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THE CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE

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No. III.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

No. III.—SAULT STE. MARIE, DIOCESE OF ALGOMA.

HIS history of the Anglican Church in Algoma dates as far back as 1835 or 1840, and the name of the Ven. Arch-deacon McMurray, D.C.L., who died at Niagara but recently, is still hon-

orably remembered by many of the older Indians and early white settlers of that district, who took part with him in the first English Church services ever held in Algoma. He paid occasional visits to Garden River and built "Old St. John's Church" there, which has since been replaced by a more modern and substantial building. He lived in Sault Ste. Marie for some time; built a log church there on the top of a prominent hill. The English Church had then in that place a squatter's claim of forty-five acres, but this afterwards became the property of Mr. Pim, who was postmaster at that time. The same log building in which the first English Church services were held

still exists. It was moved down from the hill on rollers, was re-fashioned and modernized and improved, and is now one of the most comfortable homes in the Sault; the residence of Mrs. Pim, on Pim street.

Mr. McMurray, as he was then called, also held services in the "Stone house," once the property of Mr. Pim, late residence of P. C. Campbell, Esq., and now the property of Sheriff Carney. This stone house was built in the year 1815 by Ermatinger, the great fur-trader,

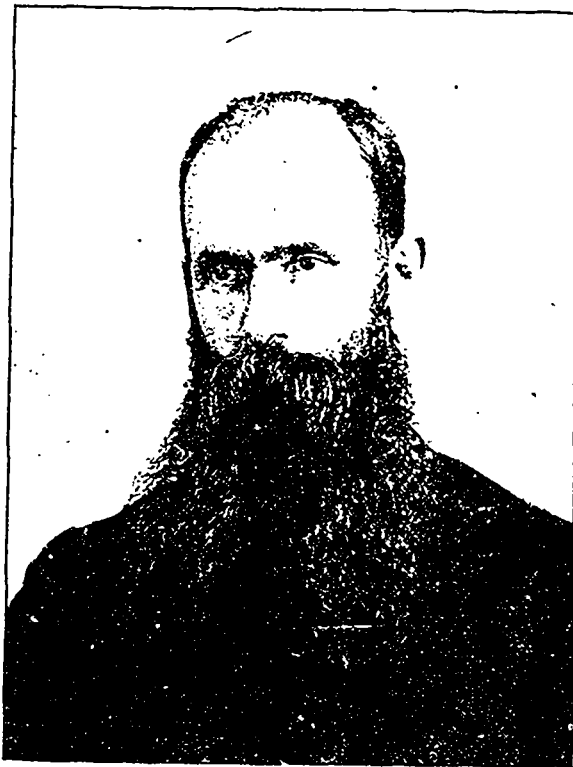
who once lived in the present abode of W. Van Abbot, Esq., where he is said to have made £45,000. Mr. Van Abbot's house was built in 1810, and is the oldest residence in the Sault.

Following up the history of the Church, the Rev. Mr. (afterwards Dr.) O'Meara next appears upon the scene, an indefatigable and enthusiastic worker both among the Indians and white settlers. He held services at the Sault most frequently, but he was once in charge

of the Garden River mission, and held a long pastorate at Manitowaning. He is well known as rector of St. John's Church, Port Hope, where he died a few years ago, literally "in harness." He translated the Book of Common Prayer, the four Gospels, and the Pentateuch into the Ojibway language, which are now used by the Indian missionaries in Ontario.

After Dr. O'Meara came Rev. Gustavus Anderson, who held services frequently in Sault Ste. Marie, but whose pastorate was of comparatively short duration. Then came Rev. Mr. Chance. He often held services in the "Stone house," but his headquarters were Garden River. Let it be remembered that at that time the Sault had no resident minister of its own.

It was supplied from Garden River, and sometimes by a clergyman from Toronto Bishop Strachan, of Toronto, also sometimes held services in the town, and was often the guest of Major and Mrs. Wilson. Many a time the congregation assembled outside Major Wilson's house, and the Bishop, raising up the window to its utmost height, standing inside read the services and preached to his audience, who were too numerous to find space within. On such occasions the signa



REV. ROBERT RENISON, B.A.,

Incumbent of Sault Ste. Marie.

for service was given by the firing of a gun by Major Wilson himself.

"The sound of the churchgoing bell
Those rapids and rocks never heard,
Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
Nor smiled when the Sabbath appeared."

The district of Algoma was a part of the diocese of Toronto until 1874, when the Provincial Synod elected Rev. F. D. Fauquier, D.C.L., as the first bishop, who was consecrated in that same year. He died after a comparatively short episcopate of eight years, and was succeeded by Rev. Edward Sullivan, D.D., of Montreal, who was elected and consecrated the second Bishop of Algoma in 1882. Dr. Sullivan is now in the thirteenth year of his episcopate, during which time the number of the clergy has been doubled, the Church population of the diocese greatly increased, several new churches and parsonages built, a "Widows and Orphans' Fund" established, and the "Episcopal Endowment Fund" founded and increased to a capital sum, yielding an income of over \$2,000 a year. In Bishop Fauquier's time, a handsome see house was built at Sault Ste. Marie, which is the "See City" of the diocese of Algoma.

In connection with the missionary work in Algoma, the name of Rev. E. F. Wilson, the indefatigable founder of the Indian Homes, must not be forgotten. When Mr. Wilson commenced his work among the Indians in this district, before Algoma was formed into a diocese, he worked with untiring energy in behalf of those "poor children of the forest" for at least twenty years, and then "Shingwauk" and "Wawanosh" Homes were built as the result of his disinterested labors and untiring zeal. Ill-health compelled Mr. Wilson to resign his important charge about two years ago. He is now doing light missionary work in British Columbia. The Homes are now under the efficient management of Mr. King.

St. Luke's Church was built in 1870, which event is closely connected with the names of Judge Hamilton, Mr. Pilgrim, Col. Prince, Mr. George Lee, Mr. Simpson, and Major and Mrs. Wilson, who gave the ground for the cemetery. The church was enlarged a few years ago, but it is satisfactory to know that it will be soon too small again. Some indulge the hope that a nice cathedral church will soon stand on the site of old St. Luke's. At a recent monthly meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary of Sault Ste. Marie, a hundred dollars was set apart as a nucleus for a building fund.

Since the opening of St. Luke's Church in 1870, the following clergymen have served as incumbents in the parish:

Rev. Dr. Rolph, Rev. T. H. Appleby, M.A., Rev. Mr. Heaton, Rev. G. B. Cook, B.A., Rev. F. Green, Rev. Mr. Windsor, Rev. E. Vesey, Rev. Mr. Waller, Rev. R. Renison, B.A.

The present incumbent (the Rev. R. Renison) is a native of the county of Tipperary, Ireland, and is well known as a hard working missionary in the backwoods of Algoma. In the lonely region of Nepigon he ministered for ten years to Indians, and was as a kind father among them. Fire destroyed his buildings, but still he persevered until his mission was placed upon a good footing. He spent a short time in Toronto as assistant minister in the Church of the Ascension, but soon returned to his missionary work in Algoma. He is now Incumbent of Sault Ste. Marie.

THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY.

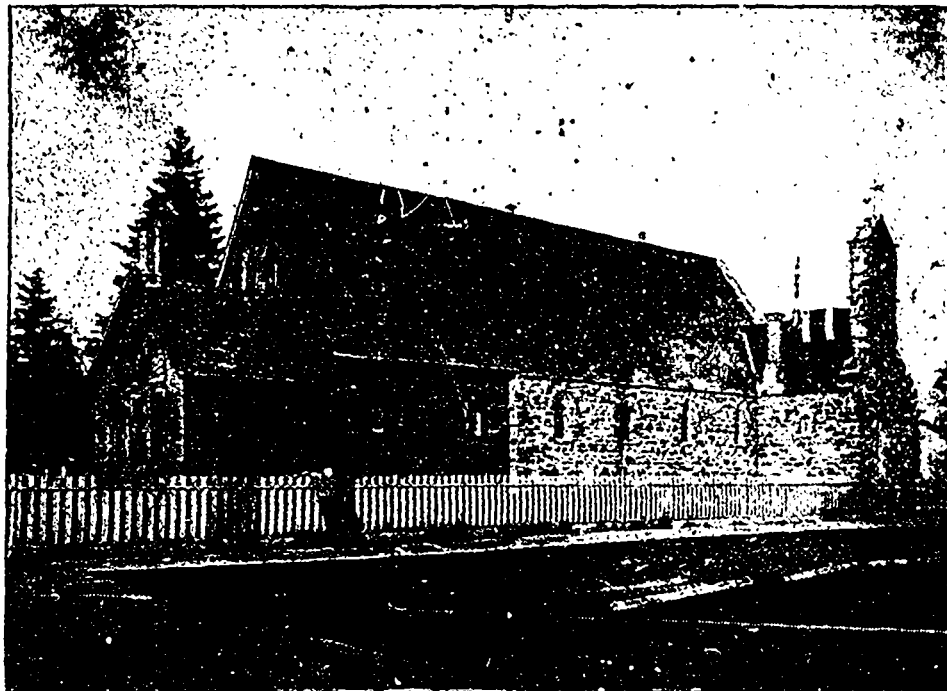
REIGN OF HENRY VIII.

(Concluded.)

HERE and there in England, usually in sequestered glens and close by some running stream, are to be found substantial evidences of the monasteries which once formed the homes of thousands of people, whose lives were supposed to be spent in retirement from the world. These evidences are the crumbled ruins of buildings that were once marvels of size, strength, and beauty. How superb they must have been when they all stood complete! No one who has the least veneration for works of the past can possibly gaze at the ruins of Jervaulx, or Glastonbury, or Fountains, or any of the many others that mar the fair beauty of England, without feelings of bitter regret that their original perfection had ever been interfered with. Surely the monastic system, which, doubtless, had served its time, might have been broken up without the wanton destruction of the magnificent buildings—magnificent still, even in their shattered ruins—which not only sheltered the inmates, but also invited weary travellers to come in and rest awhile, and pray.

Some noble use, in the interests of religion, charity, or education, or even soldiery, might have been found for them, surely, that they might have remained grand ornaments to England, and noble specimens of the architectural skill and patience of the monks of old. Had Archbishop Cranmer interfered on behalf of these buildings, when the system represented by them had to go, he would have covered his name with lasting honor. But Cranmer never could interfere very much with anything which might endanger his own safety. He knew the power and the cruelty of Henry VIII., and he feared him greatly. Therefore any protest which he felt called upon to make was but feeble, and quickly withdrawn.

We say this all the more readily because it is evident that he did not wish the destruction of



ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, SAULT STE. MARIE. (See page 198.)

the monasteries. The ruthless work was carried on by Thomas Cromwell, afterwards Lord Essex, the ready upholder, and sometimes executioner, of King Henry's cruel deeds. Yet a little resolute policy on the part of the Archbishop might have resulted, at least, in the saving of the buildings.

The dissolution of the monasteries, many of which were very wealthy, was due, to a great extent, to the king's insatiable greed for money. It was undertaken ostensibly in the interests of religion and education, yet very little, compared with the vast amount of money that was confiscated, was used for this purpose. Beyond the somewhat meagre endowment of five new bishoprics, those of Peterborough, Gloucester, Chester, Bristol, and Oxford, nothing much was done for the Church from the spoliation of the monasteries.

The old ecclesiasticism was broken up with a severe and unmerciful hand. The shrine of Canterbury that had been considered so sacred—that of Thomas à Becket—was visited, and every relic, which had been gazed at with such awe by the thousands of pilgrims that came from far and near to kneel at it, till the old stone steps leading to it were worn uneven by their knees, was torn away. The bones of the murdered Archbishop also were torn up and burned, and he was to be called a saint no longer.

These were sharp measures, and prepared the country for a new state of things. Yet the

king was still in doctrine a Romanist. He had discarded the pope and the monasteries and was favorable to an English instead of a Latin liturgy, and to the free use of the Bible in English, yet he burnt a poor creature named Lambert because he could not believe that the bread and wine of the blessed sacrament were the actual and material body and blood of our Lord.

And in all these things Archbishop Cranmer, of course, had his part. He was an obedient servant to a very hard master. Every now and then the Archbishop had to perform some office relative to the frequent marriages of the king. Anne Boleyn was no sooner beheaded than he married Jane Seymour, to whom in due time (in the year 1537) a boy was born at the expense of his mother's life. The Archbishop officiated at the christening, and the child was called Edward.

The condition of the country was deplorable. The "new learning," which came afterwards to be known as Protestantism, had spread far and wide throughout the land and sometimes it took the wildest and most extravagant form, as in the case of Anabaptists, who seemed to know no law or reason in religion. Whether from alarm at this or not, the king conceived the idea of establishing in England a Catholic Church, which should be entirely separate from Rome. And as he viewed matters, there were certain characteristics of a Catholic Church which should be maintained. These were six in number: first, a

belief in transubstantiation; second, the withholding of the cup from communicants; third, the celibacy of the clergy; fourth, the celibacy of those who had vowed or professed chastity; fifth, belief in private masses; sixth, belief in auricular confession. All these six articles were passed by parliament through the influence of the king. How far, then, was Henry VIII. a Reformer? And how far did Archbishop Cranmer consent to these hard articles? He could not have believed them, for his mind was fast taking hold of the new principles of religion that were influencing men's minds at that time to a great extent. A delegation of divines had just visited England from Germany, and the principles of Luther and Melancthon were placed fairly before the Archbishop and his suffragans, and though the propositions for union made by the Germans were not accepted, yet their arguments were not without effect upon the minds of those with whom they pleaded.

First among these was Cranmer, and when in the same year the six stinging articles were passed he must have been placed in a trying position. He does not seem even to have opposed them when they were passing through the House. It was his great weak point that he had no courage to oppose the king. His place he felt was submission, and when the six articles passed he yielded, though one of them bore heavily upon himself personally. It was number three, the celibacy of the clergy. He was himself a married man. Now he saw he must separate from his wife. This he did at once by sending her away to Germany. This was in the year 1539.

In the same year Henry required the services of the Archbishop to officiate at his fourth wedding. This time he took a wife "on sight, unseen," a foreign princess, Anne of Cleves, who came from her native land obedient to the monarch's call. Henry disliked her from the first, and was no sooner married to her than he sought a divorce. The obedient Archbishop procured it for him, and Anne was only too glad to retire (on a suitable allowance) from her dangerous position. Cranmer had to annul the marriage which he had but recently blessed.

In the following year the Earl of Essex, better known in history as Thomas Cromwell, the friend of Wolsey, the active first minister of the king, the instigator of the destruction of the monasteries, was branded on a charge, true or false, of treason. Without trial, the ruthless Henry allowed this man, who had done so much for him, to go to his death, although he made a most pitiful appeal to him for mercy. Mercy! His head had no sooner fallen from the block than the heartless monarch married his fifth wife, a girl still in her teens, the unfortunate Catharine Howard. Was Cranmer careful for his own head in such an awful reign as this? He might well be, for it was not easy,

under such a king, for a man in public life to keep his head on his shoulders.

It may well be imagined that Cranmer was better pleased attending to matters concerning the Church than when busied in the unsavory affairs of the king. We find him busy preparing or arranging homilies or published sermons for the clergy to preach, and in writing treatises for the spiritual benefit of the people. He assisted in drawing up the "Institution of a Christian Man," a manual of doctrine and devotion which possesses many excellent points.

But the affairs of Henry gave him no rest. Catharine had been queen but fifteen months when it was disclosed to Cranmer that she, young as she was, had led an improper life before her marriage. Cranmer felt it his duty to tell the king, and he did so in as delicate a manner as possible, praying at the same time that the young creature's life might be saved. The king promised that it should, if she would confess her fault. Whether to save her life, or from actual penitence, or from whatever motive it was, she confessed to the Archbishop, who, to his great sorrow, found that the promise was not to be fulfilled. The inexorable king had her condemned without trial and executed. How sick at heart must the Archbishop have been over all the terrible things which he had to do for the king! He had now assisted in making away with four women, either by divorce or death, to gratify the unhallowed desires of his sovereign.

In the following year (1543) Cranmer had a short time again for leisure, but Henry once more required his services. A sixth wife was found for him in Catharine Parr, who had been twice a widow—a quiet, matronly body, who did her best to nurse and nourish her new, yet somewhat worn-out, lord and master.

With Catharine Parr to care for the king, Cranmer now tried again to care a little for the Church, but he soon found that he had enemies. Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester; Bonner, Bishop of London, and many others, had been watching for an opportunity to accuse him of heresy and procure his death.

The old Roman principles still had their admirers in England, and, when the Act of the Six Articles was passed, arrests were made of people that were attached to the "new learning," and some were burned.

Among those marked for destruction was Cranmer, the Archbishop, who certainly would have perished had it not been for the personal influence of the king. And this is one bright spot in Henry's character. He was true to Cranmer. Well, indeed, might he have been. Yet princes are not always grateful, and we would not be surprised at any baseness that Henry might be guilty of. But he was not ungrateful here; he stood by his faithful Archbishop, and between him and all harm.

In 1544 Cranmer published the Litany in English. For the first time that grand form of prayer, almost exactly as we have it in our Prayer Books to-day, was used in England. In other ways the Archbishop, assisted by Ridley, his chaplain, went on with his preparation for what he foresaw was coming—a great Reformation within the Church of England. Others saw this also, and proceeded to take measures to stop it. These were the enemies of Cranmer, who once more made an attempt upon his life. He was accused to the king of having, "with his learned men, so infected the whole realm with unsavory doctrine that three parts of the land were become abominable heretics." At once the Archbishop was summoned into the presence of the king, who told him of the danger that threatened him. But Cranmer felt that nothing worthy of death could be laid against him, and was quite willing to be tried.

"What fond simplicity is yours!" said the king.

And well might he make that remark, for a state trial in those days was but a solemn farce. It meant certain condemnation.

"No," said the king, whose one redeeming feature it was that he was true to Cranmer. "No, trust them not, but make your appeal from them to me. Take this ring, and when they see it they will know that I have taken your case into my own hands to be ordered and determined."

Thus did the king again deliver his faithful Archbishop from the hands of his enemies, and the thankful ecclesiastic returned very willingly to his quiet life at Croydon, about nine miles south of London, where he had a manor house. Here he studied with Master Ridley the "new learning," until, early in 1547, he received a message that the king was dying. When he arrived he found him speechless. So he died, going to meet those whom he himself, without compunction, had sent into eternity. His very last act was to sign the death warrant of the Duke of Norfolk, who was his own uncle-in-law and the uncle of two of his queens, a fine, brave man, devoted to his country. Catharine Parr survived the king, though more than once her own head was in danger and was saved through her own cleverness, which had taught her how to manage and humor the great, fat monster who, prematurely old and almost unable to move, was glad to have even her to rely upon. Thus died the most arbitrary king, perhaps, that had ever lived. He was only fifty-six years of age, yet dissipation and unbridled passion made him prematurely old and carried him off. Few there were, if any, to regret his disappearance from the world. Archbishop Cranmer, the only man, perhaps, whom he had really befriended through life, stood faithfully by his bedside, and held his hand while he passed to his long account.

(To be continued.)

A BIT OF MISSION WORK.

FOR lack of knowledge—knowledge of the terrible needs of our fellow-men, and of the efforts, small and unobtrusive, many of them, that are being everywhere made to meet them—too many of us, when the first startling revelation of the social depths comes upon us, are ready in our despair to seize upon any panacea that offers—the more all-embracing in its schemes and promises, the better—not knowing of, or not heeding, the patient labor of uplifting, and helping, and cheering, that has been done bravely and quietly for years by men and women within the Church, and under her guidance, in "Darkest England" as well as elsewhere.

A recent Church paper gives a brief account of one such bit of work, which has some special characteristics of its own, with perhaps equally special results.

Some eleven years ago a few Oxford men, with hearts stirred by "the bitter cry of outcast London," resolved to do "what they could" in the way of help. Without making any plans, they went down into one of the gloomiest parts of London, rented a disused schoolhouse, put up some partitions, and began to live among those who needed them. Now, at Bethnal Green, the schoolhouse is replaced by a brick building, suitable and commodious, and the residents have increased thirteenfold.

There are at present twenty-five young lay graduates at "Oxford House," with Rev. A. F. Winnington Ingram at their head.

Each lives at his own cost, paying thirty shillings weekly into the household funds. The "House" is on the community plan—separate sitting-rooms with screened alcove bedchamber, furnished as the occupant likes—and there are dining and sitting rooms common to all. Besides devoting their leisure to social work of all kinds, there are often domestic duties to be fulfilled—the visitor from whose account this little sketch is drawn mentions seeing one gentleman dusting and arranging the library, while another answered the door.

The residents are divided into two classes: those who intend entering the Church, and who only work for a year—one feels how valuable that year's training and experience must be—the other men who go daily into town to their work in offices, law chambers, etc., but give their leisure to those whose lives need raising and cheering.

Clubs for men are planted all over the district, with considerable freedom as to rules permitted to the committees by which each is governed. No intoxicants are allowed, but there is very wide tolerance in matters of discussion—none need seek the public-house because of his political opinions. As the aim is to provide

alike for body, mind and spirit, the lines on which the work is founded and carried on are broad—billiards, amateur theatricals, concerts, etc., lectures on various subjects, University and other classes, services conducted by Mr. Ingram, many of them in the open air—the Church going to seek those of her children whom she fails to reach by ordinary means. The testimony of the man who has lived and worked for six years among these dwellers in “mean streets” is surely to be taken on their behalf, and this is what he says: “That, as a whole, they are kindly, honest, hard-working, true, much as men are elsewhere; that their religion is a sort of decent paganism—non-religion rather than irreligion—and that though, from various causes, they have fallen out of the habit of churchgoing, they are in many instances, at least, sound at heart.” Others, too, have told us how absolutely impossible it often is for the dwellers in the slums to attend the churches in their neighborhood, emphasizing the urgent need that the Church shall go to them, not only carrying the message of the Gospel, but sharing with them, as far as may be, the dignity and beauty of her services.

Asked as to the reasons for such widespread poverty and misery, Mr. Ingram says they are many. The better organization of labor, with the greater demand for skilled workers, pressing heavily on the less capable toilers, the frequent disorganization of labor, and the under-cutting of close competition, are among the causes for which those who suffer from the results do not seem altogether responsible.

Then, again, thriftlessness, early marriages, and intemperance are answerable for much, though Mr. Ingram maintains that the last named cause is far from being the chief one. The man who, struggling against such odds, can still keep a cheerful outlook, and who has won the love and reverence of hundreds of East-end men, must surely feel his is not a losing fight.

This work for London has the unique merit of doing, in its turn, perhaps almost as much for Oxford. It has brought mental culture face to face with the grimiest details of life. University men are learning to sympathize with and understand the poor—the heathen of their own land too often—banishing forever, let us hope, the almost superciliously intellectual tone with which those whose intercourse with their fellows has been too exclusively confined to their own class have been so frequently reproached.

The reality of what has thus been done by others should surely inspire us with hope and courage—as against the despairing feeling that comes only too easily at the thought of the overwhelming misery and sorrow that exists—should surely, too, rouse us to greater diligence, each in his or her own place, however poor and small our work may be.

Little as the *all* of help and comfort seems when measured against the evil and the suffering, there was a time—to the shame and sorrow of our Church, be it said—when it was less. With deep repentance, therefore, for the past, may we not take courage for the future, and go bravely on, trusting that from the many small centres of work and teaching shall come the leavening power that shall one day leaven the whole mass?

THE UNIVERSITIES' MISSION TO CENTRAL AFRICA.

BY MISS MABEL CARTWRIGHT, TORONTO.

(Continued.)

INTELLECTUAL gifts of a remarkable order he had, but it was not to them that he owed the love and reverence which were always the glad tribute of his friends, and with which we still regard his memory. The power of his life was self-surrender. This seems to differ from self-devotion in that the latter may have a mixture of self-assertion, which surrender cannot have. Self-devotion may mean nothing more than the offering of the outer life, whereas self-surrender is the offering of the inner spirit, the will which is the man. Most of us can serve God if He lets us choose our own way of service; most of us can serve ourselves for a self-chosen object; but the work of many lives is marred and spoiled because, while thinking themselves ready for self-sacrifice, they do not listen for the voice behind them to say, “This is the way.” It was not so with Mackenzie. Having laid his will, his whole being, at the feet of God, he was content to wait the call, was content to do work, not particularly noble or elevating, far from interesting or congenial, until the call came, and when it came he was ready. Nothing is more characteristic of his life than one letter in which he announced to the sister who had been as a mother to him his resolve to devote himself to missionary work. “I prayed God to help me,” he says, “to think what was best to be done, and to do it. I thought if other men would go, then I would stay at home; but as no one, or so few, would go, then it was the duty of every one who could to go. We may, it is true, serve God and show our love to Christ in one place as well as in another (and I am trying to avoid the notion that by going out I shall be free from weakness and sin); but no one else will go, so I will.”

In October, 1860, Mackenzie sailed for South Africa, and was consecrated bishop at Capetown on the first day of the following year. With the six or eight companions who had offered themselves to accompany him, he sailed from Capetown and joined Livingstone at the



LIVINGSTONE AT BISHOP MACKENZIE'S GRAVE.

mouth of the Zambesi River, which flows into the sea about 1,200 miles south of the equator, and, in a northwesterly direction, is connected with Lake Nyasa by its tributary the River Shire. The expedition was delayed owing to Livingstone's desire to navigate the Rowima, a river which flows into the sea about five hundred miles north of the Zambesi mouths; but the attempt was found impracticable, and was abandoned in favor of the more southerly route. Even on the journey, a long and tedious one, up the rivers, the party saw instances of the terrible traffic against which they were to fight, and were soon favorably impressed with the natives, "in whom," writes one, "there seems to be but little of the savage . . . indeed, I felt in a purer atmosphere amongst them than when with some of the Portuguese." The destination of the party was the district immediately east and south of Lake Nyasa, and there they arrived in July. The whole region was disturbed by tribal wars between the Manganja and Ajawa, aggravated by Portuguese interference, and it was partly on this account that the village of Magomera, south of Lake Nyasa, was chosen for the headquarters of the mission, because, while removed from the actual scene of conflict, it was near enough to it to give any aid that might be necessary. It was hardly possible for Englishmen, even missionaries, to settle in that district without being to some extent involved in the tribal wars constantly going on among the natives, especially as the Manganja, among whom the mission was stationed, were a weaker tribe, and preyed upon by their more powerful neighbors, the Ajawa. Moreover, the earliest events had impressed a definite character upon the mission, the character of a band of slave liberators, and this character was the one most likely to appeal to the natives. The released slaves who gathered so quickly round the mission settlement made it into a kind of tribe, with the bishop as chief. As chief, he had soon to decide what part he would take in the fighting, and it was found necessary

to meet the Ajawa in conflict for the sake of the people who had already become as his own. "To us," writes Mr. Waller, "it is palpable that this was perfectly right and necessary; whilst the end has been blessed to us in the love and respect gained from the fatherless and the widow. The means were and are, in our estimation, quite justifiable, the helping those who had no friends, the trusting in God's strength to stay the most accursed state of things I ever came across. Our enemies have found the nerve gone from their arm, and the blow cannot be struck at those who they see come to do good." Whether the action was altogether wise, it is difficult to decide now; it was subsequently justified by Livingstone, who condemned it at the time; while any one familiar with Mackenzie's character and way of thought can think nothing but that he did what, under the circumstances, his own conscience and judgment required him to do.

The work went steadily on, and in October reinforcements came in the persons of the Rev. H. Burrup and Mr. Dickenson, a medical man, who had taken a journey of five weeks up the Zambesi in canoes, a journey wonderful but unfortunate, because it tempted them to under-rate the dangers of the climate and to overrate their own physical powers. On January the 2nd, 1862, the bishop, with Mr. Burrup, started on an expedition for the island of Malo, which is at the confluence of the Shire and the Ruo; here they were to meet Livingstone, who was bringing Mrs. Burrup and Miss Mackenzie to join the mission party. All the arrangements miscarried, but the chief misfortune befell them a short distance above the rendezvous, where one of the canoes was overturned, and all the supplies were either lost or rendered useless by water. Making their way to Malo, they found that Livingstone had passed some days before, and, being in ignorance of his movements and progress, the bishop resolved to remain there for a time, hoping to make friends with the people and prepare a new station for the future. It was then that he conceived the idea of a mission boat on the Shire, which his successors have carried out since. The decision to remain, though a grand error, was still an error, for they had none of the ordinary means against the fever, and, though the bishop had hitherto seemed proof against it, it seized upon him now, and made rapid progress; he told his men that Jesus was coming to take him away, and, after several days of unconsciousness, there died "The chief with the sweetest heart on earth," as the natives had learnt to call him. Mr. Burrup, overcoming his own weakness and sorrow, read the burial service at the grave, which is still like the beacon of the Central African Church, and then, struggling back to Magomera, he died there of exhaustion soon after.

A time of darkness and suffering followed; a

long period of drought, accompanied with terrible famine, marked the autumn of this year; and in the death of Rev. H. Scudamore the mission lost a man not only of zealous and saintly character, but whose knowledge of the native language was greater than that of any of the other workers. For eighteen months the mission was carried on without a head, till in June, 1863, Bishop Tozer arrived at Magomera, leaving his companions at port until the question of moving the mission had been decided. For it was now fully apparent that a spot more healthy than Magomera was necessary, if the work was to be done effectively. The great difficulty that might have prevented Bishop Tozer from leaving that district, viz., the fate of the people who were dependent on the mission, was met by placing them under the care of a friendly tribe. Some, however, were taken subsequently to Capetown, where homes were found for them. A temporary move was made to Mt. Morumbala at no great distance from the coast, but it was finally resolved to transfer the seat of the mission to Zanzibar. Zanzibar is an island lying off the east coast of Africa, about half way between Lake Nyasa and the equator. At first this seemed like giving up the original plan of the mission, but events have justified the decision, and Zanzibar has never been regarded as more than a basis of operations for reaching the tribes of the interior. The reasons that induced the choice were the importance of Zanzibar as the political and commercial centre of East Africa, and the importance of its language, the Swahili, which is to East Africa what French is to Europe, and more or less understood by all the tribes. At this time, in spite of the presence of English war vessels on the coast and the efforts of the consul to suppress the traffic, Zanzibar was the seat of "a vast, unblushing trade in human beings." Bishop Tozer's own conviction from the first was that the great hope for evangelizing Africa lay in the raising up of a native ministry, and, when the Sultan sent him five little slave boys as a complimentary present, he saw in them the nucleus of the future African Church, and with them school work was begun at once. The estate of Kiungani was purchased, two miles from the town of Zanzibar, where an industrial school was established, which has since grown into a college to train the boys for many kinds of work, and especially for teaching and holy orders. This was followed by the occupation of the Usambara district, which is on the mainland, somewhat north of Zanzibar. Dr. Steere, who had accompanied Bishop Tozer from England, and is from this time identified with the mission, began to devote himself to the study of the Swahili language, thus building, as the Sultan's Prime Minister gracefully said, "a bridge by which the thoughts of Zanzibar might pass to England, and English learning and wis-

dom might find their way to Zanzibar." After four years in Zanzibar, Dr. Steere returned to England, taking with him for printing a Swahili grammar and dictionary, with translations of parts of the Bible and Prayer Book, by which he was really founding the literature of Central Africa. While continuing his linguistic work in England, news came of Bishop Tozer's broken health, and of a terrible visitation of cholera, and this decided Dr. Steere, early in 1872, to return to Africa. The cholera was followed by a fearful hurricane, which did much destruction in the town and mission. Bishop Tozer's health compelled him to leave Zanzibar, as he hoped, only temporarily, but, finding no improvement, he felt obliged to resign. "It seemed as though we were come to the last extremity," wrote Dr. Steere, now in charge of the mission. But it was an extremity which put the workers on their mettle. Building operations were begun at once, and fresh workers were sent to Magila, the chief town in the Usambara district.

In 1873 came an event of great importance, the embassy of Sir Bartle Frere. The immediate result of this was a treaty forbidding the carriage of slaves by sea, and ordering the closing of markets in the coast towns. Sir Bartle Frere's report spoke in high terms of the mission, especially of its linguistic and printing work; the only thing needed being, as he said, the extension and development of what was so valuable. In the same year, the slave market of Zanzibar was bought by the Rev. A. N. West, and given to the mission. In Advent, 1873, the first preaching was held there in Swahili, and on Christmas day the first stone of the new Christ Church was laid by the consul, in the presence of a large assembly of natives and Europeans.

More and more slaves were brought by the English ships, and the whole work was steadily growing, but it was still without an official head. Towards one man all eyes were turned, but not until urgent pressure had been put on him did Dr. Steere yield, and, in August, 1874, he was consecrated at Westminster Abbey. It was on this visit to England that an event occurred too characteristic of himself to be omitted. At a meeting which he had been announced to address, only three people were present, but the bishop refused to adjourn, saying that he would not break faith with these three. After his address one of the three came to him and said, "My lord, I came here believing that bishops, and especially missionary bishops, were humbugs. You have taught me not only to believe in bishops, but in the power of Christian faith and self-denial. I humbly beg your pardon, and beg you to accept all that I have in my purse for your work." It was £25.

The journey on foot to Nyasaland, which was taken by Dr. Steere on his return to Africa, convinced him strongly of the importance of



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establishing some new and lawful commerce, as the surest way of undermining the slave trade. This is the view of statesmen to-day, who are insisting on the formation of railway lines into the interior, as the only means by which the traffic can be really stamped out.

In 1876, the Sultan of Zanzibar issued two proclamations, forbidding the sending of slaves by land to the north, or their transport from the Nyasa districts, and in the same year the bishop was reinforced by the Rev. C. Maples and W. Johnson, who are still on the staff of workers.

It was in the autumn of this year that it became possible to begin work in the Nyasa district by establishing a colony of freed slaves at Masasi, which lies half-way between Zanzibar and Lake Nyasa. Mr. Johnson took charge of this work and kept it, until some years later he was able to go on to the shores of Lake Nyasa itself. During the bishop's absence in England in 1877, the mission received a forcible testimony in the shape of a gift of £120 from the inhabitants of Zanzibar, with a note that it was to be used in procuring comforts for the missionaries, which the increased expenses of their work might compel them to forego. At the same time, an old pupil of the mission, Robert Ferusi, was chosen by Stanley as one of his guides across the continent.

(To be continued.)

A PLEA FOR MISSIONS.

PROCLAIM the Gospel in every land,
 O Church of Christ ! 'tis the Lord's command ;
 Arise and shine, for His grace so free
 Hath shone with a wondrous light on thee :
 Reflect its beams to the sunless shores,
 Full many a child of the night explorer ;
 The beckoning islands plead from far,
 And loud is the Macedonian call
 From continents dark, where the morning star
 Is struggling forth through the midnight pall.
 Alas ! how few are the hearts and hands
 That haste to the help of the groaning lands.
 Shall the millions sink to a hopeless grave,
 Whom our hearts should pity, our hands should save
 Shall the harvest waste, while we still withhold
 The hire of the reapers—the cankering gold ?
 Nay, lest the lord of the harvest frown,
 Let our willing tithes to his storehouse flow ;
 And so shall the showers of heaven come down
 On our gladdening souls as we give and go.
 The work is great and the need is sore ;
 Shall we idly stand by the open door ?
 The time is ripe and the hour has come,
 Help, help, for the perishing heathendom !
 Be a loving heart and a generous hand
 Our prompt response to the Lord's command ;
 " Thy kingdom come," our prayer then be,
 Till the world be conquered, O Christ, for Thee.

We never can serve the cause of the God
 of truth by saying any more than is true.

STRAIGHTFORWARD.

CHAPTER IV.

WELL 'Lisbeth, and how are you feeling now?"

"More at home than I have felt since our wedding day, Perran."

"Bravo, Mrs. Proudfoot! I always said you had the making of a heroine in you, and that speech convinces me," broke in Captain Mostyn.

The trio were standing on the deck of a tiny steam launch of a few tons burden, the *Dart*, lent to them by Mr. Hugh Brown, of Sydney, and now bravely making its way across Torres Straits towards the object of their desire, New Guinea.

[Oh, yes, I know a great deal has been missed out in our narrative; this is no diary of any Proudfoot's life. A whole long voyage from London to Sydney has taken place since our last chapter, besides another shorter trip along the coast of Australia to the port of Somerset, in Queensland—the little *Dart* on board the larger steamer; and arrived at Somerset, a wearisome fortnight of preparation for the third and most eventful voyage, across the straits to New Guinea, have been the lot of our friends.]

'Lisbeth speaks the truth about feeling at home now; and it is well she does so, for the bright little *Dart* will be their home for some time, and it will be for ever associated with, probably, the most interesting, and certainly the most wonderful, part of her life. God grant it may not also connect itself with disappointment and failure.

She was standing by her husband, steadying the barrel of a telescope on his strong arm. The engineer, Mr. Crane, with his experienced eye, had already sighted the low shores of New Guinea in the distance.

She smiled and blushed at Captain Mostyn's speech. "Don't praise me too soon, sir," she said; "if what you all say is true, we've got rather a hard time before us."

"I wish you wouldn't call me *sir*, Mrs. Proudfoot," was the next remark. "Remember we are all equal here; and besides, you, as an Australian landowner's wife, ought to

"I oughtn't to give up my native country and my English ways, sir, I'm sure," said 'Lisbeth: "excuse me for stopping you, but neither Perran nor I could forget our place."

"Oh, Perran, I do see a line out there, where the sea and the sky meet, indeed I do. That must be New Guinea."

It will be well, before going further, to give a list of the passengers and crew of the steam launch, since with the adventures of this little company we shall chiefly have to do.

To begin with, Captain Mostyn, at young Proudfoot's especial request, was to be considered the head and chief of the expedition, with this understanding, that its whole aim and intention was to be the recovery of the reported living survivor of the ill-fated ship *Medway*. That this survivor would prove to be Jesse Proudfoot, Perran felt more and more certain, the further he inquired into the subject. So the *Dart's* list ran as follows:—

Captain Mostyn, in command generally.

Perran Proudfoot.

'Lisbeth.

George Holt.

Mr. Crane, engineer in command on board the *Dart*.

Sin-sing, the Chinese cook and steward.

Johnny, his assistant, a little Chinese boy.

Sam and Peter; the former a great powerful fellow, selected for his strength; the latter, a gay little Sandwich Islander. The four last constituted the crew of the *Dart*.

The vessel was hardly one fitted to encounter a stormy sea, but as its chief business would lie in the great river, which report said, led to the native settlement in New Guinea, where Jesse Proudfoot was likely to be found, it was a necessity that it should draw little water. It was of much the same size as that vessel in which Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, voyaged to Newfoundland, encountering in it, without alarm, one of the fiercest of Atlantic gales. "We are as near to heaven by sea as by land," said that brave man, and something of his spirit seemed to animate this little company.

The *Dart* was not decked, but a tiny cabin was contrived behind the engine-room for 'Lisbeth and Molly, while the rest of the party slept, uncomfortably enough, in other parts of the boat.

What with provisions and stores, the vessel was laden to its utmost extent, and at one time there had been an idea of leaving Molly behind from sheer want of space. But the girl so piteously entreated to be used as a stoker, cabin boy, anything, sooner than be parted from her mistress, that the matter was reconsidered, and an unsatisfactory seaman was dismissed to make room for her. Both George Holt and Captain Mostyn were able to supply his place at a pinch, and meantime it was touching to watch poor Molly rubbing up brass engine-fittings, cleaning the ladies' cabin, as the little six-foot-square chamber was politely designated, and making herself as useful as possible in all kinds of odd places.

Her clumsiness was fast vanishing before the ardent desire to become a worthy member of the exploring party.

One other, and, as it was thought, a most valuable addition to the crew, had been rejoiced over at Somerset—no less than a half-tamed

native of New Guinea. He would be their pioneer, their interpreter, the bearer of their white flag to his fierce fellow-countrymen!

"We are in luck to get the fellow," said Captain Mostyn, rubbing his hands.

But before they had left the shore a half-mile there was a sound of a splash, and the slippery native was swimming hard for land, his first week's wages concealed about his person in the shape of a clasp knife, a red handkerchief, and a quantity of tobacco.

"Me shoot" cried the Sandwich Islander, with a hand on a rifle and an eye on the captain; and when hastily and sternly forbidden to do so, he was speedily overboard in pursuit, only, to his disgust, to be summoned back to the steamer.

"Better let the fellow go; an unwilling interpreter would be worse than none," said Mr. Crane.

It is not to be supposed, however, but that the incident was rather depressing.

It was a Saturday evening on which New Guinea was sighted, and the next day the *Dart* anchored close to the mouth of the river near which the *Medway* had gone ashore.

The voyage had so far been calm and prosperous. Captain Mostyn read the morning service to an attentive audience, and Peter's voice was soon to be heard leading the hymns. The melody he easily caught, and he supplied at times his own words. In the place of a sermon the captain delivered a short address, mainly insisting on the duty of obedience to authority. After that "the bosses," as Sam called the Proudfoot party, held a council regarding their future proceedings.

The *Dart* was to make straight up the channel of what, in the absence of any known name, our party called the Great River. The little vessel would proceed cautiously, endeavoring by all means to establish friendly terms with such natives as might be found on the banks, and noting what possibilities there were for provisioning the crew in case of a prolonged stay. During the fortnight spent in Somerset Perran and 'Lisbeth had managed to make out a list of useful words, and even phrases, gleaned from the few natives of New Guinea that had found their way to the mainland. But each being of a different tribe, and employing often a different word for the same thing, it was a rather discouraging attempt at learning a language.

Still, it might be very valuable to be able to cry "Peace" to alarmed savages; and the Papuan for "white boy," "ship," "food," and so forth, must be discovered at the risk of much blundering.

Perran had made a rough map, too, from the various accounts of the coast given by trading vessels. There was a star marking a certain spot far up the Great River.

"What is that for?" questioned 'Lisbeth.

"At this spot the river must be left, and a land party organized to reach a tribe at three days' distance in the mountains."

"Where Jesse will be found," concluded 'Lisbeth quite simply.

She had no doubt of the ultimate success of the expedition.

"How long shall we be in reaching this place, Mr. Crane?" she asked.

"Six weeks up to six months we give ourselves, madam," he answered. "It depends on the weather, the navigation of the river, and the opposition we meet with in our course. The *Dart* will be the first steamship that has ever ventured on this stream." He spoke with proud anticipation of success also.

"Do you believe, Perran, that these Papuans, as they call the New Guinea people, are cannibals?" asked 'Lisbeth, steadying her voice to as commonplace a tone as possible.

"No I do not," said Perran; "that they are complete savages I do not doubt, and I dare say they mistrust all white people."

"They can hardly help that, poor wretches," said Captain Mostyn, "for all the white visitors they have had yet have either been Dutch seeking to capture them for slaves, or French convicts escaped from a neighboring island. There are, however, many tribes, differing in disposition—some fierce, some gentle."

"How shall we be able to make them understand that we come to do them no harm?"

"I don't know, Mrs. Proudfoot; all that must be left to circumstances. We shall try to conduct our affairs peaceably certainly. *This* shall be our last resort." He put his hand on the revolver he always carried about with him.

"Ah, I have learned to use mine, and Molly has had some lessons too," declared 'Lisbeth, "but oh, Perran, I hope we shall never, never have need of them."

"I hope not indeed," returned Perran.

"It is well, however, to be prepared for all emergencies," said Captain Mostyn. "We are not ordinary explorers, you see, Mrs. Proudfoot, intruding ourselves unnecessarily into a hostile country; we are here on an errand of mercy."

"And justice," whispered 'Lisbeth.

"Yes, justice too, if you will; a good cause, in fact, and so a hopeful one."

"I fancy we shan't have much trouble at first," said Mr. Crane. "Ships must be a common enough sight on the coast, though few are so venturesome as to come within reach of a flight of arrows. I shouldn't wonder if some mercantile spirits among the natives were to put out to us in their canoes."

"Oh, I hope so," declared 'Lisbeth; "that would be a good beginning. Do you know, Perran, I feel as if nothing would alarm me on this expedition—unless I lost sight of you," she added, dropping her voice.

"Lisbeth," replied Perran, in the same tone, "you remember our compact?"

"Yes, yes," she sighed; "oh, and I will keep it."

The compact was this. 'Lisbeth was, like the rest, in all respects to obey the commands and wishes of "the captain" from the first moment of leaving Somerset.

"Or I should have to leave you behind," said Perran.

"Oh, I will give no trouble indeed. I will be brave, and patient, and obedient," his wife promised.

Yet 'Lisbeth did not like to think that, even for a few hours, Perran might be ordered out of her sight. She conjured up a thousand accidents that might befall him then, but all the same *she had promised*, and she would abide by her promise.

Perhaps she was thinking of one of those possible dangers now, for she uttered a cry, and clung to her husband's arm, as a loud scream and the firing of a gun roused all the council.

Had the natives stolen upon them already in this retired spot.

No, it was another danger which had caused that shriek.

Little Johnny, and Peter, the Sandwich Islander, had, unobserved, paddled off in one of the *Dart's* small boats to a cove hard by, where they might indulge in the luxury of a bath. An order had been issued that no one was to land for fear of surprises; the low muddy shore, too, was uninviting; but Master Johnny, and the light-hearted and somewhat light-headed Peter, had decided that a bath in shallow water was no breach of the command. Peter was a very fish in the sea, but Johnny stated plainly, "Much water, and me drown." So, for the sake of company in his bath, Peter had rowed Johnny into shallow water. Here they had quietly enjoyed themselves for a few minutes when Johnny suddenly cried out, "See there, Peter! tree move! Oh, he come in water—he catch me!"

Then that fearful shriek from the lad arose which alarmed all the party. An alligator, disturbed in his quiet repose on the muddy beach, had slowly slipped into the sea, and was making for Johnny. Peter, with a few lightning strokes, had gained the boat, but the alligator was between him and the boy, and he could do nothing to save him. The sharp crack of a rifle, however, sounded, and a ball hit the scaly armor of the creature and glanced off into the water. It was not hurt, only disgusted. It seemed to pause, and wonder whence came the ugly blow, and in that moment Johnny took courage and gained the beach—scrambling on to high ground with all the speed of terror.

"Well aimed! Who fired?" asked Captain Mostyn eagerly.

Not Sam, he was asleep among the coals; not Sin-sing, he came out of the engine-room, saucepan in hand, greatly terrified. No; it was Molly, who, with a very red face, met the inquirers.

She was half crying. "I beg your pardon, please, captain, but I couldn't help it. Missis, she learned me how to use the gun, and I couldn't see the little lad eaten up by that live log of wood, even of a Sunday, and I quite forgot to wait for your orders."

The captain's harangue on obedience had sunk so deeply into the poor girl's mind that she hardly dare lift a finger except by command.

"You have saved the lad's life, girl," was the quick reply, and then Molly was forgotten in the anxiety to recover the missing pair.

Johnny was at last got into the boat and brought back to the *Dart*, to receive a severe cuffing from Sin-sing, and a strong reproof from Captain Mostyn, shared by Peter, after which the little pigtail was no more seen for the rest of the day, and even Peter's chatter was silenced. One was as much a child as the other, it seemed.

As for Molly, she rose into high esteem at once. Her good eye, steady aim, quick perception of danger, and intelligent use of the means of defence at hand, were the admiration of all.

"I see you will be of real service to us, Molly," said her master; "you are not one who will run away or tremble when danger comes."

"No, sir, if you please," returned Molly, in great delight at the praise.

(To be continued.)

The *Memphis Christian Advocate* comments in terms of great severity upon the practice of raising church debts by means of ice cream festivals, etc. "The most effectual way to pay a church debt," it says, "or to meet current expenses, is to do it. Let the amount needed be apportioned among the membership according to the ability of each. If any member refuses or declines to do his part, then let the rest assume it without dispute or contention, and pay it, not by suppers or indirect methods, but right out. Pay the money without letting it go through an ice-cream freezer."

"LET me tell you, nothing lightens the labors and soothes the spirit of a hard-worked man, and especially a missionary, be he in India, China, the African deserts, or the islands of the great Pacific, as the feeling that his countrymen and countrywomen at home are watching his toilsome steps, and stretching out over land and sea to help him, if only by kindly thoughts and prayers."

Young People's Department.



A GIPSY WAGON.

STRANGERS PASSING BY.

WHY, that looks like a gipsy wagon, but who ever saw gipsies so late in the autumn!" exclaimed Mrs. Rand, looking out of the window of a comfortable frame house.

"It is a queer-looking rig, but maybe it's a new kind of photograph wagon," answered her husband, who had just opened the door and was brushing snow off his boots.

But the Rand children were sure the people were gipsies, and begged leave to run across the pond and see. They lived so far up the mountain side that any new face was a treat, for they had few neighbors; and as for being afraid of gipsies, it never occurred to them. So they hurried across the pond, which was frozen much earlier than usual, and had a coating of snow besides, and soon were saying, "Good morning, ma'am," to a rosy, good-tempered-looking woman who was hanging a kettle over a fire.

"Good morning to you, little lady! What can I do for you?" she asked.

"Nothing, thank you, ma'am; we came to see if we could do anything for you. It's so cold to be travelling," answered Bessie Rand.

"Bless your kind hearts! We are all right. We are terrible late out, but some of our folks were sick, away down in Missouri, and the old

man died, and we had to bring the old woman along, and what with waiting, and the horses giving out, we are out of winter-quarters two months too long. But we are northern gipsies, you see—come from Scotland, our folks did—and we don't freeze so easy as you'd think."

"I'm very glad. Mother was worried about you," said Nell.

"Worried about us? Well, folks generally worry about their pigs and chickens when gipsies come along. It's quite fine to have you worrying about us being cold," said a man who had just brought some firewood.

"Father says gipsies are honest with each other, and they can be just as honest with every one if they want to. He says they can't help wandering, any more than a pumpkin can help creeping all over the garden, instead of standing up in a bush," said Bess.

The gipsies laughed heartily. "Good for your dad! Tell him *his* barnyard beasts are safe from us," said the man.

"Father had his pocket picked at Greenwood Fair, in September, and he said that when he lost money or anything, or had it stolen, it was to remind him that he owed a charity somewhere, and so he put two dollars in the missionary box," said Nell.

"Well, well, it's a rare good man that is!" exclaimed the gipsy woman. Then she took a

tin of coffee to the wagon, and the children heard a squeaky voice scolding.

"That's the old woman. She was bound to come with us to Baltimore, but she finds the trip mighty long and cold," explained the man, who was busy with the frying-pan.

"Poor thing! Is she your grandmother?"

"No, she's none of ours," replied the man; "but she has folks in Baltimore."

The children suddenly understood that the gipsies wanted to eat breakfast, and that to stare at them would be rude, so they bade them good by, and hurried home. But when they told their mother of the cold old woman, she declared she would send over the new comforter.

"What, your pink one!" exclaimed the girls, to whom the cotton comforter, covered with pink calico, was a grand affair.

"Yes; I would not give the old ones, they are ragged at the edge. And what's a cotton comforter, when we have a lot of blankets?"

The good woman rolled the comforter up, and with it a pair of stout woollen stockings, and went across the pond herself, and tucked the comforter around the grumbling old woman with her own hands. And the next morning the gipsies were gone, leaving only a pile of ashes, and something pleasant to talk about.

But gipsies do not forget. One spring day they came along the mountain road again, and saw the Rand house across a sparkling pond; but no one appeared at the farm.

"They don't see us, but we'll give them a call," said the gipsies; so they drove into the lane to the barn, and soon knocked at the door.

Mrs. Rand came to answer the knock, crying bitterly, and looking very ill. "Keep away! We have scarlet fever!" she exclaimed, starting back.

"We're not afraid; we have had it," said the gipsy woman. "Just let me and my sister come in and we'll see you through."

Mrs. Rand was glad enough to open the door, as you may imagine, and the gipsies were soon settled in the farmhouse. Both little girls had the fever, and in the midst of it Mr. Rand had broken his leg, and, as all the neighbors were afraid to come near the house, poor Mrs. Rand had been heavily burdened indeed.

At first she did not remember the gipsies, who were now in bright summer dresses, but their strange wagon soon recalled her visitors of the winter, and when the gipsies said, "See how your pink comforter has come back to you!" she felt cheerful enough to laugh.

The gipsy women proved splendid nurses, and the gipsy man was really not afraid to lift Mr. Rand, and cut firewood, and do other work; so the two families were together for three weeks, a long time for gipsies to stay in one place.

When the children were nearly well, they

said good-by, and Mrs. Rand said, with tears in her eyes, "I feel as if I had known you always, and yet only last winter I thought you were just strangers passing by."

"Strangers, yes, till you befriended us, but no one is a stranger after you have helped him. That's the brotherhood of Christ. You see we go to church sometimes, even if we are gipsies! Good-by, and bless you!" was the parting greeting of the rosy-faced gipsy woman.—*E.M., in the Young Christian Soldier.*

HOW A CHINESE WOMAN LEARNT ABOUT THE SAVIOUR.

I WILL tell you the story of a Chinese woman who was brought to Christ a few years ago. We will call her Mrs. A—. This photograph shown is not hers, but you will see by it what a Chinese woman is like.

Mrs. A. was living in a little village in Mid-China, and till a few years ago had never heard the Gospel. One day a bookman came to that village to preach and sell books. Mrs. A. heard him preach, and was so interested that she bought two tracts for one cash, the twentieth part of a penny. She, like most other Chinese women, could not read; for the Chinese say that a woman has no soul, and therefore it is no use to teach her to read. But when the boys went to and from school she used to stop one and another, and ask them to tell her some of the characters, so that she could soon read a little. She afterwards heard more, and, learning that God wishes us to keep the Sunday, she would not do any work on that day. She also told the Gospel to her husband, children, and father-in-law, and by-and-by they were baptized. Soon after that her husband and two eldest sons came down to Hang-Chow, and she came to the Women's House there for further instruction. While there they were confirmed and admitted to the communion. Some time after that she asked me to go with her to a village where she had lived fourteen years before. At the time she lived there she was not a Christian, but now she wanted to go and tell her former neighbors of the Saviour she had learnt to love. I went with her to this little village, an out-of-the-way place, to which no missionary had been before. We walked there, a distance of about twelve miles, a coolie carrying my bedding. When we arrived at the village the people were eating their midday rice. Some of the elder women recognized my friend, and said, "This is Mrs. A.," and with true Chinese politeness asked us to sit down and share their rice. "No," said Mrs. A., "I have something very important to tell you, and I cannot eat my rice till I have told you." And then



A CHINESE BRIDE.

she told them of the Saviour, and what He had done for her. We had a most interesting time there, telling the Gospel story to these poor people. They were much astonished to hear that though Mrs. A. no longer worshipped her ancestors, yet no calamity had befallen her family. When evening came, a man lent us a house to sleep in. It was a funny place, an empty house with a mud floor, very dark and damp, and the only light came through gratings high up in the walls. I have slept in many queer places in China, but I think this was the queerest of them all. The people took down a door, and laid it across two forms, to serve as a bedstead for me, and Mrs. A. had a heap of straw at my feet. When we had shut ourselves in, and had prayer together, she curled herself up on her straw and went to sleep. I was beginning to prepare for the night, when I saw the faces of men and boys, who were peering in through the grating. They had got up on the tables and forms outside to look in, being curious to see what 'the foreign "devil" was doing!

The next morning, when I wished to pay the man for lending us the house and giving us food, he would not take a single cash.

I do not know whether any one in that village has turned to Christ. The seed has been sown there. May God water it, and make it bring forth fruit!—*M. V., in Light in the Home.*

TOMMY AND THE ORANGES.

TOMMY walked along the shady street, feeling just about as happy as almost any little boy would feel. It was a bright, sunshiny day, and the birds were singing over his head, and he had to turn his eyes to see the flowers in old Mrs. Camp's garden. He had had a good breakfast, and was wearing a new pair of shoes.

"Tommy," said Mrs. Camp, as he was passing the door, "won't you do a little errand for me?"

"Yes, ma'am," he said.

"I'm going to have company to tea to-night, and I want some oranges from the store. I wish you would get me a dozen."

"Yes, ma'am," said Tommy again.

He took the quarter she gave him, and went to the store.

"I'm giving thirteen oranges to the dozen

to-day," said Mr. Gray, the storekeeper, "and they're fine ones, too."

Tommy took the basket and walked towards Mrs. Camp's. When he turned into the shady street again, no one was passing. He set down the basket and peeped into it. They were fine ones, sure enough, so large and round, and yellow. Tommy thought they were the juiciest looking ones he had ever seen in his life.

"I'd like one," he said to himself.

He was very fond of oranges. He wondered if he could dare to ask Mrs. Camp for one of them. Then it came into his head that there were thirteen instead of the dozen she was expecting.

"I don't believe 'twould be a bit of harm for me to take that," he said. "No, of course not. She only wanted a dozen; she said so."

Tommy took one of the oranges, put it in his pocket, and went on. But he did not feel quite as happy as he did before. The basket felt heavy, the sun did not seem to shine so brightly, nor the birds to sing so sweetly.

"Of course it's right," said Tommy again. He did not realize that he was arguing against the Good Spirit in his heart, which kept whispering: "Tommy, that orange is not yours."

"And I'm awfully hungry." As we have said, Tommy had just had a good breakfast; but he had never yet found that that made any difference in his wanting an orange, or, indeed, anything else good to eat.

"And I'm so tired lugging this big basket. It's no more'n fair I should have some pay."

But it was no use. Tommy had a good mother at home, and all the talk in the world could not lead him to forget her words about boys keeping their hearts pure of ugly sin stains and their hands clean from picking and stealing. He took the orange out of his pocket. It seemed as though he had never wanted anything in his life as he wanted it. But into the basket it went, and then Tommy, like a wise little boy, set his small legs in motion, and did not let them stop until he reached Mrs. Camp's door.

"There are thirteen to the dozen," he said, as he handed her the basket.

"Perhaps she will give me the extra one," he said to himself, as she counted them.

"Yes, thirteen," she said; "they'll make a good, full dish. I'm much obliged to you, Tommy."

He watched until she put the last one back into the basket and set them away in the pantry. He felt a good deal disappointed, for the sight of them had made him wish for them more and more.

He went out and walked slowly ten minutes; then gave a jump and a whoop.

"Hurrah! If I had taken that orange it would have been all gone by this time, and God would have known it, and mamma would have

known it, too, for I couldn't have helped telling her. And if it were done I never, never, never could undo it. I'd have been a thief all my life. Just for an orange! Oh, I'm glad, glad!"

And the sun shone so brightly, and the birds sang so merrily, that Tommy felt sure they were glad, too.—*Sunday School Advocate.*

TAKE CARE.

LITTLE children, you must seek
Rather to be good than wise;
For the thoughts you do not speak
Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.

If you think that you can be
Cross and cruel, and look fair,
Let me tell you how to see
You are quite mistaken there.

Go and stand before the glass
And some ugly thought contrive,
And my word will come to pass
Just as sure as you're alive.

What you have, and what you lack,
All the same as what you wear,
You will see reflected back;
So, my little folk, take care.

And not only in the glass
Will your secrets come to view;
All beholders, as they pass,
Will perceive and know them too.

Goodness shows in blushes bright,
Or in eyelids drooping down,
Like a violet from the light.
Badness in a sneer or frown.

Cherish what is good, and drive
Evil thoughts and feelings far;
For as sure as you're alive,
You will show for what you are.
—*Alice Cary.*

CONFESSING CHRIST.

WHEN Coleridge Patteson, called by his schoolfellows "Coley," afterwards the martyr bishop of Melanesia, was a boy at Eton, like many other boys he was very fond of cricket, and not only was he fond of it, but he was also an unusually good player.

At cricket suppers at Eton it was the custom to give toasts, followed by songs, and these songs oftentimes were of a very questionable sort. Before one of these suppers Coley told the captain that he would protest against the introduction of anything that was immoral or indecent.

His protests apparently had no effect, for during the evening one of the boys got up and began to sing a song which Coley thought was not fit for decent boys to hear. Whereupon, rising from his seat, he said, "If this sort of

thing continues I shall leave the room." It was continued, and he left the table. The next day he wrote to the captain of the eleven, saying that, unless he received an apology he should withdraw from the club.

The apology was sent and Patteson remained; but those who knew how passionately fond of cricket he was knew what a sacrifice it must have been to have risked the chance of an acceptance of his withdrawal. Now, that Eton boy by his conduct confessed Christ. It was a great temptation to him, doubtless, to be silent, and to allow the evil, ribald thing to pass unnoticed. But silence in such circumstances would have been disloyalty to the Master whom he served; for him, at least, it would have been to deny Christ.

WON BY A CHILD.

NOT long ago a missionary on the great river Congo had pushed up in a little steamer into a part where no white man had ever been seen before. The anchor was let down and the steamer brought to. Food was needed for the men and firewood for the engines. The natives came crowding to the bank to look at the wonderful boat; they were armed with arrows and spears.

The missionary talked to them, and made signs of peace, but nothing that he could do seemed to touch them. It was plain that they were partly angry, partly suspicious, and partly afraid, and when the savages are in that state they are very dangerous. What was to be done?

A happy thought flashed across the missionary. He had a wife and a little baby on board. He got the baby, took it up in his arms, and showed it to the people. Now, the baby seemed to understand the situation, and instead of crying, or pretending to be shy, it laughed and crowed as merrily as could be, and when the poor savages saw it they felt safe; they understood in a moment that no harm was meant, and so they laid down their arms and became quite friendly. Even in Africa we can say, "A little child shall lead them."

An English missionary writes: "Lying on my table as I write there are *two farthings* and *two halfpennies*, the total collection after an address I gave the other day to poor children at a large town in England. There was no collection, but after I had finished speaking, four of the little ones remained behind, and very shyly, put these coins into my hand. They had brought their offerings and did not like to go away without presenting them, and I am sure they were precious in God's sight."

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Rev. J. C. Cox—Travelling Agent, Maritime Provinces, Falmouth, N. S.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

DR. BURDON, the Bishop of Victoria, Hong-Kong, has resigned after an episcopate of twenty years.

MAJOR SETON CHURCHILL, a member of the Council of the Army Temperance Association, says that there are 25,000 soldiers in India who are total abstainers, and that habits of temperance are on the increase in the army.

A NEW diocese has been established in China by the Church Missionary Society. It is in the Province of Si-Chuen, where the Rev. J. Horsburgh and party have been working with commendable zeal among a people as yet total strangers to Christianity.

THE Rev. A. F. Winnington-Ingram, whose work we have referred to elsewhere this month, has been appointed rector of Bethnal Green. He thus remains at the scene of his old self-denying labours, but will be able, as rector, all the better to direct and control them.

It is satisfactory to know that the choir and transepts of St. John's Cathedral, St. John's, Newfoundland, have been restored. The work of restoration has been faithfully done and presents a beautiful appearance. It is hoped that the full restoration will take place before long.

A VERY comfortable feeling has settled down all over England owing to the new and strong government now at the helm. It is in every sense of the word a Conservative government,

and the time-honored institutions, such as the Established Church and the House of Lords, feel that now they have the nation at their back.

THE death of Dr. Thorold, Bishop of Winchester, will be regretted by many in Canada who had the pleasure of meeting His Lordship when on a visit to this country. His successor is Dr. Randall T. Davidson, translated from Rochester, as Dr. Thorold himself had been. Dr. Talbot, vicar of Leeds, has been appointed Bishop of Rochester.

THE Rev. J. W. Tims has decided to retire from the Blackfoot Mission, diocese of Calgary. Owing to the troubles that arose there recently among the Indians, Mr. Tims was obliged to escape from the Home, and he now thinks it will be better for him to retire altogether from the post. A successor, however, will be appointed. In the meantime the institution will be managed by Mr. Tims at a distance.

THE newly appointed Bishop of New Westminster, B.C., Dr. William Dart, was consecrated in June last, along with four others. It was a sight long to be remembered, when five bishops in the grand old abbey of Westminster were consecrated at one time, and it is significant of the missionary spirit of the age, that of these five, four were for dioceses in distant lands—in Canada, Africa, and Australia.

VERY excellent things have been said from time to time of Bishop Potter, of New York. He now appears before the public as a bishop, indeed, spending the holiday months of July and August in the slums of New York, ministering as a deacon to the spiritual wants of the poorest of the poor. He is doing this in connection with the Cathedral mission house on Stanton street, one of the poorest and most densely populated sections of the city. This reminds one of Victor Hugo's ideal Bishop of D—, in his terrible work, "Les Miserables," and shows that the missionary spirit is strong in the good Bishop of New York.

THE whole Christian world has been shocked by the terrible details of the recent massacre in China. This has been more an uprising against foreigners than against Christians, but the Christians, none the less, suffered in this way for the cause that they represented. The murder of the Rev. Mr. Stewart, wife, and children, will be chiefly deplored in Canada, for many people met him here when he was on his way from England to his work in China. Even in these days of international law and protection of life, missionary work can not be done without instances, here and there, of the terrible scenes of martyrdom for which the history of

the Christian Church from its earliest days has been memorable.

PROFESSOR CASE, Professor of Moral Philosophy at Oxford, objects very strongly to the doors of the University being open to women on equal terms with men. He says that men and women differ from one another intellectually—not necessarily that women are in intellect inferior to men, but that they are different, and therefore that the two sexes ought to be trained separately. Women, physically, are not as strong as men, and therefore it is unfair to place upon them the same amount of hard work as that demanded of men. And, moreover, the Professor thinks that, on moral grounds, it is better that men and women should be lectured on higher education separately. Subjects must be touched upon sometimes that would not be elevating for women if discussed in their presence, but might be necessary for men to deal with. Indeed, the presence of women would hamper that free style of lecturing which is sometimes unavoidable in dealing with university subjects. This has already been considered in Canada. In Trinity University, for instance, a separate college, called St. Hilda's, has been set apart for women, and within its walls they are instructed by themselves.

NOTES FROM BLACKFOOT RESERVE.

May 30th.

Major McGibbon visited and inspected St. John's Home, North Camp, and he appeared well satisfied. He was very pleased with the new hospital, which is certainly a well-finished, pretty looking building. He wrote in the visitor's book:

"Having made a thorough inspection of the St. John's Home, North Camp, on the Blackfoot agency, I have pleasure in putting on record that I found the 'Home' boys and girls' departments in thorough order, and the dormitories large and well suited for the purpose, being well lighted and ventilated; the new iron bedsteads are a great improvement.

"The work in the schoolroom I found also to be carried on in a satisfactory manner.

"The whole place reflected credit on the manager, Mr. Hardyman, and the matron, Miss Turner.

"ALAN MCGIBBON,
"Inspector."

June 11th, 1895.

Dick Rider, from Elkhorn Industrial School, formerly a pupil here, died this morning at 3.30. He was carefully prepared, and we gladly let him go.

"Farewell, for one short life we part."

Against his parents' wishes, he insisted on being brought to the Home to die. He said he had been baptized there, and there he wished to die. He was carefully nursed night and day by the staff. His death was a bright example to all in the Home. A touching incident occurred a few days before his death. Miss Turner, late girls' matron, was watching by his side, and some silver happened to rattle in her pocket, and he asked what it was, and she said it was money, and she asked him would he like some, and he said "Yes"; so she gave him twenty-five cents, which pleased him very much, and he kept it a day or two. He got to be very fond, indeed, of Miss Haynes, the boys' matron, and he gave her the twenty-five cents as a present. Poor boy, he wished to show his gratitude to her.

July 2nd.

Mr. A. E. Forget went over the Home on the above date. This was his first visit, and he was surprised at the fine buildings.

July 18th.

The sun dance commenced to-day. The distribution of tongues (ox) took place, also the hoisting of the sun dance pole. I much regret to report that Willie and David, who are both confirmed, took a prominent part in the heathen ceremony. Nothing could be more discouraging to those who yearn for the souls of those lads.

July 25th.

A big meeting at the agency this afternoon to discuss the schools, the Bishop and Mr. Forget present. It was announced that the Rev. G. Stocken had been appointed principal. The Indians were greatly disappointed, for they wished the Bishop to make them a present of the Rev. F. Swainson; they were also told that St. John's Home, North Camp, would be converted into a Home for girls, and the Home at the South Camp for boys. Experience decides that it is better that it should be so. Then, with regard to parents getting their children out of the Home in case of sickness, Mr. Forget said: "If a child's mother or father, brother or sister, took seriously ill in camp, the child could at once leave the Home to visit the sick ones, or, if the child took sick, and the parents wished to doctor it themselves in camp, they could take it out"; at the same time he told them their child would receive far better care in the Home, and much superior medicine. Mr. Forget spoke in the most kind, feeling manner with regard to the Rev. J. W. Tim's departure, and eulogized his great work amongst them for twelve long years, his manner of treating Mr. Tims being so utterly different from the unfriendly tone used by anonymous writers in Toronto papers.

One cause asserted by some, that he did not see more fruit for his labors in the way of con-

verts, was that he had far too much work to attend to, and so he was unable to visit amongst his people, except in cases of sickness or school business. At the meeting, one man who had a son in the Home whom he wished to be discharged on account of his age, eighteen, made an appeal to Mr. Forget, and the lad pluckily stood up to address him, but Mr. Forget told him to speak in English, but he was too shy, so Mr. Forget proceeded to examine him before all his people, in English, and he acquitted himself very well, and received praise from Mr. Forget, and hopes to be discharged. The Bishop also addressed the people, and announced to them, to show his appreciation of Mr. Tims' work, he intended to make him a chief. To this the Indians showed dissent. I mentioned the falling away of David and Willie, because, as a rule, only the successes of missionary effort are recorded. This is a mistake, for by omitting to record the failures we rob ourselves of much outside sympathy.

August 8th.

We were honored to-day by a visit in state from Lord and Lady Aberdeen. They arrived about 11.30 a.m.; the guard of honor being twenty men of the Northwest Mounted Police, also about 150 Indians on horseback. The Bishop, accompanied by the Ven. Archdeacon J. W. Tims, the Rev. S. Stocken, and Mr. Lucius F. Hardyman, met and welcomed their Excellencies at the school door, and ushered them into the schoolroom, where the staff and children were assembled, and sang "God Save the Queen," and gave three cheers for the distinguished visitors; then the Bishop presented the staff, and called upon Mr. Lucius F. Hardyman to present an address. I omitted to mention that Percy, our youngest boy, presented Lady Aberdeen with a bouquet of flowers, and Minnie a nosegay to Lord Aberdeen, who replied encouragingly and sympathetically to the address, and he then spoke a few simple words to the children, and told them they looked very well and sang well. We then conducted the party over to the Home and hospital, and concluded the visit by writing in the visitors' book. Lord Aberdeen wrote: "Much pleased and interested." The only hitch in the proceedings was the weather, which was most disagreeably wet and cold.

In the afternoon a meeting was held at the agency. Owing to the inclemency of the weather, the store was cleared and utilized, and the Indians gave Lord and Lady Aberdeen a most cordial welcome. One said he almost felt that he was in the presence of the Queen herself as he looked on Her Excellency. They were delighted to hear from the Governor-General himself that their rations would not be stopped as long as they were required, and thanked him many times for this. They had

no particular grievance, except to appoint some new chiefships to fill dead men's shoes.

Two beautiful buckskin suits were given to him, and the donors on that cold, wet day stripped themselves before us all to present them.

A ceremony was gone through of presenting a flag to Iron Shields, a newly appointed chief at South Camp. Lady Aberdeen placed it round his shoulders in the Queen's name. All the chiefs were presented and introduced by Mr. A. E. Forget, Assistant Commissioner, Regina.

The intention was to conclude the day by opening the South Camp Home, but their Excellencies were unable to spare the time, which was a pity, as this is by far the most superior building; in fact, Mr. Forget said it was the best boarding school he had seen in the N.W.T., and I do not think he is wrong.

However, we trust we may be honored later on, and, when he does come, let us hope he may see two full homes, and not as at present, with less than half the required numbers.

August 14th.

Their Excellencies gave a holiday and a feast to both homes. It is to be held (D.V.) on August the 23rd inst. Arrangements are being made so that we can all meet and enjoy the day together. I hope that you will permit this long account, as I feel sure it will all interest the home missionaries, who are many. I mean those who live at home, but whose hearts are in communion with those in active service. At present twenty-two children have returned, fourteen boys and eight girls. Last quarter we had thirty-seven on the roll. The government now allow us a per capita grant for forty children, and we have accommodation for fifty, thirty boys and twenty girls.

August 27th.

White Pup and nine other important Indians, under the care of Mr. Magnus Begg, left for Regina via C.P.R., to attend the fair. This great sight will open the eyes of our friends.

August 30th.

Mr. Hardyman, assistant superintendent, left for Regina to-day. He spent two days at the fair. The Indians took the cake all through. The Indian children's exhibit was the wonder of all. The music was provided by the four Indian bands from the Industrial Schools of High River, Fort Qu'Appelle, Regina, and St. Albert. Lord Aberdeen gave a prize of \$25 to the best band. I believe the Qu'Appelle band won the prize. Then many of the pupils were present, dressed nicely and as clean as any white children could be, and the contrast was indeed remarkable with their poor brothers and sisters who were wandering around in their filth and paint, and lazy look.

Without doubt the Regina Fair was a red

letter day for the Indian Department, as Canadians were able to see for themselves what is being done for the red man.

WHAT THE CHURCH NEEDS.

Does the Church need money? No.
Does the Church need fine buildings? No.
Does the Church's strength consist in money?
No.

What the Church needs is vital religion, self-denying spirit, faith, and charity in its members. If the Church were a society founded by men and for the gratification of men's tastes, dependent on men's favor, then its material resources would represent its real strength. But the Church is God's and for God. If it be not that, it is nothing. If it have all wealth and all learning, and have not the Spirit of God, it is a failure. A famous pope once received Thomas Aquinas in Rome, and was showing the saint the wealth of the papal treasury. The pope pointed to the piles of money and said: "St. Peter's successors cannot say any more, 'Silver and gold have I none,' can they?" "No," said the saint; "neither can they say, 'Rise up and walk.'"

Yet it will be said: "The money question does vex and disturb and hamper the Church, and the Church does have to plead and beg and humble herself through her officers, sometimes, in order to get money." Yes, God help us, it is true. It is not every Christian that believes the promise: "Seek ye the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." So we beg the money on the principle that doing the duty *may* awaken and create the spirit; but it is the wrong way—absolutely the wrong way—and in the long run it is bound to fail.

What we need, what the Church needs, is the Spirit of Christ. If every man or woman believed with the whole heart that the spread of the Christian Gospel is a matter of life and death for all of us, not a voluntary preference, then the resources would be so great that we would be troubled to know how best to dispose of them; but we prefer to have a business arrangement, and strike the average, and fortify conscience with the thought that we are doing about as much as the next one.

Let us pray for the outpouring of the Spirit of Christ. A clergyman says: "My parish has crying needs. We are in debt. We want a new church. We have other financial obligations. We cannot afford to have any one speak to us about missions—foreign missions especially. He might take something away from the parish."

What a blunder! What short-sightedness! What fun for the enemy that is! Dear brother,

don't you know that if the missionary spirit, the real, devoted, intense enthusiasm of the Spirit of God, should once seize and kindle the hearts of six rich men in your congregation, your parish would not have any debt on it, they would not leave you any "other financial obligations" to fret over. Don't you wish that the missionary spirit would get hold of your people and set their hearts on fire with love for God—love that dares, and ventures, and works, and sacrifices for the Church of Christ? And don't you think that you are unwise, to say the least, when you have any single opportunity to get a word said by any one that might be the spark to kindle the fire that will vitalize and inspire your whole congregation? It may be that a word about foreign missions lodging in some man's mind will change his whole attitude towards religion, and break up the great deeps of his heart in love and self-forgetfulness. Let us work for missions. Let us pray for the Spirit of Christ!

It is written in the Book of Exodus that, when Moses would build the tabernacle of the Lord, he called upon the people for free-will offerings, and *they had to be restrained, because they broug't much more than enough* for the service of the work which the Lord commanded. These people were Jews, and we are Christians. Are we? Are we? That is the question.—*Bishop Gailor, in Diocese of Tennessee.*

UNWRAP thy life of many wants and fine;
He who with Christ will dine
Shall see no table curiously spread,
But fish and barley bread.
Where rearest thou that Jesus bade us pray,
"Give us our sumptuous fare from day to day."

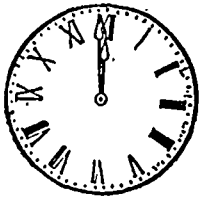
Why wilt thou take a castle on thy back,
When God gave but a pack?
With gown of honest wear, why wilt thou tease
For braid and fripperies?
Learn thou with flowers to dress, with birds to feed,
And pinch thy large want to thy little need.

—*Sunday at Home, June, 1895.*

A MISSIONARY of the U.S. Board writes to the *Spirit of Missions*: "I believe great good and many accessions to the Church would come from the free distribution of Prayer Books if I had them. I believe there are many people who do not know which way to turn because of conflicting sects, who would come into the Church if they had such a guide as the Prayer Book. When I go to Mapleton, I take a few Prayer Books with me from the church here. We hold service there in the Methodist church, with an attendance of from twenty to thirty, some of whom, however, belong to other bodies. If those strangers who come had Prayer Books of their own, they might soon become members of the family. I find an intense prejudice against the Church, which only information can overcome, and the silent Prayer Book can often go where the voice cannot."

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.,
124 Harbord Street, Toronto.



Remember daily the mid-day prayer for missions.

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

THE diocese of Qu'Appelle claims our attention this month, and in connection with it we would earnestly urge the appeal in behalf of the Medicine Hat Indian School, sent recently to all our diocesan branches. Half the needed sum has been obtained, so that only \$600 remains to be supplied ere this very important work can be started. There are a number of Cree Indian families in and near Medicine Hat, and many more are returning from Montana, U.S., all of whose children it is most desirable to put under Christian influences. Once the building is completed, the cost will be comparatively small, for coal is within three miles and very cheap, the government promises its usual per capita grant, and the teaching will be chiefly carried on by the Rev. W. Nicolls, to whom the synod of the diocese has given full authority to do what he can to promote the opening and conducting of the school.

WHAT horror must have thrilled through every reader of the accounts of that terrible massacre in Ku-Cheng! Well may our intercessions rise to the throne of grace not only for the Chinese in America, but those in their native land. Rev. Dr. Stewart and Mrs. Stewart, of the C.M.S., and two children, were killed, and two survive. One had a knee broken, and the other, a baby, lost an eye. So runs what will bring true sorrow to the many W.A.'s who had the pleasure of meeting the devoted workers who visited Canada about two years ago on their return to China. The earnest, gentle zeal of Mrs. Stewart will be forgotten by none who listened to her touching pleadings for our sisters in far-off China. Then in the *Leaflet* for May, page 663, we have a foreshadowing of this fearful ending; but what unselfish trust pervades every word! For the poor, lonely, maimed little one left behind, and the sorrowing ones of the other victims, we ask the heartfelt prayers of all our members. The baby has been mercifully taken to its rest since the massacre. I. John xv. 13.

WE feel sure that our members will all sympathize deeply with our dear president in her late accident, but rejoice that her fall down

stairs resulted in no more serious injury than the breaking of a bone in her left elbow. Though painful and tedious, it is a slight trouble compared to what it might have been had not some soft article near by saved Mrs. Tilton from striking her head. We have much to be thankful for in her narrow escape, and trust she will soon be freed from bondage and splints and be feeling her strong self once more.

THE Lord Bishop of Quebec has kindly consented to preach at the W.A. Triennial service to be held in Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, on Thursday, September 12th, at 9.30 a.m.

SPECIAL REDUCTION.—The editor of the *Church Evangelist* has made a special reduction for members of the W.A. who wish to subscribe to this interesting weekly Church paper. We trust that a long list of subscribers from our ranks will testify to our gratitude for this kind and generous arrangement. Besides a wide range of other subjects which should be known and understood by every churchwoman, a full page is always devoted to matters of special interest to the W.A. A written application stating that the would-be subscriber is a member of the W.A. is all that is required to obtain the reduction.

A CURE FOR ENNUI.

BY A MEMBER OF THE W.A.

Sisters, who sit at aimless ease,
Striving thy fitful wills to please,
Wilt list to an answer, tried and true,
To the frequent question, "What shall I do?"

Canst thou the lonely prairie see,
Rolling for miles, without one tree
To shelter the traveller, as he meets
The bitter blasts or the burning heat?

Picture a log hut; neat, trim wife;
Husband full of "old country" life;
Clergyman, church, to both so dear;
Can we find them anywhere near?

Pass we now a few short years,
What are the words that greet our ears?
"Forgotten even when Sunday comes,"
"No one to christen our little ones."

The redskin lies near on tepee floor,
Watching, in vain, thro' the open door.
"Praying-man come; oh! tell of Light,
Ere my spirit enters where all seems night."

Sisters, wouldst thou so happy be?
Look at these pictures and find the key.
Thou canst help with heart and hands
To send God's Word to those lonely bands.

Yes, we have tried it; wilt try it too?
Join the Auxiliary; live anew!
Hours will fly that creep before.
Thy plaint: "Would I could do still more!"

DIOCESE OF MACKENZIE RIVER.

Bishop Reeve, of Mackenzie River, continues to do his hard and extensive missionary work with his usual zeal. The following letter, descriptive of his work, has just reached us, and will be read with great interest by all. We are sure a strong effort will be made to help the bishop in his noble work.

St. David's Mission,
Fort Simpson, June, 1895.

"Being rather short of paper, and there being no stationer's shop within a thousand miles, I had thought of not sending a circular letter this summer; but the account of Mr. Stringer's visit to the Esquimaux is so interesting that it seems a pity to withhold it until next winter, so I will give a summary of it at once. There is also another reason which influences me. He intends visiting Ontario next winter (D.V.). What he has to tell cannot fail to arouse sympathy and interest, so this will prepare for his coming, and I trust many opportunities of telling about his work and its needs will be given him, and that our Lord's stewards will furnish all the help we need for the support of another laborer amongst these attractive but heathen people. Another laborer! We could do with two more, but one we ought to have at once, and Herschel Island seems to be the place which calls most loudly for his presence. This island is now a whaling station. No fewer than fifteen vessels have wintered there this year, so that there is quite a little colony of white people, and the presence of these ships and their crews attracts the Esquimaux from all parts of the Arctic coast, both from the east and west. Mr. Stringer says: "If a mission house could be built there, it would be a good place for a man to be stationed. There would be constant work so long as the ships winter there. At all times of the year there are Eskimos in the neighborhood. There are some there now from almost every mission and trading post, and tribe on the coast of Alaska. And more are coming, being attracted by the presence of the ships." He makes a significant allusion to those families that have "young women among their number," and adds: "Many of those young people, however, are anxious to learn to read and write, and by this means might be influenced for good, and taught more important things." There is also great danger of their being demoralized by "drink," for which some of the poor creatures are acquiring a taste. The presence of so many Esquimaux in the neighborhood, the opportunity of reaching the representatives of so many different tribes, their desire for instruction, their danger from the presence of unscrupulous white men, the restraining influence which the presence of a missionary might have upon the drink and other sinful traffic—everything seems to point to the pressing need of a missionary be-

ing stationed at Herschel Island without delay. The journey to and from the island was not accomplished without considerable difficulty and some danger. Starting from the village at the eastern mouth of the Mackenzie, and accompanied by two Indians in a canvas-covered canoe, he proceeded westward, from island to island and point to point, across the delta, and at two places had to make a traverse of fifteen miles on the open sea. These were passed safely, but shortly afterwards a storm detained them nearly a week in one place, and they ran completely out of provisions. Fortunately, a few miles distant on either side of them were some Esquimaux, who visited them, and were visited almost daily and shared with them their scanty supply of fish. The opportunity was seized for teaching their visitors, who were friendly and anxious to learn, and so the time was not lost. After reaching the island he held school and had prayers with the Esquimaux every day, in a large tent belonging to a chief from Point Harrow. At the sound of an extemporized gong, men, women, and children would flock from the other tents, and sometimes there was quite a respectable gathering. Singing was a difficulty at first. He says: "No one has ever been guilty of accusing me of knowing much about music, or being a very sweet or powerful singer; but I have always found that by means of singing one can generally get those people interested, and so I have struggled through. After a few nights some sailors who were ashore happened in, and remarked how wonderfully well the Huskies (Esquimaux) sang, and were surprised to hear it was only a few days before they had first heard the hymn. Some of those from the west had seen missionaries before, and seemed anxious to learn. I was much encouraged by the interest that some of them took. I wrote out a hymn, and before I left some of them could follow it on the paper. Two or three men especially used to come to me often to ask questions, and they also learned to repeat a short prayer." About a fortnight was spent thus, and then the lateness of the season compelled him to leave. An old whale boat given him by two of the captains enabled him to take a few supplies, and he accompanied some Esquimaux who were travelling eastward. He says: "We spent Sunday with a large party who were on their way to the island. We had a pleasant and profitable day together, and then started on again in company with three Husky boats. Then we fell in with another large party, some of whom I had never met before. They had just returned from a long deer hunt in the mountains. It was inspiring to see how eagerly they listened to every word that was said, and how soon they joined in the hymns and prayers. A few days were spent at this place, and I trust some good was done. One night as I sat by the fire warming myself (it

was sometimes very cold during those September days), I heard singing in a tent a little way off. I listened, and found they were singing a hymn, "Come to Jesus," which I had translated and taught them. Then they all knelt down and united in a short prayer. I found out next day that it was their custom to do this every night. Some of those who occupied the tent were the family of the man Oobloouk, whom I accompanied to Peel River in 1893. They did not engage in their devotions for show or effect. They had said nothing about it, but in their own humble way were trying to carry out what they had been taught. This family and two others went with me for another day, and then with (I feel sure) mutual regret, we had to part. They went on their way eastward, and I turned up the west of the Mackenzie."

The stay at the eastern village in August was unmarked by any striking incidents, and was remarkably free from trouble. Having been with them almost continually for the precious two months, his arrival at the village caused no excitement, but they were "kind as ever," and seemed to look on him as a regular inhabitant of the place; and although, now that the novelty was wearing off, some were lapsing into indifference, others were eager to learn. The council house would be crowded at some of the services, and much encouragement was obtained from the interest and earnestness manifested. The stay there was a pleasant one. The days were spent in going around from camp to camp, visiting the village across the channel and attending to the sick, of whom there were a number. Several young men and boys were taught, and although this part of the work was very desultory, still some little progress was made. "I feel," he says, "that in this and other ways I have gained the lasting friendship of some of those young people. Before I left many, both old and young, expressed great thankfulness at what had been done for them." Of the house, "built after the most approved Husky style, with a few civilized touches thrown in," which, on account of their superstitions he could put up only little by little, and at intervals; of his going with them to hunt the whale, and the excitement of being whirled through the water by a wounded one; and of a sudden quarrel, which nearly resulted in bloodshed, but was happily stopped in time, there is not room to write at length, and I have already exceeded the limits of an ordinary letter. A rumor has reached me that a Wycliffe College man has volunteered for this work. I sincerely hope it is true, but shall not know for certain until after this has left my hands.

That we shall have your prayers for the further development and consummation of this important undertaking I feel assured. May I ask for a like favor for all our missions? We greatly need an outpouring of the Holy Spirit

to arouse dead souls, to stimulate apathetic ones, to strengthen those who are weak in faith, to encourage those who are stronger, and also that more unction may be imparted to the workers, so that their efforts may be accompanied by divine power, and that in themselves they may "perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord." Thanking you for the help you have given, whether of prayers or alms, or in bringing the work before the notice of others, and praying that you may be abundantly blessed in your own souls, I am, yours, etc.,

W. D. REEVE, D.D.,
Bishop of Mackenzie River.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL OFFERINGS.

The following is a complete list of the Children's Lenten offerings in the diocese of Ontario :

DOMESTIC MISSIONS.

St. James', Kingston	\$20 00
Cataraqui.....	6 16
Shannonville.....	1 20
St. Paul's, Kingston.....	10 00
St. Bartholomew's, Ottawa.....	10 35
Pakenham.....	3 39
Eganville.....	5 19
Almonte.....	6 00
Pembroke.....	14 00
Brucefield.....	4 00
Perth.....	24 61
Trinity, Brockville.....	36 35
St. John's, Belleville.....	5 34
Pictou.....	18 45
Prescott.....	15 00
Carleton Place.....	20 00
St. Margaret's, Ottawa.....	6 65
St. Bartholomew's ".....	5 69
Osnabrock.....	2 79
Moulinette.....	5 05
Wales.....	18 43
Lombardy.....	1 00
St. George's, Kingston.....	12 50
St. George's, Ottawa.....	10 00
St. Paul's, Brockville.....	46 00
St. John's, Ottawa.....	12 90
Frankford.....	7 68
Portsmouth.....	14 44
Prescott.....	5 71
Christ Church, Ottawa.....	45 81

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

St. Paul's, Brockville.....	\$10 00
St. Luke's, Kingston.....	3 00
St. George's, Ottawa.....	30 76
Prescott.....	7 66

We need to learn the art of giving from God, the great giver of "every good and perfect gift," who "giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not." President M. E. Gates has these timely words on giving:

"'God loveth a cheerful giver.' Have you studied the precise import of the word translated 'cheerful'? It came to me with wonderful

force a few days since as I was reading my Greek Testament. The word is *hilaron*. There is no mistaking its import. God loves a whole-souled 'hilarious' giver—one who is not ashamed of the cause for which he gives—one who, with a strong, buoyant, joyous confidence in the cause, in the men who are working with him for it, and, above all, in the God who directs the work, gives freely, heartily, and with a swing. To the sense of duty from the law of Christian service, shall we not, by God's help, add this crowning grace of spontaneous, hearty, hilarious Christian giving of time and money for the cause of our Master?"

A missionary says: "To-day I received two letters in the same mail. One was a cheque for five thousand dollars, signed by a rich man; who, as I knew, gave that sum with scarcely a thought of how it would be used. The other was a badly spelled letter from four children, who had actually raised chickens on a roof in New York city, and sent the proceeds—six dollars—to educate some poor little Indian child." No doubt this latter represented far more self-denial than the former.

Mr. J. J. KELSO, Provincial Superintendent of Neglected Children, would like very much to hear of parties who would be willing to give a home to a homeless child. Mr. Kelso has awaiting homes a number of bright little boys and girls, from infancy up to eight years of age, who would do well in the care of kind-hearted people. Agreements concerning these children are of the most simple character. Further information can be obtained by addressing Mr. Kelso, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

Books and Periodicals Department.

Among graphic methods of illustrating the Sunday-school lesson, the sand-map is now used in many progressive schools. Miss Juliet E. Dimock has become widely known as an expert in the use of this form of lesson illustration. She has written an article, soon to appear in *The Sunday School Times*, in which she describes the making of a sand-map and its varied uses. Miss Dimock tells not merely how she makes and uses her own sand-maps, but how other teachers may prepare and use theirs.

No striking or sensational finds have been made in Asia Minor in recent years bearing on the interpretation, the historical authenticity, and the date of composition of the Book of Acts; but, in their entirety, the discoveries go far to constitute a new era in the understanding and the criticism of certain portions of the book. This matter will soon be ably discussed by Professor Dr. W. M. Ramsay, of Aberdeen, Scotland, in *The Sunday School Times*. He says: "It has already ceased to be possible for a rational criticism to maintain that the narrative of the missionary journeys is a free second-century composition; and it is rapidly ceasing to be possible to regard it as a series of first-century scraps pieced together by a second-century compiler."

Some of the best known and of the most promising of our poets contribute to *The Sunday School Times*. Among those whose work will shortly appear are Charlotte Fiske Bates, Susan Coolidge, William Cleaver Wilkinson, Rich-

ard Burton, Grace Duffield Goodwin, Julie M. Lippmann; and in the children's department, Cora Stuart Wheeler and George Cooper. John D. Wattles & Co., 1031 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

(1) *The Sunday at Home*, (2) *The Leisure Hour*; (3) *The Boys' Own Paper*; (4) *The Girls' Own Paper*; (5) *Friendly Greetings*, (6) *The Cottager and Artisan*, (7) *Light in the Home*, (8) *The Child's Companion*; (9) *Our Little Dots*. The Religious Tract Society, 56 Paternoster Row, London. The August number of *The Sunday at Home* is a fine issue. "Holiday Homilies," by Rev. A. R. Buckland, are pleasing little sermons suitable for vacation time. A sketch of the life of John Cairns, D.D., by James Macaulay, and the "Fountain of Capernaum," by Rev. Hugh McMillan, are both interesting articles. "Sunday in East London" is continued. Several fine stories are told, and an interesting account given of the first Christian emperor. Several sketches by Bishop Tucker, of Uganda, Africa, are also given. *The Leisure Hour* abounds in handsome illustrations. "Early Christian Buildings in Ireland," by Godard H. Orpen, may be specially mentioned among the articles, and "Abouk's Journey" among the stories. An Eastern tale is usually attractive, and this maintains the record. *The Boys' Own Paper* has only to be seen to convince that it is a periodical suitable for the boys of any household. *The Girls' Own Paper* is excellent reading for any young lady. It is not a juvenile paper, though young girls will find in it much that will interest them.

(1) *The Expositor* (one shilling); (2) *The Clergyman's Magazine* (sixpence). London: Hodder & Stoughton, Paternoster Row. These are always welcome visitors. *The Expositor* for August has a good conservative article on the "Cursing of the Ground—the Restoration," by Sir J. William Dawson. Dr. Stalker continues his interesting disquisitions upon Jeremiah. It is wonderful how much there is to study in the life of a man like this faithful yet suffering prophet of the declining days of Israel. Some very natural remarks are made by Rev. T. H. Darlow on St. Paul's last visit to Jerusalem with the design of clearing the apostle of the charge of inconsistency sometimes brought against him. *The Clergyman's Magazine* for August tells of "Simeon, the Teacher of Vital Religion," gives several sermon notes suitable to the season, and some other useful articles. That on "The Diaconate," by Rev. Charles Powell, may be specially mentioned. If the Diaconate proper had been made use of in the early days of church work in Canada a far more satisfactory result would have been obtained.

The Missionary Review of the World. Funk & Wagnalls Co., 30 Lafayette Place, New York. Price, \$2.50 a year. In the August number the Church of Rome is considered in her historical development and in relation to the predictions of the Apocalypse with much ability by Dr. Pierson, the editor in chief. "Missionary Work in the New Hebrides" is interestingly described by Rev. J. H. Laurie, D.D., of Antecityum, and is illustrated by several well chosen photographs, showing the life and work in those islands. Right Rev. H. C. Q. Moule contributes a very strong paper on the "Perpetual Obligations Resting on the Church to Evangelize the World," in which the writer brings forward scriptural evidence, and supports this argument by the historical phenomena of successive centuries within and without the church.

The Religious Review of Reviews. Westminster, London, England. The August number has portraits of the new and also of the late Bishop of Winchester, and also of the Venerable Archdeacon Denison, with suitable articles accompanying them. Other reading matter is up to date

Germania. A. W. Spanhoofd, Manchester, New Hampshire, editor. This is a well-arranged monthly periodical for the study of the German language. Each number contains valuable assistance for students of that tongue.