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THE CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE

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No. 71.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

No. 71.—THE LATE DEAN BOOMER.

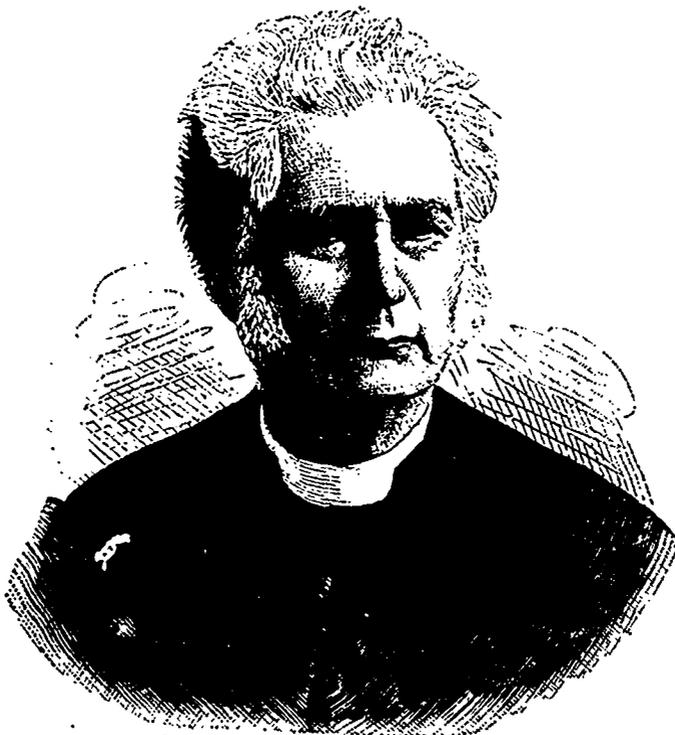
ALL the missionary clergy who planted the Church of England in what was known as the Huron Tract, have now passed away to their reward; and while their names are still household words with us, it is due to their memories, and to the Church they loved and served so well, that their work should be, at least, briefly recorded in the missionary magazine of the Canadian Church. At some future time a history of the Anglican Church in British North America will be written; how important then, that the writer should be in possession of facts concerning the men who first preached the Gospel and founded our parishes throughout the country.

One such was the late Very Rev. Dean Boomer, of London, Diocese of Huron; of whom it can be truly said that for nearly fifty years, he possessed the implicit confidence and respect of the whole Church, and the warm personal friendship and regard of all who knew him.

Michael Boomer was descended from one René Bulmer, a French Huguenot, who, with many of his compatriots and co-religionists, was compelled to flee from France about the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and settle in the north of Ireland. The subject of our memoir was the son of George Boomer and Mary Knox, of Scotch ancestry, born at Hill Hall, near Lisburn, County of Down, January

1st, 1810. Michael was sent to the Belfast Royal Academic Institution, of which he was a foundation scholar for five years, and subsequently to Trinity College, Dublin, from which he graduated in 1838, and later on received his degree of Doctor of Laws. He came to Canada in 1840, sent out by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel to Bishop Strachan, by whom he was ordained deacon, and in the year following, priest; he was sent to the mission of Galt and parts adjacent; a charge which he retained for thirty-two years. When

he entered upon his mission field, there were but three Church of England families within the bounds of what is now known as the town of Galt; and, of course, there was neither school-house, church, nor parsonage. Galt is one of the strongholds of Presbyterianism in Canada. Although a town of only six thousand people, they have three very large congregations, with remarkably handsome and costly churches. During Dr. Boomer's pastorate there he gathered a large congregation, built a stone church capable of seating



THE LATE VERY REV. MICHAEL BOOMER, D.D.

Dean of Huron.

five hundred worshippers, a stone school-house, and one of the most commodious and handsome rectory houses in the diocese; besides securing an endowment of six thousand dollars. In connection with this work, it is only just to place on record, that during the whole of his incumbency of that parish, he enjoyed not only the support and good will of all the parishioners, but one especially deserves to be mentioned and his name handed down in the annals of Canadian Church history—the late Absolom Shade—a kind and generous friend to the clergy at all

times, and a liberal benefactor to the Church. Besides contributing largely to the cost of erection and subsequently of enlargement of Trinity Church, he built at his own charge the school-house, and at his death he left \$6,000 to build a rectory house, and \$6,000 for the endowment. Mr. Shade was a native of Pennsylvania. In addition to Dr. Boomer's Church work he always took a lively interest in the higher education of the youth of the town and country; it was chiefly through his influence that the late Dr. Tassie established his widely celebrated school in Galt, drawing pupils from all parts of the Dominion, and even from the United States.

In 1872 Bishop Hellmuth appointed Dr. Boomer Dean of Huron, and prevailed on him to leave Galt and accept the principalship of Huron College. His accurate and finished scholarship, dignified and courteous bearing, unflinching Christian sympathy and gentleness, with his knowledge of the wants of the country, peculiarly fitted him for the duty of preparing young men for the ministry of the Church. Huron College has never turned out men more faithful to their work and acceptable to the people, than those who were trained under Dean Boomer.

As to church principles, the late Dean was an Evangelical in the truest sense of the word; broad and kindly in his Christian charity, while holding very strongly his own convictions as a Churchman, he was never known to utter from platform or pulpit, or inscribe one bitter word against any brother Churchman or Christian of any name; his whole life was an illustration of that grace which an Apostle calls the "bond of perfectness;" his intimate and dearest friends were found in both schools of thought—for example, Bishops Strachan and Cronyn, Dean Grasset and Archdeacon Palmer, Dean Geddes and Canon Usher.

The first wife of the late dean was Helen Blair, daughter of Captain Adams, of Her Majesty's Service. She was the mother of his four children, Mary, the widow of the late Andrew Cleghorn, Esq., of London, Helen, wife of Rural Dean Mackenzie, of Brantford, Edward and George, both deceased.

His widow was Mrs. Harriet Roche, of England, the authoress of "On Trek in the Transvaal," but better known in Canada for her zeal and good works in the mission fields of our Dominion, especially in connection with the Widows and Orphans' Fund for the Diocese of Algoma; and more recently on behalf of the educational work of the Woman's Auxiliary for the children of missionary clergy.

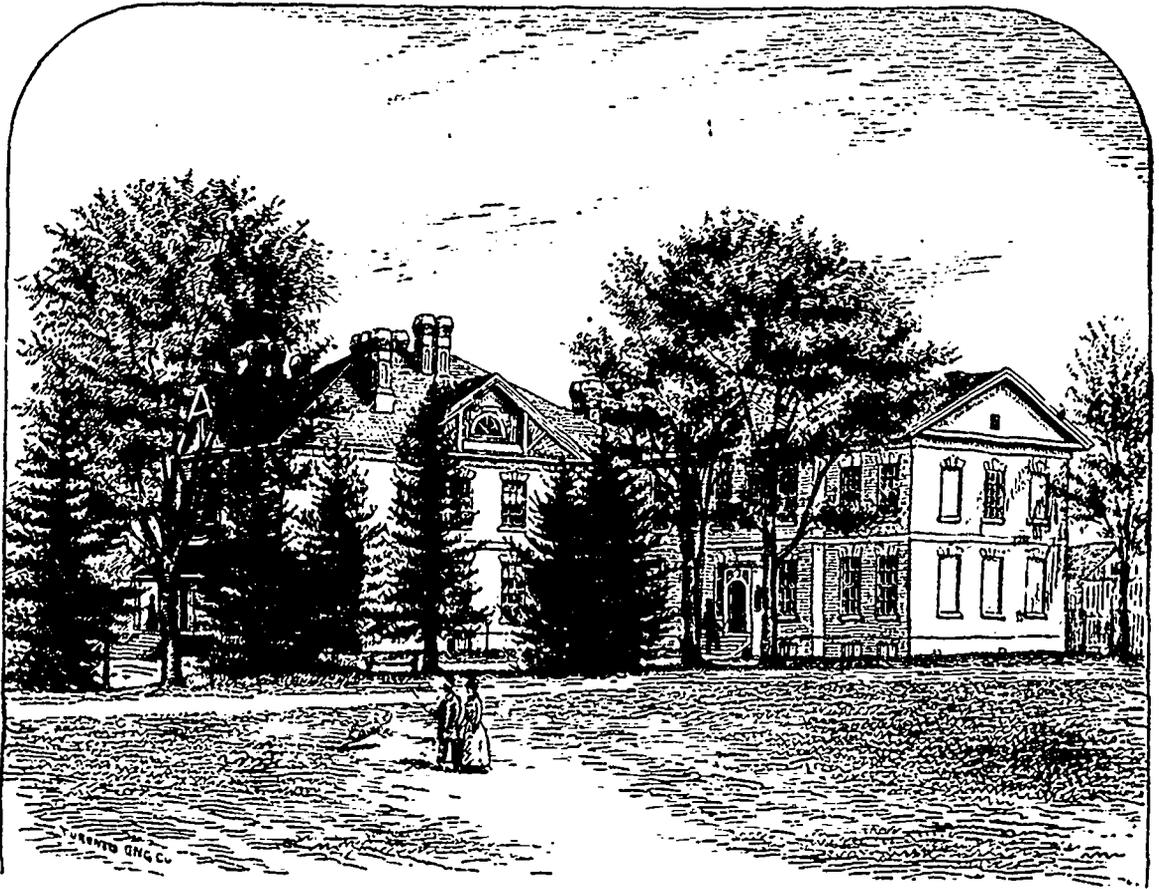
The body of the late dean sleeps in Woodlawn cemetery, London. The spot is marked by a beautiful cross with the appropriate inscription, "He asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest him a long life, even for ever and ever."

PYGMIES IN AFRICA.



R. HENRY M. STANLEY thus speaks of the pygmy tribes whom he found inhabiting the tract of country between the Ihuru and Ituri rivers:

"They were known to exist by the father of poets nine centuries before the beginning of the Christian era. You may remember Homer wrote about the sanguinary battle that was reported to have taken place between the pygmies and the storks. In the fifth century before Christ, Herodotus described the capture of five young explorers from Nassamoves while they were examining some curious trees in the Niger basin, and how the little men took them to their villages and showed them about to their fellow-pygmies much as you would like us to show the pygmies about England. The geographer Hekataeus in the fifth century located the pygmies near the Equator of Africa, under the shadows of the Mountains of the Moon, and I find that from Hipparchus downward geographers have faithfully followed the example of Hekataeus, and nearly a year ago we found them where they had been located by tradition under the names of Watwa and Wambutti. The forest which we have been just considering extends right up to the base-line of the Mountains of the Moon. We were just now paying due reverence to the kings of the forest who were born before the foundations of the tower on Shinar plain were laid, and because it seemed to us that in their life they united pre-historic times to this society-journal-loving nineteenth century. Let us pause a little and pay honour to those little people who have outlived the proud Pharaohs of Egypt, the chosen people of Palestine, and the emperors of Babylon, Nineveh, Persia and the Macedonian and Roman empires. They have actually been able to hold their lands for over fifty centuries. I have lately seen the wear and tear on the pyramids of Egypt, and I can certify that the old Sphinx presents a very battered appearance indeed, but the pygmies appeared to me as bright, as fresh, and as young as the generation which Homer sang about. You will, therefore, understand that I, who have always professed to love humanity in preference to beetles, was much interested in these small creatures. Near a place called Avetiko, on the Ituri river, our hungry men found the first male and female of the pygmies squatted in the midst of a wild Eden peeling plantains. You can imagine what a shock it was to the poor little creatures at finding themselves suddenly surrounded by gigantic Soudanese six feet four inches in height, nearly double their own height and weight, and black as coal. But my Zanzibaris, always more tender hearted than Soudanese, prevented the clubbed rifle and cutlasses from extinguishing their lives there and then, and brought them



HURON COLLEGE, LONDON, ONT.

to me as prizes in the same spirit as they would have brought a big hawk moth or mammoth longicorn for inspection. As they stood tremblingly before me I named the little man Adam and the miniature woman Eve, far more appropriate names in the wild Eden on the Ituri than the Vukukuru and Akiokwa which they gave us. As I looked at them and thought how these represented the oldest people on the globe, my admiration would have gone to greater lengths than scoffing cynics would have expected. Poor Greekish heroes and Jewish patriarchs, how their glory paled before the ancient ancestry of these manikins! Had Adam known how to assume a tragic pose, how fitly he might have said, "Yea, you may well look on us, for we are the only people living on the face of the earth who from primæval time have never been removed from their homes. Before Yusuf and Mesu were ever heard of we lived in these wild shades, from the Nile Fountains to the Sea of Darkness, and, like the giants of the forest, we despise time and fate." But, poor little things, they said nothing of the kind. They did not know they were heirs of such proud and unequalled heri-

tage. On the contrary, their faces said clearly enough, as they furtively looked at one and the other of us, "Where have these big people come from? Will they eat us?" There were some nervous twitches about the angles of the nose and quick upliftings of the eyelids, and swift, searching looks to note what fate was in store for them. It is not a comfortable feeling which possesses a victim in the presence of a possible butcher, and a possible consumer of its flesh. That misery was evident in the little Adam and Eve of the African Eden. The height of the man was four feet, that of the woman a little less. He may have weighed about eighty-five pounds; the colour of the body was that of a half-baked brick, and a light brown fell stood out very clearly. So far as natural intelligence was concerned, within his limited experience, he was certainly superior to any black man in our camp.

M. LOUVET, a French Missionary in China, says: "Whenever there shall be at the head of the Church in China a native clergy, Christianity will be naturalized in that great empire."

THE CHURCH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS AT WINDSOR, NOVA SCOTIA.



HE project for the establishment of a Church School for girls was brought under the notice of the Synod of the Diocese of Nova Scotia in the address of the Bishop on June 27th, 1890.

On July 1st the matter came before the Synod by resolution. On November 12th at a general meeting of the Shareholders, at Windsor, the Board of Trustees and the Board of Directors were duly organized, and it was decided to open the School on January 8th, 1891.

On that day the Lady Principal with a full teaching staff, together with twenty-seven resident pupils and fifteen day scholars, were present. With much regret, several pupils had to be declined in consequence of the building at Edgemoor not being fitted to accommodate more than thirty-five residents. That the School opened full was a matter for congratulation, but the insufficiency of the accommodation impressed on the Trustees and Directors the duty of providing, at the earliest convenient period, for those who had sought or might seek admission.

Steps were at once taken to procure plans for a building complete in itself, for the residence of fifty more boarders, with class rooms, gymnasium, capacious dormitories and all modern conveniences.

The foundation of the new building was commenced on May 18th, 1891, within less than one year from the date of the Bishop's address on June 27th, 1890.

The area of the Edgemoor property is a little over eight acres. Nearly one-half is a terraced slope, surrounded by a trimmed spruce fence about ten feet in height. The mean length of the grounds is eleven hundred feet, the mean breadth a little over three hundred. The basements of the buildings are about eighty feet above the tidal waters of the Bay of Fundy.

The buildings at Edgemoor now occupied by the Church School are two in number, the old and the new. These are united by a two-storied gallery twenty-seven feet in length, not visible in the accompanying illustration.

The new building is ninety-nine feet long, with a maximum breadth of sixty-eight feet. It consists of a basement nine feet high, and a first, second and third floor, each twelve feet in altitude. Each flat is divided into two nearly equal parts by a corridor nine feet two inches broad and ninety-eight feet long, or including the passage from the old building, 127 feet in total length. Broad stairways rise from the basement to the third floor at both extremities of the building.

The dining room will seat 120 persons. The floor is of southern pitch pine; the ceiling panelled in compartments six feet square, constructed of native spruce with deep mouldings

of the same material, and finished with transparent varnish. The wainscoting three feet six inches high of like material is similarly finished.

The basement contains a gymnasium fifty feet long and twenty-seven feet broad, which will further serve as a recreation room, and an aid to physical training.

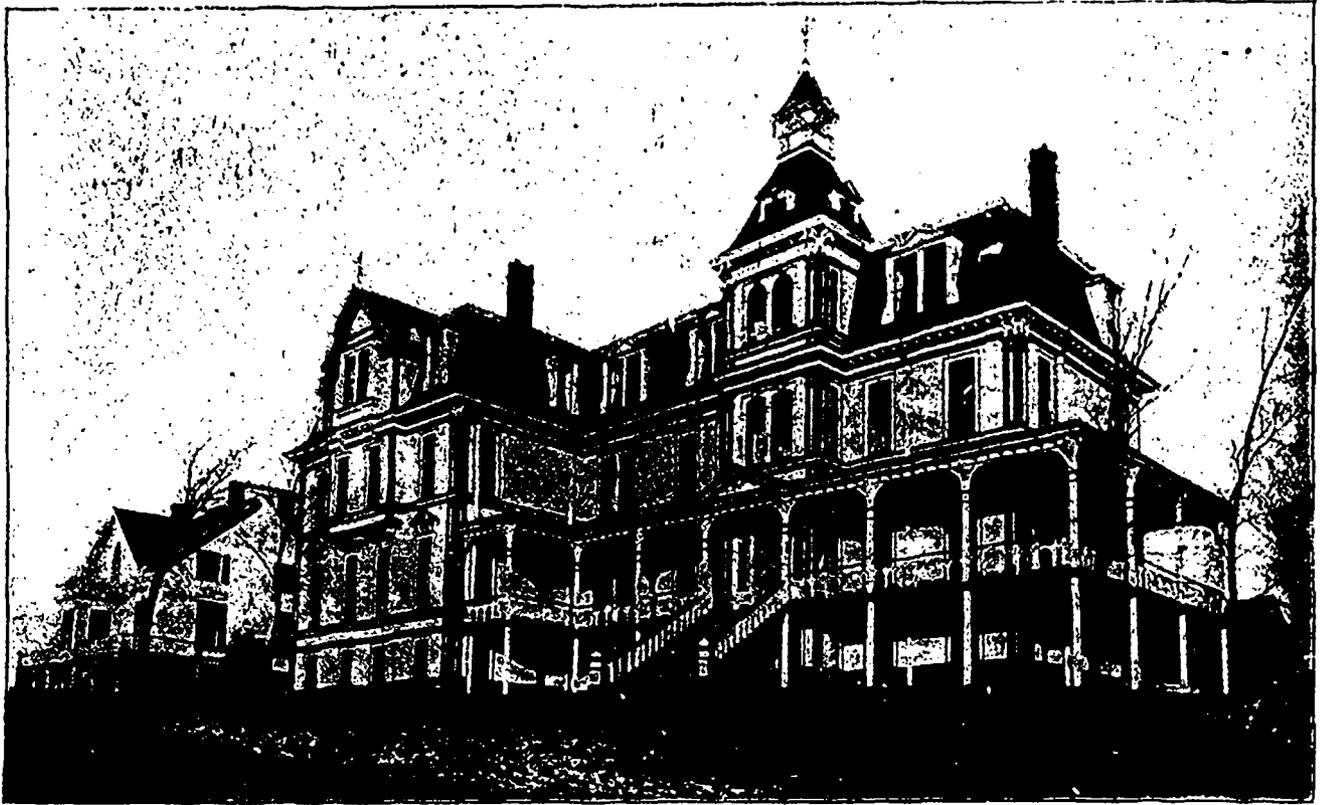
Being provided with a piano and a well planed floor, calisthenic exercises may also be gracefully varied after evening lessons are learned, and on appropriate occasions.

The broad passage way to the old building on this flat is used as a book room, the whole of one side being divided by shelving into eighty numbered compartments, one being allotted to each pupil for the storage of her school books. This passage leads into the school room and several music rooms. The class rooms on this flat are properly furnished with teachers' desks, pupils' desks, students' chairs, black boards, etc.

On the second floor of the new building and on the south side, is a large dormitory over the dining-room, forty feet by thirty-six feet, containing sixteen alcoves and a governess' room; each alcove is supplied with an iron bedstead, washstand, bureau and wardrobe. This dormitory is provided with two double entrance doors. On the same side of the building is a class room, and an invalid's room. Then follows the Lady Principal's bed-room, adjoining which is a governess' room. On the north side of the corridor, which is ninety-eight feet in length, is a private lavatory and bath-room, a "safety lift" and the east staircase; followed by bath-rooms, lavatory, closets, etc., all in one compartment. Adjoining is a room twenty feet six inches by fourteen feet three inches; next to this room is a dormitory, thirty-six feet by seventeen feet six inches, arranged for eight alcoves, each with iron bedstead, washstand, bureau and wardrobe.

The third floor is similar in all particulars to the second floor, having bath-rooms, closets and lavatory in a separate compartment. Besides the four large dormitories, and the Lady Principal's room, there are ten good-sized rooms and one closet, available for class rooms or other purposes, on the second and third floors.

Each corridor is provided with an open fireplace for ventilation and comfort, and for convenience, with two capacious linen presses. The entire length of each corridor is covered with a three foot broad strip of Napier matting, so that when lighted with the electric lamps at night, or enlivened by the stained glass windows at the stairways in the daytime, the open fires give to them in freezing weather, an air of comfort and cheerfulness which has a potent effect on the spirits of the inmates. A uniform warmth throughout is maintained by large radiators at each extremity of the corridors; these being properly distributed, draughts are prevented.



CHURCH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, WINDSOR, NOVA SCOTIA.

The new building as a whole contains thirty-five rooms, eight bath rooms, nine lavatory closets, two sink closets, etc., in closed compartments, two small store closets, a "safety lift" from basement to roof, two broad stairways from basement to third floor, and a corridor on each flat ninety-eight feet long by nine feet two inches broad.

The old school building contains twenty rooms, besides closets, store rooms, bath room and frost-proof cellars. The two buildings together embrace fifty-five rooms, with a proper proportion of bath rooms, store rooms, closets and cellars.

The veranda, which is on part of the south side and on the east side of the building, is 100 feet long by nine feet broad, and forms a pleasant and useful promenade in wet or hot weather. The height of the building from the ground to roof is forty-eight feet, to the summit of the tower over the entrance hall, seventy feet. Besides the main entrance there are four other doorways, and no portion of the floors of the building in the basement is more than one foot three inches below the surface of the ground.

All the rooms are lighted by means of pendant electric lamps, four in each south room and two in each north room. These are controlled by means of a "switch" placed in the corridor.

Adjoining the large dormitories are numerous bed rooms for three or four pupil boarders. These are furnished in similar manner, no more carpet than a strip of Brussels before each bed being allowed, and all carpets are movable.

The school furniture is uniform throughout the building, no distinction being made in any particular.

The building is warmed throughout with hot water pipes and radiators. It is lighted from basement to roof with Edison's incandescent lamps.

The recreation grounds lie to the west of the school buildings and consist of two level portions, an upper and lower plateau, separated by terraces about ten feet high in the aggregate, and a gravelled road twelve feet broad. The upper plateau is 250 feet long by 100 feet broad, and is divided into a Bowling Green, Lawn Tennis Court and Croquet Ground. The lower plateau is 250 feet long by sixty-three feet broad. It is designed for Lawn Tennis and Croquet.

This is not the place to enter into a description of the designs and aims of the Church School for Girls, or of the course of instruction, secular and religious, pursued. Full information will be found in the trustees' and directors' reports presented to the shareholders at their

annual meeting on October 7th, 1891. Also in the calendar of the school; both of which documents, can be obtained by application to the secretary. But as recent additions have been made to the staff, it may properly come within the scope of this notice to enumerate the personnel. With the growth of the school additions will have to be made, but as the name of the institution implies, it is a "school" and not a college which the Synods of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have determined to establish and sustain. Several prizes for distinguished merit have already been given and are of importance, as these show in a special manner the unspoken wishes of the donors.

THE PRESENT STAFF.

Lady Principal—Miss Machin, Bible and Church History, Lessons on Art, Physiology, etc.

Resident teachers.—Miss Isabel Ridd—Pianoforte, Drawing and Painting, Ancient and Modern History, English Essays, Physics. Mrs. Hoyt—Voice culture, Pianoforte, Class Singing. Miss Ellen S. Ridd—General and Physical Geography, English Grammar and Composition, Astronomy, Reading. Miss Painter—Mathematics, Physics and General English. Miss Mills—History, Literature, Latin. Mademoiselle Beley—French, Writing.

Non-Resident teachers.—Miss King—Pianoforte, German. Mr. Boulton—Violin. Sergeant Cunningham—Calisthenics.

Religious Instruction—Rector of Windsor.

The present number of pupils in attendance is seventy-eight, of whom seventeen are from Halifax, twelve from St. John, N.B., six from Quebec, one from Toronto, one from North-West Territory, and the remainder from different parts of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Cape Breton.

It is just one year and nine months since the Synods of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick authorized the establishment of this Church School by the sea. No more signal proof of the want of such an establishment can be desired than the successful Church work already accomplished.

The promising outlook foreshadowed is dependent, it must not be forgotten, very largely on the encouraging co-operation of Church people. With their active, continuous watchfulness and sympathy is the stable welfare and lasting usefulness of this new Church claimant inseparably interwoven.

CRUELITIES OF BRAHMINISM.



WRITER in the *Living Church* (Chicago) lately gave a heart-rending account of the cruel treatment meted out to those unfortunate little girls of India, who are known as widows and also that received by them when they become

women. His description is gathered from the particulars given by Sir William Hunter, a Christian Government official, on the one hand, and R. Raghunath Rao Bahadur, a Hindoo statesman, on the other. As we read the account we ask ourselves with much concern, indeed, "Has Christianity no work to do there?"

The account is as follows:—

"Suppose such a child is married and widowed, say, under three years of age; she will, of course, try to play with other children, which is all right so long as they are alone; but should any one older see them, the little widow must be carried off by force and punished to keep her away, for she will bring misfortune and ill-luck to the others. It is a bad omen to have her at any festivity. She must stay away.

"As she grows up, she finds that no jewelry is given her to wear; she cannot use the marks on her forehead her sister can. Why? These are called 'spirit-scaring,' and will keep away ghosts. She can't have them because she has a spirit husband and she must do nothing to prevent him coming to her, if he wishes. Poor child, she only knows that all the pretty things go to the others, and should she join in their play or not with them, she is punished.

"After a while the Brahmin, who acts as a sort of domestic chaplain to the family, visits them, the hair of her head is all shaved off, she is dressed in penitential white, and taken to him to be branded as a widow; or initiated into some religious mysteries, when she begins the life of a widow *woman*. Henceforth she must eat but one meal a day, must fast rigorously once in two weeks (sometimes going seventy-two hours without food), no matter how weak her health may be. Should she try to ask: 'Why must I?' 'Because you have been bad, and made trouble between husband and wife.' 'When did I? I don't remember it.' 'No, of course not. It was in another life, before you were born here. And for a punishment for being so very naughty then, your husband here died and you were left a widow.'

"Henceforth, should she ever unintentionally come before a bride or a priest, or even a man, she is liable to a torrent of abuse. Her touch is pollution. She is the household drudge without hope of escape, such as her brother's bride may have. No respectable person will be her friend; if she is to have any companions at all they will only be of the disreputable. The end is easy to foresee.

"Should a dead infant be found and be unknown, the widows of the districts are the ones suspected of the murder and are arrested, when they must show their innocence or buy themselves off by bribe. But this is not enough, the religious authorities must also go into the matter, and the widows will have the cost, if not a fine too, to pay.

TWO LITTLE INDIAN BOYS AND WHERE THEY WENT TO.

BY REV. E. F. WILSON.

IT was a question which of my Indian boys I should take with me on my proposed five weeks lecturing tour through the Eastern province of Canada,—whether it should be one big boy or two little boys—whether it should be Joseph or Isaiah or Zosie or Kiyoshk or Soney.

So we had them up one or two at a time to tea and put them one by one through their paces to see which would behave the best and which would speak out the best, and which would sing the best, and finally, Willie Soney and Zosie Dosum were selected—Willie from Walpole Island, south of Lake Huron, a Potawatomie, and Zosie, an Ojibway, from the north shore of Lake Superior. There were still about two weeks before we should start and the boys must be trained a little—trained how to come into a room gently, how to abstain from putting knives into their mouths at meals, how to keep their finger nails cut and clean, how to say “yes, please” and “no, thank you,” how to go to bed properly, and how to wash and dress properly in the morning. A kind lady—somewhat advanced in years—kindly undertook to train the boys in these various little niceties and it was thought well in order to facilitate her efforts that the two lads should be separated entirely from the other pupils for the rest of the time that remained and be put completely under her charge. Then they required also to be trained for the parts they would have to take at the meetings, and this two of my daughters undertook to attend to, the boys were to say a number of texts which they already knew by heart, sing several hymns and repeat a dialogue; they were also to dress up in Indian costume, say another dialogue, explaining the various parts of their dress, ornaments, etc., and dance a war dance.

At last the day came for departure. The packing was all finished, the pony carriage and buckboard were brought round and amid the farewells of the assembled pupils we started off on our little trip to the east, which we expected would cover something over 3,000 miles and occupy rather more than five weeks. The names of the two boys who accompanied me on the journey I have already given. Willie, the elder, was somewhere between twelve and fourteen years of age—Indians hardly ever know their age. We called him twelve at the railway stations, a bright, pleasant, intelligent looking boy, his black hair growing rather low over his forehead, dark, black eyes, as they all have, a good-natured smile generally playing on his lips, his hat worn in rather a jaunty style, and a general air of independence and freedom about him, not at all shy, and making friends readily.

Zosie, the younger, was probably between eight and nine years old, and we called him eight,—a queer little chap with a comical looking face, and a comical way of saying and doing things. Sometimes, when his eyes lighted up, he looked almost pretty, but he had a way of drawing his hat down over his ears and standing with his mouth open, and at such times he would look exceedingly ugly, and almost Ape like. He was an independent little monkey, talking his quaint English to everyone he met—not at all wishing to be helped or shown how to do things, and yet very observant and imitative of other people's ways. His real name was probably Joseph, but he called himself Zosie when he first came to us, and the name has always stuck to him. When we started on the journey the boys were attired in the winter uniform of the school, dark navy blue military cut coats with red cuffs and collars and brass buttons, and grey étoffe trousers, their hats dark grey felt with a yellow band, on which latter were printed the letters O. I. H., “Our Indian Homes.” They were each provided with a warm overcoat and had a little satchel between them, which held their Sunday clothes and change of linen. They also had a long bundle, fastened with two straps, which contained the wild Indian costumes which they were expected to don at the meetings. Our first destination was Ottawa. Here we expected our ex-pupil, David Osahgee, at present a clerk in the Indian Department, would have met us at the station and taken the two boys to his lodgings, but owing to an accident on the line our train was seven hours late and David was not there; so we all packed into a cab and drove to the friend's house where I was expecting to stay. It was 6.30 p.m. and dinner was just ready. I explained that the Indian boy David had failed to meet us, and not knowing his address I had brought my two little companions with me to the door, until I could ascertain where to send them. My hostess very kindly invited them in and said that she would gladly put them up for the night as it was so late and she did not know the house at which David Osahgee lodged. Thus the two little Indian boys spent their first night in Ottawa, in a large well furnished gentleman's house, and a great deal was made of them by our kind entertainers. One of the ladies wrote about them, just after they left, “I thought it so exceedingly nice of Willie Soney, that, after receiving some little gift that friends had sent in to him, he went at once to his satchel, without saying a word, and taking out a little basket of his own manufacture, handed it to me, merely saying ‘Do you want this?’ Of course I was much pleased, and a little while later he went again to his bag, took out another basket of a different shape, and holding it up said, ‘Which you like best, this or that?’ Indicating the one he had given me.



We were also much interested in the very quick way in which they shot at the target in the drawing room; the solicitude Soney showed when he lost an arrow and his polite manner of asking us if we had found it later. My little niece, was filled with admiration of their thoughtfulness and politeness."

There were a number of meetings going on in Ottawa while we were there. It was the great annual gathering of the Board of Domestic and Foreign Missions, and five Bishops and a number of other Church dignitaries had assembled from various parts of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. There was a reception given by the Women's Auxiliary in St. James Hall; there were several meetings of the Mission Board, and an evening missionary meeting at St. John's church; also our own special meeting at the City Hall to inaugurate the "Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society." At all or nearly all of these meetings, the two little Indian boys had to figure, and they also went with me several times to the Indian Department office, also to Rideau Hall, and to several private houses at which I visited. The chief ordeal through which they had to pass was, I think, their having to appear before a young ladies' school. This was on the very next morning after our arrival.

There were a number of young ladies who had been actively engaged for some time working for and making their contributions towards the support of an Indian girl in our Homes, and

all these young ladies were on the "qui vive" to see the two Indian boys, Soney and Zosie. So lessons were laid aside and both teachers and young ladies were all in a state of smiling expectancy when, at half past nine in the morning, we were ushered into their sanctum. I said just a few introductory words, thanking the young ladies for their help, and then introduced my "two blushing boys." "This elder one," I said, "is Willie Soney, he is a Pottawatomie boy from Walpole Island, has been with us several years, and can talk English nicely.

And then I drew little Zosie up, and twisting my fingers round his short black forelock and giving it a little jerk, which had the effect of making his chin go up and his eyes go down, I said, "this is Zosie Dosum," at which the young ladies tittered, and those behind peered round those in front to get a good view of the comical looking little Indian in his dark blue garibaldi jacket, and red sash, and dark trousers, and red socks, standing with his feet close together, his arms hanging down on either side of him, his mouth a little open and his dark little face looking about as comfortable in my grasp as if it had been fixed in position by some second-class photographer. "This is Zosie Dosum," I said, "he is an Ojibway Indian from the shore of Lake Superior. He is about eight years old and has only been a year and a half at our Shingwauk Home." Zosie was looking as grave as a judge all the time I was saying this, wondering, evidently, whatever the young ladies were going to do to him. Then I shook his head just a little and said, "When he first came to us he was a regular little wild Indian." Zosie's parted lips now came together, his mouth widened, dimples showed on his cheeks, his dark eyes lifted shyly, sparkled, and next moment he was in a broad grin, and all the young ladies were tittering again and whispering their comments one to another. "Yes, he was a regular little wild Indian," I said, "and did not know anything at all. He used to throw stones at the other boys (Soney and Zosie both laughed at this, and the young ladies liberally reciprocated their smiles). If you gave him a book he held it upside down, but now he has made very fair progress, is able to read and spell easy words and can talk English also quite fairly, as you will soon have the opportunity of seeing. His Indian name is *Ahnemekeens*, which means 'Little Thunder.'" Soney and Zosie both laughed out then and there were broad smiles exchanged by nearly all the young ladies present. And now I said, "I am going to ask Soney to talk to Zosie and ask him a few questions and we will see whether Zosie can answer.

DIALOGUE.

SON.—"Zosie!"

ZOS.—"Hello!"

SON.—"I am going to ask you all about



where you came from, so as all the people can hear."

Zos.—"That's all right."

SON.—"How old are you, Zosie?"

Zos.—"I don't know."

SON.—"Well, I think you are about nine years old. Where did you live before you came to the Shingwauk?"

Zos.—"Away up Lake Superior."

SON.—"Did you have a stone house just like the Shingwauk?"

Zos.—"Oh, no;"

SON.—"What kind was it then?"

Zos.—"Just a Wigwam."

SON.—"Was it made of poles and covered over with birch bark?"

Zos.—"I guess so."

SON.—"What did you do all the day long?"

Zos.—"Just running about like rabbits."

SON.—"Did you go to school, Zosie?"

Zos.—"No, sir."

SON.—"Didn't you know your A.B.C.'s at that time?"

Zos.—"No, I didn't know about A.B.C."

SON.—"Did you have a good time?"

Zos.—"Yes, I kill lots birds with my bow and arrow."

SON.—"Do you like being at the Shingwauk?"

Zos.—"Yes, first rate."

SON.—"What will you do when you are a big man?"

Zos.—"I am going to be a tailor; what are you going to be, Soney?"

SON.—"I would like to be a school teacher. Look here, Zosie, say this in our language, 'I like coming to this place very much.'"

Zos.—"Ahpeche neminwandum omahkepeez-hahyaum. What do you call a boy, Soney?"

SON.—"Quewezans. How would you say 'he is a very bad boy?'"

Zos.—"Keche mujje quewezans. What do you call a school?"

SON.—"Kekens uhmahdawegummig. I say, Zosie, how do you say 'I want to stop now?'"

Zos.—"Ne we poonetoon."

SON.—"Well, I guess we will stop now, shall we?"

Zos.—"All right."

This was the end of the dialogue, and after the young ladies had indulged in a little gentle, lady-like applause, I motioned to the boys, and stepping forward again, Soney, in a smiling good-tempered way and with just a little of the Indian accent, said, "Now, if you will excuse us," to which Zosie, with a grin, added "we are going to change our coats." The boys then withdrew to an adjoining class room where their Indian toggery was already laid out. I went to help them put it on, but when they were arrayed, had some little difficulty in persuading them, especially the elder one, to reappear in the presence of the young ladies. There was quite a little increase of excitement when at last they did come shuffling in, and the entire change in the two boys' appearance was evidently an unexpected surprise to both teachers and pupils. Soney looked taller and older than in his every day dress. A rather frowsy looking white blanket was wrapped like a skirt round his waist and fell over his left shoulder, being held in place by a silver disk two or three inches in diameter; his hair instead of being cropped short was now long and wild, falling over his shoulders, two long thick plaits being conspicuous on either side of his face; on his head was a band of black fur ornamented with white tufts and a proud eagle feather, and the long black tail of his cap fell over the front of his right shoulder, mingling with the plaits and tangled hair; round the boy's neck was a necklace of many folds made of bright colored glass beads, and on his wrists were bracelets formed of brass wire or little bones and large opaque beads; on his legs he wore Indian leggings ornamented with bead work, and on his feet moccasins. From the boy's right wrist hung a short murderous looking club, studded with brass nails, to the butt end of which were attached two leathern thongs

like a whip, and in his hands he carried a round tambourine looking drum, painted with Indian devices, and a drum stick. The little boy Zosie was less elaborately got up but looked more funny; his head seemed to be almost entirely enveloped in an immense fur cap made of a common fox skin, with an eagle feather in it; at the back of the cap was the fox's brush, ornamented with some strings of beads and colored ribbons and this was brought round so as to dangle over his left shoulder. The little fellow's body, with the exception of his right arm, was enveloped in a blanket which reached nearly to the ground and almost hid his moccasins, and suspended to his right side by a strap over the left shoulder was a composite looking quiver containing both bow and arrows, and made of a lynx skin with all its legs, tail, etc. hanging as ornamental appendages. The only other adornment was a large necklace made of brass wire, white beads and elk's teeth, which compassed the little fellow's neck. He looked very funny, his little brown nozzle and half opened mouth only just shewing below the fox skin cap, and his little body almost lost in the spotted skin quiver from which fore and aft poked out the painted bow and the feathered arrows, and in his right hand he held an Indian gourd-shaped rattle to which two red feathers were attached. The little fellows at length took up their positions again before their fair audience, and then Soney, grasping the folds of his blankets with his left hand and extending his right, with the whip looking club hanging from the wrist, in in the direction of Zosie exclaimed, "That's a grand cap you have Zosie." To this Zosie replied in a matter of fact sort of way, "Yes, isn't it, what is it made of?" Soney, evidently amused at his little companion's funny appearance, gave way to a little laugh before he replied, "Why, fox's skin to be sure, look at its tail?" Zosie then felt for the end of the fox's tail (it terminated in a short string of beads and a tuft of ribbons), and taking hold of it held it out at full length, grinning from ear to ear, and turning completely round once so that all might see and be convinced that it was indeed a fox's brush.

Zos.—"Are'n't these nice necklaces?"

SON.—"The Blackfeet Indians made those."

Zos.—"Have they black feet?"

SON.—"Oh, nonsense, they used to wear black moccasins, so they were called Blackfeet."

Zos.—"Where do they live?"

SON.—"On the prairie, some in the North-West Territory, and some in the State of Montana."

Zos.—"Have you been in their country?"

SON.—"No, but Mr. Wilson has, it's along journey, nearly to the Rocky Mountains."

Zos.—"Is there a boys' Home there?"

SON.—"Not yet, but there will be one at Medicine Hat."

Zos.—"What's this quiver made of?"

SON.—"That's a lynx skin, the Cheyenne Indians made that, and the bow and arrows."

Zos.—"Where do they live?"

SON.—"A long way off in Indian Territory."

Zos.—"Indian Territory, where's that?"

SON.—"Down South, in the States."

Zos.—"This is a funny thing."

SON.—"That's a rattle, the Cheyenne Indians made that, and this drum, too."

Zos.—"What's it made of?"

SON.—"It's made of a dried gourd, covered with leather, with little stones inside."

Zos.—"It sounds nice, doesn't it?" (Rattling it).

SON.—"Yes, and my drum sounds nice, too." (Beating it).

Zos.—"What are they for?"

SON.—"To make music when they dance."

Zos.—"Shall we dance?"

SON.—"Suppose we do." (And they danced).

Such was the dialogue which the two boys gave before this, their first audience, and it was repeated many times subsequently.

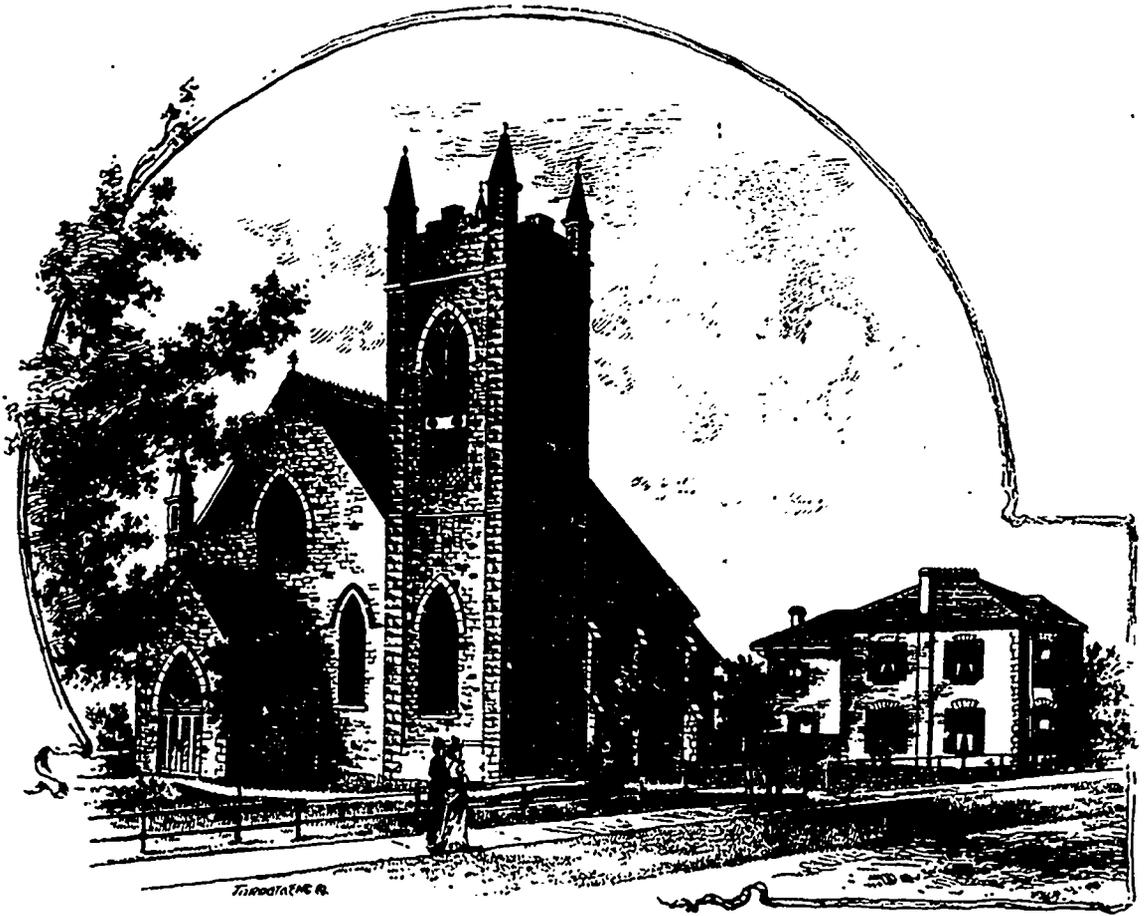
OUR PARISHES AND CHURCHES.

No. 70—ST. JAMES' CHURCH, ST. MARY'S.



HE name most prominently associated with the history of the Church of England in St. Mary's in the early days, is that of Rev. Mr. Brough, afterwards Ven. Archdeacon of Huron Diocese.

In his early life, a missionary in the Manitoulin Islands, Mr. Brough was well accustomed to trials and hardships, and was never so happy as when forcing his way through the woods to bring the Gospel tidings to some benighted settlement. From London, his headquarters after he retired from the missionary field, he would sally forth with horse or on foot as the circumstances required. As early as 1843 Mr. Brough is known to have visited St. Mary's, on which occasion he preached in the little mill which has since developed into an extensive establishment, owned by Messrs. Carter, Son & Co. Mr. Brough had no particular time set for his visits and always came without a moment's warning. On his arrival in the village the word was passed around and the congregation was soon in readiness. The opportunities of hearing the Gospel were few and were prized in proportion. How long Mr. Brough continued his visits here we are unable to say, but it was not until after a number of years that the English church in St. Mary's was supplied with a regular incumbent. Mr. Brough has long since gone to his reward. In company with other religious bodies of the town, the Church of England made use of the little stone school, at



ST. JAMES' CHURCH, ST. MARY'S ONT., WITH RECTORY.

the corner of Queen and James streets, as a place of worship for a number of years.

The first regular incumbent of the Church of England in St. Mary's was Rev. Archibald Lampman, who came a few years previous to 1856. It was during Mr. Lampman's time that the church was built under the guidance of a board of directors, consisting of Messrs. Milner, Harrison, S. Fraleigh, Willoughby Hutton, Lewis Day, W. P. Smith and another whose name has escaped our informant's memory, all of whom have since departed this life. The church was only partially completed in 1857, but services were held in it until it was fully completed, two years afterwards. On the erection of the church a Ladies' Aid Society was formed, with Miss E. Cruttenden as secretary. Miss Cruttenden is still a constant attendant at the church service. A bazaar was held shortly after, and with the proceeds the first organ was purchased. It was also through the efforts of this same Society that the old rectory was first purchased. Among those who assisted early in the musical part of the services in those days, might be mentioned the late Dr. O'Reilly,

Mr. Geo. Goodfellow, Dr. A. E. Ford, Miss Cruttenden and the late Mr. Leon M. Clench, father of the talented lady who is now so well known as a violinist, Miss Norah Clench. The Clenches still attend St. James' church.

Mr. Lampman was removed in 1857, and was succeeded, in 1858, by Rev. Jas. Smythe, who was followed by Rev. Mr. Kellogg, and he, in turn, was succeeded by Rev. J. P. Curran, who commenced his career by preaching in the surplice instead of the accustomed black gown. Mr. Curran removed to Walkerton in 1870, and was succeeded the same year by Rev. Joel T. Wright, now Rector of Norwich and Otterville, who continued as rector of the parish until July, 1889. Rev. J. T. Wright was succeeded by Rev. Chas. O'Meara a few weeks after the resignation of the former. Mr. O'Meara resigned the charge in the fall of 1890, and the parish remained vacant until March, 1891, when Rev. T. W. Magahy was appointed as rector, but death severed his connection with the parish on the Good Friday following, he being just one month in charge. No permanent appointment was then made until the first Sunday in Septem-

ber of the same year, when the present rector, Rev. W. J. Taylor, late of Mitchell, was appointed by His Lordship the Bishop to the parish at the unanimous request of the Vestry.

In 1886 the church was renovated and beautified at a cost of about \$8,000. In 1890 the old rectory and lands, which were situated across the river at some distance from the church, were sold, and the present rectory in rear of the church built at a cost of about \$3,000. The church is stone and has a seating capacity of nearly 500. The rectory is brick and handsomely finished. They are located on a hill, in a very handsome situation, overlooking the business portion of the town, and the whole property is estimated to be worth about \$20,000. Among the most liberal contributors at present to the support of the church may be mentioned Mr. W. V. Hutton, Mr. J. O. Hutton and Mrs. F. S. Hill. The latter, who is now over eighty years of age, was the donor of the first Communion set ever owned by the church, and part of it is yet in use, Mrs. Hill adding to it recently. Another circumstance worthy of remark is the fact that the present parish warden, Mr. T. D. Stanley, was baptized by Rev. Mr. Brough, the first English Church clergyman that ever preached in the town of St. Mary's.

The church has had a chequered experience in the past, at one period losing many of its congregation.

The growth in membership has never been rapid, but in the face of a preponderating Presbyterian element it has generally held its own and shown a natural increase as well. There are now about 200 families in the parish. The Sunday school has an average attendance of 150 and is superintended by the rector, who is greatly assisted in his work by his beloved wife. Never before in the history of the parish has there been such marked evidence of increased spiritual life as at present. Since the present incumbent took charge the school has doubled its average attendance and the church is healthy and prosperous as a whole; the amounts raised for stipend, Diocesan and Home Funds are larger than at any previous period in the history of the parish.

A WORTHY clergyman is said to have given out the following notice, with all gravity to his congregation:—"As Messrs. Moody and Sankey will be in this church next Wednesday, I advise any of you who have valuable Bibles or hymn books in your pews to carry them home and leave them there until the next Sunday."

THE editor-in-chief of the *Missionary Review of the World* thinks that our missionary work should be to the Jew first and *then* to the Gentile. He expresses it thus:—"The phrase,

'beginning at Jerusalem,' is constantly perverted to mean that home work is to take precedence of work abroad; whereas, its true meaning is that, first of all, God's chosen people were to be sought and taught. Those early disciples everywhere began with the Jews; whether at Jerusalem, Antioch, Rome, Alexandria or Constantinople. Wherever Paul went, from Antioch in Syria, to Antioch in Pisidia to Salamis, Iconium, Lystra, Derbe, Philippi, Thessalonica, Athens, Corinth, Ephesus, Troas, Miletus, Rome, he first went into the synagogue of the Jews, or, if there was no synagogue, sought out and spake unto the Jews wherever they resorted, and he could get a hearing; and only after they had rejected his message did he turn to the Gentiles. Has it nothing to do with our comparative want of success in modern missions that the despised Jew has been, perhaps, more shamefully neglected than any of the worst heathen, the lowest pagan, or the most bigoted Moslem peoples? Missions among the ancient Israel of God, as an organized movement, are but of recent date, and even now the eight millions of God's chosen nation are scarcely approached by the Church of Christ. Here and there a few scattered labourers represent all that Christ's disciples have sent to open the blinded eyes of those who see the Messianic prophecies, as yet, through a veil. The grandest epoch of missions will not begin until God's Church undertakes to do as Christ bade her, 'beginning at Jerusalem.' In everything, the way of exact obedience is the way of constant blessing and of sure success. God has not cast away his people whom He foreknew; and He will have the Gospel proclaimed to them first of all, not last of all. It is a noticeable fact that the missionary enterprises, which today are reaping largest harvests in other fields are those which embrace missions to Israel among their forms of labour. To pass by the Jew in the effort to reach the Gentile is a plain violation of the declared plan of God, and the slightest neglect of His plain command or revealed mind imperils all our other work. The blindness which is upon the mind of the Hebrew people is no excuse for our neglect—for only when they turn to the Lord can that blindness be taken away; and how can any man be expected to turn to the Lord unless the truth is preached to him?

CHEERING—HOPEFUL.—There is no more cheering sight nor more hopeful sign than that of Old Trinity standing in the midst of our great mart of trade, with Morgan Dix at its head, turning all of its princely income into streams of beneficence to bless the city, and using his matchless powers for the Defence of the Gospel and for the integrity of Holy Scriptures.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Young People's Department.



SPHINX OF AMMUN-RA THEBES.

EGYPTIAN MONUMENTS.

HERE is something very pleasant in reading history, particularly that which relates to kingdoms and empires long since gone to decay. It is interesting to notice their different customs and religions, and to observe their peculiar way of living compared with our own. One of the most interesting countries to study is Egypt, for there are a great many monuments there to shew what a strange people the ancient Egyptians were. The pyramids which have ever been the wonder of the world, the old temples, obelisks, sphinxes, (such as shewn in the illustration above) and shrines of innumerable form are still to be seen in a greater or less state of preservation, and what do they all mean? If they could speak, how many a strange story of the past they could reveal. There is that great figure of the ram's head, near Thebes, with the sphinx by its sides. How many centuries have rolled past them and over them and yet there they are still silent and unmoved.

A recent traveller, says with regard to Egypt: "Everywhere we tread upon buried cities,

pointing to a time when Egypt was incomparably more prosperous and more civilized than it is now. We pass miles of tombs, palaces, obelisks, temples, at Heliopolis, Memphis, Thebes and Karnak. Look at the temple of El Karnak, with its gateway 300 feet wide—its hall of assembly, one suite only, consisting of 134 columns, each 70 feet high and 12 feet thick, built about 1400 B.C. The whole of Notre Dame would stand comfortably within the great temple. Mark the obelisk—180 feet high, about 1400 B.C.—the largest in the world. Yonder, in what is now a vast plain, periodically flooded by the Nile waters, stand the statues of Memnon, 70 feet high, raised by Amenoph III. about 1500 B.C.

Dominating the desert, as indestructible relics of the ages, against which the waves of time seem to dash themselves almost in vain, stand the three pyramids of Cheops, Chephren and Mycerynus. Not far from the pyramids, the mighty head of the Sphinx, disfigured but not destroyed, looks the world in the face with its insoluble enigma. The face alone measures 30 feet; the paws which have been unburied from time to time, 140 feet. The chapel between

them, the altar of which is preserved in the British Museum, is now completely covered in the sand drift."

In all probability these monuments were in some way connected with religion, and they bear testimony to the yearnings of the human heart (as great among the ancients as among ourselves) for the cultivation of those spiritual powers which men have always felt that they possessed. And we have those same spiritual longings; but how much nobler is the object which we have placed before us in our Lord Jesus Christ. He is the only monument that we need, and His name is yet to be great among all nations, and if He is firmly fixed in our own hearts, we will at once be anxious to make His name known to others.

"WANTED—A BOY."

66 **W**ANTED—a boy." How often we
These very common words may see.
Wanted—a boy to errands run,
Wanted for everything under the sun,
All that the men to-day can do
To-morrow the boys will be doing, too.
For the time is ever coming when
The boys must stand in the place of men.

Wanted—the world wants boys to-day,
And offers them all she has for pay:
Honour, wealth, position, fame,
A useful life and a deathless name.
Boys to shape the paths of men,
Boys to guide the plow and pen,
Boys to forward the tasks begun,
For the world's great work is never done.

The world is anxious to employ
Not just one, but every boy
Whose heart and brain will e'er be true
To work his hands shall find to do;
Honest, faithful, earnest, kind;
To good awake, to evil blind;
Heart of gold without alloy.
Wanted: the world wants such a boy.

—Selected.

THE MISSIONARY HAND.

GOOD use has been made of a recently published address on the "Missionary Hand." It means this. Look at your hand, with its natural division into five parts.

1. The little finger you may call *Give*. If missions are to go on we must give. But giving of our substance to God is the least, we can do and not the whole and so we place *giving* on the little finger.

2. The next finger you may call *Read*, and it is a very important finger, for you will never be interested in missions unless you know something about them. If there is a book about missions in your Sunday school library, get it and read it, and try also to get a missionary magazine and read it regularly. You will then know what is being done in the missionary world.

Think of missions, too, when you read your Bible and you will see that a great many of the good men that we read about in it were true missionaries.

3. Then the middle finger you may call *Talk*. Give the information that you have gathered from books and papers to others; speak about the adventures that missionaries have had and the good work that they have done. In that way you will get somebody else interested and so the work will grow.

4. And then the finger next the thumb,—what of it? Why look at it and call it *Work*. The other three things were easy. It is easy to give,—at least for some people; it is easy to read; it is easy to talk;—but to work,—ah! that is not so easy. Ladies, as a rule, do a great deal of work for missions by sewing and collecting; but boys and men could find a great deal of work which they also might do. They might have a missionary box in their room and so get money to help the good cause. But whatever you do, do something. It is *work* which will do the good in the end.

5. Then comes the thumb. Have you ever thought how useful the thumb is? You could spare any one of the fingers more readily than the thumb. A hand is maimed indeed that has it not. The monkey's "hand" is very like ours, but it has no thumb and therefore it is not much use to him, except to hold him up as he swings among the branches of the trees. But our thumb makes the hand complete, one of the most wonderful works of God. And what shall we call it? We must call it the best of all, *Prayer*. Without prayer all the other missionary fingers are of little use. Say something to God about the missionaries when you pray. Whenever you say the Lord's prayer remember there is something missionary in it,—for you pray "Thy kingdom come." And as you can use the thumb with any of the other fingers, so use the missionary thumb with all the others. When you *give*, pray; when you *read*, pray; when you *talk*, pray; and when you *work*, pray.

Prayer will sanctify all: it will lift you up above the world, it will cause you to dwell in the presence of the Lord Himself whose is the work and for whose glory you should live.

JIM'S MATE.

A STORY OF THE CHILDREN'S COUNTRY HOLIDAYS.

SEE here, Andy, my ticket is for two weeks; a big orchard, the fellow said, and sheep, and cows, and things; milk by the bucket, old boy. I tell you what we'll do; we'll go halves; you jes' take my ticket, and 'low you are, Jim Benner, and see if you don't get shipped off right to the country. Now, le's say you been there a week; you ups and tells you ain't Jim Benner; what then?

Why, they packs you back to town, and they has me out 'stead of you."

Jim Benner, a big boy of twelve, was gravely proposing this plan of transferring his fresh-air trip to his little chum, Andy Burke, a curly-headed chap of half Jim's size and not much more than half his age. But Andy was timid, and doubted his own ability to carry out the bold stroke.

"You go first, Jim," he said, "then you let on you ain't Jim, and send back for me; and whiles I'll keep your box and black shoes."

Jim saw the weak point in this scheme, and doubted very much whether he could disprove his identity, but Andy evidently could not be trusted to carry out the first plan, so the next thing was to carry out the second dodge. Alas! neither boy shrank from the falsehood; they did not know of that great Father in heaven who hateth a lie.

So Jim went to the country, while Andy took his stand and did his best to "shine" Jim's customers; and every day he watched eagerly round the corner for Jim to come back and let him take a turn at the orchard and the sheep and the cows and the bucketsful of milk.

Meanwhile Jim had fallen on a soft place. Farmer Stone's was all that the boy had dreamed of, and more, and the poor city waif was treated to the best of everything.

"Now, Jim Benner," said Farmer Stone, "you are full welcome to all you can get out here, and the only return I ask is that you will never use an angry word and never tell a lie while you are here."

Of course Jim promised. "And there, now," he said to himself, "Andy's chance is up, 'cause I can't say I ain't Jim Benner 'thout telling a lie, and I promised not to tell a lie."

But as the days went on, and Jim watched the ways and heard the words of this God-fearing, God-serving family, he longed more and more for his little mate to share his new view of life; and one charming day, while Mother Stone was working the milk out of the butter, Jim made a clean breast of the promise he had made Andy to change names with him. There was some salt drops on Mother Stone's face that had nothing to do with her work; and the next day, as the little bootblack watched the corner, Jim appeared with a ticket for Andy's journey to Clover Hill.

"I've just made up my mind," said the farmer's wife, "that them two boys is not to go back to the city. You step around lively, father, and get a place for the little chap, and we'll have work enough for Jim."

"Seems likely that's what the Lord sent him out here for," said Farmer Stone. "They was busy keeping some of His commandments—'bout keeping one another, and preferring one another—and now He's passed 'em on to us to learn them the rest."

And this is the way Jim and his mate came to be farm-boys, with plenty of fresh air and sunshine, no stumps of cigars to smoke, no dirty police reports to read, but long days of honest work, long nights of good sleep, quiet, church-going Sundays, and a blessed chance to fear God and keep His commandments.—*The Morning Star.*

A MOTHER'S ARGUMENT.

66 **H** E most-to-be-regretted act of my life," says a lieutenant commander in the navy, "was a letter which I wrote home to my mother when I was about seventeen years of age. She always addressed her letters to me as 'my dear boy.' I felt at that time I was a man or very near it; and wrote saying that her constant addressing me as a 'boy' made me feel displeased. I received in reply a letter full of reproach and tears. Among other things she said: 'You might grow to be as big as Goliath, as strong as Samson, and as wise as Solomon. You might become ruler of a nation, or emperor of many nations, and the world might revere you and fear you, but to your devoted mother, you would always appear, in memory, in your innocent, unpretentious, unself-conceited, unpampered babyhood. In those days when I washed and dressed and kissed and worshipped you, you were my idol. Nowadays you are becoming part of a gross world by contact with it, and I cannot bow down to you and worship you. But, if there is manhood and maternal love transmitted to you, you will understand that the highest compliment that mother love can pay you, is to call you 'my dear boy.'"

IF I WERE A GIRL.

I F I were a girl, a true-hearted girl,
Just budding to fair womanhood,
There's many a thing that I would not do,
And numberless more that I would.
I never would frown with my mouth drawn down,
For the creases will come there and stay;
But sing like a lark, should the day be dark—
Keep a glow in my heart, anyway!

If I were a girl, a bright, winsome girl,
Just leaving my childhood behind;
I would be so neat, from head to my feet,
That never a fault could one find.
So helpful to mother, so gentle to brother,
I'd have things so cheery and sweet
That the streets and their glare could never compare
With the charms of a home so replete.

If I were a girl, a fond, loving girl,
With father o'erburdened with care,
I would walk at his side, with sweet, tender pride,
With ever a kiss and a prayer.
Not a secret I'd keep that would lead to deceit,
Not a thought I should blush to share;
Not a friend my parents would disapprove—
I would trust such a girl anywhere!

—Linnie Hawley Drake, in *Golden Days.*

"THY NEIGHBOUR AS THYSELF."

HOLD it truth, the truest joy
That may on earth be had
Arises from the sweet employ
Of making others glad.

If there be selfishness in this,
It hoards no secret pelf,
But welcomes still to share its bliss
Another as itself.

Its dearest treasures it would give,
Nor stay to count the cost ;
If others on its bounty live,
Then nothing it has lost.

This love is lavished—never sold ;
Its honor knows no stain ;
There is no canker on its gold—
No mildew on its grain.

Be mine the happiness to know,
If rich, how blest is he,
Whom God Himself has honored so,
His almoner to be ;

But, if it be the Master's will,
That I should daily fare
Through narrow ways, a toiler still
For all I eat and wear,

Then, be it mine with grateful heart
Such blessings to receive
As I would willingly impart
Another to relieve.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

RISE ! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on ;
The others have buckled their armour,
And forth to the light have gone !
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play ;
The past and the future are nothing,
In the face of the stern to-day.

Rise from your dreams of the future—
Of gaining some hard-fought field ;
Of storming some airy fortress,
Or bidding some giant yield.
Your future has deeds of glory,
Of honour, God grant it may !
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or the need so great as to-day.

Rise ! If the past detains you,
Her sunshines and storms forget ;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret ;
Sad or bright, she is lifeless forever ;
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife to-day.

Rise ! for the day is passing ;
The low sound that you scarcely hear
Is the enemy marching to battle !
Arise ! for the foe is here !
Stay not to sharpen your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last,
When from dreams of a coming battle
You may wake to find it past !

Adelaide Anne Proctor.

INCIDENTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

BISHOP WILBERFORCE gave a good and needed counsel when he said : " Be specially on the watch against those little tricks by which the vain man seeks to bring round the conversation to himself, and gain the praise or notice which his thirsty ears drink in so greedily. Even if praise comes unsought, it is well, while men are uttering it, to guard yourself by thinking of some secret cause for humbling yourself inwardly to God, thinking unto what these pleasant accents would be changed if all that is known to God, and even to yourself, stood revealed to man."

BISHOP JEWEL says of the Holy Bible :—
" Cities fall, kingdoms come to nothing, empires fade away as smoke. Where are Numa, Minos, Lycurgus ? Where are their books, and what has become of their laws ? But that the Bible no tyrant should have been able to consume, no tradition to choke, no heretic maliciously to corrupt ; that it should stand until this day, amid the wreck of all that is human, without the alteration of one sentence so as to change the doctrine taught therein—surely there is a very singular providence, claiming our attention in a most remarkable manner."

THE *Missionary Herald* relates the case of a poor Scotch woman who habitually gave a penny a day for missions. A visitor learning that she seldom enjoyed the luxury of meat on her table, gave her a sixpence to procure some. The poor woman took the sixpence, but afterwards thought within herself, " I have long done very well on porridge, so I'll give the sixpence to God." This fact came to the knowledge of a missionary secretary, who told it at a missionary breakfast. The host and his guests were profoundly impressed by it, the host saying that he had never denied himself a chop for the cause of God. He thereupon subscribed \$2,500, and others followed his example, till before they separated \$11,000 had been raised. " It is good always to be zealously affected in a good thing."

ROWLAND HILL is reported to have said :—
" Because I am in earnest, men call me an enthusiast. But I am not ; mine are the words of truth and soberness. When I first came into this part of the country, I was walking on yonder hill ; I saw a gravel pit fall in and bury three human beings alive. I lifted my voice so high that I was heard in the town below at the distance of a mile ; help came and rescued two of the sufferers. *No one called me an enthusiast then ;* and when I see eternal destruction ready to fall upon poor sinners, and about to entomb them irrevocably in an eternal mass of woe, and call on them to escape, shall I be called an enthusiast now ?"

The Canadian Church Magazine AND MISSION NEWS.

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

TERMS:—{ ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
IN GREAT BRITAIN—FIVE SHILLINGS.

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VOL. VI.

MAY, 1892.

NO. 71.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We have made a contract with that most brilliant monthly, the "Cosmopolitan Magazine," which gives in a year 1,536 pages of reading matter by some of the ablest authors of the world, with over 1,300 illustrations by clever artists, whereby we can offer it for a year and our own magazine for a year—both for only \$3.00, the price of the "Cosmopolitan" alone.

NEARLY \$7,000 has been raised for the increased endowment of St. John's College, Winnipeg, since June 30, 1891, when the endowment stood at \$32,427.30.

MR. EUGENE STOCK, the well-known publishing editor of the C.M.S., is about to leave England for an extended visit to regions abroad for the benefit of his health. He sails first for Australia.

THE Metropolitan has been pleased to appoint Arthur P. Tippet, Esq., of St. John, N.B., a member of the Board of Management of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, in room of Mr. R. T. Clinch, deceased.

THE Board of Management of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society held their Easter meeting in Toronto this year, at the same time that the Woman's Auxiliary held their annual meetings. A full account of these gatherings we hope to give next month.

THE recent death of Rev. Philip H. Brown, rector of French Village, St. Margaret's Bay, Nova Scotia, has deprived that diocese of a faithful and hard-working clergyman. He was a graduate of King's College, Windsor, and

served the Church in New Brunswick, England and Nova Scotia.

THE selection in the Systematic Giving Department of last month, beginning with "Why do you come to church?" was taken from a tract written by the Venerable T. Bedford Jones, LL.D., D.C.L., Archdeacon of Kingston, some seven or eight years ago and well worthy of wide circulation.

THE new Bishop of Zululand, Bishop Carter, has commenced his work vigorously. He has already visited and encouraged several mission stations and sees many opportunities opening out for future work, but calls attention to the fact that by far the greater part of his diocese is, as yet, practically untouched.

THE friends of the Uganda and other missions of East Africa are delighted that the British House of Commons has voted in favor of the Mombasa and Victoria Nyanza Railway, which, when constructed, will be of valuable aid in the conduct of missionary work and also in arresting the horrors of the slave trade.

MISS TILLEY, the Secretary of the Church of the Ascension Woman's Auxiliary, Toronto, has sent us a neat little book of hymns and songs for junior missionary meetings, with opening exercises. It seems to be a very excellent compilation and will be found just the thing for children's missionary gatherings.

By the recent death of the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie another historic landmark has been taken away. For a long time he figured in public life and was once, for a term of years, Premier of Canada. Ever the opponent of Sir John Macdonald, he has now gone to join him in the regions across the flood. Thus by life and death is the history of a country gradually built up.

THE Bishop of Algoma has great faith in his little diocesan monthly, the *Algoma Missionary News*. "Unpretentious though it be," he says, "its value to the Diocese is incalculable." Its able editor, Rev. G. H. Gaviller, of Parry Sound, will, no doubt, be glad of any assistance that the numerous friends of the diocese throughout Canada can give him in this laudable project.

SIXTY-TWO years of age seems rather late in life now-a-days, for a man to be chosen to fulfil the active duties of a bishopric, yet the united dioceses of Down, Connor and Dromore have elected Rev. Thomas J. Welland, D.D., incumbent of St. Thomas' Church, Belfast, at that age, to be their episcopal overseer. It is to be remembered, however, that some of the best

results have accrued from men of like mature years undertaking such duties.

THE world was surprised some two years ago by the Church of the Holy Trinity, New York, having been fined \$1,000 for engaging an Englishman, living in England, as its rector. It is satisfactory to know that an appeal to the Supreme Court at Washington, has reversed the decision of the State Court, which ordered the fine, and holds that the American Alien Contract Labour Law cannot be interpreted to apply to cases of that kind. Common sense evidently has its place in settling difficulties in Washington.

THE hideous ceremony of hook-swinging, though prohibited by law, took place in India last October in the presence of about ten thousand natives. Hooks are inserted in a man's back and by these he is swung out into the air at the end of a long pole. Several Christian Missionaries were on the ground preaching to the crowds up to within an hour or so of the cruel ceremony. The Madras Government has instituted an inquiry into the matter with a view to preventing a recurrence of it.

FOLLOWING upon Russia's ill-treatment of the Jews, there has come upon Russia itself a terrible judgment, and those who are turning out the Jews to starve are starving themselves. A small worm has attacked the rye and destroyed the harvest. Nothing miraculous in this, say the sceptics of the day, or beyond natural causes. It may be so to them, but the reverend student of the Bible will remember what happened in Egypt, and also the word of God concerning His people, repeated three times, "I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee."

THE *Annual Report of our Indian Homes* for 1892 is at hand, and gives a full and clear account of the position of the different homes under the control of Rev. E. F. Wilson. These homes are the Shingwauk and Wawanosh, at Sault Ste. Marie; the Kasota and Washakada, at Elkhorn; and the Sauketappi (now being built) at Medicine Hat. The figures given for the management of these different homes seem to be encouraging. They shew receipts amounting to \$15,555.89, with an expenditure somewhat more than that, but the auditors say that the deficit is only apparent, being caused by arrears yet to be paid by the Indian Department.

THE Tamil Church, of Southern India has lost one of its best and ablest leaders by the death of Rev. W. T. Sathianadhan. A native of Tinnevely, he was brought up in heathenism, but with heart and soul afterwards embraced Christianity. He married a native Christian,

the daughter of the Rev. John Devasagayam, the first native clergyman of the Church of England in Southern India. It was hoped at one time that Mr. Sathianadhan would have been appointed a bishop and so form the commencement of an Indian Native Episcopate, but his natural modesty and perhaps better judgment made him shrink from encouraging the project.

THE district between the Hudson's Bay and Winnipeg to be traversed by the projected Hudson Bay Railroad is said to be one of considerable promise. A writer in the *Free Press* thus speaks of it:—"I was agreeably surprised and delighted to find that it was not the barren desert I had supposed it to be, but, on the contrary, a delightful land; that there were hundreds of thousands of acres of arable land, rich in capability to produce, which was amply demonstrated by the rank vegetation and remarkable growth on every hand and by the gardens at the Hudson's Bay posts and mission stations, where we sampled the quality of the vegetables grown from this soil, of which we saw so much in our journey. The native fruits were not only abundant but of a fine quality. Raspberries, strawberries, gooseberries, currants and cranberries were everywhere to be found in rich profusion."

CANON FLEMING, vicar of St. Michael's, Chester Square, states that within the last twenty years, the Duke of Westminster, who is one of the richest men in England, has given in that parish alone, a site for schools to accommodate 1,000 children, worth £6,000. "He has also, during the same period, given two sites for vicarages, worth together, £10,000, also a site for a new Church worth £5,000, also a site for a mission and clergy house, worth £4,000. In addition to this sum of £25,000 the Duke has contributed to the erection of all the above, and to the extension and maintenance of the work of this parish, not less than £20,000, since he appointed the vicar of this parish seventeen years ago. This is only one parish on his London property. I leave others to tell, what is well known, how generously he gives in all the parishes in London and elsewhere, in which his property lies."

THE new Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, according to the *Missionary Review*, has added his testimony to the value of missions as judged from the standpoint of high Indian officials. "I make bold to say that if missions did not exist it would be our duty to invent them." This is what is said by the famous men who built up the administration of the Punjab, and who, when it was annexed in 1849, wrote home to the C.M.S. for a supply of missionaries as a part of the necessary equipment of the Province.

IN MEMORIAM.

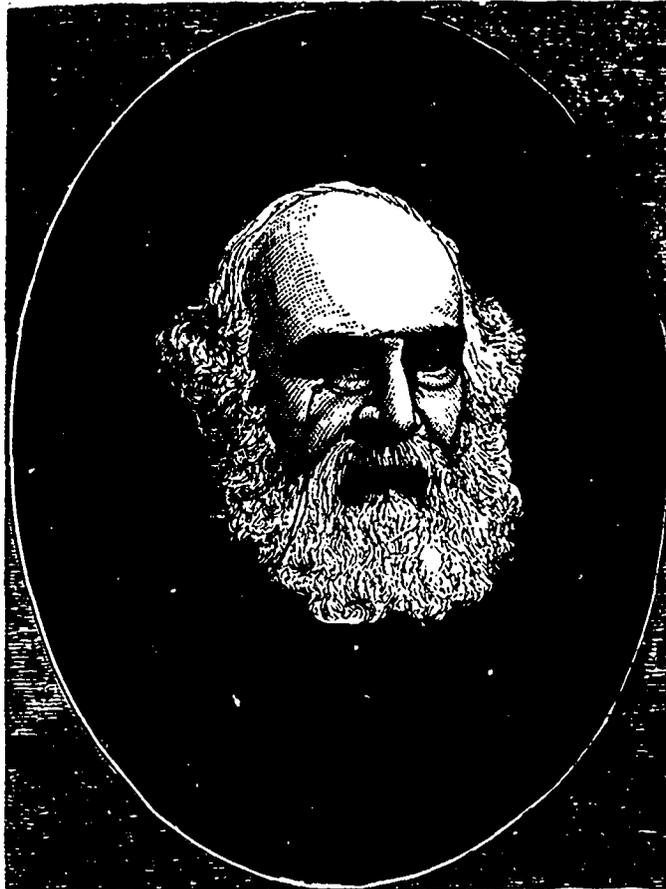
WITH profound regret we are called upon to chronicle the death of the Lord Bishop of Quebec, which occurred in his see city on April 20th. He was called away unexpectedly through an attack of inflammation of the lungs, while yet quite able to fulfil the duties of his office. On St. Barnabas' day, in the year 1888, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his consecration was celebrated with much enthusiasm at Quebec, when, in his answer to the address of the Synod, he spoke of "the unwelcome conviction obtruding upon him that his faculties for sustained exertion were growing less," and he then expressed the hope that "the failure of his strength to work and his strength to live might come together." And this hope has been realized within five years of its expression. Born in 1825 in England, he was but sixty-seven years old at his death. His father's cousin, the saintly Isaac Williams, was one of his god fathers. He was educated at Crewkerne School, Somerset, and, at seventeen, went to New Zealand, where he met Bishop Selwyn, whose noble character and work made a deep impression upon him.

Returning from New Zealand he went to Oxford, where he graduated and was ordained to the diaconate in 1852 at the age of twenty-seven. In 1854 he married Anna Maria Waldron, of Wikiliscombe, Somersetshire. Two sons were born to them one of whom survives, the Rev. L. W. Williams, rector of St. Mathew's, Quebec. Few persons have ever been more beloved than Mrs. Williams, now the widow of him who for many years shared this love with her.

Mr. Williams came to Canada in 1857 and was appointed to resuscitate Lennoxville Gram-

mar School which had been closed for three years, with a result that in 1861 a large handsome new school had to be erected to accommodate the ever increasing number of pupils. In January, 1863, Bishop G. J. Mountain, the third Bishop of Quebec, died, and Mr. Williams was called by the clerical and lay votes of the diocese to be its chief officer, and the condition in which now he leaves the diocese shews that the choice made then was a good one, for circumstances have never been favourable for Church work in the Diocese of Quebec, where the French and Romanism are constantly on the

increase, even to the gradual expulsion of Anglican population and principles. But notwithstanding this the financial and spiritual condition of the diocese is sound and good. Bishop Williams was ever faithful to his post, and many long, wearisome and perilous trips were taken by him by land and water, in the discharge of his duties, and he leaves behind him a work of which no man need be ashamed. Had he lived to next year he would have seen the centennial of the establishment of the Diocese of Quebec, for it was in 1793 that the first Bishop Mountain took up his abode in the ancient capital. The funeral was one of the most im-



THE LATE RT. REV. J. W. WILLIAMS, D.D.

Lord Bishop of Quebec.

pressive sights ever witnessed in Quebec. It was attended by thousands of people of all classes of society, from the aide-de-camp of the Governor-General (sent to represent him), the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, the judges, the bar, the clergy of all creeds and denominations, to the children of the high school. Bishop's college, Lennoxville, was present in full force to pay loving respects to him who had done so much for it. And thus, with every mark of high honour, were laid to rest in Mount Hermon cemetery, the remains of the fourth Bishop of Quebec.

Church Bells (England), says:—"Just at the present time the episcopate of the Canadian Church is strongly represented in England. Bishop Sweatman, of Toronto, is paying us a visit; Bishop Courtney, of Nova Scotia, is making a brief stay on his way back to his diocese from the East, where his Lordship went in search of health, and which, judging from his appearance, he has found; Bishop Pinkham, of the united dioceses of Saskatchewan and Calgary, and formerly the genial Archdeacon of Manitoba, has come over to raise a bishopric endowment fund for the latter of his two dioceses; Bishop Reeve, the new Bishop of Mackenzie River, is making a flying visit, principally to see through the press the sheets of some works which his Lordship has translated into the vernacular tongue of the Indians who inhabit his vast diocese—the beginning of a literature of their own. Probably the Bishops, or some of them, will take an opportunity of urging the Archbishop to reconsider his decision not to visit Canada this autumn, when the General Synod of the Canadian Church will meet, and questions of great importance concerning the consolidation of the Church in British North America will be discussed."

The Bishop of Nova Scotia, we are glad to learn, has since returned to his diocese. The Bishop of Toronto has also returned.

THE Women's Auxiliary of Toronto are indeed to be congratulated upon the splendid meetings held in that city on the 27th, 28th and 29th of April. The missionary meeting on the evening of the 27th, which was also the Board of Mission's Semi-Annual Missionary Meeting was one of the finest that the Queen City had ever witnessed.

WHAT MISSIONS ARE FOR.

THE servants of Jesus Christ go forth to subdue every form of evil, and to mitigate every species of suffering on the whole earth. They go to lead sinners to trust in Christ and to take His yoke; to substitute the revelation of God for the lies of heathenism, and the moralities of the Gospel for all the evils which reign unchecked throughout the regions of an accursed idolatry. They go to enlighten the ignorant; to civilize the barbarous, to rescue women from a degrading servitude, and children from an early death. They go to educate whole nations, to communicate to them the knowledge of our literature, our laws, our arts, and our institutions. They go to set the slave free, to put an end to all wars of plunder and revenge, to substitute everywhere order for anarchy, law for despotism, benevolence for cruelty, and justice for oppression. They go to let loose men's imprisoned energies, and to chain up their lawless passions. They go to make property secure, and industry profitable, to

secure to the rich man his palace, and to the poor man his cabin; and to spread contentment, domestic affection, and general happiness where penury, vice, and discord make existence a curse. They go to give children the blessing of parental care, and parents the joy of filial gratitude. They go to protect the weak against the strong, to unite in brotherly affection the rich and poor, and to make the nations one family. Finally, they go to turn men from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God; to teach them how to live and how to die; to show them the way to glory; to make them know their God; to prepare them for heaven and to guide them safely to its bliss—*Christian Missions to Heathen Nations.*

Our Indian Department.

Edited by Rev. W. A. Burman, B.D., Principal of the Rupert's Land Indian Industrial School, St. Paul's, Manitoba. Missionaries having items of interest regarding the Indians will kindly forward them.

THE following extracts from the letters of one of our missionaries give a vivid picture of travel in parts of the mission field. Wabuskaug is a very difficult and lonely post—north of the C.P.R. and about 270 miles from Winnipeg.

MY FIRST JOURNEY TO WABUSKANG.

Early one morning I arrived at Eagle River Station at about 6 o'clock, that being the terminus of my rail route. It was still snowing and continued till eight o'clock, and it was several inches deep on the ground. I brought a letter from Rat Portage with instructions to Mr. Moar (who keeps the H. B. C. Post at Eagle Lake) for him to get a canoe and Indians to convey me to my destination. His place being about six miles distant through the bush, it was several days before I could find an Indian to take the message. It was three weeks from the day I left Winnipeg before I could get Indians to take me on and it was Indians from Wabuskaug, who had come to the station, who took me then. One was the chief's brother and the other the chief's wife's brother. My route was now by canoe down Eagle River, across Portage to escape the falls, and across lakes. We have to cross nine portages, one of which was nearly four miles long. Left the station about three o'clock in the afternoon of the last day in September. We put ashore about six o'clock for the night, which was rather cold, and it being the first time I had slept in the open air and the fire nearly going out several times till I rekindled it by placing more fuel on by the light of the moon, I felt it much. On Friday, October 3rd, about noon, we arrived at our destination, and I cannot say I was sorry the journey was come to an end. I heartily thanked our Heavenly Father for bringing me safely. It was not a large canoe and

cou'd only bring a part of my goods. The next day two more of our Indians left with a portion in a small canoe and the remainder had to wait nearly three weeks till I could send for it. I opened the school on the following Monday. The children could not understand anything I said, and I did not know one word of their language. I had to go outside to get wood to keep up the fire, and when I returned I found several of them crying; I suppose the others told them I was going for a stick to beat them. Not one knew all the letters in the alphabet, and only four could write any word. There were only four slates and no copy books. I had a saw, so I sawed two slates across the centre, thereby increasing the number to six. I commenced by setting copies of o's and i's, and taking hold of their dirty hands to guide them, giving about ten minutes to each, and then passing the slates on to those who were idle. You will think this uphill work and so it was. These out-of-the-way places require patience and perseverance, being about sixty-five miles north from Eagle River Station and forty-five miles north-west of Lac Seul, the nearest Missionary Reserve. When I spoke to the chief about going he said I should have to pay a man to go with me \$4 and rations, which I did. It was the chief's brother who went with me, the other Indians starting before us with the dogs.

I took bedding, snowshoes and provisions, which the Indian hauled on the toboggan. When we were going across one of the portages about ten miles distant, I stepped off the track and sprained my knee, for, it being a misty moon, we were not wearing our snowshoes. I did not take much notice of it at first, but after a while it began to pain and the Indian passed by, for previously I had taken the lead. By midday the Indian was out of sight and when I caught up he had the dinner ready and we were soon off again.

The sun being well up the snow became sloppy and more difficult to travel upon, but sometimes the bare ice on the lake could be seen, where the wind had swept the snow away, but towards three o'clock we came to deep snow, and so sloppy that I sank in every step often up to my knees, and over my feet in water. My snowshoes were with my overcoat on the toboggan, which, with the Indians, was out of sight, yet, I managed to keep the track.

By half past three o'clock I found it impossible to go any further, so crawled on to the land and happened to have some matches and made a fire, and laid down on some brush-wood, not knowing what God would do with me, no food, and light clothing, and snow everywhere to be seen.

After being there about an hour the Indians, who had looked behind, saw the smoke and guessed the consequences, and came back with the snow shoes for me. I had never put a pair on

before, started very well, but soon floundered about like a porpoise. I reached the place, however, at last, where he had left the toboggan, and we went on the land and stayed till morn.

About half past three, before it was light, he was up and ready to be off. I felt better for the rest, but told him to keep near, which he did not do, and before it was daylight I had difficulty in finding the track.

It was frozen hard, so better for walking. I kept on very well for three hours and then began to lag, and ultimately fell down on the track, being unable to go farther. I need not tell you I prayed earnestly for God's Divine assistance, and after a long while persevered and made another start, and after some time struggling, I dropped again, another struggle and eventually I reached the Hudson's Bay Company Post about nine p.m. I shall not soon forget the kindness of Mr. J. McKenzie, and his mother and sister.

Some Indians providentially came in with skins and Mr. McKenzie arranged with them to let me have three days to convey me back. The next morning about seven we started, five dogs hauling me on the toboggan. Towards about two p.m. the sun was so strong that the snow was too sloppy and the dogs could scarcely get along, so we went on the land and waited till eight p.m., when the snow had become frozen, and we proceeded onwards till midnight, when we lay down till morn. About six o'clock we started again. I only had three dogs this time, and about ten o'clock we parted company with the other Indians, and continued our journey until a little after mid-day, when we reached a small river, where the Indian had to purchase fish for the dogs, which took a long time, but it was a rest for the dogs. When we prepared to start he could only catch one dog, and after try vainly for a long time we started with the one. I had to hobble along. After going some distance we went on the land and made a fire and, in course of time, decoyed the dogs, and continued our course, but at slow speed, for the snow was very sloppy.

I continued on for a long time over the lakes and portages in this condition, sinking in the sloppy snow, with the snow shoes, at nearly every step, and often so deep that I had to tug several times to get my foot out, bringing many pounds of wet snow on the snowshoes, which were each four feet long and a quarter wide.

It was a mild night, no frost, so it would have been no advantage to stop. The dogs were so exhausted that the Indian had to attach a line on in front and pull the dogs and toboggan.

The last portage but one was very difficult, the track winding in and out amongst the trees, which were very thick and our only light being the reflection of the snow towards the midnight. Even the Indian had to look close at the trees to find where the bark was chipped off to denote

the track. He often had to wait for me to come up when I was uncertain of the way, by signals, and my speed was reduced to about two miles an hour.

On emerging from the bush I could scarcely get to the lake. I called for the Indian to stop and he had to haul me on the toboggan over the last bit of lake, which was nearly free of snow, about one mile distance, and reached here a little after midnight.

WANTS.



RS. BERNARD, Corresponding Secretary to the Woman's Auxiliary at Calgary, Alberta, writes to us regarding some pressing needs in the diocese as follows:

Rev. J. W. Tims, Blackfoot Reserve, begs for clothing—especially men's.

Rev. H. W. Gibbon Stocken, Sarcee Reserve, is opening a boarding school for boys, and still needs about \$250 for building and furnishing, or he would be most grateful for help, "in kind," of household and kitchen requisites.

Mr. Swainson, on the Blood Reserve, has opened another school the attendance being thirty or forty children, whom he is teaching in a mud shack fourteen feet square!!! He applied to Government for help and they promised all the materials for a school house, *on condition*, he puts it up, that will cost \$100, and he has not *one cent in hand*. He says "the Roman Catholics are trying to get a footing in the camp," and he is sure they would be only too glad to put up the school. Mrs. Bernard is trying to collect this \$100 and says of it:—"Our little colony though generous is not rich, and I will be most grateful for outside help—even the smallest donation."

Woman's Auxiliary Department.

The love of Christ constraineth us.—2 Cor. v., 14.

Communications relating to this Department should be addressed Mrs. A. E. Williamson, 83 Wellesley St., Toronto.

IN the General Report of "The Woman's Auxiliary" for 1891, the value of the total contributions in Dorcas Work are stated to have been \$15,712.39. A subsequent examination of the Diocesan Reports from Toronto and Niagara, shows the value to have been understated, the former by \$846.85, the latter by \$75, thus increasing the total value of this work to \$16,634.24.

The Acting Dorcas Secretary is very grateful to the Diocesan Dorcas Secretaries for calling her attention to the errors in question, and takes the earliest opportunity of communicating

to the members of the Auxiliary the necessary corrections.

THE annual meeting of the Toronto Diocesan Woman's Auxiliary will be held on April 27th, 28th, 29th, too late for any notice of the proceedings to appear in this number of the Mission News.

A LETTER received from Mr. Hinchliffe, who has been appointed to the Piegan Mission, Fort McLeod, tells of many very great necessities which must be supplied before the school work can be satisfactorily gone on with. Nearly all the furniture and kitchen utensils belong to Mr. Bourne, his predecessor, and must be replaced. "The district is reckoned at twelve miles by fourteen; some camps being on one side of the river and some on the other side, and there is neither horse nor vehicle for travelling purposes." Mr. Bourne, of course, taking his own horse away—a horse and buckboard would cost \$150. Desks and forms are needed in the schoolhouse—wood, to make these, would cost about \$12. Another very serious need is a bell for the school-house. There are four camps, the nearest three-quarters of a mile away, and as there are no clocks in the Indian teepees a bell does seem a necessity. The cost of one, and the fittings, would be about \$40. Kitchen utensils and furniture would be about \$200. So there is a wide open door for some generously disposed Churchman or woman, to enter into, and at a cost of about \$450, enable Mr. Hinchliffe to begin his work with some comfort and hope amid the many discouragements of effecting some good among this large tribe of Indians.

In an interesting letter from the Rev. D. D. Macdonald, Battleford, we take the following extract, "The Indians have been fed and supported by the Indian Department, and are become so dependent. . . . They have no way of making a living, no means to purchase clothing. The Indian naturally is very affectionate to his children, therefore, resents any attempt to influence a child for his own good. We are obliged to work very carefully in training these children. Their ideas of God are altogether different from ours. Thunder, lightning, the elements in general, are their gods. 'The Cree Heaven is a big town, the teepees extend a long distance, and when you get there you must pass through an archway, where a big chief sits taking in his good people.' The old woman who gave this idea of heaven has become a Christian. . . . If the members of the branches of the Woman's Auxiliary, who have helped us, could see for themselves the work done here they would be greatly encouraged."

MONTREAL reports a most pleasant visit from Archdeacon Phair, who addressed several

branches of the Woman's Auxiliary, giving many most useful hints as to the clothing required for the Indians, the way to pack bales, etc.

Much regret is expressed on all sides that the indefatigable Mr. Wilson is obliged, from ill health, to retire from active work, but we hope it may be only for a time.

QUEBEC will hold (D.V.) their Diocesan Annual Meeting on May 18th. The Bishop of Mackenzie River hopes to be present on that occasion.

THE Secretary of the C.M.S. thus kindly acknowledges the receipt of a letter with Leaflet and post office order from the Literature Committee of the Toronto Woman's Auxiliary, "We thank you very much for the report of your Society and for the three valuable little booklets. . . . We notice with much thankfulness to God what you have been enabled to do for missionary work, and in particular for the help you have given to Mr. Tims, our C.M.S. Missionary."

Systematic Giving Department.

The object of this Society is to advocate the duty and privilege of all Christians to give unto God systematically and in proportion to their means, and to promote the study of examples of those who in less favoured times paid tithes and offerings to God.

The present Organizing Secretary is Rev. Canon Sweeny, D.D., Toronto, to whom all communications are to be addressed.

GIVING AS A MEANS OF GRACE.

IT is to be feared that many look upon giving as a painful necessity, like having a tooth drawn, to be avoided as long as possible, says *Times of Refreshing*. But God meant it to be a means of spiritual refreshment. Listen to the words of the Lord Jesus: "It is more blessed to give than to receive" (Acts. xx, 35). Our experience must be brought up to the level of God's word. A Hindu Christian who used to be always grumbling at the smallness of his salary, made up his mind to give one-tenth to God. So next day when his master handed him ten rupees as usual, he pushed back one of them, saying: "That is for God's work, sir." The missionary took it, but wondered how the man who had a large family, and was poor, would get on without it. Meeting him two or three weeks afterward in the bazaar, he asked how they were doing. Instead of grumbling as usual, the man answered cheerfully, "Well, thank you, sir." "Then tell me how it is," said

the missionary, "that you used to be always grumbling when you were spending ten rupees a month on yourself and family, and now do so nicely with only nine." "Because, sir, nineteenth with God's blessing is better than tenth without it."

THE RULES OF GIVING.

At a meeting in a coloured Church where the brethren had come together to raise funds for a new building, three resolutions were passed. "First, we will all give something. Second, we will give according to our means. Third, we will give cheerfully." According to the usual custom, the box was set in front of the platform and one after another walked up the aisle and deposited his offering. One member, the most substantial in the church, but not the most liberal, looked on for some time, and finally walked up and dropped something into the box. The minister saw what it was and addressed the giver. "Cannot accept that, brother," he said, "not 'cording to second resolution." The reproved brother went back, muttering, to his seat. He saw one after another, poorer than himself, go up and make liberal offerings. Eyes were turned on him from all parts of the church; he began to feel uncomfortable. Rising and going to the platform, he took out a bill and fairly flung it into the box. "Won't do, brother," said the minister, "that 'cords with first and second resolutions, but not with the third. The brother restored the bill to his pocket and went back. There was singing and prayer and more gifts, but still not enough for the purpose. The man was interested in the effort, but ill at ease over his own exclusion. Why should he be excluded? He would not be. Stepping briskly down the aisle, with a broad smile on his face and two bills in his hand, he nodded to the minister cheerfully and put the bills into the box. "Right, brother, that fits all three resolutions, let us sing 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'"

CONFERENCE OF THE SOCIETY OF SYSTEMATIC AND PROPORTIONATE GIVING.

A Conference in connection with the above Society, will (D.V.) be held under the auspices of the Synod Committee of the Diocese of Toronto, on Friday evening, May 13th, 1892, in St. Philip's Lecture Hall, St. Patrick Street, corner Spadina Avenue. The Lord Bishop of the Diocese will take the Chair at 8 p.m. sharp. It is expected that the following will take part in the proceedings: The Bishops of Huron and Niagara, the Revs. Rural Dean Forneret and Wade, Dr. Mockridge, W. C. Allen and Messrs. Baldwin, Dymond and Dr. Millman. You are cordially invited to attend.

J. FIELDING SWEENEY,

Organizing Secretary, S. and P.G., Diocese of Toronto.

A collection will be taken up to defray expenses.

The Dominion Illustrated. Montreal: Sabiston Litho. & Publishing Co. This magazine in its literary, artistic and mechanical features is a credit to Canada. The contents of the second number, both in literary excellence and artistic illustration, will command the admiration of every reader.

The Pulpit each month contains complete sermons from many eminent divines of the old and new world. It is an exclusively sermonic magazine, and will be found helpful to clergymen. \$2 a year; 20 cents a copy. Edwin Rose, Publisher, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Magazine of Christian Literature: The Christian Literature Co., New York. A useful periodical, especially for clergymen who, from its pages, may cull information upon the great questions of the day, both within and without the Church of England. In addition to many valuable articles each number contains a portion of the "Theological Propædæutic"—a general introduction to the study of Theology—by Dr. Philip Schaff, Professor of Church History in the Union Theological Seminary, New York.

The Missionary Review of the World: We find this periodical always most useful in giving missionary information, and suggesting thought for missionary subjects. It is now favorably recognized everywhere, and has become an acknowledged authority on missionary subjects. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, 18 and 20 Astor Place, New York. \$2.50 per year, 25 cents per single number.

The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass. This excellent weekly, well printed and beautifully illustrated, gives promise of keeping up to its usually high standard by a very brilliant announcement of articles and authors for 1892. It is always of a good moral tone and gives wholesome reading for young people of all sizes and capacity.

Germania: A. W. Spanhoofd, of Manchester, New Hampshire, publishes an interesting periodical for the study of the German language. Each number contains valuable assistance for students of that tongue.

The Churchman: New York; M. H. Mallory & Co., 47 Lafayette Place, New York. A weekly church paper, well known as one of the best church periodicals published.

Newbery House Magazine: Griffiths, Farren, Okeden & Welsh, London, England. This magazine comes every month as a welcome visitor. Its articles are usually on themes of interest to churchmen, but frequently are of a general nature, instructive for all. Numerous illustrations from time to time are found in it.

The Canadian Poultry Journal and Pigeon Fancier is issued semi-monthly at Beeton, Ont. It is neatly gotten up, and illustrated with a splendid frontispiece. The reading matter is of vital interest to all keepers of poultry. To those desirous of obtaining practical information in reference to this subject, a subscription to this journal will be found a good investment.

The Secretary-Treasurers in each Diocese, to whom all moneys for missionary purposes are to be sent, are as follows:

Nova Scotia, Rev. Dr. Partridge, Halifax, N.S.
Quebec, George Lampson, Quebec, Que.
Toronto, D. Kemp, Merchants' Bank Buildings, Toronto, Ontario.
Frederickton, Geo. F. Fairweather, St. John, N.B.
Montreal, Rev. Canon Empson, Montreal, Que.
Huron, J. M. McWhinney, London, Ont.
Ontario, R. V. Rogers, Kingston, Ont.
Algoma, D. Kemp, Toronto, Ont.
Niagara, J. J. Mason, Hamilton, Ont.



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.

BOARD OF MANAGEMENT.

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 Rev. C. H. Mockridge, D.D., Toronto, *General Secretary.*
 J. J. Mason, Esq., Hamilton, Ont., *General Treasurer.*

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 W. C. Silver, Esq.; J. W. Wylde, Esq., Halifax, N.S.

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Diocese of Toronto.

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Diocese of Fredericton.

Rev. Canon Brigstocke, St. John, N.B.; Rev. Canon Forsythe, Chatham, N.B.
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Diocese of Montreal.

Very Rev. Dean Carmichael; Rev. G. Osborne Troop, Montreal.
 Leo H. Davidson, Esq.; Charles Garth, Esq., Montreal.

Diocese of Huron.

Very Rev. Dean Innes, London, Ont.; Rev. R. McCosh, Petrolia, Ont.
 V. Cronyn, Esq., London, Ont., Matthew Wilson, Esq., Chatham, Ont.

Diocese of Ontario.

Ven. Archdeacon Bedford Jones, Brockville, Ont.; Rev. Rural Dean Pollard, Ottawa, Ont.
 R. T. Walkem, Esq., Q.C., Kingston, Ont.; R. V. Rogers Esq., Q.C., Kingston, Ont.

Diocese of Niagara.

Rev. E. P. Crawford, Hamilton, Ont.; Rev. Canon Houston, Niagara Falls, Ont.
 Henry McLaren, Esq., Hamilton, Ont.; W. Ellis, Esq., St. Catharines, Ont.

The next meeting of the Board—Montreal, September 14th, at 5 p.m.