impressed upon them by precept, by illustration and by example. They will often grasp the idea more readily than their parents, and act upon it more unselfishly. A generation of children thus taught would make the whole Church missionary in doctrine and in life.

We want money for our Lord and for those for whom He died. There are motives powerful enough to stir every heart to give generously to Him who gave Himself for us; gratitude for benefits; loving loyalty to Jesus Christ; pity for suffering heathen souls, multitudes of whom have never heard that there is a Saviour. But even when these motives are felt, as in some degree they must be in every Christian heart, there is need of instruction in the duty of giving. Our people must be taught that giving money for the support of missions is a sacred duty; that it is the payment of a debt which we owe; and that the amount to be given is not what there is left over after we have provided for all our needs, and gratified all our desires, but that we should give to Christ first of all: that no gain or income should fail to contribute its part. These truths should be impressed upon the hearts of children. They should be taught lovingly, persistently, in the Sunday school and in the home.

Rich men should be disabused of the idea that there is danger of their giving so largely as to discourage small gifts from the poor. They should be instructed that small gifts from the rich do discourage the poor from giving at all, but that large gifts from those who have abundant means, most effectually incite those whose resources are small, to give all that they can.

Sentiment is good, and emotion is good, but the performance of duty is better than either. And to give according to his means for making Christ's love known to men is an imperative duty for every Christian.

The fault lies largely at the door of the clergy. There is reason to fear that many of them do not believe in Foreign Missions, and take very little interest in those nearer home. The zeal in missionary work in any congregation will generally be about on a level with that which the rector feels; and when we look over the long list of non-contributing parishes, and note the ratio in many others of the missionary offerings to the sums expended for music and church adornment, we cannot but conclude that the binding nature of our Lord's command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," is not realized as it should be by many to whom the commission has been given and conveyed.

A NEW CONSECRATION.

We of the clergy need above all others to give

our hearts to the mission work. We cannot make others believe, unless we believe ourselves.

There are no new themes for the Ministry; no new ways of giving to God. But we all need a fresh baptism of the Holy Spirit; a new consecration to Christ, and a firm, unwavering belief that the Gospel of the Son of God will do for all heathen folk what it has done through the ages, leading wandering, weary souls to the glorious liberty of sons of God and heirs of everlasting life.

We have faithful men and women who give their time and talents as our agents. We have earnest and devoted missionaries. We are not without encouragement. But we want to see the whole Church animated with the spirit which now possesses but a few. And it is by these few that the rest are to be awakened. They who are out of the way will never convert themselves. They who are indifferent will not become zealous of their own accord. They who are in darkness will not become enlightened with their own light. It would be a great gain if every member of the Church could be led to press home upon himself the personal enquiry: Do I feel the responsibility of giving the Gospel to those who have it not, as I ought to feel it? Am I manifesting the interest in missions which I ought to show? Am I giving according to the Apostle's rule? Am I one of the many who do not care much about the missionary work of the Church, or am I one of the few who do? Let us begin this enquiry each with himself. If our hearts are lighted with the love of Christ we shall give light to others. We shall be each a source of energy and power. If we have at heart the progress of the Redeemer's Kingdom in the world, we shall strive to interest others; and we shall not strive in vain. The Word of the Lord which we speak will not return to us void; but it shall accomplish that which He pleases, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto He sends it.

THE actual total for foreign missions last year for the Canadian Church was \$12,417.32, and not \$7,208.39, as stated in the Epiphany Appeal. The difference is due to money which came into the Treasurer's hands after the Appeal had been adopted by the Board.

### A MISSIONARY TRIP IN ATHABASCA.

By REV. A. C. GARRIOCH, OF ST. SAVIOUR'S MISSION, FORT DUNVEGAN.

**H**ERE is one serious disadvantage under which missionary work is carried on at this and other stations in the diocese, and that is the lack of sufficient lay-help, owing to which the missionary, whether he like it or not, must often give to manual labor the time and attention due to the higher work for which he is engaged. This evil, so long felt and generally acknowledged, continues, I suppose, because a remedy is difficult; and no doubt there is danger of being rash even in an honest endeavor to remedy a well known evil. Still, with the ex-

perience of other Churches, there seems to me less need for expensive experiment than for careful inquiry, to arrive at a system based on equitable and generous principles and practical in all its bearings.

These remarks seem suggestive of a synod, and I shall make this an excuse for giving an account of a journey to Vermilion, whither I went last summer accompanied by Mrs. Garrioch and our little son, to attend the first Synod held in the new Athabasca Diocese.

We travelled on a raft, and left at 7 a. m., Saturday, June 30th. In constructing the raft I studied to make it large enough to be safe, yet small enough to be manageable. It consisted of nine logs pointed at one end, and fastened together with cross-sticks pinned to every log. About half the raft was occupied by a sort of tent, while the other half was taken up with an open fire, two small oars in position, a trunk, some kettles, and a small supply of fuel. Over all we hoisted the Union Jack with "C. M. S." stitched thereon. Then we weighed anchor, Mr. Peter Gun gave us a shove, and we were afloat on the great Onchega. The river was at a high stage, and we were hardly comfortably seated till we were rapidly passing the Hudson Bay fort, and as soon afterwards the Roman Catholic mission. We speculated while looking upon the latter as to the sort of feelings with which our departure was being witnessed. We will be charitable and hope, since the day continued fair throughout that they wished us well so far as "de Church" would permit them.

After working nine months steadily at one place, it is no small treat, let me tell you, to find yourself on a lovely summer morning floating down a great river like the Peace, with the prospect of a few days rest.

Our little craft acted well, always keeping mid-stream, and we reached the Peace River Landing at 7 p. m., where we found Mr. Holmes standing ready to help us land. We spent the next day quietly at the depot, as it was Sunday. Mr. Tait who represented the H. B. Company at this place readily gave us the use of his quarters for the purpose of united worship both morning and evening. Two or three Indians joined us, and I trust we spent a profitable time. Mr. Holmes spoke of the evil of being "careful and troubled about many things," and I repeated the Baptist's warning—"Repent ye for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." On Monday morning Mr. Holmes and I enlarged our raft by the addition of two more logs, and we resumed our journey. To lose no time we divided our nights into two watches, of which Mr. Holmes took the one and I the other, and thus we travelled on, stopping only for a few minutes each day to replenish our stock of fuel. The current being very swift we several times missed opportunities of speaking to people that we saw on the way; and Mr. Holmes and I taxed our skill as oarsmen sometimes to no purpose. For instance, one rainy afternoon we espied a boat coming up stream, which we at once recognized as

that of a well known fur trader; and, of course, we resolved on making connection, and for that purpose commenced rowing as vigorously as ever we could; the party in charge was, however, pleased to treat our kindly intention with contempt, and instead of stopping his boat, pushed on, as it appeared to us, all the harder. I expect we lost nothing. In justice to all the gentlemen this side the Rocky Mountains I may as well state that the party referred to comes from the other side of the Rockies.

At Keg River we landed for a few minutes and had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Bottle and her children. Here we had some friendly, and I trust, beneficial conversation. Mrs. Moses Bottle willingly accepted one of my Sunday Almanacks.

Further down stream we met Mr. McKenzie, just retiring from the Hudson Bay Company's service, and on his way up to Peace River Landing, in the vicinity of which promising place, he intends to engage in farming. His manners seemed none the worse for his fur-trading, and, in pleasing contrast to the party referred to above, he stopped his boat as soon as he had caught sight of us, and we had a general hand-shaking, and an interchange of kindly inquiry and good news, a proper custom on the part of travellers who meet in this large lone land.

On the evening of July 5th we sighted Fort Vermilion; and as we approached, the banks were gradually fringed with spectators, among whom we soon recognized the Bishop (Bishop Young) and Mr. Trail, the officer in charge of the Company's post. We landed here, and after partaking of Mr. Trail's hospitality, went on to the Mission.

I found my old house at Unjaga pretty well renovated; and I hope Mr. Scott may by his improvements, succeed in making himself as comfortable, as he and Mrs. Scott made us during our stay.

Vermilion, which has always been an important trading-post begins to assume the appearance of a farming settlement; and its several groups of houses, standing on the river banks and pleasantly arresting the travellers notice, bear legible signs of energy, and aptitude in making the best of the surroundings: The Vermilionians evidently aimed at constructing themselves neat and comfortable abodes, and succeeded in doing so, without showing any vaulting ambition for architectural effect.

Among the new features that arrested my attention in the Unjaga Mission group of houses, was the Bishop's Palace, standing between Mr. Scott's place and the cathedral. It is a neat but unpretentious building. It is also solid, though built of spruce, and given to hospitality, though far from finished. The main point is to know that the occupants are satisfied, and given to making others satisfied.

Of our proceedings at Synod, I beg to say that a printed report may be looked for, so that here, more than a passing notice is unnecessary.

The Cathedral service, usual and proper, preceded actual business, and was in this instance so arranged that each ordained missionary should do his share in officiating; and I trust that we all remembered that to officiate properly is one thing, to worship God in spirit and in truth, another. After service we repaired to the Bishop's, where about twenty guests sat down to a lordly repast; and then we returned to the Cathedral, and the business of the Synod commenced. A Report of the proceedings has been published.

On Sunday, at morning service, Mr. Holmes was admitted to priest's orders. An excellent sermon was preached to us by the Ven. Archdeacon Reeve, who proved conclusively from scripture that there *were* originally three orders of clergy; but I think he forgot to inform us as to when it was first found necessary to have Archdeacons. I would just mention in passing that the Archdeacon was before any of us as a laborer in the Diocese of Athabasca as formerly constituted; that he is local secretary for the C. M. S.; missionary in charge at Lake Athabasca, teacher of a good school there; and, that, with it all, he has the grace to be "umble."

Of all our sayings and doings at Vermilion, the best to my mind, took place on Sunday afternoon, when we all met in the Cathedral for a genuine missionary meeting. There, in simple language, we related our experiences in the mission field. There we united in invoking the blessing of God upon our future efforts in the work of the Gospel. The service was one well fitted to unite us and warm us up to our work; to strengthen our faith, cheer our hearts, and widen our sympathies; and I expect we each came away from there saying,— "Now I'll go back and work harder than ever."

We commenced our homeward journey on Wednesday, July 11th, but the day was so rainy, that by the time we had reached the Hudson Bay post, we were thankful to accept Mr. Trail's kind invitation to spend the night there. It was a genuine pleasure to do so after what I had seen of Mr. Trail both at church and synod. It is most encouraging to the missionary to find one in Mr. Trail's position so sincerely desirous of promoting the spiritual welfare of the Indians and other natives of the country.

Next afternoon we took leave of our worthy host and hostess, and resumed our journey. We travelled in two dug-outs, of which the smaller one was navigated by Mr. Holmes and one man, and the larger one, containing family and outfit, by myself and two men. Our first night's encampment was at Mr. H. Lawrence's ranch, where again we were further fortified against the hardships of the way by a right kind reception. Mr. Lawrence is an enthusiastic farmer, and we heartily wish him and his good wife all success in their brave venture.

Early next morning we commenced our journey in real earnest. We propelled our dug-outs by means of paddle, pole or tow-line; but take it whichever way we pleased a liberal application of

muscle was necessary. My lameness gave me an important advantage over Mr. Holmes, for while my crew did all the tracking, Mr. Holmes and his man alternately engaged in this trying pedestrian exercise; and as a cool and impartial observer, I must say that English pluck does not appear to disadvantage when pitted against Indian toughness. I must admit, though, that the protracted means by which Mr. Holmes sometimes circumvented a snag, created a little diversion; for people will laugh when it would better become them to weep. So it was when one day my pole slipped from a boulder and I disappeared over the canoe into the waters of the Peace River. Every one laughed, even my own wife, and my explanation how it had happened made no difference.

Our trip was not altogether unpleasant, though mosquitoes were often so bad on the river that we found it necessary to carry a smoke in the canoe.

Partly owing to the heavy cargo of the larger canoe which lengthened out our journey by at least one day, and partly owing to our excellent appetites engendered of healthy bodily exercise, our stock of provisions ran short; and this too, notwithstanding that we had started with a full supply and had shot twelve geese on the way. The day before we reached the Peace River Landing we breakfasted on a small bannock, dined on a corn-starch soup, and supped on pancake made from the compound shakings of our flour-bag. We made an early start next morning, hoping to have breakfast at the Landing, but it was nearly noon when we reached there; and to make matters worse we found the depot locked and Mr. Tait away. English pluck was again up to the mark, and not many minutes after our arrival, Mr. Holmes was mounted on a sturdy nag, and with our hearty wishes for his speedy success, he started in hot pursuit of the much wished-for Mr. Tait. Some Indians camped about the place were kind enough to bring us a few berries, a good thing for little Frank, who was beginning to express his disapproval of the prolonged fast. Mr. Holmes and Mr. Tait made their appearance a little before sunset, and our hunger soon had to look for other quarters. Next day we had to bid farewell to our old travelling companion, Mr. Holmes, and the day following with our Indian fellow-travellers, who returned to Vermilion. They did their duty by us, and Mr. Holmes and I tried to do them good—they in helping us forward to temporary homes—we in directing their minds to an abiding home above.

At the Landing I had to hire a new crew to take us on to this place. They did their best, and lost no time; and although several times we were almost upset, thanks to a kind Providence, we arrived here in safety on the 1st of August.

We were glad to get away, and, believe me, as glad to get back again. The place though untenanted during our absence had received neighborly attention from the same hand that had pushed out our raft at starting, and we were delighted to find

a great many flowers in full bloom, and everything safe in house, field and garden.

## Woman's Auxiliary Department.

*"The love of Christ constraineth us."*

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

### SAULT STE. MARIE.

On Thursday evening last a reception was given at the parsonage by the St. Luke's Woman's Auxiliary, with a view to promoting that feeling of unity which exists between the clergyman and his people, and among the congregation generally. Upwards of seventy guests were present. Refreshments were served, games introduced and a pleasant evening spent in music, etc.

### FREDERICTON DIOCESE.

The "Juliet Kerr" Branch of "The Church of England Zenana Missionary Society" was formed in St. John, N. B., June, 1885, with Mrs. T. W. Daniel as President, Mrs. Carr, Treasurer, and Mrs. J. C. Allison, Secretary. Collectors were appointed, and several persons took "Mission Boxes." During the ensuing winter and spring, working parties were held every alternate week at the house of the President. At the first annual meeting of the society held in June, 1886, we were able to report as the result of the first year's work \$71.81, collected and remitted to the Hon. Secretary in England. The magazine, *India's Women*, had eleven subscribers. The former officers were re-appointed at that meeting.

At the second annual meeting we were glad to report increased interest and aid in the work.

During the year the sum of \$172.47 had been collected.

The visit of Mrs. Greaves, an accredited missionary of the C. E. Z. M. S., in September, 1886, was a great pleasure, and the information which she gave of life in the East, awakened much interest.

In the autumn of 1886 it was thought advisable to affiliate the Zenana Society with the Mission work of the Church of England Institute in St. John, the President and Managing Committee of the Institute permitting us to retain our own Directorate. During the winter and spring of 1887 working parties were held regularly at Mrs. T. W. Daniel's, and articles of clothing, work-bags, etc., were made, and in the summer a box was sent to England.

The time of holding the annual meeting was changed from June to January in 1887, that it might be held at nearly the same time as the annual meeting of "The Church of England Institute." So the third annual meeting was held in January, 1888. Having followed so closely upon the June meeting it was impossible to report the

result of the year's work, but the Treasurer reported that the total collected since the formation of the Branch was \$360; expenses, \$11.90.

The former officers were re-appointed with a Managing Committee of four, Mrs. G. F. Matthew, Mrs. C. Scammell, Mrs. T. Walker, and Mrs. G. F. Smith.

This month, January 11th, 1889, we held our fourth annual meeting, and we were glad to report that although the subscriptions had not increased, the interest in our little society had been sustained, and we remitted during the year the sum of \$130.55. Of this amount \$81.64 was collected, \$44.76 was realized by a small sale held in June, \$4.15 was contributed by St. John's Church Sunday School. During the winter and spring, working parties were held at Mrs. T. W. Daniel's, and, instead of sending the articles made, to England, it was decided to sell them here. The result was the June sale.

*India's Women* has now about thirty subscribers. The following officers were elected for this year:— Mrs. Daniel, President, Mrs. Alfred Morrissy, Treasurer; Mrs. John C. Allison, Secretary. Committee of Management, Mrs. G. F. Matthews, Mrs. C. Scammell, Mrs. T. Walker, Mrs. J. R. Smith, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. E. L. Perkins, Mrs. Calhoun, Mrs. G. F. Smith.

The total amount collected since the formation of the Branch was, \$490.55; expenses, \$11.90; leaving a balance of \$478.65.

MRS. ALLISON, Secretary.

### QUEBEC DIOCESE.

The quarterly meeting was held at the Rectory on Friday, the 14th of December, 1888. A full attendance was present. Resolutions of regret were passed at the illness of the President, Mrs. Williams, who is at present in the south of France for the benefit of her health. All heard with regret that Miss Hamilton resigned her office of Diocesan Treasurer on account of unavoidable absence from Quebec. Miss Forsyth agreed to act in her stead.

Reports were read from the following branches:

#### THE CATHEDRAL.

Weekly sewing meetings are held. The barrel valued at \$75 was sent to the Rev. J. Breme, Piegan Reserve, and one to the Rev. J. R. Settle, Sandy Lake Mission. Interesting letters of thanks were read by the Secretary.

EMILY SEWELL, Secretary.

ST. MATTHEW'S.

Weekly meetings are held regularly. A barrel was sent to the Bishop of Rupertsland, valued at \$64.50.

WINIFRED PEMBERTON, Sec.

ST. MICHAEL'S.

The fortnightly sewing meetings are held regularly. A barrel valued at \$75.90 was sent to Qu'Appelle, and one to Algoma valued at \$75.90.

An interesting letter was read, with thanks for clothing sent to Sault Ste. Marie.

FRANCES BURSTALL, Sec.

ST. PETER'S.

Owing to the departure of the Rev. M. R. Fothergill the regular meetings were interfered with, but since the appointment of the Rev. A. J. Balfour, they have been resumed with renewed vigor. The children have sent the Rev. E. F. Wilson \$15, being a sum collected toward the support of a boy in Shingwauk Home, Algoma.

M. BORLAND, Sec.

SHERBROOKE.

Regular meetings are held; we have undertaken to educate an Indian boy at Mackenzie River, which will cost \$50 per annum. In December \$50 was sent to the Bishop of Algoma in answer to an appeal in the *Christian Guardian*. In May \$25 was sent to the new mission in Parry Sound. A Children's Guild has been commenced. Barrels were also sent out west.

LENNOXVILLE.

Four new members joined. Much more interest is being shown. A Junior Branch has been formed, consisting of twelve members. One box sent west, valued at \$50. The Children's Branch sent one also, valued at \$18.

ISABELLA ROE, Sec.

WINDSOR MILLS.

Great interest is taken in the work, and regular sewing meetings are held. Owing to being a poor diocese, much has to be spent among the poor of the diocese.

HARRIET J. BALL, Sec.

ST. STEPHEN'S (INVERNESS).

Monthly meetings are held regularly. The interest in the work is steadily increasing, and those who cannot give much in money give in kind, and with a cheerful willingness we are all working to send a barrel to the Wawanosh Home in the spring.

M. L. ROE, Sec.

COOKSHIRE.

This Branch suffered a serious loss in the departure to the United States of its President, Mrs. Judge, and the Rev. A. H. Judge, who both took an active interest in our work; and more lately the death of Mrs. D. French, was deeply mourned. Ten dollars was voted to the Diocese of Qu'Appelle. A contribution from the G. T. S. for the Zenana Mission was also sent. A parcel of work valued at \$12 was sent to the Social Fair, Quebec. Monthly meetings are held regularly.

ELIZABETH TRIGGE, Sec.-Treas.

RICHMOND AND MELBOURNE.

Monthly meetings are held regularly. Two barrels valued at \$90.43, have been sent to the Rev. F. Frost, missionary of Manitoulin Island.

ISABELLA AYLNER, Sec.-Treas.

WEST FRAMPTON.

Monthly meetings are held regularly. Six hundred dollars was contributed for Qu'Appelle, and



\$900 worth of clothing for the Wawanosh Home, and a few things sent to Quebec for the Social Fair.

B. M. DEBBAGE, Sec.

M. S. MACPHERSON, Recording Secretary, Diocesan Branch, Woman's Auxiliary, Quebec.

## Books and Periodicals Dept.

THE *Missionary Review of the World* for February is promptly issued and is tully up to the high mark which this monthly has reached. *The Review* grows in interest and power from month to month. The first volume now bound—a sumptuous volume of nearly 1,000 pages—is a magnificent contribution to the literature of missions.

Published by FUNK & WAGNALLS, 18 and 20 Astor Place, New York. \$2 per year; 25 cents for single numbers. In clubs of ten, \$1.50.

*The Nun of Kenmare.* An autobiography: Boston, Ticknor & Co., 211 Tremont st., 1889.

Kenmare is a lovely village in Ireland, about three hours' drive from Killarney. Here in a Roman Catholic convent lived Mary Frances Cusack, well known as "The Nun of Kenmare." This lady, brought up and baptized in the Anglican Church, was attracted to the Church of Rome at the time when many others, including Dr. Newman, made their entrance into the same communion. Full of a yearning desire to do work for God and His poor, she fancied the Romish Church an Eldorado full of opportunities for carrying out the work that she loved. It was not long, however, before she began to realize that humanity is the same in a religious house and in convents and in the Roman Communion generally as in the great world which lies outside. Her book, which is clearly written and beautifully printed, is a painful recital of petty jealousies and relentless persecutions on the part of sisters, priests, bishops and archbishops, which is surprising indeed to read. In the "foundation" at Kenmare and at Knock, and in her endeavor to establish industrial schools in the United States she seems to have been involved in an amount of opposition and complexities bordering upon the incredible. Her experience in the Church of Rome certainly has not been a happy one, and she has now renounced it and returned to the happier home of the Church of her baptism. In the days of famine and distress in Ireland in 1880 and '81, this sister, known as Sister Mary Frances Clare, wrote with such plaintive eloquence to all parts of the world that contributions by the thousands of dollars were sent to her for the relief of the poor of Ireland and parish priests and English rectors alike were profuse in their gratitude for her timely and vigorous aid. In November, 1881, she received a threatening and insulting letter for the aid she was giving to the poor, it being regarded as an interference with the "rights" of landlords. An indignation meeting was held in Kenmare which showed un-

mistakably the high opinion that the people of the neighborhood had of their great benefactress. "Large crowds came in from the different parishes surrounding Kenmare, headed by the priests. The Killarney Brass Band brought from Kilgarvan direction the largest contingent. They were met outside of the town by a splendid body of Kenmaremen, marshalled by stewards wearing green rosetts. They carried a splendid banner with the device, "Kenmare resents the Insult offered to Sister Mary Frances. Behold her body-guard." One of the gentlemen at this meeting spoke as follows:—

"Fellow countrymen you all heard of the spectral-ghost which invaded the land in 1846-'48, and many among you remember it. Yes, my friends, you remember your fellow creatures being taken in boxes to the grave by the dozen and a cat would not call it a grave. It was a huge yawning sepulchre which swallowed up the manhood of this valley. It was an unlettered cairn where the bones of the poor lie mixed and mouldering to the present day. Now we had last winter a visit from the very same spectre which like a winged fairy from the infernal regions, spread a terror and a gloom over this land. Thank God, he was scared away from this valley, but by whom? Was it by the government that sent us buckshot? Was it by the guardians that intimated emigration and transportation? No, my friends, he was scared away by the charity of foreign nations accumulated in Kenmare by Sister Clare. From her lonely cell by the banks of the purling little Finnehe her voice rang over the Rocky Mountains of America. It was heard by the waters of the Pacific, and along the shores of San Francisco, and many the generous purse flew open at that call, and many, many the exiled Irish heart blessed that angelic voice, which they ever heard raised in behalf of the poor and holy Ireland."

This lady, once so good to others, is now in Utica, N. Y., dependent for her support only upon what may accrue to her from the sale of her book, her own money, according to her statements, having been lost by many an unjust transaction on the part of persons in authority in the Church of Rome. The Nun of Kenmare is known in the world of literature as a writer of grace and power and it is to be hoped that this, her last venture, showing as it does the unjust dealings of Romish priests and sisters, will receive the cordial support of the members of the Church to which she has returned, that it may be the Church of her burial as it was that of her baptism.

*The Churchman*: New York, M. H. Mallory & Co., 47 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 00.

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