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The CANADIAN Church Magazine

AND MISSION NEWS

Published by the Domestic AND Foreign Missionary Society
of the Church of England in CANADA



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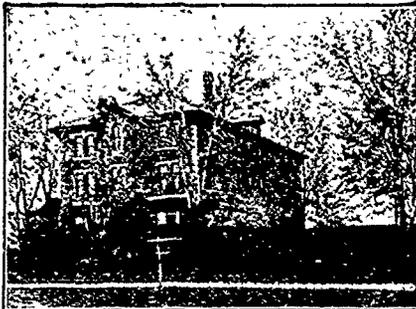
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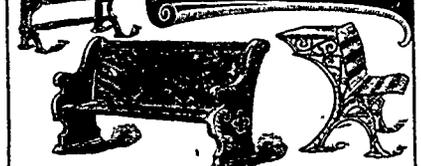
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THE CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE

• • AND MISSION NEWS • •

Published by the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada.

VOL. XII.

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1898.

No. 150

BOARD OF DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The Executive Committee of the Board met in Ottawa on the 21st and 22nd of November, inst., all the members save one being in attendance. At this meeting the following appropriations were made by the Committee under the authorization of the Board.

FOR INDIAN HOMES.

Diocese of New Westminster, \$400; Qu'Appelle, \$200; Calgary, \$750; Saskatchewan, \$400; Moosonee, \$100; Athabasca, \$100; Selkirk, \$100; Mackenzie River, \$100, Algoma, \$250; total, \$2,400.

The following appropriations were made from the monies in hands for

DOMESTIC MISSIONS:

Algoma, (additional) \$500; New Westminster, (for white mining district) \$500; Athabasca, \$200; Mackenzie River, \$200; Qu'Appelle, \$200; Selkirk, \$100; Saskatchewan, \$50; Rupert's Land, \$250; total, \$2,000.

Being the whole of the monies in hand for Domestic Missions.

The Executive Committee is appointed to meet monthly and the next meeting has been fixed for the 19th December at Ottawa.

CHINESE MISSION FUND.

We have already called attention to the special appeal made by the Rev. L. N. Tucker, M.A., for assistance for work amongst the Chinese in the Diocese of New Westminster, and that at his request and that of the Board of Missions at the public meeting in Montreal, through the Bishop of Quebec, the editor of this Magazine has consented to act as Treasurer for this particular fund. Of course, all sums contributed to it will go to the credit of the work of the Board of Missions although applied to this particular purpose by its consent. Since the Meeting in September last, Rev. L. N. Tucker has written to the Secretary of the Board, saying that arrangements were being made to secure the services of an ordained man who can speak the Chinese language. "We hope, (he says), soon to have a building that will combine Class-Room and Chapel where religious services could be held and instruction given; a Reading Room which

would attract the heathen Chinese and serve as a stepping stone to the Chapel and Class Room, and Lodging Rooms where our disciples could be kept more entirely under our influence. If the Triennial offering of the W.A. could be specifically devoted to this object, viz.—the erection of such a building in Vancouver, it would be the most effective way of carrying on the work; it would give it a centre and a permanence which it could not otherwise possess and it would stand as a visible monument of the devotion of the W.A."

Mr. Tucker confidently anticipates the contribution from private sources through this Fund, of the required amount of \$500 per annum for the maintenance of this work, and asks subscriptions for three years. So far, the only response through the Treasurer—the Editor of this Magazine—has been the following.

George Hague, Esq., Montreal, \$25 00; Mrs. Carmichael, per the very Rev. the Dean, \$10.00; A Friend of Missions in the Diocese of Quebec, \$5.00; Miss A. J. Breadon, Montreal, \$5.00; per Rev. L. N. Tucker, received by him in Montreal from several contributors, \$3.00, total \$48.00. A further sum of \$50 has been kindly promised by the Bishop of Quebec. It is hoped that a considerable portion of the balance of the \$500, necessary for the first year, may be received as part of the Christmas Gifts which will doubtless be made by many. Remittances may be addressed to L. H. Davidson, Q.C., 181 St. James Street, Montreal, and will be acknowledged in this Magazine.

AN OPPORTUNITY.

Nearly every number of the Magazine contains announcements of openings in the Foreign Mission Field. An application has been made to the Board by a Clergyman in Canada, for work in Japan, and enquiry having been made the applicant has been found most desirable, but owing to the lack of funds it is impossible to comply with the conditions necessary to have him sent out in connection with one of the great Societies, or directly from the Church in Canada. For the present the Board has been obliged to delay acceptances of his application. A sum of at least \$1200 per annum would be required in order to comply with the

present regulations. We notice that in connection with the C.M.S., in England, certain parishes have become responsible to the Society for the support of some particular Missionary to the Foreign Field. The title "Our Missionaries" being applied to these, the funds raised being, as we understand it, remitted directly to the Society. Perhaps the principle might be adopted in Canada, and perhaps one or more parishes may find themselves able and willing to assure to the Board the amount necessary to send forward this Missionary. The need is great, the labourer is ready, who will provide the means?

THE DOMESTIC FIELD.

Urgent appeals have been made to the Board for assistance from the various Dioceses embraced under the term "Domestic Missions" or "Domestic Field." Perhaps the most urgent and persistent is that which comes from the Diocese of Rupert's Land, in which it is represented that there are many openings for extension of Church work, which it is impossible to fill for lack of means. A sum of \$5000 was asked from the Board for this work, but owing to the very small amount to the credit of the Domestic Missions Fund, and the more urgent claims as it appeared to the Committee of other sections of the Domestic Field, only a grant of \$250 was possible.

THE WOMEN OF CHINA—HEATHEN AND CHRISTIAN.

 O understand a woman—Chinese or American—one must have some knowledge of her home, her family cares, and her habits of thought. A typical Chinese family consists of the father and mother-in-law, two or three sons and their wives, and several grandchildren, all living in rooms opening upon the same high-walled courtyard, and sharing the same kitchen.

The father and sons work for and contribute to the common purse, and so strict are their ideas of impartiality, or rather so jealous is each member of the family of the others, that a husband may not take even of the money he himself has earned to buy a present for his own wife, without buying one equally valuable for each of his sisters-in-law. The Chinaman has ways and means, however, of evading almost every law or custom, and the fond husband buys a handsome gown and sends it and his wife for a few days to her maternal home. From there she will return triumphantly displaying her gown as a present from her mother.

In the home the mother-in-law is usually—but not always—the head. Sometimes a

daughter-in-law of unusually bright mind or vicious temper rules the whole household. The quickest way a daughter-in-law possesses by which to bring her mother-in-law to subjection is threatening suicide. If a woman kills herself her spirit is supposed to return to haunt the mother-in-law, but worse than this, to the practical mind of the Chinaman, her living relatives will gather and by demanding a costly funeral, will plunge the whole family into debt that they will be unable to pay for years.

Imagine the situation in a Chinese home, and it becomes at once apparent that peace and happiness cannot reign continually. On the one hand is the daughter-in-law, a young girl, perhaps, indulged and spoiled from her babyhood in her mother's home, and untrained in housework and sewing. She is suddenly introduced by marriage into a new home. Her husband, her mother-in-law, her neighbors, are all total strangers. She is miserably homesick; she gets wretchedly tired doing all sorts of unaccustomed work; she is criticised, laughed at, or reviled for her stupidity or her indolence.

On the other hand, is the mother-in-law. She has perhaps suffered for years under the hard reign of her mother-in-law; she is now ready for her turn to sit on the throne. She expects to be treated with obedient consideration by her son's wife; she expects to take life easily in her old age. Instead of this she discovers that her new daughter-in-law is saucy, careless, and wasteful, if not actually thievish; she is, above all, taking the place in her beloved son's affections which the mother has always held.

Remember, they are two heathen women with hot and hasty tempers which have never been controlled; each with a stock of vile words and insulting epithets at her tongue's end, and it is easy to imagine the result. When there are several daughters-in-law in the same house, and children of different mothers ready to quarrel at a moment's notice, and each mother ready to take her own child's part to the bitter end, it is often "confusion worse confounded."

It is well in such a household if there be one at the head who can command obedience and at least a semblance of peace. As the daughters-in-law grow older and wiser, as they bear sons to add lustre to the family name, and as the various elements of the family become accustomed to each other, terrific outbursts of temper and violent chastisements by the mother-in-law becomes less frequent.

There are, of course, some cases where the mother-in-law and her son's wife live together in loving harmony, but these are, unfortunately, rare exceptions.

The saddest and most hopeless lot in China is that of the "nourished daughter-in-law"—

the girl who, yet too young to marry, is sent to her betrothed husband's home because of her parent's death or extreme poverty. Her mother-in-law resents this most vehemently. Why should she be called upon to feed and clothe for years the unfortunate child? As there is no one to take the girl's part, she is usually over-worked, reviled, beaten, and sometimes half-starved and driven to sleep with the dogs in her new home. If the mother-in-law goes too far, however, resource may be had to a curious mob law, as far as I know only practiced by the women of China.

Not long ago an orphan girl was sent to live with her mother-in-law, who had already one daughter-in-law living with her. The child's betrothed husband was an industrious business man, a good many years older than herself. He was seldom at home, and even when there, as it was not good form for him to take any notice of his little bride before marriage, he knew nothing of how she was treated.

Although the girl was a gentle, modest child, afraid to say or do anything contrary to her mother-in-law's wishes, she was most cruelly treated. When she was thirteen years old she inadvertently did something to offend her mother and sister-in-law, and the two women, working themselves into a fiendish rage, killed her with scissors, cutting her flesh horribly, and slitting her tongue, but leaving no mark upon her face.

When she was dead they carefully dressed her in her best garments, and, according to custom, were obliged to send word of her death to her aunt, her only living relative. This aunt was a desperate character, a beggar woman, who could hope or fear nothing from the magistrates, as she had not enough money to make it worth an official's while to pay any attention to her case. She obeyed the summons at once, and after carefully examining the body of the dead child, returned home, and gathering together thirty or forty women, each armed with an awl or sharp pointed instrument, came to execute vengeance on the murderers. The two women, however, managed to hide themselves, and the infuriated mob were obliged to disperse after being assured by the bridegroom, who was horrified at the dreadful death of his bride, that a grand and costly funeral should be given in her honor.

In another instance within my knowledge, a mother-in-law who had beaten her daughter-in-law to death did not escape so easily. In this case the murderess was caught by the mob of women armed with awls and sharp metal pins; they dragged her out into the street, stripped her of her clothing and pricked and jagged her furiously. Then they dragged her over the stones the whole length of the street two or three times, and finally left her, after pushing

a quantity of briars and small thorns into her flesh. She was carried home by her friends more dead than alive. "No one in that village has dared to kill her daughter-in-law since that time," was the significant conclusion given by the Christian woman telling me the story.

It is frightful to see a woman deliberately "nourishing wrath," as the Chinese express it. The word translated "nourishing" can also be rendered "kindle" as in "kindle a fire," and is most expressive in connection with the working up of anger. It was once my unfortunate experience to see my nurse maid "nourish" or "kindle" wrath. One day, after having a quarrel with the washerman, she sat down in spite of my remonstrances, and deliberately gave way to her evil passions. She drew her breath in with great violence at long and regular intervals, until she became wholly unconscious of her surroundings.

In this state, which lasted about forty hours, she threw herself about violently, and talked deliriously, especially after I had applied the mustard plasters which I had heard were effective in such cases. Although I lean toward homœopathic treatment, on this occasion I made two plasters thick and strong, one foot broad by two feet long, and applied them on her chest and down her back. While I was preparing the plasters my cook told me that the Chinese would call one in this woman's condition "possessed of demons." I am glad to state that by the aid of those mustard plasters, I exorcised the demons, and, better yet, that they have never dared to return to that woman!

She came legitimately by her temper. She often told me of her grandfather, who had a long-wished for and only son born to him late in life. He was so greatly delighted that he went in and out of his wife's room, exclaiming, "Aren't you happy! aren't you happy!" After repeatedly replying in the affirmative, the old lady finally, becoming irritated, answered emphatically, "No, I am not happy." Whereupon the old man "nourished wrath," refused to eat and drink, and died in a few days. Serious illness or death often follows this deliberate giving away to anger.

Women who claim to be possessed of a "fox or a wolf god" are much feared and revered by the Chinese. I once asked an intelligent Christian woman, Su May, whether she had known any women claiming this possession. She answered that she had met with very few, and those all claimed to be possessed of a "fox god." When a pupil in one of our Christian schools, she had been allowed by the matron, who had not yet given up all her heathen superstitions, to witness the attempted healing of a very sick child by a woman possessed of a "fox god."

Several of the schoolgirls stole into the room while the woman mumbled her incantations, intelligible only to herself, and it was not long before she turned angrily to the matron, and declaring that her god could do nothing in the presence of those believing in the "Jesus doctrine," gave up the case and went away. She afterwards bitterly reproached the woman who had conducted her to the school, saying: "You should not have taken me there. Don't you know I have nothing to do with the people holding their belief?" She declared the child would surely die, as she was the runaway soul of a little nun, who had in her previous existence broken a bowl, and her mistress was calling to her to come back and account for the damage done to her property. But the child recovered in spite of her prophecy.

After Su May left school her father took her for a visit among old family friends whom she had not seen since a little girl. Nearly every woman and child in the village crowded to see the natural-footed girl who had been educated by foreigners, and among them came a woman who at once caught Su May's attention from her resemblance to the woman possessed of a "fox god." She entered the room in a gliding, serpentine manner, with averted eyes, which were never lifted in a straightforward, direct look into the face of another. By slipping behind some of the other women she sought to avoid notice, but Su May said to her at once, "You are possessed of a 'fox god,' aren't you?"

"Dreadful!" the woman gasped. "How do you know? No one told you about me, for I have been watching you."

"I have a way of recognizing you," answered Su May, "but I won't tell you my way."

"Are you possessed of a god also?" asked the woman.

"Yes," answered Su May; "I have the true God in me. He is with me all the time. Is your 'fox god' with you? Let him speak to us through you."

"My god has gone to Shanghai," confusedly answered the woman, slinking out of the room as rapidly as possible.

Another woman of this kind was for a time in Mrs. Nevius's sewing class, but she declared she could not prophesy before the Christian school girls. The most striking part of Su May's story was her statement that all the possessed women of whom she had known or heard confessed at once on hearing the name of Jesus that, "He is true; he is the Son of the true God." And while others around might mock and jeer at the preaching of the Gospel, they either listened with respectful attention or evaded it entirely.

The women who claim a "wolf god" are of a fierce nature, advising more cruel methods

of averting misfortune or curing the sick than those who are under the guidance of a "fox god." A petty mandarin living near Chefoo, having two wives, had the great misfortune to have no children. In great discontent with this state of affairs, he sent for a woman possessed of a "wolf god," and asked her to tell him the reason for his ill fortune. She was a total stranger to him and to both of his wives, so it could not have been an old grudge or wish for revenge that influenced her demands. She told him he would never have good luck as long as he kept his second wife; that she must not be divorced, but killed. The head wife was in real sorrow at this verdict, and begged the mandarin to spare the unfortunate woman's life, but he remained determined to follow the "wolf god's" advice. Stripping the heavy wadded garments from his second wife (with whom, as far as known, he had had no previous quarrel), he drove her out into the bitter cold, where she was soon frozen to death.

The religious feeling of Chinese women vary greatly in different localities. In some places they are distinctly religious, visiting temples, worshipping daily at a private shrine in the home, fasting, praying, and endeavoring by good works to lay up for themselves a reward in the future world. In the eastern part of Shantung Province this is not the case. The women, as a rule, never visit the temples and worship no private gods. They are, of course, filled with many vague and dark superstitions. Hard worked, improperly nourished, easily distracted and excited by the little details of daily life, they seem to give little, if any, thought to their future after death. It is commonly believed that a woman will change at death into a pig — considered the filthiest of animals—to atone for the sins committed during her lifetime, such as polluting pure water, wasting food, cutting cloth, reviling her husband, worrying her mother-in-law, etc. From a pig to a woman, a woman to a pig, the dreary transmigration goes on forever. Others believe in total annihilation, but most women dismiss the question of a future life by a careless, "Who knows?" or by the sad statement, "I fear no future suffering. My lot cannot possibly be worse in the world to come than it is in this life."

This picture of heathen womanhood would be misleading, dark and gloomy, if all bright coloring be omitted. It is indeed a black and bitter life, even among the heathen homes that gets no ray of light occasionally. Hunger satisfied, though with coarsest food, a refreshing breeze after a hot day, warmth in winter, a shelter and rest all night, the doubtful joy of having overcome an adversary in a reviling match, or, the relief of escaping with whole bones from a fierce quarrel, make a lining to

the black cloud of life, which, if not silver, is at least lighter than the prevailing hue.

But we may certainly call bright silver the joyous smile of an innocent child, the true love which children give to and receive from their mother, vigorous health with few nerves, and the natural love of life, which is the portion of all God's creatures. Add to this an apathetic disposition, an astonishing lack of envy of those in better circumstances, and the fact that a quarrel, which would drive an American woman into a long siege of nervous prostration is but meat and drink to the ordinary Chinese woman, and one has a clearer insight into their lives.

Many deeds of unselfish and even heroic kindness are performed in heathen homes, of which the world hears nothing. In no other land are daughters more carefully guarded from impurity of action—the purity of thought or word is considered unimportant. Although the children do not render the cheerful obedience which Christianity demands, yet the care and protection of infirm and aged parents is a rule rarely departed from.

But notwithstanding all these ameliorating circumstances, it is with a feeling of distinct relief that one leaves a heathen home, too often filled with a "darkness that can be felt," and enters the home of a Christian.

In this connection a short story, which I have already told in *The Independent*, is so apt, that perhaps it is worth repeating. After a morning spent with a Chinese woman, she interrupted my Gospel message with the question, "Is your mother-in-law living?" "No," I answered. "Does your husband get drunk?" "No." "Does he smoke opium?" "No." "Does he beat you?" "No," I replied. "He has never struck me a blow in his life." It took her several moments to become convinced of this astonishing fact, and then she turned to me, saying impressively: "You have been talking to me of heaven and hell in the world to come. Your life now and mine are as heaven and hell."

Those who have seen the changed lives and happy homes of many Chinese women can testify gladly that nothing but Christianity could perform such miracles. One of the strongest proofs a Christian Chinese woman can make of her sincerity is in unbinding her own or her daughter's feet. In Shantung, with the exceptions of a few slaves or prostitutes and Manchus, all women, whatever their condition of life, bind their feet. It requires an enormous amount of moral courage for a Chinese woman to go about with natural feet, thus incurring the curiosity, ridicule, and evil insinuations of everyone she meets. The change, therefore, is very slow, but it is surely coming, owing to the influence of Christian

schools and antfootbinding societies, or rather to the influence of Christianity.

An old godly elder, in the church at Chefoo, whose Christianity was real enough to break an opium habit, strong with the practice of many years, was very fond of telling of the change Christianity wrought in his wife: "Before she became a Christian she had a most violent temper," he would say, in his slow, gentle manner. "She would scold and revile most abusively, and we were all afraid of her. But since she has become a Christian all has changed. Why now she hasn't even a disposition left," was always his quaint conclusion.

Truly in a heathen land is most clearly illustrated the truth, "By their fruits ye shall know them."—*Mrs. George S. Hays, in Missionary Review.*

NOTES ON CHINA.



THE present emperor of China, reigning under the style of Kwangsu, was born in 1871, and succeeded to the throne January 22, 1875. The young emperor has lately shown more of a progressive spirit than usual, and has awakened much opposition thereby, and the Empress Dowager Tszehi, the mother of the previous emperor, has lately assumed control, professing by request of the emperor, her nephew. She is a remarkable woman, and for thirty years has been either regent or the power behind the throne. She is now over sixty years of age, and her full name is Tszehi Toanyu Kangi Chaoyu Chuangcheng Shokung Chih-hien Chungsil.

The population of China and its dependencies is estimated at 402,680,000. At the close of 1896 there were 10,855 foreigners resident in the open ports of China, about one half being in Shanghai.

Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism are three religions acknowledged and believed in by the people, many of whom practice all three religions. The Confucian is the state religion. Roman Catholicism has about 1,000,000 adherents, and the Protestants about 75,000 communicants, of whom over 20,000 are members and probationers of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The first protestant missionary to China was Rev. Robert Morrison, who in 1807 went to China as the representative of the London Missionary Society. In 1894 there were 389 foreign ordained missionaries, 294 foreign unordained male missionaries, 641 foreign female missionaries, nearly 4,000 native missionary agents, and 55,093 communicants.—*The Gospel in all Lands.*

ONWARD MARCH OF MISSIONS.

(Spirit of Missions, U. S.)

It is estimated that since the opening of this century at least 4,000,000 souls have been brought out of heathen darkness into the glorious light of Christian truth. There are to-day 1,166,217 communicants; 4,542 native ministers preaching the Word of life to their own people, and 59,112 are employed as catechists, lay readers and helpers.

During the past year it has been computed that 62,442 souls have been born again into the Kingdom of God from among the heathen. The planting of the standard of the Christian religion in foreign lands has everywhere been followed by a higher civilization, a purer code of morals, and a superior type of manhood. The missionaries have always been the pioneers of civilization—establishing in the very citadels of ignorance and vice, schools and colleges and churches that have reclaimed the lowest type of man, and made of him a citizen worthy of a place among the most honored of men. It is true, sadly true, that with the introduction of Christianity in heathen countries there have also followed the vices and corruptions of so-called civilized nations. This, however, is not the fault of Christianity, but of governments and traders. One has well said: "The seeds of blasting disease planted in the blood of the Hawaiian race by lust and license; the ruin of drunkenness spread through Africa by a flood of vile rum poured in by Christian nations at the rate of 2,600,000 gallons in the year at a single port, and 1,000,000 gallons a year from America; the moral fibre of the Chinese race rotted out by the consumption of nearly 6,000 tons of opium every year, imported from India at a profit of \$32,000,000 to the English government—these facts tell the story of the decay of heathen races—these facts show the forces of evil against which the missionaries are fighting to build up a native Christianity, a native virtue, with almost incredible heroism, and, under God, with miraculous success." In spite of all these obstacles, however, no one who reads the progress of human history, and the great changes that have taken place in hitherto savage and semi-civilized countries, will say that Christian missions do not pay.

The world to-day is ten thousand times better off because of Christian missions than it was one hundred years ago. "Read," says a distinguished layman of Connecticut, "what Julian Hawthorne has just uttered of the missionaries in India; what Stevenson has written of them from his home in the southern seas; what Stanley has said of them in darkest Africa; what generals and ministers of state have affirmed over and over again; yea, even

what some of their fiercest enemies have many times admitted."

When Commodore Perry of the United States Navy sailed into the bay of Yeddo at the head of a great fleet of warships, nearly fifty years ago, to demand of the government of Japan the opening of her ports to western civilization and to Christianity, that hermit nation was full of indignation, hating the foreigner and despising his religion. But look at Japan to-day—ready to take her place alongside the most advanced nations of the world in industries, manufactures, commerce and modern equipment. In her late war with China her superiority was at once recognized. It may be truly said that Japan's present development and progress may be traced back to that memorable occasion when the western world, in the person of Commodore Perry, bade her throw open her fast-closed doors. Another has said: "A hundred years ago, China, Japan, Corea, Siam, were shut within the walls of native bigotry and hatred; India barred by the opposition of the East India Company; Africa hidden behind a barrier of unexplored darkness. Now the walls are down; the gates are open; the way is clear." Yes, let us add more—upon every one of these countries the light of civilization is now breaking; in every one of them the Gospel is being preached by native ministers, and churches and school houses are being built by native Christians, and the highest type of culture earnestly inculcated and sought after.

"I assert it to be a fact," said Rear-Admiral George E. Belknap, of the United States Navy, "beyond contradiction, that there is not a ruler, official, merchant, or any other person, from emperors, viceroys, governors, judges, counsellors, generals, ministers, admirals, merchants and others, down to the lowest coolies in China and Japan, Siam and Corea, who, in their association or dealings with their fellowmen in that quarter of the globe, are not indebted every day of their lives to the work and achievements of the American missionaries."

Consider for a moment what Christian missions have done for the Fiji islanders. When Queen Victoria ascended the throne, sixty years ago, the inhabitants of the Fiji islands were pagan cannibals of the lowest type. Not a ray of Christian religion or civilization penetrated that heathen darkness. To-day the whole race is lifted out of the horrible pit and the miry clay. When the famine was raging so terribly in India, recently, these people raised a fund of £844, and sent it to the sufferers as an expression of their sympathy.

Again, read the testimony of Sir Bartle Frere concerning Christian missions in India: "I speak simply as a matter of experience and

observation, and not of opinion, just as a Roman prefect might have reported to Trajan or Antoninus, and I assure you, whatever you may be told to the contrary, the teaching of Christianity among the 160,000,000 of civilized and industrious Hindoos and Mohammedans in India is effecting changes, moral social and political, which for extent and rapidity of result are far more extraordinary than anything you or your fathers have witnessed in modern Europe."

Let us then ask seriously: From what sources have all these great moral transformations arisen? Have they come from heathen genius, heathen ignorance, heathen superstition, or heathen degradation? The *consensus* of all nations, the common verdict of all history is one—Christian mission: Christian truth and civilization. Call it "the survival of the fittest," if you will; but the testimony of heathen nations, as read in the hearts and lives of the people thus rescued from the thralldom of their former estate, points to the missionaries of the Cross as the pioneers of their civilization, the real founders of their political and moral uplifting, the one force in the world's onward march which is more and more nearing the Kingdom of God.

Such is the Church's work to-day. It is God's work. It is His answer to our daily prayer, "Thy Kingdom come." Who will hinder it? Yea, rather, who will not "come up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty?"

SOUTH AFRICA.

 NEW, and what promises to be a very successful mission has been started in the Gwanda district, diocese of Mashonaland. The Rev. N. W. Fogarty was sent early in July by the Bishop to choose a suitable spot, and the chiefs, Manyagavula, Umlugulu, and Nyanda, sent messages to the Bishop that they wished the missionaries to settle near their kraals. It was then decided that the Rev. J. W. Leary should make his centre at Manyagavula's and work the district from there. The owners of the farms on which these kraals are, readily gave permission for the workers to settle, and gave as much land as we wanted for the mission. The Rev. J. W. Leary, who arrived in August, immediately proceeded in his Church waggon, drawn by four oxen, to his district, and is now very busy building his huts at Manyagavula's for himself, and at Umlugulu's and Nyanda's for his native teachers. In addition to the native work, Mr. Leary will have for some time to attend to the white work at the Geelong and other mining camps on the Gwanda Belt.

Soon there will be a township at the Gwanda, and it is hoped that the Bishop will have a man to send there. A most happy and successful visit was paid by the Bishop, the Rev. J. W. Leary, and the Rev. N. W. Fogarty, on September 7th and 8th, to the Geelong. The Bishop was made most welcome by all the miners and prospectors. A service was held in the mess-house at the mine, and the Bishop preached a most stirring sermon. In the afternoon the Bishop confirmed one of his old Kimberley friends, a lady at the mine, and the next morning the Bishop celebrated, and the newly confirmed made her first communion. The Bishop would have liked to have stayed at the mine a little longer, but the coach did not permit of it, and the party had to leave at 1 p.m. for Manzimyama. At Manzimyama Captain Chawner kindly put them all up, and in the evening a service was held for the police, and the Bishop again preached. A railway mission has been started in the diocese and the Rev. N. W. Fogarty placed in charge of it. At present the line is worked from Bulawayo to Mochudi, but when the C.G.R. give the mission coach, the sphere of work may be extended to Vryburg. It is hoped that the mission will be an important part of the work in Bulawayo which will be carried on in the same lines as the Grahamstown mission. The Chaplain at Bulawayo will be glad to receive any papers for the railway men.—*Church Bells.*

CHINA.

 HRISTIANITY was first brought to China by the Nestorians early in the sixth century, and the only known traces of their work are preserved in the famous Nestorian tablet found in the province Shansi in 1725. The Roman Catholics began their work in the thirteenth century, and with glorious devotion, and some readiness to temporize, to flatter, to dissemble, and to deceive. Their work grew greatly, winning at last the favor of the Emperor Kanghi, until Clement XI joined issue with him over ancestral worship and some other ceremonies, and then the missionaries were expelled from the country. From 1767 to 1820 they were persecuted, ordered to leave or slain, but continued apparently to conduct themselves in the manner of which one of their own number, Pere Reba, complained, saying, "If our European missionaries in China would conduct themselves with less ostentation and accommodate their manners to persons of all ranks and conditions, the number of converts would be immensely increased. Their garments are made of the richest materials...and as they never mix with the people, they make but few converts."

As a matter of fact, however, they have made many converts and doubtless many good Christians. Protestant missions began with Morrison in 1807, and together with Roman Catholic missions were recognized and legalized by the treaties made after the war of 1860. Article VIII of the British treaty reads, "The Christian religion as professed by Protestants or Roman Catholics inculcates the practice of virtue and teaches men to do as they would be done by. Persons teaching it or professing it, therefore, shall alike be entitled to the protection of the Chinese authorities; nor shall any such, peaceably pursuing their calling, and not offending against the laws, be persecuted or interfered with."

Thus introduced and recognized, two things have prevented Christianity's exercise of its full power. One has been the difficulty of adjusting it to the Chinese mind in such a way as not to commit it to anything unessential which is repugnant to the Chinese mind, and to fit it precisely to the fundamental spiritual needs and capacities of the race.

I asked one of the ablest missionaries in China, what were the great problems of the work in China, and he replied instantly, "They are one—How to present Christ to the Chinese mind." There is nothing else on earth like that mind, so full of distortions, of atrophies, of abnormalities, of curious twists and deficiencies, and how to avoid all unnecessary prejudice and difficulty, and to make use of prepared capacity and notion so as to gain for the Christian message the most open and unbiased reception, is a problem unsolved as yet and beyond any of our academic questionings here. For example, the Chinese idea of filial piety has in it much that is Christian and noble and true, and yet much that is absurd and untrue. To recognize and avail of the former aspects and not to alienate and anger in stripping off the latter, is one phase of this problem. *Where is there one more wonderfully interesting and more baffling?*

The second thing that has hampered Christianity has been its political entanglements. The last few months have given a characteristic illustration of this. The murder of two German missionaries in Shantung Province was at once made the pretext of seizing a bay with its protecting fortifications, and bade fair to precipitate the dismemberment of the Chinese empire.

Is it wonderful that the Chinese distrust the character of the mission movement, are skeptical as to its nonpolitical character, and view Christianity with suspicion? China has disliked the Western nations from the start. Their overbearing willfulness, their remorseless aggression, their humiliating victories,

their very peccable diplomacy have all strengthened her dislike.

The unfortunate occasion of the first war which brought Great Britain forward as the defender of the wretched opium traffic, which the Chinese central government at least was making sincere efforts to suppress, placed the Western nations in the position of supporting by arms what China knew to be morally wrong. The general bearing of the foreign commercial class, ignorant of the language, of the people, and of their prejudices, has increased the anti-foreign feeling of the Chinese yet more. The charge that the missionary movement as a religious movement is responsible for the anti-foreign feeling is fantastic and it is not supported by facts. Missions have made a hundred friends to every foe.

The missionary would undoubtedly in any event have had to share some of this hatred, as a member of one of the objectionable nationalities; but the Chinese are capable of distinctions, and would soon have learned that the mission movement was sharply distinct from all political bearings, if indeed it had been so. But from the beginning of foreign intercourse the trader and the missionary have been classed together. The same rights have been claimed for each, and the claim was enforced by war in the case of the trader, and the consequent treaties included the missionary. Ever since, through the legations, missionary rights under the treaties have perhaps been the chief matter of business, and outrages on missionaries have been followed by demands for reparation and indemnity. No government was willing to surrender its duty to protect its citizens, and even if the missionaries had refused protection, it would have been forced on them for the sake of maintaining traditional prestige, and defending traders and trade interests from assault.

In consequence, the missionary work has been unable to appear as the propaganda of a kingdom that is not of this world. The Chinese officials are unable, with few exceptions, to conceive of it except as a part of the political scheme of Western nations to acquire influence in China, and to subvert the government and the principles of loyalty on which it rests. "It is our opinion that foreign missionaries are in very truth the source whence springs all trouble in China," so says one of the Chinese "Blue Books."

"Foreigners come to China from a distance of several ten thousands of miles, and from about ten different countries with only two objects in view; namely, trade and religious propagandism. With the former they intend to gradually deprive China of her wealth, and with the latter they likewise seek to steal away the hearts of her people. The ostensible pre-

text they put forward is, the cultivation of friendly relations: what their hidden purpose is, is unfathomable."

Even a Roman Catholic priest—and his people are the worst offenders in this—writes: "Whence comes this obstinate determination to reject Christianity? It is not religious fanaticism, for no people are so far gone as the Chinese in skepticism and indifference. One may be a disciple of Confucius or of Lao-tse, Mussulman or Buddhist, the Chinese government does not regard it. It is only against the Christian religion it seeks to defend itself. It sees all Europe following on the heels of the apostles of Christ—Europe with her ideas, her civilization, and with that it will have absolutely nothing to do, being rightly or wrongly satisfied with the ways of its fathers."

Out of a very profound ignorance of the subject of missions in China, Mr. Henry Norman, after alluding to "the minute results of good and the considerable results of harm" they produce, says, "At any rate, in considering the future of China, the missionary influence cannot be counted upon for any good." I believe that its affiliations with the political and commercial schemes of the West, which are Mr. Norman's deities, and the way France and Germany make it a cat's-paw are seriously hindering it from doing its purely spiritual work; but even with this hinderance and the difficulty of a wise adjustment to the Chinese mind, with its aptitudes and incapacities, it is the most penetrating and permeating force working in China to lead her on to the new day, and its messengers are the heralds of the dawn. "Believe nobody when he sneers at them," said Colonel Denby. "The man is simply not posted."

The scholars, whose memorial I have already quoted, know better than to sneer. "Every province is full of chapels," they wrote, "while we have only one temple in each county for our sage Confucius. Is this not painful? Let religious instructions be given in each county. Let all the charitable institutions help. Let all the unknown temples and charity guilds be made into temples of the Confucian religion, and thus make the people good, and stop the progress of strange doctrines."

When Bishop Moule, who is still living at Hangchow, came to China, there were only forty protestants in the empire. Now there are eighty thousand, and in addition the multitudes enrolled in the church of Rome. They are erring who are not reckoning with the powerful work the Christian Church is doing amid the foundations of the Chinese Empire. She blows few trumpets from the housetops. She boasts with no naval displays. Her trust is not put in reeking tube and iron shard. Guarding, she calls on God to guard, and under

his guarding is doing at the roots of Chinese life the work of the new creation, and out of her work a church is rising of a new sort. It will have its own heresies and trials, but it will have elements of power which have belonged to none of God's other people; and I think it will lean back on the rock of the rule of the living God which we are abandoning for the rules of our own wills.

And whether the Chinese race shall serve the future as one nation or as the peaceful and submissive fragments of a once mighty empire, this much is true; the service they will render will have been touched by Christ whose movement will go on "until all the cities, towns, villages, and hamlets of that vast empire have the teacher and professor of religion living in them, until their children are taught, their liberties understood, their rights assured, their poor cared for, their literature purified, and their condition bettered in this world by the full revelation of another made known to them," out of which One has come greater than Confucius, greater than Lao-tse, to dwell among men and be their living King.—*Robert E. Speer, in Missions and Politics in Asia.*

BANGALORE AND ITS MISSIONS.



HE city of Bangalore, situated on a plateau 3,000 feet above sea level, which gives it a salubrious climate, has a population of nearly 180,000.

It forms, practically, two towns—the Petta or native portion, which is densely populated and lies to the west, and the civil and military station, or cantonment, on the east. It is one of the largest military stations in India, and has always a strong garrison of British and native troops. Kanarese is the language of the province, but Telugu and Hindustani, as well as Tamil, are spoken, while a large number understand English. Bangalore would seem to be a famous place for litigation, judging from the numerous courts of justice and the swarms of Hindu and a few Parsi pleaders. There is a large Eurasian population, for the most part Roman Catholic, many of whom are very poor. The Roman Catholic position in Bangalore is very strong, and churches, convents, colleges, and hospitals abound. It is well off, too, for Protestant places of worship. There are two Church of England military churches and three others for the civil population, a Scotch kirk, two Wesleyan English churches, two Baptist, and one Methodist Episcopal.

There are working in Bangalore among the native population the London Missionary Society, the Wesleyan, Lutheran, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, Canadian

Baptist, and Methodist Episcopal, also a branch of the Church of England Zenana Mission, which has recently established Gosha hospital for native women. Missionary comity is happily observed in India to a considerable extent. Missionary conferences exist in the larger cities; and in Bangalore, once a month, members of the several missions, foreign and native, with their wives (numbering in all about fifty), meet together at one another's houses for social intercourse, prayer and conference on their common work. Following on these lines, a native Christian Association likewise exists for the union and edification of all sections of the native Church.—*Rev. T. E. Slater, in London Chronicle.*

WORK ON THE KLONDYKE.

We take the following from a report of the Bishop of Alaska to the Board of Missions of the Church in the U. S., published in the November *Mission Field*. The Bishop writes: "On April 26, accompanied by Mr. A. A. Selden, with small packs on our backs, we started from Dyea on the trail to the interior. For nine miles we followed the windings of the Dyea river until we came to the mouth of the canyon, and here we found a camp of some 300 people. We continued our journey up this five-mile canyon, which we found in a very bad condition. The ice in places had given way; the river, pouring through this narrow chasm, walled in on both sides by high, precipitous rocks, had swollen, obliging us at times to cross a log or swing ourselves around the face of some cliff, making this part of our journey wearisome, if not dangerous. We reached Sheep Camp—fifteen miles from Dyea—at night. I had to spend three days here in order to get my outfit packed to the summit. Sheep Camp was a heterogenous place. Tents, cabins, tables of hucksters, 'sure-thing men,' lined the winding trail on both sides for a mile or more up the hillside, while all along the trail itself one was ever stepping on dead mules, dogs, etc. The time spent here was not lost. I was able to be of some help to one poor fellow who was very ill and without means, finally arranging to send him to our hospital at Skaguay. I also got close to many men. On the third day we headed for the Summit, Chilcoot Pass. After a climb of three miles we came to the place where a few weeks before some seventy men had been buried under an avalanche; but as it was storming I avoided this narrow gulch and kept well up the steep side of the mountain. About 2 p.m., after an eight hour climb, we stood safely on top of Chilcoot. After going down some distance, we came to a sheltered plateau, and here a wonderful scene presented

itself to our eyes. Over a thousand men and dogs moved to and fro amid the piles of outfits accumulated here. Men stood in line, each at head of a loaded sled to which was attached a 'G' pole, waiting for the forward man to make the descent before moving on, while the man descending the steep incline was watched as now he flew down, guiding his sled, or more often guided by it, until at last the bottom was reached with man sled, and outfit so tangled up that it was difficult to find the man. After paying duty to the Canadian customs officers stationed at this point, our turn came. Selden went down as a toboggan goes, and reached the bottom with bleeding hands and part of his clothes in a forlorn condition. On this side of the Summit there were, probably, 2,000 men. We camped at Lake Linderman and found about 8,000 men there in tents. On we went to the head of Lake Bennett, and here we found a camp of 15,000 men. I spent Sunday at this place, knocked around among the men, met travelling companions of two years ago, and held services, preaching to a congregation of 150 men. Though the ice was considered unsafe, yet on Monday at 5 a.m., with a sled load of 450 pounds, we toiled on down the lake, passing camps and boat-builders strung all along one shore, seeing several slides tearing down the mountain side, and so it continued until we reached the foot of Takish Lake—a distance of fifty-five miles made in three days with heavy loads—and here we decided to camp and build our boat. Boats sold at \$250 each, lumber was twenty-five cents per foot, which expense I could not afford, therefore we sawed out lumber and built our own boat, which cost but time and muscle. It is almost impossible to describe the vast number of the men on this trail. I estimated it at 20,000, but 40,000 would be more correct. I chose this way of going in for this reason: it gave me an opportunity of getting close to these men, as I could get in no other way, and I think I fairly succeeded. It was a surprise to them that I should be sharing their life, and for no other object than to tell men the story of God's love. I find in my experience that the only way of reaching men and preparing them to receive God's message is to reach, with a brother's heart of interest and sympathy, the individual man. Many of these men would find their way into our territory, where this Church of ours almost exclusively is ministering the Word of God and the Blessed Sacraments, and to meet them, know them, was an important preparatory step; so working by their sides, talking to them around their camp-fires or in their tents, and holding services, I sought these men for Christ's sake; and some of these scenes will live long in my memory. One such occurs to me. We were camped in the midst of many

others waiting for the ice to break. From many points on the river men visited my tent and invariably asked, when leaving, 'What time on Sunday will services be held?' As the hour approached men came from their tents, dropped down in their boats, or sat on logs outside my tent and waited. Selden rang the bell—the 'gold pan.' The service books, compiled by Bishop Barker, were distributed, hymns selected, and the service went on. Sing! I never heard such a choir. We had seven hymns. Into the steady gaze of 150 men I looked and preached the Word of God. With tears in their eyes, men stepped up and thanked me—men from many states, from England and distant New Brunswick—and said it recalled home and the dear ones, and they had never expected on the trail such a happy privilege!

"Our boat was duly built and we proceeded on our journey. Some days we had to fight our way through ice-floes—the Bishop nearly always in the lead—and sometimes we had to haul our boats on sleds over the ice. We ran the canyon and White Horse rapids in safety. But many poor fellows were not so fortunate; boats were wrecked, outfits lost and in too many cases, alas! lives were lost. Near the Takkeena river we found the floating body of one poor fellow and bore it to the river's bank, where we dug a grave and read over it the solemn service for the dead—twelve miners in the company—and marked the lonely resting place with a wooden cross.

"We proceeded quickly down the mighty Yukon, now in the full height of its flood, ran safely through the perilous Five Fingers and Rink rapids, meeting with no adventure until within forty-five miles of Dawson. Here, at 5 a.m., our boat was caught in some 'boilers' and cross currents which, in spite of our greatest exertions, swept us under three 'sweepers'—trees undermined by the flood and leaning within a foot or so of the water—from which I never expected to come out alive. I saw the danger, realized it meant death, told Selden so, and prepared for the dread moment, but in some extraordinary way we passed under and came out alive. God in His merciful providence had brought us safely through this peril because He still had some further purpose for my life. May His will be done, and may I have grace to perform his purpose! We reached Dawson, which was a foot or so under water, on Saturday at 2 p.m., and here, exhausted in mind and body, we spent five days to rest. I was able to assist in the services on Sunday, June 4th, and preach twice, but on Monday was in a state of collapse. Almost afraid to trust myself to the Yukon again, in its then flooded condition, yet hearing that Bishop Bompas was dangerously ill with scurvy, I started for Forty Mile on June 9th,

reaching it that night. I found the Bishop very ill, but slightly better, stayed with him five days, holding Sunday services, and, as he was then fast recovering, we turned our boat once more down the Yukon."

A MISSIONARY FAMILY.

Missionary zeal often runs in families. Miss Baker, a Church missionary, just returning to South India, is a striking illustration of this. It is necessary to go back to the middle of last century to trace her missionary genealogy. It begins with the Kohlhoffs, of Tanjore. The elder Kohlhoff began his missionary career as far back as 1757, and laboured for thirty-three years. Kohlhoff the younger entered the mission field in 1787, and remained at his post till 1844, having rendered fifty-seven years of service to the cause. His niece married Henry Baker who went out to Travancore under the young Church Missionary Society in 1817, and died in harness forty-eight years later. Mrs. Baker was hardly seventeen when she was married in 1818. She lived on until 1888, a missionary life of seventy years. Three of her own daughters married missionaries. Her son, Henry Baker, "junior," laboured for thirty-five years in the Travancore Mission, and was the first to evangelise the Hill Arrians. He died in 1878, but his wife remained on in the mission field. When she died, a few weeks ago, she had accomplished fifty-three years of service. Miss Baker herself, the last survivor of this remarkable family, has already been labouring for thirty-two years in the same land. —*Church Bells.*

"MAKE DISCIPLES OF ALL NATIONS."

 Fully tell what the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel has done and is doing to carry out our Lord's command to "make disciples of all nations," would require whole volumes. But here is an illustration of it in two notes taken haphazard from the mass of material which daily comes under our review.

1. In the diocese of Calgary, N. W. Canada, where the Society maintains ten missionaries, are to be found Canadians, English, Scotch, Irish, French (from France, Eastern Canada and the United States), Americans, Native Indians, Russians, Scandinavians, Galicians, Roumanians, Ruthenians, Bulgarians, Cilicians, Icelanders, etc., scattered over a country twice as large as England. A large percentage of the population has no strong denominational leanings, and it seems certain that if the Church is manned as she should be, num-

bers will be gathered into the fold. In the southern part of the diocese many of the stockmen are Churchmen.

2. In Burma also, where the Society maintains twenty-one missionaries, the diversity of races and languages is very striking, and it adds immensely to the difficulty of carrying on Mission work.

For example, one evening this year Bishop Strachan, of Rangoon, held a confirmation in the S.P.G. Church, Mandalay, at which the candidates belonged to the following races:—Burmese, Shan, Monipuri, Chinese, Tamil, Malayali, Eurasian. Indo-Burmese, and Armenio-Burmese.

The countries here referred to are almost as far apart as the poles. In Northwest Canada the winters are, indeed, nearly as cold as on "Greenland's icy mountains," and in Burma the heat, though not so severe as in many parts of India, "is sufficiently prostrating to disincite one to do scarcely anything more than to exist."

But widely as the countries may differ in regard to climate and race, there is much to unite them. The Society's constitution is sufficiently comprehensive to embrace both in its operations, and happily in each there is a "visible Church of Christ," that is "a congregation of faithful men, in which the pure Word of God is preached," and the Sacraments are "duly ministered according to Christ's ordinance in all those things that of necessity are requisite to the same."*

The work, too, unites the workers, but in this case there is a further connection, inasmuch as the two Bishops—Bishop Pinkham and Bishop Strachan—were both students of St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, and missionaries of the Society.

Each has his peculiar trials and difficulties, and each needs increased support, and those who help the Society will be helping their dioceses and fifty-three others, and thus be helping the Church to "make disciples of all nations."—*Gospel Missionary*.

WORSHIP OF BHUTS OR FAIRIES.

(By the Rev. W. O'Connor, of the Chhota Nagpur Mission.)

F the people whom one meets in the villages, the great majority are Kols—simple unsophisticated aborigines, whose conceptions of religion are very primitive. The local *bhuts* or fairies are practically the sole objects of their worship, although, on enquiry, I always have found that they are ready to acknowledge the existence of one Supreme Being, the Lord of Spirits as well as of men. The *bhuts* are supposed to be more

* See the 10th "Article of Religion" in the Book of Common Prayer.

or less spiteful, and worship is paid to them, not from love, but from fear.

The dread of these *bhuts* is not, however, confined to the aborigines. It is well known that the comparatively pure religion of the Aryans has been corrupted by combination with the grosser forms of worship which they found when they came into India. One can the more readily understand how this has taken place when it is seen how Hindus, who would disdain to worship a wayside *bhut*, are yet careful at night to avoid any place supposed to be haunted by those spirits.

In Pithoria the majority of the inhabitants are Hindus. There are very few aborigines. It may perhaps be remembered that we have taken possession of some old buildings there, which had been deserted for a long time. The Hindus of the place firmly believed that these houses were haunted. When my friend, the Rev. A. Dhan (a native pastor), and his family took up their abode in one of the haunted houses, there was great surprise at their temerity. But when Paulus, a young widower, who went to begin work as a schoolmaster, and occupied alone the ground floor of another of the buildings, their astonishment knew no bounds. They said to him: "It was strange enough for the *padri* to come and live in a place which none of us dared to pass at night; he, however, had his wife and children with him; but you are quite alone, are you not afraid?"

Paulus replied: "What is there to be afraid of? *Bhuts* have no power over Christians. Our Master is Lord of all the evil spirits, and of Satan himself. If I fear anything, I pray or sing a hymn, and then all my fears vanish."

After a while they began to tell him: "We used to see the fairies dancing in these houses, but since you Christians have come, they have all gone to the hills and the forest. Yes, we know that evil spirits have no power to hurt Christians."

This is the general belief among the heathen of this district—that the *bhuts* have power over their worshippers, but not over the followers of Christ. They will tell you this of their own accord, and the Kols will admit that it would be much wiser to give them up and serve instead Him Who can protect His followers from the assaults of their spiritual enemies. In fact, very often they will applaud everything you tell them, and will laugh at the belief in *bhuts*. They seem surprised that one should take the trouble to show how ridiculous that belief is. Yet the same men will hasten to "make," as they term it, the local *bhut*—that is, to appropriate it—whenever any trouble comes upon them, having first taken counsel of some soothsayer (who has to be liberally paid) as to what spirit must be propitiated, and how. It might be thought that with such people the work of

conversion to Christianity must be comparatively easy. They have not the ancient Scriptures or the abstruse theology or philosophy of the Hindu or Mussulman to stand between them and the simplicity of the Gospel. It is true that mission work in Chhota Nagpur is far more successful among the aborigines than among the Hindus or Mussulmans. But, after all, the very fact that the Kols' conception of religion is so degraded and worldly, indicates him as so much the less fit to understand a spiritual religion, or to perceive his want of it. Besides; he dearly loves his rice beer and other intoxicants, while temperance is insisted on by S. P. G. missionaries as a condition of admission into the Church. — *Selected.*

A CHRISTMAS MEDITATION IN FOUR PARTS.

(American Church S. S. Magazine)

I.

THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS.

THE idyllic beauty of the story of the birth of Christ never loses its power or its freshness as the years pass on. It is a delight to us in childhood, an inspiration to us in our youth, and a divine and helpful truth to us in maturity.

The snow of Christmas time, the carols of the children, the decking of our churches with the beauty of Lebanon, the fir tree, the box tree, and the pine tree together, to beautify the temple of the Lord, all unite to give a fragrance and an aroma to this day unlike any other in the Christian year.

We leave our doubts to-day at the outer court of our faith; we put aside our boasted reason and our mechanical beliefs, and, with the shepherds who sang praises and the wise men who offered their rare and costly gifts, we go anew every Christmas even unto Bethlehem "to see this King whom the Lord hath made known unto us."

We never tire of this season of cheer and joy; it is always a fresh spring in the desert place of life's pilgrimage.

We look upon the group in the stable of the inn at Bethlehem, and the light which shines there comes, as in Correggio's picture of the nativity, alone from the face of the divine Christ. We call to mind the happy memories of childhood, and the words of Milton's wonderful hymn of the nativity comes to us every Christmas time with a divinely hallowed memory:

"Say, Heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the infant God?
Hast thou no verse or hymn or solemn strain
To welcome Him to this His new abode,
Now, while the Heaven by the Sun's team untrod
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadron bright!

"See! how from far upon the Eastern road,
The star-led wizards haste with odors sweet;
Oh! run, present them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at His blessed feet.
Have thou the honor first thy Lord to greet,
And join Thy voice unto the angel choir,
From out His secret altar touched with hallowed fire."

II.

THE MOTHER OF OUR LORD.

We think loving thoughts of Mary, the mother of our Lord, at Christmas time. Every Christian heart is as loyal to this great personality as were the Red Cross Knights of the Crusaders who developed modern chivalry out of loyalty to "Our Lady"—the mother of Christ.

Blessed mother!

Highly favored art thou among women, for, behold, from this time all generations shall call thee blessed! We would not dishonor such a noble nature by indifference, or fail to sing most joyfully the glad Magnificat because others have erred in offering to the mother of our Lord divine homage. Ever to all Christian hearts the mother of Jesus will be loved and honored as one worthy of the martyr's palm and crown, for the prophetic sword of Simeon pierced her soul throughout her life, from the day when Herod sought the young child to destroy Him; until that saddest of all afternoons when they took the dead Christ down from the cross and laid Him in the tomb.

Who can rightly estimate the influence of Mary upon the growing character of her Son? From our Lord's remarkable insight into feminine nature, from His judgment upon woman's character and her springs of action, there must have been some human one who stood very near to Him. Friendship such as that which the household of Bethany exhibited could never take the place of that strong attachment, that living in the life of another, which the relationship of man and wife or parent and child implies. Mary, the mother of Jesus, must have been the one being on His human side who taught Him the full meaning of human love, and gave by her devotion to Him that knowledge of human nature, and especially woman's nature, which on its human side could only have come from experience. The Virgin Mary must have been in many ways a true and strong character. There was no weakness or feebleness about her. She who brought forth the Saviour of humanity was herself a rich, full-matured woman. There must be a basis for all this lavishness of art upon the Virgin's person. So, then, while we lament the dogma of Mariolatry, we can understand something of the way in which it has arisen, and will not allow this foggy superstition to obscure the bright glory of the beloved Virgin Mary, who was indeed blessed above women. How can we ever realize how much we owe to that dear

and gentle spirit who brought into the world of human suffering, for its redemption. heaven's King of Glory, who watched and cared for Him in the helpless days of infancy, and through childhood's hours until she saw His warfare all accomplished and His divinely planned work done!

But the true song of Mary's inner life was not the Magnificat. It is the tragedy of the Stabat Mater, adorned and enriched by all that musical utterance and expression can offer, which shows the Virgin mother's broken-heart:

"By the cross sad vigil keeping,
Stood the mournful mother weeping,
While on it the Saviour hung;
In that hour of deep distress
Pierced the sword of bitterness,
Through her heart with sorrow wrung."

It had come at last. Years before, no doubt, in growing childhood, the mother had told her Son of the vision of the angels, and the presentation in the temple, and the cruel prophecy of Simeon. As the boy Jesus had grown into manhood, caring for His widowed mother, guarding her and supporting her, they had talked, no doubt, of the strange past and the mysterious future.

Better than Monica with her restored Augustine on the blue plains of Lombardy was the Virgin Mother with her sinless Son in the hill-country of Galilee. What would we not give for the privilege of lifting back the veil of silence which covers these memorable years! What would we not give for the pen of the evangelist or the brush of an inspired painter to reveal to us that quiet home at Nazareth, with Mary walking with her Son at evening time over those familiar hills to see the neighbors and cousins of her family, or caressing the tired brow of her darling one after some hard day's long stretch of toil! Who would not give all the other knowledge he possessed for one long and true description of the Saviour's boy life with his dearest mother in their humble home at Nazareth?

III.

THE MYSTERY OF CHRISTMAS.

"Hail, Mary! That holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." That is what we mean when we say, in the Apostles' Creed, "I believe in Jesus Christ His only son our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, was crucified, dead, and buried."

We mean that the divine wholeness or completeness of God's nature was in Christ. God was in human life in His own world as He had never been before. The divine wealth and largeness of hope was contained in the angel's salutation to this humble Jewish maiden.

* * * * *

This divine power of God was given to the world in the birth of Jesus; His divine character reached its human culmination in the tragedy of the crucifixion; His superhuman life showed itself at the triumph of the Resurrection and the Ascension; His divineness was manifest in the descent of the Holy Spirit on the Day of Pentecost, as the verdict of God to the meaning of His life. And thus every step in the Christian year makes emphatic that central fact of Christianity which shines forth resplendent at Christmas time Emmanuel, God with us.

But the mystery of Christmas is in human life only the mystery of God's incarnation in material life. God is conceived in nature every springtime; God is conceived in humanity again every Christmas time?

IV.

CHRISTENDOM'S HYMNS TO CHRIST.

Martin Luther sang his Christmas carols in the streets of Eisenach and in the home of Conrad and Ursula Cotta. Milton has given us his matchless ode on "The Morning of Christ's nativity." Mrs. Browning has enriched English literature with the song of the "Virgin Mother to the Child Jesus." The many holiday books at this season give us many rare and exquisite selections from the poets of Christendom on the birthday of Christ. The Latin hymn, the "Adeste Fideles," is a hymn of triumph. Dr. Sear's wonderful hymn "It Came upon the Midnight Clear," is a revelation of the human heart's hope and bewilderment in the midst of life's burdens. But was anything ever written more full of childhood's spirit at this happy season than the "Child's Hymn to Christ," by Francis Turner Palgrave.

"Thou that once on mother's knee
Wert a little one like me,
When I wake or go to bed,
Lay Thy hands about my head;
Let me feel Thee very near,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.

"Be beside me in the light,
Close by me through all the night;
Make me gentle, kind, and true—
Do what mother bids me do;
Help and cheer me when I fret,
And forgive when I forget.

"Once wert Thou in cradle laid—
Baby bright in manger shade,
With the oxen and the cows,
And the lambs outside the house;
Now Thou art above the sky;
Canst Thou hear Thy children cry?

"Thou art nearer when we pray,
Since Thou art so far away;
Thou my little hymn wilt hear,
Jesus Christ our Saviour dear,
Thou that once on mother's knee
Wert a little one like me.

Young People's Department.



"THE ARMOR OF LIGHT."

BY JULIANA CONOVER.

WHAT was your lesson about to-day, Harry?" asked Mrs. Morris, as she sat on Sunday evening by the open fire in the library, talking to her nine-year-old son.

"About advent," replied Harry. "It means 'coming,' and Miss Alison said it was to make us think about Christmas and the last day

"DID YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH BREAKING THE WINDOW?"

both; 'cause at Christmas our Lord came as a little baby to teach us how to be good, and the last day He is coming again to see whether we tried to be good or not."

"Did you know your collect? I meant to hear you say it before you went, but I was so busy, I did not have a moment."

"I knew it pretty well, mamma; but I didn't understand it, till Miss Alison explained what it meant. Then she told us a story about two men, both soldiers, who went out to fight a

great fierce dragon; and one wouldn't put on any armor because he said it would only be in his way, he was strong enough to kill the dragon without it, and the other said the king had told him to put it on, so he did; and the dragon came out of the woods, and when he saw the soldiers he rushed at them, spitting out fire; and the fire burnt the man without any armor on, so he couldn't fight, and the dragon killed him. But when he tried to kill the other soldier, the fire couldn't hurt the steel armor, and the sun made it shine so bright that it blinded the dragon, and after a hard fight the soldier killed him. It was an awful interesting story, mamma."

"Did Miss Alison tell you what lesson the story was meant to teach, Harry?"

"No, she told us to try and tell her; and Fred Pierson guessed that the dragon was the devil, and I guessed that the king was God, and Johnny Reid said—he knows lots, mamma—that the devil made us do works of darkness, which means bad things, and casting them away means to fight against the bad inside of us, just like the soldier fought the dragon. But nobody knew about 'the armor of light' 'cept Miss Alison, and she told us that it meant prayers, and the Bible, and going to church, and all the things that helped us to be good, and keep us from getting bad, just like armor protects soldiers from being hurt. She told us each to cast away some work of darkness before Christmas—I sang on the other side of the choir, to-day, mamma, did you see me?"

"Yes I always see you," Mrs. Morris answered, smiling at his irrelevance.

"Isn't my cotta a kind of armor of light, mamma?"

"It ought to be dear. It ought to give you a sense of protection and nearness to God, whenever you put it on. It is a great privilege to sing in the choir, Harry, to lead the hymns of praise to God, and the choir boys ought all to feel as if they could not be irreverent or careless after they had put their cottas on."

"Jim Grant eats candy in his, sometimes, and Howard Foster often talks in the middle of church."

"Hush, Harry don't tell tales. That is not casting away the works of darkness. Just try to do right yourself, and never mind the other boys. After supper I will read you some stories of knights who slew dragons, and of Christian soldiers who put on the whole armor of God, and went out to fight against the powers of darkness. I hear your father coming up the walk—run and open the door for him."

Harry thought about the Advent lesson a good deal during the week. The war-like imagery of St. Paul appealed strongly to the boy's nature, and he pictured himself going to

fight against Satan, like the heroes of old legends, and he determined to try hard through Advent to be a true soldier.

On Saturday afternoon of that same week he was walking home with Howard Foster from a short choir practice, and disputing loudly about which boy in their school could throw the best; whether Dick could beat Frank, or Frank could beat Tom, or Tom could beat Dick.

"I can throw straighter than any boy of my size in school," boasted Howard.

"Why, Fred Pierson can beat you all to pieces," said Harry, opening his eyes wide in astonishment. "He hits the vane on the top of their barn every time he tries."

"That's easy, any baby could do that," Howard answered.

"I bet you couldn't knock down the nest up in the church tower," persisted Harry.

"You mean the marten's nest hanging out of the ivy? I bet I could; that isn't so terribly high."

"It's higher than your house. I guess it's about a quarter of a mile."

"Let's come back," suggested Howard, "and see. Old John's gone home by this time."

"Mr. Alison said we mustn't throw stones in the churchyard," objected Harry. "We'd be put out of the choir if he caught us."

"But he won't catch us," urged Howard. "Come on, you're afraid, Harry Morris, afraid of your shadow—my! what an awful baby you are!"

"I am not afraid," said Harry.

"You are; you think you can throw straighter than me, and don't dare try to prove it. Anybody can brag."

Harry flushed angrily. "I do dare" he said, "and I didn't brag, I never said I could beat you—I said Fred could, but I do bet you can't knock the nest down, so come ahead and try."

The boys started back, picking up stones all along their way, and arguing the matter in a very high key.

There was no one in the churchyard, no sexton prowling about to interfere with their sport, and the boys went straight for the nest in question.

It had been dislodged from its place in the ivy and hung suspended by a single hair, which one stone, well aimed, would bring down.

Howard chose a nice big one, and threw with great precision, but it fell short of the mark by several feet. Next time he threw harder, and went far above it, while Harry watched with deep interest. Again and again Howard tried, each time sure of hitting it, but the stones still struck all around the nest, which hung as yet undisturbed.

Harry could stand it no longer.

"Let me try," he said. "It looks so dead easy."

He picked up a small stone lying at his feet and threw it. It came so close to the nest that the boys held their breath.

"Good for you!" shouted Howard, forgetting, in his excitement over the sport, that they had almost quarrelled. "Try again, Harry, we must get the old thing down."

Faster and faster the stones flew, and still the marten's nest hung from the tower.

"This will fetch it," said Harry, picking up a big rock and throwing it. There was an ominous sound—a crash of broken glass, as the stone which had been meant to go forty feet, fell short by twenty, and went smashing through a window, shattering the pane to atoms.

Harry looked at Howard pale with dismay.

Howard shook his head and whistled.

"You'll catch it!" he said by way of consolation.

"It isn't a very bad break," Harry whispered; "not like one of the windows with pictures."

"It's bad enough; you'll get put out of the choir for it," replied Howard. "I wouldn't tell if I were you, Mr. Alison won't never know who did it—it was an awful bad throw though."

"Here comes old John," broke in Harry, nervously. "Let's cut and run."

The boys made a dash across the churchyard, and only breathed freely when well out of sight of the gate.

"You'll stand by me, Howard, won't you? 'cause it was your fault, too."

"I'll back you up, never fear," said Howard—"but I'm glad I didn't break the window."

Harry could not make up his mind to tell his mother about the afternoon's escapade, though she asked him several times if he didn't feel well, he was so quiet; and he went to the choir next morning with a very heavy heart.

Nothing was said, however, before the service, about the broken window, and Harry thought to himself, with a deep breath of relief, "Old John hasn't told—perhaps he won't find it out."

He sang louder than usual to try and stifle the "still small voice" that kept suggesting such uncomfortable things to him, and reminding him of his good resolutions only a week before. How he almost wished for a chance to meet some great temptation like the brave knights his mother read about.

The recessional was,

"Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding,

Christ is nigh! it seems to say,"

and Harry's voice grew suddenly choked, as he thought of how he had failed to "cast away the works of darkness," like "the children of the day."

"Boys," said Mr. Alison, as they stood a moment after the prayer was finished, in the vestry-room, before you unrobe, I want to ask you a question. The sexton found one of the transept windows broken, last night, and said he thought the choir-boys must have done it. I hope he was mistaken, because you all know that it is against the rules to throw stones in the churchyard, and I have so often spoken of it, that I cannot believe it was done by the choir. If any of you know how it came to be broken, I hope you will tell me."

There was silence, though Harry's heart beat so loud he thought it must be heard. He looked at Howard, Howard shut his lips tight and telegraphed: "Don't say a word."

"John told me," continued Mr. Alison after a pause, "that he saw two boys run out of the gate as he came round the other end of the church. He declares that they were choir-boys, though he did not know their names. I want to get to the bottom of this, so I will ask you the simple question one by one; Did you have anything to do with breaking the window, Will?" "No, Sir."

"Did you, Gus?" "No, sir."

"Fred?" "No, sir."

"Johnnie?" "No, sir."

"Howard?" "No, sir."

"Joe?" "No, sir."

"Dave?" "Thornton?" "No, sir."

"Harry?" "Yes, sir."

Harry's eyes dropped as they met the surprised glance of the rector.

"How did you do it?" he asked, gravely.

"I was throwing stones at the marten's nest in the tower," Harry answered, in a low voice.

"Were you all alone?" No answer. "That is right," Mr. Alison said hastily, "do not tell; I had no business to ask you that question. If the boy is not brave and manly enough to own up himself, I do not want to make you tell on him. You know, I suppose," he continued slowly, "what I shall have to do? I am really grieved and disappointed, Harry, to be obliged to suspend you from the choir, but I cannot pass over such deliberate breaking of the rules."

Harry took off his cotta and cassock, swallowing down the big lump in his throat.

"Never mind," whispered Fred Pierson, "you'll surely get back by Christmas."

Howard slunk out of the door without once meeting Harry's indignant eyes. He was the most to be pitied of the two, for he knew that he had behaved like a coward and a sneak.

Harry felt better after he had poured out the whole story into his mother's sympathetic ears, she understood so well all about it.

"I haven't cast away the works of darkness much, have I?" he said, pathetically. "And I thought I was going to be such a splendid

soldier this week. It's awful hard to think of good things, when you want to do bad ones."

"You thought of them when you resisted the temptation to tell a story," said Mrs. Morris, looking lovingly down into the flushed face.

"That was my cotta," he answered simply. "Your cotta?" in a puzzled tone.

"Why, yes, mamma, don't you remember? It was my armor of light. I wanted to say 'no' terribly; but somehow or other I couldn't tell a lie when I had my cotta and cassock on - but I don't see how I can ever stand being put out of the choir."

It was a very hard trial for Harry, but he stood it like a man, and Mrs. Morris saw with joy how deeply the Advent lessons had been deeply impressed upon his mind.

"Hurrah!" cried Fred Pierson, a week or two later. "Hurrah!" throwing up his cap, for Mr. Alison had just told Harry that he might sing again on Christmas day:—*New York Churchman.*

IN MEMORIAM: WALTER G. LYON.

"Here is the patience and the faith of the Saints."

KLONDYKE has claimed many victims from the ranks of those who have gone thither in search for gold. Another victim whose name is at the head of this paper, was bound to Klondyke in search of precious souls. Mr. Lyon was an experienced pioneer Missionary; he had been among the earliest who worked in the Diocese of Qu'Appelle, and when the spiritual needs of the remote Klondyke, in the Diocese of Selkirk, hitherto the almost undisturbed home of wandering tribes of Indians, was made known, he volunteered to go. The Society felt that the Canadian Church was bound to take up the work within its own borders, but to save time and to encourage the Church, it made a grant of £200, on which Mr. Lyon started. This sum, supplemented by an insignificant sum from Canada, did but suffice to buy the needful stores and to pay for their freight, and Mr. Lyon generously spent his own money in addition. We followed him with prayers and interest, and from time to time heard of him on his road. In May he wrote to us from the top of the Chilcoot Pass; he was ministering to the Canadian Mounted Police, who had been his friends in Assiniboia. He had left behind him many dangerous rapids and canyons, and had reached Lake Le Barge, when he met his end on the Festival of St. John the Baptist, Midsummer Day.

The Bishop of Selkirk writes to the *The Gospel Missionary*:—"It seems impossible for me to make comment on this occurrence, be-



"May I have the prayers of the members of the Society for my very arduous mission -
With the kindest regards,
Very sincerely yours,
Walter G. Lyon"

cause we can only all feel alike about it, that the dispensation is most inscrutable. We can only fall back on the trite saying that what we know not now we shall know hereafter.

"I became dumb and opened not my mouth because Thou didst it."

From other sources we learn that Mr. Lyon's body was recovered by the Mounted Police and buried on the banks of Lake Le Barge. The Bishop adds that Mr. Lyon had "secured golden opinions from those who had been in communication with him at Lake Bennett and elsewhere on his way. Several have spoken to me expressing in the warmest terms their pleasure in holding intercourse with him, and their opinion that he was a most valuable and active missionary, and highly fitted for his intended position in the country."

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MISSION NOTES.

PANDITA RAMABAI has had the pleasure of seeing nearly three hundred of the young widows whom she rescued during the famine admitted into the visible Church by baptism.

OF the sixty-seven recruits forty-seven had been adopted by parishes or individuals as "own missionaries," that is, were to be supported by these parishes or individuals through funds sent in to the C.M.S., except as to the outfit, passage and mission charges, which expenses are borne by the general fund of the C.M.S.

AT THE autumn "dismissals" of the C.M.S. of missionaries for the foreign field in October last, there were 166 men and women going out this year as against 136 in 1897, of whom 99 were returning or had returned to their posts, as against 49 last year. There were 67 recruits as against 87 in the previous year. Of these latter twenty-three were clergymen, three were doctors (two of these ladies fully qualified), six were laymen, twenty-five were lady missionaries, and ten were wives or fiancées.

THE Woman's Auxiliary of the Board of Domestic and Foreign Missions, (Canada), adopted the following resolution:

Resolved.—That the Woman's Auxiliary express our sorrow at the sad death of the Rev. Walter Lyon, the Missionary sent by our Domestic and Foreign Mission Board to the miners in the Diocese of Selkirk, whose work gave such promise, but whom God in His Providence has seen fit to call to a higher sphere of labour.

THE *Nur Afshan*, a Christian paper published in North India, in the Hindustani language, tells us that through the exertions of an English officer, high in the service of the government, a good allotment of land (which is to bear his name) has been made to native Christians of trustworthy character, in the area which is being brought under canal irrigation in the Central Punjab, and which is being opened up by a new railway. The area is about 3,125 acres. If the new squatters can bring their allotments under cultivation within five years, they are to gain the tenant right of their holdings. The pastoral care over them is to be entrusted to the C.M.S., and the missionary now in charge is the Rev. E. F. E. Wigram, of the Lahore Divinity School. The name of the new village is to be Montgomery-wala. The affix "wala" is very well known in India as signifying "appertaining to."

THE Rev. J. N. Patterson, of Agra, North West Provinces of India, gives the following interesting account of the baptism of a Mohammedan convert in the C.M.S. mission field for November: he says, "On the evening of July 29th, a large crowd was gathered together on the banks of the Jumna, under the iron railway bridge, to witness the baptism of a Mohammedan convert named Ali Ahmad. For upwards of two years Ali Ahmad has been an enquirer, having been brought in first by Mr. Alexander, himself a Mohammedan convert of the Baptist mission of Agra. During the famine he visited the Baptist Society's missionaries, and afterwards the Rev. W. McLean. After Mr. McLean went to England, he came to me and I made arrangements with my catechists for his instruction and preparation for baptism, having first obtained the consent of the Baptist Society's missionaries. On the morning of the baptism I went down to choose the place, and sent a man in to try the depth of the water, which was simply swarming with enormous river turtles—one of which very nearly upset me afterwards. I also sent down a small tent which was pitched at a convenient place on the sand.

"In the evening of the same day, about 5 p.m. we gathered together on the spot and commenced to sing *bhajans* (Hindustani hymns); a large crowd collected, and chosen speakers explained in short addresses the object and purpose of our gathering together. The usual service for the Baptism of Adults was read, with certain necessary explanations, to make the teaching clear to the minds of the non-Christians present, and the questions and answers in the baptismal vows were specially dwelt upon and made plain to all.

"In order to perform the baptism I removed my stole, and wearing my surplice over a suit

of drill, I walked down into the river, hand in hand with Ali Ahmad, and, immersing him, baptised him in the name of the Holy Trinity. Coming out of the water I made the sign of the Cross upon his forehead, in the presence of some six hundred spectators, whom I called upon to be witnesses of the vows made in the name of our Saviour Jesus Christ. Whilst a *bhajan* was being sung and two short addresses given, we retired into the tent to get into dry garments, and afterwards I completed the service. The crowd was very orderly, and the people were much impressed. I overheard sundry remarks such as 'I should like to be baptised that way.' 'I shall bring my people here so that they may see it and be baptised too.' 'They did not make him eat meat or drink wine as we have heard they always do.' 'Oh! at last they have succeeded in making one Christian after so many years.' 'They dip him in the water and then say he is saved: what's that?' And so on.

"The Sunday following the baptism a large crowd came to the mission room in Hinkimandi, and were most attentive and impressed. We think it would be an excellent thing for the people if a few more baptisms were in the open air, so that they might see and hear for themselves what the outward act of baptism really consists in."

THE Rev. T. Carmichael, of Annfield, in the northwest provinces of India, writes of new openings among the hill tribes of Jaunsar, as follows: The people are friendly towards us. They have rented us several of their huts for ourselves and for the catechists to live in. The head man has rented us a plot of land upon which we are building a hut or rest-house, for ourselves and servants. Another is willing to sell us land if we had the money to buy it. We have recently opened two schools. Other head men are begging us to open schools for their villages. The Paharis are willing to give us houses rent free for the use of our native Christian school teachers. In several villages they have invited my wife and self to go and reside among them for a week or so, and will give us a room to live in.

The Leper Mission, also, to whom we wrote some years ago on behalf of the three hundred uncared for lepers of Jaunsar, are now pressing us to undertake some work for them. We are, however, not prepared to add, at present, to our responsibilities without additional personal help.

The Hill district is wider than we ourselves can possibly cover. From the door of our Annfield mission-house we see, (1) to the east, within eight or nine miles, the commencement of the Tiri-Garhwal country, containing a population of 241,242 Paharis, into whose dialect we have already translated the Gospel of St.

Matthew, but amongst whom we have as yet, no time for evangelization; (2) to the north, within seven miles of us, the British territory of Jaunsar-Baur, in which our present evangelistic work has been begun, containing 50,000 Paharis, for whom we have translated St. Matthew's Gospel and a volume of hymns; (3) to the west, across the river Jumna, the independent state of Sirmur (belonging to his Highness the Raja, the present owner of the Annfield estate), containing 115,000 Paharis, speaking a similar dialect to that of Jaunsar; (4) beyond these the independent states of Jubbal, with 19,196; (5) Laddi; (6) Besari, etc. It is impossible for me and my wife to do much more than cross the threshold of the far-reaching country now opening to us through the Hand of God.

We should not like to see such an important enterprise dropped through a mere failure in our health. At present we are trying to evangelize about one hundred villages lying between Annfield and the military sanatorium of Chakrata, where we have lately opened an outstation, and in which we have this year baptised two converts (men from the plains) of the house servant class, and intend baptising several more. But beyond these one hundred villages there lie hundreds and hundreds more, which we ourselves cannot hope to reach, and which, though willing to receive us, are lying in the shadow of death."

THE SOWERS TO-DAY.

DON'T forget the thousand workers
Who shall go as Christ commands,
To set free from Satan's thralldom
His own fair and waiting lands.
Now the doors are standing open,
Christians! who will enter in,
And with Christ's own mighty weapons
Storm the citadel of sin?

Let our watchword be "Go forward,"
Let us rally round the cross,
And with tried and trusted weapons
Let us fear no pain nor loss:
For be sure the God who sends us
Will be with us all the while,
And when hard the work, and toilsome,
He will cheer us with his smile.

Who will go to India's peoples,
Where idolatry is rife?
Who to China's starving millions
Hasten with the bread of life?
And in lands of "Darkest Africa,"
Where the martyrs' blood was shed,
Who will tell of peace and pardon,
And avenge the faithful dead?

And to islands of the ocean,
Shrouded still in darkest night,
Who will take the gospel message?
They are waiting for the Light.
May a wave of God's great Spirit
Sweep in power across our land,
And impel the hearts of many
To obey Christ's last command.

—Church Missionary Gleaner.

ADVENT.

THE Christian Year very properly begins with the season of Advent. At this time, the Church invites us to fix our thoughts on the events which mark the beginning and end of the Christian dispensation, namely, our Lord's first coming in the stable in Bethlehem, and His second coming in the clouds of Heaven, attended by angels and archangels, and all the company of Heaven. At His first appearance, He was recognized by only a faithful few. His own brethren did not believe in Him till after His Resurrection (John vii. 5., Acts i. 14). He came to His own, and His own received Him not (John i. 11). For thirty years He dwelt at Nazareth, known only as a working man. For three years more, He moved among His fellow-countrymen, preaching and teaching as no other ever did, blessing all with whom He came in contact, only to be betrayed by His bosom friend to a shameful death. But at His second coming, He will be seen and acknowledged of all, enemies as well as friends, and no one can deny His claims. The carpenter's Son will be known as the King of kings and Lord of lords.

When is this coming to take place? We do not know. God has not revealed the time to any one, even to the holy angels. But we know for certain that the day is appointed (Acts xvii. 31), and that therefore every day brings it nearer.

Let the Church, then, make herself ready. Let her stand on the watch, with her loins girded, and her lamp trimmed and burning. Let her awake more and more to her great work, that work for which she exists, the preaching of the Gospel to all nations. Let us each and all remember that we have our share in this great work. And oh! let us beware that we be not of that company to whom the Bridegroom shall say, "I know you not."—*Parish Visitor, N. Y.*

THE ADVENT NOTE.

THE season of Advent is with us. Its note is watchfulness, preparation. "The Lord is at hand," it is saying to us in varying tones of warning, expostulation, comfort, rejoicing. Be warned, all ye that are living the life of utter selfishness and worldliness, unmindful of the coming day of reckoning—the Lord is at hand! Pause and reflect, all ye who call yourselves by His name, yet do not the things which He says—the Lord is at hand! Be comforted, all ye that are fea "with bread of affliction and with water of affliction, until He come in peace"—the Lord is at hand! Rejoice and be glad, all ye who love Him, serve Him, and long for the

day of His appearing—the Lord is at hand! He comes to break down evil and oppression, to awaken consciences that have fallen asleep, to bind up the broken-hearted, to give light to them that sit in darkness, and joy to them that weep.

It does not matter that we do not yet see His banners aflame in the wide world's sky, victorious over all His foes; the call is an individual, personal one. To you, to me, the Lord may come to-day, any day—His Advent now is in the hearts of those who are ready to welcome Him.—*Mission News.*

FOR HE COMETH.

O DAUGHTER of Zion, rejoice in great gladness,
Thy King and Commander at last draweth near!
With rapturous praises, forsaking thy sadness,
Rejoice for His kingdom and glory appear.
Thy longings are ending;
Thy Lord is descending.

Tho' riding in meekness, so humbly, so lowly,
Attended by cortege of meanest degree,
Jehovah thus sendeth the Loved One, the Holy.
Hosannah! He cometh, all gracious, to thee—
To thee, ancient nation,
He bringeth salvation.

Thy palms and thy voices employ in glad greeting,
For now is the shame of thy bondage removed.
Go forth with thy children, their praises repeating
To Him who by prophets of old is approved.
Thy gratitude voicing,
Sing, sing with rejoicing.

The Root out of Jesse, Ensign of the people,
In fulness of time by Jehovah revealed;
The ransom of bondmen, the strength of the feeble,
The secret of ages no longer concealed;
The Saviour appearing,
We welcome revering.

We bless Thee now coming, the son of the Highest.
O reign o'er our lives by Thy gracious constraint.
When, coming as Judge, every nation Thou triest,
May we by Thy mercy be spared Thy complaint;
Thy merit atoning,
God grant us His owning.

Come Quickly, Lord Jesus, with pow'r and great glory,
In clouds and with angels in splendid array;
And grant us, redeemed, in that hour to adore Thee,
To sing glad hosannas in Thy Judgment Day.
From Thee ne'er to sever.
Our King, then forever.

—*Rev. Alfred Ramsey.*

BIKWE'S "UMFUNDISI."

IN August we printed a paper by Bishop Gibson, showing that missions are not a failure. It must be cheering to the Bishop who is now assistant to the Archbishop of Capetown, to find such testimony as the following coming from the scene of his former labors in Kaffraria.

Years ago there settled in Pondoland a set of the Fingoe tribe. Being kindly treated by

the Pondos, they became incorporated with them under the name of "Ama-Pondo Fingoes." They are now located in a belt of country adjoining Pondjemesi land.

For some years Bikwe promised to allow the missionary at St. Cuthbert's to open work among his people, but he seems to have put it off again and again when it came to the point. Yet all this time he refused others. "Gibson is my *umfundisi*" (missionary), he would reply. However, a year and a half ago he agreed to "Gibson" (for the S.P.G. missionaries were all "Gibsons" at first) making a start, and now we have a good Church-school hut and a preacher's hut already built, while a teacher's hut is in course of erection.

On the completion of the school a meeting was summoned by the chief to collect money for the cost of the building. The Rev. R. G. Ley gives the following account of the meeting:—

"Arriving about 10 a.m. from one of our European farms, I found that Bikwe and a goodly number of his people (practically all heathens or red Kaffirs) had already arrived. The terra-cotta-colored blanket worn by the red Kaffir is the most distinctive outward mark of heathenism. They smeared *themselves* as well as their blankets with this terra-cotta clay. Most of the men were huddled up in these blankets round the hut; but Bikwe, who sat in the middle of them, had left his blanket at home, and was arrayed (I suppose to celebrate the occasion) in the princely attire of a hat, shirt and overcoat.

"After the etiquette of hand-shaking had been gone through, some of us went into the hut, and found Cuthbert Metshande (one of the Pondomisi boys) and his wife on duty.

"The scholarship ranged from A B C, pronounced alternately (under the direction of a more advanced scholar) in English and Kaffir, to Standard II. We managed to get through a little examination, and to award a few prizes for reading, and then it was thought advisable to begin the meeting. It should be mentioned that for the greater part of a year school has been held in an old hut lent for the purpose.

"Bikwe having handed me the key of the building (the insignia of office to teach his children and people), in the presence of the people, we entered the hut singing a psalm. A few prayers and a short address followed, and all was concluded with the 'Grace.'

"We then adjourned outside; and the people having been told the cost of the building in detail, were asked to raise £9. 9s. *i.e.*, the entire cost minus the door and the windows, which had been presented by the Mission. Bikwe, who had killed an ox for the assembled company, felt (and rightly so, considering the price of cattle) that he had almost done his share.

However he opened with 10s., and later on gave a sheep, to encourage his people to finish the debt. Directly the chief had given, money and gifts came apidly. Sixpences, threepenny-pieces, shillings, florins, etc., were laid upon the box before me. Now a sheep is promised. Somebody else promised a goat, another a hen, a fourth half-a-dozen eggs or a dish of mealies. More goats, sheep, hens, mealies. Yes, and a pig that nobody could be persuaded to drive twenty-five miles to St. Cuthbert's.

"Then a man in a red blanket solemnly presents himself, in the presence of the company, before the chairman, and laying 2s. on the box, says that he gives 3d. for his wife, another for her mother, and the remainder for his six children, naming them all by their names. In this way the £9. 9s. was realized.

"Evensong followed for a few Christian people and some catechumens. On Friday morning we had a celebration of the Holy Eucharist, and the classes were examined, while periodically a sheep or dish of mealies—*i.e.*, promises of the previous day—were brought. However, we managed to get off about midday, and arrived at St. Cuthbert's just at sundown.

"I was only sorry that Canon Callaway could not be present, for the work going on under Stephen Guma the preacher, and Cuthbert, seems so very hopeful and full of interest."
—*The Gospel Missionary*.

JAMESTOWN.

The Spirit of Missions, organ of the Board of Domestic and Foreign Missions of the Church in the United States, says in its last number: The pilgrimage of the General Convention to Jamestown, which has been so fully and ably described in the Church and secular papers, was of prime missionary significance, in that the whole development of the Church in this broad land sprang from the congregation founded nearly 300 years ago on that island near the mouth of the James river, and in that there the first missionary work was done among the American Indians, as is signalized by the baptism of the Princess Pocahontas, afterward Mrs. John Rolfe, whose blood to-day flows in the veins of the members of some of the notable families of old Virginia, not the least among whom may be mentioned the Right Rev. Dr. Randolph.

In that little Jamestown colony were instituted and maintained the first Christian services in the territory which later became the United States. How many of our fellow-citizens fail to recall this great missionary fact, when in singing "America" they speak of this country as the

"Land of the Pilgrim's pride."

EMMANUEL, GOD WITH US.

O CHRIST, who art enthroned above,
Mid all things bright and blest,
Come to our hearts with peace and love,
And be our Holy Christmas Guest.

O Thou, who at this Holy-tide
Wast born of Virgin fair,
Our thankful hearts we'll open wide,
If Thou wilt come our joy to share.

—Church Guardian.

A BISHOP'S "RESIDENCE" IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The Bishop of Mashonaland writes from Buluwayo:—"Mrs. Gaul is now with me here in two rooms of an iron and wood house, a cross between a canal boat and a cloak room—good enough, I suppose, for a Bishop, though an ordinary Company manager might object, and, I think, would very strongly object. We shall, however, put up with this strange arrangement till October, when we go down to Synod, and then on to Salisbury, where we shall positively have (after three and a half years' waiting) a four-roomed cottage to ourselves. It is not ease or self-indulgence for which one craves, but the most ordinary conveniences, for work and health seem to be a necessity if a married bishop is to continue to preside over this gigantic diocese."

CAEDMON.



MONUMENTAL cross of the old Anglican pattern, erected in memory of Caedmon, was unveiled in Whitby Churchyard, England, lately by the Poet Laureate, says *The Guardian*. It stands nearly twenty feet high and is hewn from sandstone taken from the Roman quarries of Chollerford. On the front, or eastern face, are panels containing the figures of Christ in the act of blessing, of David playing the harp, of the Abbess Hilda, and of Caedmon inspired to sing his first song. Beneath runs the inscription:

"To the glory of God and in memory of his servant Caedmon who fell asleep hard by A.D. 680."

On the obverse is carved a vine with figures of the four great scholars of Whitby introduced into its scrolls. The south and north sides of the cross are filled with wild roses and apple-tree conventionalized, with birds and animals at rest or feeding in the foliage after the manner of Bewcastle and Ruthwell crosses. At the base of the west face is inscribed an English translation of the nine lines that remain to us of Caedmon's first poem. The same nine lines

appear in Runic and in Saxon minuscule lettering upon the borders of the sides. The ceremony, at which Canon the Marquis of Normandy presided, began with the singing of a hymn written for the occasion by Canon Rawnsley, and based upon Caedmon's first hymn of praise. The following special prayer was then read by the Bishop of Hull.

"O God and Father of all, in Whose sight a thousand years are but as yesterday, we thank Thee for the Gospel light, and for the gifts of grace and learning that went forth in olden times from this place to help the world. But most we thank Thee that Thou didst endow with singular power Thy humble servant Caedmon to be a herald of Thy glorious Gospel and a singer of Thy praise. Accept, we pray Thee, this offering from grateful hearts unto his honor and to Thy glory. Prosper Thou the work of our hands upon us. Oh! prosper Thou our handiwork, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

THE TEST OF UNSELFISHNESS.

WE object to the statement that foreign missions "furnish the truest test of genuine unselfishness, which is only another name for Christianity." The true Christian will have the desire to spread the knowledge of Christ everywhere and to advance Christian living everywhere. It is an absurd distinction to claim preeminent need for Africa when Mulberry Bend exists at our door.

Wherever men are bringing the life of Christ to bear on the lives of men there missionary work is being done. And we fail to see any distinction between the unselfishness of those who work in the slums of great cities and those who work in schools and hospitals in China or Japan.

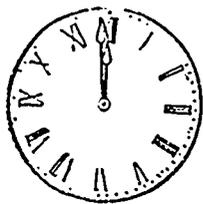
There is no distinction, either, to be drawn, regarding their unselfishness, between the man who gives his money for work in New York and the man who gives it for work in China. The selfish man is the one who keeps his money for himself; the unselfish man gives his to help others.

The test even is not in the giving, but lies farther back in the motive, and depends upon the amount of real self-denial and the quality of the desire to spread Christ's kingdom. Surely the place where such money goes can never be the test of the unselfishness, but only of the judgment of the giver.

If a man gives his hard earned and much-needed dollar to help a friend in greater need, he is, to our thinking, more unselfish than if he passed over his friend's necessity and sent his dollar to Africa. There can hardly be any difference of opinion as to the wisdom of his choice. — *The Church*.

Woman's Auxiliary Department.

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



Remember daily the mid-
day prayer for missions

"Ask of me, and I shall give thee the
heathen for thine inheritance, and the
uttermost part of the earth for thy posses-
sion."—Ps. li. 8.

THUNDER CHILD'S RESERVE,
BATTLEFORD, October 15th 1898.

My mission includes five of the seven Indian reserves in this part of Saskatchewan, and also the Bresaylor settlement, adjoining this reserve.

The number of Indians on these five reserves is nearly seven hundred, the number of Church families in the settlement is seventeen.

I am the first resident clergyman in the Mission, and we have never had a church either for the Indians or the settlers; hitherto services have been held in schoolhouses. It is almost impossible to carry on the work, as it should be done, either among Indians or settlers without suitable buildings for the worship of Almighty God.

Two suitable mission churches could be built for about one thousand dollars each, some local help in the way of cutting and hauling logs, etc., can be depended upon. I beg, then, to ask that two thousand dollars for two mission churches, one for Indians and one for settlers, may be found for my mission.

The churches will be about eight miles apart. The number of Christian Indians, on the five reserves, is about one hundred and seventy.

D. D. MACDONALD, C. M. S. Missionary.

While heartily endorsing this appeal, I beg that it may receive a quick and favorable response. The want of suitable mission churches in different parts of the country where they are needed, is a serious hindrance to church work.

CYPRIAN, Saskatchewan and Calgary.
Calgary, N.W.T., Oct. 26th, 1898.



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THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND
IN CANADA.

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vincial Synod.

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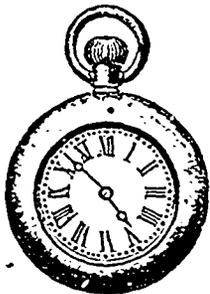
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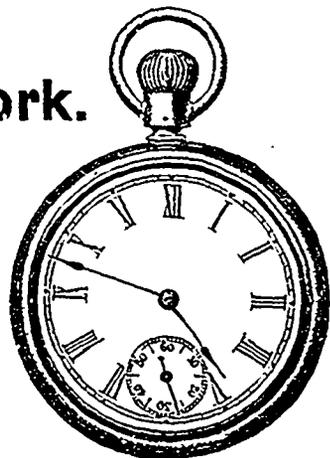


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LEVER BUTTON Co., Adelaide St. E., Toronto, Ont.

DEAR SIR,—I received my buttons Saturday afternoon about 5 o'clock, and at 8 o'clock that night they were all sold. They just went like hot cakes.

FOREST, Nov. 6th, 1898.

JOHN W. STEWART, Forest, Ont.

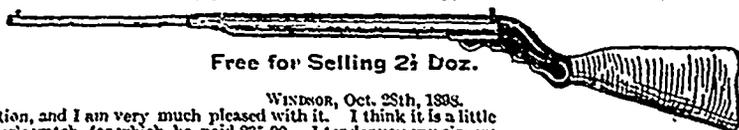
GORRIE, Nov. 12th.

MABEL HURSTON, Gorrie, Ont.

DEAR SIR,—I have sold your buttons. They go like wild-fire. Yours truly,

CORNWALL, Nov. 12th, 1898.
DEAR SIR,—I received my watch yesterday. It is a little beauty, and it is much nicer than I expected. Please accept my thanks.

LIZZIE McDONALD



Free for Selling 2½ Doz.

WINDSOR, Oct. 28th, 1898.

DEAR SIR,—I received my watch in good condition, and I am very much pleased with it. I think it is a little beauty, and it keeps just as good time as my brother's watch, for which he paid \$35.00. I tender you my sincere thanks for your promptness and truthfulness, and I will ever remain your humble servant.

CHAS. H. ROSE.

DEAR SIR,—I received my watch and chain Saturday night. It is twice as good as people said I could get. Many thanks for your kindness and also for your honest way of doing business. I never could have got a prettier watch easier in my life.

Yours truly, VERNIE McLEAN.

ST. PIER, Quebec, Oct. 29, 1898.

DEAR SIR,—I have received my watch and I find it well worth the trouble I took for it. I have tried it by some of the best American movements, and it keeps perfect time. I am very well satisfied with it. I have had dealings with several other companies and I have never been so well paid for so little work. It is better than all the premiums together I have had from them.

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 Rom. 1. 16.

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REV. J. W. BEAUMONT, D.D.,
 London, Ont.

Secretary and Agent
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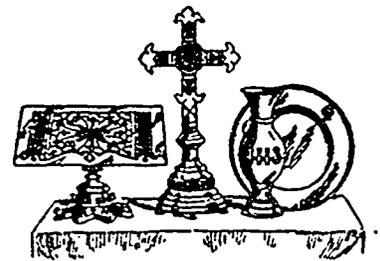
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