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THE CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE

• • AND MISSION NEWS • •

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No. 97

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

No. 97. —IN MEMORIAM, WILLIAM McMURRAY.

IN our issue of January, 1890, we gave a brief account of the Venerable Archdeacon McMurray, rector of the historic town of Niagara, and with it also his portrait. Now that he has gone from our midst, it seems fitting that once more we should look upon his face—a face which for sixty years has been familiar to many as that of an earnest and eminent clergyman. Though born in Ireland (in 1810), he was practically a Canadian, having been brought to this country as an infant. His early home was Toronto, or York, as it was called in pioneer days, and with the feet of a very little child he toddled to the famous school of Dr. Strachan, then held in a small frame building on King street, a little east of Yonge. Many famous men were educated by Dr. (afterwards Bishop) Strachan. They have now, probably, all gone to their rest — Archdeacon McMurray, we are informed, having been the only one of the pioneer band surviving. Some of the names of his earliest pupils — names afterwards

written upon the page of Canadian history— may be seen to-day carved upon the outside boards of a little frame building in the town of Cornwall, diocese of Ontario.

Bishop Strachan not only guided the boyish steps of William McMurray, but directed also his studies of more mature years. He sat at the bishop's feet as a student in divinity. When twenty years of age he began to do duty as a catechist in the territory lying contiguous to York, in such places as Mimico, Weston, Thornhill and York Mills. Two years afterwards he was appointed by the Society for

Converting and Civilizing the Indians to visit the Indians on the shores of Lakes Huron and Superior, with a view to establishing a mission amongst them. His journey was through trackless forests, and he embarked upon it scarcely knowing whither he went. He applied to Sir John Colborne, at the time Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, for directions as to his journey, and the only enlightenment he received was that if he were to go by Buffalo and Lake Erie to Detroit he might receive information as to the rest of his journey! Thus, partly by steamer, partly by schooner, and partly by canoe, he made his way to the

Georgian Bay, visiting Manitoulin and such other Indian missions as he could meet with, till he arrived at Sault Ste. Marie, then merely a post of the Hudson's Bay Company, the mention of which always indicates a distant land far off amidst the snows and the woods of Canada. Here he established his headquarters, and set up a school for Indian children, at the same time holding divine service in their midst.

The story of the young catechist setting off, when twenty-three years of age, in search of Bishop Stewart (then the only bish-

op in Upper and Lower Canada, or, as we understand it, Ontario, with the Northwest and Quebec), expecting to find him in Toronto; his disappointment at hearing that his lordship had left that place for Montreal; his tedious journey thither, only to find the bishop still further away; his continued pursuit of holy orders to St. Armand's, now Frelighsburg, where, at last, the bishop was found, has been often told, and illustrates well the hardships and other peculiar features of early days. His return, after a journey of over eleven hundred miles, not in rest and luxury, as the same



THE LATE VEN. ARCHDEACON McMURRAY.



MANITOULIN ISLAND, LAKE HURON, IN EARLY DAYS

journey can be taken now, but with much discomfort and fatigue; his welcome by his flock, who rejoiced to see him in their midst again, and in holy orders; his continuance amongst them; his romantic marriage to O-ge-bu-ne-qua, or the "Wild Rose," a lovely half-Indian maiden of the Sault, who had been his constant assistant in his work as interpreter; his departure from the Indians, in 1838, and appointment, two years afterwards, as rector of Ancaster and Dundas; his further appointment, in 1857, to the rectory of Niagara, are pleasant pages in the history of the Church of England in Canada. Dr. McMurray, as rector of Niagara, for long years was known chiefly to the people of Canada, and here died his faithful and loving wife, so interesting to all who knew her. More than once Dr. McMurray performed public service for the Church—in 1853, by visiting the United States, and collecting there aid for the University of Trinity College, Toronto; in 1854, by watching the Clergy Reserves Bill in its passage through the Canadian Legislature; and, in 1864, by visiting England to solicit again subscriptions for Trinity College.

His life-long friend, Dr. Fuller, first Bishop of Niagara, appointed Dr. McMurray archdeacon on the formation of the new diocese in 1875. In the synod of this diocese the archdeacon continued a conspicuous figure, but few marks of old age, till of very recent years, being upon him. Tall, straight, and vigorous, with hair as black as the raven, voice as steady and strong as ever, he seemed to defy the hand of time. But during the last years he began to fail, and at length he entered quietly into rest at his rectory, Niagara, on the 19th of May, in his eighty-fourth year.

Bishop Hamilton, on Tuesday, the 22nd of May, in the midst of a large number of clergy men and people, officiated at his burial in the old church of which he had been rector for thirty-seven years.

Immediately after the funeral, the bishop appointed Rev. J. C. Garrett, who has been in and out among the people for several years as curate of the parish, to be rector in his place. Mr. Garrett thus enters upon his duties as fourth rector of Niagara.

"ONLY."

ONLY a seed—but it chanced to fall
In a little cleft of a city wall;
And taking root grew bravely up,
Till a tiny blossom crowned its top.

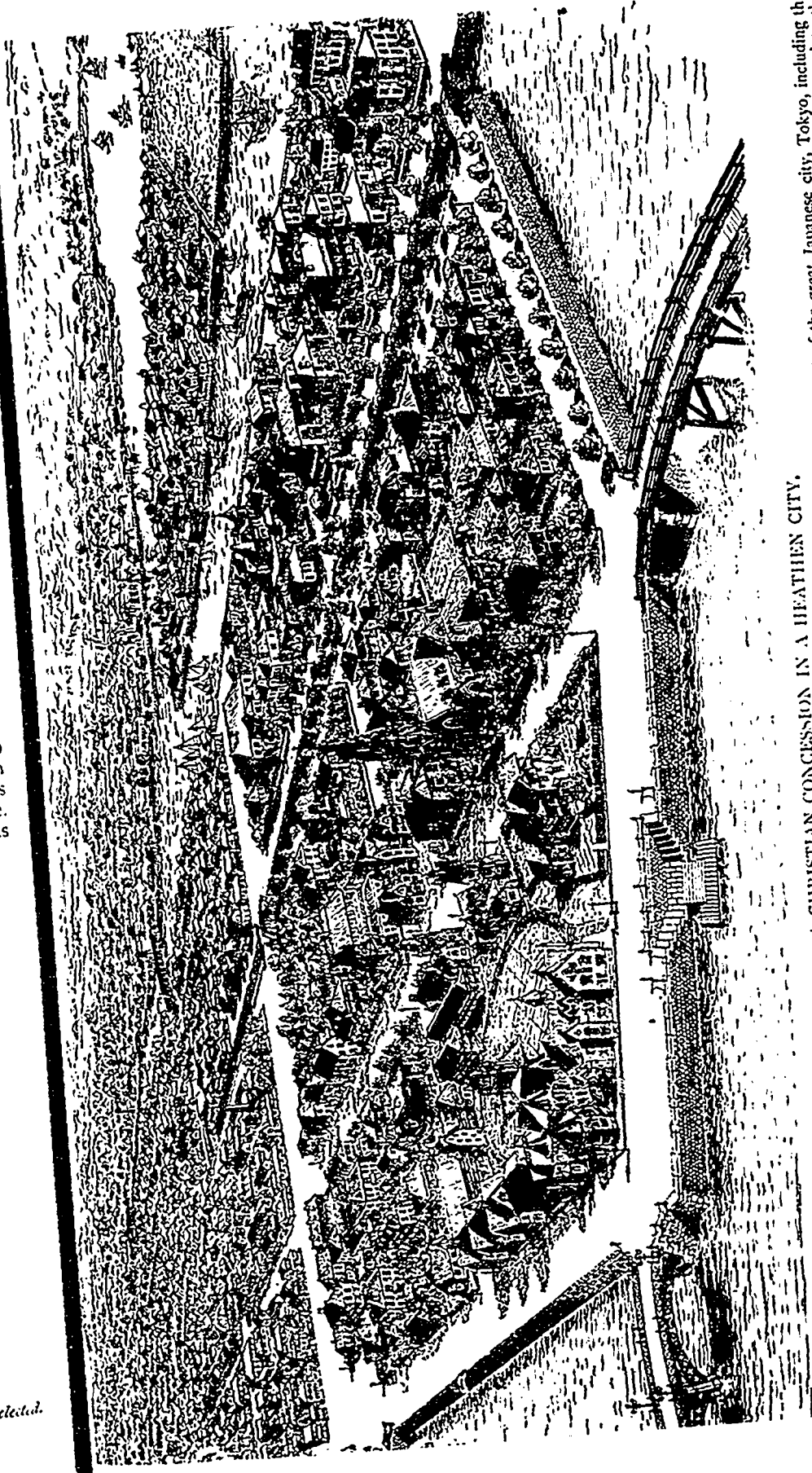
Only a flower—but it chanced that day
That a burdened heart passed by that way,
And the message that through the flower was sent
Brought the weary soul a sweet content.

For it spoke of the lilies so wondrously clad,
And the tired heart grew strangely glad
At the thought of a tender care over all,
That noted even a sparrow's fall.

Only a thought—but the work it wrought
Could never by tongue or pen be taught.
For it ran through a life, like a thread of gold,
And the life bore fruit an hundredfold.

Only a word—but 'twas spoken in love,
With a whispered prayer to the Lord above,
And the angels in heaven rejoice once more,
For a newborn soul "entered in by the door."

—Selected.



A CHRISTIAN CONCESSION IN A HEATHEN CITY.

THIS picture, which we publish by the kind permission of our sister publication in the United States: *the Spirit of Missions*—shows a part of the great Japanese city, Tokyo, including the foreign concession and the site and the buildings now in existence of the American Tokyo station. The foreign concession is in the foreground of the picture, and is bounded below and to the left by the water-wall extending from left to right the whole width of the page. The upper boundary is the wide street in the centre of the view, and, on the right-hand side, the Sumida River, on which the steam and sailing vessels are pictured. The American mission ground occupies the whole of the "block" on the lowest left-hand corner of the picture, and all but the two right-hand corners of the block to the right of that. On the right-hand side of the first-mentioned block now stand the theological school, the Trinity parish building, and the house, No. 56, Tsukiji, and the proposed new buildings of St. Paul's College are grouped about the open space there represented. On the second block appear Trinity Church (with a spire and transepts as yet "on paper"), St. Margaret's School, the orphanage, several missionaries' houses now occupied, and designs for buildings not yet erected. In the remaining parts of the concession are building 5, etc., of the Church Missionary Society of England, and the Roman, Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist, German Evangelical, and Reformed Dutch missions.

S.P.G. MISSION IN BANSHEE, JAPAN.*

IT has been said by one of the missionaries who has had wide experience in Japan that often the person through whom a particular mission was started is himself left out of the benefit of the religion which he once admired or believed for a time. Often, a seeker after God requests the missionary to come to his neighborhood, and yet, while many around learn to rejoice in the message of salvation, he who first brought the good tidings within their reach still remains afar from the kingdom of God. So, in a measure, has it been in Banshee. On Easter Day, in 1881, H—K— was baptized by the name of Elijah, in Kobe, and during that year, having occasion to go back to his birthplace, Mikusa, in Banshee, he volunteered to speak and to teach, as God should give him power and opportunity about the Saviour. In answer to an invitation of his, I went out with him to Yashiro, a central hamlet of Banshee, near his village, on July 23rd, 1881, and, on the next day, lectured in the school-room there on "True Civilization." There was a good attendance and, as usual, some stayed behind to introduce themselves and ask questions. I stayed in the neighborhood for two or three days longer, preaching at Mikusa, where, again, very interesting questions were propounded, and on the 25th I met a man named Kobayashi Kanjuro, aged 70, of whom a particular account must be given; for though H—K— afterwards fell away and can now hardly be called a Christian at all, yet this old man has become the father and fosterer of Christianity throughout the neighborhood. I give, then, a short account of his spiritual life as we have often heard it from himself: Many years ago, he read in a book or magazine of the conversion of Madagascar to Christianity, and of the great blessings which arose through its influence; and from that day forward he longed that the good news should be preached in Japan. He would ask any travelling bookseller for books on Christianity, until, at last, he obtained one. As to what this was, I am not at all clear, but fancy it may have been Benuo, an attack on our sacred religion. But in order to tell the ignorant that Christianity was wrong, it had first to tell them what it was; and so this old man read it only for facts, and when I first saw him he could speak about Daniel and Joseph, and of the miracles of Christ.

Indeed, if I remember right, he introduced himself with words to this effect: "I have been waiting for Christianity a long time, and am now an old man; will you not baptize me?" Some time after he had purchased the book he heard of missionaries in Yokohama, some 500 miles away; then of their coming to

Kobe, some thirty miles off; then, at last, of a colporteur selling Bibles at Yashiro, three miles away. But, although he went the next day, the man had passed on, having left no books, nor sold any. Kobayashi was much disappointed. Weeks and months passed, till at length he heard of the Christian lecture in Yashiro schoolroom, and, having come the next day to Yashiro, he waited till he saw me, and told me how long he had been waiting for the tidings of the true God. As he so evidently wished from his heart to learn, I admitted him at once as catechumen on his engaging to worship none but the true God, and to turn from all kinds of sin; and, as H—K— was staying on, I asked him to teach and prepare him for baptism. In March, 1882, he was baptized by the name of Nikadeuro. During his time of preparation he had gone up and down among his neighbors, calling on them to join him on his entrance on a new life; but it was not until October, 1884, that any others came forward to be baptized. I should mention, in passing, that through H—K—'s exertions in his own village of Mikusa a boy had been given up by his father to be trained as a Christian, and both father and son were baptized at Kobe on Easter Day, 1884. The son, however, died suddenly in the school; and the father was so much broken down by his loss that he seems to have lost his faith and hope entirely. Those who sought baptism in 1884 were a dyer and his wife, living in Kobayashi's village of Nakagosé, though not natives of it, and they heard of Christ through the old man himself, and through occasional visits of a catechist. The wife could not read at all, but the catechist was surprised at her accurate knowledge of the Old Testament. She told him that her son used to read her "line upon line" every day when he came home from school, and she had the stories read over and over again until she knew them by heart. She chose the name of Hannah when she was baptized; her son was called Samuel. She has now devoted him to the service of the Church at his own earnest request, and he is being educated at our mission school. Mrs. Kuishi has now learned to read nicely, and I trust the family are following their God and Saviour. In 1885 old Mr. Kobayashi was rejoiced by his aged sister and her two sons being baptized. She was sixty-five years old then, and was keeping her son's house, and now, nine years later, she is active and brightly doing household duties there.

The old man wished very much that fifteen persons should be baptized around his bed before he died; and in 1886, when I went home, they had a group of eight Christians photographed for me to show in England. He is a bit of an artist himself, and has often given me pictures of flowers, birds, or fruit, as a kind of thank offering for our kindness in coming to see him

* Kindly copied by Miss Jennie C. Smith from a MSS. of the Rev. Mr. Foss, for the benefit of the members of the Woman's Auxiliary.



I paid a visit there just before I went to England, which may serve as a specimen to give. I went to stay a few days and preach, and, as our helpers are few and all were busy, I went alone. There being no inn in the village, Kabayashi took me in at his farmhouse. You must know that when we stay at a Japanese house we take off our boots as we enter, and sit, as we best can without chairs, on the thick straw mats which cover the floor. Our beds are thick cotton mattresses, filled with cotton wool, one or more to put under us, and one or more to put over us; these are brought in at bedtime, as the same room serves as day and night room. Well, one day I went out to see friends in a neighboring village, and my host said: "Please come back early, as we have invited the village magistrate and others to come and listen to your preaching." I came back about four o'clock, and found many just coming in, and was invited to speak to them in a kind of preliminary way, as more were expected later on. This I did, telling them about Christianity for about an hour. Then they brought in tea for us all, rice and vegetables, and chopsticks to eat them with. After the meal was finished, they asked me to begin again and preach my proper sermon, which I accordingly did for another hour, asking at the end of it if any would question me; but no one spoke, except to say it was all new and the first they had heard, etc., etc. After a short time the host came again to me with apologies; they were so sorry no one had come with me, but if

I was not too tired would I tell them a little more; and so I began a *third* address, but eventually had to break off for fear I should, in weariness, be speaking English or some other language which they could not understand. However, after having three sermons from different points of view, they began asking pertinent questions, which showed at all events, that they knew beforehand something about God and what our message was. The next record of progress connected with this mission is the confirmation of the old Kabayashi and the five others already mentioned in March, 1888, by Bishop Bickersteth, and then, in April, eight children of the Kabayashi family were baptized, and in May a military officer and his wife and child, living in Yashurc. These latter were, not long after, compelled to leave the neighborhood on conscription business.

In the beginning of 1889, what the people there regard as the great event of their mission occurred. They had felt that to preach to heathen, as well as for their own services, a public building was almost essential; so they clubbed together and considered and asked if I could help them, and finally determined to erect a little church in Nakagosé. Being only six adults, and not very rich, they could not afford much money, but they freely offered their work and their materials. The old Kabayashi twisted some 2,000 fathoms of straw rope, to be used in the walls; bamboos tied with straw rope being the substratum on which the mud or plaster is fixed. His son offered a site, and so on. They thought it would cost about \$120 to build, in money, and I asked for \$90 of this at the English service on Christmas day at Kobe, and obtained it all; so that on January 20th, 1889, we were able to open the little Church of the Epiphany amid much rejoicing. In the evening, some seventy or eighty within, and, in spite of the bitter cold, many more without, listened to the old story of the "Revelation of the Glory" (for such is the meaning of the Epiphany in Japanese). The church, a sketch of which accompanies this article, is very small, as may be expected; the body is twelve feet wide by fifteen feet long, with a small chancel at the end, also a vestry at the side, suitable for questions or the catechist's abode, about twelve feet by six. At the opening, a young man, of the next village, was baptized with two others; in August, another young man of another neighboring village came forward, too. Since then several

people have been baptized from Kitamura. The women being unable to read or write, and yet wishing to join in the service, not only by repeating the Lord's Prayer and the Confession, which they could learn, but also by singing the hymns, resolved to get taught and, having no money to buy ink and paper, they placed sand in an old tray, and with their fingers or bits of sticks traced out the letters till they could write and remember them.

In the beginning of 1890 this little band was much troubled by a combination of villagers who refused to deal with them, and one family, whose subsistence depended on tile making, whose nearly starved before the Christians in Nakagosé heard and helped them. Another point of interest in connection with the mission in Banshee district is the opening out eastwardly to Kumei, Tuijui, and Kouda. In Kumei lives a Shinto priest named H—, and through various sources he has got to know and, as he says, to believe in Christianity. He sent his son to a Christian school, and learned more thoroughly his persuasions, and he himself has spoken of Christ to many; indeed, the opening above mentioned has been mainly through him. As yet, however, he has not had strength of mind enough to give up his priesthood. A colporteur came by in 1890, and, being interested in the mission, volunteered to stay on, and going from place to place, visiting those whom he heard of as seekers after God, was gradually able to lead many in these villages to become catechumens. An old man in Kouda, aged about eighty, was baptized, and since then he has gone to join in the unseen world the Saviour in whom he trusted. His son and grandchildren have also been baptized. In fact, ten in Kouda, three in Tuijui, and five in Kumei have been enrolled in the army of Christ; and the little band of eight, as it was in 1887, is now augmented to sixty, whom may God bless. Two of those baptized have, I fear, fallen away for a time. The faith of one or more others seems to be weak and at times to flag; but, as a rule, they are fighting well and going forward in the knowledge and grace of Christ. Since the church was built a catechist has been going out every fortnight. During 1890 the colporteur has been there as well, and now we have two young Japanese divinity students there who are visiting Kobe for a year and doing practical evangelistic work. Until now this mission, in all its expenses, has been supported by private friends in Japan and England, as the funds available from the S.P.G. were fully occupied in other parts of our mission. I much hope that this account of the work in Banshee may be a means of calling forth new well-wishers, who, by their offerings and their prayers, will endeavor in this mission to be "workers together with God." H J. Foss.

Miss Smith adds:—"I was out through this district with the S.P.G. workers in Kobe last autumn, and visited old Mr. Kabayashi. He was much pleased that the missionary ladies should come to see him, and made each one of us point out on the map exactly where we came from. A large colored map of the world (copied by himself) was spread out on the floor, and we all sat around it while the old man asked us many questions about our homes and mode of life. I was the first Canadian he had ever seen, and he said he knew very little about Canada, except that it had many large lakes and rivers. He seemed very much touched that so many of us should leave our homes and friends to come to bring the message to his countrymen. We all, followed by Christians of the village, went down to the little church for a short service, in which all joined most heartily."

THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY.

(Continued.)



THE murder of an archbishop naturally marks an epoch in the history of a Church. It was so with the death of Thomas à Becket. The religious world seemed stunned by it, as if by a heavy blow. King Henry, at the time in a foreign land, felt the recoil as he alone could feel it whose words had been the cause of the terrible deed. When the news reached him he was seized with violent remorse and, according to the usages of the day, begged that he might be allowed to atone for his hasty words by some act of penance. It is not clear whether the king did this from his own personal feelings regarding the matter or from a desire to place himself right, as far as possible, with the religious feelings of the age. He could not go in and out amongst the bishops, monks, and ecclesiastics generally as an unshriven murderer of an archbishop. Therefore he must get pardon of the Church, and the Church in those days was largely represented by the pope. The pope, therefore, gave it as his opinion that Henry should make a pilgrimage to the tomb of the murdered archbishop and be flogged by the clergy. This the king did, with every mark of outward sorrow and contrition, and the religious world was satisfied. For two years and a half the archbishopric was kept vacant. It was a suitable time for a lull in its history. At length Richard, a Benedictine monk, who, in days gone by, had been chaplain of Archbishop Theobald and a friend of Thomas à Becket, was selected for the position. One man, however, Roger, Abbot of Bec, had previously declined the honor, for what reason we know not; but quaint old Fuller declares that he refused it "as ominous to succeed Becket in his chair, lest he should suc-



CHURCH OF THE EPIPHANY, NAKAGOSÉ, JAPAN. See Page 148.

ceed him in his coffin, and preferred a whole skin to a holy pall!"

Richard was elected to the position in June, 1173, but was not consecrated till April, 1174, owing to the opposition to it made by the king's son, who thought that he should have been consulted in the matter. The consecration took place abroad, and the first tidings which greeted the new archbishop on his arrival in England were that his cathedral had been destroyed by fire. The finest part of it, called Conrad's choir, lay in ruins, to the great grief of the people.

Canterbury at this time was but a sorry place. Had it not been that it was situated on the highway between London and the sea, it would have been scarcely known. The inhabitants were, in the main, wretchedly poor, and the presence in their midst of a grand cathedral was a great boon to them. Hence, when it lay in ruins—as had been the case more than once before—their grief knew no bounds.

But a source of relief was at hand which had not been counted upon. It suddenly became the fashion for wealthy people who had committed some wrong, and they were by no means few in number, to make a pilgrimage to Canterbury and kneel at the shrine of Thomas à Becket. And here they were careful to leave their gold and the monks were equally careful to collect it, and the money so raised went to the speedy restoration of the cathedral.

A synod was held under Archbishop Richard and some laws were passed chiefly bearing upon the clergy, whose lives at the time, whether they were married or single, appear to have been a scandal to the Church. At this synod an amusing incident occurred, bearing upon the old dispute between York and Canterbury as to

priority of position. The Archbishop of York, whose name was Roger, claimed that he had the right to sit at the right hand of the pope's legate, who presided at the synod; but when he arrived he found Archbishop Richard calmly sitting there. Pushing his way towards the chair, he tried to squeeze in between his brother of Canterbury and the legate, but, failing in this, he contented himself with sitting upon the lap of the peaceful Richard! This led to a violent scene, in which the Archbishop of York was roughly handled, and the council broke up in confusion.

Archbishop Richard was a man of quiet disposition, who preferred peace to the mad folly of what was considered fighting the battles of the Church. He enjoyed the confidence of the king, and tried to heal the unhappy quarrel which had taken place between his majesty and his son—which was finally ended, however, by the death of the young prince. The archbishop died shortly afterwards, in 1184.

This was the age of monasteries. We read of several orders of monks, and among them the Cistercians, who seem to have endeavored to make life as uncomfortable as they well could. We read of an Archdeacon of Exeter who felt within himself that it would be a lovely thing to be a monk, and accordingly joined the Cistercians. Sleeping on straw, living on bread and water, rising at midnight to sing hymns till daybreak caused the archbishop, whose name was Baldwin, shortly to prefer a return to more ordinary life, and being a man of some note (having published a few treatises) he was appointed Bishop of Worcester. Four years afterwards, in 1184, on the death of Archbishop Richard, he was translated to Canterbury.

Very early in his episcopate he became involved in a quarrel with the monks of Canterbury and quietly endeavored to set up another cathedral at Hackington, about half a mile from Canterbury; but the monks appealed to the pope. After the death of two popes, Archbishop Baldwin found the decision against him, and was obliged to abandon his idea. The material he had gathered together for enlarging the church at Hackington, with the view of making it a cathedral, he removed to the manor house of Lambeth, which he had obtained from the Bishop of Rochester, and here he commenced the building of a collegiate church. At the present day Lambeth is the abode of the Archbishops of Canterbury.

On the 6th of July, 1189, King Henry II died. In his long reign he had four archbishops, but none gave him any trouble save one, and with him he had difficulties enough to embitter his life. His son Richard I., thirsting for fame, led his great army, stowed away in lordly ships, to the Holy Land to fight the Saracens. With him went his archbishop, the heroic Baldwin. News had come that the infidels had got possession of Jerusalem. Ecclesiastics in all parts of the world felt that the time had come for even them to take the sword and the Archbishops of Ravenna, Pisa, Besancon, Nazareth, and others stood by the Archbishop of Canterbury in his warlike crusade. But, according to the feelings of their age, their designs were pious. Nothing shocked them more than to find that the great bulk of the crusaders were men of unholy lives, and, when this sad state of things came to their knowledge, the good old Archbishop Baldwin prayed that he might die. He had fought in battle, conspicuous in helmet and cuirass, to find, only too late, that holiness and zeal for Christ did not represent the true spirit of the men that were around him. In this dejected state he died—a stranger in a strange land, and was buried beneath the arid sands of the East. This was in 1190. Hubert Fitz-Walter, Bishop of Salisbury, who had joined the crusade with him, officiated at his funeral.

Salisbury had become a separate diocese under that name since the year 1078, before which time it had been known as the diocese of Sherborne, and then as Ramsbury. Hubert Fitz-Walter was the fourth Bishop of Salisbury, so named, and his predecessor, the third bishop, was Jocelin de Bailleul, whose son, Reginald Fitz-Jocelin, was made Bishop of Bath and Wells in the year 1174. When Archbishop Baldwin died, King Richard wrote from the East, requesting the appointment of a foreigner to succeed him, but the chapter refused the suggestion and elected the Bishop of Bath and Wells Archbishop of Canterbury. He died, however, almost immediately after his appointment, with the words on his lips, "God does not will me to be an archbishop."

In the meantime Hubert Fitz-Walter, Bishop of Salisbury, continued his warlike actions in the far East, and proved himself of great value to King Richard, not only in actual warfare, but in managing the affairs of the whole crusade. He became intimate with Saladin, the unflinching, yet generous leader of the Mussulmans, and when King Richard was prostrated with illness he secured a three years' truce. On the king's recovery he approved of all that the bishop had done, and himself turned his way homewards; but the bishop found that the king had been captured, and by a patient search discovered him in his prison. He then hastened to England to raise money for the ransom of his king, and while there, on the king's written recommendation, was elected Archbishop of Canterbury. This was on the 30th of May, 1193. In the following November he was enthroned. The able and heroic Bishop of Salisbury thus became the head of Church and State in England. And the England of the day felt proud that a returned crusader, one who had risked life and fortune to rescue the holy sepulchre, should be placed at its head.

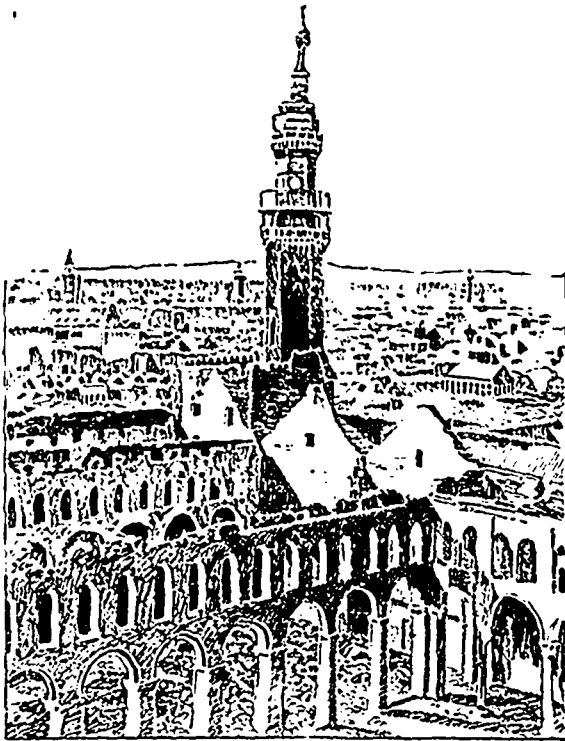
The first duty of the new archbishop was to raise money for the ransom of the king, and thus caused much hardship, for the tax was placed very high. But when the lion-hearted king appeared once more among his own people, they one and all forgot the woes he had caused them, and greeted him with hearty cheers.

It had been well for England if Richard had shown some gratitude for the love and loyalty of the people; but he only used it for his own personal gratification in wringing from them money which he spent on unworthy objects while living abroad. The archbishop, as his chief minister, was taxed to the utmost of his skill to provide the unprincipled king with money. The people began to feel the oppression so keenly that many of them rose in insurrection, but the archbishop, well drilled as a soldier, put them down with a strong arm. Their leader, Fitz-Osbert, known as "Long-beard," was captured, divested of his clothing, and dragged to death over a rough, stony road. The Welsh also rose in insurrection. The archbishop went out against them in battle and defeated them; but his actions of cruelty and bloodshed raised a storm of indignation against him, which forced him to resign his position as chief justiciary of England. The people of the day saw some reason in an archbishop being a warrior on the crusade, but none whatever in his using the sword at home. Removed from public office, he still, however, exerted great influence in politics as Archbishop of Canterbury.

King Richard died on April 6th, 1199, and his brother John, a man of less principle than *Cœur de Lion*, and none of his valor or heroism, came to the throne. The redoubtable



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RUINS OF MOSQUE AT DAMASCUS.

Burned October, 1893.

Hubert again took office as High Chancellor of England, and lived in princely magnificence. Indeed, his magnificence extended to everything within his reach. He had a high taste for architecture, and improved many of the church buildings in Canterbury. Towards the end of his life he bent his energies upon the completion of Canterbury Cathedral. When in Canterbury overseeing the workmen in the early summer of 1205, he began to feel within himself that the day of his death was drawing near. Taking an affectionate farewell of the clergy at Canterbury, he set out for Rochester, which he never reached. Resting at a place called Tenham, he made his will, received the sacrament and quietly passed away. He was a man peculiar to his times, yet great in every way. He ruled for the king and fought for him as a soldier. He ruled for the Church and as a soldier also fought for her. Such a man, as archbishop, could not be in our own day; but in the times in which he lived he probably did the best he could in controlling wayward kings, directing a dissatisfied people, curbing the violence of turbulent barons, and restraining the evil practices of worldly-minded clergy. He lived two lives. As a statesman, he sometimes forgot he was an archbishop; as an archbishop, he remembered only the Church. The hard, cruel days of the crusades could alone produce such a man. His tomb, we are told, is still visible on the south wall of Canterbury Cathedral.

THE GREAT MOSQUE OF DAMASCUS.

THE history of Damascus carries us back to the days of Abraham. There is a tradition there that in his time an idolatrous temple occupied a conspicuous site in the city. This is probably the "house of Rimmon," spoken of in the fourth chapter of the second book of Kings, as the place where Naaman, the Syrian, felt that at least he must bow his head. It is also, very likely, the temple where the wicked king Ahaz saw the beautiful altar which was to serve as a pattern for one in the house of God at Jerusalem, as told in the sixteenth chapter of the same book.

It is thought that this was the very temple which was found standing in Damascus in the days when Arcadius was Emperor of Rome, seventy years after the conversion of Constantine to Christianity. It was a huge heathen temple, larger in dimensions than the great Temple of the Sun at Palmyra, or the Jewish Temple of Jerusalem. Arcadius transformed this temple into a splendid Christian church, and dedicated it to St. John the Baptist, whose head it was said to contain. How the head of our Lord's forerunner came to be conveyed to Damascus is not clear, but tradition has it so, and states, further, that his heart is at Aleppo, and one of his fingers at Beyrout.

This grand building remained a Christian church for nearly three hundred years, but, in common with the most of eastern Christianity, false doctrines and practices unknown to the primitive Church crept in, and caused her "candlestick to be removed."

About the year 636 the Moslems laid siege to Damascus. It was taken partly by treaty and partly by force, and the great basilica was divided between Christians and Mohammedans. But in time the Christians were driven out entirely, and the building converted into a Mohammedan mosque. Every trace of Christianity was removed from it, with one exception, for deeply engraven over one of the doors were cut in Greek letters the words, "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth throughout all ages." This was left, and even the name of the building was never entirely removed, for it was known as "The Mosque of Lord John."

Last October this building, once a heathen temple, then a Christian church, and then a Mohammedan mosque—and always the prominent feature of Damascus—was destroyed by fire. Its ruins alone remain, but a vigorous effort is being made to rebuild it.

Events like this revive the feeling of loss that accrued to Christianity through the fierce conquests of the false prophet of Mecca. When can men go forth again with true apostolic fire, and win back the temples and the people to the Lord Almighty and His Christ?

OUR PARISHES AND CHURCHES.

No. 97. GRENVILLE AND CALUMET.

BY MRS. HARRIS.

GRENVILLE VILLAGE is situated on the Ottawa River, half way between Montreal and Ottawa, and at the head of the Grenville canal. The Canadian Pacific and Grenville and Carillon railways pass through the village. In summer the Ottawa River Navigation Company's steamers ply between Grenville and Ottawa City.

It is an old village nothing modern about it. It is in the County of Argenteuil, and only separated from the Province of Ontario by the Ottawa River. Mission work has been carried on in this place continuously for some ninety years.

The Rev. Mr. Bradford, a retired clergyman, resided a few miles east of Grenville nearly one hundred years ago, and was the pioneer clergyman of any denomination to do duty in this part of the country. The Rev. Joseph Abbott was sent out from England by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, in 1818, to succeed Mr. Bradford. He was the son of a Yorkshire farmer, educated at Aberdeen College, an M.A., a man of considerable influence. He married Miss Harriet Bradford, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Bradford, and they were the parents of the late Sir John Joseph Caldwell Abbott, who succeeded Sir John A. Macdonald as Premier of Canada.

The Rev. Joseph Abbott took up his residence at this time in St. Andrews, and this fact may have been the reason for the Deanery of St. Andrews that now applies to this section of country.

Besides attending his missionary duties in that village, he acted as chaplain for the two companies of Royal Staff Corps then stationed in Grenville. These companies were employed during the summer months in making a canal between Grenville and Carillon, and during the winter months they were quartered in Montreal. He held services in this village, first in a marquee, then in a carpenter's shop, then in a schoolhouse, from 1818 to 1828, at which date he removed to Abbotsford. From this time till 1831 the Rev. Andrew Balfour, M.A., resided in Grenville and conducted services, morning and evening, and a Sunday-school in the schoolhouse which had been suitably fitted up with seats and a pulpit.

In 1828 the Rev. William Abbott, M.A., came out from England, and was stationed by the S.P.G. at St. Andrews. In 1831 the Rev. Joseph Abbott returned to Grenville, and resided two miles from the village until 1846, when he was appointed Bursar of McGill College, Montreal. These two brothers spent

their lives in missionary work for the Church in St. Andrews, Grenville, and surrounding country until 1846, when Rev. Joseph Abbott left his brother alone in the work.

The territory once occupied by the Abbott brothers has now ten clergymen, and needs more to cover the ground.

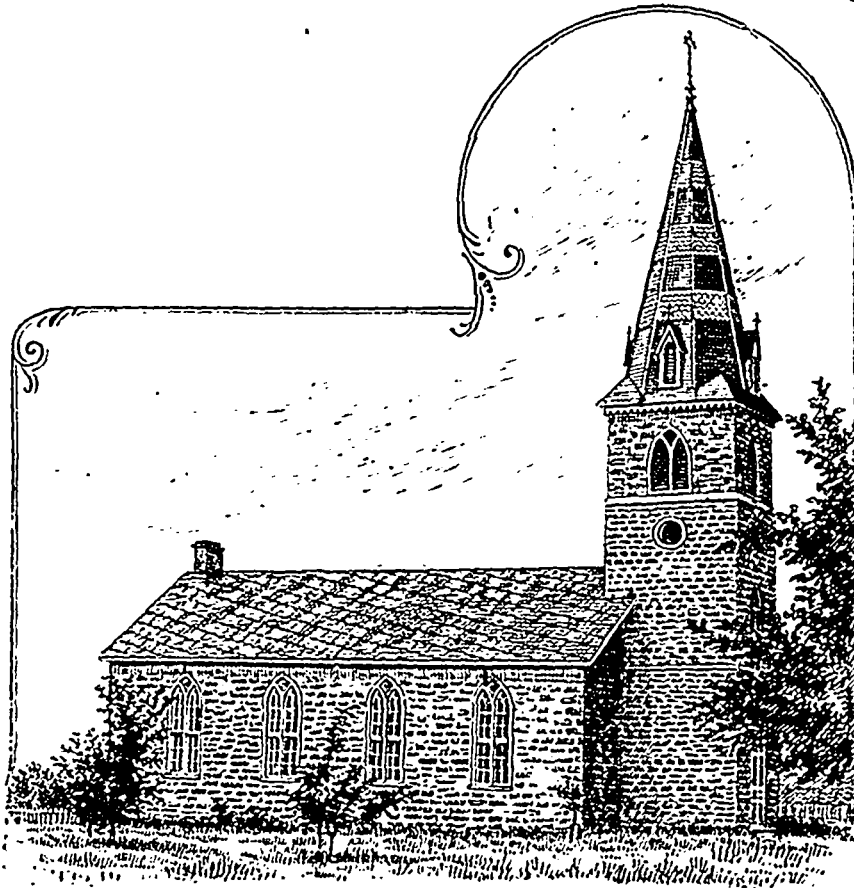
It is said that Joseph Abbott crossed the river to the village of Hawkesbury, on the Ontario side, and held services in a schoolhouse. He also looked the land over for a site whereon to build a church. On one occasion, while crossing the river, the ferry was managed by a Roman Catholic woman, who asked him if he had ever been in the Roman Catholic church in their village. "Tut, tut, woman," he replied, "do you think I would enter the house of Baal?" It is also quoted of the worthy gentleman that he often bade his hearers "not to do as he did, but do as he said."

The hardships of this mission were many. In 1832 the present church, as shown in the cut on the following page, was built. This undertaking was helped on largely by the Bishop of Quebec, Bishop Stewart, who never visited Grenville, as his diocese was so very large, but thus displayed his interest in the work. In this same year the Venerable G. J. Mountain, D.D., Archdeacon of Quebec, consecrated Coadjutor Bishop in 1836, visited Grenville, and his autograph is still preserved in the old archives of the parish. It proves that he also was interested in this young mission. At the same time as the church was erected, Mr. Abbott built a parsonage at his own cost, having acquired the land for the purpose, and afterwards sold it to the Church authorities.

The first record of a vestry meeting held is on Easter Monday, April 4th, 1831. The church was opened in 1832, and at a vestry following it was named St. Matthew's, and a marble slab, with name and date, placed above the entrance. This slab is still in a good state of preservation. The interior of the church was nicely fitted up. On the back of the chancel were the Ten Commandments and Lord's Prayer in gold letters on a black ground. In the gallery was a barrel organ, beautifully encased in oak, the money for which was largely donated by Mr. Thomas Kains. This organ was a luxury for a country church; it played the old familiar tunes of "Duke Street," "St. Ann," and "Old Hundred." It was considered an honor to be allowed to turn the crank for the services. A strong choir of men's voices accompanied the organ. The services were hearty. The organ was imported from England, and cost \$400.

The church is built of solid stone, and stands on a most picturesque site, with surrounding scenery that is grand and magnificent, with the Long Sault Rapids of the Ottawa surging and foaming, in singular contrast to the stillness

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ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH, GRENVILLE, QUEBEC.

Laurentian Hills, six miles north of Grenville. It was named St. John's. Services were held here weekly till Mr. Rollit's incumbency, but finally ceased, owing to family removals, and dissenters creeping in. Now the building has fallen to decay.

The late Rev. Fred. S. Neeve, 1859 to 1871.

The late Rev. Mr. Codd was at Lachute in 1869, and did duty in eight townships.

The late Rev. John Davidson, M. A., also travelled through these parts as missionary at this time.

The Rev. James H. Dixon, from 1871 to 1875.

The Rev. John (now Canon) Rollit, from 1875 to 1887.

The Rev. A. J. Greer was incumbent for a year and

that pervades the quiet cemetery that lies to the immediate rear of the church, between it and the river, where sleep those who, sixty years ago, were its active members.

Gazing to the west, you view the calm, still waters of Grenville Bay; then looking in the opposite direction you still can see the foaming rapids, which extend for six miles to Carillon, near which place in 1660, on the Quebec shore of these rapids, a memorable battle was fought, the account of which is preserved in the historic records of our country.

Rev. Mr. Abbott was assisted by the Rev. E. G. Sutton at this time, who held a register which gave him the right to work over one-third of the diocese.

During the sixty years the incumbents were as follows:

The Rev. E. G. Sutton officiated in 1846 and 1847. Mr. Sutton is still living, after fifty years of hard missionary labor for his Master. "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness."

The late Rev. Charles Forest, M.A., 1847 to 1859. During Mr. Forest's incumbency, a wooden church was built in 1850 in among the

a half. During this time he built Trinity Church at Calumet, three miles distant. This church was consecrated by Bishop Bond in 1889. Service is held in this church on Sunday afternoon and on Thursday evening.

All of these missionaries did a noble work in the parish.

The present rector, Rev. William Harris, for three years missionary in Arundel, began his work here in 1889. He at once restored the interior of the old church—the furnishings that had stood so many years now were crumbling with decay. This renovation made a great change for the better. A few of the improvements were: A new floor; new pews; the chancel enlarged; a new organ bought; also carpet for chancel and vestry; curtains for the vestry; a small infant class-room made and fitted up with small benches and a black-board; new communion linen and embroidered cloth procured.

In 1890 the parish became a rectory, and each year finds it in the same position.

In 1893 the walls and ceiling were sheeted with basswood, oiled and varnished. Altogether, since 1889, these improvements have

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cost over \$1,200; still, the people have given freely, glad to see everything done "decently and in order." The work is most encouraging; the church is beautiful in appearance, and filled twice every Sunday with devout worshippers. The church societies are working well, and truly we can say, "The Lord is with us."

SOME MISSIONARY HEROES.

III. HENRY MARTYN.



MISSIONARY of the present day is much admired, and has many friends and supporters. It was not so in Henry Martyn's time. Any one who favored preaching the Gospel to the heathen was called either a fanatic or a fool. Henry Martyn was prepared to seem either the one or the other, if only the Gospel might be made known to benighted people. Born in 1781, in the humble home of a Cornish miner, educated, by the zeal of his father, at Cambridge, where he came out senior wrangler, called to the sacred ministry, he began to feel that the field of Gospel was the world. He soon had a passionate desire to go to India, but, not having sufficient means of his own, was glad to accept a chaplaincy in the service of the East India Company. On his journey, and indeed wherever he went, to Brazilian planter or Roman priest or degraded Hottentot or dying soldier, he tried to win men to the truth as it is in Jesus. In India he was shocked at the shameful lives of his own countrymen, and labored hard first among them, that they might show to the heathen what the life of a Christian ought to be. Then he was horrified at the dreadful scenes he witnessed among the Hindoos, for in his day the car of Juggernaut crushed its victims, and the fire of the suttee burned the poor widows alive. He saw it once, "and shivered as standing on the brink of hell."

He was a foundation worker. "Even," he said, "if I never should see a native converted, God may design, by my patience and continuance in the work, to encourage future missionaries"—the resolve of a grand mind! And a prophecy strangely fulfilled. Life is short; in his case it was doomed to be very short. He felt the seeds of disease within him. Consumption was warning him. "I can do no work without a Bible that these people can read. The missionary who shall follow me, such a Bible shall have." Here was his instinct for foundation work. He studied Sanscrit and Hindustani, and soon was able to preach in the native tongue, but he never knew of any converts, save one old Hindu woman whom he baptized. But he worked at the New Testament and soon had it translated into Hindustani and then into Persian. He then

went to Persia, where he revised his New Testament and translated the Psalms. It was called a "noble version," was printed and went forth upon a great missionary work as the sands of the author's life were running out.

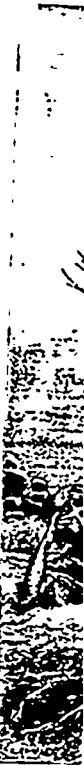
He died at Tocat on the 16th of October, 1812, at the age thirty-one, a lonely stranger, and was laid in a lonely grave. But no missionary work is done in the East to-day without thoughts of the "beardless youth, enfeebled by disease," who laid the foundation of it.

He saw scarcely any fruits of his labors in the way of converts. He thought of the solitary old woman in India, but he knew not that once a young Mussulman heard him preach, and was pierced by the sword of the Word, and that Bishop Heber afterwards ordained him the first Indian pastor. By this man, whose name was Abdul Messeh, more than forty Hindus were converted to Christianity, and when he died a monument was erected by the Resident at Lucknow to commemorate his devotedness and success. The mantle of Martyn, unknown to himself, had fallen upon worthy shoulders, and the world knows that his labors, short as they were, were by no means "in vain in the Lord."

BISHOP WHIPPLE relates the following interesting story of his brother, the late Rev. George B. Whipple. "When two years old, he vibrated for three months between life and death—doctor and every one else gave him up. An aged minister said one day, 'God has answered my prayer, that boy will live to be a missionary.' His life was spared, he grew up a generous, loving boy, full of life, never was a boy more fond of athletic sports. He always loved the sea, and having read Dana's 'Two Years Before the Mast,' after graduating from college, shipped as a sailor before the mast on a whale ship. One day they struck an enormous whale. The creature no sooner felt the harpoon than it turned upon the boat, and with a stroke of its tail threw the craft in the air; and, as the whale dove, my brother was caught in a coil of the rope, which would have cut him in two had it not been for a broad belt of heavy leather which he wore. He climbed, in company with others, upon the overturned boat, and that night, in the midst of a stormy sea, he gave his heart to Christ and His service.

"When they reached the Sandwich Islands a gentleman came on board the ship, and applied to the captain for a teacher for his children. He then recommended my brother, who thus became a teacher.

"He became deeply interested in the natives, and learned the language so thoroughly that he taught in Hawaiian. When I became bishop, he came here, studied for orders, went back as a missionary, and remained many years, afterwards returning to work in Minnesota."



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Young People's Department.



THE CAMELS OF THE DESERT.

THE CAMELS OF THE DESERT.

THE camel has been called the ship of the desert. It is a very quiet, patient creature. In the East, camels are more useful than horses, because they can stand the hot, dry weather.

They are made for the desert, because they can live for a long time without either food or water. They can travel for fifteen hours without being very tired, going at the rate of five miles an hour. Five miles an hour seems very slow, but when it is kept up steadily for fifteen hours good time is made, after all, for that is seventy-five miles a day, and a horse would not like to do that very long. In Arabia, sometimes, there is a terrible storm of hot wind, mixed with sand. It is called simoon. The only thing to do is to cover your face with cloth and lie with your face to the ground till it passes by. Horses perish in

these storms in great numbers, because they do not know what to do; but camels dig their noses into the sand while the wind is blowing past, and so escape. There is poison in this wind and, therefore, if you breathe it you are apt to die. Camels carry water in a pouch inside and sometimes men, when dying of thirst, kill the poor creatures to get this water. We are told of a general who wanted to march his army across the desert where there was no water. He was told that the only thing he could do was to take a great many camels with him and kill them by degrees when the men wanted water. He did this, and crossed the desert just as the camels were killed and the men began to get faint for water.

The camel always makes us think of Bible lands, of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, also of Joseph and his brethren and many others. They are building railroads now in the East, and the camel will not be used so much in long

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journeys, but it will always be useful for many things in the East, for there is really nothing that can take its place there. God made it for the desert, and it loves to make the desert its home.

BOB'S LESSON.



HERE was a real live missionary talked to us in Sunday-school to-day," said Bob White to his mother one Sunday afternoon. "He told us lots of things. I'm glad I ain't a heathen. They are going to take up a contribution for 'em next Sunday. I wish I had lots to give. I should think that Ted Smith should feel ashamed of himself; he don't ever give much, and he spends lots for candy. If I had as much money as he has, I'd do lots of good."

Bob was always telling what he would do if he were only somebody else.

"How is it about yourself?" asked his mother, gravely. She did not like this habit of his at all.

"Why, I put in all you give me, and, of course, if I had any of my own I'd give some of that. I wouldn't spend it all on myself, I know. I'm awful sorry for those poor heathen, and I'd like to help them; but I don't believe that Ted cares much."

"My son, you must not judge Ted; you do not know and anyway you have only to be sure that Bob White does his duty."

"Oh, of course, I'd look out for that," said Bob; but he evidently did not consider that there was need of much care in that direction. "If I had money of my own like Ted has, I shouldn't a bit wonder if I gave half of it to the missionaries, and things like that;" and Bob smiled approvingly at himself for being so much better than Ted.

"Bob," said Mr. Jones, the groceryman, the very next day, "I will give you twenty-five cents if you will run errands for me this morning. My boy is sick, and I am in a peck of trouble. Will you?"

How Bob's eyes sparkled as he assented eagerly! Just think of it! Twenty-five cents to be his very own. He had never had so much money at one time in his life before. It seemed untold wealth to him, and his first thought, as he started off with his arms full of parcels, was how he should spend it.

Now, Bob had a very sweet tooth; in fact, brother Tom asserted that it seemed very much as though all of his teeth were of that kind, he was so very fond of all kinds of sweet things. There was little chance, however, beyond an occasional lump of sugar, for him to gratify his appetite, for pennies for anything but absolute necessities were scarce articles in the White family. But for once in his life Bob had the power of gratifying his desires, and "visions of

sugar plums danced through his head" as he trudged up the street with Dr. Dole's coffee and Mrs. Mason's sugar. "I'll have some taffy, an' caramels, an' chocolate drops, an' peanut candy," he thought, exultantly. "Oh, my, I wish I could have twenty-five cents every day to spend. Ted Smith does most, I guess. O—h!" And Bob stopped stone still in the street with dismay.

What should he do? Thinking of Ted had reminded him of his conversation with mamma and the proposed "contribution" for the heathen. Must he save some of his money for that? Twenty-five cents was not so very much after all. It seemed impossible to spare any of it.

"It is different from what it would be if I had lots of money to spend," he reasoned. "Of course I would give lots then; but I never had much before, and maybe I won't again for years an' years. I don't believe I'd need give much; not more'n a tenth, anyway, and that wouldn't be enough to do the heathen any good. I wish I needn't give *any*. I don't believe the heathen would want to have me."

Which last conclusion Bob considered overwhelmingly convincing, or, at least, he tried very hard to do so. But somehow he felt ashamed of himself and very uncomfortable in his mind; and he felt more so than ever when, in the middle of the afternoon, he came out of Mr. Burt's store with sundry parcels of sweets in his hands. For some reason which he made no effort to explain to himself, he did not feel disposed to go home with his purchases, so he betook himself down by the river. "I'll just have a fine time yet," he said, as he spread out his treasures.

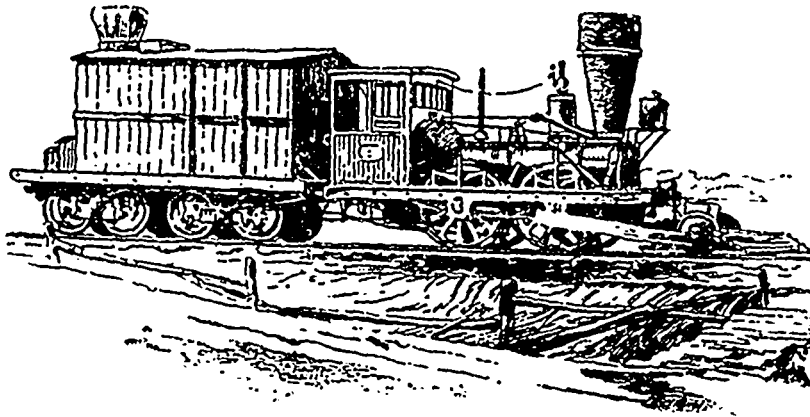
First, he tried a chocolate drop, but, though it was fresh and nice, it did not taste quite as good as he had anticipated. It was just so with everything he had. It was all good, yet something seemed to be the matter, and he kept thinking about those poor heathen. Their dusky faces seemed to be peering up at him from the depths of his bag of chocolates. The tale of their distress rang in his ears as he munched his peanut candy and altogether, they made it very uncomfortable for him.

And as he thought of them, and as he looked at his rapidly diminishing supply of sweets, another question began to perplex and trouble him. What would his mother say? He should have to tell her all about it. He had to tell her everything.

By and by, he began to feel rather worse. Indeed, he felt quite sick, and was quite inclined to think that he might die. He wanted his mother dreadfully, and yet it seemed to him that he could not bear to have her look at him. She would know all about it; just how horrid he had been. She always knew, and she would look so sorry. Somebody was coming down the road whistling. Bob remembered

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THE "JOHN BULL."

ONE OF THE FIRST
LOCOMOTIVES.

THE locomotive called the "John Bull" was among the first ever run in America. It was built in England in 1830, by John Stephenson, for the Camden & Amboy railroad, at a cost of \$4,000. The first trial trip was made September 15, 1831, the first public trip on November 25 of the same year. The "John Bull" was run from that time until

1866, thirty-five years, when she was laid by and kept in the National Museum at Washington for people to look at. This funny little old locomotive was taken out and put in order, so that people might see her at the World's Fair lately held in Chicago. She drew a train of cars there nearly as old as herself, and the train looked very different from the beautiful trains we have to day. Some say that all the locomotives will be laid by before long and trains run by electricity. If so, we will all be sorry to say good-by to the puffing, hard-working engine.

ANNIE'S GIFT.

WID you ever want anything just awful bad and then have it come? Then you know how I felt when that package came from my auntie in New York, and I opened it and found a pair of real silk mits. Jack said they were just splendorific, and Jack's my brother and he knows.

I had wanted them ever so long, but I didn't say anything about it; 'cause when you live in a little cuddled-up house, and your papa has to buy bread and shoes for so many, the money all flies away before it comes round to what little girls want. I don't know how auntie found it out, unless Santa Claus told her—and it wasn't that, either. They were such pretty brown mits! Tildy Jones said they were just the color of my hands, but I didn't care for that; little hands will get brown when they have to weed garden beds, and do so many things. I looked at them 'most a hundred times in two days, I guess, and then came Sunday. Wasn't I glad! I put them on and walked to church just so. Jack said I held my paws like a scared rabbit, but I didn't ever see a rabbit with mits on. It isn't right to think too much about what one wears when you go to Sunday-school, and, by and by, I didn't;

that he used to whistle before he heard about the heathen and had money of his own. It was Nick Turner coming. A bright idea occurred to Bob. There were three or four chocolates, three caramels, half a stick of peanut candy, and a piece of taffy left. He never should eat them. It made him sick to look at them. Why not sell out to Nick? "Maybe he will give me as much as six or eight cents for it, and I'll give every cent to those horrid old heathen; I will," vowed Bob, vehemently.

But, alas, for Bob's hopes! Nick proved sharp at a bargain.

"Your stock-in-trade is, so to speak, rather the wuss for wear; but ef it's any accommodation to yer, I dunno but I'd give yer a—cent for it."

Poor Bob! It was just a little better than nothing, and he sold out.

He crept up the back stairs in his own room and his mother found him there. "I'm dying, I guess," he sobbed, breaking down completely, "and you can put this cent in the box for me. I'm a *great* deal worse than Ted Smith. I feel meaner than anybody I ever saw. Oh, you don't know anything about it!"

But mamma did know. Mothers always do; and she took her poor, miserable laddie up in her arms and soothed and comforted him as only a mother can.

Contrary to his expectations Bob did not die, and, in the course of time, he was just as fond of sweet things as ever, but he had learned a lesson that he never forgot.

"A feller can't really tell what he would do until he's there himself; and," he remarked confidentially to his mother, "I don't believe I'd be any better than anybody else, even if I was in their place."—*Kate S. Gates in Standard.*

THE reward of duty done is the power to fulfill another.

WE can do more good by being good than in any other way.

but they were such pretty brown mits that I forgot about everything else.

A missionary man told all the folks about some poor little ones 'way off. How the fire burned down their schoolhouse, and now they hadn't any nice houses, or clothes, or anything, and that they were trying so hard to get along, and to learn; and he said what was given to these little ones was just the same as given to Christ—think of that, just the same as given to the dear Christ-child! I did wish I was rich. Why, some of those folks were worth ten dollars, or a hundred, and yet that basket stayed 'most empty!

I did wish I was rich; and then all at once I remembered about that poor widow in the Bible—I'd read it that very morning—how she gave her two mits, the only living mits she had; it says so. So I just slipped mine off and dropped them into the basket, and I was glad, even if my throat did choke. But pretty soon, when that basket was carried up, the missionary man picked those right out and he said, "Has any little girl lost her gloves?" Nobody said anything, and he asked again, "Did any little girl drop her gloves into the basket by mistake?" It was awful still in that room, and I thought he was looking right at me, so I had to say something. "It wasn't a mistake," I told him, "but I wanted to give something, and I hadn't any money, and I know how that poor widow in the Bible gave her two mits." Then those folks just shouted, they did, and I felt as if I'd like to drop right down through the floor. I knew I had made some dreadful mistake, but I couldn't tell what; for if m-i-t-e-s doesn't spell mits, what does it spell? Course I cried, but my teacher put her arm right around me and said, "Never mind, little Annie." And then she stood up and said with a voice all trembly, "Dear friends! this little girl has given her greatest treasure, have any of us older ones ever done as much?" Some way, the money just poured into the basket after that, and the missionary man looked gladder and gladder. They brought my mits back to me, and my teacher said she'd show me how to earn some money to give. And, oh! how full that basket was! and when the missionary man counted it, his eyes grew all wet, and he said softly, though I don't know what he meant, "A little child shall lead them."

MENDING HIS NETS.



ANY centuries ago an old man and his sons sat mending their fishing-nets in a boat upon a little inland sea in Asia. Their boat was anchored near the shore; other boats were near them, their crews hauling in fish. The old man, it is likely, was in haste to mend his nets and go on with the day's work.

A man came down the beach. He called to them and bade them lay down their nets, give up their fishing and follow him. When they heard him, something told them in their hearts that this call meant that they should forsake the life to which they had always been used—fishing, eating, sleeping, surrounded by neighbors and friends—and that they should begin a different work for the people who were strangers to them.

Here were their nets, their own boats, and the blue waters filled with fish, the peaceful hills along the coast, the calm little valleys between; here were home and comfort and security.

Yonder was the man on the shore, calling to them to follow him—it might be to hunger, to pain, possibly to death.

But each man heard God speaking to his soul in that voice.

A COMPLAINT.



HIS is a fine place to be in, and we like it very much. We know where we are going, too, and we are glad of that. We would rather be missionary pennies than anything else, for we know they are the best sort. We don't complain of our place nor our work; not a bit! But we do complain about our lonesomeness. Why are there so few of us? We want to know that! And why don't the nickels and dimes come to keep us company and help on the work we are going to do by and by? That's what we want to know! Pennies are very good things, especially if there are plenty of them. One penny may do much good. We've heard that over and over. But there are the nickels and dimes that go from our little boy's pocket into the toy shop, and into the candy shop and never come back. How much good do they do? Why should our little boy spend nickels and dimes on himself, and only put us pennies in here to do good with? That is what puzzles us. In the little boy's pocket we kept company with nickels and dimes, but they do not keep us company here, and it is this we complain about. Can anybody tell us why?

Listen to the complaint of the pennies. Can any one who owns a mite box, or who ought to have one, explain these puzzling things?—*Children's Work for Children.*

EVERY little step I take
Forward on my heavenly way,
Every little effort make
To grow Christlike day by day.

Little sighs and little prayers,
Even little tears which fall;
Little hopes and fears and cares—
Saviour, Thou dost know them all.

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**The Canadian Church Magazine
AND MISSION NEWS**

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

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Board of Management will meet in Quebec on Wednesday, October 10th.

It will be heard with much regret that the honored Bishop of Algoma has signified to the Diocesan Synods his intention of resigning his work.

THE President of the Provincial Woman's Auxiliary, Mrs. Tilton, has asked the General Corresponding Secretary, Miss L. H. Montizambert, to act as General Dorcas Secretary until the annual meeting in October next. Miss Montizambert's address is 22 Mount Carmel St., Quebec.

BURMAN'S PARISH INDEX.—The Rev. W. A. Burman, of Winnipeg, has compiled a very useful Parish Index Book for the use of clergymen in their parish work. It shows much skill in its compilation, and seems to cover all ground necessary. Its principles (which are very simple), once mastered, it would prove most valuable for clergymen in the way of making notes of their daily work and the continued varying events of their parishes.

THE solution of the question, "What shall we do with Algoma?" recently suggested in these columns, has met with some opposition and some approval. We were prepared to have it ridiculed by some, but that is of small moment. Many excellent "reforms" have met first with this enemy, always ready to command. We are still firmly convinced that it would largely increase the efficiency of the Diocese of Algoma and lessen the anxiety of its bishop if territory containing some good substantial parishes could be annexed to it.

THE following encouraging words from a letter recently received by us from Rev. J. G. Waller,

of Japan, will be read with interest:—"On Easter Sunday we had ten baptized in Nagano, and two days later three more at the outstation, Nakano. There had been previously two baptisms, making fifteen since the beginning of the year. Another class is preparing for baptism on Whitsunday. These are the seed which has fallen on good ground, but they represent a very small fraction of the total sown. However, we have hope that some of the rest will yet spring up and bring forth fruit, even though late in taking root. There are now a goodly number of enquirers about the Light, and almost every one of them has been brought to us either by the example or the personal influence, on both, of those who had become Christians before. You can thus see what a walking advertisement a good Christian is to us, and how much care we must exercise to guard against the admittance of a bad one. But, of course, some bad ones will enter in time, although so far, I am most thankful to say, all seem earnest and faithful."

THE great missionary conference recently held in England under the auspices of the General Mission Board was, as might be expected, a grand gathering. Bishops, clergy and eminent laymen from all parts of the world and engaged in almost every phase of missionary work threw their valuable light upon the debates of the Conference. Bishop Westcott, of Durham, who preached the opening sermon, characterized the gathering as "an event which marked an epoch in the religious life, not only of the Church of England, but of the English nation." Here were bishops returned from the mission field, crippled and broken in health, visible evidences of the self-sacrifice and even martyrdom characteristic of the age. Here were native converts to testify of the work done among their countrymen, and honored ladies who quietly have been bringing brightness and peace to their benighted sisters. It is a pity that some deputation from our own missionary society had not been present to represent work now being done by the Church of England in Canada. The thought also is suggested that the time may not be long distant when a Missionary Conference, somewhat of the same kind, may be held in Canada.

SUGGESTIONS FOR CHURCHGOERS.

WHEN your journey next leaves you stranded in the great and delightful city of New Chicorkadelphia on the Sabbath day, if you should go to the Church of St. Indolence—(I can recommend it as having the slowest singing and the softest pew cushions, with a preacher to match, in the city)—you will see the following "Suggestions to Worshippers":

(1) Fall or slide in the pew nearest the aisle. Stay there. Do not sit erect, but lop.

Rest one elbow on the arm of the pew, and support the side of the face with the outspread palm.

(2) Do not rise during the singing of the hymns. The fact that you played tennis or baseball on Saturday afternoon, or walked four or five miles around a billiard-table Saturday night, entitles you to a little rest on Sabbath morning.

(3) Extend your legs as far under the pew as you can without sliding off the seat. Gracefully and politely cover your mouth with your hand while yawning during the sermon. If the minister is looking at you, cover the mouth with both hands, and at the close of the yawn bring your jaws together with a cheerful snap.

(4) After looking at your watch, always turn your head and gaze longingly and earnestly toward the door.

(5) Do not move if a stranger, accompanied by his wife and daughter, attempts to enter your pew. Permit him to climb over your legs, no matter how much it may annoy you.

(6) Do not annoy strangers who may enter the church by looking at them, or even glancing in their direction. If they really want a seat, they will find one without the intrusive interference of other people.

(7) At the close of the service remark aloud, but to yourself, that you are hungry as a shark, and set off for home at a brisk trot.—*Pacific Churchman*.

"AN HOUR WITH THE AMERICAN CHURCH"*

BY REV. CANON SWEENEY, D.D., RECTOR OF ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH, TORONTO.



THE title of my lecture is purposely vague. It does not contain a definite promise to limit the attention to the history or the polity, to the home or foreign, the city or country work of the great Church whose throbbing life and strong pulses some of us have felt, and know ourselves to be the better for feeling. No! I repeat, my title implies no promise of a limitation to any particular point of view, selected with regard to some particular enterprises of our great sister Church; but is, in fact, a comprehensive heading for some few notes gathered together during a period of some fourteen months' residence in the great Republic to the south of us, when it was my privilege to be a sharer in its Church life, and to send forth the little rivulet of my humble influence as a tributary to swell the mighty streams which roll on through that great and goodly inheritance into which God has brought the American people.

The greatness of the area covered by the Church

*A paper read before the Woman's Auxiliary in the schoolhouse of St. Philip's Church, Toronto.

in her numerous dioceses forbids more than a brief summary of the work she is endeavoring to accomplish by the aid of the Spirit of God: a work amongst a total Church population of 347,781 out of a Protestant population of thirty millions, or out of about sixty-five millions which goes to make up her national population. A bird's-eye view of the whole extent of Church area shows the Church united, like the States to which she belongs, with seventy-six dioceses, eighty bishops, 4,369 clergy, and in her communion 567,814 adult members. Her property is so vast that one must be excused from the endeavor to estimate her wealth, as, indeed, some of it, valued, as it is, according to its situation at or near the heart of some great city, such as that of Trinity parish in New York, is almost incalculable.

(1) This great Church, bidding fair to become the national Church, such as her members aim to make her, has her large missionary dioceses and jurisdictions, the work in which is not the least interesting of her many undertakings. Of the former there are thirty-seven, of the latter eighteen. To quote from a recent issue of one of her authorized publications, the *Pacific Churchman*, February 15th, 1894: "The Board of Domestic and Foreign Missions is responsible for the salaries of the bishops of Arizona, Montana, Nevada and Utah, New Mexico, North California, Northern Texas, North Dakota, South Dakota, Western Texas, Olympia, Wyoming, Idaho, Oklahoma, Alaska, La Platte, Spokane, Western Florida, Southern Florida, and Northern Michigan (not yet filled)." These are altogether missionary, or, in other words, they scarcely (like our Algoma) contain a single self-supporting parish, and, in addition to this, the board has to strengthen the feeble knees of thirty-seven dioceses. The number of missionaries, clerical and lay, male and female, receiving salaries is eight hundred and eighteen, and the amount appropriated for the whole work is \$251,927.38.

But this is only one side of the work, in reference to which the Mission Board, in its last issue of a leaflet upon its work, says: "Laying foundations, planting missions, strengthening the weak, cheering the discouraged, holding services in cottages, schoolhouses, and court houses, sometimes in saloons and barns, journeying from place to place, and gathering the people to break to them the Bread of Life. This work they do, and while it lacks any heroic incident, yet bears the stamp of true courage, and, done for Christ's sake, shall not fail of its reward." Nor must we forget, in this home connection, that this Church undertakes work also on behalf of the native Negro population, and on behalf of the Indians and the immigrating Chinese in various parts of the country. If the statement recently published in one of our own Church papers in regard to the

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Negro population of the States be true (see *Canadian Churchman*, March 1st, 1894), viz., that that population is seven millions five hundred thousand, or about one-ninth of the whole; that it furnishes more than one-third of the country's prisoners and contributes more than one-third of all imprisoned manslayers in the country, then it is evident that the whole question has to be kept well to the front, and that vigorous evangelistic methods have to be pursued to deal with it adequately.

(2) The American Church has her foreign field as well as her domestic. Urged by the commanding eloquence of her great men for the past half century, and such as the late Bishop of Massachusetts of more recent times, she is nobly endeavoring to carry out her Lord's injunction, His marching orders, as the Iron Duke called them, and has carried the Gospel into China, Japan, Africa, Greece, Haiti, and elsewhere. This, of course, means that salaries have to be provided for twenty missionary bishops at a figure of three thousand dollars per annum, and twelve hundred missionaries at an average of \$1,000 per annum in foreign fields, and support has to be forthcoming for Church schools (which experimentally she has proved she cannot afford to do without), Church hospitals, orphanages, etc.

Reverting now to some of these foreign missionary enterprises of this Church in the order named, we find that her work in China is divided into two districts, the first called the Shanghai, and the second Wuchang. In the former, the Shanghai, there are thirty-three churches, chapels and mission halls, and in the latter thirteen, making a total of forty-six. In the course of the year some nine thousand services have been held, with an average attendance of one thousand six hundred natives, and sixty-two foreigners. Last year's roll of baptisms (perhaps a fair average year) showed a total of native and foreign, adult and infant, of four hundred and forty-three, there being only one foreign child baptized in the Shanghai division. In both divisions there are some eight hundred and fifty communicants, and over one thousand day and Sunday-school scholars. On the fourteenth of June last, in St. Thomas' Church, New York, Doctors McKim and Graves were consecrated bishops for the Church's mission in Japan and China, the consecrator being Bishop Littlejohn of Long Island and the preacher, Bishop Dudley of Kentucky. Before leaving this field we may say that a most interesting record of the succession of workers since 1834, when the first missionary, the Rev. Henry Lockwood, entered upon this work, is to be found at the close of the "Historical Sketch of the China Missions," written up to 1892, and from which we learn that the present value of the American Church's possessions in China is nearly \$170,000.

Japanese statistics from the same missionary report show by comparison with China's returns a larger number of places of worship, there being eighty in all; a larger number of communicants, there being one thousand five hundred; and besides the Trinity Divinity Catechetical School, the Church in Japan has forty Sunday-schools, and ten day schools. This progress is all the more wonderful when we consider that work was begun in this field as late as 1859 by the Rev. John Liggins, who, still living, I believe, visited the country for the benefit of his health. Going there as a missionary from China in May of that year and, meeting with much cordiality, he decided to remain there, having as his co-worker the Rev. Channing Moore Williams. From that, which was a veritable day of small beginnings, to the present, the succession of missionaries has been well sustained, until now there are one hundred and six in the field, missionaries of all kinds, and property to the estimated value of \$87,000. A comparison between the valuations of property in China and Japan would indicate either that land generally in China was more valuable than in Japan, or that the Church had acquired properties in China that were in more valuable localities than the Church's properties in Japan.

(3) And what, in a sentence or two, shall we say of the work in Africa? Here we find eighty clergy, catechists and lay readers, including the Bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Samuel Ferguson, with the small number, however, of only nine mission churches and chapels, valued at \$42,600. Such, in brief, for we have not time to consider the work in Haiti, under Bishop Holly, are the main foreign enterprises of this missionary Church.

Let us now, for a few moments, looking at her from this standpoint of a missionary organization, enquire what are her methods for overtaking these labors. Obviously, in this utilitarian age, they must be thorough, and such she endeavors to make them. Again, promising to be brief, I will only outline what these methods are, many of which we have wisely imitated in our own Canadian Church. Perhaps we cannot do better than begin by looking at what, since the first of this year, has become to be the central focus of missionary effort in the American Church. I mean the Church Mission House, at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, New York, a valuable corner, costing \$175,000. Here we have a magnificent and massive structure, erected at a cost of \$240,000, of which, however, only \$170,000 has as yet been received. It is built of Indiana limestone, seven stories in height, steel frame and thoroughly fire-proof, of Flemish architecture, pitched red tiled roof, with ornamental finials, the high central gable crowned with the statue of Faith.

Its plan: First floor, stores for Church book-sellers, etc. Second floor, the offices of the Board of Domestic and Foreign Missions. Here are also the Library, the Board room, the Woman's Auxiliary room, and connected with the Library by a folding door is the chapel, whose appointments are of the most complete and ecclesiastically correct. The top stories of the building are to be let for offices and artists' studios, etc. The most prominent figure in this new Church Mission House is undoubtedly the Rev. Dr. W. S. Langford, the energetic general secretary of the board, who occupies the chief office on the second floor, around which is a raised gallery for the accommodation of his numerous clerks. The amount of work that this gentleman has to go through in the course of the year is almost incredible. Besides attendance at board meetings, annual conventions, monthly missionary conferences, preparation of reports, missionary messages and missionary letters, there is the answering of correspondence, in itself a prodigious task. The Rev. Joshua Kimber acts as his associate in the secretaryship, whilst all the funds for both branches of the Church's work pass into the hands of Mr. George Bliss and his associate, Mr. Walter Roberts, the treasurer and assistant-treasurer of the board.

The Board of Missions, with the Right Rev. John Williams, LL.D., D.D., President, issues monthly a missionary magazine, which hitherto has been published at 22 Bible House, New York, called the *Spirit of Missions*. It is always full of helpful missionary matter of the greatest interest and up to date, and includes the regular proceedings of the meetings of the Board of Managers, held the second Tuesday of each month, at two o'clock in the afternoon. The circulation of this ably-conducted monthly reached, in December last, nearly eleven thousand copies, which, it must be confessed, is far below what it ought to be. Indeed, it is as true in the United States as with ourselves, that perhaps one of the most difficult matters to get the laity to take hold of with any enthusiasm is the Church magazine or parish paper, and to support the same intelligently. Is it too strong to put it in the language of the organ of the diocese of Fond du Lac, when, referring to the duty of subscribing to a Church paper, pertinently it says: "Take your choice, but do not say you are a Christian and a Churchman, and then remain ignorant of the life and work of God's kingdom." In order to meet the financial objection which is invariably forthcoming, that even the small sum of one dollar per annum is too much to contribute to this magazine (though the same amount would be spent many times everywhere in the States in the course of a week to provide amusement), a quarterly message is published, which gives a summary of the chief events of missionary in-

terest, and is, in fact, a "quarterly message for a quarter per year." I venture to throw out the hint that we might try something of this kind, and bring the contents of our message, as is done in the States, before our congregations in a digest either at a Sunday service or week day evening service once a quarter. It would seem that provision for the information of the Church's children could go no further, but, however, it does; for to supply that information where people are too indifferent, or too poor, even to pay this quarter per annum, a single leaflet is printed and distributed free, thus leaving the members of the Church wholly without excuse, should they plead ignorance of her work.

Another method we notice which has commended itself to our imitative wisdom is that of issuing of regular pastorals for adults, and annual Sunday-school Lenten pastorals. The latter are helpful both in the direction of imparting missionary information on a par with the comprehension of the children, and also in securing funds for carrying on the missionary work. Let me speak now from a knowledge of what took place last year. The circular letter asked for \$100,000; the response made was \$71,000. If the times had not been so hard, and the financial depression so universal, the full amount would probably have been attained. To sustain the interest of the children contributing, a finely lithographed picture of the Church Mission House (already described) was sent as a gift to each child contributing; and in a letter thanking the children for their contributions illustrations were given of many touching incidents of self-denial, and some rather amusing remarks of the children of different localities in connection with their contributions were recorded. One boy, like the youngster in Baring Gould's *child's story*, "My Prague Pig," said of his pyramid: "Ah! you little rascal of a pyramid! here I am fasting and denying myself, and the more I do it the fatter you grow. I fast and you stuff." A missionary in Western Michigan, sending \$7.59, wrote: "Our Sunday-school is small, and mainly poor children. I wish you could have seen the pile of pennies in the alms basin after the pyramids were emptied. It was a red pyramid. The children worked hard to get our little offering. Every one of them is richer for it, and the Church is richer for it. I do not mean by the money we send, but by the training they have so received in their young days to save, and give, and work for the Church." A rector in the diocese of Albany wrote to Dr. Langford as follows: "I was at the store surrounded by four little boys, not one of them over eight years old, who wanted to know if the \$100,000 had been raised. I told them I hoped so, as they had given a good lift. One of them had been holding his hand

closed, evidently thinking hard, when suddenly he said: 'Mr. —, that \$100,000 must be raised. There are two cents more.' The person to whom I told this said, 'Here, add a dollar for that boy.'"

(To be continued.)

KEIOGIJUKU COLLEGE, TOKYO, JAPAN.

BY REV. ARTHUR LLOYD, M.A., JAPAN.

KEIOGIJUKU COLLEGE is, I believe, the oldest educational establishment in Japan. It is the only one which kept open during all the civil war which preceded the restoration to power of the Emperor; and there is a tradition in the school that on the day of the last battle at Uyeus, one of the northern suburbs of the city, Mr. Fukuzawa, our founder, read Wayland's Moral Philosophy with four students, who afterwards climbed up on to the roof to see the conflagration caused by the battle. Mr. Fukuzawa, now known as the sage of Mita (the college is situated in Mita), is one of the most distinguished of Japanese commoners. He was one of the first to visit Europe, he has been a pioneer in educational work, he is almost the originator of Japanese journalism, and his writings are much read throughout the country. Thoroughly upright and honest, he is also thoroughly practical: the first English book that he published in Japanese was Smiles' "Self-Help." I have always been proud to think that I have been associated with so great a man in my adopted country. Mr. Fukuzawa is no longer our president, but his place is worthily filled by Mr. Obata, a member of the House of Peers (an honor Mr. Fukuzawa declined), and one of the four students who stuck to their books whilst the battle was raging. At the recent elections, two of our masters were candidates. One was elected M.P. for Wakayama; the other, I am sorry to say, failed.

As to the institution itself, it is divided into three departments. At the bottom stands the Yochisha, our boys' department, which serves as a preparatory school, not only for our own higher course, but for other schools as well. It is entirely a boarding school, with two boarding houses, and about two hundred boys. Three years ago it was much larger; its numbers having much diminished after the death of its late headmaster, Mr. Wada. In this school there are three Christian masters: the Rev. A. Shimada, Mr. Sakai, and Mr. Nakamura. Mr. Shimada is the deacon at the Church of the Good Hope, near the school; and Mr. Sakai is in charge of one of the boarding houses. In the main division there are about 800 students, and the course roughly corresponds to that of Canadian High Schools, *mutandis mutatis*. There are about 200 students in the boarding

houses connected with this department, and great numbers of students who board in private houses round the school. I was formerly in this division of the school myself, so was Kakuzen, who used to be in charge of one of the boarding houses. McGee, late of Trinity College School, and Gemmill, both Trinity graduates, are teaching in this school.

The highest department is the university, which has now been established four years, and is, I trust, beginning to make itself felt as an honorable rival to the Imperial University, though of course it is yet with us the day of small things. It consists of three departments: Law, Political Economy, and Literature. In the law department our professor was Prof. Wigmore, who now holds office in the University of Chicago. Our Political Economy Professor, Mr. Droppers, is a Harvard man, as was also Professor Liscombe, my predecessor, now gone to his rest. For Sociology we have an English clergyman, Rev. F. L. Ryde, a member of Bishop Bickersteth's staff; and McGee takes Latin and Greek.

Close to the school, though owning no connection with it, for the school is absolutely unsectarian, is the little Church of the Good Hope, which I built during my former residence in Japan. Mr. Ryde is in charge of the mission now, and I act the part of patron saint—a position of great ease and dignity, which I flatter myself I fill well!

As a specimen of my work, I will give you what I have done there to-day. First, I had a class that read "Evangeline," then a lecture on "Macbeth," then one on "Othello," and finally an hour of translation. We are taking this term an easy Japanese novel and translating it at the rate of two pages a lesson into English. Tomorrow I shall have a lecture on the History of Literature (Gower and William Langland), another on Rhetoric, and we shall read Hawthorne's "Marble Faun," and Dicken's "Tale of Two Cities." I hope also to read "Paradise Regained" with a class this term.

I hope that what I have written will give your readers some idea of the sober realities of an educational missionary's life. It has no exciting incidents in it, yet it is full of the noblest possibilities in the access thus gained to the hearts of men.

Woman's Auxiliary Department.

"The love of Christ constraineth us."—II. Cor. v. 14.

Communications relating to this Department should be addressed to Miss L. H. Montizambert, General Corresponding Secretary W.A., 22 Mount Carmel St., Quebec.

MISS PATERSON, our retiring loved Dorcas secretary, sends the following answer to a letter of "Godspeed and farewell" sent her in the name of the Provincial Woman's Auxiliary: "I am most grateful to the General Board of

the W.A. for their kind expressions of regret at my resignation of the office of general Dorcas secretary. My own feelings are very mingled ones. Feelings of joy that I am called and considered worthy to go and work for our Lord and Master in the outlying parts of His vineyard, where the struggle against sin and Satan must be more fiercely waged; but feelings of regret will sometimes arise. 'Tis hard to say good-by both to friends and workers here, and to our missionaries, many of whom I have had the pleasure of meeting, but their letters of cheer and hope go far to brighten the path that lies before me. Will you kindly convey to the General Board of Management my resignation of office? Tell them that I shall carry with me an affectionate remembrance of the kindness and consideration I have ever received from my fellow-workers."

Miss Paterson has promised to write to us often, so we will still feel that she belongs to us—only the geographical distance separating us—our hearts at one in the same work for the same God and His kingdom.

THE Bishop of Newfoundland and Bermuda has kindly agreed to appoint some lady in his diocese to correspond with us and send news of the work among the deep-sea fishermen, and other items of missionary interest. He concludes by saying: "I sincerely hope that the women of my diocese may be induced to take a greater interest in missions abroad, as I am sure of the reflex benefit which it produces upon the Church life at home."

The following appeal comes from the Rev. George Gill, of Treherne: "Unless we can raise money to build a vicarage, I fear the Church work will go down; and, after having got two churches erected and four congregations in the district together, it seems a pity. The need is now for a married clergyman to reside amongst these people, and I cannot ask our archbishop to appoint one until we have a vicarage for him to live in. Please forgive my asking, but this is a new country, and alone we cannot stand."

The Archbishop of Rupert's Land gives his approval to the above by writing: "I very heartily sanction the appeal of the Rev. G. Gill, of Treherne and Rathwell. He came to me two or three years ago to a mission with no church. He has been instrumental in erecting a church both at Treherne and Rathwell. A parsonage would be a great help. There is still a small debt on one of the churches, and the people are not equal to the work without help; the times are very trying here, owing to the low price of grain."

SOME time ago we asked in these pages for a teacher for Onion Lake, diocese of Saskatche-

wan, but the want has not yet been supplied. Our correspondent from that diocese writes of this mission thus: "On March 7th, another little daughter came to the mission house. Two weeks after Mr. Matheson was taken very ill, and his wife had to nurse him. The following week Mrs. Matheson wrote me she had just finished baking twenty-four loaves of bread, and was very tired. I wonder how many of us would be willing to change places with her, and without a word of complaint? I do wish we could get a teacher for this mission. There are fourteen children in the school, and another boy was brought in during Mr. Matheson's illness, so they have their hands full. May I offer some suggestions about articles sent in bales to the Northwest? Letter paper, envelopes, and also stamps would be so useful to a missionary. Often one lives a long distance from town, and cannot procure these articles. If any of the clergy have old surplices (the long ones are used here), they would be most thankfully received. Often a clergyman has three or four parishes, and has to roll and unroll his surplice at each place, and sometimes two or three times in one day. If there was a surplice for each church this could be avoided, and they could be kept much cleaner. In this country the parish does not pay for the washing of surplices, and it is quite an item out of a clergyman's small salary. I started a fund for a teacher for Onion Lake this year by writing to some of my circle of King's Daughters. Five dollars was the result. Another five dollars was added by a Northwest clergyman, and by this mail I have word of five dollars more from the King's Daughters in London, so now there are fifteen dollars, and I do hope more will come soon. This is in answer to prayer, and I feel sure that some one will be willing to take this position if the funds are supplied. We ask for your prayers for this school, that God will put it into the heart of some true woman to come and help. May God bless the work of the W.A.! I do not know what the Northwest missionaries would do now, without the assistance of the auxiliary. It is such a help to the cause, and you will not know until the last day what good has been accomplished and how many souls won for the Master through your work."

ARCHDEACON J. A. MCKAY, of Prince Albert, asks for clothing for some ten girls whom he expects to have in Emmanuel College some time in August, ages from eight to twelve. They will require complete outfits—underclothes, boots, dresses, jackets, hats or caps, stockings, aprons, ulsters and clouds; also pillow slips, sheets, and quilts. "Would it be possible for different auxiliaries to take, say, one or two of these girls, and send the clothing every six months, or annually, whichever suits

best? The Indian girls are about the same size as white children, but they do not like tight clothes. If possible, some things might be sent out by the time the girls arrive. I know it is giving short notice, and some of the members do not work during the summer months, but do the best you can." We earnestly ask, who will help in this?

THE suffering and distress in British Columbia will have stirred the hearts of many of our members to active efforts to relieve the needs of those so sorely tried. House, home, lands—all swept away by those raging waters, and in so many instances, life itself extinct, leaves a picture almost too sad to dwell upon. The change that must be passing over the whole of the flooded land will deprive many of their farms, mills, canneries, and other means of gaining their living, so that for a long time to come they will be without work to keep them and their families. This is a time when we feel sure our branches will all come promptly to the help of the bishop and clergy, and send them immediate assistance for the thousands who will be calling for the necessities of life on all sides. A letter of heartfelt sympathy for the Bishop of New Westminster and his people has been sent in the name of the Provincial Woman's Auxiliary. We fear this distress of mind will not tend to improve the bishop's health, already so far from what his friends in Eastern Canada would like it to be.

Books and Periodicals Department.

The Canadians of Old: An Historical Romance. By Philippe Aubert de Gaspé. Translated by Charles G. D. Roberts. D. Appleton & Co., New York; Norman Murray, Montreal. Price, 50 cents. This is a well-told tale of Lower Canada immediately before and after the capture of Quebec by General Wolfe. The author, who was born but twenty-eight years after the conquest of "New France," wrote, at the age of seventy-six, this pleasing tale, descriptive of the history, manners, and customs of the period in Canada. The home of the feudal lord of the manor, the seigneur, as he was called; the attitude of the *habitants*, or tenants, towards him; the students from the Jesuits' College of old Quebec, with their customs and mode of conversation; the servants, devoted and respectful; the Indians, savage, yet not ungrateful, are all made to do duty in a pleasing tale. Many hard and cruel consequences of a war which wrenched a whole country from one sovereign and transferred it suddenly to the allegiance of another are made to pass vividly before the eye. The tale is well written, in the easy style of a scholar who needs to use no "big words" to make people think him such. Nor has it lost anything in its English translation. Prof. Roberts has caused the easy flow of the author's original to appear in the English rendering, which is free from that stiffness of style too apt to be characteristic of a translation.

Norman Murray, of Montreal, has also published an illustrated Guide to Montreal and Ottawa, and several tracts on the religious questions of the day.

The Missionary Review of the World for July has an article by the editor-in-chief on "The Imperative Need for a New Standard of Giving." In it Dr. Pierson sets forth the tendency and results of the present standard and its con-

trast to the teachings of the New Testament. The wonderful work of God in Formosa is described by Dr. G. L. Mackay, by whom the work was started, and under whom it has been carried on until now the light of the Gospel is shining above the islands and hundreds of churches are ministered to by native pastors who but a few years ago were fierce and naked savages. This article is accompanied by five views, from photographs supplied by Dr. Mackay, illustrating the progress of the work in the transformation from heathenism to Christianity. The other departments have their usual amount of valuable information as to the progress and philosophy of missions. Published monthly by Funk & Wagnalls Company, 30 Lafayette Place, New York city, at \$2.50 per year.

Social and Present Day Questions. By Archdeacon Farrar. Boston: Bradley & Woodruff. This book is written specially for publication in America, and is dedicated to the late Bishop Phillips Brooks. It is evident that the writer has the welfare of the masses at heart, and the topics that he treats of are of great importance regarding it. They are questions that are forcing themselves to the front, and, sooner or later, will have to be dealt with. But besides the social questions, vigorously and unsparingly treated, other subjects, such as "Atheism," "History," "Art," "The Ideal Citizen," "The Pulpit," "Need of Progress," etc., and biographical sketches of such men as General Grant, President Garfield, Dean Stanley, Cardinal Newman, are given and discoursed upon in a way which shows wide reading and careful thought. There are many who will find in this book a rich treat, and, indeed, all would do well to read it.

The Illustrated London News. World Building, New York. \$6 a year. The late issues contain an account of the Queen's visit to Manchester, and of the Manchester ship canal, with many illustrations. The illustrated tale, "A Victim of Good Luck," by W. E. Norris, is continued. The Queen is shown again in the royal visit to Aldershot ("The Scots Greys Trotting Past the Queen" is a fine picture), and in "The Queen's Birthday." Pictures from the Royal Academy are continued. In the issue of June 16th is a portrait of Sir W. C. Van Horne, K.C.M.G., manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway, "the man to whom, above all others, the empire owes its new highway to the east and Australasia." A large, dreadful picture of a sea fight, "The Glorious First of June," gives a scene of just one hundred years ago.

Talks About (i) *The Soil* (141 pp.); (ii) *The Weather* (136 pp.); (iii) *Our Useful Plants* (149 pp.). Three books by Charles Barnard. 12mo., cloth; per vol., 75 cents, or the set of three, in a box, \$2.25. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, London, and 11 Richmond street west, Toronto. These books are of great interest. The fact that they are written in popular style renders them especially valuable. The "Talks About the Soil" are in its relation to plants and business. The "Talks About the Weather" are with relation to plants and animals. The "Talks About Our Useful Plants" are just what all who are interested in the culture of plants, for pleasure or profit, will be glad to hear.

Five-Minute Object Sermons to Children. By Sylvanus Stall, D.D. New York and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls. This book is to be taken for just what it professes to be—object sermons to children. It is written in the abrupt, colloquial style suitable for little people. All kinds of objects, such as tramps, money, banks, chart, anchor, etc., are used to attract the attention of the children, and the illustrations in most cases are good. For those who are called upon frequently to address children, this book will be found useful.

(i) *The Expositor*; (ii) *The Clergyman's Magazine.* London, England: Hodder & Stoughton, 27 Paternoster Row. *The Expositor* for June contains "The Higher Criticism and the Verdict of the Moments," "The Bible and Science (the

Dispersion and Abraham), "The Second Coming of Christ," and others. *The Clergyman's Magazine* has "A Quaint Sermon"—quaint, indeed, it is—"Sermons in Season," "The First Things—Clothing, Garments of Animals and Men, Dress." The material throughout is useful for parish workers.

The Story of the Year. 1893-4. Church Missionary Society, London, England. The Church Missionary Society has adopted the plan this year of issuing an interesting book, illustrated with many pictures from all parts of the world, setting forth the expansion of its missionary work during a year. The present book is more than that, for it gives an instructive résumé of work done in each country up to the present time. It indicates a grand work done by the Church Missionary Society in many of the dark corners of the globe.

The Cosmopolitan. New York. Price 15 cents. May be had with the CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE AND MISSION NEWS for \$2 a year. A number of very beautiful pictures, illustrating Buffalo Bill and the Indians of the plains, a poet-astronomer, the Fjords of Norway, Joan of Arc, etc., are in this number, though we confess we do not admire very much those on "How to Preserve Health and Attain Strength." The articles are entertaining and instructive.

The Review of Reviews. 13 Astor Place, New York. Price 25 cents, or \$2.50 a year. There is in the June number a grand display of portraits, maps, and illustrations of various kinds, from the sedate to the comic, together with numerous notes on the current events of the day, articles on the nation's new library at Washington, an American in the Royal Academy, leading articles of the month, etc., etc. *The Review of Reviews* is a useful monthly visitor.

Germania. A. W. & E. Spanhoofd, Boston. Monthly; \$2 a year. This monthly appears again most acceptably in its new dress and size. Students of German would do well to send for a sample of this magazine.

TREASURER'S DEPARTMENT.

The following are the amounts received to date by the Secretary-Treasurer in cash and vouchers since last amounts acknowledged, May 21st, 1894.

	Domestic.	Foreign.
Algoma Diocese—		
For P.M. Jews (voucher).....		\$ 89
Fredericton Diocese—		
For S.P.G., London, England...	\$133 12	
" foreign missions, general.....	60 62	
" London Society, Jews.....	21 63	
" P.M. Jews.....	125 28	
" " Bishop Blyth's work in Cairo.....		3 64
" Wycliffe Japan Missions, Rev. J. C. Robinson.....		5 00
" C.M.S., England.....	16 65	
" Algoma (general).....	\$ 32 28	
" (Bishop's stipend).....	150 00	
" Athabasca.....	14 41	
" Algoma (Shingwauk) voucher.....	27 95	
" (general).....	35 00	
" ".....	5 00	
" Indian Homes.....	15 00	
" Rupert's Land.....	115 50	
" Wycliffe Japan Missions.....		15 00
" Mackenzie River.....	21 95	
" London Society, Jews.....		3 35
" P.M. Jews.....		2 25
	\$ 417 09	\$ 386 54
Huron Diocese—		
For domestic missions.....	\$100 00	
" foreign missions.....		\$1000 00
" London Society, Jews.....		600 00

" Saskatchewan and Calgary, for Blood Reserve, schools, and hospital, from W.A.....	33 75		
" Mackenzie River, from W.A....	32 50		
	\$116 25	\$1600 00	
Montreal Diocese—			
For P.M. Jews (voucher).....		\$4 50	
Niagara Diocese—			
For Northwest missions, from W.A.	\$37 00		
" Rupert's Land, " " "	2 00		
" Algoma missions " " "	1 00		
" C.M.S. Chinese missions " "		1 00	
" Japan (Miss Smith) " "		150 00	
" " " Dispensary.		1 50	
" Rupert's Land, general, from W.A.....	35 00		
" Algoma (Port Carling), from W.A. (voucher).....	10 00		
" Athabasca (Rev. J. G. Brick), from W.A. (voucher) . . .	10 00		
" Saskatchewan and Calgary (Pie- gan Reserve), from W.A. (voucher).....	12 51		
" P.M. Jews (vouchers).....		161 72	
	\$107 51	\$314 22	
Nova Scotia Diocese—			
For P.M. Jews (vouchers).....		\$9 40	
Ontario Diocese—			
For Chinese work in New West- minster, B.C. (voucher).....		\$37 50	
" Algoma, Bishop's stipend (vouch- er).....	\$200 00		
" Algoma, Haileybury Church (voucher).....	20 00		
" Saskatchewan and Calgary, Blood Reserve (voucher)....	10 00		
" Rupert's Land (voucher).....	2 00		
" Algoma, Wawanosh Home (voucher).....	50 00		
" Wycliffe Japan Missions (vouch- er).....		46 50	
" Wycliffe Algoma Missions (voucher).....	18 00		
" Wycliffe Mackenzie River Mis- sions (voucher)	19 50		
" Wycliffe Rupert's Land Missions (voucher)	5 00		
" Saskatchewan and Calgary, Piegan Reserve, Miss Brown (voucher).....	124 30		
" Saskatchewan and Calgary, Piegan Reserve, Miss Brown, salary (voucher).....	225 00		
	\$673 80	\$ 84 00	
Quebec Diocese—			
For P.M. Jews (vouchers).....		\$ 2 10	
Toronto Diocese—			
For P.M. Jews (vouchers).....		\$ 49 44	
RECAPITULATION.			
(These figures include sums previously acknowledged.)			
	Domestic.	Foreign.	Total.
Algoma.....	\$ 37 11	\$ 124 49	\$ 161 60
Fredericton....	680 43	386 54	1,066 97
Huron.....	210 25	1,726 91	1,937 16
Montreal.....	425 05	678 17	1,103 22
Niagara.....	1,382 96	1,504 15	2,887 11
Nova Scotia...	349 10	99 92	449 02
Ontario.....	1,280 61	1,418 00	2,698 61
Quebec.....	63 51	127 10	190 61
Toronto.....	3,164 92	2,210 84	5,375 76
	\$7,593 94	\$8,276 12	\$15,870 06

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KINDNESS.

A LITTLE kindness may make a friend of a stranger. Whoever wants a friend may surely have one, for there is no one who cannot find some person who needs his help.

Be on the watch for opportunities. Perhaps you come into your own dear church and find some stranger there, waiting for a seat. Cannot you welcome him with a cordial smile, and ask him to sit with you? Or the stranger may be at school, a new scholar who does not know you or your ways. Speak kindly to him without delay; ask him to join your games, tell him how the lessons are recited and marked, introduce him to others.

And, again, at home, some shy visitors may come. Find out what they like, coax them to talk with you, and do not be discouraged if they are slow in responding. Shyness is not to be overcome all at once, but it will break down by and by, and your bashful acquaintance will become your merry playfellow, and very likely your warm friend.

How much good a little thought, a little

kindness, may do you cannot tell. But each of us touches other lives and influences them. Each town borders on other towns; each city is joined in fellowship with other cities. The world is one great neighborhood, and all its inhabitants are neighbors, and more than neighbors—brethren.

DON'T MENTION THE BRIERS.

I ONCE met a little fellow on the road carrying a basket of blackberries, and said to him, "Sammy, where did you get such berries?"

"Over there, sir, in the briers."

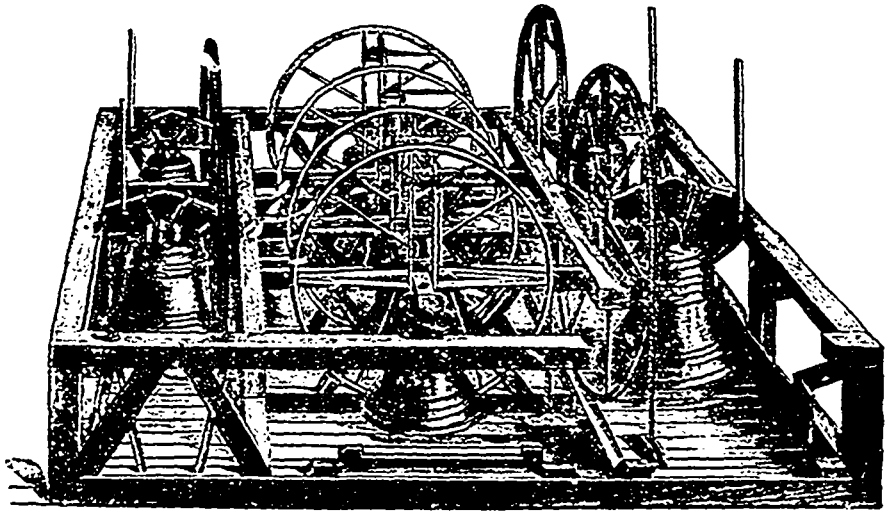
"Won't your mother be glad to see you come home with a basketful of such nice ripe fruit?"

"Yes, sir," said Sammy. "she always seems glad when I show her the berries, and I don't tell her anything about the briers in my feet."

I rode on. But Sammy's remarks had given me a lesson, and I resolved that, henceforth in my daily life, I would try to think of the berries, and say nothing about the briers.—Selected.

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\$314 22

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\$37 50

40 50

\$ 84 00

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\$ 49 44

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Total.

161 60

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,190 61

,375 76

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