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HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

No. 82.—IN MEMORIAM JOHN HORDEN.

THE name of John Horden will always be an honoured one in the annals of missionary work. He died at his post, amidst the ice and snow of Moosonee, and leaves behind him a name long to be remembered. We present our readers with

a portrait of him as he appeared in the earlier years of his episcopate. Born at Exeter, England, John Horden was educated at St. John's School on "the foundation," and remained in the neighbourhood for some years. At his own desire his name was placed on the list of the Church Missionary Society, and he waited for an opening. One June morning, in 1851, he was informed by the Society that they wished him to go to Hudson Bay, but that he should be in priest's orders and married. Fortunately the future Mrs. Horden had been selected so that her consent to an immediate union was all that was necessary, and was obtained. Thus the ardent young missionary found himself suddenly a married man, a deacon and priest and a passenger on the deck of the large Hudson Bay ship, hastening with his bride to the lone land of wilderness,

lakes and snow. The energy and promptitude which thus started him upon his work remained characteristic of it during the whole of his ministry.

After labouring vigorously for twenty-one years Mr. Horden returned to England, and in December, 1872, was consecrated the first Bishop of Moosonee. The following June he returned to his sphere of duty. He has thus been very nearly twenty years a bishop, and

during that time he has shewn remarkable energy and continued zeal in his work. The following extract from a private letter, published some years ago, will give some idea of the bishop's views regarding relaxation:—

"Albany lies 100 miles north of Moose, and is under the charge of the Rev. (now Archdeacon) Thos. Vincent. There also resides my second daughter, Mrs. Broughton. I went there for Christmas, and enjoyed myself as I only could do among my own kindred; but I paid dearly for my pleasure, having been no less than six days in returning, in consequence of the

depth of snow and the severity of the weather, the whole way I neither saw a house nor met a human being."

The seat of the see is on the Moose River, which a few miles below runs into James' Bay. Here are the cathedral (a view of which,



RT. REV. JOHN HORDEN, D.D.

First Bishop of Moosonee, A.D. 1872-1893.



INDIANS OF THE FROZEN NORTH

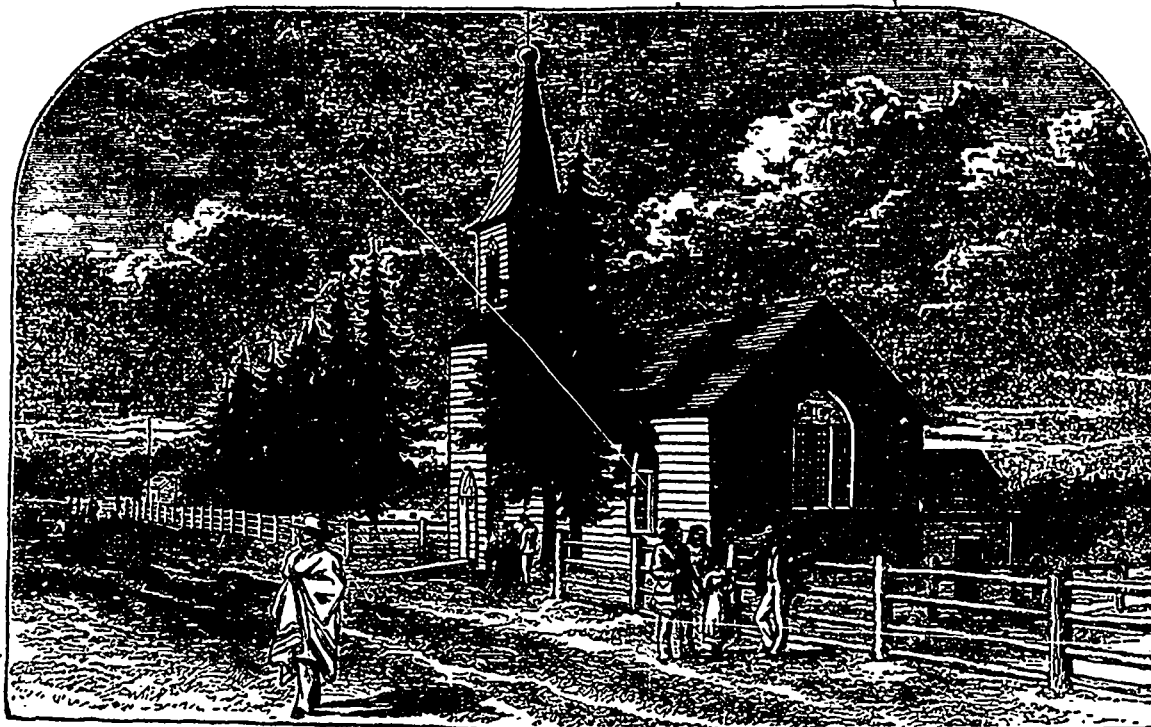
as it appeared shortly after its erection, is given in the accompanying illustration) and the see house—by no means large or pretentious buildings, but built with an eye to comfort and convenience, during the long winter. In summer the place is full of Indians, all baptized Christians, with every adult confirmed, and a very large number communicants, leading as consistent and Christian lives as if their faces were white, and they the inhabitants of some quiet English village.

The bishop attended to these Indians himself, as well as to the English-speaking congregation composed of the employees of the Hudson's Bay Company, the few clergy he had, never numbering more than six or seven, being continually on their travels through the diocese, with the result that not a single tribe of any nation in Moosonee was left unvisited by a priest.

It is too often, perhaps, the characteristic of Englishmen, who become bishops in distant lands, to return after a term of years, more or less curtailed, to finish their days in the motherland; but to this there are some noble exceptions, and Bishop Horden is one. His was a life-work, and he died amongst the people who had been the object of his work and his prayers. While performing his missionary duty, he had learned also to be an architect and builder and tradesman, working with his own hands, according to the needs of his isolated work. He also was a student, and worked hard to supply the Indians under his charge with sacred literature in their own language. His translations will ever remain as one of the numerous monuments of the good bishop's work. The Rev. J. A. Newnham, who resigned his congregation in Montreal, and went out to Moosonee to help Bishop Horden in his missionary work, has kindly sent us the following account of his death; the remoteness of the diocese from this part of Canada being evident from the fact that though the bishop died on the 9th of January the intelligence of it did not reach here till about the end of February:—

“Bishop Horden was seized very suddenly, on the morning of November 21st last, with what seemed to be rheumatism, or lumbago, and at

once returned to his bed, expecting to be up and well in a few days at most. The doctor was in daily attendance, and as the attack seemed stubborn, and the pain intense, he applied frequent blisters and mustard-plasters, besides daily ‘massage.’ But weeks passed by, and the bishop could not get rid of the pain in his left leg, though otherwise in seeming good health and spirits. Sunday, January 8th, he seemed really better in every way, but the next three days he was weaker and more depressed than he had ever been. Now for the first time was any real anxiety felt as to the termination of the attack by his doctor, his son-in-law and daughter, and his closest friends and attendants, and by the Bishop himself. Even then, however, he does not seem to have thought he would not recover, but that it might only be a tedious illness. The worst signs were the weak action of his heart, and his inability, for the first time, to take proper nourishment. However, all went to bed on January 11th, hoping to find him better in the morning, except the doctor, who was with him till 1 a.m. Before 5 a.m. the doctor was again with him, and stayed conversing and administering relief. Shortly before 8 a.m., he seemed so weak that his daughter and son-in-law were called into the room; but, almost before they reached him, without any signs of consciousness, he had quietly passed away, it would seem from failure of the heart. Coming thus, without anything to prepare us, it has given a great shock to all. The people of Moosonee, and of Moose Factory especially, have lost a father and loving friend, and are plunged into grief. The remains, clad in episcopal robes, and laid in the coffin, were placed in the church, awaiting the funeral, and the people, young and old, all came to take a last farewell of the face so dear to them, and of one who had been in and out of their homes, cottages, or wigwams, for over forty years, as a missionary, pastor, friend and Bishop. Archdeacon Vincent, who will have to take charge of the diocese and mission until a successor is consecrated, was expected that week from Albany to await the arrival of the packet; but as the dog-train arrived without him, they were at once sent back with the sad news, and to hasten him. It should take a week to come and go, but it was hoped that they might manage in five days, and that the funeral might be Saturday, January 21st. And so it happened, for the Archdeacon made the journey in two days, and arrived on the evening of the 20th. On the 21st, Saturday, therefore, the coffin was closed, in the presence of four clergy (Rev. G. Walton having arrived with the dogs from Fort George) and of the gentlemen of the Hudson Bay Co. from Fort George, Rupert's House, and Albany, as well as Moose Fort, and at 3 p.m. the beautiful burial service was read, and the body of the first Bishop of Moosonee was committed to the grave. It was a lovely after-



MOOSONEE CATHEDRAL.—(nearer view.)

noon, almost spring-like, and the whole adult population were present in the church; and at the grave. Thus, our bishop, amid the tears of his bereaved people, was laid to rest, as he had often said he would have wished, in the midst of his flock. As was said of David, so we may say of him, "Having served his generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep": and this was the text from which Rev. J. A. Newnham preached to the bereaved congregation the Sunday following.

THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA.

V.—THE FOURTH MESSAGE.

*"And unto the Angel of the Church in Thyatira write."
— Rev. ii. 18.*

IN sending the message to Thyatira, a city of Asia Minor, about fifty-five miles from Pergamos, the Saviour says: "These things saith the Son of God, who hath His eyes like unto a flaming fire, and His feet like fine brass." This surely indicates some sharp rebuke for Thyatira. The Christians there had need to be reminded that the Lord was the Son of God, and that He was one whose gaze was very quick and sharp, and who would be strong and ready to tread down iniquity under His feet.

Sometimes we have to be reminded very

sharply of the real character of our Saviour. Who in reality was He? There are few more solemn terms in the whole Bible than "the Son of God." It is true that all Christian people are called the children of God, but then that is a general term. When we reflect that there is one Person selected out of our whole race and called the Son of God; it is a solemn thought. And this thought should go with us in all our devotions. We are dealing with one who is our brother human and our God Divine. St. John was all alone on a rocky island in the Grecian Archipelago. Not a soul had he to speak to. He would have loved to be at work among the Churches that had been founded in Asia in the name of Jesus. But he could not. However wistfully he may have gazed across the sea he had to come back to his own lonely thoughts. He was an exile. But the Son of God was with him. He had known who the Son of God was. He had seen Him in His humanity. He now sees Him in His deity: His gaze is very keen, for His eyes are flaming fire; His power is very great for His feet are shod with fine brass. It is lovely to do all we can to please that Saviour, and no one is more ready to smile upon the penitent than He; but be it known to all, there is something dreadful in the thought of offending Him. Who can gaze upon one whose eyes are a flaming fire? How those eyes will dart into the soul of a wicked man! When once the thought of Jesus Christ and

His salvation seizes the mind it is not easy to expel it. It will come back to it again and again. He is a perfect representation of the God-man, and little wonder is it that He has taken a great hold upon humanity. Everything that is good, and pure, and upright, and manly, and honest, claims Jesus Christ as its champion; and whenever anyone who was marked with the mark of Jesus degrades his life to the opposite of these, (*i.e.* whenever he becomes bad and impure, dishonest and mean), he may well shrink from encountering Him whose eyes are a flaming fire.

The very commencement then of this message to the Church at Thyatira seems to indicate that some great warning in their case was necessary. And this we know was the fact; but, before the warning there come words of praise. Four points of commendation are found. They are noted for good works and good qualities of a fourfold character. These are, charity and service, faith and patience. In those early days of Christianity there was great need of charity. Rightly understood, there is no more comprehensive word than charity. It covers nearly every noble and lovely quality, and there was great need for exercising it in the days when Christ sent His messages to the Churches. The religion brought great distress upon multitudes of people. Situations were lost; men and women were thrown out of work; children were disowned and expelled from home. The Churches then had to take care of these and throw over them the mantle of charity. For this and similar works the Church at Thyatira was noted, and all its persecutions were borne with great faith and patience.

We meet in the Acts of the Apostles an instance of the kindly feeling that was learned at Thyatira. When Paul in his journeys came to Philippi, we are told a woman of Thyatira, named Lydia, received him gladly, and entertained him even after he was beaten and imprisoned. In some way or other, no doubt, Lydia was connected with the very Church of Thyatira mentioned in the message. That goodness which comes from Christian love is the best goodness in the world. Lydia, who came from Thyatira, had it, the whole Church in Thyatira had it. And it would seem that this goodness was on the increase; at least, that meaning we may take from the words of the 19th verse, "The last more than the first." It is open to us all, to improve in our faith and good works. It should be our object to do so. The last with us should always be better than the first. We are to "grow in grace."

But then, the praise bestowed upon the Church at Thyatira stops here. There is a curious mixture of good and evil in everything connected with life. It is very seldom that a person is found so bad that there is not some good in him; still less frequently is one found

so good that there is no bad in him. How often you find a person good, in a great many ways, but weak even to sinfulness, it may be, in but one point. So it is in the subject before us. The Church of Thyatira was good in charity and works, faith and patience. In this respect its members were all right,—but for all that there was a cancer at work eating away the very life of the Church. "Notwithstanding," says the Saviour, "thy service, charity, faith and patience, I have a few things against thee."

There is something pathetic in this, and all the more because it is true to nature.

Many there are who have a great longing to stand right with God, and all such may know that no kindly act has ever been overlooked by their God, but are we not conscience-stricken when we hear these words: "Notwithstanding, I have a few things against thee." A few things! What are those "few things" which God has against us? Can we not find them out? Do we not know them? We may know them sometimes by how much we like them. A thing that is sinful is often very pleasant. It is hard for us, perhaps, to persuade ourselves that there is anything wrong in it. That is the most deadly enemy that a Christian man or woman has to contend with. There is the continued whisper that comes from the evil one: "There is no harm in it." Ah! it is very easy for us to persuade ourselves that there is no harm in what we love to do, but may it not be that that is the very thing which God may have against us?

But what was this cancer which was gradually eating into the life of the Church at Thyatira? It was clearly an attempt to undermine the virtue of the Christian people there. We described this deadly evil in connection with the Church at Pergamos, where the sin of Balaam, who seduced the Israelites to impure sins, was leading the people astray. It was an evil more deadly than the violence and persecution which continually threatened the early Church. We have it described here under the name of one of the most wicked women perhaps that ever lived. Balaam, as a man, was bad enough, but Jezebel, as a woman, was much worse.

She was the daughter of a foreign king, and Ahab, King of Israel, married her. She brought with her the seductive "abominations" of her country, and wrought such mischief in Israel that the people from her day to the present have never been able to recover from it. It was to confront her that Elijah, the Tishbite, came forth to do his work as a prophet of God, but even he was made to quail before her cruel and bloody mind. Such had Jezebel been to Israel, and it would seem that at Thyatira there was some such wicked woman who was gradually corrupting the little band of Christians there. In one



THYATIRA.

direction they were doing well, in another they were yielding to a deadly poison which in the end would prove their ruin. That poison was the seductive pleasures of the world, and chiefly through the agency of women. Christianity has ever been the defender and helper of woman. It is one of the features of the religion to produce rigid purity there, and in return woman has ever been a great helper to Christianity. In deeds of charity and love woman stands pre-eminent. The principles of Jesus appeal naturally to the tenderness of her heart, and woman to-day, in the interest taken in the services and Missions, and charities of the Church, and in the continued influence for good on father, husband, son and brother, is a tower of strength to Christianity.

Any woman, especially if in a high position, can do much to make her sister women honourable and pure. No one can tell, for instance, how much our own good Queen Victoria has done in this way for the women of England, aye, and of the world. There has never been a place in her Court for any but the purest and the best. Those who know from history what

the Court of England was in the days of Edward IV., or Charles II., can easily imagine what it might be even now. Sin of all kinds needs but little encouragement to flourish and to grow. It would seem then that in Thyatira some woman of high station was leading others astray. She is called Jezebel because that word spoke volumes. It brought up to the minds of those familiar with history a sad picture of grievous wrongs, unbridled passions, and the worst kinds of sin.

Now bring this down to the individual Christian of any age. How many are good and charitable in one direction—fond, it may be, of church services, sacred music, and devotions, and yet have some seductive sin that they will not conquer?

This is the message which Thyatira reads to us. We need not speak much of the retribution which is sure to follow upon this. It must come some day, for we cannot expect a God of goodness and purity to smooth over what our own conscience tells us is wrong. One wicked person might corrupt a whole community. So thought Jesus

of the Church of Thyatira, and "that woman Jezebel," who was seeking to corrupt it. "I gave her space to repent," says the Lord, "and she repented not." Then the result must come, sickness, tribulation, death, "that the Churches may know that God will give to everyone according to his works."

But let this be sufficient as to the warning. There were many in Thyatira who had not yielded to the seductive teaching that had ruined others, and for them there was a promise, and there was encouragement:

"He that overcometh and keepeth My works unto the end, to him will I give power over the nations; and he shall rule them with a rod of iron; as the vessel of a potter shall they be broken to shivers even as I received of My Father."

There is power promised here to those who overcome the evil that is in them. It is the power of example. We must overcome the evil that is in us. There is a feeling about conquering a thing which every man delights in. Man does not like to be beaten—he does not like to be outdone, and yet there are many men

who are conquered and held down by their own wicked desires. "Now conquer these," says Jesus, "and then you yourself will go forth to conquer; wherever you go among the nations your example will be a powerful help to the cause of God. You will help your fellow men to demolish their sins and break them in pieces like a potter's vessel."

And for him who will do this there is this reward: "To him that overcometh I will give the morning star."

Of all the metaphors applied to Jesus this is one of the loveliest. In the last chapter of the Book of Revelations he speaks of himself again in the same way: "I, Jesus, have sent my angel to testify unto you these things in the Churches; I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star!"

After a night of terror, how welcome is the dawn. In the vivid description of Paul's shipwreck we read: "Then fearing lest we should have fallen upon rocks, they cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for the day." How wearily the night must have dragged on. "They wished for the day." How eagerly they must have welcomed it! And Jesus Christ is that to us; He is the bright and morning star.

This world is like night to many of us. The sea is rough, and the winds are high, and the ship is broken, we wait for the day. Jesus is the morning star. After the long dark night how glad shall we be to see Him. "That which ye have already," He says, in this message to Thyatira, "hold fast till I come."

"Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore."

MODERN CHURCH HISTORY.

IV.—THE CHURCH OF IRELAND SINCE THE RESTORATION.

BY REV. C. H. MOCKRIDGE, D.D.

IRELAND came into the possession of England in the reign of Henry II., great grandson of William the Conqueror. Without bloodshed or a blow being struck, Henry took advantage of circumstances which gave him the sovereignty of Ireland. In 1172 he summoned a council at Cashel for the purpose of promoting religion in his newly acquired territory, the result of which was that divine service for the future was to be celebrated everywhere in Ireland according to the forms and usages of the Church of England. All the ancient rituals of the Irish Church, from St. Patrick onwards, were abolished and the liturgy, as then in use in England, was put in their places. So that the National Church of England, as it existed at the time, became the National Church of Ireland, and this has con-

tinued to be the case, substantially the same, through various forms and many changes from that time till now, a period of seven hundred and twenty years. And this was done, according to the fashion of the age, with the approval of the Pope. In doing so Pope Alexander III. congratulated Henry on his "glorious triumph over a kingdom which the Roman conquerors of the world had not attempted to invade."

And so matters continued till, over 300 years afterwards, the Reformation set in. And then the Church of Ireland still maintained its position as a National Church. It accepted the Reformation and accordingly retained its revenues and its ancient historic position. In this respect the Reformation in England and Ireland was much the same. The supremacy of the King of England was accepted instead of that of the Pope.

The successes and troubles of the two Churches in succeeding periods of time were much the same. When Oliver Cromwell crushed with his iron heel the Churches and parishes of England he did the same in Ireland. The Church services were suppressed and the country was flooded with independent preachers (Puritans and Baptists), who were supported by salaries out of the public revenue. Some of these preachers were unlettered mechanics, and some inferior officers of the army, each bringing a doctrine of his own as unstable and uncouth as the one who proclaimed it.

Happily this state of things continued only about eleven years. The country had had enough of it, and Charles II. was brought back to the throne from which his father had been so ruthlessly torn. The joy of the nation knew no bounds. The reign of fanaticism was over and the quietude of monarchy was restored. With the king came back the bishops to their sees and the clergy to their livings, and the Church of Ireland as well as the Church of England received a fresh and vigorous start.

Ireland was divided then, as it is now, into the four provinces of Ulster in the north, Connaught in the west, Leinster in the east, and Munster in the south. Of these Ulster possessed the ancient city of Armagh, which long enjoyed the proud position of being the metropolis of Ireland, and Leinster boasted of Dublin, that beautiful city, the pride of all Irishmen. Today the Church of Ireland has an archbishop in each of these cities. Armagh, from its historic position, having the precedence, so that the Archbishop of Armagh is Primate of all Ireland. Dublin is the proud possessor of two Cathedrals, both of them the property of the Church of Ireland, Christ church, the older of the two, founded, it is said, by the Danes in 1058, the days of Edward the Confessor, and the other, St. Patrick's, established by John Comyn, Archbishop of Dublin, in 1190, when Richard I. was King of England.

But, besides these two archbishoprics, there were, at the time of the Restoration, two others, Tuam, in Connaught, and Cashel, in Munster. So that Ireland possessed four archbishoprics in itself, one would think a harbinger of future prosperity and especially when it is remembered that in addition to these there were seventeen bishoprics—making twenty-one in all.

These remained in a cowering state under the iron heel of Cromwell, who was no lover of bishops; and when King Charles II. was placed upon the throne of his ancestors it was found that no less than thirteen dioceses were without bishops. Armagh itself was vacant. The neighbouring diocese of Down and Connor was presided over by Dr. Bramhall, one of the ablest of the Irish prelates, and he was at once advanced to the Primacy.

The Cathedral city of the united dioceses of Down and Connor is Lisburn, situated on the Lagan, about eight miles from Belfast. Here, at the time of the restoration, lived the celebrated Jeremy Taylor. Born in Cambridge in the reign of James I., 1613, he served his native England through sad and troublesome days, but, through the kindness of a friend, he was appointed to a lectureship at Lisburn, and when Dr. Bramhall was translated to the Primacy of Armagh he, instead of being recalled to England as he had hoped, was made Bishop of Down and Connor, to which was afterwards added the small but ancient diocese of Dromore.

There still remained twelve sees to be provided with bishops, and this was done without delay. On January 27th, 1661, the year after the Restoration, St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, witnessed the imposing ceremony of the consecration of twelve prelates, the preacher upon the occasion being Jeremy Taylor. By this act the Episcopal staff was rendered complete.

Thus the Church of Ireland at the Restoration, undoubtedly, had a good start. But it had great difficulties to contend with. There were about seventy Presbyterian ministers in the north of Ireland at that time, Scotchmen of the kind most imbued with feelings adverse to Episcopacy. Besides there was a very strong native Irish element, almost totally given over to Romanism. Shortly after his consecration, Bishop Jeremy Taylor said in a letter to a friend, "I perceive myself thrown into a place of torment."

Though a man of a conciliatory nature he dealt unsparingly with the Presbyterian ministers who were holding Church livings, and required them to submit to Episcopal ordination, and on their refusal dispossessed them by force. He considered this a necessary move for the times. With the Romanists, however, he could not act in the same way; but he wrote his masterly treatise called "Dissuasive from Popery," but as most of the Romanist Irish knew nothing but their own native tongue, of

which the learned bishop was entirely ignorant, the great work fell short of what it was designed to accomplish.

And this twofold trouble existed, to a greater or less extent, in all the dioceses of Ireland—the Romanist difficulty being by far the greater of the two.

A distinguishing feature of the Church of England has always been a most active regard for the cause of education, and of this in Ireland there is a great monument in Trinity College, Dublin, a university which owes its existence to Queen Elizabeth. It was opened on January 9th, 1593, and one hundred years afterwards the beneficence of Queen Elizabeth was duly acknowledged by Dr. Ashe, the Provost, who afterwards became Bishop of Clogher. His text was, "Verily I say unto you, wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world there shall also this that this woman hath done be told for a memorial," [Dublin, p. 144]. One of the first students of this newly founded university was James Usher, who afterwards became Archbishop of Armagh. The name of Archbishop Usher will always stand high among the writers of the Church, and in his policy as bishop he is none the less distinguished. He saw that the only way for the clergy to gain the hearts of the native Irish was to learn their language, and he required as many of his clergy as could possibly to do so to qualify themselves to speak in that tongue. Had this policy been pursued with vigour it would have been of immense advantage to the Church of Ireland. The Romish priest went in and out among the people talking to them in the language which was dearer to them than thousands of gold and silver. Bishop Jeremy Taylor's masterly "Dissuasive from Popery," written in English had but little or no power to counteract the assiduous work of priests who could speak the Irish tongue. The Anglican Church has too often made the mistake of insisting upon all people conforming in everyway to itself, as if it was a Church for English speaking people only, forgetting that in no way could she show forth her truly Catholic character better than by giving her liturgy to native races in their own tongue. This, though late in the day, has been found the best policy in Wales. It will yet be found a mistake to have postponed it so long among the French speaking people in Canada, as history undoubtedly shews that it was a fatal error in the case of Ireland. Had the intention of Queen Elizabeth been carried out when she founded Trinity College, Dublin—to send the Bible and Prayer Book to the Irish speaking people, to be interpreted by a clergy learned in their own language—the census would soon have shewn a very different result from that we see at the present time, and Ireland would have been spared many a bitter hour and many a mournful tale.

Such, at all events, was the Church of Ireland at the time of the Restoration. Four archbishops and seventeen bishops, twenty-one prelates in all, started on their way to govern the Church, largely influenced as it was by Presbyterianism on the one-hand (chiefly in the north), and by Romanism on the other (in the south).

Whether it was wise of Archbishop Jeremy Taylor to evict thirty-six ministers from their livings without trying some more lenient process first, taking into account the extreme difficulties of the age in which they lived, will always remain a question. His predecessor in office, Archbishop Bramhall, had succeeded in persuading a few of those similarly situated to accept Episcopal ordination at his hands, and a similar policy in time might have saved to the Church men who otherwise were driven into bitter antagonism to her.

Some such policy as this, coupled with a vigorous mission to the Irish people by clergymen speaking the Irish language and preaching from an Irish Bible, would have produced a far different result from that which settled in solid form, difficult to be moved, upon the National Church of Ireland.

Because, although it sounds well to speak of the four archbishops and their seventeen suffragans, yet the records of the period tell us that the Church was but in a sorry condition when the kingdom emerged from the iron rule of Puritanism. Froude, in his "English in Ireland," tells us that, at that time, there were "not a hundred episcopally ordained clergymen in Ireland," and that, according to a letter written at the time, "the state of the Church was very miserable: very few of the clergy resided on their cures, but employed pitiful curates which necessitated the people to look after a Romish priest or a non-conformist minister of both of whom there were plenty. It was an ordinary thing for a minister to have five or six cures of souls and to get them supplied by those who would do it cheapest."

Large numbers of what is called the "best Protestant blood of Ireland," emigrated to the New World to escape what they regarded as oppression on the part of the National Church. One of the bishops of the period draws this doleful picture of the diocese of Ossory, which he considers applicable to the whole Church of Ireland:

"If you walk through Ireland, as I rode from Carlingford to Dublin, and from Dublin to Kilkenny, and in my visitation thrice over the diocese of Ossory, I believe that throughout all your travel you shall find it as I found it in all the ways that I went, scarce one church standing and sufficiently repaired for seven that are ruined and have only walls without ornaments, and most of them without roofs, without doors, and without windows [Mant, vol. i., p. 663,

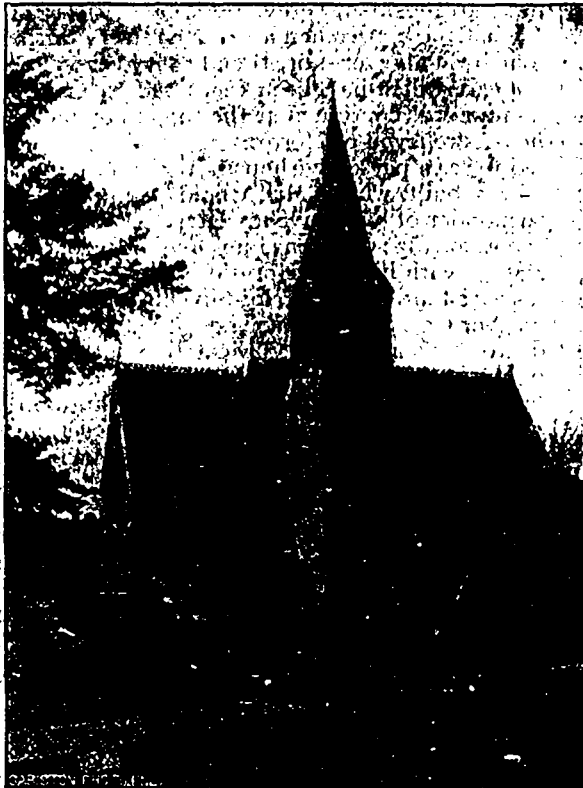
quoted in "National Churches," the Church of Ireland, Olden]. Parishes were grouped together to form a "living," and the average value of such livings was £43. 14s. (\$215). Under such conditions an efficient ministry could scarcely be looked for.

Dark as these prospects were for the Church of Ireland at the Restoration in 1660, events grew worse as time went on. Charles II. died in 1658, and James II. ascended the throne. At once, when it became evident that the new king was an undoubted Romanist, 1,500 anti-Romish families left Ireland. The revenues of vacant bishoprics were collected and paid to Roman Catholic bishops; the clergy were pressed to abandon their faith. Many of them were ill-treated and their churches seized, and when, in 1689, James himself was compelled to take refuge in Ireland, oppression grew heavier and heavier until, in 1690, an order was issued forbidding more than five Protestants to meet and converse together on pain of death or some other condign punishment. Two Roman priests were put in possession of Trinity College, Dublin, and the Provost and Fellows, together with many of the bishops throughout the whole country were obliged to take refuge in England.

But the darkest hour was succeeded by the dawn. James II. was overthrown at the battle of the Boyne, and William Prince of Orange brought hope and succour to the poor little cowering band of Church people who were mourning over their shattered Zion. During those dark years many of the clergy of the Church were staunch defenders of their faith. The Rev. George Walker, for instance, Rector of Donoughmore, raised a regiment for the defence of Londonderry, when the "prentice boys" closed its gates against the army of James, and so resolute was he that he was made governor of the town. William intended to reward his valour with a bishopric, but the resolute parson pursued his military zeal even to the battle of the Boyne where he fell fighting for his faith.

One bishop, however, and some of the clergy refused to take the oath of allegiance to King William, believing James II. to be the lawful sovereign. These were called non-jurors. The bishop's name was Sheridan, who resigned his living and was reduced to poverty. In those days it was rather hard for bishops or clergy to hold their livings unless, like the famous "Vicar of Bray," they were ready to change their spiritual or political views with every new turn of the wheel of fortune.

The bright days, however, that might reasonably have been anticipated for the Church of Ireland when Romish rule was again suppressed, did not appear in full force. They were days of political rewards and punishments. Many English ecclesiastics were made bishops of Irish sees, but remained quietly at home and



TRINITY CHURCH, SUSSEX, NEW BRUNSWICK.

let their dioceses take care of themselves. Flagrant abuses in the way of livings also existed. Michael Boyle, for instance, Bishop of Cork, collected the revenues of six livings in his diocese and appropriated them to his own use as well as the revenues of his bishopric. Boyle afterwards became Archbishop of Armagh, and Lord Chancellor of Ireland, the last ecclesiastic who filled that position. Some clergymen also held livings in England and Ireland at the same time. Doubtless it was immaterial to such clergymen which of these countries got the work, or whether work was bestowed upon either of them or not.

And in addition to all this there was the bitter and incessant struggle that existed between the "Protestants" and "Papists," as they were freely termed in those days. At this time Ireland had a parliament of her own, but from it all Roman Catholics were expelled, nor were they allowed to hold any office. In fact all penal laws against them were rigorously enforced, so that the hostile feeling existing between the two parties was most bitter. It may be doubted whether any more bitter feeling existed anywhere than that between an Irish Protestant and an Irish "Papist." And this feeling was intensified when Waldenses and other refugees from France, persecuted by Roman power, settled in Ireland. They came, many of them

scarred and wounded, seeking a home where Protestant laws would protect them, and thus furnishing Ireland with many loyal sons of French lineage and name. The result of all this bitter feeling was that religion was at a very low ebb. There were some bright lights to show that "still it lived," but, as a rule, it was of a feeble character. An act passed in 1678, in the reign of Charles II., and known as the Test Act, showed the wretched idea possessed by the legislators of the day regarding religion. It required that all officers under the Crown should receive the Lord's Supper according to the rites of the National Church. A few Presbyterians resigned their offices in consequence, but others submitted to this official reception of the blessed Sacrament regardless of any spiritual meaning to be attached to it. And thus the Church dragged on—bishops, as a rule absent from their sees and rectors from their parishes—wolves devouring the flock while the shepherds were living in Dublin or London.

(To be Continued.)

OUR PARISHES AND CHURCHES.

No. 82—TRINITY CHURCH, SUSSEX, NEW BRUNSWICK.*



WHEN the Revolutionary war began in 1776, the whole of what is now the Province of New Brunswick was included in the Province of Nova Scotia. The inhabitants of English descent in all this territory probably did not then number more than 1,500, and were chiefly settled around St. John, Mauderville and Sackville.

After the war was over many loyalist refugees settled in New Brunswick. Among these was Oliver Arnold who came to Sussex as a purchaser and not as an original grantee. He was born in Mansfield, Connecticut, in October, 1755, and graduated at Yale College, New Haven, Conn., in 1776. He was of an old English family; his grandfather was one of the first settlers in Mansfield. He arrived in St. John with other loyalists in 1783, but did not remain there very long. He had married, in 1786, the third daughter of Stephen and Elizabeth Wiggins, of Newburgh, N. Y., and with her soon afterwards removed to Sussex with the object, apparently, of establishing a school there for Indians. There was then (1791) no missionary of the Church of England in Sussex,

* Through the kindness of Rev. W. O. Raymond, of St. John, N.B., we are indebted to Leonard Allison, Esq., B.A., of Sussex, for the information given in this article. His pamphlet on the subject is a valuable historic record. The illustrations of church and rectory were kindly loaned to us by the Sun Printing Co., St. John.

six clergymen only being in the whole of New Brunswick. The Rev. Richard Clarke, of Gage town, is known to have visited Sussex in 1787, and it is probable that other missionaries had occasionally been there. Feeling the need of a settled pastor, the inhabitants of Sussex petitioned Bishop Charles Inglis, first bishop of Nova Scotia, to ordain Mr. Arnold as their pastor. And this was accordingly done, for though the time and place of Mr. Arnold's ordination do not seem to be clearly established, it is quite certain that in the summer of 1792 he was an ordained clergyman of the Church of England and as such was ministering to the people of Sussex. The leading citizen of Sussex at that time was the Hon. George Leonard, who conveyed the present glebe land to the Church. In the S. P. G. report for 1793 Mr. Arnold's name first appears as "missionary at Sussex Vale, in receipt of £50." By a letter dated August 31st, 1795, Mr. Arnold informed the Society that the parish of Sussex being very extensive, the House of Assembly agreed the previous winter to divide it into three parts, viz.: Sussex, Hampton and Norton. To this new parish of Sussex, Mr. Arnold gave two-thirds of his time, dividing the remainder between Norton and Hampton. Grants of land were given from time to time for the benefit of the Church. Simon Baxter, of Norton, gave 200 acres of excellent land, thirty of which was cleared. About the year 1800 some Baptist and New Light preachers disturbed the religious equanimity of the parish by holding revival meetings. One of the chief charges urged against them was that they held their meetings on Sunday evenings—evening services at that time being a thing unknown in the Church of England.

A church was built in Sussex and completed in July, 1805. Churches were also built at Norton and Hampton. The Church at Sussex was of the old-fashioned, colonial type with large windows, end gallery and high backed pews, which, in accordance with the policy of Bishop Inglis, were sold or rented to the highest bidder.

The church at Hampton had by this time been completed. The pews in it were sold on June 7th, 1817, for over £242. The first sermon in it was preached by the Rev. Elias Scovil, on August 26th, 1818. In the next spring the S. P. G. sent out the Rev. James Cookson as missionary at Hampton, who commenced his duties on June 27th, 1819. Soon after his arrival, having secured a residence between Hampton and Norton, Mr. Cookson expressed a readiness to relieve Mr. Arnold from the duties of Norton, as well as Hampton; and as the latter was advancing in years, and the frequent journey of twenty miles on horse-back required great exertion, and, besides, two other churches on his extensive Mission needed his attention, the

new arrangement proved highly satisfactory. He had now preached at Norton every third or fourth Sunday for more than twenty years. His stipend, which had been increased to £200 per annum, was continued at the same amount after he was relieved of Norton.

In 1824 a parsonage house—the "old rectory"—was built, where Mr. Arnold resided for the remainder of his active ministry. The S. P. G. report for 1832 mentions him as still missionary at Sussex with his son, Horatio Nelson Arnold, as his assistant. At the close of his long career, on April 9th, 1834, when he closed his eyes in death, his son continued the active duties of the parish and was appointed missionary at Sussex in succession to his father. In the autumn of 1847, however, his mind became seriously affected and he was removed to an asylum in Boston, where he died on December 8th, 1848.

The third Rector of Sussex was the Rev. Thomas McGhee, who received his education at King's College, Cambridge, England, his native town. He came to this country in 1842, and during the illness of Mr. Arnold did occasional duty at Sussex, and was appointed rector of the parish on October 4th, 1848. During his incumbency the Church at Waterford was built. He died on December 18th, 1861, and was succeeded by Rev. Charles Parke Bliss, a native of Fredericton, N. B., where, also, at King's College he was educated. He was appointed Rector of Sussex in the winter of 1862, but on account of a weak throat was obliged to resign, in 1867, to accept the position of private secretary to the Hon. S. L. Tilley, then Minister of Customs at Ottawa. His son, Rev. Rural Dean Bliss, is well-known as a zealous missionary clergyman of the Diocese of Ontario.

The fifth Rector of Sussex was Rev. Charles Steinkopff Medley, the third son of the late Metropolitan of Canada. He was born and partly educated in England, graduating at King's College, Fredericton, N. B. He commenced his work as Rector of Sussex on Trinity Sunday, 1867. We are told that it is to his indefatigable labours that Trinity Church owes much of her present prosperity. He rebuilt the parsonage and erected the Church of the Ascension at Apohaqui, and also the new and handsome Trinity Church, Sussex, which was finished and consecrated in 1874, a worthy successor to the old pioneer church which had had its day. To the great grief of his venerable father and all who knew him Canon Medley died of cancer on the face on August 25th, 1889, and was succeeded in the parish by Rev. Henry William Little, the present incumbent—an Englishman, born at Terrington, Norfolk.

Mr. Little has had experience as a missionary, having spent six years of his life in Madagascar and as a missionary in London, England. He is the author of several works published in



THE OLD RECTORY, SUSSEX, N.B.

England, several of which were well received and widely circulated.

This concludes the history of the parish of Sussex; but it may be added that through the zeal of the first rector an Indian college was built at Sussex and for many years was productive of much good among the Indians for several years. For various causes, however, the chief of which was the migratory character of the Indians themselves, the institution languished, and finally became extinct in the year 1826. Regarding these Indians Mr. Allison states in his pamphlet:

"The greater proportion of the Indians departed from Sussex soon after their allowances ceased, and all speedily abandoned the Church which had made such exertions and outlay for their civilization and conversion; and, indeed, but for the pathetic little wooden crosses in Ward's Creek Cemetery, one would now hardly know that the few Indians remaining in this vicinity had ever heard of Christianity."

CONSCIENCE MONEY.

(Published by the S.P.G.)

IT was Sunday morning, which accounted for Mr. Portley's feeling languid. He always felt languid on Sundays. Perhaps it was the effect of the extra hour in bed with which he used to indulge himself on that particular day, or, possibly, as he preferred to think, of the wear and tear of six week days in the city. But whatever the cause when Mr. Portley entered the breakfast-room and surveyed the comfortable scene, and the brightly blazing fire, it was forced upon him that, as a sort

of duty to himself, he ought not to go to Church that morning. Religion, he reasoned, should never be a weariness to the flesh, and he really *had* earned his day of rest. Besides, it was not quite the thing, you know, to enter on such a solemn task as the worship of one's Creator, with a jaded mind. Yes, on the whole, it certainly *would* be better to stay at home. His only daughter, now growing up into womanhood, and beginning to take her mother's place, for Mr. Portley was a widower, presided at the table.

"It is the Missionary Sunday, father," she said, in a tone of expostulation, when he told her she must

go alone.

"Ah, yes, quite so. Very good cause, I will give you sixpence to put in the plate for me, my dear," replied Mr. Portley, and when the table had been cleared he wheeled round his chair to the middle of the fire, and resigned himself to a meditative doze.

The sound of bells was in his ears. The people were all out he knew in Sunday attire, with faces turned towards the House of God. He thought of his daughter alone in the family pew, and then his mind wandered back to the days when she was so little she had to be lifted on the seat when the singing began. Her mother was there then and their only son.

The thought of him waited Mr. Portley's mind far off to the prairies. In imagination he saw a lonely youth sitting disconsolately by the door of a rough log hut, gazing intently towards the smooth horizon line of brown dry grass, over which hung the mirage, like an æriel lake. Then across the plain he fancied he saw a solitary horseman advance. The youth rose to meet him, and he perceived that the two sat on the bench together, and the visitor began to read from a well-worn volume. Mr. Portley bethought himself that this must be the missionary his son had told him of, who rode so many miles across the prairies to bring the means of grace to the scattered settlers and solitary farmers of the far, far West. Somehow his mind *would* run on missionaries. It was his daughter's remark bearing fruit. Then he began to think of the thousands of other fathers' sons scattered over England's vast Colonial Empire, and he wondered whether the missionaries had found them out. After this he began to speculate, as was natural for a city

man, on the problem "*Who paid these missionaries?*" "The poor beggars can't pay them out there," he said half aloud, bethinking him of several subsidies he had been forced to send out to his own lad in early days. The farmers have enough to do to provide for themselves. And then think of a missionary with a circuit to travel of 3,000 miles, and perhaps only meeting 300 people, poor cow-boys and hired hands, most of them. It was a new thought to him, that the Great Missionary Societies had the *vast fields of British Colonies to labour in.*

Then his thoughts took another turn. He reflected how useful his son would have been to him in England. That led him to think of his business, and the events of the week. There had been a shipment of small arms to the West Coast of Africa. He recollected seeing the iron-bound packages lowered on to the trolley as he stood on the dock quay, and as he thought of these consignments his mind wandered away to sea once more, accompanying the cargo ship across the great grey ocean.

Again the missionary appeared (how persistent this missionary was), this time discoursing to a crowd of rough sailors in the dingy between decks of the barque. Anon, he was at the Coast of Africa. He saw the long low hills, the sandy beach, the breaking surf, the stunted palms, and the wattle huts. In his imagination he was ashore now. He saw the drunken sailors inciting the poor savages to drink. He saw the guns and the fire water of civilized Europe in the African kraal. Then once more the missionary appeared, and Mr. Portley began to realize what the difficulty must be of preaching a gospel of peace with the tokens of war at his elbow. He thought of the hardships of a missionaries' life; of the dysentery, the malaria, the fever, the thousand insect pests, the perils of wild beasts and wilder men—and then he thought of the 6d. he had given to the missionary cause; and something almost akin to shame began to suffuse his face. He wished he hadn't sent that 6d. Sixpence wouldn't go very far in the Mission field. *And how very great that field was!* India! Fancy India with its millions, and China too; he knew something about China for his firm had dealings with a house in Hong Kong. Why, they said that there were 400 millions in China, and if all the missionaries out there were planted down in parishes like clergymen at home, each one would have to evangelize a district containing a million souls at least, and all heathens to, brought up in it. Why the idea was perfectly preposterous! Were the Societies asleep?—why didn't they send out more men? "Just think," he said to himself, "of a business undermanned like that." But—and here his conscience began to whisper, perhaps he was to blame. Had he even given to the Mission cause? He remembered drop-

ping halfpence into the box, when he was a tiny boy, and he had given a sixpence now and then since, that was all. He really must send something if only as conscience money. His old uncle made all his money in India. Some of his savings had found their way to Mr. Portley's pocket. "Ah! there were fortunes to be made in those days," he said meditatively—"England has had her millions out of those old Indian principalities. I wonder how many missionaries are out there now? Quite a handful I suppose; and yet we owe those Hindoos a big debt of Gospel teaching in return for all the money we have had of them and the opium we have made them smoke. I'll speak to our firm, and ask them to subscribe, for they've made many a thousand in India in their time. It is perfectly surprising how blind rich people are to their duties. Our house ought to give a hundred at least." But at this point, conscience began to whisper. "And you too, Mr. Portley. Do you owe nothing to the Lord? What would Christian England have been, if the Church of old had cared as little for the Foreign Missions' field as you?" Conscience was getting quite troublesome! Mr. Portley felt actually and genuinely ashamed of that sixpence.

But at this particular moment, his daughter returned with her bright Sunday face, and a bundle of missionary papers. All that afternoon Mr. Portley sat indoors and read with an interest he had never felt before. What a mighty work it was! this work of the S.P.G., and then the refrain of the old missionary hymn began to run through his brain:

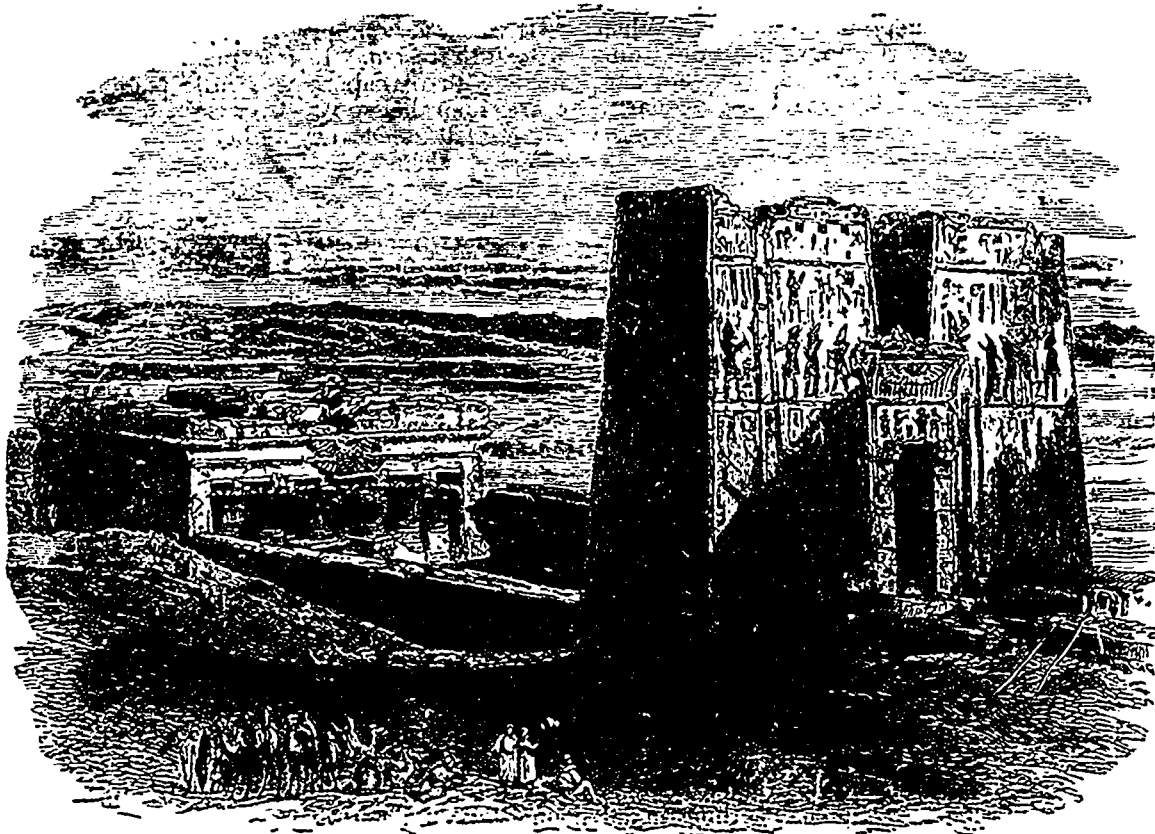
"Can we, whose souls are lighted with wisdom from on high,

Can we to men benighted the lamp of life deny?"

The familiar words deepened the impression already working on his mind. The greatness of England's obligation rose up before him for mercies in the past and the enormous responsibility resting on her Church to fulfil Christ's command to preach the Gospel to every creature. And when, that evening a thought sneaked into his mind suggested doubtless by something he had read, that charity began at home, and there was plenty for English money to do in English slums—he met it manfully, for his conscience was awake; and he saw for the first time the meaning of that misused adage, for England's home is wherever her children dwell. Mr. Portley went to Church that evening, and when the bag came round, the coin he dropped in was gold. It was Mr. Portley's conscience money.

THE best way to stir up a sluggish parish or mission is to make it feel its obligation to the heathen world. One act of faith which costs a Christian an effort and a sacrifice for Christ's sake will bring a sense of strength and ability previously unsuspected.

Young People's Department.



TEMPLE AT EDFOU, EGYPT.

AN EGYPTIAN TEMPLE.


WHAT may we learn from an Egyptian temple? Here is a picture of one of the temples at Edfou—one of the grandest in Egypt. It stands close to the River Nile not far from the City of Thebes. Look at the size of it. You see it is built of stone, and on the stones you notice figures of men carved. They represent Pharaoh, King of Egypt, with his arm stretched out ready to strike with the weapon he has in his hand. You notice some people standing close to the front entrance in the centre between the two great towers. How little they look compared with that great figure of Pharaoh carved on the stone! This will give you some idea of the size of the towers and so of the whole temple. It was once all covered in with sand, and an Arab village was built on it; but the sand was all dug out and people can

now see it, and those who have seen it say that it is a very grand sight. But what may we learn from it? We may learn that man had his own ideas of religion in very distant days, and now that we have a good religion, a religion given to us through Jesus Christ the Son of God, may we not learn to be truly thankful that God has done so much for us? The old Egyptian temples were surrounded by walls to keep the people out of them; but our Christian churches are thrown open for the people to enter them and pray. Egypt is a strange country. We read of it often in the Bible. God watched His own people when they lived there. Perhaps they worked as slaves in building some of those ancient temples, but they were quietly building the foundations of a grand religion which, like a great temple, was to be a sign of God's power on earth. That religion is our own Christian religion, and it is yet to cover the earth "as the waters cover the sea."

THE WHITE FEATHER.

WHEN the English first went to North America a great part of it was inhabited by tribes of Red Indians. Among the white people, at a small settlement near the frontier of Cincinnati, lived a Quaker and his family. When war broke out with the Indians all the white people fled to other villages, except the Quaker, who had made up his mind that he would stay and make peace with the enemy. One day he saw a party of Indians approaching his house. He went up to them and held out his hand to the leader, who took no notice, but entered the Quaker's house, where his wife and family were. After searching for weapons and finding none, the Quaker invited them to partake of some dinner, which he had prepared for them, and after enjoying the meal they left. As soon as they got to the borders of the forest, they sent back one of their number. When he reached the Quaker's house he stopped at the door, and placed a simple white feather above it, as a sign of peace. On other occasions the Indians came that way, but the Quaker and his family were never attacked, for the Quaker had conquered the enemy by kindness.

THE WAY THEY PITIED.

66  **G**IRLS, I am so sorry for Edna Earl," cried Mary Edwards, as she entered the school-room, "she has to give up her part at the exhibition. She can't be in the drill because she can't get a dress for it. She has nothing at all that will do. Her mother had intended to get her one, but you know their baby was sick so long with the pneumonia, and they had so many extra expenses that she can't let Edna have the dress. Isn't it too bad?"

With "ohs!" and "ahs!" the girls agreed, for sweet-natured Edna Earl was a general favourite in spite of plain clothes and poverty.

"You ought to see *my* dress," and Mary began again. "It's just lovely, white gauze over silk and its to be looped with white ribbons and rosebuds, and mamma is going to let me wear her pearls around my neck. Fannie's dress is to be just like mine, isn't it, Fannie?" she asked turning to her cousin who was among the group.

"Yes," answered Fannie slowly and with an apparent effort—"that is I think so. But perhaps mamma may change her mind about it," she added.

"Oh, I hope not," cried Mary, "I counted on our being exactly alike. You coax her to be sure and let yours be like mine, won't you Fannie?"

"I don't know," said her cousin, "I'll see." And then she turned away from the group and went to her desk.

Fannie's lessons did not occupy her thoughts as fully as they usually did that morning. Edna's sweet face seemed to swim before her. She knew how disappointed she must be, for hers was to have been an important part in the drill that the scholars of Elmwood school were getting up.

It was a very simple dress that Edna was compelled to resign. Just a plain white muslin affair with perhaps a very little trimming, but more than her, poor, overworked, underpaid mother felt able to buy for her after the expense of baby's sickness.

"And my dress will cost more than twice what hers would," thought Fannie to herself. "I wonder if mamma would consent to buy me only half as fine a one and let me get one for Edna out of the rest of the money. I would love to have the gauze, but I know I would not enjoy it if Edna must lose her pleasure. I shall ask mamma when I go home," she decided.

Fannie's heart felt lighter after her resolution was taken. On the way home she confided to her cousin her intention.

"Oh, you foolish girl," cried Mary, "don't you do any such thing. Why, you will be just spoiled completely in a plain, old muslin dress. Of course I pity Edna and am sorry for her, and all that, but dear me I wouldn't think of giving up my dress for her!"

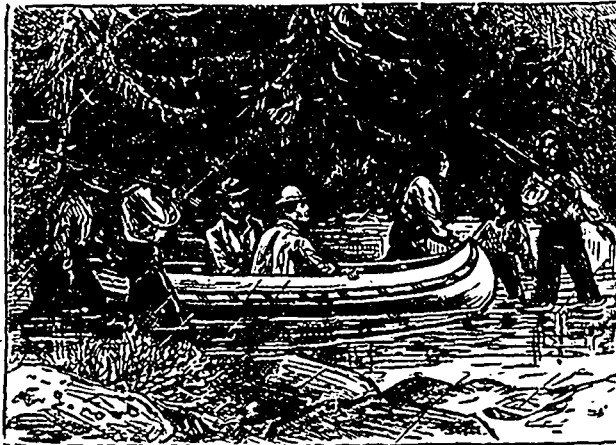
"Well, said Fannie, "it seems to me that our pity is only a mockery if we have nothing but pity to offer. Pity won't warm the cold or feed the hungry, and I know it won't put a dress on Edna. So I have decided that if I pity her I must also offer her substantial aid."

"Do as you please," said Mary, still unconvinced, "she don't get *my* dress, that is sure." And with that she flounced off in another direction, leaving Fannie to continue her way homeward alone.

When Fannie broached the subject to her mother on her arrival home, she met a very ready acquiescence. Indeed her mother was delighted to find her little daughter's sympathies taking so practical a turn, for she herself was a woman of wide charities, and a like disposition in her child greatly cheered her.

Although she was amply able to give both Fannie and Edna a fine dress, she decided to let their costumes together cost only what she had intended to lay out for Fannie's alone, deeming it best for Fannie's soul development that her sacrifice be made one of deed as well as spirit.

So Edna had her dress after all for the exhibition, and did her part to perfection. Indeed, there was but one who excelled her, and who was happier than she, and that was not Mary in her handsome costume and her cheap sympathy, but large-hearted Fannie who wore only a simple white muslin and carried the sweet consciousness of a noble kindness.—*The Little Christian.*



INDIANS AND CANOE.

INDIAN CHILDREN.

INDIAN children are entirely under the control of their mothers, and it is a remarkable fact that they are never whipped for misconduct. The punishment usually resorted to for any little misbehaviour is covering the face of the guilty one with a coat of black paint, and, until the paint is removed by the mother, such an one is not allowed to enter the wigwam or have anything to eat. When a boy learns the use of a bow, he is allowed to exercise his skill in shooting birds around the village, and when he reaches the age of fifteen, he is furnished with a gun and required to practise shooting geese, ducks, and other water fowl.

At night his father tells him stories about elk and bear hunting, how to approach the deer and buffalo; and, when he has proved himself a good shot, he is permitted to accompany hunting-parties, and if successful, his education is considered complete, and he is released from parental control to enter upon a life, the chief end of which is to excel in the chase, and to gratify worldly appetites and desires.

Think of these poor little Indian boys, thinly-clad and exposed to the intense cold, away off in their Western homes, and then think how happy you are, well-clad, with good warm houses to sleep in, and with Christian parents to watch over, care for, and teach you that the chief end of man is not to excel in the chase or in war, but to glorify God and enjoy Him forever.—*Sel.*

THE Heavenly Master has still His eyes upon His weary followers, voiling in rowing, and each wave of circumstance bears Him on its crest. We are not required to live above circumstances; they are assigned to us that we may obtain therein a deeper experience of the love and wisdom of Him to whom all power is given in heaven and on earth.

BOYS WANTED.

MEN are wanted. So they are. But boys are wanted—honest, manly, noble boys. Such boys will make the desired men. Some one has declared, and truly, that those boys should possess ten points, which are thus given: 1. Honesty. 2. Intelligence. 3. Activity. 4. Industry. 5. Obedience. 6. Steadiness. 7. Willingness. 8. Politeness. 9. Neatness. 10. Truthfulness. One thousand first-rate places are open for one thousand boys who come up to the standard. Each boy can suit his taste as to the kind of business he would prefer. The places are ready in every kind of occupation. Many of them are filled by boys who lack some

important qualification; but they will soon be vacant because the boys have been poisoned by reading bad books, such as they would never dare show their fathers, and would be ashamed to have their mothers see. The impure thoughts suggested by these books will lead to vicious acts, the boys will be ruined, and their places must be filled. Who will be ready for one of these vacancies? Distinguished clergymen, skilful physicians, successful merchants must all soon leave their places for somebody else to fill. One by one they are removed by death. Mind your ten points, boys; they will prepare you to step into vacancies in the front rank. Every man who is worthy to employ a boy is looking for you if you have the points. Do not fear that you will be overlooked. A young person having these qualities will shine as brightly as a star at night.—*Selected.*

"THE BEST SIDE OF IT."

ON one of my deputation journeys for the Church Missionary Society an incident occurred of which I have a very vivid recollection.

It was Saturday night—the weather was bitterly cold, and I had had not only a long, but a very tiresome journey. I had a long wait at a certain junction which was in the midst of a mining population. A large number of working-men were gathered round the waiting-room fire. They were rough, but not unkindly specimens of the British workman. I found that they were busy "chaffing" one of their number who was an earnest Christian. But he was not one of the tongue-tied order. He was well able to defend himself and carry the war into the enemy's country.

"Your religion costs you a lot of money, doesn't it, Jack? There's a penny a week, and a shilling a month, and money here and money there."

"My religion," was his reply, does not cost me a quarter as much as my old master, the devil, got out of me. Look here, lads, I'm taking home to my wife my whole week's wages. There'll be plenty for church to-morrow, as well as for a good Sunday dinner, and what we want all next week.

How many of ye have a full week's wages, I wonder?" he asked, looking round on his companions. "I wish I could persuade you to take service under my Master. It would be money in your pockets and happiness in your hearts—ay, and it would make a deal of difference to some of your homes."

I could not help admiring the way in which that man witnessed for the Lord. It was clear, too, that his words were not without effect.

SOWING AND MOWING.



Be careful what you sow, my boy,
For seed that's sown will grow,
And what you scatter day by day
Will bring you joy or woe.
For sowing and growing,
Then reaping and mowing,
Are the surest things that are known
And sighing and crying,
And sorrow undying,
Will never change seed that is sown.

Be watchful of your words, my boy,
Be careful of your acts,
For words can cut, and deeds bring blood,
And wounds are stubborn facts.
Whether sleeping or weeping,
Or weary watch keeping,
The seed that is sown still will grow
The rose brings new roses,
The thorn tree discloses
Its thorns as an index of woe.

Be careful of your friends, my boy,
Nor walk and mate with vice;
The boy if father to the man,
Then fly when sins entice!
The seed one is sowing
Through time will be growing,
And each one must gather his own;
In joy or in sorrow,
To-day or to-morrow,
You'll reap what your right hand has sown!
Mary M. Anderson, in Union Signal.

THE GLORIOUS BODY.



ARTHUR LLOYD always wondered what was meant in the Creed by "The Resurrection of the Body." One day his father took him to the field where men were sowing wheat. He put in the palm of Arthur's hand some grains of wheat to look at. Then he took them and sowed them in the ground, and put a stick to mark the place.

Arthur forgot all about this, but after many months his father took him one Sunday evening to the field again, and showed him some tall

stocks of wheat which were full of ripe grain. They were as tall as Arthur. And his father said, "Do you remember the little grains we sowed in the ground?"

"Oh yes," said Arthur; "where are they?"

"These are the plants we sowed," said his father. "The seeds melted away in the ground but these fine tall-stocks grew up from the tiny grains, and here we have a crop of new wheat ready to reap."

"I think these plants are much more beautiful than those hard little grains," said Arthur.

"My boy, God watched over every seed, and brought this rich harvest out of them. And now I will tell you what we mean by 'The Resurrection of the Body,' which puzzled you last winter.

"When a Christian dies, his body is laid in the grave, and it turns to dust. But God watches over it, and when Jesus Christ comes again, He will raise up new and beautiful bodies, instead of the poor dead bodies that were buried. And it will be much better for us than it is now. We shall be better and happier.

"The Resurrection will be like harvest. The field in harvest is much more beautiful than in sowing time, when the seeds are all covered up in the silent earth."

"I think," said Arthur, "I shall not be so much afraid to think about dying any more now. But, papa, what will our bodies be like, then?"

"Like the body of the Lord Jesus when He rose," said the father. "It was a glorious body, bright and strong, and free from pain or hunger."

We deck our graves with flowers, and put flowers on the coffins where Christians lie dead to show that we do not hate death. We know the churchyard is like a seed-bed, where some day God's fair flowers will rise up and bloom in joy and gladness.

And the Bible tells us that when God's people die, they only fall asleep. No one is afraid to sleep. No loving Christian child need fear to die.

Lord Jesus, take away from me the fear of dying.

THOSE who wound the feelings of their neighbours by many unkind speeches attempt to justify themselves by declaring that they always say what they think. This is their idea of an honest man. One should never say what he does not think, but it does not follow that he should always say what he happens to think. A wise man thinks all that he says; a fool says all that he thinks.

MAKE life a ministry of love, and it will always be worth living.—*Robert Browning.*

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Board of Management of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society will meet in Hamilton on the 12th of April.

THE Rev. W. P. Swaby, D.D., Vicar of Millfield, Sunderland, England, has been appointed Bishop of Guiana in succession to the late Dr. Austin.

GOOD news still continues to be received from the Bishop of Algoma. His Lordship hopes to be able to resume his work long before his year of absence transpires.

THE Diocese of Toronto has lost an estimable clergyman in the death of Canon Isaac Middleton, B.A., which occurred on February 26th. Canon Middleton, we are informed, was largely instrumental in the establishment of the Bishop Bethune Ladies' College at Oshawa, a description of which was given in our last issue.

It was well said, by Archdeacon Farrar, we believe, "that the primitive Church was a Church of *doers*, while the modern Church is one of *hearers*." St. James gave the primitive Church strong caution on this very point: "Be ye *doers* of the word and not *hearers* only, *deceiving your own selves*." If the Gospel is to be preached to every creature there must be the acts of the modern Church as well as the *Acts* of the Apostles.

THE OUTLOOK OF INDIAN MISSIONS.*

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



THE scope of this paper is sufficiently indicated by its title. In the light of the past and the present we are to attempt to foreshadow the future of our Indian work. Not in a vain attempt at prophecy, but by a careful study of past methods and results, and of the present condition of the work and the times. We are to attempt to divine the future and to prepare ourselves and others for the task before us.

First, then, let us look back. For about seventy years our beloved society has been at work in the land. What have those years to tell us of the divine help, of success or failure, of heroic self-sacrifice and its reward of souls won to righteousness and eternal glory? Truly, brethren we have a goodly heritage. The past history of the work is a glorious inspiration: The picture has its dark shadows, but they only serve to set forth with greater clearness the triumphs of the Gospel. Even in our gloomiest moments we must admit that God's hand has been in the work, and that it has repaid a thousandfold the lives, the toil and pleasure it has demanded. It is true we can show no native Church with its own organization and the promise of a great future, such as lies before the Churches of India or Japan. But we have all and more than we have a right to expect. We have before us the record of workers who lived noble lives and died beloved. We have the certainty that by God's grace thousands accepted their message, and far away from the busy haunts of men offered up their simple prayers, lived out the Gospel as far as they understood it, and died trusting in their Redeemer. Never was the Gospel preached in a country giving fewer opportunities of satisfying the common criterion of success. Even amongst friends of missions their are many who clamor for records of crowded churches, of members converted, of self-sustaining congregations and of romantic stories of the latter days of Pentecosts. The very nature of our work forbids any such expectations. Scattered over a vast region, our few thousand Indians, driven here and there in the struggle for life, are split up into small bands, and for the most part can only be reached at the cost of great toil.

So it has happened that, judged by numbers and obvious evidences of strength and growth, the Indian mission field has failed to satisfy those who look upon these things as the only marks of success.

But we would look deeper than this, and we have the testimony of workers now gone to rest and of others here to-day to the many triumphs of redeeming love, which sets before itself not

* A paper read at the C.M.S. conference recently held in Winnipeg

the upbuilding of strong churches, but first and foremost the redemption of individual souls.

Yet I would not be thought to imply that the work accomplished has been magnificent, or the results small. Think of the grain of mustard seed of sixty years ago. Trace the spread of the Word along the Saskatchewan valley and down the great Mackenzie to the land of the midnight sun. Watch the light drawing on Moosonee and tinging at last with rosy hue the peaks of our western mountains. Think of the Churches and schools now witnessing to God over this vast domain; and you will gladly acknowledge that all things considered, our God has done great things for His children of the forest and plain.

What, then, is the lesson of this retrospect? How can we better express it than in the words of David? "The Lord hath been mindful of us, He will bless us."

Let us now survey our present position. In all the vast territory included within the bounds of this ecclesiastical province, what have we, as the aggregate visible fruit of seventy years of gradually expanding work?

The amount of work accomplished in the way of organization has been very great, and the greater part has been done under the wise government of our honoured metropolitan. His presence with us to-day forbids us saying all that we feel about his able administration and devotion to the enormously responsible task God has committed to him. With profound thankfulness we note the reward which God has given him in being allowed to witness the success of his plans, to the glory of God, and the unspeakable comfort of thousands of humble toilers of the forest and plain. His example has been an inspiration to those of our brethren whose Sabbath of rest has come, as it is still to us who have entered into their labours in the Indian mission field. Most earnestly do we pray that he may long be spared to guide and help us in our work. Up to 1865 the work done was necessarily to a large extent of a preparatory character. The field was being surveyed and the foundations prepared for the coming superstructure. The difficulties to be overcome were great, and we owe much to the patient toil of those who so devotedly paved the way for later workers. Now, what has been the issue of past efforts?

First, we have the increase of the episcopate. Instead of one diocese we have eight. It is especially interesting to us to note, that of these four are almost purely Indian dioceses, viz, Moosonee, Athabasca, Mackenzie River and Selkirk, supported almost entirely by our beloved C.M.S.

In three others, Rupert's Land, Saskatchewan and Calgary, though the population is mainly English-speaking, much is being done for the native race. Qu'Appelle has two or three mis-

sions. In five of these dioceses there is a full synodical organization. Moosonee, Mackenzie River and Selkirk are at present without it, and under present conditions would find it impracticable.

Episcopal endowments have been secured for Rupert's Land, Saskatchewan, Qu'Appelle and Moosonee. Calgary will probably soon be provided for. In every diocese I believe a beginning has been made with a special Indian mission fund.

Second, there are in these dioceses about fifty-two principal mission stations, with many out-posts ministered to more or less regularly. Most of the stations have churches, mission houses and school buildings, and are centres from which light and happiness are diffused in every direction.

Third, there are workers approximately as follows: Ordained missionaries, 49; lay readers, 52; school teachers, 59; day and boundary schools, 62, with 1,720 scholars.

School figures are according to government returns. The C.M.S. list gives fifty-six. The balance are probably in local connection.

Next in importance to the living workers and necessary buildings is a literature either in Indian or English. All the former has had to be created by missionaries during the last sixty years; and to their labours the Indians are indebted for whatever literature they possess. Nine languages are spoken in the Ecclesiastes, Proverbs, and in all of these works have been printed. The languages are: Cree, Ojibway, Chipewyan, Slavi, Beaver, Eskimo, Tukuth, Sioux and Blackfoot, with their dialects. Works printed are the Bible wholly, or in part, prayer book or portion, hymnals, catechisms, manuals of religious instruction, Peep of Day, Pathway of Safety, Pilgrim's Progress, dictionaries, grammars. With the exception of the Pentecost, New Testament and prayer book by Dr. O'Meara, and a hymnal by Mr. Jacobs, all the above work has been done by twelve C.M.S. missionaries. The total number of distinct works printed, and now in use, is forty-five.

The time will probably soon come when English will be the medium of instruction; but until then, our Indians will be under great obligations to those who have given them the Gospel in their own tongue.

The consideration of the above facts and figures is, on the whole, most encouraging. It shows that the Church has done her best to grapple with the vast amount of work before her. In the matter of education this ecclesiastical province is pre-eminent. A careful study of the government returns, shows that out of seventy-nine schools in the whole of Canada, nominally under the control of our Church, the ecclesiastical province of Canada has eleven, British Columbia, six; Rupert's Land, sixty-two. There may be a few schools receiving no government aid; but these would scarcely affect the

proportions given. It is a matter of profound regret that outside of British Columbia and Rupert's Land so little has been done for the Indians by our Church. Making every allowance for the severe struggles through which the Church has passed in Eastern Canada, and the disappearance of whole tribes of Indians, one cannot help feeling that more might have been numbered with us had more strenuous efforts been made on their behalf.

Surely, when we consider our position as a Church in this Province of Rupert's Land, we cannot ignore the immense value of the work of the C.M.S. We must bless God for His goodness in laying so strongly upon it the needs of our native tribes, for the work undertaken has been of untold value both to them and to the Church at large.

Now what shall we say of the spiritual results of all this expenditure of toil and money? Obviously the attainment of such results is our great aim. Our justification for all that has been done in the past, and that we charge the Church to undertake in the future—is the plea, that the work has resulted, and will result, in the winning of souls for Christ.

I always shrink from any attempt to express such results by statistics. That which is spiritual cannot be discerned by the eye nor expressed by any mathematical formula. We may, however, say this much—that judged by the same test as we would apply to the work elsewhere, probably no country in the world has a fairer record. When we remember that in Moosonee there is scarcely a heathen left, and that, in the other dioceses, out of a scanty population, 8,000 are professed members of our Church, we must feel that the work done has been much blessed. Here and there a tribe or band has steadily set itself against the Gospel, as presented by our own Church or any other. But generally the missionary has been well received, and where it has been otherwise, indifference or a dislike to change has been the cause, rather than active hostility. Past experience has taught us to expect that even the most hardened and indifferent will in time give way, and heathenism be driven out of the land.

(To be continued.)

RENTED PEWS.

REV. DYSON HAGUE, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Halifax, in his recently published pamphlet on "The Past, Present and Future of Evangelical Churchmanship," has the following well-timed words on the pew rent system:—

"The Church of the future must have neither bazaars and fairs for raising money nor pew rents for supporting the expenses of the Church. Unobjectionable as bazaars are to many, they

nevertheless introduce *commerce* into a place where it should not be; and convenient and time-honoured as is the system of pew-ownership and pew-renting, it is nevertheless opposed to the plain command of Him who said: 'Make not my Father's house a house of merchandise.'

"I believe that the day is fast coming when every Evangelical will see that there is an absolute and irreversible antagonism between the proclamation of a Gospel without money and without price in the pulpit, and the presence of a system with money and with price in the pew. When, in the fervour of their heaven-given zeal, the first apostles went forth to preach the Gospel, it was upon this most explicit and oft-repeated understanding, that there was to be neither price upon the blessed message of salvation, nor tax upon the privilege of receiving it. It was absolutely free. And as the Gospel was free, so was every sanctuary absolutely free to whomsoever chose to enter. They learned the lesson from the Master Himself, nor did they ever forget that memorable day when Jesus drove from the temple those that sold oxen and sheep and doves, and the changers of money, nor the teaching of His blessed Spirit that there is no respect of persons with God.

"The modern system of pew rents is to make God's house a house of merchandise, of buying and selling, of praying and bargain, on the principle of *quid pro quo*, a value for a value.

"But, says one, 'Is it not fair and just and business-like to get what you pay for, and to have your choice according to what you pay?'

"That's just the point.

"It's because it is business-like that it's wrong. In the market of the exchange you take your place according to your ability to pay, but in the house of God this ought not to be. On the market this principle is right, but in the house of God it's out of place, and it is because it is *out of place* that it is wrong. No. If Christ's will were carried out, not the rich, but the poor would have the best places, and the rich would give the best places to the poor and would not please themselves."

"IN FAR OFF FIELDS."*

BY MRS. DAVIDSON.

NONE hundred and fifty years ago a paper on Missions would have embraced but very few spheres of action.

Now, thanks be to God, Christian Missions are spread all over the habitable globe. Not only so; for each has its history, full of thrilling adventure; noble self sacrifice; patient endurance, hopeful, expectant

*A paper read at the Quarterly Meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary, held recently in Cobourg.

waiting; and oftentimes results far beyond the most ardent expectation!

A glance at some of the fields of aggressive missionary work, may well fill us with encouragement and hope; while it shows us how much there is to do, for us who have the honour of being co-workers with Him whose whole life was one continual offering and sacrifice for the salvation of mankind.

Look at India, that rich possession of the British Crown; half the size of our Dominion, yet having 250,000,000 of inhabitants to our 6,000,000.

At the beginning of this century the brave Wilberforce had to fight a hard battle in the House of Commons, in order to have rescinded the restrictions that prevented missionaries teaching in India!

Now the two great missionary Societies of our beloved Church report 25,000 communicants.

And yet, what are they among so many? One in 10,000!

Read in this connection the life of Schwartz, the Danish Lutheran Missionary, under the S.P.G.

Almost a miracle was his being able to preach in Tamil four months after he reached the country. This indomitable energy and pluck was followed by a life of faith, love and incessant work of forty-eight years, during which time he is said to have been instrumental in the conversion of 10,000 natives from idolatry.

Not less wonderful was the work of Carey, who, in forty-one years translated and printed the whole Bible in twenty-four dialects. Or the life of the Saintly Bishop Heber, which was truly described as "One track of light, the admiration of Britain and India."

And what of "The Missionaries' Grave," as Africa used to be called?

Opened up in late years in a Providential way, showing healthy tracts of country as well as the dreaded pestilential marshes that proved so fatal, Livingstone, Speke, Grant, Baker, and Stanley have brought to light "nations and peoples," who are waiting for the Gospel.

Wicked, cruel, and barbarous because they know no better, they, too, can be transformed by the Power of Christ: The converts of Uganda show us how intense suffering can be patiently borne and triumphed over by men of this despised race, in the power of the Saviour of whom they have so lately heard. In our mind's eye we see them, as they stand firm and erect, not for a moment dreaming of denying the Faith, offering one petition to the cruel king, "Cut not our arms off we will give no resistance." Even this request refused, they stand in the fire with their mutilated bodies; and, as long as strength remains, sing hymns of praise to God!

Such was the outcome of the work of the

martyred Bishop Hannington, and of the steadfast Mackay.

How do such deeds of triumphant faith bring us to our knees in deep humiliation when we contrast them with our own works and labours of love, little called for, and often less given?

In passing from Africa we look at Madagascar, and call to mind the truly wonderful work in that island of which its king said "I have two generals that will keep all Europeans out, General Forest and General Fever."

His words proved only too true with our first missionaries.

In 1818 David Jones and Samuel Bevan were sent out and took their wives and children.

Within a year from their embarkation Mr. and Mrs. Bevan and child, and Mrs. Jones and child had fallen victims to the fever of the country.

But the one brave man who was left (after recruiting his health in the Mauritius) returned, and being joined by ten others opened a school in the palace yard, in which the officers of the army and their wives were daily instructed. Now mark the result under God's blessing.

In less than ten years 15,000 native youths were able to read the Bible in their own language.

But on the death of the king the bloody Kanavalona seized the throne; the missionaries were banished from the island, the profession of Christianity forbidden, and every book confiscated. The great persecutor was a woman.

The first martyr was a woman, "Kasilama," a convert, who was dragged to execution because she persisted in the worship of God. She calmly knelt in prayer, while the executioners thrust their spears into her body.

A hystander said "If I might be so tranquil and happy, I would die for the Saviour, too." "Paul, the aged," a native preacher was soon found with eleven others; they were slung on poles, rags stuffed in their mouths to prevent them telling the people of Jesus, and thus borne to execution.

Some were burned, some hunted to death, some stoned, some were thrown into pits where boiling water was poured on them, while one party were carried to a cliff 300 feet high, and all hurled down the precipice, save one young woman, "Kanivo" by name. She was kept in hopes that she would recant. "No," she exclaimed, "I am Christ's, throw me over."

The heathen mob quailed before her bravery; they saved her life, which was afterwards lived to the glory of Him, for whom she was ready to die.

After a reign of horror of more than thirty years the wicked Kanavalona died, and when Mr. Ellis was sent by the English to negotiate with the new king, he was met by Christians. Every where the people were organizing them-

selves into congregations under native teachers. Some Bibles had been preserved, many precious fragments had been stowed away and studied; the knowledge of Christ had outlived the persecuting queen; and now Madagascar may be called a Christian country, with its Christian queen and 150,000 worshippers in Christian Churches.

The Presbyterians can tell an equally wonderful tale of Formosa; while we can point to the Friendly Islands where, sixty years ago, there was not one Christian, and now there is not one worshipper of idols. The Sandwich Islands, the name of which was a synonym for cannibalism, where the undaunted Bishop Patterson gave up his life, now inhabited by Christians. The New Hebrides, where the people were ever at war, having no word in their language for forgiveness, every wrong must be redressed with blood; where widows were strangled; infirm fathers buried alive; infants murdered; now coming under the blessed Law of Love.

When the Martyr's Memorial Church was to be built at Ecomanga, the corner stone was laid by "Osoya," the son of the murderer of John Williams.

He afterwards prayed "O God, let not the words we have heard be like the fine clothes we wear, soon to be taken off and folded away in a box, but let Thy truth be like the tattoo on our bodies, ineffaceable till death."

(To be continued.)

PEACE RIVER DISTRICT.



HE Rev. George Holmes writes from St. Peter's Mission, Lesser Slave Lake, as follows:

The result of my appeals, I am thankful to say, amounted to \$450 in cash, besides a goodly number of bales.

I am very thankful to report a nice number of children in the Home, seventeen boarders and one day scholar. My dear wife has eight girls in the Mission House, and Mr. Muller, our new teacher, has nine boys in what we call the Boys' Home. Mr. Muller is a general favourite with the children, and I think he is getting them on very well, especially with their English, which is so important. The girls are able to do a good deal of their own work, but they, nevertheless, require Mrs. Holmes' constant attention which, besides her own household duties, keeps her very busy and leaves no time whatever for visiting the Indian women in their homes. From our brief experience it is very clear that Mrs. Holmes will not be able to do all the work in connection with the girls single handed, especially when they are removed into a separate building, as we trust they will next Autumn. I need not tell you what a joy it is to us to be able to bring these seventeen little souls twice a

day to the Master's feet to hear the wonderful words of Life. And we are often surprised at their intelligent grasp of truths they have heard either in church or at daily prayers. I wish that our kind helpers in this work could drop in some morning or evening and see them all listening attentively to the message and hear them lisping the praises of their Redeemer. They would feel that they were repaid a thousand fold for all their labour of love. As I write just now three or four of the youngest are singing as they play, "Jesus paid it all."

There are still very many of these poor little souls out in the world who never hear the name of Jesus from year to year. We earnestly pray that soon we may be able to take fifty instead of only seventeen. I could soon find twenty or thirty more, but I'm afraid our supply of provisions will not admit of more than our present number.

The furnishing of the Home was a more difficult task than we had anticipated, for besides clothing and provisions, we found ourselves in need of a host of other things, such as blankets, cooking utensils, plates and dishes, knives and forks, soap and towels, and many other little things too numerous to mention. For the support of the Home, I find we shall need about \$25 per head, apart from the clothing which we hope to find in the bales, if our Christian friends will continue to help us in this way. I don't know what we, in this far north, would do without the bales. I know that, as far as we are concerned at Lesser Slave Lake, without such valuable help we would not, up to the present, have been able to take in a single child; so from this statement you will have some idea how dependent we are upon the "Woman's Auxiliary."

I have now two men in the bush getting out logs and boards for our new Home, which will cost, by the time we can place them on the site we intend to build on, about \$250. I shall then have left in hand only a balance of \$200 for the building and furnishing. I do hope we shall not be delayed in raising the Home for the lack of funds.

Soon after our arrival last summer, Mrs. Holmes commenced a sewing class for Indian women, which proved a very great attraction, there being an average attendance of twenty. Such a number, however, soon exhausted all the little material we could find, consequently we were obliged to close the meetings before the winter set in. We were very sorry to do so, because it afforded grand opportunities of setting the Gospel truth before these poor blind women. Mrs. Holmes will be glad if those who are sending us clothing, will kindly remember her sewing class.

As regards work amongst the adults, I am thankful to say that God is still blessing our feeble efforts. Since our arrival last summer,

other three have come out on the Lord's side; two of these were, not long ago, prejudiced Romanists. A few weeks ago we had the joy of kneeling with these two brothers and one sister at the Lord's Table. May the Lord grant them to grow up to the full stature of manhood in Christ Jesus, and become bright and shining lights amongst their fellow men.

Woman's Auxiliary Department.

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

Communications relating to this Department should be addressed Mrs. A. E. Williamson, 83 Wellesley St., Toronto.

IN response to the circular letter from the churchwardens of Morris, Manitoba, which appeared in this department last month, Mrs. A. E. Williamson gratefully acknowledges from M.R. \$1; Mrs. Merritt, St. Catharines, \$1; Niagara Falls South, \$1, and on March 9th, \$1. These sums have been forwarded through the Diocesan treasurer. We hope this very deserving mission has had funds sufficient sent in to enable the churchwardens to retain the services of a resident clergyman.

MRS. WILSON, of the Washakada Home, has been pleading the cause of her Indian girls both in Montreal and Ottawa. If the Sunday schools would keep up the sums they promised towards the support of these Indian boys and girls, the Home would be free of debt. This Washakada Home is strictly Church of England in all its teachings, though pupils of all denominations are received. The children attend only the services of the Church, and are, in many instances, professing Christians, not in name only, but in their daily life. \$50 per annum will support a child at the Washakada Home.

THE annual meeting of the Montreal Diocesan W.A. was most successful, all the reports being of a very encouraging nature.

NIAGARA'S annual meeting is to be held April 11th and 12th. The Toronto W.A. hope to hold their annual meeting April 19th, 20th and 21st.

HON. WINNIFRED SUGDEN, of the Zenana Missionary Society, has been visiting the W.A. branches in Toronto, and is now giving addresses in the larger towns of the Diocese. Her description of the lives led by these women of India is most thrilling; there is no word to express "pity" in the Bengal language. "A woman because she is a woman," is ill treated; and Miss Sugden had never seen a native woman laugh. There are 100 baby widows in Delhi under one year of age; these child widows are only allowed one meal a day.

What are the efforts of one missionary among 500,000 natives, for this is the proportion of the enormous population to the total number of missionaries in India. "Pray ye therefore, that the Lord of the harvest will send forth more labourers into His harvest."

THE following account of Christmas at Lac Seul, from the pen of a teacher on one of the Indian reserves, will be read, we hope, with much interest.

"On arriving at the Mission House, Lac Seul, I found the Missionary with three friends busily engaged in filling candy bags, which kept all at work until bed time. Saturday morning was spent in appropriating the different articles, etc. After dinner we went to the Church, which is a very neat building and will hold about 150.

"I am told the seats are made by the Indians themselves, each making one for his family, thus from the first giving them the feeling of its being their own church.

"We dressed the tree with the smaller articles, placing the heavier ones on the floor, Mrs. Pritchard, meanwhile, getting the sheet and lantern ready. From soon after three until seven p.m. the Indians came in, and sat patiently waiting, with eyes betokening much wonder. The proceedings began with the hymn in Indian 'Lo He comes with clouds descending'; then came the magic lantern, each slide being looked at with intense interest, the climax was reached with the 'Twinkling Star,' and the crank turned. Our loyal readers will be glad to learn that upon the picture of the Queen being shown the Indians recognized it at once, and from all parts might be heard 'Ketche Ogemahqua,' (the great chieftain.) Then the tree was lit up and of a long list of women and children each received something, then the candy and dolls were distributed, great amusement being caused when one of the oldest Indians received a little doll; he returned to his seat quite proud of it, though at the same time his face was convulsed with laughter. 'Glory to Thee, etc.' was then sung and after a few words of prayer, the Indians adjourned to the Mission House where all had a good meal. Sunday was bright and clear, 40° below zero, yet there was a large congregation. Are there many white people who would walk fifteen miles to a communion service? Yet over a dozen Indians did so, arriving with their faces one mass of ice; some came from camps two days' journey off, and nearly all had walked from three to four miles.

"The Holy Communion was administered to twenty-eight. The singing and responses were most hearty—one is struck forcibly by the fact that the Indians are more than touched by this, to them, new religion. One of them, once a bigoted heathen, told me his past had been very bad, that he was sorry and would always come on praying days to the Church. When I

found this man lived fifteen miles from the Church my spirit was strengthened to go back to my own reserve, believing my work is not in vain. After service the Indians were again given a meal by Mr. Pritchard; and afterwards had a lantern exhibition of scenes in the life of our Lord, at each slide the scripture referring to it was read. These facts should stimulate us to greater exertion to bring the Indian to the knowledge of His Saviour."

Books and Periodicals Dept.

The Butler Bible Work. The New Testament, Vols. I. and II. The Butler Bible Work Co., 85 Bible House, New York.

Vol. I contains the Fourfold Gospel consolidated in a continuous narrative, presenting the life of our blessed Lord in the order of its events, the text arranged in sections, with readings and comments selected from the choicest and most helpful thought of the Christian centuries. Vol. II. contains the Acts of the Apostles and the rest of the New Testament, arranged in sections, with notes as in the Gospels. Both volumes are handsomely illustrated with maps, plans and pictures, and form an excellent work for all Bible teachers and for those who wish to have a detailed knowledge of the Gospel and the origins of our religion. The Butler Bible Work Co. offer the Old Testament in the same style, making in all eight royal octavo volumes, averaging 650 pages each, durably bound in fine cloth for \$18.00 and fourteen months to pay for it, which is less than one dollar per month after the first payment of \$5. Write to them for full particulars.

(1) *Analytical Concordance to the Bible.* By Robert Young, LL.D. Seventh edition, revised.

(2) *The Resultant Greek Testament.* By Richard F. Weymouth, D. Lit.

(3) *Criminology.* By Arthur MacDonald. Funk & Wagnalls Co., 11 Richmond St. W., Toronto—also New York and London. \$2.

(1) The Analytical Concordance is an invaluable and exhaustive work. It contains every word of the Old and New Testament in alphabetical order, arranged under its Hebrew or Greek original, with the literal meaning of each and its pronunciation, exhibiting about 311,000 references and 30,000 various readings in the New Testament. As there are many words in the Hebrew and Greek which are translated in the authorized version by the same English word it becomes most useful sometimes to know the different texts which contain similar words, not only in English but in the original. For instance, take the word "hell." By looking it up one finds all the texts classified under the Hebrew word "sheol" and the two Greek words "hades" and "gehenna." It is the same with all the words of the Bible. Take "wine" as an example. One sees at a glance all the different texts arranged under the words *chemer, chamar, yayin, terosh*, etc., in all twelve different words. The twenty chapters on "A Sketch of Recent Explorations in Bible Lands," at the end of the book, is most interesting and instructive.

(2) This edition of the Greek Testament exhibits the text in which the majority of modern editors are agreed, and contains the readings of Stephens (1550), Lachmann, Tregelles, Tischendorf, Lightfoot, Ellicott, Alford, Weiss, the Bale Edition (1880), Westcott and Hart, and the Revision Committee. Instead of having to consult half a dozen different editions the student can tell the various readings at a glance. The value of this is at once evident. The present state of the Greek text of the New Testament, as determined by the consensus of the most competent editors, is placed before the reader in concise form.

(3) This is not a pleasant but still a necessary subject, and is treated scientifically. The science of crime and criminals opens up a vast field of great interest. Huberto the works upon it have been in the main such as only students would appreciate; but, while we have in this work a scholarly treatment of the subject, as the result of years of expert study and research, we have also in this book a popular treatment by which the subject is brought within the comprehension of those not specialists.

Colloquies on Preaching. By Rev. Canon Twells, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co., London and New York (15 East 16th Street.)

This is a very entertaining book and withal most instructive. It is a book which every clergyman and divinity student should read. The author, in the very best of humor, causing sometimes much amusement, gives us in a series of imaginary conversations among rectors, vicars, lawyers, doctors, merchants, curates, old ladies and maids, school boys, fathers and sons, squires and gossips, artisans, detectives, waifs and strays, Hodge and his wife, bishop and archdeacon, many home thrusts both as to preachers and hearers of sermons—regarding them in almost every light in which they may be placed. The sermon of the future, he evidently considers, must not be a dull essay read from ponderous manuscript, but a live, earnest address. The archdeacon, when arguing on the subject with the bishop, who rather clings to the old style, puts it in a nutshell when he says. "People will always listen to a lively preacher, and will always send their thoughts a wool gathering before a dull one." There are a great many important truths taught in this entertaining and (in many places) amusing book.

A Select Library of Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers of the Christian Church. Second Series. Vol. V., Gregory of Nyssa. The Christian Literature Co., New York, Oxford and London.

This book is uniform with its predecessors, and is of the same handsome appearance and clear type. It contains a sketch of the life of St. Gregory, Bishop of Nyssa, his general character and style of teaching, his dogmatic treatises, and his works on subjects ascetic and moral, philosophical, apologetic and oratorical, and also his letters to Eusebius, Labanius and many others. Much learning and great care have evidently been spent upon this book which should ever take its place in the clerical library. The Christian Literature Company are doing a good work in putting Christian writings of this kind within the reach of the ordinary student or book buyer.

Year Book and Clergy List of the Church of England in Canada, 1893. Joseph P. Clougher, Toronto. We are glad to see that this useful book is likely to become an annual visitor. For many years the Church of England in Canada longed for a year book. Mr. Clougher solved the problem by publishing one a year ago on his own responsibility. He now repeats his experiment, and the present book is creditable in every way. It has an excellent portrait of the Bishop of Toronto as a frontispiece.

The Illustrated News of the World (New York edition of the *Illustrated London News*) comes as a welcome visitor and full of pictures, artistic and instructive. The late State marriages form prominent features in recent numbers, and the "Parables of a Province," being a story of French Canadian life, is of special interest to our own people. A very fine group of the Anglican Bishops of India is given in a recent number. The cost of this handsome weekly is only \$5 a year, from New York.

(1) *Religious Review of Reviews*, (2) *The Thinker*. The Christian Literature Co., New York. Both these periodicals are full of thought useful for the present times. Articles on religious subjects from all parts of the world are given with freedom—those on the "Structure of the Book

of Daniel" and "Bishop Copleston's Buddhism, Primitive and Present," being especially valuable

The Dominion Illustrated Monthly. Sabiston Litho & Publishing Co., is as interesting as ever. This periodical bids fair to be an important medium for collecting and saving many literary efforts in Canada which might otherwise be lost.

The Missionary Review of the World for April opens with two interesting articles on India. The first, by Professor T. M. Lindsey, of Glasgow, Scotland, on "Brahmanism, Past and Present," is the first of a series on that subject. The second, on "India of To-day," by Rev. James Johnston, is chiefly statistical, and shows that the barbarous customs of self-immolation of widows, female infanticide, etc., are fast being swept away. Other articles of interest go to make up a valuable number.

The Pulpit, Edwin Rose, publisher, Buffalo, N.Y., gives, as usual, a good idea of what is going on in the preaching world. The contents include complete sermons by eminent divines.

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

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

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

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

Nova Scotia, Rev. Dr. Partridge, Halifax, N.S.
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BISHOPS OF THE WEST AND NORTH-WEST.

1. PROVINCE OF RUPERT'S LAND.

The Most Rev. R. Machray, D.D., LL.D., Metropolitan and Bishop of Rupert's Land, 1865.
 Rt. Rev. J. Horden, D.D., Bishop of Moosonee, 1872.
 Rt. Rev. W. C. Bompas, D.D., Bishop of Selkirk, 1874.
 Rt. Rev. R. Young, D.D., Bishop of Athabasca, 1884.
 Hon. and Rt. Rev. A. J. R. Anson, D.D. (*resigned*), Bishop of Qu'Appelle, 1884.
 Rt. Rev. W. C. Pinkham, D.D., Bishop of Saskatchewan and Calgary, 1887.
 Rt. Rev. W. D. Reeve, D.D., Bishop of Mackenzie River, 1891.

2. BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Rt. Rev. George Hills, D.D. (*resigned*), Bishop of Columbia, 1859.
 Rt. Rev. W. Ridley, D.D., Bishop of Caledonia, 1879.
 Rt. Rev. A. W. Sillitoe, D.D., Bishop of New Westminster, 1879.

BISHOP OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

Llewellyn Jones, D.D., 1878.



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

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

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Rev. Canon Houston, Niagara Falls, Ont.; Rev. Rural Dean Forneret, Hamilton, Ont.
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The next meeting of the Board—Hamilton, April 12th, 1893.