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THE CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE

• • AND MISSION NEWS • •

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No. 63.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

No. 62.—THE PARISH OF ST. ARMAND EAST, FRELIGHSBURG, QUEBEC.



ABOUT sixty miles from the city of Montreal, in the district known as the Eastern Townships, lies the village of Frelighsburg, with a population of between three and four hundred. It is

Anglican in character, with the usual French labouring class. The French element, however, as in nearly all cases in Quebec, is gradually increasing and encroaching on the English population.

Nature has endowed the parish with unrivalled attractions of scenery — hill and dale — successive eminences interchanged with romantic vales and glens. New views perpetually greet the eye of the traveller, giving panoramic vistas of the Green Mountains, nearer than a score of miles, of the Adirondacks more remote, with glimpses of the Missisquoi Bay, the Richelieu River, and other sheets of water which appear to nestle around the hills. Visitors express their admiration, by comparisons with the peculiar scenes of Switzerland.

The village of Frelighsburg lies at the northern base of the locally famed mountains, called "The Pinnacle," with Richford, Vt., nine miles distant at the southern base. The Pike River, a little stream giving an outlet to two sequestered sheets of water, respectively styled Durham and Franklin Ponds, passes through the village, and supplies a mill privilege, with many repetitions in neighbouring villages as it pursues its course with increased volume to Lake Champlain. The Montreal, Portland and Boston

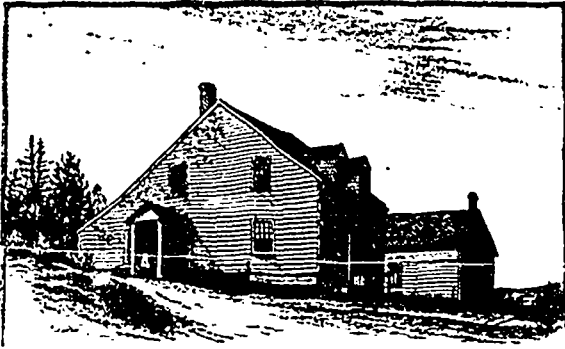
Railroad has been constructed to the province line, but after being operated for three years to Frelighsburg, by peculiar railroad intrigues, has been closed for seven years past. It has now the prospect of being revived under control which will make this village the port of entry on a great railroad communication between Montreal and the Atlantic cities in the United States.

In a missionary point of view, we are told that a Rev. James Tunstall ministered in this part of Quebec in 1801, also of a Rev. Mr. Short,



HON. AND REV. CHARLES JAMES STEWART,
Missionary at St. Armand East, Afterwards Second Bishop of Quebec.

but references to them are very brief indeed. These, with the Rev. C. C. Cotton, for many years Rector of Durham, were missionaries in the western portion of the Seigniorship of St. Armand, but they do not seem to have paid any



MR. STEWART'S RECTORY.

attention to St. Armand East. The first name really connected with the history of that district is that of the Hon. Rev. Charles James Stewart, whose memory is held there, as well as in many other portions of Quebec, and even the Dominion of Canada, in lasting reverence. Frequent reference to this honoured clergyman, who afterwards became the third Bishop of Quebec, has been made in this magazine, and it is fitting that his portrait should be connected with an account of his first missionary charge. Himself the younger son of the Earl of Galloway, and possessed of private means, a graduate of Oxford, conscientious and sympathetic to the last degree, he is represented as hearing in England the "despairing wail of a discouraged missionary" from this part of Quebec, probably one of the three whose names have been mentioned above. The missionary spirit being strong within him he had already resolved to leave his comfortable English rectory of Orton, and go to distant lands with the message of salvation, and this appeal caused him to change his proposed field of labor from the burning sun of India, to the frozen clime of Canada. The closing months of the year 1807 found the young missionary at his post, in the very district from which the despairing cry had come.

Within fifteen months, from such materials, most unpropitious, this servant of God was enabled to build the church, an illustration of which accompanies this article. It was duly consecrated on January 29, 1809 with a multitude of persons, drawn doubtless from hundreds of miles around, to witness the opening of the *first place of worship*, in the words of Mr. Stewart "throughout this whole region of country." It is stated that the good pastor himself, bore two-fifths of the cost of this, and another church in the Seigniorship of St. Armand. "Devotion to God's service made me a missionary," were the simple words of Mr. Stewart and that *devotion* carried out in self-denying, untiring labours, not only secured the first fruits of this old building which continued to supply the spiritual home to Christ's disciples till February, 1880, or a period of seventy-one years, but led to like conquests for the Master

and like blessing to his people in different parts of Ontario as well as Quebec. As a travelling missionary, he added to his success as founder of the parishes and churches of St. Armand, the unique record of being instrumental through earnest appeals to English Christians, always backed heavily by his own unstinted beneficence, in the erection of twenty-four churches throughout the then Province of Canada, nearly all of which were built on the same pattern. It has been said "A church must be the embodiment of an idea." If so, Mr Stewart's churches bear witness to the simple, loving desire to minister the ordinances of Christ in the primitive conditions of a new country, suggesting in their plainness the remark of an article, some years since, in *Harper's Magazine* regarding this very church, "that it was proof of the capacity of the Church of England to adapt its services to the most rigid Puritan barrenness." Mr. Stewart, on his arrival in 1807, secured accommodations in a farm house (still standing), with a family named Houck. As progress demanded he soon took up his residence with a favourite man-servant in the building still existing, but in a dilapidated condition, at the south of the village, where he resided thereafter until his resignation of the parish in 1815. It is to be regretted that this historical landmark is apparently doomed to disappear before many years. It is singular that in some publications of the S.P.C.K. and elsewhere, the honour of being the residence of Hon. and Rev. Mr. Stewart, should have been assigned to the present rectory building, which Mr. Stewart never entered except as a visitor or chief pastor. On his retirement, a resident clergyman was promised to that portion of the seigniorship, which would first provide a parsonage. St. Armand East, and the village of Frelighsburg secured the boon by the erection of the existing rectory which became the home of Mr. Stewart's worthy successor, the Rev. James Reid.

Mr. Stewart appears to have had that magnetic power which attracted to him the better part of every community, and again reflected back upon them somewhat of his own nobility of character. His discrimination was marked in the advancement of Mr. James Reid to the priesthood, and his institution in 1815, as Mr. Stewart's parting blessing to the parish of St. Armand, to be the pastor of the flock which he had gathered into the spiritual fold from the wilderness. For almost fifty years the Rev. James Reid continued an uninterrupted pastorate, gaining such distinction as an able minister of the New Testament, as warranted the acquisition of the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Lennoxville, and the bestowal by Bishop Fulford, of an honorary canonry in Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal. Among his parishioners, many of them the immediate disciples of the noble Stewart, and



THE OLD FRELIGHTSBURG CHURCH.

marked singularly by virtues to be traced to their spiritual parentage the Rev. Canon Reid, D.D., went in and out, blamelessly and with profit to all, during almost half a century. At his lamented demise in the fulness of years in 1864, the parish provided a third incumbent in the person of the present rector, the Rev. J. Burrows Davidson, who had acted as curate for two years previously. Tablets to the first and second rectors are to be seen in the new memorial church. Dr. Reid was in the life-enjoyment of two equal moieties of support from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and the military chest, which relieved the parish from any direct responsibility. Upon the vacancy caused by his death, abrupt transition to self-support became inevitable, with misgivings and gloomy surmisings to the faint-hearted, but with clarion calls to duty and sacrifice to the faithful. Colonel Daniel Westover with a few like-minded noble men, stepped into the gap and secured by large contributions a partial local endowment of \$5,000, to which, by bequest, another \$1,000 has been added. For years before the termination of Dr. Reid's life, the pressing demand for a new church was felt, oft considered, and as often dropped. In 1879 it was realized that the matter would not brook further delay. Decay was doing its work so rapidly in some parts of the old building as to render it insecure. Two formidable obstacles appeared to rise in insurmountable proportions. The one a sentimental regard to the old structure with its clustered memories and historical associations, the other the apparent folly, considering the disposition of some and the hesitancy of all, of attempting such an enterprise as entire renewal. The only surviving daughter of the second rector, Miss Jane Reid, interposed with an offer of \$1,000 towards the chancel of the new church as a memorial of her father, and under condition of

the church being non-proprietary forever. This generous offer, doubled probably by continual additions while in course of erection, proved a force sufficient to overcome inertia, and after due, formal, parochial action it was determined to enter upon the work and to make the new building to be erected upon the identical site, a worthy and enduring memorial of the noble founder of the parish, who, by a contemporary, had been described, and without exaggeration in Isaac Walton's words "a saint unspotted of the world, full of alms-deeds, full of humanity, and all the examples of a virtuous life."

The invested bequest of \$300, with accumulations of one of Bishop Stewart's own disciples, Mr. Aquila Knap, for the purpose of a new church, rendered the undertaking less venturesome. It was proposed to make the estimate of the new building to be \$6,000 irrespective of the tower and spire, the cost of which, it was hoped, would be defrayed by contributions from those outside or relatives of the Bishop. These expectations in great part failing, it was left to Colonel Daniel Westover's munificence to complete the tower and spire, which will stand as proof to distant generations that the faith which the good Bishop inculcated from the St. Armand pulpit, and which was re-affirmed by his successor, was not wanting in the indispensable quality of "works." As the period of erection ran on between 1880 and October, 1884, when the memorial church was formally opened (under a trifling debt), by the Bishop of the diocese, the most strenuous demands were made upon the pastor and every willing member. Details expanded, new features pressed themselves upon attention, the original estimate more than doubled itself, reaching in all complete appointments towards \$15,000, inclusive of the 1,100 pipe organ by Warren. Thus ideas materialized themselves into the present, complete unencumbered edifice, which, for external and internal symmetry, is not equalled by any rural church of the Province, nor as to architectural form is surpassed by any city edifice.

The memorial building is, in extreme length, 100 feet, width, 35 feet, nave, 70 feet, chancel, 30 feet. Its walls are of solid brick, 20 inches in thickness (Brockville white brick trimmings), with brick finish in interior. The walls of the tower are 4 feet in thickness, of solid masonry, extending upwards in brick, 3 feet at base, 2 feet at top of tower. The tower and spire reach a height of 109 feet. The entire structure is covered with slate, and with its brick finish in the interior is practically fireproof. It has a basement under the whole building, affording not merely a capacious room named "Memorial Hall," 70x35, but also a convenient week-day chapel under the chancel, with vestry under organ-room. This is conveniently connected by stairway to the front of the chancel. The church proper has an open roof and timbers, ceiled



THE NEW CHURCH, FRELIGHSBURG.

with the finest ash, oiled and varnished. The east window, the gift of Miss Reid, in memory of Canon Reid, represents the Creed, in the Birth, Crucifixion, Resurrection and Ascension of our blessed Lord. The sanctuary being apsidal, on either side looking towards those portrayed events, are the figures of St. Matthew and St. John, the eye witnesses of the evangelist writers, in memory of the Rev. J. C. Davidson, and N. S. Whitney, Esq. Further west, in the choir, opposite the capacious organ room, the window has the figure of St. Paul, to whom the Saviour personally appeared. Every opening in the church is filled with beautiful memorial stained glass windows, the large west rose window of about 11 feet diameter, presenting a most attractive feature. The stained glass windows were executed by N. T. Lyon & Co., Toronto. The chancel and sanctuary furniture, again the gift of Miss Reid, in memory of her mother, is of ash and butternut. Throughout the whole building, paint being discarded, everything is free from fictitious attraction. The font, a handsome piece of sculpture in caen stone, executed by Reid, of Montreal, is worthy of special description, the offering again of Miss Reid, to the memory of her only and departed sister.

The entire structure, within and without, carries with it the evidence of stability and permanence, and to a degree beyond ordinary bids fair to defy the ravages of time. St. Armand east, as possessing in its first minister, one of the most fragrant blossoms of pious, missionary and philanthropic effort of this animated and active century. The present rector, Canon Davidson, is an earnest labourer towards the promotion of Church and Christian education, which he rightly regards as the complement of all parish work. Single-handed he has gradually secured peculiar facilities which render expanded usefulness and a bright future for the

interests of the Church, easily attainable. In harmony with a signal feature of Bishop Stewart's work and philanthropy, from the rectory school or class the educational effort has lately assumed the title of "the Bishop Stewart School." In the memorial church, erected and ready for consecration at an early date, parishioners rejoice that a solid memorial has been established to one of the truest of God's servants. The younger members of the parish find clustering tokens everywhere of the faith and spiritual gratitude of loved ones, many of whom since 1880 have entered into rest, leaving manifest proof, in the beautiful sanctuary, of "works which follow them."

AFRICAN REMINISCENCES.

BY W. P. BYRCH, TORONTO.



ABOUT twenty years ago, I was in charge of a trading post on the Brass River, one of the many outlets of the Niger, on the west coast of Africa.

If you look at a good map of Africa, you will see that the Niger, at some distance from the coast, divides into two or more branches, forming immense deltas. These deltas are broken up again into smaller ones by the dividing streams and cross creeks, so that it is possible to travel from Bonny River to Brass River and *vice versa*, as I did myself, a distance of about 180 miles, through these cross creeks. The intervening land is low lying, and composed almost entirely of black mud. The creeks are fringed with a dense growth of mangroves, and I need hardly say that it is a most unhealthy part of the world. You may think it strange when I tell you that oysters grow on these mangroves, but it is a fact. I have often bought branches of oysters from native fishermen, and have myself, seen them at low water growing on the lower branches of the mangroves.

Brass River is the old Rio Bento of the Portuguese slavers, and on its banks may still be seen remains of the barracoons or enclosures, wherein the slaves were confined while awaiting shipment to the white man's land. I have been told by natives that quantities of Portuguese gold doubloons, received as pay from the slavers, are buried in the graves of some old chiefs.

While in Bonny, I took the opportunity of visiting the celebrated Ju Ju temple, built entirely of the bones and skulls of unfortunates who had been eaten at the religious cannibalistic feasts in the good old days of Jujism. The base or foundation of this building was composed of elephant and hippopotamus skulls.

It consisted of two arcades about twenty feet long and ten feet wide, intersecting one another in the middle at right angles; the height was about twelve feet. It was, when I saw it, in a neglected state, and fast falling to decay, probably on account of the scarcity of the peculiar building material required for its repair.

Bonny is now the headquarters of one subdivision of the Niger Diocese, and is under the superintendence of Archdeacon Crowther, a son of Bishop Crowther. The Bishop himself superintends the Brass River district. The ruler of Bonny, at the time of my visit was King George Pepple, an enlightened and fairly educated African. He was a regular subscriber to, and reader of the *Illustrated London News*. There had been a little fighting in Bonny, just previous to my arrival. Two powerful chiefs agreed to settle their differences with Armstrong guns at short range. Consequently the city was in a rather dilapidated condition. King George appealed to Queen Victoria, for the loan of the British iron-clad fleet, and was much disappointed at her refusal. Shortly afterwards, one of the gun-boats, belonging to the West coast squadron, by shelling and burning what little was left of the city, restored order.

I did not stay long in Bonny, but with a companion, started for Brass, *via* New Calabar and the cross creeks. We had two boats, one for ourselves manned by four Krooboys, and another for our baggage, manned by six. Our only adventure was at Cassada lagoon and village. Here we were stopped by the King's men; my comrade and myself were taken ashore in small canoes to see his Majesty the King. We found him sitting in state in his royal robes, consisting of a dirty gingham shirt; he had on his head a most eccentric plug-hat.

His Majesty was of a hospitable turn of mind, and asked us to take a drink with him. We thought it best to assent; one of his men then produced a square black bottle of trade gin (this abominable stuff is made in Hamburg, from potato peelings, and costs, I believe, about seventy-five cents a dozen put up in green boxes,) another man with much pride, produced a most filthy tumbler. It was so dirty that even he was

struck by its utter want of cleanliness; accordingly, he carefully licked it all over, and wiped it dry upon a most abominable cloth he had about him.

His Majesty then poured out some of the abomination aforesaid, into this glass, took a meditative draught himself, filled up again, and passed it to me. I drank it, but had much trouble in keeping it down. My friend was served next; the face he made was a study; it even made his Majesty smile. We were then introduced to the numerous wives of the king, in number about twenty, each of whom, his Majesty said, expected a present. We told him we must go to our boats to see about it, and after much talk, we were taken on board, surrounded by about twenty canoes full of men armed with dollar guns.

We got on board our boats all right, and while pretending to look for the presents, gave our men orders to make way at once.

My friend produced a large revolver, while I, with a stick, rapped the knuckles of those who tried to hold our boats. On getting clear from the canoes, our men pulled with a will, and we soon distanced our pursuers, who continued the chase, firing all the while. On turning a corner we found a barricade of stakes across the lagoon. This was the critical moment; at first we could see no way through, and while looking for an opening, our pursuers nearly got up to us again; their bullets fell around us like a hail storm, some striking our boats. By good luck, we found an opening and got through all right, without any damage, and without having fired a shot ourselves. Our pursuers, after threatening us with all kind of tortures the next time we came that way, fired a few parting volleys after us, and then paddled disconsolately home.

We got to Brass River the morning after this adventure, and found it a repetition of Bonny and old Calabar, with, perhaps a finer growth of timber on its banks. I found my quarters on the hulk *Magna Charta* very comfortable. My staff consisted of a white doctor, mate and clerk, with a large retinue of native servants, chief among whom was my coxswain and interpreter, Mr. Bar, whose native name was Yannah-boofah, or every man's friend.

After a rest, I called on the other traders or agents, nine or ten in number. They were very hospitable, and glad to see a new-comer from England. I am sorry to say that the example they gave the natives was not calculated to further the efforts of the missionaries. Sunday was only observed as a day of rest. There was a service in the Mission house, but, of course the agents were too high and mighty to attend that, and preferred spending their time in the village, and visiting each other.

Most of us lived on hulks moored in the river; some few had houses on the shore built in a modified European plan. These ships

and houses were luxuriously fitted up for the agents' use, and were well supplied with provisions and stores from Liverpool. Every three months came a four months supply of the "Great Happyfier," in the shape of ale, wine and spirits. With such opportunities, it is not surprising that the agents should think it their duty to do justice to such bounty. Consequently, every white man was in a state of perpetual hilarity.

These agents, when taking their holidays in Liverpool, spoke of themselves as "Gentlemen from the Rivers," but steamboat men and others alluded to them as "Palm Oil Roughs." The agents formed a Court of Equity, having jurisdiction in all crimes among themselves and their people, except murder. This court from the well-known hard characters who composed it, was generally known as the "High Court of Iniquity." Our business on the coast, was buying Palm oil from the natives and shipping it to Liverpool. All payments were made in cloth, tobacco, rum, etc. Cargoes of five or six hundred quarter barrels of a vile compound, known as Trade Rum, and green boxes without number of Trade Gin, Anchor brand, would be sent out for the benefit of those natives, for whose spiritual welfare, the firm in Liverpool were subscribing their thousands of dollars for the support of missions on the west coast of Africa! This rum traffic has been denounced many times by Bishop Crowther and others, as being one of the greatest obstacles to missionary work in Africa. As a natural sequence to all this rum, would come a shipment of fifteen hundred or two thousand quarter barrels of gunpowder with a supply of dollar guns to match, also casks full of handcuffs, and leg-irons for the chiefs to use in restraining the hilarity of their festive vassals.

In the *Missionary Herald* for March, 1891, there is an article showing how much the United States has done to increase the woes of the Dark Continent by the slave trade and the rum traffic. Though the slave trade is now a thing of the past, the liquor business is still a cause of enormous evil. It is shown that 270,000 gallons of distilled liquors were withdrawn from bond in the United States, in the year ending June, 30th, 1890, for exportation to five ports in Africa. On the other hand, there are nine missionary societies in the United States, who have between the Mediterranean and the Cape of Good Hope, 204 missionaries, and expend in the work in all \$237,077. Thus, there is more than a gallon of rum for every dollar spent in missions.

A few years ago, Archdeacon Farrar wrote a trenchant article in the *Contemporary Review* on the similar disparity of the quantity of rum, and the amount of missionary contributions sent by the British Isles to Africa.

One most effective way to aid missionary

work would be to prevent the export from home of that which neutralizes all Christian efforts abroad.

In another paper, I find the following statements: "For every missionary that goes to Africa, 70,000 gallons of liquor goes with him, and eight billion gallons of rum annually are sent to that land, whose hands are outstretched for the news of salvation."

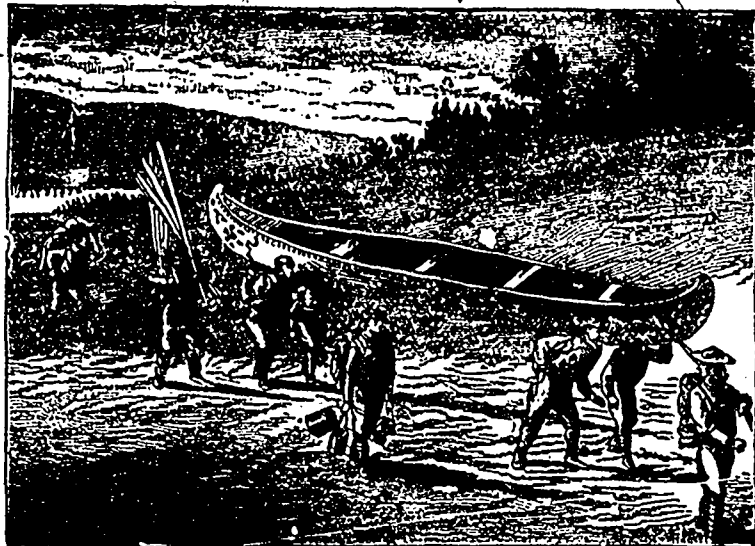
Our own Canada spends \$80,000,000 a year in drink and \$500,000 for missions. There are three billions of dollars spent yearly in strong drink throughout the world, while only twelve millions are raised for the spread of the Gospel." No wonder the African says, "The white man comes with a Bible in one hand, and a bottle in the other." The Royal Niger Company, trading on the Nun or main branch of the Niger, I am glad to say, refuse to traffic in liquor at all.

(To be continued.)

TRAVELLING BY CANOE.

WHILE it is a strange thing that the Indians of this continent have never got beyond the canoe in the invention of navigable vessels, still it is worthy of note that in the construction of that same frail little craft, they have shown wonderful ingenuity and skill. It is the *vade mecum* of the Indian. It must go with him everywhere, except when the rivers and lakes are ice-bound with the chains of winter. As soon, however, as this inhospitable barrier breaks away, the Indian proudly launches his canoe, and it becomes almost a part of himself. What the horse is to the Arab, the camel to the traveller in the desert, the dog to the Eskimo, the birch-bark canoe is to the Indian. It is a little craft which requires very careful handling. When you first get into one of the small birch-bark canoes, your first thought is that you would like to be out of it again. You feel as if it would never support you, or else, that you would upset the flimsy little thing and tumble into the water; and yet, when you get accustomed to it, you feel perfectly at home in it, and prize it highly because it is so easy to move and to carry, should you meet with an obstacle in the water that you cannot pass.

All the material for making the birch-bark canoe is gathered in the forest. The ribs are made of cedar; these are covered with the bark which the Indians strip from the birch-tree: they sew the strips together with shreds of juniper, and daub the seams and crevices with resin, which they get from the red pine. It is ornamented, and sometimes looks very pretty, and it is so light that when put on the water it floats like a cork. In the midst of the forest it is made,



MAKING A PORTAGE.

“ And the forest life is in it,
 All its mystery and magic,
 All the brightness of the birch-tree,
 All the toughness of the cedar,
 All the larches' supple sinews;
 And it floated on the river
 Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
 Like a yellow water-lily.”

So says Longfellow, and the description is accurate. These canoes are made of various sizes. Sometimes they are as large as forty feet in length, and five feet wide in the middle, where its breadth is the greatest. The small size is usually about twelve feet long and two feet only in width. One can scarcely imagine how useful this article is to the red man. It is everything to him, home, shelter, (for he rests under it at night,) his freight and passenger train. In it, he hunts his game and gathers his rice. It is his delight to paddle in it from morning till night, in the broadest lake or tiniest shallow, when the waters are smooth or the billows heave, up the stream or down the current,—he lives in his birch bark canoe.

When in his travels he comes to some impassable barrier like high rocks or a rushing cascade, his plan is to take the canoe out of the water and carry it past the obstruction till once more arrived at smooth waters. But an Indian hates toil and shirks it if he can, and rather than carry his canoe and luggage for miles to avoid rapids, he will risk all, and rush headlong into the seething waters. In fact, the only thing which stops him in this way is the perpendicular fall. There is great excitement in shooting rapids, and, of course, it is attended with more or less danger. When approaching rapids, the most experienced boatman sits in the stern with the steering paddle, the next best boatman sits in the bow, and so they move on

rapidly down the stream. Soon they hear the unmistakable sound of rapids ahead. The bowsman kneels down and looks anxiously straight before him, with his hand behind him so that the steersman can see it, and that hand is all that the steersman dare look at. He steers by it according to its slightest move. Sometimes the waters take a sudden fall, so that they are lost to sight ahead. Then is an anxious moment. The bowsman stands up for a moment to see the extent and nature of the eddying rush before him. He signals all to the steersman with his hand behind him. And at once, there is but a confused feeling of rushing water, hissing spray, jagged rocks, and speed like the arrow,—and then all is over, and the canoe, as if trembling for a moment with its late excitement, glides on in smooth water.

Should an accident occur and the canoe strike a sharp rock or stick and become broken, she is hauled up to shore, and very speedily and cleverly mended by fastening fresh bark over the rent and pouring resin over it. In a surprisingly short time all is ready for the journey again.

It is not Indians alone, however, that have found the birch-bark canoe useful. In the old life of the wilderness the canoe played an important part, and the half-breed *voyageur* managed it as skilfully as the Indian, except that he was usually more willing to avoid rapids, by putting into shore and carrying his canoe and baggage to safer waters. This was called, “making a portage.” The North West Company, which had its headquarters in Montreal, imported its entire supplies into the country, and exported all its furs out of it in canoes. Not less than ten brigades, each numbering twenty canoes, passed over the route during the summer months.



"TRACKING."

Merrily, these men went on their way, their bright vermilion paddles glancing in the sunshine and the forests echoing back some bright boat-song, sung in French and in full chorus; now floating down a swiftly-rushing rapid, again gliding over the surface of a quiet lake, or making a portage over land where a rapid is too dangerous to descend.

When going up stream, the boatmen prefer to paddle up the rapids as far as they possibly can, even though the progress is toilsome and slow, to making a portage. When the stream is too strong to paddle against, they sometimes try "tracking" rather than the portage, or "poling" if the water is sufficiently shallow to admit of it. With long poles they push the canoe against the strong current by main force, and when the water is too deep they have recourse to tracking, which they do not like, as it is laborious work. Half the crew go ashore and drag the boat slowly along by means of a rope, while the other half rest, or go asleep. After an hour's walk, the others take their turn, and so on alternately till the ascent is made.

But the old canoe life of the fur land is rapidly passing away. In many a once well-beaten pathway, naught, save narrow trails over the portages and rough wooden crosses over the graves of travellers who perished by the way, remain to mark the roll of the passing years, except the missionary, who, in many of these lonely waters, has learned the use of the birch-bark canoe to enable him to reach the different places where his delight is to preach the Word of God.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made for the preparation of a commentary on the New Testament in Japanese. The Anglican Bishop in Japan is to be the general editor.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

CHOTA NAGPORE.—*Concluded.*

IN 1872 the Rev. F. R. Vallings, who had been drawn toward Chota Nagpore by what he had seen and heard during his official visit in the previous year, joined the Mission, and gave what proved to be the remainder of his life to the work of evangelization within it. Bishop Milman's visit in the spring of 1872 gave great encouragement to the work of the Mission. The Bishop admitted the Rev. W. Luther to the Priesthood, and confirmed 260 candidates. The untiring devotion of the Mission staff, numerically weak and insufficient as it was to cope with the growing

demands upon their energies, was not without its reward. Churches, bungalow-parsonages, and schools were increasing in spite of financial difficulties. Early in 1873, after three years' careful preparation, five natives were ordained Deacons, and thus the foundations were laid of an indigenous ministry from the students of the theological class, which had always been the English Missionaries' chief care. It was to be the primary duty of the newly ordained Deacons—each to take charge of a district with 1,000 baptized converts—to assemble the Readers in the several districts for weekly reports and instruction; and the chain of Church organization was completed by these Deacons being in their turn subject to periodical inspection by the English clergy in charge of the Mission.

Weekly offertories have long been the rule of the Mission; but upon the ordination of the native Deacons, a more permanent organization was started to provide for the payment of their modest stipends—fifteen rupees or £1 10s. a month. Six rupees a month was raised from each native congregation, an equal sum being contributed from the Calcutta Native Pastorate Fund. At a general conference assembled at the Harvest Festival, it was agreed that a contribution of two annas a year on each plough (the measure of each man's wealth) should be levied, principally toward the payment of Deacons' stipends. In March, 1873, Bishop Milman consecrated the church at Ranchi, of which the first stone had been laid in 1870, and in the afternoon confirmed 252 candidates. The exertions of the Mission staff to create among their people an appreciation of the educational advantages offered them now began to bear fruit, and they had no longer to complain, as formerly, of children running away back to their villages.

In February 1875, the Bishop made a complete visitation of the district, and remained for



RANCHI CHURCH, CHOTA NAGPORE.

twenty days. On Wednesday, February 17th, he commenced the examination of ten candidates for Holy Orders, of whom all but two were natives of Chota Nagpore; and on the following Sunday he held his ordination, the service being in the Hindi language and attended by many Christians from the surrounding villages, of whom there were 382 communicants. The Rev. W. H. Bray, the Society's Secretary in Calcutta, accompanied the Bishop on his visitation, and in a graphic letter stated how much he had been impressed with all he saw. "On waking," he wrote, "very early in the last morning of my journey, I was astonished to see, as the most conspicuous feature in the landscape, what would be, even in England, a really remarkably handsome-looking church. We were as yet, some distance from Ranchi, but of course it could be no other than St. Paul's of that station. A nearer approach only caused me to admire it the more, and when I arrived and looked in, and saw everything well finished that was intended to be considered finished, I was full of satisfaction and thankfulness. There are no seats, as you know, for the natives, and those for the Europeans are moved aside, excepting

at the English services, so that the whole nave is one vast area with nothing save the pillars rising from the matted floor to take off the attention from the imposing-looking chancel and choir. When, afterwards the congregation assembled, and prostrated themselves (they do not simply kneel) and joined in the service, both in that part which was said, and perhaps more especially in that which was sung, their voices blending in almost perfect harmony—the aspect was very impressive indeed, especially when one remembered what these men were, and what they would be still but for the message they have received." Of the natives who have received ordination, he added: "Their simplicity and unsophisticated manners were characteristic. What the Society has long been trying to do in Bengal, but has so far largely failed in doing—to raise up native pastors who shall retain their original simple manner of living—has been done to perfection in Chota Nagpore. They wanted me to have their portraits taken all together. As they justly said: 'They were the first Priests and Deacons of their race, they were all together then, they might never be again.' I was charmed with them, one and all, and I am sure that if anyone wants to learn how to bring up village pastors who should be worthy of the name, and at the same time be able to live upon salaries which the people themselves can afford, he cannot do better than take a lesson from the Missionaries at Ranchi. To Mr.

Whitley their preparation is mainly due." The stipends of the Priests were fixed at £18 per annum, and of the Deacons at £14.

The premature death of Mr. Vallings on his voyage home for health, in 1887, deprived the Mission of one who had devoted the last six years' of his life with great enthusiasm to the work of the Church at Chota Nagpore. Mr. Whitley, who was then on furlough in England, was thus left the only English Missionary, and the present Bishop of Calcutta made an earnest appeal for two good men to join the staff, as he started in November 1877 for a visitation throughout the district, where between 2,000 and 3,000 candidates awaited confirmation. Mr. Whitley hastened his return to the scene of his labours.

In 1880 the Bishop of Calcutta, formally visited the mission. Four weeks were occupied with a most interesting tour through the district. During this visit, the Bishop ordained three native priests, and seven native Deacons, and confirmed 1,357 persons, while 2,907 received the Holy Communion. In 1877 the number of those confirmed was 1,982, and the difference expresses with sufficient accuracy the rate of

growth in the Mission during the two last triennial periods. The former was marked by very rapid extension, the latter has been devoted mainly to the consolidation and more perfect organization of the various elements in the Mission.

The numerical result of the work by the latest return is that there are now 12,519 baptized members of the Church of England spread over no less than 500 villages, and that about half of them are communicants. There are twenty Clergy, sixty Readers, and a large number of Catechists engaged in the Mission. So far as their work has been in the direction of extension it is shown in the baptism of 291 adult converts, besides 458 baptisms of the children of Christian parents, while at the end of the year 727 catechumens remained under instruction for baptism. As has been seen, however, strength and purity are being more strenuously aimed at just now than growth. For all the functions of the life of the Church, Chota Nagpore will now have the advantage of a resident head of the Episcopal order. Hope will accompany the prayers that his episcopate may be blessed to the Bishop and to those over whom he is called to rule.

UVA, CEYLON.

IN the very heart and centre of Ceylon lies the Province of Uva, at one time a principality under the Kandyan kings, the most difficult of access, and the most behind hand district in the Island. Badulla, the capital, lies in a lovely valley, shut in by lofty hills, and almost surrounded by the Badulla Oya or river. Here is a pretty church with full complement of services, both in English and the vernacular; a large Sinhalese congregation, a resident priest, parsonage, schools and everything that is generally seen in a well-ordered English parish. In outlying villages too, within easy reach of Badulla, are schools, and in one village a pretty mission school chapel. Altogether, there are upwards of 400 children being educated in the Church of England Schools. But away from Badulla, some thirty miles in the direction of the east coast, lies a district hitherto quite untouched by missionary enterprise, called the Bintenne District. Starting off the Government road to Batticaloa, one enters the jungle, travelling on for miles over jungle paths, and through the wildest country interspersed with numerous villages, the inhabitants of which are in the most abject state of poverty and misery. Fever haunts the whole country, the water supply is very bad, and in the hot season fails sometimes almost altogether; the people are entirely uneducated, not a single person one meets being ever able to read or write. The name of Christ is unknown. Quite recently the Government has made an attempt to alleviate

some of the suffering and misery by establishing Field Hospitals at some of the large centres, in charge of competent medical officers, and the attempt has been most successful in every way. It is now high time for the Church to step in and do something towards the evangelization of these poor people, and this can best be done through the schools. Already a start has been made, and two schools opened at Maddegama and Buttala, two places where Field Hospitals already exist. The Bishop of the Diocese has promised to provide the funds (for two years) for the support of an itinerating catechist and schoolmaster, out of the bequest made to him by the late Canon Liddon; this catechist is to be called the Liddon catechist, and it is hoped that a suitable man will soon be found and set to work. He is to visit at least three villages a week, preach to the people, and gather the children together and teach them. The idea is a good one and ought to be productive of much good result. But money is wanted, and plenty of it, for the founding and building of schools, and payment of the teachers, as well as for the support of an assistant priest; the present priest in charge having more work than he can possibly get through. He has to be responsible for the large congregation in Badulla, look after the important Mission Schools in that place and district, visit the planters in the neighbouring tea estates, visit small bands of native Christians in very often far off villages, sometimes being called away a distance of twenty-five miles to baptise or celebrate; and he is entirely single-handed, being the only priest in the large Province; and this new work will naturally often call him away for a week together, to superintend and encourage and foster the new enterprise; and naturally, such long and frequent absences will be detrimental to the work in Badulla. But the chief work in evangelising is the school work. For instance, there is a school and chapel at Baddegamme, three miles from Badulla, which has been in existence some time, with the result that forty adults and ten infants have been baptised, and all, with one or two exceptions, have proved faithful and are doing well. Here then we see in a short time a Christian congregation sprung up in the midst of an entirely heathen village, and this progress is entirely due in God's hands to the School situated there.

CONSECRATED SONS.



TRUMPET voice has been sounding through the land for a consecration of the sons and daughters for foreign mission work, and the hearts of Christians have been gladdened by the response that has been made to this call, the prayer of a

great host being that this may be only the droppings before the shower.

Still the Church of to-day has a dark side which should be the subject of earnest prayer, deep heart searching, and humiliation before God, on the part of Christ's followers.

On looking over a congregation one Sunday morning during the past month, where the services were of a specially attractive character, the majority of daughters were painfully conspicuous. The sons of our Christian families, where were they? and in this city where so many young men, for different reasons, are gathered from all parts of the Dominion. Is there another Gospel or Saviour with more lenient demands for them? Ah, no; and yet the world, nay, Christians, by unspoken consent, leave it hard to draw other inference. God gives one standard for man and woman, and this non-recognition by public sentiment of God's wisdom, is one of the gigantic evils of the nineteenth century. Haste the day when the same law shall hold good in both cases, and thus remove the stumbling-block of sinning-made-easy for the sons, which is accepted by worldling and Christian.

It is not possible for godly fathers and mothers to consecrate the sons to God in infancy, and then look for and expect Him to keep that which has been committed to His care? It cannot be that the covenant-keeping God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob has promised sufficient grace in vain, or that His arm is shortened that He cannot save. "Thus, saith the Lord God, I will yet for this be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them; I will increase them with men like a flock."

Less anxiety in seeking worldly advantage, and a determination that above every thought and desire this note shall swell, "Christ first," would give us a noble army of "stalwarts of stalwarts" for God, with victories such as it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive.—*Missionary Outlook*.

A MOHAMMEDAN AT WORSHIP.

I KNOW of no religious spectacle more impressive than that of the barefooted Turk standing erect on his prayer-rug with his face toward Mecca and his eyes looking straight into the eyes of his God. It is not a duty with him, nor a formality, nor the maintenance of a time-honoured custom. It is his very life. Watch him as he enters this wretched interior of Baniabashie, with its scaling and crumbling walls, and its broken windows, through which the doves fly in and out. Outside, at the trickling fountain, he has washed his feet and face and hands, bathing his throat and smoothing his beard with his wet fingers.

He is a rough, broad-shouldered, poorly-clad man, in fez and skirt, his waist girt with a wide sash, ragged and torn. He is, perhaps a "hammal," a man who carries great weights on his back—a human beast of burden. His load, whatever it may be, is outside in the court. His hourly task is his daily bread, but he has heard the shrill cry from the minaret up against the sky, and stops instantly to obey.

He enters the sacred building with his shoes in his hands. These he leaves at the edge of the mat. Now he is on holy ground. Advancing slowly, he halts when half way across the floor, and then stands erect. Before him is a blank wall, beyond it the tomb of the prophet. For a moment he is perfectly still, his eyes closed, his lips motionless. It is as if he stood in the antechamber of heaven, awaiting recognition. Then his face lights up. He has been seen. The next instant he is on his knees, and stretching out his hands, prostrates himself, his forehead pressed to the floor. This solitary service continues for an hour. The man stands erect one moment with a movement as if he said; "Command me; I am here." The next moment he is prostrate in obedience. Then he backs slowly out, and, noiseless, regains his shoes, bends his back to his burden and keeps on his way, his face having lost all its tired, hunted look.—*The Century*.

A JEW ON CHRISTIANITY.



R. A. GOLDENBURG, a missionary of the London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews writes: "One Sunday I went to Victoria Park to speak as I often do. I saw a great crowd of Jews and Gentiles listening to an infidel speaker who endeavoured to prove that Christianity is a failure. There were also present a few proselytes. An opportunity was given me by the speaker to express my views on the subject, which I did to the apparent satisfaction of the Christian part of the audience. When the lecturer got up to reply to my remarks, he became very excited and personal, spoke against the bishops, the clergy, etc.

"Then a venerable and noble-looking Jew came forward, and taking off his hat, said humbly, in very broken English, 'I am only a Jew.'

"'I know you are a Jew—your face tells me so!' cried the lecturer, angry at the interruption from an unexpected quarter."

"'I mean to say that I am not a Christian,' exclaimed the Jew, 'and yet I say that the bishops and pastors are good and holy men; when they get money they give it to the poor; but infidels, like you, put it in your own pockets. I believe that if all the Christians were to

follow Christ's teachings there would be no socialists. Take this advice from a Jew who is not baptized: listen to Christ alone and you will all feel happy!

"The words of this Jew produced a deep impression upon the audience—both Jew and Gentile. The Lord has many a witness, even among such as are apparently not nominally Christians.

"I afterwards had a discussion with this Jew. He is well off, and has a large family, all of whom share his views regarding Christ, 'If I die, I die in Christ, and I am trying also to live in Christ. There are a great many of my Jewish acquaintances, who, like me, believe him to be our Messiah.'"—*Hebrew Christian*.

A LIFE WASTED.



ABOUT thirty years ago, a gentleman from New York, who was travelling in the South, met a young girl of great beauty and wealth and married her. They returned to New York, and plunged into a mad whirl of gayety. The young wife had been a gentle, thoughtful girl, anxious to help all suffering and want, and to serve God faithfully; but as Mrs. L——, she had troops of flatterers. Her beauty and her dresses were described in the society journals; her *bon mots* flew from mouth to mouth; her equipage was one of the most attractive in the park. In a few months she was intoxicated with admiration. She and her husband flitted from New York to Newport, from London to Paris, with no object but enjoyment. There were other men and women of their class who had some other worthier pursuits—literature, or art, or the elevation of the poorer classes—but L—— and his wife lived solely for amusement. They dressed, danced, flirted, hurried from ball to reception, and from dinner to opera. Young girls looked at Mrs. L—— with fervent admiration, perhaps with envy, as the foremost leader of society. About ten years ago, she was returning from California, when an accident occurred on the railroad train on which she was a passenger, and she received a fatal internal injury. She was carried into a wayside station, and there, attended only by a physician from a neighbouring village, she died.

Dr. Blank said that it was one of the most painful experiences of his life.

I had to tell her that she had but an hour to live. She was not suffering any pain; her only consciousness of hurt was that she was unable to move, so that it was no wonder she could not believe me.

"I must go home," she said imperatively "to New York.

"Madam, it is impossible. If you are

moved it will shorten the time you have to live."

She was lying on the floor. The brakemen had rolled their coats to make her a pillow. She looked about her at the little dingy station with a stove, stained with tobacco, in the midst.

"I have but an hour, you tell me?"

"Not more."

"And this is all that is left me of the world? It is not much, doctor," with a half smile.

The men left the room, and I locked the door that she might not be disturbed. She threw her arms over her face and lay quiet a long time; then she turned on me in a frenzy:

"To think of all that I might have done with my money and my time! God wanted me to help the poor and the sick; it's too late now. I've only an hour! She struggled up wildly. "Why, doctor, I did nothing—nothing but lead the fashion! Great God! the fashion! Now I've only an hour! An hour!"

But she had not even that, for the exertion had proved fatal, and in a moment she lay dead at my feet.

No sermon that I ever heard was like the woman's despairing cry, "It's too late!"—*Selected*.

A SUGGESTION.

IF we wish to do effective Christian work among boys, a first essential is that we thoroughly understand the material we have got to deal with.

We must go deep down into boy nature and must throw ourselves alongside our boys and get to *know* them, not merely by name and by face, but to know their hearts and their thoughts, their likes and their dislikes, their prejudices and their sympathies.

"And a wonderful world we will find this boy world to be, a world so fresh and so bright that we will have cause to thank God that He ever gave us the privilege of coming into touch with it."—*Wm. A. Smith before the World's Sunday School Convention, London, 1889.*

A REALLY Christlike man could no more keep his religion out of his business or out his politics than he could keep air out of his lungs. As the body lives by breathing the air of heaven, so the spirit lives by communion with God; and that communion can only be enjoyed by one who habitually seeks to do the will of God in every act of life. How then can a man separate his religion from his business or from his politics without cutting himself off from the source of his spiritual life?

Young People's Department.

THE CHURCH AND THE BIBLE.*

THERE was once a vessel wrecked on one of the South Sea Islands. There was on board a sailor who had been there before, and who knew that the people were cannibals. And when the ship

was wrecked and they were cast away on the shore, they knew there was no hope for them, for they saw no way to escape. The sailor, however, climbed up in a hill-top to reconnoitre a little. Presently, his shipmates saw him swinging his arms in great excitement and inquired what was the matter. He had seen just over the hill, the steeple of a church. That was what took all the fear of trouble out of his soul. He knew that church spire made his neck safe on that cannibal island. Poor Jack that day had reason to bless the missionaries, and indeed there are few people who have not, in some form or other, derived benefit from them. They have brought enlightenment and civilization to many a dark spot on earth and even those who make light of Christian-

ity take good care to place themselves under the safety and protection which it brings. They know they are safe where religion is strong. Years ago a young infidel was travelling in the west with his uncle, a banker, and they were not a little anxious for their safety, when they were forced to stop for a night in a rough wayside cabin.

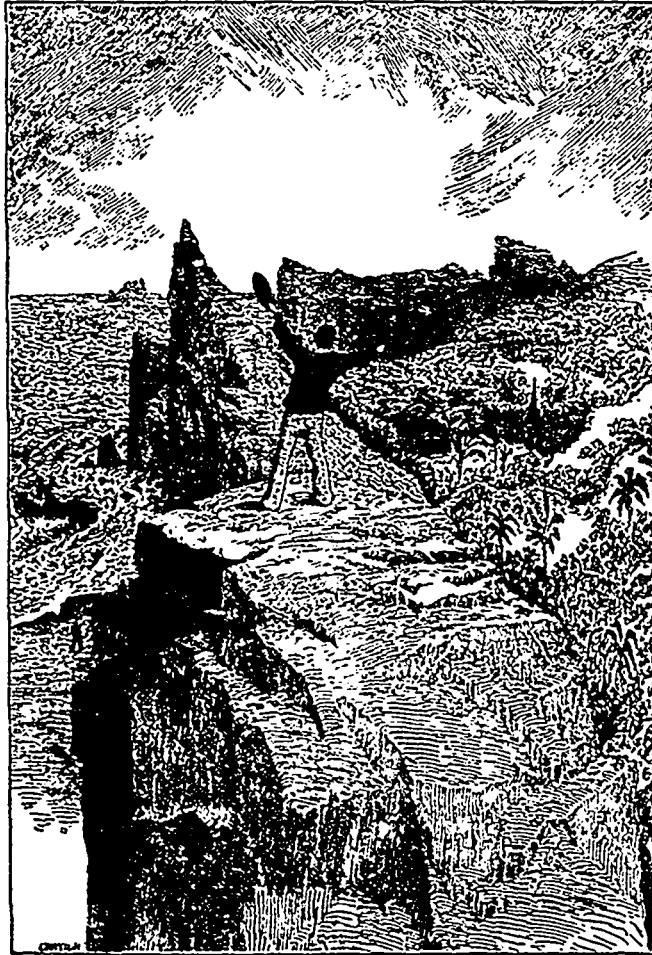
There were two rooms in the house, and when they retired for the night, they agreed that the young man should sit with his pistols and watch until midnight and then awaken his uncle who should watch until morning. Presently, they peeped through the crack and saw their host, a rough-looking old man, in his bear-skin suit,

reach up and take down a book, the Bible, and after reading it a while he knelt and began to pray: and then the young infidel began to pull off his coat and get ready for bed. The uncle said, "I thought you were going to sit up and watch." But the young man knew there was no need of sitting up, pistol in hand, to watch all night long in a cabin that was hallowed by the Word of God and consecrated by the voice of prayer. Had the man been, like himself, an unbeliever, he would have been afraid of him. As it was, he knew that he had nothing to fear from a sincere and devout Christian.

In this way, the Church and the Bible both tell their own story and both proclaim their own strength. How much better, then, the world would be, if all men had a knowledge of the

truth as it is in Jesus! It is this, that the missionaries are trying to bring about. May God bless them in their self-denial and their zeal?

WHEN a Kafir dies the body is placed in a sitting posture near the grave and left there for two or three days, that all who wish may come and give to him messages for their friends who have departed to the happy land.



JACK SEES THE MISSIONARY CHURCH.

*The illustration on this page was kindly lent to us by H. L. Hastings of Boston, whose book, entitled "A square talk to young Men" has reached its second million, from it the two incidents found in this article are taken.

PRINCE WILLIAM.



CONTRIBUTOR to the *Sunday School Visitor* relates the following characteristic incident of Frederick William, Crown Prince at the time the incident occurred, and afterwards Emperor of Germany. It was during the war of 1870, when the German troops were marching on Paris, Filippé Lerouge, a young French girl living not far from the city, had a pet cow, Fauchette, which was almost the only support of her family. To save the animal from the Germans she was taken out to graze only at night, and kept hidden in the daytime.

It was Filippé's task, as soon as she had cleared away the supper things, to take Fauchette to the meadow where she grazed, and stand guard over her for the hours necessary to give her sufficient time for her meal. It was a lonely and dreary vigil, and many times Filippé felt her heart sink while undergoing it.

One night, when the new moon gave just enough light to make out objects clearly, Filippé was suddenly startled by the sound of horses' feet coming along the road. It needed no glance in that direction to know that a body of horsemen were approaching at a slow gallop.

With the swiftness of the wind, she flew to Fauchette's side, and, with her hand on the gentle creature's shoulder, was about to push her away toward a clump of tall bushes. But through some carelessness, the bell had not been removed, or either it gave out a tinkling sound or Filippé's swift running had drawn attention to herself. At any rate, before she could move the cow, a gruff voice called to her in her own tongue:

"Hold on there! We see you! Don't take that cow away!"

Overcome with terror, Filippé could only stand with her hand against the cow's shoulder, looking in the direction whence the gruff voice had come.

The soldiers had halted. Some had already dismounted, and were climbing the fence. Others tore a wide gap and entered through it on their horses. How their guns and sabres glittered in the moonlight!

"O Fauchette!" exclaimed Filippé with a burst of tears, as she threw her arms around her dear cow's neck, "I am afraid they are going to kill you!" Then with a sudden determination she cried, "But if they do, they shall kill me first!"

"Let go that cow, girl!" said the same harsh voice, now unpleasantly near to her. "We must have her."

"What do you want of her?" asked Filippé, raising her head and wondering at her own bravery.

"To eat!" was the gruff response.

At these words Filippé burst into tears. To eat! Her beautiful Fauchette? No, no, no!

"Are you going to get away or not?" the man asked again. "If you do not, I shall take you away by force. Come!"

She did not move, but stood with her arms firmly clasped about the neck of Fauchette. The officer turned to two of the men who had dismounted and were standing near.

"Seize her!" he said.

They started to obey orders. Filippé saw them coming, and her screams rung far and near. They were echoed by an angry exclamation from the direction of the road, and the next moment a horseman on a powerful horse came galloping through the gap into the field.

He was a man in the prime of life, with an air that bespoke the commander. When they saw him the men who had been about to seize Filippé moved away. Only the officer held his ground, looking confused.

"What does this mean?" sternly demanded the new-comer. But he didn't wait for an answer; he seemed to comprehend the situation at a glance.

"There, little girl, do not cry!" he said in the kindest tones. "They shall not take your cow. Go home with her. It is late for a little girl like you to be out."

Then when Filippé, smiling through her tears and courtesying, drew Fauchette away, the commander turned and she could hear him, after she had gone some distance, angrily reprimanding the soldiers.

Filippé did not know until long afterward that the noble-looking horseman who had come just in time to save her dear Fauchette was no less a personage than Frederick William, Crown Prince of Germany—the good "Unser Fritz," as he was called, who died nearly three years ago, so universally loved and regretted.

WHO PULLED THE BELL-ROPE?

FROM THE "YOUNG CANADIAN."



DOZEN railroad engineers and conductors met by chance the other day, and an old grey-haired veteran of the cab, told a story. He had been an engineer with a big reputation as a "runner" in the years gone by, but, on account of failing nerves and eyesight, was now enjoying an easy berth around the shops, says the *Kansas City Star*. He said:—

"It was when the old Y. M. & B. was first opened up," he began. "I was pulling passenger, and took the first coach over the road. I got a good run, all day-work, and was holdin' her down as a good thing. 'Bout a year after we'd got to doin' a good business, I had some extra runnin' and lost my turn for a while, and run nights all of the time. It was my last trip

before I'd get back to my own run, and I was feelin' glad to get on to the day 'trick' again. We'd some mighty bad weather, and lots of water fell. Our track was in pretty good shape, though, and we didn't much fear wash-outs, so we kept up with the 'card' pretty well. On the night I spoke about I was on No. 2. We had a heavy train, but the machine I had was able to 'get there,' and I was on time till we struck a freight that couldn't take the siding. They 'swung us down,' and we side-tracked until the freight got away. I was pretty warm over losing the time, and when we lit out of there I pulled her right up to the notch, and she went for all she was worth. We were makin' about 45 miles an hour, and when we reached the 'fill' east of Wildcat, I worked steam all the way down. We were 'bout half-way to the creek when the bell rang. I worked mighty quick, but it was down hill, and the rails were wet, and I didn't get stopped until the pilot was almost over the bridge—or where the bridge ought to be—'cause when I stopped, the headlight was shining over a chasm. The bridge was washed away. Gad! You can tell just 'bout how I felt. My fireman nearl, fainted, and I wasn't far behind him. Well, after we stopped, the conductor, a smart chap, with a fancy lamp and rubber collar, came a-runnin' up wantin' to know why I stopped.

"'Cause the bell rang. What did you pull the rope for?" I says.

"I didn't, says he.

"Well, who did?" I says.

"No one," says he, hot like.

"Well, some one pulled it or I wouldn't a stopped," says I.

"The conductor looked at me a minute, and just then the brakeman come up.

"Did you pull the rope, Joe?" said the 'con.'

"No," says Joe.

"Just of a sudden, a thought struck me, and I told the 'braky' to ask the porter. The 'coon' hadn't pulled the bell, and the passengers in his car were all asleep until I jerked them endways with the 'air.' I took the conductor around to the front end and showed him the bridge. He was scared to death, and we went back together through the train to see who pulled the bell-rope, but every mother's son of them swore it wasn't touched. I began to get scared again, and told them about the bridge, and everybody came out to look at it. We couldn't find anybody who gave the signal, and after we'd flagged back to the station, I got to thinkin' more and more, and I came to the opinion that the bell was rung by Providence. There were 150 people on the train, and if that bell hadn't a rung I'd a took them all over into the Wildcat, and dropped them about 100 feet into the water. There would not have been anybody left to tell about it either.

"The superintendent looked into the thing

after I reported, and had me and Joe 'up on the carpet' twice, but we both heard the bell and swore to it. Some chap got out a long explanation that the bell-rope was tight stretched, and we struck a low joint coming down the hill, when one end of the coach sagged, and the rope being tight, it rung the bell, but I don't believe it. It was Providence that did it, and I know it, and I've never swore an oath since, and never will."

THE SONG OF THE MISSIONARY BOX.

I AM so hungry,
Open-mouthed ever;
Pennies and farthings, too,
Refuse I never.

Room there is plenty,
For great gifts or small,
Only give prayerfully,
To Him who gives all.

Go on, I pray you,
Give till I'm full,
Then open my trap-door
With knife and with pull.

Take out the pennies,
Count out my store,
Then close me up again
To gather more.

Give, as God giveth,
From this time forth—hence
If you can give shillings,
You'll never give pence.

I know well 'tis dark
Inside my trap-door,
But God sees in darkness
What drops from thy store.

Dare you to give Him
What you will not miss!
Give of thy best to God,
Whate'er that is.

Give of thy best years,
Thy youth and thy prime,
Give silver, gold, copper,
Give of thy time.

Of all thou givest
Thou needst not doubt,
God in the reckoning day
Will read it out.

He will repay thee
A thousand times o'er;
Giving thine all to Him,
Entrust thee with more.

Give thou then gladly,
Give freely—give now;
Then the crown He has promised,
He'll place on thy brow.

AN association has been established in England to send colonies of poor Jews to Palestine. So many are going to Jerusalem that it is one of the most rapidly growing cities in the world.

THE SMOKING FLAX AND BRUISED REED.

'A bruised reed shall He not break, and smoking flax shall He not quench.'

WHEN evening choirs the praises hymned
 In Zion's courts of old:
 The high priest walked his rounds, and
 trimmed
 The shining lamps of gold;
 And if, perchance, some flame burned low,
 With fresh oil vainly drenched,
 He cleansed it from its socket, so
 The smoking flax was quenched.

But Thou who walkest, Priest most high!
 Thy golden lamps among,
 What things are weak, and near to die,
 Thou makest fresh and strong:
 Thou breathest on the trembling spark
 That else must soon expire,
 And swift it shoots up through the dark,
 A brilliant spear of fire!

The shepherd that to streams and shade
 Withdrew his flock at noon,
 On reedy stop soft music made
 In many a pastoral tune;
 And if, perchance, the reed were crushed,
 It could not more be used—
 Its mellow music marred and hushed,
 He brake it, when so bruised.

But Thou, Good Shepherd, who dost feed
 Thy flock in pastures green,
 Thou dost not break the bruised reed
 That sorely crushed hath been;
 The heart that dumb in anguish lies,
 Or yields but notes of woe,
 Thou dost retune to harmonies
 More rich than angels know!

Lord, once my love was all ablaze,
 But now it burns so dim!
 My life was praise, but now my days
 Make a poor, broken hymn:
 Yet, ne'er by Thee am I forgot,
 But helped in deepest need—
 The smoking flax Thou quenchest not,
 Nor break'st the bruised reed.

INCIDENTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

ROBERT YOUNG in his volume entitled "The Success of Christian Missions" makes the following concluding remarks:

"It is related of Hannibal that, when he had led his men to one of the higher ridges of the Alps, they began to murmur, and requested that they should be reconducted to their native country. Standing on an eminence and waving his hand, the intrepid Carthaginian general directed their attention to the plains of Piedmont below. 'Behold,' said he, 'these fruitful vineyards and luxuriant fields. A few more struggles and they are all your own.' These were inspiring words, and they had the desired effect. May we not apply them to the subject under consideration and say, Behold, from the mount of promise, the nations of the earth at the feet of the Church's exalted Head? A few more

struggles on the part of His followers, and voices shall be heard, not in heaven only, but from the innumerable and widely-scattered tongues of the earth, giving utterance to the joyous announcement. 'The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ.' Glorious day! The Lord hasten it in His time."—*The Spirit of Missions.*

ARE savages benefited by being taught the Christian religion? Thirty years ago R. H. Dana, Esq., according to the *Missionary Review of the World*, thus wrote regarding the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands:—

"The missionaries have in less than forty years, taught this whole people to read, write, cipher, and sew, given them an alphabet, grammar and dictionary; preserved their language from extinction, given it a literature and translated into it the Bible and works of devotion, science and entertainment; have established schools, reared up native teachers, so that the proportion of the inhabitants who can read and write is greater than in New England. Whereas they found these people half-naked savages, living in the surf and in the sand, eating raw fish, fighting among themselves, tyrannized over by feudal chiefs, and abandoned to sensuality, we see them decently clothed, recognizing the law of marriage, knowing something of accounts, going to school and public worship with more regularity than people do at home, and the more elevated part of them aiding to conduct the affairs of the constitutional monarchy under which they are holding seats on the judicial bench and in the legislative chambers, and filling posts in the local magistracies!

"In every district are free schools for natives, where they are taught, by native teachers, reading, writing, singing by note, arithmetic, grammar, and geography, at Lahainaluna is the normal school for natives, in which the best scholars from the district schools, are carried to an advanced stage of education, or fitted for teachers. At Punahon is the college, now having 70 students, and the examinations in Greek, Latin and mathematics, which I attended, were particularly satisfactory. In no place that I have visited are the rules which control vice and regulate amusements, so strict, so reasonable, so fairly enforced. A man may travel in the interior alone, unarmed, even through wildest spots. I found no hut without its Bible and hymn-book in the native tongue, and the practise of family prayer and grace before meat."

ALL the Japanese law requires a man to do in order to put away his wife is to have her name erased from the official register of his family, and have it re-entered on the register of her family. Strong efforts are being made to amend this easy plan of divorce.

The Canadian Church Magazine AND MISSION NEWS.

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

TERMS:—{ ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
IN GREAT BRITAIN—FIVE SHILLINGS.

Back numbers to a limited extent can be supplied. Liberal terms for localizing as a Parish Magazine given on application.
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REV. CHAS. H. MOCKRIDGE, D.D., 11 Ann Street, Toronto, to whom all communications of an editorial character should be addressed.

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VOL. V. SEPTEMBER, 1891. No. 63.

THE consecration of Dr. Philips Brooks as Bishop of Massachusetts, has been appointed for October 14th, in Trinity Church, Boston.

THE many friends of the Bishop of Algoma will be glad to know that he has returned from his visit to the old country, and is once more vigorously at work in his diocese.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury has approved the nomination of Archdeacon Reeve to the Bishopric of Mackenzie River, Bishop Bompas having retired to a remote part of the diocese to be known as the Diocese of Selkirk. Further reference to this will be made next month.

THE Bishop of British Honduras (Dr. Holme) is dead. Consecrated at Barbados on March 1st, arriving in his diocese after a shipwreck, on April 13th, his death on the 6th of July is an event of unusual sadness.

WE are glad to learn from the *Church Messenger* that the endowment fund of the diocese of Qu'Appelle has been completed, and that it now has an endowment of £10,000, or nearly \$50,000, to be invested in this country.

THE Bishop of Quebec is called upon at times to do true missionary work, much of which is not only arduous but dangerous. Bishop Williams is now visiting the coast of Labrador and the Magdalen Islands, which will involve a journey of hundreds of miles on a dangerous coast in an open boat.

BISHOP CORFE, of Corea, says that there are openings for work among the Chinese and

Japanese in Corea, apart from the Corean work. The Bishop is taking a Japanese class in Chryulpho daily in secular instruction, and some of them are asking to be taught the Bible on Sundays. If a Japanese and Chinese school for boys and girls could be opened, the Coreans would avail themselves of it. The Bishop's work has recently been extended to Shing King in China proper, and he is appealing for two men to work in the treaty port of New Ch'wang, where there are a few English residents.

FEW mission stations have so wide and far reaching influence as the Kashmir Medical Mission at Surinuggur. Patients come in from countries where scarcely a Christian's foot has trod, and where no missionary has ever lived. From Thibet, and Dras, and Skords, from Yarkand and Chilas they come to be healed. Besides their work in the city, the doctors occasionally extend their operations to distant parts of the valley, a preacher accompanying them into the villages. School work is also carried on, and a large number of Christian books and tracts are sold to the people.

OPPOSITE the anchorage in the harbour of Boli, Florida (Melanesin), is a long stretch of land running out into the sea. On this point, in 1881, Bishop Selwyn saw one of the murderers of Lieut. Bower and his boat's crew handed over to Captain Bruce, and it was here that one of the murderers was hanged. On this same spot now stands a fine new church, built by the people, and in it were gathered teachers, chiefs and people from every district in Florida, to the annual meeting inaugurated by Mr. Plant. Then another captain of a man of war, not as in the former scene, carrying death and punishment with him, stood up and addressed a Christian congregation with words of peace and good will.

WITH reference to the letter of the Bishop of Qu'Appelle, which we cheerfully publish elsewhere, we have only to say:

1. That, considering the numbers of different bodies into which the Christianity of the present day—whether episcopal or non-episcopal—is divided, it becomes necessary to speak of any one of them sometimes as a denomination.

2. That we are still of the opinion that there is sufficient wealth among the Churchmen of Canada "to help the Indians and struggling settlers of the North-West and do foreign mission work as well" and that, therefore, the division of the work of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society into the two fields, domestic (work within) and foreign (work outside) the Dominion is a wise one, and in time will lead to good results by inculcating the true and broad missionary spirit. So long as the Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, Methodists


and other denominations of Canada carry their missionary zeal, not only to the North-West, but also to India, Japan and other foreign countries, it would be a crying shame that the Church of England in Canada, should have to confine all its generosity to its own territorial limits. Does the Bishop of Qu'Appelle for one moment suppose that the sums of money raised (small though, unfortunately, they are) for foreign missions, would be given merely and solely for American Indian work? The great cry for all the years before the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society was formed was that the "Canadian Church is doing nothing for foreign missions," and that was regarded as a reproach to her, and now that she is learning to do something for them, not to the exclusion of domestic work but side by side with it, it seems strange that she should be taken to task for it, and especially by one of such self-denying zeal as the Bishop of Qu'Appelle.

3. That when we said that "the Bishops of the North-West seemed to be greatly in need of money," we meant, of course, for the work of the Church in their diocese and not in maintenance of the "pestiferous notion" that the Bishop speaks of.

While we regret as much as the Bishop does that the amounts contributed by the Churchmen of Canada for North-West mission work, are not by any means as large as they ought to be, yet we can scarcely endorse the strong language and somewhat impatient spirit betrayed by it, with which the Bishop closes his letter. Should he not also in speaking of the "paltriness of the contributions," at least have mentioned the fact that the Churchmen of Eastern Canada are maintaining a missionary diocese of their own in the North-west of Ontario, and that this largely absorbs their energies in the domestic field?

We write these words only in a spirit of self-justification and defence also of the principles of the Society we represent, principles which we believe to be Scriptural and correct, and not a "mere sentiment," and to breathe the true missionary spirit,—which is, to assist our own people and the strangers in our own land—and also to go beyond to those regions on which as yet the Sun of Righteousness has but faintly, if ever, shone.

A LETTER FROM THE BISHOP OF QU'APPELLE.

 HE Bishop of Qu'Appelle writes to us as follows:—"May I say a few words in reply to your editorial comments on the letter that I addressed to the Board of D. & F. Missions, and which was published in the Church papers?"

"1. You say that the name I propose is longer than the present one. Surely not. The name I suggested was simply the Church Mission Society or Board. The rest being only an explanation of its purpose for official documents. As it is now, it is always called the 'Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society.'

"2. You seem to think that the proper division of mission work is 'Domestic and Foreign' rather than 'Heathen' and 'Our own scattered people,' and that, consequently, however many heathen there may be within our own Dominion, it is more in accordance with the spirit of our Lord's commission that we should leave them to themselves, or just touch the work amongst them, and expend our energies on other parts of 'the world.' I venture still to contend for just the contrary—that the proper division is 'Heathen' and 'Our own people,' and that the heathen within our own borders ought, by every principle of justice and of the Christian religion, to be our first care.

"3. You ask 'Would it not be a selfish policy to make our Dominion absorb all our energies, while there is the great world thirsting for the truth?' I would answer most emphatically, no. While there are heathen 'thirsting for the truth' in our own country, they are in a special manner ours. We have taken their lands; and it is a debt we owe them first of all, to do all we can for them by giving to them the precious gift of the Gospel of Christ. Where is the selfishness of this? Is it not only justice? There are opportunities for the exercise of the most genuine missionary zeal and fervour in work among the 'aborigines of our own country'—in the far North-West, on the Mackenzie river, within the Arctic Circle, and around the shores of the Hudson's Bay—to say nothing of the comparatively easier, but by no means light or soft work among the Indians of our plains—as great as anywhere to be found in the whole mission field of the world.

"You say, 'There is surely wealth sufficient among the Churchmen of Canada to help the struggling settlers and the Indians of the North-West, and do foreign mission work as well.' I am delighted to hear it. But may we not ask where is it? What has the Church of Canada done? What is she doing—really for the first two of those works? Put side by side what Canada is contributing towards 'helping the struggling settlers, and the Indians of the North-West'—and what is being expended from other sources in that work—and what, still more, ought to be expended if our Church did her work thoroughly, and I hesitate not to say those words could never have been penned. 'Why should the Church of England, in Canada, be behind others [pardon, but I would say the] denominations in this respect?' You may well ask that question. I have been asking myself that question ever since I have been in the

country. It was the question that I put to almost every congregation that it was my privilege to address in Eastern Canada. But it is a question that has to be asked of the work of our fellow Churchmen here, in this North-West, where the members of the denominational bodies send up hundreds of dollars, where the members of our Church in Canada send up tens, I believe I might almost say fives; and not, as you ask it, of doing work in foreign countries.


"4. There is one sentence especially, in that comment that I read with very much regret. 'The Bishop thinks we have foreigners enough in our own Dominion and instances our own Indians. Others of the North-West Bishops have taken the same view. It is natural that they should, perhaps, for they seem to be greatly in need of money.' And yet, forsooth, we are told immediately afterwards that there is wealth sufficient among the Churchmen of Canada to do all this work—and much more. But it is not on account of this inconsistency that I would call attention to these words. I could scarcely have believed it possible that the organ of the Mission Society of the Church in Canada would have allowed itself to go so near giving expression to that too common but most erroneous idea (I know it was not intended) that we (the Bishops), are the persons who are greatly in need of the money for the work. As though it was 'our work,' and we are the persons responsible for it. When can we hope to get rid of that pestiferous notion, which more surely certainly than anything else cuts to the root of true missionary work and zeal, that it is the work of the clergy that the people help? When can we hope to get firmly implanted in the minds of Christian men that the evangelization of the heathen world, and, all other work for Christ—is the work of the Church at large, and, therefore of every member thereof—layman just as much as clergyman—according to his or her power and ability, and that the clergy are only the active agents in doing the Church's work? When we have got that great truth thoroughly implanted in the minds of our Church people, their offerings to this great cause will be in some measure what they ought to be and not till then. Let me rewrite that sentence. 'It is natural that they [the Bishops of the North-West], should, i.e., should' "think that there are foreigners enough in our own Dominion," "for the Church in the North-West is greatly in need of money, and our Church people do infinitely little to help the work of the Church there.' Does not this put a totally different complexion on the whole matter?

"I fear much that our Church people are sleeping in a fool's paradise with regard to the work amongst our Indian population, and their duty and responsibility thereto. And to speak of there being wealth enough to do that and to go into other parts of the world, only tends to

lull them still more into a deeper torpor concerning their present shameful neglect of those duties. Take away the work that is now being done with money directly from England, and they would I believe, stand utterly horror struck at the wretched paltriness of their efforts in these districts. Why! I believe the whole amount received from Canada would not support half-a-dozen missions in the whole of this vast North-West. The C.M.S. is gradually withdrawing its support, as it imagines that the Church of this great Dominion ought now to be in a fit state to take up the responsibilities of that work. Let it not be said to the lasting disgrace of our Church, that, in order to satisfy a sentiment concerning 'foreign work' it allowed our own 'heathen' to perish uncared for."

Our Indian Department.

Edited by Rev. W. A. Burman, B.D., Principal of the Rupert's Land Indian Industrial School, St. Paul's, Manitoba. Missionaries having items of interest regarding the Indians will kindly forward them to Mr. Burman.

 HE Rupert's Land Indian School has now sixty-three pupils. Miss Mellish, whose support has so generously been promised for three years by the Woman's Auxiliary Branches for Niagara and Quebec, has entered upon her duties as teacher. There is much for her to do in caring for the children, especially in regard to morals and spiritual life.

THE Principal and Mrs. Eurman are taking a much needed rest in the far west. The school is at present greatly in need of financial support, and the Principal appeals earnestly for contributions to enable him to close the year free of any debt.

AT the recent Synod of Saskatchewan, eight of the fourteen lay delegates were Indians, and three of these chiefs of their bands. Chief Atahkakoop (Star Blanket) gave an interesting address at a missionary meeting. Such facts as these go to disprove the assertion so often made that the Church has failed in her mission to the Indians.

AT Emmanuel College, Prince Albert, there are at present fourteen Indian youths in training for work as teachers, etc. It is hoped the College may become a real boon to the Indians and Indian work, by doing work of this description. Funds are much needed.

THE Venerable Archdeacon Reeve, C.M.S., whom the Archbishop of Canterbury has nominated to the Bishopric of Mackenzie River, under the new division of the diocese, is i

Winnipeg awaiting the arrival of Bishop Bompas from the North. It is hoped that the Bishop, who has not been into civilized parts for seventeen years, may arrive in September, when, God willing, the consecration will take place. We hope in some future issue to give a sketch of the Bishop-designate. Meantime we ask the prayers of our readers for him and his important work in that vast land to which he has been called.

THE Rev. M. Scott, after a brief visit to Winnipeg to bring in his two children to school, and to procure medical advice for himself, is now on his way back to his arduous work at Vermilion, Peace River. He hopes to reach Lesser Slave Lake, the most southern post in the diocese of Athabasca, in time for the Synod to be held there about the end of September.

THE Rev. E. F. Wilson is visiting various reserves in the west, partly with a view to obtaining scientific information for ethnological study.

THE Rev. W. Owen, lately C.M.S. missionary at Fort Alexander, Lake Winnipeg, has gone to his new post at Fort Francis, at the south end of Lake of the Woods.

At a recent English service at Rat Portage, the editor of this department had the pleasure of administering the Holy Communion to six Indians, who joined with their English-speaking brethren in the remembrance of Him who has made us all one in Himself.

Books and Periodicals Dept.

The Eastern Equatorial Africa Mission of the Church Missionary Society. Salisbury Square, London, E.C.

This little book gives a succinct account of the missionary field consecrated by the martyrdom of Bishop Hannington, and its work from the first missionaries that entered it to the present time. The energy that the present Bishop, Bishop Tucker, has shewn, is likely to make this one of the most prominent missions of modern times. His visit to England will, no doubt, result in great good for the work there.

The New England Magazine, Boston, Mass., for September, is rather notable on account of the great increase in the number of its illustrations. Although in a different field, and in no sense a rival of the *Cosmopolitan*, the Boston magazine is every month broadening its scope, and paying more attention to its art department than formerly. The articles are all good.

The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass. Always charming and useful. This excellent weekly, well printed and beautifully illustrated, is eagerly looked for by all those young people who are fortunate enough to subscribe for it.

The Dominion Illustrated steadily improves upon the high standard of literary and artistic excellence which has especially marked it since its enlargement at the beginning of this year to twenty-four pages weekly. The engravings are well selected, while a group of bright and gifted writers are regular contributors to its literary contents, and its pages reflect the best thoughts of clever men and women. Such a journal deserves the support of the reading public. The publishers are the Sabiston Litho. & Pub. Co., Montreal.

The Missionary Review of the World: We find this periodical always most useful in giving missionary information, and suggesting thought for missionary subjects. It is now favourably recognized everywhere, and is becoming an acknowledged authority on missionary subjects. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, 18 and 20 Astor Place, New York. \$2.50 per year; 25 cents per single number.

The Magazine of Christian Literature: The Christian Literature Co., New York. A useful periodical, especially for clergymen, who from its pages may cull information upon the great questions of the day, both within and without the Church of England. It also contains each month an instalment of a "Concise Dictionary of Religious Knowledge." The articles are chiefly eclectic—gathered from leading magazines reviews and religious periodicals.

Newbery House Magazine: Griffith, Farran Okeden & Welsh, London, England.

As usual this magazine is full of interesting and valuable matter, of a miscellaneous as well as Churchly nature.

Germania: A. W. Spanhoofd, of Manchester, New Hampshire, publishes an interesting periodical for the study of the German language. Each number contains valuable assistance for students of that tongue.

The Young Canadian, box 1896, Montreal. Every young Canadian should be proud of this magazine. If your bookseller has not a copy left, send five cents for one to the above address. Its illustrations and reading matter are always good.

The Churchman: New York, M. M. Mallory & Co., 37 Lafayette Place, New York. A weekly church paper, well known as one of the best church periodicals in existence.

Returns by Parishes—Domestic and Foreign Missions.

RETURNS FROM THE DIOCESE OF TORONTO.

FROM MAY 1ST, 1890, TO APRIL 30TH, 1891.

PARISHES.	DOMESTIC	FOREIGN.	JEWS' FUND	TOTALS. By Stations.	TOTALS By Parishes.	INCUMBENTS.
Albion.....						
Caledon East.....	45	3 51	1 60	5 56		
Campbell's Cross.....	80			80		
Palgrave.....	35			35	6 71	Rev. Rural Dean Swallow.
Alliston.....	8 90	3 30	3 32	15 52		
West Essa.....					15 52	Rev. W. E. Carroll.
Apsley, St. George.....	1 12	1 28	2 06	5 36		
Chandos.....	34	79	82	1 95		
" East.....						
Eel Lake.....					7 31	Rev. Canon Harding.
Ashburnham.....	25 87	4 50	4 24		34 61	Rev. J. W. McCleary.
Atherley.....		19 00		19 00		
Longford.....					19 00	Vacant.
Aurora.....	16 56	1 13		17 69		
Oakridges.....	19	1 00		1 19	18 88	Rev. E. H. Mussen.
Barrie.....	31 02	10 77	11 95	53 74		
Allandale.....		4 52	40	4 92	58 66	Rev. Canon Reiner.
Batteau.....	35	1 25	1 40	3 00		
Dunroon.....	40	1 95	1 05	3 40		
Singhampton.....	65	81	37	1 83	8 23	Rev. H. D. Cooper.
Beeton.....	2 02			2 02		
Tottenham.....	1 00	1 56		2 56	4 58	Rev. J. K. Godden.
Belmont.....						
Birdsall.....						
Havelock.....	2 00	92	63	3 55	3 55	Rev. W. Burns.
Berkeley, Norway.....	6 00	3 00	2 68	11 68		
Chester.....	4 00	4 45	6 20	14 65	26 35	Rev. C. Ruttan.
York Station, St. Saviour.....	1 50			1 50	1 50	Dr. Ganmack.
Bobcaygeon.....	3 65	8 33	3 53	15 51		
Dunsford.....	75	1 42	71	2 88		
Verulam, St. Alban.....						
" St. Peter.....	1 00	2 00		3 00	21 39	Rev. W. Farncomb.
Bolton.....		2 70	1 10	3 80		
Sandhill.....		1 50	55	2 05	5 85	Rev. F. W. Kennedy.
Bradford.....		2 45		2 45		
Middleton.....						
Coulsons.....		2 30		2 30	4 75	Rev. A. J. Greer.
Brampton.....	10 37	12 11	5 11		27 59	Rev. W. Walsh.
Brighton.....	94	2 03	4 11	7 08		
English Settlement.....						
Hollands.....					7 08	Rev. C. E. Sills.
Brooklin.....	1 21	1 98	75	3 94		
Columbus.....	1 15			1 15		
Ashburn.....	1 57			1 57	6 66	Rev. J. H. Harris.
Cameron.....	2 15			2 15		
Cambray.....	1 33			1 33	3 48	Vacant.
Cannington.....	1 25	3 00	1 50	5 75		
Beaverton.....		1 00	50	1 50	7 25	Rev. A. Carswell.
Cardiff and Monmouth.....						
Cheddar.....						
Wilberforce S. H.....						
Desr Lake.....						
Dixon's Shanty.....						
Pandash West.....						
Cartwright.....	5 00	8 00	1 57		14 57	Rev. A. E. Whatham Rev. John Creighton.
Cavan.....						
Millbrook, St. Thomas.....	30 07	9 00	2 00	41 07		
" Trinity.....	20 90		52	22 42		
Baillieboro.....	10 00	6 00	2 00	18 00		
Ida.....	2 60	3 00	1 31	6 91	88 40	Ven. Archdeacon Allen.
Clarke (Newcastle).....	25 91	12 73	9 65		48 29	Rev. Canon Brent.
Coboconk.....	1 07	1 00		2 07		
Victoria Road.....	1 00	1 00		2 00		
Head Lake.....	50	50		1 00		
Rosedale.....	30			30		
Norland.....					5 37	Rev. A. B. Chafee.

RETURNS FROM THE DIOCESE OF TORONTO.

PARISHES	DOMESTIC.	FOREIGN.	JEWS' FUND	TOTALS. By Stations	TOTALS By Parishes.	INCUMBENTS.
Cobourg	147 50	29 85	14 75		192 10	Rev. Canon Spragge.
Colborne	24 95				24 95	Rev. John Davidson.
Coldwater, St. Matthias			4 00	4 00		
Waubashene			2 15	2 15		
Matchedash						
Fesserton's S. House						
Cross					6 15	Rev. C. H. Shutt.
Collingwood	256 47	46 00	68 81 ^p		371 28	Rev. L. H. Kirkby.
Cookstown	16 11	3 25	1 77	21 13		
Pinkerton	2 00	1 95	60	4 55	25 68	Rev. W. H. A. French.
Craighurst	1 72	93	1 33	3 98		
Crown Hill	2 87	3 96		6 83		
Minesing	1 85	2 07		4 92		
Midhurst	1 63	1 85		3 48		
Vespra, Christ Ch.	2 03	1 25		3 28	22 49	Rev. John Lindsay.
Credit	5 72		2 87	8 59		
Dixie	13 35		1 23	14 58		
Port Credit			1 00	1 00	24 17	Rev. R. W. Hindes.
Creemore	4 83	1 92	1 15	7 90		
Liste	2 50	1 00		3 50		
Banda	1 30	95	15	2 40	13 80	Rev. C. H. P. Owen.
Darlington (Bowmanville)	6 00	9 57	6 00		21 57	Rev. Dr. Macriab.
Dysart (Haliburton)	4 42	5 25	1 20	10 87		
Dysart West	80			80		
Guilford					11 67	Rev. F. E. Farncomb.
Elmvale	6 30	3 43		9 73		
Waverly	80	1 18		1 98		
Allenwood	34	89		1 23		
Wyevale					12 94	Rev. J. R. Leeming.
Emily, Omeme	22 87	2 50	5 04	30 41		
" St. James'	2 16	1 32		3 48		
" St. John	95	1 08		2 01	35 90	Rev. W. H. French.
Etobicoke	3 83	5 59	1 90	11 32		
Mimico	18 49	6 20	4 95	29 64	40 96	Rev. Canon Tremayne.
Fenelon Falls	1 83	4 00	1 23	7 06		
Verulam, St. Peter					7 06	Rev. Canon Logan.
Galway						
Kinnmount	1 10	50		1 60		
Swamp Lake Road						
Mark Road						
Silver Lake						
Walkers					1 60	Rev. E. Soward.
Georgina, St. George's	3 55		1 61	5 16		
" St. James'	4 37			4 37	9 53	Rev. G. Nesbitt.
Gore's Landing	50	44	18	1 12		
Harwood	49	30	45	1 24	2 36	Rev. G. Ledingham.
Grafton	8 07	5 31	4 24	17 62		
Centreton	5 07	8 00	2 16	15 23	32 85	Rev. W. E. Cooper.
Hastings	1 60	1 63	66	3 89		
Alnwick	99			99		
Dartford					4 88	Rev. J. E. Cooper.
Holland Landing	12 60	1 00	7 00		20 60	Vacant.
Innisfil	3 30	9 75		13 05		
Churchill	1 61	1 50	1 01	4 12	17 17	Rev. E. W. Murphy.
Keswick	1 36	1 60	1 00	3 96		
Sharon					3 96	Rev. C. R. Bell.
Lakefield	12 36	5 02	6 69	24 07		
Warsaw	1 13	1 78		2 91	26 98	Rev. Geo. Warren.
Lindsay	90 50	54 31	17 67	162 48		
Reaboro		6 22		6 22	168 70	Rev. C. H. Marsh.
Lloydtown	8 00	1 85	1 78	11 63		
Nobleton		1 95	93	2 88		
Kettleby			70	70	15 21	Rev. E. W. Sibbald.
Manvers	1 00	1 19		2 19		
Bethany	1 00	1 00		2 00		
Janetville	50	1 00		1 50	5 69	Rev. H. F. Burges.
Markham						
Unionville, St. Philip's	4 61	2 25	3 30	10 16	10 16	Rev. J. Fletcher.
Markham, Grace Church	2 90	3 25	3 00	9 15		
Stouffville	2 00	2 25	1 25	5 50	14 65	Rev. A. Osborne.

RETURNS FROM THE DIOCESE OF TORONTO.

PARISHES.	DOMESTIC.	FOREIGN.	JEWS' FUND	TOTALS.	TOTALS.	INCUMBENTS.
				By Stations.	By Parishes.	
Midland.....	7 90	2 00	3 05	12 95		
Wyebridge.....	22	1 06		1 28	14 23	Rev. J. A. Hanna.
Minden.....	3 20	3 35		6 55		
Stanhope.....						
Maple Lake, S. House.....						
Gellert.....						
Ingoldsby.....					6 55	Rev. Geo. Scott.
Mono Mills, St. John's.....		1 95		1 95		
Mono, St. Paul's.....						
" St. John's.....					1 95	Rev. A. C. Watt.
Mulmur.....		8 00		8 00		
Adjala.....		11 00		11 00		
Everett.....					19 00	Vacant.
Mulmur West, Whitfield.....		3 20		3 20		
Honeywood.....		3 67		3 67		
Primrose, Elba.....		1 31		1 31	8 18	Rev. W. E. Carroll.
Newmarket.....	11 53				11 53	Rev. Canon Farncomb.
North Essa, Ivy.....		10 00		10 00		
Thornton.....						
Ballynascum.....					10 00	Vacant.
North Orillia.....						
Price's Corners.....	9 01	9 10	32 25	50 36		
Medonte.....	1 01	2 80		3 81	54 17	Rev. John Jones.
Norwood.....	4 75	2 68	1 05	8 48		
Westwood.....	1 85	1 92	30	4 07	12 55	Rev. John Gibson.
Orillia.....	13 06	21 28	31 94		66 28	Rev. Canon Greene.
Oshawa.....		17 95			17 95	Rev. J. H. Talbot.
Otonabee.....						Vacant.
Penetanguishene, St. James'.....	1 65	6 68	44	8 77		
" All Saints'.....	26 86	7 30	4 80	38 96		
La Fontaine.....		73	69	1 42	49 15	Rev. G. M. Kingston.
Perrytown.....	1 41	1 21	2 00	4 62		
Elizabethville.....	63	3 00		3 63		
Orono.....	28	25		53	8 78	Rev. R. A. Rooney.
Peterborough.....	23 47	30 21	14 47	68 15		
" St. John's Mission.....	21 61			21 61	89 76	Rev. J. C. Davidson.
Pickering, Duffin's Creek.....						
Port Whitby.....		32 48		32 48		
Greenwood.....					32 48	Vacant.
Port Hope, St. John's.....	253 61	222 00	10 83	486 44	486 44	Rev. E. Daniel.
" St. Mark's.....	13 50	6 90		20 40	20 40	Rev. J. S. Baker.
" Trinity Col. School.....		13 95		13 95	13 95	Rev. Dr. Bethune.
Port Perry.....	5 00				5 00	Vacant.
Scarborough.....						
West Hill.....	1 62			1 62		
L'Amoureux.....	1 11			1 11		
Wexford.....	26			26	2 99	Vacant.
Seymour & Percy, Campbellford.....	9 66	2 60	3 30	15 56		
Warkworth.....	1 84	50		2 34	17 90	Rev. T. Walker.
Shanty Bay.....	6 45	7 00	4 00	17 45		
East Oro.....	2 30	50		2 80	20 25	Rev. J. F. White.
Stayner.....	3 90			3 90		
Sunnidale.....	1 49			1 49	5 39	Rev. H. D. Cooper.
Streetsville.....	17 13	83	2 67	20 63		
Churchville.....		2 67		2 67	23 30	Rev. O. T. B. Croft.
Surferland.....	9 85	11 66	3 00	24 51		
West Brock.....	5 70	6 46	2 70	14 86		
Udora.....					39 37	Rev. F. J. Lynch.
Tecumseth.....	1 82	1 22		4 04		
Bond Head.....	1 02	1 44		2 46	6 50	Rev. Rural Dean Ball.
Thornhill.....		3 65		3 65		
Richmond Hill.....		4 15		4 15	7 80	Rev. W. W. Bates.
Toronto, St. Alban's Cathedral.....	49 46	39 39	13 64		102 49	Rev. J. G. Lewis.
" St. James'.....	529 94	55 00	70 82		655 76	Rev. Canon Dumoulin.
" St. Paul's.....	101 67	178 60	40 60		320 87	Rev. T. C. DesBarres.
" Trinity East.....	93 51	191 39	9 10		294 00	Rev. A. Sanson.
" St. George's.....	369 75	103 04	61 62		534 41	Rev. J. D. Cayley.
" Holy Trinity.....	66 50	70 40	18 80		155 70	Rev. John Pearson.
" St. John's.....	37 00	7 50	12 14		56 64	Rev. A. Williams.

RETURNS FROM THE DIOCESE OF TORONTO.

PARISHES.	DOMESTIC.	FOREIGN	JEWS' FUND	TOTALS. By Stations:	TOTALS. By Parishes	INCUMBENTS.
Toronto, St. Stephen's.....	89 77	25 82	23 07	138 66	Rev. A. J. Broughall.
“ { St. Anne's	43 34	8 37	13 47	65 18	Rev. J. McLean Ballard.
“ { St. Olave's, Swansea ..	80	80
“ { Humber Mission.....	80	Rev. H. Softley.
“ St. Peter's.....	773 16	593 00	58 00	1424 16	Ven. Archdeacon Boddy.
“ St. Luke's.....	36 40	44 25	80 65	Rev. Rural Dean Langtry.
“ Ch. of the Redeemer..	96 32	53 34	149 66	Rev. Septimus Jones.
“ All Saints'.....	407 33	97 40	504 73	Rev. A. H. Baldwin.
“ St. Matthias'.....	8 34	7 71	10 19	26 24	Rev. R. Harrison.
“ St. Thomas'.....	30 10	42 03	37 81	109 94	Rev. J. C. Roper.
“ St. Barnabas.....	10 25	5 38	15 63	Rev. W. H. Clarke.
“ Grace Church.....	72 06	72 06	Rev. J. P. Lewis.
“ St. Augustine's.....	2 05	2 00	4 05	Rev. G. I. Taylor.
“ St. Bartholomew's.....	10 50	2 00	12 50	Rev. R. C. Caswall.
“ St. Matthew's.....	9 33	9 25	18 58	Rev. J. Scott Howard.
“ St. Philip's.....	190 01	72 95	262 96	Rev. Dr. Sweeny.
“ Ch. of the Ascension ..	255 04	135 83	44 40	435 27	Rev. H. G. Baldwin.
“ St. Simon's.....	267 68	76 17	78 90	422 75	Rev. T. C. Street Macklem.
“ St. Mark's.....	76 48	26 00	10 70	113 18	Rev. C. L. Ingles.
“ Epiphany.....	88 11	43 70	15 73	147 54	Rev. B. Bryan.
“ St. John's (W. Toronto)	12 14	10 45	2 42	25 01	Rev. A. C. Miles.
“ Dovercourt.....	15 55	7 04	3 45	26 04	Rev. A. Hart.
“ St. Margaret's.....	2 36	48 31	50 67	Rev. R. J. Moore.
“ St. Mary Magdalene's..	50	3 71	4 21	Rev. C. B. Darling.
“ St. Clement's.....	8 18	1 48	9 66	Rev. Jno. Osborne.
“ Trinity College Chapel.	9 47	16 47	25 94	Rev. Provost Body.
“ Wycliffe.....	273 40	231 40	10 00	514 80	Rev. Principal Sheraton.
Tullamore.....	3 31	1 74	1 03	6 08
Castlemore.....	4 51	2 31	1 34	8 16
Grahamsville.....
Edmonton.....
Clairville.....	1 91	61	60	3 12	17 36	Rev. G. B. Morley.
Uxbridge.....	2 37	2 37	Rev. W. S. Westney.
West Mono, Herald Angel's..	1 75	1 10	2 85
“ Elder.....	1 37	91	2 28
“ Camilla.....	1 10	60	1 70
“ Mono, St. George's.....	1 73	36	2 09
“ Mono Centre, St. Luke's..	62	16	78	9 70	Rev. F. Burt.
West T. Junc., St. Mark's..	6 17	3 70	6 22	16 09	Rev. C. E. Thomson.
W. on, St. Philip's.....	18 00	2 14	20 14
“ St. John's.....	20 14.	Rev. R. H. Harris.
Whitby.....	2 93	2 15	5 08	Rev. A. J. Fidler.
Woodbridge.....	12 37	4 10	8 80	25 27
“ Vaughn.....	15 00	1 60	75	17 35
“ Kleinburg.....	13 75	82	41	14 98
“ King.....	6 70	2 77	9 47	67 07	Rev. Rural Dean Swallow.
York Mills.....	46 26	8 65	4 61	59 52
“ Eglington.....
“ Newtonbrooke.....
“ Fairbank's.....	2 34	2 34	61 86	Rev. Canon H. B. Osler.
York Tp., Deer Park, Christ Ch.	44 59	19 50	64 09	Rev. T. W. Paterson.
Add donations and annual subs.	5,628 18
“ “ “	782 95
“ “ “	82 60
Add Diocesan grant to Algoma
Episcopal stipend.....	1,000 00
Add donations and subscriptions.	7,493 73	3,116 44
“ “ “	40 95
Add donations and subscriptions.	943 14
“ “ “	6 21
	\$7,493 73	3,157 39	949 35	11,600 47