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### **The Bishop's Labrador Visitation.**

Letters, received from the Bishop since his departure for Gaspé and the Labrador on June 15, tell of the Ordination to the Diaconate on Sunday, June 17, of Mr. F. G. LeGallais, and of Confirmations in the various Parishes around Gaspé Basin. Then an early start was made by the S. S. "Canadienne" on Thursday, June 21st, and having touched at South-West Point Anticosti Island about 5 p. m., they reached Mingan, on the North Shore, about 4 a. m. the next day.

During his absence on his Visitation of the Labrador, the Bishop asks the prayers of our readers for blessing and protection on his way. The following prayer is authorized for use in the Churches of our Diocese :—

"Almighty God, to Whom all things in heaven, in earth and under the earth do bow and obey, and Who art a strong tower to all them that put their trust in Thee, be pleased to receive into Thy gracious protection the Bishop of our Diocese whilst on his Missionary journeys; against all dangers and temptations stretch forth Thy right hand to help and defend him; keep him

in health and happiness, prosper his way before Thy face, and bring him home again in peace and safety, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*"

### **The Dean of Quebec and the Ontario Episcopal Election.**

The heart of the Diocese was deeply moved by the tidings, flashed over the wires on the 7th June, announcing that the Dean of Quebec had been unanimously elected Coadjutor to the Archbishop of Ontario *cum jure successivis*. At the same time it was announced that the Dean had asked for time to consider the important decision which he must make. To this the Synod of Ontario at once assented and adjourned for a fortnight. Two days later the Dean sent his answer, declining the call extended to him courteously, but positively and finally.

The reasons for the decision arrived at, as stated by the Dean, are such as must commend themselves to all thoughtful persons as not only right, but as conveying the only decision that was possible under all the circumstances of the case.

The Dean expresses the reasons which have decided him as follows :—"While

deeply sensible of the great honour done me by the unanimous election, I feel unable to accept the important and sacred Office of Coadjutor Bishop of Ontario. The consideration, which has chiefly led me to the decision at which I have arrived, is the conviction, which has been growing stronger ever since I received the first telegram announcing my election that I have taken up a work here in this Cathedral which I dare not yet lay down. This conviction I cannot but regard as the voice of conscience. I believe it to have been God's will that I should enter upon this work. I have been here just one year; and, having met with unusual willingness on the part of the Congregation to sink differences and personal preferences and to co-operate for the welfare of the Church, I feel in honour bound to remain until the work thus happily begun is on a more solid basis."

This letter calls for no remark, except that the Dean's fellow-Churchmen in the Diocese of Quebec, both Clerical and Lay, are heartily glad, first, that motives so high and noble rule in the administration of affairs in this Diocese, and next, that they are to retain, as their Dean and Rector of the first Church in the Diocese, one who has proved himself worthy to be their late revered Bishop's son.

Instances of *Nolo Episcopari* are rare, and when they do occur are usually grounded on motives so evidently of a mixed nature that there remains little ground for boasting. In this instance, however, the refusal of the Episcopal throne, both as regards the motives which ruled in the decision finally arrived at, and as regards the result, viz., that we are not to lose our Dean, is matter of unmixed satisfaction.

But all this time we are forgetting our fellow-Churchmen of Ontario. They have been for years, owing to Arch-bishop Lewis's long failure of health,

as if they had no Bishop, and we could heartily rejoice if our Diocese had been so rich in such men as Dean Williams that we could, without injury to the great cause entrusted to us, have yielded him to them without more serious injury to ourselves. As it is, we can but trust and pray that the Synod of Ontario may be guided to the choice of such a godly, wise and well-learned man to be their Bishop as may make it plain that their failure to secure our Dean as their Bishop has been God's choice of a Father-in-God for them much more to the good of His Church than would be even the gentle-hearted Dean of Quebec, who says so kindly and in such convincing words *Nolo Episcopari*.

Quebec, 23rd June, 1900.

### Ordination in the Cathedral.

It generally happens that there is an Ordination Service in the Diocese early in July. For, with the close of our University year, there are usually some men who have completed their training in Divinity, and, owing to changes in the Diocese and the expansion of the Church, there are generally vacant positions waiting to be filled. This year, besides the need of a second Missionary on the Labrador, the Mission of Kinnear's Mills was vacant, and also the position of Travelling Missionary to the Lake S. John and Nicolet Districts, recently filled by the Rev. J. Almond. Thus three men were required, and three men had just completed their course at Lennoxville. Of these, Mr. F. G. Le Gallais was ordained Deacon by our Bishop at Gaspé Basin, on Sunday, June 17th, for the Labrador work, and Messrs. Philip Callis and J. C. Tannar, who had been accepted by our Bishop for the other two positions, were ordained Deacons in the Cathedral on July 1st by the Lord Bishop of Ottawa, acting under commission from our own Bishop, who

was absent on his Visitation of the Labrador Coast. The Ordination Service was a solemn and impressive one, consisting of Sermon and the usual Service with the Celebration of the Holy Communion. The Sermon, preached by the Very Reverend Dean Williams, was an earnest outline of the practical and devotional life of the Servant of Christ, drawn from the text S. Luke, XII. 35, "Let your loins be girded about and your lights burning and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord." The Candidates were formally presented by the Venerable Archdeacon Roe. The Holy Communion Service was taken by the Bishop, the Dean reading the Epistle, after which the Bishop executed the solemn Laying on of Apostolic Hands. The Gospel was then read by Mr. Callis, and the rest of the Service followed in due course with the Special Prayers for the newly ordained Deacons before the Benediction. Both will at once enter upon their labours in their respective Missions, the Rev. P. Callis visiting regularly the Nicolet, Stanfold, Forestdale and Lake S. John Missions under the supervision of the Rev. E. A. Dunn, and the Rev. J. C. Tannar having charge of the Mission at Kinnear's Mills under the supervision of the Rev. W. G. Faulconer. We most earnestly wish them God-Speed in their life's work.

**CHURCH SOCIETY.**

At a recent meeting of the Central Board of the Church Society an "oufit" grant of \$75 was made to a young Clergyman entering for the first time upon Missionary work in this Diocese. Seven grants, amounting to \$450, were made in aid of the education of sons of Clergymen; and fifteen grants, aggregating \$510, in aid of poor Schools, during the next scholastic year. An application was received from Little Gaspé for a grant in aid of the School in that district. Owing to lack of funds the Society was unable to entertain it. An application was also re-

ceived for a grant in aid of the erection of a Parsonage at Shigawake. This, too, the Society was unable at present to entertain. The Rev. H. R. Bigg, recently appointed to the Mission of Beauce, qualified for participation in the Widows & Orphans and Pension Funds. Letters of thanks were read from certain Clergymen, who had for some years received grants in behalf of the education of their children at Lennoxville and Compton Colleges, and who were no longer in need of such. By request of the Lord Bishop a letter was read, which His Lordship had received from the Missionary at Hereford, praying that permission be granted for the removal of the disused Church at Hall's Stream, Hereford, to Canaan, in the Diocese of Vermont—at present a part of the same Mission and its chief centre. Inasmuch as the entire Church community had vacated the district of Hall's Stream, and the Church, no longer used or likely there ever to be required, was going to ruin, His Lordship (at the time absent) communicated his approval of the Church being made a free gift to the Diocese of Vermont, and solicited the opinion and counsel of the Church Society. For the aforementioned reasons and others alleged in the petition, the Board recorded their belief that the prosperity of the Church in this wide mission field, international in character, would be furthered by the removal asked for; and, by resolution, withdrew any claim they might have upon the building in question by reason of the grant which they had made towards its erection. The Treasurer submitted a report regarding investments made since previous meeting, and the Secretary, a report of Bonds and Debentures deposited in the Society's safe, in his presence.

**S. P. G.**

We have received from the Rev. A. E. Humphreys, M.A., Fakenham, Norfolk, England, some specimen copies of twelve S. P. G. Popular Papers, conveying to the mind, in a most striking manner, by means of Pictures, Designs and Diagrams, many important facts in connection with Missionary work. We wish we could reproduce them in their original form. But, failing that, we intend to give to our

readers, from time to time, the wording of one or other of the twelve sheets :--

**Popular Paper No. 1.**

**ARE WE A CHRISTIAN EMPIRE ?**

The Queen rules over 55 millions of CHRISTIAN SUBJECTS. But, with 385 million subjects altogether, t' makes

Only ONE in SEVEN,

And how many of us are in heart and voice,

**NUMB AND DUMB CHRISTIANS ?**

The Queen rules over 65 millions of MOHAMMEDAN SUBJECTS. The *Mohammedan's* mind is *paralysed*, and doesn't feel and doesn't want; who will rouse and restore and set him in "a right mind," at the "Feet of Jesus' ?

The Queen rules over 265 millions of HEATHEN SUBJECTS. In our so-called *Christian Empire* only *one in seven* is a Christian at all. The HEATHEN'S heart is HUNGRY for something and doesn't know what it is; who will shew him of "the things of JESUS," and feed him with "the Bread of Life' ?

**"LORD, HELP US, WE PERISH."**

The best commemoration of our Good Queen Mother's Reign would be the Evangelization of our 330 million Brothers and Sisters.

**Prayer and Collecting Cards.**

Are there not some more earnest Missionary spirits among our people, who desire either or both of these cards? The former will help you to intercede continually for Missionary work and especially to commemorate the Bicentenary of the S. P. G. The latter will enable you to assist the Society's Bicentenary Fund, and thus shew your gratitude to her for more than one hundred years of help given to our Diocese. The latter are to be obtained *free* and the former for *one cent each* from the Rev. E. A. Dunn, Bishopsthorpe, Quebec City.

**From Skagway to Lake Atlin: A Missionary Journey.**

BY THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP RIDLEY OF CALEDONIA.

*Lake Bennett, July 21st, 1899*

The easiest and perhaps clearest way of helping you to locate me on your map of British North America is to give you my latitude and longitude. Look out the 60 degrees parallel and note where the 135th meridian crosses it, then descend southward ten miles on the meridian. There stands my tent, the same I have often described as measuring ten feet long and eight wide. Last November I came within forty miles of the same spot, but was not well enough to face the White Pass in the teeth of the driving blizzards that then prevailed. I turned back before the raging elements. Lately they invited me forward with their smile.

I embarked on a steamer from Vancouver called the "Cutch," because she was built for the Rajah of Cutch, who tired. I suppose, of his beautiful and staunch steam-launch. So she was bought for the China trade, and eventually crossed the Pacific, where she is a favourite. She picked me up at Metlakatla on her voyage from Vancouver to Skagway, where she landed me, after a very enjoyable voyage along the smooth channels that separate the countless islands from the mainland of British Columbia and Alaska for a thousand miles.

The November voyage was a rough one, not so much because of heavy seas, but on account of the unpleasant gales. All the other vessels at that time sought shelter, ours braved the northern blast and reached Skagway, at the head of the Lynn inlet (or canal as we call these inlets), thickly coated with ice, looking like a fairy ship, but to us on board like an iceberg disguised as a ship. To those on the dock, as we made fast, she must have been a vision of beauty, if they had eyes for it. On board that pleasure was denied us. The cold wind was terrible. Below we were comfortable enough, but I prefer the deck in all weathers.

It was necessary to use axes to free the cables before the ship could be moored. As we passed up Lynn Canal we crossed the seaward end of one of its branches called the Taku Arm. The

blizzard here was abeam, and my cabin on deck was to windward. The sea was one mass of short, stinging waves, and from their foaming crests the gale licked off the briny water and hurled it at the ship's broadside with a tornado-like howl. Where it struck it stuck. The moment the water reached my cabin window, a good eighteen feet from the loadline, it froze and froze until light was shut out. These northern winter's gales can be cruel! The colder interior is nearly always calm when the cold is intense, say from -30 degrees to -60 degrees. It does not there distress one at all; but here on the sea it goes to the marrow, and makes one consider how long one could face it and live. Last week Bishop Bompas complained of the cold here at Bennett.

From the ship's berth at the Skagway wharf is a bridgeway I thought a mile long, but it is rather more than a quarter of that, perhaps. I really felt that if there had not been a hand-rail I would never have dared it for fear of being blown off. It was the worst cold I ever met, though not much below zero. I remember seeing a thermometer stand at -10 degrees in front of a shop protected from the blast. Some men in a sheltered cross-road were digging a deep trench. I noticed that the soil, consisting of water-worn drift, was frozen at the bottom about three feet from the surface, and each stroke of the pick struck sparks from the imbedded pebbles, so fixed were they by the searching frost.

It may interest you to know that this port of Skagway is the bone of contention between the American, Canadian, and English Governments. The States have it, Canada claims it. But that it is a gateway to the Canadian interior it would not exist at all, and therefore would cause no friction. The treaty seems to me to bear out the Canadian claim. If the Lynn Canal could rightly be called the ocean, the Americans are right in holding fast. If there were no contention, no party to the dispute would refuse to allow that it was not the ocean, but an arm of the sea penetrating far into the interior, leaving the ocean a hundred miles behind. Land hunger is insatiate. If the members of the Commission that had the subject in hand had been with me last November, they would have forced the least deserving to take or keep such a home of the furies of the

North as a penalty for squabbling over the shivering den of the Forest King.

I found the people ashore as warm-hearted as the typical Irishman sharing his last potato with a friend in need.

On my second visit the scene was transformed, but not the people. I soon fell into the kind hands of Mr. Busby, H. M. Collector of Customs for Canada, but resident at Skagway. He seemed to have won the respect and good-will of all classes, and my experience showed me the secret of it. Strictly upright, he spared no pains to speed the traveller. I believe him to be incorruptible, which is a splendid quality in a man placed in his position of responsibility. His help was a contribution to our work. Through him I was introduced to, among others, the railroad officials, who gave me a free pass, so that I had to pay only for my heavy baggage, consisting of an outfit for two months in camp, but for that I had to pay at the rate of one pound sterling for every hundred pounds weight! Travelling is extremely expensive in these parts as well as board. A hundred weight of potatoes costs forty shillings. I had to travel through twenty miles of American territory before I reached the place where the two flags waved about twenty yards apart, and a military guard beside each. I must say I had a good deal of trouble to get clear of the American custom-house, though the officers, excepting a beardless youth with the air of a potentate, were most courteous. Something in the system seemed to cause delay and much walking from pillar to post. The journeys wearied me and would have vexed but that I saw red tape and not the officers caused it. Were there another way to the hinterland I should never go through Skagway again, notwithstanding the kindness I received.

The Church people of the town seem to be a very hospitable folk. I found myself at their choir practice in the evening, tired as I was, and their apparent devoutness, and grief at having no resident clergyman, so touched me that I promised to either come back on Saturday for Sunday from Bennett, forty-two miles, and give them the benefit of the Church's ministrations, or else send the S. P. G. clergyman stationed at Bennett. The latter was so charmed that he almost lost his heart among them.

May I say it? The Church people there agree with some other of the leading men of Skagway in saying that they would not in the least object to the hoisting of the Union Jack over the place, though they would die for the Stars and Stripes in a righteous cause. There is a sensational objection among Americans in the Eastern States against parting with anything in possession—they would not be chips of the old block were it otherwise; but the objection in the north-western cities of the States is more selfish than sentimental, and this is the secret of the deadlock. Would that the squabble could be quickly settled so as to leave no irritation to mar the fraternal relationship between us. The unity of the Anglo-Saxon family, to which the Teuton should be heartily welcomed to cousinship, has been for many years the strong desire of my heart. It would keep open the great highways all the world over to the messengers of the Gospel, and so prepare for the coming of the King.

I was fortunate in reaching Skagway after the railroad was open to Bennett. The ordinary cars ran nearly half-way when we had to ride on the platform set on wheels and called here "construction cars." We got up among the baggage and each chose for himself the package that made the best seat, and to that we held fast. But this I felt thankful for, because I am getting too old to walk long distances now. This reminds me that to-morrow is my sixty-third birthday. The figures make me feel older than I feel. Now that my health is so much improved by this dry climate, I seem to feel as young as when I came here twenty years ago. But when a week's walk looms in front, my grey beard pleads in pity for my feet. The Rev. F. Stephenson I sent in before the snow was removed by the April sun, and he had a six days' walk from Skagway to Atlin, having, besides the land journey, to walk about one hundred miles over frozen lakes that now bear a fleet of steamers and hundreds of boats on their bosom.

My journey by rail from Skagway was first along the level delta bearing a dense forest. In its heart were the railroad workshops, a Swindon or Crewe in miniature. After a few miles we began to climb the eastern mountain slope, gaining on the white thread of a river at the bottom of the valley. In ten miles we ascended 2900

feet, and certainly it is a thrilling experience that would be trying to the nerves but for the surprise and admiration called forth by the grandeur of the mountain gorge. The fir trees grew to a very moderate size for half the distance, then became scrubby, and finally ceased, unless apologies be accepted for trees.

Having made the ascent—in one gulch so narrow that the switchback plan was adopted,—we found ourselves among nature's paving-stones, great round-backed granite rocks that looked like a troubled ocean turned to granite at a prempatory word of command. We snaked between the billows, or skirted bogs and lakelets due to the melted snows, or over the glacial deposits left in many a vast hollow that otherwise would have held a lake. Some miles beyond rose the ancient mountains, treeless and naked but that the snow remaining in the fissures and gloomy gorge cross-stitched the sullen range.

It was a scene of awful desolation that chilled the soul and made one ready to pity the puny flora while he admired its daring to live at all.

Tiny firs bearing all the marks of decrepit old age, bent by the northern furies and gnarled by the awful winters, looked up pathetically into one's face, instead of offering a welcome under sturdy branches to the traveller, such as I am accustomed to in the southern parts of this vast diocese.

The juniper humbly crawled from rocky hollows and crevices, but rarely ventured above the highest parts of the granite dome that gave it scanty shelter against the black tempests from the weird north, the terrific north. When the train stopped I slipped off my perch and made a rush for the nearest flowers, and surprised myself by the variety. These, like the mountains, attained to a maturity denied everything else: the latter as in pride as earth's pillars, the former as sharers of a faith in resurrection, and therefore lived their short life of beauty to please Him who clothes them, and therefore rise to perfection through the ages that wear away the mountains.

You should see the puny trees; then you would form some idea of the cruelty of the fierce winters. I gathered a pine with cones on it and placed it, root and all, among the flowers in my left hand to mingle a little extra greenery among the bright flowers.

Its record on this page is happier than if I left it to its cradle — a baby tree, until it slowly died.

As we descended from the White Pass towards the lakes we met with timber again, of small dimensions, and at the margin of the lakes I have found so great a variety of ferns and flowers that it would take several pages even to name them. It is a bright compensation for the terrors of winter to those who endure them.

All along the route skeletons or carcases of pack-horses lie in gruesome numbers, telling of the toil and agony of the thousands that struggled on over the snow before the railway was built. Twenty thousand are said to have been stabled on the frozen lake this spring, to rest a while on the road to Klondike. A few yards behind my tent is a perfect skeleton, from which I have learnt more of the anatomy of the horse than I ever expected to obtain. It is the relic of sacrifice to the average miner's god. But justice as well as a love of adventure compel me to own, though compulsion does not express the pleasure of it, that many of them are not only strong but Godly men.

Well, here I am with the desolation miles away, among the granite hills and mountains, and with the lake about 200 feet below and in front. I look out on a scene of characteristic attraction. The mountains that embrace the lake remind me of the eastern shores of the Red Sea, dismal enough in dismal winter; but the bridge of azure and the rippling turquoise lake below impart a charm to the granite setting of the gem that only needs the glory of the rising or setting of the sun to complete a picture of rare beauty.

I am rambling on as if it were easy to sketch it with my pen, which would be presumption indeed if I thought it possible. This is really an introduction to letters that may hereafter be written of work done. I am now exploring, so far as the Indians are concerned, and ministering to the whites with two clergy here for the summer.

In about an hour I embark for Atlin City, 109 miles distant. There, I am told, are three tribes of Indians that, till gold was found, were inaccessible from the coast. After my week at Atlin I may add some further information, but for the present my pen must rest.

## NOTES ON CHURCH WORK.

### COOKSHIRE RURAL DEANERY.

Being an Epitome of the Speech of the Rev. A. H. Robertson at the Church Society Anniversary Meeting, 1900.

The first Church Missionary to this part of the Eastern Townships was the saintly Dr. Stewart, afterwards Bishop of Quebec, as successor to Bishop Jacob Mountain. Dr. Stewart visited the Eastern Townships in 1816, and the first child baptized by him and called by his own name, is still living. He found a few Church folk, and in Eaton Corner the Rev. Jonathan Taylor, a very worthy Presbyterian Minister, acted as Minister and Schoolmaster to a small community of Congregationalists, at the munificent stipend of \$200.00 a year, paid mostly in provisions and grain. Dr. Stewart saw that Mr. Taylor was a man of sterling Christian character and much respected by all. He persuaded Mr. Taylor to take Orders in the Episcopal Church, and so he was ordained as the first Church Clergyman in the Anglican district, and many of his old congregation went over with him to the Church. That was about 1817, and in the same year a modern Church was built in Cookshire, the fourth in the Eastern Townships. A high three decker Pulpit was the principal ornament at the Chancel end. At the other end of the Church a gallery held the singers, and under the gallery at the back of the Church, between the entrance doors, was placed the Communion Table, and the people sat with their backs to it!

Mr. Taylor for some years ministered to the whole district. Now, in the same district, there are nine Clergymen and twenty Churches, besides School House Stations.

Mr. Taylor was a man of resource. On one occasion he was riding miles away from home on a Missionary trip, when he met a couple trudging along on their way to Cookshire to be married by him and where they also meant to buy the wedding ring. It was too far from home to turn back, so the worthy Parson married them by the roadside and plaited a ring of grass, which



was placed on the bride's finger until a golden substitute could be found. He was in active service for nearly thirty years and his descendants are some of our most respected Church people to-day. For many years Bury and Marbleton were the only Missions besides Cookshire, but excellent Missionary work was done by the Professors and Students of Bishop's College, and especially by Dr Roe and his students. The result was that work was done and Churches were built, which in time became the independent Missions of East Angus, Newport, Scotstown, Megantic, Hereford and Johnville. A splendid record of six new Missions, the pioneer work of which was mostly done and the foundations well laid by Bishop's College, Lennoxville.

I trust, with more Professors and a greater number of Divinity Students, that the great work of acting as pioneers and scouts for the Church may not be allowed to flag, and that the students of to-day will be as active and self-denying as the men, who within less than twenty years built up six new Missions in this one district.

A stirring speech made at the Deaconry meeting at Sherbrooke, in 1886, by the Rev. A. H. Judge, then Incumbent of Cookshire, set forth very clearly the need and opportunity for Church extension in this district. The matter was warmly taken up by Bishop Williams and the Clergy; the generous laymen of Quebec and elsewhere responded nobly, and the result was that Randolph and Island Brook were set apart, taken from Mr. Judge's Parish, and the present Rector of Cookshire was the first Incumbent of the new Mission. Since then four new Missions, as above named, have been formed, and ordained Clergymen set over them. So that since 1886 three Parishes or Missions have become nine, and fourteen Churches and Parsonages have been built, worth at least \$23,000.00, to say nothing of large amounts raised for repairs and restorations. These figures are eloquent, and are outward and visible signs of true Spiritual upbuilding, which cannot be estimated in figures.

In all of this work the good people of the City of Quebec have had a large share. By their ungrudging liberality, by their loving sympathy and prayers, they have made this work of Church expansion possible, and without their help we could have done very little.

## IN MEMORIAM

BASIL HENRY STEVENS.

With profound regret we chronicle the passing away, after a long and trying illness, of Basil Henry Stevens, eldest son of the Rector of Hatley, one of the most distinguished of the Old Boys of Bishop's College School, and subsequently of the undergraduates of the University.

While the sense of loss and keenness of regret are universal among all who knew this most attractive young man, the blow to his father and all his family is beyond words, and has drawn out to them in warmest sympathy the hearts of all who knew him.

To have lost so good a son, so noble and gentle and sweet a soul; one from whom they expected and had the right to expect so much, can only be rendered bearable by a boundless faith in the wisdom and love of God.

A few lines of fuller narrative, however, will show that, brief as it was, this life was not lived in vain.

Basil Stevens was born on Tuesday in Holy Week, 1881; and was called home on Thursday in Easter Week this year.

In the Hatley Model School, he laid a good foundation of sound scholarship, coming out Head Boy in the examination conducted by the Department of Public Instruction in June 1896.

In September of that year, he entered Bishop's College School, and after a two years' course, matriculated into the College in September 1898.

In the School, he distinguished himself very greatly, carrying off all or nearly all the prizes for which he was admissible to compete.

At the June Examination in 1897 he won The Old Boys' Prize; the First Prize in the Fifth Form; the Chancellor's Prize for History and Literature; and the Prize awarded by the Department of Public Instruction for French.

At the end of his first year in the School, he was, with universal approval, promoted to be one of the Prefects,—an unusual honour for one so young. "As Prefect," writes the Head Master, "he was highly respected by both masters and boys, bearing a reputation, well deserved, for absolute straight-forwardness and purity of conduct." A friend, a senior school-mate, now a rising man of business in Montreal, writes of him as he was at this point in his career: "Basil was not an ordinary



THE VERY REV. L. W. WILLIAMS, D.D.,  
DEAN OF QUEBEC.

boy. He will be deeply mourned at his old school, where he exerted a great influence for good over the lives and actions of his friends. The College has lost (he adds) one of her most promising students, and the Church an ardent and enthusiastic recruit."

In 1898, he won the Walker Scholarship; and also carried off the Governor General's Silver Medal for the Highest Aggregate, and the Lieut. Governor's Bronze Medal for Mathematics. He also gained the Public Instruction Prize for French.

In the University, the same success attended him. At the close of his first year, in June 1899, he won the College Prize for Highest Aggregate, the Vice-Principal's Prize for Hebrew, and again the Prize for French.

During this his first (and indeed only) year in College Basil made rapid progress. The development of his fine mind directed the eyes of his teachers more and more to him as one from whom much might be expected. "The loss is ours as much as yours," writes the Vice-Principal, "We had such high hopes of Basil. He promised to do us and the Church distinguished honour in his career." At the same time his modesty and gentleness, combined with all manly qualities, won for him the confidence and love of his fellow students.

For here it must be noted that the subject of this memoir was not a mere book-worm. Besides his devotion to study, he threw himself with great ardour into the athletics of both School and College, and won for himself in those manly exercises a good degree. "Stevens was a good athlete," writes the Head-Master "He worked hard at his play and never shirked. For two years he was on the first XV in Football, and played a brilliant game. He was Captain of the third Crease in Hockey while at School. He was too, a most regular and devout attendant at the Holy Communion."

But, all this time, there was one department of life, devotion to which was paramount to Basil Stevens. From his earliest youth he was a religious boy, though without show or display. It was simply a part of himself, and attracted no extraordinary attention. He was confirmed at Hatley on June 11th, 1895, and admitted to Holy Communion the next morning by his father. He at once became a constant Communicant. It is believed that he never let an opportunity of communicating pass by unembraced. Thus he received the Sacrament as a matter of

course at St. John the Evangelist's Church, Montreal, on the day before he went into the Hospital. But who shall say what thoughts were in his heart as he knelt at the Altar that morning, knowing as he did the trial which was then close before him, and that it might be the last time?

But to return, when the important question of his life-work came to be settled, it was found that his mind had long been made up to offer himself for the Sacred Ministry. It need not be said what a joy this decision of his was to his parents, and how gladly his name was placed on the roll of Candidates by his Bishop.

But now a change came. A shadow fell over the brilliance and triumph of this career. During his last year in College, more particularly the Spring of 1899, his health was not satisfactory. There was some inward trouble. The best medical advice counselled an operation. To this Basil at once consented after it had been fully explained to him that there was connected with it some danger, it might be even serious danger. The dear boy said he quite understood that. For this object he entered the Royal Victoria Hospital on the 20th September last.

The operation however was not performed. Before it could be done, there supervened an attack of hemorrhage of the lungs, which made an operation out of the question. He continued some six weeks in the Hospital under treatment for this new complication and with the endeavour to regain sufficient strength to return home.

This was at last accomplished, on the 2nd November, when he saw his dear Hatley home once more. There in the bosom of his family, surrounded by all his loved ones were the last six months of a life so precious spent. He seemed at one time to be really regaining strength. But when hope was at its highest, there came a second and more violent hemorrhage on the Tuesday before Easter, from which there was no rallying. He now fully realized that the end was drawing near, and he spoke of it to his father and mother calmly, even cheerfully, with beautiful resignation, and with full confidence in his Heavenly Father's love and mercy. On the Thursday in Easter Week he peacefully and sweetly entered into his rest.

The whole community, among whom he had spent almost his entire life and by whom he was truly and deeply mourned,

crowded the Hatley Church at the funeral. Seven of the Clergy were present. The Archdeacon represented the Bishop and conducted the Service, which was taken part in by all the Clergy,—the Rev. Dr. Foster, Rector of Coaticook; the Rev. Professor Parrock, sent as a deputation from Bishop's College; the Rev. G. H. Parker, Rector of Compton; the Rev. R. C. Tamba, Incumbent of Waterville; the Rev. G. H. A. Murray, Incumbent of Dixville; and the Rev. N. M. Bayne, Incumbent of Barnston.

A Memorial Service was held in Bishop's College Chapel on the same day and hour as the Funeral Service in Hatley; and also, on the following Sunday morning, the Octave of Easter, he was specially commemorated in the Early Celebration in the College Chapel. This was done at Basil's own special request. He had been present at the Commemoration Service held for young Mr. Richmond in the College Chapel and was very deeply impressed by it, and made request to his father that the same should be done in his case.

The Burial Service in Hatley was extremely beautiful and heart-melting. It was closed with singing at the grave, by the great crowd surrounding it, the Hymn *Rock of Ages*.

So there we left our young Soldier of the Cross sleeping in Jesus until the Resurrection morning; in that God's Acre of Hatley hallowed by so many sacred associations; a few yards only from the spot where the sainted Bishop Stewart first pitched his tent. We left him sleeping there, assuring ourselves that it is not the least honour of that consecrated spot of ground that it holds in its keeping the dust of so brave and true a Christian so holy and humble a son of our Mother the Church as was Basil Henry Stevens.

H. R.

Richmond,  
21st April, 1900.

JAMES KING.

On the 20th of June, under circumstances at once sad and noble, a good and generous man, in the person of Mr. James King, of Quebec, entered into rest. If one might be permitted to choose the circumstances of one's own departure from this world, would it not be in the effort to save the life of another? So was it with our dear friend. Mr. King, youngest son of the late Charles King, of

S. Sylvester, was Head of the well known Firm of "King Brothers," Lumber Merchants—in this business, one of the leading Firms of the Province. Whilst recently visiting one of his industries at Cedar Hall, on Lake Metapedia, Mr. King with five others (including one lady) went out upon the Lake to fish. Their boat was struck by a sudden squall and, although large, well manned, and carrying 2,000 lbs. of ballast, was instantly capsized and sunken in forty feet of water, all six occupants of the boat perishing before assistance from shore could reach them. Being a good swimmer, Mr. King could in all probability have reached an island close at hand, and thus have saved his own life, but, in the desperate and self sacrificing effort to save the life of the one lady present, he forfeited his own, dying apparently from sheer exhaustion, for, when reached, his body was still afloat. One who knew him intimately has said "his heroic death was quite in keeping with his life, for he was in an un-stentatious way one of the most charitable men and one of the greatest benefactors of the poor in this Province." The atermnt took place on the 23rd at Lyster, forty miles from Quebec. The solemn Burial Service was said by the Rev. H. A. Dickson, Incumbent of the parish, assisted by the Rev. A. J. Balfour, Rector of St. Peter's Church, Quebec, a school mate and warm friend of the deceased. The high esteem in which Mr. King was held by all classes was evinced to a marked degree.

Many members of the Provincial Government, the Mayor and several Aldermen of the city of Quebec, the heads of the leading Lumber Firms, and a large number of other prominent citizens went by special train to the funeral. A graceful tribute of respect, too, was paid to the deceased by the people of the locality; for not only was the attendance from the whole country side exceedingly large, but every house about Lyster station and on the route to the village (a mile and a half distant) and in Lyster itself, bore crape on the door. Old and young, French and English alike, spoke of the loss sustained in Mr. King's death, as a personal one. Mr. King was born in 1848 and educated at Lennoxville under the late Bishop Williams, taking the degree of "M.A." in 1873. In 1892 he was returned by the County of Megantic as their representative in the Provincial House; his extensive lumbering and mining

interest, demanding his whole time, he declined the proffered candidacy at the subsequent election. Mr. King was a Director of the Union Bank of Canada, Vice-President of the Quebec Mining Association, an extensive and thoughtful reader, a man of sound judgment, unostentatious, kind hearted and conscientious. Mr. King was unmarried, he leaves two brothers and two sisters. At the time of his death his sisters and one brother were travelling in Europe. We extend to these all, and to his younger relatives our very sincere sympathy.

A. J. B.

### A Question Answered.

The question is sometimes asked: "What difference does it make whether I pay so much by agreement for a seat and own it for a year, or contribute the same amount through the offertory and take a seat where I can find one?" The answer is obvious. What one gives is not all for a seat for himself, nor alone for the support of the public services, but for the support of every part of Christ's work through the organization of the Church, and for the benefit of all; it is given utterly to God; and one has a right to a seat in the Church building at all Services, not because he has paid, much, or little, or nothing, but because it is God's House, made His by consecration; the place for all His children to render their duty and services of worship; and if the poorest be hindered from that duty and service by any way of man's contriving, God's purpose is thwarted; and they are so hindered when the space and conveniences are allotted to any particular persons.

### DISTRICT NEWS.

#### MELBOURNE.

*St. John's.*—Through the loving kindness of one of the Church's loyal daughters, a handsome White Frontal

has been provided for this Church. The embroidered emblems were worked in gold by Miss Kate Simpson, whilst the ground work was furnished by the Ladies' Guild. This labor of love was recently dedicated to the honor and glory of God by the Rev. C. T. Lewis, during Divine Service.

The members of the Choir of St. John's are to be congratulated upon the very creditable manner in which they now chant the Psalms for Evening Prayer, and sing Bunnett's setting of the Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis.

The old organ has been discarded. The new one was used on Trinity Sunday and is a magnificent instrument. Its tone and power are excellent. The instrument is a costly one, but a liberal discount was generously given by Messrs. Willis & Co., of Montreal, who supplied it. The Incumbent met with great success when making a personal canvass amongst his parishioners, who responded most readily and liberally to his appeal; whilst Miss Gwendoline Mathias rendered material assistance by raising money amongst her own relations and friends. There is but a small balance due, which we trust will soon be raised.

*St. Saviour's, Melbourne Ridge.*—The plain Red Frontal has been beautified with gold embroidery and lace through the kindness and labor of Miss Effie Macleod and Miss Holland.

#### ST. GEORGE, BEAUCE.

The Rev. F. R. Bigg reports:—

St. George has fallen on rather evil times this spring and is but now recovering. The floods in the Chaudiere Valley have been very bad and great damage to property was done by the ice in this vicinity. The bridge was partially swept away by the ice, and people had to cross on a temporary construction suspended on wire rope, which luckily was safer than it looked. One's feelings in crossing were rather what one would imagine a lame mouse to possess when urged by its owner to cross a room on a suspension bridge of string. Happily, however, no accidents occurred. It was nicely repaired at last and promptly

rendered impassable for heavy traffic by a freshet accompanied by pulpwood and logs on Saturday, June 2nd. It was as promptly repaired and now I hope we have settled down for some time. The roads also are resuming their natural state. A month ago they consisted chiefly of rows of deep mudholes, with here and there a boulder or two to vary the monotony. However, as I said before, they are resuming their normal state and one now has a better chance of getting about and visiting the outlying districts. Services have been held at all the out-stations and I feel most grateful to each community for the kindness and hospitality shown without stint, wherever I have bent my way. We have had one Baptism so far, it being that of the infant daughter of Mr. Jonathan Laweryson, of Cumberland Mills. The various vestry meetings have been got through and my best thanks are due to those gentlemen who have taken so much trouble in the past in the capacity of Churchwardens; to mention names would be invidious.

At present we are without an organist at Cumberland Mills, but it is hoped that soon we shall have Miss Taylor back amongst us from Quebec, and then that important post will be most ably filled. Choir practices at St. George are being held weekly, in which all take great interest. Miss Lily Pozer is our invaluable organist.

The small community at Cranbourne is much exercised in its mind over a school for itself. At present there seems a large amount of difference of opinion on the subject and consequently a hitch in the proceedings has arisen, but it is hoped that at the July meeting our way will be cleared and all will go "merry as the marriage bell."

Dennistown, Maine, and Marlow have been visited and Services have been held at each place. Roads are being somewhat improved after the damage done by the late spring and the floods, but the journey to and from Dennistown was rendered very difficult owing to the heavy rains following immediately on the work of the various road machines.

The kindness and hospitality of everybody to their new Clergyman has been unbounded and I take this opportunity of conveying to them all my warmest thanks.

### MONTMORENCY FALLS.

The evening of June 27th was an interesting one at Montmorency Falls. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the concert, organized for the purpose of providing funds for the installation in the Church of the electric light was a great success in every respect. The cozy little hall connected with the Cotton Mills was crowded to the doors, and owing to the new electric car system, running for the first time on that day, not a few from Quebec were in attendance. The hall had been tastefully decorated with beautiful flowers kindly sent by Mrs. Price; flags, etc., the artistic work of Mrs. Beuthner, Mrs. Withrow (of Toronto), and Mr. Langford, while the committee, composed of Mrs. A. P. Doddridge, Mrs. Beuthner, Miss Moore, Messrs. Langford, Somers and Smith, had prepared a most interesting and entertaining programme of Music, Songs, Choruses, Harmonica and Violin Solos, Recitations, etc. The Rev. E. A. Dunn, Incumbent of the Church, presided, and among those who took part with much credit to themselves and pleasure for the large audience, were Mrs. Beuthner, Mrs. Withrow, Misses Moore, Lessard, Emma Billing, Maude Gale and Gertie Gale, Master Bert Price, Messrs. Milligan, Bishop Somers, Gale, Smith and Cournoyer. The sweet soprano voice of Mrs. Withrow, who gave two or three pretty selections during the evening, was much admired and she was kind enough to respond to several encores, which, indeed, were in order throughout the evening, so well did each take his part. Before the last item and the singing of "God save the Queen," at the invitation of the Chairman, a hearty vote of thanks was tendered to all, who had in any way assisted the Concert; while Mr. H. M. Price, in a few well chosen words, moved a vote of thanks to the chairman, and the three hearty cheers which were then given, were suitably acknowledged by the Rev. E. A. Dunn, who, being about to sail for England, took occasion to bid the parishioners and other friends good bye. The National Anthem was then sung and all felt that the Concert had been eminently a success, and that it was an outward expression of the general unity animating the people of Montmorency Falls.