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The Diocesan Magazine.

DIocese OF BRITISH COLUMBIA,
VICTORIA, B. C.

Vol. VI.

NOVEMBER, 1892.

No. 10.

Nov.

CALENDAR.

1	Tu	All Saints' Day.
2	W	
3	Th	
4	F	
5	S	
6	B	21st Sunday after Trinity. <i>Leonard, Confessor.</i>
7	M	
8	Tu	
9	W	
10	Th	
11	F	<i>St. Martin, Bishop and Confessor.</i>
12	S	
13	B	22nd Sunday after Trinity. <i>Britius, Bishop.</i>
14	M	
15	Tu	<i>Machutus, Bishop.</i>
16	W	
17	Th	<i>Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln.</i>
18	F	
19	S	
20	B	23rd Sunday after Trinity. <i>Edmund, King and Martyr.</i>
21	M	
22	Tu	<i>Cecilia, Virgin and Martyr.</i>
23	W	<i>St. Clement I., Bishop of Rome and Martyr.</i>
24	Th	
25	F	<i>Catherine, Virgin and Martyr.</i>
26	S	
27	B	1st Sunday in Advent.
28	M	
29	Tu	
30	W	<i>St. Andrew, Apostle and Martyr.</i>

This Magazine is published in Victoria on the first of each month, by a Committee of the Clergy, under the direction of the Lord Bishop, and may be obtained from the Editor, the Rev. Geo. W. Taylor, or from any of the Clergy. Subscription \$1.00 per annum, payable in advance.

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NOTE.

As our September number was so much behind time we have decided to issue the present one on November 1st, and to make the December number (which will complete the volume and the issue of the Magazine by the present editor) a double one.

It is proposed to print in that number a full account of the proceedings of the electing Synod, which is to meet on the 22nd instant, and also, the text of the various farewell addresses that have been presented to our retiring Bishop.

SERMON

PREACHED IN CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, ON THE OCCASION OF
THE HARVEST FESTIVAL, OCT. 5th, 1892, BY THE
REV. CANON BEANLANDS, M. A.

Psalm 147 : 1.—*Truly a joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful.*

Gratitude, my brethren, one would suppose, to be the commonest of all virtues. For is it not the standard we impose upon the very lowest of God's human creatures? When men and women are lost to any sense of shame, when they have ceased to be stirred by feelings of honour, or justice, or self-respect; when they have sunk beneath vices which more virtuous people tremble to think of; when they have long since failed to regard law as binding, or the decencies of life to be observed by them, is there not still gratitude to be expected, the dumb look of thanks, the tear of humble acknowledgment wrung by kindness from dry and weary eyes?

So, too, with savage races. Is it not the last sign of their descent from a common humanity, this power of gratitude; and do we not feel that we sever the last link of our respect for them in saying, "They have not even the sense of gratitude?"

And, as it is the commonest, the most universal of virtuous sentiments for man to exhibit towards man, so is it the most universally inculcated by religion towards God. Every religion insists on two common expressions from its worshippers: prayer and thanksgiving, propitiation and gratitude. The cultivated heathen in stately ritual and rhythmic dance, with song and music, with garlands and votive offerings, hymned his thanks to that particular deity from whom he believed he had

received favours. The wild savage in his barbaric fashion shouted out the praise of his God. When the festivals of the Jewish Church were buried amid the ruins of the temple, when the great chorus of 3,000 Levites had died away in wails of a slaughtered city, Christians took up the Psalm of thanksgiving, and in ten thousand temples through twice ten hundred years, the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving has been continually offered. When in a new country men tried in vain to worship Christ in a new fashion ; when they outraged their feelings and stunted their spiritual growth by ignoring every time honored festival their fathers had observed ; when even the day on which their Saviour was born, passed by unregarded, and the day of His resurrection was treated as a day of law instead of a Festival of Grace ; still one thing they could not do ; they could not stamp out the joy of gratitude, and perforce must invent Thanksgiving Day, on which to do violence to their principles by expressing their feelings.

Is there any other bond so reasonable and so universal, which invites all religious systems, to all moral endeavors, like this one of gratitude ?

It is rather saddening, after such reflections as these, to turn to one's experience of modern life, and to think how little, how very little of the joy of thankfulness has survived the corrupting influence of modern ways. We are no longer a joyful people, it is to be feared we are not even a thankful people. It is no use looking, as through an opera-glass, at our neighbors, let us look with the naked eye at ourselves.

How many do you think in this town observe this festival ? How many of those who do, look upon it any more than in the light of a show ? How many of the residue can be joyful in their thanksgiving ? These are sad and serious questions my brethren, to break in upon pleasant moments ; pleasant, no one will deny, the emotion of pleasure long survives the mere sense of joy. Let us enquire rather why such a change, if change there be, has come over us, and what, if any, is the remedy.

In the first place, the change would seem in a degree to be inevitable, and the fault of nobody. As the world grows older it must become sadder. Joyfulness belongs as much to the childhood of nations as to the childhood of individuals. Their sentiments are fresher, they are more easily pleased, they are not ashamed to let their feelings be shown, and there are certain feelings which perish for want of expression, among which, foremost is that of joy. Then too, it is a part of the innocence of children that they can be joyful, the innocence of ignorance. It is the penalty of knowledge that it substitutes reason for sentiment, it compels us to do of set purpose, that which we could formerly do of sheer pleasure. We must not then, I think be too hard on ourselves, for appearances, the outcome of conditions under which we live, and which we cannot control. But

having once made this deduction, there is somewhat more serious left behind. No one would rebuke a beggar, because he did not exhibit his gratitude in the most picturesque fashion. He need not necessarily be unthankful, who does not fall on his knees as the Samaritan leper, or run and leap and praise God with the self-abandon of the cripple at the Gate Beautiful; but, how about the true ingrate, the man who takes his alms as of right, the man who "grumbles if he be not satisfied."

It is indeed this spirit which is thinning the ranks of our worshippers, and for this there is both a cause and a remedy.

A Harvest Festival is not a thanksgiving for the special, but for the general periodic and indiscriminate gifts of God. It is not because you and I personally profit by a good season that we should worship here to-night, but because we acknowledge the principle born witness to by Christ in that text we have put up so prominently, "He maketh His sun to rise on the good and on the evil, . . . and sendeth rain upon the just and on the unjust." Now, it is this very principle that men are most prone to ignore at the present time. When they were simple, and as we like to call it, superstitious, when they were unfamiliar with the operations of natural law, and familiar with the idea of a personal God, they were proportionately ready to acknowledge His favours in sending sunshine and rain, in brightening and blessing the lives of His creatures. Now they like to think all this a matter of necessity, and Him a mere impersonal force. How can they earnestly and joyfully thank a blind machine, for its involuntary bounties? It would be like praising a locomotive for a safe railway journey. It is the slow but certain progress of ideas like these, my brethren, which more than anything else has contributed to the prevalence of a wide-spread spirit of ingratitude, and which has tainted the joy of harvest-time with a secret half-heartedness, even among nominal christians. That is why it is so necessary for us not only to bear open testimony to our belief, by this festival, but also to reconstruct in our own hearts the final and constant conviction that these blessings are the loving gifts of a personal God. It is one of the chief benefits which the Gospel has conferred on mankind to bring him face to face with God. There is no longer the possibility of suspecting him to be a shadowy, impersonal force, or an all-prevailing essence. He cannot be to us an unknown or unknowable thing. Our Saviour has shown us how near and dear we are each one of us to Him, how absolutely dependant on His benevolence, how continually the object of his thoughtful care. And if we want this to be something more than a vain show, a mere imitation of real worship, it is for us to make it now the means of realising more perfectly the love of God.

My brethren, everything here and hereafter for us, depends upon this. Joy, such as we can ever experience it, can only arise from the sense of a restful, thankful dependence on God.

Without this, no matter how pleasant our circumstance, how seductive our associations, there will be the worm which dieth not, gnawing our hearts ; the fire of hell consuming us with its perpetual flame. Learn, then, my dear brethren, to sacrifice on this altar the sin which is keeping you away from union with Him, look at the emblems of our creation, preservation and all the blessings of this life, and from them turn to the more precious tokens of His inestimable love, the cross of passion, the bread of a broken body, the wine-blood poured for the redemption of a world. Indiscriminate indeed, are these blessings, offered as a King's bounty to all, but not costless, no machine-made gifts, they have cost the sacrifice of God, the pains and death of a sinless Redeemer.

A LETTER FROM MALTA.

MALTA UNION CLUB,
MALTA, SEPT. 16th, 1892.

Dear Sir and Brother : -

The Diocesan Magazine is sent me every month and read, every word of it, with deep interest ; as it reminds me of the happy years in British Columbia. It has struck me that a few lines about Malta might be acceptable to your readers, so I send enclosed with my best wishes and heartiest greetings to brother Churchmen in dear old B. C. As I am writing the 12 o'clock gun has just boomed out from Fort St. Angelo, telling of our world-wide British Empire, while the church bells are ringing the sweet tale of Mary's everlasting glory, and of how Christ became man for our sakes, telling also of the grander empire of all nations and languages gathered into the one Holy Catholic Church !

The Island of Malta is about the size of my former parish of Sarnich, and has close to it, eastwards, the smaller islands of Gozo and Comnio, the tiny islet of Comniotto nestling in between. It is now a portion of England's possessions, having been ceded to us in 1800, after the driving out of the French. From 1525 to 1798, the rulers of Malta were the famous Knights of St. John, who were founded by a pious merchant in Jerusalem about 1100, settled in Rhodes, and were driven out by the Moslems, and then came to Malta.

So our government has now lasted nearly a century, and the majority of the people feel the benefit of our rule. Life here is most curious in many respects. The educated folk speak Italian, and many of them English, while government notices, etc., are published in both languages, the law court business being all in Italian. But the universal language is Maltese, a mixture of Arabic, a little Italian, a very few French words and a large number of ancient Phœnician. Some of the common

expressions remind one of the Arabian Knights. God, is *Allah*; Lord, is *Muley*; King, is *Sultaun*; Queen, is *Sultaana*, etc.

Many English people come here for a while, quite mistake things, and then write absurd stories about the island and its people. For instance, an Englishman went out in the country, and found a laborer in a field, and by dint of much exertion, made him understand his question, "Who is the Great Ruler?" (of Malta). The rustic thought he said, "Who is the Great Ruler?" (of the universe), so he replied, "It Sultaun. Raas!" (The *Lord*, sir). So our Englishman actually stated in his book that a Maltese countryman was labouring under the delusion that *the Sultan of Turkey* was the ruler in Malta! I could give you numbers of such instances of absurd mistakes.

There is an enormous population, no less than 164,000, or about 5,000 to the square mile.

Everyone here is Roman Catholic, and the people are most attentive to their religion. Churches are very numerous, and worship goes on every day, from daylight. In the country especially, no one goes to work without having been to church first, and these churches are very beautiful—most of them—it being the pride of the people to offer handsome gifts to the place where God's honor dwells. Every parish has its "Festa" or Feast (like a sort of local Dominion Day) when all the world rejoices.

Some day I will give you a short account of a village Festa which I went to the other day. Now, I must not take up any more of your valuable space.

Wishing you and all old friends every happiness,

Very faithfully yours,

FRED'K GEORGE WRIGHT.

THE BISHOP AT CHEMAINUS.

The Bishop and the Archdeacon proceeded to the Chemainus District on the last day of September, for the purpose of consecrating the little church of All Saints, commonly called the River Church. Though the edifice has been opened for public worship some few years, it was so ordained that it should be the last church in the Diocese consecrated by the Bishop before his departure from the scene of his many years labours. The time table in the *Colonist* informed us that there was a return train in the afternoon, but on our arrival at Duncan's we found there was no such thing. This mistake involved us in a twelve mile drive after the ceremonies, back to this aforementioned station to spend the night. We arrived at the River a little before 11 o'clock, the time appointed for the services. Besides the indefatigable Rector, the Rev. D. Holmes, we found Messrs. Roberts and Millar, and a congregation soon filled the Church.

First came the consecration of the Church, then that of the cemetery; matins, sermon and celebration followed, the services occupying nearly three hours, mostly said by the Bishop, which is certainly a remarkable testimony to his vigor and stamina. Mrs. Holmes presided at the harmonium, and we had the pleasure of hearing what is the most delightful and soul-stirring thing in a service, the fresh young voices of a choir composed almost entirely of Mrs. Holmes' family. The Church of All Saints as now seen, is not only the work of the irrepressible energy and determination of the Rector, but also largely of his hands. And in this respect it is in the same category with St. Michael's and All Angels, Chemainus proper, and three or four other Churches in the Diocese, whose existence Mr. Holmes is responsible for. Such missionary energy as this has been the means of spreading the English Catholic Church throughout the length and breadth of the English speaking world. Determination, which neither indifference nor prejudice can weaken; loyal and devoted service to good, which personal desires or comfort effect not. Thus does Chemainus and her churches unfold an eloquent tribute of admiration in which all Catholics are invited to join.

The churchyard or cemetery around All Saints is neatly fenced and paths are already laid out in order. As we circumambulated the holy acre, we noticed that it was not vacant; many of the saints, which the Bishop alluded to in his sermon, were lying there, and over one little grave, as we passed, the mother stooped, weeping. At the celebration one noticed the large proportion of young men. The offertory completely cleared off the small debt still on the building.

A sumptuous lunch closed our pleasant stay in this picturesque locality.

W. H. P. A.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS' UNION.

After an intermission of two months the Church of England Sunday School Teachers' Association met in the Cathedral School Room on Tuesday, September the 13th. The attendance was quite as large as could be expected seeing that there were no trams running at that time, and for this reason Esquimaux and Victoria West were unrepresented; but in spite of this there were thirty clergy and teachers present. The Rev. J. B. Hewetson read a most excellent paper on "Disappointments and Failures," so excellent was it that there was hardly any point which admitted of discussion. After the reading of the paper the following resolution was moved by Rev. G. W. Taylor and seconded by the Ven. Archdeacon Scriven.- That we, the members of the Church of England Sunday School Association in meeting assembled, desire to express our deep regret at the loss which the Association has

sustained in the death of Miss Bertha Jay, lately a teacher in St. Barnabas' Sunday School. And we desire also to offer our heartfelt sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Jay in their affliction.

At the close of the meeting the Willing Workers invited all present to partake of tea and cake, of which they had provided a most bountiful supply, and to which justice was done.

The next meeting of the Association is to be held at Esquimalt.

W.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND FIRE.

Immediately after the great fire in which the Cathedral and other valuable church property were consumed, the Bishop of Newfoundland issued an appeal for aid, which was circulated throughout Canada, as well as the Mother Country. Our Bishop responded by sending a personal contribution and a grant from the Cathedral Charitable Fund, and the following interesting letter of acknowledgment has just been received :

CUNARD ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIP "UMBRIA."

At Sea, between Queenstown and New York,

September 27th, 1892.

MY DEAR BISHOP,—Your kind letter enclosing cheque for twenty-one pounds reached me shortly before I left England.

I am very grateful to you and to the congregation of your Cathedral for this generous token of sympathy with my sorrowing Diocese.

As I was able to pay the money into the London and Westminster Bank, the two contributions are worth rather more than fifty dollars each, and will appear as ten guineas respectively, in the next number of our occasional paper.

In view of your approaching retirement from the oversight of the Diocese in which you have labored so long and so faithfully, permit me to express the hope that even while resting from the more arduous work in which so much of your life has been spent, you may yet enjoy many opportunities of active service for God and His Church.

With sincere thanks for your kindness,

Believe me, my dear Bishop,

Very sincerely yours,

LLEWELYN NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE LORD BISHOP OF COLUMBIA.

ST. MARK'S.

We held our Harvest Festival on Thursday evening, Oct. 6th, and it proved a great success. We placed an extra thirty seats in the church, and we had a congregation of about 140, which is the utmost number the building will hold. The decorations were most elaborately carried out, and the little chancel was a perfect bower of flowers. The choir did their part wonderfully, singing the anthem "O Lord how Wonderful are Thy Works," exceedingly well. The Rev. W. D. Barber preached the sermon, and the collection amounted to the largest sum yet taken at one time in the Church, viz. : \$17.10, which goes to-

wards paying off the debt of upwards of \$200 still on the edifice. Next year we hope to be able to throw out the kitchen and vestry, and erect an addition at the east end. With these alterations we shall increase the seating capacity, besides giving us a chancel large enough for our choir and organ; but of course it will at once do away with the possibility of holding entertainments, which will have to be held in the public school building close by, where we used to hold our Mission services.

One of our people is now collecting money for a bell, and he has also, with his father, who is a painter like himself, decorated our present little chancel, and has wonderfully improved its appearance. He has also given us a hymn number board, and is now making us a notice board, for outside, with all the services on.

Mr. Henry Watts has been indefatigable at the organ, and our ambition now soars for a better instrument to give vent to his powers.

ST. PHILLIP'S, CEDAR.

Editor of Diocesan Magazine:

DEAR SIR. September has passed, and I believe nothing has been received from these parts by way of information. The fact is very little has happened. The congregations have been scarce, owing chiefly to the inconvenience of vaccination, and the rigidity of the health officers.

In spite of this, the annual Harvest Thanksgivings were held at St. Phillip's and the St. Augustine Indian Church; both places did credit to their decoration.

I say nothing much has happened, but while writing, I begin to think you received no notice of a visit from our Diocesan August 30th, to consecrate St. Phillip's. This indeed was a glorious time. Joined with consecration of building, and of Communion vessels, we had a consecration of self, for three females and one male were confirmed at that time.

The last matter I should like to mention, Mr. Editor, is one for which I am most thankful, and my committee has similarly expressed themselves in a letter to the Bishop, a further donation of \$201.57 towards the legal liabilities on St. Phillip's Church debt. These have now been lessened by half and so we may hope before 1863 has become many months old, to have cleared all legal liabilities.

Lately, I married W. H. Curran to Jane Brenton, both of Oyster Bay, in St. Phillip's Church. They two were confirmed on August 30th last.

I am, Mr. Editor,

Yours faithfully,

ERNEST G. MILLER,

Incumbent of St. Phillip's.

ST. LUKES, CEDAR HILL.

St. Luke's Church, Cedar Hill, had an unusually large congregation on Sunday last, every available seat being filled. The Lord Bishop of the Diocese was present, and was assisted in the confirmation and consecration services by Ven. Archdeacon Scriven, Rev. Mr. Lipscomb, and Rev. Mr. Browne, the pastor.

The service commenced at 3 p.m. with the opening hymn, 270, the church choir being strengthened by several choristers from city congregations, which rendered the choral service pleasing and effective. It was intoned by the pastor, and in the responses the congregation took a hearty part. There was but one lesson read—Acts VIII to verse 18, after which the 37th hymn was sung, and the preface to confirmation said by the Venerable Archdeacon. Some dozen candidates—all adults—presented themselves, and his lordship, after the laying on of hands, read the solemn prayers prescribed for such occasions.

The imposing ceremony over, the candidates retired to their seats to the strains of a voluntary, and the 280th hymn was sung.

His Lordship then addressed those who had taken the solemn obligations, reviewing the nature of the ceremony and the responsibility attaching to those who had undertaken it. As members of the church more would be expected of them, and as Christians it would be their duty to let their light shine before men. Henceforth they would be partakers of the blessed sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and recipients of all the powers of grace which it afforded.

The consecration of the burial ground was no less solemn a service. His Lordship, with the other clergymen, and accompanied by Mr. Lindley Crease, Diocesan Registrar, followed by the congregation in processional order, proceeded to the church gate, where the Registrar read the petition, signed by most of the parishoners.

The petition was accepted, and the prescribed prayers offered up, after which the Bishop, the Clergy, the Registrar and the assembled congregation made a circuit of the grounds, repeating the 49th Psalm and singing hymn 140.

Arriving at the starting point, the sentence of consecration was read by the Registrar and duly signed.

The ceremony was brought to a close by His Lordship pronouncing the benediction, after which he dispersed the assemblage by saying :

“ My dear friends, I am very happy to be with you on this occasion, and that I am about to part with you, whom I have found to be so sincere in the good work of the Lord, grieves me much. I sincerely hope and pray that your happiness, spiritual

as well as temporal, may continue, and that the grounds which we have just consecrated to the Lord may ever be maintained as such."—*Colonist, Oct. 20th, 1892.*

COWICHAN.

The following is the text of the address recently forwarded to the Bishop from the Parish of Cowichan, and the Bishop's reply thereto :

To the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Columbia :

We, the undesigned residents of the Parish of Cowichan, having heard of your resignation, desire to express our deep sense of the loss which this Diocese will sustain thereby.

For thirty-three years you have toiled in this part of the Master's vineyard, and carried on a work which will ever be remembered. It has indeed involved no light labor to have come to a new country such as British Columbia was when you first set foot on its shores, finding but one clergyman ministering to its needs, and to leave it, as you are about to do, divided into three Dioceses, each organized into many Parishes, with their sacred edifices and clergy carrying on the church's work. And when we remember the many and great difficulties you have had to encounter and the opposition you have had to surmount, we can thank God that our first Bishop has been a man of faith and prayer and courage.

But it is not for these reasons alone, that we wish to convey to you our feelings of sorrow that you are about to leave us. We shall feel here in Cowichan that we are losing a personal friend, and one endeared to us all in many ways.

Many of us have received at your hands the rite of Confirmation ; all of us have heard again and again your words of fatherly counsel, of kind and loving teaching and encouragement.

We cannot, therefore, view without grief the prospect of separation from one who has been our revered Bishop for so many years. We ask your Lordship to remember us in your prayers, whilst we will pray that for many years you may enjoy your well earned rest.

Your Lordship's faithful and attached servants,

JOHN ARUNDELL LEAKEY,
W. C. DUNCAN,

And 63 other residents in Cowichan.

REPLY.

To the Members of the Church of England in Cowichan :

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I thank you very much for your kind address. Cowichan is very interesting to me as having been one of the first districts in which a mission of the Church of England was established, and which is now so flourishing and for the most part, as to the Church, self-supporting.

I rejoice at the good progress of the settlement in both temporal and spiritual things, because I know you will desire all the more readily to support the cause of Christ, not only in your own neighborhood, but in the Diocese and elsewhere.

I do and ever shall look back upon visits to Cowichan as amongst the most pleasant incidents of my long ministry, having always met with warm welcome and kind attention to any suggestions it was my duty to make.

I thank God for your appreciation of the Episcopal acts performed, and for your testimony that my counsel and teaching may not have been in vain, though I am very conscious of coming far short of what that ought to be.

Indeed, I am very sorry to leave you, but this step I hope and believe will be better for you and for me.

That the blessing and strength of God the Holy Ghost may abundantly attend your faithful use of the ministrations of our Church, is the prayer of your affectionate friend and Bishop,

G. COLUMBIA.

Bishopsclose, Victoria, Oct. 17th, 1892.

ITEMS.

The Cathedral Bazaar realised over \$2,200 and netted over \$1800.

* *

A parsonage house for the Rev. E. G. Millar is now being erected.

* *

The Rev. C. E. Sharp has opened a collegiate school in connection with Christ Church.

* *

The Rev. J. B. Good, senior Priest in this Diocese, has been appointed an Honorary Canon of Christ Church Cathedral. His congregation celebrated the event by a conversazione in St. Paul's Institute on October 4th.

* *

After the harvest home service at Christ Church Cathedral, on Wednesday, October 5th, the choir were entertained at the school room, by Mrs. Beanlands, Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Kent. A very tempting supper was succeeded by a variety of games and other diversions. A cordial vote of thanks to the ladies was passed, and hearty cheers for the kind hostesses concluded the proceedings.

* *

The following is from the London *Daily Graphic*, of Sept. 19th, and contains news that the many friends of Archdeacon Mason will read with regret :

“ Archdeacon Mason has resigned the living of Long Cross, Chertsey, in consequence of ill health, and will be succeeded by the Rev. W. Tringham, now rector of Busbridge and patron of the living. Archdeacon Mason was Archdeacon of Honolulu from 1864 to 1873, Dean of Victoria, Vancouver Island, from 1878 to 1880, and Archdeacon of Columbia from 1880 to 1884.”

* *

Archdeacon Wright, whose death is recorded in the accompanying extract from the London *Telegraph* of September 20th,

was very well known in this country, having been for many years Archdeacon of Vancouver (the first Archdeacon here we believe) and also for a time Rector of Esquimalt :

“ We regret to announce the death of Archdeacon Wright, rector of Greatham, near Petersfield, one of the oldest clergymen in the Diocese of Winchester. Prior to accepting a country living, he was for many years an army chaplain, and received promotion for meritorious service when acting as principal chaplain in the Crimea. He was awarded the Crimea medal, with clasps, for Alma, Balaclava, Inkerman and Sebastopol. While serving as senior chaplain at Portsmouth, Archdeacon Wright took an active part in the restoration of the garrison church (Domus Dei).”

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* *

The Harvest Festivals in Victoria took place as under. Full details were published in the daily papers, but have not been forwarded to us :

CHURCH.	DATE.	PREACHER.
Christ Church Cathedral.	Oct. 5th....	Rev. Canon Beanlands.
St. John's.....	Oct. 6th....	Ven. Arch. Scriven.
St. James'.....	Sept. 25th....	Rev. C. E. Sharp.
St. Barnabas'.....	Sept. 28th....	Ven. Arch. Scriven.
St. Saviour's.....	Oct. 15th....	Rev. J. B. Hewetson.
St. Mark's.....	Oct. 6th....	Rev. W. D. Barber.
St. Paul's, Esquimalt....	Oct. 1st....	Rev. W. D. Barber.

* *
* *

The following notice of the death of the Metropolitan of Canada, is from the *English Church Times* :

“ On Friday, Sept. 9th, the Metropolitan of Canada, the Most Rev. John Medley, Bishop of Fredericton, passed to his rest. Consecrated so long ago as 1845, his lordship was, next to the Venerable Bishop of Guiana, the senior prelate of the Anglican Communion. As a scholar, theologian and a musician the Bishop consecrated his talents to the service of the Church, of which he was a loyal son and a faithful pastor. Like his coadjutor, Bishop Tully Kingdon, who now by right succeeds to the See of Fredericton, Bishop Medley was a Vice-President of the E. C. U. In the Church of Canada his lordship's firm rule and statesmanlike counsels will for long be remembered, and his loss deeply deplored.”

:: W. H. DANBY, Real Estate Agent. ::

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