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THE CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE

• • AND MISSION NEWS • •

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VOL. VI.

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No. 69.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

NO. 68.—WORK AMONG THE ZULUS.

IN the Southern part of Africa, to the north of the colony of Natal, lies the country of the Zulus, or Zululand as it is called. Those acquainted with these people knew how much they needed the civilizing and gentle influence of the Gospel, and none knew this better than the people of Natal. Close upon its borders, they made frequent raids marked by rapine and bloodshed, in defiance of the power of Great Britain.

The Church Missionary Society sent the Rev. F. Owen as a missionary to Zululand in 1837, but the chief of the Zulus, at that time, was Dingaarn, a dangerous and blood-thirsty savage, ever-ready to bring destruction to those not of his own people or among his own friends. So frequent were his depredations, that Sir Benjamin Durban, English representative in Natal, was obliged to reduce him to submission by force. In the midst of the disturbances consequent upon this, Mr. Owen withdrew; for, in the unsettled state of the country, missionary work was impossible.

At this time there were many colonists from Holland, Dutch Boers as they are called, who established themselves in Natal, and built the town of Pieter Maritzburg, from which they were forced to withdraw by the English, when they formed a settlement north of the Orange river, or across the river Vaal, thus forming the "Orange Free State" and the Transvaal. In 1845 Natal, which Dingaarn had once bestowed upon an English settler, became a British colony,

made up of aborigines, Zulus, Hottentots, Dutch and English.

In 1853 the Rev. J. W. Colenso was consecrated first Bishop of Natal, but in the meantime Romanists, Methodists, Moravians, Lutherans and others, had established Missions in many parts of the country. Bishop Colenso, shortly after his arrival, became greatly interested in the Zulus, and even spoke of resigning his work in Natal for the purpose of undertaking missionary operations among them. He studied their language and compiled a Zulu dictionary. No doubt it would have been well for the Church

if he had done so, instead of settling down, as he afterwards did, to an adverse criticism of Holy Scripture.

Dr. Callaway, who afterwards became a bishop, opened a mission among the Zulus in 1858, and two years afterwards, Rev. R. Robertson, leaving Archdeacon (afterwards Bishop) Mackenzie, with whom he was associated, broke new ground in this great wide field. He and his wife, who, though a confirmed invalid, was full of energy and tact in the way of winning savages, made a long journey of



*Your very truly
D. Callaway
Bishop for Zululand*

over two hundred miles into a lone, inhospitable wilderness, ruled over by Pando, the younger brother of the fierce Durban. In bearing and courtesy of manner he was every inch a king, but he was troubled with his children, who were jealous of him and one another. His youngest son was Cetewayo, who afterwards succeeded him and became well known to the world on account of the Zulu war, in which he afterwards figured. A Mr. Samuelson, a Norwegian, who had been ordained by Bishop Colenso, joined

Mr. Robinson in 1861, and, five years afterwards, Mr. Jackson, of St. Augustine's College, also gave his assistance. "Building, translating, doctoring, learning the language,"—we read in *Under His Banner*, "and compiling grammars, baptizing occasional converts, teaching children, forming mission bands—thus the trio of faithful men laboured. At times favoured by the king and prince, at others running the risk of offending them, they made their presence felt."

In the meantime the news of heroic deeds in the mission fields of Africa was noised abroad in England, and attracted the attention of Rev. T. E. Wilkinson, curate in charge of a Suffolk parish, who became strongly imbued with the missionary spirit, with the result that his congregation also became interested in the good cause. We surely have a right to expect the clergy to lead their people in the great work of missions. The change that this would make in the congregations of the whole country would be at once apparent. The lethargy would die away, and an enthusiastic people would not only pray and talk about missions, but work for them with heart and soul and purse. Those clergymen who are not missionary in spirit, need not wonder that their people are not so either.

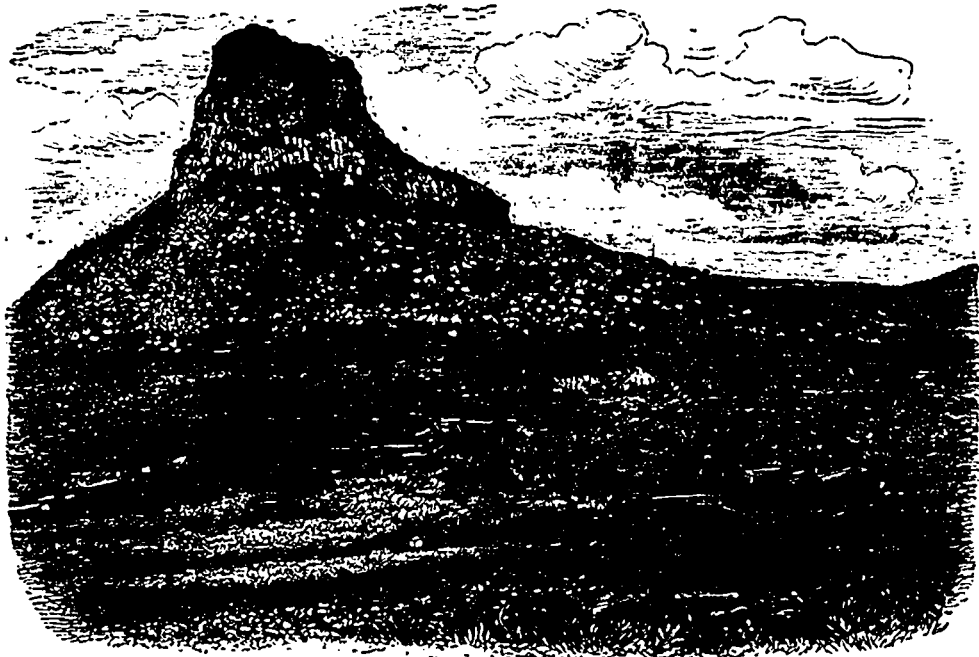
The zeal of Mr. Wilkinson was so pronounced, that he was selected to go to Zululand to be its first Bishop, a fund for the purpose having been raised (largely through Mr. Wilkinson's exertions) as a memorial to Bishop Mackenzie, who had met with an untimely death in the wilds of Africa.

Mr. Wilkinson was consecrated in 1870, and arrived in his diocese in the same year, to the great delight of the trio of missionaries, who were continuing their manifold and laborious duties. Soon after his arrival he confirmed twenty-one natives—a small beginning, but still in time it bore good fruit. By this time Cetewayo had become the real king in Zululand, and he, as well as Pando his father, received the bishop kindly.

In 1876 Bishop Wilkinson resigned his see, which was destined to remain vacant for several years, during which great troubles were to sweep down upon the wild territory in which the sweet notes of the Gospel were beginning to be heard. Early in the year 1878 the native tribes of South Africa began to get restive and to break out in some cases into open warfare with the English, and this, of course, made the territory exceedingly dangerous for missionaries, who, with the exception of Mr. Robertson and Mr. Samuelson, retired from the field. Cetewayo, king of the Zulus, hesitated for some time before breaking out into open hostilities, but in 1879 he took the war path, leading his almost naked troops to face the deadly weapons of the British soldier. Then was a time of horror and carnage. No missionaries could remain in the land. Many fine Englishmen lost their lives, and the Prince Imperial of France

fell under the assegais of the savages. At Isandhlwana the bodies of many English soldiers lay cold in death, and a monument of stones marks the spot of the great disaster. The Zulus were brave, and thought nothing of throwing themselves into the very jaws of death. Were it not that the British soldiers were armed with guns that fired with great rapidity, they would not have been able to hold out against them; but in the end they conquered, and, in 1879, Zululand became subject to British rule. But how desolating was all this to mission work! At the beginning of the war there were eight missionaries at as many different missionary stations, and all these eight missions were more or less destroyed, and the loyal missionaries wept over their devastated field; but, when the clouds of war swept by, light began to shine at eventide and hope once more began to dawn. In 1873 Douglas McKenzie, a scholar and wrangler of Peterhouse, Cambridge, after having held several responsible positions in England, sailed for South Africa, to be Vice-Principal of St. Andrew's College, Grahamstown. In 1880 he was consecrated second bishop for Zululand at Capetown, by the bishops of the African Church, and at once turned his attention to the work which lay before him. Like Marius, sitting among the ruins of Carthage, he viewed the desolated field. The missionaries proposed that a memorial church should be built at Isandhlwana, a project which was afterwards carried out, and the bishop selected it as the place of his own dwelling. Close by was his cathedral—Isandhlwana, a spot full of sad memories but yielding hopes for future missionary work. Some of the native chiefs helped the bishop nobly in his work. The name Isandhlwana was changed to St. Vincent's and a substantial house and school-room were built for the Bishop.

In 1884 mission work was again checked by marauding bands of natives, who destroyed some of the mission stations, but quiet was again restored only to be followed by a new trouble in the shape of claims put in by the followers of Colenso for some of the mission stations. But in spite of all troubles the bishop persevered in his work, adding five new stations to his mission. Translation work, too, was carried on, and in 1885 a large portion of the Prayer Book was printed in the Zulu language. In April of that year the Bishop was also able to hold a Synod in his church of St. Vincent (Isandhlwana). In 1886 Bishop McKenzie returned to England to arouse fresh interest in his work. Two years later he is in Africa again, grappling with new labours, forced upon him by a large influx of white people into his diocese, rushing to the gold fields. This caused the Bishop much anxiety, for the influence of the white people, of the gold seeking class, is not always for the best upon the natives of Africa, or indeed of any other country.



ISANDHLWANA OR ST. VINCENT'S.

In 1888 the bishop attended the Lambeth Conference, where several of the chief subjects for discussion touched him and his diocese most closely. The questions connected with polygamy, though arising in all parts of the mission field, practically came to a head in Zululand.

The difficulties in that country compelled the attention of the Lambeth Conference. Their decision, which was in harmony with the bishop's own views, was that "Persons living in polygamy should not be admitted to baptism, but should be accepted as candidates and kept under Christian instruction until such time as they shall be in a position to accept the law of Christ."

On his return to Zululand the bishop endeavoured, with his customary spirit, to meet as far as he could, the strain which the gold fields and the rapid influx of settlers put upon the resources of the diocese. After a short term of further missionary work, the bishop's health began to give way, and he looked forward to rest in order to recuperate it, but before that rest could be obtained he passed quietly away, on January 9, 1890, to the great grief of his clergy and all who knew him. His body was laid to rest close to his church at Isandhlwana.

Six months after the death of this faithful bishop, the see of Zululand was accepted by the Rev. William Marlborough Carter, M.A., Pembroke College, Oxford, head of the Eton Mission, Hackney, Wick. On September 29, 1891, he was consecrated in St. Paul's Cathedral, at one of the most impressive ceremonies ever held

there, four other clergymen being consecrated with him. And thus let us hope that work in Zululand is once more in a position to prosper and thrive.

MODERN MISSION WORK.

IT was only about the year 1790 that the work of modern missions began. In 1794 Carey and his companions, sneered at by Sidney Smith as "consecrated cobblers," went to India to found a mission at Serampore. A voyage to India was then no small undertaking. The ocean steamer and the locomotive were unknown, and the Suez Canal, which was opened in 1869, was then undreamed of. The great East India Company cast its whole weight against mission undertakings. Such things were denounced as chimerical, presumptuous. Early missionaries to India were forbidden to leave the shores of England. Some had to find their way to Holland or America, and some were smuggled into India as if they were spies and outlaws. Carey and his fellow labourers, on reaching Calcutta, were not allowed to remain under the British flag, but found refuge in a Danish settlement: and Judson, Newell, and others were driven here and there, and worried and shunned as if they had been dangerous beasts.

If such obstacles were thrown in their way by men who professed Christianity it would not be surprising that in China, as well as in Japan,

the turning from the national religion to Christianity was made a capital crime, and as late as 1837 an imperial decree was published in China, prohibiting the reading of religious books and threatening severe penalties against Chinamen who should acknowledge or preach Christian doctrines. In 1837 Christian missionaries were driven out of Burmah. The Gospel reached Madagascar in 1818; but as late as 1857 two hundred professors of Christianity were sentenced to death. Nor was it till 1861 that Christians in Madagascar were allowed to worship the Lord in peace.

Obstacles have been many. Churches have been indifferent, governments have been opposed, and commercial companies have fought the Gospel; and yet in spite of all, the work of missions has gone grandly on. Numerous languages have been learned and committed to writing, and the Scriptures, in whole or part, have been translated into all the leading tongues of earth. Tracts, pamphlets and papers in many languages are scattered far and wide, and, with very slight exceptions, the world is now open for the Gospel to be carried into its every nook and corner. Thousands of workers have already gone, and thousands of others are preparing to go, and waiting the opportunity to enter into this wide harvest field. And if Christians will lay aside their strifes and their dissensions, and unite heart and hand in the work of God; if instead of carrying abroad their traditions, their names, their creeds and their disputes, to perplex and vex the heathen, they will simply carry the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, and "preach the Word" and nothing but the Word, and tell the glad tidings of salvation in all the world, they will have the blessing of Him who says, "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world," and having sown in tears they shall reap in joy, and return with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves.—*The Christian.*

THE ARAB'S TESTIMONY.



ONE Sunday evening not many years ago a party of college students were gathered in the room of one of their number. They were intellectual leaders of their University, bright young men, and their conversation sparkled with wit and humour. Perhaps it was the influence of the day, or perhaps the sermon they had just heard from the old college president, but after awhile the talk began to wander from the usual topics of foot-ball and base-ball, to more serious subjects, and finally, with the temerity of youth, they began to discuss the existence of God.

One young man professed to be a disciple of one skeptical writer, another of another; a third had a theory of atheism evolved from his

own brain, while a fourth fondly clung to the teachings of the German deists. Talking, arguing, and counter arguing, they had well-nigh disposed of Christianity to their own satisfaction, when a slight young man, with a pale earnest face and honest blue eyes, sprang to his feet.

"I can't bear to hear you fellows talk that way; you know it is all rubbish as well as I do! All of you have been brought up in a Christian land, and deep down in your hearts you *know* that there is a God; you can't help knowing it. I can't argue the question with you, for you are all cleverer than I, but there is a little story which seems to me to prove the existence of a God beyond a doubt. I dare say you have all heard it, for it isn't new, and I am not much of a story teller, but it runs something like this:

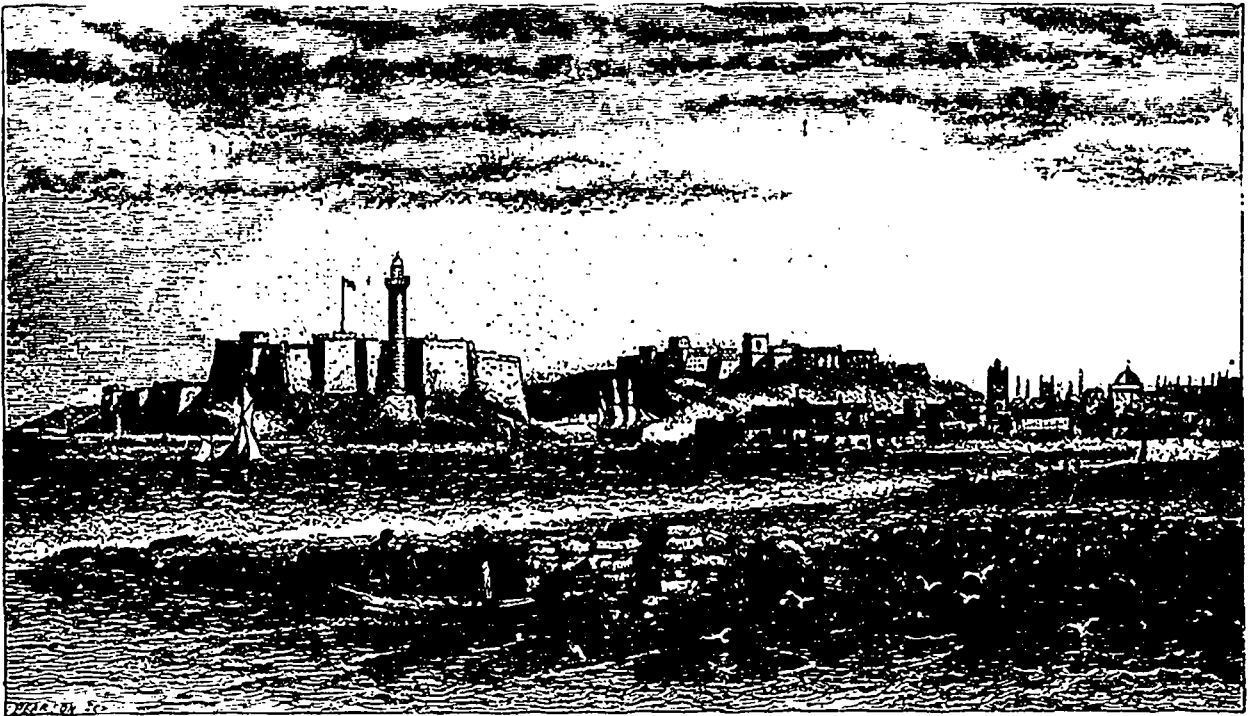
"Once a French scientist, an atheist, had occasion to travel across the great desert. He employed as his guide and companion on the journey a certain Arab chief, a man renowned for his knowledge of the country, and personal integrity. Day by day as they travelled over the burning sand, the Arab at certain appointed hours would halt his camel, take a bit of carpet from his saddle bag, and spreading it upon the sand would kneel with his face toward Mecca, and repeat his Moslem prayer. Day by day the Frenchman watched him in scornful silence, and at last one day he said:

"Sheik, why do you take the trouble to dismount and go through that prayer? How do you know that there is a God to hear your prayer?"

"How do I know that there is a God?" repeated the Moslem. "How do I know? Why, sire, last night while I slept a traveller passed my tent door, I did not see him, I did not hear him, but when I rose this morning and looked out, I knew that a man had passed in the night, for I saw his foot-prints in the sand. And when I see *that*," said the Arab, rising to his full height, and pointing to the sun, "I know that God *is*, and that He is near. I do not see Him, I do not hear Him, but I see His foot-print; it is the setting sun, and I bow down and worship."

"This, my friends, is the witness of a Moslem, a heathen, but what utterance of sage or philosopher could give a clearer, more decisive, more noble proof of the existence and greatness of God?"—*Selected.*

In 1890, the Church Missionary Society (England) accepted eighty candidates, thirty-one being clergymen, of whom twenty-four were graduates; thirty were women, and nineteen were laymen. Within five years the Society has sent out 130 university men, sixty-six of them graduates of Cambridge.



HAVANA, FROM THE QUARRIES, CUBA.

THE WEST INDIES.

VI.—CUBA AND HAYTI.

THOUGH some of the Islands which we have been speaking about in this series of articles are of no mean size, yet they are but dots almost, compared with the two large islands of Cuba and Hayti (or San Domingo). A glance at any map of the West Indies will shew what prominent features they are in the group. These two with Porto Rico, itself a good sized island, are foreign territory, Spanish chiefly, and are therefore almost entirely occupied by Roman Catholics. There is, however, a Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States stationed at Port-au-Prince, Hayti, whose diocese proper is the western half of the island, known as the French Republic, and this gives us an interest in these islands sufficient to save them from being passed over in silence. And, indeed, their history and circumstances connected with them are of great interest. We draw once more our descriptions from Froude's "The English in the West Indies." Comparing Havana with Kingston, he says, "Kingston is the best of our West Indian towns, and Kingston has not one fine building in it. Havana is a city of palaces, a city of streets and plazas, of colonnades and towers and churches and monasteries. We English have built in those islands

as if we were but passing visitors, the Spaniards built as they built in Castile,—built with the same material, the white limestone which they found in the New World as in the Old." They have peopled it also with their own people. In Cuba alone there are ten times as many Spaniards as there are English and Scotch in all the British West Indies together; and Havana is ten times the size of the largest of our West Indian cities.

The entrance to the harbour is defended by a fortress known as the Moro, which presents an imposing appearance as one approaches from the sea. With its walls, towers, bastions and lighthouse, it is a striking object even ten miles away. The city, from the sea, looks singularly beautiful, with its domes and steeples and marble palaces; but the waters close to it are filthy with the pollutions of a dozen generations. The Spaniards are too lazy to drive their sewage into the ocean. The screws and paddles of the steamers stir up these unsavory waters in a manner unpleasant to the nostrils. Were it not for the fine sea breezes the result would be most disastrous to the city.

Of churches (all Roman) there is no lack in Havana. One there is on the very wharf itself, "grim and stern, and so massive that it would stand, barring earthquakes, for a thousand years;" but church it was no longer; it had been turned into a custom house, because it had once been desecrated by the English

Church service having been held in it! The blacks who swarm in all the other islands of the West Indies, are hardly to be seen in Havana. Nearly every face seen is Spanish, and speaking has to be done through an interpreter, though many waiters at the hotels can speak English fairly well, having learned it from Americans, who often spend months there to escape from their own cold winter. The churches, unlike those in Europe, are usually closed, to be opened at certain times with a golden key.

A place in Havana is shewn as the tomb of Columbus, though the people of St. Domingo claim that his body rests with them—a dispute which probably will never be settled. The Church (Roman) is said to have but little influence in Cuba; she has had no rival and has grown lazy. On this point, Mr. Froude says:

"The churches on Sundays were thinly attended, and men smiled when I asked them about 'confession.' I inquired about famous preachers. I was told that there were no preachers in Havana, famous or otherwise. I might, if I was lucky and chose to go there in the early morning, hear a sermon in the church of the Jesuits; that was all; I went; I heard my Jesuit, who was fluent, eloquent and gesticulating, but he was pouring out his passionate rhetoric to about fifty women with scarcely a man amongst them. It was piteous to look at him."

"The same Sunday morning," continues Mr. Froude, "there was to be a bull-fight, such as had never been seen in Havana. A lady from Spain, Gloriana they called her, was to meet and slay a bull in single combat. To those who went the performance was a disappointment. The bull provided turned out to be a calf of tender years, and when the spectators demanded a bull of strength and ferocity, Gloriana declined the adventure."

Such appears to be the Lord's day in Havana. Might there not be some chance for true evangelistic preaching in this lethargic town and country?

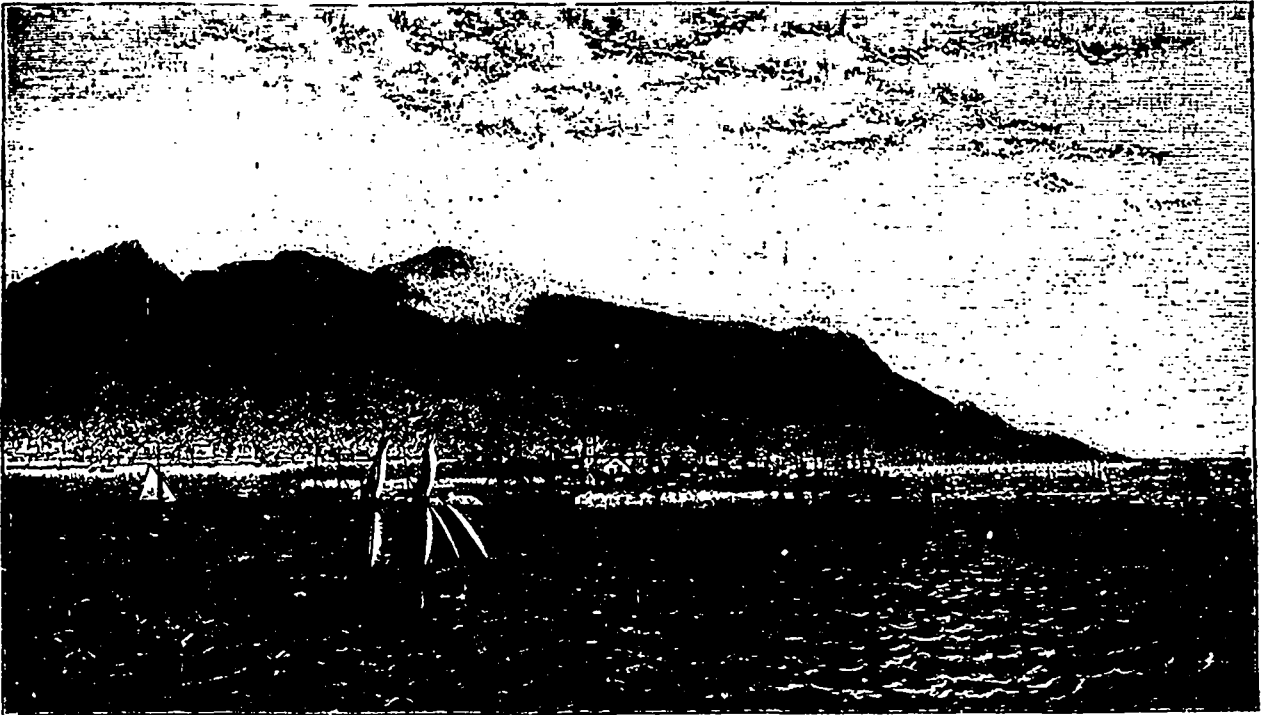
The next largest island of the West Indies to Cuba, is that of San Domingo, the western portion of which is called Hayti, and is given over entirely to the blacks, who have their own republic there. They have it all to themselves. They are French in language, and nominally Romanists in religion, though in the villages of the interior where they are out of sight, they are apt to revert to their old heathen customs, and sacrifice children to the serpent. The chief town of this black republic is Port-au-Prince. About this place Mr. Froude says:

"Long before we came to shore there came off whiffs, not of drains as at Havana, but of active dirt fermenting in the sunlight. Calling our handkerchiefs to our help and looking to our feet carefully, we stepped upon the quay

and walked forward as judiciously as we could. With the help of stones we crossed a shallow ditch, where rotten fish, vegetables and other articles were lying about promiscuously, and we came on what did duty for a grand parade. We were in a Paris of the gutter, with boulevards and *places*, *fiacres* and crimson parasols. The boulevards were littered with the refuse of the houses and were foul as pig sties, and the ladies under the parasols were picking their way along them in Parisian boots and silk dresses. I saw a *fiacre* broken down in a black pool, out of which a blacker ladyship was scrambling. Fever breeds so prodigally in that pestilential squalour, that forty thousand people were estimated to have died of it in a single year. There were shops and stores and streets, men and women in tawdry European costume, and officers on horseback with a tatter of lace and gilding. Above the market was the cathedral, more hideous than even the Mormon temple at Salt Lake. It was full of ladies; the rank, beauty and fashion of Port-au-Prince were at their morning mass, for they are Catholics, with African beliefs underneath. They have a French clergy, an archbishop and bishop, paid miserably but still subsisting; subsisting not as objects of reverence, as they are at Dominica, but as the humble servants and ministers of black society. I was assured that Hayti was the most ridiculous caricature of civilization in the world. Whites have no rights there. Black dukes and marquises drive over them in the street, and swear at them as 'white trash.' Immorality is so universal that it almost ceases to be a fault, for a fault implies an exception, and in Hayti it is the rule."

All this shews, as Mr. Froude well remarks, what negro self-government really means, and what, if ever permitted in the British West Indies, it will really bring them to. English statesmen who allow things to drift in this direction are "no better friends to the unlucky negro than their slave-trading forefathers."

"It is strange to think, he says, "how chequered a history these Islands have had, how far they are even yet from any condition which promises permanence. The man-eating Caribs first, then Columbus and his Spaniards, the French conquest, the English occupation, but they have left behind them no self-quickening seed of healthy civilization and the prospect darkens once more. It is a pity, for there is no real necessity that it should darken. The West Indian negro is conscious of his own defects, and responds more willingly than most to a guiding hand," and he should be governed, he thinks, as the natives of India are governed in the East. "Our world-wide dominion will not be of any long endurance, if we consider that we have discharged our full duty to our fellow subjects when we have set them free to follow their own devices. If that is to be all, the



PORT AU PRINCE, HAYTI.

sooner it vanishes into history the better for us and for the world."

The pioneer missionary of the American Church in Hayti is Rt. Rev. James Theodore Holly, missionary bishop there. Mr. Holly was born in Washington, of African parents, in 1829. He was brought up in the Roman Catholic faith, but at twenty-one renounced it for our own. Having been taught the trade of shoemaking, he worked at it and studied as he worked. Having been found useful in Church work, he was ordained to the diaconate, and at his own request was sent to examine the mission field in Hayti, and subsequently went out there as a permanent missionary. He took with him a number of his own people for the purpose of establishing a missionary colony, took up his abode there, and at Port-au-Prince. The colony, however, did not thrive, and most of the people either died or returned to the United States. But Mr. Holly remained and gradually built up a Church, and established mission stations. Bishops of the United States visited him from time to time, until, at last, it was recommended that he himself should be advanced to the episcopate. This was done, and his consecration attracted much attention and aroused much interest. It was an unusual thing to see a coloured bishop.

Bishop Holly went at once to his work and has continued there ever since. He was consecrated in 1874. Though working against

many discouragements, he has managed to keep his flock well together and to enlarge the borders of his diocese. The value of church property is set down as \$18,530. In the diocese there are eight priests, five deacons, three postulants and seventeen lay readers, established mainly through the faithful work and continued labours of Bishop Holly.

THE INDIAN MEDICINE MAN.

BY REV. W. A. BURMAN, B.D.

THE medicine man of the North American Indians is the high priest of the people. He professes to have an intimate acquaintance with the various spirits of evil, particularly those most feared by his own band. With the utmost assurance he tells of revelations and visions, dictates prayers, feasts, and ceremonies. By a cunningly devised system of demonism and superstition he imposes upon the people, pandering to their depraved passions, and yet, ever looking out for his own and their interests, with a great air of authority, and with a degree of cunning that would readily lead the credulous to believe the man to be superhuman. By the Indians he is treated with the utmost deference and respect, because he is supposed to have had in a former existence, an intimate acquaint-

tance with the gods, indeed, to have been almost one of themselves.

Part of his work in this capacity is to instruct new members of the "wakan" circle in the various duties and ceremonies imposed upon them, to teach in short the myth, ritual, and religion of his forefathers. The lively imagination of these men, mingling with self-interest, cunning, and possibly a good deal of real faith in some parts of their creed, has led to the imposition of burdens, almost as grievous to be borne as those of the Pharisees of old. It is his work to show the novice the colour of the paint wherewith to adorn himself, and the pattern to be used; to reveal to him, or help him to discover, what creature, either animal or bird, is to be sacred to him, and what part of it he must never eat. He is the counsellor and guide of his ignorant brethren.

To-day, the influence of these men is greatly on the wane, except, perhaps, in the small wandering bands that have, as yet, heard but little of the Gospel.

But thirty, or even twenty years ago it was very different. The people were entirely under their control. All alike were taught from earliest infancy to regard the medicine man as the incarnation of wisdom and power. He could, they believed, talk with the gods, call down their wrath, or even dare to defy such as tried to thwart his purposes. All, from aged man or woman to the little child, were made to do him reverence and obey his commands.

The Rev. G. H. Pond, who laboured amongst the Dakota's tribes, wrote in 1866:—

"Much as the savage loves ease and self-indulgence, he will cheerfully subject himself to almost any privation, discomfort and toil, for days, weeks, or even months together, in order to procure the necessary provisions for a sacrifice, which the priests assure him the gods demand. If he fails, he fully believes that the penalty may be the infliction of any or all the evils to which an Indian is exposed. A man made a trip on foot from the "Little Rapids" on the Minnesota River, to Big Stone Lake, and purchased and brought on his back, a pack of dried buffalo meat, weighing probably, sixty or seventy pounds, a distance of nearly two hundred miles, to be used in the medicine dance—a sacrifice to the Onkteki, and to the souls of the dead. This he did, because the priest assured him it was the will of the Taku-Wakan."

During my nine years' residence amongst the Dakotas, I have witnessed many such incidents of self-denial; and have seen men and women barter almost all their possessions, to make a feast in memory of some dead relative, or to provide for the worshippers at some great medicine-dance. In the spring of last year I saw a band of Sioux, or Dakotas, indulge in a feast to such an extent that in two days they were absolutely destitute.

But the medicine man is also the *prophet* of his tribe. In the past when tribal wars and foraging, or horse stealing raids were common, a seer, or diviner, was an absolute necessity in every band. He it was who enlisted the young braves, who gave him his sacred armour, which had been constructed on a plan or model revealed by the gods, and surcharged with the mysterious power—the "tonwan" of the God of thunder or of war.

A Sioux of my acquaintance, had a wonderful war shield which was supposed to be unusually full of supernatural power—the spirit of Wakinyan the thunder-god having entered it and made it positively bullet and arrow proof. When there was thunder in the air it was customary to place this particular shield outside the tipi—hanging upon a tripod, that so it might receive a further infusion of the spirit's power. Such was the superstitious reverence in which it was held, that nothing could induce its owner to part with it.

The "armour feast," at which these magic weapons were distributed was a very important ceremony, being generally practised before starting out upon the warpath, or when the young men were to be admitted to the status of manhood.

The weapons at that time distributed, whether of war or of the chase, are not necessarily used by their owners. Indeed, it seems that only the spear was actually used, possibly because in former days a real spear was too valuable to remain neglected. But all or any of these weapons, whether spear, arrow, shield, tomahawk or bow, or even the sacred war-paint, are treated as in the highest degree sacred, and "wakan," containing the very essence of the gods, and perfect charms against certain forms of evil. Carefully wrapped in cloths, they are placed on fine days outside the tent, and are never to be touched by an adult female. I remember well the confusion and despair written upon the face of an old Sioux warrior, when a lady with me touched and carefully examined his war drum. The lady, a well-known missionary of wide experience amongst Indians, had not met with this phase of belief before, and so all unwittingly, broke one of the most important canons of Indian law.

To obtain any of the above articles from the medicine-man, the unfortunate devotee has to injure and humiliate himself, obeying him in every particular, and subjecting himself to an exhausting course of "inipi," or vapour baths, fastings, and vigils. The ceremony of presenting the armour is thus well described by Pond:—

"The spear and tomahawk being prepared and duly consecrated and rendered 'wakan,' the person who is to receive them, with a most piteous wail and suppliant aspect, approaches the god-man and reverently presents to him the pipe of prayer. He then lays his trembling

hand on the head of his master, and sobs out his desires in substance as follows:—

“Pity thou me, poor and helpless—a woman—and confer on me the ability to perform manly deeds.” The prophet then with the majestic mien of a god, places in his hands the desired weapons, as he says, ‘go thou and test the swing of this tomakawk, and the thrust of this spear; but when in triumph thou shalt return—a man—forget not thy vow to the gods.’

“In this manner every man, it is said, is enlisted into the service of the war prophet, and enlisted for life. The weapons thus received are preserved by the Dakota warrior, as sacredly as was the Ark of the Covenant by the pious Hebrew of ancient times The influence of the medicine-man in this capacity (of war prophet) permeates the whole community, and it is hardly possible to overestimate it.”

One of the powers claimed by these prophets, is that of intercourse with the spirit world through dreams and visions. Amongst some bands they claim to act as spiritualistic mediums, and to be able, like the witch of Endor, to conjure up the spirits of dead friends. In other cases, after long fastings and watchings, the prophet has a vision, during which spirits in the shape of animals or reptiles bring to him revelations of coming events. With various embellishments these are retailed to the wondering people, with such a degree of assurance or ambiguity as may seem most desirable to ensure the seer's reputation.

Some of these visions told to me by these have been wonderful mixtures of fantasy, folly and truth. One, I remember, had a vision of a great sheet let down from heaven, much like the one St. Peter saw; and connected with this in some way, was the vision of a grey headed old white man, who it was revealed should teach the Indians all that is good and true.

The Indian's knowledge of medicine is by some traced to a vision of this kind. As related to me it was this. A lonely Indian on the prairie, a good man, one day saw approaching him a man just like himself. Dressed in curious garb and carrying a bag upon his back, he looked like a pilgrim from another world. This he proved to be. There was sickness and trouble in the camp; and the traveller, after complimenting him on his goodness, assured the man he had come to bring relief. Producing various roots from his bag, he instructed the future Aesculapius of the west in their virtues and uses, planted them in the ground, and then disappeared once again in the west. From this individual, it is said, has been derived that knowledge of the healing art which is specially affected by the medicine-men, and from which they derive their popular name.

CHINA will yet be one of the great factors in the future development of the world.

OUR PARISHES AND CHURCHES.

No. 68.—CATHEDRAL OF THE HOLY TRINITY,
QUEBEC.



OUR earliest thoughts of Quebec are those of a rocky citadel, occupied by Montcalm and his French soldiers and Indian allies, together with a few Recollet and Jesuit fathers and some holy women, banded together as nuns of the Roman Communion; the French flag proudly floating over all. Here, with much pomp and pageantry, in the midst of a cold and dreary country, had resided for over a century French governors with their retainers and friends, and suddenly, in 1759, it all came to an end, when Wolfe, with his soldiers packed in boats, floated past the rocky citadel, silently as the tide, climbed up its jagged points, attacked the astonished Frenchmen in the rear, put them to flight, and tearing down the *fleur de lis* planted the great red cross of St. George in its place.

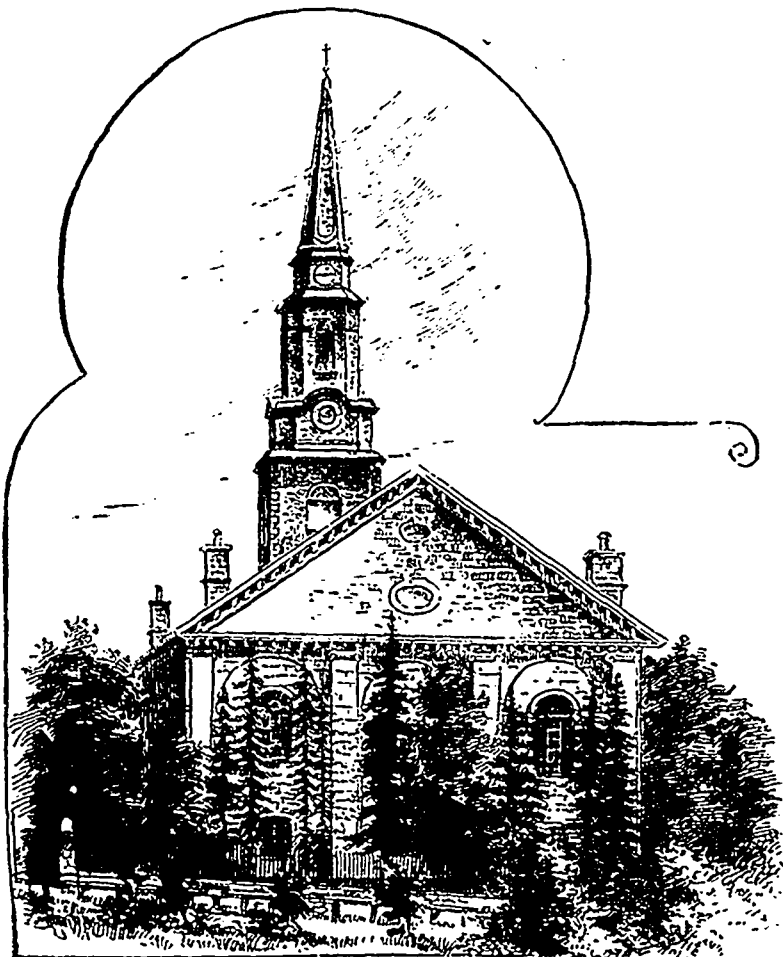
It was a deed famous in the annals of the world's history. Wolfe and Montcalm, both as brave and gallant officers as ever lived, lost their lives in the great event, but it secured for England not only the almost impregnable fortress, but also the whole of Canada.

The conquered inhabitants found everything changed for them. The Anglican, with his language and religion, had taken the place of the French, and a new state of things commenced for Quebec. The Recollet and Jesuit fathers found the event disastrous to them. They gradually left the inhospitable region for the shores of France, until their convent was found too large for them, and a portion of it was used for a jail for political offenders.*

These Recollet fathers, however, seem to have been very liberal in their views, and kindly disposed to their conquerors, for it is recorded in the *Quebec Gazette* of Thursday, May 21st, 1767, that: “On Sunday next, Divine service, according to the use of the Church of England, will be held at the Recollet's church and continue for the summer season, beginning soon after eleven. The drum will beat each Sunday soon after half an hour past ten, and the Recollet's bell will ring, to give notice of the English service, the instant their own is ended.”

In 1789 the Rt. Rev. Dr. Charles Inglis, first Bishop of Nova Scotia—the only bishop then in Canada—visited Quebec, and a farewell address was presented to him, signed by the Revs. David Francis DeMontmollin, Philip Toosey, D. Ch. Delisle, John Doty, John Stuart, James Tunstall, John Langhorn, L. J. B. N. Veysièrè; probably all the clergy then in Canada.

* See “The English Cathedral of Quebec” by Fred. C. Wurtele, p. 68, a valuable pamphlet, from which most of our information for the present article has been obtained.



CATHEDRAL OF THE HOLY TRINITY, QUEBEC.

In 1796 the Recollet convent and church were destroyed by fire, a disaster which led to the dispersion of the fathers. One of them took to mending clocks, another opened a school, another worked at gardening and so on, and the British Government took possession of the convent property, on a portion of which the Court house was built in 1804.

After the burning of the Recollet church, the services of the Church of England were held in the Jesuits' church, situate about the corner of St. Anne and Garden streets.

The Protestant population in Canada had greatly increased, so much so that, in 1791, provision was made by the King for the maintenance of the clergy of the Church of England, then the established Church in Canada, by means of a reservation of one seventh of all the lands at the disposal of the Crown, which was called the "Clergy Reserves." That same year Canada was divided into the two provinces called Upper and Lower, the former being almost entirely Protestant. In 1793 the King decided to erect these provinces into a diocese to be called the

Bishopric of Quebec, the Letters Patent of which were issued, dated June 28th, 1793, and on recommendation of the Bishop of Lincoln, the Archbishop of Canterbury appointed Dr. Jacob Mountain Lord Bishop of Quebec.

That year there were but nine Church of England clergymen in the two provinces, viz: six in the Lower and three in the Upper, five of whom were missionaries of the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," and the remaining four were paid by Government. The churchmen of Quebec and Montreal were ministered to by two clergymen in each town, but the arrival of the Bishop put new life and energy into the Church.*

The first curate of Quebec was Rev. Philip Toosey, who died in 1797, when the Government appointed Rev. Salter Jehoshaphat Mountain, the bishop's nephew, to succeed him.

As yet no Anglican church had been built in Quebec, and the bishop solicited King George III. on the subject. We are told that the King, at his own expense, proceeded to build this

church in 1799, and the site chosen was that of the Recollet property, which the Government had taken possession of, and there the church, known as the Cathedral, stands to-day. The necessary funds for its erection were provided by the Commissariat Department, in sums of £300 at a time. The first stone was laid August 11th, 1800, and the corner stone was laid by His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, and the following document placed therein:

Glory to God in the Highest!

"Of this Metropolitan Church of Quebec, erected by the pious munificence of His Majesty George III., King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, the first stone was laid by His Excellency R. S. Milnes, Lieutenant-Governor of this Province, assisted by the Rt. Rev. Jacob, Lord Bishop of this diocese, the Hon. Wm. Osgoode, His Majesty's Chief Justice for the Province, the Hon. Sir George Pownall, Kt., member of the Legislative Council, Jonathan Sewell, Esq., Attorney-General, and the Rev. Salter J. Moun-

* See Mr. Wurtel's pamphlet, p. 73.

tain, Rector of Quebec, Commissioners for building the church, and Matthew Bell, Esq., their Treasurer, on the 3rd day of November in the year of Our Lord, one thousand eight hundred, and the forty-first year of His Majesty's reign."

This historic Cathedral is a plain but substantial rectangular edifice, standing in the centre of a well kept "Close," and surrounded by a low stone wall, which is surmounted on the street sides with an iron railing; all along this wall stand many fine old trees, adding beauty to the environment, and reminding Englishmen of their sacred buildings in Britain, one of which it closely resembles. Two large and two small iron gates form the entrances from the "Parade ground," now called the Place d'Armes, but the main entrance is on Garden street, with a small gate on either side of the large one, over which is a lamp.

The building within is 127 feet long and 65 feet wide, and the tower 16 feet square. The walls are built of three different varieties of stone. The pillars and ceiling are of wood. The height of the great arch from the floor is forty-one feet; the chancel semicircular inside on a radius of eighteen feet. Three quaint looking stoves were imported from London, two of which are still in use at the upper end of the church.

The Communion plate was the special gift of the King, and consists of twelve massive pieces of solid silver, exquisitely engraved and embossed with the Royal Arms and the arms of the diocese. The alms dish is a particularly beautiful work of art, the bottom being a representation, in relief, of the Lord's Supper. A large credence paten, two tall flagons, two heavy chalices of frosted silver, two small plain chalices, two massive candlesticks, one large alms plate, and two plain patens bearing a Latin inscription.

The building cost \$80,000, and was consecrated by the bishop in the presence of the Lieutenant-Governor on August 28th, 1804. In 1816, the Rev. Salter Mountain removed to Cornwall, in Upper Canada, and was succeeded in Quebec by Rev. George Jehoshaphat Mountain, the bishop's son, who was inducted Rector of Quebec in 1821, the Cathedral to be used as a parish church "until a parish church should be built for Quebec." Shortly afterwards the Government in Council set apart a lot of land adjoining the Cathedral for a rectory-house or parsonage.

On the death of Bishop Mountain, the Hon. and Rev. C. J. Stewart was consecrated in England, on January 1st, 1826, second Bishop of Quebec, and was installed in the Cathedral on the 4th of June following. A chime of eight bells was secured for the Cathedral at a cost of \$2,800, by subscription, and was rung for the first time on October 20th, 1830. An additional

gallery was built at the west end in 1833, in order to give more room. In 1836, Archdeacon Mountain, or, as he was then styled, Rector of Quebec, was consecrated in England coadjutor bishop to Bishop Stewart, under the title of Bishop of Montreal, and he brought with him Rev. George Mackie, to be his chaplain and "official" in the parish of Quebec. In the same year Bishop Stewart died, and the Bishop of Montreal presided over Quebec. A rectory house was built on the lot set apart for the purpose, in 1842, and was occupied by the bishop, who, however, paid £100 a year rent, which was used for paying off the building debt and then for the nucleus of an endowment. A new organ for the Cathedral was imported from England at a cost of £872, in 1847.

In 1850, Bishop Mountain was appointed third Bishop of Quebec, Montreal having been formed into a separate diocese. In 1858, the Bishop's "official," Dr. Mackie, returned to England, when the Rev. S. S. Wood was appointed chaplain, and Rev. George Vernon Houseman assistant minister at the Cathedral. Bishop Mountain died on January 6th, 1863, and the Synod of Quebec, in the following March, elected the Rev. J. W. Williams, M.A., of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, to succeed him. Dr. Williams is still the honoured bishop of Quebec. The Rev. G. V. Houseman was then appointed Rector of Quebec and held the position up to the day of his death, on September 26th, 1887, at the age of sixty seven years. By a canon of the Synod of Quebec, an appointment to a vacant rectory, is made by the Bishop through a "Board of Concurrence," to be elected in each congregation. The Cathedral Board nominated to the vacant rectory Rev. Canon Norman, D.D., of Montreal, who was inducted Rector of Quebec on March 18th, 1888, and still holds the position. In the following June a Cathedral Chapter was formed, with Rev. Dr. Norman as Dean, and the Rev. John Foster, M.A., Rev. T. Richardson, Rev. G. Thorneloe, M.A., and the Rev. A. A. Von Iffland, M.A., as Canons.

A new and much improved organ was placed in the Cathedral in 1871, by Mr. Warren, so that the venerable edifice is now pretty well equipped for its work. Like most old buildings of the kind, it is full of epitaphs and memories of the dead, and many noble names are recorded there,—names of Lords and Ladies, Bishops and Rectors, Lieut.-Generals and Colonels, officers of all kinds and civilians of good report. All of these epitaphs are given in Mr. Wurtele's monograph already referred to.

Many eminent clergymen of the Church of England have visited Quebec and preached in this Cathedral, among whom were Dean Stanley, Archdeacon Farrar, and Canon Wilberforce, now Bishop of Newcastle, who during a week in March, 1881, conducted a most successful

mission in Quebec, also the Rt. Rev. C. P. McIlvaine, Bishop of Ohio, and several other dignitaries of the Church in the United States.

"GLORIA IN ALTISSIMIS DEO."

BY BISHOP RIDLEY, OF CALEDONIA, B.C.



ON Christmas Day, 1891, my Indian churchwarden was with his co-warden and four sidesmen counting out the \$24.50 that had been collected for the sick and needy at the two morning services that day. The organist also, an Indian who plays beautifully, was one of the company. As he was the only one who could work out on paper a sum in arithmetic, he had shown that they could give a dollar and a half to each needy one, and three and a half to the hospital. That settled, away they walked, proud of their errand of mercy. But my warden, espying me as I was leaving the church, hurried up to tell me that my words had (to put his words into plain English) "turned some of the people inside-out;" because C.P. had, after years of silent animosity, come to him at the close of the early communion, and, in the church, in the presence of the whole congregation, had shaken hands with him and wished him a happy Christmas! The Churchwarden was delighted, but omitted to say that two years ago he had, as chief of the Indian Council, consented to a grievous wrong against the now forgiving man.

After the Communion Service, C.P. came to my house to ask me to tell him the age of his daughter Martha. From the baptismal register I found she had just turned twelve, but is a tiny child for those years. His more important reason was to tell my wife that Martha wanted to see her. Then he added that God had spoken to him through the child, but as he saw I had risen from the breakfast table to receive him he would not stay to explain, and apologised for disturbing me.

Later on I called and was shocked to see her as I thought beyond recovery. The previous Tuesday, as I was examining the day school, I had noticed and remarked on the bloodless look of her lips. On Christmas Eve she had declined rapidly, and was put to bed. That evening she placed her arms around her father's neck and coaxingly said: "Nāt, ābi, naknoi wila wāl guba lthgwaumlthk Jesus," which means: "Darling, my father, hear me about the little child Jesus." Then she repeated the angels song, "Glory to God in the Highest," finishing her beseeching office of reconciliation thus, "we must be happy at Christmas, because it is of heaven, not earth. The little Jesus brought peace. Now, my darling, my father, listen to Jesus, the little child of God, and try to love everyone and hate nobody."

Then the father, groaning as he drew a long breath, hesitated a few moments in silence, but

finally promised, "Nāk dum wālū," or, "My darling I will." Then he hid his face in his darling's raven locks, and there all the unfor-giving hardness was melted out of his sad heart.

At the midnight service on New Year's Eve, after I had, at their own request, spoken the names of those who wished to publicly acknowledge God's special mercies to them; I asked, at C.P. the father's request, for the prayers of the congregation on behalf of his sick child.

After the service, one of our two missionary ladies here, Miss Dickenson, the honorary Superintendent of the Indian Girls' Home, flew down to see the sufferer. She remained until four o'clock the New Year's morning and saw the father's darling die. Then, seeing how entirely prostrate the parents were, she performed the last offices for the body, left from our New Year's gift to heaven.

The gentle peacemaker's sweet work was done, and her spirit joined God's dear children who have been called into eternal rest.

At our midnight watch we prayed for her. How we should have thanked God for sparing her! But He would not disappoint the angels waiting beside her bed with the white robe that Jesus Himself prepared for her, nor longer lend to further sickness or sorrow the little Indian Martha that loved to serve, and longed to see Him. She, not I, had been the minister of peace. Her sermon was better than the bishop's and sooner rewarded.

While I am writing, Mrs. Ridley comes in, and, laying her hand on my shoulder, says: "Is it not remarkable! As Miss West and I were fitting Christine with her bridal attire Sarah entered, and asked me to give her some flowers to place on Martha's coffin, which is to be buried at two o'clock to-day."

Christine is a fair half-breed girl we have brought up. Sarah is the daughter of the renowned Legaic, an Indian chief, famous both in war and peace. She is now our assistant school mistress. You know who Martha was, the angels know her better. She is our child peacemaker.

Bright is the sunshine thawing last night's frost. Snow-clad the vast forest full in view, stretching from the opposite shore of this land-locked harbour, to near the mountain's top, treeless there, but decked with virgin loveliness, brighter and whiter than bridal attire. I look out on the lofty pinnacle with ceaseless admiration, on the canopy of over-arching blue with awe, and with profound delight on the whole, perfectly reflected on the still bosom of the sheltered bay, as on a mirror divinely polished, but brighter, whiter, loftier, and with a countenance reflecting yet more perfectly her own Saviour's face than the mirroring sea does the glorious mountains, is the pure spirit of the sweet Indian peacemaker in a home too glorious and entrancing for the eyes of mortals.

 Young People's Department.



A BURNING KRAAL.

AFRICAN ARCHITECTURE.

BUILDING among the Zulu, Kaffir, and other tribes of Africa is peculiar. They have no idea of building anything square or oblong. Everything that they build, whether hut or fence, is round. They can't understand sharp corners in any structure of any kind whatever. It would be just as puzzling for an ordinary English settler to build a circular fence or house, as for a Kaffir or Zulu to build it any other way. They also use the very lightest material, and if you tell them of a house being built with stone they will laugh at you. They have no idea of a house such as is common with us—a house with sharp angles, steep roof, upper and lower stories, different apartments and the like.

They can't see how such a structure could be made to sustain its own weight. What they always build is a circular hut, and one never sees anything else among African tribes. This house, or hut, looks like a large beehive, and is made in this way: A circle is drawn on the ground of the size that the house is to be. Then poles, which bend easily, are stuck round it and bent over at the top and tied together. Over this framework, which is of the shape that the house is to be, reeds are placed as a covering, and tied together in parallel lines with "monkey rope." This "monkey rope" is a kind of creeper which grows at almost any length from tree to tree, and of almost any size, from a tiny string to a rope of cable size. It is so like rope in its different strands, woven together by nature, that

many have been deceived by it. In a short time the round structure is completed, and looks very much like the houses which the Esquimaux build of ice and snow. Indeed, the two are of exactly the same structure, only one is held together by the frost of winter, and the other by the frail materials of perpetual summer.

And the African, like the Esquimaux, pays no regard whatever, either to the escape of smoke or to ventilation. No chimneys are built and no windows; the only entrance being a small hole large enough only for a man to creep through, and even this is closed up sometimes by a lightly built door. The floor is generally made of some hard cement, which is kept smooth and highly polished.

As a protection against rain, a trench is dug round the dwelling so as to prevent the water gathering round the entrance and foundation. Sometimes, if a hut is large, the roof is supported inside by upright posts, and over these domestic articles and weapons of war are hung.

Of course these houses are very frail and easily knocked over. A stray elephant sometimes walks straight into them, mercilessly trampling upon men, women or children as the case may be; but still the African is willing to risk this and other dangers in return for possessing a mansion so easily constructed.

In common with all mankind, the Africans like to herd together in villages and towns. A collection of round huts, such as have been described, is called a kraal, and is also built in circular form. The site for the kraal is marked out by a large circle, round which a wall is built of poles and reeds. Inside this wall the

huts are placed, and in the centre, in a sort of circular yard, are kept the cows, which are greatly prized. They are thus protected by a circular row of huts.

As these huts are very frail, and as fires are continually built in them, it often happens that they take fire, and when one of them begins to burn it generally happens that the whole kraal is consumed. However, as the occupants usually have very little furniture or belongings of any kind, and as building material is very cheap, a sweeping fire does not bring with it very much loss or sorrow. The disaster is easily repaired, though, of course, at the time the fire causes considerable excitement.

These kraals are sometimes visited by missionaries, who endeavour to attract the attention of the simple-minded heathen to the words of peace proclaimed by the Gospel.

A LADY.

I KNOW a lady in this land
Who carries a Chinese fan in her hand,
But in her heart does she carry a thought
Of her Chinese sister, who carefully wrought
The dainty, delicate, silken toy
For her to admire and for her to enjoy?

This lady has on her parlour floor
A lovely rug from Syrian shore;
Its figures were woven with curious art.
I wish that my lady had in her heart
One thought of love for those foreign homes
Where the light of the gospel never comes.

To shield my lady from chilling draught
Is a Japanese screen of curious craft.
She takes the comfort its presence gives,
But in her heart not one thought lives,
Not even one little thought—ah me!—
For the comfortless homes that lie over the sea.

My lady in gown of silk is arrayed;
The fabric soft was in India made.
Will she think of the country whence it came?
Will she make an offering in His name
To send the perfect heavenly dress,
The mantle of Christ's own righteousness,
To those who are poor and sad and forlorn,
To those who know not that Christ is born?

Woman's Work for Women.

A BROKEN ORANGE.

A POOR little plaster orange it was, and it grew on a Christmas tree at the Orphans' Home last year. That tree bore a great many different kinds of fruit, and sparkled and glittered under its weight of Christmas cheer provided by the friends of the homeless little ones. This very orange, of which I speak, seemed to smile a Merry Christmas from the end of the pine branch, where, in company with tin horns and gay dolls, it bent low above the children's heads. Fritz, for nobody ever tried to say the rest of his

hard German name, stood with the children around the tree that morning, gazing with wide-open blue eyes at its many wonders, and his solemn little mouth breaking into a smile as he joined in the carols. But the greatest joy of all came to him when this jolly-looking orange was put into his own hand, and the gentleman, who was busy unloading the wonderful tree, said, with a laugh, "There, Fritz, if you fill that orange, you'll will be a rich man some day." For, would you believe it? the big yellow orange was a real savings-bank, with a little slit on one side to drop the pennies in!

One of the big boys, who was tooting away on a new tin horn, laughed at Fritz: "Why, Fritz, you will never have any money to put in it; what good will that old thing do you?"

"Not many—maybe some," answered Fritz, in his sweet, broken English.

In a few days the tin horns were all battered and useless, and the gay dolls had lost their bright colours, but Fritz's big yellow orange stood as fresh as ever on the wooden shelf above his bed. To be sure, he did not have a great many pennies to put in it, but now and then somebody would give him a cent, and it would go tumbling into the open mouth with a merry ring, and jingle away with its fellows to the tune: "Why, Fritz, you will be a rich man some day!"

Now, there was a dear young lady whom Fritz loved very much. She came to the Home once every week, and told Fritz sweet stories about the dear Christ-Child; how He was often without a home, and people turned Him away from their doors, just as people still turn Him away from their hearts. Fritz would listen until his eyes grew very tender, and then he'd say softly, "Mens did not know it were a King, did he, Miss Kate?"

"No, Fritz," she would answer; "they did not think it was their King."

Miss Kate knew all about that yellow orange, and how it went to bed with Fritz every night, and how often, after the lights were out in the long dormitory, Fritz would pull it from under his pillow and shake it so softly that even the monitress for the night did not hear him, while it would sing: "Fritz, you shall be rich some day!" Ten pennies can make a great deal of noise if they are shaken the right way!

One day a real missionary came to talk to the children. He was not an old missionary at all. Fritz had always been sure a missionary would have white hair and never smile, but this one had bright brown eyes, and his face laughed all the time, while he told the children wonderful things about the lands far away, and the people who lived there. Once he did look sad when he was telling how they needed money and men to go and tell the poor heathen people about Jesus Christ, but then he said, "Well, boys and girls, I know you have no

money to send, but you can send your prayers, and perhaps some of you may go some day yourselves to tell about Jesus." Then all the boys hurried out to play, for it was after play-hours, and they seemed to forget all about the heathen in a good game of foot-ball—all but Fritz—he could not forget that big orange of his up-stairs, and he could not forget the heathen children who knew nothing about the Christ-Child.

"I can't get the money out," he argued, to quiet his troublesome conscience; "it is fast in the big yellow mouth." Still, when he went up-stairs that night, he could not get to sleep, for the yellow bank under his pillow would not sing at all, and the ten pennies only made a little sobbing sound like the poor heathen children. Oh! it was very hard to save money, and just when it ought to make you happy, to have it go on like that—crying all the time! Fritz had to put his fingers in his ears to shut out the noise. He thought it would be all right in the morning, but in the morning the pennies cried the same as ever.

He thought he would tell Miss Kate about it some time, but it happened that Miss Kate was away just then, so he had to keep it to himself. "It would have to break to get them," he said to himself, one night, as he held it in his hand. "If it were just broke now!" and Fritz gave a little shiver of horror at the very thought.

That night Fritz had a dream, long after his little curly head had nestled down among the pillows. He thought the Christ-Child came to him and held out His hand for a gift. Fritz had only the yellow orange to give Him, and he held that behind his back so that the Christ-Child would not see.

But the Lord seemed to know all about the yellow orange, for He said, as He turned away, "I don't want your gift, my child, unless you give it with a willing heart." Then all at once the orange looked very mean and small to Fritz, and all the brightness had gone out of the room, and he woke to find himself the only one awake in the darkness. He felt for the orange. Yes, it was still there, round and hard. But Fritz did not hold it quite so tightly in his hands now. It must be broken for the Christ-Child's sake. Fritz could not think of breaking it himself, but he lay awake and tried to think how it could be done. At last he stole softly out of bed, slipped like a mouse along the wide hall, and laid his precious orange right at the head of the stairs, just where the first person who descended would be sure to knock it straight to the bottom. Then he crept back to the dormitory and lay listening. Many a time he almost started to rescue it from its perilous position, but then lay still again. About five o'clock there was a step, probably the night-watchman going his last round, then a crash, as of something falling, a muttered exclamation

from the man, as Fritz stood beside him, hastily collecting the scattered pennies. "It were my own," he said, and the kind watchman asked no further explanation from little Fritz.

The very next day Miss Kate was back again, and as Fritz gave her a cordial welcome, he pressed ten warm little pennies into her hand, with the words, "The yellow bank was broke to-day, Miss Kate, and these are for the heathen."—*Children's Work for Children.*

DON'T ABUSE BEASTS.

WHEN I was a boy, and lived up in the mountains of New Hampshire, I worked for a farmer, and was given a span of horses to plow with, one of which was a four-year-old colt. The colt, after walking a few steps, would lie down in the furrow. The farmer was provoked, and told me to sit on the colt's head, to keep him from rising while he whipped him, to 'break him of that notion,' as he said. But just then a neighbor came by. He said, 'There is something wrong here, let him get up and let us examine.' He patted the colt, looked at the harness, and then said, 'Look at this collar; it is so long and narrow, and carries the harness so high, that when he begins to pull it slips back and chokes him so he can't breathe.' And so it was; and but for that neighbor, we would have whipped as kind a creature as we had on the farm, because he laid down when he couldn't breathe."

It was only the other day I heard of a valuable St. Bernard dog being shot, because, having a wound on his head, concealed by the hair, he bit a person who handled him roughly. Boys, young and old, please remember that these creatures are dumb. They may be hungry, or thirsty, or cold, or faint, or sick, or bruised, or wounded and cannot tell you. Think before you strike any creature that cannot speak.

CHILDREN little know what knowledge and training they may require in the course of a life-time. The very thing that seems useless and irksome to a child, may be of the utmost importance to the man or the woman when childish things are put away.

My little friend wants to know what good it will do to learn the "rule of three," or to commit a verse of the Bible. The answer is this: "Some time you may need that very thing. Perhaps it may be twenty years before you can make it fit in just the right place; but it will be just in place some time. Then, if you do not have it, you will be like the hunter who had no ball in his rifle when the bear met him."

LET DOWN YOUR NETS.



LAUNCH out into the deep,
 The awful depths of a world's despair;
 Hearts that are breaking and eyes that weep,
 Sorrow and ruin and death are there,
 And the sea is wide, and the pitiless tide
 Bears on its bosom—away,
 Beauty and youth in relentless ruth
 To its dark abyss for aye—for aye.
 But the Master's voice comes over the sea,
 "Let down your nets for a draught" for Me!
 He stands in our midst on our wreck-strewn strand,
 And sweet and royal is His command.
 His pleading call
 Is to each—to all;
 And wherever the royal call is heard,
 There hang the nets of the royal Word.
 Trust to the nets and not to your skill,
 Trust to the royal Master's will!
 Let down your nets each day, each hour,
 For the word of a King is a word of power,
 And the King's own voice comes over the sea,
 "Let down your nets for a draught" for Me!
 —*Sunday Magazine.*

INCIDENTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

A MISSIONARY in China says: "If there is anything which lays hold of the poor people here, it is the simple story of the crucifixion of our Lord Jesus Christ. Not His miracles, nor even His wonderful sayings or teachings; but the old story of the Cross, of the blood, of the sacrifice, of the satisfaction of Christ in dying for sinners on the tree, that is the power for good in touching the heart and awakening the conscience."—*Missionary Review.*

THE love of luxury on the part of the Church at home prevents the extension of her divinely appointed work abroad. For example: One church that may be mentioned, pays \$2,500 per annum for a single singer, and gives less than \$300 for foreign missions; one wealthy church member, belonging to one of the wealthiest of Protestant denominations, paid, in 1867, as much for a lot on which to build a house for himself as the "Board of Missions, in his denomination, appropriated that year to its foreign work."—*World-Wide Missions.*

ANY pastor who has influence enough with his Church to be of any service to them in any other line of Christian work can, if he be so disposed, secure the adoption of some plan of benevolence that will be both helpful to the church and to missions. It is not that the churches, even the smallest and poorest, as a rule, are not willing to contribute to these causes, that so large a number give nothing, but it is because they are not informed as to the necessity and given the opportunity. If the pastor is himself interested and informed, he will find a way to interest and inform his people.—*Missionary Herald.*

THERE is a prevalent notion among ill informed people that Africa, so far as the native races are concerned, is inhabited exclusively by negroes of a low type. This is a mistake. The bulk of the people south of the equator belong to the Bantu race, and, strictly speaking, are not negroes at all. The men are finely formed, tall and upright, with delicately formed hands and well shaped feet, high, thin nose, beard and moustache. Like many of the negroes they are born orators. "A sermon that I heard from one of them," says a missionary, "was as fine as ever I heard in Europe or America, not only in point of delivery, but in its clearness of reasoning and in its profound perception of spiritual truth."

I've been in India for many a year, and I never saw a native Christian the whole time." So spoke a colonel on board a steamer going to Bombay. Some days afterwards the same colonel was telling of his hunting experiences, and said that thirty tigers had fallen to his rifle. "Did I understand you to say thirty, colonel?" asked a missionary at the table. "Yes, sir, thirty," replied the officer. "Because," pursued the missionary, explanatorily, "I thought, perhaps, you meant three." "No, sir, thirty!" "Well, now, that's strange," said the missionary, "I've been in India twenty-five years, and I never saw a wild live tiger all the while." "Very likely not, sir," said the colonel, "but that's because you didn't know where to look for them." "Perhaps it was so," admitted the missionary, after a moment or two of apparent reflection, "but was not that the reason you never saw a native convert, as you affirmed the other evening at this table?"

THE New York *Christian Enquirer* asks:—"What has materialism done to bless mankind? Has it not left mind and soul to starve and perish? Where are its schools? Where are its missionaries? When has it ever tried to enlighten and redeem the heathen? What reforms has it ever started? What is it doing to relieve human suffering? Where are the hospitals it has founded? Where are the asylums for the unfortunate it has built and supported? What sacrifice of 'sweet charity' does it offer upon its altar to the 'unknown God'? Science judges causes from their effects. Is it not a fact that our institutions of benevolence, and all our organized charities and philanthropies, had their inspiration from Christianity? Is it not a fact of history that the purest and noblest lives ever lived on God's earth—lives most conspicuous in usefulness—have been born of Christian faith? Here, then, is an added argument in support of Christianity. A tree is known by its fruits. Christianity is worth what it will produce. Goodness, purity, beneficence, truth, integrity, grandeur, are not the fruits of error and delusion."

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.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

We have made a contract with that most brilliant monthly, the "Cosmopolitan Magazine," which gives in a year 1,536 pages of reading matter by some of the ablest authors of the world, with over 1,300 illustrations by clever artists, whereby we can offer it for a year and our own magazine for a year—both for only \$3.00, the price of the "Cosmopolitan" alone.

THE Rev. J. W. Hicks has been elected by the Clergy and lay representatives of the diocese Bishop of Bloemfontein, Africa, in succession to Dr. Knight-Bruce, now Bishop of Mashonaland. Dr. Hicks has telegraphed his acceptance of the bishopric.

THE Rev. J. Gough Brick is in pressing need of \$400 to enlarge his buildings for school work. He writes from Kitawasin ("Beautiful Location") Indian School, Peace River. He gives a detailed statement of moneys received by him from various places and persons in Ontario and Montreal, amounting to \$1,047.93, less \$81.60 received from England, and \$132.50 sale of farm produce. This amount went chiefly in wages to farm workers, improvements, outfit and stipend, the last item amounting only to \$91.17.

THE death of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon was certainly one of the noteworthy events of the month. Few men were as widely known as this great preacher of the metropolis, and his place in the huge tabernacle where, with comparative ease, he addressed twice every Sunday some six or seven thousand people, will be difficult to fill. In his early days he had many

hard things to say against the established Church of England, but his views in that respect were much modified towards the close of his life.

THE question as to what is eventually to become of the world is sometimes asked with some anxiety. In the "Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society," a writer states that the world, if brought fully into cultivation, can supply 5,904 millions of human beings with food and other necessities and no more; and shows, that at the ordinary rate of increase, the 1,468 millions of the present time will become 5,994 millions in one hundred and eighty-two years, not a very long period of history when we consider that William III. and Mary were then upon the Throne of Great Britain. And the question naturally arises, what will happen then?

THE Bishop of Exeter (Dr. Bickersteth) says that the combination of the English and American Churches in Japan, forming what is called "the Church in Japan," will accomplish much for Christianity there, and his son, who is the Bishop in Japan, is calling out for fifty more labourers. The Rev. J. G. Waller has been working hard in his mission station at Fukushima, but only reports two baptisms for the nine months ending January the 5th. Mrs. Waller has a class learning knitting, crocheting, etc., the lessons being accompanied by a Christian story or Bible reading. Rev. J. Cooper Robinson is about to begin a home for the aged and destitute of Nagoya and neighbourhood, and appeals urgently for assistance in the good work.

THE Convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew in Canada, held in Toronto on February 12th, 13th and 14th, was in many ways a remarkable gathering. Some two hundred laymen assembled from all parts of Canada, met together to discuss matters connected with the sole object of the Brotherhood, viz: the spread of Christ's Kingdom among young men.

A GREAT amount of good must come to the Church in Canada as a result of this convention. The enthusiasm shown by the members of the Brotherhood and the success of its methods, show us that a movement has been started, which, if the order is but true to its principles, will be a great tower of strength to our Holy Religion.

THE question of how to reach young men has long been puzzling the brains of our clergy, and now the young men have taken it up themselves and find out that the way to reach them is to go after them, and with their two simple rules of daily prayer and weekly service, the Brothers of St. Andrew may accomplish wonders for Christ's Church.

MISSION NEWS.

THE MISSION TO COREA.

SAYS the Bishop of Corea: "I do not ask my local secretaries (in England) to beg for money, not because the mission does not want money, but because I do not want to put such a burden on their shoulders. People will give their money to the mission as they can and as they ought, if the foreign missionary work of the Church finds a place in their daily prayers." It is for the daily prayers of all God's faithful people that the Bishop continually pleads, and on which he and his staff feel that the success of their difficult task entirely depends. It was with this appeal on his lips, and relying on this help from rich and poor, that the Bishop began his work. People said his plans were visionary and called the whole undertaking a forlorn hope, an unpractical and impossible thing. No clergymen would be found to accompany him, and still more certainly no doctor, and for several months it was almost feared these gloomy prophecies were coming true. But his friends must now add to their prayers for the future, most heartfelt thanksgivings for gracious answers already given. A staff of helpers as enthusiastic and devoted as himself, though by no means sufficient in number for the work that is waiting to be done, has gathered round him, and includes two doctors, instead of the one he asked for at first. The home organizations have grown with extraordinary rapidity, and a steadily increasing band of workers, and well wishers are responding to his appeal for the help of men and women, and of children too, in those two works for God to which he is devoting his life, the Christianizing of Corea, and the spreading and deepening of prayerful and self-sacrificing interest in all the missions of the Church.

The Bishop writes of the unexpected summons from the Archbishop to undertake the Bishopric of Corea: "He told me that he had no pay to offer, and that the ground was as yet untrodden by English missionaries, that he had no one to give me for a companion, and that the country was unsettled and hostile to Christianity. What answer could I give but the answer I have given? Ever since I have been at sea I have had shipmates, fore and aft, who have constantly set me an example of devotion to duty, who have not only done dirty work cheerfully, when ordered to do it, but have been foremost in volunteering for posts of difficulty and danger. Thank God the navy teems with men and officers who are as ready to jump overboard to save a drowning shipmate as to go the front and fight for their country. When the Archbishop asks me if I will imitate these men, how can I refuse to make the attempt? I only hope I may now profit by the good

examples which have been set me." This letter was in answer to the regrets and reproaches which greeted his retirement from the navy, in which he was deeply loved.

OBITUARY.

BY the death of the late Canon Davidson, the Church in Canada has lost one who well bore his part in the arduous and extended labours which fell to the lot of the pioneer missionaries of the current century. To such men the Church and the country owe a lasting debt. In the early settlement of the latter, the one faithful missionary did the work of at least four men—did it cheerfully and did it well. Not unfrequently has it happened that the devoted missionary of earlier days, having performed the heavy work of those times, lived to spend the calm evening of life amid more settled surroundings, and finally entered into his well earned rest whilst in the full and vigorous exercise of his holy office. It is the loss of such a man that the Church now deplores.

Rev. John Davidson, M.A., Rector of Colborne, Rural Dean of Northumberland, and Canon of St. Alban's Cathedral, was born in Dumfries, N.S., in 1831, of an old U.E. Loyalist family. Having graduated at King's College, he was ordained in 1856, by Bishop Fulford, of Montreal. For ten years after his ordination, Mr. Davidson served the missions of Papineauville, on the Ottawa, in the Diocese of Montreal. Thence he was removed to Newboro' mission, comprising parts of nine townships. In this wide and labourious field he wrought for four years, when he was sent to Woodbridge and Vaughan, Diocese of Toronto. After labouring there for a like term of four years he undertook the work in the large mission of Tecumseth, together with Bond Head, Tottenham and Beeton, continuing there for seven years. After seventeen years of constant and arduous work in the aforesaid missions, he assumed the charge of Uxbridge with Goodwood and Greenbank, where he remained for fifteen years. During these years a solid and lasting work for the Church was done, and in the doing of it this good and devoted man greatly endeared himself to all the people of his charge. In 1888 St. Paul's Church, Uxbridge, was erected. This was a work into which Mr. Davidson and his family threw all their energies, assuming from time to time heavy financial responsibility that the work might not be delayed but finished to the glory of God and the good of his Church. There stands the parish church of Uxbridge to this day, and there may it remain for long years to come, a sacred memorial of the loving labours of our departed brother.

Having thus happily completed his work at Uxbridge, Mr. Davidson removed to his last earthly charge at Colborne in 1889. The parish

had been held by his son, the Rev. John C. Davidson, now Rector of Peterborough. On the appointment of the son to the last-named parish the good people of Colborne greatly desired that he might, if possible, be succeeded by his father. The arrangement was consummated, and in this charge, in the full enjoyment of his people's truest love and trust, and in the ripe and active discharge of his ministry, our beloved friend and brother "ceased at once to work and live." The circumstances attending his sudden departure created a profound feeling and sympathy in the City of Toronto, where he died, and wherever his name was known.

Canon Davidson had learned to feel a great interest in one of the youngest but most useful and promising organizations connected with the Church in the United States and Canada—the Brotherhood of St. Andrew. It was indeed most natural that his sympathies should be enlisted in the Brotherhood work, for besides its undoubted worth, his own two sons were most strongly identified with it, one as its President, the other as the head of one of its most flourishing chapters. Canon Davidson attended the last convention of the American Brotherhood, at St. Louis, in October, 1891, and entered into all its proceedings with the heartiness and zeal of a young man. Our American friends and brothers will well remember his kindly presence and will join with us in lamenting his loss. He looked forward with much hope to the second convention of the Canadian Brotherhood held in Toronto this present month. He was present at its services and meetings, although feeling far from well, down to Saturday forenoon, 13th instant. He offered the opening prayer at 11 o'clock on that day. At 12.30 he left St. James' Schoolhouse in company with a friend to consult Dr. Cameron, and while in the surgery the Home call came to him. His work of thirty-six years was done; he entered into rest. As he did so his sons were engaged in the conference in St. James' Schoolhouse, and his daughters were also in the meeting. The sad tidings reached his eldest son. He repaired to Dr. Cameron's, found that his father was "beyond the smiling and the weeping," returned to St. James' Schoolhouse, presided over the conference for two hours and a half with this weight upon his heart, and only when the business was done announced the solemn event to the meeting amid the most affectionate sympathy and sorrow.

A good man's work never dies. He is gone, but his long missionary life and labour remain in many a varied form and fruit. His kindly counsel, the hospitalities of his refined Christian home will long live in the affectionate remembrance of the Deanery. His pure and gentle life and manners, his faithfulness as pastor and friend will never be forgotten by his people. His honoured name is borne onwards by workers true and faithful in the Church of their father.

While thus reviewing the life of our dear brother we reverently pray the prayer:—"We bless Thy Holy Name for all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear, beseeching Thee to give us grace so to follow their good examples that with them we may be partakers of Thy heavenly kingdom."


THE Church people of Windsor, Nova Scotia, have sustained a great loss in the recent death of E. W. Dimock, Esq., an old resident of that town. He was ever liberal with his means and influence to promote the welfare of the Church, not only in his own parish and diocese, but in more distant places. In him, King's College, Windsor, as well as the parish church, has lost a most useful and generous supporter.

Systematic Giving Department.

The object of this Society is to advocate the duty and privilege of all Christians to give unto God systematically and in proportion to their means, and to promote the study of examples of those who in less favoured times paid tithes and offerings to God.

The present Organizing Secretary is Rev. Canon Sweeny, D.D., Toronto, to whom all communications are to be addressed.

SEVEN WAYS OF GIVING.

1.  **THE** careless way: To give something to every cause that is presented without any enquiry into its merits.
2. The impulsive way: To give from impulse—as much and as often as love and pity and sensibility prompt. This is uncertain and irregular.
3. The lazy way: To make a special effort to earn money for benevolent objects by festivals, fairs, etc.
4. The self-denying way: To save the cost of luxuries and apply them to purposes of religion and charity. This may lead to asceticism and self-complacence.
5. The systematic way: To lay aside as an offering to God a definite portion of our gains—one-tenth, one-fifth, one-third or one-half. This would be very largely increased if it were generally practiced.
6. The equal way: To give to God and the needy just as much as we spend on ourselves, balancing our personal expenditures by our gifts.
7. The heroic way: To limit our expenditures to a certain sum, and give away all the rest of our income. This is the way John Wesley did.—*Dr. Pierson, in Homiletic Review.*

THE following words by an English Vicar will be read with interest:—

There are but few Christians, we may safely say, who would not admit the truth of the gen-

eral proposition, that to offer to God some portion of the worldly goods which He has entrusted to us, is nothing less than a positive duty incumbent upon all alike. It is when we come to details that we find divergence of opinion, and what is of more importance—divergence of practice. The object of this paper is to emphasize the too often forgotten truth that almsgiving should be systematic—*i.e.*, guided by definite principles as regards the amount and the destination of the offerings, and that the principle which should regulate the amount is St. Paul's principle of proportionate giving: "Let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him."

There are many devout Christians, especially of the wage-earning classes, who might offer more than they do for God's work, and so win the blessing of the "cheerful giver," if they thought it worth while to take some trouble in deciding how much they could offer, and to what objects their offerings would be most suitably assigned.

First, then, almsgiving should be systematic. This will be readily granted when it is recognized that it is regarded consistently in both the Old Testament and the New, as an essential part of the devotional side of life. No one who is in earnest about his spiritual health, is careless or irregular in such matters as Bible reading and Prayer and Holy Communion. So no one ought to be careless or irregular in the matter of almsgiving. That many good Christians do not take any trouble or thought about it, but act simply on impulse, is due to the fact that, while they have been taught to pray and to read God's Word, and to come to Him in His Holy Sacrament, and to do all these things regularly, they have not been taught to look upon regular and systematic almsgiving as a Christian duty, the performance of which is necessary for the highest spiritual health.

And, secondly, the principle that governs our almsgiving should be St. Paul's principle of proportion—"as God hath prospered him." It is clear that a man with an income of £1,000 a year ought, as a general rule, to offer at least twice as much as a man with £500 a year.

Is it not equally clear that, as a general rule, a man with fifty shillings a week ought to offer at least twice as much as a man with twenty-five shillings a week? In other words, is it not clear that, whether our income be large or small, what we offer ought always to bear a definite proportion to what we receive?

What the exact proportion should be is another matter, and one on which every one ought to decide according to the dictates of his own conscience. Many Christians regularly devote to God's work one tenth of all that they receive; many give more. But it is obvious that in the case of those who earn a weekly wage, one-tenth would generally be too large a

proportion, though many might offer one-twentieth. In settling the proportion many circumstances have to be taken into consideration, such as, for instance, the number and the ages of the children. If a man's wages remain stationary while his family increases, he will not be able to offer so large a proportion after eight or ten years of married life as in the first two or three years. But when his children go to work or get married, he will be able to return by degrees to his first proportion. What is pleaded for is not large offerings, but proportionate offerings; let there be regularity and system. It should always be possible for all to say, "I have earned so much during the last month, or six months, and I have offered such and such a proportion to God."

But how is the money to be offered? This is an important question in detail. For those who earn weekly wages, the simplest plan, which has been tried with success and satisfaction by many, is to set aside the fixed proportion in a bag or box at regular intervals, once a week, or once a month, as may be most convenient. Then it should be settled how much is to be given at the ordinary weekly offering in church every Sunday, how much assigned to special objects, such as foreign missions, hospitals, etc., for which special collections are made in church and elsewhere, and how much may be kept in reserve for unforeseen calls. If a due proportion has been fixed on in the first instance, then there need be no scruple about refusing a call made at a time when the bag or box happens to be empty.

It is sometimes objected that to adopt any such plan would do away with the spontaneity of offerings. It is true, there would not be much room left for impulsive giving in response to fervid appeals; but it can hardly be asserted that an offering, which is the result of a momentary impulse, is more acceptable to God than one which is the result of earnest prayer and careful deliberation. Such objections are generally urged as an excuse, for either laziness or stinginess, by those who will not take any trouble about their almsgiving, or by those whose offerings, if added up, would be found to bear a miserably inadequate proportion to their incomes. On the other hand, the universal adoption of such a plan would have obvious advantages.

In the first place, the total amount offered would be far greater than at present, and we should hear much less of good works crippled for want of funds.

Secondly, there would be a very considerable saving in the expense of collecting money. If the great church societies were better supported, and able to respond to all the appeals made to them, a vast amount spent in the printing and postage of private appeals could be assigned directly to the objects in view.

Thirdly, an immense amount of unprofitable

labour and wearing anxiety would be spared to the clergy and others, who are often at their wits' end to know how to meet the expenses of the work they are doing. And lastly, but not least, it might be possible to do away with bazaars, and other similar means of raising money, which, even if legitimate in themselves, have an undoubted tendency to lower the standard of Christian almsgiving, which is a sacrifice to God, and ought not to be a means of getting something for oneself under the pretext of helping God's work.

Woman's Auxiliary Department.

The love of Christ constraineth us.—2 Cor. v., 14.
Communications relating to this Department should be addressed
Mrs. A. E. Williamson, 83 Wellesley St., Toronto.

THE report of the Toronto Quarterly Meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary in last month's issue of the monthly *Letter Leaflet* was very encouraging. A paper read by Miss Tilley, of Toronto, on "God's Chosen People," was most instructive and full of interest to all who heard it. The evening meeting was deeply interesting owing to the presence of Bishop Reeve. His address was full of information concerning the work of his enormous diocese; a good suggestion was made that the various Auxiliaries combine in the spring, to send bales of provisions to the bishop; cereals, owing to the heavy freight, are very expensive, a barrel of flour costing \$40. The Treasurer's report at this quarterly meeting showed that since last May \$3,175 has been received.

THE annual meeting of the Montreal Branch was held on February 18th and 19th, the Bishop of Algoma preached at the opening service, and spoke at the evening missionary meeting.

THE annual meeting of the Huron Branch is arranged for March 16th and 17th. The Auxiliary in the diocese has been making rapid strides and the *Leaflet* circulation is largely increased.

THE report in the February *Leaflet* of the work accomplished in Kingston by the Woman's Auxiliary is very encouraging, a paper was read by the President upon the report of the Board of Domestic and Foreign Missions.

MISS SHERLOCK has begun her lessons in Japanese, feeling that a knowledge of the language is her first necessity. Nearly all the church services are held in Japanese.

MRS. BOURNE tells the Auxiliary of Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, that "Apiko,"

for whose support they subscribe \$25, is still in the Home, and doing well, ranking fourth in a class of seven. The reports from the various Indian Homes as to the progress of both boys and girls show very conclusively that educating the children is the only way by which we can hope to influence these Indian tribes.

Our Indian Department.

Edited by Rev. W. A. Burman, B.D., Principal of the Rupert's Land Indian Industrial School, St. Paul's, Manitoba. Missionaries having items of interest regarding the Indians will kindly forward them.

THE following letter has just reached us from Mr. Bassing, our faithful Missionary at Shoal River, in the north-west corner of the Diocese of Rupert's Land. His loss of house, home and all belongings, is a very serious one. We trust friends may be led to come to his assistance at once. Contributions will be thankfully received by Rev. A. E. Cowley, Local Secretary C.M.S., Box 998, Winnipeg.

"SHOAL RIVER MISSION, ASSA.

"FORT PELLY P.O.

"December 30th, 1891.

"DEAR SIR,—I am very glad to say that the Rev John Sinclair has paid another visit here; he arrived here on December 16th, and remained four days. On Thursday the 17th, we had morning prayer and address; in the afternoon I accompanied Mr. Sinclair to Shoal River House where we had a very hearty service, during which the infant son of Mr. Munro was baptised. The following morning we returned to the mission, and in the evening another service was held, followed by a practice of hymns in Cree. Saturday was a busy day, there being service morning and evening, and during the day, visiting. On Sunday the school-house was crowded at both the services. In the morning sixteen Indians were baptised, six being adults, and ten children. In the afternoon Mr. Sinclair conducted his last service.

"At the celebration of the Sacrament there was eight communicants. Unfortunately some of the men were away hunting, had they been home two or three of them would, I think, have come forward for baptism, as they have for some time been thinking seriously of becoming Christians. It may be interesting to know that the old heathen customs amongst the Indians here, are slowly, but very surely, becoming things of the past. Out of the large number of Indians here only five or six have more than one wife. On Christmas Eve we had a very happy tea party for the children, which they very greatly enjoyed. Before going to their homes they each one received some candies and Christmas Cards.

"On Christmas morning I conducted service at

the mission, and in the afternoon left for Shoal River House to hold service there, and to remain a few days with Mr. Munro and family. The morning following my arrival an Indian came in with the news that my house was burnt to the ground. I hastened back, and found nothing but a heap of ashes. Everything was lost save a few papers and blankets. My loss exceeds \$500, and includes all my books, of which I had a good number, furniture, stoves, and a whole year's supply of provisions.


"When I left at two o'clock in the afternoon everything was apparently safe, the fire did not break out until midnight; it is supposed that there must have been some defect in the chimney. The Indians did the best they could, but only managed to save the blankets and papers.

"It is the more discouraging when one thinks that only a few weeks ago I was able, by strict economy, to get what I most needed to make my house comfortable. For the present I must take refuge in one of the old Indian houses which the Indians are trying to make comfortable for me, and be content with fish and bread. At first I felt terribly discouraged, but after carefully thinking the matter over I feel that it is my duty to stay and make the best of circumstances. By a firm trust in the love of Almighty God everything will, I hope, come right in the end.

"If I can secure assistance I want to commence building in the spring. Trusting that I may soon hear from you, and that you may be able to interest some kind friends on my behalf.

"I am, yours very truly,
"EDWARD H. BASSING."

DIocese OF ATHABASCA.

HE Bishop publishes the following appeal:

"When in England, during 1885, I made an appeal for the general work of this Diocese, but especially for help in the formation of a 'Clergy Endowment Fund' to provide for the stipends of the clergy. The response to this appeal, together with collections and subscriptions within the Diocese, and from other sources, has enabled me to arrange for the investment of rather over \$3,500, to form the nucleus of such a fund.

"I applied last spring to the S.P.C.K. of England, for a grant to aid me in this purpose. They very kindly responded to my appeal by making an appropriation of £500 to meet £3,500, to be raised from other sources, for permanent investment. This grant is, however, only payable in instalments of £100, each instalment to meet a sum of £700 raised from other sources, and any part of the grant not claimed within five years, *i.e.* in April 1891, to be written off as lapsed. I would therefore appeal to the friends


both in England and Canada, to assist me in availing myself of the Society's kind appropriation.

"If this endowment can be carried out, it will materially assist in laying a good foundation for the work of our Church in a very large and promising part of the Dominion of Canada.

"The present missionary work among the Indians of this country, and the impending settlement which the fertile character of the westerly and Peace River country and the timber and mineral deposits of the eastern part assures, calls for a vigorous effort in this direction.

"The increased missionary spirit so manifestly awakened in our midst, encourages me to make this appeal, and to trust that it will meet with a generous response. Herbert Malaher, Esq., Compton Terrace, Islington, London, N., or my commissary, the Rev. W. A. Burman, Middle Church P.O., Manitoba, will be glad to receive subscriptions or donations for this purpose."

DIocese OF MOOSONEE.

HE following letter from Archdeacon Winter of York Factory, to Rev. W. A. Burman, will be read with interest:

"I forget when I wrote to you, but I know it is quite time to send you a few lines relating to our doings here in the far north. And, perhaps, I cannot do better than give you a little experience during one of my missionary journeys in this vast parish. Some of your readers may have visited or heard much of these parts, because in olden times York Factory was not what it is to-day, and many who are now settled in or near Manitoba, may have come into the country, via. York Factory. But for the sake of the majority I must give a few details. When I first came to this country, twelve years ago, I had the supervision of four stations: Churchill, the most northern part on the shore of Hudson Bay; Trout Lake and Severn; and the one from which this is dated. At the first named we have now a resident missionary, the Rev. J. Lopham, who with a good wife is carrying on a glorious work for the Master, among Eskimo, Chipewyan, a few Crees, and the white people at the post itself. This leaves me with three. Trout Lake lies to the S.S.W., and Severn to the S.E. The former being an inland trading station, and the other on the Bay. These two places I visited last summer, leaving my dear ones on June 8th and returning on July 18th. On leaving here we set off for Trout Lake, and after a fearfully tedious journey in a canoe, we arrived there twenty-four days afterwards. It was not only tedious but arduous, as the portages were many, and some of them were very long—over two miles—through dangerous swamps.

"But I have always felt that the welcome in

store would make amends for all the unpleasantness. And the last occasion was no exception.

"When we reached the beautiful lake, we saw a small tribe of Indians camping on one of the many islands with which it is studded. They were chiefly women, as the men were away fishing. They gave me a most hearty shake of the hand, and after a little conversation, one of the old women asked me to go her tent and see her poor son—a young man. I entered to see the form of a tall Indian in the last stage of lingering consumption. It was necessary for me to speak very plainly and slowly, as they do not use the York Factory dialect; but I thank God that the poor sufferer was able to answer my questions relating to Christ as his sin bearer. He was able to read his Bible and found much comfort in it, in fact it was his only comfort and consolation in what proved his last days. A few hours afterwards we came in sight of the station on another island, and saw the people come forward in hundreds to meet us, and when I stepped ashore, such a shaking of hands took place as fairly made my arm ache. My sojourn was lamentably short, but it could not be helped.

"On the same evening two services were held, and during the two following days there was not a spare moment for me. On each occasion the church was full of earnest and devout worshippers. In fact it was so full that when I announced the number of the hymn, and the people tried to stand, they were, in many cases, unable to do so, they were almost packed together like sardines, the men on one side and the women on the other.

"The way in which the Cree and Crane Indians took part in the services was truly grand to behold and hear. One faithful native clergyman, the Rev. W. Dick, had cause to be gratified, for the Lord has given him much success, and he has been most warmly received by the Indians all around the lakes, whose camps he visited through the winter. During my first two visits, in 1881 and 1883, some of the men were scarcely presentable, and fearfully ignorant of divine things. But now they are among the most sincere, and after due preparation have become communicants, one of whom is the chief of the Cranes, who had waited day after day to see me, and would not depart although he had scarcely any food. I had two or three interviews with him and among other things he said, 'I know I am very ignorant, I cannot tell my people all I want to tell them, or all I hear when I come to church, for I cannot remember every thing; but I pray to God to help me to live right and to teach my people as much as I am able. I feel very unworthy, but I am happy because Jesus helps me to overcome the sins that the wicked spirit tempts me to commit.' He was extremely concerned about the alien desires within him, but could not express himself properly. I told him that he was passing

through the same experience as every Christian, and no doubt his case was similar to that of St. Paul's, as recorded in Rom. v. ii. On the evening before leaving we had a most solemn and beautiful Communion Service, when many, who a few years ago were living in heathenism, knelt at the sacred board to receive the emblems of the body and blood of Christ our Saviour. I must give you another incident that took place when I was there.

"Being so much pressed for time I could not visit the tents, but a poor man sent to ask me to go to his. I saw at a glance that he was very ill, and seemed to me quite unable to rise. I told him how sorry I was that he was not able to go to church, considering that he comes to the mission station for a few days only during the year. 'But,' he said, 'I have a blessed time morning an evening notwithstanding the great privation, for I take family prayers just the same as I always did when I was in health.' I asked him if he could sit up for so long a time. 'No,' said our native minister, 'he certainly cannot do that, but he get a person on either side of him, to support him while he reads the Bible and when kneeling in prayer.

"I saw that the dear man was almost overcome with emotion when mentioning this to me, and he went on to tell me that the Indian did not act in this way as a matter of form, but because he felt the value of united prayer. Oh that all God's people were as earnest in their approach to the Throne of Grace as this poor Indian!

"I must reserve the journey down to the work at Severn for a future occasion."

Books and Periodicals Dept.

The Church of England: Its continuous Organic Life and its Catholic Restoration. A Lecture, by the Rev. Canon Brock, D.D., Rector of Horton, Nova Scotia: Morton & Co., Halifax.

This is a capital little summary of the history of the English Church from earliest times to the present the leading historical points being well presented. Copies for distribution on easy terms may be obtained by applying to the author.

CANADIANS everywhere will be delighted with the new magazine, the *Dominion Illustrated Monthly*, the first issue of which has just reached us. The publishers in their prospectus declared their intention to make this new magazine, in its literary, artistic and mechanical features, a credit to Canada; and the initial number is a decided proof that they intend to keep their word. The *Dominion Illustrated Monthly*, with an artistic cover, presents a very handsome outward appearance; and the contents of this number, both in literary excellence and artistic illustration, will command the admiration of every reader.

Munsey's Magazine (155 East 23rd Street, New York) for February contains, among many other interesting articles, an illustrated paper on the "Episcopal Church in New York," with very excellent portraits of Bishop Potter, and several of the leading rectors of the city and

illustrations of some of the churches. "The commanding status of Episcopalianism in the metropolis," remarks the writer, "has been largely achieved by the personality of the leaders, who guide its councils and direct its immense and varied energies." The magazine is published monthly by Frank A. Munsey & Co., at \$3 a year.

The Pulpit for February impresses us as a most commendable issue, containing complete sermons from many eminent divines of the old and new world. It is an exclusively sermonic magazine, and will be found helpful to clergymen. \$2 a year; 20 cents a copy. Edwin Rose, Publisher, Buffalo, N.Y.

The Magazine of Christian Literature: The Christian Literature Co., New York. A useful periodical, especially for clergymen who, from its pages, may cull information upon the great questions of the day, both within and without the Church of England. In addition to many valuable articles each number contains a portion of the "Theological Propædeutic"—a general introduction to the study of Theology—by Dr Philip Schaff, Professor of Church History in the Union Theological Seminary, New York.

The Missionary Review of the World: We find this periodical always most useful in giving missionary information, and suggesting thought for missionary subjects. It is now favourably recognized everywhere, and has become an acknowledged authority on missionary subjects. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, 18 and 20 Astor Place, New York. \$2.50 per year; 25 cents per single number.

The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass. This excellent weekly, well printed and beautifully illustrated, gives promise of keeping up to its usually high standard by a very brilliant announcement of articles and authors for 1892. It is always of a good moral tone and gives wholesome reading for young people of all sizes and capacity.

Germania: A. W. Spanhoofd, of Manchester, New Hampshire, publishes an interesting periodical for the study of the German language. Each number contains valuable assistance for students of that tongue.

The Churchman: New York; M. H. Mallory & Co., 47 Lafayette Place, New York. A weekly church paper, well known as one of the best church periodicals published.

Newbery House Magazine: Griffiths, Farren, Okeden & Welsh, London, England. This magazine comes every month as a welcome visitor. Its articles are usually on themes of interest to churchmen, but frequently are of a general nature, instructive for all. Numerous illustrations from time to time are found in it.

New England Magazine, Boston. The February number has articles on "The Prairies and Coteaus of Dakota," "The Granite Industry in New England," and many others which together make up a most interesting magazine.

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