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THE CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE

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No. 125.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

No. 125—THE SECOND BISHOP OF ALGOMA.



HE resignation of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Sullivan calls attention to the diocese that he leaves, and to his own work there. The formation of the large, scattered district of Muskoka, Parry Sound, and Algoma, extending throughout the Georgian Bay and along the shores of Lake Superior, into a diocese was regarded by many as a doubtful venture; but the progress made by the Church since that important step shows fully the wisdom of those who advocated it. When Bishop Faucher visited it in 1873, immediately after his consecration as first bishop, there was a clergyman at Sault Ste Marie, one at "Prince Arthur's Landing," now Port Arthur, one at Manitoulin Island, and one in charge of the Muskoka and Parry Sound districts, respectively. There were also a couple of missionaries to the Indians, seven in all. There were only nine churches, many of them very poor at that, and there were no parsonages, and no homes for Indian children. When the Bishop died, in December, 1881, there were thirteen clergymen, thirty-four churches, seven parsonages, besides a fine see house at Sault Ste. Marie (built through the liberality of a lady in England), and two handsome and well-worked homes for Indian children, the Shingwauk and the Wawanosh.

This was decided progress for the short period of about eight years, but it was only the

commencement of much better things which were to take place in the future.

Dr Sullivan, then rector of St. George's Church, Montreal, was consecrated Bishop of Algoma on the 29th of June, 1882, and soon found that there was much work for him to do in his territorially large, but in point of population and clerical staff somewhat small, diocese. He was elected Bishop of Huron in October, 1883, but for Algoma's sake declined

the honor. His mind was bent upon putting his missionary diocese upon a sound financial basis as possible. It had no invested funds of its own. The clergy had nothing to look forward to in the way of provision for their old age, or in case of being incapacitated for work through accident or ill-health. Their wives and children were left totally unprovided for should death take them away. The diocese itself had no maintenance fund of any kind, the episcopal stipend itself being provided for by proportionate gifts from the other dioceses of older Canada. It has been a marked feature of Bishop Sullivan's episcopate that funds to cover all the requirements named

above have been either partially or wholly formed. This has meant untiring work on the part of the Bishop. It has meant continued personal application to individuals for money. It has meant similar application to the great missionary societies in England. It has meant, in fact, unwearied appeals on the part of the energetic Bishop, who came to term himself a "mitred mendicant." Yet the work told for good upon the diocese. The first fund at-



THE RIGHT REV. EDWARD SULLIVAN, D.D.,
Fifth Rector of St. James Cathedral, Toronto.



ST. JAMES', TORONTO, IN EARLY DAYS.

tempted was one for the endowment of the see, in order that the income of the Bishop might be assured to him for all time, independent of grants for missionary purposes made from other dioceses. At the Provincial Synod of 1883, the Bishop was able to state that the fund stood at \$2,510. This was invested, and the interest added from time to time to the principal. This, coupled with further collections made by the Bishop, brought the fund up to \$29,137.20 in 1886, which was increased to \$30,000 in 1889, to \$45,774.60 in 1892, and to \$55,216.12 in 1895. It now yields a yearly income of about \$2,500, which, added to the principal annually, will soon materially augment the fund. A portion of this income will doubtless be used before long for the payment of the bishop's stipend, and this will relieve the other dioceses of Canada of some of the grants that they have been making for that purpose, and thus enable them to do so much the more for more direct missionary work in Algoma.

At the same time Bishop Sullivan commenced a Widows and Orphans' Fund, which in 1883 stood at \$1,066.20. In 1886 it had increased to \$5,934.79, and in 1889 to \$12,599.72. This latter increase was due chiefly to the exertions of the ladies of Canada in their jubilee memorial, a movement inaugurated in the diocese of Huron by Mrs. Boomer, herself a widow, and in commemoration of the long and prosperous reign of the widowed Queen of the British Empire. In 1892, this fund had reached \$15,623.13, and, in 1895, \$17,526.46, so that it is yielding now about \$800 a year, and will be

available for a small annuity to widows of the clergy when the occasion to use it arises. With the exception of the money raised by the ladies in their "jubilee memorial," as mentioned above, this fund is due to the unwearied exertions and undoubted popularity of Bishop Sullivan. The two funds together, the Episcopal Endowment and Widows and Orphans', amount to \$72,742.58, besides which a superannuation fund (to provide for the clergy in their old age) of over \$1,000 has been raised, and a church and parsonage fund of \$1,573, representing in all a capital of over \$75,000 for the diocese.

Bishop Sullivan undoubtedly had the faculty of raising funds for his diocese. The mission ship, the "Evangeline," was purchased entirely

by money collected by him. She cost about \$9,000.

Steady progress also marked the diocese in other respects. The thirteen clergy of Bishop Fauquier's time increased to sixteen in 1883, to twenty-four in 1886, and to thirty in 1895. There are also some sixty-eight or seventy churches in the diocese, all of them free and out of debt. Pew rents are unknown. Some of these churches, it is true, are but plain, wooden structures, but others of them are substantial edifices of brick or stone. The clergy are a united band of workers, clinging faithfully to their posts, and are endeavoring as much as in them lies to make the wilderness where they are, in a Gospel sense, blossom as the rose.

The good and successful work of Bishop Sullivan, however, was unexpectedly interrupted by a serious illness, which came upon him suddenly while he was preparing his triennial report for the Provincial Synod of 1893. His physician ordered him away at once for a prolonged rest. The Canadian dioceses willingly contributed a handsome sum of money, and the Bishop went to Mentoné, in the south of France. On his return, in the spring of 1894, he resumed his work, but his strength was not by any means restored. Having spent another winter in Mentoné, he found on his return that he was unable to cope with his work, and the Provincial Synod of 1895 arranged that he was to go once more to the south of France, and, if on his return he should be unable to do his work, he should receive a retiring allowance for life. He returned in May of this year,



ST. JAMES' CATHEDRAL, TORONTO.

looking much improved in health; but the rectory of St. James', Toronto, falling vacant through the election of Canon DuMoulin to the bishopric of Niagara, the position, which is the best Church living in Canada, was offered to him.

It may well be believed that it cost the Bishop much anxious consideration as to his duty in this matter. Though much improved in health, he could not engage in the active work of his scattered diocese except against the positive command of his medical adviser,

but it might well be open for him to undertake the more regular and less disturbing duties of a city rectory. On the other hand, to leave his work of fourteen years, and to resign the active duties of the episcopate, must have been a trial for him. However, he decided to accept the St. James' rectory, and accordingly resigned the bishopric of Algoma. His brother bishops, assembled at the General Synod in Winnipeg in September last, accepted his resignation, and made the necessary arrangements for convening the Provincial Synod to elect his successor. This synod is to meet in Montreal on the eleventh of November.

Bishop Sullivan took charge of his new work on the first Sunday of October. The parish of St. James', Toronto, is one of the oldest in Ontario, and is connected with pioneer Church work in the province. The original church was a small frame structure standing in a field of trees and stumps. It is difficult to imagine that King street, Toronto, was once in the rude tangled form of a wilderness, and that the present splendid Church of St. James was once but a humble little wooden edifice. Yet such was the case. Toronto, however, at the time was an important place, not exactly as to size, but as to the character of its inhabitants, for in the little wooden church of St. James some of the highest in the land were regular

worshippers. The first rector was the Rev. J. O'Kill Stuart, son of the Rev. Dr. Stuart, pioneer missionary at Cataragui and first rector of Kingston. He was succeeded in 1812 by the Rev. Dr. Strachan, afterwards first Bishop of Toronto, who officiated in the little wooden church till 1832, when it was replaced by a substantial edifice with a square tower on its southern front. This building was destroyed by fire in 1839, being the same year in which its rector, Dr. Strachan, was elevated to the episcopate. It was built of stone, with the excep-


tion of the tower, which was of wood, and stood for ten years, when, in the great conflagration of 1849, it, like its predecessor, was destroyed by fire. Undaunted, the congregation speedily set on foot the reconstruction of their church on a grander scale than any yet attempted in the country. The result was the present handsome structure, which strikes with admiration everyone that sees it. It was not, however, built in a day. Begun in 1853, it was not completed till 1874. The Rev. H. J. Grasett, B.D., was Bishop Strachan's assistant in the parish for many years. He afterwards became rector, and in 1867 was made Dean of Toronto. On his death the Rev. John Philip DuMoulin was appointed in 1882 rector, and held the position till May, 1896, when he was elected Bishop of Niagara. Bishop Sullivan was then called upon to take up the work in St. James' parish as its rector, and his eloquence as a preacher and devotion to the work of the Church will prove of great service in this historic church of Canada.

THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY.

BY THE EDITOR.

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UNDER WILLIAM AND MARY.—(Continued.)

 HE resolute action of the House of Commons in refusing to ratify the bill of "Union," or "Comprehension," as it was called, opened the eyes of King William to the fact that the Church was a stronger factor in the land than he had supposed. The House of Commons maintained that no sweeping measure such as the Lords had proposed against the Church should be allowed to become law without the Church herself having the chance to pronounce upon it in her own legislative capacity. This was a very fair and statesmanlike view to take of the matter. It is not too much to say that by it the House of Commons stepped in to save the prestige and proper autonomy of the Church. When the king and the Lords would have weakened it, the Commons protected it. Such is the grand check that any one body possesses over the other two in the British constitution.

It is at this juncture that the misfortune of what has been called a "romantic view of loyalty" was apparent, in that some of the best leaders of the Church, among them Archbishop Sancroft of Canterbury, stood aloof at a time when every aid was needed. Because they considered James, with all his faults, their lawful sovereign, they let the Church which had espoused another cause drift on as it might.

The king saw, however, that he must have advice from the Church in the grave position

of affairs that had set in. As the Archbishop of Canterbury was not available for this purpose, William sought the aid of some divine who entertained friendly feelings towards himself. Such a man he found in the Very Rev. Dr. Tillotson, Dean of St. Paul's, an ecclesiastic of whom we shall hear more presently. This very excellent and decidedly Protestant divine advised that Convocation should be assembled, with a view to altering the Prayer Book and making other changes which might lead to the result which the Bill of "Union" had hoped to bring about.

Great preparations were made for this Convocation. Ten bishops and twenty other divines were appointed a commission to prepare for the sweeping changes that were contemplated. Gilbert Burnet, one of the most violent political partisans of King William, was advanced to the episcopate, that his aid might be the more efficacious. Archbishop Sancroft refused to consecrate him, but he gave official permission for others to do so. Burnet was therefore consecrated Bishop of Salisbury. With him on the commission were Stillingfleet, Bishop of Worcester; Patrick, Bishop of Chichester; Tillotson, Dean of St. Paul's; Tenison, Rector of St. Martin's in the Fields; Dean Sharp, and others. These were eminent men of the day. Some of them as writers are known yet, and two of them (Tillotson and Tenison) afterwards became Primates of England, and one (Sharp) Archbishop of York.

Such sweeping changes were proposed by Tillotson, and others like-minded with himself, that some of the commissioners refused to act. All ceremonies were to be made indifferent, the Prayer Book was to be written anew, long verbose compositions were to take the place of the devout and dignified collects, foreign orders were to be admitted, and a form of conditional ordination adopted. This was a time of intense anxiety on the part of all true Churchmen. In Scotland, the Episcopal Church was being silenced and persecuted. Its members were chiefly Jacobites or non-jurors, and King William was determined to wipe it out of existence, and in this he almost succeeded. Churchmen in England feared that he would attempt the same with the English Church. The new commission seemed to them but an attempt to reduce the Church to the level of the dissenting chapel. Men who adhered to the old principles of the Church and loved the pure and terse English of the Prayer Book, and trembled lest the threatened changes should be made, were called High Churchmen, while Tillotson, Burnet, and others of that kind, who were ready to lay to the hatchet and cut down ancient institutions, were termed Low Churchmen. Archbishop Sancroft, Bishop Ken, Rev. John Kettlewell, Mr. Robert Nelson, and many others of that kind, as "non-jurors" were higher



ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON.

than the High Churchmen, and showed a desire for still more ceremony, some of them wishing to return to the Prayer Book of Edward VI. They, however, were entirely a separate body, and were not allowed to hold communion with the Church as upheld by the laws of King William. These men held aloof from the great struggle that was pending.

The friends of the Church in its ancient form rallied and canvassed vigorously in preparation for the Convocation that was to assemble, and as many delegates as possible were appointed to do all in their power to conserve its interests. The consequence was that when Convocation met in November (1689) the High Churchmen or conservative party were in a strong majority. Tillotson was proposed as Prolocutor by the king's party, but the conservatives, by a majority of two to one, rejected him in favor of Dr. Jane, Dean of Gloucester, a man on whom they could rely. The motto suggested by him was "No change," "Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari." It was at this time that men like Sancroft and Ken would have been most useful in the Upper House of Convocation. The Bishops, too much under the sway of the king, sent down a message thanking his majesty for his zeal "for the Protestant religion in this and all other Protestant churches." The Lower House altered this by leaving out the words "this and," for they had a great dislike to being put upon the same level with the Presbyterians, who were bitterly persecuting Churchmen in Scotland, and who had made England a sea of discord and trouble.

When the Tillotson and Burnet party saw how strong their opponents were, they did not bring forward their proposed changes, and the

Church and Prayer Book were thus saved from dismemberment and mutilation.

In a couple of months after this agitation was finished the day arrived when the non-jurors were to be deprived. The great majority of them remained firm to their resolve, and on the first of February, 1690, Archbishop Sancroft was deprived of all his offices and required by law to leave Lambeth palace and subsist for the rest of his days on £50 a year. With him five other bishops left their palaces and their livings, and about four hundred clergy their benefices and their homes, thrown upon the charities of the cold world for simple loyalty to a foolish king who knew not how to conserve the best interests of his subjects. These "non-jurors" were poor but honest. They carried with them the "Apostolic Succession" and full autonomy of the Church, for they had the Primate and five other bishops, and could thus have established a schism; but King William's laws bore heavily against them. When they met for service it had to be in a clandestine manner. They had no means of subsistence, and had to depend upon one another's poverty for support, and therefore could exercise but little influence. As years went by they did attempt to preserve their position as a separate church, and the deprived bishops consecrated a few others, but when James Stuart died the zeal of many died also, and by degrees the results of the unhappy separation disappeared.

Sancroft declared he would not leave Lambeth till forced to do so by law. Nor did he. He threw upon his opponents the odium of forcible deprivation. He retired to his native place, Fressingfield, in Suffolk, where he lived contentedly on his £50 a year till the 24th of November, 1693, when his earthly troubles were brought to a close.

Of John Tillotson, Sancroft's successor, it becomes us now to speak. He was born in the year 1630, and was the son of a clothier at Sowerby, near Halifax. He grew up as a boy under the troublesome days of Charles I., and was about seventeen years old when Laud, and afterwards the king, were executed. His father was a nonconformist, a Calvinist, and as such young Tillotson was brought up. His grandfather, Mr. Dod, a strict Puritan, superintended his early education. He entered Clare Hall, Cambridge, where his tutor, Mr. Clarkson, a strict Puritan, continued his Calvinistic training. He was elected a fellow of Clare in 1651, under the rule of Oliver Cromwell, whose attorney-general, Mr. Prideaux, entrusted him with the tutoring of his son.

At the Restoration, Tillotson, then a man of thirty years of age, found himself, as a nonconformist, on the losing side. He was deprived of his fellowship. The return of the nation to its ancient Church, the restoration of monarchy, consequent upon the failure of Puri-

tanical rule, must have affected seriously the minds of many persons, both as to their political and religious principles. It was so at all events with John Tillotson. When the Act of Uniformity of Charles II. was passed, in 1662, Tillotson abandoned nonconformity and became a member of the Church of England. Yet there was much to tie him to his early predilections. He married a niece of Oliver Cromwell, and many of the leading dissenters of the day were his most intimate friends, among them William Penn, the Quaker.

But Tillotson was of a kind and genial nature, and soon procured the friendship of some of the leading Churchmen of the day. He is always spoken of as an eloquent and powerful preacher, yet we are told that in the little living of Keddington, which he held for a short time, the villagers were dissatisfied with him because he did not preach the Gospel! It is a fact that in the best of his published sermons the definite message of the Gospel is singularly wanting, but he certainly survived this adverse verdict, and was subsequently appointed preacher at Lincoln's Inn, and Tuesday lecturer at St. Lawrence, Jewry. Here he attracted large congregations from all parts of London, and his reputation as a great preacher was established. Learned divines and people of quality and distinction were continually found among the delighted people who flocked to hear him. It was said of him more than once that he had brought the art of preaching well nigh to perfection. After his death the copyright of his sermons brought the enormous sum of £2,500, a handsome dowry for his widow. These published sermons have long since ceased to attract any attention, nor would they now be regarded as an authority on divinity, or as a model in any respect whatever. He had improved upon the style of sermon of his own day, which was long, wearisome, and heavy. He had also paid great attention to delivery, every word being carefully written out and learned by heart. This, with the natural charm of the man, who was kind and gentle to every one, no doubt built up his fame.

Tillotson became Dean of Canterbury, and was utterly opposed to the Romanizing policy of James II. He was among the first to favor the bringing over of William Prince of Orange as the defender of the Protestantism of England, and on the arrival of that prince was one of his most zealous supporters. On his accession to the throne of England, Tillotson was made Dean of St. Paul's. Sancroft, the Archbishop of Canterbury, refused to give allegiance to William and Mary, and was therefore deprived of his high position. As the king could not lean upon the Archbishop, he selected the Dean of St. Paul's as his spiritual guide. We have seen the form of advice that Tillotson gave his sovereign. It was due largely to his early

instincts and education; and his desire to form a large, comprehensive Protestant Church, that should embrace all dissenters, was formed no doubt of an honest, loving heart; but he found that in it he did not receive the support of the great bulk of the Churchmen, clerical and lay, of the day. On the particulars of this we have already dwelt.

Tillotson was not an ambitious man. He earnestly desired that he should never be made a bishop, but when Sancroft was deprived King William urged the Dean of St. Paul's to accept the vacant post. He delayed long and anxiously. There were great difficulties connected with it. Many held that the state had no power to declare bishoprics vacant, and for this reason it was found a difficult matter to fill the vacant sees. Tillotson knew that the hearts of the great bulk of the clergy were with Sancroft in his exile from power at Fressingfield, and that he was not likely ever to win them over to himself.

However, in the end he accepted the position, and was no sooner enthroned than he was assailed with innumerable invectives, in pamphlets and squibs of all kinds, some of them libelous and coarse. His views were broad (Latitudinarian) and at times somewhat loose and alarming in the ears of strict Church people, but he certainly did not deserve the names "free-thinker," "Deist," "rank Socinian," "heretic," and others of a like kind which, in the heat of controversy, were hurled at him, for he does not seem to have held any opinion which would not in the present day be considered perfectly legitimate. To this treatment he showed no resentment, but prayed earnestly that he might learn how to forgive his enemies as his Master had done. He was a popular preacher, but not a popular archbishop. The Church, however, continued to show vitality and strength. The societies that had been formed in the reign of Charles II. (in 1678) continued their work. They were checked during the troublesome days of James II., because everything in the form of a society was suspected. The name was then changed to clubs. But when the troubles of the nation to some extent were settled by the accession of William and Mary the societies continued their work. They had an able friend in Archbishop Tillotson. In 1692 a few gentlemen of the Church of England, shocked at the general immorality rampant in their midst, formed "The Societies for the Reformation of Manners." These were divided into different branches, all having the same object in view, and soon began to have the desired effect of putting a check upon open and flagrant wickedness.

It would have been well if the Archbishop could have devoted himself to works of this kind. But the political portion of his work pressed heavily upon him.



ST. MICHAEL'S, CHURCH, AUGHTON,
Diocese of Liverpool, England.

In point of fact the bulk of the clergy, and Churchmen in general did not like King William, and Tillotson ruled only to please the king. They could not either of them forget how completely they had been defeated in the Convocation of 1689, and they therefore resolved that, if possible, no more meetings of Convocation should be held. The king was determined to assert his right as the head of an established Church, and therefore issued his orders for the guidance of bishops and others, irrespective of what the mind of the Church itself might be. This provoked a storm of opposition, and pamphlets and books were written to show the illegality, and the mischief, of not assembling Convocation. The sensitive and gentle nature of Tillotson was much injured by these disturbances. Another circumstance also greatly troubled him. There was living in England, in poverty and under the ban of the law, a worthy ecclesiastic, whom many regarded as the true Archbishop of Canterbury. King William and Tillotson were regarded by many as interlopers. This was partly removed in November, 1693, when, on the 24th of that month, Gilbert Sancroft died. But Tillotson lived scarcely a year after him. It is thought that his many troubles hastened his death. At all events he died on the 22nd of November, 1694. The Archbishop had relied greatly upon Mary, the young queen, for help and advice, especially in making appointments to vacant positions, and on his death Her Majesty recommended as his successor probably the best man who could have been proposed for it. This was Stillingfleet, Bishop of Worcester, but the king did not think him possessed of sufficient bodily strength, and therefore, in twelve days after Tillotson's death, appointed Thomas Tenison, a man but little known in the Church, except

that he was Bishop of Lincoln. The real reason for passing Stillingfleet over was alleged to be the superior Churchmanship which characterized that excellent divine. A few days after Tenison's appointment Queen Mary died. William III. was thus left sole monarch of England, with Thomas Tenison as Archbishop of Canterbury.

(To be continued.)

A LANTERN TOUR IN ENGLAND.

BY REV. F. L. SPENCER, THOROLD, ONTARIO.

(Continued.)

CLERGYMEN from the colonies appointed to act as deputation speakers for the S.P.G. generally begin their work early in October. Accordingly, in the year of the writer's visit to his native land, a Sunday near the beginning of that month

found him in a typical rural parish in Lancashire, prepared to give to those who might be present at the services such information as he possessed concerning the Church's work among the white settlers, the red aborigines, and the yellow sojourners in the western parts of "Canada's fair domain." As this parish presents to the traveller, especially if he be an antiquarian, several features of great interest, a short description may not be out of place. Aughton lies about ten miles from Liverpool, being within the bounds of the diocese of that name, and hence under the jurisdiction of Bishop Ryle. The country is as beautiful as land devoid of undulations can be. St. Michael's Church, the oldest and largest in the cure, is a building that has had strange experiences, its history dating back to the Norman period, and embracing circumstances connected with changes in size, shape, and style.

At one time a fine Norman doorway on the south side was the place of entrance for the congregation. At a later period this portal, owing apparently to the weakness of the wall, was closed with masonry, the wall being strengthened by the addition of a thick stone buttress, which almost hides the arch. Two buttresses would, if placed one on each side of the doorway, have effectually saved the wall and preserved the portal. Alas! those were the days when beauty was sacrificed to utility or economy, and the restoration movement had not begun. A further evidence of the lamentably depraved taste of the builders of that time is seen in the existence of two square windows of different sizes in the same southern wall. Notwithstanding these blemishes, the church, however, is worthy of admiration. The chancel has been restored, and probably the good work will in due time be extended to the nave. The

spire, which is of stone, reaches a height of ninety-nine feet, its graceful appearance being partly due to its octagonal form. As might be supposed, the parochial records, which are preserved in the vestry, show some odd and curious entries. Among the financial items of a certain year of the eighteenth century there appears an account for ten shillings as stipend paid to an official who was known as the "dog-whipper," and whose duty was to drive all dogs out of the sacred building. This entry accords with the statement of an ecclesiastical historian to the effect that Archbishop Laud enacted that the spaces between the pillars supporting the chancel rail in every church within his jurisdiction were to be sufficiently narrow to prevent dogs from entering the altar sanctuary.

In this church I preached both morning and afternoon. The attendance was not as large as the rector had hoped, but the showery nature of the weather was sufficient to account for the absence of some of the parishioners. Indeed, many of the rural people of this part of England were greatly discouraged at this time, much of the cut and bound grain being still in the fields in a wet and damaged condition. Much interest in the subject of missionary work in Canada was, however, shown by the congregations at St. Michael's on this day, and liberal offerings were given for the maintenance and extension of S.P.G. work.

Leaving the kind rector of Aughton and his family immediately after the second service, with a promise to return at an early date and enjoy their proffered hospitality again, I proceeded by cab to Seaforth, a suburb of Liverpool, and preached in the parish church to a congregation of five hundred. After the service one of the churchwardens brought the contents of his S.P.G. mite chest, amounting to \$115; and added the sum to the offertory collection. This large contribution was no more than the gentleman had on several previous annual occasions presented as the result of his systematic self-denial. "A rich man," my readers are perhaps inclined to say. That may be true, and yet how few rich men give so liberally or so unostentatiously!

In the cathedral city the annual diocesan meetings of the S.P.G. were held on the following day, the Lord Mayor presiding at one, the Lord Bishop at another. The afternoon meeting was held with a view to enlist the sympathy of the mercantile and commercial men of the city, many of whom, leaving their offices and warerooms, cheerfully devoted more than an hour to the consideration of a subject that generally has few charms or attractions for those engaged in purely secular vocations. Among the frequenters of the mart and the exchange in this haven for ships there were thus found not a few who, while accustomed to observe the apostolic precept "not slothful in

business," were mindful also of the two accompanying counsels, "earnest in spirit, serving the Lord." The evening meeting was for the accommodation of the general public. On this occasion one of the speakers was the Earl of Stamford, a gentleman who proved by the character of the sentiments which he expressed that the designation "nobleman" was not to him inaptly applied; for only from a noble mind could such excellent sentiments have been evolved. He seemed to have realized the justness of Tennyson's test: "'Tis only noble to be good."

On two evenings during this week I had an opportunity of using lantern and slides. At Lathom, where this method of illustration had not been announced, the attendance was not remarkable; but in the Sunday-school building of St. Paul's Church, Prince's Park, Liverpool, the parishioners, notified on the previous Sunday by their clergyman, assembled in strong force. Eyes and ears were equally engaged in receiving the message of the deputation. Much surprise was expressed at the contrast between the Indian convert and his heathen fellow-tribesmen, as well as at the sublimity of the scenery in western Canada. Many of the pictures were quite new to both old and young. Canada and the Church's work in Canada seemed to excite the liveliest possible interest. At the close of the meeting the rector and not a few of the congregation lingered to thank the deputation for the double profit received. I already felt rewarded for the labor and time expended in making the journey through the prairies and rocky regions of the Dominion, and in obtaining views on track and trail, and in camp, shack, and school.

The following Sunday was partly spent with the aged rector of All Hallows' Church, Allerton, another suburb of the great city. The congregation was not large, but the collection was satisfactory. Including a single offering of \$100, the amount was no less than \$160.14. In the afternoon I returned to Liverpool, and took the tram-car for the old church of Walton, in which in the evening I addressed a congregation of seven hundred, and obtained for the society \$29.60. This church, like that at Seaforth, was in the midst of a hard-working population of mechanics; but, unlike Seaforth church, it had not one wealthy attendant. Hence the collection was in proportion to the congregation, small. Many of the offerings were pennies, some were shillings, none were sovereigns. The experience of deputation speakers with whom I have since conversed seems to accord with that which I had now already gained. The common opinion is that the S.P.G. receives annually a vast number of small offerings and comparatively few large gifts. Some of its supporters are among the poor of this world. These give willingly the

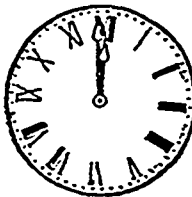
little they have saved, while the wealthy are inclined to hold back what is due. The age of Walton church may be judged from the fact that it possesses a stone font of the Saxon period.

After the completion of my first week's service, I returned to the hospitable roof of Aughton rectory and awaited further orders from London. While a guest at Aughton rectory, I saw the beautiful chapel of ease belonging to the parish, an edifice which occupies a site about three miles from St. Michael's. I also visited the old market town of Ormskirk, noted for the peculiar excellence of its ginger bread, and the possession of an ancient church which boasts of both a fine tower and a handsome spire. The roofless walls of Lydiat chapel, dating back to the time of Henry VIII., received some attention, as also Lydiat Hall, a relic of the reign of Henry VI. Many interesting traditions are associated with these ivy-covered ruins, and profitable though sad reflections, are produced by a visit to them. Their history, written by a present-day chronicler, carries one back in imagination to times of civil war, religious persecution, and spiritual error. The new times are much better in almost every way. May England continue to enjoy peace, liberty, and enlightenment; and may her sons and daughters imbibe more and more the spirit of the great missionary apostle, who, quoting Psalm xix., declared in anticipation respecting the preachers of truth: "Their sound is gone out into all lands, and their words unto the ends of the earth." If England faithfully fulfil her spiritual mission, there will soon dawn the day

"When earth's oppressed and savage tribes
Shall cease to pine or roam,
All taught to prize these English words—
Faith, Freedom, Heaven, and Home."

Woman's Auxiliary Department.

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



Remember daily the mid-day prayer for missions.

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

THE UNITED THANK-OFFERING

TO BE PRESENTED AT THE TRIENNIAL OF 1898.

The subject which we are about to consider for the next few moments is so large and far-

reaching that it seems almost beyond the limits of one short paper. As, therefore, the different heads are but lightly touched upon, we would invite you to think over and fill them out for yourselves.

The very name is so suggestive—The United Thank-offering. Who are to unite? The members of the Woman's Auxiliary in eight dioceses. Then who are they? What have they to be especially thankful for? and a score of other questions seem to rise up at once, and as the best way of answering them we will ask Time to turn backward with us for some ten or eleven years, to the days when Christ's last command was but little heeded by most of the women of our Church, though bravely acted upon by a much-to-be-honored few. At a meeting of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society held in Ottawa in April, 1885, seven ladies of that city, headed by our honored provincial president, Mrs. Tilton, presented a petition asking that they should be allowed to form a Woman's Auxiliary in connection with the Mission Board, so that the many Marys, Marthas, Phœbes, Dorcases, and Priscillas scattered from Victoria to Sydney might be gathered into one organization, to labor more abundantly and to consecrate their talents to the Lord's work of missions. The following day a resolution was forwarded from the Mission Board saying that they received with unfeigned gratitude to God the proposal to form a Woman's Auxiliary; that the Board wished this most important movement Godspeed, and that it would welcome the co-operation of all sisters in the Church in carrying out the noble object of their missionary society.

The seven ladies forming the deputation were appointed a Provisional Committee to draw up a circular to be sent to each bishop, inviting his sanction and co-operation in forming an Auxiliary in his diocese.

The work progressed during the winter following, and on the 9th of September, 1886, a meeting of the infant W.A. was held in Montreal, to form a constitution, elect officers, etc., and, in fact, the child took its first step. Mrs. Williams, wife of the late Lord Bishop of Quebec, was in the chair, and there were delegates from Ontario, Niagara, and Quebec, and representatives from Montreal, Toronto, Algoma, Fredericton, and Nova Scotia dioceses.

In the address of welcome by Mrs. Henderson, of Montreal, she says: "This movement will grow and accomplish the object it has in view if its branches exist, not by toleration, but by the love, zeal, and fostering care of each individual member, each parish, and each diocese"; and Mrs. Tilley, of London, in replying to the address, uses these prophetic words: "We have but to obey the Lord's command, and in obeying Him we shall see more and more clearly how wonderfully He can work



In Memoriam. Edward White Benson. Born. 1829; Bishop of Truro, 1876; Archbishop of Canterbury, 1882. Died, October 11th, 1896.

when His children go forth in faith. Not only will home work be well done, but probably better supported than before, and to each individual there will be a quickening of her soul that will cause her to realize the truth of Scripture when it says, 'He that watereth shall himself be watered.'

While the work of remodelling the constitution drawn up by the Provisional Committee was being carried on, a most gratifying interruption took place by the advent of a large and most influential deputation from the Provincial Synod, bearing the greetings and cordial recognition of that body to the ladies assembled, and to the newly-organized association which it was intended thus to recognize and strengthen. It was led by their lordships Bishops Sullivan, of Algoma, and Hamilton, of Niagara, and consisted of many prominent clergy and delegates to the synod.

Thus the Auxiliary began its career with episcopal and clerical approval, and we ever pride ourselves upon the marks of the continuance of this favor which come to us from time to time.

Miss Emery, general secretary of the Woman's Auxiliary in the United States, was

present at this meeting and wound up her address with these words: "The great thing is the consecration, by *each individual*, of time, money, and self to the service of Christ. It will deepen the feeling of what life is given for."

The formation of twenty-eight branches was reported.

Coming, then, to the first Triennial meeting, in 1886, we find the total number of branches to be 169; membership, 1,139; and money raised in the three years, \$9,223.04. Now, in the tenth year of our Woman's Auxiliary life, when we are asked to show our thankfulness, what results can we record? Not far off 500 branches, nearly 12,000 members, 1,784 bales sent out in the past three years, and \$72,202.47 raised for missionary purposes, new material, and freight, ten missionaries and seven Bible-women supported by the W.A., ten children of missionaries educated wholly or in part, many churches, parsonages, Indian schools, missions, and individuals assisted in our own fair Canada, and the loving, helping hand of the Woman's Auxiliary stretched out across the seas to Japan, India, China, Corea, Africa, Armenia—in fact, to almost every land where God's

message of love and salvation is being carried to the heathen.

Let us turn once more to that first meeting, and hear the closing words of the president, "I believe that *prayer* is the strongest power, for it is *grace* that will accomplish this work."

Thank God, those words can echo in our hearts to-day. Prayer is the mainstay of our Auxiliary, and daily do we unite in using the prayer compiled by this very president, Mrs. Williams, and who can feel aught but that it is grace alone that has caused the work set on foot by these seven women to expand as it has done?

THANK-OFFERING.

For what are we asked to be thankful? First, for the measure of success which has been granted to the Woman's Auxiliary as a whole in its efforts to benefit others and win souls for Christ.

Second, for the great benefit and blessing the W.A. has been to the individual spiritual life of its members themselves.

First, does not even this hasty and imperfect review of the material growth of our Auxiliary show what must call forth deep thankfulness

to Almighty God for so many blessings? As to the spiritual outcome of our prayers and work, surely no one can measure that but Him for whose honor and glory we have lovingly tried to use the time and talents He has given us. The oft-repeated refrain that comes from the mission fields, "We could not do without the Woman's Auxiliary," tells its own joyous tale to us, and ought we not to be very thankful indeed for even that one encouragement? and yet we have many more for which to be grateful.

Then we come to the second heading, "The individual spiritual life of the members themselves."

Ah! here comes a very *home* matter. Look into your own lives, dear friends, and see with how much good we can credit the W.A.

Think if our loving Saviour has not drawn you closer to Him since you first heard and thought more of those who know Him not, even by name? Are not your sympathies enlarged, your time better arranged so as to consecrate more of it to God, your self-denials increased, your purse more open? Has not the "toleration" with which, perhaps, you first consented to be a member quickened into the "love and zeal" spoken of by Mrs. Henderson? Has not your connection with the Auxiliary widened your ideas beyond your own parish, diocese, or even our grand Dominion, and, as Miss Emery said, "deepened the feelings of what life was given for"? And, best of all, see how our members have been and are being led by the Holy Spirit to give *themselves* to His work—for missions. And into the secret sorrowing inner chamber of many a heart has an interest in the Auxiliary come as a God-given lifting-up of the bowed head and balm to the broken spirit when crushed to earth by some chastening stroke.

Each heart knoweth its own sorrows, and it is not for me to lift the curtain of these all too sacred precincts further than to ask you to *show* your thankfulness to a merciful Saviour who has so led you to follow His footsteps, and losesome of the keenness of your own grief while ministering to others who are crying aloud for your practical and loving help. And wafted to us down the years come those beautiful words quoted by Mrs. Tilley, "He that watereth shall himself be watered."

THE HOSPITAL IN JAPAN.

The object laid before us by the Provincial Board, to which our thank-offerings are to be designated, is a much-needed one. Our lady medical missionary, Miss Smith, has done splendid work in the hospital in Kobé, of which the *Leaflet* has kept us informed from time to time.

Since moving to Nagano the work of the training school for nurses has had to be much

curtailed, as the only hospital there is not fit for ladies to work in, and is most unpopular with the natives.

The thank-offering given at the last Triennial will be devoted to the lease of a lot of land, on which a small dispensary will be erected now, and, later on, the hospital. This will enable Miss Smith and her nurses to do something, but only in a very cramped way. To give them scope for the grand work which lies open to them in reaching dark souls through suffering bodies is to be our privilege in this thank-offering, coupled with the "rendering unto God the things that are God's" in grateful recognition of Auxiliary blessings, only a very few of which time has permitted me to touch on.

Please think these out for yourselves, and when you remember a blessing be practical, and give, then and there, a definite thank-offering for that particular blessing, no matter how small the offering may have to be. Don't put it off until another time in hopes of having a larger amount to offer. It is the motive, not the sum, the Lord looks at, and five cents given in the right spirit will be more acceptable than thousands of dollars given for show. Speak often to each other of this thank-offering, and make it the subject of your meetings now and then, inviting reasons for it from your members at large. The Bible is full of references to the duties of thank-offerings. If every time we came across them in our Bible study we put a cent in our thank-offering box, the reference would remain more firmly in our minds. The thirty-fifth chapter of Exodus always seems to me very especially an Auxiliary chapter. The offerings described there can find many counterparts in our work. Beginning with the willing mind, going on to the silver and gold, and the blue and purple, and scarlet and fine linen, spun by the wise women, represented by the work for our bales; then the necessaries for the tabernacle, the service, and Aaron, corresponding with the church furnishings, surplices, stoles, and other such articles; the jewels, some of which many of our women have given, and so on. Please enlarge this heading. And do not let us stop there, but go on to the fifth, sixth, and seventh verse of the thirty-sixth chapter, and each act our part in imitating the free givings of the children of Israel, so that when the thank-offering of 1898 is brought in it may be said of us, "There is sufficient of all the stuff to make," and, we would add, *endow*, the hospital of the Woman's Auxiliary in Japan. The "too much" there can never be while so many heathen hearts are awaking there and crying to us "Jesus-people," as they call us, to "come over and help them to know that Christ, the love of whom constraineth us to give to Him our Woman's Auxiliary thank-offering."

L.H.M.

Mite boxes are now ready for the thank-

offering. Apply to your Diocesan Treasurer, who will supply them gratis. (See September Leaflet, page 362.)

SOUTH AMERICA.

LET us take a hasty glance at the neglected sister continent, South America, and what do we see? A vast land four thousand miles long and over two thousand in breadth, a stupendous continent indeed, with its seven million square miles of area. Over this vast land mighty rivers roll on to the parent ocean and lofty mountains raise their snow-capped peaks to the clear blue above. Of the mineral wealth, the tropical beauty, and numerous exports of this land we need not speak, nor of the variety in climate, but we would pass on to a consideration of the different peoples found here.

When about three centuries ago the Spaniards, sailing unknown seas in search of spoil and glory, landed on the western coast of South America, Europe for the first time touched the Pacific seaboard of the new world, and found, instead of savages, the Incas with all their wonderful palaces, social and industrial system, and their wealth, accumulated for centuries. These people ruled over the Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia of to-day. Away to the south we find the Fuegians, miserable, naked, shivering creatures, who creep along the sea shore seeking their food. Turning our eyes northward, we see Indian tribes roasting amid the endless forest of the Amazon, tropical children of the same great family, and between these extremes of north and south five million Indians wander across the deserts of Patagonia, prairies of Paraguay, and the Andes uplands, to which they have been driven from their ancestral possessions. The most northern countries are chiefly occupied by the Spaniards, and the English-speaking people are to be found on the vast plains of Brazil.

Returning to the Indians, we find they live a simple life; old and young, leaving their hammocks at sunrise, go to the brink of the nearest stream and take their morning bath, after which the day's work begins, which consists chiefly in the procuring of food and watching for poisonous ants and reptiles. The homes of these people are exceedingly simple, consisting of stakes driven into the ground close together and roofs of palm leaves; glancing within we see the only furniture is the hammocks strung from pole to pole.

These Indian tribes require that their youths should pass through an ordeal before claiming the rights of manhood. On the day selected, the young man, amid the crash of drums, steps boldly into a circle and thrusts his arm, beyond his elbow, into a gourd filled with hornets, wasps, and ants (one sting of the last mentioned

being enough to make a strong man faint). How eagerly his face is scanned by the assembly, but no cry of pain escapes between his clinched teeth; the blood may spurt from his pores, but this gallant youth will not show the white feather. At a sign from the medicine man his arm is withdrawn from the gourd and a large bowl of intoxicating liquor is handed him, part of which he drinks and part is poured upon the ground, after which he is welcomed to his tribe. Though cruel in some respects, these tribes have strong affection for one another; the mothers love their children, yet will bury alive a weak or sickly infant. Funerals are conducted with much decorum. The deceased is dressed in his best clothes and laid in his grave in a vertical, horizontal, or inclined position, according as he has directed, and with him are his moccasins, knife, money and silver ornaments, as well as a small quantity of food. Figures expressive of the pursuits and achievements of the deceased are carved upon a post which marks his resting-place.

As to the Christianity of South America, it is largely Roman Catholic. Here we see the fruit of three hundred years of the Pope's sway, with the result that the people are down-trodden and oppressed. The Sunday is a day given to gambling, holiday amusements, and all sorts of evil, a day that when spent leaves the people firmer in Satan's iron grip, instead of closer to our Saviour and stronger for Him. The sad, sad story of how the pilgrim fathers of South America fought their way through Romish mobs and across the broad Atlantic, only to find themselves in a worse condition than in the homeland, and how they suffered and died for Christ, giving their lives for South America, has touched many a heart. In 1640 the Dutch made an attempt to win Guiana for Christ. However, the brave Moravians, knowing no worse climate existed, gladly gave their lives for Dutch Guiana, and the missionary parties arrived; and one by one they gave their lives before winning one convert, and for the first fifty years every soul won for Christ cost a missionary's life, and to-day we find that two-thirds of the whole Guiana population is Christian! Thus we see the blood of the martyrs has proved to be the seed of the Church.

Leaving the north, we now turn our attention to dark Fuego, and read: "Amid ice, snow, and storm; in small boats, unseaworthy, heavily laden, crowded; adrift among the awful rocks of Tierra del Fuego; beaten by savage Indians from the inhospitable shore in the long nights of rigorous black winter; forced by furious hurricanes to shelter in dank caverns; their scant supply of food lessening day by day; life itself quickly ebbing away; Allan Gardiner and his six brave companions, pioneers of the Patagonian Mission, bore in their bodies the death-

brand of the Lord Jesus, and clung to life for nine awful months. Yet their faith never wavered." Thus at the extreme south, and for South America's lowest race, these noble lives were given. The struggle to gain a footing amongst the inhuman Fuegians you doubtless all know. But what is the present need of this country? Ah! great is the need! What are less than 400 Christians amongst 37,000,000, that is, about 10,000 persons for each worker? We see what has been done, we see what needs to be done. Listen! Ecuador, not one missionary; Bolivia, not one; Venezuela, only one; and the other countries so very, very poorly supplied. There are thousands of English-speaking people scattered over the country of the Argentine thirsting to hear the Word of life, and with little or no exertion large crowds come to hear Gospel preaching in the cities, and there are none to tell them the plain, simple truth of the loving, dying Saviour. Surely our lesson of the Good Samaritan applies to every one of us in this Christian Canada. Has not South America been robbed of the truth of a true Saviour, and are not those in our sister continent lying almost dead? Who will act the part of neighbor? Who will tell the glad news? Laying aside the thoughts of comfort and ease, let us who have but one life to live, live it for Him who thought it not too great a price to pay, to leave all and suffer much to redeem us.

"Can we whose souls are lightened,
With true light from on high,
Can we to souls benighted,
The lamp of life deny?"

Toronto.

M. MITCHELL.

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

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"**H**E is mine!" cried Attalus. "Am I to be robbed as well as kept a prisoner? I will appeal to Hunderik."

That was not so easy, however, for Hunderik's winged helmet was to be seen in the midst of several others, the spears bristling beside them and their armor jingling and shining in the sun, and they rode on so fast that poor Attalus, on foot, had not a chance of overtaking them. It was a hard matter to him to get through that day's journey, with very little food, and that of the roughest, coarsest kind, thrown to him with laughs of scorn; and when his feet, unused to such walking over rocks and thorns, lagged behind, there was a cry of "Ho! pledge, wouldst escape?"

and one of the men threatened to beat him or goad him forward.

That night they reached Treves, Augusta Trevirorum as it was called, a considerable city, with a fine triumphal arch and many Roman buildings. Hunderik did not care to sleep within the walls, but went to dine there on the good fare of the cooks, and some of the inhabitants came out to see whether the Franks had anything to barter with them for provisions. One was a Jew who had fine armor to dispose of, a beautiful sword inlaid by the Greeks of Constantinople, and a breastplate both strong and light. He described it, but he had been prudent enough to leave it in the city, and Hunderik's own sword was dented and injured at the point, his breastplate sorely battered. What would the Jew take for his ware? Here was his chain of gold. No, that was not worth a quarter of the sword's value, for half the links were gone. A dozen of kine which he would send down from the hills? The Jew was too wary to trust to promises. At last, after refusing several such offers, he cast his eyes on Gola. That slave would make up the balance.

"He is mine," shouted Attalus.

"I am my Lord Bishop Gregory's," exclaimed Gola. "He sent me in charge of his grandson, whom I have tended from his infancy."

"Slave tending a slave," said Hunderik, with a sneer.

"He is full old," said the Jew, approaching to handle his arms and legs, as was the custom of slave-dealers. Attalus threw himself between, crying out, "He is mine! he is mine! You shall not touch him."

"What insolence is this?" and with his heavy hand Hunderik knocked the boy down, so that he lay unconscious for some minutes; and when, dazed and bewildered, he opened his eyes and sat up, Gola, Hunderik, and the Jew were all gone. The Jew, perhaps, saw his way to selling the poor old Moor again to his true master, and thus making a considerable profit out of his bargain; and while Gola was weeping and bending over his young charge, two great Franks bound his hands and arms and dragged him off, with kicks and blows, under charge of the Jew, laughing and mocking aloud as he wept, bewailed, and implored in a language they could not understand.

Poor little Attalus! his desolation was complete. He sat crouched upon the ground, trying not to weep and provoke the mirth of the rude warriors who passed by him, and whose jeers he happily did not understand. How much he had really loved old Gola as well as depended on his care he did not know till he had thus lost him and with no knowledge of his future. It was late in the day, and there was no one to go out and forage for his supper, and he was too miserable and frightened to do it

for himself; but he sat there, in the same sad posture, sometimes sobbing quietly to himself, sometimes murmuring a prayer that God would take care of him, till it had grown dark, and at last slumber overpowered him—the first time he could remember going to sleep without Gola's tender care of him.

He was wakened by the horns and the stir among the troop, and he stood up, aching, weary, and too faint and exhausted even to feel hungry, so that he tottered when he began to move, and he felt a moment's hope that if he sank down, was forgotten, and left behind he might creep back into Trevas, where there were plenty of Roman clergy, and perhaps find Gola once more. But he was disappointed. He was too valuable thus to be neglected, and presently he heard Hunderik saying what he knew too well meant, "Where's the little dog of a hostage? Ha! limping like a sickly calf. Take him up before you on your horse, one of you."

So Attalus found himself astride the neck of one of the great lumbering war-horses of the Franks, as wretchedly uncomfortable a perch as could be conceived, though he did not fall off, and was carried along, belted to the horseman, as a miserable forlorn piece of baggage for whose relief or ease the rider cared not in the least. However, it was important to keep him alive, and thus, when at the halting-place on the border of a forest he was found to have swooned quite away and was lifted down unconscious, he was shaken hard by way of restoration, and when he opened his eyes a wine-cup was held to his lips. He turned away his head, but heard, "Ho! ho! bring the horn." The notion of being drenched like a horse waked the boy thoroughly; he swallowed the draught, a long one, and then found himself revived enough to eat a bit of the toughest of flesh, half raw, half dry, and without bread or salt, but he was famished enough to swallow anything, and when lifted on horseback again he actually slept in a manner, though conscious all the time of the painful jar of the horse's tramp, the tight belt round him, and the roughness of the leathern garment against which his head hung rather than rested.

How he got through those last few days he could never tell—they were all like one long and horrid dream, in which he seemed to have been going on forever, bound fast on the rack of the rude saddle, with the tramp of the horse ever jarring through him; and he was past all curiosity as to what was to come next—it seemed as if there never would be any end, though latterly he began to be dimly conscious that the horse was mounting more slowly up a hill, and that there was forest ground all round, the tops of trees making a darkness. At last there was a halt, the belt that cut into him was unstrapped, he was lifted down, and when it proved that he

could not stand he was picked up in those same rude arms and carried into some kind of dark shelter, where there was a strange buzz of rough and shrill voices mingled together, and the light of a red flickering fire flashed out.

Something he heard in Hunderik's always alarming voice about a miserable little feeble mouse of a Roman hostage, who must nevertheless be kept alive and safe, for he might be worth something to them; but he was past understanding it, and had little perception of anything but being brought into warmth, laid down upon something soft and strange, and presently a woman's voice saying some word that probably meant "drink," for a vessel of something very hot and like broth was held before him, while a woman's arm raised him, and a woman's great knotted hand put a spoon to his lips.

"Wretched little weakling! Thou hast nearly been the death of him."

"No, no, Frau. Even a bishop's lambkin is not so frail as that."

So much Attalus heard and half understood while the very greasy soup went down his throat, followed by a dose of warm sour milk; and he was dimly sensible of figures carousing round a long table, of firelight, of female forms flitting about waiting on the men, and of the light glancing now and then on bushes of hair as fair and flaxen as that of Baldrik before it was shaven; of pitying, wondering, girlish voices now and then; but women and girls were strange, unwonted creatures to the Bishop's grandson, who did not remember his own parents, and had come to the household after the old man had ceased to be a senator and had become a priest. Gola was the only nurse he could remember, and sorely he missed him now, in the long feverish, exhausted state in which he lay before sleep at last gave a respite to his woes.

CHAPTER VIII.—HUNDERIK AT HOME.

When Attalus awoke there was morning light in the place, but it was for the most part in twilight, only that spots of red sometimes came in here and there, and played upon what he now saw to be the rude beams, or rather trees, of an open pointed roof of reed and heather. He was lying on a heap of fern and heather, but he felt dreadfully stiff and sore, and as recollection came back to him he was afraid to move, even if he could have done so without pain, for fear of bringing some of his tormentors on him, or waking the terrible-looking wolf-hounds with rough dun hair and long noses that lay slumbering by the still smouldering remnant of the wood and peat fire, where a little red light glowed among the ashes.

(To be continued.)

Young People's Department.



THE VALLEY RIVER SCHOOL, MANITOBA.

THE VALLEY RIVER, INDIAN RESERVE, MANITOBA.

TWO illustrations have come to us from the far Northwest, Manitoba, showing the Valley River school.

Early in 1895 the Rev. C. A. Sadleir, of Wycliffe College, Toronto, who was the English Church missionary of Russell, took a great interest in the Indians of the Valley River Reserve, which lies far to the north. They were all wild heathen, and the children were growing up without a knowledge of a Creator, still more without knowing of a loving Saviour who longed to be theirs. A young Englishman who was learning farming round here, and who had given his heart to the Lord, a Mr. E. Miller, felt a decided call from on high to devote his life to the service of His Master, and Mr. Sadleir, feeling that the time was ripe and God had supplied the man, opened up the mission in one of the huts, and Mr. Miller held school there till the Indians went hunting. Then he went with them, holding school for the children on the Duck Mountains during the day and camping with them at night. This hard life and exposure, with often barely enough to eat, caused him in June to have a severe attack of diphtheria, and for many weeks he lay in Russell very ill. But God raised him up to health and strength again, and in August he, accompanied by the mission-

ary then in charge of the Russell mission (Rev. George Gill), went to the Reserve to see what could be done to reopen this work. After much prayer, and discussion with a local committee, we decided to erect a schoolhouse, and also a little shanty for the teacher to live in. This has been done. Then the matter was laid before Archdeacon Phair and the Diocesan Committee of the C.M.S., who made us a grant to help us, we raising the remainder required locally and by donations. The work began again, with a regular attendance of twelve children out of sixteen on the roll, and God has blessed it. Most of these children best of all really love Jesus Christ. Then they can read little words, do easy arithmetic, know the "Lord's Prayer," and "Jesus, tender Shepherd," both in English and Indian, and sing many hymns in Indian. The older Indians are invited in every evening to reading and prayers, and many regularly attend; and the light of truth is beginning to grow bright in their lives. We believe the chief is a true Christian.

While the Indians are hunting this year, or away picking berries and roots, the children are all left with one of the oldest, who boards and attends to them, so that they can attend school, and it is indeed a blessed thing to hear these dear little Indians singing, with hands clasped, the grace before meals, and kneeling night and

morning repeating their prayers. Dear reader, are you as earnest about these good things?

God has also blessed us financially and supplied our needs; although, we often have an anxious time to know where the next money is coming from. This coming winter the Government have thought fit to alter the game laws; and we fear there will be poverty on this Reserve and help will be needed to enable the women and children to keep from starving. Clothes and donations would be thankfully received by the Rev. Geo. Gill, Russell Post Office, Manitoba. G. G.

HARRY STEELE: A PARSON'S TALE.

HARRY STEELE and his wife were two of my parishioners. Always regular at church, and as regular in life; kind, cheerful, warm-hearted, I could not help loving them, and I felt sure that they loved me as well.

They had but one child, and they had but one fault—at least only one that ever came before me. The one fault was connected with this one child. They doted on him, and they spoiled him.

Often and often have I entreated them not to give the child what it cried for; to punish him when in the wrong; to insist on his going to school; and to let their yea and nay be law. I told them that they could do all this very gently and kindly, and that the boy would love them all the better for it before long; and, indeed, that it would save him much restlessness and ill-humor if they once made him understand that when they refused him anything they would not change for his wheedling, or whining, or crying. But it would not do. They loved their child, not too much, but so unwisely that they spoiled him, and they turned their one cup of joy into bitterness.

Harry Steele grew up a careless, froward, self-willed boy. He had his good points, but they were small compared with the bad. He was troublesome at school, troublesome at church, troublesome in the parish. His ill name grew as he grew. I had less and less hold over him, and his parents had none at all.

One day I went to the cottage, and saw him in the garden. He saw me and turned away, and went to the farther end of the ground. I entered, and found his mother weeping most bitterly. I asked her the cause. It was long before she spoke. At last she said, "You were right, sir; you were right. I have ruined my boy. He has—"

"What has he done?" I asked. She could not answer. At last she said:

"Do not let it be known. I forgive him. From the bottom of my heart, I forgive him. O that God would do so, too! He swore at me—swore at his own mother."

"What could make him do this?" I inquired.

"He wants to go to the Fair, and he asked me for money. I was afraid he would get into mischief, and refused. He is not used to my refusing him. I wish I had done it before; I wish I had. So he grew angry, and went away with an oath."

I said all I could to comfort the poor woman. But what was it? What could I say? She had sown, and she was reaping. I prayed with her, and left her.

As I went out I noticed Harry at the bottom of the garden, and I went down to him. He turned away, and tried to avoid me, but I would not let him. I was determined he should hear me, and he did so.

"Harry," I said, "you have made your mother weep. Do you not know how she loves you?"

He made no reply.

"Harry," I answered, "it is not too late. Go to her; tell her that you are sorry, and ask her to forgive you."

The lad's temper was up, and he replied, "I won't."

"Harry," I said, "God sees you and me. He hears you. O, let me entreat you. You do not know what you are doing. You will be very sorry some day, and perhaps too late."

He was silent.

"Harry," I said, "you know the Fifth Commandment. You are offending God when you grieve your mother. That Fifth Commandment will rise up in judgment against you. You will remember it. It will come into your mind. You will be wretched. Come with me, and at once. It will be very easy. She only waits to pardon you. Begin now, and all your future life will be so different, so happy. Now—whilst you feel grieved—go at once."

His lip trembled. He hesitated. I prayed silently for him. He seemed on the point of going to his mother, but he did not. A wild companion whistled to him from the road. He sprang through the hedge, and left me alone. I sat down in sorrow, and then went softly round the cottage, and returned to the Vicarage.

Next day the fair took place at the post-town; and the day after I heard that there had been a riot, and damage done to men and property, and that some of the rioters were in custody, and others had fled. Amongst the latter was Harry Steele. His mother had a short letter from him, dated from Liverpool, to say that he had joined a ship bound for Australia.

It required no observation to see that a change soon passed upon Steele as well as upon his wife. After the first shock they went on their way in life as usual, but yet very differently. They were more frequently at church than ever, but they never stayed to talk with their neighbors before or after service at the church-yard gate. At work all was done regularly, but



VALLEY RIVER SCHOOL. (See page 255.)

they seemed like machines working in a dull routine, without interest, and almost without consciousness.

Month followed month, year succeeded year, and no letter reached them. They heard of a man who was reported to have seen Harry, and they went ten miles to meet him, but he knew nothing. He had only heard from another man that Harry was at the gold-diggings. That was all.

You might see Steele walking by his horses as he went with the wagon. He never whistled now, nor sang as he once did, but plodded on in a sort of dream. This was the end of him. The horses started one day, and he was not quick enough. He was knocked down; the wheel went over him, and he was carried home in the wagon a corpse. After this his wife did not linger long. She had no disease; but she ebbed away, and was found dead in her bed. I buried her beside her husband.

Ten years after that I was reading the Communion Service, and came to the Fifth Commandment. As the choir commenced the "Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law," a loud and bitter cry rang through the church, overpowering the voices of the choir, who stopped, awe-struck, as they heard—

"I cannot. I have none. I have been the death of them. O, my God, my God!"

There was a long and awful silence. At last I gathered courage and went on, although I could hear sobs and groans from time to time. Before I finished the Commandments a man rose up and left the church. I looked! it was Harry Steele.

I went up into the pulpit, but I could not preach. I simply said:

"My brethren,—We have had our sermon to-day. Children, you will never hear such another. I will only say, remember that we have a Heavenly Father, and if our sins against our earthly parents are so grievous, what of our sins against Him? Yet He is still our Father, still waiting to receive and forgive. Whilst we can, let such of us as have earthly parents still

living, love, honor, and succor them; and let us all love God more, and serve Him with all our hearts—our hearts."

I then went down from the pulpit, and proceeded with the service.

I had not to seek Harry. He came to me himself, and we were together for several hours in my study. They sent for me to come and have some food, but he could not cease speaking and weeping, and I could not cease hearing and weeping with him.

If ever there was a broken-hearted, wretched man, it was Harry Steele.

"If I had but gone to my mother," he said, "when you begged me—if I had but written to my parents regularly—it would

have been so easy; it would have given them such comfort; but I did not. I do not know why I did not, but I did not. Sometimes I was going to do it, but I could not say I was living as they wished. Then I was nearly starving. Then I began to grow rich, and thought I would return suddenly, and that would delight them. Then I gambled and lost all, and was ashamed. I began again. I grew rich. I have five hundred pounds of my own. What was the use of it? I came home, meaning to make them comfortable in their old age, and they are dead, and I killed them—killed them both. O, my God, my God! There never were such loving parents; never such an ungrateful son. O, I remember one thing after another, and my head is ready to burst, and my heart too. O, my God, how can I say 'Our Father'? How can I?"

It was a bitter repentance, but the more bitter, the more sincere and thorough. Harry became a changed man: so gentle, so humble, so anxious to do good. I often found a sovereign in the offertory; and I knew the yellow Australian gold, and who had given it.

Harry became my gardener, my friend, my companion. After a few years his hardships in Australia bore their deadly fruit. He fell into a decline. He lies beside his parents in the churchyard. He had placed grave-stones over them, and left directions as to his own. The inscription is—

HENRY STEELE,

AGED 30.

DIED 1860.

HONOR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER.
FATHER, I HAVE SINNED AGAINST HEAVEN
AND BEFORE THEE :
AND AM NO MORE WORTHY
TO BE CALLED THY SON.
JESU, MERCY.

Conquer we shall, but we must first contend,
'Tis not the fight that crowns us, but the end.

A BRAVE SOLDIER.



HE Rev. John G. Paton is a brave and faithful missionary, who has spent a long life of hardship and peril, among the fierce islanders of the South Seas. Would you like to know a few facts taken from the story of this wonderful life? He was born in Scotland nearly seventy years ago. This is what he says of his home: Our home consisted of a 'but' and a 'ben' and a 'mid-room.' Not a very large house, was it?"

We wonder how they managed for dining-room and kitchen and parlor, and we are still more puzzled when we hear that the father's workshop, and the little room where the father went generally after each meal, to pray for his family, were in that little home. And what a happy home it was, especially on Sunday!

How many of you are twelve years of age? What would you, who are twelve, think of working from six o'clock in the morning to ten at night, taking two hours for meals—an hour for dinner, and half an hour each for breakfast and supper? And what do you think he did during the few minutes he had to himself between his meals and his work? He studied Latin and Greek, for he had already given his heart to God, and resolved to aim at being a missionary of the Cross, or a minister of the Gospel. Do you wonder that such a boy became a noble man?

How hard he studied, and how many sacrifices he made, and what he did in city mission work in Glasgow, when he was a few years older, are all told in such an interesting way in his book that it is safe to say that no reader of this magazine could have a better book for the missionary book-shelf than the life of this good man. Perhaps you can find it in the Sunday-school library. Suppose you try to get it. Will you?

But I must tell you a few things about Mr. Paton's work in the far-off islands of those far-off seas.

What would you think of going to an island to live where the people were painted savages and cannibals, and very ignorant and vicious, and almost devoid of natural affection; people who were constantly at war, and who hated white people because they thought that all were like the wicked traders who came to their islands from other lands, and cheated them and killed them?

That is what Mr. Paton did, because he loved the souls of these savages and wanted to tell them about Jesus. He lived among them for nearly thirty-five years.

What do you think these natives believed when war came, or there was no rain, or sickness came, or disaster of any kind?

They thought the missionaries and their Jehovah-worship were to blame. So, if the ban-

anas or yams suffered, if there was dissatisfaction in any quarter, they thought the best and only thing to do was to kill the missionaries.

Mr. Paton gives many accounts of the uprisings of the islanders, and the peril his life was in during these exciting scenes. Here is a short account taken from the book I would like everyone to read: "One day, while toiling away at my house, the war-chief, his brother, and a large party of armed men surrounded the plot where I was working. They all had muskets, besides their own native weapons. They watched me for some time in silence, and then every man levelled a musket straight at my head. Escape was impossible. Speech would only have increased my danger. My eyesight came and went for a few moments. I prayed to my Lord Jesus, either Himself to protect me, or to take me home to His glory. I tried to keep working on at my task, as if no one was near me. In that moment, as never before, the words came to me: 'Whatsoever ye shall ask in My Name, I will do it,' and I knew that I was safe. Retiring a little from their first position, no word having been spoken, they took up the same attitude somewhat farther off, and seemed to be urging one another to fire the first shot. But my dear Lord restrained them once again, and they withdrew, leaving me with a new cause for trusting Him with all that concerned me for Time and Eternity."

Do you not think he was a brave soldier of the Cross? Such bravery and such love were used by the Holy Spirit to change the hearts of those poor people. One of these was Kowia, a chief of the highest rank, who said, when his people wanted to deprive him of his chieftainship because he worshipped the true God, "Take all! I shall stand by Missi and the worship of Jehovah!"

During Mr. Paton's illness, this brave chief watched and prayed over him with great faithfulness. "Touched to the very fountain of my life," says Mr. Paton, "by such prayers from a man once a cannibal, I began under God's blessing to revive." This chief "died as he had lived since Jesus came to his heart," and, writing of him, Mr. Paton says: "I lost, in losing him, one of my best helpers; but I knew that day, and I know now, that there is one soul at least from Tanna to sing the glories of Jesus in Heaven, and oh! the rapture when I meet him there!"—*Children's Work for Children.*

Broad and deep and glorious
As the Heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

Light of light! shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way;
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day.

The Canadian Church Magazine AND MISSION NEWS.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE RT. REV. DR. GRISDALE, the new Bishop of Qu'Appelle, has gone to England, where doubtless he will be able to secure some support for his diocese.

MRS. BOMPAS has returned to England for the present. Her husband is once more alone with his work, which nothing can tempt him even temporarily to leave.

MR. C. G. SAMPSON sailed in July from England for Cumberland Sound, a remote place within the Arctic Circle, to take the place of the Rev. E. J. Peck, who is returning to England.

NATIVE missionary work is being pushed vigorously by Bishop Tucker in Africa. In Uganda recently he ordained three natives to the priesthood, and admitted five well-tested lay helpers to the diaconate. At the same time twenty-two men were licensed as lay readers.

THE Rt. Rev. William D. Walker, S.T.D., well known as a successful missionary bishop, has been elected to succeed the late Bishop Coxé, of Western New York. This diocese is soon to be divided, a new diocese to be formed with Rochester as the see city.

THE RT. REV. DR. WILLIS, Bishop of Honolulu, has just completed twenty-five years of his episcopate. During that time the Church in Hawaii has made good progress, and several

missions among the Chinese there have been established. Queen Liliuokalani was recently baptized and confirmed by the Bishop.

THE Provincial Synod of Canada is summoned to meet in Montreal on the eleventh of November to elect a bishop for the missionary diocese of Algoma. The Board of Management of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society will meet as soon as the business of the Provincial Synod is over.

THE report of the Colonial and Continental Church Society for 1895-6 shows a good deal of work done to help the Church abroad. Besides the extensive work done by the society in Europe, several dioceses in Canada, Newfoundland, West Indies, South Africa, India, Australia, and New Zealand receive regular aid from this society. It was established in 1823.

We have received some copies of "*The Far East*" from Japan. This is an English edition of a Japanese monthly, and one is surprised at the high tone which pervades it. It is published in Tokio and has a few well-executed half-tone illustrations. The articles are thoughtful and well written. The work would grace almost any English or American periodical, and it is but one other indication of the wonderful change which in our own day has come over a land noted for its barbarous customs. May the holiness of the Christian religion soon dawn upon them to sanctify them and their praiseworthy civilization!

OBITUARY.

We are called upon this month to chronicle the death of the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose portrait, in memoriam, we give in another column of this issue. The sudden and entirely unexpected death of Archbishop Benson has given a shock to the Christian world, and has caused profound sorrow. He was a man whose single aim seemed to be the promotion of the welfare of the Church both at home and abroad, and in every single department of it he took a lively interest. He was a working archbishop, and the whole Anglican communion throughout the world will mourn sincerely his loss. He was buried in Canterbury, where, previous to Reformation days, the primates were always interred. The grand old cathedral has many shrines of the archbishops of old. It holds none more worthy than him whose remains have lately been deposited there.

We regret also to have to record the death of the Rev. Canon Henderson, D.D., principal of the Montreal Diocesan Theological College. He was born in Londonderry, Ireland, and was a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin. After

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 serving as curate in England and Ireland, he came out to Canada, and was appointed a missionary at Pembroke by Bishop Lewis, of Ontario. He then went to the United States and filled some positions there, after which he returned to Canada, and was appointed to Durham, in the diocese of Montreal. In 1878 he was made principal of the Diocesan College, a position which he held with credit to himself and honor to the college till his recent death. This event occurred just as the new college, in which he took great pride, was inaugurated. Dr. Henderson was kind and gentle in manner, and will be much missed in Montreal.

Niagara diocese, also, we regret to say, has lost one of its leading laymen in Henry T. Ridley, Esq., M.D., who was suddenly called away while far from home taking a trip for the benefit of his health. Dr. Ridley was a staunch Churchman, and a life-long, devoted member of Christ Church Cathedral, Hamilton, where he was almost a perpetual churchwarden and delegate to synod. Dr. Ridley's kindness to the clergy, and devotion to the Church, were widely known, and the city of Hamilton, and the diocese at large, will greatly miss him.

CANON MOCKRIDGE'S RECENT BOOK.

In lieu of a Review Notice of our own regarding Dr. Mockridge's recent biographies we append the following clipped from the *Toronto World*:

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 "The following extract from *The St. James' Budget* (England) has been sent me, and I am very glad to give it space in these columns, seeing it is about a gentleman than whom none higher stands in the affections of all who know him, while others from mere hearsay have learnt to respect and admire his singleness of purpose and earnest devotion to his life's work. 'Not the least striking feature of the colonizing activity of Great Britain during the nineteenth century,' says *The Budget*, 'has been the fact that, simultaneously with the expansion of the empire, there has grown up into vigorous life a colonial Church which, like the colonies themselves, still owes allegiance to the mother country. To Canada belongs the distinction of having set the example, which has been so well followed by other British dependencies; and a peculiar interest, therefore, attaches to the history of the Canadian Church. That history has not yet been fully written, but Dr. Charles H. Mockridge, Canon of St. Alban's Cathedral, Toronto, has published through *Church Bells*'—a well-known Church paper in England—a book entitled 'The Bishops of the Church of England in Canada and Newfoundland,' which, he modestly claims, is designed to furnish the outline of such an histori-

cal work, should it ever be undertaken. As a matter of fact, Dr. Mockridge has given us, in the form of brief but admirably written biographies of the bishops of the Dominion, an account of the Canadian Church which can scarcely fail to be of value, both to English and to Canadian Churchmen. From the physical character of the country it will be realized that the Canadian Church was not extended from 'ocean to ocean' without ceaseless labor and unflinching zeal. This is an age which has never hesitated to accord unstinted honor to the heroism of modern missionaries, but it may be doubted whether there are many stories of missionary enterprise more interesting than those which are to be found interspersed throughout Dr. Mockridge's pleasant pages.'

OUR CHINESE BROTHER AND "WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?"

When recently strolling as tourists with an able and sympathetic guide in Victoria, B.C., one could not be but surprised and impressed with the huge wave of Chinese life which, in God's providence, has quietly settled itself upon the shores of the great Northwest.

Here are the Celestials by the thousand living side by side of our Canadian civilization, bringing their traditions into the heart of Victoria, proving themselves, not only to be a law-abiding people, working with their own hands in varied ingenious fashion, which has a fascination from its indescribable deftness and minute lines of beauty, but filling in the great gap of domestic need, so keenly felt, with an aptness and a reliability which won a willing testimony from the highest authorities in Victoria, adapting their well-worn customs of centuries to the daily wants of the latest settler with an assiduity and honesty which shames the uncertain and too often half-hearted service of well-paid immigrants.

Walking down the narrow street in the Chinese quarter, the Chinese woman and girl, wife and mother, were frequently met; their broad and intelligent faces meeting ours with a somewhat wondering and questioning gaze as chattering in their own language they evidently felt that we were to them what they were to us, objects of curiosity.

We visited the Joss House, the only link between Chinese men (their women being excluded) and the unseen, which appeared to approach more to a chamber of weird trickery and chance belief in bygone genealogies, rather than inspiring and supernatural power.

The perfect freedom with which strangers are allowed to enter, ask questions, and even to touch some of their weird appliances forbids the thought of desecration, or that their worship is of a devotional character; their prayer is

apparently an appeal to chance, its answer—Fatalism.

Surely there is a power pent up in that subtle, puzzle-loving Chinese brain, with its morale of patient endurance, which the power of Divine love could touch, and the Holy Spirit of God unlock! The very love of the puzzle, the chance of the uplifted straw, bespeaks a question still unanswered—a consciousness of incompleteness upon which the Chinese mind might be reached and led to higher things.

Within a recent date a mission was started and failed, the missionary not even knowing the language of those he sought to win.

Is there no call to redeem the past and reach our Chinese brother where his own questions fail, by one versed in the intricacies of his language, traditions, and sympathies—a Chinese-Gordon?

How wonderingly this colony of Chinese living in Christian Victoria must hear of England's fresh young girlhood venturing, in the enthusiasm of the missionary's great love, into the fastnesses of Chinese cruelty and superstition, sprinkling their land with a martyr's blood, and know that they are living within a whisper of this saving message; touching the skirts of this new life day by day; performing the household duties of its priesthood—and yet passed by! When once awakened, what apology can be offered to the Chinese neighbor, at our very door? Surely our men and our money are more wisely spent in the duty which lies nearest home—where the field of missionary work can be inspected and improved upon so as to fit into the special wants of remarkable people.

May the Church of England in Canada consider this weighty responsibility, and so be led to organize such a mission as shall reveal the simplicity of the love of God, unravelling to the puzzle-loving Chinese life's saving mystery, that, with God's blessing, its first fruits shall be the springing into life of a native ministry among the thousands of Chinese in Victoria who may ere long be sent—as the best of all missionaries—to their own kith and kin.

Books and Periodicals Department.

(1) *The Sunday at Home*. (2) *The Leisure Hour*. (3) *The Boy's Own* and (4) *The Girl's Own Paper*. (5) *The Col-tager and Artisan*. (6) *The Friendly Visitor*, etc.

Bishop Newnham and his diocese of Moosonee form the subject of an illustrated article in *The Sunday at Home* for October. An Indian encampment on a dreary waste, the Bishop's house, Moose Fort, factory, and church, a sketch map of the huge diocese skirting the shores of Hudson Bay, the officers' quarters of the Hudson Bay Co. at the break-up of the ice in May, 1893, Glass Fall, Missanabie River, the Bishop himself with snowshoes near by, and rifle in hand, men portaging a canoe, are shown in the illustrations, accompanied by a very interesting article by Miss E. L. Newnham, descriptive of the different scenes and of the life that has to be lived by those who work in their midst. *The Leisure Hour* has a "tale of three mariners," called "Ice-

bound," which reads like a page from Fenimore Cooper's "Sea Lions." "Scenes in Norway," an article on "Rienzi in Romance and History," and other matters, "Echoes from the Dungeon of Vincennes," and the serial tale, "Forest-wyk," being continued, make up a good average number.

The Homiletic Review. New York and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

The October number contains a capital outline of the Old Testament, showing the development of the divine religion of salvation in old and typical form. It gives a bird's-eye view of the whole book by a careful classification of its different parts. This two-page "Outline" is worth more than many a ponderous volume on the Old Testament. While to the clergyman we regard *The Homiletic Review* as always helpful because, giving him a view of the whole homiletic horizon, we think, if possible, it is more than ever so now, because of its present representative work in helping the ministry in the work of rousing Christendom to a great forward movement as we are entering upon the twentieth century. We reprinted last month an earnest appeal from this periodical on that important subject.

The Missionary Review of the World. New York and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$2.50 a year.

In the October number there are articles on "Gospel Work in Persia," by the Rev. S. G. Wilson, of Tabriz, Persia; "The Star Worshipers of Mesopotamia," by Rev. S. M. Zwemer, of Busrah, Arabia; "The Russian Students," by Prof. G. Godet; "Bible Motives in Missions," by Rev. T. T. Eaton, of Louisville, Ky.; "The Malabar Syrians—A Forgotten Chapter in Indian Missions," by Rev. John Rutherford, of Lewes, England; besides articles in the International department and the "Field of Monthly Survey," several good editorial notes, and general missionary intelligence.

The Review of Reviews. 13 Astor Place, New York. \$2.50 a year.

The frontispiece of the October *Review of Reviews* is a portrait of Sir Joseph Lister, the eminent British surgeon, whose discovery of the value of antiseptics has so revolutionized modern surgical methods, and who was honored, last year, by election to the presidency of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Another interesting picture in the October *Review* is a photograph of Mr. Gladstone and Li Hung Chang.

(1) *The Expositor*. (2) *The Clergyman's Magazine*. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

In *The Expositor* for October the subject of "The Incarnation" is continued by Dr. Gifford. The Rev. Dr. Denny contributes a suggestive paper on "The Dissolution of Religion." It is a lesson drawn chiefly from our Lord's denunciations of the Scribes and Pharisees. Principal Fairbairn, in "Christ's Attitude to His Own Death," gives some helpful thoughts on that sublime subject. In *The Clergyman's Magazine* for October Professor Moule continues his "Lessons in Faith and Love," and the Rev. H. H. Gowen, of New Westminster, B.C., his "Revelation of the Things that Are." Many useful hints are also given for sermons and Bible lessons.

The American Church Sunday School Magazine, Philadelphia.

Besides the useful Sunday-school lessons this periodical, as usual, has some very excellent reading matter.

(1) *Germania*. (2) *L'Etudiant*. A.W. Spanhoofd, Manchester, N.H.

These are well-arranged periodicals for instruction in German and French respectively. A study of these each month will repay anyone who wishes to keep up or acquire a knowledge of these languages.

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

ANNUAL FINANCIAL STATEMENT, 1896.

I. RECEIPTS BY DIOCESES FROM AUGUST 1ST, 1895, TO JULY 31ST, 1896.

DIOCESES.	DOMESTIC MISSIONS.			FOREIGN MISSIONS.			GRAND TOTAL.
	D. and F.	W.A.	Total.	D. and F.	W.A.	Total.	
Algoma.....	\$ 116 09		\$ 116 09	\$ 113 79		\$ 113 79	\$ 229 88
Fredericton.....	1,478 83		1,478 83	959 27		959 27	2,438 10
Huron.....	2,725 63	\$ 1,254 39	3,980 02	2,318 19	\$ 713 34	3,031 53	7,011 55
Montreal.....	3,440 42	8 00	3,448 42	1,674 74	150 00	1,824 74	5,273 16
Niagara.....	2,166 55	711 35	2,877 93	1,531 87	410 15	1,942 02	4,819 95
Nova Scotia.....	1,741 51		1,741 51	1,550 96		1,550 96	3,292 47
Ontario.....	1,452 28	922 85	2,375 13	1,804 76	1 243 60	2,048 36	4,423 49
Quebec.....	2,040 02	514 37	2,554 39	1,169 83	278 71	1,448 54	4,002 93
Toronto.....	2,448 17	4,546 26	6,994 43	3,250 95	1,500 17	4,751 12	11,745 55
Miscellaneous sources.....	28 80	469 57	498 37	115 00		115 00	613 37
	\$17,638 33	\$ 8,426 79	\$26,065 12	\$14,489 36	\$ 3,295 97	\$17,785 33	\$43,850 45
Balances on hand August 1st, 1895.....			5,061 59			2,467 42	7,529 01
Total cash.....			\$31,126 71			\$20,252 75	\$51,379 46

II. GENERAL RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURE.

I. DOMESTIC MISSIONS.					
To amounts received for—					
(a) The work of the Board:					
Domestic Missions, general, including \$5 transferred from miscellaneous objects... \$3873 29				C.C.M.A., of C.M.S..	\$ 54 64
Balance on hand last year..... 2104 40	\$3977 69			Mackenzie River.....	\$2603 80
Indian Homes..... 1592 36				Balance on hand last year.....	72 15
Balance on hand last year..... 1374 92	2967 28			Miscellaneous objects..	37 15
Indian Work..... 140 93				Balance of \$5 transferred to Domestic Missions.....	
Balance on hand last year..... 119 71	260 64			Moosonee.....	1145 25
Northwest Missions... 187 10				Balance on hand last year.....	130 52
Balance on hand last year..... 153 24	340 34			New Westminster.....	149 93
				Balance on hand last year.....	64 55
Total for the work of the Board (Domestic)	5793 68			Qu'Appelle.....	485 26
Balances on hand last year.....	3752 27	\$9545 95		Balance on hand last year.....	22 40
				Rupert's Land.....	3714 03
(b) Amounts appropriated—				Balance on hand last year.....	267 54
Algoma..... \$7380 87				Saskatchewan and Calgary.....	3586 53
Balance on hand last year..... 666 35	\$8047 22			Balance on hand last year.....	35 04
Athabasca..... 713 83				Selkirk... ..	495 15
Balance on hand last year..... 22 96	736 79			Balance on hand last year.....	22 81
				Total appropriated, including balances on hand last year.....	\$21580 76
					<u>\$31126 71</u>

By paid grants from—	
Domestic Missions.....	\$3364 00
Indian Homes	1374 92
Indian Work.....	119 71
Northwest Missions.....	183 28
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Total for work of Board.....	\$5041 91
By paid—	
Algoma	8047 22
Athabasca	736 79
C.C.M.A. of C.M.S.....	54 64
Mackenzie River.....	2675 95
Miscellaneous objects.....	37 15
Moosonee.....	1275 77
New Westminster.....	214 48
Qu'Appelle	507 66
Rupert's Land.....	3981 57
Saskatchewan and Calgary.....	3621 57
Selkirk.....	427 96
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Total appropriated	\$21580 76
Cash on hand—	
Domestic Missions.....	2613 69
Indian Homes.....	1592 36
Indian Work.....	140 93
Northwest Missions.....	157 06
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Total.....	\$31126 71

II. FOREIGN MISSIONS.

To amounts received for—	
(a) The work of the Board :	
For Foreign Missions,	
general.....	\$4611 98
Balance on hand last	
year.....	1469 90
Japan, Miss Smith, per	\$6081 88
W.A.....	1243 29
Balance on hand last	
year.....	38 93
Nagano buildings...	113 09
Balance on hand last	
year.....	83 33
Mission, Rev. J. G.	
Waller.....	100 00
Total for the work of	
the Board (Foreign),	
including balances on	
hand last year.....	\$7660 52
(b) To amounts appropriated for—	
Chinese work in B.C..	44 52
Balance on hand last	
year.....	10 00
Church Missionary Soci-	
ety, England.....	1391 92
Balance on hand last	
year.....	24 30
Colonial and Continen-	
tial Church Society,	
England.....	18 00

Japan, general items...	\$200 77	
Balance on hand last		
year.....	15 00	\$215 77
Japan, Nagano build-		
ings.....		214 00
Japan, Wycliffe Mis-		
sions.....	4054 51	
Balance on hand last		
year.....	64 99	4119 50
Jews, London Society.	1406 11	
Balance on hand last		
year.....	156 93	1563 04
Parochial Missions...	982 48	
Balance on hand last		
year.....	293 88	1276 36
Miscellaneous objects..	392 00	
Balance on hand last		
year.....	55 00	447 00
Newfoundland Relief		
Fund (balance on		
hand last year)....		12 25
S.P.C.K., England....		12 60
S.P.G., England.	1898 43	
Balance on hand last		
year.....	215 54	2113 97
Zenana Missions.....	1101 63	
Balance on hand last		
year.....	27 37	1129 00
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Total cash (\$11716.97), and		
balances on hand last year		
(\$875.26).....		\$12592 23
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		\$20252 75

Total cash (\$11716.97), and balances on hand last year (\$875.26).....

\$12592 23

\$20252 75

By paid grants for—	
Foreign Missions.....	\$4463 60
Japan, Miss Smith.....	1282 22
Japan, Nagano buildings unappro-	
riated.....	196 42
Japan mission, Rev. J. G. Waller..	100 00
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Total for work of Board.....	\$6042 24
By paid—	
Chinese work in B.C.....	54 52
C.M.S., England.....	1416 22
Colonial and Continental Church	
Society, England.....	18 00
Japan general items.....	215 77
Japan, Nagano buildings (appro-	
riated).....	214 00
Japan, Wycliffe Missions.....	4119 50
Jews, London Society.....	1563 04
Jews, Parochial Missions.....	1276 36
Miscellaneous objects.....	442 00
Newfoundland Relief Fund.....	12 25
S.P.C.K., England.....	12 60
S.P.G., England.....	2118 97
Zenana Missions.....	1129 00
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Total appropriated.....	\$12592 23
Cash on hand.....	1618 28
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Total.....	\$20252 75

SUMMARY.

To cash received as above—	
For domestic missionary pur-	
poses	\$ 26065 12
Balances on hand last year for	
domestic missionary purposes .	5061 59
To cash received for foreign mis-	
sionary purposes.....	17785 33
Balances on hand last year for	
foreign missionary purposes.....	2467 42
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	20252 75
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	\$51379 46

By cash paid—	
For work of board (domestic)..	\$5041 91
Sums appropriated.....	21580 76
By cash paid for work of board—	
Foreign.....	6042 24
Sums appropriated.....	12592 23
Cash on hand—	
Domestic.....	4504 04
Foreign.....	1618 28
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	6122 32
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	\$51379 46

ACCOUNTS IN DETAIL.

(a) DOMESTIC.		
ALGOMA.		
To balance on hand last year—		
For Bishop's stipend	\$600 00	
“ Widows and Orphans' Fund	35 00	
“ General Fund	15 85	
“ Shingwauk	12 50	
	<u>666 35</u>	
To grants made by Board from Domestic Missions Fund—		
For General Fund	1400 00	
From Indian Homes' Fund—general—(children's Lenten offerings)—		
For Indian Homes.....	774 92	2174 92
To amounts appropriated as indicated on contra side		<u>7380 87</u>
		<u>10222 14</u>
By sums paid as appropriated by donors, including balances on hand last year—		
Bishop's stipend (including arrears) \$	4750 00	
General Fund.....	1254 55	
Shingwauk.....	693 70	
Rebate on freight.....	469 57	
Temiscamingue.....	257 25	
Education of children of missionaries.....	233 00	
Indian work.....	138 87	
Widows and Orphans' Fund.....	72 00	
Marksville.....	56 97	
Missionary travelling expenses..	50 00	
Indian Homes.....	39 53	
Medical expenses	15 00	
Sault Ste. Marie	11 75	
Uffington.....	2 80	
Rev. G. Gander	1 17	
Superannuation Fund.....	1 00	
By grants from Board—		\$8047 22
For General Fund.....	\$ 1400 00	
For Indian Homes.....	774 92	
	<u>2174 92</u>	
		<u>\$10222 14</u>
ATHABASCA.		
To balance on hand last year—		
For General Fund	\$ 20 47	
For Peace River	2 49	\$ 22 96
To grant by Board from Indian work Fund.....		119 71
To amounts appropriated as indicated on contra side		<u>713 83</u>
		<u>\$ 856 50</u>
By sums paid as appropriated by donors, including balance on hand last year—		
Education of missionary's children \$	200 00	
Peace River.....	170 99	
General Fund.....	137 59	
Lesser Slave Lake—matron's salary.....	122 50	
Schools.....	37 31	
Shoal River	25 00	
A church bell	22 50	
Rev. G. Holmes.....	8 00	
Freight	7 60	
Rev. C. R. Weaver.....	5 30	\$ 736 79
By grant from Board for work among Indians.....		<u>119 71</u>
		<u>\$ 856 50</u>

CANADIAN CHURCH MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION OF THE C.N.S.—DOMESTIC.	
To cash received for the C.C.M.A. of C.M.S. for domestic purposes—	<u>\$54 64</u>
By paid T. Mortimer for C.C.M.A., etc.....	<u>54 64</u>
COLUMBIA.	
To grant by Board from Indian Homes, (children's Lenten offerings).....	<u>\$50 00</u>
By Indian Home at Alert Bay, B.C.....	<u>50 00</u>
DOMESTIC MISSIONS—GENERAL.	
To balance on hand last year for general purposes.....	\$2067 43
To balance Sabrevois Mission.....	9 40
“ “ C. C. M. Association.....	27 57
“ cash received, including balance (\$5) from “miscellaneous domestic”.....	
	<u>3873 29</u>
	<u>\$5977 69</u>
By paid Sabrevois Mission.....	\$ 9 40
C.C.M.A.....	27 57
Grants from board for Algoma.....	\$1 400
For Qu'Appelle	200
For Mackenzie River	276 34
Share of Expenses—two-fifths..	1450 69
Cash on hand.....	2613 69
	<u>\$5977 69</u>
INDIAN HOMES.	
To balance on hand last year.....	\$1374 92
Cash received	1592 36
	<u>\$2967 28</u>
By grants from Board for Algoma Indian Homes.....	\$ 774 92
For Pegan Homes, Calgary	100 00
Sarcee	100 00
Blackfoot	100 00
Gordon Home, Qu'Appelle	200 00
Alert Bay Home, Columbia, R.C.....	50 00
All Hallows' School, Yale, New Westminster, B.C....	50 00
By cash on hand	1592 36
	<u>\$2967 28</u>
INDIAN WORK.	
To balance on hand last year....	\$ 119 71
Cash received.....	140 93
	<u>\$ 260 64</u>
By grant from Board for Indian work in Athabasca.....	\$ 119 71
Cash on hand.....	140 93
	<u>\$ 260 64</u>

(To be continued.)