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# THE CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE

AND MISSION NEWS

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No. 100.

## HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

No. 100—WORK IN MOOSONEE.

**T**HE clergy working in the diocese of Moosonee (which lies in the region of the Hudson Bay) are the Venerable Thomas Vincent, D.D., Archdeacon, who is stationed at Albany; Rev. E. Lofthouse, of Churchill; Rev. R. Dick, of Trout Lake; the Rev. E. Richards, Rupert House; Rev. W. G. Walton, of Fort George; Rev. E. Peck, of Ungava, and Rev. J. Sanders, Matwakumma. This is in accordance with the list of last year. York Fort was reported vacant.

Archdeacon Vincent is a missionary of considerable renown. He belongs to the Northwest, for from his cradle he has been associated with it. His father was in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company, and held the position of senior clerk in the service. When his son

Thomas, the present Archdeacon, who was born in the Albany River District, was about six years old he retired from the company and settled in St. Paul's Parish, Red River Settlement. Here his son received his primary education, the completion of which took place afterwards at St. John's College, Winnipeg. When the young man was twenty years old (in 1855), he went out with Bishop Anderson, the first Bishop of Rupert's Land, to Moose Factory, where he remained as a catechist for five years after which he was advanced to the diaconate. Three years afterwards (in 1863), he received priest's

orders in St. John's Church, Winnipeg. He has been in charge of the Albany mission since 1860, and has done a great deal of hard, self-denying work.

Something may be gathered regarding the kind of work to be done in Moosonee from the following account given by Rev. Mr. Lofthouse of a trip which he recently attempted to make in what we would call the early autumn of the year :

I started in a small schooner belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company for York Factory, on a visit to the Indians of that post. We had very fine weather and a pleasant voyage of three days. I have twice been three weeks making the same voyage. On our arrival I met with a most hearty reception, both from the Indians and the company's officers. Many of the former had left for their hunting grounds, but a good number still remained at or near the post, and the following Sunday we had fair



THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON VINCENT,  
*Albany, Diocese of Moosonee.*

congregations at all three services. I was pleased to find Joseph Hart had regularly conducted Indian services, twice on Sunday and also during the week, and that the people attended very well. The English service has been given up, but nearly all understand Indian and attend these services. I spent three happy weeks with the people, during which time many Indians came in from the woods. Six children were baptized during my stay, and on the second Sunday over thirty partook of the Lord's Supper, and on the last Sunday of my stay about half a dozen more, who came in later.

On September 14th, Captain Hawes, myself, and one man, started in a small boat for Churchill, but the wind being against us we only got some four miles down the river.

In the afternoon an Indian and his wife came down the river to us to have their two children baptized. They came into the post some hours after we left, but seeing our boat, and knowing that we could not get away that day, started out, at once, to have their little ones baptized. We had the baptismal service on the bank of the river, using a cup as a font, and they started back on the tramp, through deep mud and water, to the fort, it would be quite dark before they reached there. Until September 16th head winds kept up; and as heavy rains fell each night, and we had no shelter of any kind, we were glad when the wind changed, and we were able to get across the mouth of the Nelson River, which is nearly twenty miles wide, and rather a dangerous place for such a boat as we had. During the day we made about thirty miles, then anchored close in shore for the night. The rain again came down in torrents, and we were far from being comfortable or happy. Next day, Sunday, the wind continued fair, but soon after we started it fell light, and went round to sea. A gale springing up, we were obliged to run the boat close in shore, and there we had to stay for six days, rain and snow falling nearly the whole time, with 5° or 6° of frost. To make matters worse, we could get very little firewood. Thursday, September 21st, was a fearful day, bitterly cold, with heavy rain and sleet; we were all soaked to the skin. About 5 p.m. we started to walk to an Indian tent, some eight miles away. Nearly every step of the way was through water up to the knees, and just before reaching the tent we had to cross a river, wading up to the middle. The tent was but little better than being outside, the heavy wind beating the rain into it so much; but we had the comfort of a good fire, and were able to dry our garments, one article at a time. Rain continued all night, and we sat round the fire; we could not lie down.

The following morning was fine, and we walked back to the boat, and the day after got her off; but after toiling hard for about four hours were obliged to run ashore again, the gale returning with renewed strength. For two days we stayed there. We had now been away from York Factory for ten days, and were not more than forty miles on our journey. Our food was nearly finished; and as there seemed to be no chance of our reaching Churchill with the boat before winter, we determined to leave it and walk home. Heavy ice was already forming all along the shore. On September 25th, about 10 a. m., in a heavy snow storm, and with very heavy hearts, we left the boat and its contents, and started for Churchill, each one carrying a few pounds of provisions, a gun, and a blanket.

I have twice before walked from York Factory to Churchill in summer, but never saw so much water. The rivers and creeks were full of icy cold water. Every day we walked for hours in water up to the knees, and often above the knee. In crossing one river we were just two hours, wading up to the middle in water within about 2° degrees of freezing point; another took us an hour. The only way of crossing these rivers (unless we go miles inland) is by going a mile or so out into "the Bay," and crossing on the bar.

We were six days in reaching Churchill, and nearly every day we had rain and snow, and at night 4° or 5° of frost, so that when we started in the morning we generally broke the ice, which was not thick enough to bear us. Each night we lay down on the shore, under the lee of some driftwood. Oftentimes we were unable to dry any of our garments—in fact I was never really dry from the day we left the boat, and, I may say, from the time we left York Factory until we reached home. The last day we had the pleasure of starting out without food, so were truly thankful to see the Churchill River. There, fortunately for us, we found a boat; but it took us over an hour, pulling for very life, to cross, a strong wind and tide being against us. We reached home just after morning service, on Sunday, October 1st. Every one was very glad, for we had almost been given up. There had been nearly a foot of snow at Churchill, and it seemed as if winter had really set in.

I lost nearly twenty pounds of flesh on the trip, and for a fortnight after was unable properly to digest my food. Since coming to Hudson's Bay it has fallen to my lot to have some very hard trips, but this has, I think, been the hardest of any. Thank God I am now well and strong again, and I trust may live and take many more trips amongst our people, though I must say I have no desire to go through such another experience as this.

#### SOME SCENES AND PEOPLE OF THE DIOCESE OF NEW WESTMINSTER.

**I**N the *Mission Field* (S.P.G.) for 1892 there is an interesting account of a few of the mission stations in the diocese of New Westminster, which now unhappily mourns the loss of its first bishop. Leaving New Westminster by the Canadian Pacific Railway on Friday at 2.30 p.m., the writer of the account referred to reached Kamloops at 5 a.m. on Saturday, having travelled 242 miles. The scenery along the line towards the Pacific coast is spoken of as "superlatively grand and majestic," comprising lake, mountain, river, and forest scenery, in all its varied and imposing aspects, all of which can be seen to the very best advantage from the "observation car"



INDIANS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The parsonage at Kamloops was a log house of two stories, but ceiled and papered and very comfortable inside. The church, which is a quarter of a mile from the house, is also built of wood, and, though small, is handsome, and internally supplied with everything that is "nice and proper." Kamloops itself is a town of about two thousand inhabitants, and is prettily situated in a valley with high surrounding hills, at a spot where the North Thompson River joins the main stream. In and about this town are to be found many Chinese. In fact, they form a large portion of the population, and are variously employed in sawmills, laundry work, and other such industries. There is even a Chinese "doctor," who advertises himself as Doctor Jin Gin Tong; and a "general store" owned by Kwong On Wo & Co.

The next place reached, involving a journey of about twelve hours, was Golden, a small mining town on the Columbia River, the Selkirks and the Rockies in all their beauty running side by side in the distance beyond. In the neighborhood of this place gold and silver mines have been discovered, and at that time were being rapidly developed. In about an hour Donald, the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, where their maintenance works are situated, was reached, and is described as a pretty spot among the Selkirks. At Golden there was a little newly built church,

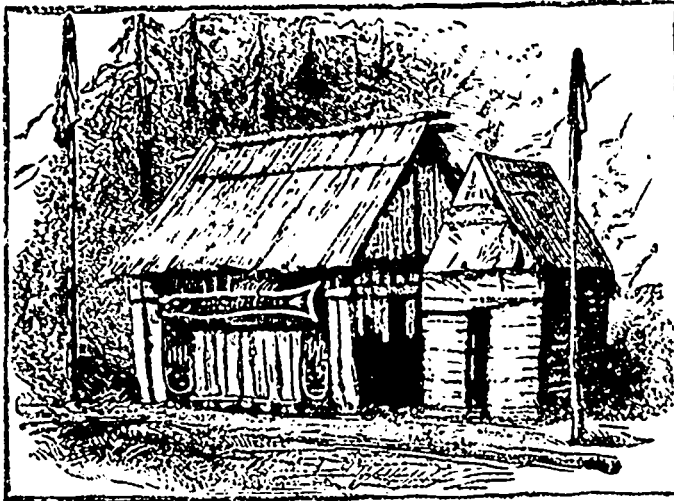
and at Donald a graceful structure with excellent internal arrangements.

Leaving Donald, the scenery through Rogers' Pass to the summit of the Selkirks (4,300 feet) is very grand. Along the eastern and western slopes are snow sheds or tunnels of massive cedar let into the mountain side, a necessary defence against the vast accumulation of snow coming down during the winter from the heights above. Sicamous, Enderby, and Lytton were reached. At Enderby a beautiful little church is spoken of, and at Lytton was a flourishing mission, where the Indians are making rapid progress, cultivating their lands with commendable diligence.

Immediately below Lytton, where the Thompson and the Fraser become united into one stream, may be seen the strange phenomenon of two rivers in their onward course, after their junction, still preserving the character of their waters, the one current being sea-green, the other dark grey, no commingling being in the slightest degree noticeable.

Returning by Yale to New Westminster the writer was able to say, after having taken a journey of 942 miles, that the Church, though without much excitement and outward show, is doing an excellent work both among white people and Indians.

Regarding the Indians, the following interesting account has recently been forwarded us:—



GRAVES OF INDIAN CHIEFS, NEAR YALE, B.C.

The Indian work of the diocese of New Westminster comprises the Thompson Indians—who live at Lytton and along the banks of the Fraser, Thompson, and Nicota—and the Yale Indians—occupying the banks of the Lower Fraser from a point nine miles above Yale down to Chilliwack, and, in the fishing season, at the coast.

Two missionaries, maintained by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and living at Lytton, have charge of the Thompson Indians, one remaining on the spot to keep up the Sunday and week-day services and to be at hand for emergencies, while the other visits the various settlements scattered over the 200 miles that embrace the district. Lytton possesses a fully appointed church, and a small Indian hospital, opened last year. The government have undertaken to build here an industrial school for boys during the present year, to be placed under the management of the English Church.

At Yale there is a school for native and half-breed girls maintained by the Sisters of All Hallows, Ditchingham, and supplemented by an annual grant from the Indian Department. The rector of St. John's Church, Yale, who is chaplain to the Sisters, holds services in the Indian church at Yale at the great festivals and other occasions, but, for lack of stipend, there is no missionary attached to this district. Churches have been built at three different places in Indian settlements below Yale, but there is no priest to minister in them. The maintenance of the hospital at Lytton and the securing of a resident doctor there for the Indians is as yet an unsolved problem. The older Indians are, of course, gradually dropping off, and the younger generation demands from the Church and all who feel an interest in the Indian race prompt and earnest efforts to provide for their future welfare, not only in spiritual matters, but morally and physically.

Funds are greatly needed to provide for the services of a third clergyman. The present grant of £300 from S.P.G., and intended originally for a single missionary, has now to maintain the two missionaries. Upon its first division it was supplemented from the Diocesan Fund, but the state of that fund at the present time will not allow of any augmentation being given to the Indian work. The church at Lytton, built by the Indians themselves nine years ago, is not likely to last much longer, and the Indians are now collecting amongst themselves money to replace it with a more lasting structure.

The prayers of all faithful people should be offered at this time for the guidance of the clergy and laity of New Westminster in the choice of a bishop.

## THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY.

(Continued.)

COURT influence sometimes secured election of an archbishop. It was so in the case of the successor of Edmund. Queen Eleanor, wife of Henry III, had an uncle named Boniface, the brother of her mother, Beatrice, who was also the mother of three queens—the Queen of Navarre, the Queen of Sicily, and the Queen of the Romans. Boniface was the son of Thomas, Count of Savoy, and as such owed allegiance to the king of France. This did not recommend him in England, and the queen, with all her influence, found it hard to procure a bare majority of the monks of Canterbury in his favor. This secured, the consent of Pope Gregory IX. was next required. Gregory, as a friend of Henry III., would have consented, had not death stepped in to prevent it. In order to influence the next pope (Celestine), the queen sent a petition, signed by a bare majority of the English bishops—and this she had hard work to secure—favorable to the appointment of Boniface. But Celestine also died before giving the necessary assent. Innocent IV., however, his successor, for his own political reasons, consented and Boniface of Savoy was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury at Lyons in January, 1245, after the see had been vacant for over four years.

During the vacancy King Henry made all he possibly could out of the revenues of the diocese, to such an extent, indeed, that Boniface, even before his consecration, was obliged to visit England to investigate and protest against the unrighteous spoliation.

There could not well be a greater contrast than that between Boniface of Savoy and his quiet and saintly predecessor. Worldly-minded and violent, the new archbishop showed that the days of quietude and repose, as far as



HEART OF THE SELKIRKS. (See p. 219.)

he was concerned, were over, and that the struggle for the mastery between archbishop and king was to be resumed.

Henry III. began to see his mistake in welcoming foreign ecclesiastics to England, but his realization of this came too late. The mischief had been done. Boniface kept near the pope, and for four years absented himself from his diocese, in order to carry on political intrigues abroad. The feeling against this at length became so strong in England that he was obliged to return for fear that the revenues of the diocese would be taken from him. But his return to

England was soon regretted by the bishops and clergy. His rule there was a rigorous one, and all felt that the hand laid upon them was one of iron. His constant demand was money, and for this the hardest exactions were made. Loud were the laments over the death of St. Edmund and bitter the regrets that a pompous young foreigner had been elected to rule over them. He had with him a small regiment of foreign soldiers, and with these he intimidated all that offered opposition to him. He assumed the power of visitation outside his own diocese. This was resented and, in the case of bishop and clergy of London resisted. St. Paul's Cathedral was entered by force against the protest of the dean, but the warlike archbishop found only an empty church to receive him. At another church, though service was held, no reception was given him, and Boniface, dressed in his robes, threw himself in anger upon the sub-prior and felled him to the ground. A row at once ensued in the midst of divine service, and blows right and left were given. In the mêlée the archbishop's robes were torn off and he was found to be encased in full armor. Great indignation was felt at this, insomuch that the archbishop, although supported against the clergy and people by the king, felt himself in danger. He was wise enough to know that he had gone too far and, therefore, went himself to the pope and gave his version of the disturbance, wisely acknowledging the points in which he had been wrong, and promising to hold no more visitations outside his own diocese except by request. On his return to England he completely changed his policy and proclaimed himself a friend of the English clergy and people. He began his patriotic career by visiting Oxford, the great seat of education in England. Cambridge was then a place of comparative obscurity. But little was

known of it. Oxford, however, was a place of note. Students from all parts of the world were there and, on the present occasion, vied with one another in giving a worthy and hearty reception to the archbishop. He came in peace: no war was in his heart, and consequently there was no armor underneath his episcopal robes.

In the same spirit he attended a parliament which the king had called together because he was in need of money. The grant he required was made him, but only on condition that he should take a solemn oath to uphold the rights of the English people. The archbishop here

bearded the king, and in a manly way upheld the rights of the people, with the result that the unscrupulous king took the oath, to be kept or not at his convenience. Henceforth the archbishop was found on the side of the English clergy, as against the king and the pope, and more than once he was called upon to assert his position clearly. He even called a meeting of the bishops of England to devise means for resisting the attacks made upon the liberties and property of the Church of England by the pope at Rome and the English king.

The country, at this time, was in a wretched condition. The queen, in many respects an estimable woman, the mother of the future Edward I., hated the English, and was hated by them in return. The king was so weak as to incur contempt. To make matters worse, famine set in, in the year 1257, and the distress became so great that horseflesh and the bark of trees were eagerly purchased for food. During these sufferings of the people, the king acted with such cold selfishness and indifference that they were incensed against him.

Yet during the reign of Henry III. considerable advance was made in the erection of churches, among which may be mentioned the partial rebuilding of Westminster Abbey and the completion of Salisbury Cathedral, which was consecrated by the archbishop on September 30th, 1258, in the presence of the king and queen.

The feeling against the king culminated in a rebellion of the barons. The bishops, with Boniface at their head, sided with the baron, but in time the archbishop fell away from them, and was found with Prince Edward on the king's side. In point of fact, his real feelings were those of a foreigner, and he found no difficulty in coming back to the support of the king.

The king fled to the continent, where Boniface joined him and there these two, aided by the queen, plotted against their own country, and even raised an army to invade it. But, owing to adverse winds, the invasion came to nothing. In the meantime a governing body in England demanded of the archbishop that he should return to his diocese on pain of the confiscation of his property. In the meantime, at the battle of Evesham, which was fought on the 4th of August, 1265, the barons were defeated and the king restored to power. Boniface then returned to England, and seems to have been, in his old age, of a more peaceful character than formerly. He seems to have had enough of war and fighting of all kinds. The pope sent a legate to England, whose powers exceeded those of the Archbishop of Canterbury, but Boniface made no resistance. Prince Edward, having taken the cross, went, in 1268, upon the crusade, and Boniface is said to have accompanied him. But the old archbishop did not stay long with the fiery young prince. He withdrew to his native Savoy, where, on the 18th of June, 1270, he died.

The crown nominated for the vacant position Robert Burnell a distinguished politician and chancellor to Prince Edward; but the monks of Canterbury declined to confirm the appointment. When Prince Edward heard this, he was full of wrath, and went at once to Canterbury to force the monks into submission. They bolted the doors against him, but the furious prince burst them open and stood among the somewhat terrified monks. To his demand that they should elect his chancellor, they replied, with dignity, that their proceedings should be guided by the Holy Ghost. When the prince withdrew they elected their prior, Adam de Chilldene, to be archbishop. From this of course the royal assent was withheld, whereupon the prior of Canterbury went to Rome and laid the case before the pope, Gregory X. The pope declined to favor either of the two nominees, but suggested an entirely new name, that of Robert Kilwardby, an English Dominican friar. In this the crown and the monks of Canterbury at once concurred, and thus a humble friar, most unexpectedly, found himself Archbishop-elect of Canterbury. His first public act, after his consecration, was to crown Prince Edward, Edward I. of England, a man of heroic mien and many inches and every inch a king. The coronation festivities lasted for two weeks, during which gold and silver were freely scattered among the people by the retainers of king and archbishop alike, and 380 head of cattle, 430 sheep, 450 pigs, 18 wild boars, 27<sup>9</sup> fitches of bacon, and about 20,000 fowls were consumed. So much for the hospitality of the thirteenth century—rather a contrast to the modern reception or garden party, of coffee, cake, and ice cream!

After a few years of a somewhat uneventful career, Archbishop Kilwardby, always peaceful in character and always popular, was made a cardinal, and resigned his archbishopric to take up his residence in Rome. A few months afterwards, in 1279, he died, not without suspicion on the part of his friends that he had been poisoned. He had taken with him from England a very large sum of money, which he had amassed at Canterbury, and some historians have thought that the cupidity excited among foreigners by this may have proved the cause of his death.

On the death of Kilwardby, the pope took the bold step of nominating his successor. There was at Rome, at the time, one John Peckham, a leading Franciscan friar of England, who had journeyed to that imperial city for the purpose of increasing his knowledge of Roman canon law. Him the pope nominated to be Archbishop of Canterbury. The monks of Canterbury, in order to conciliate the king, had elected Burnell, whom they had formerly rejected; but Edward, for reasons of policy, thought it best to be friendly with the pope, and therefore accepted Peckham's nomination, especially as his favorite, Bur-

nell, now Bishop of Bath and Wells and chancellor of England, did not seem desirous of the office. The monks of Canterbury gladly accepted it also, pleased that a Franciscan monk should be called upon to succeed a Dominican. The appointment pleased every one, for the mendicant orders at this time were very popular in England.

Peckham was duly consecrated and installed amid much splendor at Canterbury, and thus Friar John, the monk of poverty, found himself a spiritual peer, waited upon by the first lords of England.

Peckham was a strange mixture of pomposity and humility. He desired still to be called "Friar John," but he threatened to put under an interdict, a last and extreme punishment, any parish that would dare to receive the Archbishop of York in any form, except as one inferior to himself.

King Edward, who was not a man to be played with, soon found that the new archbishop was not a true-hearted Englishman, but in reality a devoted servant of the pope. Yet Peckham was an honest man and a good disciplinarian. He found many of the clergy and members of religious orders immoral and irregular in their lives. With these he was particularly severe, requiring of them very rigorous acts of penance. He bore heavily also upon the married clergy, of whom there were great numbers at this time in England.

In reading of the travels of "Friar John," as he moved from place to place, we get a strange picture of the customs of the period. The journeys were made on horseback, and the archbishop was attended by a retinue of between fifty and a hundred horsemen, who were held to be necessary for the safety of the party, in days when the highways and the forests were infested with robbers. Packs of hounds were brought also, and were used for hunting game, so as to aid in securing necessary subsistence. Blacksmiths, cooks, and people of many trades and callings, were among the extraordinary cavalcade. How times have changed since then, in these days of railroads, when an Archbishop of Canterbury, if he chooses, may travel with speed and safety unattended and alone!

The mendicant archbishop, by strict attention to the performance of his own duties, did not come into much conflict with the king. He, no doubt, had wisdom enough to see that it would not be wise for him to do so. Edward also, though a strong, determined man, had no desire to quarrel with his archbishop, for at heart he was truly religious, and took a deep interest in the progress of the Church within his own realm. In the year 1285 he was gladdened by seeing the completion of Westminster Abbey, a work which his father had commenced. He allowed, it is true, a cruel persecution of the Jews, and a final expulsion of them from England, but this may have been part of his religion, for the Jews,

as the crucifiers of the Saviour, were deemed worthy objects of cruelty and scorn. The archbishop aided the king in this and, no doubt, thought he was doing a good work in driving the enemies of our Lord from the kingdom.

It is more than probable that the honest friar, trained, as he had been, in quietude and peace, found his high position a trying one. The pope, the king, the Archbishop of York, the clergy, the Jews, all conspired to make his position no bed of roses, but from all he was at length released on the 8th of December, 1292, by the hand of death.

## CHURCH EDUCATION.

**E**DUCATIONAL work is a direct fulfillment of our Lord's great missionary commission; for, to be worthy of the name, it must include the training of the spiritual no less than of the mental faculties.

So far, no satisfactory method of giving religious and secular instruction separately has been devised. Nor is any such method likely to be devised. For it is not probable that the separate education of faculties so intertwined as the mental and spiritual in man can ever be satisfactory. No greater problem than that of education faces English Christianity to-day. Both in this country and in England the question of religious or secular education, a question forced upon us by our unhappy divisions, is felt to be a vital one.

To the Church there can be but one answer to that question. Education, to be what it ought to be, to be such as will secure the well-being of future generations, must be religious. The bishops of the Church in the United States, in their Pastoral Letter of 1886, gave emphatic expression to their conviction of this. "The policy of the day on this subject," they said, "has lapsed into the perilous heresy of modern secularism—that these schools (the public schools of the country) can best do their proper work when giving no religious teaching whatever." And again: "It is not to be denied that we are confronted with tendencies in the training of the children of the Church and of the nation which indicate changes in the feeling and opinion of this generation as dangerous as they are profound, changes which strike at the Church's hold upon the loyalty and love of the children now being nurtured on her bosom, and threaten to inflict an invisible wound upon the moral interests of the nation."

A correspondent of the *English Guardian*, referring to the school system of America, from which the teaching of Christianity is practically excluded, writes: "It is of course very difficult to measure the moral results of such a system upon the community at large; but there are many who claim that the astonishing rate





COMPTON, P.Q., LADIES' COLLEGE.

of increase in divorce and crime, and the widespread discontent, are due to the want of self-control and cheerful contentment, resulting from the lack of proper religious teaching in the public schools."

"If our Church in Canada is not alive to the truths thus emphasized, it is because she is culpably blind to the signs confronting her on every hand. To a less extent, perhaps, than in the United States, yet plainly enough, assuredly, the evils of mere secular education are apparent in Canada to all who have eyes to see. The influence of the sect-spirit, whose watchword is the ugly one, "undenominationalism," is increasing rather than diminishing. And along with this is growing, not unnaturally, a light regard for religion altogether. It does not seem to occur to the majority of Christian people that undenominationalism, in school or elsewhere, implies the absence of all that is supposed to justify the separate existence of the various Christian bodies. It has been well said, "a non-denominational college is a non-religious college." The same is true of a school system. We need hardly wonder that division and irreligion abound

At least we in Canada should be able to learn the lesson afforded by Roman Catholic tactics and progress. In every important parish the Roman Church erects, at the earliest possible moment, her schools and convents. She will

have nothing to do with education that is merely secular. She is thoroughly alive to the importance, not merely of giving her children a thorough training in the principles of her faith, but of so mingling religious with secular teaching that the flavor of the one pervades the other. And who can doubt the wisdom of this method, when it is viewed in the light of its results? Notwithstanding the large admixture of error included in it, Romanists hold their faith with a tenacity which might well put to shame the average non-Romanist Christian, and this chiefly, no doubt, because, by their educational system, they have been indoctrinated with it from their youth up.

Surely it is the wisdom as it is the duty of our Church to support and promote her own schools. It may not be reasonable to believe that the day is near when there will be a Church school in every parish. It might be difficult to maintain the efficiency of such schools did we possess them. There is no disguising the fact that the school problem in this country is not a simple one. It is probably one which will be solved only as our prayers and efforts for the reunion of Christendom are answered. But, at least, where Church schools exist under sufficient guarantees, it is saying very little to declare our conviction that such schools have a righteous claim upon our support!

We should not be content till our schools are

able to compete with any other similar schools in efficiency of work, in thoroughness of equipment, and even in cheapness. It should be a point of honor with our people, lest they build up what they do not believe in, lest they weaken their own institutions, lest they endanger the spiritual well-being of their children, to send those children to the schools of our own Church, where possible, in preference to all others.

And all this applies with special force to the Province of Quebec, and to the efforts there being made to educate on churchly and Christian principles the sons and daughters of our people. Bishop's College School for boys, Dunham College, and Compton Ladies' College for girls, all rightly claim a larger share of consideration and support from our people.

The last named (Compton Ladies' College), of which a view is given on p. 224, may serve as an illustration. It is managed by a committee under the control and direction of the Synod of Quebec. It has won for itself in the past few years a good name for thorough work, excellent discipline, careful management, and healthfulness. It is in a lovely locality, and has many advantages a city school cannot possess. Yet with all these recommendations it has had only a fraction of the support it deserves. Even to-day it is passed by in favor of Roman Catholic or other schools by some who ought to be foremost in its support.

It is, of course, easy to criticize that which is close to our doors. And when it is a question of money, the temptation to go elsewhere may become great.

But, surely, if our people can be convinced that educational work, involving religious teaching as well as secular, is a part of the solemn obligation which Christ lays upon all who are called by His name, they will not lightly fail to encourage in every practical way—yes, at expense to themselves—such works as those referred to above. Then will the roots of our faith strike down deeper into our Canadian soil than they have ever done before. Is it too much to say that the growth and fruitfulness of our Church depend very largely upon the realization of some such ideal as this?

“OVER fifty years ago,” says a writer, “seven shoemakers in a shop in the city of Hamburg said, ‘By the grace of God, we will help to send the Gospel to our destitute fellow-men.’ In twenty-five years they had established fifty self-supporting churches, had gathered in 10,000 converts, had distributed 400,000 Bibles and 8,000,000 tracts, and had carried the Gospel to 50,000,000 of the race. It would take only 150 of such men to carry the Gospel to the whole world in twenty-five years. Even if there were no more than 2,000,000 of Christians to-day, yet if every Christian would but be the means every year of leading only a single person to Christ, in ten years the whole world would be converted.”

## OUR PARISHES AND CHURCHES.

### No. 99—ST. ALBAN'S CATHEDRAL, TORONTO.

(A full account was given of this in our last issue under the heading “Historical Sketches.”)

### No. 100—THE UFFINGTON MISSION, MUSKOKA.

**N**EXT month, in our review column, we called attention to a little book recently published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, called “Life in Algoma”; but it is a book deserving of a more extended notice. It is not a book descriptive of life in the diocese of Algoma at large, but chiefly of three years' work in one of the missions in the Muskoka district. It is written anonymously by the clergyman who did the work, his initials, at least, only marking its authorship.

The mission described is that of Uffington, a little village in the bush, about ten miles in an eastward direction from Gravenhurst. It was first served by Rev. Thomas Llwyd—now Rural Dean and incumbent of Huntsville—when he was stationed at Gravenhurst. He was assisted by Mr. W. B. Magan, who was made a deacon on the first of June, 1884. He was succeeded by the Rev. John Greeson as missionary to Uffington. On the removal of this clergyman to the diocese of Ontario, Uffington was vacant, and it is at this point the book referred to begins its story.

The Bishop of Algoma (Dr. Sullivan), preaching in England, aroused the interest of a young Englishman and his wife, both of whom had been workers among the suffering poor of London. Hearing from the eloquent Bishop of flocks in the wilderness without shepherds, they resolved to go and make their home in the woods of Canada. Mr. Burden, for such was his name, was made a deacon by the Bishop of London, and, with his young wife, arrived at Uffington in October, 1888. Then began a remarkable career of Church activity and work. The church was a poor, old, leaky building (very small), one of the very oldest in the diocese, and altogether unfit for use. It was built of logs in the early days of settlers' life—the settlers themselves cutting the logs and forming them into a church. In its little belfry was a small bell. Years before the church was thought of, a settler, when leaving Uffington, had given this bell. He was, no doubt, one who had loved to hear the church bell ring in the old land. Thus it was ready when the church was built.

Mr. Burden saw that, as the Bishop had advised, a new church must be built; but the people were poor, scattered, and discouraged—discouraged because their clergymen did not stay with them. “When do you propose leaving us?” was one of the first questions asked of the newly arrived clergyman.

But things had to be made new in Uffington. First a new cabinet organ must be purchased. One young girl went to the lumber camp, and in less than a week collected one-fourth of the cost. The rest was easily obtained, and a fine new instrument was set up as a harbinger of better things to come. It is not hard to get people interested, if the right steps are taken. The people began to think that they might now have a new church, and soon a large amount of lumber was on the site chosen for it. Then the old church was moved away and by the following July a new structure, whose foundations were built literally upon the rock had risen, as to its walls and even the rafters fixed upon them. The people worked with a will, but money was scarce. One farmer had taken load after load of hay to Gravenhurst, but could get nothing for it. Then came the cheery news from England that the "S.P.C.K." had made a grant towards the building fund of the new church. "One must work in poverty stricken districts," Mr. Burden well remarks, "to appreciate thoroughly the immense value of the grants given by our noble English societies."

During these months Mr. Burden—nearly always accompanied by his wife—was most industrious in parish visiting, and too much could not be done by the hospitable settlers, so far as their limited means would allow, to make them comfortable.

But the work had been too hard for people not very strong. In October the clergyman broke down in health and was obliged to visit Toronto to consult a physician, and the physician told him he must give up his missionary work and return to England. So soon! And everything so nicely started! He could not bear the thought of it and struggled bravely on, till, after a month's rest at Uffington, he found his ordinary health restored.

Christmas came and the people of Uffington were glad, for "did not their own handsome church of St. Paul stand out in all its beauty against the winter snow!" On Sunday, January the 19th, Bishop Sullivan was in their midst and opened the new church—and better still consecrated it. It was found that there was only a debt of \$54 and this was provided for so that the church might be consecrated from the very first for its high and sacred work.

Many wealthy congregations in city and town have not done, in proportion to their means, anything like as well as that. And to a great extent the people did it themselves. They were taught to do their own work. They did it well and valued it all the more.

We cannot now follow much further this interesting history. Besides Uffington there were out stations, several miles distant, and these received as well the benefit of Mr. Burden's energy. In 1890 a new church (St. Stephen's) was erected at Vankoughnet; in 1891 another

(All Saints) at Lewisham, and Christ Church, Purbrook, was rebuilt so as to be practically a new church. The parsonage at Uffington was enlarged and improved; an organ was purchased for St. Stephen's, and a bell for St. Paul's—and then came back the old illness—and Mr. Burden, who had been (in 1891) advanced to the priesthood, saw that he could remain amongst his beloved people no longer. He and his wife had endeared themselves to all. They had had two little children, a girl and a boy, and both were taken from them, and laid side by side in the graveyard at Uffington.

But the call back to England was imperative. To remain longer meant an early death for both clergyman and wife, so they tore themselves away from a sorrowing people who could scarcely reconcile themselves to their departure.

The work, however, has gone on. At the earnest request of the people, who doubled their subscriptions, the Bishop sent them another clergyman, the Rev. A. H. Allman, who is there now.

The recital of this work, as modestly told by Mr. Burden, is most interesting. He is not forgotten in Uffington. The two little graves there are tended with a mother's care and ever and anon dried flowers plucked from them are received by post in England. In concluding his book he says of himself and his wife in their new home in London:

"Although God has permitted many honors to come to them since, among them the freedom of that great city, yet they would give much to have the strength which He has given to others that they might return to a people so loving, so hospitable and so loyal."

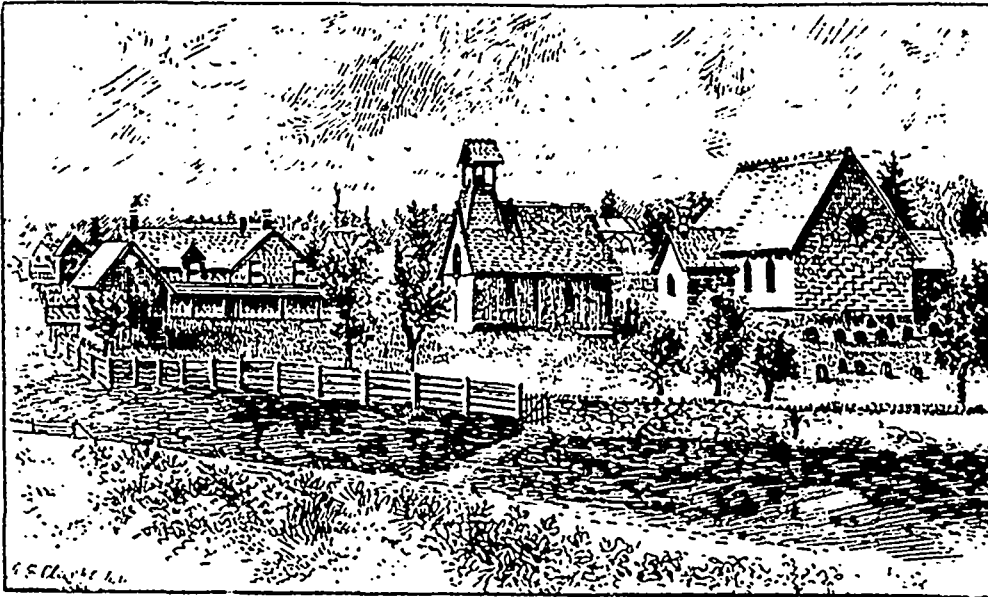
#### WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING ?



THE following clever satire on modern methods of popularizing religion is scarcely an exaggeration. The definition in our Prayer Book of what we assemble and meet together for in God's temple is regarded by too many as obsolete and behind the age. Our space will not permit us to give more than an outline. It is taken from the *English Monthly Packet*:

The rector had been an energetic curate, filled to the brim with all the schemes and methods of his time. He was now, in 1900, an energetic rector, whose principal thought day and night was for his parish and the Church he served. By his side sat his curate, a young man with a puzzled and hunted expression of countenance, and on the opposite side of the room the organist sat before a small harmonium. The three appeared to be discussing a harvest thanksgiving for the following week.

"We begin at the Lord's Prayer, of course,"



UFFINGTON CHURCH. (See Page 225.)

said the rector, "then Venite, one psalm—I think it had better be Psalm cxvii.—a lesson (I shall read only two verses), the Te Deum, a hymn, the Creed harmonized, an anthem, one collect, and a hymn. Make a note of it, Brown."

"You will not introduce a sermon?" asked the curate.

"Better not," said the rector, "don't you remember what a fuss they made when you preached on Good Friday?"

"It was not more than five minutes," said the curate humbly.

"But," said the rector, "they said it was the thin end of the wedge, and that it took all the brightness out of the service, and you know it is of the last importance to get the young men to church."

"There was a young man at church last Sunday, and he yawned," said the curate.

"Yawned!" said the horror-stricken rector, "that must not occur again! We must leave out a collect or something. What can we do to amuse him? When I was a curate, the banjo was one great means of obtaining influence in a parish, but now even the infant school refuses to listen to it."

"Still a few young men come occasionally," said the organist, "Robinson, for instance."

"I'm afraid Robinson isn't as steady as he was," said the rector. "He is not as regular at billiards and the bi-weekly dances as he used to be."

"I spoke to him about it," said the curate, "and he explained that billiards and dancing were too stale, but he would join a balloon club if we started one."

"Yes," said the rector, "I wish we could; but balloons are so frightfully expensive, and the duchess won't help, because she says

she had to give £100 to the choir excursion to the West Indies, and she was perfectly certain they were not satisfied, because they heard that Parkinson took his choir to Khiva!"

"It was the society for sending everybody to Hamburg for a fortnight that spoilt our choir treats," said the organist.

"Before they

were quite contented with Boulogne for a day or two."

"I wish," said the rector, reflectively, "we could get up enough for a set of those automatic choristers; for since we introduced whist in the vestry before evensong on saints' days it is so difficult to get the men into the choir!"

"Everything is difficult nowadays," remarked the curate. "The committee for the Free Clothing Guild complains that the women will not wear a dress which is not imported from Paris."

"And the Guild of Amusements Committee told me," said the organist, gloomily, "that unless on pain of death, the members wouldn't see another magic lantern; they were so sick of them!"

"Then," said the rector, despairingly, "I do not see how the Bible truths are to be brought home to them. If they will not be taught dramatically or operatically, or even by the oxy-hydrogen light, I don't see what is to become of the Church."

The curate hesitated; he would venture to offer a suggestion, "Might it not, as an experiment, be worth while to try a little religion on them?"

#### MISSIONARY NOTES.

"A MILLION people subscribing a penny a month, *i.e.*, one shilling the year, to a common object, would have at their collective disposal an annual income of £50,000." What is to prevent the formation of a league within our several borders, pledging ourselves to the systematic giving of the penny a day, one for the week, or, if we must give less, the penny per

month, over and above what we now contribute; or, so combining it, that available funds for missionary work may be largely increased?

IN a recent address the Archbishop of Canterbury said: "I am certain that Christianity would soon die down amongst us if our mission work ceased; and I am perfectly certain that the more we increase mission work abroad, the more we shall Christianize all parts of our own land."

IN the memoir of Bishop Steere we are told that on one occasion he had a very small audience, and the clergyman of the parish was tempted to give up the meeting. But the bishop dissuaded him, and spoke so earnestly that one man who was present came afterwards and said, "I came to the meeting firmly of the opinion that missions were all humbug and missionary bishops too, but now I see my mistake," and he took out his purse and gave the contents, some £25, to the mission, to which, afterwards, he became a warm friend.

DR. EVINGTON, the newly consecrated English bishop of southern Japan, delivered an address in London shortly before his departure for Japan, in which he said: "I have seen the country change as perhaps no country on earth has changed in so short a time. What do we now see there? We find that Japan is in some things almost ahead of England. Last year I was living in a little town of only 40,000 people, and in that little town, with its garrison of 5,000 soldiers, its schools of different grades and other educational establishments, there were both the electric light and the telephone, which you would not find in many small towns in England."

IN British Bechuanaland in South Africa, there is a noble chieftain whose name is Khama. He will allow within his territory no ardent spirits. Spies are stationed on the borders to guard against its entrance. More than that, this enlightened African has stopped the manufacture of native beer. Gathering his people together, he said, "You take the grain which God has given to us in answer to prayer, and make stuff with it that causes mischief in you. Make beer no more." One of the South African chiefs who had to fight against Lobengula declared that that fierce savage never gave him a sleepless night, but that he dreaded, far more than all the warriors of the Matabeles, the rum of the white man. "Its wounds," said he, "never heal."

THE Bishop of Mashonaland, preaching recently in Southwell Cathedral, asked: Were the heathen nations of to-day benefited by Christianity? The best evidences he could give were

instances that had come under his own notice. The largest African tribe he knew as having been brought under the influence of Christianity was one of the bravest, richest, and most intelligent and most independent, in the whole country. *They numbered something over 210,000.* He once rode through that country with one of the greatest English officers, who turned to him and said, "What this country is to-day is in the main what the missionaries have made it." The largest native town he knew of in European territory was reputed to be the worst native town in the whole of South Africa. The Magistrate, however, said he must make exception in favor of Christians. Then take as an instance of individuals the great chief of Bechuana. Where would they find in the whole of Africa a chief like him? *Converted when fifteen years of age, he suffered ten years' persecution at the hands of his father.* He was never once heard to utter an unkind word. He left his hiding-place to help his father when the latter's enemies were too strong for him, for he was the best of his father's fighting men. Coming to the throne he was very unpopular. He stopped the making of all drink by his people. He prevented them carrying out many of their old cruel customs. He risked his throne in doing this and, what was harder still, spent a large part of his life in his efforts to keep European illicit drink-traders out of the country. *They could not trace this to heredity or environment.* The surprise was not that there had been failure in mission work, but that failures had been so few.

### LINGER NOT.

The time is short!

If thou wouldst work for God, it must be now;  
If thou wouldst win the garland for thy brow,  
Redeem the time.

Shake off earth's sloth!

Go forth with staff in hand while yet 'tis day;  
Set out with girded loins upon the way;  
Up! linger not!

Fold not thine hands!

What has the pilgrim of the cross and crown  
To do with luxury or couch of down?  
On, pilgrim, on!

With his reward,

He comes; He tarries not; His day is near;  
When men least look for Him will He be here;  
Prepare for Him!

Let not the flood

Sweep thy firm feet from the eternal rock;  
Face calmly, solemnly, the billows' shock,  
Fear not the storm.

Withstand the foe;

Die daily, that forever thou mayst live;  
Be faithful unto death; thy Lord will give  
The crown of life

—Horatius Bonar.

## Young People's Department.



BEARS AT HOME.

### BEARS AT HOME.

**H**OW many people ever really met a bear? And is it always a dangerous thing to meet one? Most people think it is, but a missionary of the diocese of New Westminster, British Columbia, says that a few years ago he met one face to face in the woods and he felt a little startled over it. He had a big, strong Indian with him. Indeed it was the Indian who saw the bear first. It was a she bear with her cub, and she looked very angry. What was to be done? The Indian said, "Let us ride up to the bears, jump off our horses, throw up our arms, open our mouths as wide as possible and shout with all our might in their faces."

Saying this he urged on his horse, and the missionary's with him. They got quite close to the bear. There she was, standing up, waiting for them. The Indian jumped off his horse, threw up his arms, opened a mouth big enough almost to swallow the cub, and gave a

yell that Indians alone can give—and all before the missionary was well off his horse. The bear was not prepared for an attack like this, and could not tell what was coming next. So she set off into the bushes, and her cub with her, as fast as she could go, while the big Indian and the missionary laughed heartily, got on their horses and travelled on.

### NOT RICH TOWARD GOD.



**A** GREAT General, who had conquered many provinces and amassed great wealth, was one day seized with a fatal illness, and his physician told him that he had not long to live. His chief object in life had hitherto been to acquire fame and riches, but now, looking round on the luxury and treasures by which he was surrounded, he said: "What fatigue, what dangers, what anxieties both of mind and body, have I endured for the sake of these earthly

riches and fame, and now that I am about to die I can take none of them away with me!"

How far wiser would he have been to use the gifts God bestowed upon him so as to "lay up treasure in heaven." No earthly riches can avail us anything at the last if we have not used them so as to be rich toward God.—*Selected.*

### MAKING PICTURES.

**U**NCLE HENRY sat reading by the table. At his elbow Bertha's slate was lying, still covered with the pictures which the little girl had been busily drawing earlier in the afternoon. Presently her brother Tom came in and caught sight of it.

"Oh!" he cried, when he had picked it up and examined it. "What wonderful pictures! Can it be that we have an artist in the family? Here's a house, with a boy standing beside it, whose head reaches to the second-story windows, and he's got a hat on as big as the whole roof! There's grass growing around him as long as his arm, and a tree near by that comes up to his shoulder. Look at it, Uncle Henry." Uncle Henry took the slate, and smiled over his little niece's higgledy-piggledy drawings.

"The trouble is that Bertha does not understand proportion. Do you know what that means, my boy?"

Tom looked doubtful.

"That is, she does not know how to make each object the right size, as compared to all the others. Older and wiser folks than our little Bertha have been making just the same mistake all their lives."

Tom balanced himself on the arm of his Uncle's chair, and waited for the rest. He was fond of listening to the old gentleman's talks. "They are like sermons in some things," he used to say. "They've got all the goodness in them you want. But, then, he 'knows how to make them just the right length for boys, and the right fit, into the bargain. They fit most too well sometimes."

"Do you know, Tom," began Uncle Henry, presently, "we are all of us at Bertha's work of drawing pictures? Every morning a great big slate, fresh and clean, is set up before us, and we begin to mark on it as soon as we open our eyes. We call that slate a day. And it is a wise man and a wise boy who can draw in true proportion the pictures he puts on it. There are some farmers around here who draw their one farm bigger than all the rest of the county, and their bank book bigger than the biggest family Bible you could find. And there are boys, Tom, who draw recess bigger than all the school hours, fun bigger than faithfulness, who draw a baseball field bigger than the kingdom of heaven, and their ten-year-old selves

bigger than all the rest of the world, men, women, and children put together. Do you see how that is?"

Tom's round face was very sober, as he agreed that he did.

"It is not a skilful hand that puts in such wild strokes as those, is it, lad? We ought to learn to do better work. There is an Artist, the grandest Artist in the universe, and the most patient Teacher, who will give us all lessons just for the asking, and help us to make pictures so true and beautiful that it will do everybody around us good to look at them. My nephew Tom has heard about that Artist all his life, hasn't he?"

Tom nodded.

"There is one thing for us to remember," said Uncle Henry, laying the slate down and taking up his book again, "we can't rub our drawings out, as Bertha does hers."—*Morning Star.*

### RED WING.

**R**ED WING was an old Indian. He had a fierce, dark face; and he did not love the white men nor the missionaries very much. But little Ellen, the missionary's child, was never afraid of him. She would run to him, whenever he went by, and would try to talk to him, in her little way, which he could not understand. But he seemed pleased to have such a little friend; and he would even smile, sometimes, when she ran up to him. Ellen's mamma felt a little afraid sometimes when she saw the fierce face of old Red Wing leaning down close to her dear little girl. Yet she wanted the Indians to know that the white people loved them, and were friendly to them. The missionary and his wife had gone there to teach the Indians about Jesus. Red Wing would not listen when the missionary talked. He did not care to know about the true God. He used to look very cross when they asked him to go to church. But one day he was riding past the missionary's house with other Indians. They stopped to speak to the missionary's wife; and out ran little Ellen, to see them. She went up to old Red Wing, and put out her little hand, to pat his horse. "Red Wing," she said, in her broken, way, "I love you. I say 'God bless Red Wing' every night. Red Wing say prayer too?" She asked this so sweetly, that every one wished the old Indian could understand her. One of the other Indians told him what the child said. He smiled and nodded his head at her. The next Sunday Red Wing was at church. He went to say his prayer, as Ellen had asked him. So little Ellen was a missionary for Jesus; and the old Indian learned to love God.—*The Shepherd's Arms.*



MELANESIA.

**M**ELANESIA comes from a Greek word which means black. It is used to describe a large group of islands in the Pacific Ocean close to Australia and New Zealand, and the "black" refers to the people, whose skin is very dark and swarthy. But you notice from the above picture that they have not the same kind of face as the negro that we are accustomed to see in Canada. So that they must be a different race of people. They are very cruel people and fight among themselves a great deal. Missionaries are teaching them and trying to show them how to live good and happy lives. The missionaries have schools, and in these they teach the children of these people, whenever they can get them, how to read and write and how to pray. When they get them they are rough little savages without clothes; but they teach them how to dress themselves and keep themselves neat and clean, and when they learn to do this they have more respect for themselves and soon see how much better it is to be as the Christians are. Then, too, they learn what true religion is, and some day all those islands—and if you will look on the map you will see that there are a great many of them—will have churches and schools on them everywhere, and then the people will be savage and cruel no longer. This is missionary work, and when children hear of it they ought to help it in every way they can, so as to save poor little children that are far, far away from the hard, cruel lives that in their natural state they will have to live.

If men should try as hard to become good as they do to get rich, it wouldn't be long before we had a nation of saints.

## THREE MAIDS—A RECITATION.

*First Little Girl.*

**W**E are three little maids of the Mission Band.  
Bright and early we've taken our stand  
To be of some use in this great wide world;  
Instead of living just to be curled  
And feathered and frizzed like the poor little  
birds,

We mean to try by our deeds and our words  
To do all the good we possibly may  
While on this pleasant earth we stay.  
So we have lots of things to tell—  
For in our Band we learn them well—  
About the far-off mission lands,  
Where day and night the teacher stands  
To show the way to our dear Lord  
And teach the people from His Word.  
We'll show you how the children look  
As they sit and learn God's Holy Book.

*Second Little Girl.*

This is the way they dress in Japan—  
Land of the bamboo and the fan—  
Where the queer little children are begging to learn  
Of Jesus, that they from their idols may turn  
And be happy as we in the care of a Friend,  
Who, having once loved them, will love to the end.

*Third Little Girl.*

I'm a Hindu child just now  
From sunny India, where they bow  
To cruel gods; where mothers sad  
Throw little girls to Gunga bad,  
And little widows, no older than I,  
Are left in darkness to pine and die.  
O, thankful and glad indeed are we  
Only "make-believe" heathen to be!

*Enter Chinese Boy.*

Here comes a boy from China, you see,  
You three little maidens make room there for me!  
For the boys are not to be left behind  
In a race with the girls for the good and the kind.  
In China of course we boys ought to beat,  
For what can girls do with their poor stumbling feet?  
But we mean in the future to give them fair play  
If Christians will help us and show us the way.

*All recite together.*

So we three little maids and our brother "Chinee"  
Mean always true workers for Jesus to be,  
Perhaps you may hear of us one of these days  
In China or India teaching His ways.

—*Children's Work for Children.*

THE bravest boys are not always those who are ready to fight. Here is the story of one who showed the right spirit when provoked by his comrades:

A poor boy was attending school one day with a large patch on one of the knees of his trousers. One of his schoolmates made fun of him, for this, and called him "Old Patch."

"Why don't you fight him?" cried one of the boys. "I'd give it to him, if he called me so."

"Oh," said the boy, "you don't suppose I'm ashamed of my patch, do you? For my part, I'm thankful for dear mother to keep me out of rags. I'm proud of my patch for her sake."—  
*Selected.*



## CHRISTIAN OR HEATHEN?

“HOW much,” asked Charlie, looking up from his book, “does it cost to support a missionary for a year?”

Katy was delighted. She had tried time and time again to interest her brother in mission work, but he had always turned a deaf ear. Perhaps he was even going to offer to give some money to the cause in which she was so much engrossed; but if not, it was something to have him even ask a question about it.

“Why, I don’t know, exactly,” she answered; “but if you really want to know, I think I can find out for you from Miss Dora, at our next meeting.”

“I don’t believe you need bother,” said Charlie; then added, “I only thought it might be a good plan to engage one to preach to you a little; it seems to me you need it as much as some of the heathen. You’re as cross as two sticks when mother asks you to do anything for her; you growl if a fellow wants a button sewed on; you are always ‘busy,’ if one of the children wants to be read to; you miss your lessons because you have ‘other things to do,’ and, as far as I can see, you act more like a heathen than a Christian.”

For an instant after he had ceased to speak Katy stood still, too surprised to move, the tears rushing into her blue eyes; then she turned and fairly sprang from the room.

“If she’s a heathen, you’re a barbarian!” exclaimed her elder brother, Rowland. “Aren’t you ashamed of yourself, speaking to a girl like that? My advice to you, young man, is to look out for the beam in your own eye; and what is more, you need not take the trouble to come my way till you have apologized to her.”

Up in her pretty room poor Katy lay, sobbing, on the little white bed. It was cruel, cruel of Charlie to say such things; such horrid, mean, untrue things! But wait. Horrid they certainly were, mean, too, perhaps; but untrue? were they untrue?

Up into the face hidden in Katy’s hands the color began to creep. No, she could not honestly say that these horrid, mean remarks were untrue; and as she thought them over, hurt and angry as she was at Charlie, she was forced to acknowledge that he was not without excuse. What had she done to show him any good results from her mission work? Had her conduct at home been such as to make him feel kindly toward it?

Suddenly, into the little girl’s mind flashed some words which she had read somewhere: “What have I done to-day that I might not have done had I been a heathen?” and they seemed to make her understand more clearly what Charlie meant.

Yes, she had, as he told her, been acting more

like a heathen than a Christian. But it proved that Katy was a Christian and not a heathen, that, slipping from the bed to her knees, with the tear-stained face (tears of penitence now) still hidden, she breathed a little prayer that she might have strength, first to forgive Charlie, and then so to live that she would be a help and not a hindrance to him. Rowland and Charlie were still reading in the library when the door opened to admit a very humble-faced little girl; and as she came in quietly, and took the chair which Rowland rose to offer her, she did not see him glance at Charlie, or hear a low, “Now, sir.”

Charlie, to do him justice, was heartily ashamed of himself by this time. Not that what he had said was less true, but that he, who plumed himself upon being a “gentleman,” should have so forgotten himself; and then Rowland’s words about the beam had recalled several things in his own conduct to which Katy might have taken exception with as much justice had she felt so inclined.

And so he came forward, and like the manly boy he really was begged her pardon for his rude words; and Katy, holding out her hand, told him, very humbly, that they had been true words, and that she would try to do better in the future.

That was more than Charlie could stand, and with a hasty glance at Rowland, and a muttered “Brute!” which was evidently meant to apply to himself, he wheeled about and went out of the room; while Rowland, crossing over to Katy, leaned down and kissed her, whispering, “Well done, my little Missionary.”

“Oh, Rowland, I don’t deserve it!” cried Katy, smiling through her tears.—*By Annie L. Hannah, in The Young Christian Soldier.*

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I HAVE been enabled to commit my soul to Him who says: “Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out,” and who is “able to save to the uttermost.” These two texts have been as sheet-anchors, by which my soul has outrode many a storm when otherwise hope would have failed. “In no wise” takes in all characters, and “to the uttermost” goes many a league beyond all difficulties. I recommend these anchors; they are sure and steadfast.—*John Newton.*

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DAVID Livingston make this resolve in early life: “I will place no value on anything I have or may possess, except in relation to the kingdom of Christ. If anything I have will advance the interests of that kingdom, it shall be given or kept, as by keeping or giving it I shall most promote the glory of Him to whom I owe all my hopes both for time and eternity.”

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### EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Board of Management of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society will meet in Quebec on the 10th of October. A full list of the members of this board will be found on the last page of this issue. The Quebec Woman's Auxiliary will be in session at the same time.

MISS JENNIE C. SMITH continues to do good hospital work in Kobe, Japan, and her services are becoming most acceptable to the people of the country. As Miss Smith never forgets that she is a missionary as well as a nurse, much good must come from her residence in Japan.

THE Bishop of Moosonee has had a hard time fighting off ice at the breaking up of the river, and much damage was done to property. This "breaking" up is always a terrible time of anxiety at Moose Fort, and the necessity of a larger see house on a safer site has become forcibly plain. The Bishop says: "We do not want a palace; simply a strong log house, or frame house, above ground, to avoid loss from flood."

THE Rev. F. W. Kennedy, late of Bolton, diocese of Toronto, has taken passage for Japan, where he goes to join Mr. Waller's mission. He goes as a missionary of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada. Mrs. Kennedy and her mother, Mrs. Roe, lately of the Port Hope School, accompany him. Miss Paterson is

also now on her way to join the mission. This will form quite a reinforcement for Nagano.

THE BISHOP OF ALGOMA is to spend the coming winter in Mentone. He has addressed a farewell pastoral to his clergy, in which he appoints the Rev. Rural Dean Llwyd his commissary to administer the affairs of the diocese in his absence. In this pastoral the Bishop says: (1) As to foreign missions: "The customary appeal on behalf of foreign missions will be issued by the House of Bishops at Epiphany, and I trust that the clergy will make it a conscientious duty, first to *inform themselves* intelligently on the subject, and, secondly, when reading the appeal to their several congregations (as they are bound to do by the law of the Provincial Synod, which their ordination vows pledge them to obey) to give *them* some information as to the progress of the Church's work among the heathen. Obedience to Christ's command—gratitude for our own blessings, all of them secured to us, in God's providence, through the agency of foreign missions—the marvellous triumphs of the Gospel over Paganism—the pitiable fact that 800 millions of the human family have never yet heard the name of Him who died for them—all these considerations bind us, by obligations the most solemn, to send 'the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ' to those 'that dwell in the land of the shadow of death.'" (2) As to the future of Algoma: "The Triennial Council will be held (D.V.) at a somewhat earlier date than usual next year, owing to the necessity for the discussion of certain grave problems, prior to the assembling of the synods in the older dioceses of this ecclesiastical province. Among these the question of the future of Algoma and the probable alteration of its boundaries occupies for us a foremost place. The problem is certain to be agitated, and solved, at the next meeting of the Provincial Synod. Any solution of the problem which may be unanimously agreed upon among ourselves will carry great weight in its deliberations, subject, of course, to the requirements of other interdiocesan readjustments. Reserving my own opinion on the subject, I would suggest that the clergy make the question a matter of thoughtful, prayerful investigation during the winter, and so come to the Triennial Council prepared to discuss it intelligently, and arrive at some unanimous conclusion which will fairly represent the mind of the diocese." The Bishop, then, may be expected back to his diocese in the spring of the year, in order to get everything ready for the Provincial Synod, which will meet in Montreal in September, 1895. The prayers of many will be offered for the Bishop's health and strength, and for his speedy return to Canada.

## WHO WILL GO?

The following is from a letter by the Rev. A. R. Macduff, chaplain of Dharmsala, and private chaplain to the Bishop of Lahore, to the secretary of the Board of Domestic and Foreign Missions, Canada:

SIR,—By way of further preface, I may say that I am an "Old Boy" of the Montreal High School and a B.A. of McGill University, and that I have held two parishes in the Canadian Church, all of which may be taken as authorization of the following letter. At the risk of being egotistical, I must add one or two more personal items, so as to preface my application to your Board. I have the spiritual oversight of all Europeans in the romantic valleys of Kangra and Kulu—a parish remarkable for the fact that there is *no* dissent, but all belongs to the Church. Side by side with myself, the Church Missionary Society works among Hindus and Muhammadans. Thus the Church has it all her own way in these beautiful highlands. The Church Missionary Society has been obliged to extend her aggressive efforts beyond the frontier into Beluchistan and elsewhere. For this and other causes, her work in these hills is practically in the hands of a missionary's widow, who directs a native deacon with catechists and readers. I do my best to supply the sacraments, but I can do very little, as I have three congregations, one of them being an important civil and military station, viz., the Sanatorium of Dharmsala.

For the last ten years I have known these Himalayan valleys, as they were my "Play Ground" when I was chaplain of St. Andrew's, Lahore, and now that I am stationed in these parts I cannot help voicing a silent and long suppressed day dream, in which I have indulged for the period above mentioned.

These valleys of Kulu, Kangra and Kotgarh would climatically and in every other way form a compact and most desirable mission for the Canadian Church. Surely it would be far better for Canadians to have a definite district of their own, their very own child, than to lose the benefits of localized interest, as the Australians are losing them, by merely helping foreign missions generally. There are stone churches and mission houses and schools, but no missionaries.

A description of Kulu, Kangra, and Kotgarh, the three K's—to which I want, by way of alliteration, to add the hard C of Canada—may not be altogether out of place. I wish that some of my Canadian brethren could have stood at my side when I visited the Kangra mission on a recent occasion. A beautiful stone house just like an English rectory, with stone church and school adjoining, stands on an isolated sugar loaf hill. The house commands a magnificent panorama. The Kangra valley is fifteen miles wide and ninety miles long. Fifteen miles

across the valley, right facing the mission house, stands a great snowy range running up to seven-tens thousand in peaks and fourteen thousand in passes. I am sorry to say we cannot rival the real Himalayangiants, to wit, Nunga Perbat, Cinchinganga, and Everest; but we do our best, and a magnificent "best" it is, with pure white snow alternating with bright blue sky above and luxuriant vegetation below. Kangra is a very holy place, and boasts a golden temple which is the centre for pilgrims, who flock thither from all over India. The Christian services are said in Urdu, and the school is well attended. The church is built of stone, and would not disgrace an English village. On the opposite side of the valley is situated my own headquarters, which are fixed in the Sanatorium or Hill Station of Dharmsala. We have two native regiments and a contingent of British troops. The officers, together with civil officials (such as the deputy commissioner, the divisional and district judges, etc.), form a very desirable community, which is strengthened by summer visitors. The mission has a native church and a school here for Hindustani-speaking people, about two miles from the European church. The climate is quite temperate, the thermometer never going above eighty degrees in the shade in summer, while there is snow and frost in winter. The residents and visitors at Dharmsala have always shown a lively interest in the local mission, and the society there would be exceedingly pleasant and helpful to missionaries. Going up the valley from Dharmsala, you reach the tea-planting station of Palampur. Here there is a handsome stone church for Europeans, while in a village three miles distant there are thirty Christians. A catechist's house has been built, and stones have been collected for a future church. The valley runs up for many more miles, and contains numerous places where mission work amongst the heathen might be done. A pass of ten thousand feet takes you from the Kangra valley into the equally romantic valley of Kulu. This extensive field is held by an isolated catechist, although two ladies from Australia are also there for a season. It is very unlikely that they will remain, as they are Presbyterians, and the district belongs to the Church. Dotted up and down Kulu are about a dozen tea planters. I am only able to visit them once a year. Being "mingled amongst the heathen," they are in danger of "learning their works." It would, indeed, be a blessing if an earnest missionary were planted here. He could evangelize the natives and seek after the scattered sheep of Christ's flock. Again, climbing yet another pass and then crossing the river Sutley, the traveller reaches Kotgarh. Here the C.M.S. has a church and schools and several substantial houses and a small endowment. Only one thing is wanting, a clergyman. A veteran layman, Mr. Bentel, is in charge. He was for years

the society's industrial agent at the Christian village of Clarkabad, where he labored till Mrs. Bentel's health broke down, owing to the heat of the plains.

This work wants three of your best university men, one for Kangra, one for Kulu, and one for Kotgargh. They must be scholars, and they must be gentlemen, such as Canadian *graduates* always are. These are not backwoods. The Hindu is subtle, and his Brahman priests are philosophical theologians. Again, the European officials are taken by competition from the pick of English schools and universities. The missionary is received warmly by these men; but he must be able to meet them on their own ground. Canadian *graduates* pass muster as well as any the world over. I am sure, if they came, they would do honor to the Dominion, but we must have graduates.

#### TRAVELLING IN ALGOMA.

In the *Letter Leaflet* of the Woman's Auxiliary for July last, in the Huron diocese department we find the following regarding travelling in Algoma :

An Algoma friend, in reference to some very misleading statements in regard to its Bishop's "luxurious travelling," etc., writes: "During this last week he has been out of reach even of the telegraph; was towed for two days on a scow up a lake; had four portages in the rain; to say nothing of the poor food, miserable accommodation, and paddling from one point to another, all of which is simply a matter of course to himself and clergy, and probably because so seldom mentioned is not realized by outsiders." Of his clergy the Bishop says: "Some of them have given to the diocese the best of their lives, despite the inadequacy of their stipends and the total absence of any provision for the period of age and physical infirmity." The following is another little incident of Algoma travel from Mr. Frost, of Sheguiandah: "I have been away for some time looking up my scattered sheep at the corner of the fence. The weather was against me, a thaw having set in while I was on my journey through the woods, lakes, marshes, mountains, and rivers. Some places, in fact all the low places, the marshes and the rivers, were flooded to such an extent that my mare Nellie was almost swimming for a mile or more. At one place where I had been preaching the water had risen and frozen over about an inch, and for a mile or so of this the poor beast had to break and plunge her way through, the ice would not bear me even, and it was heartrending for me to sit and watch the poor beast in the ice and water dragging me along. No animal in the world can stand this; of course, she is almost prostrate, poor wretch. I travelled about 300 miles, and held about twenty ser-

vices amongst all sorts of men, women, and children, red and white."

#### STRANGE VOICES AND FOREIGN MISSIONS.

"There is so much work at home that interests me, I really cannot pay much attention to foreign fields. To tell you the truth, I am not interested in foreign missions; they are too far off."

Such was my reply one stormy evening to the patient collector, who for half an hour had been trying to arouse my *sluggish sympathies* for the benighted peoples and earnest workers across the seas. She left me, and I returned to my cosy chair and glowing fire, wondering why she need have disturbed my reading to tell me so many disagreeable things. I preferred pleasant thoughts, or, if I must go outside of those, it suited me far better to breathe a gentle sigh over the woes of an Evangeline than seriously to consider the needs of other lands, or sympathize with the degraded wretches who, after all, were incapable of such depth of feeling as my delicate self.

Still the disagreeable facts so gratuitously presented by my caller partook of her persistence, and I tried in vain to dismiss them from my mind, until, finally leaving my book and fire, I said pettishly, "I'll see if a good night's sleep will restore my balance." But the thoughts pursued me as the monotonous drip of rain from the eaves resolved itself into the steady tread of feet, and I seemed to be standing on a high platform with a wondrously fair woman, whose stern eyes fastened accusingly on me made me quail, while a seemingly endless procession of women approached us. As they came near, I saw that they were divided into companies. The first division stopped in front of the platform and looked earnestly at me. They were small and dark-skinned, dressed in white jackets and striped skirts, while many-hued scarfs gave a brilliancy like the tropics to the scene.

I was about to ask my companion, despite her austere look, who they were, when one of them pointed to me and said with intense scorn: "Women of Siam, behold this woman! She claims to love the Saviour who made her what she is; she says she is grateful to Him for her sheltered, petted life, but she has no interest in us. We are taught that our very existence is a curse for misdeeds in some former state. The happiest of us are sold to be one of many wives; the most wretched are gambled away by our mothers to become slaves. We are brought up in profanity, in lying, in brawls, in filth. For us is no heaven, only a dreary hope of purchasing from our gods merit that shall secure for us a happier state in our next transmigration; but she is not interested in us. Degraded, ignorant,

despised at home, she, too, despises us and calls herself a follower of the meek and lowly Nazarene! He cares for us and commands His children to bring us good tidings, but this child of His grudges a single half hour to hear of our needs; she even refuses us her prayers, because she is 'not interested' in missions."

Overwhelmed by this sudden address, I glanced at my companion, but only to cower before her piercing eyes fixed so severely upon me. The procession moved on, and, lo, another division stood before me. They were gayly dressed, but the eyes beneath the white veils were very sad. With mournful mien and voice one of them spoke: "Syrian women, here stands one who was welcomed at her birth, who has had many advantages, who claims the great Allah of America as her own, whose hope of heaven is bright. She says her Allah cares for all, and she is like Him, but she is not interested in us. When we were born, forty days of mourning were observed. Our Allah has no care for us, we are only women; we may never enter a mosque; our brightest hope is a heaven by ourselves, to be gained by obedience to our husbands. They must ignore us abroad, at home they beat us. We reckon ourselves as the wild beasts. We are deceitful, profane, debased, but how can we be any better if they who know a more excellent way have no interest even to listen to our story, or to send us help?"

With a dreary sigh which was echoed by all, she led the way and they passed on. For very shame I hid my face, but was constrained to look up as there tottered toward me a vast company whose crippled feet proclaimed them from the Chinese empire. The almond eyes of the leader fastened on me as she said: "Your parents rejoiced once because God had given them a daughter; your welfare has been consulted in everything; nature was not interfered with, and your feet will carry you whithersoever you will; education has been freely yours; evil has been carefully eradicated, and to-day you pride yourself on your keen sense of right and wrong. Our parents were disgraced by our birth; if they had murdered us, no one would have interfered. We were crippled from childhood; our education was confined to lessons of obedience to fathers, brothers, husbands, and sons; beyond our own doors we are forbidden to be known either for good or evil. Unable to read, ranked by our most advanced thinkers with the monkeys and parrots, what wonder if we are superstitious, depraved, and vicious? O American woman, who hath made us to differ, and by what right are you 'not interested' in us?"

Before I could have spoken, if I had desired, they had passed forward and their place was filled with short, robust figures, clad in mantles of tanned skin, leather petticoats, and short

beaded aprons. Beads of all varieties, buttons, buckles, and rings of iron and copper decorated their stout figures in many fantastic ways.

They marched entirely around the platform, closely scanning me, before any one spoke; then the leader said: "Free to come or go, no terror in her life, at liberty to marry or not, certain of protection from any abuse, surely, sisters, this is a favored woman. We of Africa are chattels. We must marry whom our fathers choose and be one of many wives, subject to every caprice of our husband. If he commands us not to stand upright before him, henceforth we must crawl in his presence, on pain of cruel punishment. If he favors one of us, disfigurement or death awaits her from her jealous companions; unless he favors us, he beats or kills us as he chooses, with none to interfere; we are his, body and soul. Unmarried, we form the estate of our father or brother, to be divided at his death among the heirs. But this woman is 'not interested' in us; she cares not that to us no heaven is promised equal to what she now enjoys; we are too far off. O God of America, are we too far off for Thee to care? Is there no help for us? Is Thy child a true representative of Thee?"

A cold terror was settling upon me and I looked for some escape from the place, but even as I looked before me were flashing jewels, rich silks, and costly apparel. With eyes as bright as her jewels, a woman cried, passionately: "Would you like to know our story? We were born in far-off India. We were all married before we were ten, some of us before we were three years old. We were taken to our husband's home to be slaves to his mother, to cook his food, and send it to him, awaiting outside our portion from whatever he might leave. In sickness, no physician must see or touch us; we are taken out and laid by the Ganges, the sight of whose holy waters is to cleanse our sins. After death the same sacred stream will receive our ashes. Forbidden to sew or read, our only occupation is to quarrel with our associate wives; and so we live with no purpose, and die with no hope. But we are the favored ones in fair India; ours is the enviable lot; you shall see our unhappy sisters, to whose condition we may be reduced at any moment."

She waved her hand and her followers fell back, leaving a space before me which was immediately filled with the most sorrowful faces that had yet appeared. Here were no jewels or silks, but scanty cotton garments, uncombed hair, and eyes heavy with woe. Their speaker stepped forward and tremblingly said: "We are widows. When our husbands died, our ornaments were stripped from us and we became slaves to all about us. We may never change our condition, but must live on, sleeping on the floor with but a mat beneath us, eating but one scant meal a day, fasting twenty-

four hours once a fortnight, eating apart from others, forbidden even to see others happy. We must have no society and no one must show us a kindness. Blows and curses are our portion, and death our only relief."

As her voice ceased she, too, waved her followers back, and instantly my platform was surrounded by little girls, the oldest under six. Such drawn, pitiful, wan faces I hope never to see again. They lifted pleading hands and raised beseeching eyes to mine as they begged: "O Christian lady, pray your God for us. We are widows already, and this woe is ours for life. Look at the petted children of your land; think of the curly heads and laughing eyes that you love in your homes. Look at our tired feet and bruised arms, and remember how tenderly you hold the tiny hands and guide the dainty feet of your darlings. We beg you to spare one thought, utter one little prayer for us, for we number eighty thousand under six years old." Eighty thousand pairs of eyes looking wistfully into mine for a minute, but suddenly a voice said, "It is useless; her Saviour said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' but she is 'not interested.'" The faint hope died out of their faces and they all vanished.

Noting the tears on my face the fair one at my side asked, "Need I do more to interest you in missions?"

"You!" I stammered; "who are you?"

"I am Conscience," she replied, "and I stand here to tell you that your vision of tonight is no disordered dream. I have brought truth to your door; shall it knock in vain? I gave you an elevated position, for you are above the sisters whom you have seen, but the platform that raises you is the Rock, Christ Jesus. Will you be content to stand there alone, or have you at last interest to spare for the nations low in the dust at the feet of Allah and Brahma? Will you help them up, or will you choose to hear your Redeemer say to you, 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me?'"

For answer I fell to my knees and conscience left me, satisfied to have brought me to my God, knowing that she could trust my waking with Him. To a pitiful Saviour I confessed all my pride and indifference and He forgave me; then I slept sweetly and refreshingly. The next morning I hastened to the house of my friend, the collector, took back my heartless words of the night before, and gave her double what she had asked. That morning was the beginning of a new life to me, for I promised my Saviour that henceforth His cause should be mine, and that I would give to the women of other lands as freely as I had received from Him; and I pray God to keep me from ever being again so fast asleep as I was on that night when asked to contribute to foreign missions.—*Miss Emma J. Cummings in The Gospel in All Lands.*

### Woman's Auxiliary Department.

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

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

### ANNUAL MEETING OF THE PROVINCIAL BOARD OF MANAGEMENT OF THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY.

The annual meeting of the Provincial Board of Management is to be held in Quebec on the 11th and 12th of October. There will be a celebration of the Holy Communion in St. Matthew's Church at 9.30 on Thursday morning, at which an address will be given on missionary work. After the service, the Board will assemble in St. Matthew's parish room for the business meetings. The Quebec W.A. will hold a reception in the Church Hall on Thursday evening, when they hope to have the pleasure of meeting and knowing the members of the Board and other visitors. The Domestic and Foreign Mission Board hold their meeting in Quebec the day before that of the W.A., namely, the 10th October. The earnest prayers of all the members of the W.A. are asked for the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, and for the Board of Management, before and during the meetings. A welcome addition to the W.A. Board is the diocesan president and members from the Algoma Diocesan Branch just lately formed. Hitherto Algoma has had only parochial branches, working nobly, but not gathered under one head like the other dioceses, and so had only one representative on the Board. Now she will have four, like the other diocesan branches—the president, and three diocesan officers elected at the annual meeting of the Algoma Branch to serve as members of the Provincial Board of Management.

The subjects for this month are Selkirk and All Islands. Selkirk was set apart from Mackenzie River diocese in 1891. It lies between that diocese and the United States Territory of Alaska, and directly north of the diocese of Columbia. Its name, the Bishop thinks, is from "Selig Kirche," or "Holy Church." The very mention of the name of this northerly diocese brings to our minds at once those of Bishop and Mrs. Bompas, and the noble self-sacrificing work they have done, and are doing still, as the following will show:—

"A temperature of 59° below zero is not favorable to letter-writing; nevertheless I must take advantage of a benevolent miner going to Juneau to send news. We are all well, in spite of the cold, which is truly intense. It is really a great business to keep everything going this weather. All eatables have to be thawed be-

fore they can even be prepared for cooking, loaves have to be laid on the stove before they can be cut, etc. The fetching of our wood and water is a serious business, and requires some of the Bishop's wise planning to organize; but just now it is a daily amusement to our five mission girls. The Bishop goes down at twelve o'clock, when school breaks up, to reopen our ice hole on the river; and after the water-carrying comes the wood-fetching. Our food supplies have not failed us yet, I am thankful to say; and if you were to look into our cellar and see the number of deers' legs, heads, and tongues, etc., you would say that we need not fear starvation. We had our fish season. One gets rather tired of salmon, far sooner than of white fish, of which we do not get any here. After fish, fresh and dried, came the rabbit season, which was more than usually abundant this year. All the little Indians are now wrapped in rabbit skin coats, with hoods of the same, and we rejoice in a rabbit skin bed to sleep on, and nothing could be softer and warmer. The Bishop is so busy all day; he keeps school for the Indians now. He is up most mornings at 5.30 to light our three stoves. Then Indians are coming in all day long for one thing or another; he has hardly ten minutes quiet till evening. Our daily evening prayers are well attended; even now, with this severe cold, we have a good sprinkling. The thermometer has been as low as 77° below zero."

The clergy are Archdeacon Canham, Porcupine River, Rev. B. Trotty, and four native catechists.

"All Islands" is so wide a field that we can but cull a few items from accounts before us, and must leave each member to expand the subject by earnest thought and research.

From the South Sea Islands comes this report: "At the first missionary meeting held at Port Moresby, New Guinea, a few months ago, men met within the walls of God's house who, when I first knew them, never came together except in strife and war. One of them, in a speech, picked up a spear and said, 'This used to be our constant companion; we dare not visit our gardens without it; we took it in our canoes and carried it in our journeys; we slept with it by our sides, and took our meals with it at hand; but now, holding up a copy of the Gospels, 'we can sleep soundly because of this, and this book has brought us peace and protection, and we have no longer need for the spear and the club.'" One of the most notable features of the above work is that it has been done so largely by native Christians. Thus, in the years 1872-91 no less than fifty-two couples were sent from Baratonga mission to toil in New Guinea, and of these seven, four men and three women, were killed by savages, and seventeen men and twenty-three women died of fever. Last

year thirty-eight more were sent to Samoa and other places. In the Island of Celebes are 200 Christian congregations and 125 schools. Here Christianity conquered cannibalism. During a recent revival in Formosa more than 500 people banished idols from their homes, and a heathen temple was converted into a house of worship dedicated to the true God. About one-half of the 40,000 Maoris remaining in New Zealand belong to the Church of England.

Coming back to our own fair Dominion, we have the Island of Vancouver, and adjacent islands, forming the diocese of Columbia. News of this far western diocese seldom appears in the eastern Church papers, which must arise from carelessness of correspondents, for the unification of the Church in Canada ought to make us realize that we are all really one. The hard times (although the hardship has not been, by any means, so severe as in other parts of the world) have made any forward movement very difficult during the summer months; indeed it has hardly been possible to sustain the already existing parishes and missions. One district, Union Mines, near Comox, calls loudly for Church ministrations. There is a growing population, and only scanty provision made. No Church building at present. Alberne, too, which may become an important place in time, is unvisited. On the other hand, a new church has been built on Salt Spring Island, and the Rev. C. E. Cooper has erected, at his own cost, a memorial church at French Creek, where several settlers have lately taken up land.

The work of the Chinese mission in Victoria has been satisfactorily carried on. The attendance at Sunday services and Bible class, as well as at the instruction classes which are held every evening, has been most encouraging. The gift of \$500 from the Domestic and Foreign Board of Missions is simply invaluable, and without it the work could not be carried on. The Rev. Canon Paddon, Erin House, Victoria, has kindly consented to receive subscriptions for this special work. Most encouraging reports reach us from the C.M.S. mission to the Indians at Alert Bay. The Rev. J. A. Hall has returned from England, to find that in his absence Mr. Corker, the lay missionary, had kept the work together admirably, and the opening of the new industrial school has proved a great blessing. During the coming Advent there is a prospect of a series of special services in Victoria, with the object of deepening the spiritual life of the Church, and the prayers of Christian people are earnestly asked for God's blessing upon the work.

From Sturgeon Lake comes this appeal, accompanied by the sanction of the Bishop of Saskatchewan: "We are in great need of help for the mission on this reserve, where the

Indians are all heathen. though some, we trust, are beginning to listen to the Word of Truth. We are working hard to get a boarding school started here, as the children are so scattered they cannot possibly attend a day school. Buildings are being erected with a little help from the C.M.S., but we shall be greatly in need of voluntary support, both for the completion of the said buildings and for the support of the school afterwards. Will you kindly do all and anything in your power to help us?" The smallest contributions will be gratefully accepted by J. T. Dyke Parker, Sturgeon Lake Mission, Prince Albert.

### Books and Periodicals Department.

*A Select Library of Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers of the Christian Church.* Second Series. Vol. XI. New York: The Christian Literature Company. The Christian Literature Company continue their good work of giving to the world English editions of books hitherto unknown except to those acquainted with Latin and Greek. The present volume, uniform in paper, size, and appearance with its predecessors, gives the writings of Sulpitius Severus, Vincent of Lérins, and John Cassian. These are treatises written towards the end of the fourth and the beginning and early part of the fifth century, and show somewhat of the life and thought of Christians of the period. Sulpitius appears as a strenuous upholder of the orthodox or Catholic doctrines of the period, but Vincent of Lérins and John Cassian are accused of holding and propagating semi-Pelagianism. Of John Cassian this is undoubtedly true, for views of that nature are to be found in the writings before us; but the same may not be said of Vincent, though, if his sympathies were with that doctrine, it were nothing to be wondered at, considering that the great bulk of the Churchmen of Southern Gaul, at that period, were upholders of it. Cassian could not endorse the whole of what Pelagius taught. He could not hold, for instance, that man is born perfectly pure, and that he can procure salvation by the mere exercise of his own will; but he did maintain that man, though born in a sinful state, has still much that is good in him, and that, though the gift of God's grace is necessary to salvation, man may do much towards his own conversion by the exercise of his will. God's grace, with him, was something which was open to all, and might be received by any one who would seek it; but still he held it to be true that God sometimes bestows grace upon those who do not seek it. These doctrines are now pretty freely taught by some in almost every Christian denomination. They are contained in what is known as Arminianism. From this book a great deal may be learned about the monks of early days, full particulars regarding whom are given by Cassian.

*D. L. Moody vs. Henry Varley on At-nement.* William Briggs, 29 to 33 Richmond street west, Toronto. 75 cents. Three thousand people assembled in Chicago at the time of the World's Fair to listen to a Mr. Varley discourse upon "Christ's Coming Kingdom," and were surprised (many of them painfully so) to hear him speak against the doctrine of the Atonement, and advocate Socinianism. The book mentioned above is written by a Methodist minister who was present, Rev. W. Rilance, of Clarenceville, P.Q., in defence of the old doctrine, and in answer to the points urged against it. There is a great deal of information contained in the book, and much that is useful. It seems that Mr. Varley was advertised to preach on the programme of Mr. D. L. Moody, the well-known evangelist, and the author quotes largely from the writings of the latter to show the falsity of his supposed protégé's utterances. Many

strange things went on at Chicago at the time of the World's Fair, but when a man could hold an audience of three thousand people by discoursing against doctrines which Christian believers hold most dear, concluding all with declarations that Christ will come to reign on earth in the year 1915, and all under the auspices of evangelistic work, there is room left still for further wonder. But these people went, it seems, to hear the truth, and thus had a match stolen upon them. Hence Mr. Rilance's book, and from it it is evident that the preaching of wandering, irresponsible evangelists is not always to be trusted!

*Scottish Church Society Conferences.* First Series. Edinburgh: J. Gardner Hitt. It is constantly said that there is a steady move Churchwards on the part of those Protestant bodies not connected with the Anglican communion. And in this assertion there is truth. There has been no sudden movement, but still there has been a steady alteration, until members of the very same bodies that cried out against certain doctrines and practices now wonder why they ever did so. This becomes very evident from reading the book under review—a handsome volume giving an account of the first conference of the Scottish Church Society (Presbyterian), held in Glasgow in November, 1893. Until one comes to the paper on "The Historical Continuity of the Church of Scotland," one can scarcely bring himself to think that he is not reading essays written by Churchmen. As time goes on, even greater changes may probably take place, until men will begin to wonder what there is which really hinders the large Christian bodies which hold evangelical truth from godly concord and union.

(i) *The Expositor*, (ii) *The Clergyman's Magazine*. London, England: Hodder & Stoughton, 27 Paternoster Row. *The Expositor* has a fine article by Sir J. W. Dawson, Montreal, on "The Physical and Historical Probabilities respecting the Authorship and Authority of the Mosaic Books," being number six in his Bible and Science series. Among other articles of merit may be mentioned specially "The Secret of Jesus," in which the lovely character of our Lord and its effect upon the world is well described; and "Names for Sin," giving the literal meaning of words employed in the original languages to denote our one word sin, and showing therefrom six different aspects under which the word may be regarded. *The Clergyman's Magazine* commences a series of missionary sermons which promises to be of much practical use. The present one is based upon the Macedonian vision, and is by an honorary district secretary of the Church Missionary Society.

*The Review of Reviews.* New York, 13 Astor Place; \$2.50 a year. The September number is an excellent one, and supplies a fund of information from all parts of the world. China, Japan, Corea are treated with special care. The summaries of the important articles that have just appeared in the principal periodicals of the world is edited with the usual skill, and the new books are classified and noticed with care and intelligence. The frontispiece of the number is a fine portrait of Li Hung Chang, the Chinese Prime Minister, and the number contains many other portraits of American and foreign celebrities. The department entitled "Current History in Caricature" includes a number of interesting and curious cartoons from European and Japanese artists illustrative of the war in the East. Altogether the *Review of Reviews* is quite maintaining its indispensable character.

*The Missionary Review of the World.* Funk & Wagnalls Co., 30 Lafayette Place, New York. Dr. James S. Dennis, author of "Foreign Missions after a Century," for many years a missionary in Mohammedan lands, opens the October number with an able paper giving some "Present-Day Flashlights upon Islam." Dr. Dennis shows a clear insight into the teachings and fallacies of Islam. Other articles of especial interest are "Papacy in Europe"; a finely-illustrated description of the "Homes of Carey," by the Editor-in-Chief; an account of "The Bible Work of the



World"; "The Anglo-Saxon and the World's Redemption"; "A Voice from Russia"; and "Mission Work in Morocco." There is also in this number the usual amount of valuable statistics and general information.

*The Illustrated London News.* New York World building. \$6 a year in advance. The war in the East occupies a prominent place in the *Illustrated*. One glance at a picture is often as good as reading pages of description. China, Japan, Corea—countries strangely alike as to their inhabitants, and yet quite different. The wonderful strides Japan has been making recently in civilization become evident from the prominence with which they are now brought before the world. It becomes evident, too, that the Chinese, as well as recognizing the power of European civilization, at least as far as the drilling of their troops is concerned. The Chinese god of valor and war is a true picture of ugliness. The Coreans, in their dress and manners, are a "funny" people, as the pictures in the *Illustrated* clearly show. Some fine large pictures are given of the warlike Edward III. and his doings.

*The Sunday at Home. The Leisure Hour, etc.* The Religious Tract Society, London, England. "After the Day's Work." By the light of the long day streaming through the window, the old man, finger to the page, reads from the large Bible, and the old woman, darning her stockings, listens while she works. Such is the beautiful frontispiece to the *Sunday at Home* for September. The pictures in it are all good, and the reading matter first-class. Such may also be said of the *Leisure Hour. The Boys' Own and The Girls' Own, Friendly Greetings*, and other periodicals, are noted alike for their cheapness and excellence.

*The Cyclopaedic Review of Current History.* Garretson, Cox & Co., Buffalo, N.Y. Second Quarter, 1894. 40 cents. The leading events of the months of April, May, and June are given from all parts of the world. The idea of this *Review of Current History* is a good one. For ready reference it is most valuable. One can get at things of the past by means of books of history and encyclopedias; but current events are very slippery, and, when gone, how are they to be recalled? The present work answers this question. Placed upon the bookshelf, it is a ready reference.

*Musical Novelties.* J. Fischer & Bro., No. 7 Bible House, New York, have recently published the following pleasing pieces of sacred music and secular choruses: (1) "O Lord Most Holy." Soprano or tenor solo. By John Wiegand. Price, 40 cents. (2) "God My King." Solo, duet, trio, and chorus. By J. Wiegand. Price, 30 cents. (3) "Holy, Holy is the Lord." Grand chorus. By F. C. Goeb. Price, 25 cents. (4) "Bill of Fare." Comic quartette. By Carl Merz. Price, 25 cents. (5) "Laughing Chorus." For four mixed voices. By F. Schaller. Price, 20 cents.

*Egypt in History and Prophecy.* By Robert Patterson. Boston, Mass.: H. S. Hastings. Price 15 cents. Well worth reading and circulating, as showing the place that this most interesting and ancient country should occupy in history and in the argument for the truth of the Scriptures.

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

THE cut on the first page of this issue is from "Men of Canada," published by Bradley, Garretson & Co., Brantford, a useful publication for all who desire to know something of the prominent men of the Dominion.

*The American Church Sunday School Magazine,* Philadelphia, is an excellent periodical, bright, interesting, and instructive.



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