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THE CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE

• • AND MISSION NEWS • •

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

VOL. XI.

TORONTO, JUNE, 1897.

No. 132

OUR QUEEN—GOD BLESS HER.

EVERYWHERE throughout the world-wide dominions of our beloved Queen-Empress, the minds of her loyal subjects have been for months past turned towards the coming celebration of the Sixtieth Anniversary of her Coronation, and the words "Diamond Jubilee" have been echoed and re-echoed in resolutions and addresses. On Sunday, the 20th of June instant, throughout the world will be sent up to Him—by whom Kings reign—the sincere thanksgiving of her subjects, of every color and in every clime, for His special mercy and benediction in the gift and life of such a Sovereign. One who has not only held the loving loyal fealty of her own subjects, but has commanded the respect and admiration of the nations of the earth. Well indeed may thanksgiving reign in every heart and be confessed by every tongue in words of prayer and praise addressed to Him, who has heard and answered the Church, oft repeated supplication of England's and of Englishmen—e'en in their feasts—

"God bless our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen."

A hearty and unanimous "Amen" will, we are sure, be given by all our readers to the resolution adopted at the morning meeting of the C. M. S. in Exeter Hall, London, last month: "This meeting devoutly prays that all God's richest blessings, for this world and the next may rest upon the head of our beloved Sovereign." Such has been the prayer of England's Church and of all its many Colonial branches in the more beautiful words of the Prayer Book from the moment of her accession to the throne and such it will be so long—and may it be yet many years—as God may continue this His benediction to the Nation and Empire.

NATIONAL HYMN FOR THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

BY REV. RICHARD GLOVER, M.A.
Vicar of St. Luke's, West Holloway

O King of kings, and Lord of lords,
Before Thy Throne we bow:
Queen of the land, and subjects all,
With grateful hearts aglow;
From Albion, India, East and West,
Who own Victoria's sway,
We come as one with heart and voice
To bless Thy Name to-day.

Victoria, "by the Grace of God,"
Came to our favored throne;
All she hath been—all she hath done
Was by that Grace alone;
To Thee, to Thee the praise is due,
To Thee our thanks are given;
Acclaim and honor be to her,
But more of praise to Heaven.

For three-score years of such a reign,
What thanks can equal be?
For all her spousal bliss; for him,
Blest gift to her from Thee;
For heirs that yet, we pray, may hand
Her virtues on for aye,
And keep her stainless Court unstained
To Britain's latest day.

For lands her sceptre hath subdued—
Subdued to make them free;
For power that makes her standard float
Supreme on every sea;
For subjects stretching from her isle
O'er "India's coral strand,"
To western shores and southern seas,
Innumerable as the sand.

For peace, and all the victories
Its three-score years have wrought
In realms of science, commerce, art,
And in high sphere of thought:
But most for that, best gift of Thine,
The fount of all our weal,
Thy Word—of all we prize or hope,
The blessed bond and seal.

For grace and power to wing that Word
In many a heathen tongue
To lands 'neath Satan's rule, where now
Immanuel's praise is sung;
For grace to England, given to be
To farthest tribes who dwell
In Death's dark shades of hopeless night,
A greater Israel.

—C.M.S. *Intelligencer*.

ASCENSIONTIDE APPEAL, 1897.

REVEREND SIR:—It is our desire that this address from the Board of Management of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada be read, as a sermon or otherwise, in the hearing of every congregation in our dioceses on Sunday, May 23rd, 1897, and that the offerings of the people on the following Sunday be given to Domestic Missions.

J. T. ONTARIO, *Metropolitan*.

W. B. MONTREAL.	CHARLES OTTAWA.
ARTHUR TORONTO.	F. NOVA SCOTIA.
H. T. FREDERICTON.	A. H. QUEBEC.
MAURICE S. HURON.	J. PHILIP NIAGARA.
GEORGE ALGOMA.	

To the Reverend the Clergy and the Laity of the Church of England in Canada

BRETHREN BELOVED IN THE LORD :—Time in its yearly course has once more brought us to the period when we have to appeal to our people in behalf of what are called "Domestic Missions," *i.e.*, Missions within the Dominion of Canada, but outside the settled Dioceses of this Ecclesiastical Province.

As we examine carefully the present condition, and the needs, present and future, of Domestic Missions, we are driven to the conclusion that there never was a greater call for practical faith and prayer than at present. Past success has entailed the necessity for fresh efforts.

1. The first claim upon your sympathy and generous help is of course *our own missionary Diocese of Algoma*. Here there is much to encourage us. Its Mission Fund for carrying on the general work of the Church, indeed, was in arrears last year to the amount of \$3,200. But on the other hand we have the encouraging fact that the Episcopal Endowment Fund has now become available for the Bishop's stipend. This sets free the assessments hitherto levied for that purpose upon the other Dioceses of Eastern Canada. The Provincial Synod has appealed to these Dioceses to continue paying these assessments for the present, and to give them to the *Algoma Mission Fund*, out of which the missionaries of that Diocese are paid. We feel assured that all the Synods will cheerfully comply with this appeal, as several of them have already done. There is abundant evidence that the hearts of our people are with the loving and devoted Bishop who at the call of the Church has given himself to the work in Algoma; and we trust that your largely increased offerings on Sunday next will make it clear to him that he possesses in the fullest measure the confidence and sympathy of the Church.

Bishop Thorneloe asks, first, for annual contributions, to keep up for the future the work so well begun by his devoted predecessors. He next suggests that an Endowment Fund should be begun, so that the mission work may be permanently established. A third need, perhaps more urgent, for which he pleads, is that of a Superannuation Fund for aged and infirm clergy. Besides these greater matters, there are, of course, constant local needs, where the people are poor and churches have to be built or enlarged.

Lastly, there are the missions to the Pagan Indians, and the religious education of the Christian Indians in the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes—the latter for the moment in abeyance—which must be maintained and if possible enlarged. The work being done in the Shinwauk Home is reported by Bishop

Thorneloe to be of the most satisfactory character.

2. Passing, now, to *British Columbia and the Great West*, mention may be made first, of the *Diocese of New Westminster*, in which, besides the wants created by a growing white population, there are some 7,000 Chinese, with about the same number in the adjacent Diocese of Columbia. These natives of a great Pagan Empire have, in God's Providence, been brought to our shores, and are here isolated from many of the heathen influences which oppose their conversion in their old homes—for what purpose but that we should do our best to win them to the Gospel of the Son of God?

The development of the gold and other mining interests, in Kootenay especially, calls for missionaries to minister to the large bodies of men who are there being brought together. If this want be met at the present time to any adequate extent, it is likely that with the great increase of population, self-supporting parishes might speedily be formed.

3. The needs of the *Ecclesiastical Province of Rupert's Land* are many and pressing. The Archbishop, in his appeal to the S. P. G. to postpone the final cessation of its grants, shews that their wants are in some cases the result of the rapid growth of railways, in the midst of a territory thinly peopled. To enter into detail, the Bishops of Moosonee, Athabasca, Mackenzie River, Selkirk, and Saskatchewan need help for their Indian Missions. The Indians form the majority of the population in those Dioceses. There are also some Esquimaux in Moosonee and Mackenzie River, and some whites in Chapieau (Diocese of Moosonee) and in Selkirk. In Calgary, Saskatchewan, and Qu'Appelle there are Missions for whites and Indians. The Indian Homes in Calgary require assistance. These are helped by government, but the Church is responsible for their maintenance.

In the Diocese of Rupert's Land itself, extensive Mission work is going on. The number of Missions is at present about 55, of which 12 are self-supporting. Of these 55, only 40 are served by clergymen, the remainder being worked by licensed laymen for a whole or part of the year. Everyone of these should, if possible, be under the charge of a clergyman, and this would require at least an annual sum of \$2,000.

It is well to observe at this stage, that two errors are prevalent among Canadian Churchmen; one, as to the extent of the Church population in this vast Diocese; the other, as to the sufficiency of their efforts to support their own Church.

In the ordinary scattered settlements the proportion of the Church population is about one-fourth or one-fifth of the whole. It is hard

to realize its scantiness. The average in the country parts is one Church family to eight square miles. Some missions are so extensive that a considerable number of the inhabitants cannot by any possibility attend the services of the Church. In fact, about one-third of the Anglican population are reported by the Clergy as unable to do so, owing to distance. Again, there are in the Diocese 786 School Districts, of which Winnipeg counts only as one, and some 630 schools with fewer than 20 pupils in each, while in most of the ordinary mixed settlements there are only about 10 families in each case. A great portion of the land is unoccupied, being held by railway companies, loan companies, and by government, so that it needs but few families to occupy the available land within travelling distance of an out station. This is the natural result of carrying railways through a country in advance of the population.

Then, an impression also prevails that the Church people in the Diocese of Rupert's Land and elsewhere in the West, are somewhat supine, and are quite willing that others should supply their spiritual needs. This is alike inaccurate and ungenerous. It must be remembered that there are few, if any, really wealthy people in the Province of Rupert's Land. The total amount contributed last year towards the Home Mission Fund by the Diocese in question was \$5,358.57, being an average per family of \$1.17, a most creditable proportion. The Church people of Winnipeg maintain six Parishes, are constantly opening out new work, and give \$2,000 per annum to country Missions. Churchmen in the Province, besides paying a large portion of the stipend of their Missionary or Rector (for the grant in aid never exceeds one-half of the income of the Missionary), raised last year \$5,000 for general Mission work. In every town where there are 200 resident Church people, it is held that the Parish ought to be self-supporting, and receive no aid from without. Last year the total amount raised in the Diocese for Church purposes reached the large sum of \$66,000. So much to prove the zeal of Rupert's Land Church people.

The Indian work in this Province was carried on for many years by the C.M.S. According to the Archbishop's statement \$3,000 are needed to carry on this branch of work satisfactorily, while the sum of \$5,000 or \$6,000 is needed for the efficient maintenance of the organized settlement Missions. This appears a formidable estimate, reckoned in addition to the needs of Algoma and the other Missionary Dioceses. But if our Church people become fully alive to the duty and privilege of giving, we think that the exigency can be met. The total amount raised in the Dominion for

Domestic Missions between August 1st, 1895, and July 31st, 1896, was \$3,126.07. We feel sure that this result can be improved upon. Granted that some of the Canadian Dioceses are not enjoying great financial prosperity, they could probably accomplish more than they are doing at present. It would be a reproach to the Canadian Church, if owing to her neglect, her children should be gradually absorbed by other religious bodies more energetic and more far-seeing than ourselves. Such a contingency appears imminent, and it can only be avoided by a prayerful and systematic devotion of our means to this great and holy cause. This pressing duty is binding on every individual. The scriptural practice of setting aside the *tenth* of our income for God's service suggests itself at once. All should aim at it. It is possible for many of us to carry it out, and some, blest with large means, can do even more. The apostolic injunction is that "on the first day of the week every one should lay by in store, as God hath prospered him." This precept invites our compliance, and, although there are many claims upon the resources of our generous laymen, we are confident that they will greatly exceed all their past efforts. If true love for the Chief Pastor of our souls, who gave Himself for us, burns in their hearts, they will not find giving an irksome task, or yield grudgingly to this appeal, but will give joyfully and readily, knowing that they are lending to the Lord, who will not only prosper them in this life, but will reward them in the world to come. For "God loveth a cheerful giver."

If you, then, wish God to *love* you, to love you because he *approves* of you, because you are *lovable*, you must strive to be ready to give and glad to distribute, to form in yourself the character which God loves. Who indeed is there that does *not* love a cheerful giver?

NOTE.—It is recommended that the offerings for this purpose be sent at as early a date as possible to the Secretary-Treasurer of each Diocese, to be by him transmitted to Mr. C. A. Eliot, General Treasurer, Ottawa.

The Secretary-Treasurers to whom all moneys are to be sent, are:—

Nova Scotia.—Rev. W. J. Ancient, Halifax, N. S.

Quebec.—George Lampson, Esq., Quebec, Que.

Toronto.—D. Kemp, Esq., Synod Office, Toronto, Ont.

Fredericton.—W. M. Jarvis, Esq., St. John, N. B.

Montreal.—Rev. Canon Empson, Montreal, Que.

Huron.—J. M. McWhinney, Esq., London, Ont.

Ontario. Dr. R. V. Rogers, Q.C., Kingston, Ont.

Niagara.—J. J. Mason, Esq., Hamilton, Ont.

Algoma.—D. Kemp, Esq., Synod Office, Toronto, Ont.

Ottawa.—Rev. E. A. W. Hannington, Synod Office, Ottawa, Ont.

Reverend and Dear Sir:

I beg to call attention to the following resolution passed by the General Board of Missions (Provincial Synod) in 1892.

Resolved, that the Board of Missions hereby expresses its conviction that no diocese or parish ought to make any special appropriation of the collections taken up in response to the Epiphany and Ascensiontide appeals from the Board of Management, which should in all cases be transmitted through the proper diocesan channel to the Board, to be dealt with as in its judgment seems best.

Also to the following resolution passed in September, 1895:

That, in the opinion of this General Board of Missions, the collections made throughout this Ecclesiastical Province at Epiphany and Ascensiontide in response to the appeals of the Board of Management should be sent UNAPPROPRIATED to the Treasurer of the Board.

A. SPENCER,

General Secretary.

Kingston, May 4th, 1897.

A POLICY OF FAITH.




QUESTION which continually presents itself for solution to those having direction of the Missionary Society of the Church when application is made to take up work in a foreign field, is that of "ways and means." Is it right on the part of the Board to accept and send forth applicants for work into the foreign mission field without seeing clearly how the necessary expenses, including stipend, are to be met? As is well known, the Board is not in possession of any settled, permanent fund or funds upon which to draw, but is dependent upon the free-will offerings of the people in answer to the various pleas which are made in its behalf. Even these are to a great extent removed from the free control of the Board through being appropriated to some particular work or portion of the mission field. Whilst we apprehend that every member of the Board is always earnestly desirous of accepting and sending out any suitable applicant, yet it is not unreasonably contended by some that there should be some definite and distinct means whereby the obligations which follow necessarily upon such action can be met, before

consent of the Board should be given. Others invoke the principle of "faith," that is of trusting that, as God has called the laborer, so he will provide in answer to earnest action on the part of those in authority the means whereby the laborer is to be maintained. The question is a difficult one to solve, just according as the one or other aspect prevails with those who are called upon to decide. We find, however, that the great Missionary Societies in England have had to grapple with the same doubt and difficulty, and it will therefore not be without interest to learn how at least one of those Societies—the C.M.S.—has acted, and what the result of its action has been. The editor of *The Church Missionary Intelligencer*, in the May number, after referring to the deficiency in the receipts of that Society for the year, though the aggregate was much larger than in any previous year, continues:

"When all that has been written above is considered, it will not surprise our readers that the Committee, on April 13th, when a statement was made regarding such of the above figures as had been ascertained, were moved to unite in hearty thanksgiving to God. They were reminded of the day when, in 1887, they had been led deliberately to adopt the policy of *faith*, i.e., to accept all candidates for missionary work who should appear to them to have received the Divine call and who possess the God-given qualifications, in the assurance that the same Holy Spirit Who disposed these servants of the Lord to go would dispose other servants of the Lord to give, so that while the Society kept looking to the Lord and depending only on Him, the supplies of both men and means would not fail. For ten years that policy of faith had been persevered in, sometimes on the part of some perhaps with secret fear and misgiving, sometimes with expressed forebodings. Material evidences of security there were none; even landmarks indicating to the eye of sense the direction and the goal were wanting. To one deficit of proportions unexampled in C.M.S. experiences since 1879, there was a vivid prospect of another and a still larger deficit being added. Nevertheless, however "faint," the Committee (it may be humbly claimed) have still "pursued." They have looked again and again at the grounds of their original resolution, and they have renewed their confidence in God. And now, what is the record of the ten years? In 1887, the Queen's Jubilee year, the Society could say that it had been permitted to send out 900 missionaries during the *fifty* years of Her Majesty's reign, an average of *nineteen* per year. But during the *ten* years between the Jubilee and the Diamond Jubilee the number is nearly 700, an average of *seventy* a year. And the money? In 1887 there was a balance

to the good in the Contingency Fund of £10,000. In 1897 the Contingency Fund is exhausted, and there is a balance to the bad in the deficit carried forward of £23,000. Hence, at a casual glance it seems that after ten years of unexampled progress in our work, and agents and agencies, and consequently in our expenditure, we are worse off in our cash balance by £33,000. But during the same period we have been enabled, by means of part of a large legacy (which it was open to the Committee to use to meet current expenditure) to replace securities which had been temporarily used to the value of £20,000 and thus to save the interest in perpetuity; further, we have, during the same period, been made possessors through a generous anonymous gift, of valuable stock, worth close upon £30,000, which at the Committee's discretion may be realized upon the donor's decease, and which in the meantime produces an income of over £1,000 a year; and, lastly, while we had in 1887 a sum of £18,000 in an Extension Fund, that Fund is now merged in Appropriated Contributions, in which this year we carry forward as balances a sum of £34,500. It is very abundantly clear, therefore, that the Society, after meeting all its enhanced liabilities, is not in a worse, but is relatively in a better financial position than it was ten years ago. May we not, must we not, say to ourselves and to one another, at the remembrance of every tremulous apprehension, "O ye of little faith, wherefore did ye doubt?" And further, shall we not with these experiences hear with gladness and obey with alacrity our Divine Captain's word, "Speak unto the people, that they go forward."

ANOTHER CANADIAN MISSIONARY TO THE FOREIGN FIELD.

N the evening of Friday the 28th of May last, a valedictory meeting was held in the Synod Hall, Montreal, for the purpose of wishing God-speed to Mr. Christen Borup who is shortly to go out as a missionary to Uganda and who will be the first missionary sent to *that* field by the Church of England in Canada. Mr. Borup will work in connection with the C.M.S., but it is hoped will be recognized—under arrangements now in progress—as distinctly a missionary of the Board of Domestic and Foreign Missions of this Ecclesiastical Province. He has spent the past year in the Montreal Theological College and has there shown considerable attainments. We understand that he will go out, however, as a layman and whether subsequently he shall be ordained or not has not been determined.

A very interesting and encouraging feature

in connection with this matter is that the annual stipend (\$500) of Mr. Borup has been assumed by the St. Matthias' (Westmount, P. Q.) Branch of the Diocesan Woman's Auxiliary of the Board of Domestic and Foreign Missions. This certainly affords the most convincing proof of the earnestness and life of this organization. Indeed the good works of the Diocesan Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary are manifold, but this *definite* undertaking for one particular Branch presents a bright example for many others, not only in the Diocese of Montreal, but throughout the Ecclesiastical Province to follow.

The meeting in the Synod Hall was held under the auspices of the Montreal Woman's Auxiliary and the Montreal branch of the Gleaners' Union which latter organization, through Prof. Carus-Wilson, (whose energy and devotion in the cause of Missions in connection with the C.M.S. are well known), has had very much to do with securing and maintaining Mr. Borup during the term of his collegiate life. The Lord Bishop of the Diocese occupied the chair and the meeting (a very large one considering that the night was particularly unfavorable) was addressed by the Rev. Canon Dixon, rector of St. Jude's; the Rev. G. Bushell, rector of St. Matthias; the Rev. Professor Steen of the Diocesan College; Prof. Carus-Wilson, representing the Montreal C.M.S. Committee, and Dr. Davidson, Q.C., as a member of the Domestic and Foreign Missions; ten minutes being allowed each speaker. The Lord Bishop of the Diocese made the commendatory address to Mr. Borup in most feeling and impressive terms, after which he was commended to God's keeping and guidance by the silent prayer of those present and also by special prayer offered by the Rev. G. O. Troop, rector of St. Martin's. During the evening several appropriate hymns were sung and also an address was delivered by Mr. Ernest Carus-Wilson of the C.M.S. Ceylon Mission, who is at present in Canada on a visit to his brother above mentioned. The meeting throughout was interesting and ought to serve to deepen and increase the interest felt in the Foreign Mission work of the Church.

POLLOK, writing concerning the Bible says :

Most wondrous book, bright candle of the Lord,
Star of eternity! The only star
By which the bark of man could navigate
The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss
Securely; only star which rose on time,
And, on its dark and troubled billows still,
As generation, drifting swiftly by,
Succeeded generation, threw a ray
Of heaven's own light, and to the hills of God,
The everlasting hills, pointing the sinner's eye.

“IN SURE AND CERTAIN HOPE.”

A TESTIMONY FROM CEYLON.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn,
The heathen, in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.



TRUE yet sad picture of one of the most beautiful of countries and the richest crown Colony of the British Empire. A pendant from India as regards its geographical position—Ceylon is entirely independent of India as regards government, being under the control of the Colonial office, in London, and a governor in the Island as the representative of the Queen.

The Island is about one-sixth less than the size of Ireland. Nearly every existing language may be heard in Colombo, but the population of Ceylon consists mainly of Sinhalese and Tamils, the former being the rightful inhabitants of the country, whilst the latter are emigrants from India and form two distinct classes, viz., the chetties or merchant and money-lending class, and the laboring class employed on the tea estates.

Mission work has been carried on in Ceylon for nearly four hundred years, which may be divided into three epochs. First, that under the Portugese (Roman Catholic) rule when Baptism with long, high-sounding names, was freely bestowed on all who could be pressed to submit to the rite; second, under the Dutch Government, when a profession to a Puritan Protestantism was the *sine qua non* to all seeking Government appointments, and when the Roman Catholic profession of faith went by the board; thirdly that epoch which began with the British rule, who professed their impartiality to the question of religion and granted freedom of opinion to all, with the consequence that the so-called “Christians” of former days, for the greater part, threw off their religion of constraint and became practically agnostics, with a miserable idea of what Christianity, in its true sense, meant.

The true religion of the Sinhalese, as popularly practised in the present day, is devil-worship. This was the original creed before the Buddhist missionaries came over from India in 200 B. C., and though to-day, a native will offer a flower at the shrine in the temple of Buddha (the priests complain bitterly at the harm the missionaries are doing to their trade, “our people used to offer money and rice, but now they only offer flowers,” say they) yet in times of sickness, birth or other important family events,

it is the devil-priest and his tom-tom beaters who are called in to aid.

Under the somewhat mixed and difficult circumstances as above stated, the missionary of to-day labors in endeavoring to convert the Sinhalese to a lively faith, in a living Saviour, with deliverance from the power of a living enemy, and to the hope of a life eternal in the presence of the living God.

Among the principal agencies for the evangelization of the heathen in Ceylon is the Church (of England) Missionary Society, having its headquarters at Salisbury Square, London, England. This society maintains sixteen ordained, three lay, and twenty-eight lady missionaries (including twelve wives), seventeen native clergy, besides native catechists, schoolmasters and mistresses, for the work amongst both the Sinhalese and Tamils.

To describe missionary work is never very easy, especially when one has but a limited space in which to do so, and therefore it will perhaps most interest our readers to relate a true case, illustrative of the result of missionary effort, proving that the gospel is still “the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.”

N. was a Sinhalese catechist working under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society in Ceylon. Before his conversion to the Christian faith he had been a Buddhist priest, but was brought to the knowledge of the Truth as it is in Christ, the Light and Saviour of the world, through hearing the Gospel preached, outside the Court house of a village tribunal, by a Christian who had himself once worn the yellow robe of the Buddhist priesthood. Recognizing in the preacher one who had once been one of his own cloth, he invited him to his house, and offered him hospitality. Our friend had already given up his profession as a monk, and had embraced the joys and responsibilities of family life. Henceforth an intimacy sprang up between the two former devotees of Buddha, which gave opportunity for much earnest conversation on the highest subjects, and resulted in the loan of a Sinhalese New Testament. Thus as so often happens, the living voice was followed by the living Word. N. read, meditated and conversed as an enquirer for four or five years. At the end of that time he came boldly forward as a candidate for baptism, and after careful examination he was admitted as a member of the church of Christ.

The foundation of divine knowledge having been thus well and truly laid, it is not surprising that the superstructure was correspondingly substantial. It was naturally to be expected that the conversion of such a man would make a great impression on his Buddhist neighbors, and from the first he had a marked influence

in leading them to the Saviour. A spirit of enquiry was aroused in and around his village. "I cannot go anywhere," he said, "around my home, without being asked questions about my new religion."

Less than three and a half years elapsed between N.'s baptism and his homeward call; and though his time of service was short, yet, it was productive of much fruit, and many are now living who can thank God that it pleased Him to use N. as the instrument, in His hands, for bringing to them the knowledge of the Saviour. Oh that all members of the Church of Christ would realize that God has caused the Light to shine in their hearts, not only that they may be saved, but that they may "give the Light of the knowledge of the glory of God," to those around them who are yet in darkness.

N.'s most remarkable convert was his own wife. She is a Kandyan lady of good means and position; and he was married to her according to that Kandyan law, by which, the husband is married into the family of the wife; so that he, according to the law of *man*, was bound to obey her. But the reality of his conversion is apparent in nothing more than in the fact that, when he had become a Christian she followed him, and was baptized about a year afterwards with their two children. She also subsequently opened a girls' school in the village.

My first personal acquaintance with N. was on a preaching tour, in which he was one of four native catechists who accompanied me. I was not at first very favorably impressed with him, but I afterwards discovered my error in judging by the outward man, and from a few characteristic peculiarities.

It was not till near the end of our tour that I asked him to speak at one of our principal meetings, viz., the evening magic lantern address in the open air. These meetings were always largely attended. The natives had finished their day's work, and their supper; the sheet was hung up between two cocoanut trees, and large crowds of men and women sat on the grass on both sides of the sheet, our preaching sometimes lasting till midnight. His was the last address of one evening, and I was quite astonished at the clear and forcible way in which N. spoke, and at the remarkable impression he had made on the audience. I then saw that N. was a man who had had dealings with the Holy Spirit of God, and also one whom God was pleased to use.

Not long after our tour, I received a telegram informing me that N. had been called away "to be with Christ," and asking me to attend the funeral. This I gladly did. It was fortunate that a fellow-missionary and myself were there, and that we had taken with us a Tamil Christian, whom we had picked up on the way.

The funeral was to be at eleven, but when we arrived we found that the Buddhists of the village were "on strike" and that the coffin was not even made. There was nothing for it but to "off coat" and set to work oneself; by no means a pleasant job, as the piercing rays of the tropical sun had already begun to tell on the frail corpse of human flesh.

Only those who have lived in heathen lands and dwelt much amongst the natives, know the tremendous force and power with which *custom* binds them. What has been must be, and (apparently) ever shall be. This is seen in their reluctance (I might almost say refusal) to adopt any means of modern improvement, which might tend to make their labor or their lot somewhat lighter than it is. (I am not referring to those who are more civilized by association with Europeans and Western thought. N.'s village was buried in the wilds of the jungle.) To instance this force of custom, women are forbidden to attend the interment of their dead; their duty is to remain at home, and there, to work themselves into a frenzy of wailing, tearing their hair, pouring ashes on their head and eating the very dust. Certainly in N.'s quiet little jungle village no woman had ever defamed the custom of her sex by attending at the grave of her late husband. And indeed, why should they, poor dark souls. They have no "sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ." Their hope (?) is a dreaded succession of countless re-births, after which they *may* eventually reach Nirwana or extinction (cessation of existence), but even this is hardly to be hoped for.

Somewhat therefore to our surprise, just as we were starting for the grave, N.'s widow asked us if she could accompany us thither. We, of course, readily consented. There under the glorious blue vault of heaven, surrounded by the deep silence of the jungle, stood the little party of two European missionaries, two Sinhalese catechists, a Tamil Christian, about thirty heathen men, and a native Christian lady, the bodily remains of whose husband we were about to commit "dust to dust and earth to earth," whilst his soul had gone to be "for ever with the Lord"—and she *knew* it. One of the catechists, now old and partially blind, yet holding on steadfast and faithful till he too shall be called, was the old converted priest, through whose means N. had himself been brought to Christ.

The beautiful service ended, we sang that touching hymn of peace, comfort, and hope, "Forever with the Lord," (in the Sinhalese language), and having turned our backs on the last resting place of our brother were just about to return to the village, when we heard a woman's voice behind us. On looking round

we saw the poor widow holding forth to the heathen men present, and for nearly ten minutes she, entirely of her own impulse, gave a grand testimony concerning the comforting presence of her Saviour, and asserted that it was through the knowledge that her husband had gone to be with Him Who had redeemed and pardoned him, and through the strength that she herself was receiving from that same Saviour, that she was enabled thus to break through all the despairing customs of her race, and to stand there amongst them instead of rolling and wailing in the dust at home, in the full assurance that she and her husband would meet again when Christ comes for His own, when they would enjoy together an eternity of happiness. Truly was it a happy and heart-stirring sight to behold.

Dear reader is there not here a warning for us—have you the peace and assurance that this native lady's Saviour is your Saviour too? Have your sins been "washed in the blood of the Lamb?" Are you bearing witness for Him to others who know Him not? Will your friends lay your body to its resting place in the same sure and certain hope that *you* will partake in "the resurrection of the just?" If so, praise God; if *not*,

"Yet there is room! still open stands the gate,
the gate of love; it is not yet too late.

Room! Room! Still room! Oh enter, enter now."

And with those who do know the saving power of our Lord and Master, I would earnestly plead that they would throw themselves, with willing and grateful hearts into this grand scheme of Almighty God, viz., the carrying of the message of salvation to the whole world by those individuals who have themselves found the Saviour. Each one of us owes this duty to God, in obedience to His command to His whole church, "Go ye into *all the world* and preach the Gospel to *every creature*." For in that countless company of the Redeemed (Rev. vii. 9) are "white robed saints of all nations, kindreds, people and tongues," but "how shall they believe in Him of Whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent?"

May each one of us say with a sincere purpose to act as God shall shew us, Lord, what wouldest Thou have *me* to do? The great Anglican society to which the writer has the privilege to belong—the Church Missionary Society, has, in the reign of our present beloved Queen sent out 1,600 missionaries to all parts of the world, and 700 within the past ten years. During this latter period the workers have increased as follows: Ordained missionaries, from 247 to 400; laymen, from 40 to 106; women, (not including wives) from 22 to 236; the total of European workers at present being

1,036. There are 353 native clergy and 5,183 native lay teachers. The Archbishop of Canterbury, who took the chair at the great annual meeting in London this month, said that they should press on men's minds the obligation resting upon *all Christians* to take part in the conversion of all who were not Christians; that this was the very purpose for which the Church existed, and by which she would be tried. At the same meeting the Primate of Australia, who is also president of the Board of Missions and the Church Missionary Association in Sydney, advocated the need for doing more, in thought, prayer, effort and gifts for the great work of proclaiming the gospel to all the world. Bishop Williams (of New Zealand) thankfully remembering the visit of Mr. Eugene Stock and Rev. Robert Stewart, stated that the New Zealand Church had its own missionaries, in Japan, India, Western Africa and elsewhere.

A rare opportunity now presents itself for the Church of Canada to rise and take her share, with renewed consecration and faith, in this great work. Experience has amply proved in the Home Country and in the colonies above mentioned (both of which have—as Canada has—obligations to the heathen within their own boundaries) that effort, lives and money given in the cause of propagating the Gospel to the heathen of foreign lands, so far from impoverishing the church at home, has, on the contrary, brought a far greater blessing upon all their efforts from above and proved the truth of the Scripture of old—Prov. xi. 24: "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth: there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty, *the liberal soul* shall be made fat; and *he that watereth* shall be watered also himself."

ERNEST CARUS-WILSON, C.M.S.

Ceylon.

THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY.

BY THE REV. CANON MOCKRIDGE, D.D.

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REIGN OF GEORGE III.—Continued.



WILLIAM PITT had been created first Earl of Chatham and lost in popularity what he gained thereby in dignity. He resigned in 1768. The administration of Lord North began its career in 1770. The early years of Archbishop Cornwallis witnessed the agitation caused in England by the repeated expulsion of Wilkes from the House of Commons and his immediate and continued re-election, as well as the famous anonymous letters of Junius, which made terrible attacks upon the incompetent political leaders of the day and defended the

electors of Middlesex for defying Parliament by its support of Wilkes. The world also witnessed the dawn of a new era by Watts' discovery of the power of steam and his first patent for a steam engine in 1769. The power of England in distant lands continued to shew itself in the discovery of New South Wales, in Australia, and in the struggle with Hyder Ali in India, and the appointment of Warren Hastings as Governor of Bengal, and subsequently as first Governor General of India. Unfortunately, however, a strong feeling against British rule began to manifest itself in the important colonies of North America, particularly in Boston, Massachusetts, where an organized resistance was made in 1773 against the ill advised tax placed upon tea by the English Government, followed by the great struggle for freedom under George Washington, the champion of a new nation in embryo which felt itself aggrieved. The loss of the American Colonies was a severe blow to Great Britain, but it proved the birth of a great and prosperous nation, the United States, and left to England the undisturbed possession of Canada.

In literary matters Gibbon published his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," and Dr. Smith his "Wealth of Nations." Gibbon's book was considered a direct attack upon Christianity, and its general tone of quiet sarcasm against the religion which ought to have been his own was much to be deplored. Dr. Watson, the Regius Professor at Cambridge, wrote some able letters against the position taken by him.

In the year 1778 some relief was given to Roman Catholics by the repeal of the savage law passed against them in the reign of William III, a law which among other penalties allowed a son to take away his father's estates by turning Protestant. In the following year (1779) the Dissenters' Relief Bill was passed. An attempt had been made to pass this bill in 1773, but it was defeated through the opposition of the bishops. By the Toleration Act of 1689, when William Prince of Orange was King, freedom of worship was granted to all dissenters that acknowledged the blessed Trinity, but it left them under many legal disqualifications. In order to enjoy the full privileges of the nation, dissenters were required to subscribe to the doctrinal articles of the Church. This was considered not only hard, but unreasonable, and the Relief Bill referred to removed the objectionable requirements.

In 1779 Bishop Gordon, the last of the regular non-jurors, died, and thus the Episcopal succession amongst them ceased, but a small number of them having seceded in 1773 from the original body on the question of lay baptism, still continued to exist. They were destined, however, soon to die out.

The rule of Archbishop Cornwallis will ever be memorable for the commencement of Sunday schools. The practice of catechising children at the afternoon service had been in existence here and there for sometime, and traces of more school like instruction were also not wanting; but it belonged to Mr. Raikes, a bookseller at Gloucester, and to the Rev. Mr. Stock of the same place, to organize, about the year 1781, that regular system of Sunday schools which has since become so general.

Archbishop Cornwallis died in the year 1783 and was buried under the altar at Lambeth. His wife, Caroline, grand-daughter of Viscount Townshend, survived him and lived till 1811. It is remarkable that no primate of England had been of high birth from the days of Reginald Pole in the reign of Queen Mary, to the days of Cornwallis,—while many of them were of comparatively lowly origin. Thus it may be said of England that in many points she is the most democratic country in the world. A worthy son is not asked as to his birth or origin if he has been found capable of making a name for himself. And of this there is a remarkable exemplification in the next Archbishop of whom we have to speak.

In the city of Gloucester there lived in the days of George II. a dealer in cattle named Moore. According to some he was a grazier, according to others a butcher. To him was born a son, whom he called John, who grew up in Gloucester as a poor but respectable lad and received whatever education he could get from the free schools of the city. Some friends, seeing signs of promise in him, interested themselves and procured for him a humble position in Pembroke College, Oxford. From this he moved to Christ Church, where he studied diligently and became highly respected for his regular habits and modesty of demeanour. He left his college with the reputation of being a good classical scholar and soon was admitted to the sacred ministry. No higher prospects seemed open to him than those of a country curacy, but an unlooked for fortunate circumstance paved the way for something greater. The Duke of Marlborough required a tutor for his son and asked Mr. Bliss, the Savilian Professor of Geometry and Astronomer Royal, to recommend some one to him. While Mr. Bliss was trying to think of some suitable person the Rev. Mr. Moore, whom he had known well in college, happened to pass by, walking in the park, and at once he mentioned him. The Duke, therefore, sent for him and offered him the position, which he readily accepted. This opened for him the gateway for speedy promotion in the Church. The powerful Duke remained his friend and procured for him promotion, first as a prebend at Durham in 1769, and subsequently in 1771

Dean of Canterbury. This latter position was given by George III. at the personal request of the Duke. Three years afterwards Dr. Moore became Bishop of Bangor. And that same quiet industry, coupled with "good fortune," which had made the poor lad of Gloucester a bishop at the age of forty-four elevated him, before many years, to the highest ecclesiastical dignity in the land.

On the death of Archbishop Cornwallis in 1783, the primacy was offered to Bishop Lowth of London, who, however, declined it on the grounds of old age and love of letters. It was then offered to Bishop Hurd of Worcester who also declined, from affection for his diocese. It is said that the King then asked each of these prelates to mention some suitable person for the position, and that each, without consultation, nominated the Bishop of Bangor, who accordingly was offered the high office and accepted it. Archbishop Moore entered upon his new duties in 1783 at the age of fifty-two. They were days of weak political rule. Charles James Fox had made his way into power by sharing a coalition government with Lord North, under the premiership of the Duke of Portland, who was called the "convenient cipher." This, however, lasted but a few months and was dismissed in December, 1783. William Pitt, second son of the great statesman of that name, was fast rising into power, though only twenty-three years of age, and was made first lord of the treasury on the Duke of Portland's dismissal. It was said of this brilliant young statesman that he was not only the chip of the old block, but the old block itself. For many years, during nearly all the time of Archbishop Moore, he, young as he was, was the leading politician of the day and the one who guided the destinies of England.

In the year of the appointment of Archbishop Moore, 1783, a stranger appeared in England asking to be consecrated a bishop, for the newly formed nation of the United States. As yet there had been no bishop of the Anglican Church appointed beyond the limits of Great Britain and Ireland, a subject which must ever remain a source of great regret to all who love the growth and extension of the Church.

As early as the year 1501, when Sebastian Cabot set sail for America, Henry VII. bestowed £2 for "a priest that goeth to the new island," probably the first record of an Anglican missionary being sent to the newly discovered continent. In 1578 when Queen Elizabeth had been twenty years on the throne we read of one "Maister Wollfall, minister and preacher, being charged to serve God twice a day with the ordinary service of the Church of England," and to him belongs the honor, so far as records go, of having celebrated the first English communion in the New World. This was in

Virginia, so called from the virgin Queen Elizabeth. Sir Walter Raleigh made a donation to the Virginian Company "for the propagation of the Christian religion in that settlement." Under the directions of James I. we hear of some missionaries being sent to Virginia, among them Robert Hunt who began his work in Jamestown with an old sail suspended from four trees for his church. Then in the troublesome times of Charles I. new settlements were formed in the more northerly region of New England. Archbishop Laud in 1636 earnestly desired to send a bishop to America. Had he done so, what bright prospects might have opened for the church in distant lands! Cromwell in 1649 sent out an ordinance for the promoting and propagating of the gospel of Jesus Christ in "New England," or the district comprised by Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut. In this, however, there was no element of episcopacy. Under Charles II. in 1662, this charter was renewed under proper Episcopal guidance, but without any thought of sending a bishop beyond the seas. John Eliot did a most self-denying work among the Indians of this new land; and the first seal of Massachusetts represents an Indian uttering the words, "Come over and help us."

A faint effort in the way of episcopal supervision abroad was made in 1696 under William and Mary, when Dr. Thomas Bray was appointed commissary to the Bishop of London, and in 1699 set sail for Maryland. Through him, largely, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was formed in 1701, and missionaries began to appear in America, sent from the old land. This was, however, but feeble work. Young men, natives of the country, might have been set apart for Church work by the hundreds, if only there had been bishops to ordain them. The weary, dull years of George I. and George II. rolled away. Then under George III., in 1775 came the war of Independence in America, a day of darkness and sorrow for the Church of England in the colonies. Congregations were dispersed and clergymen fled either to England, the Canadas or Nova Scotia, and the peace of 1783 found the Church in woeful state. In Virginia alone, where, at the beginning of the war, there were 164 churches and 91 clergymen, most of the churches were in ruins and 28 clergymen alone remained.

But out of this gloom sprang a fresh light. New hopes came with the freedom to meet and elect a bishop. This the clergy of Connecticut lost no time in doing. They met in 1783, the year when Dr. Moore was made Archbishop of Canterbury, and chose for their bishop Dr. Samuel Seabury, one of the S.P.G. missionaries; who sailed for England to seek consecra-

tion, arriving there on the seventh of July, only to find that great difficulties lay in the path of his consecration. No arrangement existed by which a clergyman, not a British subject, could be set apart as a bishop. For over a year Dr. Seabury remained in England seeking consecration, but Archbishop Moore and other ecclesiastical authorities there could see no way to meet his wishes and he was at last obliged to apply to the persecuted Episcopal Church of Scotland, three of whose bishops, known as non-jurors, consecrated him on the 14th of November. He returned to America as the first bishop abroad.

Shortly afterwards, however, all difficulties in the way of consecrating foreigners in England were removed, and the Rev. Wm. White and the Rev. Samuel Provoost arrived in the old land and were consecrated by Archbishop Moore, the former as Bishop of Pennsylvania, the latter as Bishop of New York. On the 12th of August of the same year Dr. Charles Inglis was consecrated Bishop of Nova Scotia and departed to his work as the first colonial bishop. Three years subsequent to these important events another visitor from the United States appeared in England seeking consecration. This was James Madison who had been elected Bishop of Virginia. He was consecrated on the 19th of September (1790), and in three years more Dr. Jacob Mountain, on the 7th of July (1793) was consecrated for the second colonial See, the Diocese of Quebec. These consecrations all took place very quietly by Archbishop Moore in the chapel at Lambeth. The feeling in England was not favorable to the outside episcopate, and therefore, these events of the greatest importance to the Church, took place privately, almost secretly. It remained for the new century, just about to dawn, to hail the consecration of a missionary bishop with enthusiasm and public thankfulness to God.

It may be remarked here that two years after Bishop Madison returned to Virginia, the Rev. Thos. Claggett was consecrated in New York by the three American bishops who had received consecration at the hands of Archbishop Moore, viz.: Bishop White of Pennsylvania, Bishop Provoost of New York, and Bishop Madison of Virginia. Bishop Seabury of Connecticut also joined in this consecration and thus united the English and Scotch lines of Apostolic order and launched upon the great continent of America, in that portion of it known as the United States, the strictly valid episcopate, able for the future to propagate itself, which it forthwith proceeded to do and bishops rapidly multiplied throughout the land.

On the northern part of the continent also,—under British rule—the dioceses of Nova Scotia and Quebec formed the nucleus of an extensive

episcopate in time to spring up in that large territory now known as the Dominion of Canada. For these events the days of Archbishop Moore will ever be famous.

(To be continued.)

EVENTIDE.

Saviour, at the close of day
Hear us while we humbly pray;
Bless while we devoutly say
Glory be to Thee.

Thou hast been our Guiding Light,
Thou hast made our lives so bright;
Be our Peace this coming night;
Glory be to Thee.

All our many sins forgive,
Let us not Thy Spirit grieve;
Thou hast died that we may live;
Glory be to Thee.

We have left so much undone,
We our work have scarce begun,
Thou our recompense hast won;
Glory be to Thee.

—Rev. Charles S. Olmsted, S. T. D.

WHITSUN-DAY.

The month of June brings us to Whitsun-Day—the last of what may be called the great historical feasts of the Church. As on Christmas Day we celebrate the Birth of our Lord—as on the Epiphany we commemorate this Manifestation to the Gentiles by the visit of the wise men, and on Easter His glorious Resurrection, so Whitsun-Day brings to our minds the fulfilment of our Lord's last promise to His faithful ones by the visible descent of the Holy Spirit in tongues of living fire. To the crowd who were drawn together by the report of the marvellous occurrence, St. Peter preached that memorable sermon which may be said to have founded the visible Christian Church. We read that when the multitude heard the discourse “they were pricked in their hearts, and said unto Peter and to the rest of the apostles ‘Men and brethren, what shall we do?’” To the practical question St. Peter gave an equally practical answer, “Repent and be baptised, every one of you in the name of the Lord Jesus for the remission of sins.”

The same answer the Holy Ghost gives through the Church and her ministers to every one seeking salvation. The inward conviction must be followed by the outward act. Those who believe in Christ must confess Christ, and in His appointed way. Our Lord Himself says, “Whosoever will confess me before men, him will I confess before my Father which is in heaven” (S. Matt. x. 32), and again, “Whoso shall be ashamed of me and my words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed when he

cometh in the glory of his Father, and of the holy angels." (S. Mark viii. 38). For those who have been baptised in infancy, the Church has provided the rite of Confirmation, in which the candidates ratify and confirm the promises made for them in their baptism. It is at the peril of his salvation that any one neglects this confession.

But the Holy Spirit is not only the Teacher, He is also the Comforter. That is the name given Him by our Lord Himself. He is not only with the Church as a body, He is ready to enter every heart which will open to receive Him. We have not far to seek Him, He is close to every one of us. Are we weak? He will strengthen us. Are our hearts cold and dark? He will bring heat and light. Are they polluted with sin? He will cleanse them. Let us but be willing to open the door, and He will enter in and dwell with us, and lead us in the way everlasting.—*Parish Visitor, N. Y.*

TO BE CONFIRMED.

YOU have now to show what kind of a "soldier" you are! How faithful a "servant" you can be! As in an army a soldier can only become proficient by faithful attention to the duties of military life, by daily drill and discipline, so as a Christian soldier you are to put under your body, bringing it into subjection to the Spirit of your Commander, Christ. This you can only hope to accomplish by constantly keeping before you an example of Christ Jesus, by daily endeavoring to walk in His footsteps. As a "faithful servant" you cannot slight any command of your Master. Faithful service means a great deal. It means to be faithful in the inner life of the soul, as faithful in the outward acts of the body. Faithful in thought as well as in deed. You will, I hope, be faithful in your attendance on the services of God's house, and especially in your obedience to the loving command, "Do this in remembrance of me." Let nothing but unrepented sin keep you from the Lord's table. You will be tempted many times to relax your efforts, thinking of how little encouragement you receive as you struggle on—even your rector cannot help you much, but if you are a true soldier you will fight on, though the smoke of battle hides you from your comrades' eyes. Your Commander above the clouds of contest is watching your course, and your duty is to fight, and having done all that you can do, "to stand" and wait for the next order. Your fellow-servants may seem to you cold and unsympathetic. They may slight their work, as so many servants do when the master's eye is not upon them—what is that to you? To their own master they stand or fall—your duty is not eye service, but faith-

ful service, service which is being constantly rewarded by soul expansion, by greater depth of spiritual life, by larger capacity for soul growth, and an abundant entrance at the last into that land where faithful service is rewarded, for as he that loveth much shall have much forgiven, so he that serveth much and faithfully, shall be rewarded much in the increased capacity for service in that land where loving service is the work of saints and angels, and all the hosts of Heaven.—*T. J. Mackay.*

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

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XVIII.—*Continued.*

"Thou art a faithful fellow; but I fear me much that Hunderik will have no dealings with me. He was much angered with me for bringing him the proposals of Gregory, and representing to him that he had no right to keep the hostage after the cities have been delivered up. In truth it was not so easy to keep him and this youth"—pointing to his son Friedbald—"from coming to blows."

"Ay," said Friedbald, "thou wouldst never have hindered me but that the old *schelm* demurred when I said the boy should be the prize of the fight."

"Well that he did. Thou, a stripling scarce bearing a man's armor, to stand up against him, a warrior of proof!"

"God would have been against the old traitor," responded Friedbald.

"And whichever way it went there would have been blood feud," responded his father.

Leo looked from one to the other while the debate was going on, and presently the father turned to him. "I say not that I may not find the way to serve thee, but I must take time to consider of the means. So sit thee down to rest and to eat, and take thy night's sleep here, at any rate, and we will see what betides."

Leo was weary and hungry enough to be glad of the invitation, though it irked his spirit to see the miscellaneous contents of the barbarian caldron, and he could not help asking leave to demonstrate how the beautiful bustard that the hunters had brought in should be dressed.

Garfried smacked his lips at the notion, and declared that now his people would see what food ought to be like. So the next day Leo made all his preparations, and was very happy and busy over them, excepting for the lack of various vegetables that he was accustomed to cherish in the gardens at Autun and Langres; and moreover he was concerned that none of

the Burgundians, except Garfried, were inclined to think his preparations anything but useless trouble, declaring that food was just as good and wholesome without so much pains, and that no wonder the Gauls were such poor creatures if they spent so much time and pains over their meals, and made men folk do what was the proper work of the women. Nay, the priest even declared that it must be a mistake that the Bishop of Langres was a saint if he used such dainty meats at his table; and Leo had to rebut the charge hotly, and declare that when his master had the most savory dishes before him, he—to Leo's grief—would eat nothing but the driest of barley bread, and that he had a glass colored to represent wine, when he drank only water; but he kept this festive table for the many visitors, the kings and chiefs, and especially the senators and magistrates, who expected to be well entertained, to say nothing of the clergy, who were not ascetics when out visiting at any rate. However, on them Leo was judiciously silent, and he had full justice done to him when he served up the bustard, accompanied by doves, in such sort as a Roman emperor of old need not have despised and Garfried and his guests could not help enjoying.

After some consultation, Garfried summoned him. "See here, Leo," said he, "thou hast dressed us a banquet fit for the Cæsar himself, or for a better man, the King of the Ostrogoths. Pity that such skill should go and bury itself among the wild Franks of the mountains."

"I trust not to tarry there long, valiant chief," answered Leo.

"Seest thou? Hunderik has a dainty tooth, and never comes to Treves or any Roman town but he well-nigh eats the merchants and cooks out of house and home. Now, he will mistrust any offer from me, knowing me to be linked in friendship with the holy Bishop Gregory; but King Theudebert has a muster and council at Treves, to which I and my guests are bound, and whither, no doubt, Hunderik will come. To Treves thou shalt go with me, and I will take thee to the cook's shop that he frequents, to one Aulus Plautius, and bid him to offer to sell thee to Hunderik. He will be willing enough, and will no doubt know how to explain matters so as not to make Hunderik suspicious."

Leo agreed to this, not only with the submission of one always used to bow to the will of others, but as convinced that it was the best hope; and he spent the remainder of his time in Friedholm with more liberty than he had ever possessed, practicing his art only enough to gratify the palate of the chief, and employing his leisure in learning something of the manners and habits of the barbarians, though he was warned that he would find matters very

different at Hundingburg from this place, where there was an attempt at enforcing Christian practice and the Burgundian law, which was more civilized than that of the Sicambrian Franks. For though Hundingburg was in Theudebert's kingdom, and he was called King of Burgundy, Hunderik and his men were Franks of the Yssel.

CHAPTER XIX.

A FRANKISH EPICURE.

The muster at Treves, to which, a year before, Attalus owed his captivity, was really the assembly of the "theudes," or nobles, the chief men of the people, such as was the practice of all the nations of Teutonic blood. It was the great Council, without which the kings could not act, which decided on war or peace, settled disputes, imposed fines for crimes, and sometimes ended the blood feuds; being, in fact, the germ of parliaments, though known by many different names.

Garfried was in esteem there, as being quite as brave as, but possessing more wisdom than, the wilder warriors, and King Theudebert was apt to show him a certain deference, which was, perhaps, the cause of Hunderik's dislike of him. He thought it prudent to encamp (more properly bivouac) most of his followers in branch huts and remnants of hovels outside the town, and only entered under the grand old heavy-browed Roman gateway with four or five ax-bearers to assert his dignity, taking Leo with him.

Treves was still internally a thoroughly Roman town, as much so as Autun or Langres, governed by its bishop and senator, and except at these meetings in the Forum, which were regarded with dread as visitations, as quiet a Roman colony as when St. Athanasius spent the time of his banishment there. Even the Burgundian and now the Frank kings respected the walls too much, and the wealth and the civilization, to attempt to sack the place, since it was an established idea with them that the Gallic cities were geese which laid golden eggs and must not be too much disturbed.

Merchants still managed to exist and to travel with their wares from one station to another, and as jewels, silk attire, and spices were esteemed, as well as rich armor and other goods, specimens were displayed for sale cautiously on the stalls in front of the strongly built houses, with cellars rather like those long used in Scotland, where the seller and his goods might retreat from overeager and violent customers. Indeed, the more precious articles were sometimes only figured on the walls, advertisement fashion, as may still be seen at Pompeii, though there the enemy was not the barbarian, but nature.

At one of these shops, where a dish with a great roast crane with spits sticking in it, a peacock's tail, and a lobster were figured on the walls, and on a table in front were displayed a pile of oysters and another of snails, Garfried halted and called for Aulus Plautius, neglecting the little slave boy who was in charge.

A close-clipped black Roman head was uplifted on the stone stair.

"Ha! friend Aulus, canst give me a dinner? I have ridden from Friedholm since dawn, and I need some sustenance ere meeting King Theudebert."

"At thy will, valorous Count. Here are steaks from a stately hart just brought in from the Vosges by a Frank hunter; or rabbits flavored in Italian mode; or, in ten minutes' time, there will be the leg of a calf roasted with oysters."

"For that I have scarce time to wait," said Garfried, descending the steps and being led to the back of the house to a tiled room, having one side open to a vine-clad veranda with a garden beyond, and with tables with the couches for three, in Italian fashion, set on three sides of them. One end of the room communicated with the kitchen, furnished with pigeon-holed stoves of brick, like Leo's own, whence came a delicious odor for hungry men. Leo's heart warmed to the sight and scent, but he stood discreetly behind his master to wait upon him, while Garfried settled himself, but with his feet on the ground, not enjoying the reclining fashion.

Steaming dishes and cups of wine were carried in turn to Garfried, and were carved with his dagger, while he detained the master beside him, and after due compliments he asked, "Does Hunderik frequent this place as heretofore?"

"Hunderik of Hundingburg? Oh yes; he never comes to a muster without gorging himself over my table, though he does not know a daintily fed, chestnut-fatted swine's ham from that of a boar fed on the city's garbage."

"Is he yet arrived?"

"I think not, sir, but he is certain to be here before night."

"I want thee to do me a good turn. Thou seest this dark-skinned slave? He is a cook as good as is here except thyself. Thou mayest prove him. I want thee to induce Hunderik to purchase him without mentioning my name."

"Hunderik! Hath he committed a crime that thy countship would pass him on to that wild barbarian?"

"Not at all. He is a thoroughly trustworthy good Christian man, but such a sale suits my purposes and his."

"And Hunderik alone will serve the pur-

pose? For I could find a better master, who would give a better price; if, indeed, Hunderik will give any price at all."

"That is not the point. The need is that this man should be in Hunderik's service."

"May I know whence he comes?"

"Better that thou shouldst be ignorant. The need is that he should be sold to Hunderik, and without mention of me. Whatever price Hunderik gives shall be thine own, Aulus, if thou wilt stand our friend and be discreet."

"And what explanation shall I give?" asked the cook.

"What thou wilt. Thine invention will be the freer for knowing nothing," said Garfried, smiling. "Meantime, I will leave Leo here to give thee a taste of his skill; but I shall remain at hand, and come back after the Council has broken up to see how thou hast succeeded."

(To be continued.)

PLAIN LIVING vs. RICH.

IT is not a generally understood fact, but a fact nevertheless, that some of the wealthiest people live on the plainest food.

There are children in the families of millionaires who would no more be permitted to partake of such meals as are given to the children of many a laboring man than they would be allowed to use articles that were known to be poisonous. Many a mechanic's little ones live on meat, warm bread, all the butter they want, and that of an inferior quality, coffee as much as they choose, and cheap baker's cake, which is in itself enough to ruin the digestion of an ostrich.

The children in one family, renowned for its immense wealth, make their breakfast of oatmeal or some other cereal and milk, with bread at least twenty-four hours old, a little, very little, butter, sometimes none at all. A fresh egg is often the only article outside farinaceous food that they are allowed. For dinner, which is in the middle of the day, they have some well-cooked meat, one or two vegetables, a cup of milk if they like it, and a simple dessert. Supper, which is a very light meal, frequently consisting of bread and milk, and sometimes rice pudding, but nothing more elaborate.

The parents of poor children who are injudiciously fed would undoubtedly say that they gave their little ones the best they could afford, but this is exactly the cause of the trouble. They gave them too much and too expensive food. A proper diet would cost a third of the money, and would undoubtedly save health and doctors' bills, to say nothing of lives.—*Quarterly Mag. Parochial Order.*

Young People's Department.

WATER FOR BAPTISM.

TWO boys in the mission house at Juneau, Alaska, lately died of consumption. One of them was a member of the Church, the other had not been baptized. A few days before the second boy's death erysipelas set in. This closed his eyes so that he could not see, and filled his mouth with sores and blisters so that he could scarcely speak. For several hours before his death he tried to make us understand that he wanted me to baptize him. He could not say baptism, so he would call "water" and put his hand on his head. As he was feverish he drank a great deal, and we supposed he was calling for water to drink. We would give it to him, and sometimes he would drink, and then again he would push it away. Well, that poor boy fought death for three hours and more for baptism. Twenty-five minutes before his death he called, "Mr. Jones—water!" It just then dawned upon me what the poor boy wanted. Calling him by name I asked him did he want me to baptize him, when he shook his head yes. I baptized him, after which he was just as peaceful as could be; no more struggle, no more calling for water, and within twenty minutes his spirit passed calmly into the great eternity. Think of it! A once heathen boy, only ten years of age, fighting death in order to be baptized in the Name of Jesus. Verily, of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.—*Church at Home and Abroad.*

BOYS THAT SUCCEED.

A NEW boy came into our office to-day," said a wholesale grocery merchant to his wife at the supper table. "He was hired by the firm at the request of the senior member, who thought the boy gave promise of good things. But I feel sure that the boy will be out of the office in less than a week."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because, the first thing he wanted to know was just exactly how much he was expected to do."

"Perhaps you will change your mind about him."

"Perhaps I shall," replied the merchant; "but I do not think so."

Three days later the business man said to

his wife: "About that boy you remember I mentioned three or four days ago. Well, he's the best boy that ever came into the store."

"How did you find that out?"

"In the easiest way in the world. The first morning after the boy began work he performed faithfully and systematically the exact duties assigned, which he had been so careful to have explained to him. When he had finished he came to me and said: "Mr. H—, I have finished all that work. Now what can I do?"

"I was a little surprised, but I gave him a little job of work and forgot all about him until he came to my room with the question, 'what next?' That settled him for me. He was the first boy that ever entered our office who was willing and volunteered to do more than was assigned him. I predict a successful career for that boy as a business man."

Business men know capacity when they see it, and they make note of it. Willingness to do more than the assigned task is one of the chief stepping-stones to commercial success.

—*Selected.*

THE EASTER OFFERING AT THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY APOSTLES, PHILADELPHIA.

UPON the invitation of Mr. George C. Thomas, our treasurer, I was present at the celebration of the Sunday-schools of the Church of the Holy Apostles in Philadelphia, on the evening of Easter Day. I could not have been in a better place than with that great gathering, where everyone, clergy, officers, teachers and pupils, to the number of 1,500 or more, was full of missionary enthusiasm and all felt the greatest joy in bringing their offerings to be presented in Church, as their contribution to help to spread abroad the Kingdom of our dear Lord.

Truly, it was a grand sight. The great congregation occupied the pews on the ground floor and in the galleries, and filled the spaces about the chancel and in the aisles down to the vestibule. It was estimated that eighteen hundred people were gathered there. In the front pew sat the venerable *rector-emeritus*; the two assistant-ministers sat with their Bible-classes, while the rector conducted the services in the chancel, assisted by

the Rev. Richard N. Thomas, of Philadelphia, and Archdeacon Appleby, of Minnesota. It was indeed a festival scene; flowers and music harmonized with the teachings of the day, and everyone seemed inspired by the occasion.

Evening Prayer was said in shortened form, and the hymns were from the Hymnal, and all were sung with fine spirit and expression. Then came the offerings from the classes of the main school, the infant school, the Bible-classes, the Brotherhood of St. Andrew and the Juniors, the Sisterhood of St. Mary, the Mothers' Meeting, the librarians, the choir, and other organizations, and when all were received and recorded, the whole was humbly presented by the rector.

It was now time for the addresses, and Bishop Talbot was called upon. He made a stirring Easter address, and showed how missions were of the very essence of the teachings of that day which saw the Saviour of the world come forth from the grave triumphant, that all men might have life through Him. After the Bishop had finished, I had the honor of speaking to that multitude which it seemed to me represented the hosts of children in parishes all over our land, who were gathered with the same thought and purpose to present their offerings for the spread of the Gospel of Salvation. Behind me in the chancel hung a banner, on which was wrought the Nicene Creed in modern Greek. It was the handiwork of the teachers in our mission school in Athens, Greece. It carried our thoughts to the brave people of that land who are now holding up the banner of the Cross against the invading forces of the Turks. You will be interested to know that General Vassos, the commander of the Greek army in Crete, was a boy in our mission school under the venerable Dr. Hill; and further your sympathies will be drawn out when I tell you that we learn that, in these trying times of war, old pupils come back from Crete to our schools for shelter, and are content to be permitted to lie on the floors or on the benches where they once sat as scholars.

But enough—that Sunday-school celebration was a splendid one, and no one seemed to be more impressed and delighted than did Mr. Thomas, who, as the Superintendent, puts his heart and soul into the Sunday-school work. I need not say that the offering was very large and that everyone seemed full of joy, for that is sure to be the case where teachers and scholars are all interested in their work.—*Wm. S. Langford, in Young Christian Soldier.*

FREE-WILL is not the liberty to do whatever one likes, but the power of doing whatever one sees ought to be done.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

From the Parish Visitor, N.Y.



WE suggest to our young friends that they take for their Scripture reading during this month the Book of the Acts of the Apostles. It is one of the most important books of the Bible. It was written by St. Luke, and is, in fact, a continuation of his Gospel. In the Acts we have the history of the organization and growth of the visible Church of Christ. It begins with a particular account of our Lord's Ascension, and of the election of St. Matthias, and ends with St. Paul's first journey to Rome. But the most important event recorded is that of the descent of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost. This feast is the same mentioned in the books of Leviticus as the "feast of weeks." It was kept seven weeks after the beginning of Harvest-home, the Greek name signifying seven. At this time an offering was made of two fresh loaves of bread, baked with leaven, the only time that leaven was ever used in an offering.

It was on the occasion of this feast that this small company of believers—only about a hundred and twenty—were gathered together. Ten days had passed since their Lord had ascended into the heavens before the eyes of His chosen witnesses. They had been days of suspense and of earnest prayer, but we may believe also of hope, since the disciples must have trusted the Lord's last promise given to the Apostles. And now this promise was fulfilled with the sound of a rushing mighty wind, with the appearance of cloven tongues of fire the Holy Spirit descended upon the Church, which is the Lord's body, never again to be taken away. On that very day three thousand persons were added to that Church, converted by the preaching of St. Peter.

The Holy Spirit no longer comes in visible form but He is still with us, ready to teach us, to help us, to purify our hearts from sin, and to make us fit for Heaven. We have not to seek Him at a distance, or by hard labor. We have but to be willing to open the door. Nobody need be without this blessed Guide and Comforter.

It is said that a ship on the coast of South America saw another vessel showing signals of distress. Bearing down to her the captain was met with the entreaty, "Give us water! We have been four days without a drop of fresh water." The answer came instantly, "Let down your buckets and draw it up, man you are in the mouth of the Amazon." The master of the suffering ship had lost his bearings, and being out of sight of land, he thought himself still on the salt sea. So men go on in

this world, toiling under heavy burdens, feeling themselves helpless and friendless, and perishing of thirst, when all the time the best and strongest of friends is at their side, the pure waters of life are flowing around them. Let it not be so with us.

AN AFRICAN SUNDAY.

S.P.G. LEBOMBO LEAFLET

WONDER who those new people are who have come to that old farm?" thought the little Swazi lad Mubomvu to himself. He was looking after his master's cattle in a valley which runs up close to the Mission Station of Amsterdam Farm, and watching the smoke curling out of the chimney. He knew some of the new comers were white men, for he had watched them unloading their goods from the bullock wagons the night they arrived. "Who can they be and what have they come for?"

While Mubomvu stood considering he began to shiver, for it was a cold morning—you can get frost on those hills—and Mubomvu did not boast of many clothes. "Ugh! how cold it is," he thought to himself, "I wish I had a fire. Happy thought, I'll go and see those strangers; they have a fire, so I can make one stone, trap two birds; I can warm myself and find out something about them." The Swazi having, like the English, and indeed almost every other nation on the face of the globe, a healthy curiosity as to their neighbors' doings, the little herd-boy immediately put his plan into execution. He drove his cattle into a place where they were likely to pasture quietly till his return, and then made his way up the valley to the Mission Station which had just been opened in connection with the Lebombo Diocese. Mubomvu did not notice the lovely prospect of range beyond range of hills that opened behind him, as he passed on his way in search of a fire. That wide outlook which was so familiar to him, filled with gratitude and joy the hearts of the workers, who not so long before had been working in that feverish belt of land on the east coast of Africa near Delagoa Bay. This health resort of Amsterdam Farm, lately lent to the Lebombo Diocese by the Bishop of Zululand, was indeed a God-send to these missionaries who had already known fever and dysentery while working on the plains.

Mubomvu was not disappointed in his hopes—he found a warm fire and also a warm welcome from the missionaries—one Englishman and two Zulus—who had taken possession of the farm. Indeed, so cosy and warm did he find it, that for many nights after that he was

to be found comfortably ensconced by the fire, watching with all his eyes the doings of his new friends.

The Zulus were the people who interested him most. Of course every one knew that white men had a different way of living from that followed by the sons of Africa, but these two were Africans like himself, and yet they were different. In those early days there was much carpentering and gardening to be done while the formerly deserted homestead was being put into repair, but this did not strike the boy so much. He felt he also could hoe a garden or help to thatch a house, and in fact he often did lend a hand. He also could herd the cattle as well as they did, in fact he did not feel the difference between them, over work.

After work hours were over, then was the time to notice it. There was one thing they did, which he not only could not do himself but had never even seen done at his master's kraal.

They could read all sorts of things out of books, while poor Mubomvu did not know one letter from another. "This, then, is the difference between us," he thought. "Well, once I did not know how to keep my cattle from straying away, but I learned in time: this, also, I will learn, and then I shall be as they are." Mubomvu had much to learn before he would know the true secret of a Christian life, but he began the right way, when, like a wise boy, he made up his mind to try to learn something he did not know before. He was the first scholar who came to the little school opened at Amsterdam Farm; the first, but by no means the last. Three or four other lads soon joined, and in return for the teaching given them in the afternoon (when we may be sure A B C was not the only thing learnt) they used to help the missionaries in their manual work of cultivating farm, garden, etc. For missionaries you know have many things to do besides sitting under a tree with a Bible, preaching to the heathen; and just as Christ worked for thirty years with His hands in the carpenter's shop, while only three years were given to preaching, so the larger share of a missionary's life is often taken up with doing ordinary rough manual work in, we trust, a Christ-like way.

There was no priest at this mission station while Mubomvu was at school; two Zulus and one Englishman (all laymen) made up the staff, and I think an account of the Sundays spent by them, as given to me by one of the Zulus, may interest you.

"In the little room fitted up as our temporary chapel, we three had the Communion together at 7.30 a.m. The Bishop as he was leaving us without a priest, had left bread con-

secrated for Holy Communion, so that if we wanted to communicate at any time we might have it." The Bishop has often said, we in England hardly realize how being deprived of Communion for months together, tends to the lowering of the spiritual life of the missionaries just when amid heathen surroundings they need all possible help.

"We took it in turns to read the service, and we sang hymns together and made it as nice as we could. After our service was over we had breakfast, and after breakfast we began each to take his own way. Brothers Dyer and Butelezi went out to other places to take services, and I remained at home for the home service. There were some English, or rather European people about six miles from us, where Brother Dyer used to go and take a service, and others—Native Christians—about twelve miles off, where Brother Butelezi went on Sundays. I was left at home with a few boys and we waited for the outside people, who of course were heathen. Sometimes they came too early, sometimes too late, so we had no fixed time for our service, but began as soon as we thought no more were coming. We used to carry down forms into a large outhouse, as our little chapel was too small for the people who came. If the people came early we had our service at 11 a.m., or later; if they came late, we had it at 2 p.m., or later. We had Matins and Litany (we sang the Litany), and a very long 'speaking to them,' or sermon.

Evidently heathen Africans are not so afraid of long services as are most Christian Englishmen! "After the service was over, I used to have another long talk with them about God. On a fine day we sat down on the grass in the open air and had a very good talk, sometimes I used to forget all about my dinner. If many did not come to our service, I used to go out to see them at their homes. If I came to a kraal where they did not know me, I would first say 'Erungani,' which is the expression of honoring the people of the place. Then after I have sat down, all would say, 'good morning.'"

Perhaps, here I may as well describe one of the kraals to which our friend went, as he described it to me by word of mouth:

"In the centre is an enclosure for cattle belonging to the master of the kraal, and round it stand three or four or more round huts for the accommodation of his family. Each of his wives has her own hut and lives in it with her small children. When the boys and girls get big, they are put to live in two separate huts reserved for the sons and daughters of the family. I used to ask in which hut the man was, and go to that, and then the people would flock in to see for what I had come. They would ask me, where do I come from, and

where am I going to? and I would tell them all they ask, and also tell them what I have come to them for, and ask them if they would let me speak to them and tell them about God. I would tell them they must not speak while I am speaking, but if they want to ask anything or say anything, they should wait till I have finished."

I wonder how you or I would start to speak to a heathen about God? How should we begin? This is how our friend does it:

"I begin by asking them about the trees, the world, the sun, everything, and ask them how they came, and they tell me 'Umkulukulu made it.' Umkulukulu or 'the great great one' is their word for God. Then I ask 'where is Umkulukulu now?' and they always say, 'He is dead, He made us and left us.' Then I ask them, where does the rain come from, and how do the trees grow and the corn? and I try to show them that if God left the world it would end and we should die; and that is all I try to teach them in one day. Next time I go I ask them if they still believe that Umkulukulu leaves them, and then I begin to tell what he wishes them to do. As a rule, they are very fond of hearing, if anyone offers them a story, so they always keep very good order. In the evening I would walk back over the hills, and about 7 p.m. we were all back at home again, and we had our quiet Evensong together about 8 or 9 p.m."

This, dear children, is just a simple, truthful account of the way some people are trying to do God's work in the Diocese of Lebombo. It is a work of which we must take our share. Our prayers can do much to open the hearts of these poor people, more perhaps even than the words of the missionaries themselves. Remember, one man may *teach* another, but only God the Holy Spirit can convert him, or make him wish to lead a new life, and it is your prayers and mine that will bring the Holy Ghost's power down upon these poor ignorant worshippers of evil spirits. Then, too, the pennies we subscribe and collect, and the needlework we do, or the trouble we take over any plan for the good of the Mission, are all in God's sight a part of this same work that is being done in Africa for His glory.

HYMN 227.

O saving Victim, opening wide
The gate of Heaven to man below,
Our foes press on from every side,
Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow.

All praise and thanks to Thee ascend
Forevermore, blest One in Thee;
Oh, grant us life that shall not end,
In our true native land with Thee.

—Church Hymnal.

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NOTES FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

The S.P.G. in the *Mission Field*, for May, says that there are some missionary vacancies in India for unmarried clergymen.

The C.M.S. announces in connection with its Three Years' Enterprise the receipt of 2254 *birthday* offerings on April 13th, amounting to £1089 19s. 7d.

The term "Nigeria" has been substituted for the unwieldy designation hitherto descriptive of the Royal Niger Company's possessions in the Dark Continent.

In ten years from the commencement of the S.P.G. Society's Missions at Quop (or Kuab) in Borneo, the entire population of the village, with the exception of five old people, have become Christians.

The Rev. Percy H. Grubb, who visited Canada in 1895 as one of the C.M.S. deputation, has after 12 years service for that society been appointed to, and has accepted, the Vicarage of Oxtou, in Nottinghamshire.

Provost Mather, of Inverness, has been appointed to the See of Antigua. In 1870 he was Chaplain to the Bishop of Newfoundland and incumbent of the Cathedral. He was afterwards Chaplain to the Bishop of Nova Scotia.

An Indian deputation consisting of a Macusi Chief and several Macusis recently visited the

Bishop of Guiana to ask him to send a missionary to the highlands of the Brazilian frontier. They have built a church and a parsonage and promised to settle near them if a missionary comes.

Last December a Confirmation took place in the Diocese of North Queensland at which the nine candidates were all blacks. One was a Melanesian, the rest Australian aboriginals. Of these eight all except one were a few years ago wild blacks. Three of the seven were women. The Confirmation was held in St. John's Church, Cairns.

The faith and courage of missionary workers in Persia have been sorely tried of late: an outburst of Mohammedan fanaticism resulting in the cruel treatment of several converts, all of whom have been, however, set at liberty for a time with the exception of Benjamin Bedal, a Colporteur of the Bible Society, whose life it was feared was in great danger.

Plans for a new mission to Maputaland (or Tongaland) are being matured and the Bishop of Zululand, after a visit to this place in August last, proposes to begin work in the country of a chief called Umbegisa, where he hopes to establish a fairly strong centre for the whole region. It will not be more than 70 or 80 miles from the S.P.G. station in Swaziland.

The C.M.S. finds in its receipts the following bright examples of individual self-sacrifice in behalf of missions. It says, "A bank-note for £10 was received a few days ago from 'a servant who longs that all may know the wondrous love of God.' Another servant sent £1 1s., which had been given to her as a reward for faithful service. And some Yorkshire navvies dedicated £1 out of their hard earnings to the C.M.S. Indian Fund. We doubt not that these instances of joyful self-sacrifice are but types of many more."

Mrs. Isabella Bishop, the great traveller, has lately returned to England after three years of journeyings in China, Japan, Corea, Manchuria, etc. She gives most encouraging accounts of what she has seen of the missionary work of the Church, specially of the work in the medical missions, in which she was particularly interested, her late husband having been a doctor. She returns more deeply convinced than ever of the value of missionary work and of the overwhelming need of it. She was announced as one of the speakers at the C.M.S. evening meeting on May the 4th and at the special meeting on May the 11th last in London.

The *C. M. Intelligencer*, for May, announced a deficit for the year of £12,681, which with last year's deficit makes a total of £23,058. This is accounted for by a falling off in the legacies of the year, the ordinary income having exceeded the amount of ordinary expenditure. The total income of the Society amounted to £297,625, being £400 in excess of expenditure although that had been far in advance of the estimates. This total is larger than any income available for ordinary purposes that has ever been received by the society. The gross income (which includes receipts for *special* funds during the year amounting to £43,769) reached a sum of £341,395, being in advance of the highest previous total by £44,000.

The Church of England Zenana Missionary Society has 69 students in India, Ceylon and China. There are upwards of 200 ladies who have gone out for the society from England and Australia and more than 100 assistant missionaries appointed locally. These are assisted by over 700 native Bible women and teachers, of whom many are either converts themselves or are the daughters of converts. Of the English ladies seven are fully qualified doctors, and many others have considerable knowledge of medicine, sufficient at least to give effectual medical help in case of need. So far as known 6300 Zenanas are visited where the women are being educated and the Bible taught with the consent of the male relatives. Upwards of 9000 girls attend the various day-schools. Over 178,000 women and girls have during one year been under treatment in the hospitals and dispensaries, or in their own homes. The Society, in a late report, says: "It is a recognized fact that the women in these eastern lands can only be reached through female agents, and it is by such agency that this society carries on its work. But the number of agents and the means available are quite inadequate to take advantage of the opportunities that are opening on every side. The society, therefore, desires to celebrate this year by sending out sixty additional ladies to consolidate the work already begun, and to extend its sphere of labor. . . . Who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?"

The presence of Bishops from all parts of the world at the Lambeth Council is being availed of by the great Missionary Societies, both of which arranged for meetings at which many of these Bishops will speak. On Friday, June 25th, the S.P.G. has announced great meetings both for the morning and afternoon in St. James' Hall, London. The following is the programme for both of these meetings:

At 10.30 a.m.—I. Address of welcome to

the Bishops; II. Address by His Grace the Archbishop of York; III. Papers, it is hoped, will be read by, (a) The Lord Bishop of Calcutta, on "The Extension of the Episcopate and Church Organization in India"; (b) The Lord Bishop of Chota Nagur, on "Missions to the Aborigines of India"; (c) The Lord Bishop of South Tokyo, on "The Church in Japan"; (d) The Lord Bishop of Corea, on "The Mission to Corea"; (e) The Most Reverend the Lord Bishop of Capetown, on "The Province of South Africa"; (f) The Lord Bishop of St. John's, on "The Church's Work Among the Native Tribes of South Africa"; (g) The Lord Bishop of Bloemfontein, on "The Work of the Physician in the Mission Field"; (h) The Lord Bishop of Grahamstown, on "The Ministries of Women in the Mission Field."

In the afternoon at half-past two o'clock, His Grace, the President, is to be in the chair. After an address from him, the following papers are to be read by (a) The Archbishop of Rupert's Land, on "The Ecclesiastical Province of Canada"; (b) The Lord Bishop of Missouri, on "The Domestic Missions of the Church of the United States"; (c) The Lord Bishop of Kentucky, on "The Foreign Missions of the Church of the United States"; (d) The Lord Bishop of Perth, on "The Church's Work in West Australia"; (e) The Most Rev. the Lord Bishop of Jamaica, on "The West Indian Province"; (f) The Right Rev. Bishop Blyth, on "The Relations of the Anglican Church to the Churches of the East"; (g) The Lord Bishop of Gibraltar, on "English Congregations on the Continent."

LETTER FROM BISHOP YOUNG—DIOCESE OF ATHABASCA.

ATHABASCA LANDING, ALTA., N.W.T.
April 30th, 1897.

Dear Dr. Mockridge,

ACCORDING to pre-arrangement, I left the "Landing" Jan. 12th, to visit some of our Missions. The journey took me through the little known and entirely unsurveyed country lying between the Athabasca and Peace rivers.

This may not inaptly be termed, "a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills." Considerable tracts are capable of cultivation and offer good areas for settlement.

Starting out with dogs, it takes from four to five days to reach Wapuskaw according to the state of the trail.

On leaving the Athabasca some twelve miles below the "Landing," a steep ascent leads from the depressed river-bed to the ordinary height of the land-level. A series of "Muskegs" are crossed, the timber skirting these and the stunted growth of Jack Pine are nearly

burnt out. The direction maintained at first is mainly north with an easterly trend. "Calling Lake" is reached about the second or third day. This, during the open season, must be a fine sheet of water; it is flanked on its north and south sides by high well-timbered ground. Excellent white-fish may be obtained here, and there are good hay-swamps in the neighborhood.

The name of the lake, "Kitoo Sakahigun," is derived from an Indian legend, according to which its centre is haunted by a spirit whose wail is heard at "unco" hours. I have always crossed the lake on days when winter has assumed its most attractive aspect; on bright sunny afternoons when the wide expanse of dazzling snow, framed by the dark woods and backed by the lighter setting of a range of hills to the north, reflects in myriad prisms the brightness over-head, or softens under the golden tints of the setting sun, or takes a colder hue as the light, fleecy clouds grow grey and the stars shine out in the deep, clear blue of a northern night. Amid such scenes and under the bracing influence of the keen air, the pleasant jingle of the sleigh-bells and the shouts of the drivers, there is little room for weird and gruesome fancies.

It may be that, under a lowering sky, in the gathering gloom of a wild night, when the cloud-rack is flying, the wind is sighing among the pines and the breaking of the waves echoes drearily along the lonely shore, that the poor heathenish imagination, beset by undefined terrors, easily conjures up dim shapes driving onward amid the mist and storm and hears far out on the wind-lashed waters of the lake, the cry of some troubled spirit.

We spent a short time in visiting the few Indian families who occupy the northern boundary of the lake. In consequence of the sad events of last winter, the "Wetigoo" terror still lingers among them. I entered one of their miserable log shanties, here I found about ten people, men, women and children, some squatted on the floor, some seated on the rough wooden bedsteads. A little light found its way through the cotton cloth covering the narrow slit that did duty as a window, this was supplemented by the flickering gleams from an open, mud fire-place. On one side of the room sat a young man about three or four and twenty years of age who was blind. To him I spoke of Jesus the "true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," and pointing to the hope of immortality brought to us in the Gospel, I tried to comfort the poor fellow with a brighter prospect than his sad, darkened life with its squalid surroundings could offer. Presently the women brought forward a boy of twelve years of age from one of the dim recesses of the shanty. They made

the astounding statement that he was conscious he would shortly become a "Wetigoo." Had they not been Indians and had I been without previous experience in such matters I should have laughed at the absurdity of the whole affair. But an Indian is not to be laughed or argued out of his belief in these things for he has been nurtured and brought up amid them. It is only by inculcating God's word, that these superstitious terrors can be rooted out. The rising sun alone can dispel the darkness and the shadows. There was an anxious look on the boy's face which served to disarm any suspicion that he was trying to deceive. He gave earnest attention while in simple language I explained to him that there is a spirit of evil and that he can enter and possess our hearts, but that Jesus has overcome him, and that those who trust in this Saviour can be kept from evil. They begged me to spend the night with them, but on returning to the Indian trader's house, I found that the men and dogs had already started with the intention of camping beyond the lake before darkness set in. I promised to visit them on my return.

Beyond "Calling Lake," less "Muskeg" exists, and higher land is traversed. Rather more than half a day's journey brings the traveller to "Stony Island Lake"; this is a gem in the midst of vast solitudes and must on a bright breezy day in summer be a very pretty spot. It lies near the foot of a range of hills which form the back-bone of the country and stretch from the north east of Pelican Lake far on toward the northern ridge above Lesser Slave Lake.

Gazing at these hills the Indians forecast the weather; when they stand out clear with a deep blue coloring expressed by the Indian word "waskatarkwatinow" they say it is going to be warm. A few hours beyond the above named lake, the trail begins to ascend a shoulder of this range, where the latter is broken by one of the Pelican Lakes. Steep banks caused by intersecting creeks break the easier gradients. The ravines are prolific in "broken heads" not "human"! but the abruptly curved heads of the flat sleighs.

The dogs tear down the sheer descent, fleeing from what is no longer an inert mass of some 400 lbs. weight hanging heavily on the traces, but has suddenly been transformed into a thing of life which in its wild downward career threatens to overwhelm them. On these Towatanow and Wapuskaw trains, the driver, brake's man and brake are rolled into one. At the signal "down-brakes," the driver throws himself full length on the snow, as much as possible at right angles with the loaded sleigh. Grasping this firmly, his body serves as a brake. Happy if he escapes collision with stump or tree and avoids landing at the

bottom a confused mass of man, sleigh and tangled dogs. Not minding so much to escape the peals of laughter with which his companions greet any little eccentricity in his downward career. Some of our young Missionaries who are gaining their first experience in "running the dogs" are a frequent source of merriment. But "pluck," whether English, Scotch or Canadian—it is one and the same—soon tells. Both here and constantly throughout the journey, springs are encountered forcing their way up through snow and ice even in the mid-winter months of January and February. Sealed up for a while when the thermometer sinks to 20 or 30 deg. below zero, but flowing again whenever it rises above zero. These afford most refreshing drinks to the traveller, for running with the dogs in the dry cold air is very provocative of thirst. As we continue ascending we catch glimpses through the heavy timber of one of the Pelican Lakes away to the right. Large Pines crown the summit. From numerous signs we gather that this is a favorite Indian camping ground during the heat of summer. Berries grow among the glades and game must be fairly numerous in the surrounding valleys.

A long descent brings us, toward the close of the forth day, to a creek whose even surface affords a welcome relief to the broken and rugged trail with its stumps and fallen timber. Two or three miles of quick running along its sinuous course opens out the wider expanse of "Sandy Lake," one of the larger of the group of lakes that stud the interior of the country. This and "Big Lake" to the north and west of the Wapuskaw Lakes are considered to have the best white-fish in this section of the country. Night set in while yet rounding the points and fathoming the depths of the bay at whose remotest point the houses were situated at which we were to camp. As we had commenced our travelling some two hours before day-break it was very pardonable when a stout built young Englishman somewhat footsore, going out to his new missionary sphere, did not relish the round trip on the lake our guide seemed bent on treating us to. This guide, a short sturdy Indian from Wapuskaw was an interesting study. As driver, he had a high moral standard for hauling dogs and when they fell short, it was very grievous to him. The way in which he appealed to their moral feelings ought to have sufficed, if any sense of right hauling lingered in their canine minds. The scathing tones in which he would inform "Warpikwaryes" (White-neck) that he was "muchustim" (bad dog); or "Karkargu" (Crow) that he was "pewartim" (vile dog). Some sense of how very far short they were coming seemed to be aroused, when dropping his voice to a falsetto, in a querying tone, but

with a ring of menace and possible contingencies in it, he uttered "aryewarkakinookee"; a word somewhat difficult to render into English. Having reached this point, he would end up with a heart-piercing groan which seemed to rend the very cavities of his chest. Other and more convincing appeals that went straight to their feelings were, of course, never lacking (no dog-driver carries the whip in vain), these evoking sounds of wailing and of woe as only an Indian hauling-dog can perfect. Colin Thunder, for such is his Anglicised name was apparently incapable of fatigue. Rising about 4.30 a.m. to put on fire, cook the breakfast, fasten up the load, catch and harness the dogs, he would run from before daylight to dark, no small tax on one's power besides guiding the Cariole or loaded sleigh through the narrow intricacies of the trail or lifting the whole affair over the stems of fallen trees that often fairly barricaded the road; not to speak of the above named vocal exercises which were in constant requisition. No sooner was some suitable spot reached at dusk, than he was off into the deep snow cutting pine brush for the camp and wood for the night's fire; this done, he set to work to cook supper over a roasting fire. He threw himself with equal zest into the services I held in Indian houses or tents. The night we spent at "Sandy Lake," men and women gathered in for this purpose. I had only one book in the Syllabic characters at hand. Every stool and box being occupied, Colin perched himself on the table by my side (he is very proud of being able to read and start hymns) and looking over with me, took a hearty share in the proceedings listening afterwards without a yawn or one restless movement to the address which I am afraid lasted more than half an hour. But one feels that these are opportunities which may not offer again and one longs to make known to these poor souls the way of salvation by Jesus Christ.

A portage broken by the windings of a connecting channel and a small lake leads from "Sandy Lake" to "Wapuskaw Lake"; as we emerged from the screen of woods we encountered a rising wind and falling snow (weather almost identical to that we experienced last year), this increased to a gale as we reached the widest traverse. The heavy drift blotted out from our view the opposite shore towards which we were making our way and obliterated almost every trace of what an hour or two previously had been a well defined trail.

We reached the Mission about 4 p.m. This is in charge of the Rev. C. Weaver, a former student of Wycliffe College, Toronto. His assistants are J. A. Bruce from St. John's College, Winnipeg, and H. A. George, my travelling companions to this point (Mr. Bruce having driven a team of dogs and successfully

piloted a heavy load). The Mission stands on the brow of a headland that faces a wide stretch, half lake, half swamp lying between the two Wapuskaw lakes. It consists of a compact square log building of two stories, containing within its four walls, Indian hall, school room, study, sitting room, kitchen, and good bedrooms upstairs. Two or three acres of ground around the house have been cleared and fenced. This Mission stands in the very heart of a country difficult of access and entirely the home of the Indians. At present, seventeen children (Indians), are boarded, clothed and instructed, who, thanks to the unwearied efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Weaver, assisted by Miss S. Weaver, present a picture of health and contentment. Soon after my arrival, acquaintances made last year kept coming in to greet me, to hear about the journey and to listen to words of Christian counsel. I am thankful to find that some of the most reliable men with their families have rallied round our Mission. Two Sundays were spent here and points visited on both lakes, through the kindness of Sam Johnston, formerly of St. Peter's Indian Reserve on the Red River and now a fur-trader. He drove me with his own dogs, and though he is a fast traveller, yet it took us a day and a half to accomplish these expeditions, hold a service at each place and return. Considering the constant claims of his own business, it was a pleasing evidence of the interest he takes in the spread of the Gospel among the Indians.

I engaged Colin as my guide on my further trip. My cariole could be no longer arranged to provide me with a seat as we had to pack our fish, bedding and provisions for more than a week on it. I had my Louchoo snow-shoes and we started about 1 p.m., Jan. 25th, from Wapuskaw on the three days' journey that should bring us to Trout Lake. A bright sun and a keen north westerly wind made a snow-shoe tramp a pleasure and I went on ahead across the lake followed by Colin and the dogs. About sunset we camped among the pine and cotton-wood trees on the margin of a small lake. After supper, before stretching ourselves on the pine brush, we sang to Colin's delight, every hymn we could muster. The thermometer was some 40 deg. below zero. It is curious how outward conditions will sometimes affect one's dreams. Amid all the shifting scenes through which I wandered in my sleep a sense of somehow being cold was always there. Then my dreams took a spring-like aspect, I seemed to hear the sound of running water and the haunting cold was banished. I awoke to find my attendant up and preparing breakfast before a roasting fire whose heat had driven the piercing cold a little back.

The meal despatched, the load made up and the dogs harnessed, we started a good two hours before daylight. A waning moon threw a cold dim light over the surface of the lake as I snow-shoed ahead. By its light I could barely detect the slight indications in the drift marking the trail we were following. I had the start of quite half a mile and so could realise the oppressive silence. No wind stirred, all was still as death. It was with a sense of relief one marked the glimmering dawn in the eastern sky. For a little while the cold grew more intense, and then gradually yielded before the combined influences of the sun and a breeze from the south. During the earlier part of the day we crossed three lakes of no great size. Later on we reached higher ground and the eye was pleased with Park-like stretches dotted with pine and cypré and free from underbrush. As we ascended, the woods got denser, branches heavily laden with snow bowed over the slight trail. In places they actually formed tunnels just admitting the dogs and sleigh, but sometimes compelling the bipeds to crawl gingerly through on all fours in fear of a perfect avalanche of snow. Then penetrating dense thickets of scrub, jack pine growing so close that in places it looked impossible to push between. Glints of sunshine penetrating the long drawn aisles seemed all the pleasanter because of the cold dark shade that prevailed. The tracks both of moose and deer were fairly numerous here. We reached "Trout" lake the afternoon of the next day.

(To be continued.)

GENERAL ITEMS.

In a review of the legislative Acts passed during Queen Victoria's reign, says the *Church of England Sunday-School Teachers' Magazine*, one is struck with the efforts which have been made to improve the condition of children. The laws which have been enacted on their behalf include protection to children in factories, in mines, in brickfields, in chimneys, on canals, and in agricultural gangs; to children of paupers; to apprentices on the high seas; to street-beggars and hawkers; to child acrobats; to children in pantomimes, and children in dangerous performances; to criminal and semi-criminal children; to children ill-treated and starved in the houses of the drunkard, of the idle, of the vicious, and of the tyrannical parent. It is a splendid list, and it is well that the people should be reminded what were the conditions of child-life, as found by Her Majesty on her accession to the throne, and as they are at the commemoration of the sixtieth year of her reign.

THE commander of the Episcopal Church Army in the United States, General Hadley, says the army "now has thirty-four labor houses, where the poor and broken-down man may apply for help and shelter, and where the criminals and paupers may go, from which they may obtain a start in the world. The tramps and poor men will work if you give them a chance in the proper way. Thirty-one bands have been established for parish work. We go into families and we visit every house and stir the people up, and as a result church services will be held in that place regularly thereafter, and with good results. We now have three hundred and sixty missions in the United States, all doing good work."

ACCORDING to the *English Churchman*, important discoveries are announced from Jerusalem in connection with the Palestine Exploration Fund. There seems little doubt that Dr. Bliss has discovered the old stairs mentioned by the prophet Nehemiah. The stair which has been come upon consists of no less than thirty-four large broad steps, and they descend down exactly to the Pool of Siloam. A church, to which reference is made in the account of the pilgrimage of Antoninus, martyr, which dates from the sixth century, has also been found along with the stair.

DURING the early part of the missionary Moffat's career amongst the Bechuanas, there was a terrible drought. The rain-makers said that the missionaries were the cause of the mischief, and that the rain was withheld in consequence of their prayers, and the ringing of the mission chapel bell which frightened away the clouds. A chief—one of the most formidable of the tribe—was selected to go with an armed force to tell Moffat he must leave the country, but the missionary said no, his heart was with the people, and he would not go; God had called him to that place, and there he would stay. Moffat's words had evidently an effect upon the men, but their minds were fully determined on driving him out. Then Moffat threw open his waistcoat, and erect and fearless, cried, "Now if you wish, strike your spears into my heart, and when you have slain me, then, and not till then, will my companions know that the hour is come for them to depart." The chief and his men were overcome, and as they withdrew, he said to them, "Surely these men have ten lives, so fearless of death as they are." Surely conviction is often produced by what we *do*, when perhaps nothing comes of what we *say*.

"I LOVE the Book of Common Prayer for its simple, fervent piety, for its clear, ringing out-

spoken declaration of the great central truth of the Incarnation, and because it is everywhere full of the blessed doctrine of justification alone by the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ. I love it because it everywhere breathes a spirit of tenderness and pity for the erring, while its warnings are plain and heart-searching, and it everywhere sets forth Christ crucified as the only hope of lost and sinful men."—Bishop Whipple.

A man has no right to believe what he pleases. He should believe in accordance with the weight of evidence. Not to do so is to enthroned prejudice above reason, and yet you will find that some of those who make the largest claims for the authority of reason assert their right to have their wishes dictate their conclusions.—*The Watchman*.

SISTER DORA, of Walsall, England, gave up her life to nursing sick people. At the head of her bed a bell was fixed by which sufferers could summon her at any hour of the night. As she rose at the sound of the signal she used to murmur these words: "The Master is come, and calleth for thee."

THE British Museum has books written on the surface of bricks, tiles, oyster shells, bones and flat stones, together with manuscripts on bark, on leaves, on ivory, leather, parchment, papyrus, lead, iron, copper and wood. It has three copies of the Bible written on leaves of the fan palm.

TWENTY million dollars were contributed in London, Eng., during last year for the charities of the metropolis.

Is it not a fact that the majority of people show by their acts of *condescension* that they have never really considered what the word implies? To very many amongst us it suggests patronage. From our fancied superior height we are nothing loath to *look down*—in all good nature, it may be—on those in a different position from ourselves. And so we often do more harm than good, and are left wondering why this is so. Surely our efforts to benefit others would be more successful if our condescension took the form of *coming down* instead of looking down! Standing shoulder to shoulder, side by side, with those whom we wish to help, we shall be better able to see things from their point of view, and thus can enter into their feelings and difficulties, and assure them of our sympathy.—E.M.