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# THE CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE

• • AND MISSION NEWS • •

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No. 61.

## HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

No. 61.—REV. W. W. KIRKBY.



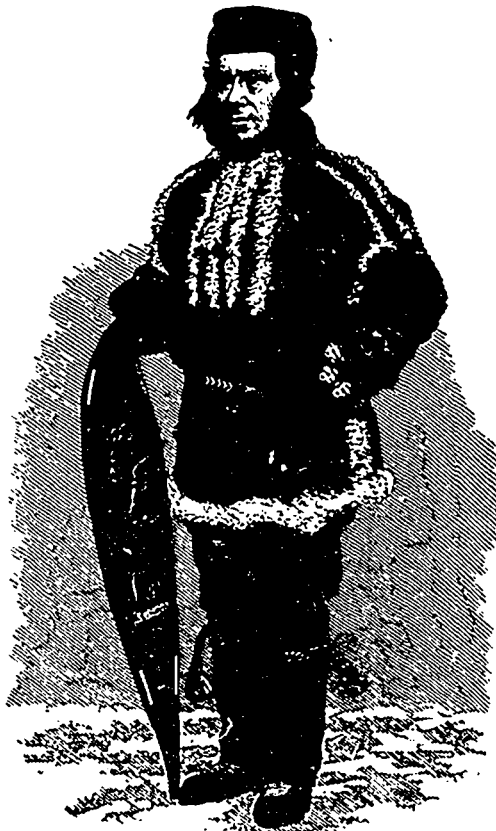
At the annual Diocesan Meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary of Toronto, held in that city on the 21st of May last, the visiting speaker was the Rev. W. W. Kirkby, Rector of Christ Church, Rye, New York, who gave many interesting and some amusing incidents of his early missionary days. As these days were spent in our own North-West, it may be interesting here to give some idea of his work in that "Lone Land." Our information is gathered chiefly from *The Church Missionary Gleaner* for August, 1874.

In November, 1848, the friends of the Church Missionary Society in England were celebrating its jubilee all over the world. In the Village of Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, as in other places, a jubilee meeting was held on the 1st of that month, and then and there a young man of eighteen, named William West Kirkby, received his first impulse towards missionary work. After four years necessary training he was ready for his work, and in June, 1852, was sent out to Rupert's Land as a school-master to superintend the school there, and to establish a training school for native teachers.

For seven years Mr. Kirkby laboured diligently and usefully at St. Andrew's, Red River (Manitoba), first as a school-master and then as a clergyman, being ordained by Bishop Anderson, deacon in December, 1854, and priest a year later. The work there was purely pastoral, the Indian and half-breed settlers all professed Christianity; but even under these favourable circumstances the duties of a missionary are more burdensome than one would imagine,

chiefly because he must do everything himself. Mr. Kirkby, however, was soon to enter upon a very different sphere of labour, and to bid adieu for many years to even the comforts afforded by such a place as Red River—cheerless enough in those days. His post of duty was to be in the far north, which he was to occupy, so far as one man can occupy a territory as large as Europe. His head-quarters were to be at Fort Simpson, on the Mackenzie River, (which must not be con-

founded with the other Fort Simpson, near Metlahkatlah, in the northern part of British Columbia). A fair idea of Fort Simpson with its church and other buildings may be got from the accompanying picture, which, of course, represents it as it appears in summer. From its proximity, however, to the Arctic regions, the summer season is very short, lasting for only four months, during which the sun is very hot and shines nearly all the time, rising at two o'clock in the morning and not setting till ten o'clock in the evening. In the winter months the reverse of this is the case. There is a night of twenty hours duration, the sun appearing for four hours only, viz., from ten o'clock a.m. to two o'clock in the afternoon. How dreary must these long hours of no sunshine be!



REV. W. W. KIRKBY IN EARLY DAYS.

Indeed, the whole territory was dreary in those days. When Mr. Kirkby

first arrived from England with his young wife, both of them, indeed, young and inexperienced, he tells us himself that the first thing they did was "to sit down and have a good cry." While on the Hudson's Bay ship that was bringing them out they had friends and companions, but when the ship sailed off and left them strangers indeed in a desolate land, a feeling of utter loneliness for the moment stole over them. However, this was soon mastered, and for seven and

twenty years Mr. Kirkby—afterwards raised to the rank of Archdeacon—continued his work in the North-West.

On Christmas Day, in the year 1865, to the great astonishment of Mr. Kirkby, a clergyman from England arrived at Fort Simpson. The joy with which such a visitor was welcomed may be imagined when it is remembered that Mr. Kirkby had been working alone for six years, utterly isolated during that long period from the rest of the world, working hard, as the scarlet-fever had broken out among the Indians, and the whole of his family had been prostrated by it. With a heavy heart he had ministered to the sick and dying Indians with no one near to cheer him or help him. Such a thing as an arrival in winter was never thought of in that lonely spot. The thermometer falls there sometimes sixty degrees below zero, and is never above twenty! After the boats left in the fall, no visitors were looked for till the following June. The arrival then of the Rev. W. C. Bompas (now Bishop of Mackenzie River), was an unexpected pleasure. He arrived in time for the morning service on Christmas day, and in the evening preached from the words, "Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."\*

How strange must have been this life at Fort Simpson, during those long winters, with the nights of twenty hours duration! The house, too, was somewhat cheerless, with parchment for windows, instead of glass. They had to depend upon the Hudson's Bay ship for supplies, and when they gave an order they had to wait two years to have it filled. "Fancy," he drily remarked in Toronto, "waiting for two years for a dress for the baby!" And then the orders were not always filled. Once after waiting two years for a suit of clothes, he found that it had been forgotten. His wife then made him a coat (and a very good one too, he says), out of a large black shawl!

The church which is shown in the picture was built for the Slave and other Indians under Mr. Kirkby's care, and was opened on Easter Day, 1867. With this church he was greatly delighted, and spoke of it as "a little gem." In 1868, after sixteen years of unremitting labours, Mr. Kirkby visited England, where his graphic speeches did good service in the mission cause. In 1870 he once more started for the North-West, but on arriving at Red River in June of that year, had the mortification of finding that he was too late for the boats. They had all stopped running, and would not resume their trips till the following year. This altered the whole course of his life. It was decided that he should not return to his former post at all, but proceed to York Fort, 1,500 miles in another direction, to take charge of a vacant station

there. Though this involved great hardship and the acquirement of a new language—Cree instead of Chippewyan, Mr. Kirkby, like a good soldier, obeyed orders. At Churchill, however, (the most northerly of the Hudson's Bay Company's forts on the bay) some Chippewyan Indians were found who were delighted to hear the Gospel message in their own tongue. When Mr. Kirkby arrived at this place he found the house of the Hudson's Bay Company's agent surrounded by a drift of snow fifteen feet deep, and all the men available digging out the inmates; "but," he says, "in this snow house I met with a hearty welcome," and he adds, "it is strange to feel that one is at the last house in the world, and yet this truly is so on this side of the continent; there is not another between this and the Polar sea, or the end of the earth!" Mr. Kirkby was one of the first, if not the first, to cross into the Arctic Circle, and he describes how strange it was to see the sun going round and round in a circle, the day and night the same. He speaks of the Eskimos as being great thieves. He was warned of this, and on meeting with them for the first time he sat upon his box, which contained all the valuables he had, and was amused at their attempts to induce him to leave it. In this cold region Archdeacon Kirkby laboured for many years, and earned the right to minister in the latter portion of his days in a better country and among a civilized people, a privilege which he now enjoys as Rector of Rye in the Diocese of New York. His son, Rev. D. N. Kirkby, continues his father's work as a devoted missionary in the distant North-West.

## THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD.

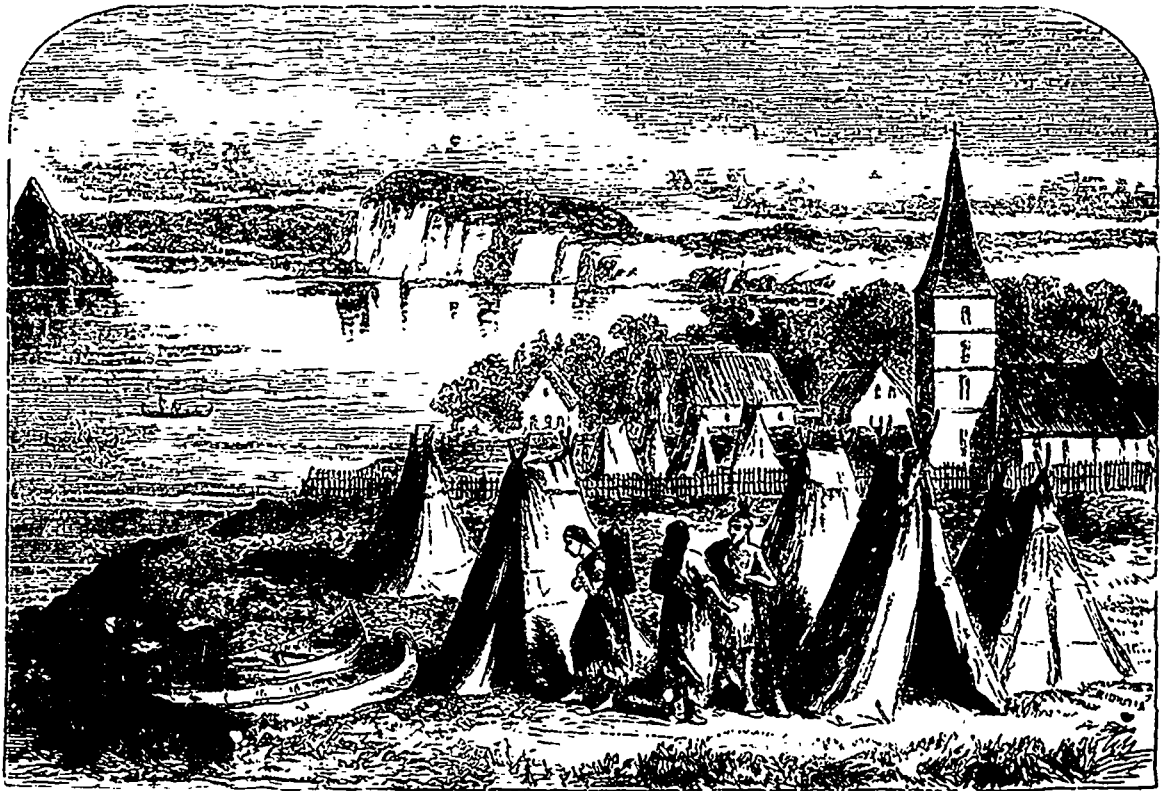
FROM "CORRUPTIONS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT," BY H. L. HASTINGS, BOSTON.



HERE are certain secret fraternities which sometimes are very efficient. Invisible leaders direct their course of action, and terrible oaths, enforced by horrid penalties, leave the members of these associations no choice but to obey or die. But their influence is usually shortlived, and most of them soon pass and are forgotten.

There is, however, to-day a brotherhood of men which has long existed in the earth, and which is subject to a control more mysterious than any other of which this world affords us an example. For eighteen centuries the members of this fraternity have felt themselves bound by laws which were paramount to earthly obligation. The ties of kinship, the charms of pleasure, the authority of monarchs, and all the motives that sway the hearts of men from the highest to the lowest, had given way to some more potent bond. Every earthly ambition, appetite, passion, desire, and hope has been

\* See "Day Spring in the Far West," Chapter VII., where an account of Mr. Bompas' journey is given.



FORT SIMPSON, DIOCESE OF MACKENZIE RIVER.

made to yield to the power which has swayed their souls. It has linked men together who were strangers and enemies before; it has, in an hour, made them friends to those whose faces they had never seen; it has bound in close sympathy persons of different tastes, customs, manners, habits, and education; and has sent men forth, relinquishing their dearest ambitions and their highest hopes, sojourning as strangers in lands unknown, and separated from the fellowships and kinships in which their hearts had found delight. They have traversed deserts; they have crossed seas; their feet have pressed the sands of every shore; they have made their homes in far-off islands; they have climbed to Alpine heights; they have made their dwelling among barbarians, savages, and cannibals; they have gone forth from abodes of luxury and ease, to lives of poverty and toil, they have braved the terrors of the arctic circle and have sweltered beneath the burning heat of the tropics: they have voluntarily consented to endure hunger, and thirst, and hardship, and reproach, and poverty, and toil; they have allied themselves to suffering, and have endured scourging, and chains, and imprisonment, and death itself. These men have not been reckless, nor indifferent to their own interests. They have been persons of wisdom, and understanding and culture, fitted to grace the highest positions in

society; they have sacrificed the love of friends, and faced the fury of foes; they have left the delights of home for the struggles of exile; and they have done this, not for honour, not for grandeur, not for gain, not for fame.

They have endured without complaint; they have suffered without repining; they have died without a murmur of disappointment or a word of regret. And this has been going on for many, many centuries, and is going on to-day. There are thousands still ready to lead a forlorn hope, and ten thousands more of their comrades are standing behind them, ready to press forward and fill the broken ranks whenever a hero falls. They have fought on thus for ages, and yet they have not won wealth, nor honour, nor power. They have had a heritage of toil, and conflict, and affliction; they have been hunted through life, hated and defamed in death, and yet they have triumphed amid it all.

What mighty force has bound such a brotherhood together? What mysterious power has launched them into the world, and held them steadfast through the roll of passing centuries? Under whose command did they go? Under whose direction have they acted? They spurn human authority in matters of the highest moment; they bow to no ruler's behest; emperors cannot awe them, kings cannot control them, warriors cannot frighten them. What, then, is

the spring of their action, what the motive that has separated them from all earthly associations, and made them such a wondrous power in the world? Who is it that has spoken his commandment in their ears? Is it an Alexander, who conquered the world? There is not a man on the globe who cares for any law that Grecian conqueror made. Is it a Cæsar, who ruled the mightiest empire of his age? Who cares for a Cæsar now? Is it a Charlemagne, with the iron crown of Rome on his brow, or a Napoleon, with obedient myriads at his feet? These men are dead; and from their tombs there comes no voice of authority, no whisper which even a child would fear to disobey.

By whose command, then, are these men of varied nationality, character and station, controlled? Whose word is it which severs every tie, and speeds them on their mighty errand? At whose direction do they brave the fury of the ocean and endure the terrors of the storm? Who bids them to cross the steppes of the desolate north, and the burning deserts of the south? Who sends them threading their paths through tropical jungles, or climbing snow-clad heights amid the grind of Glaciers and the thunder of avalanches? At whose word presses forward that thin, wavering, bleeding, skirmish-line of heroes, who only fall to make room for others as noble and heroic as themselves? Have they a commander? Do they acknowledge and follow a leader? Who can it be? It is a Commander whom they have never seen; a Leader whose voice they have never heard. And who is He? One who had neither wealth nor prestige; a poor, despised Jew, trained in a carpenter's shop at Nazareth; a man whom no mortal eye has seen for almost two thousand years; a person whose existence is doubted, whose authority is denied, whose words seem to many as idle tales; but who promises poverty, who foretells reproach, and who sets the *loss of all things* as one of the conditions of fellowship with him. Standing on the slope of Olivet, nearly two thousand years ago, he said to a few poor fishermen and lowly toilers, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Matt. xxviii. 18-20.

This solitary command, uttered ages ago, is the obligation, and warrant, and encouragement of this mighty fraternity. It is this command which has held the elect of God steady in their allegiance, and devoted to their Master's service. It is, to doubters and scoffers, the mandate of a dead Jew, the word of an impostor who has not been seen for nearly two thousand years;—a dream, a fancy, an idle tale. But somehow

*that word has power.* Millions of men who never saw that Leader, are ready to-day to peril life itself to obey his commands. No emperor that had ever lived had a sway so grand and glorious as that of the lowly Nazarene.

How is it that every great conqueror of earth has gone to the grave of forgetfulness, and no one heeds his wishes or his words, while this man, without position, without power, without authority, without law, or force, or wealth, or fame, has yet issued commands which are respected in every quarter of the globe, and which will live when nations die, and have a force which the decrees of monarchs never had? What manner of man is this, whose secret whispers are heard through all the ages, and whose mandate, spoken in the ears of a few lowly disciples, rolls its reverberations down to time's remotest hour, penetrates the heart, convicts the conscience, controls the judgment, and rules the lives of unnumbered myriads of the sons of men? Surely, a power like this must have a higher than human source. Surely, one whose words are mighty as these words are, must be clothed with an unearthly energy, which demonstrates him to be not merely like the first man, "of the earth earthy," but like "the second man, the Lord from heaven."

Not long since, three little children, a boy of ten years, with his two little sisters, one seven the other four, living in Klum, in Eastern Prussia, wished to go to Sedalia, in the state of Missouri, to join their parents who were already settled in America. None of their relatives were so situated as to be able to accompany them, and hence they were under the necessity of taking their journey alone. An aunt in Berlin furnished each of the young travellers with a little book, on the first page of which she wrote the name, age, birthplace, and destination of the bearer; writing below in large letters, in German, and English, and French, a *single sentence* taken from that book. And she told them whenever they found themselves in any trouble or difficulty, to just stand still and open *those little books*, and hold them up before them.

The children started from their German home, travelled until they reached the seaport, embarked on board the steamer, crossed the great Atlantic, landed in America, travelled by rail more than a thousand miles westward into the heart of Missouri, showing their little passports when needful, to all with whom they came in contact; and in no case did they fail to obtain every kindness, tenderness, and protection which could be given, every heart warming with love, and every hand being stretched forth in helpfulness to the little ones who were thus cast upon the kindness of passing strangers whom they had never seen before and would never see again, but through whose kind assistance they safely reached the far-off home of their grateful and rejoicing parents.

What little book was this, which proved to

them such a precious passport? Was it a volume of the decrees and laws of an Alexander, a Cæsar, or a Charlemagne? Was it an ukase of the Russian autocrat, or a decree of the Emperor of Germany, which made for them a way over land and sea? No! It was none of these. It was a copy of that same *New Testament* which has been so wonderfully preserved through these eighteen hundred years. And what was the sentence, in German and English and French, which commanded the attention, the respect, and the service of strangers, of whatever nationality? Was it a passage from an Eastern Veda? a maxim of Confucius? an utterance of Buddha? a command of some high and mighty potentate? a commendation from some vast and influential brotherhood? No! It was none of these. The sentence which opened their way and proved to them more effective than the mandate of a monarch, or the safe conduct of an emperor, was this: "INASMUCH AS YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ONE OF THE LEAST OF THESE, YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME, SAITH JESUS CHRIST."

Are such words the vapourings of a vain pretender, a hypocritical impostor, a mere dead and buried Jew? Do they not prove themselves to be the words of a living, an Almighty Christ, who sitteth at the right hand of the throne of God, and who has said, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but MY WORDS SHALL NOT PASS AWAY."

And shall we not listen to His utterances which come with such eternal power, while He says, "He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not MY WORDS, hath one that judgeth him: THE WORD THAT I HAVE SPOKEN, THE SAME SHALL JUDGE HIM AT THE LAST DAY."

### MISSIONARY OBLIGATIONS.

BY MRS. H. C. EVANS, MONTREAL.



THE man, woman or child who has no desire to spread the knowledge of Jesus Christ beyond the narrow limits of an individual church or parish, but who is content to enjoy the blessings of Religion himself, and leave it to others to disseminate them broadcast throughout the world, is wanting in one of the primary principles of a living, active Christianity. For the test of our love to Christ is that we keep His commandments; and of these, the very latest, given to His Disciples just before His Ascension, was to "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." So that if we shut up our sympathies within ourselves and exclude the millions of heathen—who have not yet so much as heard whether there be a Christ—and also the thousands of nominal Christians who require to be aroused by the persistent and faithful ministrations of those, who, to preach the

Gospel, must live of the Gospel—we cannot be acting out the truths of our religion, or following closely in the footsteps of our blessed Lord.

It is sometimes objected by very earnest people, that the heathen, who have had no opportunity of either accepting or rejecting Christ, cannot justly be condemned by the Gospel, but shall be judged by the light of nature, and that if they have lived here faithfully according to that light, they shall, in some way, or other—we cannot quite tell how—be saved hereafter. But the fallacy of this reasoning will appear, if we consider how small, in all probability, will be the proportion of the heathen who will obey the restraining impulses of this light of nature, by which, say we, they shall be judged—or, if we may call it by another name—of this struggling immortality within, which, because they have been created in God's image, will, at some time or other, however dimly, assert itself.

And think, too, how great is the reward promised to those who "Turn many to righteousness." They shall shine as the stars. They shall be instrumental in hastening the time when the kingdoms of the world shall become the kingdoms of the Lord and of His Christ. They shall be obeying His express command. We cannot get over this. We cannot explain it away by any human sophistry, for it stands divine. And as long as the world exists, we must, if we would accept any part of the Bible, accept in all their fullness, those words of our Lord, already quoted, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

HENRY AUGUSTUS JÄESCHKE, late Moravian missionary in the Himalayas, a lineal descendant of the first Moravian emigrants to Herrnhut, besides German was master of Polish, Danish, Swedish, and was acquainted with English, Hungarian, Bohemian, Latin, Greek, and after going to the East, already knowing Sanscrit, Persian and Arabic (and doubtless Hebrew); he learned Hindustani, and Urdu, and lastly Thibetan. He was likewise an enthusiastic student of mathematics and natural science, especially botany. But he obeyed the call of his Church, to go to the dreary Thibetan regions, as unquestioningly as if he had been an unlearned artisan. "While at Ladak, he lived at Stok, near Leh, in the most frugal and primitive fashion. His food consisted of oatmeal and porridge, and the woman of the house faithfully kept for him the egg which her one hen laid every day. From his curiously-shaped bedroom he had to climb to his study by a stair composed of five unequal blocks of stone, and his furniture consisted of a tottering table and a still more defective stool." He had no notion of being too valuable in Europe to be hidden away in the inaccessible uplands of Asia. In other words, he was a true Moravian.



INDIANS AND THEIR CANOE.

## OUR INDIAN HOMES.

REV. E. F. WILSON'S QUARTERLY LETTER.

**D**EAR FRIENDS,—Since writing last I have been away on a journey of more than 3,000 miles. Thanks to the C.P.R., we can now travel from Ontario to the Rockies and back within a short space of time, and at comparatively small expense. Only a few weeks ago I was in and out among the Blood and Piegan Indians in Mr. Trivitt's and Mr. Bourne's missions in Alberta. I took in Medicine Hat, where our new school is being established, both going and returning, and all in trim now for proceeding with the work, directly the expected government grant becomes available. At each of my centres now I have an "Advisory Council," consisting of the Bishop of the Diocese and several of the clergy, and the laity living in the neighbourhood. At Medicine Hat, the Bishop of Qu' Appelle is President, Rev. E. N. Dobie, Secretary; and Rev. J. W. Tims, Judge McLeod, Mr. Cochrane, Mr. Sanderson, Rev. H. W. Sacken, and myself members of Council. At Lethbridge, the Bishop of Rupert's Land is Visitor, Ven. Archdeacon Phair, President; Rev. R. G. Stevenson, Secretary; Rev. C. Quinney, Dr. Rolston, Rev. H. L. Watts, Rev. Rural Dean Rogers, Mr. W. Wilson and myself members of Council. Here in Algoma, the Bishop of Algoma is President, Rev. E. A. Vesey, Secretary; Judge Johnson, W. G. McNeil Thompson and myself members of Council.

To take now, my Homes in order, beginning with

the most distant—viz. Medicine Hat. There are to be three buildings, a home for girls, a home for boys, and a central building where all will come together for meals and school. The central building is already up, the concrete walls completed, timbers between the concrete painted, and roof finished; but *inside* nothing is yet done. It will take \$2,000 to complete the building, and \$1,000 or so to furnish it. Towards this we are expecting \$5,000 from government. What is over after completing and furnishing the central building, will go towards erecting laundry, out buildings, cattle stable, fencing, etc. Towards first year's maintenance government will give \$2,000. Beyond that we have no absolute promise at present of any help. My present idea is to remove to Medicine Hat myself with two of my daughters about September 1st, remain there for the winter, and set to work on foot in a sort of family way at as little expense as possible. We could not afford to pay a superintendent at present, but I have already made arrangements with a man and wife—both highly recommended, the man to look after the outside work and the wife to cook, bake and wash for us, with the help of the Indian children. They will come to us September 1st if I am able to carry out my plans. God has given me a big work and a big family, and it has been on my mind lately that perhaps it is His will that the big family, now that they are growing up, should lend a helping hand in the big work. We have eight acres and a half of good land at Medicine Hat on the banks of the River Saskatchewan. It will have to be irri-



gated by means of a pump and windmill as the climate is so dry, and I propose to have a market garden, grow strawberries and vegetables, and also supply bouquets of cut flowers to the passenger trains—all of which wait half an hour at Medicine Hat station, to take water and replenish the dining cars. We hope also to have a dairy and supply milk and butter to the town and the trains. This Medicine Hat work will be exceedingly interesting as all the pupils will be little wild blanket children, with plaited hair and painted faces fresh from the teepees. There are a number of Cree Indians always hanging about the station at Medicine Hat, selling polished buffalo horns to the passengers, and those who have travelled west know how wild they look. We have already the promise of some of their children for our Sauketappi Home and also of children from the Blackfeet, Bloods, Peigans, and Sarcees. Mr. Sanderson, one of our Medicine Hat council, is a Cree Half-breed and government interpreter, and he will have great influence in getting pupils into our home. I do so hope that Sunday schools and friends will take up this work and try to make it a success. There is that \$1,000 idea which was started in St. John, N.B., never yet taken up. Is that to be allowed to lapse? And even the government grants cannot be used unless supplemented liberally from other sources. Surely our friends mean to help us—now that our work is getting to be so well established and so widely known. But I must pass on to our next point—*Elkhorn*. I am very thankful to say that during the five months which have elapsed since the new year began our receipts on Elkhorn maintenance account, including government grant, have a little exceeded our expenditure. This is *very satisfactory*, but still there is the old debt of about \$1,000 not yet wiped out, and this makes us afraid to push ahead as we would wish to do. My brother, Mr. Wilberforce Wilson, became local Superintendent of my Elkhorn Homes on March 1st, but within a month after his appointment, I am sorry to say, he took cold and became very ill with congestion of the lungs, and he is only just now regaining strength after a long illness of nearly two months. This has been a great anxiety to me. When I got up to Elkhorn the first week in April, I found the accounts and everything behind, and things a good deal upside down, owing to my brother's illness; it is a relief, however, to me that my eldest son, A. E. Wilson, now twenty-two years of age, is developing into a reliable and useful man. I have given him a little training in account keeping of the Shingwauk, and he is now at Elkhorn assisting his uncle; the Indian children are all very fond of him and he has a good influence with them. Our other Elkhorn employees are also all that could be desired. Miss Vidal is an excellent teacher, clever disciplinarian, and devoted to her work. Her

mother, Mrs. Vidal, has charge of the girls home, and nurses sick cases. Mrs. Leale who has been a number of years with us, first at Shingwauk and then at Wawanosh, is now matron at Elkhorn. Government placed \$2,500 at my disposal this spring for the erection of farm buildings and purchase of farm stock. Mr. Kring, whom I have engaged as farm instructor, seems likely to give every satisfaction. His wife is a sister of the Miss Robinson who was our first lady superintendent at the Washakada Home, Elkhorn, and niece of our late Bishop Fauquier. Our Elkhorn farm is a large one, 640 acres; the farm house is just completed and cattle sheds are in course of erection. We have already purchased a heavy pair of horses and a yoke of oxen, and farming operations are now in progress.

And now lastly, the old Algoma Homes—Shingwauk and Wawanosh. These, as our friends know, have been partially shut down during the winter months for lack of funds. That is, taking all our homes together, our books shewed us to be nearly \$1,000 behind on December 31st last. I am thankful to say that since the new year the receipts both for Shingwauk and Wawanosh, have a little exceeded the expenditure. But then the general management fund and the hospital fund are both behind; so, taking all the maintenance fund together, we are still \$600 and \$700 in debt. I am sorry for this. I had hoped very much that the whole debt would have been wiped out, and that we should be able now to make a fresh start with a little balance to the good. But I still have confidence in the work. I believe it is the work to which Almighty God has called me. My difficulties are no greater now than they were ten years ago. And in the face of them all my work has increased. When I partly closed the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes last fall, it was with the intention of opening them again with full members in May. I see no reason for departing from this plan. And so letters have been sent out to all the reserves inviting old pupils to return and new ones to come, and already we are fast filling up again, and before the end of the summer we may, I hope, have from eighty to one hundred pupils at our two Algoma Homes. We expect also to have a lot of building going on. A new laundry, with modern appliances, is to be erected on the Shingwauk land close to the river, and if funds permit, we hope also to commence on a new Wawanosh Home for fifty girls. Then we have \$900 also on the estimates to be applied towards a steam pump, tanks, etc., for fire protection. To provide for the increased number of boys at the Shingwauk, I have now two school masters, Mr. McCallum, who has been with us a number of years, and Mr. Dooley, an architect by profession, whom I have just engaged. Each of the masters will teach school half the day and superintend outside operations the other half.



CHILDREN OF A  
FAR AWAY LAND.

BY MRS. FORSYTHE GRANT.\*



SHORT time ago I returned to Toronto from a far away land, called Hawaii, or as it used to be known the "Sandwich Islands;" we lived there for some years, and what beautiful land it is! So green and fresh in the valleys, and with such splendid mountains towering above, sometimes so high that one can see snow on the high peaks. In the beginning of this present century,

in fact to the first quarter of it, this bright, beautiful cluster of islands with its palms, and bread fruit, its brilliant flowers, and wonderful ferns, was plunged in the deepest, blackest state of heathen ignorance. The natives were never cannibals, however, but they frequently, at the command of their priests, offered up living sacrifices to appease the wrath of their gods, especially where the great volcano of Mauna Lea would burst forth in fury, and the boiling lake of lava overflow its banks, and creep down through the forests to kill everything in its way; there was one goddess in particular, Pele, who was supposed to rule over the volcano, of whom the natives, to this day, are in deadly terror, and her anger demanded the sacrifice of a great many human lives.

When the good missionaries first went out to Hawaii, they must have been heart sick with one thing in the very beginning: the mothers were constantly in the habit of burying their little babies alive when they did not want to be troubled with them, and long afterward when one of these poor mothers was brought by such great patience and love to see how terribly sad and sinful her life was, and to rejoice that the Great Shepherd was ready to take her into His fold, she used to say to her teacher: "Oh, my poor little baby, my poor baby, I can hear it crying now when I am thinking how wicked I have been, I can hear it crying when I put it down under the earth." Of course the poor mother did not know any better then; but does it not show how vast and great is the space which is between that day and this? Now the native mothers are very good and affectionate to their children, though we used to



TWO INDIAN BOYS.

We have a splendid new school room now, being the upper half of the new "Shingwauk Hall"—a building sixty feet long by thirty feet wide. To teach trades we have Mr. Madden, who is an adept not only at house building and general carpentry, but understands every department of factory work, can run an engine, do blacksmith work, paint, build boats, etc. (2) Mr. Stark, who has charge of the shoe making department, understands a little about weaving, and undertakes a large share of the gardening. (3) Mr. Coulter, who has charge of the farm and dairy. (4) A brother of Mr. Madden's is coming to us as tailor, and we expect to make uniforms for Shingwauk, Elkhorn, and Medicine Hat, and also to take contract work. All our people seem to be feeling quite lively at the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes—now that there is an immediate prospect of the homes filling up and all going on brightly and busily again. We are having the "Missionary" sail boat painted up and new sails made; the brass band instruments are being rubbed up; the choir is being trained; buildings and fences are being painted and white-washed; flower beds and walks trimmed. It makes such a difference, doesn't it? when there is a prospect of making a first start. Just one word—an old one repeated. *Forty more Sunday Schools*, each one to undertake the support of an Indian child, either at Sault St. Marie, or at Elkhorn, or at Medicine Hat, at \$75, or, if clothing sent, \$50. That is what we want in order to maintain our present increased work, and to prevent having to close again next winter.

THE Moravian Mission in Greenland consists of six stations in two groups of nine missionaries, who have in all 1,608 persons under their charge.

\* Written for a Children's Missionary Gathering.

think that they loved their little white, curly dogs sometimes quite as well, if not better than their babies; though, to be sure, they love the dogs so much that after they are well fed and fat, they eat them! The little dark babies are very funny to see; the mothers rarely carry them about except on horseback, then they are fastened on a pillow; if very young they are laid on the cushion, if a little older they are seated astride on the pillow in front of their father or mother, and thus they become so accustomed to the motion of the horse, that they can ride from infancy almost. "Piccaninies" are what babies are always called.

When they get old enough children are almost invariably sent to school. On all the islands there are numbers of schools provided by the government, and every district has its own school; the teachers are sometimes natives and often whites. Natives, Portuguese, German, white children, frequently go to the same school. The Chinaman rarely sends his children to school, but sometimes a much older Chinaman will go to learn English, which is their great ambition.

The Portuguese are always Roman Catholics, and very fond of observing their Saints days. So they very often have holidays.

One day one of our Portuguese labourers came and asked if I would be godmother to a little baby which they wished to be called after me. I said "Yes," but I was sure they would not find my second name easy to say, so I looked over a Portuguese dictionary in which I found a list of names, and seeing "Carolina," I decided to give that to the baby girl, as Caroline was my first name; so one beautiful bright Sunday we got into our little pony carriage which was drawn by a good little mule, and we set off for the old Roman Catholic church, which was some four miles away from our home. When we came down the valley where the church stood surrounded by trees, we saw the big cart which had brought the Portuguese over from the plantation, with its mules taken out to rest, and the men and women standing about clad in all kinds of bright raiment, with always a brilliant red or yellow handkerchief tied round their necks, and the women wearing another on their heads instead of hats. We walked into the shady old building, which was well filled, and sat down on the two chairs which were given to us. The little chancel was very gaudily fitted up with pictures, figures of saints, candles etc., and the priest,—a little, wizened-up looking old man, was standing in front preaching rapidly in the Hawaiian language, which he spoke as well as any native. After the sermon came the great ceremony of the christening, not in the least like our own service; the mothers, and fathers and godfathers brought up the little girl to the chancel rails, and there were many prayers said, holy water sprinkled from a bowl, a candle was

put into the baby's fingers, lighted, and held there by the godfather; some oil was poured out on its forehead, incense was swung about in a little brass burner, and then the whole procession marched down the middle of the church out of the door, followed by the priest, who stood on the threshold; in front of him stood the mother with the baby in her arms, he asked what name, and they all exclaimed "Carolina" and pointed at me who stood behind the old priest, he turned round and said "But are you a Roman Catholic?" to which I said "no," so he said at once: "then you cannot promise for this child." I told him the mother wished the child to have my name, so he said: "well, you can promise that she shall be a good Catholic!" in such a sharp, decided way. I bowed and said, "Oh, yes;" so he turned, received the baby with his arms, named her Carolina and pronouncing some Latin formulas over her, gave her back to the mother, and walked to the chancel again. Seeing that the ceremony was over, I went up to the proud mother, patted the little face, put a blue necklace round its neck, a silk kerchief in its hand, with a silver bit for luck, and we left the close church with the relatives of the newly-made little Christian following with eager invitations to come and partake of the christening feast, but I was so tired with the long service, and the close atmosphere that we thought it better to drive home at once.

To tell of a death after a christening seems sad, does it not? We had a German servant of whom I was very fond, "Doretta" was her name, and she was such a good faithful creature. One Sunday morning her husband came to tell me that Doretta had a little baby, and it was dead; I was so sorry, and told him I would go down to their little cottage on the plantation in as short a time as possible. When we drove down with a little basket of good things for Doretta, we found ever so many neighbours (all Germans) were in the house, looking so respectable with their big white caps and aprons who had come in to sympathize with the poor mother, who began to cry as soon as she saw me. I comforted her as well as I could, and begged her to keep quiet, and then went to see the little babe which lay like a sleeping infant in its tiny coffin, with a pretty little white dress on it, all done up with blue ribbons, it was a very big, fine baby, and poor Doretta mourned it greatly. The coffin was carried to the grave in the church-yard, and the German women walked behind as seemed to be their custom.

Chinese children are most comical in appearance. As babies they are much dressed up in gaudy colours, their little loose coat and trowsers being made of some blue stuff, and the heads with green or velvet caps perched on top, and often a false queue or long plait of hair will be attached, so as to swing down to the heels of the important looking little monkeys.



ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL, KINGSTON, AS IT IS.

Even babies in arms have bracelets of silver round their wrists and ankles.

As the girls get older, if they are of high caste or station, their feet are doubled up as you would double up your hand, and then tightly bound so as to make them look like hard round lumps. At one Chinese house, the owner, Ah Lun by name, had two wives, which is allowed by their laws; one wife was high caste, the other low caste, so the poor little daughter of the high caste mother, who herself was scarcely seen, was finely clad in blue cloth with tiny round gilt buttons, and she used to sit on the verandah with her feet painfully tied up, and watch the noisy, frisky gambols of her half brother and sister, who not being of high degree were able to run about and shout and sing like any other ordinary children; but perhaps the knowledge of her high caste made up for the misery she was undergoing! In Honolulu one day I walked behind a tiny maiden not more than five years old, who was toddling along in most gorgeously embroidered clothes; the little robe of the brightest silk with flowers worked on it in gold and silver thread, her shoes were also of embroidered silk, with very high, thick white soles, made of some composition, her hair was elaborately done up with plaits, bent into different shapes, standing out from her head, and silver pins thrust through them, her face was painted rose-pink and white, and just behind each ear was fastened an artificial pink

rose with silver leaves; this funny little figure trotted along in the hot sun with no covering on her head, holding the hand of some man who was taking her to some feast, no doubt.

The Japanese women carried their babies slung in a kind of scarf which was tied round their bodies, and it is a very funny sight to see these Japanese mothers clumping about on their high wooden shoes, which are about a foot off the floor, their queer narrow skirts wrapped round them, and the dark face and twinkling eyes of a baby peeping over their shoulders.

Then, saddest of all, one would think, are the little leper children who are doomed from their birth to be diseased; in some of them the signs of the dreadful plague shew when very young, but unless some of their people give them up to be sent to Molokai, where the poor lepers live, they will run about with all the other children in school and on the plantations; one day I was talking to our doctor, standing on his verandah, when the children from the school ran down the road, scampering about in their delight at getting free, when the doctor said, "There is a child who has no business to be with the others; she is a leper." I looked and there was a little native girl about seven, running down the hill, with the usual cotton holoku, or loose dress worn by the native women; she seemed quite merry but did not move so quickly as the others; probably her legs were diseased. In Molokai, where the good Father Damien lived and died amongst the poor lepers, there are schools and work shops, and the children born and living there know no other life; everyone tries to be thoughtful for the leper children, and each Christmas and other great holidays, the steamer is laden with good things and gifts from the people in Honolulu. When the mothers and friends hear that the sheriff and his policemen are in the district they know that their leper relatives are to be searched for, and, if found, they will be taken away, so they make up parties, and carry the boy or girl, or whoever it may be away up into the mountains, where the natives know of hiding places no white person can find; then when the alarm is over and the sheriff is gone, they come down again and bring the child to their hut to live amongst them until the next alarm.

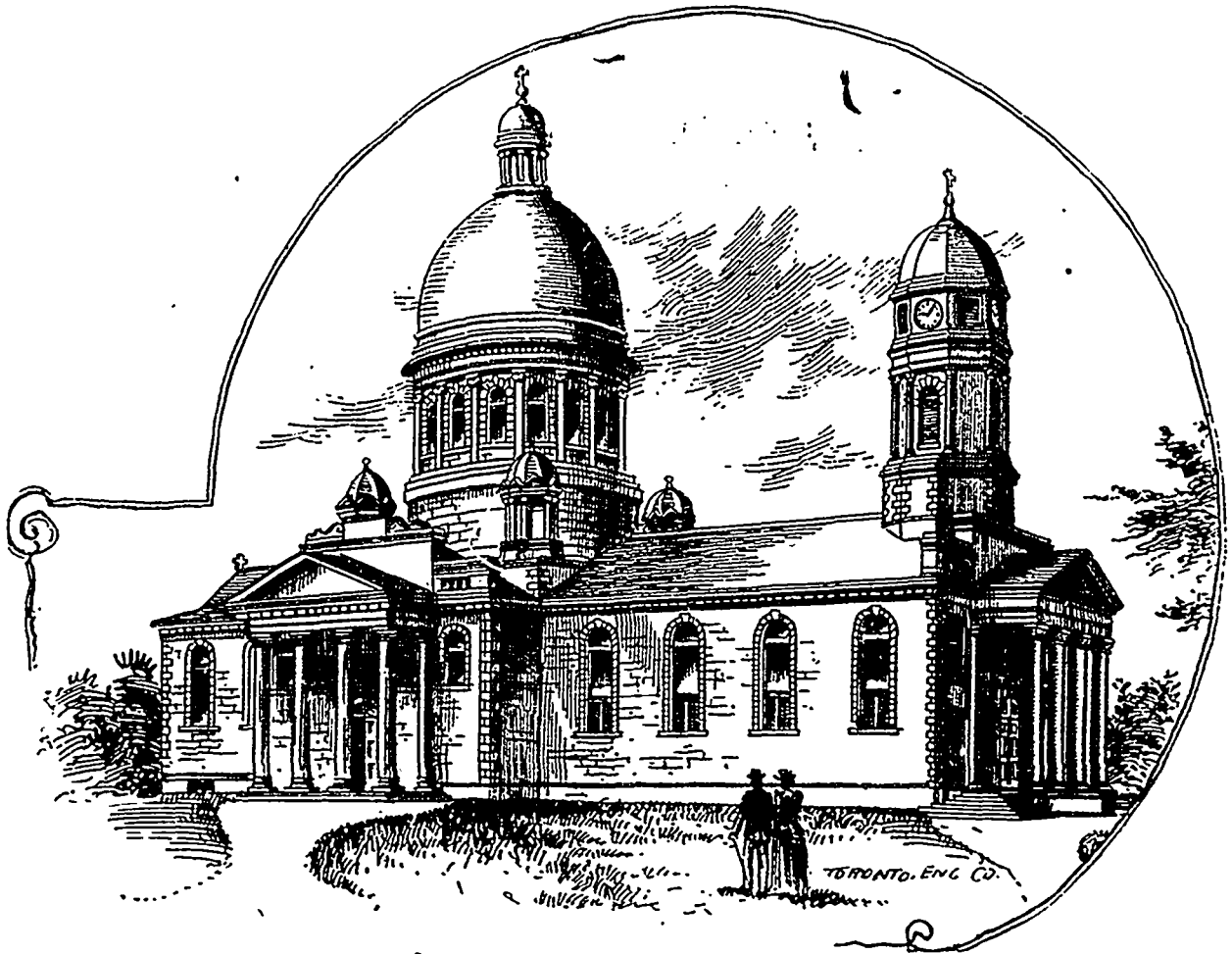
(To be continued.)

## OUR PARISHES AND CHURCHES.

No. 60. — ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL, KINGSTON



HOW St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, as it now stands, cannot be called a handsome building, it is nevertheless a good substantial connecting link between the present and the past, and it is satisfactory to know that in the extensive



ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL, KINGSTON, ONTARIO, PROPOSED ENLARGEMENT.

enlargement that is about to take place, it will remain intact—the proposed changes being merely additions to be erected at the chancel end, as shewn in the accompanying illustration. The work of enlargement was commenced last April, and it is expected will be completed in time for divine service to be held in it on Easter Sunday next. The *British Whig* of Kingston gives the following interesting account of the parish:—

“The first English church in Kingston was built late in the last century, in 1793, on the square immediately in front of the market, and known as block ‘G.’ It was a frame building and stood nearly in rear of the present Masonic Hall. There were no other buildings in the square except that on the corner of Wellington and Clarence streets, the site of the Bon Ton saloon. It was used subsequently as the Lancastrian school house, sold to A. Main, and stands to day on the corner of Union and Wel-

lington streets. An old resident remembers the building used as the old English church. It had entrances at the side and gable, and small galleries across both ends. It had a belfry and small bell also. The bell was rung at stated hours every day. In one of the galleries was a barrel organ, replaced by a key organ by S. Tazewell, watchmaker, and played later by R. Garnell. The old edifice was a great rendezvous of the military residents, and in it were celebrated many notable marriages. Rev. John Stuart, D.D., was the first rector of Kingston, and the last missionary to the Mohawk Indians. He was born in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, in 1730, the son of an Irishman who emigrated to America with the English colony. About 1766 he graduated from a Philadelphia college, and, though his parents were Presbyterians, joined the communion of the Church of England. This was a distasteful step to Mr. Stuart, sr., but he consented to his son’s starting for Eng-

land, where he was ordained in 1770, and appointed missionary to the Mohawks at Fort Hunter. During the revolutionary war he remained true to the British throne. He had to flee from his mission field, however, and found refuge in Albany. There he decided to emigrate to Canada, and was exchanged (on forfeiting property and £400) for American prisoners held in Canada. He remained for a time in St. John's and Montreal, was offered the chaplaincy to the garrison at Cataragui and accepted it. With his wife and three sons he reached Kingston in 1785. He was granted 200 acres of land lying on the west side of the town and later more valuable limits. Immediately on his settlement here, which was not definitely arranged until 1789, he prosecuted his work interrupted by attacks of illness which the weight of years and the fatigue incident to missionary labour in the country involved. In 1811 he died here, aged 71 years, and was buried in St. George's burial ground. Canniff, in his history says: 'Stuart was about six feet four inches in height, quiet and conciliating in manner, and of a kind and benevolent character.' It is related he was the first school teacher in Upper Canada; that in May, 1786, he opened an academy for boys which was very successful. Dr. Strachan afterwards conducted this school and at it many men of prominence later got their instruction.

"Archdeacon Stuart's eldest son, George O'Kill Stuart, graduated at Cambridge in 1801, took holy orders, and was appointed missionary at York, now Toronto, and on the death of his father, succeeded him as rector of St. George's cathedral. He was, at a later date, appointed archdeacon of the Toronto diocese, to which the church was attached prior to St. George's becoming the cathedral church of the diocese of Ontario. He was the first dean of the new diocese and died in 1862 aged eighty-six years. His remains were the last interred in the cemetery surrounding St. Paul's church. He was an energetic pastor, and, under his superintendence, St. George's was begun in 1825 and completed in 1826. A great deal of the money required to build the edifice was provided by the imperial government, the cathedral being required for the troops then stationed here. It is related that a man was killed while the tower was undergoing erection, but the facts of the case cannot be ascertained. Archdeacon Stuart was one of the prominent men in the city, and in his honour several streets in Victoria ward were named after him. He was the builder of a large house on Division street, which, after remaining a long time unoccupied, has lately been changed to a double residence. The archdeacon's brother, Hon. Sir James Stuart, was chief justice of lower Canada.

"St. George's church has been greatly improved since its erection, though the improvements have taken place principally during the

past twelve years. The hall adjacent to it was built about fifteen years ago.

The Archdeacon was succeeded by Rev. J. B. Lauder. There was considerable trouble in consequence, and so opposed were the people to the appointment that, as a final outcome, Mr. Lauder went to Ireland and exchanged positions with Very Rev. Dean Lyster, who remained rector until 1884, when he was superannuated, but is nominally the rector still. Rev. B. B. Smith holds the position of assistant rector. The ministers located here as curates have been Revs. Thomas Handcock, R. D. Cartwright, Richard H. D'Olier, W. M. Herchmer, W. David, A. Stuart, W. F. S. Harper (travelling missionary), Phillips Wood Loosemore, H. C. E. Costello, Henry Wilson, A. W. Cooke and M. M. Harding. Rev. Messrs. Cartwright, Herchmer and Wilson were associate clergymen for periods extending from eighteen to twenty-five years. About the interior of the church are marble slabs, memorials of Rev. W. M. Herchmer, Hon. John Kirby, Mr. William Wilson, Rev. R. D. Cartwright, Lord Sydenham, Col. F. S. Tidy, Rev. John Stuart, D.D., Lieut. Johnson, Sir Henry Smith and others. The names of Cartwright, Gildersleeve, Sellers, Rudston, Ross, Macauley, Ferguson, Carson, Smith, Henderson, Strachan, Kirkpatrick, Watkins and Kirby are as familiar as household words in the history of the church.

"Two beautiful polished marble slabs, to be retained in the vestibule of the King street front, contain these inscriptions:—

"This church was commenced in 1825; opened for divine service 1826, and consecrated in 1828. The total cost of erection was £10,000 currency, which sum was derived from the following sources:

"1. Rent of church lands.

"2. Contributions by the parishioners.

"3. Donations by the rector and assistant ministers.

"4. A royal donation of £1,500 sterling, granted at the instance of that zealous churchman, Sir Peregrine Maitland, while lieutenant governor of Upper Canada. To commemorate all which this table was set up by the vestry, A.D. 1846. *Laus Deo.*'

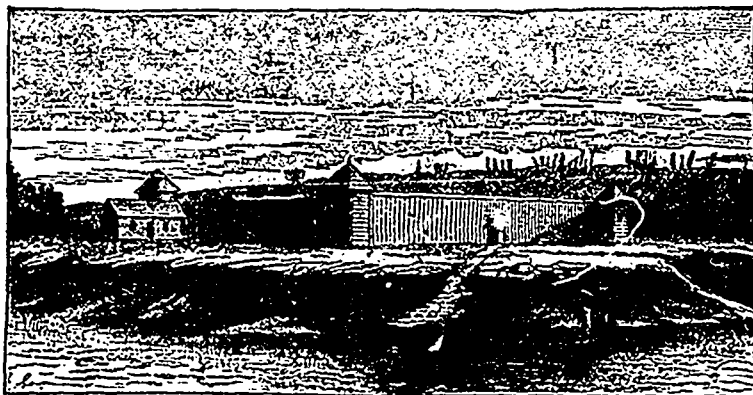
"This stone, erected A.D. 1846, records the thanks of the vestry of St. George's church to the Ven. George O'Kill Stuart, LL.D., archdeacon and rector of Kingston, and to his assistant minister, the Rev. William Macauley Herchmer, A.M., for their pious liberality in contributing each the munificent sum of £1,000 towards the enlargement of the church and the reconstruction of the steeple. 'Lord I have loved the habitation of Thy house and the place where Thy honour dwelleth.'"

NOTE.—The completion of the article on "Trinity Church, Kingston, New Brunswick," will be given next month.

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 Young People's Department.
 

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A HUDSON'S BAY POST.

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 THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

**H**AR up in the frozen north and all through the great North-West, for over two hundred years the Hudson's Bay Company carried on its remarkable trade.

Its headquarters for the transaction of business were at York Factory, situated on the Hudson Bay itself. Here, every year, about the end of August, there arrived a great ship from England, laden with all kinds of things that might be needed by traders or Indians—all kinds of goods to stock the store, materials also, sometimes for building and repairing forts. These ships have been used by missionaries, and others interested from time to time in the Gospel message, the Company itself always being ready to help in good works. The Diocese of Rupert's Land was established largely through the liberality of one of the leading men or "chief factors" as they are called, of the Company.

The goods and materials brought out by the ships are despatched to the various forts throughout the North-West by means of hundreds of canoes, or by ox-teams, patiently tugging their loads across the prairies. No time is to be lost for the summer is very short. The ship can only remain a couple of weeks. It is not safe for her to remain in the bay long after September begins, for fear of being caught by the ice. Snow falls thick and fast sometimes in the region of York Factory, and pathways have to be cut through it, leaving walls of snow many feet in height.

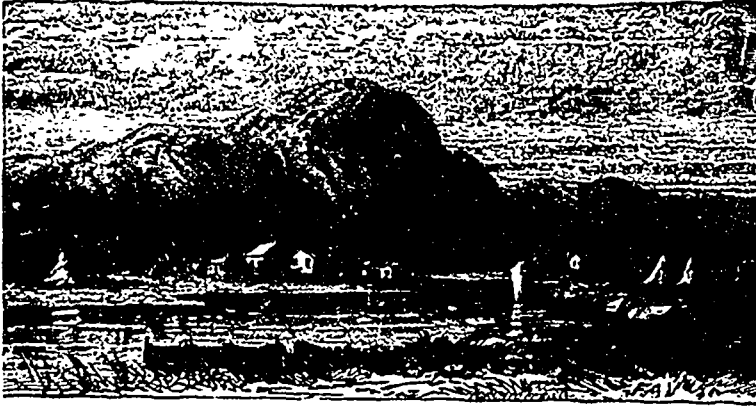
At long intervals from one another, forts or "trading posts" are established where the trade of the Company is carried on. And this trade in itself is very simple. It is a trade in furs. Trappers are busy catching fur-bearing animals, whose glossy coats are to be taken to Europe to

gladden the eyes of those who like to secure expensive clothing; hunters are on the track for a similar purpose. The animals are skinned and the skins are taken to the nearest fort.

This fort usually consists of a large stone building, three stories high, called the "trading store," and adjoining it a succession of warehouses containing stores and supplies, the largest of which is near the gateway, and contains the packages destined for inland posts. In the centre of these buildings is the flag-staff bearing the Company's design and motto, which is "*Pro pelle cutem*"—"skin for skin," and surrounding all is a wall, presenting a stronger appearance than it really possesses, the idea being to over-awe the Indians and so deter them from making hostile attacks. The approach from outside the wall is through a long narrow passage, wide enough only to admit a single Indian at a time, and bent at an acute angle where the trader stands.

The dealings of this Company with the Indians have always been strictly honorable. They have never taken advantage of their ignorance to procure anything from them at a price out of reasonable proportion to its value, and the things given them in exchange were always of the very best materials—sent out from the old country in strong boxes lined with zinc and bound with iron.

It was a great pleasure to the Indians to trade out the value of their skins and furs at these trading post. Crowds of them would appear, but only a limited number could be served at a time. Here they could get blankets, shawls (for the squaws), gaily colored cloths of all kinds, hatchets, knives, beads, fish-hooks, guns, powder, tobacco—everything, indeed, that the Indian heart could wish for—except intoxicating liquor, and this, to the great honour of the Company, they steadily refused to deal in. Twice



OLD H.B. FACTORY, FORT WILLIAM, LAKE SUPERIOR.

a year (at Christmas and on the Queen's Birthday) a small amount of liquor was measured out to their own employees, a pint only to each head of a family, and this only upon an order countersigned by the governor and attending physician. They were well aware of its evil influence and kept it away. How different is this from the unscrupulous conduct of many traders of the present day, on the coasts of Africa, and other savage lands! There the fire water is made to do its deadly work upon the unfortunate savages, and so the labours of the missionary are often undone.

When a young man entered the Hudson's Bay Company, he was sent for the first five or ten years of his apprenticeship to the extreme north, to Athabasca or Mackenzie River. His first duties were those of salesman in the store, with an occasional trip along with half-breed traders attached to the fort, to Indian camps in order to learn the mysteries of trading. After a few years he was promoted to the accountant's office, where he would receive £100 a year instead of £20. At the end of fourteen years of service he became eligible to be a chief-trader, which meant a partnership in the company. He then got a share of the profits of the trade, and was put in command of a post, where he must remain till some death or retirement occur among the chief factors—the highest class of officials known to the service. This placed him in command of a district, sometimes as large as a European kingdom, with headquarters at one of the largest forts.

By this time he usually managed to save quite a large sum of money, for there were very few means of spending it in that inhospitable region, and perhaps would retire on half-pay, either to return to the mother land, or to settle in some part of the strange, wild country in which his early days were spent.

At any time these men might marry with the consent of the governor. In some cases they chose their bride from among the Indian girls, who were by no means incapable of making

good and useful wives, and in other cases (usually among those of more advanced years), wives were sent to them by order from England!

Since Confederation the Hudson's Bay Company (having sold out many of its rights to the Dominion Government) has carried on its trade simply as a private corporation, retaining many of their old forts and trading posts together with the lands attached to them, which some day will doubtless become valuable.

### THE PATIENCE OF HILLEL.

**H**ILLEL was the chief of the Sanhedrim, or Jewish council, at the time our Lord was born. He was then an extremely aged man. He was descended, it is said, from King David, but he was so poor that he lived and supported his family upon little more than two pence a day. His desire for knowledge of the law was intense. His memory was compared to a well-cemented cistern, which never allows a leak of water to escape which once drops in.

Here is an interesting illustration of it. It is quoted by Archdeacon Farrer from one of the books written in rabbinical Hebrew:

"Now or never," said a man to his friend; "four hundred zuzins" (coins with the head of Jupiter on them) "to the man who can make Hillel angry."

"Done!" exclaimed the other.

It was Friday afternoon, and Hillel was washing and combing his hair for the Sabbath.

"Is Hillel there?" rudely and bluntly asked the man, as he knocked at the door.

"My son," he exclaimed, hastily putting on his mantle, "what dost thou want?"

"I have a question to ask."

"Ask on, my son."

"Why have the Babylonians such round heads?"

Now Hillel himself was a Babylonian Jew by birth, and this question was pointedly rude.

"An important question, my son," said Hillel. "It is because they have clever nurses."

The man turned his back, went off, and returned in an hour. The same rude interruption was repeated, and this time the man asked:

"Why have the people of Palmyra such narrow eye-slits?"

"An important question, my son. It is because they live in the middle of a sandy desert."

A third time the man returned, and asked:

"Why have the Africans such broad soles to their feet?"



Hillel calmly replied that it was because they live on such loose soil.

"I should have plenty to ask you," said the man, "were I not afraid that you would get into a passion."

Hillel drew his mantle closer, and quietly replied, "Ask on, whatever thou hast to ask."

"So," said the man, thoroughly disarmed, "you are the Hillel whom they call Nasi" (the president) "of Israel?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, I hope there are not many like you."

"Why, my son?"

"Because through you I have lost four hundred zuzins."

"Calm yourself, my son. Better that thou shouldst lose, for Hillel's sake, four hundred, ay, and four hundred more, than that Hillel should lose patience."

The Hillel of this beautiful story was the grandfather of Gamaliel, the teacher at whose feet sat Saul, who afterwards fell at the feet of Jesus and learned of Him.

### CONFESSION.

**D**EACON JONES kept a little fish market. "Do you want a boy to help you?" asked Joe White one day. "I guess I can sell fish."

"Can you give good weight to my customers and take good care of my pennies?"

"Yes, sir," answered Joe; and forthwith he took his place in the market, weighed the fish, and kept the room in order.

"A whole day for fun, fireworks, and crackers to-morrow!" exclaimed Joe, as he buttoned his white apron about him the day before the first of July. A great trout was flung down on the counter.

"Here's a royal trout, Joe. I caught it myself. You may have it for ten cents. Just hand over the money, for I'm in a hurry to buy my fire-crackers," said Ned Long, one of Joe's mates.

The deacon was out, but Joe had made purchases for him before, so the dime was spun across to Ned, who was off like a shot. Just then Mrs. Martin appeared. "I want a nice trout for my dinner to-morrow. This one will do. How much is it?"

"A quarter, ma'am." And the fish was transferred to the lady's basket and the silver piece to the money-drawer.

But here Joe paused, "ten cents was very cheap for that fish. If I tell the deacon it cost fifteen he'll be satisfied, and I shall have five cents to invest in fire-crackers."

The deacon was pleased with Joe's bargain; and when the market closed, each went his way for the night. But the nickel in Joe's pocket

burned like a coal! he could eat no supper, and was cross and unhappy. At last he could stand it no longer, but walking rapidly, tapped at the door of Deacon Jones' cottage.

A stand was drawn out, and before the open Bible sat the old man. Joe's heart almost failed him; but he told his story, and with tears of sorrow laid the coin in the deacon's hand. Turning over the leaves of the Bible the old man read:—

"He that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy. You have my forgiveness, Joe. Now, go home and confess to the Lord; but, remember, you must forsake as well as confess. And keep this little-coin as long as you live, to remind you of this first temptation."

### THE COLLECTION.

**N**EXT Sunday we take the monthly missionary collection, and, as we want the school to do better this year than it has before, I wish every body would bear this notice in mind.

So said Mr. Johnson, the superintendent, last Sunday week, and he spoke loud enough for every one to hear.

Yesterday we took up the collection, and when Miss Sweet passed the little brown envelope to her four boys, the "Cheerful Givers," this is what she heard:—

"Oh, my! I forgot all about it." (from Jim.)

"I didn't know 'twas Missionary Sunday." (From Tom).

"Why didn't he say something about it last week?" (From Dick).

"I wasn't here when he gave it out." (From Harry).

So the "Cheerful Givers" contributed four cents to the cause of missions, and their disheartened teacher put in half a dollar to make up for their forgetfulness.

Do you think those boys are deaf? Perhaps the superintendent didn't speak loud enough. Perhaps so, indeed; but when he quietly announces that the Sunday-school will have a Christmas tree in the chapel, those boys will not miss a word, and they'll come around for two boxes of candy, too.

**SHARP-EYED** men of business take note of a boy's general appearance in making up their estimate of what he is worth. A straightforward, manly bearing will help any lad to make his way in the world, while the haphazard sort of a way usually suggests to the observer a corresponding character. Manliness is not a garment you can put on and off like your Sunday coat. It must have its foundation in the heart, or it will be a flimsy sham that will deceive nobody.

## NATION, BY THE LORD EXALTED.

BY REV. J. E. RANKIN.



NATION, by the Lord exalted,  
 With thy realm from shore to shore,  
 Hast thou on thy mission halted?  
 Dost thy calling now give o'er?  
 Forward thy detachments throwing,  
 Press thou onward to the West;  
 First to Him allegiance owing,  
 With time's movements keep abreast.

Oh the might of this great nation!  
 Oh her majesty and power!  
 If she knew her visitation,  
 If she knew her day and hour,  
 If with God's own smile upon her,  
 She should her proud office meet,  
 She should lay her wealth and honour,  
 Humbly down at Jesus' feet.

Oh the might of this great nation,  
 In the centre of the world,  
 Where the banner of salvation,  
 Boldly at her front unfurled!  
 Onward, onward, still advancing,  
 Should the cross of Jesus go,  
 Like the sun triumphant glancing,  
 Till all lands His love shall know.

## INCIDENTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

To shew the difficulty of getting accurately the peculiarities of language among the North-West Indians, Archdeacon Kirkby says, that on one occasion a missionary who thought he had mastered the language pretty well, was interrupted in his sermon by uncontrollable laughter among the Indians he was addressing. This is unusual as they, with natural politeness, as a rule try to conceal any mistakes they notice; but on being asked what had caused the laughter, he was told that he proclaimed to them that God had made Eve out of one of his tobacco pipes!

WHEN Mr. Kirkby was about to leave a tribe of Indians, they were in great grief and asked him why he was going to leave them. "You have cut for us," they said, "a pathway through the woods, and now you leave us to tread it alone." He explained to them that he had to go, but he told them that if they wished to please him, there were certain promises that they must make him. He then made them promise to give up many of their cruel practices, and to keep rigidly to their religious duties. When he returned,—a long time afterwards, they met him with the words, "we are not all true men; we did not do all we said." When asked what promise they had broken they said, "about the prayer day; we were hungry, but would not shoot the moose on that day, till hunger got very bad and then we said, 'we must shoot to

keep us alive.' So we resolved that we would fire one shot and one only on the prayer day, and if it hit we would know that the white man's God was not angry with us. We shot and it did not miss; so we hope God is not angry,—but we are not true men." Of course, they were told that they had acted rightly, and that a work of necessity was to be done on the Lord's day.

AN Indian, when converted, came to Mr. Kirkby in the North-West, and told him that he had two wives, and asked which he should put away from him. He was told that the older of the two should be retained. "But," he said, "I would rather keep the younger one." "No," was the reply, "the older one is more truly your wife." "But," the Indian replied, "the older one has no children, and the younger has two little boys, and I love them dearly. If I turn her away I must turn the boys away too, for they are hers." This was a difficult point to decide, and Mr. Kirkby asked time to consider. To his surprise the younger woman came to him weeping, and saying that she had learned to read, and had found the light, and that her duty was to leave her husband, because he must not have two wives, and she was the younger. "I would rather go away," she said, "with my boys a Christian than stay where I am as a heathen." This shews some of the difficulties that missionaries have to contend with in running counter to established customs among heathen people, and also the strong hold that Christianity takes sometimes in the heart of a heathen.

It is said that the late Isaac Errett, when speaking in the interest of the American Christian Missionary Society, went to a country church in the Blue Grass region of Kentucky. It was harvest time, and the weather was warm. The "audience" which had assembled consisted of five or six rich farmers—no ladies being present.

"We won't try to have a meeting," said the good brother with whom Dr. Errett had been stopping.

"Ah, but," said Dr. Errett, with gentle firmness, "I always keep my appointments. I shall hold a meeting."

He held a meeting. He melted those rich farmers to tears as he told of the needs of the missionaries and of the heroic work they were doing, and at the end of the service each one of his hearers contributed five hundred dollars to the cause for which he had pleaded.

The preacher who thinks he can do nothing with a small congregation, will generally fulfil his own expectations. The man who is strong and of good courage, will not labour in vain nor spend his strength for naught.

# The Canadian Church Magazine

## AND MISSION NEWS.

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

TERMS:— { ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.  
 { IN GREAT BRITAIN—FIVE SHILLINGS.

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### EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is rumoured that Bishop Bompas will undertake the work of the newly formed diocese of Selkirk, and that Archdeacon Reeve of Chippewyan, will become Bishop of Mackenzie River.

THE RT. REV. THOMAS VALPY FRENCH, who a few years ago resigned his position as Bishop of Lahore, in order that he might devote himself to more direct missionary work, died lately in Africa. His life gives extraordinary evidence to true devotion to his Master's cause.

THE Bishop of Algoma has gone for a short visit to England, owing to his late accident on the Pacific Railway. While everyone regrets the pain that the Bishop suffered from the bruises in his arm, there is great occasion for thankfulness to Almighty God, that the results of the accident were not more serious. We are told that fatal accidents very rarely occur to those engaged in missionary work. The Moravian Missionary ship has sailed to and from Labrador for 120 years without any serious accident, though the voyage is a dangerous one. The continued preservation of this ship has been regarded as the most remarkable occurrence in maritime history. The missionary is prayed for continually, that he may be preserved from accidents. Are there not many instances of answers to this prayer?

THE recent letter of the Bishop of Qu'Appelle, published in the Church papers of Canada, demands some notice on our part. His Lordship takes exception to the name of the Society; but the name was given after careful study and consideration, its suggestion having come from the sister church in the United States. Such is the name by which the Society there (on which our own is based) is known. We should have been glad of a shorter name, for convenience sake; but the Bishop's suggested names are much longer and do not appear to us to cover the ground any better. The object in forming the Society was to arouse the interest of Church people in a two fold direction: 1st, work at home, 2nd, work abroad. The first it was thought would be covered by the term "domestic," and the second by the term "foreign." But the Bishop thinks we have foreigners enough in our own Dominion and instances our own Indians. Others of the North-West Bishops have taken the same view. It is natural that they should, perhaps, for they seem to be greatly in need of money. Yet there are thousands of people in this part of Canada, who would not consider that they were doing *foreign* mission work by simply assisting in the work among the aborigines of their own country. The missionary map of the world forms too dark a picture for that. Besides, foreign work to us must be work *outside* the Dominion. England may very properly regard work among our Indians as foreign work, for such it is to her. To us it is not. Why should the Church of England in Canada be behind other denominations in this respect? If Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists and others can have their missionaries in China, India and Japan, why should not we? Would it not be a selfish policy to make our own Dominion absorb all our energies, while there is a great world thirsting for the truth? For our own part, the cry, "we have enough to do at home," always sounds to us like one which will never inculcate a true missionary spirit.

What the Bishop says about sending our money to English Societies is quite reasonable and everybody in this part of Canada feels it, yet there are difficulties in the way of undertaking at once foreign mission work independently of those Societies, which only those brought actively into contact with them can realize. Time alone can settle this question.

At a time when frequent appeals are issued by our society, calling upon our people to be missionary in spirit, we must be careful that an unhealthy restraint is not put upon the enthusiasm of those who take literally the words of the Master, "Go ye into *all the world* and preach the Gospel to every creature." There is surely wealth sufficient among the Churchmen of Canada to help the struggling settlers and the Indians of the North-West, and do foreign mission work as well.

THE Archbishopric of York has been filled by the appointment of Dr. Maclagan, Bishop of Lichfield, a native of Edinburgh. The Scotchman thus succeeds the Irishman, as Primate of England.

THE Rev. Dr. Gailor, is the head of a struggling University at Sewanee, Tennessee, at a stipend of but \$1,500 a year. He has been offered several prominent rectories, with stipends four or five times as large as that, but he has refused them. It now appears that not even a bishopric can tempt him from his post. He has declined the bishopric of Georgia, and prefers still to hold on at Sewanee. It is refreshing to meet with devotion like this.

ANNUAL Reports of the Woman's Auxiliary in different Dioceses, have been sent us. In every case they shew that active and important work is being done by this society. Some of the reports, even now, resemble in size and appearance our own Synod Journals.

So far as money gifts are concerned, Missionary interest in England seems to be on the increase. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel reports gross receipt for the year 1890 to be \$800,543, being an increase of \$126,620 over the income of any previous year. This great increase is largely due to legacies, yet the report shows a substantial increase in the subscriptions, collections and donations as well.

THE General Fund of the Church Missionary Society, shews the receipts for the year to be \$1,089,058.62, being an increase of \$73,050 over the previous year. Besides this, the sum of \$117,420.57 was received for "Special Funds," being much less than the amount under the same heading last year. The real comparison, we are told, is to be made on the general fund. The grand total for receipts for the year is \$1,206,479.19.

### THE DOMINION'S GRIEF.

**I**N the death of Sir John Macdonald, on Saturday night, June 6th, the Dominion of Canada, as has been well said, closes a chapter, and an important one too, of its history. To those who have known anything of the country for the last thirty or forty years, the politics of Canada will seem strange without him. In early days "John A." and of later years "Sir John," was all that was necessary to designate him. He has been largely the means of shaping the destinies of this country from the days when a number of

weak, straggling provinces and districts were struggling for existence, till, these scattered regions welded together, it became the foundation of an Empire. The construction first of the Intercolonial Railway, connecting Ontario with the lower provinces, and then of the Canadian Pacific, which brought these older Provinces into immediate connection with the vast territories of the North-West and British Columbia, thus making a highway from ocean to ocean, will ever be connected with his name and remain a monument of his masterly statesmanship.

The grief of the Dominion at his death was deep and genuine, and when the bells tolled on Saturday night as a signal that the great statesman was gone, thousands of hearts were touched with pain. On the day of the funeral, memorial services were held everywhere, and that held in Westminster Abbey showed that the motherland appreciated the greatness of his worth. Sir John was a communicant of the Church of England, and by her (from whom had always come his most numerous supporters), he was committed to his last resting place in the words of humble hope and trust in the manifold mercies of God.

### THE DIOCESAN SYNODS.

Synods have been held as follows:—

Ontario, commencing .....	June 2nd.
Toronto, " .....	" 9th.
Niagara, " .....	" 9th.
Montreal, " .....	" 16th.
Huron, " .....	" 16th.

The Dioceses of Nova Scotia and Quebec, holding but biennial sessions, will not meet this year. The Toronto Synod was one of the longest on record, as it did not adjourn till the Monday after its commencement. The finances of Ontario Diocese were reported to be in a very flourishing condition.

### 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 to Mr. Burman.

**T**HE Rev. T. Pritchard, of Lac Seul Mission, and Mr. Woods—lay missionary at Wabuskang, English River District, Rupert's Land—have lately visited Winnipeg. Mr. Pritchard speaks very hopefully of his work. The Indians at an out-station—Frenchman's Head—are preparing to build a church, and Mr. G. Prewer, now a student at

St. John's College, Winnipeg, will spend his vacation in helping on this good work. He was formerly Catechist at this point, and is much beloved by the people. The Rupert's Land Indian School, will, it is hoped, be able to render some assistance by sending out a carpenter, and some boys to do part of the work. We should be very pleased if some of our readers would help in this matter, and will gladly forward contributions that may be sent to us. We print Mr. Prewer's appeal below.

"Wabuskang is a new mission, with only two Christians. It is a very wild out-of-the-way spot, two or three days journey north of Eagle River Station, on the Canadian Pacific Railway. There is no other white man within many miles, and Mr. Woods' life is most lonely and trying. He would be most grateful for Canadian church papers, some nice pictures or texts, and of course can make good use of warm clothing, etc. Mail matter and freight, should be addressed, 'Mr. Woods, Wabuskang, Eagle River Station, C. P. R.' As Mr. Woods' salary is very small, it would be a great boon if friends could as far as possible pay all freight charges.

"Mr. Pritchard, of Lac Seul, would be grateful for a Communion table cloth, size 5 x 3 feet."

We have been informed that most gratifying news has been received of Mr. Canham's work in the Youcon Valley. Many Indians have lately attached themselves to the Mission, and the prospects are very encouraging.

The Rupert's Land Indian school, and the schools at Elkhorn, continue to make satisfactory progress. At the former, farm buildings and a printing shop are being erected, and a smithy is now in operation.

In May of last year a new Mission was opened at Shoal River, Diocese of Rupert's Land. The lay missionary in charge, Mr. E. H. Bassing, sends the following account of the beginning of his work.

"SHOAL RIVER MISSION,  
"FORT PELLY P.O., ASSA.

"It is with very great pleasure that I make this, my first report to the Society. I propose commencing from the time I arrived here, which was on May 3rd, 1890.

"Arriving at Shoal River House, H. B. Co'y., I was accorded a most hearty welcome by Mr. MacKay and family, who proposed my staying with them until the Monday following. I very gladly acceded, as I had been on the road for nine days, camping out each night without a tent. On the Sunday, we had service with a fair congregation. Monday morning found us on the way to the Reserve, a distance of eleven miles, where we arrived in due course. Here, too, I had a very encouraging welcome from the Indians, who had for a long time been wishing for a teacher. By previous arrangement through

the Indian agent, the largest Indian house on the Reserve had been hired for a temporary school-house and my own use. The house had been cleaned by the Indians, and made as comfortable as possible for me under the circumstances. On Wednesday, May 7th, I opened school for the first time, commencing with fourteen pupils. Within a month the number grew to thirty-eight. At the present time the total number of children on the register is forty-four; rather more than half that number are regular attendants; the others being frequently absent with their parents on hunting expeditions.

"By the commencement of October, we were able to take possession of our permanent school-house, and I at Bachelor's Hall. The cost of both buildings (not very elegant), was defrayed by the Government; they were built by the Indians. The children who had not been initiated into the mysteries of A B C, have made most remarkable progress, which has given me much cause for encouragement.

"Each Sunday I have two services, consisting in the morning of Morning Prayer with the Litany, and in the afternoon, Evening Prayer. The attendance at all the services has been remarkably good, even when they were taken in English, which, with two exceptions, the people do not understand.

"I have been endeavouring to learn the Cree language, and have so far succeeded that I am able to read the services from the Cree Prayer-book fairly well.

"On the first Sunday in each month, I hold services at Shoal River House, the attendance at which is also very good; the services on these occasions are taken in English.

"In the early part of December, we received a visit from the Rev. John Sinclair, and although his visit was a very short one, yet the outcome of it gave us much cause for thankfulness. On the Sunday he baptised three infants and five adults, and joined two couples in holy matrimony; throughout the day the building was crowded by the Indians, many of whom were heathen.

"I do not think the day is far distant when almost all the Indians here will have become Christians. If only we could receive the visit of a clergyman more frequently, much good might be effected thereby.

"On Christmas eve, through the kindness of some friends, I was enabled to give all the children a treat, consisting of bread, cake and tea (which I had to make myself), followed by a liberal distribution of candies and Christmas cards. The whole thing was quite a novelty to them, but none the less enjoyed, judging by their happy faces and enormous stowage capacities.

"On Christmas day, we had [a good service with large attendance.

"EDWARD H. BASSING."

## AN APPEAL.

THE Indians of Frenchman's Head, Lac Seul District, for a long time past, have been very much in need of a church. The Church Missionary Society has promised us a small grant, which, owing to the difficulty in importing material for building, will be far from enough to complete a substantial edifice. Some kind friends have promised windows and a door, and yet, we need more. Now, dear readers, can you not do something to advance the Lord's cause? you cannot all be missionaries to the Indians, but you can contribute something which will enable them to worship the true God. Can you not give something towards the help of our church? Can you not deny yourselves some little luxury for One who gave His life for us? Ponder this over in your minds. Commit it to the Lord in prayer, and ask Him to bless your contributions.

Contributions will be thankfully received by the Venerable Archdeacon Phair, or by myself,

GEO. PREWER,  
*Lay Missionary.*

FRENCHMAN'S HEAD,  
H. B. CO.'Y, WABIGOON,  
VIA BARCLAY P.O., ONT.

ST. PETER'S RESERVE,  
DIOCESE OF RUPERT'S LAND

WE rejoice greatly over the good news of progress and life in this Mission, as shown in the following:

"The Indians of St. Peter's Reserve have been showing how thankful they are for the religious principles they enjoy, by turning out nobly in response to the request that a comfortable parsonage was required for their clergy man.

"In the early Spring, twelve teams with their drivers, and eight or ten men additional, set out for the 'pines,' about twelve or thirteen miles distant, camped out one night, and returned the following evening with all the material necessary for a good tamarac foundation and posts, cut the required length, and squared. Two or three days later, another company consisting of eleven teams, with two or three spare men, set out for a place four miles distant, and returned the same evening with all the logs wanted for a house 33 x 26 feet. After the snow had disappeared, and that nice, warm spell of weather set in the people appointed a day for the building to commence. Thirty-three men with axes, saws, etc., turned out the first day, twenty-six on the second, and at the close of the second day, the walls of the building were standing. Is this example not worthy of imitation? They also hauled in material for the foundation of a

new chapel, which they intend to put up during the summer."

The Rev. J. G. Anderson, in charge of the Mission, tells us that he is greatly in need of the following:—

1. A Bible and Prayer-Book for reading desk use.
2. Bibles and Prayer-Books for the use of his people.
3. Sunday-school library books.

We trust our friends will come forward to his help. He deserves and requires all we can give him.

Address him Dynevor P.O., Man.

A WEEK AMONG THE PEIGANS.

HAVING spent a week on the Peigan Reservation, I think, perhaps, some of the things I saw and heard there, might prove interesting to some of your readers. Being the guest of the Church of England Missionary and his wife, I had a good opportunity of seeing many of the Indians, as well as of learning something of their customs and habits.

The Peigan Reserve is an extent of land, about fifteen miles north and south, and rather less east and west. It is twelve miles from the town of Macleod, on the "Old Man's River," and between twenty and thirty miles from the Rockies. It is all good grazing and farming country. The drive from Macleod is uninteresting indeed, as is the prairie generally. After leaving Macleod, not a single house do we see until we reach the Reserve, but once there, we find "habitations" (a white would hardly call them houses), in abundance. The first abode is that of "The man who takes the Gun last," or "Gun-last," as he is commonly called. Our approach is proclaimed by the barking of dogs, while six or eight of these noisy brutes rush out of one of the shacks or cabins. They are followed by a tall, fine-looking Indian, Gun-last himself; dressed not in the loose blanket, but in trousers and blanket coat, with a cow-boy hat on his head, in which he wears an eagle's feather. Gun-last is a rich man. He owns a large herd of cattle and quite a little band of horses. Besides the shack in which he lives, and which he has built himself, he has other buildings, all made of logs and plastered with mud. He understands a little English, but will not deign to speak a word. The missionary who was driving me, pulled up his horses and spoke a few words to the Indians, Gun-last and his two sons, who attend the Indian school. Two or three miles further on we push, without seeing a human being, cross the Old Man's River, up a steep hill and down again, and

arrive at our destination, cold, tired and hungry. The house, in the gathering darkness, appears a very large one for this country, and if it is cold and dark without, all is warm and bright within. The missionary's busy, bustling little wife, welcomes him home, and I, her guest, come in for my share of it too. Our hunger is appeased by a dainty but sumptuous repast, of wild duck, potatoes and bread, and delicious home made butter. The missionary's house is a large building, but only half of it is for his own private use, the wing or addition being for the use of the school, which is at present taught by Mr. Bourne himself. The lower part being the school-room, is also used on Sundays for Divine service, and the upper part consists of three rooms, a dormitory for boys, one for girls, and a room between them for the lady missionary, whom they hope to have some day not far distant, when the new day school can be built up to be a boarding-school for Indian children. The morning after my arrival, I was invited in to see the school. Eighteen were present, from little fellows of four or five, to children of sixteen. To me they all look alike, the same dark skins and hair, but their kind, patient teacher, knows each boy and girl by his or her Indian name, many of which are very funny. I cannot pretend to write them in Blackfoot, but give them as they were interpreted for me. For instance, a nice looking girl of fourteen is called "Nearly Dead," another is "Stolen Thunder," another "Kills by Night." Some of the boys are "Many Guns," "Burned Bones," "The Man who Scratches his Head," etc. Some of these children can read and write a little English. They know something of arithmetic and geography, and sing hymns both in English and in Blackfoot. They are dressed in a variety of costumes, but most of them wear a blanket over whatever they may have on underneath. The squaw's dress is a queer looking garment, made of a single piece of cloth, with a hole cut in the middle, through which the head is thrust. This is belted at the waist, and comes to the knees or below, and the blanket is worn over it, and sometimes over the head also; but frequently the squaws and even the men, wear a red or bright coloured handkerchief over the head. If they wear a hat at all, the crown is usually cut out, and there will be a feather or the tail of an animal attached to the brim. They are very fond of ornaments, rings and bracelets, made of brass wire and necklaces of beads, intermixed with small bones, and perhaps a thimble or two by way of variety. Moccasins on their feet, though in summer the young ones wear nothing—not only on their feet, but on their bodies. A new-born baby is put into a moss-bag, which is shaped something like a coffin, with only its face in sight. It is kept in this for three or four months, and comes out of it as healthy and fat as a young seal. In sum-

mer these Indians live in lodges, made by stretching cotton over poles, and in winter in log houses, some of which are quite comfortable. If a death occurs in a family, the house is vacated for a certain length of time. The mourners give away all they have in the way of worldly goods; they fast, and many of them cut their bodies. Gashes are made in the arms or legs, and frequently a finger is cut off. The dead are seldom buried, but are put up in a tree, or carried into the hills, far from any habitation. If a chief dies, a horse is killed, and its carcass put beside him. One morning, being informed that one of the chiefs was in the kitchen, I went out and was presented to him. He is called "Big Swan," a tall, solemn looking man. He had brought three wild ducks which he wanted to exchange for flour and rice. Later in the day I was presented to the head chief, "Crow-Eagle." He was told that I was the sister of their late farm instructor, "Sic-o-kio," (Black Bear), and he gave a grunt of satisfaction, as he shook hands with me. A drive over the reserve, showed me the R. C. Mission house, a nice substantial building; the agent's house, and several others, besides a great many Indian lodges and houses; also a Turkish bath, or literally a "sweat bath." It is made of willow twigs formed into a circular house of basket-work, about three feet high, and eighteen feet in circumference. Blankets are thrown over the top, and when an Indian wants a bath, it is taken by pouring water over heated stones and the steam arising from that is all that he requires.

Rations are issued three times a week. They consist of flour and beef, each person getting one and a quarter lbs. beef, and half a pound of flour. My visit to the reserve happened to be during Treaty-payment time. They receive their treaty money once a year. There are about 800 Indians on this reserve, and each man, woman and child receives \$5, while a chief gets \$15, and the head chief \$20. Now a chief may be quite a rich man. He can have several wives and several families, and therefore take in a good many \$5, besides his own \$15. After the money is paid to them they get ready to go to town. Whole families go, taking all their horses and dogs along with them. Some go in big waggons but most of them on horseback, often the same horse drawing a travoie, in which there is a papoose or two. A travoie is made by crossing two long poles, the upper parts of which are on the horse's back, and at the horse's tail, below where they are crossed, is a cross-piece or two, interlaced with twigs or strips of skin, which forms a sort of cradle.

My pleasant visit at the Reserve being over, I followed the Indians to town to see how they would spend their money. The town is filled with Indians, Indian Cayuses and Indian dogs. Enter one of the stores, and one can hardly



thread his way amongst the crowd. Some going out, eager to show their purchases to their friends, others going in for their turn. What does an Indian buy? Blankets—fancy, or white ones if possible—tobacco, tea, baking powder, sugar, coloured handkerchiefs, cotton for lodges, striped ticking for squaws, dresses, stockings, and a few beads and ornaments, brass wire, of which they make rings and bracelets. The crowd gradually thins and disperses, until the last Indian has spent his money and gone, for they are not allowed to remain in town after a certain length of time, though this law is not very strict and is frequently infringed upon, for most of the time there are a few stragglers about, and a nuisance they are to the community. An Indian gets his name always from something he does, some peculiarity about himself, or something that happens at his birth, and white people are named by them in the same way. I being a teacher or "writing woman," am called


SINAX-AKIA.

## Woman's Auxiliary Department.

"The love of Christ constraineth us."—2 Cor. v. 14.

Communications relating to this Department should be addressed  
Mrs. Tilton, 251 Cooper Street, Ottawa.

## ANNUAL DIOCESAN MEETINGS.

 THE Annual Meeting of the Diocese of Montreal, was held in February; that of Huron, was held in March; Toronto and Quebec, were held in May; and Niagara and Ontario, in June.

### QUEBEC.

The Diocesan Branch met in Quebec, on the 15th of May. The officers elected for the present year, are:—Mrs. Von Iffland, President; Mrs. M. Bell Irvine, Treasurer; Mrs. L. H. Montizambert, Secretary; Mrs. T. A. Young, Assistant Secretary. Reports were received from the following branches: The Cathedral (Quebec), Compton, Cookshire, Lennoxville, New Liverpool, Richmond, Sherbrooke, River du Lac, Windsor Mills, West Frampton, as also from the city churches, St. Matthew's, St. Paul's, St. Peter's, St. Michael's and Trinity. The membership of the Auxiliary now reaches about nine hundred, there being twenty parochial branches and three junior branches. During the year, good work has been done in the way of supplying clothing, books, medicines for missions in the North-West and Algoma, and the Treasurer reported \$1,123 as having been received for missions, an increase of over \$250 on the sum raised the year previous.

### TORONTO.

The Diocesan Meeting was held in Toronto, on the 20th of May. The following is a summary of the Diocesan Officers reports:

Number of Branches, 64 adult, 25 junior, total 89. Number of Members 2,187, including fourteen life members, all of whom paid their fees to the Diocesan Treasurer. Total cash received by the Treasurer, \$4,730.20. Money sent to Mission or Synod office and reported to her, \$2,849.05. Bales sent out, 170, value \$7,322.01. Number of *Leaflets* taken by this Diocese, 1,600. Number taken by all the Dioceses, 4,050. The Extra-cent-a-day fund rapidly increasing; amount received from that source to April 15th, \$63.43, which was appropriated as follows:—\$30 to payment of a debt on the church at Onion Lake, Saskatchewan; \$15, for a communion service for Morden, Rupert's Land; \$18.43 for the Gordon School, Qu'Appelle. Junior Branches contributed \$182.48 for various missions, which is included in the Treasurer's report. At the public meeting, interesting addresses were given by Rev. W. V. Kirkby, of the Diocese of New York, and Rev. Prof. Lloyd, of Toronto.

### NIAGARA.

The Annual Meeting of this Diocese, was held on the 4th and 5th June. The sermon was preached by the Rev. J. C. Farthing, of Woodstock. At the Business Meeting, after the election of officers, the reports of the several Secretaries were read, all showing increased interest in Missionary work in the parochial branches. Eight new branches have been formed during the year, of which two are junior ones. The Dorcas Secretary's report, showed a large increase of work done in that department, and the Treasurer reported an increase of more than double last year's receipts. Miss Wilson, of the Toronto Board, gave a most earnest address on mission work. Mrs. Magill, of Oakville, read an excellent paper on "Why so few Women are Interested in the Work of Auxiliary." It was resolved that in future Dorcas work should not be valued, and that the money received from life membership fees, amounting to \$100, should be given to the Diocesan Mission Board.

### ONTARIO.

The Meeting of this Diocesan Branch was held in Ottawa on the 10th June, and was largely attended by delegates from the various parochial branches. The public meeting was presided over by the Venerable Archdeacon Lauder. An able paper written by Mrs. Northrup, of Belleville, on "Missions to the Jews," was read by Mrs. R. V. Rogers, of Kingston. Miss Williams, of Montreal, gave a clear and interesting account of "The Student's Volunteer Movement for Missions," and Rev. Dr. Mockridge, of Toronto, addressed the meeting on the

general subject of Missions, and spoke highly of the importance of work done for Christ by women.

The different Secretaries are requested to see that the Reports, when printed, be forwarded promptly to the officers of the Provincial Board of the Auxiliary. The year closes July 31st. It is very necessary that the Provincial Secretaries and Treasurer have these reports ready by the 1st of September.

The lady Missionaries in the North-West are: Miss Perkis, sent out by the W. A. of Diocese of Toronto, to the Blackfoot Indian Home, Diocese of Saskatchewan—Rev. J. W. Tims, Missionary.

Miss Busby, sent out by the W. A. of Huron Diocese, to the Blood Reserve, Diocese of Calgary—Rev. S. Trivett, Missionary.

Miss Brown, sent out by the W. A. of Ontario Diocese, to the Piegan Reserve, Diocese of Calgary—Rev. H. F. Bourne, Missionary.

The Diocese of Quebec and Niagara, are arranging to send out a lady Missionary together.

The Secretary has communicated the resolution of the Board of Domestic and Foreign Missions, regarding Miss Sherlock, to the different Diocesan Boards. All have responded most willingly to the request of the Board. Miss Sherlock acknowledges the many letters she has had from different members of the Auxiliary, and begins already to realize that she is to be their substitute or representative in Japan. Miss Sherlock would like to leave immediately for her field of work assigned her by the Bishop of Japan. Will the Diocesan Treasurers forward promptly to Mr. J. J. Mason, moneys received for Miss Sherlock.

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### Books and Periodicals Dept.

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*Anglican Church Consolidation:* This is a record of the proceedings of the Conference held in Winnipeg on August 15th and 16th, 1890, regarding the consolidation of the Anglican Church in British North America, a full account of which was given in the November (1890) issue of this magazine. Dr. J. George Hodgins, of Toronto, the editor, has taken the greatest pains in producing this book, which is well arranged and beautifully printed throughout. It contains a full account of what will no doubt be regarded as one of the most important turning points in the history of the Anglican Church in Canada. Copies may be secured, we understand, at the low price of ten cents.

*The Dominion Illustrated* steadily improves upon the high standard of literary and artistic excellence which has especially marked it since

its enlargement at the beginning of this year to twenty-four pages weekly. The engravings are well selected, while a group of bright and gifted writers are regular contributors to its literary contents, and its pages reflect the best thoughts of clever men and women. Such a journal deserves the support of the reading public. The publishers are the Sabiston Litho. & Pub. Co., Montreal.

*The Pulpit* for May contains complete sermons by leading divines of different denominations, representing the modern pulpit of the old world and the new. It is a handsome and useful publication. Two dollars a year; twenty cents a copy. Edwin Rose, Publisher, 41-43 Franklin St., Buffalo, N.Y.

*The Scientific American*, 361 Broadway, New York. The amount of information of a scientific and general nature that can be obtained from this excellent publication is surprising. Inventions and discoveries of all kinds, and in every department of life, are continually found in it, amply embellished by handsome illustrations.

*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 is becoming 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 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. It also contains each month an instalment of a "Concise Dictionary of Religious Knowledge." The articles are chiefly eclectic—gathered from leading magazines reviews and religious periodicals.

*The New England Magazine*, Boston. Emerson has been called the "Circular Philosopher," but he was always direct and to the point when he wrote or spoke on the ethics which should govern everyday life. In his ideas of reform he split less hairs than some of the most advanced reformers of to-day, and as this side of his character is less known than the other would suppose, William M. Salter's article, "Emerson's Views on Reform," in the *New England Magazine* for July, is particularly interesting and instructive. Mr. Salter is himself in the van of the reform movement of to-day, but he is not prepared to adopt all the very advanced views of the great and wise sage of Concord.

*Newbery House Magazine*: Griffith, Farran, Okeden & Welsh, London, England.

As usual this magazine is full of interesting and valuable matter, of a miscellaneous as well as Churchly nature.

*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 Young Canadian*, box 1896, Montreal. Every young Canadian should be proud of this magazine. If your bookseller has not a copy left, send five cents for one to the above address. Its illustrations and reading matter are always good.

*The Youth's Companion*, Boston, Mass. Always charming and useful. This excellent weekly, well printed and beautifully illustrated, is eagerly looked for by all those young people who are fortunate enough to subscribe for it.

*Canada*, the new magazine published by Matthew R. Knight, at Benton, New Brunswick, is meeting with deserved success. Since it was started in January last improvements have appeared in every number. It aims at furnishing pure, high-class, patriotic Canadian literature, monthly, at the lowest possibly price. Its contributors include many of the best writers in Canada.

"Come Unto Me," a sacred solo, by W. A. Ogden. Ignaz Fischer, Toledo, Ohio. The music and words suit one another well, and it is a piece of composition which would sound well as a solo in church. The words are by the late D. R. Locke (Petroleum V. Nasby).

*Biblia*: A monthly journal devoted to Biblical Archaeology and Oriental Research. Meriden, Conn., subscription \$1 a year.

*The Churchman*: New York, M. M. Mallory & Co., 37 Lafayette Place, New York. A weekly church paper, well known as one of the best church periodicals in existence.

The Secretary Treasurers, in each Diocese, to whom all moneys for missionary purposes are to be sent, are as follows:

*Nova Scotia*, Rev. Dr. Partridge, Halifax, N.S.  
*Quebec*, George Lampson, Quebec, Que.  
*Toronto*, D. Kemp, Merchants' Bank Buildings, Toronto, Ontario.  
*Fredericton*, A. P. Tippet, St. John, N.B.  
*Montreal*, Rev. Canon Empson, Montreal, Que.  
*Huron*, J. M. McWhinney, London, Ont.  
*Ontario*, R. V. Rogers, Kingston, Ont.  
*Algoma*, D. Kemp, Toronto, Ont.  
*Niagara*, J. J. Mason, Hamilton, Ont.



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

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

### BOARD OF MANAGEMENT.

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Next meeting of Board of Management, Oct. 14th, 1891, Montreal.