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HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

No. 30—THE SECOND BISHOP OF MONTREAL AND METROPOLITAN.

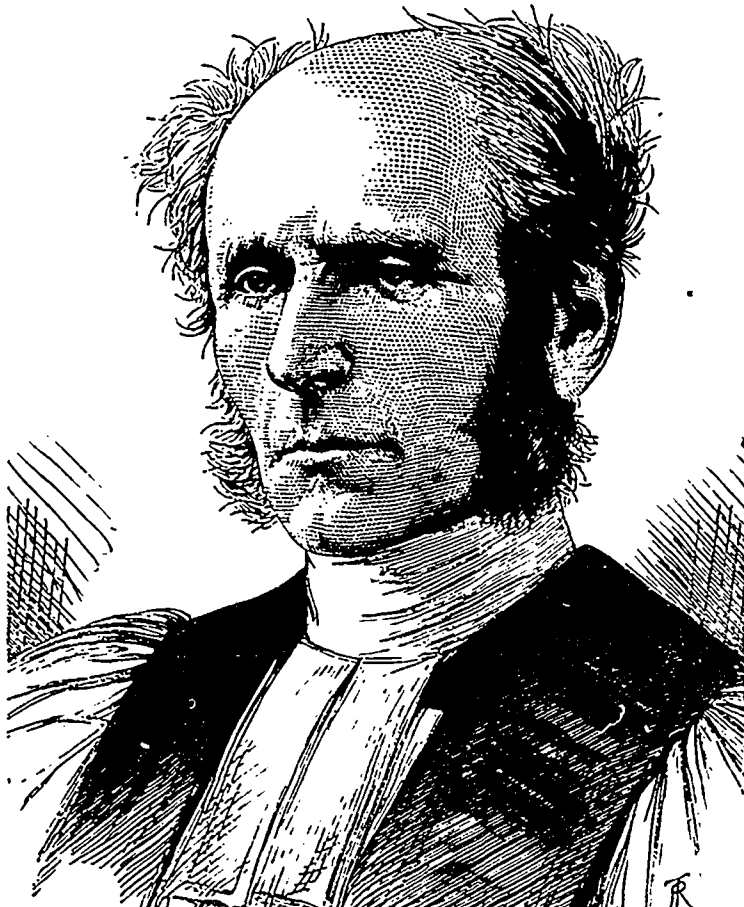
By THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON LINDSAY, WATERLOO, P. Q.

ASHTON OXENDEN was a household name in countless Christian homes before

he became more prominently known as Bishop of Montreal and Metropolitan of Canada. His tracts and books reached that large class of persons whom the Church in England has been so lightly charged as having handed over to the religious care of other teachers. The devout of every communion recognized and appreciated the earnest devotional tone of all his writings, and Churchmen were delighted to have a literature they could distribute in which the Lord Jesus Christ was so truly set forth and the teaching of the Church maintained. His writings have been as a revelation to thousands who had been brought up in ignorance of the Anglican Church, and they have been won to the fold which they had hitherto imagined was content with a bare confession of orthodoxy. It is not surprising then that with such a reputation Ashton Oxenden should have been thought of as successor to the great Bishop

Fulford. Bishop Fulford's work was to awaken the Church in Canada to the sense of her mission. She had been nurtured for long, long years, and she was now called upon to take her place as fully prepared in the aggressive work for the Master's sake. Bishop Fulford accomplished this in great measure, but there was much to do in teaching the members of the Church their increased responsibilities.

The management of the diocese under such circumstances was a grave inheritance for any bishop. Bishop Oxenden's life had hitherto been passed in his native county of Kent in England, being born in 1808 at Brome Hall, educated at Harrow, and graduating at Oxford. He ministered at Barham and Pluckley, during which time he was laid aside for several years through ill health, which may have providentially given the leisure for the great number of tracts and books which have been such a blessing to the Church. His constitution would to one



THE MOST REV. ASHTON OXENDEN, D. D.,
Second Bishop of Montreal and Metropolitan.

whose sense of duty was less exacting, have been ample reason for declining the onerous position of Bishop of Montreal.

The establishment of Provincial and Diocesan Synods in Canada had evoked serious divisions of opinion and good men sincerely held grave doubts as to the result of the powers about to be entrusted to the Bishops on the one hand and the



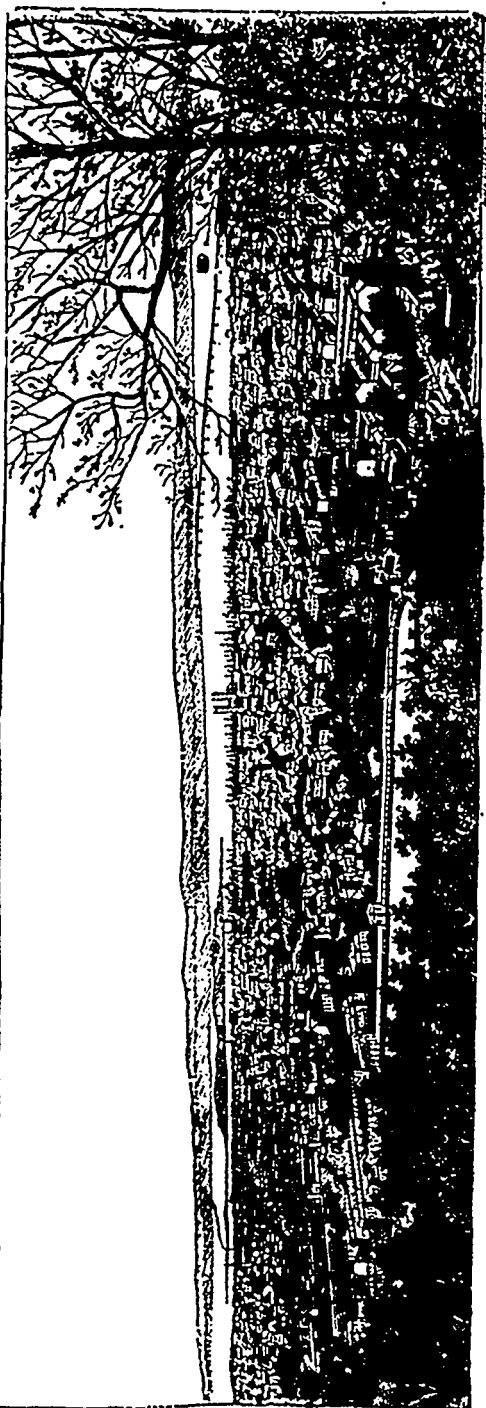
MONTREAL FROM THE RIVER.

laity on the other. Time has proved how happily those anticipations have been overruled, but to those who took part in the discussions there remains to-day a deep sense of thankfulness that God's spirit directed them safely through the apparent strife, and now that the noise of the builders is hushed, that we have such a scriptural mode of government for the church.

On September 8th, 1868, Bishop Fulford entered into rest, the day before the Provincial Synod had been appointed to meet, at which the canon for the election of a Bishop of Montreal and Metropolitan was adopted. The Synod of the Diocese of Montreal met on the 10th of

November of the same year, and adjourned without electing a Bishop till May 11th, 1869. This meeting, almost to the last moment seemed destined to end the same way, when the Bishop submitted the name of Canon Oxenden, which met with the unanimous approval of the Synod. The Bishop of Huron in communicating the intelligence said:—"One cannot fail in all this to trace the finger of Divine providence." Canon Oxenden had been asked by Bishop Williams, of Quebec, to allow his name to be submitted to the Synod, but declined, and so the action of the Synod proved how truly he was sought. He was consecrated in Westminster Abbey on the 8th of August, 1869. Bishop Oxenden's episcopate was, as might be expected, of an extremely missionary spirit. He desired to extend the ministrations of the Church to every settlement in the Diocese. He supported entirely one mission, Glen Sutton, on the extreme border of the Diocese, by private contributions for three years. The Mission Fund of the diocese was a source of great anxiety, as upon it depended so largely the sustenance of the missionary, and to supplement this source of income he commenced the Sustentation Fund, which has attained to \$68,000, and without the interest of which the mission work of the diocese would be paralyzed to-day. The want of a Theological College in Montreal he pointed out in his first charge, and to him is due the foundation of the Montreal Diocesan College, to which he appointed successively as principals Dr. Loble and Dr. Henderson both eminently fitted for their work. Under Dr. Henderson this college is now the institution to which the diocese looks mainly for its clergy. Its career and success

has vindicated the wisdom of the Bishop in founding such an institution, and his name will always be associated with it. He took great interest in the Diocese of Algoma, and was anxious to erect the Upper Ottawa into a diocese in connection with some part of Ontario. He also attempted to put the cathedral of the diocese upon some recognized foundation, and succeeded perhaps as far as could be, considering that the cathedral is also a parish church. The work of Sabrevois College among the French was earnestly promoted by him as being among the peculiar inheritances of dioceses in the Province of Quebec. He early associated himself with Canon Bond, making him



MONTREAL FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

Archdeacon and afterwards Dean, so as to have the benefit of his long experience and judgment to guide and help him in the diocese. The diocese has confirmed the wisdom of that choice by electing Dean Bond as his successor. Nearly ten years of new and earnestly self-denying work severely tried the strength of Bishop Oxenden, and to the surprise and grief of the diocese he suddenly and

unexpectedly resigned, his formal resignation bearing the date of September 2nd, 1878. Bishop Oxenden was for a few years after his return home Vicar of St. Stephen's, Canterbury, but has now retired from active work, though still from time to time preaching the Word of God in Biarritz and other places in which his health obliges him to reside. He did a work for the Church in Canada which will bear fruit through all ages. He gave an impulse and dignity to missionary work and various acts of generous sympathy are the themes of many a missionary's home to-day. Some can tell how he would leave the attractive city church to help an overworked country clergyman on the Lord's day, and a vacant parish desiring the Holy Communion on Christmas day found him ready at 9 o'clock to administer to them, so that he might be home before the day closed. Called to the episcopate in disturbed if not in troublous times, he lifted the diocese to a higher plane, and by his personal example, awakened alike in clergy and laity, a sense of the beauty and power of the religious life. Bishop Oxenden has now attained his eightieth year, and his brother Churchmen in Canada, and we may venture to say all Christian people, revere his memory and pray that the eventide of his life may be passed in peace.

OLD PATHS AND NEW METHODS.

BY REV. RICHARD G. FOWELL, PRINCIPAL OF HURON COLLEGE, LONDON, ONT.

(Continued.)

IN a previous article certain illustrations were given from personal observation of the way in which our Church in England is adapting herself to the changing necessities of the times. All the illustrations were taken from work carried on in the great centres of population or in parishes of very considerable area. It would be easy to multiply such accounts, and it might be profitable besides, but perhaps more practical good may result from pointing out two prominent features in Home Missionary work, which appear to be of the first importance. There are many in England who think that the subdividing of large parishes into separate and independent districts has many drawbacks connected with it, although they are fully aware that there are corresponding advantages in so doing. It was interesting to notice at the last meeting of the Provincial Synod that there are also those in Canada who desire to see considerable areas worked from a common centre, and the work superintended by some experienced and master mind. We should thus secure uniformity of method and the development of plans on a large scale. Our present system of assigning missions and parishes, each to its own Incumbent, is apt to be expensive and is productive of many mistakes for which the Church at large has to suffer.

In most cases a young clergyman without exper-

ience is not more competent to govern a parish than he would be to take charge of an Atlantic liner. With the very best intentions he is almost certain to fall into numberless mistakes, from which he can only extricate himself at the cost of much discomfort and loss of influence. For this reason it is not a common thing in this country to see a clergyman remaining long in the parish to which he was first appointed, and the Church has to pay the penalty which is enacted from failure. How different it might be if men of experience were alone appointed to central positions, and if the districts around them were regarded as being attached to such a common centre. What an economy of time and money would result from the multiplying of curates rather than incumbents.

It is impossible to over estimate the importance to a young man of being for two or three years under a responsible head. Errors resulting from zeal without knowledge, or from pushing some branch of parish work at the expense of all the rest, would soon become things of the past, if the duty of governing were taken out of inexperienced hands and confided only to those who had proved themselves capable of undertaking the task. For example, what can be more difficult to carry out effectively than the duty of pastoral visitation, without which no parish can long maintain its vigor? In the English parishes of which I have spoken, this duty is carefully apportioned according to the particular gifts of individual men; moreover it is regularly supervised. Efficient visitation is understood to include something deeper and higher than the casual gossip of a friendly call; if it does not include "*aliquid Christi*," as one of our bishops has phrased it, there is reason to fear that it may have been time wasted and labor lost. Well do I remember in my first curacy the long list of names which was put into my hands with instructions to visit them all. How hopeless a task it seemed to accomplish any real good without having the slightest clue as to the different families, or any advice how to approach them.

What a wholesome change it was in another parish to be taken out by the rector on a round of visits. As he went along he briefly sketched the character and circumstances of the people we should visit, told me what passage to read, and then himself explained it, and finally clinched the nail by appropriate prayers. In this way we spent a long day, going from house to house among rich and poor, among the careless and the godly, until when I got home and thought the day's work over, light began to break where all had been perplexity, and hopefulness took the place of something like despair. Exactly the same principle holds good as to Sunday Schools, Bands of Hope, Cottage Lectures, and the like.

A poet may be born not made, but a competent parish priest is generally if not always the product of much observation and patient study. Sharp-edged tools should not be trusted in 'prentice hands. The practice of obedience and subordin-

ation is a necessary step towards independent command.

Another prominent feature in Home Missionary work to-day is the increasing share which is committed into the hands of the laity. For an energetic man it is much easier to do a thing himself than to set others in the way of doing it, and yet one-man parishes are not in keeping with the multiplied activities of modern Church life. In addition to which, the layman or laywoman who has something to do is in a much more healthy and contented state than the one who occupies a weekly seat in the "auditorium." The very term is barbarous when used to describe a place in a House of Prayer, and the idea which lies behind it, that people have nothing else to do but listen, (and criticize, peradventure!) is something worse than barbarous, for it is unchurchly and unchristian. "Be ye doers of the Word and not hearers only." The practice of united action must be extended beyond the rector and his curates, to all who have any desire to take up their full privileges and to do their duty.

In that parish where the incumbent "took no chances" with his curates, but supervised their work and taught them how to teach and visit, the vestry window looked out upon a slum so vile and degraded that we used to shut the window closely before our vestry prayers, lest the filthy profanity of the neighboring courts should make it impossible for us to pray. And yet, no sooner was the evening service concluded than a number of our young married people made their way into these very courts and lanes, and there conducted a very brief evangelistic service, in which they generally reproduced what they had learned in church. At the end of our church there were deep and roomy seats in the gallery, not patronized as a rule by regular attendants, but filled Sunday after Sunday by waifs and strays, whose wandering attention had first been caught by the appeals of our Mission Band. The parish with its 9,000 inhabitants was as poor and degraded as a parish could be, but I have seen 229 poor persons present themselves at one time for Holy Communion, and this, not as a mere form, not because it seemed respectable, but for the simple reason that their hungry souls craved for spiritual food, and because they desired humbly and entirely to declare themselves on the Lord's side. Without the help of the laity, work in great cities cannot possibly be carried on efficiently, and amongst the new methods which I would commend to my clerical brethren is that of keeping a list of all parish agencies, and inviting at frequent intervals communicants and new comers and the senior scholars in the Sunday School to choose one or more branches of religious work in which they are ready to take an active part.

If the Church of England does not find employment of some kind for all her sons and daughters, they will either relapse into indifference, which results in spiritual atrophy, or they will be carried off by more energetic and far-seeing competitors.



DISTRIBUTING THE PRIZES.

No thoughtful person can help feeling that our heritage is glorious in its traditions and attractive in the highest degree from the future possibilities which it offers. We have laid down for us in the Prayer Book old paths which it is good to follow because they have conducted the pious and holy of many generations to their eternal home. It remains for us to employ such new methods as the circumstances of the time require, and to leave no stone unturned to advance the interests of Christ's Church, and to set forward the salvation of all men.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

THE love that children have for receiving gifts is a well known trait in their character. And there is something also in it that is truly delightful. Unless spoiled they are easily satisfied, and a very small thing will give them pleasure. Who can help, for instance being greatly pleased at seeing children receiving presents from a Christmas tree? With what bright faces they gaze upon the tree shining with varied toys and articles, fairly glittering amid the burning tapers!

Missionaries find children the same in all parts of the world. The school mistress in Africa finds the little natives there as eager to receive their presents as the children in our own civilized homes, and those who make up missionary boxes should

always bear this in mind. A missionary box should not be of the utilitarian character only. The ornate and the beautiful should be remembered, and above all the children should not be forgotten. How many discarded toys there are in our abundant homes that would be rich prizes for poor or foreign children. It is the custom in some wealthy city churches to urge the children to bring such toys together and make an offering of them for the benefit of the poor little young folk, who have no means of procuring such things for themselves. A goodly education is this surely for our future men and women in Christian charity.

When a mission box is being unpacked there is eager curiosity first to see and then to handle the contents; and when the appropriation comes and little ones march proudly off, the satisfied possessors of some prize, perhaps not very valuable but still a prize, there is no mistaking the general good feeling and happiness that pervades all.

The cold of winter which begins in earnest in the month of December, the joyous merriment which comes towards its close, call alike on all to be good to their fellow creatures, to help those that need help, "to rejoice with those that rejoice and to weep with those that weep," and whether we think of those that are afar in distant lands, or of those that are nearer home, or (which is better still), of both, there should be the desire to please and to make happy, for this is the will of God concerning us all in Christ Jesus.

CHRISTMAS CHARITY.

THERE is no time of the year when the hard of charity should be more generously extended than at Christmas tide. Poverty and misfortune are never so hard to bear as when, during the holiday season, so much good cheer abounds, and the shops and stores of our great cities set forth an appetizing array of food and goods that are out of the reach of the poor man's purse. Whoever would be truly happy on the year's festival must not forget those to whom Christmas fails to bring that happiness which we ourselves enjoy. We are too apt to conclude that there is too much poverty in our cities to admit of our small seeds bearing any fruit, forgetting that, as little drops of rain brighten the meadow, so the smallest act of charity on our part may brighten some home. If each of us who is comfortably surrounded would, on Christmas day, single out some poor worthy family and bestow upon them whatever is within our incomes to make the day for them brighter, and seem more like the festival it celebrates, what a joyful day Christmas would be! Our desires to see our own children happy should extend as well to the children of those whose circumstances are less fortunate than ours. Those near and dear to us claim our first thought, but let us also go farther than our own thresholds. We cannot bestow gifts upon all the world, but in every city, town and community

there are one, two or three families outside of our own whom we can make happy by sending something, however insignificant, from our surplus. It is our pleasure each month to enter many homes where comfort and luxury abounds, and as we, by our words, sit with you this month at your fireside upon the threshold of the Church's festival day, may we be successful in more forcibly impressing upon you the beauty of Christmas charity. —*Selected.*

CHRISTMAS.

The good cheer of Christmas is proverbial. We can fancy how gladly the huntsmen approached their baronial homes on Christmas eve laden with the good things of the chase, the wild boar, it may be, caught in the woods, or the good fat deer, waylaid in its sylvan haunts. Visions of the boar's head and savory venison, to say nothing of the liquors, too often far too freely used, floated before their expectant vision. The hunt was over and now there would come many days of rest and feasting. This too often was about the sole idea of the ordinary person of the early day regarding Christmas.

There can be no doubt that many heathen customs became interwoven with the observance of Christmas day. The old Roman Saturnalia, the cutting of the mistletoe by the Druids, the burning of the Yule log to Odin and to Thor by the Saxons, became connected in various ways with the festivities of Christmas tide. In high circles the Lord of Misrule and the Abbot of Unreason and the Master of the Revels went forth sometimes with unrestrained license to make the Christmas night terrible to some if merry to others. In lower circles cakes and cider were offered to the oldest apple tree and lads were removed in reverence as the Yule log crackled by.

But the world has changed and much that was heathen has been dropped and an earnest endeavor has been made, not only to retain but to exalt that which is Christian. This also has been done in a sober and decorous manner, because many of the diversions which were certainly Christian in their character, so far as the representation was concerned, were not what would now be considered either devotional or edifying. As an instance of these the ceremony at one time regularly practiced in Milan may be cited. In great pomp and show rode the Three Kings to meet King Herod and his court, with a golden star carried on high before them. Having performed this duty at one of the churches the Three Kings, bearing vases of gold and myrrh, driving herds before them, accompanied by a gorgeous cavalcade of knights and ladies, proceeded on their way to another church representing Bethlehem and the manger scene of the nativity. This was generally the wind up at Twelfth Night of a fortnight's festivities and ended with a scene of mad revelry. What a strange mixture of the beautiful scenes of the first Christ-

mas time with the absurd and worldly license of badly trained humanity! No greater work of Christian reformation was ever done than the purifying of the Church's lawful festivals from the degraded customs of heathenism and the unrestrained practices of so called Christian revellers.

And the thought comes to us, What is Christmas to us? Many will think of it as they knew it in the old land where the children and choristers keep up the time honored carols of early historical periods.

"And all the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
And all the souls on earth shall sing
On Christmas day in the morning."

And many will think of it in connection with forms and faces of long ago, and others will hail it as a day of delight and merriment for the children. But the happiest thought of all is the pure scene and great power of the Nativity itself. No Christmas thought can equal the sublime words of St. John, "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

LIFE AND WORK IN ATHABASCA.

By Rt. Rev. RICHARD YOUNG, D. D., BISHOP OF ATHABASCA.

MY diocese resembles most other of our northwestern dioceses, a large area but small and very scattered population. I spent last winter at St. Luke's Mission, Vermilion. The first missionary work for the year was a journey with our missionary in charge, the Rev. M. Scott, some sixty miles to baptize an Indian and his family. It was the second week in January and the thermometer down in the forties. We travelled in primitive style with snow shoes; a small flat hand sleigh carried our bedding and provisions, hauled by Mr. Scott while I wielded the pushing pole behind. Unfortunately my companion froze his foot rather seriously our first day, crippling him considerably. Two nights we got little sleep from the cold, our bedding not being abundant. However, we were rewarded by the result of our journey, the baptism of an Indian hunter, his wife and five daughters who had been carefully instructed by one of our Christian Indians from the St. Peter's Reserve. On our return to Vermilion we found a Cree hunter camped near the Fort with his wife. He is a man of about fifty years, a good hunter, and has been rather famous as a medicine man. He visited us frequently, and after about ten days of instruction expressed his desire for baptism. When told he must give up drumming and medicine and all his old heathen practices, he replied, "That is hard." We read to him the Saviour's words, "No man can serve two masters, etc." For some time he was silent and a struggle was evidently going on in his mind. At length he said, "I want to do what is right. I will do what you tell me." On the following Sunday at a deeply



CHRISTMAS PREPARATIONS—RETURNING FROM THE CHASE

interesting service in St. Luke's church he and his wife were baptized by the names of Matthew and Sarah. His surname is Kewatin (North Wind.) They have since become communicants, and camp near us whenever they come in. Another encouraging case was that of a young Beaver woman whose husband has the reputation of a wife beater. During the starving time of last winter she used to come about once a week to the Mission for food. We taught her, but she seemed heavy and unimpressionable. They left in the spring and we did not see her for some time. One pouring wet day she came to the Mission drenched with the rain. She proceeded to divest herself of the shawl slung over her back, and drew from its wet folds a little black eyed Beaver baby, her first-born. She had trudged through rain and mire that her baby might be baptized. Mrs. Young, and Archdeacon Reeve, who were staying with us, stood sponsors. I baptized him by the name of Samuel.

We have a woman now with us at the Mission whose sad story forcibly illustrates the want and privation which at present prevails among the Indians of this country. She was one of a camp of about nineteen persons. They were starving. Two young men left the camp to try once more to secure moose. They fell in with the hunters of another band who supplied them with meat and urged them to return and succor the survivors. They returned to find all dead but two sisters. They had evidently camped apart, and there was too strong evidence that they had sustained life by cannibalism. They had, however, left. Of these two sisters only one turned up at the nearest Hudson's Bay post, emaciated to skin and bone and almost naked. Her account, from which she has never swerved, was that she and her sister had started off together for the Fort. She suspected her sister of intending to kill her. One night she was awakened by feeling her touch her foot. She did not sleep again from fear, but sat up on the opposite side of their little fire and then when her sister slept she took the gun they carried with them and shot her. She started off, hardly knowing whither she was going but finally returned to find that she hadn't killed her sister, who had crawled after her for some distance through the snow and then died. Rendered desperate by hunger, aggravated by the intense cold, she once more resorted to cannibalism. Driven from all Indian camps she wandered for a long time, a fugitive, from place to place. Last winter without snow shoes and with hardly anything to eat she started for our Mission. How she accomplished the journey in the intense cold is a mystery. The people at the Red River post were quite certain she must have perished. She is a large powerful woman, quick and clever though often sulky. She often speaks with much evident sorrow of the past. She is most ready to learn, and repeats the Creed and Lord's Prayer in Cree without hesitation and without mistake. Our missionary, Mr. Scott, is taking great

pains with her, and we trust that ere long she may be seated "clothed and in her right mind," at the feet of Jesus."

In July I had the pleasure of meeting such of my clergy as could attend in our first Synod. A service was first held in St. Luke's church with Holy Communion, with an offertory for our Clergy Endowment Fund. After lunch the Synod held its session in the church, being the only convenient place for meeting, closing with the blessing at 10.45 p.m. The next day, Saturday 7th, two or three committees sat which had been appointed on the previous day, one being to draw up a memorial to the Minister of the Interior, stating the present serious condition of the Indians in this portion of the North-West Territories. Sunday, the 8th, an ordination service was held in St. Luke's church, when I admitted Rev. G. Holmes, of St. Peter's Mission, Slave Lake to priest's orders, assisted by Archdeacon Reeve, and Revs. A. C. Garrioch and M. Scott. The sermon was preached by Archdeacon Reeve. In the afternoon a very interesting missionary meeting was held at which each missionary gave some account of the encouragements, difficulties and successes that had marked the work at their several missions.

Our missions are at present, St. Paul's, situated near the Hudson Bay Co.'s Fort Chipewyan, on Lake Athabasca. Here Archdeacon Reeve labors among the Chipewyans with a sprinkling of Crees; 270 miles away on Peace River is the Mission of St. Luke. The missionary in charge, Rev. M. Scott, labors among Crees and Beaver Indians. At this point is the Irene Training School for Indian and other children, together with a Mission farm under the superintendence of the Principal, Mr. E. J. Lawrence. About 250 miles away is the Christ Church Mission, Rev. J. G. Brick in charge. He spent last winter in Canada raising funds for an Indian school and farm to be commenced at this point. His return last spring was delayed by the illness of Mrs. Brick. He is now I expect on his way in. From 60 to 70 miles is the Mission of St. Saviour, Dunvegan, where the Rev. A. C. Garrioch labors among the Beaver Indians. About 170 miles from Dunvegan is St. Peter's Mission on Lesser Slave Lake, Rev. G. Holmes in charge. His work is among a Cree population with more or less intermixture of European blood, but with this exception in language and habits essentially Indian. He has had much encouragement in his work last winter and several baptisms. I hope before long to establish an outpost at St. John's in the far western part of the diocese, and a resident missionary in the neighborhood of Fort McMurray on the eastern boundary. For the latter post I have Mr. Robinson just arrived, and stationed with Mr. Holmes at Lesser Slave Lake, as the best spot for acquiring the Cree language.

On the Tuesday following the Synod Archdeacon Reeve and myself started for this Mission,—a journey of 270 miles. Our conveyance was a Toronto built canoe, some 14 feet long and 33 in

beam, not affording too abundant accommodation for two, especially as my archdeacon is on the wrong side of 200 pounds. However, our craft was a good sailor, so that we had not much need to wield the paddle. One evening we fell in with three Chippewyans in their hunting canoes. They accompanied us to our camp. They proved to be survivors of a band of twenty-eight, of whom nineteen perished last winter from starvation. They became very friendly on recalling our last meeting under, for them, poor fellows, happier circumstances. In 1884 on my way down the Peace River with a student from St. John's College, Winnipeg, and our Indian guide, our provision was getting short when we started and chased some four miles a large doe moose. We came up with and despatched our quarry, while attempting as a last resort to cross the river. It was a hot July morning, and after the flush and excitement of the chase was over I began to regret the waste of food. But hardly had we commenced cutting up when a shot from the other side of the river awakened the solitudes. A couple of shots in reply from ourselves, and in less than ten minutes twelve hunting canoes shot around a promontory a little above us. Their occupants were soon shaking hands and sharing the account of our hunt. They cut up the animal for us with skilled rapidity and taking what we wished we handed the remainder to them. Any scruple about waste of food was utterly routed by the arrival shortly afterwards of a chattering crowd of women, boys, girls and babies, with the household canoes and dogs. They listened with great attention while I spoke with them about Jesus Christ as the Saviour and of the truths of the Christian religion, Archdeacon Reeve acting as my interpreter. Before they left us we taught them a simple prayer in their own tongue and urged them to offer it often and from the heart.

I propose holding a Confirmation here as soon as some who have been prepared for it by Archdeacon Reeve and who are at present away, return. I then purpose, all being well, ascending the Athabasca River, visiting Fort McMurray, what is now called Athabasca Landing, Lesser Slave Lake, Dunvegan and Mr. Brick's Mission, returning to Vermilion before winter sets in, a round trip of about 1,372 miles. Any communication to me should be addressed Vermilion, care of H. B. Co., Prince Albert, N. W. T.

It is vain to talk of lack of money to prosecute missions, while the thousand millions spent for strong drink annually stand in contrast with the 5,000,000 spent for foreign missions. The fact is, Indulgence and Mammon are the idols of our boasted nineteenth century civilization—like the Baal and Ashtoreth of the Phœnicians of old. It was stated in the London Conference that the annual keeping of 100 race horses for the races, inclusive of interest on the purchase money, equals the entire annual income of the London Missionary Society!

OUR PARISHES AND CHURCHES.

No. 27—ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, MONTREAL.

By REV. L. N. TUCKER, M. A., MONTREAL.

I AM convinced, dear Mr. Editor, that the whole Canadian Church will owe you a lasting debt of gratitude for the patriotic work which you are doing in connection with the CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE. You are gleaning and publishing for future study and reference the most striking events of her past history that are on the verge of being lost and forgotten. Such events, thus placed within the reach of everyone, are not only of the highest interest as relics of the past but are also of the highest value as guides for the future. Their lessons should enrich the wisdom of the Church as a whole, and that more especially in the solution of her missionary problems, which are the main burdens placed upon her by her Divine Head, in this new land.

And in no respect is your work of greater value than in the record which it aims at compiling and preserving of our various parish churches. For this record is, in the aggregate, the texture of the history of the Church as a whole. If the work of compilation be done accurately and thoroughly it will become a rich mine of knowledge and of wisdom for all parochial clergymen, for speakers at missionary meetings and for promoters of all missionary enterprises. It will bring full into view the methods of work that have been the most successful and that have stood the test of the severest and of the most varied trial; and it will tend to foster, in the minds of Canadian Churchmen, a native and comprehensive Church feeling, which seems to me to be one of their most essential requisites at the present time. The highest form of patriotism now with us lies in creating and cultivating a national feeling that will be racy of the soil. In like manner the highest form of churchmanship with us lies not only in exalting the Lord Jesus as our "wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption," not only in making our people in the fullest spiritual sense "members of Christ, children of God, and heirs of the Kingdom of Heaven," but also in training a race of clergymen and laymen who will cherish in their heart of hearts an ardent love of and loyalty to the Church of which they are ministers and members. To this end they should know their Church's lineage and parentage in the historic Church of England and in the primitive and Apostolic Church. But they should know this not only to realize the fulness of their spiritual privileges and the completeness of their ecclesiastical equipment, but also and especially, on the principle that *noblesse oblige*, to realize the magnitude of their responsibilities. They should not only be satisfied with the legitimacy of their Church's titles, but they should also awake to the fact that she has reached her majority, that she has entered upon her inheritance, that she should prove herself

worthy of her ancestry, by proving herself true to her duty and destiny, and that she should win this whole land over to her allegiance and to that of her Divine Lord. It is in this spirit and with this object that I sit down to write a brief sketch of St. George's Church, Montreal. The history of that church is eminently calculated to impress the above lessons. On a small window over the main entrance may be seen the inscription "Evangelical truth and Apostolic order." This inscription has been the standard of the Church from its foundation. Its aim has been always to teach spiritual religion as unfolding the pure word of God and as renewing and sanctifying the impure heart of man, and its practice has been always to adhere to the spirit and the rubrics of the Book of Common Prayer. It has emphasized Scriptural teaching as opposed to the traditions of men, and Apostolic order as opposed to the ecclesiastical politics of men. And it has proved to a demonstration that the Church of England thus presented can win and hold both rich and poor, both young and old, and can be made the most efficient and successful of religious organizations.

The history of the outward structure need not fill a large space. The first St. George's was erected in 1842-43, on Notre Dame street, near McGill street. As the population of the city increased and spread westward, the place of worship was found to be too small for the worshippers and too remote from them. The new St. George's was in consequence erected in 1870 on Dominion Square, one of the finest sites in Montreal. Itself one of the most beautiful specimens of Church architecture to be seen in Canada, its elegant outlines and its symmetrical proportions are brought into noble relief, though its size is somewhat dwarfed, by the proximity of such colossal buildings as the C. P. R. Station, the Windsor Hotel and the Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. Peter's.

The history of the inner life of the church is summed up in the Scriptural proverb, "Like people, like priest." The present condition of St. George's is the outcome of a unique pastorate. A succession of men of remarkable gifts and of whole-souled devotion have been called to preside over its destinies. The first rector, the late Ven. Arch deacon Leach, combined singular purity of life with rare intellectual gifts and culture. The second rector, the present Bishop of Montreal (Dr. Bond) was, throughout a pastorate of some thirty years, unrivalled in his care for the sick and the poor and in his power to infuse enthusiasm into all the workers and organizations connected with the Church. The third rector, the present Bishop of Algoma, (Dr. Sullivan) as highly honored in England as he is in America, is admitted to be a prince even among the princes of the Church. And the fourth rector, Dean Carmichael, is a rare combination of fervid eloquence in the pulpit, of cool practical judgment in the Council room, of versatile powers of organization in the parish and of unerring tact in all personal relations. These

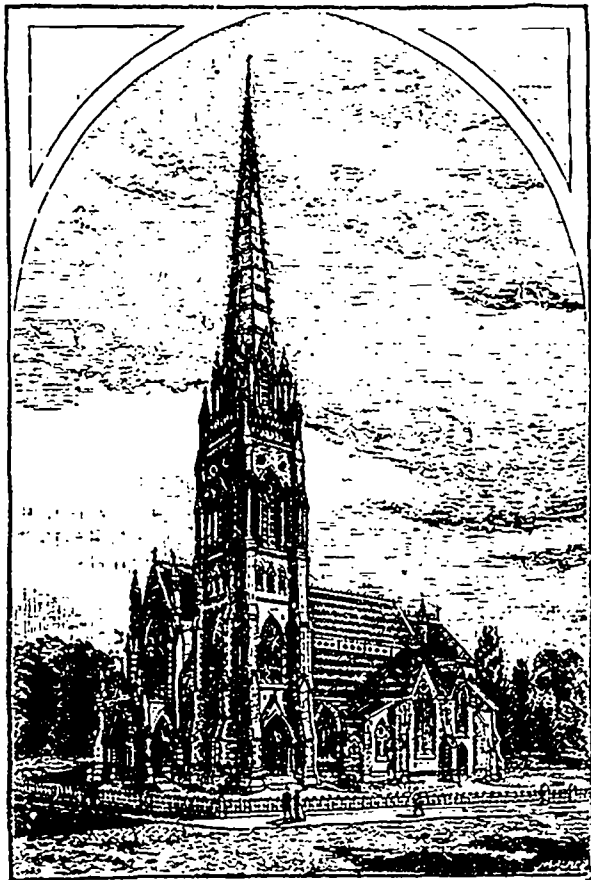
men, so different in intellectual gifts, and yet so like one another in spiritual power and in devotion to duty have given a remarkable unity and continuity to the history and progress of St. George's church.

The present condition of the church will be best understood by reference to a few figures. The church attendance on an ordinary Sunday last winter, as given by the *Montreal Star*, was 900 in the morning and 830 in the evening. Last Easter there were some six hundred communicants and last Sunday 247.* At the last confirmation 72 candidates were presented to the bishop. In the course of the year there were 94 baptisms, 27 marriages and 49 burials. Last Sunday the attendance at the Sunday School was 578, and the total amount raised in the parish last year was \$18,597.

The activity of the church will best be seen by reference to a few facts. St. George's has always been known as a working church. It has tried to practise as well as to teach that love to God and likeness to Christ should take practical shape in self denial and good works. Accordingly throughout the winter the Church is like a bee-hive. There are ladies who visit and relieve the sick and poor; ladies who ply the scissors and the needle for Algoma and the North West; ladies who take an interest in their more defenseless sisters through the Girls' Friendly Society; ladies who teach poor children to be industrious and useful in this present life and who teach poor mothers the way to the life eternal; ladies who invite their fellow churchmen to make unto themselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness by contributing to the promotion of various good objects; and ladies who train up the young of the congregation in the practice of total abstinence as members of the Band of Hope. And there are men and young men who are actively engaged in the Master's work by holding religious services in various places under the bishop's license, by distributing books and visiting patients in the General Hospital, by conducting and teaching in Sunday Schools in the suburbs and by cultivating their own intellectual and spiritual life in regular fortnightly meetings. And apart from the immense work that is thus actually done we find here the solution of two most important and difficult problems, viz., to find suitable work for earnest minded *individuals* and to bring into the field the *organized* energies of lay men and of women.

And the present condition and activity of the church is only the last stage in a history that has been steadily progressive. For many years St. George's stood in the van of Sunday School and of temperance work. Its temperance society, at one time, numbered nearly 2,000 members and was a power in the land. It organized Sunday Schools and laid the foundation of churches in various parts of the city and suburbs. St. Jude's, the most promising of the churches among people of limited

*Written November 6th, 1888.



ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, MONTREAL.

méans; St. Matthias, the counterpart of St. Jude's in the midst of those who are called the better classes; the church at St. Lambert's, the most rising suburb of Montreal—all these owe their existence to the initiative and to the fostering care of St. George's. It may even be said that St. George's is one of the foundation stones if not indeed the keystone of our Diocesan arch. The Theological College and the Mission Fund which are, in the bishop's judgment, absolutely vital to the best interests of the Diocese, derive their main support from St. George's. In view of all this one is moved to say to one's fellow-workers and fellow-worshippers,—What unrivalled opportunities for service! What solemn responsibilities!

With the echoes of all Saints' Day still sounding in our ears it will not be amiss to close this sketch by a reference to those members of the church who have been called away to their rest and reward. Of the original founders of St. George's but few remain unto this present. Like a veteran soldier still in the thick of the fight the very fabric of the church bears in its body the marks of its conflict. It is as though the very fragrance of eternity had begun to cling to these mouldering walls of time.

Two marble tablets near the main entrance recall the wife and daughter of Captain Griffin, and the wife of Very Rev. Dr. Leach. The font is a memorial of the late Mrs. Bond, whose praise is still in all the church and whose long tried devotion and kindness, though she is dead still speak to many grateful hearts. The central window of the chancel is a beautiful memorial of Francis Fulford, first Bishop of Montreal and first Metropolitan of Canada. And the four remaining chancel windows enshrine the names of John Elliott, the Honorable George Moffatt, Edith Molson and William Molson. A small window near the vestry, preserves the record of the wife of Rev. Canon Empson, who was married in July and who died in the following August. The northern transept contains two magnificent windows, the one erected by R. A. A. Jones, Esq., in memory of the Honorable Robert Jones and Caroline his wife, and the other by A. F. Gault, Esq., in memory of father, mother, brothers and sisters, and for the first window on the northern side of the nave—the window that overlooks the seat he used to occupy as a worshipper in the church—a costly and artistic design is being prepared to the memory of the Honorable Thomas White; and all these memorials are only, as it were, the first fruits that serve also to recall to memory the multitudes whose only monument is the good example they have left behind them, and these memorials, as they arrest our attention, seem to be a voice from the other world bidding us in the most earnest tones:—*certa bonum certamen*; and as stimulated by their example we take courage to buckle on the sword afresh and to refurbish our armor for renewed warfare; through faith in the communion of saints, in the hope of a glorious resurrection and in the love of a common Father, Saviour and Comforter we send back to that other world the triumphant message:—*Requiescat in pace.*

At the conclusion of a recent enthusiastic missionary meeting at Keswick, in England, a young man sent to the platform anonymously \$50, his savings for a year, which he had intended putting in the savings bank, but which, he wrote, "he felt the Lord wanted," and this being announced, within a few minutes cash and promises were sent up, which, with some subsequent additions, amounted to over \$4,500.

A Revivalist requested all in the congregation who paid their debts to rise. The rising was general. After they had taken their seats a call was made for those who did not pay their debts, and one solitary individual arose and explained that he was an *editor*, and could not pay while the rest of the congregation were owing him their subscriptions to his paper.

India is the home of one-sixth of the human race.



PREPARING FOR WINTER (See next page.)

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

BY JOHN O. WHITTIER.

SOUND over all waters, reach out from all lands,
The chorus of voices, the clasping of hands ;
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn,
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born.
With glad jubilations
Bring hope to the nations !

The dark night is ending and dawn has begun ;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.

Sing the bridal of nations, with chorals of love,
Sing out the war vulture and sing in the dove,
Till the hearts of the people keep time in accord,
And the voice of the world is the voice of the Lord !

Clasp hands of the nations
In strong gratulations ;
The dark night is ending, and the dawn has begun ;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace,
East, west, north and south, let the long quarrel cease ;
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing of glory to God and good-will to man.

Hark ! joining in chorus
The heavens bend o'er us.
The dark night is ending, and day is begun ;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.

THE number of Christians has increased century by century until now they far outnumber the adherents of any other faith. The ordinary statistics by which Buddhists are made to outnumber Christians are totally misleading. The difference

between Quakerism and the Church of Rome is trifling as compared to the difference between sects who are all classed together as Buddhists, but who have almost nothing in common except the name and a few merely outward and material resemblances. To call the Mohammedans Christians would be much more reasonable than to consider as adherents of one religion all who call themselves Buddhists. And this is not all, for in China, which contains most of the adherents of Buddhism, this is only one belief among many, and the same man is often Buddhist, Taouist, Confucianist and ancestor worshipper, all in one. Taking Christians and Mohammedans together, it is probable that there are from five to six hundred millions of people who believe in one God, Creator and Governor of the world, who has revealed Himself in Jesus Christ, while it is extremely improbable that even a third as many are so agreed on any other creed.— *Church Review*.

TIME can never be heavy on hands that are filled for God. The worldly young man may complain that the wheels of time scarce seem to move. But to the young man, a child of God, seeking to serve Christ, time seems all too short. To all such there is no wearying for the time to go past. Therefore he buys up opportunities, seeing the days are evil. Time, to him, is a part of his lease below, and upon how these hours are spent, eternal issues depend.

Young People's Department.

PREPARING FOR WINTER.

IN the opposite page is a picture of a well regulated barn yard prepared for the winter. Everything about it looks trim and neat. The stacks of straw are ready for the cattle to draw from through the cold months and the cattle themselves are collected together awaiting the approach of old Boreas who is ready to come and announce the winter. Every good farmer prepares in this way for winter and all should be ready for it. Some people put off their preparations for winter to the last moment and sometimes leave it too late and the winter overtakes them unprepared.

Have you not noticed how Providence has taught the dumb animals to prepare for winter? The birds on the approach of winter, fly to the sunny south and there remain till it is over and then in the spring, they suddenly appear in our midst and sing to us as happily as ever. Many of the creatures of the woods, such as the squirrels, lay by in store a plentiful supply of provisions for the winter, and yet there are men and women everywhere who enjoy themselves through the summer and then have to beg from others and suffer greatly through the winter. Could anything be more foolish? Why, the little squirrel knows better than that.

And young people might learn a lesson from this for the guidance of their life. They are in the spring time of life; but the spring will soon wear into summer and the summer into the autumn and the autumn into the winter,—for old age is like the winter,—and sometimes people let old age come upon them without having made preparation for it and then they must be dependent on others or suffer till they die. Young people should always bear in mind that if they live, they will surely grow old and for this they should prepare.

And then there is the great future that lies before us all, the winter that may suddenly overtake even the young. Through the Saviour of the world all may be prepared for this great change, the change which must come to all by the visitation of death. If this should come to us suddenly how happy if it should find us ready to meet the Lord. The Advent season tells us of His coming and tells us to be ready for it. And there will be a gladsome time, no dreary winter, but a happy spring and summer time of everlasting joy and peace.

MR. GRIPPS HOT WATER KETTLE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY. BY EROL GERVASE.

IT was very unpleasant, he disliked it exceedingly; it made him uncomfortable, so uncomfortable that he resolved to put up with it no longer. He seized the offending object, jerked it over to the other side of the table, at the imminent risk of scalding himself, and turning his back on it, prepared to enjoy his cup of tea in

peace and quietness. He took a sip, another and another but it was no use. The object followed him. He shut his eyes and saw it as distinctly as ever, he opened them, blinked angrily, there it was. He would not be made a fool of, he said to himself, he was neither imaginative nor superstitious, and what was this but imagination or superstition. He seized it again and set it down just where it had stood before, nearly in front of him and where the gas light shone full on it, making the reflection distinctly visible. What was it?

An old fashioned brass kettle, the polished surface of which shone like burnished gold, and which just now was, and had been, making him very uncomfortable by combining in one the properties of kettle and mirror. What did he see in it now, what had he seen in it twenty minutes since, when Mrs. Chubbs, his housekeeper, having poured out his post-prandial cup of tea, had left the room as was her custom, leaving him, as she supposed, in solitary possession.

Well, first of all his own face comically foreshortened in the burnished convex. It was rather amusing at first; it looked as if the features had been lengthened out *crosswise*. And when he smiled at the grotesque apparition, the smile in the kettle became a grin, and when he laughed aloud at the grin, he seemed to hear the kettle laugh too, and in such an exaggerated manner that it was positively too ridiculous.

But while he looked, other objects began to show themselves. It might be the group in Crown Derby on the mantelpiece. It might be the marble Daphne with her laurel spray on the bracket yonder, or the projecting knobs and ornaments of the silver tea-pot, the cream jug or the sugar bowl. Whatever or whichever it was it did not matter, but the effect did very much. From being at first comical it became confusing, then irritating and at the last exasperating. There they were, any number of them. Imps and hobgoblins and all sorts of ludicrous and frightful creatures with grinning faces and cunning little eyes and disproportionately large ears and noses and little round bodies with no legs to speak of.

And actually over there just under the spout of the kettle, an unmentionable creature with hoofs and horns, whom Mr. Gripps, being, as he would have told you, one of the oldest pew holders in the Cathedral, and of course a good Christian was not supposed to know by sight or otherwise, but whom strange to say he at once recognized as the —, well, we will say, the old gentleman.

A most disagreeable old gentleman Mr. Gripps found him. His horrible eyes seemed to scintillate light in every direction, but it was a light suggestive of brimstone, rather than cheerful gas or kerosene, of fiendish malignity rather than good natured intelligence; and, would you believe it, even in the shining yellow of the kettle, he looked black. The little imps and hobgoblins seemed to form his court. They stood round him in various attitudes, and two of the ugliest perched themselves one

on each of his horns, and there in the very midst of them all Mr. Gripps saw his own reflection grinning away like the rest of them and looking quite as ugly and unnatural. It made him nervous; and Mr. Gripps was not a nervous man. He looked up at the china group on the mantle piece, and over to the marble Daphne on the bracket, and on each side of him to the tea pot and sugar bowl and cream jug and other articles on the table and about the room; but he could not satisfy himself that all or any of them could produce the appearance which he saw.

He tried not to look at the kettle, but the kettle, or rather the objects reflected in it, seemed determined that he should look at them. They drew his gaze with a horrible fascination, and held it there. And while he looked it seemed to him that in some way or other he was giving himself over to that dreadful creature under the spout, and that if he did not escape immediately it would be too late.

But then the vision, if vision it was, changed. The arch fiend with the hoofs and horns, and the grinning imps and hobgoblins seemed to melt away, and when Mr. Gripps with a great gasp of relief took up the kettle and poured a little hot water into his cup which had grown rather cold in the meantime, lo and behold, there was another picture, all complete! A picture of a face not many year's younger than Mr. Gripps', and not altogether unlike his own. But the eyes had a reproachful look in them, even in the ludicrous kettle. And beside and about the man were children of various ages and of both sexes, and a woman who from the anguish of her aspect and the way in which the man's hand lay in hers and the children clung to her, must have been the wife and the mother. If the first picture had annoyed and disconcerted Mr. Gripps, so even more did the second, and somehow the one seemed connected with the other. It seemed as if his dealings with those in the second had left him in the power of that terrible being in the first.

For the central figure in this group, the man's, had once been very familiar to him. They had lived under the same roof, played together, grown up together and called the same man father.

It was the face of his step brother who had long since been dead, and these must be the wife and children. Of course they were. Did not he know them by sight? The little fellow yonder was the eldest boy. He must be sixteen now. Mr. Gripps had met him in the street yesterday, and had been amused as well as irritated because the lad, instead of touching his cap respectfully in acknowledgment of Mr. Gripps' careless nod, had flashed upon him in passing a glance of mingled anger and disdain. The glance had lingered in his memory, and now it seemed to link itself with the picture and become part of it.

And, mercy on us, how the wind was raving! Was Mr. Gripps losing his senses, or what did it all mean? The wind seemed to be talking to him.

It was speaking to him as plainly as possible, and this is what it was saying,

"Where their worm dieth not and their fire is not quenched." And then in long drawn, wailing accents: "Too late! Too late!"

Mr. Gripps' hand that held his tea cup trembled, a cold dew came upon his forehead, a scared look into his face.

"Bless me," he exclaimed aloud, "I can't stand this." He touched the bell and Mrs. Chubbs appeared. Mr. Gripps cleared his throat once, twice, "Ahem! Ahem!" "I think Mrs. Chubbs I shall go out for a little while. I have a little business in the city. I shall let myself in, so if I should be late, don't have any one sit up."

Mr. Gripps tried to speak naturally, and by a strong effort he composed his features, but Mrs. Chubbs saw at once that something had gone wrong. She was an old servant and could venture a little in the way of liberties.

"Dear me, sir," she exclaimed. "You are not surely going out in such a storm as this. Why the snow is falling like to blind one, and hark to the wind! Why it seems to me I never heard it like this. It mourns and shrieks that unnatural that Bessie says just now to me as we were taking our tea together down stairs, says she, 'Mrs. Chubbs it makes me think of the day of Judgment, it does, and of the lost souls.'"

Mr. Gripps did not say that his own thoughts had run in somewhat the same direction. In fact he quite laughed at the idea, and pooh-poohed the possibility of a blast of wind or a flurry of snow keeping him in if he wished to go out.

Mrs. Chubbs saw that it was useless to remonstrate. He would not even allow her to have Thomas call a cab, so she helped him into his fur coat; saw that his muffler was well crossed over his throat and the ears of his cap tied down, and then with an ominous shake of the head and a deprecatory, "Dear, dear," opened the door for him and watched him depart into the wild night.

It was Christmas Eve, and despite the fury of the wind and the blinding snow the streets were thronged with people in the cars or in sleighs or on foot, and the brilliantly lighted shops presented their most tempting Christmas display.

Mr. Gripps walked briskly on, making a way for himself through the crowd of foot passengers with his walking stick, occasionally pausing to look in at a shop window and then going on again, but apparently without definite purpose. Sometimes he stood quite a time before a magnificent display of beef, mutton and poultry and game, and fruit, such fruit, and such vegetables! Next it was a confectioner's with its marvels in cake and candy, then a furrier's or some dry goods emporium, or a toy or furniture shop or a book store all ablaze with gilded volumes and bright pictures.

But if he had come out intending to purchase it was plain that he had not yet decided what, and wished to look about him before making up his mind. At length far down in St. Catharine street

he heard the clock from the cathedral tower strike nine. The sound seemed to determine him. He was standing near a meat and vegetable shop. He entered, selected a sirloin, a turkey, a goose, a smoked ham, with a bouquet that nothing of Lubin or Rimmel could surpass; oysters, potatoes, turnips, beets, cranberries, canned tomatoes, summer savory, sage and onions, and game to boot. What a hamper; but this was only the beginning. Mr. Gripps seemed to grow reckless as he proceeded, and not to know when or where to stop. At last his order was filled, and when the shopman who knew him, asked him as a mere matter of form, "Shall I send them home, sir?" Mr. Gripps, to the man's surprise, answered "No, I shall take them with me." So he had the shop-boy hail a cab, bestowed a bright half dollar on the lad, and drove off with his purchases. He stopped again at a confectioner's and then at a grocer's, added a great plum pudding and a plum cake and tarts and biscuits and cheese and *bon bons* and a crock of golden butter, a box of tea, and coffee, and cocoa, and sugar, white and brown, and flour, and spice, and raisins, almonds, currants, and figs, and various flavoring extracts, and bottles of pickles, and even some delicate toilet soap.

All these articles Mr. Gripps had packed into and outside the cab. It took the driver and the shop-men quite a time to bestow them safely, and the driver who was facetiously inclined, remarked with a knowing shake of his head that "There'd be feasting somewhere to-morrow or his name was not Jackson," and Mr. Gripps smiled good humoredly and ordered the man to drive to St. Dominique street. It is rather a poor street as you know, and it was before a very poor tenement in the poorest part of it that Mr. Gripps had the cab stop, and bidding the driver wait until he should call him, alighted, and turning the handle of the street door without the ceremony of knocking proceeded to grope his way up the stairs.

The stairs were rickety, and there was no light to guide him, but this house belonged to Mr. Gripps and surely he ought to be able to find his way over his own property. He was a little uncertain, however, and he felt in his pocket and drew out a box of vestas and struck a light to assist him. With its aid he discovered when he had reached the landing, a closed door, on which after a moment's hesitation, and just as his light went out he knocked. There was no answer for the space of a minute or two, and Mr. Gripps' heart beat loudly as he listened, for the hush and the stillness within struck him as unnatural. Presently there was a footstep and anon the door was opened by the lad whose look in passing him the day before had irritated Mr. Gripps. It was no wonder that seeing him thus unexpectedly Mr. Gripps' nephew did not at once recognize his uncle. In his great fur coat and cap, with his face ruddy from the storm, his eyes very black and bright, his hair very white and his beard very white and long, he might easily have been mistaken for

a veritable Santa Claus; and it was only when he spoke that young Charlie Gripps perceived who it was.

"Good evening," said Mr. Gripps, "Is your mother at home?" And then young Charlie recognized the voice and the visitor.

Mr. Gripps did not wait for an answer to his question, but walked straight in after Charlie. It was the common living room of the family, the kitchen, judging from the cooking stove in which a fire was burning and the various utensils scattered about, and apparently, perhaps because it would be warmer in this bitter weather than the other parts of the house, the dining room and even bed room. For in one corner was an iron bedstead and lying back among the pillows, under the cotton coverlet, was a girl whose pale cheek and languid attitude told their own tale without the need of words. She opened her languid eyes at Mr. Gripps' entrance with a look of surprise not unmingled with alarm, and her mother who at the sound of the voice and footsteps had come forward, raised her hand with a warning gesture, "Rosa, my daughter, has been ill," she said. "She must not be disturbed." Then, in the gentle voice that alone of all her youthful charms had survived the wreck of youth and hope,—

"Good evening Mr. Gripps. Do you wish to speak to me?"

It had always been "Mr. Gripps" and "Mrs. Stephen" between them, not "Charles" and "Alice," in the rare intervals at which they had met; for Stephen Gripps had gone contrary to his step brother's wishes in the matter of his marriage and his step brother had never forgiven him. It had made a breach between them which had never been healed, and it was not until Stephen lay upon his death bed that Charles had ever so much as entered his house or spoken to his wife and children. This was years ago, and the wife had faded into a sad-browed, middle aged woman, and the children were growing out of their early childhood. Nay, Rosa who lay upon the bed yonder, and Charles the next but one who had died, was sixteen, but Mr. Gripps had still held them responsible for the breach between him and his brother, and though he had, as he had promised Stephen he would assist them after the latter's death, it was the assistance of a grudging connection, not the loving fraternal help of a brother. What did it all mean now? Here was Mr. Gripps holding out his hand and taking Mrs. Stephen's hand into his and shaking it and asking her to be friends and let by-gones be by-gones, this Christmas time, and there was Rosa weeping softly among her pillows and Charlie scarcely knowing whether to stand on his dignity and tell Mr. Gripps that they had done without his friendship so long they would not know what to make of it now, and Fred, who was of a lively turn and inclined to see the comical side to everything, actually laughing because Mr. Gripps looked such a queer old chap, and Fannie and Gracie all wonder and silence, taking in the situa-

tion and very much puzzled over it. What a time they had. Such explanations and apologies. Mr. Gripps blaming himself and saying he had only just discovered what a hard hearted old fellow he was, and Mrs. Stephen Gripps quite deprecating the idea and begging him not to mention it, and Mr. Gripps telling them about the kettle and what he had seen in it, and how the wind had spoken to him and what it had said, and Fred horrifying them all by laughing aloud in the midst of it; and Rosa sitting up in her bed and saying she felt so much better, and her mother and Mr. Gripps and all of them being afraid lest the excitement should be bad for her as she had been very ill and was only just recovering; and then Mr. Gripps calling up the cabman, and he and Charlie and Fred assisting in bringing the hampers and parcels up stairs and into the kitchen, and Mr. Gripps regretting that it was growing so late that he must go, but saying that he was coming to see them to-morrow after church to inquire how Rosa was. After all the fuss, and Rosa drawing her mother's face down to her's and whispering something in her ear, and Mrs. Stephen Gripps after a little hesitation telling Mr. Gripps in a very timid way that Rosa wanted to know if he would not come to dinner and make them all so happy, and Mr. Gripps promising and saying they must not change their hour for him, if they dined early, as he always dined early himself on Christmas. There never surely was a happier party on the whole, and never a more delightful, conciliatory old gentleman than Mr. Gripps. In fact he hardly knew himself, and after he had said good night and was once more in the cab and driving through the snow-paved streets, he felt very much like asking himself the question of the old woman in the story, "Can this be I?"

All sorts of new and delightful emotions were struggling in his breast and careering through his mind. There was not a more hilarious old gentleman in all the city this Christmas Eve, and yet there was, even with the mirth and the new strange sense of rejoicing, a chastened, solemn feeling. We know it well, each one of us. It is the deep feeling of Christmas. The plaintive minor in the jubilant Gloria in Excelsis.

The wind had fallen and the storm gave promise of a calm; and what wind there was had a strangely different sound now to Mr. Gripps. He seemed to hear it faintly but triumphantly in the far distance beginning the prelude to an old-time strain—a strain that since when first it echoed over the hills of Bethlehem has brought "Tidings of great joy" to a sorrowful world: "Glory to God in the Highest: on earth peace, good will towards men."

If Mr. Gripps could have looked at his kettle now I am sure he would have seen only crowds and crowds of cherubim and seraphim and white winged tiny angels.

The imps and hobgoblins and that dreadful nameless creature most certainly would not have been there. They were exorcised; for the power of the Nativity was shed abroad in one more heart. And finding that the shops were still open this ridiculous old gentleman, who really did not seem to know what to do with his money now, got out again at one and another and made ever so many more purchases.

A fur-lined circular for Mrs. Stephen, fur capes and muffs for the three girls, overcoats and caps for the two boys, a great roll of flannel, which as he told himself would be sure

to come in useful; and, just fancy,—what good genius could have put it into his dear old head? a set of splendid dinner knives with steel and carvers all complete, the very thing, the want of which had been troubling Mrs. Stephen Gripps when she had given him Rosa's invitation.

It was Christmas morning and the bells of Christ Church and Notre Dame and a host of churches, English and French, were ringing out their glad, glad peals over the beautiful mountain city, calling men everywhere to rejoice that Christ was born. Oh how glorious looked the temples of God, how goodly was their fragrance with the fir tree and the balsam and the cedar.

Christmas in the Forest country,
Holy Christmas in the West;
In their snowy robes of beauty
All the cedar trees are drest,
All the cedars and the maples,
All the balsams and the pines,
And their snow wreaths turn to jewels
Where the sunlight on them shines.

The trees on the mountain slopes, in the parks and squares, along the streets and everywhere, were jewel-clad; and at church Mr. Gripps in his pew near the chancel had a real halo round his heart. Was it not wonderful? But I suppose it was the light shining through the stained glass window, for of course it was nothing supernatural.

I do not suppose there were many such dinners in St. Dominique Street as Mrs. Stephen Gripps'. The turkey, stuffed with the oysters, was pronounced by Mr. Gripps who carved it with the new carving knife, to be done to a turn, though Mrs. Stephen Gripps was afraid it had had just five minutes too much. The beef and the ham and the vegetables were simply perfection, and the plum pudding and the celery, which I had forgotten to mention, were faultless. And such raisins and such almonds and oranges and apples and figs!

I must not forget to tell you that there was an addition to the party, a young Mr. Capers, with very red cheeks and very black eyes and very white teeth, who sat beside Rosa at the dinner table, for Rosa was at dinner with them all to-day for the first time in many days, and who blushed almost as vividly as Rosa herself when Mrs. Stephen Gripps introduced him with a meaning look as "A friend of ours."

Mrs. Stephen took occasion privately to inform Mr. Gripps that he was a very particular friend of Rosa's. And Mr. Gripps wanted to know if he was any relation of Capers of the Stock Exchange, and was told that he was a cousin, and that Mr. Capers, of the Exchange, though at first a little shocked when informed of the attachment, had said afterwards that for the matter of that he had known Stephen Gripps in his life time, and the Gripps' were a very good family, though they had gone down in the world after Stephen's failure and death, and that if Rosa was as good as she was pretty they need not be ashamed of the connection. Whereat Mr. Gripps, quite oblivious of his own conduct in circumstances somewhat analogous, drew himself up and said, "I should think not."

There was a great deal more said on this and on other subjects before Mr. Gripps left, and at New-Year there was a new clerk in Mr. Gripps' office, "My Nephew Charles," and a new pupil at Mr. Totup's Commercial Academy, and two additional young lady pupils at Miss Seedling's select seminary; and young Mr. Capers by some mysterious invisible agency had been promoted to quite a good post by his employers, and Rosa who had grown well and strong again, was spending a great deal of time at her sewing machine and turning out a great many articles of feminine apparel of such elaborate design and with such an amount of tucking and shirring and other ornamentation that it was only reasonable to conclude they must be intended for something more than ordinary wear. Oh, the blessed influence of Christmas on the hearts and lives of men! How benignant, how far-reaching.

"Wake thy ten thousand voices earth,
Outdoor thy floods of praise.
Up to the crystal gates of morn
The deep Hosannas raise,
Till heavenward wafted, seraph-winged
They pierce the illumined zone
Where the Church triumphant's chorus swells
Round the everlasting throne."

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

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

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The next meeting of the Board of Management is appointed to be held in Hamilton, Ont., on Wednesday, May 25th, 1889.

The Canadian Church Magazine AND MISSION NEWS.

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

TERMS:—ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
Back numbers to a limited extent can be supplied.

REV. CANON MOCKRIDGE, D. D., Editor and Manager, Hamilton, Ont.
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DECEMBER, 1888.

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

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

We are now in a position to supply back numbers of the CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE AND MISSION NEWS from its first numbers. Vol. I., July, '86—Dec., '87 (18 numbers) \$1.50. Vol. II., (current), Jan.—Dec. '88, \$1.00. When bound these make handsome volumes.

BINDING covers for Vol. II. (1888) may be had if ordered before January, 1st, 1889,—also for Vol. I, price 50 cents. Send orders early.

A VERY handsome map of the Dominion of Canada has reached us from the veteran Canadian publisher, John Lovell, of Montreal. It is beautifully colored and shows the different provinces and natural divisions of the Dominion with marked distinctness. One commendable feature in it is its convenient size, being under three feet in width.

REV. CANON VON IFFLAND, of the Diocese of Quebec, calls our attention to the fact that in the column for Domestic Missions in the Annual Report for 1888, a blank appears opposite St. Michael's Church, Quebec, instead of \$12.02, which should have appeared. We can only say that the Secretary is dependent entirely upon the returns sent him by the regularly appointed officers for each diocese, and the Quebec returns were published as received.

THE Rev. Canon Isaac Taylor thinks that the true Missionary should not be of the style of the ordinary English gentleman, who must have his carriage and usual style that belongs to him. Missionaries must bring themselves down to the style of life of the natives, even to their poverty and want, if they are to convert them. It was proba-

bly on this principle that the great Apostle St. Paul became all things to all men if by any means he might save some. The good old plan of Missionary brotherhoods will no doubt accomplish more work than the ordinary English Missionary, with his wife and family and probably expensive home. Though all that Canon Taylor says may not be true, still there is much to think about in many of the things that he does say.

THE following is a list of the Clergy of the Diocese of Mackenzie River:

1st. Southern Missions: The Right Rev. W. Carpenter Bompas, D. D., Bishop, St. David's Mission, Mackenzie River; Rev. W. Spendlove, Diocesan Registrar, St. Barnabas Mission, Fort Rae, Great Slave Lake; Mr. Edward Black, catechist and schoolmaster, St. James Mission, Resolution, Great Slave Lake; Rev. W. J. Garton, St. David's Mission, Mackenzie River; Mr. John Hawksley, catechist and carpenter, St. Andrews' Mission, Liard River; Mr. Allen Hardisty, native catechist, St. Philip's Mission, Fort Wrigley, Mackenzie River; Rev. David N. Kirkby, B. A., St. Trinity Mission, Fort Norman, Mackenzie River.

2nd. Northern Missions: Venerable Archdeacon Macdonald, D. D., St. Matthew's Mission, Peel River; Mr. John Chielta, native catechist, St. Mark's Mission, La Pierre's house, Rat River; Rev. C. G. Wallis, St. Luke's Mission, Rampart House, Porcupine River; Rev. J. W. Ellington, St. Thomas' Mission, Buxton, Upper Youcon River; Rev. T. H. Canham, Christ Church Mission, Lower Youcon River.

THERE has been of late years somewhat of a revolution in the idea of how foreign mission work should be handled. The earlier idea was that the heathen should be preached to. Whatever success may have attended this method, it was certainly not sufficient to prevent the inquiry whether the same expenditure of energy might not be more telling if directed in some different channel. It then began to be seen that the effects of a large part of a lifetime spent in heathenism could not be wholly rooted out, and that a wiser plan was to begin at the beginning of the lives to be converted. This has led to the vast upgrowth of the educational system in foreign missions.—*Rev. D. M. Bates.*

THE Rev. Boyd Vincent, Rector of Calvary Church, Pittsburgh, has accepted the position of Assistant Bishop of Southern Ohio.

MUCH is said by laymen in the English Church papers on the subject of preaching. There is no reason why preaching should be a weariness to the flesh. It is a thousand pities that it is a subject so much neglected in our theological colleges. New life would be infused into the Church by a generation of well trained preachers.

EVERY DAY CHURCH GOING.

FOR many years, we are thankful to say, it has been the custom of numbers of clergymen to keep the doors of their churches open all day. Not for the convenience of visitors merely—the passing stranger within the gates who lounges, hat in hand, through the aisles, glancing at the monuments, the decorations, or the architectural features of the building. Many of these churches have little or nothing to look at in the way of monuments or decorations. The doors are kept open for worshippers, using the word in its truest deepest sense. "This church is open for rest, meditation, and prayer," is the notice we see daily outside the Church of St. Brede's, Fleet street, famous in the annals of the Church Missionary Society. Can any higher use be suggested for the sacred edifice? And, day by day, hour by hour, some weary wanderer, struggling through life's tearful pilgrimage, will drop into Wren's beautiful Church, where, awed by the silence, touched perhaps with the religious associations, restfulness gives way to meditation, meditation to prayer, prayer to a renewed and revived spiritual life. "My house is the house of prayer," and prayer is a daily duty, but we have relegated it to a few stated hours a week, as if the human heart could be wound up, like a clock, to strike with regularity at stated moments. It seems so obvious, the advantage of opening churches all day, that it comes upon us almost with a shock of surprise to hear the question discussed as a new one. The letters of Lord Carnarvon and the Archbishop of Canterbury, have brought home to us the fact that notwithstanding the many practical difficulties which stand in the way, it is easy, it is right, it is only natural, it is imperatively a necessity of our highly-strung times, that a provision should be made for individual spiritual needs by opening our churches daily for private prayer. We are constantly proclaiming that the Church is the spiritual home of the English people. What would we think of a home which closed its doors on us six days out of the seven? If, as we are also fond of asserting, a pious man can say his prayers at home as well and as piously as in church, where is the reason for shutting the door of his spiritual home against him? Let it not be said that we underrate the practical difficulties. Like other difficulties, however, they are disposed to vanish in thin air when grappled with by practical courage. Scores of churches—literally scores—in the east and south of London are daily open to the poor. Some of these do not even possess a caretaker. Yet we have heard no complaints; in no case has the plan been abandoned as a failure; on the contrary, everywhere the practice is being emulated with great spiritual advantage to the districts adopting it. Prayer books, books of devotion (of which the name is legion), or leaflets may be left in the seats or pews. Now and again, perhaps, one

may be taken away, but we think the Bible Society or the Religious Tract Society might recoup the losers—or at worst, they might set up a small insurance office against such losses. Seriously, the movement is practicable, and we trust that the Archbishop's encouragement will have a wide effect in flinging open wide the Church's gate, wherein all are equal.—*Family Churchman.*

BISHOP TALBOT.

At the Church Congress, just concluded in Buffalo, one of the most striking speakers was the missionary Bishop of Idaho and Wyoming. The American missionary bishop is an ecclesiastic *sui generis*. He has to be ready to lead the life almost of the trapper and the hunter, to travel long distances in whatever form may present itself. He must preach to cow boys, trappers, hunters, early settlers and Indians, in bar rooms, wigwags or the open air, and when he comes east he must be prepared to address refined and educated congregations, conventions and congresses. From all this a certain amount of interest attaches itself to the Missionary bishop.

Bishop Talbot is a young man for a bishop, and this, of course, a missionary bishop should be. The duties are too trying for any man unless he is young and strong. There is a vein of originality about Bishop Talbot which seems to fit him for his own peculiar work. His buying up churches in villages overburdened with sects, instead of adding to those already existing, is itself a master stroke of policy. He made a good point against one of the speakers from Philadelphia, who urged strongly that the Church should not plant herself in places already in possession of "other churches," by quietly asking how it was that the worthy speaker had planted himself in Philadelphia, a city which originally belonged to the Quakers. He also told of his endeavors, when a parochial clergyman, to conciliate and fraternize with the ministers of the various denominations of the place in which he lived, and of the dangers that it brought to him. He made it a practice to invite them all to his study on every Monday morning and to make them very happy by affording an opportunity for each one to tell over the sermons he had preached on Sunday. This nearly, however, got him into trouble and only a man of quick wit and of an original cast of mind could have extricated himself from it as easily as he did.

On one occasion the Presbyterian minister, evidently with a view of entrapping him, produced a document for signature by all "the brethren" present. This was a document declaring perfect equality among all present, in doctrine, ecclesiastical standing, etc., etc. Mr. Talbot (as he was then) saw that if he did not sign this he would be proclaimed everywhere as a bigot and as possessing "the usual episcopal exclusiveness." He also

saw that if he did sign it he would compromise his position as an Episcopal clergyman in the eyes of his fellow clergymen and the better informed members of his flock. He was in a dilemma; but he saw a way of getting out of it through "a little Baptist minister" who had recently taken up his abode in the place. None of the other ministers as yet had called upon this brother, except Mr. Talbot himself, and therefore he did not feel very well disposed towards them, and the Episcopal clergyman "took refuge behind his little Baptist minister" in this way. He represented that it was scarcely fair to expect a brother who had so recently joined them, and one too whose ways and doctrines were so diverse from all the rest to bind himself so closely to a uniformity of belief and practice. He did not see how he could be asked to sign such a document and he thought that the least they might do would be to give him some time to consider so momentous a question and the probable effect it might have upon him and the "important doctrines" which he represented. In deep gratitude up jumped the Baptist minister and declared that, as had been so well represented by "brother Talbot," he could not sign any such document as that introduced amongst them. Then one of the Methodist ministers said that he "quite agreed with the brethren who had already spoken and that it would be unfair to expect their Baptist brother to sign such a document as that produced, and indeed, when he thought of it, he did not see very well how he himself could sign it and for that matter he scarcely thought that *even brother Talbot could sign it.* Oh! happy thought and deep design! How the "dissenting brethren" were made to extricate the man of the ancient Church from the horns of a dilemma!

This ready tact, accompanied with the best and kindest humor, has gone with Dr. Talbot in his episcopal work and the American Missionary bishop, as represented by him, is one to command respect not only for his high and noble work, but for his original and successful methods of carrying it out.

THE AMERICAN CHURCH CONGRESS.

The twelfth annual meeting of the Church Congress in the United States opened in Buffalo, Diocese of Western New York, on Tuesday, Nov. 20th, under the presidency of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Coxe, Bishop of the Diocese, and closed on Friday afternoon, Nov. 23rd.

The unwearied Secretary, Rev. Dr. Wildes, was present, and directed the movements of the Congress. The subjects discussed were the following:—

1. "The Present Value of Patristic Studies."
2. "Colleges and Universities in their Relation to the Church."
3. "The Question of Race in this Country."
4. "Sunday Schools."
5. "The Limits of Discussion in the Church."

6. "What Principle should Govern Church Extension in our Country in Fields Already Occupied by Others?"

7. "Devotional Reading."

These questions were well and freely discussed by a number of eminent divines and laymen of the United States, assisted by some clergymen from our own country. Those from Canada were Rev. Canon Du Moulin and Rev. Professor Clark, of Toronto, and Rev. Dr. Mockridge and Rev. H. Carmichael, of Hamilton.

The questions, on which there seemed to be the widest differences of opinion, were (1) The limits of discussion in the Church, and (2) the principles that should govern Church extension in fields already occupied by others. The former of these two questions evidently had some reference to the powers of the Church Congress itself and to what extent, if any, limitations should be placed upon the subjects discussed, and this, no doubt, sprang out of the objections so decidedly taken to the discussion of the historic episcopate and other kindred questions at the Congress held last year at Louisville, Kentucky. The opinion seemed to prevail that if a Congress is to possess any value whatever the freest and fullest liberty should be allowed in the discussion of all kinds of subjects in any way affecting the church. This seems to be the custom followed in England where, at the late congress, for instance, expression was given to views and doctrines by no means in harmony with the usual tenets of the Church. Evils no doubt exist on both sides, but the life and energy of congresses must go forever if milk and water subjects only can be chosen and if speakers are selected on the sole principle of moderation. Let men of widely different views come together and let them discuss vital and burning questions and the Church Congress will be attractive and, as we think, useful. If it cannot be this it had better not exist at all.

The question as to occupying ground already in possession of others brought out some widely different views, and on the whole produced perhaps the most lively discussion of the Congress. It is very evident that in the American Church there are men of widely different views and trend of mind, and these views were represented at the Congress. Some held that in a village already overburdened with sects and "churches" further trouble should not be made by the introduction of still another. Others held that the Church did not go as a sect but as a true branch of an ancient Church having within itself the element which ought to produce union instead of disintegration among the various denominations and sects. Possessing in her historic position a *raison d'être*, which the ordinary Protestant sect does not possess, she had a right to push her missionary operations in all directions no matter what form of Christianity, by doing so, she may have to encounter.

These were the two positions taken. Bishop Talbot, of the missionary jurisdiction of Idaho and

Wyoming caused some amusement by saying that, where he finds a village overburdened with churches he does not attempt to plant one additional but he tries to buy one of those already existing. In this, he says, he has succeeded in seven different instances. This plan certainly overcomes the difficulty of appearing to add to an already too much divided Christianity and at the same time gives a footing for the good old Apostolic Church from which she may commence her missionary work.

The last question, "Devotional Reading," was well chosen for the closing session of the Congress. It seemed to calm down all ruffled feeling and to shed a holy calm upon all. The speakers were earnest in their advocacy of deepening the spiritual life of both priests and laymen and the question of "devotional reading," in this age of books, formed a capital topic for pressing their views. The Rt. Rev. Chairman, Bishop Coxe, spoke earnestly and feelingly upon such a happy close to the Congress and expressed thankfulness to God that the last thoughts connected with it were those of holiness and peace.

It will probably be two years before another Congress is held as the General Convention will be held next year in New York.

THE CANADIAN CHURCH AND FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The returns for Foreign Missions from all parts of the Ecclesiastical Province of Canada, (which does not include the North-West and British Columbia), show a decided improvement over those of last year. The result by dioceses, (giving the dioceses in the order of the amounts contributed), is as follows:

Toronto.....	\$4,180 54
Huron.....	1,586 44
Montreal.....	1,485 98
Quebec.....	1,439 98
Ontario.....	1,118 42
Nova Scotia.....	944 47
Niagara.....	893 29
Fredericton, (reports).....	476 53
Algoma.....	165 66

The returns last year were as follows, (see Vol. I. of this Magazine, p. 340):

Toronto.....	\$1,509 30
Montreal.....	1,036 20
Niagara.....	1,020 21
Quebec.....	871 18
Huron.....	787 70
Ontario.....	652 62
Nova Scotia.....	326 15
Fredericton.....	130 65
Algoma.....	94 26

It will be seen that every diocese, except Niagara, shows a decided increase this year over the returns of 1887.

When we look at the returns by parishes we find them greatly improved in character. We have collected together in the order of their contributions those parishes that contributed \$10 and up-

wards, and a reference to a similar list for 1887, found on p. 340, Vol. I., or the August '87 issue of this Magazine, will show that the amounts returned are of a higher order throughout. This is encouraging, and it may be hoped that the work of the Society instituted by the Provincial Synod is beginning to tell for good upon the Church of England in Canada. Whatever effect it may have had upon Domestic Missions, (and many of the Missionary Dioceses receive much more since its institution than they did before), it certainly has had a beneficial effect upon Foreign Missions.

The following is the classified list of parishes:

St. Michael's, Quebec.....	\$ 524 98
St. Peter's, Toronto.....	510 00
St. Matthew's, Quebec.....	289 50
St. George's, Montreal.....	208 00
Christ Church Cathedral, Hamilton, (N.).....	143 40
Church Redeemer, Toronto.....	136 93
Lindsay and Reaboro, (T.).....	133 92
St. Paul's, Toronto.....	130 00
St. James', Toronto.....	128 50
St. Paul's, Charlottetown, (N. S.).....	124 06
St. George's, Kingston, (O.).....	118 58
Trinity, St. John, N. B., (F.).....	107 83
Port Hope, St. John's, (T.).....	90 78
Montreal, St. Martin's.....	90 00
Montreal, Cathedral.....	82 63
London, St. Paul's, (H.).....	81 28
Ottawa, St. George's, (O.).....	81 04
Sherbrooke, (Q.).....	78 10
Collingwood, (T.).....	75 23
Toronto, St. George's.....	75 00
Montreal, (St. Thomas).....	68 51
Parkdale, St. Mark's, (T.).....	67 37
Toronto, Holy Trinity, (T.).....	65 56
Kingston, St. James, (O.).....	64 86
Toronto, Church Ascension, (T.).....	60 80
Montreal, St. Matthias, (M.).....	55 50
Quebec, Cathedral, (Q.).....	54 58
London, St. James' (H.).....	50 33
Ottawa, St. John's, (O.).....	49 76
Toronto, Grace Church, (T.).....	48 25
Ottawa, Christ Church, (O.).....	47 25
St. Catharines, St. George's, (N.).....	44 41
Lennoxville, Bishop's College, (Q.).....	42 50
Galt, (H.).....	42 50
Brockville, Trinity, (O.).....	41 79
Brantford, Grace Church, (H.).....	41 28
Lunenburg, (N. S.).....	40 00
Montreal, St. James', (M.).....	40 00
Charlottetown, St. Peter's, (N. S.).....	39 15
Wardsville, (H.).....	38 91
Halifax, St. Luke's, (N. S.).....	37 68
Quebec, St. Paul's, (Q.).....	36 27
Quebec, Trinity, (Q.).....	35 00
Ottawa, Woman's Auxiliary, (O.).....	33 00
Windsor, (N. S.).....	31 78
Portland, St. Paul's, (F.).....	31 35
Hamilton, All Saints', (N.).....	31 00
Peterborough, (T.).....	30 49
Fredericton, Cathedral, (F.).....	30 00
Brockville, St. Paul's, (O.).....	30 00
Quebec, St. Peter's, (Q.).....	28 23
Cobourg, (T.).....	27 38
Granby and Milton, (M.).....	27 00
Ottawa, St. Alban's (O.).....	26 64
Toronto, St. Philip's (T.).....	26 52
Montreal, Grace Church, (M.).....	26 00
Guelph, (N.).....	25 50
Hamilton, Ascension, (N.).....	25 00
Belleville, St. Thomas, (O.).....	24 82
Lennoxville, (Q.).....	24 45
Portsmouth, (O.).....	24 00
Liverpool, (N. S.).....	23 91

Halifax, St. Stephen's, (N. S.).....	23 55
Toronto, St. Anne's, (T.).....	22 95
Mahone Bay, (N. S.).....	22 75
Halifax, St. Paul's, (N. S.).....	22 70
Montreal, Trinity.....	22 18
New Edinburgh, (O.).....	22 00
Kingston, St. Paul's, (O.).....	21 35
Georgetown, (N.).....	21 00
Strathroy, (H.).....	21 00
St. John's P. Q., (M.).....	21 00
Haysville, (H.).....	20 57
Stamford, (N.).....	20 32
Woodstock, (F.).....	20 00
Laprairie, (M.).....	20 00
Sarnia, (H.).....	20 00
Carleton, St. Jude's, (F.).....	19 74
Toronto, Trinity College, (T.).....	19 69
Woodstock, (H.).....	19 46
London West, (H.).....	19 08
Toronto, Trinity E., (T.).....	19 00
Newmarket, (T.).....	18 80
Caledonia, (N.).....	18 06
Sunderland, (T.).....	18 00
York Township, (T.).....	18 00
Port Hope, Trinity College School, (T.).....	17 55
Port Dover, (H.).....	17 05
Napanee, (O.).....	17 00
Morrisburgh, (O.).....	17 00
Dartmouth, (N. S.).....	17 00
Woodstock East, (H.).....	16 87
Truro, (N. S.).....	16 60
Shelburne, (N. S.).....	16 20
Walkerton, (H.).....	16 00
Durham, (H.).....	16 00
Thorold, (N.).....	16 00
Prescott, Woman's Auxiliary, (O.).....	16 00
Mt. Forest, (N.).....	15 34
Dundas, (N.).....	15 33
Moncton, (F.).....	15 13
Montreal, St. Stephen's, (M.).....	15 10
Chippawa, (N.).....	14 95
St. Eleanor, (N. S.).....	14 68
Melbourne, St. John's, (Q.).....	14 50
Stratford, St. James', (H.).....	14 20
Saltfleet, (N.).....	14 00
Toronto, St. Stephen's, (T.).....	13 89
Niagara Falls, (N.).....	13 65
Omagh, (N.).....	13 35
Dunnville, (N.).....	13 32
Orangeville, (N.).....	13 18
Christieville, (M.).....	13 06
Clinton, (H.).....	13 05
Glanworth, (H.).....	12 50
Bo-manville, (T.).....	12 50
St. Andrew's, (F.).....	12 48
Kincardine, (H.).....	12 41
Papineauville, (M.).....	12 38
Tyrconnell, (H.).....	12 33
Montreal, St. John's, (M.).....	12 32
Waterdown, (N.).....	12 31
Milton, (N.).....	12 28
Delaware, (H.).....	12 11
Da'housesic, (F.).....	12 00
St. Catharines, St. George's, (N.).....	12 00
Clarendon, (M.).....	12 00
Andover, (F.).....	12 00
London, Chapter House, (H.).....	11 75
Millbank, (H.).....	11 51
Ancaster, (N.).....	11 34
Reviere du Loup, (Q.).....	11 33
Windsor, (H.).....	11 00
Compton, (Q.).....	11 00
Knowlton, (M.).....	11 00
Meaford, (H.).....	11 17
Buckingham, (M.).....	11 16
Matilda, (O.).....	10 94
Hanover, (H.).....	10 76
Smith's Falls, (O.).....	10 70

Scaforth, (H.).....	10 70
Springfield, (F.).....	10 67
London Township, (H.).....	10 65
Edwardsburgh, (O.).....	10 93
Tangier, (N. S.).....	10 83
Toronto, St. John's, (T.).....	10 50
Palmerston, (N.).....	10 50
Paisley, (H.).....	10 50
Sussex, (F.).....	10 46
Waterloo, (M.).....	10 45
Bullock's Corners, (N.).....	10 30
Hull, (M.).....	10 25
St. Thomas, Trinity.....	10 01
Georgetown, (N. S.).....	10 00
Chatham, (H.).....	10 00
Barton, (N.).....	10 00
Bedford, (M.).....	10 00
Sorel, (M.).....	10 00
West Farnham, (M.).....	10 00
London Memorial Church, (H.).....	10 00

Woman's Auxiliary Department.

"The love of Christ constraineth us"

Communications relating to this Department should be addressed
Mrs. Tilton, 521 Cooper Street, Ottawa.

ALGOMA DIOCESE.

The first annual meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary for the Diocese of Algoma was held at Sault Ste Marie on Oct. 24th, opening with a hymn and prayer by the Incumbent. The attendance was very large—the minutes of the last meeting were read and adopted. The Secretary's report, as follows, was read and adopted:—

"Since the organization of our Society just a year ago, there have been held the regular monthly meetings, besides which there have been two special meetings. We have for our standard the printed rules and regulations of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada, which have been carried out as nearly as possible. Our membership at present numbers thirty-three.

The first actual work done by the society, was clothing made for an old and needy parishioner to the amount of \$3.15. Also a surplice was made for Korah Church. The next was that carried on by a number of our members during Lent, toward an apron sale which was held in Easter week. The proceeds of the sale, all expenses having been paid, amounted to \$153.27. Of this amount \$135 is now on deposit; \$12 was sent to the Nepigon Mission and the remainder kept in the treasury. At the present time we have in the treasury \$31.42; outstanding dues, \$6.65, making a sum total of \$163.07. The sum of twenty dollars was voted at our last meeting for the benefit of some foreign mission, as yet undecided. I may add that our work as a society has been entirely new to all our members, with one or two exceptions, and anything that has been left undone in the past year has not been from any want of willingness on our part, but from a lack of knowledge and experience in our work. Financially, the so-

ciety's work has been a success, as our report shows, but in the coming year we hope for a large increase of membership, and thus, with God's blessing, to accomplish a much greater and better work than in the past."

The business part of the meeting was then proceeded with, in which the officers of last year were re-elected as follows:—Honorary President, Mrs. Sullivan; President, Mrs. Greene; Vice-President, Mrs. Abbott; Secretary, Mrs. A. Bennetts; Treasurer, Mrs. Burden.

His Lordship, the Bishop of Algoma, then addressed the meeting, speaking words of both praise and counsel to the members in regard to their past and future works, urging them on to be earnest and persevering. He gave also a most interesting account of the Church and its work throughout the Diocese.

The Rev. F. W. Greene, then in a few words told His Lordship of the great encouragement he had received, from and through the Society. He felt that they were doing what they could for their Master. But this was not all they were doing—they—the society, were creating a Christian spirit and friendly feeling among the congregation, which was being felt by all.

His Lordship then pronounced the benediction, and thus closed one of the happiest meetings of the St. Luke's Women's Auxiliary Society that they have ever held.

A. V. BENNETTS, Secretary.

CHINA.

C. E. Z. SOCIETY'S REPORT.

We have been looking forward to the time when our ladies of Foochow, the Misses Newcombe, would be so able to master the difficult language of the country, as to be capable of taking an active part in the mission work going on round them, under the supervision of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, of the Church Missionary Society, this time has arrived. They are proceeding to Ku Chung, a district in the Fakhlen province, to visit the people, look after the Girl's Day School, and the Bible-woman, and the new Women's Training Home, and the Girl's Boarding School, which has been recently opened. As a society we are nobly at work for the Lord in a small way, in that vast heathen country.

We have been able to reinforce our staff at Foochow this year by two more ladies, Miss Davies and Miss Bradshaw, the former being selected from our Training Home, to take the place of Miss Hankin, who unfortunately was prevented from going by sickness, the latter, Miss Bradshaw, is sent and supported by our friends in Dublin. We know how long it takes for any one to master the language so as to be able efficiently to carry on Christian work, we therefore need to send as many ladies to do the work as we can, that they may be qualifying in this difficult matter. One house at Foochow has proved a great boon. Miss New-

combe wrote some time since that they took possession of their new home in April, 1887, dedicating it to God's service by a prayer meeting, to which all missionaries, English and American, were invited. A new native hospital in Foochow was opened on the Jubilee, having a woman's ward. This will be a great sphere for our ladies. Village work is also reported to be opened all round.

IN writing upon the progress already made in the Sioux Mission Mr. Burman says:—"How happy are they who in these days of haste and toil learn the true spirit of the command, 'Be not therefore anxious for the morrow, for the morrow will be anxious for itself.' You will be glad to learn that our school project is prospering. Plans are now being prepared for the buildings, and we hope to see them begun very soon. God willing, we hope to begin active operations, early next year. A very fine site has been secured on the banks of the Red River, six miles below Winnipeg. May we ask that you will kindly join your prayers to ours, that God will prosper our work, and raise up many helpers in it. We have already had several tokens of His providence and love in offers of help. Two of them desire special mention. In one case an appeal (such as accompanies this letter) reached an English parsonage, it was torn up and consigned to the waste-paper basket. A little while after, the intolerance of the Turkish Government, put a stop to work in Palestine, being helped by this parish, and the friends of missions in it, turning their minds to other heathen lands, happily remembered our needs. They now offer to assist annually in the support of a girl. Another helper has been found in an Ontario farmer who paid (what would have been called) a chance visit three years ago. Not having money to give he has sent me a valuable lot of apples to sell for the benefit of our work. These are distinct and specially encouraging answers to prayer. We shall be very thankful if you can assist us, either directly, or by interesting others, in our work. Many friends, who do not realize the size of the country, have asked me, if the new school ("St. Paul's," we call it) will clash with Mr. Wilson's work at Shingwauk, or Elkhorn. I can say more distinctly, No, to this question. Apart from the fact that Mr. Wilson and I are mutually desirous of helping each other, Shingwauk is 500 miles east, and Elkhorn 200 miles west of St. Paul's. Each school will supply the needs of distinct districts, with, generally speaking, distinct races of Indians. We would be more thankful if friends would undertake to make or supply clothing, during the winter, so that we may have them all ready, when the children come to us. We should be grateful if those, who do this, would undertake some definite number of things, and would kindly let us know what and how many garments they hope to supply, we would then be able to estimate the amount of clothing we are likely to possess in the spring.

God's Treasury Department.

WHAT proportion of our increase should we give to God? This is a question that is settled for us in our opinion in the Bible. The *smallest proportion* is one-tenth. It was this that Abraham gave to Melchizedek, Priest of the Most High God. And it is from him that Jesus Christ derives his priesthood. He is a priest forever, after the order of Melchizedek. We don't know who that mysterious person was, but he was some one for whom Abraham evidently had a very high regard. We do know, however, who Jesus Christ is. He is our Great High Priest, who to-day is making intercession for us in Heaven. And he is a great deal to us. All our spiritual strength has come from him. To him we owe everything. Never till the end of time shall we know how much we owe to him. What shall we render back to him? In the light of his undying love for us, how little, how insignificant does even a tenth of all our increase seem! To help missions, to build churches, to give children religious instruction, to aid Sunday Schools, to relieve the distressed and suffering poor, surely demands at least a tenth of all our increase.

No one would dispute the moral obligation that all Christians are under to give *at least* a tenth of their increase, were it not that there are enemies which raise their hard heads against it. Three of these we may now mention.

The first is Habit. Men who are wealthy to-day give no more than when they were poor. God's law says, "If riches increase set not your heart on them." Habit says, "If riches increase use them all for selfish ends." But this certainly is not the law of God. It is by the first fruits of all our increase that we are to honor Him, and nothing regulates this better than a systematic plan of always giving a certain set proportion of what comes in to us, because we give then in proportion to what we get. As we prosper, God's cause prospers through us. God gets the benefit of our increase.

The second enemy is Extravagance. This robs God: it is a deadly enemy. If Christians would live in true Christian simplicity they would have much more for God's treasury than they have; but pride makes them want great things and grand things, and they waste on their own perishing bodies what would accomplish untold good. To be penurious is mean; to be economical is right and fair, and if we are economical because we wish to have something to give to God, it is Christ-like and noble.

Another enemy which lifts its sledge-hammer arm against systematic giving is Covetousness. If there is a man who might be exempt from giving a tenth of all his increase it is the poor day laborer who gets a small income and works hard for it. To take from a laborer ten cents for every dollar that he gets in return for a hard day's work seems to leave him but little to live upon. His chance of earning anything depends upon the weather and

his own strength. On a wet day or when he is sick he gets nothing. But for those with large incomes how much they can give, and how much will still be left behind! A man gets \$300 a month; he reserves \$30 to give away, and he has \$270 for his wants; he gets \$500; he puts away \$50 as his tenth, and he has \$450 left; and yet he will not even do this; he must use it all to make his income bigger. This is covetousness; and the Master's words on that should not miss their aim upon us. "Take heed and beware of covetousness, for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

Systematic giving has these enemies and many more. Let us kill them. A man does not know the true pleasure of giving till he gives a set portion of everything he gets. Thank God men are beginning to realize this as their privilege. It is a privilege which those who try it would on no account resign.

Books and Periodicals Dept.

Catechism of Church History; The Young Churchman's Second Catechism; Church Teaching for Little Ones. Milwaukee, The Young Churchman Co.

These three catechisms for senior, middle and junior classes are admirably adapted for Sunday School teaching. The first supplies a need which many clergymen and Sunday School superintendents have felt, that of some simple manual to put into the hands of older scholars by which they may learn something of early Christian history. The other two for junior children are arranged on the plan of the Christian year, giving the history of our Lord and other events of the New Testament connected with the different seasons. They are all arranged on an excellent plan for the instruction of the young.

The *Missionary Review of the World* for December closes a volume of 974 royal octavo pages of extraordinary interest and value. One will be surprised, we are sure, when he scans the Table of Contents, for the volume is a missionary library in itself and a grand cyclopedia of missions. The literature and the facts of missionary enterprise are well brought together and classified. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, 18 and 20 Astor Place, New York. \$2 per year; 25 cents for single numbers. In clubs of ten \$1.50.

Literature. An illustrated weekly magazine giving useful information regarding authors and their works. It is valuable alone for its selections of brief readings that it gives from different works of value. John B. Alden, Publisher, 393 Pearl street, New York.

Medical Work in Foreign Missions, a useful little pamphlet on this important subject, published by the "Missionary Club," 82 Seneca street, Buffalo, N. Y.