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HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

No. 36—NEW BRUNSWICK, OR THE DIOCESE OF FREDERICTON.

CHIEFLY TAKEN FROM "CANADA, FROM SEA TO SEA," BY G. MERCER ADAM.

IN THE rich Atlantic shores from which the iron highway sets forth to span a continent, the historical student will recall the founding, amid its then rude environment, of De Monts' little Huguenot colony on the Bay of Fundy. It lacks but a decade and a

half of being three hundred years since then, yet within that space of time how vast has been the change! How vast even has been the change since Canada entered Confederation and brought within her wide embrace the vigorous colonies and contiguous Provinces on either sea, with the limitless stretches and Nature's boundless resources that lie between. When the first Stuart king issued his charter which gave the English rights in Acadia (the name then given to the Provinces now known as Nova Scotia and New Brunswick), and his successor created the Order of Knights Baronets of Nova Scotia, the whole continent was a wilderness. Bit by bit it has been reclaimed from the desolation of solitude, until what was once a veritable *terra incognita* is now "a well-kenned land."

Many were the encounters of which what we now call the Maritime Provinces were the witness, in the long conflict between the two great European nations that for a hundred and fifty years strove for mastery in the new world. In the Acadian wars, not only Port Royal (Annapolis), Halifax, Louisburg, St. John and other towns and cities of the Maritime Provinces are identified with the long struggle between the two races; but much of the coast line, from Prince Edward Island, round Cape

Breton and the Nova Scotia Peninsula and up both shores of the Bay of Fundy, has its historic sites and land-marks, which preserve the traditions of the years of international strife. In fact this whole Acadian country, steeped as it is in the romantic and picturesque, with its couple of centuries of history and tradition, with its grand seashore views and blue land-locked bays, its beautiful rivers and fertile vales, its noble forests and mines rich in every mineral, its great sea pastures teeming with fish and a people busy, thrifty, energetic and enlightened, forms a rich field for those fond of literary research.

The Province of New Brunswick has Fredericton for its capital and St. John for its chief city. Crossing the Bay of Fundy from Digby, Nova Scotia, a distance of forty three miles, the traveller comes to St. John, the Liverpool of Canada, in its present form a modern city, its chief portion having been rebuilt since the summer of 1877, when fire swept over it burning some two hundred acres of its business area, and causing a loss of some twenty-five millions of dollars. The site of this city was known to De Monts and Champlain, who visited it in 1604, though it was not occupied until thirty years later. Its harbor figures



RT. REV. HOLLINGWORTH TULLY KINGDON, D. D.,
Co-adjutor Bishop of Fredericton.

largely in naval history, being the scene of many sharp engagements between English and French war ships, and between the latter and the armed vessels of the spirited colonists of New England. The forts ashore have also a tale to tell of military daring in the vicissitudes of the times, in the long conflict of the two nations for supremacy in the New World.

After the Revolutionary war, to St. John came a British fleet bringing five thousand United Empire Loyalists, who had voluntarily exiled themselves to live under the old British flag, since when the city has steadily advanced to its present pros-

perous position. It occupies a commanding situation at the mouth of the St. John River, and with Carleton and Portland (now, we believe, united with St. John to form one municipality), shows a census of over 50,000 people. Spanning the St. John River is a fine Suspension Bridge,



seventy feet high; and a short distance further up is the recently constructed Cantilever Bridge which connects the Intercolonial with the New Brunswick Railroad and the railway system of the United States. Under the former bridge are the falls of the St. John River, which have this peculiarity, that at ebb tide in the Bay of Fundy the waters of the river fall fifteen feet into the harbor, through a rocky chasm 500 feet in width, while at full tide the sea makes a like fall backward into the stream.

The capital of New Brunswick is Fredericton, a much smaller place than St. John, and about ninety miles distant from it. The sail up the River St. John to Fredericton is a pleasant one. The river now and then assumes a lake-like aspect, where it spreads itself over the low lands, which are more than ordinarily fertile. Fredericton itself stands on a level plain, showing much cultivation in the vicinity and displaying at one bend of the river Christ Church Cathedral, a beautiful specimen of early gothic, and at another bend Government House, the residence of the Lieutenant Governor. Here also are Parliament buildings of modest structure, and the University of New Brunswick whose charter dates from 1828. Fredericton also is the see city of the Diocese which embraces the whole of the Province of New Brunswick and here, close to his cathedral, of which he has supreme control, without any intervening power of Dean or Rector, resides the venerable and much loved Dr. Medley, the first bishop of Fredericton, and also Metropolitan of Canada, whose episcopate began in May, 1845. A portrait of the Metropolitan appeared in No. 6 of this magazine, and we now present our readers with one of his co-adjutor, whose residence is also in Fredericton, and who was duly appointed to that post with the right of succession in the year 1881.

The Right Reverend Hollingworth Tully Kingdon hails from the Mother land. He is a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of B. A. in 1858, of M. A. in 1861 and D. D. in 1881. He was ordained Deacon in 1859 by the Bishop of Oxford and priest in 1860 by the Bishop of Sarum. He was selected by Bishop Medley, in whose hands the Synod of Fredericton had left the choice, to be his co-adjutor and successor in 1881.

He was consecrated in Christ Church Cathedral, Fredericton, on Sunday, July 10th, 1881, by the Metropolitan, the bishops of Quebec, Nova Scotia, Albany and Maine, assisting. Up to his election to this high and honorable post he had filled the positions of Vicar of Good Easter, Essex, Curate of St. Andrew's, Well st., London, and Vice Principal of the Theological College, Sarum. For about eight years Bishop Kingdon has been an able Co-adjutor to the venerable Metropolitan. As a careful and systematic worker and brilliant scholar he has proved a wise choice for the position. To perform the work of such a diocese as Fredericton, needs great energy and powers of endurance. Long distances have to be travelled and frequent journeys made, in all of which Dr. Kingdon has been energetic and faithful. Some idea of the extent of work necessary to be done and the districts to be travelled over in such a diocese as that of Fredericton may be gathered from the following passage in Mr. G. Mercer Adam's excellent little book referred to at the head of this article:—

"The Miramichi district is still practically a forest wilderness. Over the region in 1825 a great fire raged, which burned about 8,000 square miles of wood and destroyed a million of dollars' worth of property, besides occasioning large loss of life. The horror of the time is still spoken of in the locality, for the settlers and woodsmen engaged in lumbering operations though taking refuge on logs and rafts on the river, amid panic-stricken animal life swimming about in all directions, were unable to escape and fell victims to the devouring elements. On the river, near its outlet in Miramichi Bay, there are two chief towns, rival to each other, though six miles apart,—Newcastle and Chatham. The principal industries of both towns are ship building and the exportation of fish and lumber. In the district, bear, moose and caribou can be stalked, while partridge, plover and snipe are abundant."

Such is a Canadian diocese. It has a wide territory and about seventy clergy, a noble cathedral and good Episcopal supervision and many bright prospects for the future welfare of the Church.

THERE are the same two kinds of blessings that come from missionary giving as come from prayer; the objective and the subjective. When we pray and get an answer to our request, here is the objective blessing. But whether we receive the answer expected or no, even a greater blessing, the *subjective*, comes to us, from the communion of our souls with God. So with the alms we give to extend Christ's kingdom, by the medium of Foreign Missions. Those to whom we give are benefitted, and we ourselves are helped by the broadening of our minds and the training of our hearts to the obedience of God's commands.

A MORE glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.



A SCENE ON THE ST. JOHN RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK.

beautiful structure for carriages and foot passengers. The railway bridge is immediately north of it. The St. John River, after spreading out into a small lake, is suddenly compressed into a narrow stream, only a hundred yards wide, which at low water, rushes in a series of cascades between massive rocks into the bay which forms the harbor of St. John. The fall is about seventeen feet at low water in the space of four hundred yards. But the rise of the tide is so great that at high tide the water actually runs up stream and the "falls" are obliterated. At these times, and for a short period after the turn of the tide, boats and even rafts of timber are safely brought down the stream, which in another half hour will become a foaming dashing cascade. The period of safe navigation is about forty-five minutes twice a day.

The suspension bridge at St. John, New Brunswick, shown in the accompanying illustration, is a

bridge between the pins is 640 feet, and the floor is a hundred feet above the stream. The view from it

is superb. The terraced city, the busy harbor, filled with vessels from all parts of the world, the thriving suburbs of Carleton and Portland, now incorporated with the city, and the glimpse obtained of the beautiful Bay of Fundy, make the whole scene one of the most attractive in Canada. The cantilever railway bridge, immediately above the suspension bridge shown in the engraving, has a total length of 2,260 feet, with a river span of 825 feet.

PALMYRA.



WAY in the mystic east, far off on an oasis of the desert, once flourished the large and beautiful city of Palmyra. It is now but a neglected hamlet, noted for its noble ruins, the traces of its past glories. It is about 150 miles north-east of Damascus and five days' camel journey from the Euphrates. By means of the numerous inscriptions found amongst the ruins, in addition to what we learn from ancient history, it is evident that an interest of no ordinary kind attaches itself to the rise and fall of this ancient city. It seems to have been originally an Arabian settlement, and as far back as B. C. 42 or 41 was noted for its wealth, for at that time Mark Antony invaded it for plunder, the inhabitants escaping by flight; but it is not till about the middle of the third century of the Christian era that it appears before us in the zenith of its loveliness and power. Then it was that Odenathus flourished as its king, and his wife Zenobia, one of the most wonderful women of history, as its queen. While the king pushed his conquests against Persia, Zenobia marched in person at the head of other detachments of the army and secured permanent victories in other directions. It would seem, however, that Odenathus soon died and left supreme control to his wife, who soon proved herself capable of assuming the high and important trust. Her ambition knew no bounds and soon under it and her indomitable will Palmyra rose from a city to an empire, as Zenobia loved to call it, of the East, and this in opposition to Rome the Empire of the West. Her court was set up as that of an Empress and her three young sons were arrayed in the robes of the Caesars and designated by their names. This excited the jealousy and rage of Aurelian, the fierce and uncompromising soldier who then wore the Imperial purple, and war was quickly declared upon the presumptuous queen. The descriptions given us of Zenobia's preparations for this war reveal the marvellous wealth and resources of such a city of "the gorgeous east." One of its prominent features of beauty was the Temple of the Sun. "Upon a vast platform of marble, itself decorated with endless lines of columns (elsewhere of beauty and size sufficient for the principal building, but here a mere appendage) stood in solitary magnificence this peerless work of art." So, in a single sentence, does William Ware describe it in his highly interesting book called *Zenobia*. What a

life of unparalleled ease, luxury and wealth is presented to us in that book! Besides the temple of the Sun there was the Long Portico "with its interminable ranges of Corinthian columns and the busy multitudes winding among them and pursuing their various avocations. Here assemble the merchants and here various articles of more than common rarity are exhibited for sale. Here the mountebanks resort and entertain the idle and lovers of amusement with their fantastic tricks. And here strangers from all parts of the world may be seen walking to and fro, observing the customs of the place and regaling themselves at the brilliant rooms, furnished with every luxury, which are opened for their use, or else at the public baths which are found in the immediate neighborhood."

Such is a brief description given by a supposed eye-witness in the time of Palmyra's greatest power, when it was flashing with that magnificence that was the speedy precursor of its final overthrow and extinction. Few things could equal the glories of the palace of Zenobia. Fountains of all descriptions threw up their solid streams of cool, refreshing water, often scented so as to fill the air with a delightful fragrance. These fountains were usually of fantastic shapes. One favorite one for the guests of Zenobia was a colossal elephant with his trunk stretched high in the air, from which, in graceful form, issued forth a huge stream of water, drawn from a river fresh from the cool sides of the mountain, and falling over the elephantine form into the reservoir prepared to receive it.

The people of high life are represented to us as persons of culture and refined tastes. Men and women of learning discourse with profound wisdom upon some of the most abstruse subjects of the day. The celebrated Longinus was the chief wise man of Zenobia's court and he loved to discourse upon the immortality of the soul in which he was a firm believer. Mr. Ware puts into his mouth the following reasoning:—

"It is a feature of humanity that all men *desire* an immortal life. They perpetually dwell upon the thought of it and long for it. Is it not so with all who reflect at all upon themselves? Are there any such, have there ever been any, who have not been possessed with the same thoughts and desires, and who, having been greatly comforted and supported by them during life, have not at death relied upon them, and looked with some degree of confidence toward a coming forth again from death? Now I think it is far more reasonable to believe in another life, than in the delusiveness of these expectations. For I cannot suppose that this universal expectation will be disappointed, without believing in the wickedness, nay the infinite malignity of the Supreme Ruler, which my whole nature utterly refuses to do. For what more cruel than to create this earnest and universal longing and not gratify it?"

At this time Christianity had made rapid strides and was well known as a growing power in religion, but Longinus was not a Christian. He had



AN EASTERN SCENE.

promised himself to study the Christian creed and records, but never found time to fulfil his promise. He was put to death amid the disasters which soon fell upon Palmyra; but in his death he still held firmly to his ideas regarding the immortality of man. What a pity he had not the privilege of Christianity which would have suited him so well! What a flood of light would have been let in upon his noble mind by the authoritative declarations of revealed truth,—“I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord. He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.”

On reading the records of those early days one is struck with the strange mingling among the people of excellent refinement of thought together with mental brutality. The former is seen in the many and unmistakable signs of a high civilization and in the knowledge possessed of literary and scientific subjects, and the latter in the passion for shows and the terrible power placed in the hands of the master over the slave. Men of the highest refinement of mind and feelings, ladies modest and retiring, full of ordinary feminine compassion and sympathy for the distressed seemed not only content but even eager to attend the shows of the amphitheater and witness continued scenes of cruelty and bloodshed,—wild beasts contending with one another in savage fight, and gladiators, short sword in hand, butchering their fellow creatures. By what process of reasoning was the cultured mind led to enjoy such distressing and sanguinary scenes? Mr. Ware thus represents the statement of the case on the part of a scholarly and refined gentleman of the day:—

“I see in it,” he says, “so far as the beasts are concerned, but a lawful source of pleasure. If they tore not one another in pieces for our enter-

tainment they would still do it for their own, in their native forests, and if it must be done, it were a pity none enjoyed it. Such exhibitions help to render men insensible to danger, suffering and death; and as we are so often called upon to fight each other, and die in defence of our liberties, it seems to me that we are in need of some such initiatory process in the art of seeing bloodshed unmoved and of some lessons which shall diminish our love and regard for life. As for the gladiators they are wretches who are better dead than alive, and to die in the excitement of a combat is not worse, perhaps, than to expire through the slow and lingering assaults of a painful disease. It is all honorable fighting and honorable killing. What, moreover, shall be done to entertain the people? We must feed them with some such spectacles, or I verily think they would turn upon each other for amusement in civil broil and slaughter!”

How easily can even a well trained mind arrive at a false and pernicious conclusion! It was the same with slavery. Young men in the heat of passion thought nothing of striking a slave dead on the spot, even in the presence of ladies, leaving the poor wretch unpitied to welter in his gore.

At such a time as this (the middle of the third century), in Palmyra, and, indeed, all the cities of the old world, the voice of Christianity had made itself firmly and distinctly heard. It was the topic of conversation in all circles of society; it was preached on the streets and in public halls. All the cruelties and abuses of society were denounced. Something tangible was held before thirsty souls as to the life beyond the grave. It came to a people who had gained all they could gain from their own resources of wealth, refinement (as it was then understood) and mental culture,—it came as a voice

from Heaven, and many of those who scoffed at it soon learned its beneficent and holy influence. It suited all classes. Philosophers and scholars had ceased to ignore it; the wealthy and great thought it a worthy topic of conversation; the idle and listless at least began to consider it some sort of passing curiosity, and the masses, whether ignorant or informed, found in it a source of encouragement and comfort. Jews, ever the same in their restless discontent, despised it; but its power could not be resisted. Its voice was heard in every direction.

Still, even at this early day, some of the evils that have ever oppressed Christianity, are seen in their initiatory state. The Bishop of Antioch, for instance, at the time we write about, was the well known Paul of Samosata. He had assumed the role of the wealthy, pompous, prince like ecclesiastic, so different from the humility preached by the ordinary Christian. Glorious was he in his raiment, grand was his chariot which shone with gold and precious stones. Marked was his retinue as he moved through the streets and his forerunners cried "Make way for Paul of Antioch." Thus did he pay his episcopal visits to cities like Palmyra, and men who had heard "the pomps and vanities of this wicked world" denounced by the Christian preacher were puzzled to reconcile what they saw with what they heard. Had Paul and men like him of early days foreseen where such pomp and love of power would land the church of Christ as we are able to look back and discern it they would have paused in their thoughtless career.

Away on the rocky mountain shelves near the magnificence and glory of Palmyra lived an aged and worn out Christian hermit. He was a hermit only because his work was done, but bitterly did he deplore the growing conformity of Christians to the pageantry and hollow glitter of the world. He saw the mischief it would bring to the Church and he was right.

Still those who deplored the beginnings of difficulties, such as this, in Christianity, always pointed to the plain and simple teaching of the religion itself and insisted that from that alone it should be judged, and notwithstanding all drawbacks, the voice of Jesus steadily made itself heard all over the Roman Empire, both west and east, and gave a weary people rest for their souls.

The fall of Palmyra, under the ambition of Zenobia, is graphically described by Mr. Ware. Her noble army, glittering in splendor, a pageant in itself wonderful to behold, led by Zenobia in person, was met by the stern Aurelian and twice defeated. Falling back upon her beloved city she defied for a long time the siege of the Romans, but was forced, through treachery to yield. She was taken captive to Rome to grace the triumph of Aurelian. In her absence a revolt was raised against the Romans in Palmyra and the fierce Aurelian returned with his legions, dismantled the city and butchered the inhabitants. The magnificent buildings, with but few exceptions were des-

troyed and Palmyra, the wonder of the east, went out in its glory for ever.

But the voice of Christianity died not with it or any others of the buried cities of old. They perished, but it endured. It endured because it came from God. Be it ours to promote still the power and force of our religion which has come down to us from early days of struggle and strife.

THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

BY THE RT. REV. ARTHUR SWEATMAN, D. D., BISHOP OF TORONTO.



HE story of the conversion of England is not at all to be confounded with that of the introduction of Christianity into Britain, nor with the history of the ancient British Church.

We use the name "England" in its strictest sense—"Angle-land," the land that was subdued and occupied by the Anglo-Saxons.

I take for granted, as facts fully established and generally known, that the Gospel was preached in Britain at a very early date, and the Church planted there before the close of the second century; that in the fourth century the British Church, completely organized, was received as an orthodox apostolic and independent Church by the great Christian commonwealth, that it was in constant communication with the Western Churches and was noted for its uncorrupt soundness in the Faith; that for more than 300 years from its complete subjugation by Agricola in A. D. 84, Britain was a Roman Province, differing little in culture and civilization from any other portion of the empire: that during this long period of peace and good government, the country made rapid advances in wealth—good roads were made through its length and breadth, fortified camps and walled cities were dotted over its surface—the princely villas of opulent Roman merchants and the temples of the ancient mythology of the conquerors adorned the chief seats of government or commerce. London, as early as A. D. 61, the year when Boadicea, irretrievably defeated by Nero's general, Paulinus, preferred death to dishonor, was a large emporium of commerce, its streets frequented by foreign merchants and its port by trading vessels, and York, before the close of the occupation, had become the capital of the Emperor of the Gallican Provinces, Constantinus, whose wife Helen was a Christian British lady, and the birth place of his greater son, Constantine, the first Christian Emperor of Rome. The Church, too, had prospered. With the exception of the two years of the Diocletian persecution, A. D. 303-305, the rigor of which was much mitigated by the tolerance of Constantinus, but which gave the British Church her first martyr, St. Alban, she enjoyed uninterrupted tranquility. Many of the churches of England and Wales best known to-day date their origin from that period; of a few, the actual buildings still surviving at least in part—



THE DATE PALM OF THE EAST.

notably St. Martin's, Canterbury, St. Mary's in Dover Castle, and the ruins of Perranzabuloe. And the British Christians had won over not a few of their pagan lords to the faith, for Christians were found among the household officers of Constantius—though it is true the numerous relics of Roman occupation unearthed from time to time from the sites of villas and temples, do not yield many emblems of Christianity.

WITHDRAWAL OF THE ROMANS, A. D. 410.

This was the condition of the island when our story proper opens with the evacuation of the Roman garrisons. The mistress of the world had for nearly two centuries been showing symptoms of decay. Her home population was depleted by her wars of foreign conquest and domestic faction, and their resources exhausted by fiscal exactions. Brigandage and piracy were rampant, and incursions of northern barbarians harassing her coasts were taxing all her means of defence.

It was necessary to concentrate the scattered legions for the protection of the empire. Under these critical circumstances the Emperor Honorius determined to abandon some of the outlying provinces, and in A. D. 410 withdrew from Britain the whole staff of Imperial officers and the 20,000 troops that formed the garrison.

With the court and the military establishment, the Roman residents of wealth and pleasure also naturally withdrew, and Britain, no longer a province of the Empire, was left to its own resources. The result was very disastrous. Accustomed for no less than 300 years to be governed by a strong and able administration the British had lost the power of self government: they had no organization of any kind; indeed, they were constitutionally incapable of combination except in presence of a common foe for the defence of their loved hearths and homes, and they speedily fell into a state of disintegration. In addition to this misfortune, the disturbed state of Europe, coupled with the withdrawal of the strong protection of Roman arms and Roman fleets, put a serious stop to trade and commerce with the continent.

The communication, however, which had been from the beginning so constant between the Churches of Britain and Gaul, was still maintained for a few years longer.

PELAGIAN HERESY, A. D. 429.

It was not quite twenty years after the withdrawal of the Romans, that a danger threatening the faith of the Church was the occasion of renewed intercourse between them. The Pelagian heresy had found its way into Britain and threatened to spread seriously there, not only from the circumstance that its founder Morgan, *i. e.* "seaborn" (Latin *Pelagius*) being a fellow countryman, but because its fundamental principle, an exaggerated idea of the human will, had formed a feature in the teaching and traditions of the Druids.

GERMANUS AND LUPUS.

The British Church was conscious of a lack of learning in its own clergy to meet and confute the subtleties of the new doctrine, and therefore appealed for assistance to the Gallican Bishops—the monasteries of Gaul being at this time distinguished for learning and the cultivation of literature. The Church thus appealed to convened a Synod and deputed Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre, and Lupus, Bishop of Troyes, to visit Britain. They crossed the Channel in a storm in the winter of A. D. 429; and on landing preached incessantly—in churches, at cross-roads and in the open country—and always with great success. The Pelagian teachers for a time shrunk from an encounter with these apologists of the truth, and when at length they ventured upon a public disputation, the result was a triumphant vindication of the Faith.

Two incidents in the mission of S. S. Germanus and Lupus are of special interest—their visit to the shrine of St. Alban the Verulam, and their routing of a host of Picts and Scots, who had come down to attack the British army, just baptized, by the simple ruse of placing a body of men in ambush and instructing them, at given signal, simultaneously to raise three times the shout "*Hallelujah.*"

GERMANUS AND SEVERUS, A. D. 447.

This mission lasted about two years; but in A.

D. 447, Germanus paid a second visit, accompanied by Severus, afterward Archbishop of Treves—Lupus having in the meantime died. He found that the people had remained faithful, few having been led astray. Indeed Pelagianism was now completely uprooted.

These visits of the Gallican bishops had, doubtless, a great influence on the organization of the British Church: we know, for example, that the system of Parochial Churches was, at this time beginning to develop on the Continent. And it was the last opportunity which this Church enjoyed, for a century and a half, of intercourse with the rest of Christendom. Throughout the dire troubles which were immediately to come on the land, she was absolutely cut off from the outside world. The same year that Germanus left Britain for the last time, 449, the first instalment of Teutonic invaders landed on her coasts.

We have seen that the Romans left their British tributaries in a very unfit condition for self-government or self-defence. During the occupation it is true that native princes had a recognized rank, but it was the mere semblance of rule they exercised. And no sooner were the defences of the Imperial legions removed, than the half savage and wholly pagan North Britons, the Picts and Scots, whose ferocity was notorious throughout the Roman world, broke through the artificial barrier raised to restrain them,—first the dyke of Hadrian, and then to make it doubly secure, the walls of Severus,—and came pouring down in raids upon the enfeebled and disorganized Celts. It is to be remembered that the flower of the British youth had followed the fortunes of Constantine to Rome and formed the backbone of the army that carried him to the Imperial throne.

In their straits the Britons turned naturally to their old protectors and sent a letter to Ætius, the Roman Consul, begging aid against these foes, but the Romans had too much on their own hands to admit of their sparing succour for a distressed neighbor.

ARRIVAL OF THE JUTES IN KENT.

One of the British princes, Vortigern, then took a fatuous step that could only have been instigated by the very bewilderment of despair. He invited a heathen tribe of warriors from Jutland to enter his service as allies against the Picts.

The first contingent of Jutes, under two brothers, Hengist and Horsa, landed in the Isle of Thanet in 449. A treaty was made under which Hengist married Vortigern's daughter and a tract of land was to be ceded to the warriors as the price of their services. The Jutes defeated the Picts and Scots, but were dissatisfied with their bargain. They found the country very desirable and its people an easy prey, so they turned their arms against their employers, and not satisfied with taking permanent possession of East Kent made continual raids on the unhappy Britons.

SAXON INVASION OF SUSSEX, A. D. 477.

The fortunate experience of the Jutes tempted the enterprise of their neighbors the Saxons, and the stories of this goodly land, so easily to be had, excited their cupidity. Accordingly, in 477, a Saxon expedition under Ælle and his son Cissa, landed at Selsea and made their camp at Chichester, *i. e.* Cissa's camp, and from thence attacked Andredcestre, made an easy conquest and finally occupied the country afterwards known as Sussex, the land of the South Saxons.

SAXON INVASION OF WESSEX, A. D. 495.

The second band of invading Saxons, under Cerdic and Cynric, came to Hampshire in 495. They eventually overran the southwest of the country, as far as Somersetshire and established the Kingdom of Wessex, or of the West Saxons.

The chief opponent of these invaders was the King Arthur of legendary fame. His great victory over them was won at Mount Badon in 520, and in consequence of it, West Wales, that is, Cornwall, Devon and Somerset, long remained free from the fightings which harrassed the rest of the country—and, which is of special interest to us, the Church of Glastonbury, unquestionably one of the very earliest Christian foundations in Britain, was preserved from destruction. This was the only church of importance that survived the storm of English conquest and passed into the possession of the Anglican Church uninjured and unplundered.

Further Saxon bands came over and landed on the south-east coast in A. D. 530, and taking possession of Essex and Middlesex, founded the Kingdom of the East Saxons.

ANGLIAN INVASION OF NORTHUMBRIA, A. D. 547.

Shortly after, another Teutonic tribe, destined to give its name and character to a race that would spread its conquests and colonies in every quarter of the globe, commenced its descent upon the northern portion of the land.

In 547 an expedition of Angles was brought over by Ina, and their descendants made themselves masters of the whole tract of country from the Humber to the Firth of Forth, constituting the Kingdom of Northumbria.

Other Anglian Colonies followed, settling in the Eastern and Midland Counties.

In A. D. 585 Norfolk, Suffolk and Cambridge were united into the Kingdom of East Anglia.

Occupying the coast line from the Wash to the Humber, the Middle Angles pushed their conquests far into the interior and finally developed the Kingdom of Mercia. Thus was created the Saxon Heptarchy.

This Teutonic conquest of England, which settled the destinies of the British nation more completely than either the Roman conquest which preceded or the Norman conquest which followed it, is remarkable for two features,—the length of time it required for its accomplishment and its thoroughness when accomplished. It differed from

the Roman invasion in being not a single concentrated effort of an Imperial power, but a succession of isolated attacks at different points and different times by warlike tribes, politically independent though akin in race. The disciplined legions of Rome achieved the subjugation of the island in 41 years; the English conquest occupied more than 150 years, and they were years of continuous warfare. It was only in 613 that by the great victory of Æthelfrith, of Northumbria, under the walls of Chester, the Britons were forced across the Dee; and it was fifty years more before the final settlement of the country by the invaders was effected. Indeed the Welsh claim that not until the death of Cadwalader in 681, did the crown of the kingdom pass from the Britons to the Saxons.

Throughout these troubled times, from the departure of Germanus in 449 to the landing of St. Augustine in 597, the information we have of the British Church is very scanty; but we can understand the state of violence and lawlessness which prevailed through the country outside the influence of the Church. The Teutonic invaders were merciless and savage, and they were heathen. As they carried their warfare through the land they ruthlessly destroyed the churches and monasteries and slaughtered or drove away the Christian priests and people. As the tide of conquest rolled on, the defenceless Britons were forced back before it, and step by step retired for safety into the mountainous district of Wales and the more inaccessible wilds of Cornwall.

THE BRITISH CHURCH IN WALES.

So that by the time which we have reached, the whole of England, except this last named county, had relapsed entirely into heathenism and the ancient Church of Britain, was shut up, in isolation, in Wales and Cornwall. Here it survived, maintained the Faith in incorruptness, consolidated its organization and founded the Welsh Dioceses as they exist to-day. But it does not come within the purview of our subject to follow its fortunes.

The question, however, naturally presents itself, Did the British Church take no steps, put forth no efforts, to win over their heathen conquerors to the Faith? They have been blamed for their inactivity in this respect. Their answer was, that the fierce hostility of these cruel foes made it impossible to attempt their conversion. As late as 550 to 560 Ida, "the flame bearer," was carrying fire and sword through the whole centre of the island. Any effort on the borders of Wales was out of the question. The ferocity of their implacable enemies kept the fugitives close prisoners within their sanctuary. Even in the eighth century, any attempt of the Welsh to cross Offa's dyke was punished with mutilation.

It must not be supposed from this that the British Church had lost her missionary spirit or failed to vindicate her missionary character. On the contrary, though compelled to inactivity in one direction, she struck out her energies in another;

restrained from attempting the conversion of England, she sent her missionaries into Ireland and Scotland, and laid the foundations of that great movement which finally accomplished what the Roman Mission failed to do.

To this Welsh origin of the Celtic Missions we shall have to recur in the proper place.

The length of time which it took for the Anglo-Saxons to effect the conquest of England, is evidence of the obstinate determination with which the Britons defended their homes and altars. It has been said that, in all the world-wide struggles between the Teuton and Latin races, no land was so stubbornly fought for or so hardly won as Britain. It was specially in defence of their churches that they fought to the death, rather than by flying, leave them to be desecrated, plundered and burnt, which was the certain fate they would receive at the hands of the Anglo-Saxons. The last to stand by their sees were Theon, Bishop of London, and Thadioc, Bishop of York: but when the country had wholly relapsed into paganism, and all was lost, they too were compelled to follow their fellow Christians into the retirement of the West.

ANGLO-SAXON PAGANISM.

The conversion of the new nation thus established in England being denied to the British Church, the blessing of attempting it was accorded to the Church of Rome, and the providence by which the door was opened for the entrance of religion is one of the remarkable compensations of history. The English, like all the Teutonic tribes, had fallen away from the religious beliefs and restraints of their ancestors and had sunk into the lowest type of brutal savagery and sensuality. While retaining the professed worship of their national deities, they had lost the old reverence for the spiritual world and debased their conceptions of the gods to the level of their own earthliness. Woden was a god to be propitiated with human sacrifices; Freya, the goddess of unhallowed love; Thor's symbol was the hammer with which to crush the heads of his enemies; and the Valhalla—the immortality of their nobles and warriors—was but the intensified continuance of the slaughter and debauchery which was their ideal of happiness in this world. This cruel and inhuman disposition displayed itself in the character of their traffic in slaves. They did not confine it to captives in war or serfs enslaved by law, but extended it to their own kin, selling their nearest and dearest when a pretext could be found, to be disposed of in the market places of Europe. It was this outrage on the very laws of nature which God chose to be the prime moving cause which eventuated in the liberation of the land into the freedom of Christ.

(To be continued.)

THERE are few mortals so insensible that their affection cannot be gained by mildness, their confidence by sincerity, their hatred by scorn or neglect.

A VERY GOOD OBJECT.

WE had a collection every Sunday at Church, and the people approved. At least none of them made themselves disagreeable about it except one man. He could not understand the sense of asking him for money every Sunday.

He had been brought up under the old fashioned system of special collections on a few chosen Sundays in the year. So when one of the Churchwardens came round and handed the bag to him; he did not refuse to give anything, but only satisfied himself first by asking in a whisper, "What's the collection for to-day?" The Churchwarden was ready for the oft repeated question. So, whenever it came, he had his answer ready—"A very good object." And when this satisfactory answer was given, the offertory was put in the bag.

It would be well if our people everywhere took a hint from this man's mistake. I fear that the constant collections in our churches have the effect sometimes of making people take them as a mere matter of form, and make them not feel as they should, the need of liberal contributions.

Let us each think when the bag or plate comes round, "What is the collection for to-day?" And let the answer come at once, "A very good object." Then let us give a very good offering, good in the spirit with which we give it; and good according to our means, in itself. Only think of what you get from God, and you will not think of withholding your help.

THE Church of England has advantages which it is well that we should remember. Her position is unique. She is a National Church without being merely national; she is a daughter of the past with the spirit of the modern; she is a link in the continuous life of Christendom; and she has drunk in the spirit of progress which awoke three centuries ago. She is not of yesterday, yet she is emphatically of to-day; she has points of contact with the most diverse of communions, and she is exercising her ministry amid the most varied of civilizations. And the varying features which she presents are not merely interesting to the ecclesiastical historian; they are prophetic of the position which she may occupy, or rather of the opportunities which are likely to be hers in the great future which is rushing so fast upon us. The Church of England now at least recognizes that the stream of her influence must flow wherever the current of English civilization wanders, and concurrent with the spread of that civilization she has a spiritual force. She has spread the network of her organisation over the globe. Never was her name more kindly spoken of, or her work more generously appreciated. Outside of her communion men of piety and intellect speak of her with love and reverence, and look to her with growing hope. . . . Perhaps it is abroad in the Mission field that we may find the solution of some of our home difficulties.

OUR PARISHES AND CHURCHES.

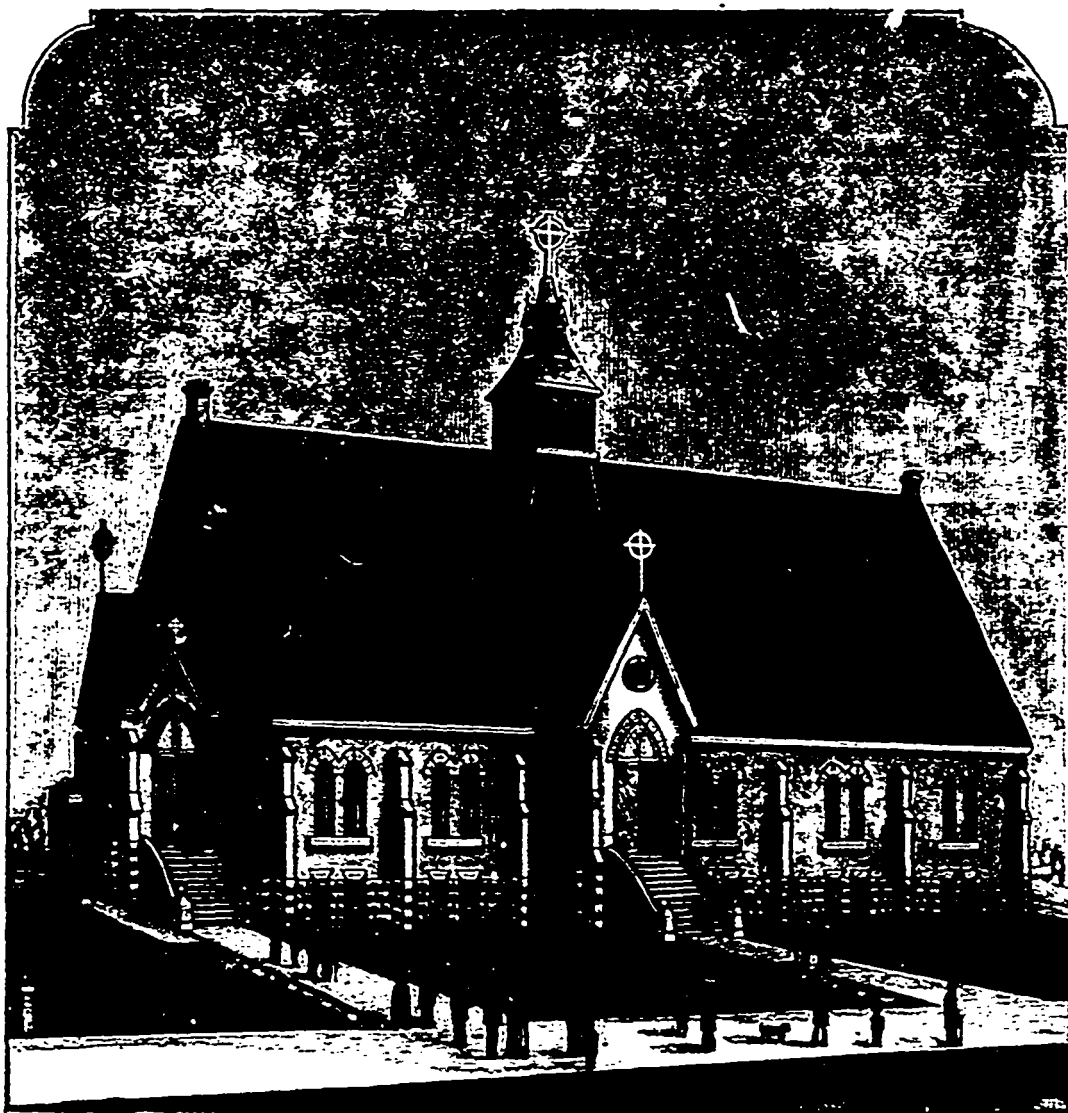
No. 33—ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH, HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

WE HAVE had occasion already in these columns to place before our readers some idea of two of the churches of Hamilton, Christ Church Cathedral and the Church of the Ascension. In point of time St. Thomas' Church, All Saints, St. Mark's and St. Luke's should be mentioned. Detailed accounts of these, however, we hope to give in time, as material may be placed within our reach. At present circumstances have enabled us to give some idea of St. Matthew's, the last built Anglican Church in the city.

The city of Hamilton has been growing rapidly for years to the east, especially in the way of private residences, and the need of a church in its north-eastern portion was much felt; but the difficulty of commencing a new parish postponed action for some time. At length in the year 1887 Bishop Hamilton, with the consent of Rev. Canon Curran, Rector of St. Thomas' Church, and his vestry, was enabled to set off a parish embracing the district from the G. T. R. on the north to Cannon street on the south, and from Victoria avenue on the west to Wentworth street on the east. This does not form a very large parish, but, as in the case of all city parishes, numbers of persons outside the territorial bounds attend the church and receive the pastoral ministrations of the clergy.

When the new parish was formed it was offered first to Rev. Geo. B. Cook, who, however, could not see his way clear to commence the work. Rev. F. E. Howitt also declined to undertake it, being greatly interested in his work in the country; but Rev. Thomas Geoghegan, giving up an interesting country parish, threw himself into the work and commenced the establishment of a city parish, when as yet not even a foot of ground had been acquired.

Renting a room on South street, he commenced regular services on May 1st, 1887, and gradually gathered around him a congregation chiefly of working people. In July of the same year he was joined in his work by the Rev. Charles E. Whitcombe and subsequently by the Rev. L. I. Smith, then in Deacon's orders. By collecting subscriptions from numerous friends they were enabled to acquire a valuable piece of property on Barton street. This property has since become very valuable and has shown the wisdom of that strong faith which enabled the clergy to secure it. The cornerstone of a building to serve as a church till a larger one could be erected, was laid by Rev. Canon Bull on June 25th, 1887. Addresses on the occasion were delivered by Rev. Canon Curran, Rev. Dr. Mockridge, Rev. E. A. Irving, Rev. C. E. Whitcombe and the Rector, and soon a neat brick building was erected. At the same time a brick house was erected close to the church and called the Clergy House. Here the three



ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH, HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

clergy lived. They worked in their parish, holding services in the hospital and the jail, doing their own work in the house, and receiving as stipend the offerings of the people. Their work progressed until the building of 1887 was found too small for the requirements of the congregation and an addition was made, carrying the whole length of the church to the west 100 feet, and thus forming a building large enough to accommodate 700 people. The entire cost of this addition was a thank offering from a donor who has withheld his name. This edifice stands back some distance from the street, for the intention is to build some day a large church in front of it and relegate it to the duties of a School House, when it is hoped a Church

Parochial Day School may be formed. The sittings in this church are all free and the services are frequent, there having been held in 1887-8, one thousand and five. Underneath is a fine basement, the entire size of the building, used chiefly as a choir room and as a place for parochial gatherings.

All this work, of course, has not been done without incurring some debt, but the amount of this debt barely exceeds one-third of the value of the property, and the continuous exertions of the clergy indicate that a way will shortly be found to relieve the parish of this debt.

In 1888 Rev. Mr. Smith removed from Hamilton, since when the two remaining clergymen

have continued the work, ministering chiefly to the large numbers of working people that reside in the district.

We note a few features that appear to us to have been under God's grace factors in the success of this missionary enterprise:—

Careful and constant parochial visitation.

A recreation ground which attracts the children of the church and helps to bring them in touch with the clergy.

A large surpliced choir, drawn from the men and boys of the congregation and numbering more than fifty voices.

Services in which the congregation join with one voice; and we may add, free and unappropriated sittings in a church open at all times.

WHEN Bishop Stanton arrived in Australia, he found to his surprise that hardly any stipend had been secured to him. He was not disheartened, and having private means of his own he soon set about providing an endowment for his see. Some years ago he got together the requisite sum, £15,000. He has established a Synod, raised a Mission Fund for the support of clergy in the poorer parts of his diocese, and built a small cathedral at Townsville, where he now resides. A small honorary capitulary body has been formed. Bishop Stanton is one of the most popular and energetic of the Australian Bishops. He has traversed nearly the whole of his enormous diocese on horseback. He takes his "swag" with him, and does not encumber himself with more episcopal raiment than is absolutely necessary. On one occasion he was returning to his Cathedral city after a visitation on horseback of more than 400 miles. The citizens hearing of their Bishop's proximity, and wishing to do him honor, determined to ride out and meet him. The Bishop was thirsty, it was still some little way from Townsville, and he was unconscious of the good intentions of his flock, so he dismounted, kindled a fire, produced a billy can from his "swag," and sitting down made himself a cup of tea. In this situation he was seen by the approaching cavalcade who mistook him for a stray Chinaman and were about to pass on when he made himself known to them. The Bishop is very considerate to his clergy; he is likewise a very plain speaker.

A meeting was once held in a small country township in his diocese in reference to the settlement of a clergyman in the place. The Bishop presided. Speaker after speaker arose, each stating what kind of a man the new clergyman ought in his opinion to be. The Bishop asked what stipend they proposed to offer? He had not yet heard anything said on that head. The sum was named. "I see," said the Bishop. "You want a man who has all the qualities which make a Prime Minister, and you are prepared to offer him a salary which a Prime Minister would be ashamed to give his butler."

It only remains to add that Bishop Stanton is now working most energetically on behalf of the proposed Church of England Mission to New Guinea, of which for the present he will take the superintendence. During his visit to England he has secured both men and money for this purpose.—*Church Times*.

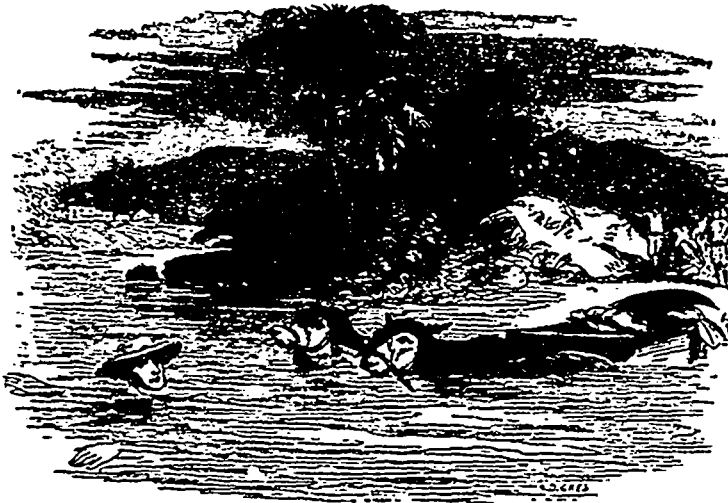
DR. LIVINGSTONE speaks of a plant in South Africa called *ngotwane*, which bears a profusion of fine yellow flowers, which have so strong a scent that they perfume the air, but contain an active poison, and a mere taste of it is dangerous. In this plant we have an emblem of sin, which, as it grows in many of its forms, bears flowers or produces appearances that seem beautiful, and throw around a fragrant aroma; but, if the sin is partaken of, it is poisonous, if not destructive to the moral sense.

A POOR old woman, who was so deaf that she could not hear, a word, was remarkable, notwithstanding, for her constant attendance at church; and very forcible was her frequent exclamation of pity and true sorrow when she saw the carelessness and indifference of the great mass of hearers: "Oh, to think that they *can* hear, and *won't!*"

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE, presiding over a charity meeting in Algiers Cathedral recently, warmly acknowledged the liberality of English winter residents towards the poor of all nationalities and creeds. He urged in view of the increasing attacks of atheism, Christians should renounce sectarian animosities, and he referred, as an earnest of the era of fraternity, to the London meeting of the Anglican and Roman prelates against the slave-trade. The Cardinal mentioned that on his once expressing to Leo XIII. his esteem for the English, the Pope said, "So you like the English?" "Yes," replied the Cardinal, "I like the English Christians, Holy Father, on account of their innate virtues, of the nobleness of their lives, and of their having retained much more of the Roman Church than other Protestants; but especially on account of their sincerity, which allows us to hope, as to many of them, that if we are externally separated we are internally united in the soul of the same Church. How desirable it would be to see these hopes realized!" "I desire it as much as you," rejoined His Holiness; "repeat it to your English friends when you have the opportunity." "This," added the Cardinal, addressing the English present in Algiers Cathedral, "is what I am now doing, and though you are comparatively few here you will make it known at a distance."

THE *Christian Register*, (Unitarian) says: "We believe that no church is addressing itself so earnestly to the work of carrying Christianity to the common people as is the Episcopal Church."

Young People's Department.



A MISSIONARY CROSSING A RIVER.

MISSIONARY JOURNEYING.

MISSIONARIES in foreign lands have to travel in all kinds of ways. Sometimes on horseback, sometimes on foot, sometimes in a big waggon covered with canvas and drawn by ten or twelve oxen, sometimes by canoe and boat; but, however he goes it is all for his Master's cause and he feels happy. He climbs mountains, traverses deserts and sometimes swims the rivers that cross his path. Travelling is no luxury with him. He is often very tired and hungry. In Africa he often gets sick under the hot sun. Should we not try to support such men in the work they are doing for Christ and his Church?

CHRISTENING.

To-day I saw a little calm-eyed child—
Where soft lights rippled and the shadows turned
Within the church's shelter arched and aisled—
Peacefully wondering, to the altar carried;

White-robed and sweet, in semblance of a flower,
White as the daisies that adorned the chancel;
Borne like a gift—the young wife's natural dower—
Offered to God as her most precious hansom.

Then ceased the music, and the little one
Was silent; and the multitude assembled
Harkened; and when of Father and of Son
He spoke, the pastor's deep voice broke and trembled.

But she, the child, knew not the solemn words,
And suddenly yielded to a troubled wailing
As helpless as the cry of frightened birds,
Whose untried wings for flight are unavailing.

How like in this, I thought, to older folk!
The blessing falls; we call it tribulation,
And fancy that we wear a sorrow's yoke
Even at the moment of our consecration.

THE SHORE IN SIGHT.

AND the soldiers' counsel was to kill the prisoners, lest any of them should swim out and escape. But the centurion, willing to save Paul, kept them from their purpose; and commanded that they which could swim should cast themselves first into the sea, and get to land: and the rest, some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship. And so it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land."

And little Mary's clear treble ceased as she ended the chapter with these words. She had been reading the story all through, rather slowly, and with a temporary stop or two where she came to the extra big words, while the sunlight that evening streamed from the cottage window on the sacred page. Her grandfather had sat listening very attentively to every word. It was a relief to his dim old eyes to lay aside his spectacles and get Mary to be "his eyes," as he called her, and it was sweet always for him to hear anything from the good Book, which had been his companion on many a voyage in the long, long ago. With his sailor life and experience, every word of the account of the shipwreck of St. Paul was of interest; he understood it as we could not have done, and certainly far better than little Mary, who had many questions to ask at the end of it.

"Grandfather, did you ever 'escape safe to land?'"

The old man leaned back, and carefully folded his spectacles as if in deep thought.

"Ay, my dear; it has so happened to me more than once; perhaps it was most like what you have

been reading when I got on to that island in the Pacific, my last voyage home."

"What was that? Oh! do tell me about it, grandfather."

He did not need much pressing. It was a story he had been telling everybody these twenty years, a bit of a yarn so full of dashing sea-waves and blowing winds that often he had to repeat it again and again.

"It had been a gusty day, my dear, and as night came on I said to my men, for I was captain on board, 'Mates, we shall have a fight for it to keep the *Pride of the Haven* well above water. But they looked bright and brave, and all through the dark hours worked on, the waves dashing over us every minute. Presently a big roller lifted us high in the air, and then flung us like a toy on to the rocks in the surf. The ship fell to pieces; we caught hold of what we could, and I got to shore grasping a floating plank. Cold, half-drowned, and miserable, we found at last we were on friendly shores, and the simple villagers with very great kindness provided us with food and garments.

"One of the best friends we had at that time was the clergyman in whose church we found ourselves the following Sunday, and our attention was aroused when he gave out as his text these very words, 'And so it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land.' Of course he spoke of the mercy of God in saving our lives at the shore close by, and hoped, he said, that those who had escaped a watery grave would be found at last safe in the harbor of heaven.

"Ah, Mary, it was really there that the Lord spoke to me. He reminded me that all these years had I been travelling over the sea, and yet never had I given my heart to Him who had held me safe among so many perils.

"The voice of the preacher sounded in my ears. He warned me of a danger far greater than the hungry wave; of that storm of judgment which must come on the ungodly, and how God had in Christ provided a Rock of Ages whereon to find safety and shelter forever. Afterwards I walked into the churchyard in the sunshine and sat on one of the graves, giving there and then my whole heart unto the Lord. Then came a new light into my spirit brighter than the rays of the sun, and a new life began, all too late, my dear, for I was getting on in life; but, thank God, I have walked by this rule ever since."

Tears were in the old man's eyes as he finished his story, and in a thick voice he added, "Please God, one day I shall get safe to land."

Little Mary looked down at the Bible again, and began to turn over the leaves slowly in search of something. Presently her eyes sparkled as she said, "Grandfather, shall I read you the texts I said at Sunday School this afternoon?"

"Do, dearie; I shall be glad to hear them."

"Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me."

"In My Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

Blessed words of promise and peace! They fell on the old captain's heart like a dew from heaven, and spoke to him of that rest which remaineth unto all who are trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation and heaven.

AN ACT OF HEROISM.



LARGE concourse of people had collected in one of the streets of San Diego in California, and were shouting at the top of their voices in a very excited manner. The cause of the uproar and tumult soon became apparent.

A drunken drover had charge of a herd of wild cattle, and was driving it through the town. Every one knows how dangerous these animals are, especially when goaded into fury by a tipsy drover. One of the largest of the bulls, with terrific horns, detached himself from the others.

Now, a little child was playing in the street, dragging a toy cart after it, and the mad bull rushed after the child. The drover tried to turn the infuriated animal, but in doing so lost his balance and fell heavily from his horse to the ground. A cry of terror arose from the lips of the spectators as they saw the great danger the poor child was in. Surely nothing could save it from its horrible fate!

But help was near. A young lady was passing, and the shouting of the tumultuous crowd having attracted her attention, she took in at a moment the imminent danger of the little child. She immediately seized hold of the drover's horse, and, springing into the saddle, gave chase to the bull. She soon caught up with the animal, and taking a shawl from her shoulders she threw it over its head and neck while the bull was in full charge, and painfully near the child. In less time than it takes to tell, she had reached down, clutched the child, lifted it into the saddle, and bore it away out of danger.

The shouts and hurrahs of the delighted spectators were deafening, as this young lady (Miss Lawrence by name) dismounted and placed the child in the arms of its grateful mother. Not only did this splendid action show great presence of mind, but it was a feat of horsemanship which most people, even if they had been willing would have been incapable of performing.

There is not the slightest doubt, that had it not been for the young lady's heroic action the child would have been tossed and gored to death.

Such an act will live in the memory of all those who were so fortunate as to have witnessed it.

LIFE'S JOURNEY.



TRAVELLER, what lies over the hill?
Traveller, tell to me;
I am only a child—from the window sill,
Over I cannot see."

"Child, there's a valley over there,
Pretty and woody and shy;
And a little brook that says—"Take care,
Or I'll drown you by and by."

"And what comes next?"—"A lonely moor,
Without a beaten way;
And gray clouds sailing slow, before
A wind that will not stay."

"And then?"—"Dark rocks and yellow sand,
And a moaning sea beside."

"And then?"—"More sea, more sea, more land,
And rivers deep and wide."

"And then?"—"O! rock and mountain and vale,
Rivers and fields and men:
Over and over—a weary tale—
And round to your home again."

"Is that the end? It is weary at best."
"No, child; it is not the end.
On summer eves away in the west,
You will see a stair ascend,

"Built of all colors of lovely stones—
A stair up into the sky;
Where no one is weary, and no one moans,
Or wants to be laid by."

"I will go!"—"But the steps are very steep:
If you would climb up there,
You must lie at its foot, as still as sleep,
And be a step of the stair,

"For others to put their feet on you,
To reach the stones high-piled;
Till Jesus comes and takes you, too,
And leads you up, my child!"

BUNBUKUCHAGAMA.*



ONCE upon a time there was a temple called Morinzi in the province of Joshin. The prior of this temple was one day sweeping his garden, when he picked up a clean, bright pot for boiling water; he thought it would do nicely for making tea, so he took it home, washed it, and put it on the fire. Then something very funny happened; the pot gave a strange sound, and when the prior looked at it, it appeared to have a head; when he looked again he saw a tail, and at last four legs. The pot was turned into a badger, and began to bark, and jump about; but the body still looked like a pot, so it was very funny indeed. The poor prior was so astonished that he could neither speak a word nor run away. At last he called to his pupils to come and help him. "Bring a stick or a broom," he cried; "make haste! the pot has become a badger." They all ran in with sticks and brooms, and tried to catch it, but this was very difficult, as the badger jumped up and down and was very savage. However, at last they succeeded in shutting it into a box. The next morning, when they

looked into the box, they found the badger had become a pot again.

They then agreed it would be better to try and sell it, without saying anything about its strange behaviour; so as a man who dealt in waste paper, rags, bottles, etc., came by that way, they sold it to him for a few pence. The man took it home and placed it in his room. In the night he was awakened by a strange noise, and getting up was much surprised to find the pot changed to a badger, dancing about and eating rice.

Now this was a very wise man, so he thought if he opened a show and let the badger dance he would get a great deal of money. So he taught it dancing and walking on a rope. In a few days it danced very nicely, and a great many people came to see it, and admired it very much; it was called Bunbukuchagama, and became very famous.

One day a princess sent for it, so Bunbukuchagama was dressed in his best clothes and taken to the palace; he performed many tricks, and the princess praised him very much and gave him many presents.

The man by this means soon became rich and prosperous; so at last he sent the badger back to the temple at Morinzi, where it was kept for many years, and worshipped as a god.—*Selected.*

PATIENCE IN SPIRITUAL THINGS.

We have to learn to be patient in these as much as in the common things of daily life. We want to be good, but it is so hard to go on praying and trying and not seeming to get any better; so hard to find the same faults coming back again and again, to find that we have done the very thing we did not mean to do; so hard to be patient when people tell us it is of no use trying, when Satan whispers bad thoughts of God, and tells us we had better give up. But we must not give up. We must keep on trying. Every day we must watch against our faults. Every night we must think over the day to see whether we have been bad or good. Every night and morning we must pray that God will be pleased to make us better. . . .

It will help you if you remember that God sees the end from the beginning. He knows just what you really need. He sees if you really want to be good, and He will give you just the very thing that will most help you. He will not give you what you expect; very likely He will not give just what you ask for, but He will give the right thing. So you can learn not only patience, but "trust in God." He sees what needs doing, and will do it.—*Selected.*

LIKE people sowing garden seeds, young people are sowing the seeds of their future life. Do not spoil your own name by sowing foolishly or wrongly. Remember, every word and action is seed put in, which will surely spring up and constitute your name in the world.

*This is a Japanese story, and a great favorite with the little Japs.

IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

IF I should die to-night,
 My friends would look upon my quiet face
 Before they laid it in its resting place,
 And deem that death had left it almost fair;
 And laying snow-white fingers 'gainst my hair
 Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
 And fold my hands with lingering caress,—
 Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night.

If I should die to-night,
 My friends would call to mind, with loving thought,
 Some kindly deeds the icy hands had wrought;
 Some gentle words the frozen lips had said;
 Errands on which the willing feet had sped.
 The memory of my selfishness and pride.
 My hasty words, all would be put aside.
 And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to night,
 E'en hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
 Recalling other days remorsefully.
 The eyes that chill me with averted glance
 Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
 And soften in the old familiar way;
 For who would war with dull unconscious clay!
 So I might rest forgiv'n of all to-night.

O friends! I pray to-night,
 Keep not your kisses for my dead cold brow:
 The way is lonely, let me feel them now.
 Think gently of me, I am travel-worn,
 My faltering feet are pierced by many a thorn.
 Forgive, O hearts estranged, forgive, I plead!
 When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need
 The tenderness for which I long to-night.

THE following incident, according to Mr. James B. Wasson, in the *North American Review*, happened not long ago in one of the largest cities in this country (the United States): An important church in the city owed a large sum of money to a very wealthy man, one of its leading members. But though the money was overdue, the church officers felt no anxiety, as their creditor not only appeared to have the interests of the church at heart, but was abundantly able to wait until it should be able to pay him, and, indeed, frequently expressed himself to that effect. At this point he was proved to be guilty of having broken one of the ten commandments,—which one it is immaterial to say here,—and as the transgression was a matter of common fame, the officers of the church were compelled to take cognizance of it. They did so, and finding him guilty, declared him suspended from membership until he should give some proof of having repented. The offender, though acknowledging the charge against him, was furious at the audacity of the church in presuming to discipline him, and sent word to the officers that if he was not reinstated within a week, he should at once proceed to collect the money which the church owed him. He was reinstated within three days, or as soon as the meeting of the officers could be convened, and is to-day a member in good standing in that church.

Some few years ago, in a small town in the cen-

tral part of this State there was a church which had recently called to the pastorate a young man of strong religious convictions and fervid piety. He had not been pastor long before he learned that the leading member of his church, and the wealthiest and most influential man in the town, was living in open sin. It had been a matter of notoriety for years, but the former pastor, a weak, good natured man, having an eye to the rich man's very liberal contributions, discreetly ignored the matter. The new pastor, however, was a man of very different character, and, after privately admonishing the culprit to no effect, publicly cut him off from the membership of the church. What was the result? The sinner, of course, withdrew his contributions, and so great was his influence in the town, that the church members generally condemned the clergyman for so offending him. Some actually upbraided him for driving a good paying member away by needlessly raking up a little private matter that was nobody's business. The poor man's salary was so reduced that he was compelled to resign. This, of course, was a triumph for the rich magnate. A man was called as pastor who had no desire to stir up unpleasant matters, and was only too willing to conciliate a man of wealth and position. The rich man, still living in open sin, is an honored member of the church, while the clergyman, who tried to end the scandal of his membership is looked upon as a sort of quixotic crank, and with this reputation earned by his uncompromising devotion to principle, he finds it impossible to obtain any permanent or desirable charge. Multitudes of other instances, differing in many details, but all showing the subservency of American Christianity to the money power, might be adduced. The churches in the United States do not perhaps worship wealth; but they conciliate it and toady to it to such an extent that their message of universal brotherhood becomes a farce. In no department of American life is the power of money greater than in the churches. But neither the churches in their corporate capacity, nor the clergymen in their individual capacity ever think of denouncing the social system which allows this state of things to exist, and even throws over it the sacred sanction of law. The early church retained its wonderful spirituality as long as it was obliged, on account of persecution to meet in caves and catacombs. But when it became rich and prosperous, it rapidly degenerated, until it lost nearly all its pristine faith and purity. American Christianity to-day is confronted by a problem that involves not only its well-being but its very existence. Shall it float along the tide of worldly conformity adjusting its lofty ideals to the low standard of the money-worshippers? or shall it do what one of the catechisms says every Christian should do, renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil, no matter at what cost of popularity or worldly advantage.



Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society

OF THE

Church of England in Canada.

All persons who are members of the Church of England in Canada are members of this Society. See Canon XIX, Provincial Synod.

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The next meeting of the Board of Management is appointed to be held in Montreal, Que., on Wednesday, Sept. 11th, 1889.

The Canadian Church Magazine AND MISSION NEWS.

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

TERMS:—ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
Back numbers to a limited extent can be supplied. Liberal terms for localizing as a Parish Magazine given on application.

REV. CHAS. H. MOCKRIDGE, D. D., Editor and Manager, Windsor, N. S.

REV. J. C. COX, B. A., Business Agent, Grimsby, Ont.

JUNE, 1889.

THE Editor requests all communications to be addressed to him at Windsor, Nova Scotia, to which place he has removed.

We are now in a position to supply back numbers of the CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE and MISSION NEWS from its first numbers. Vol. I., July, '86—Dec., '87 (18 numbers) \$1.50. Vol. II., Jan.—Dec. '88, \$1.00. When bound these make handsome volumes. Covers for binding for Vol. I. and Vol. II. may also be had on application at fifty cents each.

The magazine still meets with unqualified success. It has now, we may say, thousands of warm friends who look forward each month to its appearance. Each volume, when bound, makes a fine book. We have on hand handsome covers, in blue cloth, which will be sent for 50 cents each. Rev. J. C. Cox and Rev. W. A. DesBrisay are working faithfully in the interests of this magazine.

QUIETLY and unostentatiously do many people work for the cause of Jesus Christ and humanity. Unknown to the public and not for the public's sake but for Christ's sake is the work done. Outside the walls of the city of Jerusalem there are women belonging chiefly to the German religious houses who devote their lives, which must necessarily be short, to alleviate the sufferings of lepers. The disease soon fastens upon themselves and they gradually waste away and die. Lately also the Rev. J. Damien de Veuster, the leper priest of Molaki departed this life. "Such a life and such a death," says the *New York Churchman*, "is too sublime for human comment. It was in 1873 he commenced his work on the little island of Molaki, one of the Hawaiian group. The lepers were degraded, idolatrous and addicted to the use of a vile intoxicant which they made from a native root. He changed the pandemonium of this lazaretto into a peaceful and cheerful settlement. But he was obliged himself at last to succumb to the disease. It attacked his ears, nose, throat and lungs and at last took him away. Names such as his, if not known widely on earth are at all events written in the Lamb's Book of Life. We want more of the manliness of the leper priest both in

clergy and people. His character speaks like a voice crying in the wilderness, in an age where charity is often little more than the superfluity of a surfeit, and worldliness makes it that one brave preacher who has happened to speak the truth is looked upon as a portent and a prodigy."

THE Rev. E. Noel Hodges, of England, has accepted the missionary see of Travancore and Cochín. The offer was made by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

ACCORDING to a paper lately issued by Rev. J. M. Davenport, of Portland, St. John, N. B., the Roman Catholic Bishops at their consecration take oath, among other things, that they will "take care to preserve, defend, increase and advance the rights, honors, privileges and authority of the holy Roman Church our lord the Pope and his successors, and that they will to the utmost of their power, persecute and attack heretics, schismatics and rebels against the same our lord or his successors."

THE city of Vancouver, British Columbia, may fairly claim to be regarded, says the *Montreal Gazette*, as the infant prodigy of Canadian cities. Three years ago, that is to say on March 1st, 1886, there was only one straggling street along the water front, and the town site was an unbroken forest. Six weeks later the city, which already had been selected as the Pacific terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, was incorporated, and a municipal government established, and during the next two months a great influx of population and activity in building operations occurred. Then a terrible calamity visited the place, a fire on June 13th obliterating every house save three. Nothing daunted, the energetic citizens set to work with a will the following day, and in an incredibly short space of time the city had risen from its ashes and all traces of the devastation were lost. Since then the history of Vancouver has been an uninterrupted record of progress in every department of industry, commerce and municipal administration. The city now boasts a gas company, an electric light company, a waterworks system, a telephone company, and a street railway company, whose line will be in operation during the coming summer. Within the limits there are forty-six miles of graded streets, and twenty-four miles of sidewalks. Not even the characteristic of a civic debt is wanting, the corporation having incurred a liability of \$356,000 for the purposes of municipal improvements. Finally, the population has now mounted up to ten thousand and the assessed value of real property to \$6,604,000, the latter having all but doubled in the past year. The boast does not seem an exaggeration that among all the young cities of the continent none has grown more quickly or substantially, and none has a more magnificent future opened to it than Vancouver.

At the late Washington Centennial in New York, divine service was held in St. Paul's Church, of that city, on the morning of the one hundredth anniversary of Washington as the first President of the United States. This was done because Washington and his fellow officers attended services in the same church and at the same hour of the day as his first act after inauguration. Nothing could be more fitting than such a service. It was taken good advantage of, we are told, by Bishop Potter, the Bishop of New York, who spoke in plain and strong terms against the political corruptions of the present age and the dangers that threatened the country from enormous individual fortunes. For this the bishop has been greatly praised as one who knew how to make himself master of a situation for good; but there are some weak and shallow-minded enough to blame the bishop for speaking home truths to such an audience. In other words, "Speak the truth, but not where it is likely to be applicable." This is true all the world over. "Prophesy smooth things." This is the cry of the age. Bishop Potter had a splendid opportunity for tickling the ears of his audience by saying great and eulogistic things about the great American nation, but he chose rather the rugged pathway of the true man of God and boldly rebuked wickedness and corruption. Thank God for such noble constancy. Let the eulogy be for the platform. The true ring of God's truth must be from the pulpit. All preachers should take a leaf out of this book. Let them preach at least that the ten commandments are meant to be kept.

THE future Prince of Wales, poor young man, is obliged by the law regulating royal marriages, to choose a wife among a dozen cousins, many of them not noted for beauty or brightness. It is becoming notorious that owing to the constant and enforced intermarriage among the Protestant princes and princesses, themselves few in number, there are traces of weaknesses said to be inevitable results from such a cause. Some Englishman of note has suggested that the young English Prince choose an American girl for his wife! And some of the American papers are seriously asking the question, "Why not?" It would probably be considered necessary that she should at least be a member of the Episcopal Church.

THE meeting that was held in Toronto in April last of committees appointed by the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches to meet the Committee of our Provincial Synod on the question of Christian union was perhaps one of the most remarkable meetings of the kind ever held. Principal Cavan, of the Presbyterian Church, declared that no such meeting had been held since the Reformation. The paper prepared by Dean Carmichael, showing from the formularies of the different bodies represented in the meeting the many points of agreement already existing amongst them, did excellent service in enabling men of widely

different casts of mind to seize upon points upon which they could speak in harmony and good will. It is to be hoped such meetings will be followed up by others of a similar nature and that this great question may receive that attention that its importance demands.

DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN MISSIONARY
SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF
ENGLAND IN CANADA.

ASCENSIONTIDE APPEAL, 1889.

REVEREND SIR: It is our desire that this address from the Board of Management of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada be read, as a sermon or otherwise, in the hearing of every congregation in our dioceses on Sunday, May 26th, 1889, and that the offerings of the people on the following Sunday be given to Domestic Missions.

JOHN FREDERICTON, Metropolitan.

J. T. ONTARIO.

J. W. QUEBEC.

W. B. MONTREAL.

ARTHUR TORONTO.

E. ALGOMA.

MAURICE S. HURON.

CHARLES NIAGARA.

FREDERICK NOVA SCOTIA.

BRETHREN,—Once more, as Ascensiontide comes round to us in the cycle of the Church's year, we are reminded of the duty that is imposed upon us all, to promote the spread of the Kingdom of our risen and ascended Lord. To aid the cause of missions is as much the duty of every Church member, as prayer, attendance in the House of God and participation in the sacred ordinances of our religion. Our own hearts ought to be so alive to such claims, and so interested in their success, as scarcely to need any reminder. One who really values the truth, and at all adequately appreciates the benefits that attach to the ministrations of our Church, will earnestly desire that others should share in those privileges. Energy in Mission work is not only an act of obedience to the Master's express command, but is the natural result of the vivifying power of the Holy Spirit.

The appeal which we now submit to Churchmen is in the interests of Domestic Missions, that is to say Missions in Algoma and the North-west.

DIocese OF ALGOMA.

The Diocese of Algoma, as the creation of the Canadian Church, still holds the first claim upon our sympathies. This is cheerfully acknowledged by us all. Its devoted and faithful bishop writes in grateful terms of the increasing readiness shown alike by clergy and laity to respond to his appeals. The territorial aspect of the Diocese has materially changed during the last three or four years, owing to the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Along the main line of that

enormous work, where but recently there lay the expanse of an untrodden wilderness, new centres of population are springing up, such as North Bay, Sudbury, Chapleau and Schreiber, all of them demanding the ministrations of the Church. Again, new mining industries are being developed, which will call forth fresh and urgent demands for money and men for the work of the Church; while unfortunately the local resources do not at all increase in the same ratio. Clergymen must be stationed in new communities, and services held for some time before interest is sufficiently awakened to secure any appreciable financial support. Meanwhile churches and parsonages must be built. To meet all these needs, the diocese, save at one or two points, is but scantily equipped. The poor harvests of the last two years have impoverished very many of the farmers. In many cases cattle had to be killed, or sold at a heavy sacrifice, for lack of provender. Numbers of settlers will have to buy their seed for this year, and to do so on credit. In not a few instances even necessary food and clothing have been wanting. Mortgages also abound, especially in the agricultural districts, causing permanent trouble in return for temporary relief, and not infrequently as the only method of extrication, compelling migration to distant points in the North-west. Under these circumstances as might be reasonably expected, the missionaries have suffered pecuniary loss, willingly, however, knowing that their people were not in a position to contribute to any large extent. Church building has advanced but slowly. From eight to ten parsonages are needed in the Diocese, but there are no means forthcoming for the erection of even one. The bishop earnestly bespeaks a continuance, and if possible an increase of the assistance, which the Canadian Church, through her Domestic Board, has so willingly bestowed in past years, and for which he, and Churchmen in his Diocese, are deeply and devoutly grateful.

NORTH-WEST MISSIONS.

The remainder of the Domestic Field consists of the following dioceses: Rupert's Land, Saskatchewan, Calgary, Qu'Appelle, Moosonee, Athabasca and Mackenzie River. The extent of each of these dioceses is enormous, and renders the work of both bishop and clergy laborious and costly. The notices of missionary work in some fields, which have appeared in the pages of the CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE AND MISSION NEWS, must have made its readers acquainted with the self-devotion of both bishops and clergy to their great and glorious work, and the patient cheerfulness with which they endure the hardships to which they are exposed. A continuous current of immigration is pouring into the North west. A large proportion of the settlers are members of the Church of England. If they are to be held fast in their allegiance to her, missionaries must be planted in their midst, and the Church's services provided for them and their children. The Board desires most earnestly to impose on the minds of

the laity the fact that this end can only be accomplished by a large increase in their individual contributions. Without this, thousands of the Church's children will inevitably drift away from her communion, and a great reproach will rest upon her as lagging behind in the march of missionary enterprise. The honor of our Church forbids that she should occupy a secondary position among the religious bodies who are caring for the religious well being of these vast missionary fields.

Permit us, brethren, to remind you that your own spiritual welfare is closely bound up with the interest you take in the growth of Missions. He who cares little about the religious needs of others cares little for his own.—No more practical test of Christian character can be found than this that we "love the brethren."—Gratitude for your own blessings should prompt a ready, large hearted sympathy with the needs of others. "Freely ye have received, freely give."

Finally, the honor of our common Master demands the faithful performance of this duty at your hands. The work in which the Church is engaged, in occupying these waste lands for Christ, is God's work, and He will hold into a strict account for the discharge of our obligations to Him. Rich and poor, young and old alike, are invited to take part in this high and holy work. Let each see to it that the duty of giving for the support of Missions is made a subject of prayerful, conscientious self-examination, and ere long "the wilderness will rejoice and blossom as the rose," and our Church will be gladdened by the abundant fulfilment of the divine promise, "My word shall not return unto me void, but shall accomplish that which I please, and prosper in the thing for which I sent it."

ARTHUR TORONTO, Chairman.

NOTE.—It is recommended that the offerings for this purpose be sent at as early a date as possible to the Secretary-Treasurer of each Diocese, to be by him transmitted to Mr. J. J. Mason, General Treasurer of the Society.

CHAS. H. MOCKRIDGE, D. D.,
General Secretary,
Windsor, N. S.

NAZARETH MISSION—INDIA.

IT was the aim of the original founders of the Tinnevely Missions to promote the formation of villages entirely Christian; where the absence of all tumult and seduction of heathenism, the simple cheerfulness of Christian life, and the daily enjoyment of Christian ordinances, should exhibit in the most advantageous and amiable light the excellence of the knowledge of Jesus Christ our Lord over that debasing system with which it is thus placed in strong and beautiful contrast.

Nazareth Mission is in the extreme southern point of India, close to Cape Cormorin. As a Christian village it soon began to exercise an influence over the surrounding districts.

At the present time the number of Christians on the roll of the Mission is no less than 6,472, with all kinds of evidence of religious vigor and spiritual life. The whole Mission under its present missionary, the Rev. A. Margoschis, includes the Mudalur, Kadaianodai, and Christianagram Missions, and thus occupies ninety villages, with more than 13,000 Christians. Working under him are six native clergymen. Some of these give reports of great interest. For instance, the Rev. V. Abraham sends an account of the comparatively new work of the Kadaianodai pastorate of the Nazareth Mission, which relates several most thankworthy things:

"It gives me great pleasure to speak of the encouraging works of the Christians of Kadaianodai. There is a small church of brick and chunman here. It is called St. Thomas's Church. In my last report I said that as the building would not hold all the people on Sundays and Festival days, they were enlarging it at their own expense by adding a chancel and two transepts. The work was begun in August, and finished with much difficulty in November last. It cost Rs. 2,000 (\$900) in addition to the personal labor given without pay by the people themselves. The church is now much stronger and more beautiful than it was before. The Holy Communion was administered for the first time in this church by the Most Rev. the Metropolitan on November 16th, when the number of Communicants was 252. The dedication of this church was an event which will never be forgotten by the people, who exerted themselves to make it a joyous and festive occasion. They erected a long pandal between the church and the school which was prepared for his lordship's residence, and decorated it with leaves and plantain trees. The church was also beautifully decorated with flowers. The Metropolitan, preceded by the choir and clergy (European and Native) went in procession along the pandal into the church. The whole place resounded with music. The converts of Parkulam and Kurukatoor came and visited his lordship, who was very much pleased with them, and after giving them good advice sent them home very happy."

Woman's Auxiliary Department.

"The love of Christ constraineth us"

Communications relating to this Department should be addressed Mrs. Tilton, 251 Cooper Street, Ottawa.

THE Rev. S. Trivett writes as follows from "Omoksene," MacLeod, Alberta, N. W. T.: Will you kindly allow me, now the winter is over, publicly to thank the many kind friends, who so nobly answered our appeal made last October, for clothing for our poor Indians. I can assure you that had it not been for the Woman's Auxiliary of Canada and other friends, many of our Indians (men, women and children alike), would have

lacked the necessary clothing to keep out the cold, and yet the large supply we did receive was found too small to enable us to give to all the needy ones. Many of the Indians were quite destitute of clothing till the boxes came. I must say the greater part of the clothing received was very good and most useful. Some things, it is true, were very much worn, but some of our friends had not time to make up dresses and so sent what they could get. Next year we trust that we may receive more new clothing, but as it was, all received was acceptable, and thankfully received by the Indians.

Our school children were delighted at Christmas when they came together for their Christmas gifts of clothing. The girls were especially pleased with the dresses made after Indian fashion. The nice warm material and pretty trimming quite charmed them. I think the mere sight of the dresses made them feel warmer. Then the warm stockings, hoods or mufflers, as far as they went, added to the costume, and the little work bag with the packet of needles, the reel of thread, the thimble, packet of pins, and in some cases scissors, made the present complete. Only the best girls got what out west we call "a complete outfit." The boys who got a warm shirt and muffler were very lucky as we fell far short of shirts. Others got stockings, trousers, coats or vests with mitts, but on the whole the girls got the best presents. As it was we had to present some of the boys with girls' clothes, which did not come amiss to them, they were so glad to get anything. The old men got overcoats or undercoats and a few shirts. Some women got warm Indian native dresses, but our supply of these was small, as only one or two branches of the Auxiliary had time to make them this year, and many had to receive the partly worn dresses and skirts, and it amused me the following week to see how they had stitched them together to make them something like the Indian women's dress. Yet all who received seemed satisfied, though I am sorry to say many poor old men and women got nothing. Heartily then do we thank all who so cheerfully helped us, for their gifts, large or small, and sincerely do we hope that when the winter of 1889-90 closes on us it may find us well supplied with warm clothing for our poor people. We ask then the friends of the past winter to labor on preparing things for the boxes, and we earnestly trust that many more parishes will come to our assistance. In Jesus' name we tender you all our warmest thanks, not only for the gifts for the Indians, but for the nice things enclosed for ourselves and our little children. Will you allow me also to thank those friends who have helped us in funds for our Indian Girl's Home, C. B., St. Thomas, \$10; Rev. E. F. Wilson, Sault Ste Marie, \$20; Fund per Rev. Mr. Lance, \$5; Havergal Girls' Missionary Branch, London, \$13; H. Brown, Esq., \$10. Sincerely do I hope that more will help us, as it will take at least \$1,200 to complete the necessary buildings.

IN the death of Mrs. O'Reilly, Secretary of the C. W. M. S., of Toronto Diocese, not only that Society, but the Woman's Auxiliary has lost a faithful worker, and many missions an earnest kind friend:—"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."—Rev. xiv, 13.

DURING the month of May it has been our pleasure to welcome to Canada Mrs. Irving, Honorary Secretary to the Woman's Auxiliary of the United States. She was with the Auxiliary of Toronto Diocese during the days of its annual meeting, and Ottawa, Ontario Diocese, at a Missionary Day service and annual meeting. Mrs. Irving has consented to be in Montreal, at the Triennial meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary in September.

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

A band of "King's Daughters" of one of our Toronto city churches is making up an outfit of clothing for one of the girls in Miss Brown's Blackfeet Home. This good example might be imitated by some of our Mission Bands. We could supply the name, age, size of each girl in this Home, and our young Mission workers could choose their little Indian sisters, and provide all necessary clothing, boots, hood, etc., also write an occasional letter to their adopted charge.

LETTER LEAFLET, Toronto Diocese.

Another branch of King's Daughters attending Miss Johnson's school in Ottawa, has just had a drawing-room sale for the benefit of Mr. Brick's mission, Peace River, Athabaska, realizing \$50.

DIocese OF HURON.

Mrs. Baldwin in her annual address before the Woman's Auxiliary, of the Diocese of Huron, only expressed what all the Diocesan Presidents feel with regard to the blessing and spirit of the work of the Auxiliary. She said:—"In reviewing the work of the past year let our key-note be one of joy and gratitude for all that God has enabled us to do, in humble dependence upon His Holy Spirit, which alone can bless us and our work. The more love we have in our hearts the more joy will shine out in the countenance. I heard once of a soul being brought to Christ through the *sunshiny* temper as seen in the face of one of God's dear children. Let us cultivate this year more Christian joy. There is nothing more conducive to a happy, contented, joyful spirit than a life of unselfish love. The self-denying life is the truly joyful life, and as we pray and work for others, we will find the reflex blessing coming back upon our own hearts and lives in the joyful calm which is the result of abiding union with Christ, of a heart leaning in faith on the Saviour, and joyfully reflecting His image as it grows 'Strong in the Lord and in the power of His might.'"

JAPAN.

FROM MISS JULIUS, FUKUZAMA, JAPAN.



THIS is my first experience of country mission work, I think you would like to hear a little about what we are doing. Miss Hamilton and I started from Osaka in one of the little Japanese steamers. It was tolerably full, and in our cabin the floor was covered with rugs on which Japanese reposed; they were very civil and did not smoke all at once, which was a comfort. Next forenoon we arrived at Tarnot-ze, and had a pleasant kuruma ride of eight miles to Fukuzama. Here we found Mrs. Kome, who at present acts as Biblewoman, waiting for us in a comfortable private Japanese house. Almost as soon as we arrived the officer came to examine our passports, about which they are most particular. He came again at 12 p. m. when we were fast asleep and tired out, but he insisted on seeing them again. On Sunday morning we attended service. I think all the Christians were there, about thirty, and all the adults remained to the Communion service. There is no regular church, but a large convenient room has been adapted as such. Little furniture is required, as all sit on the ground; just a wooden lectern and a plain table. In the afternoon eight or ten of the leading members came to see us; first we had some hymns, then held a consultation as to what was to be done while we were here. We suggested plans, but left the details and decision in their hands. It was decided on Monday, Wednesday and Friday to have a meeting for men, Christian and non-Christian, at our home from 3 to 5 p. m.; the catechist would speak, interspersed with hymns, and a meeting for women in the evening at the house of one of the Christians; on the alternate days a meeting for children in the afternoon and service in the church in the evening, and on Saturday evening a practice of hymns for all the Christians at our house. I have brought my little organ, which is most useful and attractive. They have never heard a harmonium of any kind in the whole of this large town, so it is an inducement to attend the meetings. On Sunday evening we had a most interesting service (the room was crowded, and my organ was there; it goes out with us every night). We began by the baptism of a young man, followed by a short service, admitting eight people as catechumens, two of them fine, nice looking young men, teachers in a school, one the relation of a Damio; then a stirring sermon from Mr. Evington (who had come up from Osaka), to which all were most attentive. Our Monday afternoon meeting was not so well attended; we have been a little disappointed in the Christians; they seem to think we are here for their sole benefit, to amuse them by teaching needlework, English and singing, and they do not try to bring in the heathen at all, or care about them; but we must teach them. We have come to speak of Christ to the heathen, and they must help us, and they are now warming up. On

Monday evening we had a good meeting of over 60 women, and *very* few Christians. Most had never heard of Christ. They were much interested, and I expect we shall hardly have room for them all next time. This afternoon we had thirteen children and five adults; of the former only four were Christians, and of the latter none. We are so longing and praying that God will draw many into the kingdom; they all appear so willing to hear.

In this house we have our one room upstairs (Mrs. Kome has also one), and we have to do everything for ourselves, the servant of the house just sweeps the room and washes up the dishes. Every night we make our own bed on the floor, in the morning rolling it up in a corner with a shawl over it. Miss Hamilton cooks and I am the housemaid. We can get beef, fish, eggs, milk and rice, but no bread. We brought enough to last one week and then we must make some. We are both exceedingly well and happy. God has been so good to us and we are delighting in real Mission work for Him amongst those who have *never* heard. We expect to stay here two or three weeks then go to Fuchin thirteen miles from here, for the same time.

INDIA.

FROM MISS A. SHARP, AMRITSAR, ST. CATHERINE'S HOSPITAL,
JULY, 1883.

THE exigencies of a missionary's life do not leave one much time for correspondence, but a short absence at the hills is good for making up arrears in this respect, where one is free from the torments of prickly heat and flying dust.

One thing I think we did not mention in our reports was the coming Confirmation, so may I ask your earnest prayers for those young in the faith that they may grasp with a firmer hand the grace so freely offered them and obtain the full outpouring of the spirit. All but two or three converts were present at Mr. Karney's Mission services, and heard his powerfully simple declaration and explanation of what the Holy Spirit can and will do for the receptive heart. That week was like a Pentecostal week in our woefully weak Church. We long for such another. Of the Christians under our immediate care, I suppose we shall have as candidates seven women and two young men and one elderly one. Among the former there will be three blind: a young widow and two girls. Will you specially pray for mercy upon one of the latter—such a bright girl as far as temper goes but she is not overburdened with brains, and sometimes we think she may be deficient, but perhaps it is her blindness combined with her rough country life which has not allowed her faculties to develop. I long for her to have the full outpouring of the Spirit, even if she may not be able to realize what a treasure she is receiving into her earthen vessel. Who knows what may

follow? She developed wonderfully after her baptism last year, having seemed more like an animal previous to that time. As I was passing through the Hospital Garden the other evening she called, "Miss Sahiba," (for she knows my footsteps quite well). "Well?" said I, as she ran, or rather shuffled after me. "Do you know there is a patient who says that if she gets well she will become a Christian?" I did not want to repress her excitement, but said, patting her on the back, "Do you know they say this just to please us, but they cannot make themselves Christians, can they?" She looked thoughtful for her, and answered "No." Then I continued, "It is only God's grace that can change the heart, you must pray for that." By this time the other blind girl, Jeivan, had joined us with another convert, so I took the opportunity of reminding them that their daily walk and conversation might help to win a soul or might alienate it. They looked conscious, not having been very good girls for a day or two, and glad as I was to see the missionary Spirit in these poor sightless sheep of the flock, I was still more anxious that they should feel that a still more serious responsibility is attached to the faith they profess. All our Christians get daily teaching, but for some little time past we have begun to prepare them for Confirmation, that is, have given them additional instruction, and now we have received formal notice of Confirmation.

Of our little House of Mercy we have great hopes though it is but in its infancy. There are at present five, two sad to relate being Christians. One of these came in of her own accord, and has evidently never received any teaching. The other was sent from Scinde, and seems to have led a very bad life. Coming across such cases as these makes one return with double vigor to the building up of one's converts. Surely we are answerable to the Great Judge Eternal if our converts do not find their Bread of Life in Him, their shelter beneath the Great Rock, and their Clothing in the Garment of His Righteousness. In the House of Mercy there is quite a young girl who was much incensed at being placed with us. She was "going to the devil" as fast as she could. Her relations are Mohammedans, with the exception of an aunt who is our Christian Ayah, and who, I suppose, caused her to be brought, as they wished to save her from being disreputable. She looked so dirty and so disagreeable when she came. One day she had given a great deal of trouble, and our Ayah—very vexed at the Bari Miss Sahiba being so much troubled—took upon herself to give her niece a sound thrashing, which caused such howling that in my bedroom I thought one of these promising individuals must be trying to kill another. However, hearing Miss Hewlett's voice there I was reassured. The aunt seemed to have digested the truth "spare the rod, spoil the child," for from that day the girl improved, and now instead of meeting a scowling dirty face when you go in, a bright smile greets you accompanied by a "salaam." Such a

change! Let us pray that the heart may be changed too. A fair exterior is not enough, though it goes some way towards cheering the worker.

You know there are a great many Mohammedans in Amritsar, and from time to time they seem to get very angry at the hold which the Christian religion has on the people. Lately we have had mothers afraid to hear the Bible, because of a certain Mohammedan "missionary," as he calls himself, who tries to intimidate the people, and has a scheme for opening schools for girls where they are to read nothing but the Koran. It is not likely that he will make any way, as it is not an age in which even Zenana women are content to remain ignorant, much less to have their children's minds "unschooled." The conspicuous appearance of any Anti Christ only shows the living power of "The Christ" more conspicuously. If I may reverently make the contrast, I will tell you a significant episode in connection with Mr. Karney's visit. He preached several mornings at our Hindustani Church. After one of the services, our Ayah said, "it was very evident that Jesus Christ was walking about." Meaning that the Word of God had come to her with power. Well, shortly afterwards, the above mentioned Mohammedan missionary appeared on the scene and printed a notice in English to the effect that a lecture on the "Sacred Books of the East," which had been listened to with such wrapt interest and attention by a few hundred men a week or two earlier. I don't know what sort of audience the Mohammedan Missionary had, but of this we may be sure (again I write with all reverence) that the representative of a living Christ carried with him a conviction which the Apostle of a dead Mohammed and an Anti Christ could not possibly convey. We, and I suppose the whole missionary body everywhere, are hoping that the late Missionary Conference may warm up many consecrated hearts to the point of saying "I will go." But will it not be easier for any hearts so moved, not to start forward on the sacred embassy, or it may be on the equally sacred time of probation and preparation, with the war cry "the laborers are so few, the work so arduous," but with the sublime and prophetic utterance "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the deserts a highway for our God." His near coming is the hope of the Church, and everything seems outshone by the approaching brilliance of what will be the consummation of bliss for the Waiting Bride, and the birthday of—God only knows—how many souls. Let the electric wire between England and her adopted country be, until "that day," one which no storm can injure or destroy, "Behold He cometh!"

CHURCH OF ENGLAND ZENANA SOCIETY.

Owing to ill health Miss Swainson will not be able to come to Canada as a deputation from the

C. E. Z. S. The Home Committee have, however, secured Miss Ling, a lady who has recently returned from India. She will arrive in Canada (D. V.) in August.

Books and Periodicals Dept.

"The Great Value and Success of Foreign Missions. Proved by Distinguished Witnesses." By Rev. John Liggins, author of "One Thousand Phrases in English and Japanese," "England's Opium Policy," etc., etc. With an Introduction by Arthur T. Pierson, D. D. 12mo, 249 pages. Paper, 35c., cloth, 75c.

A powerful presentation of overwhelming evidence from *independent sources*, largely that of Diplomatic Ministers, Viceroys, Governors, Military and Naval Officers, Consuls, Scientific and other travellers in heathen and Mohammedan countries, and in India and the British Colonies. It also contains leading facts and late statistics of Foreign Missions. We would strongly recommend all friends of missionary work to get this valuable book. Independent testimony has been collected together in ready form and shows that missionary work is a power little dreamed of by some.

The Missionary Review of the World for June comes full of missionary intelligence and advocacy. Published by Funk and Wagnalls, 18 and 20 Astor Place, New York. \$2 per year; 25 cents for single numbers. In clubs of ten, \$1.50.

The Churchman: New York, M. H. Malory & Co., 37 Lafayette Place, New York. A weekly Church paper, now in its 45th year of publication, and well known as one of the best Church periodicals in existence. Subscription, \$3.50 a year; for clergymen, \$3.

Literature, An Illustrated Monthly Magazine: John B. Alden, Publisher, 393 Pearl St., New York.

SAYS *The Churchman* (New York):—The Jesuits, crushed in Europe, "bob up serenely" in Canada. Montreal and Quebec have stood still for the past hundred years chiefly through the torpifying influence of Romanism. Winking virgins, and miracle-working relics, banished from France and Germany, are enshrined on the shores of the St. Lawrence. A fair field is there offered for the revival of ecclesiastical mediaevalism trampling down commerce, progress and political freedom. It is a melancholy sight, and the recent huge indemnity voted at Ottawa to the order of Ignatius Loyola is one among many evidences that the power of intrigue and diplomacy among Romanists is a mighty and a fearful thing. The only consolation is that all false systems, prosperous as they appear, have an invariable nemesis; and one day Canada will awake from her present condition and look back upon it as a detestable and shameful dream.