

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

THE CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE

AND MISSION NEWS

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

VOL. X.

TORONTO, JUNE, 1896.

No. 120.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

No. 120—CHURCH OF ST. JAMES THE APOSTLE,
MONTREAL.



SKETCH of the parish of St. James the Apostle would hardly be complete without a preliminary glance at the previous record of its rector, who, in addition to founding this parish, has taken an active and prominent part in the development of the parochial system and the extension of the Church in Montreal.

In June, 1848, the Rev. Jacob Ellegood was appointed junior assistant at Christ Church, now the cathedral church of Montreal. Point St. Charles being then a portion of the original parish of Montreal, its pastoral care was in a measure assigned to Rev. Mr. Ellegood. Here he was called upon to minister to the unfortunate victims of ship fever and smallpox, who died in such numbers during the years 1847-48 that many bodies at a time had to be cast together into one grave. The spiritual care of these poor creatures cost the Church in this province the lives of seven of her most devoted missionaries. Mr. Ellegood, though his life was spared, received into his system an amount of the poisonous virus of the deadly diseases to which he was constantly exposed which told injuriously upon his system in after years.

In October, 1848, he was appointed incumbent of St. Anne's Church, Griffintown, a district contiguous to Point St. Charles,

which, being at that time most deficient in sanitary appliances, became the most plague-stricken section of the city during the great outbreak of cholera in 1849.

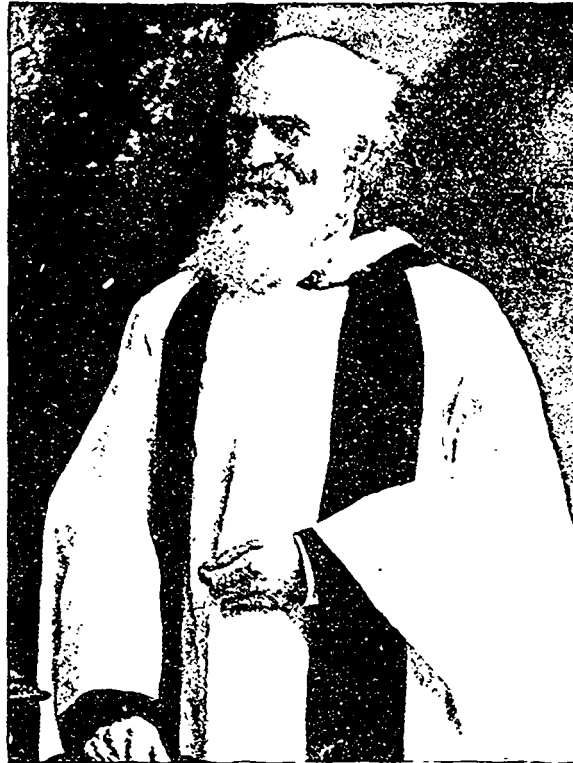
The trials occasioned to pastor and people by this dreadful disease were aggravated by the destruction of the church by fire in 1850. The building having been mortgaged to the full extent of its value, the insurance was only sufficient to cover the debt, leaving nothing to go towards rebuilding. By hard and diligent

efforts, however, a sufficient sum was shortly raised to justify the erection of a new church and schoolhouse.

At this juncture it was proposed to move to a more attractive locality; Mr. Ellegood, however, maintained that the site of the church having been given expressly for the poor inhabitants of Griffintown it would not be right or honorable to move it to any other neighborhood.

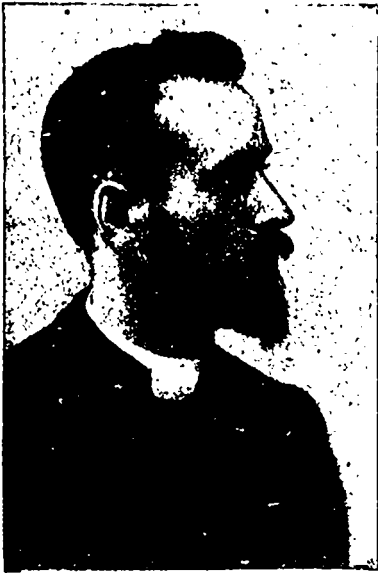
The only change that was made was in the name of the church. A Roman Catholic church of St. Ann having been built near by during the interval between the burning of the old church and the erection of the new, it was thought advisable,

by way of distinction, that a different name should be adopted. The new church was therefore known as St. Stephen's and was opened for divine service towards the end of the year 1851. Though the original St. Stephen's has since been replaced by a more handsome and capacious building, the church and parish still remain in the neighborhood which it was the desire of the founders to provide with the regular and permanent ministrations of the



REV. JACOB ELLEGOOD, M.A.,

Rector of the Church of St. James the Apostle, and Canon of Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal



REV. G. ABBOTT SMITH, M.A.,
Assistant Minister, St. James the Apostle, Montreal.

Church. About this time it was deemed necessary to open a mission for the growing population of Point St. Charles. This work, which at first was personally conducted by the incumbent of St. Stephens in addition to his own parochial duties, has developed in course of time into the large and flourishing parish of Grace Church, which is now under the able administration of the Rev. Dr. Ker, and is one of the most active and important centres of Church work in Montreal.

As time went on there were increasing indications of a westward movement of the population, which would call for church accommodation in a hitherto unoccupied quarter. It was to meet this need that the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles Phillips gave a piece of ground on St. Catherine street, then in the midst of green fields, this gift being at once augmented by another from the heirs of the Mackay estate. Besides an additional donation from Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, the latter built the tower and spire in memory of a beloved brother. She also gave, shortly before her death, a costly chime of bells, and remembered the church in her will by a gift of \$10,000, this being all in addition to various smaller bequests which were made at different times.

The Church of St. James the Apostle, thus generously helped at the outset, was soon completed, and was opened on the 1st of May, 1864. The present rector, Rev. Canon Ellegood, M.A., was appointed by Bishop Fulford, in accordance with the wishes of all concerned.

Since its foundation the history of the church has been one of steady growth and increasing influence. A mission was opened at Cote St. Paul, which has been devotedly served, as a

labor of love, by Dr. Leo H. Davidson, Q.C., for nearly twenty years. Later on, another mission was opened in the lower part of the parish, which is inhabited by a poor population. This was successfully worked for some time by the Rev. Samuel Massey, and was reopened a year ago at Richmond Square, where the work is being carried on by lay readers, with the aid of the parochial circle of King's Daughters, who have charge of a weekly mothers' meeting, and who perform the work of district visitors, besides interesting themselves in various ways in the welfare of the people.

In 1892 the growth of the population seemed to demand the erection of a chapel of ease in the western part of the parish. Being opened on Advent Sunday, it was called the Church of the Advent. With the Rev. H. Kittson, M.A., as curate-in-charge for a year past, the little church has made great strides, and has now a large and growing congregation.

The rector of St. James the Apostle has thus been spared to see the fruit of his labors in an amount of visible success which it is not given to many men to enjoy. The fabric of the church itself has shared the general growth and improvement of the parish. In 1891 an extension was added to the west end of the church; and, this proving insufficient for the growing needs of the congregation, a north transept was added recently. At the same time the schoolroom was greatly enlarged, improved, and supplied, as well as the church, with electric light.

The original vestry—ecclesiastically south of the chancel—has been enlarged by Mrs. Bowie in memory of her father, the late Mr. W. E. Phillips, and has been furnished with all the needful appointments as a chapel for week-day services. It has been used for daily prayer since Advent, as well as for saint's day celebration of the Holy Communion.

Among the appointments of the church which call for special mention are the silver communion service, of great beauty and value; a handsome Caen-stone pulpit, presented by the late Mr. Harris in memory of Bishop Wilberforce; a brass eagle lectern given by the late Mr. Gilbert Scott in memory of Bishop Fulford; and the reredos, erected in memory of the late Mr. Robert Anderson, for some time treasurer of the diocese.

Besides the circle of King's Daughters, already mentioned, which has been recently organized, a valuable parochial auxiliary has existed for many years in the Ladies' Aid Society, which works for missions and for the poor of the parish, besides taking care of the surplices for clergy and choir. Another flourishing and efficient organization is the Ministering Children's League, which was instituted some six years ago, and has done much good.



CHURCH OF ST. JAMES THE APOSTLE, MONTREAL.

(Showing a portion of the Rectory.)

work among the poor in addition to raising several hundred dollars for parochial purposes. The furnishing and decorating of the chapel, which is much admired, has been the work of the league.

Among those who have been associated with Canon Ellegood as assistants in the past are several whose names are well known in the Canadian Church. The list includes the Rev. Dr. Wright, of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, who gave his services without remuneration; the Rev. Canon DuMoulin, D.C.L.; the Very Rev. Dean Norman, D.D.; the Rev. Prof. DuVernet, B.D., of Wycliffe College; and the Rev. Rural Dean Machin, of Muskoka. The present assistant minister, the Rev. G.

Abbott Smith, M.A., has occupied the position since November, 1891, when he gave up a similar appointment at Christ Church Cathedral to take up work in St. James'.

So many prominent laymen have been connected with the church that it would be invidious to single out any of them, and there is not space to mention them all. Suffice it to say that there are at present several delegates to Synod and many lay readers belonging to the parish.

THE CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE has been localized in the parish since January, 1895, the present circulation of the *Parish Magazine* being three hundred copies.

The congregation were never more united.

earnest, and aggressive than now; and it is humbly believed that they are enjoying "the blessing of the Lord" which "maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it."

THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY.

BY THE EDITOR.

REIGN OF CHARLES I. (b).

LAUD was a firm Episcopalian. He believed the Anglican Church to possess a true succession of bishops from the days of the apostles to his own. He therefore strove to strengthen the Church wherever he found an opportunity for doing so. Shortly after he became Archbishop, his attention was called to the condition of the Church in Ireland. He was led to believe that the popish priests there far outnumbered the English clergy. He wrote to Thomas Wentworth, better known in history by the title of Strafford, which he afterwards received—at that time Lord Deputy of Ireland—to do all in his power to strengthen the Church there. In May, 1634, Laud accepted the position of Chancellor of the University of Dublin, the government of which he succeeded in greatly improving. The primate of Ireland at that time was the celebrated Usher, Archbishop of Armagh, who had a decided objection to the Thirty-nine Articles, because, in his judgment, they were not sufficiently "Calvinistic." Laud, as the High Churchman of the period, insisted upon these articles being introduced into the Irish convocation, and, in the end, succeeded. Times have somewhat changed since then, for men of extreme views—such as Laud, in his own day, was accused of holding—see in the Thirty-nine Articles a document tinged with Calvinism to the very last degree. In the Church work which Laud did in Ireland he had a good friend and supporter in the Lord Deputy.

Archbishop Laud now turned his attention to Scotland. He had visited Scotland, it will be remembered, in 1633, with King Charles, and while there he made a good impression upon the people by his preaching, so much so that it is thought that if the king had had the courage to insist upon the use of the liturgy in the Scottish Church his point would have been easily carried; but, if so, the opportunity certainly was not seized upon. The Archbishop now desired to cause the Scottish Church to conform as nearly as possible to the Church of England; but, unfortunately, he seems to have used too much haste in the matter, and, owing to the intense fear of the Scotch people lest anything "popish" should be introduced, the attempt proved a

failure. It was not the English liturgy that Laud hoped to induce the Scotch to accept, but a prayer book very much altered from it, and more adapted to the Scotch mind—a book, too, that was prepared by some of their own divines. But still it was looked upon as popery in disguise; and the attempt to introduce it met with a perfect tumult of opposition. In the fine old Church of St. Giles, in Edinburgh, the spot is shown from which Jenny Geddes hurled the stool at the dean's head in his attempt to read the liturgy for the first time in Scotland. It strikes the visitor that Jenny must have had a pretty strong arm to hurl so bulky a missile the distance that is indicated, but the guide's assertion that the arms of women in those days were stronger than now is perhaps not easy to answer.

King Charles was very angry at the opposition to the use of the liturgy in Scotland, and caused Laud to write to the authorities there to enforce it; but this openly led to rebellion. The people became terribly hardened against Episcopacy. The battle was totally lost. The Scotch people would have none of it. They formed a Solemn League and Covenant. The men who signed it seem, in these calmer days of history, like madmen. They declared that Christ Himself was a covenanter; that Scotland could never be free from the wrath of God till all the bishops were "hanged up before the Lord"; and Presbyterianism was declared to be "fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners."

Whatever may be said of King Charles and Archbishop Laud in this lamentable failure to bring the English and Scotch churches into communion with one another, it must be remembered that they had to deal with men whose minds were in no ordinary temper, and whose fanaticism was far beyond what is usually encountered.

In time the Scottish League and Covenant spread to England, and produced dire opposition, not only to the Anglican Church, but to the king himself. An ominous league was formed between the Covenanters of Scotland and the Puritans of England.

Laud, in the year 1635, was made Lord Treasurer of England, but the position of a state officer was as distasteful to him as it was repugnant to the nation that an archbishop, to say nothing of a Laud, should hold it. He therefore in about a year resigned it, but he procured as his successor the most conscientious man he could find in England, and this was Dr. William Juxon, who had succeeded him in the bishopric of London. Laud had discovered that the position had been grossly abused by the holders of it for their own enrichment, and Juxon, he thought, would be more faithful to public trust. It is pleasing to know that the end justified this expectation. Juxon was a

truly upright man, of whom we shall soon hear more.

The mind of the Archbishop ran naturally upon the universities, and he expressed a desire, by right of his position as primate, to visit them. This right, however, was disputed and was referred to the king; and, although Charles decided in favor of Laud, still the Archbishop did not carry out the proposed visitation. At Oxford, however, as chancellor of the university, he received a visit from the king and queen, where their majesties were greeted with great festivity, which, to please the queen, included some plays of a light and (to say the least) frivolous character. Such were the times.

But great improvements had taken place in the country, and the condition of the clergy was considerably ameliorated. Sound learning had been inculcated among them, and the attainments of the "Caroline divines" are respected in history. A feeling, however, of hatred to the Church had sprung up chiefly among the uneducated classes, and many were emigrating to America. This emigration from England was stopped by the king, who soon saw that he had made a mistake in doing so, for some of those who afterwards proved to be his greatest enemies were among those ready and even anxious to quit England forever. It was about this time that Laud conceived the idea of sending a bishop to New England with the hopes of counteracting the influence of the Puritans there. Had he been able to carry this out untold good would have resulted to the Church in America, and Laud would have covered himself with glory. But there was too much to engage his attention at home. Every one seems to have fallen upon evil days. The bishops were maligned and ridiculed in a most scurrilous manner—such terms being applied to them as "limbs of the beast," even "Anti-christ," "rook-catchers," "soul-murdering hirelings," "atheists," "traps and wiles of the dragon dogs," "dumb dogs," "thieves," "false prophets," and "antichristian mush-rumps." Writers using such language should have been heavily punished as traducers of character, but the government of the day was not of sufficient firmness to deal with such disturbers of the peace. If Laud could have had his way a punishment commensurate with their offence would have been inflicted upon them. Enough punishment was imposed to irritate, but not enough to deter. Laud would have pushed it to the bitter end—or pushed it "thorough," as it was expressed.

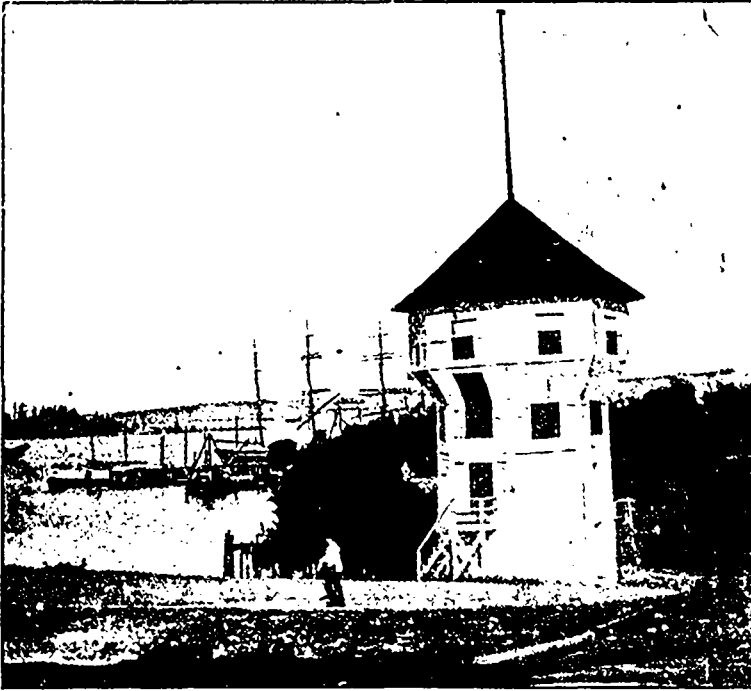
In the year 1637 some charges were brought against Williams, Lord Bishop of Lincoln, and Laud exerted himself strenuously against him. He was charged with revealing the king's secrets, speaking scandalous language against him, and with refusing to pay the tax of ship-money.

Some letters also of the bishop were found in which he spoke of Laud (who was short of stature) as "the little urchin" and the "little meddling hocus pocus," a term best covered, perhaps, by the American word "humbug." Laud was easily irritated, a weakness which those opposed to him in debate were not slow to discover. One Lord Cottington used to delight to irritate him and lead him to say foolish things in the heat of temper, especially in the presence of the king—things for which Laud would afterwards be truly sorry—and then the cruel lord would dine with him.

The Bishop of Lincoln was found guilty of the charges laid against him, and was deprived of all offices and preferments, and sentenced to pay £10,000 to the king, to be imprisoned in the Tower during the king's pleasure; also, for slandering the Archbishop, £5,000 more, and £3,000 also to be paid to Laud. There seems to have been something sufficiently "thorough" in all this.

In 1838 the Marquis of Hamilton was sent to quiet the disturbances in Scotland, and he went with the approbation of Laud, who wrote in his diary regarding the marquis and his expedition, "God prosper him." He was not prospered, however. The expedition failed, and Scotland was in open rebellion. The bishops who had been appointed in Scotland left, with four exceptions, for England. The exceptions were Guthrie, who remained to brave every danger, and three others, who abjured their high office and stepped down to Presbyterianism. The style of preaching in Scotland at this time was like the roar of fanaticism gone mad.

In the midst of these events Thomas Wentworth, Lord Deputy of Ireland, returned to England and became the chief adviser of the king, who, in January, 1640, created him Earl of Strafford. He and Laud conferred together regarding the state of the nation, and advised the king to call a parliament. He did so. The parliament met on the 13th of April, 1640, and is known as the "Short Parliament," for its demands were so great and its claims—from the king's standpoint—so unreasonable that it was dissolved by Charles after only a few weeks' session. It was prorogued on the 5th of May. Its prorogation caused great indignation. Five hundred apprentice and other rabble assembled together to hunt "William the Fox for breaking up the parliament." To Lambeth Palace they went on the night of the 11th of May, threatening to pull the Archbishop out and tear him in pieces. But Laud had heard of their designs, and was so far ready for them that they were unable to break down the defences he had caused to be made, and, therefore, he escaped the dreadful doom that the crowd had had in store for him.



BASTION OF OLD HUDSON'S BAY FORT, NANAIMO, B.C.

See page 128.

This was the handwriting on the wall. The feeling against the tyranny of the king in dismissing the parliament was intense. And with the king, of course, people associated the Archbishop, whose life was in positive danger. Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, had been assassinated, and it was darkly hinted that such a fate was in store for Laud. And he himself was fully aware of it, and prepared himself for it as he best could. He knew that assassination was approved of, in certain cases, by the Covenanters, who were able to find texts of scripture, or certain scriptural expressions, which they quoted as authority sometimes for the worst of deeds. The Archbishop had now nearly lived out his time. He was close upon seventy years of age, yet the bitter hatred that existed against him made him feel that his gray hairs were not to go down to the grave in peace. The whole of Scotland was against him—all the Puritans, all the Jesuits and Roman Catholics of every kind, all Independents, Anabaptists, Familists, Gospellers, and every other wild fanatical sect, of which England was then full, were banded together to bring down the poor old man whose only crime really was that he truly loved the Church of which he was Archbishop, and strove to put her in what he considered to be her true position.

The outlook for the nation, for the king, and for himself was certainly dark enough; but still he was a man of bravery, and one who

could not easily be turned away from his duty.

After the failure of the rabble who had assembled "to hunt William the Fox," the Archbishop went on as usual with the performance of his duties. Parliament was prorogued, but Convocation was still in session, and of that he was the president. He supposed that it would be dissolved also, but was much surprised, and indeed vexed, to find that the king desired its sessions to continue. It had voted him a large supply of money, to be paid during a term of six years, and he hoped to receive further favors at its hands. It remained, therefore, in session till the 29th of May, but it did little more for the king beyond ratifying the money granted him. It passed, however, seventeen canons to regulate ecclesiastical

affairs. These canons dealt with such questions as the suppression of popery, Socinianism, and all sectaries, such as Brownists, Anabaptists, Separatists, and all others of a like kind; the prevention of all innovations in doctrine and governments, the defining of the regal power, and many other subjects on which there had been but little or no previous legislation.

No fault could reasonably be found with any of these canons, except by the supporters of the systems they condemned; and, at first, they were favorably received. But so suspicious was every one in those days that it began to be feared that a trap lay somewhere in the canons to catch the unwary, and some one suggested that it lay in the oath which it declared should be taken by the clergy, and, in certain cases, even by the laity. The oath ran that they never would consent to any alteration in the government of the Church by bishops, deans, archdeacons, etc. It was declared that the sting lay in the tail—the trap was in the word *et cetera*! This was the snare and the pitfall. This was the work of "William the Fox"—for in that term *et cetera* what hidden designs might lie! For this reason it was held up to public execration and was dubbed the "*et cetera* oath"—a term which has clung to it ever since. How little are the minds of men sometimes, and how easily are they duped! And yet, again, how terrible were the days in which Archbishop Laud was

called upon to live, when an innocent term like "et cetera" could set a whole nation by the ears!

(To be continued.)

THE CAMERA IN THE MISSION FIELD.

BY REV. P. L. SPENCER.



AN interesting addition to these Yale souvenirs was obtained in the form of a photograph of an old abandoned Cariboo wagon, which had done valuable service thirty years before in the time of the gold excitement in the Pacific province. The vehicle, before its superannuation, had probably been drawn by mules or oxen many hundreds of miles over the built-up road that led, by the edge of precipices a thousand feet high, to the gold-diggings. The thought occurred to me that it might still be utilized as an object of illustration in a sermon on the danger of riches. A photograph of the Anglican church, with its adjoining mission-house and pleasant surroundings of mountain-base and garden-plot, completed my manual work in this almost deserted village. At one time the head of river navigation and chief depot for miners' supplies, the place has sunk to the level of an ordinary C.P.R. rural station, its former large population having become literally *decimated*. The railway, in building up other places, has had the effect of pulling down this.

Between Yale and Vancouver one sees at intervals snow capped Mount Baker, in Washington Territory, U.S., 60 miles to the south, "a beautiful isolated cone, rising 13,000 feet above the surface of the country." Being so purely white, and standing at so great a distance, it proves, however, in a photograph somewhat disappointing.

At last one reaches the terminus of the great transcontinental railway. Although a city young enough still to be in its teens, Vancouver contains some surprisingly fine buildings. One of these, the opera house, shows that the people have plenty of spare money. The C.P.R. hotel gives evidence of the power and prosperity of Canada's greatest railway corporation. That which interested me most, however, was a visit to a Chinese mission school. The time spent in it was necessarily short, as I had a lecture engagement for the same evening in another part of the city. I was able, nevertheless, to take away with me a memento of the visit in the form of a flash-light impression of the assembly of earnest lads. I have cause to retain a very vivid mental photograph of the occasion, as, in my haste to perform the mechanical part of the operation, I inadvertently placed the thumb of my left hand *above* the

metal plate containing the magnesium powder, while I applied the burning match to the fuse with the right hand. The result was the creation of a profound sensation and the production of a deep impression, but wholly upon myself. The physical suffering, however, was soon more than counterbalanced by the pleasurable feeling due to the development of the highly successful negative.

In the realm of natural scenery, I secured while in Vancouver a view of the entrance to Stanley park, in order to give friends in the East some notion of the magnificent proportions of these giants of the Pacific forests, the cedar and fir trees.

In Victoria, reached after a delightful trip of four hours across the salt water, I obtained a pleasing panorama view from the tower of the Anglican cathedral. A visit to Esquimalt (with the accent on the "qui") afforded the opportunity of capturing with the arts of peace two of Her Majesty's ships of war, the *Nymph* and the *Warspite*. Between the city and this noted naval station stand the barracks of the garrison of soldiers maintained by the Dominion Government. These buildings, with a battery of several cannon stationed in front—one of which roared out the midday salute as I stood on a rock on the opposite side of the inlet—received a shot from the photographic weapon. A strange circumstance connected with this exposure was the taking of two sea-gulls as they gracefully glided, unperceived by the camerist, above the barracks and along the range of possible vision. Having satisfied the sentiments of loyalty and patriotism, I re-entered the city and explored the Chinese quarter.

The fine business house of Tai Yune & Co., that would grace any town having a white population, was added to the objects made to serve the purposes of the tourist, a group of Mongolians standing by and wondering at his movements. Later in the day a visit was paid to the interior of this building, and a very pleasant hour was spent with a large number of Chinese youths, who had assembled for the receiving of instruction in the American man's language and religion. A view taken on the occasion included Rev. E. F. Lipscombe, the chaplain. Five months afterwards a lantern-slide made from the negative was shown, along with other illustrations of this trip, in a parish in England in which Mr. Lipscombe had been a curate. This parish was visited in the ordinary course of the tour of the writer, who was not aware of the coincidence until certain exclamations were made by the rector when the scene was projected on the sheet.

An excursion 70 miles north to Nanaimo, the coal city of the Pacific, brought my long journey to a termination. There I might have descended a coal mine, but I was satisfied with a look into its dark depths. I enjoyed rowing

The following is a brief account of the native workers shown in the picture :

Mr. Sutejiro Soga is a graduate of Keio Gijiku University, Tokyo. On graduating he received an appointment in the prefecture of Gifu, which he held for some time, but on returning to the capital he accepted the offer of a mastership in the boys' school attached to his *alma mater*. When the province of Shinano was set apart by the bishops in Japan as the Canadian mission field, and the Rev. J. G. Waller left Fukushima to begin work in Nagano, Mr. Soga accompanied him as his teacher, and since that time has as a layman done most excellent work for the Church.

The Reverend James Isao Mizuno is one of the oldest members of the Nippon Sei Kokwai (Japanese Holy Church). For eighteen years he worked at Kobe, as a layman, with the Rev. H. J. Foss, an S.P.G. missionary. In 1890 he was ordained deacon, but in the spring of 1895 was obliged to resign the curacy of St. Michael's Church on account of failing health. He then returned to his native province, Shinano, where he took a complete rest for about nine months. This, together with the change in climate, brought back his failing strength, and with it a burning desire to continue his work as a clergyman of the Church. With the Bishop's consent he moved to Nagano, which is not far from his old home, and since the beginning of the year has been working with Mr. Waller. He is an invaluable addition to the Canadian staff, for he is a good preacher, and has had a long experience in mission work.

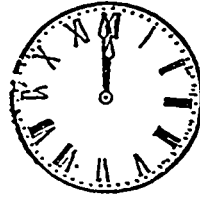
The Reverend Masazo Kakuzen is also a graduate of Keio Gijiku University, and taught there for six years. In the year 1890 he went to Canada with the Rev. Arthur Lloyd, to improve his education, and while there made a great many friends. He passed his examination for deacon's orders, and was ordained at St. Alban's Cathedral by the Bishop of Toronto in 1893, and in the fall of the same year was sent back to his own country as a missionary. He worked with Mr. Waller for some time at Nagano after his return, but in May, 1894, opened up new work at Matsumoto, which is in the middle of the province. In September, 1895, the Rev. F. W. Kennedy took charge of this work, thus forming a second centre in the Canadian mission, with Matsumoto as its headquarters.

Mr. Seishiro Ushiyama is a native of Shinano. He received his education at a military school at Konodai, near Tokyo. While there he heard about Christianity, and, in spite of persecutions received at the hands of his companions and officers, became a Christian. After serving some years as a non-commissioned officer, he went back to his old home, where he received a position in the village police office. But his desire to learn more about Christianity led him

to give up this position and go to Nagano to work with Mr. Waller. When war broke out between China and Japan he was summoned to Tokyo to join his old regiment; before leaving for the scene of conflict he was made a sergeant, but on the arrival of his regiment at Kingchiu (China) peace had been restored. On his return he was promoted to the rank of ensign and offered a good position, but he refused it, preferring to receive a small salary and return to his old work among the Christians in Nagano. He is now in charge of the preaching station at Inariyama, which is under Mr. Waller's oversight.

Woman's Auxiliary Department.

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



Remember daily the mid-day prayer for missions.

"Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost part of the earth for thy possession": Ps. ii. 8.

The Woman's Auxiliary of St. Jude's Church, Oakville, last fall sent a bale of clothing, etc., to the Northwest. They have received the following instructive reply from Rev. T. H. Hobbs, a missionary at Lake St. Martin, Man. It is well worth reading. We thank St. Jude's Branch for sending it to us:

SANDY BAY INDIAN RESERVE,

December 31st, 1895.

Corresponding Secretary St. Jude's Woman's Auxiliary, Oakville, Ont.:

I have just received a bale of clothing from the Rupert's Land Woman's Auxiliary, the contents of which were forwarded to them by St. Jude's Woman's Auxiliary. I desire to thank you very much for the kind, Christian interest taken in these poor Indians. Kindly convey my thanks to the ladies of St. Jude's for their generosity. A word regarding the work, and the people among whom the work is being done, will not be inappropriate, and may, perhaps, increase the interest taken in them, and promote a desire to help them still further. These poor people are much in need of friends. They need to be lifted up, and led into nobler and higher realms of thought and action than they move in at the present. The good seed has been sown, and the planted fields are being carefully attended to. The Master's Word is being taught them, and it is gratifying to be able to say that the good work is not lost upon

them, but is bearing fruit, which will undoubtedly blossom in eternity. The Indian has a most profound regard for God. Even the heathen Indian (of whom, happily, there are but four families in this entire district) will listen respectfully, and even reverently, to anything you may tell him about God or the Saviour. The Indian has a deeply-rooted and unshakable faith in the Great Spirit. It may seem strange to you (if you do not already know) to be told that in the heathen religious traditions of these poor Indians there are stories identical with the Bible records. Where they got them is difficult to understand. They have a tradition which is identical with the Bible history of Noah. They call their Noah Neen-ah-boos. They say he was the father of their race, and that he came from a country very, very far away. Long, long ago, they say the whole world was deluged, and that Neen-ah-boos and his family were the only people who survived. He had been warned of the deluge by the Great Spirit, and commanded to prepare an immense raft which was to carry him and his family in safety over the turbulent waters. He was also commanded by the Great Spirit to take with him on the raft animals of every kind. Neen-ah-boos faithfully followed the commands of the Great Spirit, and when the deluge came was saved from the common destruction. After being carried about hither and thither, by wind and wave, for a considerable time, he sent a muskrat out to find the depth of water in the place where he then was, as he fancied the deluge was diminishing. The rat returned with a mouthful of mud, which Neen-ah-boos scattered on the face of the waters, and this was repeated again and again, until at last the waters subsided and the land again appeared. He was a very industrious little rat, and Neen-ah-boos evidently kept him hustling.

These Indians (in their Indian lore) say that they were the people who originally replenished the world after the deluge, and it is peculiar that in their language they have no word for people other than the name they call themselves by. They have different names for the different races of mankind, but in saying, "I saw a large concourse of people," you would have to say, "I saw a large concourse of Indians," even though the gathering referred to may only have been composed entirely of white men.

They also have a tradition identical with the history of Jonah, and several others which, however, I hesitate to reproduce, as I do not, as yet, know them well enough. Mixed up with their traditional lore is the good old friend of our childhood, Santa Claus, whom they call Nee-buh-kut-i-e-gay, literally, "the one who levels all equally," or the one (person) who does not draw distinction between persons.

I have been told several droll stories of this remarkable old character. He is certainly a merry old rascal (the Indian Santa Claus), but I have only just got word of him, and when I know him better I will attempt to give you a little of his history and exploits. I am gradually becoming acquainted with those stories, and though only absurd superstitions they are interesting and often humorous. I learn them from my wife, who is a pure Indian, and as she progresses with English I am able to gain a deeper and a more practical knowledge of the people among whom, the Lord helping me, I propose to live and try to raise.

These Indians are Sotos, a branch of Ojibbeway or Chippeway. They are at present in the transitional stage between semi-barbarism and civilization, but, thank God, the tendency is upward. They are improving every year, and in due time will be properly fitted to take their place in the ranks of the battle of life, and will not, when the proper time comes, hold a place inferior to white people.

The first missionary who came to this district (an Englishman, C.M.S.) established himself some fifty-six years ago at Fairford. And it is highly deserving of remark that, in the vicinity of the mission, what was then a wild wilderness is now dotted over with clean, well-kept houses and gardens. The people, who were at that time simply terror-spreading, untamed children of the forest, are now, without even a single exception, an intelligent, self-respecting, and prosperous Christian community.

The "old, old story of Jesus and his love," practically backed up by Christian charity and forbearance, softened their hearts, soothed their savagery, and led them step by step into a more exalted plane of life.

The missionary (the Rev., afterward Ven. Archdeacon Cowley) first made himself acquainted with their own heathen theology, and preached his first sermon to them about the flood. The Indians have a tradition that the Great Spirit had given Neen-ah-boos (Noah) a book which was His own Word. Neen-ah-boos bequeathed it at his death to someone who afterwards lost it. They became deeply impressed with the fact that the pale-faced stranger should have been able to tell them out of the book the very history which they were traditionally cognizant of themselves. It was not difficult to demonstrate to them that this was the correct history, rather than their way of putting it, as a covered ark would be absolutely necessary for the preservation of both animal and human life. On the raft, the creatures, as well as their pilot and his family, would soon have perished from exposure.

The reverend gentleman led them on gradually to a deeper knowledge of the Word, and his self-sacrificing labors were eventually

crowned with the success he so richly deserved. He had the satisfaction of seeing a large number of the Indians adopt the "praying religion." (The "praying religion" is the Indian synonym for Christianity.) He established a school, taught their little children, and was the means, in God's hand, of bringing them to the feet of Jesus.

The Ven. Archdeacon was succeeded by the Rev. Henry Stagg, who, in turn, was succeeded by the Rev. George Bruce, a native of the province. Mr. Bruce is the present incumbent. He is now a veteran in the mission field, having labored there for the last thirty years or so, and has done good work, as the present flourishing condition of the mission amply testifies. English is now the language of Fairford. Who shall, in the face of facts like this, understate and disparage Christian influence?

The great "I Am" has declared, "My word shall not return unto me void," and His decrees are immutable. Right here in this district, and among the people I live in the midst of, souls born in darkness have been led into the light of the Gospel of grace, and have left this world of sorrow to enjoy the never-fading glories of the land of eternal day. Thank God, the Indians are gradually rising to a knowledge of higher and better things. Education is advancing them, and, by and by, they will be fitted to take a place side by side with their white brethren.

But it must necessarily take a long time to elevate a nation. These poor people were sunk for centuries and centuries in the profoundest intellectual and mental darkness. And, worse, they were also sunk in moral and spiritual darkness as well. It is only since the Dominion confederation that education has been general among them. When we consider how they were brought up, and the utter lack of anything in their wretched surroundings that can possibly favor or conduce to intellectual development, it is just to them to say that they have progressed surprisingly in the last quarter of a century. They must, at one time, have been an intellectual people. The intricacies of the verbal form in their language, and their symmetry and completeness, point clearly to this. But they had deteriorated sadly, though they are now again being lifted to the position of civilized beings.

Work among the school children is by no means dull. It has its bright side, and is not by any means deficient in the humorous as well. Sometimes funny mistakes are made by the little scholars, which, when they come to understand them, give them as much amusement as they do myself.

But industrial schools are unquestionably the best and quickest means of elevating the Indians. The contrast between those who

have received an industrial training and those who have not has but to be seen to be appreciated.

These little children are sharp, many of them are bright and clever, some, of course, are stupid, but the average Indian child is not, by any means, deficient in capacities; and, if led and trained in early youth, would make intelligent men and women. Those who have enjoyed the benefit of an industrial school training approximate the whites so closely in customs and manners that their racial difference would not be discernible, if complexional distinction did not betray it.

There are on the reserve seventeen children of school age, but I am pleased to say there are thirty-six names on my register (school age is from six to sixteen), being nine more than I could by legal process compel to attend. But there is no trouble to get them to attend. They are punctual, and the parents are anxious that the children should be taught; and I have been given full liberty to use the rod freely, if they are in any way insubordinate.

I conduct two services here on Sunday, and in the summer time I conduct a Sunday-school as well. All are well attended. The Indians attend *en masse*. They listen gladly to the Word. There are no stay-at-homes. I teach school five days in the week, visit, and perform many other duties which can scarcely be specified. The work is hard and the life rough, and, until a few months ago, lonely, but it is comforting to see that my efforts to do them good are appreciated.

I have written you a much longer letter than I had at first intended, but I trust that it may interest you.

And now, praying that He who rules over all may bless your labors and crown them with success during the year we are just entering upon, believe me to be,

Yours very sincerely,

T. H. HOBBS (Teacher).

(Copyrighted by Thomas Whitaker.)

THE COOK AND THE CAPTIVE; OR, ATTALUS THE HOSTAGE.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER I.—LEO IN HIS KITCHEN.

"LEO, Leo, give me a bit of cake." So spoke a boy of about ten years old, wearing a white serge tunic with purple borderings, and a round gold ornament hung round his neck.

"You, Attalus, I thought you were at your studies," returned Leo, a brawny young man, scantily clad in dark wool, who was busy over a stove of tiles, in which were pigeon-holes filled with charcoal. He had just taken out a crisp-

looking pile of little cakes from one of his small ovens.

"By good luck there is a pilgrim come who talks some odd tongue nobody can understand, and they want old Philetus to try to make him out."

"No doubt he left you something to do in the meantime."

"Nay, now, good Leo, don't be cross; I shall know my lines of Virgilius Maro twice as well if you sweeten them with one of those delicious honey cakes. Why, it is all about the bees, and how to get a swarm."

"You read me off your bees three times over, sir, and then I'll give you a honey cake."

"Leo, that's too bad! You might as well be old Philetus himself with his bald head and wrinkled brow."

"Come, come, or I shall be asking what you are doing in my kitchen, and calling Rhys to pin a cloth to your tail."

"Now, don't be cross, good Leo."

"I like to live and learn," returned the cook, who had indeed a most intelligent face, though very dark and heated and grimed with charcoal. "There, I see your tablet."

"Yes, the old wretch rubbed it over three times just because I had got a letter or two wrong in the spelling."

"There now, let me look. I can tell what that is, sir. That is M."

"Yes, the first letter of *mella*. If he did not go and blot my ears and efface it all because I had not put two l's!"

Attalus was carrying a frame like a slate, but within it was a tablet of wax. On this he had written at his master's dictation his lines of one of the *Georgics* of Virgil, scratching them into the wax with a style, a sharp-pointed steel instrument, and making all the letters capitals, and such as we call printed letters, with no divisions between the words and no stops, so that the only wonder is how anyone ever read them at all.

"Nay, but let me have a bite to moisten my throat before I begin, good Leo, sweet Leo."

"Ah!" said Leo, granting him a broken crumb, "you are not like your grandfather, sir, a very saint. Do you see that dish?"

"Dry stickjaw barley cakes, fit to choke a man," said Attalus. "For the next beggar, I suppose?"

"Nay, they are for my Lord Bishop's own eating. They are his dainties; I am going to put these honey cakes over them, so that his guests may never find out what are his provisions."

"Rather he than I! I know it; and, moreover, that he has a glass colored red up to the brim that none may suspect him of drinking water, but only wine. What good is there in that?"

"Surely you should know, sir; it is the way

wherewith 'he subdueth the old self and the desires and passions thereof."

"But what is the good if no one is to know of it, nor praise him for it?"

"That would take away all the benefit of his humility. "Ah! he is a true saint."

"I wish he was not! I wish he was not a saint or a bishop, but was content to be a senator still."

"For shame, Attalus! I shall give you no more cake if you speak thus profanely."

"I do not see the harm of it. If he was a senator still, we should not have anything but dull old priests and dirty beggars crouching about; but I should have a fine horse and a suit of armor, and not have all this dismal grammar and poetry to weary out my head."

"You would never wish to be like a wild savage Frank or Burgundian?"

"Would I not! They have beautiful horses, and they gallop, throw the spear and hit the mark, and no one dares to gainsay them. They hunt—I have heard their horns in the forest—and shoot and spear the wild boar and the stag, while we can scarce put the tip of our nose outside the walls."

"But you would never give up the name of Roman to be a wild barbarian, and all your great forefathers—"

"I would. I would be free and get beyond this narrow bound, and have done with Virgil and Quintus Curtius and withered old Philetus, and all of them."

"Ah! and Philetus will return to find you if you do not know your lines. Come, sir; first the bees, and then the honey cake."

Attalus with a groan began the lines in which the old Roman poet Virgil in his *Georgics*—a poem about husbandry—describes the mode of dealing with bees; drawing it out and moaning over it much as a boy of any century would do unless he had a real spirit of learning. It was, however, more to him what a task from the "Deserted Village" would be to an English boy, for Latin was his mother tongue, and, in spite of what he had said, he was proud of being a true-born Roman, though these were very sad times for the Romans in Gaul, or indeed anywhere else.

The place he lived in may be found in the map of France, in the department of the Haute-Marne, by the name of Langres. However, the river Marne is probably the only thing that remains the same as it was in the year A.D. 530, and even that has altered its name from *Matrona*. Attalus knew the city by the name of *Andematunum Lingonum*, from the old Gaulish tribe whom the Romans had called *Lingones*; and the present name is taken from that tribe, most of the French towns having been called after the ancient Gallic clans instead or by the names the Roman conquerors gave them.

The Roman Empire had been overrun by many savage nations of the stock we call Teutonic. There were Saxons and Angles, as we all know, in Britain. There were Burgundians in the northwest of Gaul, Goths in the south, Franks in the middle, but they had for the most part not wrought as terrible havoc among the inhabitants as had been the case in England. The Goths and Burgundians had been Christians before they came into the country, and they respected the Roman bishops and even the magistrates; and the Franks were converted not long after they had settled upon the banks of the Seine and Loire.

Most of the towns and cities had strong walls, and these wild men were like the Scot who said he had rather hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak. They did not interfere with the old inhabitants of these fortresses, except now and then to demand sums of money or jewels from them; and the inhabitants all held themselves tributary to the Roman Empire, but were able to govern themselves. Often they made their bishop their governor, and they generally chose one who was able to act as a statesman and manage their affairs with the barbarians. Gregory, the grandfather of Attalus, had been an excellent magistrate or senator, as the office was then called, Augustodunum or Autun. After his wife died he took holy orders, and wished to live a retired life; but the men of Langres, knowing him to be as able and experienced as he was good and holy, elected him to be their bishop, and besought him with tears to accept the office and become their protector.

Thither, then, he moved, after his consecration, with his son Tetricus and his little orphan grandson Attalus. It was a large household, for Gregory was a rich man, and used hospitality freely, though he lived sparingly himself. This kitchen of his—a place very unlike modern kitchens—was a low room fitted throughout with tiles, and with a charcoal stove full of pigeon-holes, one row of them holding the hot embers, those above the food that was to be cooked. A table was at hand on which some cold meats were laid, and there were shelves holding the various utensils.

Just at present there was a pause in the operations, during which Leo stood listening to and sometimes prompting his young master. They were a great contrast. Attalus has a fair skin, rosy cheeks like a girl's, delicate features, and dark eyes, but his hair, cut short in Roman fashion, was light. Leo, on the other hand, had the very blackest and crispest of hair, and great eyes of the darkest hue with bluish whites, and not only his cheeks, but his bare arms and legs were browned as if stained. His features were, however, straight and well formed, and if the blood of a colored race mingled with his it was probably Moorish, and

not negro. He had been born a slave in the family of Gregory, and had been always happy and contented in his lot, for Christianity had much softened the life of servitude, especially with a good master. Leo's father and mother had been lawfully married in church, and always treated kindly and honorably, waited upon like relations through their old age, and buried with all the honors due to Christians, and he, being always intelligent, had early made himself useful and respected in the house; but he had in his youth preferred activity to learning, though since his master had become a bishop, and moved to Langres, keeping his house full of priests, clerks, and the like, Leo had been seized with the ambition to become a scholar, and took every opportunity of picking up what learning he could from Attalus or any other of his housemates.

Supper was, however, near at hand. It might have been called dinner, for it was the only meal to which the household sat down in full order, and it took place at about five o'clock. Snatches of food were taken at other times of the day, and more luxurious households had a regular dinner at twelve, but Bishop Gregory hardly ever ate until the evening, and then he kept open house. So Leo began in haste to take his meats out of their holes and to dish up.

Philetus' voice was also heard calling for Attalus, who had to hasten away to repeat his lesson, not sorry that Leo had insured his learning it.

Philetus was waiting in the court, which was turfed over, though the turf was much burned up by the sun. There was a fountain in the middle, and a colonnade of circular pillars and curiously carved capitals all round the sides, making a cloister, paved with beautiful glazed tiles, forming an intricate pattern in red and yellow. There were benches, stools, chairs and tables in the cloister, for except in the depth of winter it was the common resort of the house, and it served as Attalus' schoolroom.

Philetus was a deacon, a Greek, as might be seen by his clearly defined features. He was not young, and had been cast about a good deal in the world. He had lived through the sack of many cities, and could speak many languages besides the Greek in which he had been educated at Lyons, and thus he had been fitted, so far as acquirements went, to be the tutor of the young Attalus.

"Come, sir, I see you have been wasting your time in gluttony in the kitchen as usual," he exclaimed.

By way of answer, Attalus began to gabble off his lines headlong without a single error.

"Come, sir, this will not do. Let me hear them slowly, and with the right accent."

"Are not you disappointed of your box on the ear? I see your fist doubled." And away

rushed the boy far beyond Philetus' powers of pursuit.

Ere long, however, he came, as running at full speed he turned a corner, with a bounce against a grave-faced person in a dark dress, no other than his uncle Tetricus, a priest and a rather severe man. He caught the runaway by the shoulder and demanded, "What means this, Attalus?"

"It means, father," said Philetus, "that he has treated me with rudeness. I was called away to interpret for the holy man from Ireland, and I gave him a lesson to study. He wastes his time in the kitchen, gabbles something—I know not what—unintelligibly, and flees away that instant without a word."

"He was going to cuff me when I had said the whole without missing a word," responded Attalus.

"No answering again, sir," replied Tetricus; "you who love the kitchen so well have no need of supper. Sit in that corner and study your lines, and half a dozen more for disrespect to your tutor."

"But I said it perfectly, only he would not attend."

"No replying again, I told you. Take your tablet and go into the corner. Think upon the duty of a Christian to submit in silence."

Attalus durst say no more, but he went, violently kicking his heels, into the corner, stuck his iron style viciously into the stones till it broke, and then scribbled with the stump over the wax of his tablet. Heat was needed to take out the writing properly, but to destroy it in this way was a relief of a certain kind to a naughty boy, under a strong sense of injustice.

CHAPTER II.—THE BISHOP'S SUPPER.

"Where is my little Attalus?" asked Bishop Gregory, looking round after blessing the food which was set forth upon a table shaped like a horseshoe, and with its outside arranged for guests, who could recline, in old Roman fashion, upon couches.

The Bishop was a grand-looking old man, with a bald head, but a little silver hair falling upon his neck beneath the remains of his tonsure, which in ancient Gallic fashion, like that Tetricus and the other priests, had been a crown. His beard was long and white, and his garments were of white wool bordered with purple, a gold cross hung round his neck, and he had a sapphire ring on his finger, a delicate finger as of one who had dealt all his life with books. His cheeks were clear and beautiful with the fair pureness of a good old man's age; his eyes dark and still bright and lively as he looked about for the darling of his old age.

"He was insolent to Philetus, sir," said Tetricus, "and I therefore sent him into a

corner of the cloister to learn his lesson and repent."

"What was his insolence? Ask Philetus to come here and relate it."

Philetus came, and bending before his clemency, he told how Attalus had been sent to learn by heart the lines of Virgil to occupy him while his tutor was engaged with the holy pilgrim Gilchrist, then how he had escaped to the kitchen, and then on being called he had gabbled out something, no one knew what, headlong, and so ran off laughing.

"Are you certain that he did not repeat the lines?" asked the Bishop.

"My lord, I am not sure. He recited them off so fast."

"Let him come hither and say them to me," said the Bishop. "He deserves a more severe punishment if he merely pretended to say them; but if he did, and Master Philetus did not hear, well, it is the part of a wise man to have patience with the petulance of boyhood. Let the boy be called."

Attalus came willingly. He knew that he had more justice if not indulgence to look for from his grandfather than from those who called him a spoiled boy.

"Come hither, my child," said the Bishop. "What is this that I hear? That you did not treat Philetus as your tutor and governor."

"Sir, he would not attend to my task, and was about to strike me, because he said I did not know it, when I did, and had just said it," said Attalus, looking up with defiant eyes.

Gregory bade him repeat it, and this he did, perfectly.

"This is what thou didst repeat before?"

"Only I was in haste, and said it faster, and neither he nor my Uncle Tetricus would listen to me, but blamed me more for trying to answer them."

"You have been saucy, but not so misbehaved as they supposed. You shall be restored to your place by telling Philetus you are sorry for your hasty manner."

"Father, I, a Roman, ask pardon of a beggarly Greek?" cried the boy with flashing eyes.

"Alas, my son, pride like this abases any, whether Greek or Roman! Philetus is thy tutor, and thou art bound to treat him with the respect due to his office, even as saith the law. A spirit like this of pride and contempt is far worse than the momentary impatience under provocation which I could have excused. If thou canst not school thyself to apologize to Philetus, thou must sit apart from the table and eat dry bread."

(To be continued.)

Sin in its ordinary progress first deceives, next hardens, and then destroys.—*Cecil*

Young People's Department.



DOG TEAMS IN THE FAR WEST.

DOG SLEIGHS.

HERE is a picture of Indian runners with their dogs and carioles. The cariole is the sleigh which the dogs pull. It is only a flat board turned up in front, with a sort of box on it so that the load, or whatever the dogs have to pull, will not fall out. It is just like a toboggan with a long box on it. It is long enough to carry one person, and that person stretches himself out on it as if he were on a sofa. He is all tucked in with furs and buffalo robes, and has on a big fur coat, and fur cap and gauntlets. Four dogs of a particular breed are harnessed in line, one after the other, and in this way they jog along for ten hours without stopping to rest, except at noon. They will go about forty miles in the ten hours.

These dogs must have an Indian to run along with them. With his whip under his arm, to keep the dogs up to their proper pace, he runs by their side or after them. You would think the poor man would soon get tired; but these Indian runners get used to their work, and will run for a very long time without stopping; but at the end of the cariole there is a board which sticks out so that the man can jump on and ride for a little while till he gets his breath back again. It takes at least eight dogs and two Indians for one passenger. Four dogs and an Indian for the man, and four dogs and an Indian for the provisions. When they camp at night the dogs have to be fed, but they feed them very little at

a time. The poor things are nearly always hungry. The passenger and the Indians also have to be fed.

For sleeping at night, a space is cleared away in the snow; a carpet is made by branches cut from the trees; a big fire is lit, and supper is cooked; stories are told; prayers are said; and then, wrapped up in furs, the men go to sleep. The dogs curl themselves up also and sleep as well as they can.

So, you see, it costs something to travel in the Northwest. Bishop Anderson, the first Bishop of Rupert's Land, travelled hundreds of miles in this way, and so have nearly all the other missionaries in the cold regions of northwest Canada. It does not seem very hard, simply to lie down, tucked up in buffalo robes, and be pulled over the shining snow; but it is hard enough, and a man soon gets so tired of it that he hardly knows what to do. And then it is so slow—only about forty miles a day of ten hours—a distance that an express train would go in about an hour.

But men that do this work are content to do it. They visit places where white people and Indians live and have no clergyman to preach to them or help them to know about the Lord Jesus Christ and His Church. So, you see, missionaries must have money, for all these Indian runners must be paid for themselves and their dogs. Sometimes they do travel long distances alone, but when they do that they go on snowshoes and carry their provisions on their backs.

JACK, AND TED, AND TOMMY.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"WHAT'S too bad!" said Jack Bird.

"Too everlastin' bad."

"What's too bad?" asked his brother Ted.

"Mr. Brand's new church is—"

"What?" shouted Ted and Tommy, as Jack, to emphasize his bad news, made an impressive pause.

"Give me the paper," said Ted, snatching it.

"Humph, you won't find it half so quick as I can tell you."

"I'll bet I can," said Ted.

"Do tell, Jack," pleaded Tommy.

"What is it, boys? No quarrelling, I hope."

"Not a bit," said Jack, as mother came into the room quietly. "It's only that Mr. Brand's church, his new church, that he's had such a dreadful time getting built—"

"Go on," cried Ted, who had been fumbling over the paper without success.

"Is—burnt to the ground!"

The excitement was fully equal to Jack's expectations.

"I am very, very sorry," said mother. "Poor Mr. Brand will be discouraged, I am afraid."

"I should say so," said Jack. First, foundations all washed away by a cloud-burst. Next, man that had part of their money ran away. Now—just as they had finished!"

"I wish we could do something to help him," said mother, with a sigh.

"Can't we?" said Ted. But he said it faintly, for he knew pretty well they could not.

"How could we—when we haven't got a cent to give?" asked Jack, in some indignation, not at his brother, but at the fact.

"Some of the boys earn money," said Ted. "Jim Lee helps down at the sawmill and gets a quarter a day. Ike hauls edgings from the mill for folks and gets twenty cents a load, for kindlings."

"They're all bigger'n us," said Jack. "I s'pose we'll have to wait till we grow."

"And by that time p'raps the church'll be built up again," said Ted, dolefully.

"But p'raps not," said Tommy, hopefully.

The young Birds lived far up in the pine woods where they had seen little growing except pine trees, and little doing except the turning of them into lumber. Mr. Brand was a young minister who, when a student at college, had been sent up to preach to the people in the woods. He had made his home with the Birds, and the boys had become very warmly attached to him. He now had a church of his own hundreds of miles away—at least it

had been supposed he had one ready to occupy. He sent the Birds a religious paper, and it was in this that Jack had come across the news of the cruel flames which had swept away the fair new building. Jack had been reading the stories in the youth's department, and the item had been in the next column, which probably was the reason why he had happened on it. Everybody felt depressed over Mr. Brand's misfortune. It was late fall and the family were gathered around the open fire as the Sunday evening settled down. The fire grew lower, and the faces grew soberer and the hearts heavier, thinking of the trouble of the friend held in such loving memory. At length with a sigh, at least the fiftieth one which had been drawn, putting them all together, Jack, with a half muttered remark about "doing something," got up, and bringing a basket from the corner, flung upon the fire in the big stone-bound chimney a number of pitchy pine cones. The sluggish fire soon caught upon them. They crackled and blazed, filling the room with dancing light.

"Mr. Brand used to like that," said Tommy, pointing to the bright blaze.

"Yes, he did," said Jack.

"Said it was awful bright and cheerful," chimed in Ted.

"Say!" exclaimed Jack, with the energy and enthusiasm belonging to a charming new idea, "I wish we could send him some."

"To cheer him up," said Tommy delightedly.

"And make him feel good," said Jack.

"Can't we, mother?" asked Ted.

Mother sat still looking into the fire, and the boys did not clamor for a quick reply, for they knew that she was thinking. Likewise, that mother's thoughts often led to something, hopeless as the subject might seem. She gazed into the cheery brightness with very loving thoughts of the young fellow who in a few short months had succeeded, through his earnestness of purpose and fervent pursuit of the best and highest things, in planting seeds here in the wilderness which, watered and fostered by the Spirit, would spring up unto everlasting life. It was painful to be obliged to realize along with the craving desire to hold out a helping hand in his need the cruel impossibility of doing it.

"Oh, I s'pose we couldn't," resumed Ted, after what they thought a reasonable time of waiting.

"The idea of sending pine cones so far!" said Jack, impatiently.

"But he did like 'em—lots," persisted Tommy.

"Well," said the mother at length, "I don't believe the freight on a barrel of cones would be much—"

"A whole barrel!" exclaimed Tommy, in ecstasy.



BISHOP HANNINGTON.—See page 138.

"They're light, you know. Perhaps we could manage it."

"We'll get 'em the first thing to-morrow after school," said the boys in a chorus of delight. "The very best we can find."

"And may we write him a letter?"

"Yes."

This was the letter:

"DEAR MR. BRAND,—Me and Ted and Tommy is all sorry to hear about your church burned to the ground. We're awful sorry. We wish we had lots of money to help you build another church. We haven't got a cent. When we get big and can earn money we're going to send you some the very first minit. Cause we can't send any money we're going to send you a barrel of pine cones, the kind you used to like to see 'em when they burn. Their good ones, and they'll snap and fizz and sizzle and shine like everything. We want 'em to cheer you up cause we can't send any money to help build your church. We're awful sorry.

"Your friends,

"Jack and Ted and Tommy."

It was a long letter for Jack to write, but he did it well, and all three, not to speak of mother, were very proud of it. It was mailed on the day which saw the cones shipped. Jack almost hated to let it go out of his own safe keeping. "I s'pose we're sure it'll go all safe and right?" he said, questioningly, to his mother.

"Such an awful long way," said Ted.

"Wish they could 'a' gone both together, the letter and the barrel," said Tommy. "I think that would 'a' been the best way."

Both letter and barrel proved the safe handling of trusty officials, as shown by the early receipt of an answer from Mr. Brand. Mother read it aloud:

"My Dear Boys,—As I write the light of the pine-knots is dancing and glancing in my room, carrying the light of good cheer and the warmth of loving sympathy straight from your hearts to mine—"

"Ho! ho!" screamed Jack, in a perfect whirl of delight.

"Read that again, mother—"

{ Mother read it again.

"Doesn't it take him to know how to put things! Go on, mother."

"Perhaps it would be scarcely right to say that it is worth while to suffer misfortune in order to bring out such expressions of affection—"

"Ah-h-h! He means that letter," said Jack, while three boy faces beamed with a delight far warmer than could ever be given out by pine-knots.

"But it is certain that they are full of a purer gold than comes in the shape of money."

"'Fraid it wouldn't build churches, though," said Ted, with a worldly-wise shake of the head.

"As I know my little friends away up in the pine woods are most sincere in their desires to give help in our loss—"

"Yes, he knows," with grateful nods of tow-headers.

"I will suggest to you that a good friend of mine has been enjoying with me the brightness of the pine-knots—"

"Glad of that," put in Ted.

"Sittin' close by the fire," said Jack, with a mental picture of his far-away friend and his friend's friend.

"He is from the city not far from me, and tells me that a supply of the pine-knots would be very acceptable to some rich friends of his who would like to brighten their hearts as you have brightened mine—"

"Shinin', sizzin', sputterin' and snappin'," interjected Jack, with a chuckle of exceeding enjoyment.

"So he suggests that if you are really all so anxious to give us a helping hand—"

"If we are!" indignantly interrupted Ted.

"'Twas the other fellow said it, don't you see?" said Jack.

"To give us a helping hand," patiently went on mother, "you may send us some more pine-knots, and my friend, Mr. Carson, says he will dispose of them. Of course we will pay expenses of barrels and freight—"

"Hurrah!" shouted the three in one breath.

"He'll sell 'm!" cried Jack.

"For money!" said Tommy.

"And so we can help!" exclaimed Ted.

"Now, mother," said Jack, "read the whole letter straight through so we can sense it."

The boys contrived to hold themselves while she did so, to the end of the affectionate closing words.

"I tell you," Jack gave something between a gasp and a sigh of great contentment, "if it doesn't take him to 'ut things!"

In overflowing enthusiasm plans and ways were discussed. Then the boys made a rush among their boy friends and enlisted their sympathy and aid. A grand pine-knot picnic was arranged. Never before, surely, had those pine woods rung with such happy voices as filled them on the day of the great knot gathering. In liberal quantities they lay on the ground—the brown treasures with their drops of balsamic gum, hoarding up the sunshine of summer days to be let loose for the enjoyment of many, perhaps, who could not seek the outdoor sunshine. What a joy it was, after faithful work, to see the goodly number of barrels carried out from the freight shed! They waited—a little longer than suited the patience of the boys. "For time to sell the knots," mother said. It came at last, the letter telling of plenty more hearts which had been warmed and lightened by the pine-knots. "Warmed and lightened further," he said, "by the story of the boys away up in the woods who, out of their far-reaching sympathy, have done their very best—the only thing they could. And so many have been roused by it that we are going to begin building at once.

He sent, that they might have the happiness of seeing it, this money which they had won in the Lord's service.

"That little scrap of paper!" said Jack, reverently, taking it into his hand.

"It is fifty dollars," said mother.

They caught their breaths as each one held it for a moment. Then it went back to lay the foundation of the new church.

BISHOP HANNINGTON.



ABOUT ten years ago a bishop of our Church was killed in Africa by some of the savage people whom he wanted to teach about Jesus. His name was Hannington—James Hannington. When a boy he used to be called "Jim Hannington," and he was such a wild, noisy kind of a boy that some people called him "Mad Jim." He was brought up a Baptist, but when he was grown up he chose the Church of England to be his church, and then he soon became quiet and thoughtful, and at last gave his heart entirely to the Lord. He wanted to be a mis-

sionary, and to go away out to some distant land to preach the Gospel of the Lord Jesus. He went to Africa. Once, when he was travelling on foot in Africa, he shot a lion's cub, which he saw moving in the shrubs before him on his way. The black man that was with him took to his heels and cried, "Run, bwana, run," and immediately two large lions, one a lioness, the mother of the cub, came rushing to them, giving forth terrible roars. The natives are very frightened of lions. When one is near they run for dear life, and if water is at hand they rush into it and stand in it up to the chin, with chattering teeth and rolling eyes, till the lion walks off, which he soon does; for lions, like cats, have no love for the water.

But Hannington did not run. He turned towards the furious brutes and looked straight at them with steady gaze. They stood glaring at him, but did not dare to face the steady eye of the Englishman. It was the power of a strong will that kept them back in this way. The eye of a man is very strong when it shows no fear, and such was the eye of Hannington. The lions were frightened at it. Hannington, still staring at them, gradually walked backwards till the lions themselves turned away.

Hannington returned to England and was made a bishop. Then he went back to Africa, and this time found that he had worse than lions to face. He took a journey to Uganda, where he went to preach and to teach; but the young king Mwanga wanted to stop the white man from coming to Africa, and seized poor Hannington and those that were with him—chiefly natives, fifty in all—and after keeping them prisoners for eight days killed them all.

It was a dreadful death for the brave young Englishman, and it was a terrible thing for him to have to die far away from home, and when he was so anxious to do work for God. But he did work for God by his death, for others, hearing of it, went to the same place and taught the poor people who murdered him better things, and made them sorry for what they had done. You remember what the Saviour said, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

Because Hannington died, others at once did the work. He was a martyr, and the death of martyrs always made the Church grow larger.

WORK TO BE DONE.

Up, soldiers of Christ! there is work to be done;
The world must be conquered for God's Holy One.
Lay hold of your weapons, prepare for the fight,
The sword of the Lord and the Spirit of might.

Then forward, press forward; the strong and the bold
And loyal of heart shall his banner uphold.
Let this be the war-cry from darkness to light:
The sword of the Lord and the Spirit of might.

**The Canadian Church Magazine
AND MISSION NEWS**

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

TERMS.—One dollar a year in advance. In Great Britain—five shillings. The pink label pasted on the outside of the cover is a receipt for the payment of the subscription *to and including* the printed date thereon.

DISCONTINUANCES.—We find that a large majority of our subscribers prefer not to have their subscriptions interrupted and their files broken in case they fail to remit before expiration. It is therefore assumed, unless notification to discontinue is received, that the subscriber wishes no interruption in the series.

Back numbers to a limited extent can be supplied. Liberal terms for localizing as a Parish Magazine given on application.

ALSO

The Canadian Church Juvenile

An illustrated monthly paper for the Children of the Church, suitable for Sunday-schools.

Single copy, one cent; ten cents a year. In quantities of fifty or upwards, eight cents a year. Always strictly in advance.

EDITOR.—REV. CANON MOCKRIDGE, D.D., 56 St. Albans St., Toronto, to whom all communications of an editorial character should be addressed.

BUSINESS MANAGER.—F. N. W. BROWN, 31 Czar Street, Toronto, Ont., to whom all payments for subscriptions or advertisements should be made, and all communications of a business character should be addressed.

Vol. X. JUNE, 1896. No. 120.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Spirit of Missions, U.S.A., has a fine picture of Bishop Rowe, of Alaska, taken in winter costume, with snowshoes ready for action in his hands. He has established himself at Juneau, a dreary town of endless snow, full of miners, with their variety shows and saloons.

THE Rev. H. A. Naylor, B.A., of the Montreal Diocesan Theological College, recently admitted to the diaconate, is about to leave for the far north, for missionary work in the diocese of Selkirk. Mr. Naylor is said to be one of the most cultured and most promising clergymen that the diocese of Montreal has ever produced.

HIS Grace the Archbishop of Ontario has appointed the Rev. J. K. McMorine, M.A., incumbent of St. James' Church, Kingston, and His Honor Judge Wilkison to be members of the Board of Management of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, in place of Rev. Rural Dean Pollard and Col. Matheson, now members of the diocese of Ottawa.

THE diocese of Niagara has made a wise choice in the selection of Rev. Canon DuMoulin for its bishop. He will take with him his fine eloquence, his steady Churchmanship (free from extremes), his sympathetic nature, his burning zeal for the welfare of society and for the souls of men, and will be a tower of strength not only in his own diocese, but to the Church throughout the whole country.

THE late Rural Dean Stewart, who died in Orillia on the 15th of May, at the advanced age of ninety-one years and six months, was ordained to the ministry by the first Bishop of Nova Scotia. Few people, perhaps, realized that there were any clergymen in our midst ordained by the first colonial bishop—and the question arises, "Are there still any of them left?" After serving as curate in St. John, N.B., and Toronto (St. James'), and living a short time in Kingston (Ont.), he became incumbent of Orillia (Toronto) in 1862, where he resided for the rest of his life—thirty-four years.

THE annual report of the venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel shows that the work of the society is being carried on in fifty-five dioceses in foreign parts. The ordained missionaries on its list number 769, of whom eleven are bishops. In this list there are no fewer than 133 natives of Asia and Africa who have been admitted to holy orders. Lay teachers number 2,900, while in the society's colleges 3,200 students are receiving a higher education, and 38,000 children are being taught in the schools. In five years this venerable society will have reached its second century of work. It was founded in 1701.

THE report of the third triennial meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary is a book of fifty-five pages, and is highly creditable to that energetic body. It shows a total of \$50,155.82 raised by the six dioceses of Quebec, Toronto, Montreal, Ontario, and Niagara within the last three years.

This sum was dealt with as follows:

Paid for domestic mission purposes.....	\$29,987 44
Paid for foreign mission purposes.....	9,491 76
Paid to some diocese, "not included in home, domestic or foreign missions".....	343 75
Paid to "missions undesignated".....	312 32
Paid to life memberships.....	150 00
Paid for education of missionaries' children....	2,700 12
Paid for sundries.....	324 11
Paid for diocesan expenses.....	3,067 32
Printers' errors.....	1 50
	\$50,155 82

As the education of missionaries' children is, in all probability, that of missionaries in the domestic field, it would appear that the ladies are contributing \$32,687.56 for domestic purposes, as against \$9,491.76 for foreign: We hardly know how to classify the diocese "not included in home, domestic, or foreign," nor yet the "undesignated missions." In addition to the \$50,155.82, we are glad to note that the actual cash expended upon new material and freight on bales of clothing, etc., sent to missionaries and Indian children amounted to \$22,054.45, which makes their total \$72,210.27. In justice to themselves, the Woman's Auxiliary, it seems to us, ought to include money actually spent by them on clothing for the

destitute as so much money contributed for missionary purposes.

THE time-honored "C.M.S." is looking forward to the celebration of its second jubilee or centenary, to be held on the 12th of April, 1899. The C.M.S. has undoubtedly proved itself to be a great missionary organization, and it has done a good share of the evangelistic work which has been a strong characteristic of the century now fast passing away. Three years yet remain before the centenary arrives. This is to be a "Three Years' Enterprise," and is to be known as the "T.Y.E." In other words, great exertions will be made within that time to review the past and improve the future. The C.M.S. wishes to face its new century of work with improved methods and enlarged support. May those efforts be crowned with success!

MATSUMOTO, JAPAN.

The Rev. F. W. Kennedy thus writes from Japan: As I have been in Matsumoto so short a time, the duty of rendering a report for the year's work must fall upon Mr. Kakuzen, who has worked so faithfully since his coming here, some two years ago. Yet this should not prevent me from making a few remarks about the present condition and future prospects of the work. On my arrival, in September last, I found that our congregation consisted of seven adult Christians and two children. As some of them lived a long distance from the town the congregations were small. As soon as I began visiting with Mr. Kakuzen I discovered that the work would be of the uphill kind. We were received graciously enough, and the people seemed to read with pleasure the books and tracts that had been lent them; but for fear of what people would say, and not liking to openly quarrel with their relatives, they will advance no further in seeking after Christianity.

Outside of Matsumoto we have two out-stations, Shijiri, ten miles distant on one side, and Kawate, nine miles on the other. The latter place is quite encouraging; our work is chiefly among the young men of the place. I hope, before long, to be able to report of excellent work being done here.

Our work amongst the women is greatly hindered by not having a Bible-woman to visit them in their own homes. Mrs. Kennedy and her mother, Mrs. Rowe, are doing their best by teaching them sewing, knitting, and fancy work, and most of the little girls that attend these classes come to our Wednesday evening Bible reading. A schoolmaster's wife and the daughter of the chief Shinto priest are also their pupils.

On the whole, though things move slowly—so slowly sometimes that they almost seem to

have come to a standstill—yet the work is not discouraging. We try to remember that it is only our duty to sow faithfully, it is God who will bring forth the fruit in His own good time.

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

ASCENSIONTIDE APPEAL, 1896.

BRETHREN BELOVED IN THE LORD,—Once more we spread before you the Church's annual appeal for her domestic missions. The field is familiar to you. Algoma is its eastern boundary, whence it stretches across the prairie dioceses of Rupert's Land, Qu'Appelle, Calgary, and Saskatchewan, up through Athabasca and Moosonee to Selkirk and Mackenzie River within the Arctic Circle. From beyond the Rocky Mountains the dioceses of Columbia, New Westminster, and Caledonia hold out their hands to us for aid in maintaining and extending the Church amongst their settlers, the Indians, natives, of the soil, and the Chinese, who in numbers have crossed the Pacific Ocean, and will, if the Church be active in evangelizing them, return by and by to their own country as most effective Christian missionaries.

The field is so vast that our hopes and our courage almost fail before it. The offerings of all our congregations must, at the best, be inadequate to the work now in hand, to say nothing of all the new enterprises on which the bishops would gladly enter at once if they had the means.

Our courage will at once revive if we recall the striking fact that our God can save by a few no less than by a multitude. History will bring up before you many instances in which God has chosen the weak things of the world to confound the strong. A few, with large faith and hearts big with love and generosity, have been successful, when the many have sometimes utterly failed. The Church of England is not by any means the most numerous or the most wealthy Christian body in the Dominion; yet, if we are devoted to God and His Church, if we are self-denying and zealous, it may be granted to us to accomplish far more than we can even picture to ourselves in our vast domestic mission field. Certainly our hopes should never fail, seeing that the work is all God's work. It lies closer to the Saviour's heart than to ours, however interested we may be. He endured that long agony on the cross, that travail of His soul, in order that men everywhere might be brought to know and love Him, and become one with Him.

He could accomplish His desire without our aid, but He has made us His fellow-workers. It is our highest honor to be

associated with Him. It is to our reproach that His work does not advance, that it is hindered and kept back through our indifference and want of zeal. For example, we might, if we would but do our part, readily supply the Church's ministrations without stint in Algoma and the Northwest. Surely our courage will never falter, our hopes will be ever strong and high, if we keep in mind that the work is God's work, that He has not withdrawn from it and left it all to us. Directly and indirectly, He is ever working with us. We are not working apart from Him or without Him. He is working, and we are His fellow-workers. This one fact must banish fear and brighten our most sanguine hopes.

We do not know, we cannot tell, why the Most High and Mighty Ruler of the universe does not weary of our indifference, and our sluggishness. Why does He not take His work, which is so precious to Him, out of *our* hands and entrust it to some other of His countless hosts of ministers? That He still trusts us, that He still continues us in our position of fellow-workers with Himself, is manifest. The growing missionary zeal of both our clergy and laity are encouraging proofs to you of this. In this spirit we appeal to you to-day.

Not a few amongst us seem to weary of Algoma. It appears so long since this first missionary child of the Canadian Church was born that some are thinking it should be of age, that it should be now walking alone. We have, indeed, a right to enquire whether the people in Algoma are doing all they can and ought to do for themselves; but our knowledge of the long years during which some of the congregations in our older dioceses have found it necessary to accept aid from the English societies forbids any surprise that Algoma is not yet able to do without our aid. The bishops who have visited some of the congregations in Algoma during the enforced absence of the diocesan can testify to the spirit that prevails—a spirit which will render them impatient of accepting the bounty of others one year longer than is unavoidable. It must be very painful for them to have the impression that we in the east are wearying of them. We would have them believe that our sole desire is that they should learn, as soon as their circumstances permit, to rely wholly on themselves. But we know that long years must pass ere this position can be reached. In the meantime, let us not be weary in our well-doing. Let our gifts be freely bestowed out of loving hearts full of sympathy for them, their clergy, and their bishop.

Time forbids our dwelling on the circumstances and needs of each of the dioceses in the Northwest. The help we divide among them is so small that we cannot avoid a sense of shame and reproach as we look over the an-

nual report of our Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society.

Little wonder if the bishops in the Northwest manifest serious anxiety about this, in view of the gradual withdrawal by the English societies of *their* aid.

No doubt the standard of giving among us, brethren, is very low, and the number who systematically set apart for God's work in the world a certain fixed proportion of their income is small. Still the number is steadily increasing, and the money which passes through our society to aid the domestic and foreign fields is multiplying year by year. We must not expect to advance by leaps and bounds. Growth slow and gradual is God's own law. Yet we must be busy and persistent in increasing all our families, and every individual, from the time he begins to earn anything, to adopt a high standard of giving to God and His Church, and to live up to that standard on principle, according to a settled plan. Begin to-day by doubling the amount you have hitherto given to domestic missions in answer to the appeal at Ascensiontide.

Last year the Church of England in Canada raised for domestic missions, *i.e.*, for Algoma and the Northwest, \$26,516.74. Most of us will be ready to acknowledge at once that this amount ought to be largely increased. All the congregations in the ten dioceses which now constitute this ecclesiastical province are both willing and able to give in the aggregate a much larger sum.

We appeal to them, one by one, through their clergyman, who, by virtue of his office, is the agent of our missionary society, to give up to their power to aid the Church in her domestic field. The need for all that our congregations can reasonably contribute is pressing. The English societies are withdrawing year by year their aid. The work must be reduced, the number of clergy must be diminished, unless we supply in some measure the decrease in the grants from England. Other Christian bodies in Canada are providing for their own people in the Northwest. No large sums are sent by societies from Scotland and England for the maintenance and extension of their religious services. The money is supplied in generous amounts from Eastern Canada.

What others are doing we can do—aye, and we are willing to do. The English societies are withdrawing their aid, not suddenly, but in small amounts year after year, in the confident expectation that the congregations in the Northwest will, with our assistance, be able to meet the reduction. They claim that they are fully justified in withdrawing from Canada because it is growing in wealth, and the Church of England in Canada ought to support her own missions. They point to the fact that elsewhere in the world eight hun-

dred millions are yet without any knowledge whatever of the Lord Jesus Christ, and they are determined to concentrate their energies in carrying the light of the Gospel among them.

We ask you, one and all, brethren, to be loyal and generous in your gifts to the Church of England in Canada in aid of her efforts in your own parish, in your own diocese, and in the domestic and foreign fields. Each parish and every diocese have to provide for their own support. Our Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society unites them all in their efforts on behalf of missions to our own people and the Indians and Chinese in Algoma and the Northwest, and to the heathen in foreign lands. Our D. & F. M. Society, as for the sake of brevity it is designated, is really the Church of England in Canada in her domestic and foreign missionary work. It is co-extensive with the Church of England in Canada. Every member of the Church, as such, and not by virtue of any subscription, is a member of the D. & F. M. Society. Every clergyman in his parish or mission is the representative and agent of the society, because he is the parson or representative of the Church. The bishops are all on the Board which manages its affairs, and each diocese elects two clergymen and two laymen to represent it on the Board. The society occupies a most favorable position for its work. It is in close touch with every congregation and its members. The views of all, both clergymen and laymen, are felt directly by the Board of Management, through its members, who are elected by each diocesan synod.

Surely our Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society ought to occupy a warm place in our hearts, a strong place in the life and work of our congregations, and a popular place in each of our dioceses and synods. Twice a year every clergyman reads to his congregation the appeal which the society presents for foreign missions at Epiphany, and for domestic missions at Ascensiontide. Should our dioceses and clergy and congregations be satisfied simply with their annual offerings in response to these two appeals? Should not efforts be made to secure annual subscriptions from all who may desire to become regular contributors in this way? When the opportunity of becoming an annual subscriber is not afforded because of the trouble and labor which the effort would demand, we fear that the free-will offerings in response to the appeals may possibly be affected by the same readiness to avoid self-denial and trouble which has in some degree possession of us all.

We leave our appeal with you, brethren, on this Sunday, before you join in the Church's joy in her Lord's ascension into heaven. You will bring your offering on Sunday next, when the triumph of the Lord's return to His glory with the Father will still be in our hearts and on our lips.

The exalted hopes and the enduring happiness which have been brought into our lives by Him who has gone into heaven to be our representative, our great High Priest and Advocate, with the Father, will make us cheerful givers to the Church's work. That work is to carry the same hopes and happiness into other hearts throughout our vast domestic mission field.

Books and Periodicals Department.

The Eclectic Magazine of Foreign Literature. New York, E. R. Pelton, publisher. \$5 a year.

This magazine comes to us as a welcome visitor. It is, as its name indicates, a collection of articles selected from various periodicals. In the May number there are twenty articles, taken from fourteen leading periodicals, as follows: *Blackwood* (2), *Westminster Review*, *Fortnightly* (2), *New Review* (3), *Temple Bar* (2, one of them a tale), *Nineteenth Century*, *Cornhill* (2, one a serial tale), *Contemporary Review*, *National Review*, *Longman's Magazine*, *Leisure Hour*, *Chamber's Journal*, *The Spectator*, *The Argosy*. The articles are all well selected, and, though brimful of useful information, are not heavy. They have been selected rather with a view to sprightliness and attraction. Added to the treatises above enumerated are a few pages of miscellany, containing some shorter articles full of interest, and also a publishers' department. One can scarcely imagine a better collection of reading matter than that couched within this periodical. Its appearance also and typography are largely in its favor.

The Sunday at Home, *The Leisure Hour*, *The Boy's Own and Girl's Own Paper*, *Friendly Greetings*, etc. The Religious Tract Society, 36 Paternoster Row, London.

The Sunday at Home for May contains several interesting tales and other articles, some of them beautifully illustrated. That on "Sunday in Liverpool" has a very good picture of "Ian Maclaren," who is one of the Liverpool clergy. "Tarsus of To-day," by John F. Fraser, may be perhaps specially mentioned. *The Leisure Hour*, in an article on the British Museum, describes, with the help of numerous illustrations, the department of Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities. The frontispiece, "The Nursery," is a lovely little spring picture—some little pe: lambs, brought up by hand, taking their breakfast out of a bottle. *The Girl's Own* begins a new serial called "A Child of Genius," by Lily Watson.

(1) *The Expositor* (one shilling), (2) *The Clergyman's Magazine* (sixpence). London: Hodder & Stoughton, 27 Paternoster Row.

Professor Ramsay's article on "A Fixed Date in the Life of St. Paul," in the *Expositor* for May, is an interesting study in the movements of the great apostle by one who has followed those movements very closely. "The Ideal Preacher," by Prebendary B. Whiteford, presents a charming little picture of John the Baptist, both in his own actions and in the Saviour's estimate of him. *The Clergyman's Magazine* for May is full of suggestions and outlines for sermons and addresses, and has articles on "Lessons in Faith and Love" and the "Higher Biology."

The Missionary Review of the World. New York and Toronto (11 Richmond street west): Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$2.50 a year.

The May number is full of good things, all bearing upon missionary subjects past and present. "Missions in Siam and Laos" are well described by Rev. Dr. Ellinwood; and

