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THE LAMBETH COUNCIL ON FOREIGN MISSIONS.



HE usual Encyclical has been issued by the Primate of all England, President of the Council, in accordance with the wishes of the Archbishops and Bishops lately assembled in the Lambeth Council, addressed "To the Faithful in Christ Jesus," and from it we give our readers the utterances of their Lordships upon the work with which we are more immediately concerned. Under the title "Foreign Missions" the letter reads:

"Lastly, we come to the subject of foreign missions, the work that at the present time stands in the first rank of all the tasks we have to fulfil. We have especial reasons to be thankful to God for the awakened and increasing zeal of our whole communion for this primary work of the Church, the work for which the Church was commissioned by our Lord. For some centuries it may be said we have slumbered. The duty has not been quite forgotten, but it has been remembered only by individuals and societies; the body as a whole has taken no part. The Book of Common Prayer contains very few prayers for missionary work. It hardly seems to have been present to the minds of our great authorities and leaders in compiling that book, that the matter should be in the thoughts of everyone who calls himself a Christian, and that no ordinary service should be considered complete which did not plead amongst other things for the spread of the Gospel. We are beginning, though only beginning, to see what the Lord would have us do. He is opening the whole world to our easy access, and as He opens the way He is opening our eyes to see it, and to see His beckoning hand.

In preaching His Gospel to the world we have to deal with one great religious body, which holds the truth in part but not in its fullness, the Jews; with another which holds fragments of the truth embodied in a mass of falsehood, the Mahomedans; and with various races which hold inherited beliefs ranging down to the merest fetishism. In dealing with all these it is certainly right to recognize whatsoever good they may contain. But it is necessary to be cautious lest that good, such

as it is, be so exaggerated as to lead us to allow that any purified form of any one of them can ever be in any sense a substitute for the gospel. The Gospel is not merely the revelation of the highest morality; it reveals also the wonderful love of God in Christ, and contains the promise of that grace by Him by which alone the highest moral life is possible to man. And without the promise of that grace it would not be the Gospel at all.

The Jews seem to deserve from us more attention than they have hitherto received. The difficulties of the work of converting the Jews are very great, but the greatest of all difficulties springs from the indifference of Christians to the duty of bringing them to Christ. They are the Lord's own kin, and He commanded that the Gospel should first be preached to them. But Christians generally are much more interested in the conversion of the Gentiles. The conversion of the Jews is also much hindered by the severe persecutions to which Jewish converts are often exposed from their own people, and it is sometimes necessary to see to their protection if they are persuaded to join us. It seems probable that the English-speaking people can do more than any others in winning them, and, although Jewish converts have one advantage in their knowledge of their own people, yet they are put at a great disadvantage by the extremely strong prejudice which the Jews entertain against those who have left them for Christ. It seems best that both Jews and Gentiles should be employed in the work.

For preaching to the Mahomedans very careful preparation is needed. The men who are to do the work must study their character, their history, and their creed. The Mahomedans must be approached with the greatest care to do them justice. What is good in their belief must be acknowledged to the full, and used as a foundation on which to build the structure of Christian truth. They have been most obstinate in opposing Christian faith, but there seem now to be openings for reaching their consciences. It is easier for them to join us than it was. In some lands the intolerance, which was their great bulwark, is showing indications of giving way. In India the Christian and the Mahomedan meet on equal terms, and a Mahomedan can become a Christian without

danger to his life. It seems as if the time for approaching them had come, and that the call to approach them was made especially on ourselves. To this end it is necessary that we should have the services of men specially trained for the purpose. Such men will, as it seems, be most effective if working from strong centres, such as are to be found in Delhi, Lucknow, and Haiderabad (Deccan). To find such men and urge them to the work; to provide for their thorough training in proper colleges, and to send them forth, never singly, but, if possible, in large groups, appears to be the best means of dealing with the whole Mahomedan body.

The remaining religions of the world require a varied treatment in accordance with the circumstances of each particular case. It is often said that we ought to aim at developing native churches as speedily as possible. But it is necessary to move with caution in this matter. It is of real importance to impress the converts from the first with a sense that the Church is their own and not a foreign Church and for that purpose to give them some share in the local management and the financial support of the body which they have joined. But before it is justifiable to give them independent action it is necessary to wait until they have acquired that sense of duty which is needed to keep them in the right way. They must have learned to realize the high moral standard of the Gospel in their ordinary lives, and they must have learned to fulfil the universal duty of maintaining their own ministry. Nothing ought to be laid on them but what is of the essence of the faith or belongs to the order of the Catholic Church, but they should be perpetually impressed with the necessity of holding the Catholic faith in its integrity and maintaining their unity with the Catholic body. That unity should be sought first in the unity of the diocese, and when members of the Church move from diocese to diocese they should be supplied with letters of commendation to persons who will interest themselves in the spiritual welfare of such travellers.


The work of foreign missions may occasionally bring about apparent collision between different churches within our communion.

In all such cases pains should be taken to prevent as far as possible, the unseemliness of two bishops exercising their jurisdiction in the same place, and the synods concerned ought, in our judgment, to make canons or pass resolutions to secure this object. Where there has been already an infringement of the rule, the bishops must make all the endeavors they can to adjust the matter for the time. In all cases we are of opinion that if any new foreign missionary jurisdiction be contemplated, notification be sent to all metropolitans and presiding bishops before any practical steps are taken.

We think it our duty to declare that in the foreign mission field, where signal spiritual blessings have attended the labors of missionaries not connected with our communion, a special obligation has arisen to avoid, as far as possible without compromise of principle, whatever tends to prevent the due growth and manifestations of that "unity of the spirit" which should ever mark the Church of Christ.

In conclusion, we commend to the consideration of all our churches the suggestions contained in the report of the committee on foreign missions as to the relation of missionary bishops and clergy to missionary societies.

THE DUTY OF THE CHURCH TO THE COLONIES.

 THE Pastoral Letter of the Archbishops and Bishops assembled in the Lambeth Conference clearly recognizes, we are glad to note, the need for continued assistance on the part of the Home Church and Societies to at least *some* of the Colonies. The Encyclical says:

"We have just spoken of one of the duties which the Church owes to the colonies, that of aiding in establishing colleges and scholarships for the instruction of colonial students in theology, but there are others of no small importance. It is a duty of the colonies to encourage the freest and fullest communication of spiritual life between the churchmen at home and the churchmen abroad, and especially between the clergy. Clergymen well fitted for colonial service are not always well fitted for home service, and clergymen well fitted for home service are not always well fitted for colonial. And this must to a certain extent, put a restraint on free exchange of clergy between the two services. But subject to this necessary caution, it is good for the Church that men should go from the one service to the other, and under proper regulations this ought not to be difficult.

To this claim of the colonies must be added the claim on behalf of some of them for continued and, if possible, increased pecuniary aid. Many of the colonial churches cannot yet stand alone. The provision of colleges and schools and of endowments for bishoprics and the like, though we are bound to contemplate its withdrawal in course of time, yet must be maintained for the present, if we do not wish the work already done to be undone for want of funds. The colonists are our own kin, and we cannot leave them to drift away from the Church of their fathers. And the demands on us will inevitably increase. God is opening to us every day new gates of access to the heathen world and we must enter those gates, and yet what we are already doing will still need to be

done if we are to be true to the call which the Lord is making.

Again, it is our duty, and must continue for sometime to be our duty, to do what we can for the Christian care of immigrants on their way, as well as to supply them with letters of commendation addressed to those who will take an interest in their spiritual welfare. And, finally, it is an imperative duty to give all possible assistance to the bishops and clergy of the colonies in their endeavors to protect the native races from the introduction among them of demoralizing influences, especially the mischief of the trade in intoxicating liquors and noxious drugs.

Our duties to the colonies in all spiritual matters are undeniably heavy. But the great task of evangelizing the human race is largely put upon us, and we cannot shrink from bearing the burden.

EXCUSES.



AKE church-going and store-going. Every morning the man is at his business; nothing keeps him from it but the grip of some disease which will not let him out of the house. He may feel inert, but he goes. He may have a headache, but off he starts, and when he is there how interested he is, how absorbed, how alert, how devoted. That is store-going. And now take the same man, and look at his church-going. What a contrast! "I have a little headache; I do not think I will go to church." "It rains hard, and it is so cold; I will not venture out." "I feel tired; I will stay at home and rest." And often when he goes, how he lolls about and looks around and lets his mind wander. Yes, you say, but one is business to which we must attend; we will lose our place or our money; and the other is—well, what is it? Is it an important thing? Is it not God's business? Is it not a very holy, a very solemn, a very urgent affair? Does not the welfare of the soul depend very much upon it? Can it be neglected with impunity? Think of those words of your Master in Malachi: "A son honoreth his father, and a servant his master; if, then, I be a father, where is mine honor, and if I be a master, where is my fear?"—*Clinton Locke.*

THE S. P. G.'S GRANTS FOR 1898.

(The Mission Fields.)

IT is a subject for thankfulness that the Society has been able, at the annual distribution of its resources, to make provision for several important needs of the Missions.

In consequence of some reductions in certain grants, corresponding sums, amounting

to £1,530, have been applied to the increase of existing block grants—*e. g.*, that to Mashonaland receives £800, and the North China Mission at Tientsin £200. Other new annual grants are, £300 for two new missionaries for Rewarri and Kurnaul in the diocese of Lahore, £80 for an additional member for the Dublin University Brotherhood in Chhota Nagpur, and £150 for the extension of the work in North Borneo and the Straits Settlements.

In addition to what are called "block" grants, about ten thousand pounds have been voted in four pound and twenty pound grants, which are called "single sums."

The long-needed clergy-house for the Mission at Bombay is at last coming into sight. Ground in an eligible position has been secured, and a grant of £1,500 for a house to be erected on it will supply what has long been needed, and will also save the cost of annual rent. Again, in Canada, the system of reducing the annual grants is being continued, but to the five dioceses of Algoma, Rupertsland, Saskatchewan and Calgary, Qu'Appelle, and New Westminster, £1,250 is voted—not as counter balancing the reductions for next year, which only amount to £410 in four of these dioceses, and New Westminster is not reduced at all—but as a kind of parting gift to enable the dioceses to adjust themselves to the change of circumstances caused by the gradual withdrawal of the Society's block grant.

To two of the West Indian dioceses new grants are made. To the Windward Islands in their poverty £700 is given, which is to be spent in four years in helping to maintain clergymen in the most needy districts of the islands. Trinidad is to have £150 a year for three years in response to the Bishop's representation of the need for a missionary for Toco, Trois Roches, and Grand Rivers. America and the West Indies are thus to have £2,400, in addition to £12,222 under the head of annual grants.

We turn now to Africa, and note as the first new grant, one of £50 a year for three years for the Railway Mission in the diocese of Grahamstown, carried on by the Rev. D. Ellison. For St. John's diocese (Kaffraria) there is an addition of £200 a year for four years for the extension of the work. Natal is to have £80 a year for five years for the extension of missions in the Ladysmith district. Zululand gets an additional £150 a year, so that more work may be carried on under native teachers. For developing the work among the Bechuana, £60 a year for five years is voted to the diocese of Bloemfontein, and £116 is assigned from a Special Fund to the endowment of the bishopric of Mashonaland.

South Africa will thus have £2,366 in exceptional grants in addition to £20,000 in annual grants. It is an enormous problem of Missionary work that this expenditure is designed to forward. The Church among the English colonists is indeed fairly strong in the majority of the dioceses, and the Society's help to this class of work has for some years been lessened by degrees. But on the other hand there are new settlements, having their origin in gold discoveries, or other enterprises, where the Church has to be helped in the early days. Then the Missions to the natives offer opportunities as vast as they are encouraging. Thousands of Pondos, Basutos, Bechuanas, Fingoes, Zulus, Swazies, Mashona, Matabili, and other races and tribes are, though under British rule or British protection, still awaiting under heathen bondage the extension to them of that spiritual guiding and enfranchisement which many of their brethren already enjoy.

When we consider the grants for Asia we find some which have a connection with the additional annual grants mentioned above. Thus £60 is for the passage and outfit of the additional member of the Dublin Brotherhood, whose stipend has been provided for, and £120 is for like expenditure in correspondence with the grant for two new missionaries in the diocese of Lahore. The sum of £446 is to put the diocese of Singapore in a sound financial position with regard to the new work undertaken there. It will be remembered that £150 was added to the annual grant to this diocese, which includes the whole island of Borneo. We have already mentioned the vote for the erection of a clergy-house for Bombay. The sum of £200 is voted for the necessary repairs of St. John's College, Rangoon, and £300 has been reserved in view of the need of providing for some little time at the rate of £100 a year for an honored Missionary whose health broke down in North China.

Asia has thus £2,626 provided for it, in addition to £44,165 in annual grants. Its needs are of course immense. Alike in Assam in the east, in the Mahratta country to the west, in Chhotta Nagpur, in Bengai, and in the Telugu country and Tinnevely towards the south, India wants more men in all the Missions. Japan as the Bishops of South Tokyo and Osaka have both pleaded, has many towns untouched by missionary effort, as, of course, North China has also.

A further group of grants has to be noticed, and it is a noticeable one, for it relates to Australasia. To a great extent the Society's work is done there. No more thankworthy fruit of the help it has rendered in time past could there be, than that of which the evidence is, that help is needed no longer. Still there

are in Australia places needing help, and these the Society cannot overlook, as it remembers its primary responsibility for planting the Church among our own people. Prosperity—in the shape of a rush for gold—and adversity in drought, or in bank failures, have alike made it difficult for the Church to expand as rapidly as the occupation of the land proceeds. It will be remembered how strong an appeal the Bishop of Riverina made last year. It reached the Society after the grants had been made, but now it is possible to give the Bishop (for four years) the £200 a year for which he asked, and enable him to provide for itinerating clergymen. He wrote:—

“(1) Our own people are scattered over a diocese of 100,000 square miles, *i. e.*, larger than the whole of Great Britain. For this enormous area we have *fifteen* clergy. These have, as the centre of their individual operations, the larger townships. They minister to the people in the towns and as much of the surrounding bush as they can manage. In town they have their little church; in the bush they hold services in the shearing shed, in the cottage, or in the hut. You can well understand that many families are never reached at all. At one of the last baptismal services which I held there were five children of one family, varying in age from 16 downwards. There are families that see a clergyman once in twelve months, and we are terribly conscious that there are many others who never have even this attention. Whose fault is it? It most certainly is not ours. How can we, sixteen of us in all, work this enormous area of 100,000 square miles? A few months ago a most pathetic letter was addressed to headquarters stating that the district from which it came had not been visited for years. I quote its closing sentence, written in almost a frenzy: ‘If we were negroes in South Africa or South Sea Islanders, if we were the vilest heathen races, then we might hope for some attention; but because we are white men, forced out into the wild bush, no one cares for us. We may lead the life of animals, and die the death of dogs.’ Again I say, whose fault is it? Not until one of these same people offered to board and lodge a man for a year could anyone be sent. Board and lodging is not the principal expense; travelling in these drought-stricken regions is terribly dear, but we gladly accepted the offer, and sent a man. I am fearfully conscious that there are scores of such instances. But what can we do? We want more men and more money.

“(2) We do what we can for the aborigines. One out of our fifteen clergy gives a large portion of his time especially to them. They are *not* the hopeless beings that some imagine.

They may be dying out (murdered by our vices), but we dare not neglect them *because* they are a dying race. We can tell them of a future life. We can say to them that God is not a cruel demon, as they imagine. We can give them power over the wicked spirits which they think prompt them to evil deeds. But how can we, sixteen of us, at all adequately undertake the task? We want more men and more money.

"(3) We have a special mission to the Chinese, who are among us in large numbers. We have a baptised Chinaman, a most genuine and splendid fellow, doing his utmost for his own people. The Chinese are ever passing to and fro between Australia and China. This, then, is a splendid vantage-ground, a magnificent opportunity that God has placed before us. If only we can influence the Chinese here in Australia, I am convinced we shall be doing a great deal towards the conversion of China. We may make these immigrant Chinese become missionary agents in their own land. But how can we, with our one solitary catechist, at all adequately do this work? We want more men and more money. This is my sad refrain."

A sum of £800 is also voted to the diocese of Rockhampton, £300 of it for itinerating clergymen for three years, and £500 for the endowment of the see. In this vast but straggling diocese there are only twelve clergymen. Perth, the diocese of Western Australia, to which thousands of immigrants are going week by week, is to have £100 a year for three years towards the maintenance of additional clergymen, and Ballarat has £300 for the maintenance during the present year of clergymen in poor districts in the bush. It is many years since New Zealand appeared in the list of the grants of the Society; but £500 is now voted towards the further endowment of the See of Dunedin by the purchase of a residence for the Bishop, on condition that the whole cost (£3,500) is raised before the end of next year. Australasia is thus to have £2,700 in exceptional, as well as £1,650 in annual, grants.

We have now completed our rapid survey of the new grants which the Society has been enabled to make towards the furtherance of the work which is laid upon it, the propagation of the Gospel. It is with feelings of thankfulness that we record them. It is with thankfulness that we recall how richly the blessing of God has been bestowed on the work of previous years. Would that, in confidence in a like abundance of results, we at home would enable the Society to occupy with scores of additional missionaries the fields where there is work ready for them to do!

We append a statement of the grants in the


usual form. The left hand money column shows the annual grants as now revised; the middle column the exceptional grants now voted, and the third shows the amounts, which, having been previously voted for the year 1898, are additional to those stated in the other columns.

| Diocese or Mission. | Annual Grant | Exceptional Grant | Previously voted for 1898 |
|--------------------------------------|--------------|-------------------|---------------------------|
| | £ | £ | £ |
| Montreal..... | 163 | | |
| Quebec..... | 800 | | |
| Algoma..... | 689 | 250 | |
| Fredericton..... | 608 | | |
| Nova Scotia..... | 200 | | |
| Newfoundland..... | 2,131 | | |
| Rupert's Island..... | 1,215 | 250 | |
| Qu'Appelle..... | 711 | 250 | |
| Saskatchewan and Calgary..... | 1,080 | 250 | |
| Caledonia..... | 430 | | |
| New Westminster..... | 600 | 250 | 150 |
| Nassau..... | 500 | | |
| Antigua..... | 800 | | 50 |
| Guiana..... | 770 | | |
| Windward Islands..... | 100 | 700 | 175 |
| Trinidad..... | 675 | 450 | 150 |
| Honduras..... | 750 | | 200 |
| Sierra Leone..... | 280 | | |
| Cape de Verde..... | 100 | | |
| Cape Town..... | 1,100 | | |
| Grahamstown..... | 2,670 | 150 | 50 |
| St. John's..... | 3,630 | 800 | 400 |
| Natal..... | 2,175 | 400 | 80 |
| Zululand..... | 1,100 | 600 | 150 |
| St. Helena..... | 275 | | |
| Bloemfontein..... | 2,050 | 300 | 60 |
| Mashonaland..... | 1,100 | *116 | |
| Pretoria..... | 900 | | |
| Lembobo..... | | | 940 |
| Mauritius..... | 870 | | |
| Madagascar..... | 3,750 | 150 | |
| Calcutta..... | 3,875 | | |
| Lucknow..... | 2,538 | | |
| Jammu, Cashmere..... | 80 | | |
| Chhotto Nagpur..... | 2,860 | 60 | 400 |
| Rangoon..... | 5,280 | 200 | |
| Lahore..... | 2,865 | 120 | |
| Madras..... | 8,730 | | |
| Tinnevely and Madura..... | 5,170 | | |
| Bombay..... | 5,325 | 1,500 | |
| Colombo..... | 1,000 | | |
| Singapore..... | 3,860 | 446 | |
| North China..... | 1,100 | 300 | |
| Corea..... | 150 | | 1,500 |
| South Tokyo..... | 1,882 | | |
| Osaka..... | 1,450 | | |
| Riverina..... | | 800 | 200 |
| Rockhampton..... | | 800 | 200 |
| Perth..... | 500 | 300 | 387 |
| Ballarat..... | | 300 | |
| Norfolk Island..... | 50 | | |
| Fiji..... | 250 | | |
| Honolulu..... | 850 | | |
| Dunedin..... | | 500 | |
| Constantinople..... | 150 | | |
| Continental Chaplaincies..... | 300 | | 200 |
| Missionary Candidates' expenses..... | 30 | | |
| | £80,517 | £10,092 | £5,442 |

*Assigned from a Special Fund.

SOME THOUGHTS FROM THE BISHOP OF ALGOMA ON HIS LATE VISIT TO ENGLAND.

(Contributed by our request.—Ed.)

 HE year of grace, 1897, will not soon be forgotten by English people and English churchmen; for the glorious reign of our beloved Sovereign then reached the limit of its sixtieth year, exceeding in duration all other English reigns; and, amid circumstances in every respect unique, the Empire on that bright summer day, the 22nd June, paid due homage to the Empress Queen, and lifted up its mighty heart to God in thanksgiving for His surpassing goodness!

Never can they who were privileged to witness it forget the marvellous pageant which culminated in the service before St. Paul's Cathedral; or the quiet but dignified figure of the noble woman who formed the centre of all that glittering throng.

But to Churchmen it was far more than a mere spectacle. It was an acknowledgment that nationally, no less than individually, "all we have and are" is of God. It was a reminder that our Nation's wonderful development in the past, and whatever of Imperial greatness lies before it in the future is, in some way, wrapped up with the well being and progress of the historic Church of England.

What else meant the solemn pause of the great Jubilee procession in front of the grand mother church of the Empire? What else meant the offering of prayers and praises, at that point, by the Archbishop of Canterbury and other Dignitaries of the Church, while in official dress the Prelates from every part of the Anglican Communion assisted, by their presence, representing the con-current action of the whole Body of Christ in the Empire? It was surely a beautiful and significant touch in the great Drama of the Diamond Jubilee that, at the very place and moment, wherein all that was brightest and gayest in that gorgeous ceremonial reached its culminating point, the whole vast pageantry should come to a standstill and bow itself before the representatives of the Majesty of Heaven!

No wonder that, at such a moment, many an eye should be dimmed with moisture and many a heart oppressed with emotion. "I have had a lump in my throat all through the ceremony," said a dignitary of the Church turning round to me after all was ended.

The Jubilee over it seemed quite a natural thing—another phase, as it were, of the great celebration—that the Bishops of the Anglican Communion should meet together in what is known as the "Lambeth Conference" to consider "how best the Church may discharge the responsibilities entrusted to her of God."

And it seemed quite the right thing in connection with the conference to make that wonderfully interesting and suggestive pilgrimage to Ebb's Fleet, Richboro, and Canterbury, the starting points of Augustinian missionary work; and, later on, that equally interesting visitation of Glastonbury, the centre of an older Christianity still. For thus were emphasized the beginning and the progressive stages of these religious forces which combined to mould the life and institutions of the nation, and which, embodied in the historic Church of England, are, under God, to mould the future fortunes of our Empire.

And so when the Conference met in the ancient palace at Lambeth, representing the mind of the great Anglican Communion it manifested as a matter of course in all its utterances a deep sense of the great issues hanging upon its deliberations; a strong conviction of the special mission of our Communion to the whole English speaking race; a brotherly yearning for truer unity among all Christian people; and a determination to leave nothing undone, which could be done without violation of principle, to secure the great ends for which the Church exists—the evangelization of the world and the glory of Almighty God!

The debates in the council chamber at Lambeth were of course of a private nature: but it need be no secret that self-restraint and zeal for God's will were prominent features of those debates, moving every heart and controlling every tongue in the interests of "brotherly union and concord."

From such a conference assuredly the very best results may be anticipated!

And the sense of responsibility to God which found National expression in the Jubilee service at St. Paul's, and which so specially characterized the conference of Bishops at Lambeth shows itself unmistakably in the life and character of the Church at large.

To one who went to England, as I did, for the double purpose of attending the Lambeth Conference and promoting a special missionary work it was very encouraging to find a great and growing interest in Missions possessing the Church of England mind. Of course this state of things is by no means universal. Far from it. It is but the first dawning of the day yet to come, when all churchmen will be zealous missionaries. But far and wide throughout the English Church it seems to me individuals and parishes are awakening, as never before since the early days of the Church, to the duty of extending the influence of the Gospel.

Going about as I did, almost a stranger in the land, appealing to English church-people to help a diocese of whose very name and position many were utterly ignorant, I cannot help thinking it significant that on every hand

ears and hearts—yes doors and purses were open to me; and that everywhere my words were listened to with interest and sympathy as I recounted the needs of the sturdy but struggling colonist, and the claims of the poor benighted Indian.

To hosts of individual Churchmen and to the great societies of the Church Algoma was not an alien to be treated with cold indifference, but a fellow member in the great Body of Christ, to be supported and nourished in its weakness with the best assistance it was in their power to give. From the pulpits of various churches, and at drawing room gatherings and garden parties, here and there, I told the story of our needs—of the debt of nearly £700 upon our mission fund, and of the special financial trials of our various newly established missions. And with cheerful readiness and liberality, notwithstanding the unwonted demands of this Jubilee year, those who heard me contributed more than £400 towards our necessities—£300 being for the debt, and the remainder for special purposes.

The S.P.C.K. and S.P.G. also responded most generously to my appeals. The former society gave me, in addition to certain local grants, *ten scholarships of ten pounds each per annum*, for the Shingwauk Home, our school for Indian boys—this with a view to relieving the mission fund; *£100 towards the rebuilding of the Wawanosh Home* for Indian girls, and best of all *£1000 for the formation of an endowment fund* for paying the missionaries stipends.

This last benefaction is an inspiring one. So far our clergy stipends have been gathered from various, and somewhat uncertain sources. We do not possess a single dollar of endowment. From quarter to quarter it has been a question not easily answered where the next payments were to come from. And this haphazard provision for the payment of the clergy—this “hand to mouth” style of living—entailing as it has done upon the responsible authorities an unspeakable burden of anxiety, has beyond doubt had much to do with the breaking down of the first two Bishops of Algoma. Now we have set before us the distinct purpose and hope of an endowment fund, which, as it grows will take the place of the liberality of the Church and form a guarantee of the permanence of our work.

It is indeed an inspiring offer, but it is one which lays a heavy responsibility upon us. The promised grant of £1000 is payable only when we shall have raised £9000 to meet it! And it holds good only for a period of five short years! It is true there is a *possibility*, in case of great necessity, of obtaining its renewal for a second five years. It is also true that it is payable by proportionate installments to meet such portions of the whole amount as we may

be able to raise within the specified time. But the conditions are serious ones and should lead Algoma herself and her friends in every quarter to strain every nerve until the required sum is raised. It must be our great purpose. Only by such an endowment can the strain upon the Bishop be permanently relieved. Only by such an endowment can the work be permanently established and the Church at large freed from the burden of our support.

The S.P.G. has also been very generous to us making a special grant of £250 which it is understood is to be applied to the endowment above referred to; and, out of the Marriott Bequest, a further sum of *£725 for church building and other special purposes*. This latter grant, it will be noticed, represents extension of work, rather than relief of present necessities. A strong appeal was made to induce this society to reconsider its decision as to the speedy withdrawal of Canadian grants. There were not wanting signs that this appeal would not be made in vain.

A third society, the Colonial and Continental Church Society, which has for years given liberal aid to Algoma gave kindly assurance through the secretary, the Rev. Canon Hurst, of its willingness to continue such aid undiminished.

A further evidence of the missionary zeal of English Church people was given me in the willingness of men and women, especially of the latter, to band themselves together in what we call the “Algoma Association,” undertaking to “remember the mission in their prayers, and to help in other ways as opportunity offers.” Some fourteen branches of this association are in operation at the present time in various parts of England. In a general paper such as this it is not possible to dwell upon the good works done by these bands of devoted workers—securing subscriptions for missionary work, making warm clothing for the poor, providing necessary appointments for needy churches, sending church papers and periodicals to the clergy, etc., etc. I must content myself with saying that amid my many cares—for with all the generous help afforded us, in Canada and England, it still remains a struggle to “make ends meet”—the Algoma Association for prayer and work is an unspeakable strength and comfort to me. And under the efficient management of its new central secretary, Miss E. Eda Green, of No. 12 Sheffield Terrace, Kensington, bids fair to keep up the good reputation it won under that noble worker its late secretary, Mrs. Stubbs, of Ealing.

Need I say all this this was very encouraging, and gave me a truer idea of the reality of the ties which bind us to the mother Church? Need I say it revealed to me something of the

vitality of that great Church of England whose sympathies thus flow forth, like life-blood, to the extremities of the vast Anglican system? Need I say it helped me to understand better the secret of our great Empire's power and glory?

May the generous help and sympathy which flow out towards us in so full and constant a stream refresh us in the best and truest sense, calling forth in us the spirit of unselfish gratitude, and quickening us to show our thankfulness by doing whatever may be done to hasten the day when Algoma shall be entirely independent of outside support!

Till that day comes—while we strain every nerve to do our very best, and even, in our poverty, try to keep open the springs of unselfish devotion within us by contributing our mite to the needs of the Church at large—we must of necessity lean somewhat heavily upon those who are stronger than ourselves. What an unspeakable comfort, as we thus lean hard upon the Church's arm, to feel its mighty heart throbbing in warm sympathy with our own, and to be assured as we seem to be by the events of this great Jubilee year, that the sense of a God given stewardship and the spirit of true missionary zeal are more and more "possessing" the great Communion of which it is our great privilege to form a part!

G. ALGOMA.

ON THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

BY THE REV. E. J. PECK.

I CANNOT, in this short account, mention the many providential incidents through which the late Mr. Parker and myself were led to go forward to Cumberland Sound, neither can I dwell upon the kindness of Mr. Noble, without whose friendly aid it would have been impossible for us to have prosecuted our Arctic Mission; I shall only mention here some facts in connection with the voyage out and our life and work in our distant home, which facts, I think, will speak for themselves and will be of interest to our friends.

Some time before leaving home Mr. Noble informed us that it was probable that his vessel would not proceed to Cumberland Sound the following year. Provisions and fuel had therefore to be provided for two years. To combat successfully that terrible disease (scurvy) it was necessary to take the greatest possible variety of home produce. The following were some of the items:—Flour, 1 ton; biscuit, ditto; oatmeal, 6 cwts.; preserved meats of various kinds about 10 cwts.; tinned and dried vegetables, 3 cwts.; condensed milk, 380 tins. Add to these items 15 tons of coal, stoves,

cooking, utensils, etc., etc., and friends will perhaps be able to form some idea of the care needful in making out an Arctic provision list.

THE VOYAGE.

Mr. Noble's brig, the *Alert*, a little vessel only 90 feet long by 21 broad, left Peterhead on the 13th of July, 1894. The voyage to within eighty miles of Cumberland Sound was accomplished, through God's help, with but little difficulty. We then, however, encountered a vast ice "pack." This extended fully a hundred miles in a northerly direction, and had evidently been driven down Davis



THE LATE MR. J. C. PARKER.

Straits by the winds and Arctic current. The "pack" consisted of large blocks of ice of every conceivable size and shape, and the roar of the sea was like that of thunder as the mighty Atlantic waves rolled in upon this icy reef. To force our little vessel through such a barrier was impossible, and for several days we sailed along this heaving sea of ice before we found an opening through which we might sail into Cumberland Sound.

BLACKLEAD ISLANDS.

Here we arrived on August 21st. It is one of Mr. Noble's whaling-stations, and is situated on the Southern side of the Sound. No trees are to be seen on this barren isle, and only in the sheltered spots are a few grasses and mosses to be found. After casting anchor quite a number of our Arctic friends came in their sealskin canoes to see us. Men, women, and children climbed up the vessel's side in the most unceremonious manner. With these we shook hands, and I was delighted to see how readily they understood me.

PREPARING FOR WINTER.—OUR HOUSE.

As seventy or eighty degrees of frost is not uncommon in the winter months we tried to make our house as tight and snug as possible. This house (which was most kindly lent to us by Mr. Noble) was 18 feet long by 12 feet wide. We divided it into two compartments, one of which we used for kitchen and school-room, and the other was our sitting, dining, and bedroom combined. To keep out the piercing wind we had, first, an inside lining of boards; second, a coating of felt; third, inner wall of house; fourth, another coating of felt; fifth, other stout boards which formed the outer wall of house; and lastly the whole was covered with canvas which was nailed to the outer wall.

OUR WORK FOR THE LORD.

Our house being thus prepared for Arctic gales and frost we tried to gain the confidence of the people, and we then invited them to send their little ones to our house for instruction. So readily did they respond to our request that scarcely a child on the island was absent from our first meeting. We taught them the syllabic characters, Scripture texts, some hymns, the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments, and we found them bright, intelligent little creatures. It is an encouraging fact that out of a total of forty-five on our list we have had for three months an average daily attendance of thirty-one, and when I state that thirty altogether can now read and have a fair knowledge of the leading facts of Scripture history, friends will see that good progress has been made.

Visiting from tent to tent (the Eskimo live in sealskin tents in the summer time) was our first great means of reaching the people. We were received kindly and listened to with great attention. Remarks were heard from time to time which showed, so to speak, the utter blank in the people's lives. One woman said, "Yes, let us hear something better, something more satisfying than we have hitherto heard." Another remarked, "This is the first time we have heard such news; why did not white men tell us such before?" And why did they not hear before of Him Who is mighty to save, of Him Who alone can really satisfy the soul, and give glory beyond the grave.

OUR TABERNACLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

As the people manifested such a desire to listen to the Gospel message, we decided to erect some building where they could meet together. A sealskin church is quite a unique structure, but as there was no timber to be had this was the only shelter we could make. Some forty sealskins were sewn together and stretched on a frame. Old provision-boxes

and a few boards were used for seats, two lamps were suspended from the roof, and a slow-combustion stove, in which we burnt coal and ashes, was placed inside. The people, as may well be imagined, had to be instructed in the most simple manner. Patiently and perseveringly we taught them the being and attributes of God, expounded God's holy laws, and set before them Jesus Christ as the only Saviour for sinners. The whole of St. Matthew's Gospel was also read aloud by the Eskimo at our meetings: this was explained by Mr. Parker and myself; and three of the people, after Mr. Parker's death, moved by the Holy Spirit, desired to be enrolled in the Saviour's "little flock." I am thankful to say that the noble Bible Society, which may well be called the backbone of our missionary societies, is now preparing the four Gospels in the Syllabic characters for the Eskimo, and, altogether, the work is full of encouragement and joy.

STARVING DOGS.—THE TABERNACLE DEVoured.

By the 15th of November we experienced (some days) about fifty degrees of frost, and as the winter advanced, the snowstorms swept our island home with terrific force. The Eskimo, not being able to venture out on the frozen sea to catch seals, suffered much through lack of food, and could not, therefore, feed their canine helpers. The poor dogs pressed by the pangs of hunger, managed one night to climb over the snow walls which we had built around our little church. Once on top of the roof they soon tore the sealskins off and devoured them. In the dim light (the moon was shining a little) we could see about a hundred of these nocturnal visitors, and the noise they made was almost deafening as they fought and growled over their tough repast. After a sharp battle we managed to drive these wretched creatures away, and we then patched up the holes with old bags, pieces of canvas, etc. I should mention here that the church is now covered and lined with canvas which friends sent out from home. It is still, however, a despicable building, quite unsuited for the worship of God, and I hope with the help of friends to have something of a more durable nature later on.

ARRIVAL OF THE "ALERT."

In spite of the feeling of utter desolation and loneliness which at times filled the soul, and the opposition we experienced from some of the conjurers, the winter passed swiftly and, on the whole, pleasantly away. On the 23rd of August, 1895, to our great joy, Mr. Noble's vessel unexpectedly arrived, bringing "good news from a far country."

OUR DAILY LIFE.

After the vessel left on the 28th of September we continued our daily routine, which was

generally as follows:—Breakfast at 8 a.m., which was prepared by either Mr. Parker or myself. This generally consisted of fried seal-steak, coffee, and bread. The bread was made twice a week and was cooked in the oven of our stove. The yeast was made by the writer, and I found Edwards' preserved potatoes a good substitute for fresh potatoes in causing the other ingredients, viz., hops boiled in water, sugar, salt, and flour, to "work" well. After breakfast we had prayer together, and then went on with study of the language from 9 to 10 a.m. From 10 to 11.30 I went on with transposition and translation of the Gospels. From 11.30 to 12.30 had a walk, if possible, on the frozen sea. Dinner 1 p.m., which generally consisted of seal-steaks or some kind of preserved meat, together with some preserved vegetables. Rice or tapioca puddings were also sometimes made by adding five parts of water to one of condensed milk, and then were cooked by baking in a fairly hot oven. After dinner we generally had a little recreative reading to refresh the mind, and we then taught the children. Tea was at 5 p.m.; after tea prepared for evening meeting. Meeting at 7 p.m.; this generally continued until 8.30. After meeting some of our Eskimo friends often pay us a visit. They sometimes remained with us chatting away until prayer time. Prayers at 10 p.m., after which we retired to rest.

SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES.

The Arctic cold, though so intense, is not our greatest trial. Clad in fur clothing and with proper attention to diet one can even enjoy the dry, bracing, Arctic atmosphere. What one does feel is the sense of utter loneliness, a desire to hear something, at least, of the loved ones far away, a hungering for some fresh mental food to break the monotony of one's surroundings. Perhaps these factors, through the grace of God, make one's spiritual experiences all the more real and deep. One seems, at times especially, to live in contact with the heavenly powers. Prayers and the study of God's holy Word become *realities* to one. Faith is strengthened by the felt need of the Saviour's presence and help, and I continually realized in our Arctic home a wonderful sustaining and upholding power. One also felt comforted by the Spirit of God, no doubt, in answer to the prayers of many in the home land.

THE DEATH OF MR. PARKER.

My friend and fellow-laborer (Mr. Parker) was our right hand in the work, and his influence over the people was very great. We laboured together for nearly two years, and were able to carry the Gospel to the Eskimo living on the frozen sea and other places.

When the ice was broken up in the month of August, Mr. Parker, with Mr. Hall (Mr. Noble's agent at Blacklead Island), a Captain Clisby, and four Eskimo left the island to go to a river, where they hoped to catch some salmon. A squall must have struck the boat, and, sad to say, every soul perished. I can hardly dwell upon that sad accident which deprived me of so helpful a companion; I can only hope that God may use that life, so freely consecrated to the Lord, to incite many a young man and woman to give up their all to Christ.

And now as I go forward again (D.V.), in the latter part of June or the beginning of July, to help our brave brother (Mr. Sampson) in the work, I need hardly say how much I shall value your prayers both for Mr. Sampson, myself, and the work. And not only do I ask your prayers for ourselves, but also for the loved ones who will be left behind "for His sake." Many a dear one in the home land bears as heavy a cross, yes, and perhaps heavier than those who go forward, so to speak, to the heat of the battle. Theirs is a time of anxious waiting and suspense. Let them not be forgotten at the Throne of Grace. In conclusion, I feel sure that friends will support us in our Arctic enterprise, which, of course, is not for purposes of discovery or for scientific objects (noble indeed as these are), but for an object of far more importance—the salvation of immortal souls.—*Church Missionary Gleaner.*

A SERVICE IN THE LOPSTICK SETTLEMENT.

BY THE REV. R. CONNELL,
In the S. P. G. Gospel Missionary.



ON the northern bank of the Saskatchewan River, some sixty miles below what was once *Fort Edmonton*, but is now the typical frontier town of *Edmonton*, and ten miles above *Fort Victoria*, there lies (in the Diocese of *Calgary*) what is known as the *Lopstick Settlement*. The situation is decidedly picturesque; the wide, calm but swiftly flowing river (*Saskatchewan*—swift current); the high sloping banks, the southern covered with the silvery poplar and dark spruce, the northern stretching away in successive terraces of rich grass interspersed with little natural plantations, and fringed on the riverside by large poplar, cotton-wood, and spruce trees, while the highest terrace is crowned with a long stretch of bluff or wood; and over all the deep blue of our western skies. Set in this landscape are the mud-washed houses of the settlement. The people are half-breeds of English or Scotch and Cree ancestry. It is a great many years now since they settled here—the days in fact of Indian

warfare; and according to their custom they built their houses of logs and mud, and staked out their land side by side, thus avoiding the dangers to which the isolated settler was at that time exposed. Here they farm, and fish, and hunt.

The older people have very tender recollections of the late Bishop David Anderson of Rupert's Land, and many a time I have heard them speak in a deeply touching manner of his devotedness and his good works. With him, too, is commonly coupled "Mr. Cochrane." It certainly speaks volumes for the earnestness and thoroughness of those Church pioneers that even after years and years of separation from Church privileges these poor people show such devotion and faithfulness to their spiritual mother. At present the settlement is part of the Beaver Lake Mission-field, but the great distance and the long stretch of rarely-traveled road in winter practically cut it off from the beginning of November to the beginning of May. For many years it was visited by the Rev. Canon Newton, of Edmonton, as part of his huge Mission, and it was my privilege to accompany this venerable missionary there in the summer of 1895, and to witness to some degree the place he holds in the affections of the people.

Our services are held in the house of one of the elder men, Mr. Joseph Howse. There are two storeys consisting of one large room each, without curtains or partitions. In one end is a large open chimney built of mud and willows, on either side being beds. The walls are specially decorated for "Church" with boughs of poplar, and a large table opposite the one door of the house is covered with a white cloth. The congregation numbers about forty—men, women, and children. On one side are the men and boys, while on the other are the women and the children (of whom there are a great many). The service has no peculiarities, the responses being well and heartily said, but the hymns are sung in Cree, for the women are the chief singers, and some of them have no English. Sometimes, too, the sermon is interpreted into Cree, sentence by sentence, but this is growing out of favor. We occasionally have the presence of an Indian or two, distinguishable only by their long plaited hair and perhaps a shade darker skin. The babies are very good and rarely cry, looking very solemn with their large black eyes out of their "moss-bags," leather or cloth cases lined with pine-moss into which they are securely laced. Outside are curs innumerable of high and low degree, and "Cayuses" (or Indian ponies), with saddles of bead work, and tied to the primitive fence of the north-west. At the close of the service (Mattins and Celebration), there is hurried but

hearty hand-shaking, and earnest wishes for the speedy return of the "minister." The missionary's buckboard is at the door, and in a minute he is driving along the dusty river-road underneath the grateful shade of the larger trees, *en route* for Fort Victoria, where Evensong is to be said at 3 o'clock.

The Lopstick folks are very poor in this word's gear, and they are not faultless; but these monthly visits to their secluded settlement bring very pleasant memories.

I may say that two of the people, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, are on the way to being centenarians, both being considerably over ninety. Yet the old man walks to church quite actively, although his wife is bed-ridden. I think it was on my last trip to the settlement that Mr. Anderson said to me: "I tell Mr. Dean (the Methodist missionary at Fort Victoria) that he is breaking the Tenth Commandment in coming among us Lopstick people. We are Church of England people, sir, and he covets us. Sir, it was in the Church of England that I first saw the light of the Gospel, and I want to die in the Church of England."

Surely these poor half-breeds, who have only a bare existence, and who by their faithfulness through many years have shown their love for their Church, have a claim upon their wealthier brethren, both as regards the spiritual welfare of the elder people, and the spiritual and intellectual welfare of the children, who are without any educational advantage whatever.

The settlement takes its name from the presence of a Lopstick in its vicinity years ago—that is to say, a tree whose top has been cut or *lopped* off as a memorial of some event in the private or public annals of the Indian people.

One of these events is thus related by Mr. Connell:

A RUN FOR LIFE.

"One day, many years ago, a solitary Cree came on foot to one of the Hudson Bay Company's forts. Shortly after his arrival a party of mounted Blackfeet arrived, and discovering the presence of one of the hostile tribe, loudly demanded that he should be given up to them to be tortured and scalped. The trader in command, however, was anxious to save the life of the Cree, while he was at the same time afraid to refuse his surrender, as the Blackfeet were numerous and well armed, and their whole band had been admitted within the stockade. After much discussion a compromise was agreed to; the factor engaged to keep the Cree in safe custody for one month, at the expiry of which time the Blackfeet were to return, the prisoner was to be given a hundred yards' start on

foot, and the Blackfeet, also on foot, were to be pursuers in this serious game of "catch-if-you-can." They were to be armed with their knives only. The Blackfeet departed and in the meantime, the Cree was put into training. He was fed to repletion on fresh-killed buffalo-meat, and, every day, one hour in the morning and one in the evening were spent in running around the fort enclosure.

"At the termination of the month the Blackfeet returned according to agreement. Their horses were taken from them and removed within the stockade, and only their knives were permitted them as arms. The Cree was escorted to the starting-place by the whole of the Fort staff, who were mounted on horseback in the interests of fair play. The Blackfeet gazed at the one whom they hoped to be their victim, and who was his allotted hundred yards before them, and they displayed in their gaze and feverish excitement the ferocity of wolves in the presence of their prey.

"The word was given, and away went pursued and pursuers, the latter yelling frantically. For some distance the Cree seemed doomed, for the paralysis of fear was upon him, and his enemies steadily gained. Suddenly he recovered himself, and then, to the astonishment and chagrin of the Blackfeet, he left them with ease further behind at every stride. With a last look and a shake of his fist at the baffled pursuers he went out of sight behind one of the many little bluffs that dot the prairies of the North. Before long he reached his tribal tents in safety."

SUNDAY.

DR. SINCLAIR, of London, in preaching on the Lord's Day, says: "The first day of the week was, from the foundation of the Christian Church, a day of special religious observance; that in the fourth century ordinary forms of labor were forbidden upon it by the Emperor Constantine, and that gradually it became treated with something of the reverence that attached to the Jewish Sabbath. Most of the more important arrangements of the ancient Hebrew Church are thought to have their spiritual counterpart in the Christian system; and certainly if we had no day dedicated to the two great principles of rest and worship, our religion would soon become very much shrunken and threadbare. Rest and worship are the two great foundations on which our idea of Sunday must repose; the one depends on the other. If we have no rest, there can be but scant worship; if there be no worship, the sanction for rest will disappear, and competition will once more bring in work. No man is doing

his duty to the day of rest as a national blessing of the very highest importance, if he does not also make it a day for worship. No man certainly can be caring much for his own soul, or his position as a Christian, if he does not attend the weekly Christian assembly, for the purposes of prayer, praise and instruction, and if he does not do his utmost to induce all his household and belongings to do the same."—*Church Notes.*

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

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

Of Roswitha Attalus saw nothing; indeed, he was the less willing to put himself in her way that he was afraid of betraying Leo, and on her side she was warned by the cook not to try to bring him and Atli the horse-herd together. She supposed that he was afraid of Atli's knowing him and accusing him of being a runaway, or of some past evil doings.

She looked up with her great blue eyes and said, "Thou hast done no great wrong, surely, Leo; thou who knowest so many prayers and psalms?"

"No, sweet maiden, I trust I have a clear conscience; but ask no questions and say not a word."

"Ah! thou art a runaway, as father says; but he will let none hurt thee."

CHAPTER XXII.

A WEDDING PARTY.

Hunderik had arranged for another great feast to take place on the day on which the harvest was completed. It was understood through the household that this would probably be a betrothal feast: for Aldewold of the Yellow Beard sought a daughter of Hunderik for his son Aldebert, though which maiden would be chosen was uncertain, and neither was beyond childhood.

As to choice, neither of the parties concerned was supposed to have the slightest, nor indeed had they. Aldewold would take one or other for his son, and the bride would be made over as passively as if she were one of the cows of the establishment.

"Which will he take?" said one young girl to the other, as they looked at themselves by turns in a bucket of water.

"Me," said Valhild. "He will not like your slavish Christian tastes, and I shall be Hausfrau, have a golden collar and bracelets, and rule over my thralls and slaves."

"I should like the golden collar," said Ros-

witha; "but I hope Aldewold is not given to the worship of Grim and Frey; I should like to live near a city."

"That comes of thy loving to talk to Atli and Milo and Leo, and all that mean slavish Roman crew. Thou wilt never be like a brave Frankish Frau, to make all afraid of her. Thou canst not even box the ears of a thrall who pulls thy hair—she laughs at thee!"

"I do not like to hurt any one," said Roswitha, as if she was ashamed of herself, and Valhild laughed.

"Yea, thou art a miserable coward, and no one will ever honor thee as Hunderik's daughter should be honored. I believe thou wouldst like nothing so well as to get shut up in one of those Roman houses which they call nunneries that Gilchrist talked of, where they do nothing but say their prayers all day long, and never eat flesh, nor go out, nor see a man."

"I am sure I do not want to see a man," said Roswitha; "they do nothing but order one about and beat one."

"That is because you are so poor and tame a creature," cried Valhild. "I should soon make my husband know better than to beat me."

"He is the stronger," sighed Roswitha.

"Not always," said Valhild; "and, even so, I should always be the craftier, and coax if I could not force."

"Ah! I had rather be out of the way of it all," said Roswitha; "I would fain be only with good women, and learn how to serve their holy God."

Poor little maidens, all they had to look forward to was the being bestowed, without will of their own, on the Frank whose offers best pleased their father, whether they liked it or not, or whether he were previously married or not. It was quite doubtful whether they would win his love; and even if they did succeed, it might be only for a time, and there was often poison or murder on the part of a rival. Only a strong, masterful, or unusually attractive and artful woman could hope to prevail, so mournful was the lot of her sex among the heathen and half-heathen Franks. No wonder that this festival was no joy to Roswitha, and that even Bernhild looked sadly at her daughters, and gave them counsel that would sound strange in the ears of a bride in these happier times, as to how to win their place in the household, and how to keep the husband's heart, and prevent themselves from being degraded.

She had not much hope for Roswitha, though the eldest, the prettiest, and the best cook, but wanting in spirit and too much inclined to the Christian teaching, which was thought to soften and weaken the will, and raise scruples which would have to be trodden down.

Roswitha longed to talk to Leo, whom she

had begun to regard as a wise counselor; but Leo was exceedingly busy over the preparations for the feast, and could hardly spare a moment from his compounding, roasting, boiling, and baking to speak to her; besides that, he was surrounded with a company of other slaves obeying his directions. She was soon called away, that both she and Valhild might be arrayed in their best garments, and have their long flaxen hair arranged to hang in silky folds over their shoulders to meet the party hourly expected.

All the banquet was ready, and Leo was able to go away to give out the portion to the various herdsmen, a matter which had lately become part of his business, since his master thought him unusually trustworthy and in his way economical.

The guests were near, and Hunderik was coming to his door to greet them. The two foremost were a sunburnt old man, whose cheeks were a darker russet brown than the once flowing, now whitened, heavy eyebrows and moustache and beard that almost hid them, and made his countenance like that of an old lion. Tall, slim, and active, but not yet at his full height or strength, his son came beside him, fair and handsome, and with a timidly happy look in his grey eyes which made Valhild pinch her sister and say, "There's a hero for one of us—may it be me! For I see he is dull, and will leave all to me."

Hunderik held out his hand in welcome, and called on his daughters each to present a cup of wine on dismounting to their two guests. Roswitha served the old man, Valhild the younger.

"Ha! fair-faced maids," cried Aldewold, "but younger than I thought for. Which of them is for our house, Hunderik?"

"We have not yet fixed our terms," returned Hunderik, "and it is ill to chaffer between a full man and a hungry one."

So the guests were conducted into the house, where along the central passage tables were arranged, and the usual profuse Frank banquet was served. Hunderik, as each dish appeared, extolled the extreme abilities and faithfulness of Leo, whom he had had the good luck to purchase, and who not only made meat a different thing from what he had ever known before except at a Roman table, but was the wisest of men in controlling the household and preventing waste, so that he had been put in charge of all the stores. "Far better to trust to than women folk, who were hard and gripping when angry, and over-soft where they loved."

Bernhild's brow might well grow dark, especially when Aldewold asked in a tone of banter, "Which, then, of the maidens took after her mother?"

"That I will not say;" laughed Hunderik; "our bargain is not made yet."

And not till the rage of hunger was appeased did the two fathers begin to bargain, for it was all a question of barter and sale, and Hunderik chose his time just as it was getting dark, and before the two sets of Franks began their carouse, but when their heads were comparatively clear. Hunderik, however, had no great confidence in his own power of reckoning or ability to perceive where his self-interest lay, and he called up Leo to consult.

There is no need to tell how they argued over acres of land, pounds of gold or silver, herds of cattle and the like, and what would be the father's dowry, and what the bridegroom's "morning gift"; nor how Hunderik tried to base his promises of gold on the ransom for his hostage that he expected to force from that mean old sordid rogue, Gregory the Bishop, who was cheating him of his due granted to him by King Theudebert.

They came at last to an agreement, though without reference to any such trifle as the decision which of the young ladies was to have the preference. Aldebert sat by all the time, but he was much too shy and loutish to make any approach to attention to them.

When the bowls of spiced drink were brought for deeper revelry, Hunderik, perhaps inspired by his first draft, declared that the wedding should be in the old fashion of their forefathers—the maids should each be mounted on one of his best steeds, and have a fair start, and whichever Aldebert first overtook and captured should be his. All the hearers broke out with shouts of applause. Christian rites of marriage were as yet little heard of among these wild Franks, and that the maiden should be made over by her father after due agreement and a few words of troth uttered on either side, was held to be a true and binding marriage, even among the less savage. Roswitha, however, listened with shame and dismay, and hid her face in her mother's lap; but she met with small sympathy there. Bernhild shook her off, and almost boxed her ears. "Be a woman," said she, "and not a babe; and be proud to be sought, like your mothers before you, by a brave man on horseback."

Poor Roswitha fell back, and when the great leathern vessels of wine and ale were going round, and nobody attended to aught else, she wandered in the rear of the party, crouched down, and wept; and thus Leo presently saw her as he was passing by, putting aside remnants of the feast, and trying to secure provision for the journey. He was a strange confidant, but the maiden in her wretchedness knew none other, and clutched at his tunic. "Oh Leo," she cried, "can you help me? I cannot bear to be carried off by those heathen

men, caught as though I were a wild beast! Valhild is much more willing. How shall I avoid them?"

Leo had much rather not have been delayed, but he could not help listening to the sobbing girl, and he stood thinking what might help her. "See here," at last said he. "Turn thy horse amid the pine-trees, where those who know not the windings can scarce follow thee, and when thou art well out of sight of all, then turn him loose, and get thee to the old pilgrim's hollow tree. There none will find thee, no stranger, and our own people will never look for thee."

"Then, O Leo, wilt thou not come and tell me when all is over, and when Valhild is won? I know she will be willing; but I am the eldest. Come, then, and take me out."

"Nay, that I cannot promise," said Leo. "Do not wait for me. Remember there will be feasting and reveling, and the cook may not be absent. Thou canst come to the border of the woods and listen. Heaven be with thee, child, however it may be! Now I must go. They shout for wine."

(To be continued.)

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

They talk about a woman's sphere,
As though it had a limit;
There's not a place in earth or Heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whisper—yes or no,
There's not a life, or death, or birth,
That has a featherweight of worth,
Without a woman in it.

—Selected.

How much do you love your Church? It is not so hard for you to answer this question as you may suppose. Let us put the matter to a practical test. That the continued existence of the Church depends very largely upon the success of the public services need scarcely be said. If all the members, or a large majority of them, were to habitually absent themselves from the house of God, speedy disintegration would follow. Now, what is your record? Do you realize your responsibility in the premises? Are you in your pew whenever it is possible for you to get there? Do you make sacrifices to reach this end? Again, the Church needs money in order to carry on its enterprises. Do you give your share regularly and cheerfully? Do you pay your preacher as freely as you do your grocer? Or do you dole out a scant contribution with a reluctant hand? An honest response to these inquiries will help you to understand the depth and intensity of your affections.—*Christian Advocate.*

Young People's Department.

A VACATION REMEMBRANCE.

(From the *Young Christian Soldier*.)

NED WALKER was delighted; the prospect of two whole weeks in the country passed his highest dreams of happiness. He was to go, and—as he 'd his playmates, with the worldly wisdom so soon gained in the city life of the poor—"The best part of it is, I won't have to pay nothing"; for Ned was one of the beneficiaries of the great fresh-air fund which every year gives pleasure and health to so many.

"Do you s'pose I'll find any boys up there?" he asked his mother, who knowing nothing of his destination except that she had been promised his safe transportation to and from the vacation place and his care by responsible people while he was there, only smiled and answered, "I hope so," as she went on with her work of patching and mending his clothes for the important journey.

A sailor suit, discarded by some richer boy, and bought very cheap at the charitable clothing bureau, looking very well when washed, pressed and mended, and the slight shrinkage from the process made it fit Ned all the better. A sailor hat to match had also been purchased, and Ned felt very fine as he started from the station with the other children.

He enjoyed the novelty of the journey, though after a while he felt restless, and, having eaten the cookies his mother had provided, finally fell asleep with the cherished sailor hat as a pillow. He was awakened by the necessity of a change from the train to a trolley-car, which sped along the country road, past green fields and running brooks.

At last the end of the trolley-line was reached, and several waiting wagons were seen, ready

to convey the children to their vacation quarters; for the owners of the wagons were the ones who had signified their willingness to give shelter and care to the children and be responsible for their safety.

There was a bustle of apportioning and parting injunction; then Ned found himself in a comfortable, stage-like wagon, perched beside a benign-looking man, of whom he felt rather afraid at first, the other seats being occupied by several young people, Farmer Whitely's boarders, who had come with him for the drive and "to see the fresh-air child."

The drive was a beautiful one, even to Ned's tired eyes, and he soon forgot to be afraid, in listening to Mr. Whitely's kind voice, and answering his questions, in response to which he said his name was Ned Walker; his father worked in the city; "and mother works for us," he explained. "I'm the oldest, and I'm eight; Susie is six; Joe and Josie, the twins, are four-'n'-a-half; Teddy is two, and then there's the baby."

"How old is the baby?" asked Mr. Whitely, feeling a sympathy for the overworked mother.

"Oh, I don't know; just a baby!" Ned answered. "She's ever so

cunning. She creeps all over the floor, an' gets into everything, but we help take care of her an' Teddy, Susie and I do," he added. "Susie'll have a lot of work while I'm away, but she said she didn't mind. Maybe she'll go some day, an' then I'll look after her work for her. She can't do *all* mine though, for Ma won't let her sell papers."

Mr. Whitely made up his mind then, that if the eldest member of this interesting family proved not to be troublesome, Susie should be the next one to partake of his hospitality. Ned knew nothing of this, however, and did



not in the least realize that he was on trial for the family credit.

Up hill and down dale they went, chiefly up hill, until at last a beautiful lake came in sight, with high cliffs rising from its shores, and fertile, undulating fields stretching beyond.

"There's the house. Are you glad to reach your journey's end, my boy?" asked Mr. Whitely, as he helped Ned down, and gave him into the care of motherly Mrs. Whitely, who welcomed him, gave him his supper, and then tucked him into such a comfortable little white bed, that he fell asleep without having time to be homesick.

The next morning, Ned was up bright and early, taking his first peep at country life, and enjoying it all hugely, though he found the cows and horses rather awe-inspiring at close range.

There were several children among the boarders, and though none of them were of Ned's age and condition in life, yet he was not lonely, for there was so much that was new to occupy him that he seldom missed the boys to play with, whom he had so longed for in prospect.

Sometimes he would wander about in the fields, and bring back treasures of all sorts of stones, weeds and grasses; at other times he would go to the lake shore, and, from the narrow, pebbly beach, forming a bay at one side, would sail bits of wood and bark, laden with a cargo of leaves, or twigs, or flowers.

His special admiration was a completely rigged sail boat, of miniature size, which was owned by Robbie Bates, whom Ned often watched with envious eyes as he sailed it. He would have offered to help, if he hadn't felt rather shy of Robbie's nurse, who was always with him, though he said in excuse to himself, "He's too little for me to play with, anyhow!"

One day, Robbie and his nurse had gone into the house, leaving the sail boat outside. No one was in sight, and temptation entered into Ned's heart, and without stopping to think twice, he picked up the sail-boat and hurried toward the lake with it. It was quite a distance to the path which led to the pebbly beach, and the way stretched along the top of the cliffs which skirted one edge of the lake. Ned was hurrying—in the consciousness of wrong-doing—and the first thing he knew, he had caught his foot in some projecting root and was lying flat on his face, while the sail-boat, jarred from his grasp, had disappeared over the edge of the bank.

Now what was to be done?

Ned crawled to the edge, and looking over he saw the sail-boat—which now he didn't care for in the least—lying some distance below. He also saw a hand-rail and some rough steps

leading down almost to the spot where the boat lay, and at once decided to go after it.

The steps were rough and far apart—having been started some years before as a short cut to the lake, but abandoned because of the steepness and danger of the way.

Ned found it difficult work, for though the hand-rail was secure, the steps had crumbled away in places, and slipped with him as he went. At last he reached the end of the hand-rail, and, clinging to the last post, almost swung himself to the next step, some distance below, dropping his hat as he came.

Now the boat was at hand, but Ned was more than ever in a plight. He couldn't take the boat up with him, for he needed both hands to help his climbing; and he surely couldn't go back without it.

He was only a little boy, after all, and as he realized his position, his scratched feet and torn clothes, he sat down on the step and broke into a loud wail.

"I want to go home! I want to go home! and I wish I'd never seen the old thing," he cried, and gave the boat an impatient push with his foot, sending it into the lake below, much to the surprise of Mr. and Mrs. Bates and Robbie, who happened to be near by in a row-boat.

"That's my sail-boat! I want my sail-boat!" Robbie said, and mingling with his cries came the voice from above, "Oh, I w-a-ant to go ho-on.!"

"Why, it's the fresh-air child!" said Mrs. Bates, in surprise. "How did he get there, do you suppose?"

"However he got there he must be got down," said Mr. Bates, decidedly. "It isn't a safe place for a child."

Having fished in the sail-boat, he rowed to the shore, and, tying the boat fast, said, "Now sit still, while I go and get that youngster."

It was not very far, though the way was steep, but Mr. Bates was a good climber, and, having reached Ned and found he was not hurt, he soon succeeded in getting him safely to the boat.

Robbie looked curiously at the dilapidated boat, then at dilapidated Ned, as if trying to trace the connection between them. "How did my boat come from up there? and how did the little boy get scratches on his legs?" he demanded.

"We want the little boy to explain that," said Mr. Bates, looking at Ned, who dissolved into tears again, and, between his sobs, told the whole story.

"Don't you know what taking other people's things is called?" asked Mr. Bates.

"Yes, sir," sobbed Ned.

"What!" asked Mr. Bates, and waited patiently for the answer, which was so long in

coming from shamefaced Ned that Robbie spoke up and said, "I know! It's stealing."

"Oh, I didn't mean to steal it! I was going to put it back again," sobbed Ned.

"But now it is broken and soiled, and you cannot return it just as it was," suggested Mr. Bates.

"Oh, what shall I do! What *shall* I do!" wailed Ned.

"Poor little boy, he feels so badly; I think we must forgive him," said Mrs. Bates. "You're sorry, aren't you Ned?"

"Yes, Ma'am, I am! I'm dreadful sorry, an' I'll never do so again."

"That is the way to show if you are really sorry," said Mr. Bates; "and we will say no more about it, but take you home to Mrs. Whitely."

"Don't scold him; he has been punished enough," Mrs. Bates said to Mrs. Whitely, as she gave Ned into her care on their return.

"I'm sorry—I truly am," Ned said as he nestled into Mrs. Whitely's arms and poured out his grief.

"I am sure you are," answered Mrs. Whitely, "and I don't mean to scold you; but I think a little punishment will help you to remember, and I will put you to bed for the rest of the day," for Mrs. Whitely was a sensible woman, and knew that a good rest would be the best thing for Ned's tired body as well as a help to remembrance.

When Ned was undressed, she said, "Now, before you get in, you can say a little prayer and ask God to forgive you"; and then she tucked him in and left him, with a kiss.

It was three days later that Ned's visit came to an end, and during the drive to the trolley Mr. Whitely delighted his heart by saying, "You've been so good that I have sent word to have Susie come next for a two weeks' visit."

Ned beamed for a moment, then his face clouded.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Whitely.

"You know," Ned whispered, "I was very bad *once*."

"But you were sorry, and we forgave you," answered Mr. Whitely. "You don't think Susie would be naughty in the same way do you?"

"I'm sure she would'nt," Ned answered. "I wouldn't have, only I didn't think," he went on; "an' I'll tell Susie all about it, so she'll remember to think."

"It isn't pleasant to be naughty is it, my boy?" asked Mr. Whitely; and Ned, in the full remembrance of all his grief, said earnestly.

"No, sir, it's truly dreadful."

CORNELIA FULTON CRARY.

LITTLE LAMBS IN DISTANT FOLDS.

TALKS WITH THE TINKER PEOPLE.

(From *The Children's World*)



WELL, little friends, here we are again, ready for another talk! How shall we begin? I think, first of all, I will ask you a question. If I had you all here, right in front of me, I should ask it in this way: "Hands up, those who have ever been to a children's service on the beach!" I am sure a number of hands would go up at once. Well, to-day I am going to talk to you, not about children's services exactly, but about a hymn that I used often to hear sung on the beach only last summer. One verse began like this,—

"Little lambs of God are we";

and the children always sang it so heartily, because it was one of their favorites; but I do wonder how many of them really and truly *meant* it. You know God does like us to mean in our hearts the words that we sing, and it is no use to say, "Little lambs of God are we," if we have never come to the Lord Jesus and asked Him to be our Shepherd. There is a beautiful verse in the Bible which says, "He shall gather the lambs in His arm, and carry them in His bosom." Have you ever been to the Good Shepherd and asked Him to make you one of His lambs? If not, will you do it this very day?

But it is quite time I began to explain our title, "Little Lambs in Distant Folds." I expect you are all wondering what it means. You know that a fold is a place where a shepherd keeps his sheep. Well, one day when Jesus Christ was on earth, He began telling His disciples that He was the Good Shepherd and they were His sheep, and then He said something which was, perhaps, a great surprise to them. He told them that they were not his *only* sheep, but that He had a great many others who had never heard His name. Yet He loved them very dearly, and He longed that they should know all about Him; so before He went away to heaven He told His disciples to go and look for these other sheep, and tell them of the Good Shepherd and His love.

Have you guessed who these other sheep are? We call them the *Heathen*, and God's dear servants, the missionaries, are doing just what the disciples did long ago. They are leaving their homes and their friends, and are going right away to distant parts of the world to tell those poor lost sheep of One who died for them, and a great many have listened to the message and have learned to love the Good Shepherd very dearly.

Yes, Jesus Christ has many, many folds

to-day, and His little lambs, as well as the grown-up sheep, may be found all over the world—not only in bright, happy England (ah! I hope He has a great many there!), but also in India, China, Japan, under the hot sun in Africa, and right up against the ice and snow in cold North America. Would you not like to see some of these little far-away lambs? Perhaps you would think them very funny-looking, for some of them are black, and some brown, and some yellow; but if you could see right down beneath their skins you would find that their *souls* are beautiful and white because they have been washed in the blood of Jesus.

I hope to tell you each month some stories about these little lambs. When you go to bed to-night, and say that beautiful prayer beginning, "Our Father, which art in heaven," will you think of those who live far away in heathen lands, and pray for them? E. W.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

[From the Ramsden sermon preached by Bishop Whipple at Cambridge, England. Whit-sun, 1897. S.P.C.]

WHEN I was consecrated Bishop of Minnesota, our Indian Missions seemed hopeless. The Indians had sunk to a depth of degradation which their heathen fathers had not known. They hated white men. Friends advised me not to undertake Indian Missions. I carried it where I take all troubles, and I promised the Saviour that, He helping me, I would never turn my back on the heathen at my door. For three years we worked hopefully, and then came the awful massacre of 1862. Our western border was a track of blood. Eight hundred of our citizens slept in nameless graves. Our Mission-houses and Indian churches were destroyed, but when we heard from the Indian country we were overpaid; the Christian Indians of the Presbyterian and our Church Missions had saved two hundred white women and children from death. We began work again. There are now more Christian Indians in Minnesota than there were white communicants of the Church when I became a bishop. We have seven Indian clergymen and ten Indian churches. One incident I mention to show how God's blessing follows loving work. At my first visit to the Dacotah Indians, Wa-kean-washté, Good Thunder, told me that he had a little daughter whom he wanted to be educated like a white woman. I took the child to my home and placed her in our Indian school; she was baptized and named after our gentle poetess, Lydia Sigourney; she became ill; I wrote to Good Thunder, and when he told his Indian friends of Lydia's illness they said: "It is all your fault; you

gave your child to the white man, and he placed her in a school with the children of the Ojibways, who are our enemies; they have poisoned her; she will die." Poor Good Thunder came to my home and sadly told me what the Indians had said. When Lydia heard the story she said: "Father, there are no enemies among Christ's children; the Ojibway girls love me as I love them; they bring me flowers and berries every day. We are sisters, father; we love Jesus." Wa-kean-washté desired to take his child home, and, knowing the prejudice against Indians, I wrote this letter: "To all white people,—Wa-kean-washté is taking his child home to die; she is a lamb of Jesus; will you be kind to her for His sake, Who said, 'Inasmuch as you did it to the least of these, you did it unto Me'?" and signed my name. When I met Good Thunder, he told me with deep feeling how kind white people were to his child. I was permitted to be present at Lydia's death; she told her sorrowing father that she was going to the home of her Saviour, and asked him to become a Christian and meet her there. It won the father to Christ. "A little child shall lead them." Little did I think that this child's death was to make of an heathen man a Christian hero. When the outbreak of 1862 came, he was the protector of helpless women and children. When the savage leader boasted that the English in Canada would join in war on the whites, Wa-kean-washté would say, "Why do you not tell the truth? Tell them the English are ruled by a Christian woman, and that she would not touch one of your bloody hands with her little finger." They cried "Shoot him!" He replied: "Shoot me; you cannot make me tell a lie."

I have known many brave disciples, but none whom I love more than old Wa-kean-washté, who was the first Dacotah baptized into the Church of our Lord.

"HE who has seen only the daylight knows nothing of that heaven of stars which all night long hangs overhead its lamps of gold. When death has dusted off this body from me, who will dream for me the new powers I shall possess? It were vain to try. Time shall reveal it all."

IN the seventy-three years of its existence the American School Union has founded 100,000 schools, from which 6,000 churches have sprung. Last year it started 1,800 Sunday-schools, and during that time 108 churches developed from schools which previously had been opened. The greater part of this work is being done in Minnesota, the Dakotas, Montana, Idaho, Texas, Kansas, Indian Territory, Oklahoma and the mountain regions of the Virginias, Tennessee, the Carolinas, and Georgia.

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NOTES FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

THE Bishop of Capetown thinks that the great need now is not to create new dioceses, but to strengthen the work in those which exist.

THE Diocese of Capetown, South Africa, founded just fifty years ago has now grown into ten dioceses, and it is hoped that two more may soon be formed.

DELHI is a highly organized mission. Its last annual report, among other important things gives a list of no less than twenty "Chief Departments" of work.

MR. John R. Mott, just home from a world tour, concludes that China is the greatest of mission fields for population, for the combination of difficulties, and also for possibilities.

AT St. Bartholomew's church, New York City, a new Chinese mission was lately opened. It is located in the very heart of the Chinese quarter, and is an outcome of the splendid mission work done by this parish through its Chinese Guild.

ON Thursday, July 15th, a valedictory meeting for the C.M.S. missionaries who sail in October, was held in London, England, at which the valedictory address was delivered by the Archbishop of Dublin (Dr. Peacocke). On the following day there was an administration of Holy Communion at St. Bride's at which the Bishop of Huron delivered an address on "The Shepherd and the Sheep."

BISHOP Tucker is reported to have said that, "In twenty years we have never lost a missionary in Uganda, I am much better there than in England. It is the journey from Mombasca to the Cape that exposes one to malaria and fever."

THE Church Missionary Society has received anonymously a cheque for £3,000 towards the deficiency fund. This, together with other sums received for the purpose, has made up the required amount, and the deficit on last year's account has now been cleared off.

IT is believed that four of the C.M.S. missionaries, Miss Lloyd and Miss Weller, of the C.E.Z.M.S., and Mrs. Collins and Mrs. Smyth, passengers by the ill-fated steamer *Aden* have been drowned. The *Gleaner*, for August, announces that, "Every search has been made for the life boat in which they and others left the wreck on June 10th, but up to the time of going to press no traces had been found of it or its inmates."

BISHOP Wordsworth of Lincoln, referring to the commemoration by the Lambeth Council of the arrival of St. Augustine in England, well and truly says, "Truth requires us to declare that Augustine, from Italy, ought not to be called the Apostle of England, but that title ought to be given to Columba and his followers from the Irish School of Iona. Augustine mainly sought to further Gregory's claim to Papal supremacy." The late Bishop Lightfoot said it was very erroneous to call the Roman Catholic Monk the Apostle of England.

THE Bishop of Grahamstown speaking at the S.P.G. meeting about the ministries of women in the mission field, said that such ministries might be grouped under four divisions, (1) Wives of missionaries, (2) Detached and individual workers in more or less direct relation to missionary societies, (3) Deaconesses, (4) Religious communities whether of branch houses in connection with English Sisterhoods or in communities of local growth. After urging the necessity for the true spirit of self-sacrifice, simplicity and perseverance, and of consecration and devotion to the living risen Lord and Master, he added these memorable words: "In the magnificent commemoration of this week you have delighted to do honor in banquet and procession to the State officials of various nations and peoples who own our Queen as Sovereign. 'Each for all and all for each' has been the fact behind the pageant. After this week, I trust, you will never speak of sons and daughters who go out for Christ to our colonies as going away to 'foreign' parts; it is only to another territory of your

Imperial home—and Empire means service, and wider Empire larger service for Christ and Commonwealth. And even if your dear ones go outside our Queen's domains in the name of the King of kings, it will only be to extend the bounds of Jerusalem which is the mother of us all—in a place 'prepared by God.' We are not careful to gainsay the fact that for many women it means a giving up of much that is most dear both on the part of those who go and those who let them go: but to give is more blessed than to receive; and to give up for Him who gave up all for us, is to bear, if His word be true, a hundredfold more in this present age and in the age to come, Eternal Life."

THE new C.M.S. missionaries comprise six clergymen, seven laymen, ten single women, one wife, and two future wives of missionaries. Nine of the men have been for longer or shorter periods at Islington, five of the ladies have been trained at Highbury, three at the Willows, and one at the Olives. The home of Mr. H. F. Gane, proceeding to the Yoruba Mission, is at East Tiverton, in Devonshire. Of the Niger party, Mr. Smith, comes from Kensington, Mr. Hensley has had some experience of life in the backwoods of Canada, and is cousin of our missionary of the same name at Lucknow. Mr. Wilson was formerly connected, as an engineer, with the Congo-Balolo Mission. Miss Dennis goes out with her brother, who has been for four years a missionary on the Niger. Miss Freeman is from Stonehouse, in Gloucestershire, and Miss Hopkins has worked as a Bible-woman in Stockwell. The Rev. K. St. A. Rogers, assigned to East Africa, is an Oxford man and has been curate at Melton Mowbray. Mr. Deering, of Brighton, also for East Africa, goes out to take charge of a mission press. The Uganda party, which leaves England in August, includes, in addition to the older missionaries already mentioned, the Rev. C. H. T. Ecob, of Holloway, who was "Gospeller" at the Bishop of London's last Trinity ordination, and three laymen, all business men, viz., Mr. R. Force-Jones, from Bristol, Mr. C. W. Hattersley, late Secretary of the Sheffield Lay Workers' Union, and Mr. H. E. Maddox, of Hampstead. The recruits for South China are Mr. and Mrs. Muller, of Highbury, experienced Christian workers who, on retiring from business, chose, instead of settling down quietly at home, to go out at their own charges to the mission field. The Mid-China Mission will be reinforced by the Rev. H. Barton, a student at Islington, Miss D. C. Joynt, sister to the well-known clergyman at Gipsy Hill, and Miss Helen Wood, daughter of a former C.M.S. missionary in Ceylon, where her sister, Miss Minnie Wood, is now working. Three

new missionaries proceed to Si-chuan—Mr. W. Kitley, of Bath, Miss I. S. Mitchell, whose home is in the United States, and Miss R. F. Murray, who has had the advantage of some training in Canon Roger's parish at Yarmouth, in addition to that which she received at Highbury.

One clergyman and four ladies have been assigned to Japan. The Rev. F. W. Rowlands, of Trinity College and Ridley Hall, Cambridge, is the son of a former missionary in Ceylon and brother to our missionary in the Punjab. Mr. Rowlands has been curate to Mr. Stone, now of Kilburn. Miss M. Brownlow is the daughter of General Brownlow, a much-respected member of the C.M.S. Committee, and the sister of Miss F. Brownlow, of Jaffa. Miss Burnside is the daughter of one of the Society's earliest missionaries in Japan, and has been appointed to work in the diocese of Kiu-shiu, the scene of her father's former labors. Miss A. Roberts has had valuable experience as a worker in Miss Daniell's Soldiers' Home.

GOD'S LOVE.

BY M. C. D. P.

COULD I but dive to ocean's deepest depth,
Or soar above the planets as they roll,
Or measure every footstep of the stretch twixt pole to pole—
Still 'twere an image faint of the eternal love,
Which, like an atmosphere in which we live and move,
Encircles us.

No eye can ken the height, the width,
No line can fathom the exceeding depth
Of this, God's ocean.

'Tis like the light our eyes behold,
Broadcast and free.

'Tis like the azure dome above us rolled,

'Tis like the mighty sea, immeasurable,

'Tis vast, unlimited, and lasting through eternity.

—Parish Visitor.

WORK AMONG THE AINU.

[We are sure our readers will be interested in the following extracts from a letter by the Rev. J. Batchelor, written from Sapporo, Japan.—Ed. *The Wide Awake*.]



THE work both among the Ainu and Japanese has grown so big, and the extent of the territory to be covered by us is so large, that the island has at last been divided into four parts, one part for each of the four presbyters, now working here. It is, of course, of my own district alone, in which 10,000 out of 16,000 Ainu reside, that I now write. Since being sent to this work among the Ainu, it has been my privilege to admit, by God's blessing, 681 into the Church of Christ by baptism, of whom there are now 667 under my charge, and of whom 97 were baptized in 1896, while there are no less than 139 persons at present under

instruction. Among the Japanese in my district twelve have been baptised this year; the number of Christians from among this race at present under my care is 113 persons, besides whom there are forty-two being instructed in Christianity. Thus in my district the Christians—Japanese and Ainu—now number 781, and those seeking for baptism 181. Let us thank the Master for all His mercies to all people, for surely all the ends of the earth are now beholding the salvation of our God.

It cannot be doubted, I believe, but that the Ainu is a dying-out race, for besides non-Christians, no less than twelve Church members have been taken from us this year. One of these was a student and helper, preparing to become a preacher to his own people. It is grand to think that a remnant of this aboriginal race has heard the Word of God, the message of salvation, and is being saved. It will be a great privilege by-and-by, to meet those who have gone before, and whom we have helped on the way.

It is sometimes very amusing to hear the remarks made by the people when listening to some of the parables of our Lord. Thus one evening I took for my subject the parable of the Good Samaritan, and I could not help smiling at the running comments made during the address. Nay, at one time I was obliged to let the people have the meeting to themselves while I listened to what they had to say to one another on the matter, for the address was illustrated by a large picture. When telling them of the robbers, they made such remarks as these: "Fearful men; cruel fellows; wicked outcasts; very demons." Of the poor man who was beaten and robbed: "Pitiable object; what dreadful treatment; how the wretches made him suffer; what painful wounds; what a great loss to be stripped of his clothing; how sad to have all his money taken from him." Of the Pharisee and Levite they said: "What hard-hearted monsters, to be sure; proud objects; as cruel as the thieves themselves; they make one angry." Then of the Samaritan they said: "Good man; to see his pity makes one rejoice; how kind of him to dress the wounds of a stranger; how good of him to pay for his keep at the inn." Many other remarks were made at the time, but these are all I then put down in my note-book. I consider that on this occasion the Ainu themselves preached the sermon; there was nothing much left for me to do but to attend to the application. I am sure we all thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, and I hope much good was done.

There has been one very remarkable conversion of a Japanese schoolmaster in my district this year, which reminds me very forcibly of Bunyan's Pilgrim. He was brought to a knowl-

edge of his sins by the simple reading of the New Testament, and he was led to the Saviour, where he found peace by prayer and study of the Word. Formerly a staunch Buddhist, he had no idea of sin and was set against Christianity. The Word told him he was a sinner and he felt bound to believe it. The conviction was so strong upon him that he could do nothing but pray and weep for several weeks, and he greatly alarmed his wife, who, also being a Buddhist, could not understand what had come over him. After having found pardon for sin where only it is to be found, that is, in the blood of the Lamb, he gave in his name as a candidate for baptism. He was baptised a few weeks ago in the Ainu church at Piratori, having walked more than twelve miles for that purpose. Before his baptism his poor wife did all she could to keep him from taking that step, and when she found that he was firm in his conviction and could not be moved in his determination, she asked him to divorce her! Rather than go with him, she would be divorced from him for life! But being ready to forsake all for Christ, he came and was baptised. And what of his wife? Through his tears and prayers the Master has graciously touched her heart. She, too, now weeps, prays, and rejoices. She is anxious for baptism! These are facts, and I need make no comment on them, for they speak for themselves.

Facts like those just mentioned sometimes have a curious effect on the Heathen around. The inhabitants of the village in which this man resides called a large meeting a short time since, in order to see what they had best do to stop Christianity from making the headway it is apparently doing about there! Praise God for that. The meeting came to the conclusion that they must get rid of their village priest, who has not much learning, and employ a better and more able man in his place. This again shows the power of Christianity. But how foolish of this people to imagine that it is learning which accomplishes such wonders! If they come to fight the Gospel which contains the truth of God with their brittle weapons of so-called learning, we know which must triumph. Jesus alone is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and nothing can withstand Him.

Sunday, December 20th, was a very happy day with us here, for four persons were baptised into the Church on that day. These had all been taught first in their own villages and then for a month in our house. The previous Sunday, one other, a young man aged twenty, was also baptised. As drink is the great stumbling-block of the poor Ainu, I got him to become a total abstainer before admitting him to the Church. He is a happy kind of fellow, and wanted to know whether as a Christian he

might eat plenty of cakes and other sweet things. I of course told him he might eat these. He has learned to read while with us. He reminds me of a Japanese gentleman who once came to ask me if it would be a sin for him to sing hymns on horseback !

REVERENCE.

There is within the House of God a space
Wherein I may get place
To come, and pray and fill my soul with grace.

I come not here on Holy Day, to see,
What other folk there be ;
My Saviour's presence now engrosses me.

Nor hither for observance do I fare,
To see what others wear ;
My soul can not her sacred moments spare.

I dwell not, curious, upon the light
From painted windows bright,
But on that radiance seen by inner sight.

And when the sermon and the prayer are o'er,
I wait not at the door
To bow and smile and lose my holy store,

But hasten with a calm and peaceful mind,
My homeward way to find ;
My sorrows and my burdens left behind.

—Ellen V. Talbot, in *Southern Churchman*.

GIVING NOT LOSING.

BY HORATIO W. P. HODSON.



We do not live to-day as did the early Christians, having all things in common, but we must still, as faithful Christians, have in common the blessings of the Church and the opportunities for being helpful. And we must share these things with any and with all, freely, not with hope of gain or reward, but only so to pass along the blessing God has given to us, and do in our small way as Jesus Christ would have us do, and as He has done for us. We cannot lose and we cannot lessen what we have by giving. Did you ever stand within some vast cathedral and watch the sacristan as he lighted up the candles at the altar? He takes his fire all from one little flame, and going to each candle in succession, lights them all. And then the shining grows; and the rays of light reflect and intermingle, and gradually they bring to view the carvings on the wood, and on the altar, and then the cross and statues, and the figure of the Crucified bending over all, as if in loving benediction, until the aggregation of the light is like a blaze of glory. And all the while that little flame from which the sacristan took each light, has not decreased, but is burning brightly still.

Just so, I think, when from the sacred fire that God has given us, we pass on light and blessing to our neighbors, that flame of love

within our hearts never does decrease, but seems to burn more brightly still, to light us on the way. And though we give and bestow light on multitudes, we never lose at all from the flame of blessing whence we give.—*The Parish Visitor*.

LITTLE THINGS OF LIFE.

Why is it that we so easily forget that the little things of life are what make it easy or hard? A few pleasant words, a warm hand clasp, a cordial letter, are simple things, but they are mighty in their influence on the lives of those about us, adding a ray of hope to many disconsolate hearts, giving a bit of courage to disappointed, weary ones, and helping to make our own lives sweeter at the same time. Few people realize how much the little attentions of every-day life mean to their associates in the home, the church, the business place. It is generally a lack of consideration which makes one forget the tiny pleasantries, but lack of consideration is really one form of selfishness, and selfishness is not considered a desirable quality. Remember that the little things in life, whether good or bad, count for more with those we love than we ever know, and we should be watchful of our actions and our words.—*Selected*.

THE PRAYER BOOK AS IT IS.



A LECTURE on the above subject was recently delivered by Mr. Inglis, President of the Church of England Workingmen's Society.

Churchmen are often met by a taunt from those who are unacquainted with the Prayer Book, and unused to its services, that it is only a set form of words for certain occasions, and utterly useless at all others; a collection indeed of vain repetitions. No prayer could be vain except in the mouth of a vain person. The Prayer book is a treasure house filled with rare and priceless gems, waiting to be brought forth, to sparkle in all their beauty before high Heaven. The lecturer went on to speak of the commendations that had been bestowed upon the Church of England by those who were alien to her pale, and quoted from the writings of the Rev. J. Cumming, and the Rev. H. W. Beecher, who wrote: "I am so ignorant of the Church service, that I cannot tell the various parts by the right names, but the portions which most affected me are the prayers and responses which the choir sing. I had never heard any part of a supplication—a direct prayer—sung by a choir; and it seemed as if I had not heard with my ear but my soul. I was dis-

solved. My whole being seemed to me like incense wafted gratefully towards God." The lecturer characterized the various portions of the Prayer Book, and minutely described the different services, speaking strongly of the spirit of equality and Christian brotherhood which was everywhere set forth. In its worship it knew no class distinction, for

"Our mother, the Church, hath never a child
To honor before the rest ;
But she sings the same for mighty kings,
And the veriest babe on her breast.
And the Bishop goes down to his narrow bed,
As the ploughman's child is laid ;
And alike she blesseth the dark-browed serf
And the chief in his robe arrayed."

The services of the Prayer Book were so arranged as to follow us from the cradle to the grave, and to hallow every eventful era in human life. As its words welcomed us into the folds of the Church, so they formed our last farewell of earth when we are laid in our silent narrow bed in God's Acre. It was not only the offices of the Prayer Book that afforded instruction and the means of devotion. Refreshment was to be found in its unsought for parts. The calendar was to the Churchman a source of pleasure and profit. In it he found a systematic plan for reading the Word of God ; it brought before him the continuous motion of fast and festival, circling round the Sun of Righteousness, the centre of the whole as the sun is the centre of the solar system, for every true Churchman's motto should be, "Looking unto Jesus." Hence a great part of the Prayer Book was taken up with the life of our Lord, sober Advent, joyous Christmas, radiant Epiphany, solemn Lent, sad Holy Week, culminating in the gloom of Good Friday ; glorious Easter, triumphant Ascension. Year after year we followed these events, and so became, as it were, permeated with the story of the Evangel.

The teaching of the Liturgy was fitted to make those that used it praying Christians, frequent communicants, model neighbors and pious citizens. All this they must be, else they were using their privileges in a wrong way, or not using them at all. Let them also beware in these days of conflict, when so much was said about ritual and ceremonial, that in defending the outward signs and symbols they did not forget the inward and spiritual grace. The Prayer Book, as he had shown, had provided for a ritual. Rites and ceremonies were engraven on its title page, but without the doctrine and the faith, the ritual was only a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. The two together made a noble edifice ; separate them and you marred the work. The revival now going on made this more evident, and what was once looked upon with suspicion, was now accepted and admired. "Finally,"

continued Mr. Inglis, "cherish the good old book. Let the young learn its collects, epistles, and gospels, thus husbanding fruit for after years ; and the aged pore over its Psalms and lessons, and find comfort on their journey home. Next to the Bible, it has won a place in the people's hearts, and the more they know it intimately, the better they love it."—*Selected.*

THE BISHOP OF MISSISSIPPI ON THE "JUBILEE."

(From the Diocesan Organ *Church News.*)

LONDON, indeed I may say all England, has been wild for two weeks. The saturnalia is not yet over. The normal conditions, of London at least are slow to return.

On Tuesday last the Queen, through shouting millions, the streets lined by 40,000 troops, including contingents from Africa, India, Canada, and Australia, and hung with wreaths and banners, was drawn with all her family and the representatives of foreign powers, through her royal city, with such pomp and splendor as no "royal progress" here or anywhere has ever approached. The people were wild with loyalty. The shouts and tears were spontaneous. What struck me most was that the venerable lady could have ridden those same seven miles unguarded in her carriage save by the love and reverence of the millions lining the route—every man of whom, it appeared to me would have died to save her from even an annoyance.

On Saturday, the great naval review at Spithead roused again the royal frenzy. There was gathered twenty miles of steam-clad battle-ships, the most enormous fighting force that ever floated, and yet not a ship withdrawn from any fleet on any sea abroad ! This was just "the Home Squadron" ! There was quietly exhibited to Europe the fact that England is not only quite competent to deal with two or three powers united, but could cheerfully, if necessary, "pitch into" the fleets of combined Europe and sweep the seas clean of them ! The continental peoples and princes are digesting the fact as each sees best. France—frankly, generously, courteously, as becomes her—congratulating herself and the world that the fleet means peace, the patrol of the high seas to protect the highway of commerce from robbers and disturbers. The bad grandson, William of Germany, crossly and in ugly fashion scared at England and dreadfully scared at the United States, which he says is about to throw her tremendous power into European politics, a power with which no diplomacy can reckon. (This is *apropos* of the Hawaiian and Spanish conditions.)

Meanwhile, flying from a thousand staffs the

Stars and Stripes are floating the London air, and the American shield was repeated regularly around the decorated walls of St. Paul's, and indeed appeared everywhere repeated in the city.

It seemed as if the old mother was in a state of admiration over her eldest daughter's magnificent proportions, and meant to indicate to the younger swarm that she had learned her lesson, and would never give occasion to any other of the family to break the doors and windows and get out of the house.

Of course the Irish contingent in the House of Commons had to behave with its usual wisdom, tact and common sense, and decline to "jubilate." The London papers reminded them that, after the Queen herself, the person most prominent, most wildly cheered, quickest recognized in the gorgeous procession of royalties was an Irishman—"little Bobs" as they called him, on his small Arab—Lord Roberts of Candahar, field marshal and hero—and when Lord Wolseley and Charles Beresford were cheered at every passage, as soon as recognized—cheers that seemed to stop but from sheer inability to cheer longer, they reminded Mr. Healy and "his tail," that Ireland was "in it" beyond possibility of question, and that, as in times past, so in coming time, Irishmen, of the like calibre would always be "in it" for the strength of three kingdoms and the empire.

The royal livery has been flying about the city in all directions, and the royal carriages with scarlet coachmen and footmen, carrying colonial premiers, bigger or less big, princings, dukelings, Indian rajahs and the like, hither and yon, have had to take their chances among the drays, omnibuses and cabs. These people have been quartered in hotels, in private houses, and royal houses, and the resources of her Majesty's and the Prince of Wales' stables must have been tested to the utmost—for many of the guests, among the Indian rajahs and the colonial premiers especially, are of solid proportions, and also the wholesome-looking, good wives of the latter would try the material and workmanship of the royal springs.

The "colonials" are having their innings this time, and so is Mr. Chamberlain. They have at last got it through the heads of the duller Englishmen that there is an empire, that England is but a bit of it, and that imperial and not "little Englander" statesmanship is to the fore. John is scratching his shock head, dreadfully puzzled at the discovery of this portent of an empire, which, as Prof. Seeley said, "he created in a fit of absence of mind!"

He has it on his hands clear enough, and all its responsibilities and possibilities, and let us wish him God's blessing with it. He has no suspicion yet of the extent of the revolution wrought in all his belongings by this sixty-year

reign—a greater revolution, in my judgment, than has ever been wrought in any European country. The old has passed utterly away, and to him a new world has come—a roaring democracy—with the crown a symbol and no more, as one result of a good woman's long and spotless life, who has reigned, but not ruled, nor tried to rule, for sixty years. Woe be to any wearer of the crown who tries to make it more than a symbol hereafter, or wears it less unsullied than she!

The ceremony on the porch of St. Paul's was magnificent. The descriptions in the papers exhausted language. The Queen was visibly affected. So also, it seemed to me, was the Prince of Wales. He was really a noble figure as a field marshal, and his care for his mother was touching. At her age the long procession must have been wearing, and all her children were evidently careful and helpful. The sons rode by her wheels. The Bishop of London and the Archbishop of Canterbury were gorgeous in copes of cloth of gold. Other bishops were in scarlet chimeres. There was profound silence during the prayers, and the Te Deum was chanted by the best choirs in London, accompanied by a great military band.

There was a touch of nature at the end. As it were spontaneously, the whole vast assembly broke into "God save the Queen!" and, that finished, some one called "Three cheers for the Queen!" I thought it was the Prince of Wales, some papers say it was the archbishop. At all events, they were given with a will by ten thousand voices, and the procession moved on.

The most noticeable figure in it, among all the laced and bedizened throng, was a gentleman in black frock coat and silk hat—Mr. Whitelaw Reid—our special envoy. Oddly enough, he was put to ride with the Spanish envoy! It has been much commented upon.

I see continually new arrivals of American bishops. There was a goodly number here. The Lambeth Conference business will begin as arranged, and it is hoped the balls and garden parties and reviews, and general fanfaronading will be over to the degree of allowing it to hear its own voice. Dean's Yard is a quiet place, too, out of the "rush"—more quiet even than the House of Commons—nearly as quiet as the Lords, which is a Quaker meeting at present.

Meanwhile, at the invitation of Dean Farrar, we are all going down to Canterbury, Ebbs' Fleet (whatever that is), Richemont Castle, and so on, for a day or two, and lend ourselves, with gentle grace, to the venerable superstition that Augustine and his monks planted Christianity in England. It will please some amiable people, and do nobody any harm, I hope.

HUGH MILLER THOMPSON.