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HISTORICAL SKETCHES

NO 121 - THE THIRD BISHOP OF NIAGARA

THE Rev. John Philip DuMoulin, M.A., D.C.L., elected third Bishop of Niagara, is by birth an Irishman. He was born in the city of Dublin in the year 1839, and was educated there. He was for a time a student of Trinity College, Dublin, but did not proceed to a degree.

He came out to this country through the influence of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Cronyn, first Bishop of Huron, who had previously brought out Edward Sullivan, now Bishop of Algoma, and James Carmichael, now Dean of Montreal. He was made a deacon in 1862 by Bishop Cronyn, and was appointed curate to the Venerable Archdeacon Brough, rector of St. John's, London Township. He was priested by Bishop Cronyn in 1863, and in the same year married Frances, fifth daughter of Archdeacon Brough. In 1865 he was curate to the Rev. Dr. Booner, rector of Galt, and in the following year was promoted to the metropolitan city of Montreal as curate to Rev. Dr. Bancroft, rector of Trinity

Church, and in 1870 was transferred to the Church of St. James' the Apostle, as assistant minister to Rev. Canon Ellegood. In the following year he was called to be rector of St. Thomas' Church, Hamilton.

Though Mr DuMoulin had served for nine years as curate or assistant minister, his preaching powers had brought him into prominent notice, and when the Provincial Synod in 1872 met to elect a first bishop for the diocese of

Algoma Mr DuMoulin, after long balloting, was finally chosen. The Synod separated, but, after some correspondence on the subject, the bishop-elect declined to accept the position. In 1875 Mr. DuMoulin returned to Montreal as rector of the newly built St. Martin's Church, and here he remained till he was called to be rector of St. James Cathedral, Toronto. This was in 1882. Mr. DuMoulin at the same time was made a canon of the cathedral.

By the wise foresight of Bishop Strachan several lots of land had been secured as an endowment for the parish of Toronto. In time this land became very valuable, and yielded a large income, the whole of which went to the Rev. Dr. Grasset, who for many years was the rector of St. James'. But as other churches were built and other parishes formed within the original parish participation in the endowment was claimed by each and all of them, and it was arranged in time by the Synod of Toronto that the income of the next and succeeding rectors of St. James' should be \$5,000 a year, and that the balance should be divided among the other churches as the synod might direct.

Thus Canon Du-

Moulin found himself in one of the best church positions in Canada. Besides the rector's income, St. James' has further emoluments, which enables the congregation to procure efficient clerical assistance for the work of the parish. Great changes were made in Canon DuMoulin's time. The huge galleries, which, though useful at times, darkened and to some extent disfigured an otherwise beautiful church, were taken down, and the organ was removed from the



RT. REV. JOHN PHILIP DU MOULIN, M.A., D.C.L.,
Third Bishop of Niagara.

west end gallery to the chancel. The custom of preaching in the black gown was also discontinued, and a choir of men and boys in surplices was formed. Choral evensong was also established.

In 1894 Canon DuMoulin began a series of Lenten addresses during the noon hour of each week day except Saturday, and at these he put forth his grand powers as a preacher to such a degree that the large edifice, day by day, was filled with eager listeners. It is impossible to estimate the amount of good done by these stirring addresses, delivered in the very centre of the buying and selling and wrangling of a busy city. Each succeeding Lenten season was kept in the same way, and a use was found for St. James'—now situated in the business part only of the city, the people having moved far away to more suitable sites for dwelling houses—which was productive of much good.

Canon DuMoulin, in his early ministerial career, had obtained from Lennoxville University, by examination, the degree of M.A., and Trinity University, Toronto, subsequently bestowed upon him the degree of D.C.L.

When Bishop Hamilton accepted the bishopric of Ottawa, the Synod of Niagara met to elect his successor. The meeting took place in Hamilton on the 12th of May (1896). Six ballots were taken without any result, though the clergy, by a large majority, voted steadily for Canon DuMoulin, the laity by, a small majority, supporting first Rural Dean Armitage, and then Déan Carmichael. On the morning of the 13th, however, Canon DuMoulin was elected by 55 clerical votes (necessary 31) and 47 lay votes (necessary 29). Four clergymen only and six parishes voted otherwise. The Bishop-elect was consecrated in St. James', Toronto, on June 24th, by Archbishop Lewis.

THE ARMENIANS.*

BY RIGHT REV. DR. SWEATMAN, BISHOP OF TORONTO.

It would be difficult to point to any public occurrence that has so thoroughly roused the indignation and evoked the sympathies of all Christendom as the atrocities inflicted upon "suffering Armenia," under the connivance of the Ottoman Power, during the last eighteen months.

The details finding their way from time to time into the public press have so revolted the sense of civilization as to unite the Christian nations in determination to make the power of righteous sentiment felt, in compelling resistance to the irresponsible rule of injustice and wrong; the piteous appeal of the homeless, destitute, and starving victims of Moslem perse-

cution has entered into the hearts of Christian people. From all parts of the two great English-speaking countries, on either side of the Atlantic, gifts are flowing in, in a generous stream, for their relief.

The present interest in Armenia is unmistakable and widely spread; but it may be questioned whether the knowledge of its people and their history is at all as definite and general. It is the design of this work to supply such knowledge, and most opportune is its appearance.

With much research the author has compiled an exhaustive narrative of all that concerns the Armenian question; the history of that ancient country; the rise and fall of Turkish power; the religious conflicts between Mahometanism and Christianity; the political relations of the European powers with Turkey; and the present aspect of the Eastern Question.

Apart from the strong feeling of sympathy towards the Armenians, kindled by the recital of their cruel sufferings, other considerations render them peculiarly interesting as a people, and stimulate curiosity as to their origin and history. The very spot on the globe which they inhabit is that which, perhaps above all others, is invested in our imagination with the romance of early antiquity, as associated with the story of the genesis of our race.

No subject of speculation has invited more conjecture than the locality of the first home of man—the Garden of Eden, and although all such conjecture has been baffled by inseparable discrepancies in every supposed identification that has been investigated in the three continents of the old world that which has received the greatest support from learned men of all nations, ages, and beliefs is the claim of the high tablelands of Armenia. This region, seven thousand feet above the sea level, lying at the foot of Mount Ararat, and watered by the Tigris and Euphrates, with other streams, is Armenia proper—the home from the earliest ages of this ancient and remarkable race, though its people have become widely scattered, and though the theatre of the recent horrors covers a much larger area.

The Armenians claim for their ancestors a great grandson of Japhet, called Haik, who settled in the country defined, which, in the native language, bears the same name. From that time onward they have preserved their distinct nationality in the same marked and wonderful way as have the Hebrews, and in spite of the vicissitudes of conquest, partition of their territory, and successive raids, with wholesale slaughter and depredation, by their Kurdish neighbors and foes, have spread and multiplied in almost all the countries of the old world. In their own beautiful and fertile land, leading an industrious, pastoral life, amassing wealth in flocks and herds, only to be plundered and

* Being the preface to "The Sword of Islam, or Suffering Armenia." By J. Castell Hopkins. Bradley-Garretson Co., Brantford. The illustrations accompanying the article are also from the same work.



GROUP OF ARMENIANS.

driven from their devastated homes by the ruthless Kurds from the mountains, they have carried into other lands the same commercial instincts as the Jew, the same keenness in trade, the same faculty of growing rich; and wherever they are met with they are still Armenians, the ancestral type unchanged; but, at the same time, always peaceable and submissive subjects.

This same feature of persistence of type marks, in a still more interesting way, the history of their religion. No doubt the strongest plea in the appeal which the sufferings of these poor people make upon our sympathies is that of a common Christianity, that they are one of the very oldest Christian nations in the world, one that has kept its faith and form of worship almost intact from the first century to the present, through the unparalleled persecutions of one thousand years. They claim to have received the Christian faith from the apostle Thaddeus, who, they say, accompanied by Bartholomew and Judas, preached the Gospel and founded a Christian church in Armenia as early as the year 34. Traces of Christian worship in the country at a very early date go to bear out this story, though it can only be regarded as legendary. But there can be no doubt of the historical fact that St. Gregory "the Illuminator," who converted the King of Armenia and

many of his subjects to the faith, through his influence, was consecrated by the Archbishop of Cæsarea to be Bishop of Armenia in 302. And his successors, in unbroken line, under the title, first of Patriarch, and subsequently of "Catholicos," of whom there are now five, have continued to rule that Church to this day.

The ecclesiastical status of the Church of Armenia is that of one of the separated churches of the East, cut off from communion with the orthodox Greek Church. The separation took place A.D. 491, and was due to the non-acceptance by the Armenian Church of the decrees of the Council of Chalcedon, in that year, which condemned the doctrines of Eutychius. But there appears to have been some misunderstanding as to the effect of the decrees which led to this schism; for although the Church of Armenia is to this day classed as an Eutychian Church, it never adopted or favored that heresy. In fact, it is almost purely orthodox; and while in *formal* heresy is so far recognized that Greek priests are allowed, under certain circumstances, to communicate individual Armenians.

With the exception of the secessions which took place in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, under the agitation of Jesuit missionaries, and which led to the formation of the Armenian Uniat Church, the ancient Church of Armenia has maintained its doctrine and

discipline unimpaired with unexampled fidelity; and the constancy of Armenian Christians, even unto martyrdom, has been abundantly illustrated in the present persecutions, when thousands of tortured victims have accepted a cruel death as the alternative of abjuring Christ and professing the Moslem creed.

These are the people on whose behalf the aid and sympathies of Christians everywhere are invoked in their terrible sufferings. Mr. Castell Hopkins' work, setting forth so fully and graphically their eventful story, with its long record of bitter injuries from the most despotic, fanatical, and wily power that ever wielded the sword in the sacred name of the one God, will fulfil a mission of mercy, if it succeeds, as it deserves, in intensifying this popular sympathy and quickening the flow of practical relief for "suffering Armenia."

The volume amply sustains the author's well-earned literary reputation, and is presented by its enterprising publishers in a most attractive form.

THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY.

BY THE EDITOR.

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REIGN OF CHARLES I. (c).



HE "Short Parliament" met, as we have seen, on April 13th, 1640, and was dissolved on the 5th of May. On the 3rd of November, through the clamors of the people, through his own want of supplies, through the terribly unsettled state of the country, Charles was forced to assemble Parliament again. This is known in history as the "Long Parliament," and proved to be one of the most terrible and blood-thirsty tribunals that ever sat. It began its work by liberating Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, who for three years had been a prisoner in the Tower. Laud sought to prevent this, but with ominous forebodings he saw that his influence was well nigh, if not entirely, gone. The Puritan Churchmen wanted a man like Williams in the House of Lords, but to his credit it is to be said that he showed no personal resentment for the degrading treatment he had received.

The first victim marked by this parliament for destruction was Wentworth, Earl of Strafford. Loyalty to his king was his crime. In the eyes of the parliament this was treason. As soon as he arrived from Ireland he was impeached. Fearing some malignity of the kind, he thought it best not to take his seat in the House of Lords, but the king persuaded him to do so on the distinct promise that he would stand between him and all danger. No sooner, however, had he taken his seat in parliament

than he was impeached and placed under arrest.

The next man dealt with was Laud. He was impeached by the Scottish commissioners in the House of Lords as an incendiary. On the 18th of December the matter was debated in the lower house. Most inflammatory speeches were made against him. He was called "the sty of all the pestilential filth that had infected the state and government of the commonwealth." He was accused of appointing all the "popish bishops," such as Manwaring, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, the Bishop of Oxford, and Bishop Wren. The mention of Bishop Wren called forth a savage joke from one of the members, who called him "the uncleanest of all the unclean birds." The result of the debate was that Laud was voted a traitor. He was arrested and placed in charge of Maxwell, the gentleman usher of the black rod. Having resigned the Chancellorship of Oxford, he gave himself up to his new and terrible situation. Laud was a man who kept a careful record of all that he did day by day; and some of his reflections upon the evil days that had overtaken him are most affecting. In this diary we discover a trust in God, and a sincere piety, which, had they known of it, must have softened even the hearts of his Puritan foes. Under arrest, for instance, he prays for his enemies—"that for their hatred I may love them; for their cursing I may bless them; for their injury I may do them good; and for their persecution I may pray for them—Lord, pray for them, forgive them what they do."

Shortly after his arrest he was arraigned before the House of Lords, where he made a most masterly defence of himself, and by means of it left a good impression upon the members; but his enemies were too strong, even there. The Archbishop was committed to the Tower. Oh! gloomy Tower of London, what sighs and groans have thine old walls heard; what innocent victims have been held within thy stony embrace!

On his way to the Tower he was beset with shouting, clamor, and revilings, which went, according to the Archbishop's own words, "even beyond barbarity itself." Strafford was also a prisoner in the Tower, but no intercourse was allowed between him and his Archbishop, personal friends though they were. Strafford's trial began on the 22nd of March (1641). There was no law on which he could be convicted. The terrible parliament made a law for the purpose. By a majority he was condemned. The king's signature alone was necessary to secure his death. The king had promised to stand between him and all harm; but he feared to resist the parliament. Could he be freed from his promise? Bishop Williams, of Lincoln, told him he could, and so did Archbishop Usher, of Armagh; Bishop Juxon, of



THE PATRIARCH OF ARMENIA. See page 146.

London, alone told him that nothing could justify the breaking of such a promise as he had given to his confiding servant.

Juxon's voice was the voice of the king's own conscience, but he had not strength to resist. Poor Strafford must go. The king signed the warrant. Alas, for King Charles! His most faithful servant had to murmur, "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help."

Strafford would have liked to say farewell to Laud, but this was denied him. The aged Archbishop, however, watched him from the window of his prison on his way to the scaffold. Strafford looked up and signalled his last farewell as the Archbishop stretched forth his hands through the iron gratings in form of benediction. "Farewell, my lord," said the unfortunate earl, as he moved on to the place of death; "farewell. May God protect your innocency!"

Strafford dead, the parliament next impeached thirteen bishops for the part they took in passing the canons at the late convocation. This alarmed Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, who now began to see that he had given his aid to men who would be satisfied only with the complete abolition of Episcopacy. His defence of his brother bishops, however, was of no avail. They were accused by the relentless House of

Commons of high treason. Eleven of them were sent to the Tower, and two were placed under the custody of the black rod.

Ten of them were afterwards released, but the House deprived all bishops of authority, and placed the management of ecclesiastical affairs in the hands of a parliamentary committee. King Charles, who had signed the death warrant of a friend whom he had promised to protect, now signed the bill which swept away Episcopacy from his realm. And all good Church people moaned, and the primate in his prison murmured, "God be merciful to this sinking Church!"

And then all London went into mad ridicule over the unhappy Archbishop. Songs, ballads, pictures were all invoked against him, and the lowest taverns rang with ribald jests upon him. Whatever were Laud's mistakes, he might well have said, "Lord, what have I done?"

Williams had now become Archbishop of York. He had hitherto shown no resentment towards his brother Archbishop for his own trial and imprisonment; but now he showed his revenge, as he procured in the House of Lords an order to strip Laud of all jurisdiction in Canterbury and England, till he should be either acquitted or convicted of the charges laid against him, and to deprive him of all the revenues of his see.

Thus he anxiously waited for his trial, petitioning every now and then that he might be heard. But greater events were beginning to stir in the kingdom. Charles had taken up war against his parliament.

For nearly three years Laud was kept a prisoner; all his papers were taken from him, and he was subjected to considerable annoyance in every way possible.

Fourteen articles were drawn up against him, to which, after a short time, ten more were added. He was accused of wishing to introduce arbitrary government and to subvert the fundamental laws of the kingdom, and of restraining the civil judges in their duties.

It was a solemn sight when at length, on the 13th of November, 1643, the aged Archbishop appeared at the bar of the House of Lords—where he had been accustomed to sit as the first and highest peer of the realm—to answer as a prisoner to the charges laid against him. He addressed himself with deep pathos and much ability to the task. His trial before the Lords lasted five months, but very few members took any interest in it. Generally but a handful of peers were present to hear the defence of a man on trial for his life.

On the 12th of March, 1644 he appeared before the bar of the House of Commons, where

his real trial began, and did not end till the October of that year. The unfairness, the tediousness, the brutality of this mock trial is, perhaps, without a parallel in the annals of mankind. Every act of his life, from his college days to the trial, was dragged before the public with merciless particularity. A man named Prynne had taken from the Archbishop all his papers, and among them his own private diary, which he altered and added to, so as to make it tell the more heavily against its unfortunate author. This, containing his own private reflections, altered here and there to suit a vile purpose, was put in evidence against him. History, perhaps, nowhere records more heartless treatment of an old man than this so-called trial of Laud. The dress that he wore, the pictures hanging on his walls, indeed every imaginable thing was urged against him, and to everything he replied with wonderful dignity, patience, and learning. But all to no avail. His evident desire to restore images, pictures, and stained glass windows to the churches was rank treason in the eyes of his judges, and, therefore, he was at last sentenced to be hanged on the gibbet. It was not till the 4th of January, 1645, that this strange trial was over and this sentence given. The king sent him a royal pardon, but this, while it gratified the poor Archbishop, was taken no notice of by the parliament.

Laud was now face to face with death. He was deeply moved when he was told that he had to hang on a gibbet. He felt the deep insult that it would be for the primate of all England to be brought to such a humiliating end. He, therefore, respectfully petitioned parliament that he might be beheaded instead. Even this poor request was denied him in the House of Commons, but the Lords, among whom a little shred of decency and pity was left, gave their consent, and order was given accordingly.

On the 9th of January, 1645, he was led to the scaffold. Even here he was tormented by his fanatical foes, who, by violent questions, sought to cause him to lose his temper. But he gave as meek replies as he could, and seemed to wish to be allowed to die in peace. He preached a short sermon from Hebrews xii. 2, briefly reviewed his life, declared himself innocent of treason, and offered up a solemn prayer to God. Delivering a little money to the executioner he said, "God forgive thee, friend, as I do. Do thine office upon me in mercy."

Kneeling at the block he said, "Lord, I am coming as fast as I can," and other words of prayer, ending with a loud cry, "Lord, receive my soul." These words were the preconcerted signal to the executioner. At once the axe descended, and the poor old gray head of William Laud rolled, dyed in his own blood, upon the scaffold. He was buried in the Church of All Hallows, Barking, near the Tower. His ene-

mies allowed the burial service of the Church to be read over him, the last request that they were ever to have placed before them regarding the innocent man whom they had hounded to the death.

Unhappy England! Unhappy Church! No Archbishop of Canterbury could be thought of now. No primate was needed in England. The see of Canterbury was vacant, and the Covenanters needed no bishops. But their ambition soared much higher. A nobler quarry was in view. The headsman's axe was to be stained with richer blood. King Charles was at last brought to the same terrible tribunal that had sent the Archbishop to his death. For many things the unhappy Charles was to be blamed; but when we see him in the hands of his enemies, treated with every mark of indignity, sentenced at last to death; when we see him approaching his last moments, attended, at his own request, by William Juxon, Bishop of London—so far as the Parliament of England at that time would allow anyone to be such; when we see him calm and dignified, resolutely bracing himself for "the work," as he expressed it, "that lay before him," and that work was to die; when we see his last farewell with his little boy and girl—the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Elizabeth—and then his march to the place of death; when we hear the solemn words of the broken-hearted bishop, as he prayed for the king, then the last word of the condemned monarch as he said, "Remember"; when we close our eyes as the axe severs the head from his body, and feel the tremor that ran through the crowd as the heartless executioner holds the bleeding head on high and says, "This is the head of a traitor"; when we see all this and hear it, we mourn for the king, who, whatever were his faults, merited no such punishment as that which he received.

This woeful execution took place on the 30th of January, 1649, five years after the judicial murder of Archbishop Laud.

The scenes that followed belong to secular history. The historian of the Archbishops of Canterbury has little or nothing to do with them, for the church bells were hushed, the churches closed, the bishops' palaces empty. Rough troopers stalked through the land, trying to find anyone that would dare to use a Prayer Book. Wild fanatics preached the doctrines of the Covenanters, and the friends of England, as it once used to be, had to hide their heads and wait. The iron heel of Oliver Cromwell was pressed hard upon the neck of the nation, and the Church and her friends had to wait till his rule was over.

It is difficult to imagine an England without a sovereign, without bishops, without clergy, without prayer books, without merry chimes bidding to decent and orderly worship—yet

such it was for ten years after Charles I. paid the last penalty on the scaffold. The sufferings of Church people were great, especially of the clergy, who, deprived of their livings, were driven to great poverty and distress.

But this came to an end. Oliver Cromwell died—died after a wretched life of turmoil and fear—in constant dread of assassination, and there was no one to take his place. Then the nation arose in its might and cried out as one man, "Give me back my king;" "Give me back my bishops and my Church;" and the second Charles Stuart was called from beyond the seas and placed upon the throne of his ancestors. Merrily rang the bells all over England, and the pathway of the king was strewn with flowers. England was something like her old self again. Churchmen were wild with joy as they took out their hidden prayer books, and with them went to church to return thanks to God.

And in due time all things were restored; bishops went back to their sees, and clergy to their parishes, and England's reign of terror was over.

In a quiet little spot in Gloucester an old man dwelt in safe seclusion, hunting occasionally as a pastime in the forest around him. Tears of joy rolled down his cheeks as he heard of Charles Stuart being once more King of England. And soon to this aged man there came the message that he was to be Archbishop of Canterbury. Archbishop of Canterbury! The words were nearly forgotten, but now they came as a reality. With a voice trembling with joy the old man accepted the post. It was a most appropriate selection. It was William Juxon, who had watched the head of the first Charles Stuart roll from the block to satisfy foes whose tyranny knew no bounds.

(To be continued.)

A TRIP IN ATHABASCA.

(Continued.)

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



NOTHER aged couple, baptized in a distant part of the country many years ago, have now for some years been under Mr. Scott's pastoral care. They both manifest a humble faith in Jesus as their Saviour. They are true Indians. For months previous to our arrival the wife was constantly at death's door. On several occasions Mr. Scott had been sent for, as they thought she was dying. One day the old man came to the conclusion that she would be better if she could get plenty of meat. Wrapped in her blanket, he helped her down to his canoe, and started on a bear hunt and killed his bear.

He was giving a graphic account of his hunt; I thought at first, like many old men, he was fighting the battles of his earlier years over again; but it was not so. When an Indian recounts his exploits, he is a true orator. You

seem to have the whole scene vividly before you; the crouching hunter, the unconscious bear, the successful shot, the flight, attack, or falling never to rise again of the victim, as the case may be. Now and then the narrator can show scars and lacerations, evidences that the bear does not always get the worst of it.

On Saturday, July 27, we held a very pleasant reunion of one little Protestant community.

To provide meat for the occasion, the fatted calf was to have been killed. The calf, however, shrewdly fell sick a day or two before, and did not recover till too late, and so saved its life for a while. Dinner, a spread our friends in the east would not have despised, was enjoyed in the schoolroom. Hymns, interspersed with a few addresses, followed.

Afterwards the women held a meeting, and a branch of the Woman's Auxiliary was formed. The interest evinced and the officers named appeared to promise a vigorous association.

On the following day, Sunday, July 28, assisted by the Rev. M. Scott, I admitted the Rev. A. J. Warwick to priest's orders. I am looking forward to Mr. Warwick working more especially among the Beavers. Mr. Scott, who speaks and preaches in Cree readily, is working at the Beaver language, but feels that it is more than he can do to become master of it.

Some difficulty occurred in arranging a passage for Mrs. Young and myself for the 300 miles up stream that intervenes between St. Luke's mission and that of Christ Church. After some careful calculations as to stowage and a few interjunctory "didn't I say so's?" anent our too liberal wardrobe, I decided to be my own pilot, and to make use of my old Toronto-built canoe, "Ripple," 15 ft. x 30 in., not a big conveyance to carry us, a stout young bow's man, tent, bedding, and ample provision for at least a month, as in case of sickness or any delay there are no stores or hotels by the way. The canoe, with everything on board, was a marvel of close packing, and left little room to stretch our weary legs, and compelling us to sit rather higher than was altogether consistent with safety.

Weeks of cloudless skies ended, the afternoon we started, with a heavy thunderstorm, accompanied by a high wind. Our heavily-laden craft was nearly swamped by the waves that kept breaking into the canoe.

We had barely escaped this discomfort by turning a point when rain began; an hour's sharp paddling in the increasing rain, and the approach of night, made us only too thankful for the shelter the one-roomed shanty of a settler afforded us.

Our clergy, Messrs. Scott and Warwick, with Mrs. Warwick, had followed us overland to this point.

The rain held us all prisoners. The accommodation our kind host made us welcome to

was decidedly strained, one room and a leaky roof.

This became painfully apparent when arrangements for the night had to be made. Our host, his wife, an eight days' old baby, two other children, the grandmother, and our party of six! However, the night was got through; farewells were said, and we commenced our up-river journey. About twenty miles up the river the last outlying point of settlement was passed, and except for a group of Indians' houses, some one hundred miles away, our only prospect of seeing the face of our fellow-beings would be the chance of camps pitched for a while on the banks of the river, or some trader floating down stream on raft or scow.

Starting on such a journey one feels the only thing is to surrender oneself to to-day. The spell of the broad, strong river is upon one. To be eager to reach one's destination only exposes the fretting navigator to the torment of those interminable reaches that follow one after another in a seeming endless succession. Let this for a while, at least, be your life, with its interchange of rests and meals, with hard bodily exercise, until, wearied, you look forward to the night's camp, and the ruddy gleam of the camp fire casting a cheerful glow on the rough stems of the encircling pine trees, no poor substitute for the "single nook"; a glow which the thick darkness of the deep, silent woods beyond serves but to enhance.

Two previous hours, for getting up, for an early breakfast and repacking our canoe, and usually 6.30 to 7 a.m. . w us on the river. Allowing about three hours for meals during the day, sunset bid us again seek the most favorable site available for the next night's camp.

The method of our journey had to be determined by our surroundings. Sometimes the tracking line was used, the pilot alternating with his bow's man a stout lad of almost sixteen, son of Mr. Henry Laurence. For this mode of progression the difficulty did not consist so much in the weight of the canoe, or even in the resistance of the current, though this at times was very strong, but in the character of the tow-path. This undisturbed nature, liberally diversified with muddy creeks and land slides, leaving the surface at every conceivable angle, sheer banks more adapted for flies than human beings: tangles of fallen trees or water-washed debris, rounded boulders offering when wet a slippery foothold, long bars of stones hard on moccasined feet; the most awkward points generally bristling with crooked and hooked branches, which, dried and gaunt, yet to the poor, hot, perspiring tracker, seemed instinct with a tormenting ingenuity for catching and holding fast the tow-line; often just at the moment when, sheering out into the strong current, the steersman was calling strenuously to go ahead.

The sail offered a restful change, but with so small and heavy-laden a craft, requiring great care and watchfulness, our main reliance was the paddle, which often bridged miles of banks that would have tired out the most patient of trackers.

Our second day out Mrs. Young picked up a light Indian paddle that had washed ashore, in the use of which she soon became expert, and ceased to be a passenger. At some points it required the full strength of the three paddles barely to hold our own. At other points a thrill of excitement, with an underlying sense of danger, enlivened a dash up an eddy, to breast with the added momentum the strong rapid at its head; sometimes a little too exciting for Mrs. Young's nerves. On one rapid we failed at the critical moment, barely escaping an upset, the next moment bumping on the stones. On such an occasion we lost a paddle, and, what was more trying, our hitherto staunch canoe began to leak, causing us much delay and inconvenience for the rest of our trip. The following morning we met an Indian, with his son, hunting up the river. As his canoe lay alongside ours for a chat, I spied a spare paddle in the bottom of his canoe. I became the purchaser for some tobacco. Very thankful we were, as a reduction from three paddles to two was a serious decrease in our power of propulsion. And my wife always said she felt less nervous and conscious of the seeming tendency to upset of our small craft when plying the paddle herself.

The weather during our voyage, with the exception of some very fine days, was wet and stormy. Wet or dry we had to travel.

At times nature would compensate us for her ugly moods by bright gleams. One afternoon—working slowly up one of the long interminable reaches, under the depressing influence of rain, while the draggling clouds cast a sombre hue over everything—we were cheered by a wonderful picture of nature, sun-setting. A bright, stationary gleam, *i.e.*, not, as is so often the case, caused by a rift in the driving clouds, and so transitory, lit up a section of woods and glades high up on the slopes ahead of us. Our eyes feasted on the sun-lit scene framed in "sepia," in which the surrounding heights were steeped: a hue slightly relieved by the steely blue river, but intensified again by the underlying promontory, whose pine-covered slope in "silhouette" framed the near foreground.

Our journey afforded the usual opportunities, in solitary tents or groups of families, for Christian teaching. The Gospels in Cree, Cree hymns and prayers, are made use of to set before these Indian hunters and their families the glad tidings of salvation. A little friendly barter at times puts us *en rapport* with those we thus come in contact with.

Moose or bear's meat is exchanged for tea and sugar or flour. At one camp on this trip an Indian wanted me to write a letter in syllables to "Whitebear," a friend of his, some two hundred miles further up the river. I inadvertently drew forth rather a large sheet of paper, and seated on his blanket (a seat of honor I never assume without some inward qualms and tremors) I was duly installed his secretary *pro tem*. He had himself, with much labor, written out a short, ill-spelt message with scant greetings. My performance seemed to meet with his approval. In his estimation my pen was the pen of a ready writer.

I found the short message elongating, and the greetings multiplying. I had wisdom enough, however, to pause at the bottom of the sheet instead of turning over, and gravely to point out that there is no more room.

So folding it up, with the blank side outward, I proceeded to address the letter according to his direction. Instead of the name and address of the party for whom it was intended, he certified that he (Yotinowatum) was the writer, and entrusted the name and whereabouts of the party written to "by word of mouth" to the bearer.

(To be continued.)

FARNHAM CASTLE.

FARNHAM CASTLE is the residence of the Bishop of Winchester. Farnham itself is a market town of England. On a hill north of the town is situated the castle. It was built by the princely warrior, Bishop Henry de Blois, the brother of King Stephen. He had a delight in building palaces. It is twenty-five miles or so from Winchester, the seat of the diocese. Farnham is in the county of Surrey, and Winchester is in Hampshire. The castle, as built by Henry de Blois, was completely destroyed by Henry III.; but it was rebuilt in the reign of Charles I., and was used as a garrison in the defence of the king. It was captured, however, by Sir W. Waller in 1642, and dismantled. Twenty years afterwards, in the reign of Charles II., the Bishop of Winchester, George Morley, restored it.

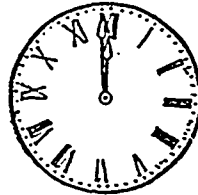
As an episcopal residence, it has been somewhat of a "white elephant," owing to its great size. No one but a man of princely means could live in it. The late bishop, recently gone to his rest, Bishop Thorold, a man of large means, spent a goodly fortune upon Farnham castle. He aimed to make it an ideal episcopal residence, with space not only for hospitality, but for diocesan gatherings of all kinds. From his own resources he spent thousands of pounds in improving the castle. His aptitude for household arrangement, and his skill in all

manner of details, guided him in restoring and improving the ancient building. He did this not only for his own use, but, as he often said, with thought for his successors. He made a gallery of the portraits of eminent bishops who had held the see, which was curiously lacking in such a house. Wherever there was a good painting of any former Bishop of Winchester, he sent an artist to paint a copy for Farnham. He left it thoroughly furnished from top to bottom, so that the bishops of Winchester for all time will not have the expense, which would be ruinous to most men, of furnishing the castle. It took, we are told, to cover the floors and stairways thirty miles of carpet.

There are the remains of other episcopal residences or "palaces" in the diocese of Winchester. Among these is the one called "Wolsey," situated in the city of Winchester itself. This is the natural residence of the bishop, and Bishop Thorold, among his other deeds of munificence, set on foot a movement for the restoration of this ancient building, now in ruins, to be used, if not for the bishop's residence, at least for some other useful Church purpose.

Woman's Auxiliary Department.

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



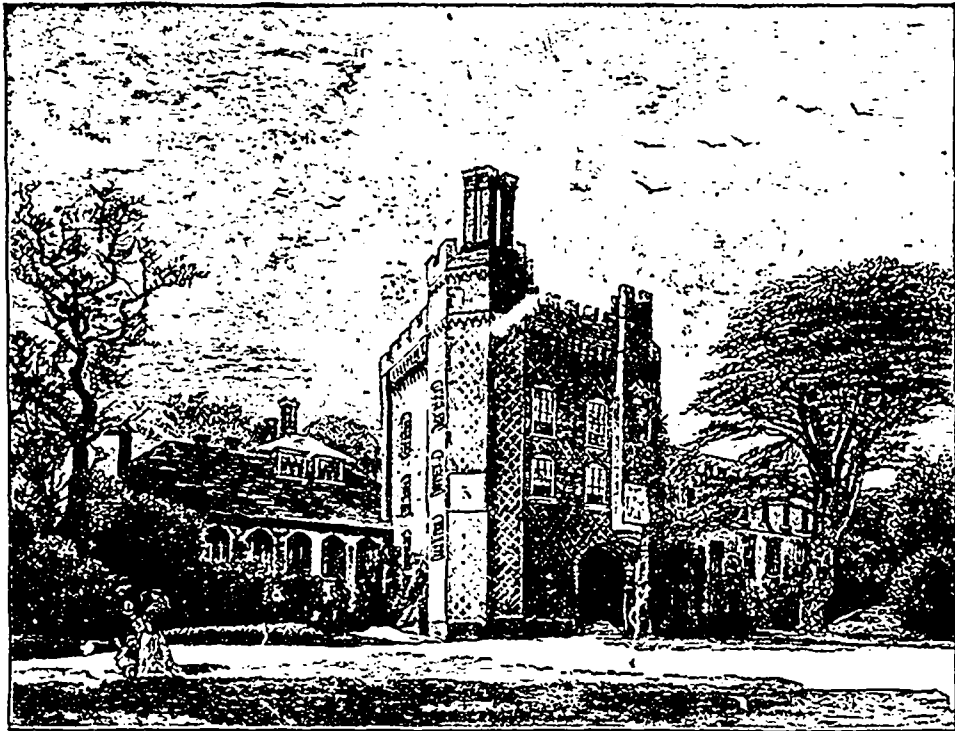
Remember daily the mid-day prayer for missions.

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

FIRST DIVISION OF A DIOCESAN BRANCH.

As Ontario was the first to start the W.A., so she has been the pioneer in taking a new step in our history, namely, the dividing of the diocesan branch. Those present in St. John's schoolhouse on the 4th of June could not but be very much interested. While one rejoiced that the growth of the Church necessitated this change, it was most pathetic to witness the deep, heartfelt regret of those who had worked together for so many years at saying good-by. It brought out, though, in strong relief the bond our work for Christ is to the members of the W.A., and how much lies in the power of each of us to influence others to take up this labor of love.

We wish the two branches many blessings and every success for the future.



FARNHAM CASTLE.—See page 153.

THE COMING OF THE LORD.

BY MRS. FEGLEY, OF THE HURON W.A.

DURING the past year, while acknowledging with thankfulness the many mercies vouchsafed to us who are workers in the Woman's Auxiliary, I have still felt, and doubtless many of my dear sisters present have felt the same, that there has been much to battle with, in the indifference, not only to our work, but to the cause of missions generally among those whom we would fain see interested, not only for our sakes, not only for the dear Lord's sake, but for their own sakes. Many of us, I am sure, have tried in various ways to arouse this needed interest, and still the number of active members in many branches of our work bears but a small proportion to the number of nominal members, to say nothing of those who take no part whatever in missionary work. As we have gathered together week after week through the past year, few in number, I am afraid that often, like Martha of old, our hearts have cried out, "Lord, dost Thou not care that our sisters leave us to serve alone?" But if so, small wonder is it that others are not attracted to a service which such a cry would prove was to us not a joy, but a wearisome duty.

Rather, let each member be so filled with love for our dear Master, and with such an

earnest desire to do all we can to hasten that blessed day of which He speaks in John xiv., "If I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also," that others seeing our real joy in service may long to share it.

As the strongest inducement to increased activity amongst our members should be the thought that at any moment He whom we love and for whom we labor may come, I have thought that a few words connecting our work with that return might be profitable, and perchance might stir us up to renewed energy in our work of helping on the cause of missions.

We are told in God's Word that our Lord delays His coming simply because of His long-suffering to us-ward; that He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance, and for this cause He made His disciples "Go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature"; and for eighteen hundred long years He has been patiently waiting, and is waiting still. The same tender love that led Him to yearn over Jerusalem, crying, "How oft would I have gathered thee, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" still cries in accents of inexpressible tenderness, "Come unto me, and him that cometh I will in no wise cast out."

Now, what is our part in the spread of this blessed gospel, or good news? Someone has

said that the command "To go" embraces three things: "Go, let go, and help go," and the latter, "Help go," is our part, and, humble though it may be, it is as necessary as the first two, and if faithfully performed will meet with the same sweet reward. "Thou hast been faithful: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Could we but realize, even in a small measure, what that joy will be, there would be no lagging spirits in our dear Woman's Auxiliary, but each would vie with the other in giving up ourselves, our time, our talents, our means, that souls might be brought from the darkness and shadow of death into the joy and gladness of the kingdom of our dear Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

We know there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth, and, if this be true of heaven, so should it be true amongst God's children on earth, for each soul saved brings the dawning of the glorious day of His return nearer and nearer, and surely if we realize that the night is indeed far spent, that the day dawn draweth nigh, and that our blessed Lord, who has been so long in the far country, may come at any moment, even while we are gathered here together, and that that coming will close our time of loving service for Him in this world, surely our hearts would be roused to increased zeal in our labor of love. Indeed I can think of no stronger plea to lay before my sisters than our own diocesan motto: "Looking for and hastening unto the coming of the day of God." Ours is indeed a most blessed work, and it is only because the realization of its importance is so faint in our hearts that we ever need complain of lack of interest amongst our members. "Workers together with Him!" should not that thought make our meetings so full of interest that the trouble will be to find work for the hands, instead of hands for the work? May each branch, and each individual member of each branch, feel that in meeting together in His name, to work for and with Him, we can claim His promise, "Where two or three are met together in my name, there am I in the midst of them"; as much so when we are engaged in the homely task of making and mending as when gathered for worship and prayer. Will not this thought prevent half-hearted service, given perhaps grudgingly when no social engagement intervenes, or when the sun is shining so brightly that we cannot plead bad weather as an excuse for non-attendance at our meetings?

THE PIEGAN SCHOOL.

The following is an extract from a letter written by Rev. R. Hilton, Rural Dean of Southern Alberta, to a member of the Kingston W.A.:
Referring to the portion of your letter relative

to Miss Brown and St. Peter's Home, I know of no missionary work in this diocese requiring more tangible sympathy than the home in question. The staff consists of Mr. and Mrs. Hinchliffe, Mrs. Mason, and Miss Brown.

Mrs. Hinchliffe is paid as a missionary to the Piegans. Mrs. Hinchliffe is an invalid, but works her best, and both her labors and the labors of her brother, Mr. Mason, are given gratuitously. Miss Brown is paid, as I understand, \$300. She works faithfully and hard, and you must remember that \$300 in this country is only equal to about \$200 (at the most) in eastern Canada; so expense is everything.

I think we should see to it that the home does not languish for want of support. I shall be ready at all times to furnish accurate information in regard to the work there.

I am sure that reports from the staff of the Piegan mission can be relied upon, and that they should receive all the help they possibly can get.

Also from the wife of an official at Macleod:

We have watched the progress of the school for nearly four years. It is a wretched building, especially the part inhabited by Mr. and Mrs. Hinchliffe and Miss Brown; icy cold in winter, and hot and stuffy in summer. The boys' dormitory, work and recreation rooms, are better built.

Mr. Hinchliffe is a conscientious, hard-working man, and has very little outside assistance, often having to pay for school supplies, etc., out of his own pocket. Mrs. Hinchliffe has never been on the staff of workers, and has never received any money at all. She is in very delicate health, and has lost her three little children, so you see that Miss Brown has no assistance in her part of the work at all just now.

There are twenty-nine children in the home at present, almost as many as the building will hold. Mrs. Hinchliffe's brother, Mr. Mason, teaches the day school and looks after the boys generally, but Miss Brown has to superintend almost all the work—washing, ironing, scrubbing, etc., and indeed does the greater part of it herself as a rule, looking after the girls' clothing, knitting stockings with a knitting machine—in fact, I do not know what there is that she does not do. She is goodness itself, and is devoted to the work. She has given up her whole life to it for the last seven or eight years. She is very kind to the children, and you cannot realize what she has constantly to do for them, because you know, they are not like healthy children. All last winter she had one very sick child sleeping in her own bedroom, that she might look after it more carefully. I am sure if you once saw the work Miss Brown has to do, you would be convinced that she thoroughly earns her salary.

THE COOK AND THE CAPTIVE;
OR,
ATTALUS THE HOSTAGE.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)



ATTALUS only half heard the rather lengthy words of the good Bishop, at least he only took in that he must either ask the Greek's pardon or sup on dry bread, and all the pride of his Roman forefathers was rising in him to declare that he had rather live on bread and water all the rest of his days than humble himself to one whom he considered little better than a slave, nay, to whom he greatly preferred the slave Leo. He durst not make any answer to his grandfather, but he turned on his heel and went off into the farther end of the great dining-hall, and sat himself down on the mosaic pavement.

Bishop Gregory sighed; but there were guests to attend to, and it might be best to leave him to himself. The pilgrim with whom Philetus had been engaged was brought forward, walking very lame. He was a small, wiry, red-haired man, with his hair cut in a crescent shape, in the distinctive fashion of the Celtic churches, and wearing a coarse, scanty, reddish-brown garment, and he spoke Latin, but with an accent and pronunciation so different from that of the educated Gallo-Romans that it was no wonder that he had not been at first understood. He was on a pilgrimage to Rome, whither almost every Christian of much enterprise or desire to learn made his way in those days, to see the tombs of the martyrs, behold the full glory of worship, and study the faith as it was impossible to do in the barbarian lands.

He had much to tell which all were anxious to hear of the state of the Church of Ireland, now come to the second generation of its conversion. He looked about with great surprise at Gregory on his chair inlaid with ivory, and his attendants of clergy, priests, deacons, and subdeacons.

"This is a king!" he said, "a wealthier king than we have. No such bishops have we. Ours dwell in the cells of the monasteries, and go hither and thither as the abbot bids them."

"The better for the bishop," observed Bishop Gregory; "but is it also the better for his people not to look to their spiritual head as the chief authority?"

"Ah! but 'tis the abbot who is the father and has the land. Such monasteries as you have here! They are castles and forts."

"'Tis our need against the barbarians."

"And what could the barbarians do at their worst but help you to the better keeping of your vow?"

"His monasteries are but clusters of huts," suggested one of the guests.

"The better for them. Their huts all stand about their church and their general kitchen and eating-room; for the rest, each man to himself. What can be better for their prayer and meditation?"

"Oh, then they do live in community like our own monks?"

Tetricus, afraid, perhaps, of a dispute on the comparative merits of the two systems, asked whether the guest had ever seen the great St. Patrick.

The face lighted up with a look of love and joy, transforming the worn, plain, and freckled features, as he told how, when quite a little boy, his mother had taken him to the saint in his cell at Armagh to be baptized, and how the holy man had asked the child if he knew why he came.

"To become the servant of Christ my Lord," I answered," said the pilgrim, "so they tell me, though I remember only the long beard and tender eyes of the ancient man; but he replied, 'Servant, then, of His thou shalt be, little one,' and he named me Gilchrist, for *gil* in our tongue signifies servant. My mother ever kept up in me the memory that a servant of Christ must be servant of all men, and seek to take the lowest place, and she objected not I should leave the kingship of our sept to mine uncle, and seek the cells of Armagh."

"Am I mistaken?" asked Bishop Gregory. "Methought I had been told that Saal—no, a place with a name like holy Paul's Jewish name, or that of the Israelite king—was the last home of the blessed Patrick?"

"The holy father is right," returned Gilchrist; "Sabrethall, or, as we call it, Saul, was his best-beloved resting-place, and it was thence that he departed to paradise; but he had already chosen Armagh to be the chief see of Ireland—a fair spot on the Ridge of the Willow Tree. Will my lord hear how he gained it?"

"Any deed of St. Patrick is worth hearing," returned Gregory.

"The hill belonged to a chief name Daire, who set store by it and would not give it, but offered a spot in the valley. A day or two later he sent the holy man a great caldron holding three firkins. '*Gratias agam*' (I will give thanks), said the saint. So Daire asked the messenger what said the Bishop. 'He said naught but "*Gratzacham*,"' replied the kerne. 'What a fool the fellow must be,' said Daire, 'to say naught but "*Gratzacham*" to such a kettle as mine. 'Go, slaves, and take it away.' He was obeyed, and the saint merely turned his head and again said his two words of thanks. 'What said he?' asked the chief. 'What, "*Gratzacham*" when I give, and "*Gratzacham*" again when I take away? He shall have it back again.' A third time the holy

Bishop merely answered '*Gratias agam,*' and the chief was so struck with his meekness that he cried out that for these three '*Gratzachams*' he should have the hill he sought. And when the Bishop went out to view the hill, behold, on the very spot he had chosen for the altar, there lay a little newborn fawn, the mother roe standing beside to guard it. Some would have slain her, but the holy Patrick forbade them. He took the little fawn up in his arms and carried it to a safe place, the roe trotting by his side till he laid it down. The altar of our church, the mother church of Erin, is where the fawn lay."

As Gilchrist told this pretty tale, Attalus had crept nearer and nearer, the better to hear the strangely accented Latin in which it was related. His grandfather saw his face of intense interest, but carefully abstained from drawing on him the attention of the disciplinarian tutor or uncle, and only thanked the pilgrim and asked what more stories he could tell of the great apostle of Ireland.

So Gilchrist told what some of them already knew: how Patrick, of noble Roman birth, had been stolen from his home by Irish pirates, made a slave, and set to keep sheep on the mountain side; but how he ever said his prayers, about which he had been sadly careless at home, and how, after five years, a voice sounded in his ears at night calling on him to escape, at which he made his way to the coast, where a ship was ready to take him in, and he reached Bononia once more. But the thought of the heathens he had left returned on him, till he again had a vision of an Irish chief calling for his help. "Even as St. Paul had seen the man of Macedonia summoning him into Europe," commented Gregory.

Many a history had Gilchrist to tell, notably of the two daughters of King Lear, of Connaught, who, going to the fountain of Cruachan in the early morn, Ethne the fair and Fedlima the rosy, saw the Bishop and his friends, white-robed, and singing their morning praise, and thought they were of the fairy race made visible, then listened, learned the faith, and were baptized. He told, too, of Angus, King of Munster, who begged St. Patrick to consecrate and crown him. In the course of the ceremony Patrick unwittingly struck his pastoral staff absolutely into the king's foot and kept it there, while Angus, in perfect submission to his spiritual father, accepted it as part of the rite, never winced nor sighed, and the mischance was not known till the blood was seen running from his foot. Then, when the saint, much distressed, asked his pardon, he said, "All is good to me that comes in the name of Christ, and from my father."

All this Gilchrist told, and ended by chanting to them the Latin translation of the "Breastplate of St. Patrick," which he had given to

King Leir, of Ulster, as a defence against all enemies, within and without. It ends with:

Christ with me, Christ before me,
Christ behind me, Christ within me,
Christ beneath me, Christ above me,
Christ at my right, Christ at my left,
Christ in the fort,
Christ in the chariot seat,
Christ in the ship,
Christ in the heart of every man who thinks of me,
Christ in the mouth of every man who speaks to me,
Christ in every eye that sees me,
Christ in every ear that hears me.

I bind to myself to-day

The strong power of an invocation of the Trinity,
The faith of the Trinity in Unity,
The Creator of the elements.

It is not clear how much Attalus heard of the "Breastplate," for even as it began, after the story of Angus was finished, he had begun to weep. He was sobbing throughout the hymn in a low, repressed manner, and when it was ended he came forward, threw himself on his knees before his grandfather, and cried in a broken voice, "Oh, forgive me, forgive me, for my proud speech and idle ways! I ask Philetus' pardon, and I will never, never talk of beggarly Greeks again."

"God bless thee, my child, as thou hast felt Christ in those holy words, and forgive thee all thy sins, as no doubt He forgives thee these," said the Bishop, laying his hand on the boy's head, raising him, and kissing him. "Philetus, thou forgivest him?"

"I have no other choice, my lord," returned Philetus, rather vexed that the boy had not been made to humiliate himself personally, and muttering to the subdeacon, his neighbor, "It was a charm. Such Latin as that must be no better than a charm."

CHAPTER III.—GARFRIED OF THE BLUE SWORD.

The pilgrim, Gilchrist, turned out to be almost incapable of standing the next morning. He had trodden upon the sharp remains of a broken axe or dagger on some old battlefield, and, rusty as it was, it had penetrated the tough skin of his bare foot, and the rust had poisoned the wound. He must have been in much pain all the evening, though after he had limped in and had washed his feet he had let no token escape him; but it was now recollected that he had talked all supper-time instead of eating, and the subdeacon, Lucius, who lay next him on the hall floor, believed that he had been saying prayers in his barbarous Irish all night.

"Talk of the Spartan boy!" said Philetus, who knew something of surgery and dressed his wound, "even barbarain Christians can go far beyond him."

Gregory was obliged to use his episcopal authority and command the zealous pilgrim to

remain without moving upon one of the couches, not even attempting to come to church, as he was actually trying to do on his hands and knees. He was forced to lie still under pain of being unable to continue his journey to Rome, and the whole household had ample time to hear his many and most wonderful stories, and to learn by heart the "Breastplate of St. Patrick," as well as other of the beautiful hymns of the old Irish Church, among them one whose English version is familiar to us as a Eucharistic hymn:

Kneel down, and take the Body of thy Lord,
And drink the Sacred Blood for thee outpoured.

However, Attalus soon had another interest more congenial to him than the narratives of Gilchrist. One afternoon a brilliant-looking troop drew up at the gateway of the court. The sun shone on brazen armor, scaly arm-pieces, broad breastplate, gay shield, and on tunics of purple, red, or blue, in especial on the gilded wings of the helmet of the tall leader, and on the long hair, loosely gathered beneath it, now faded, tanned by the sun, but once evidently of the same golden fairness as that of the young boy who rode beside him. All were on large, heavy horses, but carefully groomed, the skins of the bays shining like silk, and the dappled grays showing their mottling of black and white. The household was not alarmed, for the party was recognized as belonging to the Burgundian, Garfried of the Blue Sword, a comparatively civilized man (as were all the Burgundians), who had had so much intercourse with Gregory as Senator of Autun as to be called his friend and brother.

By that title, indeed, each hailed the other, as Gregory, hastily warned, came out to the top of the steps of the hall to meet his guest, not without a murmur, far in the rear of his train, among subdeacons and readers, that to pay such respect to a wild barbarian was beneath the dignity of a bishop. But barbarians were not to be trifled with, even though, like Garfried, they had been orthodox Christians their whole lives through. So the chief and the Bishop embraced, kissing each other fervently on both cheeks, and went into the hall hand in hand, as soon as Gregory had offered his guest a great cup of wine, after tasting it with his lips, and Garfried had drained it off. It was the universal custom as the pledge of hospitality and of peace; and Gregory likewise kissed and welcomed the two boys, of about fourteen and twelve years old. Tetricus and Attalus also were called forward to give the greeting of hospitality, and the three lads stood looking at one another shyly, for they had no common language, or only a few words. Friedbald and Baldrik knew no Latin, nor did Attalus speak that parent dialect of old high

German which was the native tongue of the young Burgundians.

Slaves came round with great handsome embossed brazen bowls to wash the feet of the guests, and to help Garfried and his principal companions to disarm, and in the meantime Leo and his assistants were hurrying on the preparations for supper, and adding all the extra dishes they could supply in haste, as more than one dying cackle in the court testified. The visitors had, however, brought their share, for they had captured two or three of the progeny of a wild sow in the forests on their way, and these were being hastily scalded and roasted for the Gauls, far from ignorant of the excellence of "crackling."

It was not etiquette to ask a guest his business, and the rules of politeness are never so exact nor so well observed as where terrible consequences may fall upon any breach of them. So the supper was served, with silver bowls for the higher guests to eat their stew of broth from, and Garfried tried to screw up his long legs on the couch, as he well knew was Roman good manners, and looked reproof at his sons as they knew not what to do with their legs, and finally hung them down. Pieces of kid, the little pigs, and roasted fowls came round afterward, and varieties of cheeses, fruits, and sweets prepared with honey. Meanwhile there was an exchange of news, for Garfried was well able to speak Latin, and he told of the wild doings of the Frankish kings, who were far more savage and less tamed by Christianity than were the Burgundians. These had been subdued and brought to belong to the Frank kingdom by Clovis, the first Christian king of the Franks; and his widow, Clotilda, who had brought about his conversion, was living as saintly a life as was then possible, and guarding her little grandson Chlodoald, who is known to us as St. Cloud, from the cruel savagery of his uncles. There was much to be told about the quarrels of her sons, Hloter, Theuderic, and Hildebert, who had divided their father's kingdom between them, and of her nephew Theudibert's war with the Thuringian Germans, a much more untamed race, against whom he himself had done his part.

(To be continued.)

A new church has been built in the capital of Uganda which will hold four thousand people. In its immediate neighborhood are twenty-three smaller churches which attract large congregations. Scattered throughout the country are some two hundred churches where service is regularly conducted. The king, Mwanga, is not yet a Christian; but his attitude towards Christianity is much improved. Bishop Tucker confirmed nearly three hundred and fifty people in one week.

Young People's Department.



CREATURES OF NORTHERN SEAS.

CREATURES OF NORTHERN SEAS.

IT is a curious thing to think sometimes how some animals live. In the South, in nice warm countries, it is not so strange; but in the north, where it is nearly always bitterly cold, where there are great, big blocks of ice floating about in the waters, and where scarcely anything will grow on land, it does seem a wonder how anything can live at all. Yet God has made the animals in such a way that they can live no matter how great the cold. They are covered with good, thick fur, which keeps the frost out, and their lungs are made so that the keen, sharp air does not hurt them. Indeed, there are some animals which can only live in very cold places. The polar bear, for instance, is most wretched when brought down to warmer lands. Men go to the Arctic regions because of these creatures, for their skins are found to

be of so much value. What a beautiful thing, for instance, is a sealskin jacket! How happy a girl or lady feels when she gets one! How beautiful, how glossy, and how warm it is! Yet there are thousands of creatures, floating about on the ice and plunging into frozen waters, with those lovely jackets on them which they never bought. God gave them to them for their clothing. Yet it is dear clothing for them after all, for men are killing them all the time to rob them of their coats! Men kill the seals by striking them with clubs. The poor little creatures when they are struck cry like children, and look up at the men who are killing them with their large, beautiful eyes, so pitifully that the men themselves shed tears while they strike. It is right, of course, to kill them, for the dumb animals were given for the use of man; but how wonderful are the works of God! In wisdom has He made them all.

THE TEST.

THE principal of a school in which boys were prepared for college one day received a message from a lawyer living in the same town, requesting him to call at his office, as he wished to have a talk with him.

Arrived at the office, the lawyer stated that he had in his gift a scholarship entitling a boy to a four years' course in a certain college, and that he wished to bestow it where it would be best used.

"Therefore," he continued, "I have concluded to let you decide which boy of your school most deserves it."

"That is a hard question to decide," replied the teacher, thoughtfully. "Two of my pupils, Charles Hart and Henry Strong, will complete the course of study in my school this year. Both desire a collegiate education, and neither is able to obtain it without assistance. They are so nearly equal that I cannot tell which is the best scholar."

"How is it as to deportment?" asked the lawyer.

"One boy does not more scrupulously observe all the rules of the school than the other," was the answer.

"Well," said the lawyer, "if at the end of the year one boy has not gone ahead of the other, send them to me and I will decide between them."

As before, at the closing examination the boys stood equal in attainments. They were directed to call at the lawyer's office, no information being given as to the object of their visit.

Two intelligent, well-bred boys they seemed, and the lawyer was beginning to wonder greatly how he should make a decision between them. Just then the door opened, and an elderly lady of peculiar appearance entered. She was well known as being of unsettled mind, and possessed of the idea that she had been deprived of a large fortune when justly hers. As a consequence she was in the habit of visiting lawyers' offices, carrying in her hands a package of papers which she wished examined. She was a familiar visitor to this office, where she was always received with respect and dismissed with kindly promises of help.

This morning, seeing that the lawyer was already occupied with others, she seated herself to await his leisure. Unfortunately, the chair she secured was broken and had been set aside as useless.

The result was that she fell in a rather awkward manner, scattering her papers about the floor. The lawyer looked with a quick eye at the boys, before moving himself, to see what they would do.

Charles Hart, after an amused survey of the

fall, turned aside to hide a laugh he could not control. Henry Strong sprang to the woman's side and lifted her to her feet. Then, carefully gathering up her papers, he politely handed them to her. Her profuse and rambling thanks served only to increase Charles' amusement.

After the lady had told her customary story, to which the lawyer listened with every appearance of attention, he escorted her to the door and she departed.

Then he turned to the boys, and after expressing pleasure at having formed their acquaintance, he dismissed them. The next day the teacher was informed of the occurrence and told that the scholarship would be given to Henry Strong, with this remark: "No one so well deserves to be fitted for a position of honor and influence as he who feels it his duty to help the humblest and the lowliest."—*M. E. Safford, in The Christian Union.*

POLLIWOGS AND HEATHEN.

POLLIWOGS! polliwogs! five cents a dozen!" was the unusual cry from a small, squeaky voice that came in at the windows along Elm street one morning in early June. It brought all the children to the sidewalk, and even the older folks looked out, to see little Jimmie Stone trudging along with a tin bucket full of polliwogs, or tadpoles, as they are more properly called. The rubber boots were still wet with the wade in Still River, and the little curly head about as wet from the heat of the long tramp. He was soon stopped by the group of eager children that clustered about him, while questions and exclamations came thick and fast.

"Where did you get 'em, Jimmie?"

"O, just see 'em wiggle!"

"What'll we do with 'em, Jimmie?" was the first that found an answer.

"Why, put 'em in a glass bowl of water and some sand and a stone, and see 'em turn to frogs," said Jimmie, with business-like brevity.

"Oh, Oh! will they, though, ever turn to frogs?" asked one with astonishment.

Another added, "I don't believe it."

But a big boy standing by, who had been to college, said they would in a few weeks; so that settled the matter.

And then, sure enough, when they came to look closely at some of the little fellows, there were legs already sprouting from the wriggly, black bodies.

There was a general scampering away after nickels, for every child wanted a dozen, so as to go into the frog-raising business at once. Jimmie said to some economical ones, who thought a penny's worth would do, that they *must* have at least a dozen, "'cause some was



GOD'S FOOTPRINTS. (See page 162.)

sure to die," and there wouldn't be enough left to raise a respectable family.

Soon the little crowd came back, with tin pans and buckets, to get their portion of polliwogs, and also received instructions that the water must be changed every morning.

"They ain't any trouble," said Jimmie; "don't eat anything, and don't make any dirt."

Then the nickels were turned over to Jimmie, and as his little hands were about full their interest was turned for a moment to the money.

"What are you going to do with it, Jimmie?" asked one.

"Send it to the missionaries out in China," he answered, promptly.

Some looked a little awed at the high purpose in Jimmy's polliwog business, while the college boy gave a laugh of amused superiority, and then said, "What do you know about missionaries in China?"

"Know about 'em? I know a heap about 'em. I know there are lots and lots of heathen in China—millions of them; more than all the people we've got in our country—and they don't know about God, and live wicked lives."

"But they are cowards," said one boy; "the Japs whipped them easy as nothing."

"Well, I don't care," said Jimmie; "if they were Christians they would do everything better—fight for their country better, and—everything," his argumentative powers giving out. "I heard papa and mamma talking about it at

home, and they said our missionaries were so brave to stay there and work on for the Chinese when the war put them in so much danger."

"Turning polliwogs into frogs, and thereby turning heathen into Christians, that's an idea worthy of progressive young America," said the big boy, as the little group dispersed.—Mrs. E. Y. Mullins, in *Our Monthly*.

JENNY'S LESSON.

"JENNY," said a very tired mother to her daughter one afternoon, "will you help me sew this braid on your sister's dress?"

"Oh, mother, how can you ask me to help you when you know that it takes all my time to make those pictures!"

"What pictures?" inquired her mother.

"Why, a lot of us girls met yesterday at Katie Easton's house, and formed a club—we call it the 'Busy Workers,' because we will be always helping the poor. We are making pictures for the poor sick children in the New York Hospital. Do you think it a good plan?"

"Perhaps it is," said her mother absently.

"So Jenny, leaving her mother to sew on the braid, started upstairs to make pictures. She had not been up there very long when Katie Easton came in.

"Well, Kate," said Jenny, "I thought you were never coming."

"I would have been here sooner, but we had company for dinner, and Chloe had so many dishes to wash that I stayed to help her."

"Well, Kate Easton, you shock me! The very idea of your helping your servant," said Jenny, very much surprised.

"Now, look here, Jenny, didn't we form a club, and each promise that we would do all we could to help others?"

"Well, that has'n't anything to do with helping servants wash dishes," said Jenny.

"Yes, it has, too. I couldn't go out trying to help other people, all the time knowing that mother or some of the servants would be glad of my help. Do you think you could?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Jenny.

After a pleasant afternoon, at tea time Kate went home. As soon as she was gone, Jenny came down stairs, and went to find her mother.

"Mother," she said, "have you the braid sewed on Nettie's dress yet?"

"No," replied her mother, "I have not been able to get it done."

"Then I will help you, mother; and after this I mean always to help you first, and then work for any others I can help."

And after that Jenny always helped the people inside her home first, and then helped outsiders all she could.—*Ex.*

GOD'S FOOTPRINTS.



TRAVELLER in the desert drear one day
A wandering Bedouin met upon his way;
Talking together as the sands they trod,
He asked him how he knew there was a God.

"How?" cried the Bedouin, coming to a stand;
"Friend, do you note these footprints on the sand?
A camel's footmarks—him I do not see.
But that he hath been here is clear to me.

"So when I look around upon the sight
Which meets my view—the burning stars at night,
The sun's bright morning hues, and in the west
His parting glory as he sinks to rest—

"The green things of the earth, the palm trees near
In yon oasis, make it just as clear
That One Who made them all has hither been,
And left His footprints plainly to be seen.

"I've heard that in your land it doth befall
That men deny there is a God at all!"
(The Bedouin added)—"but it seems to me
They shut their eyes, then say they cannot see.

"Yet, if you look around you, and, forsooth,
With eye and heart both open to the truth,
You must remark His tokens on the sod,
And everywhere the footprints of a God!"

THE FOUR TRUTHS.



HERE was once an old monk who was walking through a forest with a little scholar by his side. The old man suddenly stopped and pointed to four plants close at hand. The first was just beginning to peep above the ground; the second had rooted itself pretty well into the earth; the third was a smart shrub, whilst the fourth and the last was a full-sized tree. Then the old monk said to his young companion:

"Pull up the first."

The boy easily pulled it up with his fingers.

"Now pull up the second."

The youth obeyed, but not so easily.

"And the third."

But the boy had to put forth all his strength and use both arms before he succeeded in uprooting it.

"And now," said the master, "try your hand upon the fourth."

But lo! the trunk of the tall tree, grasped in

the arms of the youth, scarcely shook its leaves; and the little fellow found it impossible to tear its roots from the earth. Then the wise old monk explained to his scholar the meaning of the four trials.

"This, my son, is just what happens with our passions. When they are very young and weak, one may, by a little watchfulness over self, and the help of a little self-denial, easily tear them up; but if we let them cast their roots deep down into our souls, then no human power can uproot them—the Almighty hand of the Creator alone can pluck them out. For this reason, my child, watch well over the first movements of your soul, and study by acts of virtue to keep your passions in check."—*Selected.*

TRY AGAIN.

IF you are an acknowledged Christian child, people will judge by your actions of the love you bear to Christ, of how much He is in your thoughts, of how earnest you are in His service; and, by reading your life, they will judge the power of the Church of which you are a member. Dear child, remember that you cannot live for yourself alone; every deed speaks for or against the cause of the Master you ought to serve. Ah! how often we fail, how often we do those things we ought not to have done and leave undone those things we ought to do! But don't be discouraged; go to His house, and join earnestly in the confession of sin, bearing in mind your particular failures; and, as you listen to the absolution, thank Him for the forgiveness He sends you, and resolve to try bravely to do better. If you were walking on a rough road to your home and fell down often, the only way to reach the comfort of home would be to pick yourself up and keep going forward, being careful to avoid the next shaky stone in your path. All along life's rough way we have God's mighty help, if we will learn to pray for it; and He will look mercifully on our infirmities, and in all our dangers and necessities will stretch forth His right hand to help and defend us, and lead us safely to our heavenly home.

TRUST IN THE LORD.

In the Lord put I my trust;
He is gentle, He is just;
He my strength is, He my song,
And my crown shall be ere long.

While in Him my trust is true,
Fear not I what man can do;
Joy and health with me abide,
While the Lord is on my side.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

HIS GRACE Archbishop Machray has left for England to attend the tercentenary of his old college, Cambridge. Before leaving he appointed the Rev. George Rogers, his missionary secretary, an honorary canon of St. John's, Winnipeg.

It seems a pity that the promoters of the proposed diocesan conference to be held in Toronto next autumn have overlooked missionary work. Among the twelve papers assigned, this great and important branch of Church work is not represented. No opportunity should ever be lost to place the claims of missions before Christian people. We trust this omission will be rectified.

J. GEORGE HODGINS, ESQ., LL.D., of Toronto, has issued a valuable and exhaustive paper on the "Increase of the Episcopate in the Diocese of Toronto." It goes extensively into the history of the whole matter, and shows conclusively that in every case of the establishment of a new diocese a fresh impetus has been given to Church work. The original diocese of Toronto is now divided into six dioceses. Two more are much needed, for the diocese of Huron and the present diocese of Toronto could be subdivided to the very best advantage of Church work, and Dr. Hodgins' excellent paper, undertaken entirely as a labor of love, will no doubt largely assist in bringing about a result so devoutly to be wished.

At the late Synod of Toronto, the discussion of a Canadian bishopric for Japan was a very pleasing episode in the midst of dry statistical arguments. The temper of the House was largely missionary, and it unanimously passed the recommendation of the committee calling upon the General Synod, about to meet in Winnipeg, to establish, as soon as possible, a Canadian bishopric in Japan. Japan awaits the Gospel. Step by step she introduces products of western civilization. She is the only country where Canadian missions, as such, exist. It were surely wise and statesmanlike to give them full autonomy and place at their head a bishop. The bishop alone can organize. He alone can replenish the ranks of the ministry and prosecute the most valuable department of missionary work, viz., the preparation and equipment of a native ministry. By all means let us have as speedily as possible a Canadian bishopric in Japan.

WE are glad to notice that Mr. Chamberlain is advocating a federation between the mother country and the colonies of such a nature that, with certain limitations which might be deemed necessary, free trade should be established throughout the British Empire. The Dominion of Canada is a good example of what may be done in the way of federation. Instead of several different provinces each having its own tariff (as is the case in Australia), each, in fact, treating the other as a foreign country, a federal union was formed, which at once brought into existence one large consolidated country, and at the same time left each separate province free, to a great extent, to manage its own affairs. Why might not an extension of this, applying to the mother country and her colonies, take place? That Canada in her tariff should treat Great Britain as a foreign country, and that Great Britain should make no discrimination in trade between her own possessions and foreign lands, seems most unnatural. The good that might arise from some such union as that proposed by Mr. Chamberlain can scarcely be calculated.

CAN foreign missions stand investigation? Should a commission of non-interested persons be established to investigate the results of missionary work since the beginning of the present century, would the friends of missions have anything to fear in the matter? Such questions are at present being discussed in England. It might be interesting to know the results of such an investigation, and the champions of mission work assure the public that the friends of missions need fear nothing from it; but how are the results of missionary work arrived at? Those who believe that the Saviour meant His command to evangelize the world to be executed will continue the work in the face of all mathematical calculations, for the indirect effect of

missionary work which cannot come into such calculations must not be forgotten. It is the work of Christianity to *make a noise in the world*. As yet this work is in its infancy. The amount spent upon missions is not large enough to produce such results as adverse critics demand. A few faithful workers are doing the best they can with it. But if the home Christians would all *take a hand* in this work adverse criticism of all kinds would soon be disarmed.

IN MEMORIAM.

It is with sincere regret that we announce the death of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Burn, Bishop of Qu'Appelle. He has been but a short time in this country, barely three years, but in that time he became widely known, and made a



THE RT. REV. WILLIAM JOHN BURN, M.A., D.C.L.,
Second Bishop of Qu'Appelle. Born 1851. Consecrated 1893.
Died, June 13th, 1896.

large number of friends. In Toronto especially (outside of his own diocese) he was known, and that chiefly by his earnest and searching addresses on deeply religious subjects.

Born in 1851, he was but forty-five years of age (a time of life almost youthful for a bishop) when he died. He had an attack of peritonitis, which resulted in heart failure. The sad event took place on the eighteenth of June. Lord Brassey built him a house, church, and school at Indian Head, and here, removing from Qu'Appelle, the Bishop had taken up his abode. The whole Church will sympathize warmly with Mrs. Burn, now a widow in a strange and somewhat dreary land. The diocese of Qu'Appelle has had many drawbacks of late years and has met with much financial trouble, but this last blow will be the most keenly felt of them all.

MISSIONS AND TEMPERANCE.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, in an address on missions delivered before the "C.M.S. Younger Clergy Union," spoke of missions and temperance as follows:

Another thing which does not seem quite close to missions, and yet is, I think, very close to missions, is temperance. This cause of missions is not an isolated thing, round which you can draw a line. It is really a part of our life, and our problems are parts of it. Well, it is clear that we are not going to have any temperance legislation for a very long time. But perhaps this will throw the Church more on to its own duty; and perhaps it is not so much the duty of the Church to be trying to make indifferent legislators legislate for us; our duties lie in another direction. Probably we might have had legislation if we had not been so foolish. It was our own foolish demand for the whole complete system of drink to be put down by law. We threw away what might have put us in a much happier position. Perhaps God's providence orders these things for us, in order that the Church may turn to and do its own proper work more completely. Let the Church try by moral suasion, and by religious suasion, to do the work of reclamation. It will take a long time to do, but I believe it will not take so long a time as legislation would. I believe it is the shorter cut of the two. Let the Church now keenly set to work to try, from the pulpit and in daily life, to produce a temperate tone among our people. What has that to do with missions? This: You will find no such enthusiastic supporters of missions in the whole world as those people who know in themselves what miracles of grace have been wrought for them and theirs. Those are the people that will be most enthusiastic for missions. Thus temperance works into our mission life and our mission life into temperance just as our Sunday observance does.

THE DIOCESE OF ALGOMA.

This diocese is a purely missionary district. Were it not for aid given from a distance, missionaries could not subsist there. The Church of England in this part of Canada has undertaken the support of this district. It is her own special charge. The clergy are a hard-working clergy, and have long distances to travel over very rough roads, but they do not complain. The health of their Bishop lately broke down, but it is hoped it is now fairly well restored. Work in Algoma means a continued struggle, and those who are in the midst of the battle are trusting to us for their

maintenance and comfort. When the Bishop was well and strong he saw that sufficient funds should be always ready so that his clergy should not want. As his presence unfortunately has been much taken from them, these clergy rely all the more upon the Church at large.

Plainly, there is money needed for these missionary clergy in Algoma. The Board of Management of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society is always anxious to grant all the money it possibly can for their benefit. They get no princely income; they do not expect it—but a certain income, a definite income, we have taught them to rely upon, and their hopes should not be blighted.

Every Church should care for her own members. It will not do to say that people who live in the bush can find some religious denomination near them whose services they may attend. It will not do to say this, because people who have loved the Church in days gone by yearn for her services still, and, in many cases, nothing else can ever take their place. They yearn for the words of the Prayer Book, and for the dignified solemnity which it always gives to the public worship of Almighty God. There are many other things that they yearn for, things which, perhaps, they did not prize very much when they had them, but the value of which they have learned, now that they are not within their reach.

THE DOMESTIC FIELD.

The domestic field of the Dominion of Canada is not by any means a deserted field, for English missionary societies are helping it, and have helped it for many years. But they are gradually withdrawing that help, for the plainly expressed reason that Canada is growing in importance and wealth, and must learn to support her own missions. They point to the fact that elsewhere in the world eight hundred millions of people are yet without any knowledge whatever of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that they must bend their energies towards the attacking of these dark citadels.

And surely this is but reasonable. Canada ought soon to qualify herself to take care of her own missions. The English societies are not withdrawing their grants suddenly, but by slow degrees—by slow degrees, at least, then, the Church in Canada ought to learn the great lesson of self-support. There is no support like self-support. Let all Church people become interested in the work of their own mission field, and they will find that it will not be a very heavy tax upon them to take full charge of it, and store it well with things needed for its sustenance.

This is what is being done by other religious bodies in Canada; is not the Church to which

we belong able to do it too? All that is needed is a prayerful interest in what is going on around us—a steady and devout system in alms-giving, so that there shall be a continuous supply of means for the help of the Church in the places where her members are not strong.

No man ever feels the value of his physical strength more than when his powerful arm is holding up a sinking brother. When he has told him how to cling to him without danger to himself, and then, with all that extra weight, pushes on to safety, he rejoices in his strength. He feels it the noblest gift that God could give. And so it is—for the fortunate to help the unfortunate, for the strong to support the weak, is a noble principle.

It is a noble principle; and it is exactly this principle which lies at the foundation of every missionary society. It is a consolidation of strength—a combination for the express purpose of helping the weak.

And this is especially so with regard to the domestic field. In the foreign field the work is general. All is gloom; and the light must penetrate somewhere—all places are the same—whether in China or India, Africa or Japan—all are the same; and the places are indeed many, for “darkness covers the earth, and gross darkness the people”; but in the domestic field there is already (except in the case of heathen Indians and foreigners) a knowledge of Christ. In some places people may be strong enough to build their own church and support their own clergyman; in others they are unable to do so. If a missionary society is to be of any value at all, it should have the power of granting aid to those places that are weak. It should be placed in such a position that it could be like the strong man holding up his sinking brother. Circumstances have made him differ from ourselves. Perhaps those circumstances are not his fault; but whether they are or not, we cannot escape the responsibility of extending help to him.

And this help should be regularly given. Last year the Church of England in Canada raised through the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, for domestic purposes, the sum of \$26,516.74, the greater portion of which was appropriated to special missionary objects. This sum, most men will acknowledge, ought very largely to be increased. It is scarcely enough for this ecclesiastical province to give. It can be increased; shall it be? If every congregation would add a little to what was given last year the increase in the aggregate would be considerable.

We venture to ask, therefore, all members of the Church to take a deep interest in this society. It is a regularly incorporated society, and can receive legally any gifts or bequests, either in money or in lands, for missionary purposes.

this way a good work can be built up in time, if the members of our beloved Church will only bear in mind the missionary organization which the Church itself has established. God has given us all a "goodly heritage" in the great Dominion of Canada. Her waste places will yet be occupied, and the Church of England must not be behind in ministering to her own children in the hour of their poverty and need.

Books and Periodicals Department.

Julian, Philosopher and Emperor. By Alice Gardner. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

When the unfortunate Christians, who through a long list of Roman emperors had been under the ban of the law, and sometimes cruelly persecuted, suddenly found themselves under the protection of "the first Christian Emperor," Constantine, the rejoicing must have been intense. The long reign of injustice was over. The Emperor himself presided over their famous Council of Nicea, which gave to the world the great creed that bears its name. But the dismay of the Christians was equally great when in due time an emperor arose who strove to undo what the great Constantine had done, and to re-establish throughout the Roman Empire the old system of religion. What wonder is it that they looked upon him with horror, and branded Julian for all time as "the Apostate"! What wonder that a Gregory Nazianzen should at times overstep the bounds of moderation in hurling his invectives against him! Yet the history of Julian is very interesting, and the Messrs. Putnam have done well to put in the concise form of the book before us these important and absorbing events which cluster around his name. It was the last struggle of paganism against Christianity. Miss Gardner has written an interesting book, and places her hero, in whom she is evidently intensely interested, in the very best possible light before the public. The book is one of the "Heroes of the Nations" series, edited by Evelyn Abbott, M.A., Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford.

The Anglican Pulpit Library, Vol. III. Easter to Ascensiontide. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Mr. F. N. W. Brown, 13 Czar street, Toronto.

This is a valuable volume, dealing, as it does, with a most important part of the Christian year. Two hundred and seventeen pages are devoted to Easter day alone. What a symposium upon the great crowning doctrine of Christendom, the resurrection of the Lord and its attendant results! And the whole subject still lingers in the five Sundays which follow, leading up to the Ascension. The lessons, epistles, gospels, as well as many outside passages, all take their place in the elucidation of doctrines all important to Christianity. Ninety-one pages are devoted to the subject of the Ascension, including the Rogation days. What better material could an Anglican preacher have to help him in his homiletics than all this? Especially when the authors are borne in mind! Prominent in this volume are numerous complete sermons by the late Canon Liddon. Several, also, are from Phillips Brooks, Dean Farrar, Dr. Pusey, Dean Vaughan, Canon Newbolt, Dean Bradley, Bishop King, Bishop Thorold, Archbishop Magee, Dean Gregory, Bishop Wilberforce, etc., a galaxy of names from which useful thoughts surely may be obtained. Send to Mr. Brown for circulars showing easy terms on which the five series of sermons may be obtained.

The Sword of Islam, or Suffering Armenia. By J. Castell Hopkins. Brantford and Toronto: Bradley, Garretson & Co.

The admirable preface written by the Right Rev. Dr. Sweatman, Bishop of Toronto, as an introduction to this book, and which we have published elsewhere in this issue, indicates the importance and utility of the work. It bears upon a subject of great interest at the present time.

The Fisherman and His Friends. A series of revised sermons. By Louis Albert Banks, D.D. Cloth, 12mo., 365 pp. Gilt top. \$1.50. New York, London, and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

This is a volume of revival sermons, couched in very simple language, on several events connected with our Lord's dealings with His disciples and others devoted to His cause, and also with some events which mark the course of the apostles as related in the Acts. The discourses are brief and pointed, abounding with anecdotes and illustrations such as revival preachers usually employ.

Talks to the King's Children. Second series of "Five Minute Object Sermons." By Sylvanus Stall, D.D. Cloth, 12mo., 236 pp. \$1. New York, London, and Toronto: The Funk & Wagnalls Company.

This book belongs to a class of which there are but few in any language. The author has done for children what Schriever in Germany, and Dean Stanley in England, have done for grown people. There are many religious books for children, but these sermonettes are unique. With some object of everyday life presented to the eye, the author, after the manner of the parables, presents the important truths of the Gospel to the easy comprehensions of both old and young.

From Jerusalem to Jerusalem. By the Rev. Alfred J. Belt, M.A., rector St. James' Church, Guelph, Canada. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Co.

These are lectures on "The Church, 'One Holy Catholic and Apostolic,'" with a brief lecture on the Anglican communion. They are published in the form of a handsome booklet with jagged edges, and present the distinctive features of the Anglican Church in a manner regarded by the author as of prime importance. It is well and clearly written, and well-known authorities are copiously quoted in defence of statements made. Some useful little manuals on the Church Catechism have also reached us from the Young Churchman Company.

The Story of the Year 1895-1896. C.M.S., 9 Salisbury Square, London.

The work done in a year by a society like the C.M.S. is well worthy of record. Told ever so briefly it makes a book of respectable size. The narrative before us is fully illustrated and presented in attractive form.

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

The review section (June number) has an article on the "Biblical Account of the Deluge," by Sir William Dawson. It also contains a symposium on the Christian Endeavor movement. The sermonic section has several suggestive discourses and outlines for sermons, and other sections throughout are full of useful information.

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

In the *Expositor* Wendt's volume on the "Teaching of Christ" is well presented by the Rev. Dr. Stalker. The article on "Jesus Mirrored in the Gospel," by Prof. Bruce, is continued, and articles on "Abraham, David's Son and David's Lord," and the "Sixth Hour," are worthy of study. *The Clergyman's Magazine* continues its "Lessons in Faith

and Love as gathered from the Epistle to the Philippians," and presents many useful hints for sermons.

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

"Sunrise in Japan," by Katharine Tristram; "Mashonaland," as described by the Bishop (Dr. Gaul); and the "Death of Bzede," are among the attractions in the *Sunday at Home*; and "A Glimpse of American Schools," "Notes on the Zoo," "The New South Africa," characterize the *Leisure Hour*, interspersed with stories and lighter literature, well and tastefully illustrated.

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

The Missionary Review of the World. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. \$2.50 a year.

Up-to-date, readable, undenominational, such is the style of this monthly visitor. "The War in Madagascar," "The Suffering Armenians," "Recent Progress in Central Africa," and many other articles, make up the June number.

TREASURER'S STATEMENT.

The following are the amounts received to date by the Secretary-Treasurer since May 14th, 1896:

	Domestic.	Foreign.
Huron, for—		
Domestic Missions, Ascensiontide Appeal	\$ 106 20	
Mackenzie River, Rev. I. O. Stringer	28 00	
Algoma, Shingwauk	53 16	
"	25 00	
Miscellaneous, Domestic, Miss Kerby	5 00	
Algoma	20 00	
"	2 00	
Domestic Missions	2 50	
Rupert's Land	269 85	
Rupert's Land, per W.A.	12 50	
Saskatchewan and Calgary, Indian Homes	3 87	
Indian Homes	203 52	
Athabasca, Rev. G. Holmes	2 57	
"	1 43	
Saskatchewan and Calgary, Archdeacon Tims	15 27	
Moosonee (Bishop)	10 00	
Saskatchewan and Calgary, Prince Albert	15 00	
Algoma, Shingwauk, one-half support of boy	25 00	
Algoma, per W.A.	10 00	
Saskatchewan and Calgary, Omoksene, per W.A.	14 70	
Saskatchewan and Calgary, Omoksene, per W.A.	32 00	
Saskatchewan and Calgary, per W.A.	8 27	
Algoma, Education, per W.A.	50 00	
Mackenzie River, Rev. I. O. Stringer, per W.A.	14 17	
Saskatchewan and Calgary, Rev. F. Swainson, per W.A.	31 25	
Saskatchewan and Calgary, Omoksene, per W.A.	50 00	
Japan, Wycliffe, Rev. J. C. Robinson	\$ 28 46	
"	2 22	
Epiphany Appeal		78 60

C.M.S., G.C.M.A.	\$ 2 50	
"	3 00	
"	18 00	
"	2 00	
"	7 02	
"	20 00	
"	1 00	
Japan, Wycliffe, C.C.M.A.	11 22	
Japan, Wycliffe, Rev. J. C. Robinson	42	
"	36	
"	68	
Foreign Missions	7 50	
"	1 00	
C.M.S., Uganda	8 40	
C.M.S., C.C.M.A.	1 00	
Japan, Wycliffe, Rev. J. C. Robinson	13 77	
"	14 72	
Jews, London Society	99 12	
"	3 50	
Jews, Bishop Blyth	37 22	
	\$1,011 26	\$361 71

Niagara, for—		
Athabasca, Peace River	\$ 15 00	
Qu'Appelle Missions, from Guelph, St. James'	11 64	
	\$ 26 64	
Nova Scotia, for—		
Domestic Missions	\$ 5 00	
New Westminster, Yale School	45 00	
"	3 80	
"	4 60	
Domestic	47 20	
"	50	
" from Wolfville	6 00	
Foreign Missions, Rev. D. Hague		5 00
Jews, Bishop Blyth		16 05
	\$ 112 10	\$ 21 05

Ontario, for—		
Miscellaneous, Domestic, Education, per W.A.	\$ 9 65	
Miscellaneous, Domestic, Education, per W.A.	22 50	
Moosonee, Piscotasing, per W.A.	10 00	
Saskatchewan and Calgary, Piegan support, "Philip," per W.A.	6 25	
Saskatchewan and Calgary, Piegan, per W.A.	17 50	
Saskatchewan, and Calgary, Piegan, per W.A.	6 25	
Saskatchewan and Calgary, Piegan, per W.A.	146 16	
Saskatchewan, John Alexander, per W.A.	9 62	
Saskatchewan and Calgary, support boy, etc., per W.A.	42 00	
Qu'Appelle, per W.A.	20 00	
"	5 00	
"	5 00	
"	25 00	
" Brockville, St. Peter's	25 00	
Saskatchewan and Calgary, Piegan salary, per W.A.	75 00	
Saskatchewan and Calgary, Piegan salary, per W.A.	75 00	
Saskatchewan and Calgary, Piegan, per W.A.	6 88	
Saskatchewan and Calgary, support child, per W.A.	6 25	
Saskatchewan and Calgary, support child, per W.A.	6 25	
Saskatchewan and Calgary, salary, teacher, per W.A.	75 00	



Saskatchewan and Calgary, salary, assistant.....	\$ 5 00	
Saskatchewan, support child, per W.A.....	15 00	
Mackenzie River, per W.A.....	10 00	
Saskatchewan and Calgary, Indians, per W.A.....	11 24	
Saskatchewan and Calgary, salary, per W.A.....	75 00	
Saskatchewan and Calgary, support Eva, per W.A.....	6 25	
Saskatchewan, Piegan Home, per W.A.....	2 00	
Saskatchewan, Indians, per W.A.....	4 25	
Saskatchewan, Indians, " ".....	27 55	
Rupert's Land (church), per W.A.....	3 00	
" " " " " " " ".....	5 00	
" " " " " " " ".....	5 50	
Mackenzie River.....	34 00	
" " " " " " " ".....	46 50	
C.M.S., China, Rev. S. Boyd.....		\$ 25 00
Jews, P.M.....		1 00
C.M.S., C.C.M.A.....		146 12
Japan, Wycliffe.....		98 76
C.M.S., China.....		25 00
Japan, Wycliffe.....		45 83
C.M.S., China.....		110 94
	\$844 60	\$452 65
Toronto, for—		
Indian Homes, per W.A.....	\$ 4 63	
Mackenzie river, per W.A.....	144 00	
Athabasca Missions, per W.A.....	108 47	
Qu'Appelle, Missions and School, per W.A.....	22 00	
Saskatchewan and Calgary, Blackfoot, etc., per W.A.....	98 05	
Moosonee Mission Fund, per W.A.....	30 00	
Moosonee Church (L.M. fees), per W.A.....	225 00	
Rupert's Land, C.C.M.A., per W.A.....	8 95	
Mackenzie River Missions, per W.A.....	56 32	
Saskatchewan and Calgary, various, per W.A.....	32 00	
Japan, Miss Smith's salary, per W.A.....		150 00
Foreign, C.C.M.A., P.M.C., and W.A., per W.A.....		8 62
Foreign, miscellaneous, Armenians, per W.A.....		10 50
Zenanas—salary, support widows, etc., per W.A.....		406 71

	TOTALS.		
	Domestic.	Foreign.	Totals.
As above.....	\$ 2,724 02	\$1,411 24	\$ 4,135 26
Previously acknow'd	11,570 46	9,255 55	20,826 01
			\$24,961 27

CHAS. H. MOCKRIDGE,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Toronto, June 15th, 1896.

**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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- Very Rev. Dean Carmichael, Rev. G. Osborne Troop, Montreal.
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The Secretary-Treasurer in each Diocese, to whom all moneys for missionary purposes are to be sent, is as follows:

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- Fredericton*, W. M. Jarvis, Esq., St. John, N.B.
- Montreal*, Rev. Canon Empson, Montreal, Que.
- Huron*, J. M. McWhinney, Esq., London, Ont.
- Ontario*, R. V. Rogers, Esq., Kingston, Ont.
- Niagara*, J. J. Mason, Esq., Hamilton, Ont.
- Algoma*, D. Kemp, Esq., Synod Office, Toronto, Ont.

The next meeting of the Board is appointed to be held in Montreal, on Wednesday, the 15th of April, 1896.