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# THE CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE

• • AND MISSION NEWS • •

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

Vol. X.

TORONTO, MAY, 1896.

No. 119.

## HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

No. 118.—LUNENBURG, NOVA SCOTIA.

**L**UNENBURG, the chief town in the county of that name, is one of the most prosperous towns in Nova Scotia. It is justly called the Gloucester of Canada, being the centre of the important fishing industry. The parish of St.

John, which embraces the town and a large tract of the adjoining country, is one of the most important in the diocese.

The "Old Church," as St. John's is called, occupies a commanding site near the centre of the town. It was built in the year 1854, at the expense of the British Government, costing about £500. The frame for the building, which was 60 x 40 ft., was brought from Boston. During the time occupied in its erection the people worshipped on the church parade, the Rev. Jean Baptiste Morreau being the minister. Considerable additions and im-

provements have been made to the church since its first building. In 1870, the late Rev. Dr. Owen being rector, ten feet were added to the nave and a chancel built. In 1890 there was a further enlargement—aisles being added to the entire length of the nave, and the choir extended about ten feet on either side, the result of this enlargement being an increased seating capacity of about three hundred. The exterior view of the church does not prepare the visitor for the beauty of the interior; for, interiorly, St. John's is one of the most beauti-

ful and well-appointed churches in the province. The chancel is lighted by five stained glass windows of very fair design and workmanship. The organ is new; it is a gift to the church by will of the late Mr. William Creighton, and was built by Messrs. S. R. Warren & Sons, of Toronto. A very fine brass lectern was presented by the late Mrs. Kaulbach, widow of Sheriff Kaulbach. The congregation is a large one, embracing a good proportion of the most influential people of the town.

The Sunday-school house is built on a block of land to the rear of the church. Though commodious, it no longer affords sufficient accommodation for the school, which is under the superintendence of Mr. C. E. Kaulbach, M.P.

Amongst those who have had charge of the parish may be mentioned the Rev. Jean Baptiste Morreau, who was formerly a Roman Catholic priest. He preached in three languages—English, German, and French. He died in 170. The Rev. Paulus



REV. GEORGE HASLAM, M.A.,  
*Rector of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia.*

Bryzelius, a man of great zeal, who, like his predecessor, preached in the three languages. He was struck with a fit of apoplexy whilst preaching on Good Friday in 1773. The original sermon is in the possession of a present resident in Lunenburg. The Rev. Roper Aitken, of the Scotch Episcopal Church, who for three years was garrison chaplain in New Brunswick, and was appointed to Lunenburg in 1817, died there in 1825. The Rev. James C. Cochran, M.A., who was the son of the Rev. Dr. Cochran, president of King's College,


Windsor, was born at Windsor in 1798. He became rector of Lunenburg in 1825, and labored most successfully for twenty-eight years, when he removed to Halifax. The Rev. Henry L. Owen, M.A., was appointed as rector in 1852. He did a grand work in the parish, and will long be remembered by those amongst whom he faithfully ministered. He died in 1884. Dr. Owen was succeeded by the Rev. Robert C. Caswall, M.A., who resigned in 1886. The present rector is the Rev. George Haslam, M.A., of Trinity College, Dublin, and Trinity College, Toronto. He is lecturer in apologetics in King's College, Windsor, as also a governor of that institution.

Amongst those who were curates may be mentioned Revs. Dr. Drum, George Hodgson, J. Ellis, and G. D. Harris (now rector of La Have).

## THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY.

BY THE EDITOR.

### REIGN OF CHARLES I. (a)

N the death of King James, Archbishop Abbot felt he had lost a true friend, and that his own position could never be again what it had been under him. And in this he was right. For some years he was conscious of having a rival in ecclesiastical matters in William Laud, who had been advanced to the bishopric of St. David's, and under the new king he feared that that rival would be accorded privileges superior to his own. And in this, too, he was right. The puritanical theology of Abbot did not suit the young monarch, and still less did it suit his wife, fresh from the gaities and frivolities of the French court.

As a Roman Catholic, Henrietta Maria was married to Charles I., King of England, by proxy at Paris, in Notre Dame Cathedral. After the ceremony she proceeded to join her husband in England. She seemed to be possessed of very little desire to please the people among whom she had come to live, for she did not even take part in her husband's coronation. She viewed the ceremony from afar, and showed what little regard she had for its solemnity by joining in a frivolous dance in a room over the palace yard. There came a day when this thoughtless conduct on her part was regretted.

The ceremony of coronation was conducted by the Archbishop, but it had all been arranged by the Bishop of St. David's (Laud), who introduced some new features (such as a crucifix and other matters of ritual), for which, in after years, he was called to a strict and bloody account. For dark days were coming for unhappy England; but of these it will suffice to speak later on.

But a gloomy forecast seemed to show itself

in the plague which broke out in England at the time of the coronation, and which reigned with such terror as to threaten its destruction. By command of the king the Archbishop proclaimed a fast, and issued special prayers for the averting of the plague.

At the court Laud was the favorite, and Abbot, with a mistaken policy, opposed him, and slighted him whenever any opportunity for doing so presented itself. In fact, Abbot's real enemy at court was the Duke of Buckingham, whose object seemed to be to injure him in the eyes of the king. The Archbishop was no coward, for when ordered to endorse some books and pamphlets pleasing to the king, but distasteful to himself, he positively refused to do so, for which piece of contumacy he was for a time virtually suspended. The Bishop of London performed the required endorsement of the books, and a commission of bishops administered the ecclesiastical affairs of the realm.

But in a short time the king, who was naturally kind-hearted, reinstated him and received him kindly at court. For the remainder of his time, however, he did not take much interest in public affairs, and at length, bodily weak through disease, he died in the seventy-second year of his age, having been Archbishop for twenty-two years. His death occurred on the 4th of August, 1633. He was buried, at his own request, in the Lady Chapel of Trinity Church, Guildford, where a handsome monument still marks the spot of his interment.

Laud, as every one expected, was appointed to succeed him. At his very first appearance at court, after the death of Abbot, the king saluted him as "My Lord's Grace of Canterbury."

William Laud was the son of a clothier, of a large and respectable business in Reading. He was born on the 7th of October, 1573, and received his school education in Reading. At sixteen he was admitted a commoner at St. John's College, Oxford. He was ordained to the priesthood in the year 1601, and soon became a man of note in his university.

In 1605, however, he performed an act which he bitterly regretted through the whole of the remainder of his life. Lady Rich, daughter of the Earl of Essex, had been divorced from her husband, the "co-respondent" or participator in the crime for which the divorce had been procured being the Earl of Devonshire. The Earl thought he ought to have the privilege of repairing as far as possible the wrong that he had done to the lady in question, and therefore proposed to marry her. Laud, who was applied to to perform the ceremony, took a favorable view of the matter, and married the repentant couple. Many are the reproaches which he afterwards heaped upon himself for performing this act, which was contrary to the law of the Church.



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, LUNENBURG, N.S.—See Page 97.

An act of this kind was peculiarly inconsistent in Laud, because of his well-known Church views, which were of a rigorously "high" character. In fact, the promulgation of these views brought him into unpleasant relationship with the members of his university, notably with Dr. George Abbot, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. But while it did this, it also brought him into public notice, with the result that in 1621 he was made Bishop of St. David's. The king (James) had some misgivings in appointing him to this position, for he had doubts as to his being able to rule wisely as a bishop.

While Laud was accused bitterly by rabid Puritans of being in league with Rome, and while he was unhesitatingly called "a black-hearted papist," yet it is certain that his controversy with Fisher, the Jesuit, on the claims of the Papal Church drew forth from him as powerful arguments probably as could be adduced against the arrogant position assumed by the Roman see. This controversy brought him into high favor with Buckingham, and, through him, with Prince Charles. Buckingham's mother had shown a strong desire to go over to the Church of Rome, and the controversy with Fisher was entered upon to prevent this if possible, and, though it had not the desired effect, it brought Laud into favor in high places.

In 1628 he was made Bishop of London, and in 1633, as we have seen, he was advanced to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. At this time he was sixty years old. The position he had to occupy was a trying one, for he was obliged to be as much of a politician as an ecclesiastic.

He was next to the king in importance and power, and at his home, Lambeth Palace, guards of honor, servants in livery, uniformed horsemen, showed that a great man dwelt there. The king required him to live in this great pomp and state, and there were times when, to gratify the frivolous queen, the Archbishop was obliged to witness scenes of worldly festivities which caused great offence to his Puritan foes.

Laud started with this great and powerful faction against him, and every move that he made was treasured up and colored deeply, so as to be brought against him if opportunity for doing so should occur. Yet his offences do not seem to have been very great. He was a man who believed strongly in

having things done externally with all due decency and order. One great cause of offence was the removal of the Lord's table in some of the churches from the body of the church to the east end, and requiring the communicants to receive the Holy Communion kneeling.

One of the first things said of Laud after his elevation to the primacy was that he had been offered a cardinal's hat. As he stood in no favor whatever with Rome, but, owing to his late controversy with Fisher, very much the reverse, it is difficult to understand how this could have been. Perhaps it was a trap laid for him by his enemies; perhaps it was a test by some who really wished to try him; but whatever the reason the proffer was promptly declined. His reply was that he could not "suffer *that* till Rome was otherwise than it was at the present time."

The condition of the clergy at this time was anything but satisfactory. Many of them were without livings or employment of any kind, and in consequence were found engaged in followings and practices which brought no credit upon "the cloth." Laud, therefore, required the enforcement of the canon which required that no person was to be admitted to holy orders unless he had a "title"—unless, that is, there was some place or position that he was immediately to occupy. This rule is largely observed by Anglican bishops at the present day in all parts of the globe. Wandering and unsettled parsons are not to be encouraged.

Laud was also called upon to deal with the "Sunday question," which was a different question then from what it is at the present day.

The demand of the Puritans was for a "Jewish Sabbath," thus making it a day of gloom instead of a day of rest and recreation. The Archbishop induced the king to publish the law regulating sports and recreations, which James I. had caused to be made. By this recreation and even sports, in mild form, were to be allowed on Sunday, at such times as would not interfere with the attendance upon divine worship. This by no means diminished the hatred which the Puritans had conceived for Laud. It was another great offence treasured up against him.

Mention has already been made of Laud's desire to have the Lord's table removed from the body of all churches to the chancel, where they were to be placed against the east end wall, and "railed off" so as to occupy a sacred place in the church. This caused great disturbance. Yet there was room for interference in the matter. The "table" in question had been used by the churchwardens for counting money upon, and also even for placing hats and coats upon. Laud, in writing to the king, gives himself a curious instance to show that the "communion table" should be "railed in," that it might be "kept from profanations." "In the sermon time," he says, "a dog came to the table and took the loaf of bread prepared for the Holy Sacrament in his mouth, and ran away with it. Some of the parishioners took the same from the dog and set it again upon the table. After the sermon the minister could not think fit to consecrate this bread, and other fit for the sacrament was not to be had in that town, so there was no communion."

As viewed from the present, it seems strange that this effort on behalf of external propriety, to say nothing of reverence, should have met with such great opposition. Laud was accused of "setting up altars" in the church, and Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, wrote a vehement pamphlet against the setting up of "tables in the churches altarways." The Archbishop did not care particularly whether the article in dispute was called an altar or a table, but he did care that it should be placed in proper position to prevent profanation, and promote decency and reverence. In time he carried his point in nearly all the dioceses—his greatest struggle being with Williams of Lincoln, who was willing to "rail the tables in," but not to remove them to the chancel.

The vestment question also caused much disturbance. For ordinary churches the only vestment mentioned is a "comely large surplice," which the clergy were required to use while celebrating the Holy Communion; but for cathedrals and colleges Laud pointed out that, according to the canons of the Church, "copes" were to be used. This gave great offence, for the cope was looked upon as an exceedingly "popish garment." Indeed, it is

still regarded by a great many as such, and, though pronounced legal, has never been used to any great extent in the Anglican Church.

It was said also that Archbishop Laud held extreme doctrinal views regarding the Holy Communion, but he made a clear statement on the matter, which showed that he did not hold the doctrine of "transubstantiation," but maintained that there was a spiritual presence of Christ in the blessed sacrament similar to that which is laid down in the catechism.

*(To be continued.)*

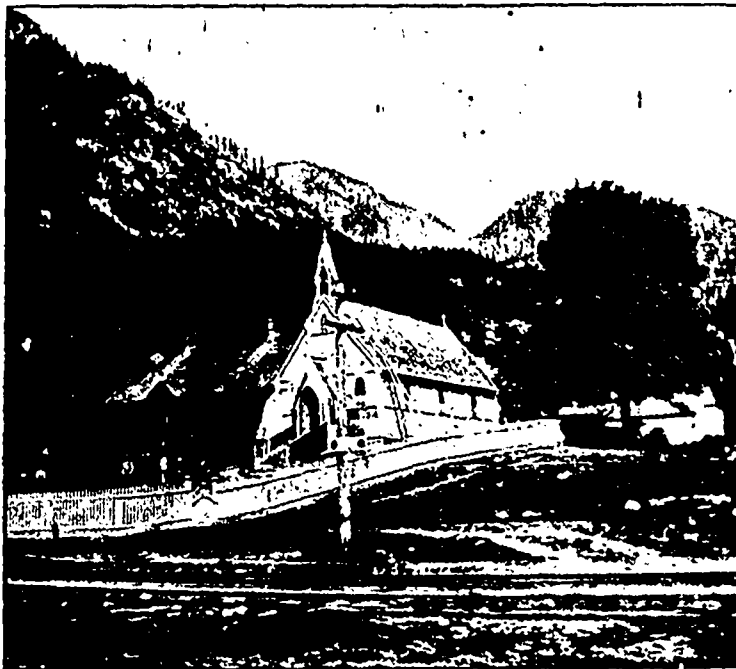
## THE CAMERA IN THE MISSION FIELD.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BY REV. P. L. SPENCER.

**B**EFORE the "fire-wagon" reaches the approach to those dizzy heights which characterize the Mountain Province, we do well to change to the humble buckboard, in order to visit some of the Indian reserves that lie scattered over the immense area of the western territory of Alberta. Four miles from the railway station of Gleichen we find ourselves among those once wild, roving tribesmen of the Blackfoot nation, now settled on a tract of land 36 miles long by 15 broad, and engaged in the peaceful pursuit of agriculture. We make the acquaintance of Rev. J. W. Tims, the Anglican missionary stationed on the reserve. We go with him to various points in his great mission, and see the Indians in their summer tepees and at their work. We learn from him that when he took charge of his strange flock he knew not a word of the difficult Blackfoot language, and could find no person able to act as interpreter. Now he talks in Blackfoot as readily as in English, having mastered its intricacies and prepared for the use of other missionaries a grammar and lexicon. We were unfortunate in not finding Old Sun, the chief, at home; but we have the pleasure of meeting his wife, who is amused by our enquiring whether she is not Old Moon. We take views of the new boarding-school for boys and girls, the old school-church, a shack used temporarily as a school, ten miles from headquarters, and the interior of a classroom with a group of twenty boys—some heathen, others Christian—all busily employed in learning to read English.

The last of this list has proved a particularly entertaining picture. The flash-light did its work admirably, bringing into view every member of the class and all details in form and feature. The long-braided locks of the heathen and the neatly-cut hair of the Christians are clearly observable. The look of intense interest on the faces of the boys is almost amusing.



MISSION CHURCH, YALE, B.C.

The picture has never failed to excite a degree of enthusiasm among observers at missionary meetings.

A day with Rev. H. W. G. Stocken at his Indian school on the Sarcee Reserve, ten miles from Calgary, is profitably spent. As an evidence of the intellectual power of the red man, I may mention that a member of this small tribe, Mike Shootclose, is able to converse in English, Sarcee, Cree, and Blackfoot. The chief, Bull's Head, is a fine, tall, and attractive-looking Indian; but, like many others of his race, is impressed with an exaggerated notion of his own worth and importance. As an illustration of this trait of character, I may relate my experience with this gentleman of the prairie. Being very desirous of obtaining a likeness of the dark-faced patriarch, I asked Mr. Stocken to be good enough to introduce me to him and to ascertain whether he would consent to the ordeal. Accompanied by two tourists from the United States, who happened to arrive in a carriage at that moment, we paid a visit to Bull's Head as he was protecting himself from the midday sun in the seclusion of his royal teepé.

The object of the party having been explained by the missionary to the august ruler of a few hundreds, we were informed that our desire could be gratified upon the payment of \$5, of which amount the sum of \$3 was the price of the monarch's portrait, and \$2 that of a picture of his summer residence, the two subjects being inseparably connected for photographic

purposes. In vain did we three travellers, acting through our obliging interpreter, endeavor to convince the great man that \$1 from each was all that we could afford to present him for the desired privilege. Supported in his claim by one of the courtiers or "headmen," who chanced to be in the royal presence, he calmly but firmly declined to reduce the demand. Independently of the greatness of the privilege to be accorded, there was, he affirmed, the possibility of harm occurring to his person through the unseen and mysterious influence of bad medicine which the cameras might contain. The price asked was, therefore, little enough. The result of our interview was that, as we retired from the immediate vicinity of

the imperial residence, constructed of discolored canvas and poplar poles, we allowed the instruments to take one final, instantaneous look. The picture thus secured we got free of cost, although we were obliged so to take aim with our suspected implements as not to get the interior of the wigwam and the distinguished occupants within. An hour afterwards Bull's Head perambulated the encampment dressed in his government uniform, and was good enough to say that he would accept the sum offered by his visitors if they still desired a memento of their visit. Alas! the gentlemen from the great republic had by this time departed; and I, unaided, felt unable to entertain the proposal. Accordingly, although the chief and I departed as good friends, there was no exchange of values between us. If, however, I failed to get such a likeness of Bull's Head as I hoped for, I did not come away completely defeated, for in taking a general view of the mission buildings I was able to include his figure as he was walking between the residence and the church.

A striking example of the value and usefulness of photography was afforded during my brief sojourn in the Sarcee Mission by my ability to make pictures of the furnishings and general arrangement of two rooms of the mission house, in order that the sorrow-stricken missionary might send to the mother of his recently deceased partner in life and work proofs of his having done what he could to make his loved and lost one as comfortable

during her final sickness as circumstances would allow. More than one properly-finished photograph from each negative his relatives and friends in England have received.

In treating of British Columbia, I must refrain from attempting to describe the stupendous features of nature as they are comprised in mountain and valley, partly because others have depicted them before me, and partly because my main purpose was rather to note the wonders of grace than portray the charms of the landscape.

At Lytton I had the satisfaction of spending a Sunday with Rev. R. Small, missionary to a large band of Indians settled in a district through which flows the famous Fraser River. The results of persevering spiritual labor among these hill tribes are manifest. The village compares favorably with the Indian settlement on the Red River in Manitoba. The services in the church were attended by men, women, and children, who showed by their earnest attention and hearty responses that they appreciated their privileges and realized their position as that of "children of the heavenly King." Their dress and general appearance witnessed to the truth of the common adage, "Cleanliness is next to godliness." An attractive picture was formed for my benefit after service in the afternoon by grouping old and young together in front of the white-painted church, which, standing on the side of a lofty hill, was well contrasted with the natural background.

At Yale I made more extensive explorations, first interviewing some Christian Indian women, who were engaged in cleaning salmon, and who very willingly submitted to the scrutiny of the camera, thus showing a marked contrast to their heathen sisters of Swift Current. I obtained an excellent negative of a general view of the village, which, although a place of departed commercial glory, is one of the most beautiful mountain settlements that one sees in the course of this truly enjoyable and almost inspiring journey. I here witnessed the two ordinary hand methods of washing gold—that in which the slice is used, and that wherein the cradle is employed. In each case a Chinaman was the operator. In answer to the inquiry whether success was rewarding labor, one of these immigrants from the "Flowery Kingdom" said, "Not muchee gold." I was told, however, that these men make a very fair living, although no white man would be satisfied with their earnings. The truth is that they can subsist on what white men would scorn to use as food; and, so, although their daily income is small, they can still lay by something for the future.

After taking the image of each of these gold-seekers, I paid a visit to the village joss-house which they frequent. As no person was within, I was able to take a view of the altar, and

the idol placed upon it. I noticed on the altar a large number of tapers ready to be lighted by intending worshippers, and several small cups of liquid tea arranged before the idol as offerings. Thus the lines of Heber are sadly true, even in this Christian land:

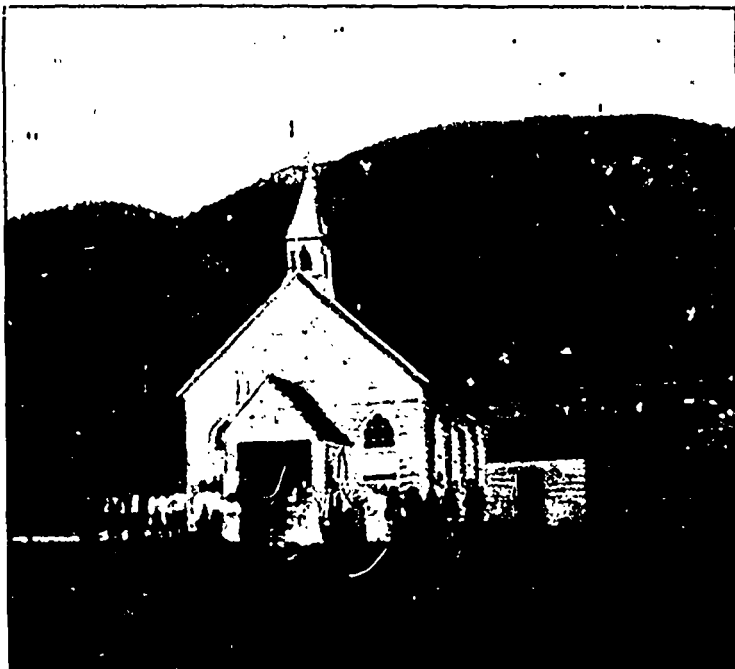
"The heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone."

### THE "RED RIVER SETTLEMENT."

**I**N the summer of the year 1844 the Rt. Rev. George J. Mountain, the third Bishop of Quebec, paid a visit to what was then called the "Red River Settlement"—the starting point of the Province of Manitoba and the city of Winnipeg. The Bishop's description of this journey—all the way from Quebec to Winnipeg—is most interesting. By old-fashioned steamer he reached Montreal. From there—or from La Chine, close to Montreal—he embarked in a large canoe—a "canot de maître"—paddled by twelve voyageurs. In this way he journeyed up the Ottawa River, along the French River, skirting then the northern shore of the Georgian Bay, entering Lake Superior at Sault Ste. Marie, from there taking a long and dangerous paddle to Fort William, on Thunder Bay, close to what is now called Port Arthur, where they left their large canoe, and took in its place two smaller ones, for the rest of the journey would involve much portaging to avoid rapids and keep a more direct course. How wearisome must that journey have been! Yet the Bishop, being a great lover of nature, enjoyed it thoroughly. Arrived at Fort Alexander, at the very foot of Lake Winnipeg, the men, who had been paddling hard in order that the Bishop might reach the settlement on Saturday night, took a hasty breakfast and good-naturedly pushed on—though they had worked steadily through the whole night, and Sunday morning had now arrived. They were able to pull up at the little wooden church—built by the Church Missionary Society—at nine o'clock on Sunday morning. This church was built for the Indians, and was in charge of Rev. Mr. Smithurst, one of the earliest missionaries there. These Christian Indians were gathering for service when the Bishop arrived. He thus describes it:

"And there, on the morning of the Lord's own blessed day, we saw them gathering already around their pastor, who was before his door, their children collecting in like manner with their books in their hands, all decently clothed from head to foot; a repose and steadiness in their deportment, at least the seeming indications of a high and controlling influence upon their characters and hearts. Around were their humble dwellings, with the commencement of

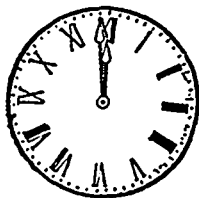
farms, and cattle grazing in the meadow; the neat, modest parsonage or mission house, with its garden attached to it, and the simple but decent church, with the schoolhouse as its appendage, forming the leading objects in the picture, and carrying upon the face of them the promise of blessing. We were amply rewarded for all the toils and exposure of the night. I have said that the scene could never be forgotten, either by my companions or myself. My chaplain naturally felt as I did upon the occasion, but it may not perhaps be wholly beneath notice that my servant, an Englishman, to whom everything in this journey was new, told me afterwards that he could hardly control his tears. Nor was it an unpleasing or worthless testimony that was rendered by one of our old voyageurs to the actual merits of the mission, when addressing this man he said: 'There are your Christian Indians'—the speaker being a French-Canadian Catholic—it would be very well if all the whites were as good as they are.'



INDIAN MISSION CHURCH, LYTTON, B.C.—See page 102.

### 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 midday 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.

### THANK-OFFERING.

**M**UCH regret has been felt by the provincial and diocesan officers that, at the Triennial meeting held last September, arrangements had not been perfected for the placing before the diocesan auxiliaries the subject of a united thank-offering to be presented at the Triennial of 1898. The provincial president has therefore authorized the taking

of a vote of the Provincial Board upon the following lines:

That as the Woman's Auxiliary will complete its tenth year of existence in 1896, and its twelfth at the Triennial of 1898, that would be a suitable time at which to express our thankfulness for the many blessings resulting from its formation:

(1) 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.

(2) For the great benefit and blessing the Woman's Auxiliary has been to the individual spiritual life of its members themselves.

It is proposed that the same method should be carried out as was suggested at the last thank-offering—that is, that the proceeds be sent annually, through the diocesan treasurers, to the provincial treasurer.

The first vote resulted in all but three members of the Board of Management voting in favor of an offering. Several objects were named to which it should be devoted, but not any obtained a majority of the votes; so a second voting paper was issued. The president selected four of the chief objects upon which the vote was to be taken, and the result was: (1) Hospital in Japan, 12 votes; (2) medical missionary to India, 2 votes; (3) superannuation fund, Algoma, 5 votes; (4) Bishop of Calgary, 10 votes; total, 29 votes.

The Provincial Board of Management, therefore, ask the hearty co-operation of the mem-



bers of the Woman's Auxiliary in the thank-offering, as explained above, feeling sure that it will be eagerly given to Almighty God as a recognition of all the privileges He has given us as W.A. members.

In the United States the first thank-offering from sixty-one dioceses was \$1,000; ours, from six dioceses, was \$836.95. The second in the United States was \$15,000. Why cannot we rise in the same proportion?

The sum we gave to the hospital work in Japan at the Triennial is not nearly sufficient to develop the work as it should be. Miss Smith has trained two graduated native nurses and has several others preparing to take their diplomas; so that if, in the course of events, a time should ever come when foreigners would not be allowed to remain in Japan, the work of the Woman's Auxiliary hospital could be carried on by these native women just as Miss Smith has arranged it, and under the auspices of the native Church of Japan. In this way the work could be of a thoroughly permanent nature, whether carried on by Canadians or Japanese.

To build and furnish a hospital such as Miss Smith would like to have would cost about \$1,700. Mr. Waller says: "Now, if we raised \$836 in a little more than one year, surely we could raise more than twice this amount from now until September, 1898, especially when we look into the thing carefully."

The last thank-offering was for the consolidation of the Church in Canada—a matter which some felt was a cause for thankfulness, but many did not study the question enough to feel deeply about it. But this one comes home to the heart of every member, and even the youngest can put such questions as these to themselves: What has the Woman's Auxiliary done for me? Has it not made me think more of what my Saviour did for me in placing me where I can hear of His love in dying for me? Do I not want more than I did to help those who are teaching the heathen about Him? Has He not drawn me nearer to Him by many ways since I began to work for and give to the spread of His kingdom? Do I not pray often and more earnestly for myself and for others than before I heard of the many needs and privations of the heathen and those noble men and women who have given their lives to missionary work?

If even one of these, or many other questions which will suggest themselves to our members, can be faithfully answered in the affirmative, would not it alone be a cause for thank-offering? Yes, indeed, and if we set ourselves to look for them, so many causes for thankfulness will come before us that we will want to add to our missionary box every time we remember them; the hospital in Japan will not want for funds, and many, very many, sick and suffering will

hear of the Great Physician, and turn to Him in their time of trouble for healing of body and soul.

The Board of Management would like to explain that this thank-offering is not intended to interfere in any way with those given at diocesan annual meetings, but be gathered by little sums all through the year, and sent in to the diocesan treasurer once a year.

THE rebate on last year's freight, which was kindly paid to the Provincial Board by the Indian Department at Ottawa, was voted by the Provincial Board of Management to the superannuation fund, diocese of Algoma. See *January Leaflet*, page 75.

## PALESTINE.

Much is heard now of the return of God's people to their ancient home in Palestine; and, as many think but little of what a great race they are, the very interesting facts so pleasantly put before us in the following paper may help them to think and to pray more for the people from whom our Lord Himself traced His human lineage:

### THE JEWS.

WRITTEN BY A MEMBER OF THE W.A.

The subject of this paper is, or ought to be, one of the deepest interest to every Christian—the subject, I might say, of the Bible, the book of which the greater part is written by Jews to Jews.

The words of a celebrated author on this subject are worth quoting: "When the Jews ceased to be a nation they bequeathed to the world one book only, the Bible; they had no other literature. But that one book has had a greater influence upon the world than all the books that have been written by the servants of all lands put together."

Of that book, their own peculiar property, the Jews of this age are almost entirely ignorant. Only parts of the Scripture are read in the synagogues, the Old Testament, I mean; of the New Testament they have less—hundreds of them never even heard of it. Is it not, in this case, the bounden duty of all Christians to circulate the Word of God amongst them so that they may learn therefrom the way of salvation?

I ought rather to say, is it not our privilege to do so? If you want a blessing, put your hand to the Jewish work, it will bring you untold spiritual blessings; such is the experience of all who have been privileged to share in the work.

Many people ask, Who is the Jew? For one thing, the Jew, as a nation, is the great living evidence of the truth of the Bible. You cannot exterminate him so as to blot him out



RED RIVER SETTLEMENT.—See page 102.

of existence, and he cannot be absorbed into other nations; so that he is and always will be the great incontrovertible fact that infidels can never do away with.

There is a much greater interest taken in the Jewish race in these days than in any that have preceded them. An evidence of this lies in the fact that one can scarcely take up a magazine or paper without finding an article on the subject, or some reference to them, their customs, or to their land. Only a few years ago Jews were never mentioned except in terms of utter contempt, even by so-called Christians. That feeling is, I trust, passing away, as is also their prejudice against us; although the bitter persecution they have suffered for centuries is a thing not easily forgotten. They can be won by kindness, and every kind word spoken and every kind deed done for them by Christians helps to do away with that prejudice, and makes it easier for those so employed to carry the Gospel of Jesus Christ into the homes of these benighted people. The medical missions in the east, in Jerusalem, and everywhere where they are established, are invaluable in that respect—they follow the divine way of working—healing the body first, and then caring for the soul; and these missions are exceptionally blessed. Although the rabbis have had hospitals built and have strictly forbidden Jews to go to Christian hospitals, they prefer ours to their own, and frequent them in great numbers.

A new medical mission has just been opened in Damascus. It is called the Eustan Maxwell Mission, and is the result of the death of a young student who was intending to devote his life to that work when he had completed his education, but who was suddenly called home, being killed in a railway accident. His sorrowing mother has written the story of his

life—a beautiful life devoted to God, and is most touchingly told. The proceeds of this little book, which is in its third edition, are to be used in opening this medical mission in the place in which he had intended spending his life in the Master's service.

The position of Jewish women in the East, and in countries where the Ishmael is the law and guide, is a most degraded one. My space is too small to give you many particulars, but a few facts will suffice to show the low estimate in which women are held. They are not considered the equal of men in any

respect—they need not learn to read, write, or even to pray. It is necessary to have ten men present to form a congregation in a synagogue; but if there were a hundred women present, they would not count, and they must wait until the requisite number of men are present. Every man and boy every morning, if not oftener, thanks God that he is not either a woman or an idiot. A wife can be divorced for the slightest offence—any trivial failing is sufficient cause. A Hebrew Christian, a native of Russia, told me that a Jew could divorce his wife if she did not put salt enough in his porridge. Shall not we Christian women whom “a Jew according to the flesh” has made free help to enlighten our sisters who are still in heathen darkness as far as the true light is concerned?

A wonderful change has passed and is still passing in the condition of this scattered people. The Lord had said concerning Israel that “in the latter days He would break the yoke of the Gentiles from off his neck, and burst his bonds.” It is a fact which cannot be denied that for more than a century these words have been receiving a literal fulfilment. Jewish influence has increased in every connection, and it is a familiar story that they control the money market of the world.

On the continent of Europe they have acquired immense influence in the press. In one place alone, Dr. Kellogg tells us that out of twenty-three liberal and progressive papers of the Berlin daily press there are only two which are not, in one way or another, under Jewish control. In the last election in England there were more Jews returned to Parliament than ever before in the history of that country. An eminent writer in *The Century* says: “The rapid rise of the Jewish element is a fact which may be easily observed all over Europe. If

this upward movement continues, the Israelites a century hence will be the masters of Europe."

It is so often said, concerning the Jews, that they are all a low class of people—rag and bottle men, etc.—forgetting or being ignorant of the long list of grand and illustrious names which belong to the despised nation. The first martyr, Stephen, was a Jew; and was not St. Paul himself also an "Israelite"? But apart from Bible history, the names of the distinguished sons of Abraham are too numerous to mention. Historians, scientists, all help to swell the list, the musical names with which we are familiar, such as Mendelssohn, Rossini, all the Shanks family, and many others, were Jews.

Sir George Jessel, at one time Master of the Rolls in England, of whom it was said that he was one of the greatest judges of our own or, perhaps, any time, and who was also the most distinguished of the living graduates of the University of London, was also a Hebrew.

At the head of the largest theological college in the world, the Mohammedan College at Cairo, Egypt, in which are 10,000 students and 300 professors, is a pervert from Judaism.

Since the yoke has been removed they have come to the front in a remarkable way, still fulfilling the prophecy that in the lands where they had had shame and blame they should have praise and honor.

Everything seems to be preparing the way for the return of this "scattered" people to their own country. A short time ago Jews were not allowed to buy land in Palestine. These restrictions were removed in 1892 by the Turkish Government, to whom the country belongs at present, and now the Jews are buying up large tracts of land and colonizing them.

There are at present three times as many Jews in Palestine as there were after the return from the Babylonish captivity. There are four railroads built and in process of building. Thirteen or fourteen nations took part in this work. When Turkey had given permission, France found the capital, Belgium furnished half the rails and coal, England found the other half, Poland and Switzerland sent engineers, Italy and Austria provided laborers, Egypt, the Sudan, and Algiers sent laborers; the United States shares with Germany the men who first surveyed the road, whilst Philadelphia supplied the engines.

This is surely a fulfilment of the prophecy, Isaiah 49: 22, "Thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I will lift up my hand to the Gentiles, and set up my standard to the people: and they shall bring thy sons in their arms, and thy daughters shall be carried on their shoulders."

As a matter of economy, even in missions, which is, of course, to take the lowest view of the matter, the Jews are the people to whom we should devote ourselves if we want mis-

sionaries; bring Israelites to the light of the glorious Gospel, and they will do more in disseminating the truth than any other people. They are to be found everywhere; they know the language of every country; they are born orators; when converted are keen and successful evangelizers, and seem to be a people prepared by God for that purpose.

I do not know that any statistics have ever been taken on the subject, and it would be rather difficult to discover how many have become members of the Church, when by the power of the Holy Spirit they have received the Saviour as the only atonement for their sins and learnt to look upon Him, the crucified One, as their Messiah; but our beautiful liturgy must be attractive to them, for they also use a form of prayer, and their Psalms are ours; the Venite, which we sing every Sunday, really belongs to them, and some parts are only appropriate to them: "Forty years long was I grieved with this generation," and so on.

There are at least 300 clergymen of the Church converted Jews; and two of her bishops, if not more, are also of the seed of Abraham. We Christians should be grateful to this despised nation, remembering what deep obligations we are under to them—obligations too long forgotten. Shall we take to ourselves the blessings they have given to us, and make them our exclusive property? They have been committed to us as a sacred trust for others—pre-eminently for the Jews. "To whom pertaineth the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the promises, whose are the fathers, and of whom as concerning the flesh Christ came, and who is over all, God blessed for ever."

## A TRIP IN ATHABASCA.

(Continued.)

BY RT. REV. DR. YOUNG, BISHOP OF ATHABASCA.

At 3 p.m. we left for the "Chutes." The steamer cautiously approaches the natural rock quay. This is a few yards below the fall that thunders over the sudden break on the limestone stratum that stretches across the entire width of the river. The general anxiety does not subside till the log fenders are grinding against the jagged rock that constitutes the unheven quay, and huge hawsers have safely moored the steamer. The previous summer the strong undertow brought her into too rough contact with the shore and made such a rent in her bows that, but for prompt measures, the steamer would have sunk in deep water at the foot of the fall.

As it would be some time before the company's people could cross the goods over the break in navigation caused by the "Chute" and the head of the rapid, some three miles of

the river's course, our mission party decided on trusting to our own resources, assisted by an Indian from Red River. Our first business was to drag the skiff over the rocks to a point above the fall, then re-embarking tents and provisions to track up to just below the head of the rapid. This necessitates another portage of several hundred yards. The rain did not tend to make the operation more agreeable. The following day, about 10 a.m., we landed on the lower side of a large point many miles in area. Mr. E. J. Laurence has established a ranche on this point some miles inland from the river.

Mr. Scott felt sure that about this point there was a path leading to the ranche. He proposed that Mrs. Young and I, and Grace, a niece of Mr. L., returning from missionary work in the Mackenzie River diocese, should walk to the ranche, a distance, he computed, of about four miles, while he and Matchune would take the skiff round to the upper side of the point. He soon found the supposed path among the thick bush near the river; and, after a light lunch, we started a little before 11 a.m. We soon emerged on an open prairie, to find the path grow fainter and fainter; in fact, it turned out to be only a track for Indians wishing to hunt bears in the open. After about two hours every trace of a path was hopelessly lost in a thick tangle of young poplars and willows. Pushing through this, we came out on a swamp, but beyond this no path could be discerned in any direction. After about four hours under a hot, burning sun we were pretty tired; and, having kept careful track of the direction, I led my little party back to the river, to the point from which we had started. Leaving them there, I started once more alone, under the impression that, unobserved by us, the path had diverged either to the right or left of the course we had taken. The great tracks of bears were plainly to be seen, and every ant-hill had been well clawed to supply what is "caviare" to the bear; but no path. At last, after nearly losing myself in the thick bush, I returned to the swamp that had been the goal of our morning's exertions. I inserted a paper into a cleft stick, stating that we had returned to the river and rejoined Miss Young and Grace. As the afternoon waned we lit a fire, more for the looks of the thing, as we had certainly nothing to cook. An exasperating rabbit would poke his nose out of the bushes a few yards off as though he would tantalize us with visions of roast rabbit.

About 8.30 p.m., to our great relief, we heard a gun; in response to which I gave the longest-drawn cooys I was capable of. The rescue party, with Mr. S. at their head in a state of great anxiety and self-recrimination, soon reached us. The path had only existed in his imagination, as from some point near there he had followed a snowshoe track to the ranches

the previous winter. In fact, it was a part of the point, many miles in extent, very little known by the ranch people; and, though two Indian lads were of the party, they had some difficulty in finding their way. Fortunately they came upon the cleft stick, and so found us earlier than they might otherwise have done. They had brought horses; and about an hour's ride brought us, hungry and tired, to the ranche. A hearty welcome and a good supper refreshed us; and, remounting our horses, a three miles' ride in the night brought us to our tents on the upper side of the point, well tired by this little overland digression from our up-stream journey.

We reached Vermillion about 5 p.m. on Saturday, glad once more to be under our own roof, now the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Scott.

One luxury pertaining to a long, rough journey is to enjoy the change which a good bath, a change of clothes, a neat bedroom, and a pleasant social meal provide, after the sun-burning, mosquito-biting, and other rough accompaniments of camp life.

The new school building is quite an addition to the mission premises, about 40 ft. in length and 30 ft. in breadth. The further end is partitioned off on the ground floor into sitting and bedroom for the Rev. A. J. and Mrs. Warwick. The schoolroom is about 25 ft. by 30 ft., with dormitories overhead. All that remains of Mr. Scott's former residence is the cellar and a few blackened fragments, almost concealed by the rank growth of grass and weeds.

*(To be continued.)*

## STRAIGHTFORWARD

### CHAPTER XII.



HE lively French are fond of saying that the English are a gloomy set of people, apt to take their pleasures sadly; but I defy anyone to match the spirit and real cheeriness which marked a certain summer holiday at King's Cobbe in the year ——. No, I will not give the exact date for certain reasons, but all west country folk can put in the figures if they will, and, for the rest of the world, it may be enough to know that it was just ten years since Farmer Holt (dead now, poor fellow; how he would have liked to have seen this day!) got that letter from Somerset, Australia, which contained such deeply interesting news:—

All the story of the expedition to New Guinea in search of Jesse Proudfoot, of the little lad's strange two years' life with black savages, their kind treatment of him, and his untimely death,

of the safe return of the travellers (saving George Holt, who had chosen to remain behind as a missionary) to the steamer waiting in the river, and finally of the arrival of our friends at their new home in Australia—Greenmeadow.

Naturally enough, Farmer Holt could not but be glad that, after all these ups and downs, his favorite daughter should be safely installed in a prosperous home of her own. He was not an unfeeling, nor indeed an avaricious, man, and he had a "Poor little chap!" to spare for Jesse, whom he had seen once or twice in the old days, as a child trotting by Michael Proudfoot's side. "A white-faced lad! Never could have made a man of him! Well, Perran has done fair by the poor child, and now it's all his, the big Australian property!"

So said the farmer, as he passed the letter on to "mother" and "the girls." But that scene had been enacted ten years ago, and what has it to do with to-day's smiling faces, holiday clothes, and church bells ringing? A great deal, I can tell you; and yet I will not tell you, for you shall come into the village street and find out for yourself what is the cause of all the stir and excitement, and why King's Cobbe is moved to its very heart's core to-day.

Here we are, in the stony, steep main street (only a lane in size) which leads from the church to the Cobbe. It is thronged with people—men, women, and children, in Sunday coats and ribbons. They are waiting for something or someone, evidently, and the greatest crowd assembles at the spot where the street divides, or rather where the road from the Grange joins the High Street.

Master Lott, grayer than he looked ten years ago, occupies a prominent position on Mr. Smirke's (the London chemist's) steps. Mr. Smirke has lately arrived in the town, and requires much information about county and King's Cobbe matters, and Lott is the man to instruct him.

He is at work now. Let us listen: "Well, as I told you, Perran Proudfoot, he has never disgraced the name, not here nor t'other side of the ocean, not as man nor boy. He couldn't bring the dead to life, but who's to blame him for that? Not I. If his life could have saved the little un's, Jesse's, he'd have given it. But the Lord above wouldn't have it that way. He'd just laid it out that Perran was to have that fine bit of land in Australy, and make a decent God-fearing spot of it in a country where, I hear, there's plenty of gold and sheep, but mighty little religion. Perran was always one to carry a thing out he set his heart on, and he sets himself to do his best for Greenmeadows. Money he gets out of the place; good he'll put into it if he can.

"So, first thing, he and his missis ('Lisbeth Holt as was, as nice a girl as you'll find all the

country round, and with a spirit of her own), they two start *Sunday* on their land. There weren't no Sunday known there before, only a sort of a day following Saturday, when folk lay a-bed and counted their money, and eat and drank twice as much as usual.

"They got the country folk, black and white, to come to the Big House, and Perran, he outs with his prayer-book, and reads and prays for all the world like a parson, as near as may be; and the blacks, they all say Amen till the whites have got over their shyness. And then there's singing! 'Lisbeth—I beg her pardon, Mrs. Proudfoot—she has a grand voice of her own, and after a while the service grows, as you may say, so pop'lar, that there'll be a regular fair of horses picketed to the trees and posts round.

"Who preached? do you ask. Well, I asked that too; and Perran he says that there wasn't a sermon like, but a bit of a talk after the praying and singing; and sometimes the captain, when he was out there, took it, and sometimes Perran himself, or any other decent settler who had a word on his lips for good.

"But when the Sunday gathering got to fifty or more, Perran, he gets restless-like, deep down. Says he, 'There's fifty souls, all bound for some place beyond Australy; who's to see them safe on their way? One of those surely to whom the Lord gave power to teach and baptize in His Name.' But real parsons weren't to be had then for love or money in Australy. So Perran makes up his mind and writes home to Sir John here. If he'll find the parson, Perran 'll find the money to keep him, and the rectory, and by and by the church.

"Well, to make a long story short, our folk here do find a good, hearty Cornishman who's up to black souls as well as white, and out he goes, and now I hear tell they do things in the Greenmeadow church 'most as nice as we have 'em here. And the first baby the parson baptized was Perran's eldest—a little girl. How many children has he? two; girl and boy, Mary and Jesse; you'll see 'em by and by, as fine children as may be. Proudfoot all over. Perran not a Proudfoot! There, there, Mr. Smirke, you'd best stick to your drug-messing. A Londoner ain't one to lay down the law here, or pretend to know about things as belong to the place. Perran, I say, is a Proudfoot—all his six feet; and if he didn't happen to be one by birth, that's a' accident, I say, as he couldn't forecast or prevent, and it didn't ought to be mentioned in polite society."

Lott moved a few feet away from the chemist; he was feeling a little huffed at this newcomer presuming to disparage the hero of the day; for indeed Perran, now returned with his family on a temporary visit to the old country, is the hero of this bright day. A moment, however, sufficed to smooth down the irritation,

for Mr. Smirke had his apology very ready, and then Lott could go on.

"Well, yes, Mr. Smirke, he is, as you say, a *millioner*, which I suppose means worth a million of something; but he's better than most millioners, for he just holds money as belonging to the Lord above, not to himself, and it's all good as he does with it. After that church in Australy, he thinks of the poor savages of New Guinea, and he gets a missionary to go out there and help George; and good gold is paid out to do that, I can tell you.

"And then he don't forget his native town either, as to-day proves. It's always been on his mind—the loss of life at sea on this here dangerous coast—and he and 'Lisbeth, they do say, have talked it over many a time in Australy, when folks here might have guessed they'd forgotten everything but sheep, and wool, and Australian gold.

"And the end of it all is that Perran made up his mind to build a lighthouse on the Pale, which has been Proudfoot land since—well, begging your pardon—long before you had a forbear, Mr. Smirke. There was no one of the name left to live in the cottage, so Perran writes and orders it pulled down. At first there's a groan. Says one, 'He don't care for King's Cobbe any more.' 'He ain't a Proudfoot,' says another. But I was staunch. 'Let be,' I said, 'it's all right.' And it was all right, you see. There's been engineers about the place ever since, big men, London men, as you know, Mr. Smirke. A Proudfoot does things well, and there's been a push made to get matters forward, so as little Jesse, Perran's son, can lay the first stone before the family leaves for Australy, next week. And, thank the Lord, He's given us this uncommon fine day for the purpose. What is it? The carriages; which way? The farm. Four horses there was to be; we would have it; a Proudfoot shall have honor done him in King's Cobbe."

Yes, the sound of horses' feet clattering rapidly down the steep street (no one makes anything of hills here about) draws all eyes in one direction. The pace slackens, and at last the four horses are checked to a walk, by the delighted coachman, with an enormous posey in his buttonhole. Perran and his wife, looking a little older, but as handsome and cheery as ever, are smiling and nodding, from the grand barouche sent for them, to the great crowd of friends around; while still more smiling, and evidently in intense excitement, two fine healthy children, of seven and eight years of age, can hardly keep their places on the back seat of the carriage.

The boy is called Jesse, but he has little else in common with his fair little dead namesake; this Jesse is his father all over—broad-chested, bright-eyed, and daring. He cries hurrah! with the crowd.

And here is the Grange carriage with another quartette—Sir John and Lady Mostyn, the Captain, and a quiet little woman in black, smiling, too, though, Mrs. Holt, 'Lisbeth's mother! Yes, she has an honorable place to day; Lady Mostyn has insisted on driving her to the Pale. Next week she, too, will leave her native country for good. Her husband has long been dead; all her children are married and settled in life; and she has elected to cast in her 'lot with that of her daughter 'Lisbeth, and cross the sea with her and her belongings. A brave-hearted old woman; but 'Lisbeth's mother would be that.

More and more carriages; all the gentry and farmers for miles round arriving; for this is a day long looked for. The downs round the Pale are gay with equipages, and gaily dressed parties pressing round the tiny plot of ground, sheer above the cliff, now roped off from the crowd.

The sky is so blue above, the wide sea so calm and yet so bright below; it is a day made for a good and noble undertaking.

And now the ceremony begins. The laying of the foundation stone of a lighthouse, to be known as "The Proudfoot Lighthouse," a tower long and sorely needed to warn mariners off the Cobbe reefs down below.

An expensive affair it will be, for Perran will only have the best stone and the cleverest workmen employed. But he has the money, he says, and only wishes to put it to the best use.

Hush! the train of choristers breaks out into a joyful hymn, which is taken up by the crowd; then a clergyman, robed in white, commends the deed of the day to an ever-present God.

And now, amidst a murmur of loving admiration, that bright, straight, happy, little Australian lad is led by his father, Perran Proudfoot, trowel in hand, to the great square stone on which so much in the future depends; and the young face grows solemn, as the chubby hand smooths the mortar, and gives the three taps to the hewn block. Jesse must do his work well, he thinks.

Now the bright eyes leave the stone, and seem to look right up into heaven; Jesse thinks he sees the lighthouse complete, towering upwards a'ready. Some day he may truly gaze on it, perhaps, 'Lisbeth whispers to him; she and father, however, have no intention of leaving Australia any more; it is their home, and they mean to do their best in it, a best which frequent absences would interfere with.

Mary, the little girl, pulls down her mother's face to hers. "And I shall stay at Greenmeadows, too, always with you and granny."

The ceremony is over now. There is much hurrahing and handshaking; Jesse is lifted up to the carriage of the lord of the manor, who shakes hands with him, too, while the lady of

the manor kisses him, a part of the day's honor Jesse could dispense with—he only likes to be kissed by mother and Mary. He does like, however, to see all the great men of the place gather round father, who is good, and wise, and kind, and to hear them say that what Australia has gained England has lost, and they deeply regret it. Jesse quite understands all that. He is interested, too, in the plans and sketches of the lighthouse, which are now passed round. The drawing of the lighthouse, complete as it will be, is a special favorite. It looks so real and noble, standing on the Pale. There are apparently two carved ornamental bands round it, which, on looking closer, are found to be inscriptions. One is the Proudfoot motto, "Straightforward"; the other is, "To the glory of God and the good of mankind, in memory of the Proudfoot family."

Jesse has read the monument in church, and knows all about the family, quite recognizing that he belongs to it.

But though the great event of the day is over, there is much more to be done. A substantial tea is laid out in the Rectory field, where stands not alone one table, but a dozen. All are made welcome there—gentry, farmers, townspeople, little children, old people, young men and maidens.

Perran and 'Lisbeth are still the most honored guests; their little son wanders in and around the crowd, gathering many blessings by his bright face and innocent friendliness; Mary, maiden-like, is shy, and clings to her mother.

Presently, when everyone is amply satisfied with the hearty meal, there is a general move towards the church, which has been sending forth merry peals at intervals all the afternoon.

There is to be a farewell service, commending the Proudfoots to the care of Him who is Lord of sea as well as land. They leave for London on the morrow; for Australia in a few days. The fine old church is crowded in every corner; never were such Amens, such responses, such hearty singing.

But you might hear a pin drop when the rector gives out his text—"Straightforward."

Sermons are not generally interesting reading, but a few sentences from this sermon must be given.

"My friends," said the preacher, "it is an old and goodly custom to take a text of Scripture as the foundation of a discourse. I have done so to-day. Yes, I see your eyes turning towards the monument on the north wall: my text is there truly enough, but it is also in my Bible and yours, as you will see, if you will look through the first chapter of the Book of Ezekiel."

There was a rustling of leaves for a while, and then the rector went on to sketch the lives of such as desire to walk straightforward, led by the Spirit. It was a walk possible to every

man, he said; and every man there present felt heartened to begin such a life if he had not already done so.

After that there was a moment's pause, then the departure from amongst them of a family whose name was "a household word in King's Cobbe" was spoken of, and mention made of the Church in Australia, and its brotherhood with the Church at home; the travellers were not going into exile, they were still within its pale.

And *straightforward*, still, would be their path. Whatever their hand might find to do, they would do it with their might. To some, this doing meant patient, quiet, daily toil at home. To others—nay, to these very friends—it was made clear in the trumpet call for active work for God abroad. But the walk in all cases is, or ought to be, the same—ever straightforward. Not looking to left or right, wishing the lot had been cast otherwise—like this man's or that man's, but pressing onwards and heavenwards moment by moment, untiringly, unswervingly, sure that in the designs of an All-knowing God—

"Whatever is, is right."

"Friends, brethren, brother Cornishmen, let us all from henceforth go out into the world resolved to make my text the watchword of our lives—Straightforward!"

And now I know that many people will be dissatisfied when they find that here our story ends. There is so much they would have liked to know, both of the past and of the present.

Specially, many will long to hear how George Holt, and his missionary labors in New Guinea, prospered. But holy seed sown in hitherto untended ground is always slow to spring up, slower still to ripen; and we must wait in patience for tidings of a harvest there, thankful to believe that the workers in this field are accepted and even welcomed by their ignorant heathen charge.

Little Jesse's teaching—his cross-crowned forest grave—is sure to be a centre of blessing in time.

The very last news received of the Proudfoot family is that they have safely reached their home in Australia, and gladly settled down into their old happy life of joyful labor; most heartily welcomed by Peter, now in a responsible position on the estate, and Molly, who has married a neighboring settler, and reigns in her own pretty home, hard by her dear mistress. Both Perran and 'Lisbeth love work, and God gives them health and strength to do it; by and by even their strong limbs and brave hearts may wax faint and feeble, and then they may desire rest, and God will give them that too—the rest that belongs to the people of God.

THE END.

## Young People's Department.



THE LOG HOUSE IN THE BUSH.

### HELEN.

#### I.—THE CITY CHURCH.

**M**OTHER, the bells are ringing for church," said a little girl of one of our Canadian cities one Sunday morning. "I hear the cathedral bells, should we not be ready to go?"

"Yes, my dear, we are all ready now."

And to church they went, Mr. and Mrs. Redford and their little Helen. On the way to St. John's Church, which they always attended, Mr. Redford said: "The Bishop of Wideland is going to preach to-day, so I suppose we shall hear something about missions."

"What are missions, father?" asked Helen

"In distant places, Helen, they have but few churches, and but few clergymen. One man travels over a large space of ground, and preaches only here and there where a few people may gather together to hear him."

"How funny that must be, father, when we have so many churches here! How funny it must be to live in Wideland!"

Going home from church, little Helen said:

"Father, I liked the sermon so much to-day. I understood everything that the bishop said. He spoke of the woods, and he spoke of log churches. What a curious thing a log church must be, father!"

"Yes, dear, I am afraid we do not think enough of those who have not the fine churches to go to that we have."

"But, father, how much does it cost to build a church? How much did it cost to build our church, St. John's."

"It cost thousands of dollars, my child, I do not exactly know how many."

"But, father, the Bishop of Wideland said to-day that a church in the bush could be built and made all ready for five hundred dollars."

"Yes, so he did, and so I have no doubt it could."

"Well, father, why don't you build a church for some of those people?"

"I, child—I give \$500!"

"Why, is five hundred dollars a very large sum, father?"

"Yes, Helen, in that way it is considered very large. There was a collection taken up to-day for a destitute place where the bishop wants to build a church and place a clergyman—what was it he called that place?"

"I don't remember; do you remember, mother?"

"Yes, he called it Logwood."

"Oh! yes, I remember now," said Helen, "and I thought it such a funny name for a place—but what were you going to say, father?"

"Why," said Mr. Redford, "they had a collection for that object to-day, and I don't sup-



pose any one gave more than five dollars!"

"But, father, you could give five hundred dollars, surely, to build a church?"

"Why, what makes you talk so, Helen?"

"Because \$500 does not seem to be much. I heard you say that the new drawing-room mantelpiece cost \$500, and I wondered why you had the old one taken away. It was very pretty, and I loved it so much. Would it not have been better to build those poor people a church than to put up that new mantel-piece?"

Mr. Redford smiled and said no more; but he soon lapsed into thought, and that night before he went to bed he wrote a letter to the Bishop of Wideland.

#### II.—LOGWOOD.

"What is a church, mother?"

This question was asked by little Annie Davis. They lived in a poor little log house in a wild part of the Diocese of Wideland. The trees were thick, and the soil rough and rocky. It seemed a desolate place to live.

The mother sighed and said, "Annie, dear, it is a grief to me that you should ever have to ask such a question. Have I not often told you of the fine old churches in dear old England?"

"Yes, mother, but I have not a clear idea of what a church is. You know, mother, I have never seen one."

"No, Annie, and I wonder how much longer it will be before you will see a church!"

"What day is this, mother?"

"It is Sunday, child, but oh! dear, in this wearisome life we hardly know Sunday from any other day!"

"Was father ever a religious man, mother? Did he ever go to church?"

"Yes, dear, he once loved his church dearly. Our good old church at home had eight beautiful bells, and the ringers used to make the village bright with their merry chimes."

"I wish father was a better man than he is, mother. He is always with Tom Arnold, and everybody says he is so bad, and father gets very angry sometimes and acts wicked like. I know it makes you sad, for I often see you cry!"

"Oh! never mind talking that way, dearest—run away and play."

"But, mother, one thing more, I wish I could see a church—but what is this? See, mother, see through the opening of the woods—two men are driving their horses towards the house."

Two men they were, and they soon arrived. One of them said, "Is this where Mr. Davis lives?" When told that it was, he said: "I am the Bishop of Wideland, and this is the Rev. Mr. Mission, who is coming to be your clergyman. Can you put us up anywhere for the night?"

Now the log hut, such as we see in the picture, seems but a poor place for a bishop and a clergyman to sleep in. Yet missionaries, whether bishops or priests, are often glad of the shelter and hospitality which even such a hut can afford.

That night the bishop asked if any of the neighbors could be got together on the following day. He was told that a few could be summoned. After prayers they retired for the night. Earnestly had little Annie gazed upon the two divines. It was a new sight to her. She wondered whether that meant that she would yet see a church.

By noon the next day several people had been collected from the "neighborhood." The bishop held a short service, at which some were devout and some were disposed to laugh; while others again, like Tom Arnold, did not attend at all. Mr. Davis was there, but he looked ill at ease. The bishop said that if the men would cut down the logs and do what they could in the way of work they might have a church.

Then little Annie, not thinking of how wrong it was to speak at such a time, cried out:

"Oh! then I may yet see a church!"

The bishop smiled and said, "Come here, little girl, what is your name?"

"Annie Davis, sir," she said.

"Then, Annie Davis, you will see a church, and a good one, too, for the backwoods."

And then the bishop went away, but Mr. Mission stayed to superintend the building of the church. Soon it was built. All helped to build it. Even Tom Arnold turned in and worked with a will.

In a few months everything was ready. Then Mr. Mission said, "We must have the bishop here at the opening, for he charged me to send him word when all was ready." So they wrote to the bishop, and he fixed a day for the opening. In the meantime a handsome chapel bell arrived, specially marked for the "Logwood Mission Church," and with it a heavy box which was not to be opened till the day of opening the church. The bell, however, was put in its place.

On the day fixed for the opening the bishop arrived, and another gentleman with him. The bell was rung, and its music was sweet through the trees. People came through the woods, on foot, on horseback, on lumber wagons drawn by oxen, and in various other ways to be present at the church service. Even Tom Arnold was there. He said that, as he had handled the logs, he might as well see what they were meant for. It was a glad sight to see those people in their own little church. Mr. Mission began the service, "To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against him"—and then the eyes of nearly all present began to



BOARDING SCHOOL.

moisten. Mrs. Davis wept for joy, and her husband's frame shook with emotion. Tom Arnold had refused to be at any of the services which Mr. Mission used to hold in the house, but curiosity brought him to the church, and soon the familiar words of the Prayer Book made him think of old days, days of father-love and mother-love, and the thoughtless man was that day made to feel the power of the Gospel. The bishop explained how their church came to be built. He said that a kind-hearted gentleman sent him a cheque for \$500 to build a church in Logwood, the place he had preached about, and that he sent it because his little daughter had opened his eyes to the fact that he, and probably many others, were cruelly selfish, and did not realize it; that they sometimes were like the man in the Gospel, who simply spent his money on pulling down barns in order to build new ones. The bishop then went on to say that while this little church was being built, the dear child who had been the means of its building was attacked with diphtheria, and that God had taken her to Himself. Here the strange gentleman that had come with the bishop sobbed aloud. It was Helen's father, Mr. Redford. The bishop, continuing, said that the same gentleman, on the death of the dear child, had sent a bell for the little church and also a memorial font, which would now be set in its place. Workmen then opened the heavy box that had come with the bell, and carried into the church a handsome font. It bore the inscription: "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou perfected praise," and at the base was the simple word, "Helen."

Annie Davis gazed at this font many a day afterwards, and her mother at her confirmation, which took place in a few years from that time,

gently reminded her of her question: "Mother, what is a church?"

### BOARDING SCHOOL.



**GIRLS'** boarding school! What a busy place it is! And what a noisy place it is, with a dozen or more pianos going, all the time! And what nice rooms the girls have, and what comfortable little beds to sleep on! But in India little girls are quite content to sleep on a little mat spread out on the floor. They sleep quite well this way, for, of course, the weather is hot. This has one advantage, for they cannot fall out of bed.

They might roll over on the floor, that is all. In the morning they don't have to make their bed. They simply roll it up and put it away. Then they sweep the floor and the room is "tidied up."

They often have this kind of bed in the East. You remember the Saviour used to say: "Take up thy bed and walk." That would be a very funny thing for us to do; but in the East it would be very easy. In the picture you see a little lady that has taken up her bed, and she is walking. These boarding schools in India are kept by missionaries, who are trying to teach the little girls to be Christians. This is the best way for missionaries to teach, for people are Christians in Canada because they were brought up that way.

### THE ROBBERS' AUCTION.

**WE** have all heard instances of the power of the Bible over the hearts of men. But a gang of robbers! Who would have thought that in *such* a soil there was any chance of the seed of the Word springing up into life.

In the Black Forest of Germany—even now a wild and little-frequented region, there dwelt in its dark recesses, a hundred years ago, a band of lawless men who lived by plundering travellers. One night a strange scene took place in the den to which the robbers resorted. The flames of torches shed a lurid glare over a circle of fierce and almost savage faces, gathered together.

A man who seemed to be their leader stood in the middle holding article after article up before them, and then, after hoarse cries and shouts, tossing it to one and another of the

band. They had just been robbing a "diligence," or stage-coach of the country, and now, at the dead of night, they were, as their wont, selling the results among themselves by auction.

At last, after various garments, watches, and goods of all kinds had been disposed of, a *New Testament* was held up to view. Alas! nobody bid for that, and ribald jokes and unholy laughter greeted the sacred Book.

Then one of the number, more wicked even than the rest, suggested that a chapter should be read for their edification, which all applauded as an excellent idea. In mockery the reader began, and in mock attention the others listened, then clapped their hands in derision when it was finished.

And had the power of the Word failed? Not so; one amongst them, unheeded by the rest, had sat all the time with hands fixed on his knees and eyes cast down. When it was time for them to disperse, one of his mates touched him. "Come, old fellow," he said, "wake up; if anybody ought to have that Book it's you, for you're the biggest sinner of us all."

The man started. "Yes," he gasped, "I'll buy the Book, let me have it," and it was flung over to him. He put it in his pocket without a word, and when in the morning the others stole into the nearest town to turn their spoil into money, he retired to the loneliest place of the forest to commune with his own spirit, sorely stricken as it was by the Spirit present in the Word.

We cannot tell what the passage was, but in God's marvellous over-ruling Providence it was *the very same* his father had read the last morning he left his home thirty years before!

And in his mind's eye he could see—as clearly as if it had been yesterday—the happy family gathered around the breakfast table, the mother's face, the father with the open Bible, and then all kneeling in prayer for God's protection and blessing. A prodigal son he went away that day, and had never since opened a Bible nor bent his knee.

But now conviction had come, the arrow was in his heart, and all day long in bitter anguish of soul he mourned over the wicked life he had led. Darkness came, then the morning light, and with it a ray of light to the penitent. God's Holy Spirit whispered peace—peace through the Saviour who had died for sins as desperate as his.

Changed from a hardened robber to a subdued and softened one, henceforth to live a different life, he sought a minister and told his story; then, to prove his sincerity, delivered himself up to justice. He was tried, condemned, but ultimately pardoned, after a short imprisonment, on account of his good character.

He became, in course of time, servant to a

nobleman, and at last, as a reclaimed criminal, leading a consistent Christian life, and saved by the blood of Jesus, he passed away to join the dying thief in Paradise. Can any one think lightly of the Word of God when such is its power to touch the stubborn heart of a desperate outlaw such as this?

Can any one think little of the Holy Spirit which can thus melt that heart into tears, penitence, and trust? "For the word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart" (Heb. iv. 12.)

"It is the Spirit that quickeneth" (John vi. 63.)  
M. K. M.

### A FAITHFUL SERVANT.

"On the deck of a foundering vessel stood a negro slave. The last man left on board, he was about to step into the lifeboat. She was almost laden to the gunwale, to the water's edge. Bearing in his arms a heavy bundle, the boat's crew, who with difficulty kept her afloat in the roaring sea, refused to receive him. If he came, it must be unencumbered and alone—on that they insisted. He must either *leave that bundle* and leap in, or throw it in and stay to perish.

Pressing it to his bosom, he opened its folds, and there, warmly wrapped, lay two little children, whom their father had committed to his care. He kissed them and bade the sailors carry his affectionate farewell to his master, telling him how faithfully he had fulfilled his charge. Then lowering the children into the boat, which pushed off, the dark man stood all alone on the deck, to go down with the sinking ship, a noble example of bravery and true fidelity, and the love that 'seeketh not her own.'"

"I thank the goodness and the grace  
Which on my birth have smiled,  
And made me in these Christian days  
A happy Christian child.

"I was not born a little slave,  
To labor in the sun,  
And wish I were but in my grave,  
With all my labor done."

The right and manly thing ought to be easy to do, and one can only wonder why that right and manly thing is not always done. And yet, who has not failed to do it? Who has not found the gateway to the right path seem a very arduous and humble one? The great road of sin is a crowded one, while the path of individual duty must necessarily be trodden alone.

## The Canadian Church Magazine AND MISSION NEWS.

Monthly (illustrated) Magazine published by the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada.

**TERMS.**—One dollar a year in advance. In Great Britain—five shillings. The pink label pasted on the outside of the cover is a receipt for the payment of the subscription *to and including* the printed date thereon.

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**EDITOR.**—REV. CANON MOCKRIDGE, D.D., 56 St. Albans St., Toronto, to whom all communications of an editorial character should be addressed.

**BUSINESS MANAGER.**—F. N. W. BROWN, 31 Czar Street, Toronto, Ont., to whom all payments for subscriptions or advertisements should be made, and all communications of a business character should be addressed.

VOL. X.

MAY, 1896.

No. 119.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

**BISHOP HAMILTON**, after some delay, resolved definitely to resign his diocese of Niagara, and take up the new work in Ottawa. He has already made arrangements for the change, and will soon be a resident of the capital. The Synod of Niagara has been summoned to meet in Hamilton on the 12th of May to elect a bishop.

**BISHOP REEVE'S** residence at Fort Simpson, diocese of Mackenzie River, was burned down some time ago. The house and the whole of its contents were destroyed, as were also all the supplies. The Bishop and Mrs. Reeve escaped with difficulty, and the former is suffering from rheumatism on account of the exposure. They are now staying at Hudson Bay. The Board of Management of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society has voted a small sum of money to assist the Bishop in this emergency.

On Thursday, March 19th, the Rev. Dr. Mockridge, Secretary-Treasurer of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, visited the diocese of Huron on the kind invitation of the Bishop and Executive Committee, and laid before the Standing Committee the claims of the society which he represented, and requesting at the same time liberty to visit as might be practicable, from time to time, some of the parishes in the diocese with a view to increasing, if possible, the funds of the society. Dr. Mockridge was received with the greatest courtesy, and the privilege he asked for was freely given.

THE missionary meeting at Montreal was well attended. The Rev. Dr. Mockridge gave a brief history of the development of the Canadian episcopate as it began in the east and spread to the west. It was a lecture illustrated by frequent references to a large map of the Dominion. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Baldwin, Bishop of Huron, delivered a magnificent address, full of the unhappy failures of the Christian Church, on the one hand, and its brilliant triumphs on the other—its failures in the east, owing to the extraordinary march of Islam; its triumphs elsewhere, as it vanquished great nations, and still moves on to conquer. It was an address of great eloquence and power. The venerable Bishop of Montreal, Dr. Bond, presided.

THE diocese of Huron is the only diocese that sends the money asked for by the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society to that society for its own free and untrammelled use. Nova Scotia devotes some of the Ascensiontide Appeal money to the payment of the stipend of the Bishop of Algoma. Fredericton, Ontario, Toronto, and Niagara do the same. Quebec appropriates the bulk of its foreign missionary money to the S.P.G., and Montreal all of its foreign missionary money to the S.P.G. for work in Madras. Fredericton appropriates its foreign collections also to the S.P.G. Thus is the society handicapped. All honor to Huron diocese, which alone leaves untouched the money that the society asks for for its own work. The Church of England in Canada will never flourish until her missionary society can have the free disposal of the offerings of the people who wish to devote a portion of their means to the evangelization of the world.

By a very small majority, the Board of Management of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society has resolved to seek for honorary officers for the performance of the necessary work belonging to it, with a view to abolishing the secretary-treasurership. This work is threefold: (1) The keeping of the books, receiving and paying out money, preparing and issuing annual reports, etc.; (2) the work of a secretary, to keep minutes, issue appeals, arouse missionary interest, and other kindred matters; and (3) the editing and conducting of the society's periodicals. All this has been done recently by one paid officer. It is hoped that by dividing his duties among three men the work may be done for nothing. Many regard this as a retrograde step. Time alone will tell. Any one of the three duties mentioned above will be found far more onerous than many, unacquainted with the working of the society, have any idea of. At a time when the Methodist body is engaging an assistant secretary, the Church of England in Canada has had to acknowledge that it will not even keep one responsible officer.

With much regret we chronicle the death of Rev. Canon Logan, of the diocese of Toronto. He has left behind him a good record of hard and enduring work for Christ and His Church, and he will be long remembered for his kind and gentle disposition. Also on Sunday morning, March 22nd, we regret to say, the Rev. James W. Pyke, one of the oldest surviving missionaries of the S.P.G., died at Hudson, Quebec, in the parish of Vaudreuil, diocese of Montreal. To this parish he was appointed in 1841, and there he remained till the day of his death—a period of fifty-five years.

### DOMESTIC MISSIONS.

Our various congregations are called upon, as usual at this season of the year, to consider the question of our domestic mission field, which extends through Algoma and into the far west, across the Rocky Mountains into British Columbia—north without a limit, except where the cold waves of the Hudson's Bay wash the shore, and the waters of the Arctic Ocean hurl great blocks of ice upon the frozen land.

In this enormous territory new ground is being occupied constantly. For instance, a fine river has recently been discovered in a large and partially unexplored region north of the Province of Quebec. It is larger than the Ottawa, and a great part of it averages a mile in width. It flows into James' Bay, after draining a vast country which is well wooded and will some day be the home of a large population; so that the demand for help from some new quarter may at any time spring up. For this reason it is a good thing that the Church of England in Canada has her Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, well organized and equipped, for the purpose of receiving aid from people whose churches are already built, and whose services lie at their very doors, for those who are destitute of such privileges, and are unable of themselves to procure them.

It is terrible to contemplate what a place may be like without religion; a place where no church is built, where no voice of praise or prayer is heard, where no one speaks of God, or opens his mouth to warn the wicked of the results of his unchecked sin. Such places have been found by missionaries who travel in search of them—and it usually takes long patience and unwearied toil before the hallowed influence of the Church can be made to assert itself.

The natural tendency of man is to degenerate. Leave him untaught by the Church, unsupported by her sacraments, unwarned by her preaching, uncomforted by her ministrations; leave him with his children unbaptized, with no man of God before them as an example of what it is to be good and holy—he becomes careless and reckless, yielding easily to his wicked

nature, till the image of God once stamped upon his brow becomes effaced.

And for the young people themselves! How terrible must it be for them to have before them the example only of a wicked man, totally regardless of religion! It is a feature of Christianity that she cares for the children. This she learned from her divine Head, who always yearned over the little ones and loved them. "What can be done for the children?" is the ever solicitous cry of the religion of Jesus.

If, then, there are places where children hear nothing of God except in profanity; if they hear nothing of religion except in the scoff and in the jest, how may we hope for good men and good women? Where churches are, it is true, there is profanity and there is scoffing; and there is worse than that sometimes—infinity worse done in the very presence of the church; but along with it there is a restraining power which keeps evil in check and leads many to put a strong emphasis upon the good that is in them.

Do we wish, then, to benefit our own race? Do we wish to keep them looking upwards—feeling after God, if haply they may find Him? We shall do it by giving them the services and privileges of the Church. The Church nurtures the Holy Scriptures and teaches her sons and daughters, whether full-grown or children, to read them—"to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest, them." She teaches men the two great commandments on which hang all the law and the prophets—to love God with all the heart, and with all the soul, and with all the strength, and to love their neighbors as themselves—a great lesson which, if well learned, lifts man to a high level, and brings him nigh unto God. She teaches men salvation, the only means by which they may be saved. It is done by early teaching. It is done by the power of the Word preached.

Yes, the Church of Christ does all this and much more. What would we do without it? How essential we consider it to our own happiness and safety, do we not? If not, why do we build so many churches? Why do we engage so many clergymen and ministers of Christ? Is it not because we feel that with them we are safe; that without them we would be in great danger? Is there not a meaning in this multiplication of churches, in this setting up everywhere the standard of truth? It must be so, and it must be a meaning which calls forth the strongest feelings of man's nature.

If, then, man feels the Church and what it can do for him an absolute necessity, is it not with reason that we ask Him to assist men to build churches who are not able to build them for themselves, and to engage men of God to minister to them when they are not able to engage them themselves? This is the meaning, as we take it, of our Ascensiontide appeal. It is a call to help. It is a call for the strong to come

to the aid of the weak; and this is a call which never should be made in vain.

The Church of England in Canada, to a great extent, is a missionary Church, and already a great deal of missionary work has been done by her. The head of the Church in this Dominion is a missionary bishop. Though bearing the title of Archbishop and Primate of all Canada, he is, to his great credit, the missionary bishop of Rupert's Land. A strong and powerful man, both in body and mind, he still devotes himself to his own diocese in Manitoba, watching the welfare of the Church, and strengthening her foundations in every way possible. A little over thirty years ago he stood a solitary bishop in the great lone land. Few were the voices heard or the faces seen, as he took his long journeys by dog-sleighs or snowshoes in winter, or by canoes in summer. No cities, no towns, no railroads, no telegraphs, but little communication with the outside world, marked his sojourn in the immense and solitary wild. But now it is all changed.

Improvements began to take place rapidly. New dioceses were formed; great territories were taken from him. Heroic men battled with Arctic frosts and awful solitude to give to their fellow-men what they had found they had needed themselves, the Church of Christ—the Church of Christ with its sweet story of salvation, with its steady round of prayer and praise, with its waters of baptism and its holy communion, with its care for the young and its struggle to lift up the fallen. Yes, this they found they needed themselves, and they were now in the dreary waste to give it to others. Such is the work in the domestic field. It is the field of many a missionary hero, such as John Horden, who spent his whole life learning new languages, that he might teach new people and translate the Word of God into tongues which some heathen people could understand—John Horden, who, on the shores of the great Hudson's Bay, battled with snow and frost, and encountered dangers that God's providence alone could avert, from early manhood till old age whitened his hair and bent his form—till death itself caused him to cease from his toil. Our domestic field is a field of heroism. In many a name besides those of the Primate of Canada and John Horden it is and has been seen. An old man works as a missionary still on the Yukon River. He has scarcely ever left his work. It is Bishop Bompas. His life has been spent to give to others the benefit of the Church of Christ. His early manhood, his prime of life, was spent in this way; and now that he is old he teaches in his log schoolhouse, and ministers in his log cathedral, because he knows that the Church did much for him, and he must give its holy teachings to others.

This is the meaning of the missionary spirit. The more men find the Church helpful to them-

selves, the more anxiety should they feel to place it within the reach of others.

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

#### MEETING OF THE BOARD OF MANAGEMENT.

Montreal, April, 5, 1896.

The Board of Management met in St. George's Schoolhouse, Montreal, on Wednesday, April 15th, 1896, at 10 a.m.

There were present:—

From the diocese of Fredericton: Rt. Rev. H. T. Kingdon, Bishop, Ven. Archdeacon Brigstocke, C. H. Vroom, Esq.

From the diocese of Huron: Rt. Rev. M. S. Baldwin, Bishop.

From the diocese of Montreal: Rt. Rev. W. B. Bond, Bishop, Very Rev. Dean Carmichael, Rev. G. Osborne Troop, Leo H. Davidson, Esq., Charles Garth, Esq.

From the diocese of Niagara: Rt. Rev. Charles Hamilton, Bishop, Rev. P. L. Spencer, Judge Senkler.

From the diocese of Nova Scotia: Rt. Rev. F. Courtney, Bishop, Rev. E. P. Crawford.

From the diocese of Ontario: The Most Rev. J. Travers Lewis, Archbishop, Ven. Archdeacon Bedford Jones, Rev. Rural Dean Pollard, R. V. Rogers, Q.C.

From the diocese of Quebec: Rev. Canon Von Iffland, Captain Carter, John Hamilton, Esq.

From the diocese of Toronto: Rt. Rev. Arthur Sweatman, Bishop, Rev. Rural Dean Cooper, Rev. Canon C. H. Mockridge, Secretary-Treasurer.

The Bishop of Montreal, and afterwards the Archbishop of Ontario, presided.

After prayers the minutes, having been printed and circulated, were taken as read.

The Secretary-Treasurer read his semi-annual report and financial statement; both of which were received.

A letter was read from Miss L. H. Montzambert regarding proposed work, and referred to the joint committee of the society and the W.A.

Reports of committees:—

The report of the committee for distributing grants to Indian Homes was adopted.

Judge Senkler read the report of the committee appointed to take into consideration the legality and advisability of the appointment of a Secretary-Treasurer at a salary of \$2,000, which was received and considered clause by clause. The first clause, which affirmed that the appointment of a Secretary-Treasurer was legal, was carried.

The second clause, which recommended the

separation of the office of Treasurer from that of Secretary, was also carried.

Clause two was also carried.

On clause three it was amended that in case the committee fail to find a suitable person for the office of Secretary, as proposed, the committee be empowered to engage a clergyman as Secretary at an income of not more than one thousand dollars per annum.

On clause four, regarding THE CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE AND MISSION NEWS, it was agreed that a committee should seek for a clergyman or layman to be put in charge of the magazines with the privilege of all that may be made over and above expenses for some period to be agreed upon—the said magazine to be always under the control of the Board.

A committee, consisting of Bishop Hamilton, Dean Carmichael, Canon Von Iffland, and Dr. L. H. Davidson, was appointed to draft committees referred to in the report.

A sub-committee was appointed to consider the Ascensiontide Appeal.

Thursday, April 16th, the Board met at 10 a.m.; minutes were read, amended, and confirmed.

The committee appointed to nominate the committees recommended in the report in the Secretary-Treasurership and magazines, and to confer with Dr. Mockridge, being of the opinion that the work of securing the services of an honorary treasurer, an honorary secretary, and an editor for THE MAGAZINE differs little in character, recommends that one committee be charged with the duties, to consist of the following: The Bishop of Niagara, chairman; the Archdeacon of Kingston, the Rev. Canon Von Iffland, Dr. L. H. Davidson, Captain Carter.

Your committee would further recommend that the committee of conference with Dr. Mockridge consist of the Dean of Montreal, chairman; Archdeacon Brigstocke, Judge Senkler, Mr. C. Garth.

The report was adopted.

It was moved by the Bishop of Nova Scotia, seconded by Dr. Davidson, That the report of the Committee on Indian Schools, together with the memoranda of Rural Dean Cooper, be referred to the Missionary Committee of the General Synod of Canada for its information and consideration.

Moved by Rural Dean Pollard, seconded by Archdeacon Brigstocke, and resolved:

That the committee appointed to confer with the Woman's Auxiliary on matters connected with this Board be requested to bring before that body the information now furnished to this Board by the report submitted on the Indian schools, and ask for its co-operation in forming a central committee for the equitable distribution of all bales and clothing, and other benefactions, among the Indian schools from this ecclesiastical province.

A deputation from the Woman's Auxiliary was then received by the Board.

Moved by the Bishop of Huron, seconded by Canon Von Iffland, and resolved:

That on Miss Miller satisfying the requirements of the examining committee of the Board, and on the undertaking of the W.A. to furnish the necessary funds, that the request of the Woman's Auxiliary regarding sending her as a missionary to the diocese of Selkirk be and is hereby cordially granted.

Moved by Dr. L. H. Davidson, seconded by the Archdeacon of Kingston, and resolved:

That the application as to the hospital at Gleichen be laid over for further examination; it be, in consequence, referred to the committee of this Board appointed to confer with the Woman's Auxiliary and its committee.

Moved by Archdeacon Brigstocke, seconded by Rural Dean Cooper and resolved:

That the recommendation of the Woman's Auxiliary to grant \$200, renewable annually subject to the approval of the Board, to Miss Paterson to aid her in renting a house in Nagano, Japan, for the purpose of training Bible readers, be adopted.

Moved by C. W. Vroom, seconded by Rev. G. Osborne Trbop, and resolved:

That, in the opinion of this Board, it is advisable that the money now held by the Woman's Auxiliary as a thank-offering be invested in a hospital in Japan, as contemplated, the property to be held in trust by some Japanese Christian, the whole matter to be subject to the approval of the Bishop of Japan; and, further, that, in the opinion of the Board, it is not necessary to refer the matter back to the several contributing dioceses.

The Board then adjourned till half-past two o'clock.

On reassembling, Rev. Rural Dean Pollard, at the request of the Secretary-Treasurer, read a report of work done by Rev. J. G. Waller in Japan. It was received.

The Ascensiontide Appeal was then considered.

It was moved by Mr. Vroom, seconded by Archdeacon Jones, That the appeal be considered clause by clause. It was moved by Rural Dean Pollard, seconded by Archdeacon Brigstocke, That both the old and the new draft of the appeal be sent back to the committee.

The amendment to the amendment was lost. Mr. Vroom's amendment was carried; but, on motion, it was resolved that the clause alone be read to which exception had been taken.

Moved by Archdeacon Brigstocke, seconded by Rev. Rural Dean Pollard, and resolved:

That the sum of \$211.42, reported by the Secretary-Treasurer as now in hand for buildings in Japan, be forwarded by him immediately to the Rev. J. G. Waller towards the completion of a church now being erected by him in Nagano.

Moved by the Secretary-Treasurer, seconded by Rev. P. L. Spencer, and resolved :

That of the unappropriated money for Domestic Missions \$400 be granted to the diocese of Algoma, \$200 be granted to the diocese of Qu'Appelle, and that the balance, \$276.84, be voted to Mackenzie River in its present distress.

Moved by the Secretary-Treasurer, seconded by Rural Dean Cooper, and resolved :

That the Bishop of Huron and the Dean of Huron be requested to prepare the next Epiphany Appeal.

Moved by Rev. Rural Dean Pollard, seconded by Judge Senkler, and resolved :

That Ven. Archdeacon Brigstocke be requested to prepare the Children's Lenten letter.

Moved by Rev. Rural Dean Pollard, seconded by Mr. Hamilton, and resolved :

That the appeal to the bishops and clergy to take a warm personal interest in the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society be in the form of one or more brief popular leaflets, which may be circulated widely in every congregation.

That it be open to every member of the Board to prepare such leaflets, and that Rev. E. P. Crawford, Canon Von Iffland, Rural Dean Cooper, Archdeacon Brigstocke, Dean Carmichael, Rural Dean Pollard, and Rev. P. L. Spencer, in particular, be requested to write such to the Bishop of Niagara, who shall have power to select the best and send it to the Secretary-Treasurer, who shall have it not later than May 31st.

The Ascensiontide Appeal was then finally amended and adopted.

A committee, consisting of the Secretary-Treasurer and Messrs. J. R. Cartwright and H. Pellatt, was appointed to investigate the discrepancy between the statement in the Triennial report of the diocese of Algoma and the statement of the financial officer of the diocese of Quebec regarding the stipend of the Bishop of Algoma.

Moved by C. W. Vroom, seconded by Rev. P. L. Spencer, and resolved :

That the Secretary be requested to lay before the Board at its next meeting, and every subsequent meeting, a succinct statement as nearly as may be of the particular needs and particular resources of each diocese in our domestic mission fields, and also a statement of the obligations of this society to both domestic and foreign missions.

It was decided by the casting vote of the chairman that the next meeting of the Board of Management be held in the city of Montreal.

It was moved by Rev. G. Osborne Troop, seconded by Mr. Vroom, and resolved :

That a committee, including two bishops, be named by the chairman to consider the propriety of adopting a cycle of prayer proposed

by the Secretary-Treasurer, with power to act as their judgment may dictate. The chairman nominated the Bishop of Toronto, the Bishop of Huron, and the Secretary-Treasurer.

### Books and Periodicals Department.

*The Anglican Pulpit Library*, being sermons, outlines, and illustrations for the Sundays and Holy days of the year. Vol. 3. Sexagesima to Good Friday. Toronto: F. N. W. Brown, Church Publisher, 31 Czar street.

The third volume of this admirable series of Church sermons is a very valuable one, embracing, as it does, that portion of the ecclesiastical year in which the parochial clergyman most needs assistance. The various subjects connected with Lent, Passion Week, and Holy Week are brought out in it by some of the best preachers to be found within the Church of England. Good Friday subjects, including meditations on the Seven words from the Cross, are given their due and proper prominence. This volume contains sermons by Archbishop Benson, and by Bishops Wordsworth, Temple, Thorold, Boyd Carpenter, Ryle, Perowne, Walsham How, by Deans Bradley, Vaughan, Farrar, Paget, by Canons Body, Knox-Little, and Fleming, by Dr. Pusey and Rev. Wilmot Buxton. Besides these, there are the sermons and thoughts of many other preachers of renown. Mr. Brown, the Toronto publisher, is prepared to give good terms to the clergy who may wish to secure this valuable series of sermons.

(i) *The Expositor* (one shilling), (ii) *The Clergyman's Magazine* (sixpence). London, England: Hodder & Stoughton, 27 Paternoster Row.

A pleasing article appears in the April *Expositor*, by the venerable Bishop Ellicott, on "Reminiscences of the Lectionary Committee." The late lectionary is now an old story indeed. Many of the younger clergy officiating in the Church have known no other lectionary than the present, but those who remember the old table of lessons will enjoy Bishop Ellicott's notes on the work of the committee who revised and altered it. Professor Kirkpatrick has a long and valuable article on the Septuagint version of the Scriptures. *The Clergyman's Magazine*, besides "Sermons in Season and Out of Season," on such subjects as "The Rent Veil," "The Title on the Cross," "The Vision of the Glorified Christ," "Christian Chivalry," has a good, solid article by Dr. Moule, Principal of Ridley Hall, Cambridge, on "The Christian's Peace and the Christian's Consistency," and a paper by the late Prebendary Gordon Calthrop on "Hearing the Word," and a sympathetic sermon by Rev. W. Burrows, based upon the late lamented death of Prince Henry of Battenberg, with the words, "The Spirit shall return unto the God who gave it."

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

*The Review of Reviews* is almost indispensable to the general reader who wishes to keep abreast of the rapidly developing international questions of the day. In the April number there is a full and able editorial discussion of the complicated African situation, which is described as "the drama of 'Europe in Africa.'" The mixed interests and motives of England, Russia, Italy, and France in the Dark Continent are clearly set forth. Russia's general attitude toward the European powers is also discussed, and the editor comments briefly on America's relations with Spain, and the present status of the Venezuelan boundary dispute. In addition to this editorial treatment (in the department entitled "The Progress of the World"), the *Review* presents a remarkably complete survey of the Cuban situation by Murat Halstead, a summary of the best current thought in England on the subject of international arbitration, and a vivid account of the relief work now going on in Armenia. In short, the *Review of Reviews* records a month's activities in both hemispheres.



*The Missionary Review of the World.* Funk & Wagnall's Co., New York and Toronto (11 Richmond street west). \$2.50 per year.

The *Missionary Review of the World* for April opens with an article by the editor-in-chief, Dr. Arthur T. Pierson, containing "Gems Gathered from the Liverpool Convention" of student volunteers, and is followed by a most excellent and interesting paper, entitled "Nine Centuries of Buddhism," by F. B. Shawe, of Ladak, Tibet. This is the first of a series of articles on the subject, and is accompanied by several good illustrations. In this article Mr. Shawe treats of the religion of the Lamas, as it is revealed in their books and in their lives, giving us the results of a long study of the subject in their midst. In this same issue of the *Review*, Dr. Jacob Chamberlain writes on "A Change of Front in India"; Mr. Alexander, secretary of the British Opium Commission, on the "Present Position of the Anti-Opium Agitation"; and Rev. James M. Gray on the meaning of "The Armenian Atrocities." Every page of the *Review* will repay perusal; it is accurate, and world-wide in its scope.

*The Sunday at Home, The Leisure Hour, The Boy's Own and the Girl's Own Paper, Friendly Greetings, Cottager and Artisan*, etc. The Religious Tract Society, 56 Paternoster Row, London.

The April number of the *Sunday at Home* has a pleasant Easter coloring in "An Unwitnessed Interview," "An Easter at Athens," and the beautiful picture, "All Hail." "Life among the Boers," "Sunday in Liverpool—Among the Sailors," and many other articles, make up the rest of the number. *The Leisure Hour* brings to an end the pleasing little tale, "The Dream of Dania," and has articles on "The British Museum," "Jersey Cows," "New South Africa," "Modern Hygiene in Practice," etc., together with many fine illustrations. The other publications contain the usual matter appropriate to their aims and objects.

*The Religious Review of Reviews.* London (63 Paternoster Row) and New York.

The present number, dated March 16th, is quite missionary in character. The opening article, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, on "Missions and Missionary Literature," is weighty and powerful; and an article on "Claims for a Universal Missionhood," by E. M. Cotton, is an unanswerable argument in favor of missionary work. "Our Missionary Societies and their Secretaries" begins a series of articles on the different missionary societies, the present being the London Missionary Society and its Foreign Secretary, Rev. R. Wardlaw Thompson. Various other matters are also discussed throughout the magazine.

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

TREASURER'S STATEMENT.

The following are the amounts received to date by the Secretary-Treasurer since March 14th, 1896:

	Domestic.	Foreign.
Fredericton—		
Collected by Rev. G. Rogers.....	\$ 19 75	
	\$ 19 75	
Huron, for—		
Algoma, stipend.....	\$175 00	
Shingwauk.....	12 50	

Rupert's Land—			
Collected by Rev. G. Rogers.....	\$282 35		
	\$469 85		
Montreal—			
Collected by Rev. G. Rogers.....	\$544 50		
	\$544 50		
Niagara, for—			
Rupert's Land, Home Missions.....	\$ 25 60		
	\$ 25 60		
Nova Scotia—			
Collected by Rev. G. Rogers.....	\$ 83 80		
	\$ 83 80		
Ontario, for—			
Indian Homes.....	\$ 25 69		
Collected by Rev. G. Rogers.....	300 50		
Foreign Missions.....			\$200 00
Zenana.....			28 00
	\$325 99		\$228 00
Quebec—			
Collected by Rev. G. Rogers.....	\$223 05		
“ “ “ “ from W.A.	7 50		
	\$230 55		
Toronto W.A., for—			
Algoma, Shingwauk.....	\$ 2 43		
“ Temiscamingue.....	48 05		
“ Education missionary's child.	3 00		
“ Mission Fund, P.M.C.....	37 13		
Mackenzie River—			
Wycliffe, P.M.C.....	2 02		
“ Rev. I. O. Stringer, P.M.C....	37 30		
Rupert's Land, P.M.C.....	3 60		
Mackenzie River, P.M.C.....	15 00		
“ “ Rev. I. O. Stringer,			
P.M.C.....	1 44		
Qu'Appelle Mission Fund.....	5 00		
Mr. H. Dee.....	\$38 83		
Donations.....	2 10	40 95	
Rupert's Land, Mission Fund.....	173 27		
“ Frenchman's Head.....	42 71		
Saskatchewan and Calgary—			
Union Lake, salary.....	30 00		
“ Pegan Mission.....	11 00		
“ Blackfoot, support children	108 58		
N.W. Mission Fund.....	7 50		
S.P.G., from St. Stephen's.....			\$ 2 00
“ “ St. Cyprian's.....			2 25
Central Africa, from Orillia.....			2 00
India, St. Stephen's, Toronto.....			1 00
Epiphany collection, per D. Kemp....			352 31
C.C.M.A., per W.A.....			5 55
“ from Parkdale.....			6 75
“ for Japan.....			2 11
“ China, Rev. J. R. S. Boyd.....			85
“ “ “ “ “ “.....			10 00
C.M.S., China, per W.A.....			7 90
Japan, General, “ “.....			6 02
“ Wycliffe, “ “.....			8 94
Algoma, Shingwauk.....	25 00		
Rupert's Land, per Rev. G. Rogers...	253 05		
	\$847 03		\$407 68

TOTALS.

	Domestic.	Foreign.	Total.
As above.....	\$2,547 07	\$ 635 68	\$3,182 75
Previously acknowl'd....	5,167 40	3,339 60	8,507 00
	\$7,714 47	\$3,975 28	\$11,689 75

CHAS. H. MOCKRIDGE,  
Secretary-Treasurer.

Toronto, April 6th, 1896.