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THE CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE

• • AND MISSION NEWS • •


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

Vol. XI.

TORONTO, JULY, 1897.

No. 133


HOPES AND PRAYERS FULFILLED.

 HE celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of our Queen has brought into notice some of the expressions of hope and anticipation of a prosperous reign, expressed at the time of Her Majesty's Accession, which looking back now during the sixty years which have elapsed, appear to have been astonishingly fulfilled. Amongst other allusions of this kind, is one of the Rev. Sydney Smith, who preaching at St. Paul's on the Queen's Accession, said: "What limits to the glory and happiness of our land, if the Creator should in His Mercy, have placed in the heart of this royal woman the rudiments of wisdom and mercy; and if, giving them time to expand, and to bless our children's children with her goodness, He should grant her a long sojourning upon earth, and leave her to reign over us till she is well-stricken in years. What glory! What happiness! What joy! What bounty of God!"

Again, at the anniversary of the C.M.S. in 1837, the Earl of Chichester, then President of the Society, thus referred to the Queen: "Since our last anniversary a star has arisen above our political horizon; a star of beauty and of promise, and from thousands of British hearts there are ascending daily prayers that the dawn of her reign may be the dawn of her country's glory, that herself reflecting the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, our gracious Queen may gladden and refresh our drooping land. May the blessing of God so rest upon her that the loyalty which she inspires may provoke us to a better chivalry than that of arms. May her name be associated with those works of Christian love, which, however disproportionate to our high responsibilities, prove that we are still a Christian people; and thus shall the record of her reign be a record of victories unstained with blood; of victories whose glory shall be ascribed to the Son of God; whose trophies shall consist, not of captive kings of nations made subject to the sceptre of England's Queen, but of ransomed slaves delivered from the bondage of Satan, and brought, through the efforts of British Charity, into the happy service of England's God."

SIXTY YEARS.

From S P G Mission Field for June

N the day following the great ceremonial in connection with the Queen's long reign at the west front of St. Paul's Cathedral there will be in the Cathedral the celebration of Holy Communion, with the sermon in commemoration of the Society's 197th anniversary. The thoughts of those taking part in the Society's act of thanksgiving and intercession will be not uninfluenced by the previous day's *Te Deum*. Indeed, among the innumerable things which make the reign of our beloved Sovereign so memorable, there can be few more remarkable than the strides made in the expansion of the English Church abroad during the last sixty years.

When Her Majesty succeeded to the throne there were only seven Anglican Bishoprics in foreign parts, viz., two in British North America (Nova Scotia, founded in 1787, and Quebec, in 1793), two in Asia (Calcutta, founded in 1814, and Madras, 1835), two in the West Indies (Jamaica and Barbadoes, founded 1824) and one in Australasia (Sydney, founded in 1836). There are now ninety-two Bishoprics, twenty-two being in British North America, nine in the West Indies, Central and South America, twenty-one in Asia, twenty-two in Australia and the Pacific, seventeen in Africa, and one on the Continent of Europe.

During the same period the American (United States) Bishoprics have increased from sixteen in 1837 to seventy-eight in 1896, seventy-four being in the United States, and four outside, *i.e.*, in West Africa, China, Japan, and Fiji. There are in the United States between four and five thousand clergymen of our communion.

The following is the list of the new fields of work occupied by the Society since 1837:—

1838 Victoria, Australia.	1850 Rupertsland (Manitoba, etc.)
1840 Queensland.	" Orange Free State.
" New Zealand.	1851 Assam.
" Ceylon.	" Tristan d'Acunha.
1841 Western Australia.	1853 Pittcairn Island.
1844 British Honduras.	1854 Punjab.
1846 Central Provinces, India.	" Western Asia.
1847 St. Helena.	1855 Kaffraria.
1848 Western Borneo.	1856 The Straits.
1849 Melanesia.	1859 Lower Burma.
" Natal.	" Zululand.

1859 British Columbia.	1880 Fiji.
1861 Northern Africa.	1881 Ajmere, etc.
1862 Hawaiian Islands.	1883 Panama.
1863 China.	1888 North Borneo.
1864 Transvaal.	1889 Corea.
“ Madagascar.	1890 Mashonaland.
1866 Cashmere.	“ New Guinea.
1868 Upper Burma.	1892 Manchuria.
1870 Griqualand West.	1893 Matabeleland.
1871 Swaziland.	1894 Delagoa Bay.
1873 Bechuanaland.	“ Gazaland.
“ Japan.	1895 Tongaland or Mapu-
1875 Basutoland.	taland.
1879 Central Africa.	

This list is striking in itself. It is more impressive as we consider its full meaning.

Sixty years ago the Society had only some two hundred ordained missionaries on its list, and three-fourths of these were in British North America. The Canada of those days included but a small part of the present Dominion—and there was no work to be done or thought of in Manitoba, the North-west Provinces or British Columbia. Although the Society has for many years ceased to help the wealthier dioceses of Eastern Canada, and is now taking steps for leaving the newer dioceses of the centre and west to the care of the Canadian Church as a whole, there are even now 217 missionaries on its list in British North America, and during the sixty years the two dioceses have become twenty-two. In the West Indies and South America two dioceses are now represented by nine.* In the West Indies and British America there are now about sixteen hundred clergymen.

This is no poor instance of development. But it is surpassed by the story of those Colonies where sixty years ago the Church had scarcely begun at all.

It was not until the Queen had been reigning for ten years that the first See in Africa was founded; now there are in Africa and the adjacent islands seventeen* bishoprics with their strong Colonial congregations, and their vigorous and successful missions to the heathen.

The Church in Australasia in the same way had scarcely begun. There was indeed one Bishop, consecrated in the year before the Queen's accession, and the Society's work in New South Wales reaches back for more than a century. But there was scarcely any clergymen in 1837, nor, beyond the convicts, were there many settlers. Now there are twenty-two Bishoprics in Australia, New Zealand, and the Pacific, with as many as eleven hundred clergymen.

Yet more. When we pass to Asia we come to a part of the world where the Society's work is wholly missionary among the heathen. Sixty years ago there were but the two dioceses of

Calcutta and Madras, and in them the Society was maintaining twenty ordained missionaries, and they, of course, in those early days of planting and sowing, had but small flocks of converts.

We are almost afraid to make a statistical contrast, lest it should be thought that what has been done is to be measured by figures. But it is not a small thing that the two Bishoprics in Asia have become twenty-one,* under whom some thirteen hundred clergymen are working. It is not a small thing that the Society's twenty missionaries in Asia are now represented by two hundred and fifty-six, of whom one hundred and thirty-two are natives. Nor is it a little thing that, in addition to the large Missions of the C.M.S. and other Societies, the S.P.G. can reckon in the Missions which it is privileged to support about one hundred thousand baptized Asiatic Christians, besides many thousands of catechumens and inquirers.

The contrast between the Missions in Asia at the beginning of the happy reign of our Queen and their condition now is to be estimated from other than the merely statistical point of view. The fact is that then there was the very earliest beginning, with scarcely any encouragement, or even knowledge of the conditions of the problem—now India has a network of Missions in all parts, and all sorts of missionary methods are being carried on. A well-trained and educated native clergy are rooting their races in the Church, and the schools and colleges are providing that Christianity shall have a recognition in the coming generation of India's ablest sons.

Outside India we were then doing nothing in Asia. Now there are the Missions of Borneo and the Straits, of China, Japan and Corea with their vigorous growth and power of expansion.

We have but two morals to draw from this brief survey of the sixty years' progress. One is the too much neglected one that thankfulness is due to our Lord for what He has done, and the other is that we should not be slow of heart, but go forward now with that courage and hope which the past surely should suggest to us.

“IF you are to come nearer and nearer to God, be sure that one of the ascents that you have to climb is the devotion of your life, the devotion of your earnest prayers, to the conversion of mankind. It is not merely that you will do them much good, that you will bring upon them a great blessing; it is that this is the way in which, by God's Providence, this is the way in which, by the very character and constitution of our nature, God has appointed for us to come nearer and nearer to Himself.”

—*Archbishop of Canterbury.*

* Besides those connected with the Church of the United States, and mentioned above.

THE HEATHEN WORLD IN
1837 AND 1897.

From "C. M. S. Awake" for June.

EVERY magazine and paper that we shall see in this month of June, will tell us, from its own special point of view, of the wonderful things that have taken place in the long and glorious reign of the greatest of England's Queens. We may well join heartily in the national thanksgiving

been made in spreading the Kingdom of Christ throughout the world, and specially what has been done by the C.M.S.

There were many obstacles to missionary work in 1837 which do not exist now. First of all, the missionary idea was a new one, and the Church as a whole was quite uninterested in it or antagonistic to it. The last ten years has seen a wonderful awakening which need hardly be described to those who have their eyes and ears open.



HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

to God for all the blessings and the glory that He has bestowed on our Empire and on our good and gracious Sovereign.

And whilst others tell of progress in colonization, in civilization, in science, in art and in many other directions, let us look back on these sixty years and see what progress has

Then, in those days, it was impossible to "go into all the world." For—to say nothing of the difficulties of travel—China and Japan were closed to foreigners; whole provinces in India could not be entered; the greater part of British America was inaccessible, and the greater part of Africa was unknown. To-day,

with the exception of Arabia and part of Central Asia, the whole world lies open to missionary enterprise.

Again, Foreign Missions and missionaries were the butt of the literature of the day and objects of contempt and ridicule. Now, foreign work is generally recognized as an essential part of the Church's work, and missionaries are treated with respect and often with admiration by the secular press. Those who now speak scornfully of Missions are either ignorant or behind the age.

But the few who supported Missions in those days were very deeply in earnest. They agonized in prayer, and gave liberally and self-denyingly. And in this year of 1837, the C.M.S. sent a missionary to try and get into China; Krapf and Townsend sailed for Africa, and John Thomas to Tinnevely.

Now let us look briefly at some of the great heathen lands of the world as they were then and as they are now.

Africa, except just on the coast, was an unknown land. The only spot of light, as far as the C.M.S. was concerned, was on the west coast, where the Sierra Leone Mission had been started in 1804. There were only ten stations in 1837, and the whole of the Yoruba and Niger Country remained untouched. Now, the West Africa Mission has fifty-one stations, and its own self-supporting Native Church, governed by Bishop Tugwell and his two assistant Native Bishops. The way in which the whole of Africa has been thrown open and parcelled out from the coast to the centre in these days has been startling. Great inland countries such as Hausaland, are waiting for the Gospel. And what God has done for Uganda He is ready to do for the rest of Africa if we have faith and self-denial enough to rise to the most splendid opportunities that have ever been put before us.

China was in 1837 closed against the outer world. Now the sea-coast provinces are occupied and missionaries have penetrated into the interior. In spite of fierce outbreaks of fanaticism from time to time, the Chinese are growing eager for the Gospel, and now there are in China some fifteen hundred missionaries (including wives) of all Protestant Societies and about 100,000 converts. The C.M.S. has twenty-nine stations and some one hundred and thirty missionaries.

Japan was also closed. But full religious toleration is now granted and Japanese are embracing Christianity in a way which causes our missionaries to fear that it is the civilization that Christianity brings, and not so much Christianity itself, that is cared for by this up-to-date nation. But we have abundant proof that here also the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation. The S.P.G. and several

American Societies are at work, and the C.M.S. has now seventeen stations and eighty-four missionaries in Japan.

Our Queen is Empress of India now, and the welfare of our Indian fellow-subjects should be specially upon our hearts. In 1837 there were no Medical Missions and very few women at work. To-day, churches have been multiplied, hundreds of thousands brought to Christ; education extended; infanticide and *Suttee* (burning of widows with the dead bodies of their husbands) stopped; Government support withdrawn from idolatry. But caste and Heathenism are not yet on the wane; and the population is increasing so rapidly that the Native Protestant Christians are even now not *one per cent.* of it. Amongst the most encouraging facts from India is the increase of Native ordained ministers from twenty-one to some eight hundred, in the last fifty years. Our C.M.S. work in India is so well known that we need not go into it specially.

New Zealand in 1837 was ceasing to be a cannibal country, and there were many tokens that the work begun by Samuel Marsden in 1814 had not been in vain. The New Testament had been translated into Maori, and the harvest of souls had begun. To-day a wonderful transformation has taken place. New Zealand is a great English colony, with a Native Church which entirely supports its own clergy.

In Northwest Canada, when our Queen came to the throne, there were only three churches, two English missionaries, and about two hundred communicants. Some people objected to missionaries being sent to the scattered population in this comparatively empty land, when the teeming millions of China and India were waiting for the Gospel. But it was worth while. In no land has God more blessed missionary work than amongst these Red Indians, the mass of whom are now evangelized. Seven enormous dioceses have been formed under seven very hard-working Bishops. The special efforts to reach the Eskimo in the far North are so recent, that we need only remind our readers of them, and of God's blessing upon them.

This hasty review of the progress of Foreign Missions during the past sixty years makes us thank God for the way in which He has abundantly blessed the efforts of His people. But we have no cause for self-congratulation. Look at a few plain facts:—

The Queen's subjects in 1837 were one hundred and thirty millions, now they are three hundred and fifty millions, and of these all but *one-seventh* are Heathen.

Nearly two-thirds of the world are still Heathen.

Every hour four thousand Heathen pass into Eternity.

At home we have one Christian worker for fifty women and girls ; abroad we have one woman missionary for one hundred thousand women and girls.

At home we have one ordained minister for every one thousand and eighty people. In the heathen world we have one for every two hundred and twenty thousand souls.

At home we have one thousand and six hundred medical men for two and a half million people. In China we have one medical missionary for two and a half million people.

Let our gratitude to God for the peace and prosperity of this sixty years' reign, be shown by determined and self-denying efforts to enter the wide-open doors of the dying world.

E. M. G.

"COME OVER AND HELP US."

Hark to the cry that comes to us
From o'er the deep blue sea,
From Heathen lands afar and near,
A call to you and me.

"Come o'er and help us" is the cry,
"Teach us of Jesu's love,
How once He came on earth to die
That we might reign above."

Can we who know the Saviour's love
Not listen to this call,
And something do for Heathen lands,
Who know Him scarce at all?

To some the call is "Go thyself
And teach the Joyful News";
But this is not the work that God
For every one doth choose.

To some He says, "Thy money give
To send My servants forth;
E'en farthings given from love of Me
Are in My sight of worth.

But there are some too poor, too young,
Who money cannot spare,
And can *they* nought for Missions do?
Yea, raise their hearts in prayer.

Ask God to send His servants forth
To sow the Precious Seed,
To guide and bless them in their work
And give them help in need.

And *all* who enter on this work,
Your prayers are needed too;
"The harvest truly plenteous is,
But laborers are few."

And when ye hear of tidings glad,
Sing praises to our God
For wanderers brought into the fold,
Saved by His Precious Blood.

F.M.K.

MRS. Bishop, F.R.G.S., in her address at the C.M.S. meeting in May last said, "Six weeks ago I came straight from some of the darkest of earth's dark places, from the empires of Korea, China and Japan. The darkness which broods over these countries is a darkness which may be felt. This Scripture phrase is

the only word to describe it. But it is not of that darkness extending, as I saw it, from the eastern frontier of Thibet to eastern Japan, that I would speak to-night. Here and there are little glimmers of light, lighted by such Christian persons as fill this hall. But I felt everywhere that these little glimmers of light only increased, in one sense, the darkness which is outside of them. On this journey I visited 103 mission stations, including those mission stations of the Church Missionary Society often called the Horsburgh Mission, in the far west province of Si-chuan. I have no connection with missions and missionary effort, except the most cordial sympathy and the deepest interest. I am a traveller solely, and it is as a traveller that I desire to bear my testimony to the Godly and self-denying lives, and zeal, and devotion of nearly all the missionaries of all the churches that I have everywhere seen. This testimony, from a traveller unconnected with missions, may be, I trust, of some value, and I am prepared to give it everywhere. But it is neither of the darkness nor the work that I would speak to-night; for I have been given an opportunity of speaking of both next Tuesday.

"I desire to plead with you to-night—and would that I could make my pleading earnest!—not for money, nor even for men or women, but for your earnest and *continual prayers* on behalf of those whom you have helped to send forth to the forefront of the hottest battle which is raging on earth. It seems sometimes that continuous prayer is much more difficult than the spasmodic effort of giving; but, after all it is to the prayers of God's people that we must look for missionary success. I feel it difficult to speak on this subject that I am about to say a few words upon, in the presence of so many returned missionaries, but perhaps they would scarcely like to plead for themselves, and might hesitate to appeal for themselves in the same way.

"I am very often asked, 'What about missionary hardships?' and in my long journeys, and in the 145 mission stations that I have visited in the last eight years, I have seen much of them; and I think that there are no missionaries who would not agree with me, that these hardships, to which the people refer and of which they dream at home, have very little effect upon them. They have good houses—on the whole—good food; suitable clothing, and best of all, regular meals. These things dwelt upon are nothing, and they would tell you they are nothing if they were asked. But it appears to me that there are most grievous deprivations attending missionary work which affect the spiritual life, and which must—unless they are battled with—lead to a depreciation of that life, as time goes on."

LETTER FROM BISHOP YOUNG—DIOCESE OF ATHABASCA.

ATHABASCA LANDING, ALTA., N.W.T
April 30th. 1897.*(Concluded.)*

MY abode during the two days spent at Trout Lake was the single roomed house in which the poor crazy Indian had been killed with repeated blows of the axe the previous winter. In the corner, the most convenient spot for my bed to be arranged, grim blotches on the walls flimsily veiled by a light coat of mud wash were silent witnesses to the tragedy. One of the first to come and see me was the perpetrator of the deed, an amiable looking elderly Indian whose broad pleasant face it was difficult to associate with the cruel deed. Being requested to do so, after a long silence, the old man gave a plain unvarnished account of the affair constantly saying he did not want to do it but was urged to it by his own and the fears of those about him. The Indians are in abject terror of any one thought to be a "Wetigoo." An expression equivalent to our word "Cannibal" but with a strong spice of demoniacal possession associated with it.

He had been in constant dread of a visit from the Mounted Police and being taken out for trial. He appeared much relieved, when I told him that no further action would be taken by the Government after the publication of its Proclamation which was posted up in the house. I warned him that the Government suffered neither white men nor Indians to kill each other.

I told him that by Christian men crazy people were considered objects for compassion and kind treatment rather than fit subjects for the axe.

This cleared the way for talk and instruction in better things. Our guests did not leave till after ten and my host remarked that he had not seen the old man so cheerful for a long time. My host, Alex. Kennedy, from the St. Peter's Reserve, Red River, was one of the famous brigade of boat-men summoned by Sir Garnet (afterwards Lord) Wolsley to work the boats up the Nile Cataracts during the General Gordon Relief expedition. At present he is noted as the fastest runner in the North. Some two years ago between 4 a.m. and 4.30 p.m. he ran with his dogs, only stopping once, from a Co.'s post on the Peace River to their post on Lesser Slave Lake, a distance of, at least, one hundred miles. A Co.'s clerk taking the time when he started and he asking the time of one of their clerks on his arrival at Slave Lake. As he unhitched his dogs at the close, the leader staggered and rolled over

twice from sheer fatigue. He, like Johnson, is engaged in the fur trade.

The next morning I hired an Indian with his dogs to take me to a camp twenty miles distant at the other end of Trout Lake. This consists of two fine sheets of water separated from each other by a low swampy neck of land about half a mile across. Alex. accompanied me going ahead with his own dogs. He alternated a hard run with a ride, standing on the tail end of the flat sleigh. He made the running. I was content to be a passenger, running only at times to promote circulation. We reached the camp, about five tents pitched among huge pine trees. Selecting the chief man's tent we were soon squatting on the blankets before a good fire. After a talk on general subjects and a meal, while the occupants of the other tents kept dropping in; I took out my syllabic book and sang one of our hymns in Cree. I then addressed them from portions of St. Matthew's and St. John's Gospel, urging the need of a new heart to understand the things of God, and speaking of a Saviour's love.

They begged me to open a Mission among them. I told them I would not promise what I could not perform, but that if I got the means I would do so. We got back after dark to find that Colin had been baking bread and feeding up our dogs for our further trip. The Indians from immediately around came in again and it was pretty late before I got to sleep. No trail existed, as the following morning we turned our faces in a south-westerly direction for White Fish Lake. The snow was unusually deep. An Indian about to visit his traps agreed to go ahead and break track. After two days hard travelling we reached "Cranberry Lake," which is long and narrow but with apparently good high land around it, about 4.30 p.m. One solitary shanty of one room hardly 12 x 12 stood near the shore. As our dogs ascended the bank, about four or five men and boys came out to shake hands. Three families were already in occupation. How to take in three full grown men and their belongings besides, might have presented a problem difficult of solution to a European mind; for the Indian it was not worth a thought. A bedstead "shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it," (a passage that is more forcible after experience) was assigned to me and an attempt made to clear it of its debris. Taking one lingering look at the evening sky with the rich tints of evening deepening upon it, and with one sigh for camp fire, fragrant brush, silent pines and bright stars overhead, I entered the low gloomy shanty. Colin brought in my bedding. I found that for lack of room my bedstead must serve for divan as well as bed. I spread out my deer-skin robe hair down-

wards, on what looked like the scattered contents of the bag of some enterprising Jew in the old-clothes business; making a mental calculation of whether I might not possibly get to sleep before the insect population succeeded in turning the corner. I possessed two advantages, one that I was in the remotest corner from the blazing fire that roared up the mud chimney, and the other, that one of the two cotton covered windows was at my bedside, with at least a suggestion of fresh air. From this vantage ground I could survey the general arrangements. The owner of the house, an elderly Indian and his wife had a low bedstead on one side of the chimney, a son-in-law, his wife and child occupied the other side. A third family group had the space between my host's quarters and mine, whilst a bedstead on the other side of the door was allotted to my two travelling companions and another young fellow. The middle of the floor when not required to do duty as a table for meals, served as a resting place for a long, lanky boy. The rafters were so low that one could stow things handily upon them. Sixteen fish were being thawed for the dogs on a rack over the fire. This combination added to the fact that every man and boy, also two of the women, smoked, will give some faint idea of the density of the atmosphere. After supper I drew out my syllabic book; I did not as yet know whether these people were heathen or Romanists; at once a general interest seemed aroused, a piece of candle was produced, Colin and two of the young fellows squatted on the ground by my side to share in the candle light and look over C's. book. I found that they knew some of our hymns and tunes and had come in contact with our Missionaries at White Fish Lake, and I spent a most pleasant and profitable time with them.

Two days quicker travelling, with a better track, brought us to White Fish Lake. Mr. A. S. White, is in temporary charge during the absence of his brother, the Rev. W. G. White, at Lesser Slave Lake.

I was cordially welcomed by the Indians attached to this Mission, and that evening and the morning of the following day were occupied by seeing and talking with those who came to see me. In the afternoon whilst visiting the houses near our Mission, we were much struck by the contrast they presented in point of cleanliness to those belonging to Indians not under Christian influence.

The following morning, accompanied by A. S. White, we started for Lesser Slave Lake, a distance of 40 miles. The trail was fairly good and we reached our Mission there about two hours after dark. Twenty-eight boarders are being trained here. The Rev. W. G. White, who is in charge during the Rev. G.

Holmes furlough in England, has everything well in hand and in good order, both he and his wife taking a warm interest in the spiritual and temporal welfare of the children in the school. Miss Durnal is most conscientious in the performance of her duties as matron, and the children under her charge look bright and well. It was pleasant to mark the spirit with which the Indian boys threw themselves into foot-ball, giving the staff and me, in the two games in which we joined, plenty to do. Most of the families attached to this Mission were away trapping and hunting, two were on their way in for the Sunday I was there, but lost some of their dogs and were unable to reach the Mission before Monday evening. I confirmed some of the older pupils on the Sunday, and held a school examination during the following week, showing a fair amount of progress under Mr. D. Curry's painstaking care.

I had postponed spending a Sunday at White Fish Lake until my return journey. A deeply interesting incident occurred during this second visit, the sequel to which has only just come to my knowledge. While visiting one of the unbaptised Indians, who had, however, with his wife frequently attended the services, Mr. White, who was with me, noticed on a ledge near the chimney an idol (these are generally kept in the background); before we left he observed that it had been covered up. No remark was made at the time, but this led me on the following Sunday to address them, taking for my subject the first and second commandments and associating them with the scathing utterances against idols and the gracious invitations to trust in the Lord contained in the 115th Psalm.

The man was seated near me. He grew restless and yet evidently convicted; sometimes his head was buried in his hands, then he would look up and listen again. Some of the others said, "We did not come to hear these things, let us go." "Nevertheless," I said, "these are true words." At the close of my address, the man, evidently under conviction, spoke thus: They liked our words, they were good; they liked us, but as for these customs, they were the customs of their fathers before them, and they did not want to give them up. Of course my reply was that their and our fathers had done thus in ignorance, but that they now, like ourselves, knew through God's Word the right way and I warned them of the danger of hearing it and not doing it.

It was with mixed feelings I left the Mission, sorrowing that many still clung to their old superstitions, yet thankful for this collision, feeling sure that it would make them both think and by God's grace arouse their consciences. I have just received letters from the Rev. W. G. White, under date of March 9th. After

narrating a sad outbreak of supposed cannibalism and sickness that occurred at White Fish Lake the previous week, he writes that on going there, this man of whom I have spoken as under conviction, came to him and said that he was sorry that he had been angry at my words; that they were wise words, and that God had sent this sudden sickness as a punishment. He urged Mr. White to hold prayers in his house. On entering the latter found the house full and held a deeply interesting service. It resulted in the baptism of this man Nahachick, his wife and three other adults. In searching out these recesses of the great Lone Land one learns how much of idolatry, devil worship and superstition still lingers amongst them. The Indians are reluctant to speak about these things, and it is very difficult, especially for the missionary, to obtain information. One frequently sees near their houses or graves straight poles painted in rings after the bark has been carefully removed, with a piece of calico generally attached to them. These are regarded as in some way propitiatory and a defence against malignant spirits. Only last winter the poles and pegs of a huge medicine tent were still visible at Wapuskaw. One sometimes sees in these tents or houses a long pad of dressed moose or deer skin. These contain the hairs of deceased relatives. They are mingled with the hairs or feathers of the owner's powargan or "familiar" which may be an animal or bird; whatever has presented itself to him in his dreams during the fast of his novitiate. These are carried by the owners wherever they go, whether travelling or hunting. They are often highly ornamented with many colored wools and Indian fancy work and are taken periodically to the medicine tent to receive fresh magical power.

One night while sitting with my travelling companions in a deserted house, I found what I thought was a piece of the touch-wood (a growth on poplar trees subject to dry rot) used by them with flint and steel. Noticing a fragrant odor about it when burning, I was told that it was not this touch-wood, but something used in the rites of the medicine tent, very much, I expect, in the same way as incense. I could not, however, learn from them from what tree it was taken. Well may we long for the time when the true light may shine into their darkened hearts that these black shadows of idolatry and superstition may flee away. There is an increasing demand for the books of prayers, hymns and instructions we printed in the Mission press here. We used large plain syllable characters without accents, breathings or punctuation which only serve to mystify the Indian mind. The ease with which they read them and their desire to obtain them is sufficient proof of the success of our venture

and encourages us to issue the Gospels in the same characters. St. Mark's Gospel has been already set up and is on the way out to Winnipeg to be bound, as we do not possess a binding outfit. My assistant, Mr. Gordon Weston, is now engaged on St. John's Gospel.

May much prayer be offered for a blessing on this circulation of God's Word and for our brave and isolated missionaries that all grace and wisdom may be given them to deal with the many difficulties and to stand firm in the face of the many disappointments that beset the work among these poor fickle people.

I remain, yours most sincerely,

RICHARD ATHABASCA.

THE WILD NATIVES OF MASHONALAND.

IN Mashonaland there are, besides large numbers of natives who are brought into contact with the whites, tribes of wild natives. The Bishop of Mashonaland has written to tell us of an interview he has had with a powerful chief of an ancient race.

"I had an interesting but sad visit to the perfectly savage chief M'tasa, where we have begun a small work. He had been drinking, and was in a morose and sullen mood. He said the teacher was his friend, but why did the white man take his country and his cattle, and his women? I told him that I had nothing to do with the Government, and I had to pay taxes, and obey the Queen's laws as well as himself, and that the laws were for his protection as well as mine.

"I then rebuked him for allowing white men to bring whiskey among his people, and warned him that the great Spirit would take the kingdom away from him unless he protected his people from evil, and governed righteously. He said we might teach his people, and the missionary was his friend. M'tasa is the paramount chief in this district, and represents the old dynasty of the Monomotopo, dating from 1,000 B.C. at least, but how degenerated by their native worship! their Baal and Astarte, their Chiun and star-gods, their Moloch, and five demons, their divinations and their sorceries, their animal and material worship, and their degradation of all national, social, and the individual life by the triple tyranny of slavery, polygamy, and witchcraft."—*S.P.G. Mission Field.*

"It would be well for every Bishop when he ordains a young man to call his attention to the fact that while he is licensed to a particular curacy, yet he is ordained to an office which carries him throughout the world—*Dean Vaughan.*

TWO MESSAGES FOR ALL.



WO messages come to all Christian people from the May meetings of the Missionary Societies in London. One is from the Archbishop of Canterbury who speaking with all the authority and weight that belongs to his high office, as Primate of all England, said as to the claims of Missions upon every Christian: "It is well that we should endeavor to press upon men's minds the obligation which lies upon all Christians to take part in the conversion of all that are not Christians. . . . We are called upon to make them see that this obligation is part, not of something external to their Christian life, but a part of that Christian life itself; and that Christian life is not complete if it is shut up within a man's own bosom, or within a man's own neighborhood, and is limited by anything short of the whole human race. . . . Every Christian is bound to follow Christ. Very often men think of this . . . as realized in the endeavor to live a life of self-denial, to live for others, in the endeavor to purify their own souls by the help of God's Spirit, in the endeavor to love Him better year by year. Yes, this indeed is the Christian life. But if you would see in its completeness, understand that a very real part of it consists in the perpetual desire to make His name known over all creation."

Another message is from Mrs. Bishop the traveller who, pleading for a right conception of the foreign field, pointed out the danger that Christian people were in of having their minds taken up with the bright gleams that reach us of the light shining from our mission stations into the darkness of Heathendom, and not realizing fully the awful darkness which such light only seems to intensify. After speaking of some of the horrors of Heathenism such as polygamy, slavery, torture, unblushing immorality, the deification of vice, infanticide, demon worship, etc., she presses upon those present at the meeting: "the degraded condition of Eastern women, their firm belief in their own superstitions and customs, their immense influence over their children, a fatal influence which seems more than anything else to ensure the continuity of false religions," and she summed up this part of her speech in the terribly true words, "*We take the state of the perishing Heathen much too easily.*"

In connection with these statements of Mrs. Bishop the words of Miss Oxley and Miss Power, writing from Fuh-Kien ought to command the attention of Church women. They write of "crowds of women accessible to them." Of Lieng Kong city they say: "We are the first ladies to live in this place, and so wherever we go crowds follow us. If we play a

hymn on the little organ in the church, numbers of people stream in to listen and look. Before these people we want to shine for Jesus. . . . There is not one Christian family in the city." In the villages around they found everywhere women waiting to be taught. There is one Bible-woman placed where the plea for a teacher was most urgent, and they hope women from various villages will come to her for instruction.

HYMN FOR THE DIAMOND JUBILEE.

Threescore years of crowning mercies
 'Neath Victoria's happy reign,
 Claim our praise to Thee, Jehovah,
 Monarch of the land and main;
 Praise to Thee that by Thy guiding
 She hath been so true, so good;
 Thou hast ministered thy blessing,
 In Thy strength her throne hath stood.

For this Empire's sovereign ruler
 Through our lands most palmy days—
 Days of progress, peace, and plenty—
 Lord of all, accept our praise;
 For her firm and gentle sceptre,
 For her pure and spotless fame,
 For her sympathy in sadness,
 Father, we adore Thy name.

Praise we render that the Gospel,
 In these threescore years so blest,
 Hath gone forth from Britain's borders,
 North, and south, and east, and west.
 That from continent and ocean,
 Savage shore, and sea-girt strand,
 Grateful strains acclaim the Sovereign
 Of our free and Christian land.

We extol Thee for the virtues
 Bountifully on her shed,
 Virtues which, like gems most precious,
 Shine around her crowned head:
 As a maiden, wife, and mother,
 True and faithful she hath been;
 We adore Thy name, exclaiming—
 "God hath blest our gracious Queen."

In old age, still be Thou with her,
 Lord and Monarch of our race;
 Still enrich, enable, keep her,
 Still support her by Thy grace;
 So when earth's long reign is ended,
 And life's stewardship is o'er,
 Full of days, and crown'd with honor,
 She shall reign for evermore.

WILLIAM A. BATHURST.
Vicar of Holy Trinity, Eastbourne.

C.M.S. WORK DURING THE QUEEN'S REIGN.



HE sixtieth year of the reign of our beloved Sovereign is an epoch in the annals of our country which may well make us pause in the forward rush of work to cast a look over the past and call to mind all the way the Lord has led us in His wonderful mercy to our Church and nation. Never in the history of the world has there been such a reign as that of Queen Victoria,

whether we consider it in its bearings on our material and social life, or on the progress of science, art, and general enlightenment. All around us we see the wonderful advance that has been made since her rule began. But thankful as we are for that which concerns our own country, we have yet further to praise God that our prosperity has not been enjoyed in an altogether selfish manner, but that He has used our knowledge, our wealth, our vigor, our countrymen and countrywomen, in some degree to carry out His gracious designs for "all the ends of the earth."

The missionary spirit, so long dormant in the Church of Christ, had, indeed, woke up in England some fifty or sixty years before the Queen's Accession. The discoveries of Captain Cook in the South Seas had aroused in some Christian men an interest in the races of islanders of whom they now heard for the first time, and a desire to send to them the light of the Gospel. William Carey, in his limited circle, persistently put forward the claims of the Heathen upon the Christian Church, and at length started himself, as the agent of the Baptist Society, to preach the Gospel in India. His labors, and those of his companions, were not only remarkable in themselves, but had an important share in encouraging and deepening the growing missionary spirit. In 1794, what we now know as the "London Missionary Society," was started, and two years later the *Duff* set sail for the South Seas. Other societies followed, among them our own Church Missionary Society, now in the ninety-ninth year of its age. But up to the date of the Queen's Accession progress was but slow. Only a small fringe of Heathendom had been touched. Missionary work in India was comparatively in its infancy. In some of the South Sea Islands and in New Zealand the Gospel had won its way in a remarkable manner. In South Africa and in Sierra Leone its power had been felt and manifested. But missionaries were still knocking at the door of China. Japan was a sealed country. And throughout the wide regions now known as North-West Canada, pagan darkness reigned unbroken but for a little point of light on the Red River.

Shortly before the Queen's Accession, died Charles Simeon, one of the founders of the C. M. S., than whom no man had exercised a more powerful and far-reaching influence on behalf of the cause of Missions. And now the work which he had been so largely instrumental in starting and in promoting began to make fresh strides forward, as if once more to testify to the close connection between loss and new acquirements, between death and new vitality. To speak of the operations of our own Society only (for space forbids reference to other Missions), it was in 1837, the year of the Queen's Acces-

sion, that Ludwig Krapf, the pioneer missionary of East Africa, was sent out, in the first instance, to Abyssinia. It was in 1837 that the venerable Samuel Marsden, the apostle of New Zealand, took his seventh and last journey to the island, and was carried about in a litter to visit thousands of converts, reclaimed from savagery and cannibalism. It was in 1837 that our missionaries in Travancore turned from their unsuccessful efforts for the reformation of the Syrian Church in that country to evangelize the Heathen; it was in 1837 that John Thomas settled in the village of Mengnanapuram, Tinnevely, and by his labors there was instrumental in causing the "desert," both in a material and in a spiritual sense, to "rejoice and blossom as the rose." And let it never be forgotten (though not part of C. M. S. history) that in 1837 the death-blow to the iniquitous support of idolatry by the East India Company was given, when Sir Peregrine Maitland resigned the post of Commander-in-chief of the Madras Army rather than pay official honor to an idol.

The next ten years witnessed the opening of China to the Gospel, new work begun in East and West Africa, distinct advance in India, and the first extension in North-West America. In 1841, Henry Budd, one of the first-fruits of the Red River Mission, was sent to start a fresh station at Cumberland, on the River Saskatchewan. In the same year two C. M. S. missionaries, the Rev. J. F. Schön and Samuel Crowther, accompanied the first Niger expedition sent out by Government, and the former collected the materials for the study of the Hausa language which has proved so useful to other missionaries. In the same year, 1841, the mission to the Telugu-speaking people in South India was started at Masulipatam by Henry Fox and Robert Noble. In 1843 the way was cleared for the opening of the Yoruba Mission by the visit to Abeokuta of Henry Townsend and Samuel Crowther, though the town itself was not occupied till 1846. And in 1844 Krapf, having been forced to leave Abyssinia, landed in the island of Mombasa, where two years later he was joined by Rebmann, who with him founded the first East African Mission station on the mainland at Rabai. That same year, 1844, Shanghai, one of the five treaty ports opened to foreigners by the Chinese in 1842, was occupied by a C. M. S. missionary, the Rev. T. McClatchie, while four years later the work in the Che-kiang Province was begun at Ningpo.

The next decade saw the establishment, in 1850, of the Sindh Mission, and also of the Fuh-Kien Mission, carried on for ten years without a single convert, yet eventually, so largely blessed; in 1851, of the Punjab Mission, and of the Palestine Mission; also, in 1851,

the sending out of John Horden, and the occupation of the district of Moosonee, around the shores of Hudson's Bay; further the beginning in 1857 of the Mission on the North Pacific coast, now called British Columbia, and the starting of the Niger Mission under Samuel Crowther. But before these new lands were occupied, the C.M.S. celebrated its first jubilee, in the year 1849. Great was the rejoicing as it was realized that all round the world, as the day moved westward, the praises of God were being sung by those rescued within the last fifty years, from the chains of Heathenism; and Henry Fox gave expression to the general gladness in a noble hymn now published in the *Church of England Hymnal*, commencing—

"I hear ten thousand voices singing
Their praises to the Lord on high."

That decade closed with the terrible Indian Mutiny, but the next began with the blessings God brought even out of this calamity. The steadfastness of the converts had been shown by some having chosen to die sooner than abjure their faith; the blessing of Christian rule was demonstrated by the fact that it was the Punjab, the province administered by men who never hid their Christian principles, which saved the British empire in India; and lastly, the Government of the empire now passed from the East India Company to the direct rule of the Crown, and the natives understood that their Sovereign was a Christian Queen. The cities of Allahabad and Lucknow were at once occupied by the C.M.S., and since then extension has gone gradually forward. In North India, further, the Mission to the aboriginal tribe of Santals was begun in 1860, and the work in Kashmi was started by the Rev. R. Clark in 1863; while in 1861 the Island of Mauritius, as well as that of Hong Kong, was occupied.

The fourth decade of Queen Victoria's reign was peculiarly fruitful in new developments. Already in 1853 the first unsealing of Japan had taken place, but it was not until after the remarkable revolution of 1868, when the power of the Shogun was broken, and the Daimios of feudal chiefs voluntarily surrendered their rights and became loyal subjects of the Mikado, that the C.M.S. began work there by sending out the Rev. Geo. Ensor to Nagasaki. Very cautiously and quietly he had to begin, but in a few more years other laborers had arrived, stations were multiplied, and even long before the edict against Christianity was repealed, it had become practically of no account. In the same year that Mr. Ensor went to Japan, the Rev. R. (now Dr.) Bruce visited Persia and began to work at Julfa, a suburb of Ispahan, and in 1875 the C.M.S. formally adopted the Persia Mission. Meanwhile the work in North-West Canada had extended so largely that the first diocese of Rupert's Land was now divided into

four. On the North Pacific coast a missionary was sent from Metlakahla to work among the wild Hydah of Queen Charlotte's Island—now entirely Christianized. In East Africa a new start was made by the founding of Frere Town, on the coast, as a refuge for liberated slaves; and in 1876 the first missionary expedition started for Uganda. Mtesa's capital being reached by Lieut. Shergold Smith and the Rev. C. T. Wilson in June, 1877.

The fifth decade saw the commencement of C.M.S. Missions in Baghdad and Cairo, both in 1882. It also witnessed alternately cloud and sunshine in Uganda, the murder of Hannington, the deaths of numberless martyrs among the converts, and the gradual, though quiet growth of the work, until 1887, the year that we kept the Jubilee of our Queen, Mackay was driven out by the Arabs and retired to Usambiro.

But the sixth decade, which we have nearly concluded, has witnessed the triumph of Christianity in Uganda, and the advance of the Gospel into the countries lying around it. It has seen the people of Uganda throwing themselves into the arms of England, and begging, not only for the ægis of her protection, but for that Word of Life which has made her prosperous and powerful. It has seen extension in every region occupied by C.M.S. Missions, in China, in Japan, in India, in Ceylon, in Africa, in Palestine and Persia, and in North-west Canada and British Columbia. It has seen English girls going forth into the Mission-field, shrinking neither from toil, nor hardship, nor danger, and laying down their lives in the Master's service. It has seen the Gospel brought by means of Medical Missions, within reach of thousands who might otherwise never have heard it. It has seen Native Christians in all parts of the world bestirring themselves on behalf of their Heathen countrymen, and taking up the work of evangelization. Lastly, it has seen the Church at home caring more, praying more, working more, giving more than it had ever done, and lastly, girding itself up to fresh enterprise before the century closes. Surely there is no more blessed thought for the Christians of England in the sixtieth year of our Queen's reign than this: that during those long years the feet of messengers, beautiful in the eyes of the Lord of Hosts, have gone forth from her shores on His errands to the nations afar, and that a goodly number of her sons and daughters have been, "in the midst of many peoples as dew from the Lord."

—Sarah G. Stock, in *C.M. Gleaner*.

No man has come to true greatness, said Phillips Brooks, who has not felt, in some degree, that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him is given for mankind.

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

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XIX.—*Continued.*

Perhaps it was a part of the discretion that Garfried attributed to Aulus that he asked no more questions, and did not mention his own conviction that here was some stratagem. He did not think that it could be a plan of Garfried's for poisoning his enemy, though such proceedings were not by any means unknown among the Franks and Burgundians of the sixth century ; but they were chiefly the work of the women, and Garfried's character stood unusually high for honorable proceedings. But when he remembered that Hunderik was said to have a noble Roman hostage belonging to the Bishop of Langres in his keeping, Aulus winked once or twice with his left eye and had his suspicions.

He was too busy to interrogate Leo all the evening, for parties of Franks flowed in, ate and drank, and continued their orgies till late at night, and throughout all Leo was such an efficient helper that Aulus groaned and sighed over the notion of his being thrown away upon a barbarian, and felt that there must be some grave cause for parting with a treasure whom he longed to retain.

Hunderik was not long in swaggering in to drink a cup of wine and declare that, though he should eat of the King's feast at the Roman palace the next day, he should nevertheless take a final banquet on the good things in which Aulus excelled all others.

In two days' time he came, and sundry friends with him. They threw down their axes, ungirt their swords, loosed their breastplates, and called for wine and meat. Aulus and Leo were ready with a huge side of fat and highly spiced pork, flavored up to the pitch which they knew was most gratifying to the barbarian palate.

"Now there," cried Hunderik, uplifting a lump dripping with oil and adorned with garlic on his dagger—"there's a morsel for a man ! Yet I may rate my senseless Frau forever, and nothing will hinder her from sending me the flesh either burned to a cinder or sodden so as to be fit only for the dogs, with the meat like strings of hemp in the midst."

He spoke as men do who eat at club and mess table better food than their wives at home know how to provide.

But Aulus had his answer. "What wouldst thou give me, sir, for the man who prepared this mess?"

"Give thee? Half the slaves I have. Give

thee? It would not be much to give thee my wife and two daughters into the bargain," cried Hunderik.

"Nay, but what wouldst thou give in good sooth?" said Aulus.

"Art in earnest?"

"Truly I am. I have the man here, a half-Moorish slave by his looks, and am willing to come to terms with thee for him."

"And wherefore part with so rare a cook? Hath he been brawling and slain any—not half of his own worth, I trow?" asked Hunderik, laughing. "A firebrand in thy kitchen, mayhap?"

"Not so, sir. He is a peaceable man so far as I have seen. He has evidently lived in great Roman houses, and been accustomed to their ways."

"Ha! a runaway, whom you do not want to keep?" laughed Hunderik. "Let me see him."

"Hola! Leo! Come and show yourself to the valiant and noble lord."

Leo came, bearing with him a delicious dish of salmon dressed with onions according to the approved taste.

"Ha! a black-looking fellow. Stout limbs those for housework. Where hast thou served, fellow?"

"In the house of a senator, noble sir," replied Leo, standing in a most submissive attitude after he had set down the dish.

"A senator? What senator?"

"The Senator of Aurelianum," said Leo, going back to the household of Gregory's father, "the noble Marcus Attalus Decius," giving all with a much more Gallic accent than that with which he usually spoke the language of the Franks.

"Ah! and thou hast left him? Or has a stout Frank carried thee off? Those Gauls have their wily cranks for revenging themselves. Here, let me feel thine arms. Stout flesh and muscle here. Open thy mouth, I would see thy teeth."

"He will have more to do with thy teeth than with his own," put in Aulus.

Hunderik's Frankish wit appreciated the joke, and it ended in the bargaining beginning. Aulus was, of course, determined that Leo should be sold, and chiefly wanted to escape suspicion by not accepting a price too easily ; while, on the other hand, Hunderik was much afraid of somebody else coming in and securing this valuable artist, whom he believed firmly to be the lawful property of some great Gallo-Roman, either a runaway or a piece of stolen goods, such as it was expedient to shelter in the Frank mountains as far as possible from civilization. He therefore concluded his arrangements, weighing out to Aulus all his available gold, twelve pieces, bestowing on

him all his furs and skins, and the cattle that his shepherds had driven up, and even an able-bodied young slave, and giving his pledge for two more swine of next season.

CHAPTER XX.

DOMESTIC CAVILS.

Leo was mounted behind one of the slaves who had brought Hunderik's skins and wool for sale to Treves. He asked no questions on the way through the forest and mountains, but looked warily about him and studied the route.

In due time they arrived at Hundingburg, where wife, children, followers, dogs, and goats all turned out to meet the master. Little Hundbert was looking sturdy and healthy, and cried out for joy when his father lifted him up. Bernhild and her two daughters received a cursory greeting, and Bernhild's first inquiry was, "had he brought her the scarlet robe he had promised?"

"I have brought thee a better thing, housewife," was his answer. "Here is a man who can serve up a leg of an old cow so that you would take it for the haunch of a prime stag, and make you broth that would serve the heroes in Valhalla. Here, Leo, what call they thee? To him thou must give the charge of thy caldron and thy hearth."

Bernhild burst into angry tears. "Was ever such charge given to an honorable housewife? Leave my hearth to a foul, black-visaged Gallic slave, indeed!"

"Yea, and condescend to learn his ways, or it shall be the worse for thee. Thou mayst be glad enough that it is not a fresh wife that I have brought home. Alfrude, the daughter of Wolfram, is fairer and fresher."

Bernhild began to weep and exclaim what a true and faithful wife she had been, and Leo was glad enough to fall back from this domestic scene while Bodo showed him the corner of the great building where he would sleep upon a heap of fern and heather, and bestow the rug and the very few clothes that he had brought with him. Of Attalus he saw nothing, and he durst not ask. He was called up by and by to partake of the leavings from Bernhild's great caldron, and it must be confessed that he thought Hunderik excused for his objections.

Other large bowlfuls were carried out to the various servants and herdsmen who came in from the hills with their cattle, and as Leo stood at the door he fancied that he had a glimpse of Attalus, riding home a colt as the other horses were driven into their enclosure, but he could not make sure—the figure was taller, and the hair so unlike the delicately curled and combed locks in which poor old Gola had taken such pride. Soon he was called up to make a bowl of the broth eatable

for Hunderik, while Bernhild sulked apart, and banged all the stools and bits of armor that fell in her way, muttering, and truly, that hunger used to prepare her husband to think her cookery quite good enough for him before he learned to go and gormandize among the greedy Gauls and Romans.

She called off her two daughters and all her women with her, and looked on contemptuously from a distance.

Presently Hunderik, smacking his lips, called on her to taste the soup that Leo had cleared and flavored for him, and the ill-baked and kneaded lumps of dough that had been converted into something crisp and fresh.

She tossed her head, saying she wanted no Gallic dainties, and she supposed that he meant his son to be as feeble and tender as the Romans—for Hundbert was sitting on his knee with a little cake in his hand, swallowing alternate spoonfuls from the bowl, and exclaiming, "Good, good! More, more!" after each.

Hunderik vouchsafed only a savage growl at the perverseness of women, conveying a warning to Bernhild to take care not to provoke him too far.

Presently he called to Leo and said, "Canst thou dress me a Roman dinner, such as I have eaten at Paris and Soissons?"

"I can send up a feast that would serve an emperor. I can dress a banquet with any one," said Leo, who knew that modesty would not succeed.

"Sunday is four days hence," returned Hunderik, after reckoning on his fingers. "On that day my friends and my kindred come to feast with me. Send them up such a banquet that they may be amazed and say, 'We have found nothing so good or so grand at the King's own table.'"

Leo bowed and said, "Let my master provide me plenty of meat, especially of winged fowl, and he shall be fully obeyed."

For the next few days Leo was closely employed. He judged it better neither by word nor look to endeavor to establish any understanding with Attalus until he had gained the confidence and favor of his master; so after having once satisfied himself that Attalus was a strong and healthy lad he took no further notice of him, but applied himself to the sending up of Hunderik's Roman feast—no easy matter in the absence of all the apparatus to which he was accustomed as absolutely necessary to his art, and the difficulty was all the greater as the few vessels and implements that the place possessed were sullenly withheld from him by the mistress of the establishment.

Male slaves were, however, at his disposal, and with their help he managed to contrive ovens in the earth, and even burn wood into charcoal sufficiently for his purposes, while his

master and the hunters, with spears, arrows, and snares, were bringing down a miscellaneous collection of flesh, fowl, and fish, so much that all one day had to be spent in flaying and plucking the spoil, while a few of the women, at Hunderik's express command, were grinding wheat for the flour for the cakes, and their children were seeking for eggs.

And a feast it was! It was midsummer and the weather was cloudless, so there was no difficulty in placing the tables outside the house in the great yard, which Leo had contrived with difficulty should be cleaned up for the occasion. Boards were spread, supported on trestles. Their covering, well known to Roman use, they could not have, but nobody missed it, especially as bowls of strawberries, loaves of bread, rounds of cheese, and lengths of butter were placed on green leaves and ranged at short intervals along the table wherever the dishes were not to go. The dishes were, in a few cases, of silver, the rest rude crocks; the plates were trenchers, and there were bowls of various sizes and materials—silver, wood, brass, tin, or crockery—for the liquids.

The company began to pour in—great harsh-faced warriors, with tall helmets and tawny beards; older men, with white beards and streaming hoary locks, limping and leaning on their spears; young "theudes" in all the fair glory of Teutonic beauty, a few darker ones in whom the Belgian blood was mixed. Little boys ran about their fathers, or herded in groups, and a band of women had got together, shining, like their husbands, with gold chains and embroidered breastplates, and all, except a few worn and withered old hags, fair and handsome, as if there were no middle age. The number was far greater than the tables would hold, and the ladies dined apart with Bernhild, and most of them especially the elders, sympathized with her wrongs, and agreed that they would not suffer their rule to be invaded by a miserable Gallic black-faced slave.

Leo had some experience of Frankish appetites and had prepared accordingly, but he watched with amazement the quantities devoured by this voracious party, who seemed never to have done sending for fresh relays of pork, beef, mutton, hares and rabbits, and all kinds of winged fowl. Happily Leo and his assistants were able to respond to all, sending the more elaborately dressed meats, really fit for Roman banquets, to those who could appreciate them, and others to the ruder tastes.

Wine and beer flowed in the same proportion, and a good many guests sank down and slept long before they were conducted home by their slaves or their wives in the light of the ensuing morning.

Hunderik was fully satisfied. Every one had declared that such a banquet had never before been held in the mountains, and they complimented Hunderik on the possession of such a slave.

Yet more than one acute Burgundian shook his head, and declared that such a gifted slave would not have been sold into the mountains for nothing, and advised their host to be on the lookout against treachery.

The ladies spoke even more strongly. They agreed with Bernhild that he could be there for no good purpose. They peeped at his dark face, and shuddered. Such as had floating notions of Christianity said he was no doubt in league with the Evil One; another, more of a Pagan, declared that Loki had sent him from Nifelheim! and the old lady who was reputed to be the wisest, and a century back would have been honored as a Velleda, or prophetess, seriously warned the anxious housewife that this blackamoor might have been sent by the perfidious Romans to poison her husband.

Hunderik laughed at all she told him, but it had the effect of making him for a time watchful over Leo, who found he could not stir without Bodo or some one else watching him and making sure of all the ingredients he put into the messes he prepared for his master, also observing with whom he conversed. He therefore thought it wiser to utter no word of Attalus, nor to endeavor to see him till time should have laid all suspicions to rest.

Indeed, Attalus himself was out of reach, for all the younger horses not in use had been sent out to the more distant pastures, where a sort of camp had been arranged to watch over them, and in huts formed of turf or branches of trees Milo, Attalus, and others spent their time in preventing them from straying too far, or falling a prey to any beasts of the forest. They catered for themselves a good deal with snares, bows and arrows, and hunting-spears, but one or two servants were sent once a week to Hundingburg for leathern bottles of beer and cakes of rye bread.

Attalus enjoyed this life of hunting and of freedom; he was happy with Milo and with the others who had not forgotten Gilchrist's teaching. Daily they met, and chanted together, morning and evening, their hymns and prayers, and were fairly happy together. Only now and then, if the weather was bad a fit of homesickness would come over the lad of longing for his grandfather's face, his uncle's words, and the petting of his playmate Leo beside the stove; or even for something nearer at hand a little talk with the gentle Roswitha. In general, he felt as if he had been a whole lifetime on the heath herding the horses, and as if nothing else were before him.

(To be continued.)

Young People's Department.

INFLUENCE OF THE G. F. S. GIRL IN THE WORLD.

NEVER since the beginning of history, human beings have been dependent upon one another. No one has ever lived who has not, either consciously or otherwise, depended upon and influenced those about her. This is applicable not only to the great and famous, but just as truly so to the lowly and unknown. No girl of the humblest sort can really be pure, gentle and good, without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by her very existence.

What an opportunity, then, for the Friendly girl—she who has pledged herself to be pure and gentle, and to do her utmost to lighten the burdens of others. Too often she is discouraged because no great opportunity of usefulness presents itself. But let her remember that few are called upon to do great things, to make great sacrifices, but that each in her daily life may do countless little things for the comfort of others. We are too much inclined to regard little things as of small value, but has it not been truly said that "the happiness of life is made up of minute fractions,—the little, soon forgotten charities of a kiss or a smile, a kind look or a heart-felt compliment"? Surely it lies within the power of every G. F. S. girl to bestow a kind look or smile upon some one less fortunate than herself.

We find our girls in many callings. In stores and factories, in offices and school, they have abundant opportunities to brighten the lives of those about them, and to influence their companions for good.

One influence which every Friendly girl should try to exert, is that of purity. If she never uses coarse language, those about her will soon be ashamed to do so; if she is careful always to be refined and ladylike, those with whom she associates will unconsciously fall into her ways of action.

Let us remember that "small service is true service," and be content,

"Just to leave in His dear hand
Little things;
All we cannot understand,
All that stings."

I have in mind, one who in the truest sense is a Friendly girl. She has none of the attractions that wealth can bestow, is not what the world calls handsome, and, humanly speaking,

has had her share of suffering. One might conclude that she would be gloomy and morose, but on the contrary, she is ever diffusing the friendly spirit and wins the heart by a kind word spoken when many would pass unheeding, or by the smile she is ever ready to give. She is happy in doing what she can, and her influence is felt not only in the Branch to which she belongs, but also by those with whom she daily comes in contact.

The initials of our Society are magic letters, for surely they remind us that we should live, "first for God, then Friends, and lastly, Self." The girl who does this, exerts an influence for good which must be felt in the world.

We, as G.F.S. girls, may truly pray

"If any little word of ours
May make a life the brighter;
If any little care of ours
May make a heart the lighter;
God help us speak the word and lift
The burden of another;
God give us love, and care, and strength,
To help our toiling brother."

FLORENCE L. EVERETT, in "*Girls Friendly Magazine*."

HEROES OF INDIA.

GENERAL REYNELL TAYLOR, C.B., C.S.I.

REYNELL GEORGE TAYLOR was the fourth son of an old Peninsular Officer. He was born in 1822. He was educated at home by his father. At the age of 18 he went to India from Sandhurst, where at that time his father was Lieutenant-Governor.

Earnestness of purpose and utter fearlessness were part of him, to which may be added a handsome appearance and genial manners.

It is told of him that one day, when he was nine years old, he was sent into London on his pony, and fell in with a crowd of roughs who were hissing and hooting the Duke of Wellington. He passed through them as best he could. On his return home, when asked, "And what did you do?" "What did I do? Why, took off my hat to the Duke, of course!" was the boy's reply.

His first battle was that of Mudki, in the first Sikh war, in 1845. He was most severely wounded in three different places, but did not leave the field until ordered off by his Colonel. Of one of these wounds, made by a sword-cut which went through the peak of his shako and

split his nose "like a pen," an amusing story is told: The surgeon attending him was heard to say, "Dear me, this is too handsome a face to be scarred in this way; I must use fine needles instead of plaster." Many years afterwards, when Reynell Taylor was travelling in England, a gentleman got into the carriage with him, and began muttering, "Well I did make a capital job of that, certainly. Yes, I'm sure it is the same nose." It was the same surgeon, who, thirty years afterwards, had still the trick of speaking his thoughts aloud.

When lying in the hospital he wrote to his father: "I nightly thank God for having preserved my life, even if it be only for a time, and for having enabled me to do my duty quietly and calmly."

In 1847, Henry Lawrence, Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, looked around for men to help in the Government of this newly-acquired possession. Among the first called to Lahore was Reynell Taylor, to take his place as one of the soldier-politicians of the Lawrence school.

In so short a sketch it is impossible to follow his varied career from this date until he retired in 1877. During this thirty years he came to England but rarely. On one of these short visits he married.

His influence over the wild tribes he ruled was immense. He entered into all their interests, so that they looked upon him more as a friend than a ruler. In Bunnu, a far-off district of the Sikh country, he passed five years; during that time he rescued the people from utter savagery and lawlessness to comparative peace and civilization. The natives so loved him that they called him their "*ferishta*" or "good angel."

With his soldiers it was the same, he gained a personal knowledge of them and joined in their pursuits. He was a splendid horseman, and delighted in going across country followed by his escort, and he often gives amusing accounts of how he was able to "pound them nearly all;" on one occasion only five out of thirty jumping a brook with him.

His religion had always been "a chief fact with him," so when leaving his post of Commissioner of the Derajat, in 1862, he determined to found a Mission there. It must be remembered that Mission work was carried on in many parts before the Mutiny, but after that dreadful time it was more impressed on men's minds the duty of "diffusing Christianity throughout the whole length and breadth of India." So out of his love to the natives Reynell Taylor established a Mission in the Derajat. He was far from being a rich man, but he gave a thousand pounds as a donation, and promised one hundred rupees a month as long as he remained in India.*

The same writer says of him: "India,

abundant in good men, had never a finer Christian character than Reynell Taylor."†

In 1862 he left the Derajat for the last time, with true regret on his side, for he had to part with many friends. The natives respected him for his indifference to danger, and loved him for his gentleness and consideration. They never forgot "the man with the disposition of an angel."

As soon as he reached Peshawur, to which place he was appointed after leaving the Derajat, there was a terrible outbreak of cholera and fever, lasting from June to October. Reynell Taylor visited the city daily, unmindful of himself, and, as in warfare, fearless of all risks. One day when at work the coolie who was pulling the punkah over him was seized with the complaint; without hesitating a moment he took the coolie in his arms and drove him himself to the hospital.

In 1874, Mrs. Taylor and his eldest daughter joined him at Umritsur; for two years he had been anticipating this happy time, but only for a few weeks was it permitted to him. Soon after their arrival his daughter was attacked with typhoid, which proved fatal. This sorrow he never quite recovered. But he kept steadily to work; in three years his time of service would expire, and a home in England would be his. All his spare time and means he gave to the Umritsur Mission; he used to say, "I don't believe my family will ever be in straits for anything I give away."

After having served in India for thirty-seven years, he and Mrs. Taylor left it finally in 1877. The last public ceremony at which he was present was the Durbar on 1st January, when the Queen was proclaimed Empress of India.

He settled with his family at Newton Abbot, in Devonshire, the family county, where he lived a quiet life amongst his children and old friends. One honor fell to him, which he felt most deeply: at the funeral of Lord Lawrence in Westminster Abbey, July 5th, 1879, Reynell Taylor walked in front carrying the coronet.

On February 25th, 1886, he attended a public dinner at Newton, when he caught a chill, and died on the 28th.—*From The Star of the East.*

* Sir Robert Montgomery wrote: "We have held the frontier against all comers for twelve years, and now we are at peace with all the tribes. Now is the time to hold out the hand of friendship, and offer through the Missions the Bread of Life. It is not the duty of the Government to proselytize—that is left to those who have given their lives to the work; but I rejoice to see Missions spreading, and the Derajat is a fitting place for the establishment of one."

† The Indian Priest, the Rev. John Williams, ordained by Bishop French, and appointed to the Mission in 1868, died on August 10th, 1896, having gained the respect and love of some of the wildest people in Asia during his ministry of 26 years.

LOOK OUT FOR THE ROCKS.



MGENTLEMAN crossing the English Channel stood near the helmsman. It was a calm and pleasant evening, and no one dreamed of a possible danger to their good ship, but a sudden flapping of a sail, as if the wind had shifted, caught the ear of the officer on watch, and he sprang at once to the wheel, examining closely the compass.

"You are half a point off the course," he said sharply to the man at the wheel. The deviation was corrected, and the officer returned to his post.

"You must steer very accurately," said the looker-on, "when only half a point is so much thought of."

"Ah! half a point in many places might bring us directly on the rocks," he said.

So it is in life. Half a point from strict truthfulness strands us upon the rocks of falsehood. Half a point from perfect honesty, and we are steering right for the rocks of crime. And so of all kindred vices. The beginnings are always small. No one climbs to a summit at one bound, but goes the one little step at a time. Children think lightly of what they call small sins. These rocks do not look so fearful to them.--*Sailor's Magazine.*

"YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME."



DELLIE had a bed of strawberries. Very anxious was she that they should ripen, and be fit to eat. The time came. "Now for a feast!" said her brother to her one morning, as he picked some beautiful ones for her to eat.

"I cannot eat these," said she, "for they are the first ripe fruit."

"Well," said her brother, "all the more reason for our making a feast, for they are the greater treat."

"Yes; but they are the first ripe fruit."

"Well, what of that?"

"Dear father told us that he used to give God the first out of all the money he made, and that then he always felt happier in spending the rest; and I wish to give God the first of my strawberries, too."

"Ah! but," said her brother, "how can you give strawberries to God? And even if you could, He would not care for them."

"Oh, I have found out a way," said she. "Jesus said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me,' and I mean to go with them to Mrs. Perkins' dying child, who never sees a strawberry, they are so poor."

Away went the children to give them to the dying child, and when they saw her put out her thin arms to take the ripe, round fruit in her little, shriveled fingers, and when they saw her eyes glisten and her little lips smile, they felt as if they had a far richer treat than if they had kept the ripe fruit for themselves; and something within told them that God had accepted their little offering.

So may you try to do something for Jesus each day. How many will try to do so?—*Reformed Church Messenger.*

NOT PATENTED.



MHITHER away, Flo?"

"The same to you, Bessie."

"Oh, I am just going over to the city on a shopping expedition. I thought I would take advantage of this beautiful morning."

"And I am bound for Mrs. Arnold's. Little May is laid up again with her lame foot, and she gets so tired lying all day long with nothing to do that I thought I would try to brighten her up some by reading to her awhile. She seems always to enjoy it so much."

Bessie's brown eyes looked searchingly into Flo's blue ones, and then Bessie inquired:

"Tell me this, did you have it patented?"

"What?" Flo asked, wonderingly.

"Why, this way you have of finding out what people need and of supplying that need."

"Oh, no," Flo returned, with a laugh; "lots of people make use of the same idea, and you can too, just as well as not."

The girls had started down the street together, for both were going in the same direction.

"I wonder how it would feel," Bessie said, musingly.

"Don't you know?"

Flo had only recently become acquainted with pretty Bessie Bartlett, and she knew little about her habits or inclinations.

"Indeed, I don't know," Bessie answered, hesitatingly, as if she was rather ashamed of the confession. "I don't suppose that I ever did anything for anybody in all my life."

"Oh, Bessie!" and Flo looked as if she doubted the truth of the statement.

"Well, I really haven't. I'm the only girl, you know, and I've been a pet on that account. My four brothers have always waited on me, and I've taken their attentions as a matter of course. Before we moved here we lived at Binghamton. There I had two intimate friends, and the three of us just devoted our leisure to having a good time. We never thought of

doing anything for others, and I have sometimes wondered why you do it. Does it ease your conscience?"

Flo laughed again. "No," she said, "I like to help where I can."

"You really *like* to?" It seemed impossible to pleasure-loving Bessie. How could anyone prefer to visit the sick when there were such good times to be had in the world? "Now tell me," she went on, "do you mean to say that you actually enjoy reading a childish story to that little girl?"

"Yes; for it gives me pleasure to see how much she enjoys it. I am bound to be happy because I cannot look upon her happy face and be otherwise. The act is partly selfish after all."

"Well, its most unselfishly selfish, anyhow," Bessie declared, warmly, and then, as if with sudden determination, "Flo, I believe I'm going to try it. Just for an experiment you know. I don't say that I shall keep it up, but I'm going to do something for somebody this very day. I'll take the first chance that offers, and see how it feels. Good-bye; I believe that you turn this corner, and I wait here for my car."

"Good-bye; I wish you lots of success"; and Flo went merrily on her way.

The next moment Bessie was about to stop a car that was coming along when she caught sight of Rose Martling, the twelve-year-old daughter of a poor widow who sometimes did sewing for the neighbors. The child was neatly though plainly dressed, her bright golden hair was prettily arranged and, notwithstanding the fact that the hat which she wore was a cheap one, it was exceedingly becoming to the little round face.

"What a pretty appearance she makes!" the girl thought, as she glanced toward Rose. Then something in the nature of an inspiration came to Bessie Bartlett. She wondered afterwards how it happened, but at the time she could only grasp it with all the eagerness that usually characterized her search for pleasure.

"This looks like my chance," she said to herself, and stepping hastily back, she let the car pass. "Good-morning, Rose," was her greeting when the little girl approached; "where are you going?"

"Home. I've been to the store," was the shy answer.

"I suppose you don't get out of the village very often, do you?"

"No, ma'am, there are so many of us, and"—

Here Rose hesitated. It would hardly do, she thought, to tell a lady like Miss Bartlett that money was so scarce at home.

"I'm going to do some shopping in the city," were Bessie's next words, "and I was wondering if you would like to go with me to see the big stores."

How the little girl's eyes sparkled at the idea! To see the big stores, and to go with beautiful Miss Bartlett whom she had admired so much, but hardly dared approach! It would indeed be delightful, but could she mean it? And how about the cost?

"I see that you want to go," Bessie said kindly; "now run down and ask your mother if she can spare you, and hurry, dear, for we ought to take the next car to the ferry—and you won't need any money, you know, for this is my treat; and just mention that we'll have our lunch at a restaurant."

"Lunch at a restaurant!" Rose repeated to herself as she almost flew over the ground toward home. It seemed too good to be true. So little of pleasure came to Rose's life that this invitation, one that would be looked upon with indifference by many other children, was especially wonderful to her.

Of course, Mrs. Martling was glad to have her go, and ten-year-old Maggie good-naturedly promised to take the best of care of the baby, who was generally Rose's particular charge.

And what a happy time Rose had! She enjoyed every moment of it. The ride in the car and in the ferryboat, then again in the city car, the sights in the big stores, the lunch at the restaurant where she had just what she wanted. The pretty book that Bessie bought for her, and, above all, perhaps, was the box of candy that she could take home and share with mother and the children. Then, to a little girl who always had younger children to look out for, it was indeed delightful to be so lovingly cared for by kind Miss Bartlett; for Bessie never did anything by halves, and she had determined that this day should be a red-letter one for Rose. The act had ceased to be an experiment even before they had reached the city, and Bessie awoke to the fact that she was taking genuine pleasure in her young companion's happiness.

"I understand now about Flo," she thought gladly; "it pays, too, this idea of doing for others, and oh! how good it is that it cannot be patented!"—*S. Jennie Smith, in Advocate and Guardian.*

Who is it that, when years are gone by, we remember with the purest gratitude and pleasure? Not the learned or clever, but those who have had the force of character to prefer the future to the present, the good of others to their own pleasure. Give us a character on which we can thoroughly depend, which we are sure will not fail us in time of need, which we know to be based on principle and on the fear of God, and it is wonderful how many brilliant and popular and splendid qualities we can safely and gladly dispense with.—*Dean Stanley.*

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VOL. XI.

JULY, 1897.

No. 133

NOTES FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

THE Maori Christians, who form a large majority of the population of New Zealand, have their own ministers supported in the main by themselves.

IN connection with the parish church at Doncaster, England, there is a "Do-without Missionary Society," which in 1896 raised \$1,850 for foreign missions.

THE Rev. Mr. Goddard writes from China that of the one hundred and forty-three church members at Gak-li-ang, half of whom have joined within the past year, four months of bitter persecution have only turned back six or seven.

THE Rev. J. G. Potter, of Agra, India, has recently had the pleasure of baptizing twelve lepers from the leper asylum, each giving a confession of faith in Jesus before baptism. Three of the candidates who thus faithfully followed their Master had to be conveyed to the spot, the disease having wrought such such ravages that it was impossible for them to walk.

THE Rev. H. Williamson, founder of the Gond Mission in India, asked at the C.M.S. meeting, "How many in that hall could say where the Province of Behar was, in which there are 23,000,000 souls and only two missionaries of any church or society?" He also said that in Nepal nothing was being done

except by a native colporteur or two, of the Bible Society.

THE "note" of the address of the Bishop of Sydney at the great C.M.S. meeting in May last was inadequate support to the great missionary cause epitomized by him in the two words "Not enough." "We have done something," said the Bishop, "and God has blessed what we have done. . . . We have more to do as we think of what wants to be done." And what has been done is not enough.

BISHOP Leonard Williams, of Waiapu, was born in New Zealand in 1829 and baptised at the first public baptismal service ever held in that country along with several Maori children. His father the Rev. William Williams was the first Bishop of Waiapu. He was succeeded by Bishop Stuart, now in Persia, and two years ago the present Bishop, then Archdeacon of the Diocese was chosen as successor of Bishop Stuart.

BRITISH subjects whilst rejoicing in the world-embracing empire of the Queen to which they belong should nevertheless remember that the vast majority of the Queen's subjects are still in the darkness of heathenism and Mohammedanism, and that any true commemoration of the sixty years should be accompanied with well determined resolutions for fresh and persevering efforts to extend the knowledge of Christ and His Church to their fellow subjects, still heathen.

MR. Clark, one of the leaders of the C.M.S. in the Punjab, well says, "It is now recognized by all missionary societies that it is, to the natives themselves that we must ultimately look, to perform the chief parts of the work of evangelizing their own countrymen. The native clergy are the new vessels for the new wine, who are perfectly familiar with the language and thoughts of the people. The greatest work that Foreign Missions can do in India is to seek to train native agents."

THE Rev. E. F. Wigram says that: "The Gospel of the Kingdom has not been preached in the centre of three great continents. First of all, Central South America has 37,000,000 people, of whom, three or four years ago, only four millions were in any sense evangelized. . . . Then there is Central Africa. I need not plead for it to-day because you have others here to do so. But just remember the lesson of Bida and Benin, and how it has thrown open to us a new land altogether, into which we can go and preach the Gospel. And then we come to Central Asia, with its almost boundless tracts of country, where 500 miles is

almost nothing, and here again we have the land opening up to the Gospel.

THE Rev. L. S. Osborne, rector of Trinity Church, Newark, N.J., said in a recent sermon: "Show me a man (or a parish), on fire with the missionary spirit, and I will show you one who thoroughly and devoutly believes in Jesus Christ. Show me one who sneers and jests at Foreign Missions, and I will show you one who, in spite of all his ritual precision and theological quiddities and dogmatic soundness and orthodoxy, no more believes in Jesus Christ than does the veriest pagan suckled in a creed outworn."

THE editor of the C.M. *Intelligencer* for June well says, "We are all looking back over the sixty years, and are almost bewildered by the wonderful things that have marked that period. There is no doubt that the year 1837 was the starting point of a great revival in the British nation of a sense of the value of our constitutional Monarchy, and it is hard to conceive how the Monarchy itself could have lasted through the period of unrest which had begun shortly before that date, and continued for long after, if it had not been for the wonderful goodness of God in giving us such a Sovereign."

BISHOP McKim has the oversight of two dioceses in Japan, Tokyo and Kyoto, the latter not having been supplied with a bishop. The Rev. H. D. Page, writing in the *Church in Japan*, concerning the churches in the Kyoto Diocese says: "It is pleasant to be able to report that during the past year not one of the churches failed to fulfil its whole pledge as to the amount of money promised for the missionary work. The amount pledged may not have been large, but, large or small, all that was promised was given. Can every diocese in the United States do as much, and report that it has not a single parish delinquent in its assessment for missions? It was generally admitted that a sense of responsibility for the missionary work of the Church in Japan is gradually taking hold of our people, and the fact was felt to be just ground of congratulation and thankfulness."

THE French Jesuit missionaries in Madagascar are using the most unscrupulous means, aided by some of the French military and civil officers, not only to destroy the work of the Protestant missionaries but even to appropriate their church buildings. *The Chronicle* of the London Missionary Society relates how the Roman Catholic bishop made his appearance at the door of a village church, a few miles from the capital, on a Sunday morning and requested permission to conduct service. Upon

the request being declined the bishop summoned the governor of the village, a Romanist and a bitter persecutor of the Protestants, and he peremptorily ordered the congregation to hand over the building. Two days later a notice was fixed to the chapel door by French officers stating that the building now belonged to the Roman Catholics!—*Am. Ch. S.S. Mag.*

THE following resolution in acknowledgment of the priceless blessing conferred upon the Nation in the long and happy reign of Queen Victoria was adopted at the May meeting of the C.M.S.:

"That this meeting desires with heart and voice to offer up its thanksgivings to Almighty God for the priceless blessings by Him upon Great Britain, and the world at large, during the sixty years of the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, marked as those years have been by remarkable material and social progress, and it would place on record its deep conviction that that reign of unprecedented length has not been more remarkable for its extension of England's imperial and commercial influence than, in the good Providence of God, for the growth (especially during the last ten years) of missionary interest and enterprise, not only of the older mission fields, but very specially in Africa, China, and Japan, and other lands closed against the Gospel sixty years ago; and further, this meeting devoutly prays that all God's richest blessings for this world and the next, may rest upon the head of our beloved Sovereign. God Save the Queen."

ONE OF BISHOP NEWNHAM'S LATE EXPERIENCES.

IN a letter lately received from Bishop Newnham, of the Diocese of Moosonee, he relates the following experience during a three days' journey in canoes along the shores of James Bay to reach Albany: "In a few words, I wandered all day in a pathless morass, and was only found and rescued long after I was tired out, and had almost given up hopes of getting out, at all events that night. My men having broken my canoe, and having to wait after mending it for the next tide, I determined to walk on till they caught up with me, as we were not far from Albany. I waded ashore and started to make a direct course across a few miles of swamp. But the swamp became bog, almost bottomless, and crossed by many a stream or ditch, and I was soon wet up to my waist. I did not want to turn back for fear my men would have passed, so I struggled on hour after hour. I had been up since midnight, and had only had a mouthful of crust since the previous day, was heavily clad with high wading boots, which

were soon filled with water, and the sun was beating on me. There was no dry ground for me to sit down on and rest, so I rested against some willows drawn together, which bore a part of my weight, and thus I took a dog's sleep once or twice. For some time I walked barefooted and barelegged, as I could not lift my boots full of water; but my legs and feet were so torn by the willows that I had to don the boots again. Thus I walked from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m., and at last could only go a few yards at a time, my hands helping my legs to lift my feet, when my men, anxious about me, fired their gun, and I answered with a shout. They soon reached me, as I had almost reached the bank of the river near Albany, carried me to the canoe, and laid me under the tarpaulin, and I instantly fell asleep. We soon reached the Archdeacon's who tended me most carefully, and after bathing my torn feet, I again fell asleep instantly. However, next day, though dressing was pain, and movement worse, and climbing the pulpit stairs agony, yet I was able to perform all the duties arranged for me, beginning with Indian service at 6 a.m., when I preached. Then came 10.30 English Confirmation, Sermon and Administration of Holy Communion; 2.30 the same for the Indians, with seventy-six communicants. I was glad to rest in the evening with my aching and torn feet and legs wrapped in cotton and vaseline. It was indeed a merciful deliverance, and I hope I was spared to do many years' work in the vineyard."

A WRITER in the *Missionary Outlook* tells of the building of a church in an Indian mission in Canada: "The pastor and his congregation were the builders, and as each log was put in its place it was with an added joy, as they felt that they were nearing the completion of the temple in which they were to worship the living God. On the first Sunday on which they were to hold service in the new church, they were each asked to bring a thank-offering for the Lord and lay it on the altar. These were willingly brought. Blankets, furs, baskets, all found their way to the Lord's table, but there was one old cripple man, who seemed to have nothing to give, and yet he, too, was thankful. He had thought about it a long time. Must he come before the Lord empty-handed? But the idea came to him that if he could only get a suitable stick, he could shave it and make a wooden broom. The journey to the woods was a painful and a tedious one, for he had to go on his hands and knees. But had not his Lord borne greater pain for him? The broom was finished and on the appointed Sunday the old Indian himself carried the broom to the altar."

LESSON OF THE BLEMISHED ONYX.

DURING my summer's rest, among the mountains, last year, I heard a sermon in which the preacher introduced the following incident:

A lapidary brought a large and beautiful onyx to a distinguished artist for whom he had obtained many precious stones for carving.

"See how clear, pure and transparent this stone is," said the lapidary; "what a fine one for you to exercise your skill upon were it not for this one fatal blemish." And he pointed out in one spot an underlying tinge of iron-rust, which, as he said, "ruined the stone."

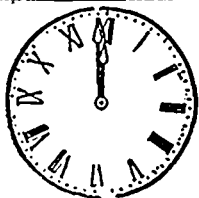
But the artist, with far-reaching sight, seized upon the onyx, and having examined it attentively, purchased it. With matchless skill and delicacy he wrought upon the stone, carving the graceful form of a lovely goddess. And by a wonderful exercise of ingenuity, by sharp cuts of his engraving tool, and by light and patient touches, he fashioned the spot which had been thought an irreparable blemish into a leopard skin, upon which rested the foot of the goddess—the contrasting colors enhancing the beauty of the lovely cameo.

As the artist by patient skill and labor changes the unsightly spot on the onyx into a beautiful decoration, so sometimes does God work upon His children. He sees in them some fault, some evil passion which blemishes the whole character; and He begins to use the discipline to give that moulding which, by slow processes it may be, will change blemish into something lovely. He may use sharp tools and the work may be tedious and trying; but if we submit ourselves to His hand, and especially if—unlike the passive onyx—we ourselves, being conscious of our faulty character, use our own earnest endeavors, latent graces will gleam out where only blemishes were seen. Rashness will be wrought into courage; inertness into gentleness; sluggishness into patience; irritability into tender sensitiveness; avarice into thrift; impetuosity into earnestness; while in place of more glaring defects, strange transformations will appear—generosity instead of selfishness; humility instead of pride; love instead of hate. Thus will the whole character, by God's work in us, be beautified.—*Christian Work.*

BREAD, which has been considered the staff of life throughout the world, is actually used only by one-third of the fifteen hundred millions of inhabitants of the globe. In the Pampas regions dried beef is the main staff; in Eastern Asia rice, and along the coasts of Spanish America the banana constitutes the daily meal.

Woman's Auxiliary Department.

Communications relating to this Department should be addressed to Miss L. H. Montizambert, Provincial Corresponding Secretary W. A., 139 College Street, Toronto.



Remember daily the mid-day prayer for missions

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

WOMAN'S AUXILIARY.

Tuesday and Wednesday, the 11th and 12th of May last, were red letter days for the Woman's Auxiliary of the Diocese of Rupert's Land. On the former of these days the Auxiliary celebrated the 10th Anniversary of its formation, when there was a large attendance of ladies in Holy Trinity school-house, at which, Mrs. Fortin, President of the Diocesan Society, occupied the chair, and was supported on the platform by Lady Schultz and others. All the leading branches of the Auxiliary were represented. Lady Schultz delivered an address of welcome as well to the members from outside the city as to clergymen (and their wives) who were present in attendance at the Synod. In the course of her remarks, she referred to having been at the first meeting held in Canada, to discuss the formation of a Woman's Auxiliary in connection with the missionary work of the Church of England. It was held in Ottawa, and "was looked upon by many as a very visionary movement; it was a very small gathering indeed, not very many more than enough to fill the necessary offices for organizing." "But," she added, "Now look on this gathering to-day; read the leaflet of the Auxiliary and you will find that it extends far and wide over the Dominion, and is doing a great work in strengthening missions."

The address of Mrs. Fortin, as President, was of more than local interest. We therefore give it as reported in *The Western Churchman*, and almost in full.

Mrs. Fortin said: "We are anxious that our gatherings this week should be of a special character, for we now complete the 10th year of our existence as a Woman's Auxiliary. A decade is a long period in the life of an individual or an organization, and we may well take a very brief review of the past. When Archdeacon Pinkham was superintendent of missions in this Diocese, he was the recipient of many bales and thoughtful gifts from the Woman's Auxiliary of Eastern Canada, sent to aid him in his work among our scattered country missions. When he was about being consecrated to his present See, he called a number

of ladies together, told us about the W.A., (it was a new tale to us then); asked us if we would form ourselves into a committee and receive and look after the distribution of these gifts from the East; in fact, he said we might consider ourselves a branch of the W.A. This we were glad to do. We wrote for instructions to the Eastern W.A., and they, thinking that we knew a great deal more than we did about the organization, only gave us very meagre information, and so we worked on in the dark for a long time. We wrote to the different country clergy with a view of finding out their needs. We were not long in discovering that they were very great, including churches, parsonages, horses, buggies, etc., etc. Of course, such wants as these we could not well supply, but we found how acceptable bales and parcels of clothing were; how they helped to carry the Gospel into homes otherwise shut against it. Well, that was the day of small things. We were in reality only a distributing body, dispensing the bounty of others, adding occasionally some garments brought in by generous members. Our next step was to undertake the clothing of ten children in St. Paul's Indian Industrial School, for which we received very grateful thanks from Mr. and Mrs. Burman, who were then in charge. Later on, after the school was taken over by the government, we made the bold venture of supporting our own lady missionary. We collected \$100 for salary, besides numerous smaller sums for passage, outfit, etc., and we were fortunate in finding a very suitable young woman, Miss Wooster, to go out from Winnipeg. She spent a year with Bishop and Mrs. Young, and proved most acceptable and worthy to become the wife of a devoted missionary, Rev. Mr. White, whom she is now assisting in his work at Lesser Slave Lake. All this time we had only one branch for all the City of Winnipeg. This we were very conservative about, and very loth to break up. We worked together so happily that we could not make up our minds to part company. For this we were found fault with by two Diocesan officers from the East, who visited the Northwest one summer. They said we could never expect to grow until we broke up into parochial branches; that we ought to make up bales together, and relinquish those sent hitherto from the East. This seemed hard, but I believe it was wholesome for us. Though we did not immediately take action upon their advice, still it simmered in our minds; and we talked it over periodically, and all the while we were ripening for it. At last, during the General Synod last fall and the most opportune visit of Miss Montizambert, Provincial Corresponding Secretary (to whom we cannot be grateful enough for her

kindly interest and help), with fear and trembling we took the step. I won't say it was in the dark, but it was in faith, and how abundantly we have been blessed our reports of to-day will show. Almost every city parish has now two active, earnest branches, a senior and a junior, manned by capable, self-denying officers. Bales are being made up constantly and sent off to meet requests; funds are voluntarily forthcoming for any special need that appeals to our sympathies; supplies and groceries are contributed and packed up; willing collectors for the Home Mission Fund are found, and a bond of union is being welded month by month between our W.A. and the country clergy that nothing can ever sever. One of our missionaries said to me the other day that he could not begin to tell me the lessons he was learning of the reality of faith, just believing that their needs would be supplied, and so they were. Ought we not to feel honored that God has used us a little as humble instruments in strengthening the faith of such men as these.

The country parishes are one by one affiliating with us, and though obliged to work for the immediate and pressing needs of their own missions, still they use our missionary prayers, pay their affiliation fees, and in many cases reach out towards their poorer brothers and sisters in more remote regions.

Our union meeting that we were so unwilling to break up continues as our monthly Diocesan Board meeting. We see familiar faces there, and from month to month welcome new ones. We feel that the interest in this work is growing and increasing. It is not a cause for self-glorification. Let us shun that insidious thought. Rather let us cultivate a spirit of humility, and though we can thank God for His blessing in the past, we must all acknowledge how far short we fall of what we might do. What infinite possibilities lie before us, and how short the time may be ere one and another of us is called to her account, or before the trumpet shall sound, and we shall all gather around the great white throne.

Some I know are here to-day seeking information with a view to establishing branches in their parishes; others are longing for fresh enthusiasm in work already going on. May none go away disappointed. May each be able to say that it has been good to be here, and return to their home refreshed and heartened by the kindly sympathy shown them by the women of the W.A.

In organizing and carrying on your meetings be very careful to do everything in a business like way. It is fatal to the success of a meeting to allow side conversations. Let anyone who has anything to say, stand and ad-

dress the chair. Do no business of importance without a vote, and make no change except by another vote. See that all minutes are carefully kept, and read, and approved, and signed. Have all funds pass through the treasurer's hands; then you can expect from her a full and clear report. Prepare a small agenda, or programme, for each meeting, following as closely as you can the order of business laid down in the Constitution. It will be easy to prepare an annual report if these simple rules are followed.

Some country branches say, What can we do for missions? First of all, you can pray as individuals and unitedly. Then we would strongly urge you at your meetings to read some missionary information. You may say this is not always easy to get, especially of an interesting nature. I would, therefore, take this opportunity of pressing upon you the great value and usefulness of the W.A. Leaflet published in Toronto. It is cheap, only 15c. a year. It is concise. It is living, current news; not a record of work done long ago, but of what is actually being done now. Extracts from letters of missionaries in all parts of the world are given, besides a monthly record of the work of each Diocese in Eastern Canada. Would that every member of the W.A. became a subscriber to it. But if you think that impossible, could not each branch take at least one copy, and have it read at the meetings? It would pay for itself a thousand times. When you read, then you are interested, and ways and means to work will soon follow. The more a missionary spirit grows within you, the more will you uphold the hands of your clergyman in his arduous and often discouraging work, and the more your hearts will go out in loving sympathy towards those in greater need than yourselves. Perhaps you could work up a missionary meeting in your locality, and, if you desired it, a delegation from the centre might be invited to go and speak to you. In many ways you would find your society would become a living force for good. You can see that the money subscribed by cards for the Home Mission Fund in your parish is faithfully collected in, and not allow the subscriptions to go by default for want of collectors willing to follow up the results of the sermons preached in the cause. Do not think that you are expected to do a great work. Remember that every little helps. As a Toronto W.A. member said, if only a parish read missionary information, made a patchwork quilt in the year, and sent it away they would receive the blessing of those who give. A dollar or two from each branch towards our Missionary Fund would soon make a considerable sum. Or you could introduce our mite boxes into the various

homes in your parish, and devote the proceeds to some missionary object. In this way children, and grown people too, are encouraged to acts of self-denial, so that the mite may be dropped into the box and make it heavier. And when some day you can pack a bale of clothing contributed among yourselves, and some simple garment made by your own hands, how happy you will be to ship it off to some lonely missionary working among the Indians, and when his letters come telling you of the delight and gratitude of the poor people, how your hearts will glow, and how eager you will be to repeat the kind deed the next year. In one reserve, which is called our "Baby Indian mission," the Valley River, a noble work is being done. A faithful teacher, himself an Indian from St. Peter's, has gone among them. Where not long ago all were heathen; now, if you peeped into the tepees at night you would see the children kneeling in prayer before lying down, the result of the training they are getting in the school. Many of the parents are still heathen, but they are being brought in, and each time the nearest missionary (75 miles distant) visits them he finds a band of seven or eight ready to be baptized, confessing their faith. This teacher receives the totally inadequate salary of \$200, and has to depend upon the kindness of neighboring missions and friends elsewhere for sufficient to meet the absolute necessities of himself and family. Is not here scope for our generosity right at our very door? Many of our Indians on Rainy River are still heathen. Shall we not uphold the hands of those who, under great difficulties, are trying to carry the gospel to them? While we sympathize greatly with foreign missions, and desire to show our practical interest by including them in our gifts and prayers, we must never lose sight of the fact that we are an auxiliary to our own Diocese, and that the parent societies at home are withdrawing their grants, one-twentieth a year from us, and that, unless we step in and fill the gap, many of our existing missions will have to be closed, and no new ones opened."



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

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

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