

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Showthrough/
Transparence

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

THE CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE

AND MISSION NEWS

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

Vol. X.

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1896.

No. 126.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

No. 126—THE NEW COLLEGE BUILDINGS,
MONTREAL.

THE recent presentation by Mr. A. F. Gault to the diocese of Montreal of the new Theological College is one of the most munificent gifts ever made in Canada. Mr. Gault has taken a deep interest in this institution from the first, and

had presented a fine residence on Dorchester street for its use. A full description of this has been already given in our columns.* It was a fine large building, but was erected as a private residence, and as such was not thoroughly adapted for college requirements. However, it served an excellent purpose for many years. Evidently Mr. Gault, the generous giver of it, was not altogether satisfied with it, and, as God prospered him from time to time, he resolved to erect a building which should be suitable in every respect for the work that was to be done within its walls. The result was a fine collegiate edifice, complete in every respect. It has a chapel furnished in oak with a handsome screen at the entrance. Over the Lord's table Mr. Gault has placed a beautiful window in memory of his two brothers. The college has also a library with all the best modern arrangements for keeping and classifying the books. There are also lecture rooms, a reception room, a board room, and students' rooms all handsomely and appropriately furnished. There is also a splendid Convocation Hall, capable of holding a large number of people.

This fine building, complete in every respect and handsomely furnished throughout, was for-

mally presented by Mr. Gault at a public meeting held in the new building on October 21st.

It was a day much to be remembered among Church people in Montreal. It would have been a day for general rejoicing were it not for the fact that the death of Canon Henderson, the principal of the college, took place at the very time fixed for the public ceremony of inauguration. This cast a gloom over the whole proceedings, for the gentle demeanor of the worthy principal had won the hearts of all who knew him. He had watched with pride the progress made in the new building; he had longed to see its completion and to enter within its walls, but just as everything was ready he was called to his last long rest.

At the meeting referred to Mr. Gault, in a few graceful words, made the formal presentation of the college to the diocese. He handed to Bishop Bond the deed of the college, the treasurer's receipt for the amount given for endowment and for the furniture of the college, also insurance policies paid up for three years, together with a donation of \$1,000 for the benefit of the library.

In accepting the gift, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Bond, Bishop of the diocese, who had been Mr. Gault's rector for many years in days gone by, said: "In

the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, Three Persons in One God, the Holy Blessed and Glorious Trinity, on behalf of the Church in this diocese, I receive these college buildings and this endowment from our dear and valued friend, A. F. Gault, for the use of the Church of Christ in this land. Mr. Gault, friend of the Church, friend of humanity, we are deeply grateful to you. Words fail when we would express our gratitude, but we can pray for you and your family, and we do pray that you may receive at the hands of God a



A. F. GAULT, ESQ.,
Montreal.

*See the December number, 1891.

rich reward. These buildings will remain to tell to generations yet to come of true devotion to the best interests of mankind, and of the wise manner in which means can be used to glorify God."

A touching incident then occurred, when the venerable Bishop turned to Mr. Gault, and in a voice trembling with emotion blessed him and his for their generous gift.

The Bishop then advanced to the platform and delivered a short address. He said: "With desire I have desired to see this day; the opening of this building. God has granted my desires, and I worship and adore Him for His infinite mercy in granting my prayer. May I have grace to be faithful as long as I live. It would be impossible to inaugurate this monument to the piety and generosity of one whose life-long personal friendship for myself, and whose wise and thoughtful affection for the Church, have been so marked, without adverting to that friend. God bless him, and his helpmeet, who has joined in all his decisions. With unceasing and untiring devotion, for twenty-five years and more, he has striven to promote the well-being of the Church and the cause of Christ through the instrumentality of this college. The home we have just left was provided by him. The building we now enter upon, fully equipped as it is, is his munificent gift, and he has added to all a very generous sum as a partial endowment. It is beyond my most vivid dreams, and I now repeat my earnest prayer that God will make all grace abound toward him and his loved ones."

The object that Mr. Gault had in view in making this munificent gift to the Church is best expressed in his own words, uttered in his reply to the address which, on the occasion in question, was presented to him. Mr. Gault said: "This day is to me one of great happiness, not alone because it sees a desire fulfilled that I have long had at heart, but also because I am enabled to hand over to your Lordship personally, as my Bishop and friend, what I know you have wished and regarded as a necessity for the welfare of your diocese, namely, a suitable collegiate building, placed in such a position as to make it part and parcel of the great university with which it is affiliated. That your Lordship has been spared to receive this offering at my hands is to me a great joy, and I firmly trust that the work of to-day, regarded as a fresh starting point in the history of the college, may have the effect of rallying round it the whole force of the diocese, both clergy and laity, and through the gifts and good-will of the Church people of the diocese place the college in such an independent position as will enable it to prove not only a lasting blessing to the large field under your Lordship's supervision, but to other parts of the Dominion, and possibly, in some slight degree, to the larger mission field of the world itself.

"I hand over my gift to you, my Lord, and your successors, without reservation or covenant, for all time, feeling, as I do so, that though in the nature of things earthly friendships must be broken, the Church lives on, the Bishop's chair is never long empty, the perpetuity of the work is ensured. And I do this in simple trust in the promises of God to be with His Church and work for all time, and with the hopeful confidence that forth from these walls may go generations of faithful and devoted men, filled heart-full of a Saviour's love, of kindly earthly sympathy, of activity, devotion, and zeal, and with minds well stored with learning suited to their work, learning that will keep them in touch with the rich treasures of the past, the offspring of the Church of England's mental and spiritual activity through ages, and abreast of the tireless activity of the mental and spiritual force of the Church of to-day. If this hope can in the present and long future be fulfilled through any form of gift that I have made, I thank God! I thank Him for the opportunity, for the will and power to avail myself of it, and for the joy that the offering of this gift brings to my heart to-day."

Would that God would raise up for the struggling Church of Canada many more such noble-hearted laymen as Mr. Gault!

THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY.

BY THE REV. CANON MCKERRIDGE, D.D.

Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act.

UNDER WILLIAM III.



THOMAS TENISON was born in the year 1634. He was known as a good and successful parish priest. During the great plague, he was vicar of St. Andrew's, Cambridge, where he distinguished himself by remaining at his post in the face of a continually threatened death. He was afterwards appointed to the important parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, which he is said to have managed admirably. While he was much admired as a preacher, he won higher opinions as a faithful and persistent worker. Politically he was stoutly opposed to the Romanizing policy of King James, and with a view to counteracting it became one of the originators of the charity schools which afterwards were of great use and power in England. In 1691, he was appointed, somewhat against his will, Bishop of Lincoln, and on the death of Tillotson, in 1694, was made Archbishop of Canterbury. He was sixty years of age when this high advancement came to him. His opinions were very much those of Tillotson. He was Erastian in his views, and as such regarded himself as a state officer, and, in a sense, a minister of the king. In this



THE RT. REV. W. B. BOND, D.D.

Lord Bishop of Montreal, as he was when consecrated.
(See page 265.)

and other matters he was stoutly opposed by the great bulk of the clergy.

The seventeenth century was drawing to a close. Tenison was to see it end, and the eighteenth century begin. The attention of thoughtful clergymen and laymen was being directed to the growth of the Church in America. The golden period for establishing a strong branch of the Church in distant lands had arrived, but, alas! was not taken advantage of with that energy and vigor that its importance demanded. If Archbishop Tenison had exerted his powerful influence in favor of giving the colonists in America their own episcopate, he would have surrounded his name with lasting glory, and would have been the means of forming a strong and powerful Church beyond the seas. But it was not to be. The spirit of the age was not of a missionary character. Yet the dawn of that spirit began to appear. The Rev. Thos. Bray, vicar of a quiet English parish, was sent out to Maryland in 1696 as commissary to the Bishop of London. On his return to England, he represented the great destitution of the colonists in a Church point of view. They had no bishop; but, besides that, clergymen, Bibles, and Prayer Books were painfully few, and most difficult to obtain. In every way possible Dr. Bray endeavored to arouse some enthusiasm regarding this most important matter; but, not meeting with much success, he formed, in conjunction with four others, a society for the purpose. The four others were Lord Guildford, Sir Humphrey Mackworth, Justice Hook, and Col. Maynard Colchester. They met on March 8th, 1699, and formed the immortal S.P.C.K.—the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. It was a small beginning, but time has shown what a great success it has been. The “societies” already existing, and which we have before mentioned,

now came forward to help this new sister, and were useful in procuring subscribers to it.

The Archbishop at this time commended associations of this kind in a circular letter which he addressed to the clergy, and prophesied for them great good. But there were those who opposed them—just as there are those who oppose societies within the Church at the present time. The fact remains that the Church has done some of her best work through voluntary and enthusiastic societies.

The far-seeing Dr. Bray, who, from his experience, began to see how comprehensive the Church of England might become in distant lands, soon discovered that his newly formed S.P.C.K. was not sufficiently specific as regards her work abroad. He therefore worked for the formation of a new society whose constitution should fit it for that alone. In this he received great aid from Archbishop Tenison and the Bishop of London (Dr. Compton), by whose aid its charter was obtained. Such was the beginning of that other great society, known by the equally celebrated letters “S.P.G.,” “The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.” On the 27th of June, 1701—a memorable date—the first meeting of the Society was held. It was held at Lambeth, under the guidance of Archbishop Tenison, to whom belongs the honor of having been its first president.

Dr. Bray also succeeded before his death in establishing a society for providing poor parishes with libraries. It is known as the “Associates of Dr. Bray,” and still exists.

Dr. Tenison, as we have seen, was one of the originators of charity schools, before he was Archbishop. These valued institutions greatly increased during his archbishopric.

In 1071 King James II. died. This opened up a favorable opportunity for the return of the non-jurors to their allegiance and to their place in the Church; but, unfortunately, the government of the day made the unnecessary demand that not only allegiance should be sworn to William III., but that an oath should be taken declaring him to be the rightful and lawful King. This not only excluded the old non-jurors from returning to the Church, but it caused a number of others to refuse the new oath, and thereby swelled the numbers of the Jacobites. In the beginning of the next year (1702) King William die.

UNDER QUEEN ANNE.

The non-jurors might well have returned to the Church on the death of William of Orange, because he was succeeded by Anne, the second daughter of the exiled king. But the believers in the hereditary right of kings maintained that James, son of James II., born at the very time that his father fled from England, was the

rightful heir to the throne. They went so far even as to call him James III. Hence the schism was continued, and some of the non-juring bishops consecrated others, in order that they might continue an outward and visible part of the ancient Church of England.

The Church had now passed through a period of great trial. Calmer and more prosperous days awaited her. Queen Anne was a good Churchwoman. High Churchmen began to have a chance. Appointments had been made under the previous reign by a small committee of Whig bishops. This the new Queen abolished. The country was delighted with the change, and elected a Tory parliament to support her. Measures intended to repress dissenters by forcing them into conformity if they would enjoy the sweets of office twice passed the House of Commons (in 1702 and 1703), but the Whig bishops in the House of Lords refused on both occasions to pass them. The Queen was strongly on the side of the Commons, and considerable excitement existed among both High and Low Churchmen.

Archbishop Tenison was somewhat passive in the matter. The real leader in the House of Lords was the great Whig, Bishop Gilbert Burnet. The progress of the Church abroad, or, as it was termed, "in the Plantations," was seriously considered about this time. In 1703, the question of appointing a suffragan bishop for America was frequently discussed. Unhappily, it produced no result.

The year 1704 was the anniversary of Queen Anne's birthday. She signalled it by an act of great kindness and liberality to the Church. The crown had possessed itself of certain revenues which had originally belonged to the Church. These Queen Anne, to mark her birthday, restored. It was a noble gift, amounting to sixteen or seventeen thousand pounds a year, and is known as "Queen Anne's Bounty." This handsome revenue, by the good queen's wish, was applied to the improvement of the livings of the poorer clergy. There was great need for improvement, for the condition of the clergy in this respect—as a rule—was deplorable; £40 a year was considered a prize, while there were some parishes that yielded incomes as small as five pounds per annum.

This, of course, greatly lowered the status of the clergy. Many of them made no attempts at being gentlemen, but ranked as tradesmen and farmers, and often were not allowed to sit at the same table with the gentry.

The bountiful act of Queen Anne not only relieved much distress at the time, but to the present day the Church has reaped enormous advantages from it.

Archbishop Tenison found he had a difficult post to fill. Another attempt was made by the Commons, supported by the Queen, to

exalt the Church at the expense of dissenters, but the Lords again rejected it. The clergy were pitted against the bishops and battled for what they considered the superior rights of the Church. Dissenters were beginning to encroach upon duties, such as baptizing infants and teaching the young, which they considered belonged exclusively to the clergy of the Church, and the bishops would not help them. The Archbishop, while upholding the bishops, endeavored to calm the troubled waters by conciliatory addresses, but sometimes he bore heavily upon the clergy; and read them severe lectures. The cry of "The Church in danger" was then raised throughout the whole of England. It was said that the Queen even had changed her politics, and, through the influence of the Marlboroughs, had become cold towards the Church. A new parliament proved to be decidedly on the Whig side, and would give no redress to the anxieties of High Churchmen, beyond declaring that "the Church was not in danger."

In 1706, Archbishop Tenison gained a great point over his opponents by suddenly proroguing convocation. This was done, it was said, at the instigation of the Queen, who declared that she had become tired of the continued opposition shown to the bishops by the clergy, and it had the effect of greatly displeasing the Church party. It was at the time when the union between England and Scotland was being consummated, and the clergy naturally felt aggrieved at being debarred from debating the great questions arising between Episcopacy and Presbyterianism in the adjustment of an established Church for each country. Much alarm was felt at the establishment of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. When, accordingly, the next convocation met a solemn protest was made against the curtailment of a privilege that had been allowed the clergy from ancient times. The reply of the Queen (which was really that of Archbishop Tenison) was one of displeasure. This, followed by the summary repetition of the prorogation of convocation, completed the immediate triumph of the Archbishop and his party.

But this triumph did not last. The Queen returned to her Tory preferences. To the dismay of the Whigs, the country showed great delight at the returning ecclesiastical smiles of the Queen. The cry of "The Church in danger" was revived. The Tory clergy became violent in their attacks upon the Whig bishops, and their alleged desire to destroy the true principles of the Church. What was to be done? The Whigs determined to try intimidation. On the 5th of November, 1709, Dr. Henry Sacheverell, fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and chaplain of St. Saviour's, preached a bitter and violent sermon against the Whig authorities. His text was, "In perils among



THE MONTREAL DIOCESAN THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE.

Affiliated with McGill University. (See page 265.)

false brethren." It was published and circulated widely. The Archbishop's party, exasperated, selected this contumacious D.D. as an example and prosecuted him. He was tried in the House of Lords and was duly found guilty of misdemeanor on March 20th, 1710, by a vote of 69 to 52, but when the prosecutors had got this far they saw their mistake. They had only made a hero of Sacheverell. Crowds of people greeted him wherever he went. The Queen joined heartily in encouraging and supporting him. In the face of such strong feeling the Whiggish Lords thought it wise to make his sentence light. They did so to a ridiculous extent, merely forbidding him to preach for three years. This was a great Tory and Church triumph. Bonfires were lit over all England; dissenting chapels were torn down; Sacheverell was belauded even to his own embarrassment. The queen gave him two rich livings, and his journeys to take possession of them were like the public procession of royalty. She also at once dissolved Parliament, and at the general election which followed the Tories and High Churchmen swept the country.

This must have been trying to Archbishop Tenison, who was now seventy six years of age. The real ecclesiastical adviser of the Queen was the other Archbishop, Dr. Sharp, Archbishop of York. An able and true Churchman made a safer guide than a weak old man, warped with the prejudices of a long lifetime.

This was one of the greatest triumphs the Church had ever achieved. The feeling of the nation was not unlike that when the Church was restored after the tyrannous days of Crom-

well. Parliament (A.D. 1710) voted £350,000 for the immediate erection of fifty-two Churches throughout England. The Church had reached its highest point of political influence, and was a great power throughout the land. Its external appointments were also greatly improved, and a devout spirit was at once apparent in the demeanor of the people and their behavior in Church. More frequent services were held, and celebrations of the Holy Communion began to take the place of the long sermons that the Whig authorities delighted in. There were also many men of learning and power in the Church of Queen Anne's day. To say nothing of the eccentric Dean Swift, men like Prideaux, Bingham, and Wall showed that there were those who

could wield the pen of the wise and learned.

Indeed, the Church of this period recommended itself so highly to outsiders that overtures were made from Prussia with regard to the union of Lutheranism with it, and this, we are told, could easily have been effected (for the Prussians were willing to accept episcopacy) if Archbishop Tenison had shown any interest in the matter. But this great and laudable object fell through on account of some political difficulties which a little energy might have removed. Other attempts also were made to give the episcopate to America, and once a clergyman was even named for the position, but some unaccountable lethargy caused the golden opportunity again to pass by. The clergyman named, however, was the extraordinary Dean Swift. How he would have done for the father of episcopacy in America might have been problematical.

The Church, in its strength, was now able to carry everything before it. The bill against occasional conformity, which was designed to force dissenters to become Churchmen, and which (as already related) was three times rejected by the House of Lords, was now carried almost without opposition, but the provisions of the bill were so stringent that it was never enforced.

The Parliament of 1713 had more of the Whig element in it than its predecessor, yet it also was strongly in favor of the Church, and passed laws prohibiting dissenters from teaching or in any way engaging in educational work. But this also, being unreasonable, became a dead letter. The Houses of Convocation of

1713 were engaged in some matters of heresy as taught by private individuals, and therefore left themselves no time for some wholesome measures that might otherwise have been passed. Probably they would have bent their energies to these had they known that they never would have an opportunity again of assembling together under Queen Anne. But so it was. The good Queen passed away on the first of August, 1714, to the great grief of her loving subjects.

The Church of England lost a good and powerful friend in this Queen. Like her grandfather, Charles I., she loved the Church for the Church's sake, and had no desire to make it anything else than it was, either popish on the one hand or Puritan on the other. She died, unfortunately, without leaving an immediate heir to the throne. Though she had had numerous children, they all died young; and when the last of them passed away the throne was disposed of by making Prince George of Hanover, descendant of James I. through his daughter Elizabeth, the heir. From him the Church had little to expect. He did not belong to it, and did not even speak English. The tears, therefore, that true Churchmen shed at the graveside of Queen Anne were those of sincere grief over an irreparable loss and keen anxiety as to the future.

(To be continued.)

SOME MISSIONARY COLLEGES.

No. 6.—THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

USUALLY the first care of a missionary bishop is to provide his diocese with a theological college, and not the least important result of the missionary activity which has characterized the last fifty years or so of British history has been the establishment of missionary seminaries in various parts of the world. These are more or less seats of learning and centres of Church work. From them issue young men made ready for the work of the missionary.

Such a college was established in St. John's, Newfoundland, by the first bishop, Dr. Aubrey G. Spencer, with the aid of the ever helpful S.P.G. (England). It was, however, but a small beginning.

When Bishop Feild, Bishop Spencer's successor, was appointed in 1844, he found the "little theological seminary" in a very poor condition, but his energy soon gave a new impetus to it. The building and site had been provided by private liberality. It was left for Bishop Feild to provide an endowment for it. This he did to the extent of £7,500, which he collected and handed over to the S.P.G. in

trust for the college. Provision was made that in case, at any time, through failure of funds or any other cause, the college should not prove a success, students might be sent to England, or elsewhere, for their education, by means of the interest on the endowment. This, however, has never been necessary. The college, like most things in Newfoundland, has pulled through dark days.

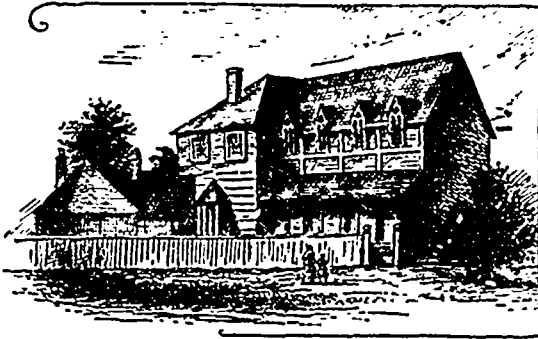
The majority of the clergy—according to *Church Bells* (England)—who have worked in the diocese during the last forty years have passed through the college, and twenty-seven out of fifty-five now working in Newfoundland are Queen's College men. Several of the former principals and vice-principals are now laboring at home, the most prominent being Dr. Kelly, Bishop of Moray and Ross. The college escaped the fire of 1892; but, owing to the inability of the Bishop to procure a principal, the post being vacant at that time, the college was closed for nearly two years, and the building used as a temporary episcopal residence.

The college, which at present can only accommodate six students and a principal, was reopened on February 12th, 1894, under the present principal, Rev. C. Knapp, M.A., who is endeavoring to extend the influence and usefulness of the college. The paucity of clergy, and the wide extent of the missions, have necessitated the placing of a number of newly ordained men, who need the guidance and supervision of more experienced parish priests, in charge of large missions, immediately after they have completed their course of training at the college. These Deacons' Missions have ever been a source of weakness to the Church, and the present effort is an attempt to retain the deacons at the college for the period of their diaconate, during which time they will work upon the large mission known as the St. John's Outpost, while at the same time continuing their theological studies.

It will be necessary to increase the accommodation of the college very considerably before this can be effected, and Mr. Knapp is appealing for an immediate £1,000 for building and necessary alterations, and a further £2,000 to increase the permanent endowment of the college.

Mr. Knapp is a young man, but has already shown promise of a useful career in the Church. He was educated at Oxford, taking his B.A. degree in the Second Class Theological Schools in 1891. He was ordained the same year by the Bishop of Wakefield to the curacy of Brighouse, in Yorkshire. Two years later he was appointed principal of Queen's College, St. John's, where he has been laboring with signal success, and where his influence is already widely felt among the students.

It is a missionary college, and probably will always be such.



QUEEN'S COLLEGE, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

(See page 270).

HINDRANCES.

A FEW WORDS TO YOUNG MEN.

BY REV. J. C. H. MOCKRIDGE, M.A.

Hindrances—obstacles—things that get in the way! The very mention of the words calls up before each of us a long procession of failures which we know to be due to some hindrance.

To make a catalogue of them would be to take up much time, would involve no little labor, and in the end would be of little or no value: for truly their name is legion. How then shall we think of them? Can we say of anything that at all times and everywhere it is a hindrance? Is not the same thing sometimes a hindrance and sometimes a help? and is not one man's hindrance an assistance to another? All these questions come to us as we begin to think of the hindrances that we meet with every day, and which hamper us in our endeavors to lead the Christian life. And then another thing strikes us. They say that a thing that is not worth *trying* for is not worth having, and that it is worth having just in proportion to the amount of work it took to get it: and what they say is true; but *trying* for a thing means that there's something in the way, some obstacle, some hindrance between me and it, something that I must get over; and so, if a thing is valuable according to the amount of labor it costs to get it, these hindrances, these obstacles, are good things, and the bigger they are the better they are, for the harder must be the work required to get over them.

And all this is just another way of saying that all depends on the fellow who is trying.

There were three men entered for an obstacle race. Just before the race, they came out to have a look at the course. No. 1 looked at once for the goal, and when he found it he kept it firmly in his mind. Then he glanced at the obstacles, but did not worry about them much, just noticed where they were and so on; but the goal was, for him, the great thing to be kept in mind. These things in the way had to be got over so as to enable him to reach the

goal. He looked on them as just so many stages on the way.

No. 2 looked at the first obstacle;—it was a barrel that had to be crawled through. As he looked he began to wonder how on earth he'd ever get through it—it looked so small and he was no feather weight; and the more he looked the less he liked it, and the more he lost heart. Then he looked at the next one, and the next, and each time he looked his courage failed a little more, till by the time the race began he was utterly discouraged, and was, as they say, "beaten from the start."

The 3rd man looked at the obstacles first, and thought of the neatest way of getting through the barrel, and wondered if he'd get his swell new running-suit torn or spotted.

The race started, the pistol was fired and off they went. No. 1 slipped at the start, and the other two forged ahead. No. 2 found to his great surprise that, as a matter of fact, he was smaller than the barrel, and he got through. No. 3 paused an instant just to make up his mind which was the neatest way to get through. He thought No. 1 was "out of it"—he'd slipped, and was so horribly dirty, and muddy. But that instant was too long. No. 1 was hard at it, and through the barrel—with a barked shin, it's true, but that didn't matter—while No. 3 was thinking.

No. 2 ahead. The next obstacle was a bad one. He made a try at it and failed. Down went his courage again. "I'll never do it," he muttered, and as he was making a feeble second attempt up came No. 1, tried and failed, but, instead of losing heart, he was roused by the opposition, and with that goal still steadily before him tried twice as hard the second time, and over he went.

So all through the race. No. 1 got the prize, of course. I fancy No. 2 is still trying that second obstacle, or perhaps he's explaining to his sympathetic friends how absurd it was to expect any man to get over a hurdle like that. "That fellow just did it by a fluke, couldn't do it again if he tried." As for No. 3, he retired hurt, with a wound not half as bad as that of which No. 1 had taken no notice.

So, brothers, is it with our hindrances. The comparison of the Christian life to a race is as old as St. Paul; but it's the way of looking at obstacles that's the point. Now there is nothing flippant or light about this way of looking at the serious hindrances that meet us in our lives, especially those which meet us young men, pledged, as we are, to a very definite service and work for our Master—the work of bringing more of us under His banner.

But remember what the exact thing is that we are considering. It is the hindrances in our own lives, the obstacles that are between us and the prize of our high calling, or, in other words, the things that make the difference be-

tween what we are and what we know we ought to be.

What are they? We have said that it is no use to make a catalogue of them; but still we can see that there are three places they can come from, and that those which come from each place have a likeness of their own.

(1) They come from outside. We get up in the morning, and in our prayers ask earnestly for strength to pass the day in the "practice of the presence of God"; and we go down to our work filled with good intentions. Some fellow comes along with a temptation of one kind or another, and before we know it we are down. We looked too long at the temptation, and that's a terrible mistake. For it is always and everywhere true that if we look at a sin or a temptation it grows less dreadful to us, and the longer we look the less great seems the sin—

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
That, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with his face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Each one of us can think of scores of hindrances that come to us from outside—and they are the ones which make us angry, for they seem so unnecessary.

(2) They come from inside, of our own selves. We have a pet sin. We try hard to root it out, or think we're trying hard; but after awhile we think we're safe, and begin to feel that it is a grand thing to be free, and that our will must be stronger. We grow to be quite proud of ourselves, when down we go again worse than ever. Self-indulgence is a terrible hindrance. In these days fasting and bodily discipline are not practised as they ought to be, and the result is that our bodies are a very real obstacle to us in leading the Christian life. They say that often a man who has been a slave makes the hardest kind of master when he's promoted.

So it is with the body. It ought to be "kept under." It should be a slave, but if it isn't watched it soon becomes the hardest kind of a master. So much, then, for hindrances that come from within.

(3). But there is a third place to which we have to look for perhaps the worst hindrances of all.

We are kneeling at the altar, thinking of the great mercy and goodness of our Saviour in coming so close to us: and we are striving with all our might to keep from us everything, every thought, except of Him and our faith in Him, and at this holy place, in these sacred surroundings, when we think that everything should be holy and good and pure, there comes into our minds an evil thought—it may be of hatred, it may be of impurity, it may be of deceit; we are startled and shocked at it. Where does it come from? Not from the

world outside, for that is shut away from us in this holy place. Not from ourselves, for we are trying to get rid of it and cannot. Yes, and we notice that this form of hindrance comes to us just at the most sacred times, or just at the times of our highest effort.

Where does it come from? Surely it comes straight from Satan himself, our old adversary the devil, who has such a strange way of getting himself forgotten. Ah! but he's a clever one. You remember how the hymn says:

"Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees."

Yes, he trembles, and yet often he sees just at such a time the opportunity he wants, and up he comes from his realm of sin, and sends the poisoned dart straight through our souls and wounds them.

Three places the hindrances come from, and, brothers, you must by this time have recognized that all I have done is just to expand and put in plain everyday words those words you know so well which tell us how it is our duty to renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil, for they are the sources of all our hindrances; those outside—the world; those inside—the flesh; and that other class—the devil.

I have kept you long enough, perhaps, and yet I cannot stop without applying the story about the race to these hindrances, with a view to our overcoming them.


"No. 1" is our model. Never mind the hindrances themselves. Don't examine them, or try to find out how big they are. Don't look at the ones far ahead. As surely as you begin to think, "That hindrance is too big, nobody could expect a little fellow like me to tackle that," the hindrance becomes a barrier that you can never get over.

No. *Respice finem*,—look to the end. What is it? "The stature of the perfect man, Christ Jesus." Keep Him ever before you. Study Him; feed on Him; pray to Him; count all things loss for Him, crucify the flesh for Him, with its affections and lusts, so that you may be able to say (and remember they are the words of a man of like passions with yourself), "And now I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

These are the hindrances. Great they certainly are, and impossible for us to get over by ourselves, but with eyes and heart and mind and strength all on the goal, let us "remember that all things are possible to him that believeth," and that we "can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth" us.

A boy, hearing his father pray for the missionary cause, and especially for the wants of the missionaries, that their institutions might be supplied with abundant means, said to him: "Father, I wish I had your money." "Why, my son, what would you do with it?" "I would answer your prayers."

THE INDIANS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

HE following extracts from Bishop Ridley's recent letters to the C.M.S. (England) will be read with interest:

No missionary can be dull among these Zimshian Indians, unless, failing in his duty, he keeps them at arm's length. Where they give their confidence they give no rest. They have an alertness of mind and purpose which forbids stagnation. This is my seventeenth year among them, and yet I rarely pass a day without hearing something of interest or being presented with some strange problem to puzzle over.

At home, great orators are rare whose lips drop wisdom; the rest of us tremble with self-consciousness when forced to hem and haw. Out here, all adult Indians, like the fearless wild flowers everywhere, blossom out at a moment's notice in ready and florid speech with becoming modesty. I do not deny the inconvenience of this fine gift when the listener's time is precious, or his breakfast interrupted through its exercise. For instance, this very morning twenty-six Kitkatlas (counting, like them, the small boy as nobody) were just about to embark in their canoe, when, as an afterthought, the chief, Sheuksh, sent up a few of his leading men to ask some questions and obtain a written introduction to a distant band of Indians they were about to visit—as I shall relate.

The breakfast begun must wait. We are not here to eat, but to work. Having satisfied my untimely visitors, I returned to chilled coffee and porridge, to finish it while discussing with my Indian churchwarden, who had just then come in, how to go on with the church-roof repairs now that two of the sheets of zinc had sunk in deep water between the ship and the wharf. On the entrance of the bride of the week he withdrew. Three Kitikshans from the Skeena river awaited her departure to ask for my sanction to a new branch of the diocesan Church Army. Every detail must be gone over. To urge brevity increases prolixity. This is the way they proceeded, after a respectful preface: "Chief, the work of God is no light thing. All parts are weighty. Small things are parts of large things. Little things differ not from large in things of God. God makes no difference. If otherwise thou wilt explain. In our ignorance so we think, but thou art older and wiser than we. What thou sayest we will do. Now, listen, chief." Of course, I listen.

Among other greater things such questions as these were put: "When praying in the street must we kneel when it is muddy?" "Look out for the clean spots," was the reply. "We will never look on strong drink, but must we give up tobacco?" "I do not smoke; you are

free men. Drunkards do not enter heaven. Nothing is said about smokers. I cannot afford it." "Now, chief, we ask no trivial questions. When we are ready to burst with emotion may we find relief in crying out in church 'Amen,' or 'Alleluia'?" This I saw to be Salvationist infection, and asked, "Do you know the meaning of those words?" "No." "Then don't say words without meaning. God looks for sense from men and noise from dogs. Say aloud the responses for relief." "May women preach in a loud voice on the streets?" "Yes, if they speak wisely." "Then why not in church?" "Beause St. Paul says, 'No.'" "Suppose men on the street laugh at us?" "Pay no heed." "Suppose they make a row in our house-meeting?" "Turn them out." "May we appoint men to do this?" "Yes, the strong and good-tempered ones."

In travelling on the Skeena river I stop at every village. In the Christian villages one meets troops of healthy, well-clad children, who fearlessly meet our gaze. The dwellings are either new or in good repair, and full of modern furniture, the gardens fenced in, the roads not mere tracks. One sees signs of comfort, cleanliness, and ambition; one hears the school-bell and whirr of the sewing machine, and after the day's work is done music right and left, unless drowned by the volume of sound from the public hall, where the band practises each week-day evening all the winter through almost.

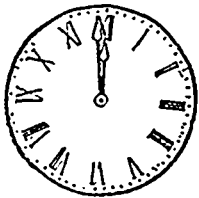
The heathen are dirty, ragged, dispirited, and jealous of the Christians. To avoid treading in filth one must walk on the crooked trails with circumspection. The children stand at a distance, huddled together. I have seen two, even in the biting blast of winter, wrapped in a single piece of blanket, their only covering. The houses are rotting, propped up, and patched. Squalid within and dismal without, they truly show the moral and physical condition of their ignorant and superstitious inhabitants. These cling with a passionate resolve to the *yaok*, or potlatch. "That is our mountain," say they, "our only joy, dearer than life. To prison and death we will go rather than yield." Yet this is their ruin. It is impossible to heighten the contrast between the Christless and the Christian people of the same tribes. Great is our present reward in seeing the elevating, as well as saving, effects of a pure Gospel.

A few years ago I appointed the Rev. F. Stephenson, a brother of Mr. E. Stephenson, to Giatwangak, thirty miles below Hazelton. The agrarian trouble soon sprang up, and the Indians tried to exclude all whites from their territory. Mr. Stephenson was turned out of his hut and ordered away. He lived for some time under the trees, and broke back into his own house as soon as the guard over him was

taken off. Those same people are now filling a spacious church which their hands, under Rev. A. E. Price's direction, were building earlier in the year. There is progress everywhere. Before long heathenism will have perished on the Skeena river, and in no small measure is it due, under God, to the zealous efforts of the native Christians among the non-Christians. We have more unpaid than paid preachers in the diocese.

Woman's Auxiliary Department.

"The love of Christ constraineth us."—II. Cor. v. 14.
Communications relating to this Department should be addressed to Miss L. H. Montizambert, General Corresponding Secretary W. A. 159 College Street, Toronto.



Remember daily the mid-day prayer for missions.

"Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost part of the earth for thy possession": Ps. ii. 8.

MEETING OF THE PROVINCIAL BOARD OF MANAGEMENT.

ONE of the most successful meetings of the above Board ever held took place in Toronto, Nov. 12th, 1896. The Holy Communion was administered in Holy Trinity Church by the Rev. J. Pearson, and a sermon full of most helpful and encouraging thoughts preached by the Rev. H. P. Lowe, of St. George's Church. After the service, the members assembled in Holy Trinity schoolhouse, which had been so kindly placed at the disposal of the Board. After a hymn and prayer, the roll was called and seventeen found to be present. Great regret was felt that neither the Recording Secretary, the Treasurer, nor anyone from Montreal or Quebec was able to attend.

A hearty welcome was extended to the newly formed W. A. of Ottawa diocese.

The reports showed that there are 479 branches, of which 134 are junior. The number of members, as far as returned, is 12,756, of which 3,824 are juniors, but very many branches still fail to report their membership, and so the figures are necessarily much under the correct ones. Number of bales sent out during the past year is 590, with \$8,857.92 spent on new material and freight. Besides this, the treasurer reports \$18,099.27 contributed in money. *The Leaflet* has a circulation of \$7,225. The missionaries supported by or gone out from the W. A. now number ten, also six Bible women in foreign lands. Eleven children of missionaries are educated wholly or in part, and most grateful recognition of this part of the

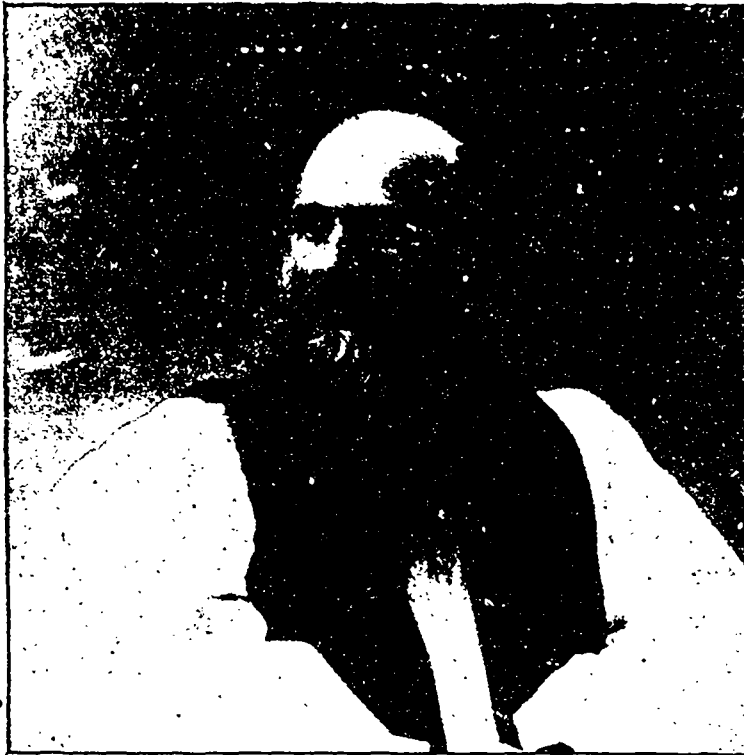
work is often received. The Standing Committees on Education, *Leaflet* and Printing, Literature, Indian affairs, etc., etc., presented their reports, many valuable suggestions being offered for future guidance. Information regarding some of the Indian schools in the Northwest was given by one of the officers, and plans of work for the coming year fully discussed. The session lasted all Thursday and Friday. The Board was very hospitably entertained at luncheon on Thursday by the W. A. of Holy Trinity, and the ex-committee of Toronto diocese gave a most enjoyable social at St. Peter's schoolhouse that same evening. Mrs. Tilton delivered a most pleasing address, urging her hearers to continued and increased efforts in mission work. There was a very large gathering, and the welcome extended to the Board by the diocesan president, Mrs. Williamson, was given in her usual happy and warm-hearted way. On Friday, there being a press for time, as some had to leave that evening, the committee of the Dorcas central rooms of Toronto diocese, who had so kindly invited the Board to lunch with them, brought the luncheon to the Board instead, and business went on uninterruptedly until finished at five o'clock. The president said a few words before parting, calling attention to this being the entrance to a new decade, the W. A. having completed its tenth year in September last, and expressing her deep thankfulness that the work had been so blessed, and earnest hope that more of God's gracious gifts were in store for it in the future.

After singing the Doxology the meeting adjourned.

During the afternoon, the president of Toronto diocese presented Mrs. Tilton with a beautiful bunch of roses, thanking her at the same time for her able and impartial ruling in the chair, and repeating the warm welcome to the Board, which was much appreciated by its members, who will ever have most delighted remembrances of their kind hostesses and all connected with the meeting of 1896.

PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

1. Did you ever go into your garden and see a rose tree with some of its leaves blighted and withered, others drooping and pale, others green and fresh, a beauty to the tree and a help to its growth and well-being? If we take the rose-tree as a type of the Church of Christ, and the leaves as its members, we shall find types in them also. Baptized Christians dead to spiritual things, or, if not dead, so stunted, so languid in their spiritual sympathies that they exist only for themselves and contribute nothing to the growth and beauty of the tree which bears them. But do the living members, the green leaves full of sap, flowing from



THE RT. REV. DR. RIDLEY. (See page 273.)
Bishop of Caledonia, B.C.

the Root of David, the rod of the stem of Jesse, do these owe no duty to the spiritually dead and dying? Cannot God's Spirit breathe on them that they may live? Surely it is part of our personal responsibility in our daily use of the members' prayer to include those who, born in a Christian land, and professing the Christian faith, are yet ignorant of Christ as their personal King and Saviour. Should we not remember such no less than the heathen, and earnestly pray the Lord, who died for them, "Have pity on those who know Thee not"?

2. But your rose-tree has not only leaves, but flowers; and you will sometimes find a bud that has never opened, beautiful as a bud, but never coming to perfection, never developing into flower, and the fruit that nurtures the seed of a fresh life. Perhaps your bud is hidden under thick leaves and gets no sunshine; perhaps drought has blighted it. It is not always the non-worker's own fault that she has never opened her heart to the Sun of Righteousness, that she has never thrown off the sheath of selfishness, nor borne fruit for other lives. "You ought to work for missions," we say to such a one; but do we who work take pains to show her the great need, the reasonable duty, the grand results of missionary work? To do this we must know more about missions in detail than some have ever troubled themselves

to learn. We owe it to others not less than to ourselves to read and remember those missionary facts which enlarge our sympathies and warm our zeal, that so we may be able to fulfil the responsibility laid upon us to win more workers for the spreading of Christ's kingdom. A great help in this will be found in the four questions given every month in the *Leaflet*. Discuss them at your meetings, endeavour to answer them before you get the replies in the next month's *Leaflet*, hunt up books on the subject in the public library, and study the missionary history of a country now and then instead of the last new magazine; the taste will grow, and you will be worth far more as a member of the Auxiliary.

3. Have you not sometimes seen a team of horses pulling a heavy wagon, and thought, "That near horse is doing double work; he pulls more than his share." The off horse pulls a little, but while the one strains at the trace and puts strength and good will to the work, the other shirks as much as he can. We have both types among our Auxiliary women. I do not speak now of those with many home claims, with scanty leisure and limited income: I mean the contrast, not of circumstance, but of spirit and will. The sense of personal responsibility for the life and good work of the branch is present in the one case, and well nigh absent in the other. Where does the remedy lie? First, in awakened spiritual conscience in the slothful member, but largely in the branch as a whole, who, as a rule, are only too ready to work the willing horse to death, to heap and multiply responsibilities upon her till she does one of three things, all undesirable. She attempts more than she can rightly fulfil; she gives up in despair; or you spoil your best worker by making her think that nothing goes right without her, and that she is the branch. There is a personal responsibility on every member with regard to work; so far as her vote and influence extend, she should see that it is fairly divided, that each, herself included, helps to pull the load, and that the most half-hearted member is greatly encouraged to feel that she can be of use, and that she is really needed.

4. Long years ago, on the upper lakes, a beautiful specimen of amethyst quartz was given to me. The play of light and shadow on the lovely violet crystals was wonderful, yet it did not satisfy; there was a flaw. Embedded with the rest was one crystal crusted with a dull, gray sediment; a lapidary could have cleared it away, and then my clouded amethyst would have reflected back the sunlight with the rest. I could not, so the sparkle was hidden, the rich hue lost to sight. Have we no members who are faithfully in their place, who help to hold the branch together, but who never let their light shine? They may not have the gift of speaking, but, alas! they do not even listen with any appearance of interest; they work diligently at the meetings, but their neighbor, stranger though she may be, never gets a helpful word, nor the expression of a hope that she will come again. If branch matters are discussed these hardly seem to hear, and to direct appeals they are as cold as a wet blanket. Yet this is often in appearance only; they are shy, they are reserved, they are humble-minded, or they are like Mrs. Gatty's kitten that did not know how to purr when she was pleased. It takes love and tact to wear away the crust and to make these living stones sparkle among the rest, but it can generally be done, and here is a responsibility for the genial, free-hearted members; let them bring their sunshine to bear upon these hermit crabs, and win them out of their shells.

5. What shall I take for a pattern of giving? What better than our dear old mother earth, which returns tenfold all that we bestow upon her?

"True to her trust, tree, herb, or reed,
She renders for each scattered seed,
And to her Lord with duteous heed
Gives large increase.
Thus year by year she works unfead
And will not cease."

Your garden repays you well for the wise labor bestowed upon it; you sow the bare grain, and your field waves with golden corn in its season; you plant a sapling apple-tree, and in a few years its branches are laden to the ground with fruit. All this abundant return pictures our own personal responsibility to Him "from whom all good things do come."

"Largely Thou givest, gracious Lord,
Largely Thy gifts should be restored;
Freely Thou givest, and Thy word
Is, 'Freely give.'
He only, who forgets to hoard,
Has learn'd to live."

The above is from the able pen of Miss Osler, of All Saints' branch, Toronto. This being the month when "Diocesan" is one of our subjects, we feel that nothing could be more helpful than the looking into the personal standing of each member in every branch in all our

dioceses. It will, we trust, if the test is prayerfully applied, enable us, with God's help, to be better workers in our parish and in our diocese, while not neglecting those in distant places.

THE COOK AND THE CAPTIVE;

OR,

ATTALUS THE HOSTAGE.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)



HE odd noises that he heard were, he perceived, the snores of the men, who had flung themselves down to sleep as he had done. It was a curious place in the eyes of Attalus, who had always lived in handsome, well-built Roman houses, with courts in the middle, with well-paved apartments for giving audience, for eating, living, and sleeping, disposed round them, and baths adjoining, with hot and cold water laid on. True, they were of only one story, and had no glass windows, but they were well furnished according to the notions of the time, and had carved bedsteads, like sofas, in the little sleeping-rooms, and in the others tables, chairs, and couches, and a whole library of books, rolls of vellum, which Attalus had once regarded as his enemies, but which he now began to miss. He had been amused at Baldrik's wonder at these civilized appurtenances, and he was now to be amazed at the lack of them. The house was high and large, the elevation being, in fact, up to the height that a sufficient number of trees could attain, their trunks being set close together, and the interstices stuffed with clay, reeds, and heather. The span of the roof was the same, as far as could be safely supported by rafters of tall pine-trees, with beams extending across below them. The roof was fairly weather-tight, but open in the middle over the hearth, whose odors of wood and peat smoke still filled the edifice. There were no windows, but the two ends had wide and open doorways, and there was a wide space down the middle, the sides being divided off by wooden structures that put Attalus in mind of the stalls of horses, only that these were closed in at the top; and far away, near the farther entrance, he heard the stamp of horses, and lifting up his head perceived that they were tied up in rows at that end. A cock, whose crow had first wakened him, gave another summons, and was seen to be perched on one of the beams overhead, with all his family round him; and there were other gruntings and bleatings which showed that there was a considerable live stock all awake.

All this he perceived gradually, while still half awake and coming to a full recollection of

his situation, which was certainly as sad—not perhaps as possible, since there was the hope of deliverance when the cities should be surrendered, and his grandfather would do all that could be done for his recovery; but all was as dark and dreary as could be imagined when he came to think it over, as he had never had time or space to do since Hunderik had carried him off.

At last, however, he had time to realize that, though his grandfather and uncle, and even poor Gola, were so far away, and did not even know where he was, there was an Almighty All-seeing Protector ever close to him, and that he might trust to be defended. He said his prayers, and ended with "St. Patrick's Breastplate," kneeling on his heap of ferns, but still so stiff and aching that he dropped down again, very glad to rest. Just then some of the women began to appear from their great boxes, which he now perceived to be beds—almost amounting to the separate cells of a monastery, or what would now be called cubicles, except that conveniences for the toilet were altogether lacking.

The washing, as he found later, for those who esteemed such practices, was done at a spring at a little distance from the dwelling, on the mountain-side, and such attention to the hair as ever was paid was an amusement for the leisure hours of the day. A comb was a great possession, only belonging to the wife of the settlement.

Presently, as he still lay on his heap of ferns, too stiff and tired willingly to move, three children came toward him, two little girls with bright hair, about his own age, and a younger boy. He thought he heard them say, "Come and look at the new pledge boy," but he could not be sure of their language, though he knew well enough when the boy called out, "Give! give!" and snatched at the golden bulla on Attalus' neck. The chain was welded on, and it would not come off, though his hard pull hurt severely, and Attalus with a cry tried to push him away, upon which he roared.

Two or three women rushed up, and one, whose gold necklace and armlets showed her to be Hunderik's wife, struck Attalus a sharp blow, while the child continued to tug at the gold medallion as if he would cut the poor boy's throat. There were loud exclamations all round, and it ended in Frau Bernhild producing a great pair of shears with which she severed the chain, when her boy Hundbert bore it off in triumph, and Attalus was left smarting under the deep wale it had made in his neck, and trying not to cry, but feeling as if he had lost his rank and had been made a slave outright.

The lady spurned him for a moment with her foot, muttering something that he knew well to be "Little slave!" but he was too worn out and dejected to show anger. One of the little girls, who stood by gazing at him, said, "Don't

cry, boy," and the other, "Was it a charm?"

"It showed my rank as a Roman," said Attalus, trying to put this into her language.

"Hundbert will weary of it and throw it aside," suggested the elder of the girls; "I will try to get it again for you."

"But if mother gets it you will never have it," said her sister. "Was it gold?"

"It was. All Roman boys have golden bullas," said Attalus.

"Come and have some milk," said the elder one, in a consoling voice; "Bruna is just bringing it."

This was a refreshing idea, and Attalus rose slowly and with pain, and let the little maid take his hand. Two such creatures were entirely new to him; he had never spoken to a girl in his life, excepting to a beggar at his grandfather's gate; but no one since he had been in Hunderik's charge had till now said a kind word to him, and he could not help looking gratefully up in the fair pink-and-white face full of tenderness such as the girl might have shown to a frightened foal or puppy-dog. Indeed, as they moved toward the door, the great wolf-hounds came leaping round her, and the half-grown ones, with big soft clumsy paws, almost knocked Attalus down, to the laughter of the other girl, while they barked and whined with eager joy, and Frau Bernhild called out, "Roswitha! Valhild! Where are you going?"

"To feed the dogs, mother, and get some milk for the hostage," was the answer of Roswitha.

She led him, accompanied by Valhild, outside the door, into a great space of irregular yard, with a few barns and sheds, a stack or two of fagots, logs of wood around, and other ricks of straw or hay. The house where they had slept was higher and more completely roofed than the others, and the huge crossed trunks of pine-trees that formed the gable ends were at their tapering summits decked with skulls of horses, and on each side of the door stood a tall trunk of pine carved as a pillar. Cows, horses, sheep, goats, pigs, and poultry were scattered all about the yard; there were rudely clad men, women, and children running about, eating, or lounging among them. Only a few seemed to be employed effectively—some of the women were milking, a few of the men grooming the horses, and another was cutting up a sheep that had been killed. There was a kind of pavement before the doorway, but all the rest was a swamp of foulness and dirt, trampled on without caution or regard by bare or merely sandalled feet.

The fowls came flocking round Roswitha, and she threw them scraps and barley, the latter of which she took from the barn behind her. Then stopping one of the women with a bowl of milk she took possession of it, and,

after drinking a little herself, Valhild claimed it and drank deeply, but still more was left than even Attalus, hungry as he was, could finish at one draft, and Roswitha took her share.

The sun was up now above the pine and beech trees on the hillside, and a loud blast on some kind of horn was heard, upon which all the horses, colts, and foals pricked up their ears and started off in the direction whence the sound came. The cows had already begun to gather together, and at another signal of the same kind, but different, gravely set forth under the charge of their herdsman in another direction. So did the goats, who seemed to need no signal to make them go off toward the mountain, led by a great old fellow with a long gray beard, but with feet full of antics. The sheep were not put in order without many blasts, and much barking and setting in order by the great shaggy dogs; nor did the swineherd and his dogs get their grunting and squeaking charge into marching order for the woods without much trouble, which so diverted Attalus that he laughed for almost the first time since he had left Langres.

Roswitha looked pleased, and he asked her where he could have a bath. She had never heard of such a thing, but when she understood she took him to the spring, which leaped out of a mossy fern-clad rock above the farmyard, and had a basin scooped out for it below, before it made its way as a stream across all the defilements of the yard.

He wished the girls would go away, so that he could have stripped and had a real bath; but they had no notion of what he meant, and were much too curious about the ways of this strange new being to get out of his way. However, he washed head, hands, and feet, and felt much refreshed.

Still he was so weary, sore, and strained with his miserable ride that he could not walk without pain, and he spent most of that day and the following lying on a heap of straw, half asleep, except when little Hundbert tormented him, evidently fancying the newcomer a strange animal imported for his amusement, pulling about the poor boy's clothes, taking away whatever there was to take, poking his fingers into his eyes, and ordering him about. Once when Attalus could bear it no longer he attempted to drive the little tyrant off with a cuff; but this led to a roar, and Frau Bernhild rushed up, threatened Attalus, and gave him a few smart strokes, which grieved and angered him more than all. He, a high-born noble, to be beaten by a barbarian woman!

Roswitha tried to protect him, but in vain, for the novelty of worrying him was only too delightful to her spoiled brother; and he had no peace except when the urchin was asleep or eating. Hunderik himself and his warriors indulged in a long rest after their expedition, and

did not lounge out of their boxes till nearly noonday, when they looked at their horses, devoured the sheep and the broth in which it had been boiled, drank ale, and spent the rest of the day in cleaning up their armor, or in having their heads combed by their wives, who were called off from their spinning for the purpose. Hunderik played with his little son, who rode on his knee and tried on his helmet, shrieking and laughing with joy; but he took no notice of his daughters, nor of Attalus, except that, probably on the complaint of either the boy or his mother, he observed, "Thou dog of a hostage, if thou layest hands on my son it shall be the worse for thy skin."

CHAPTER IX.—A STRANGE SUNDAY.

Were the people of Hundingburg Christians? It perplexed Attalus, who had never observed any token of prayers, nor seen anyone make the sign of the cross, and found that the day he had been used to call Dominica, or the Lord's Day, was termed by them only the Sun's Day. He had hoped to see or hear of a priest on that day, and asked Roswitha if they would not go to church; but she did not understand him, and when she gathered that he meant some kind of observance she said, "My father is going to hang up some of his spoil on the Ermansaul, and then he will come back with his kinsmen, and we shall feast upon the colt that he has killed."

"But that is like pagans!" exclaimed Attalus, with a shudder. "Are you not Christians?"

"Oh, yes; at the King's bidding, they said there came a man, a priest, and dipped us all in the river, and named us all in the name of the King's God," said Roswitha; "I remember it now."

"Yes," said Valhild. "Mother held back and said He was not a wariike God, and father said the King had conquered in that name, and we were on Gaulish soil and must bow to the God of the Gauls, and King Clovis would have it so."

"But He is the great King over all the earth, the only God," returned Attalus, aghast.

Neither of them fully understood the other, but Roswitha added, "It cannot hurt Him and will do us good if father gives his spoil to our old god, Erman, and then he will bring us good luck."

"Is there no Christian priest?" exclaimed Attalus; "no one to tell you of the one great God and Christ, in whose name you are baptized?"

(To be continued.)

"Money is an article which may be used as a universal passport to everywhere except heaven, and a universal provider of everything except happiness."

Young People's Department.



SIoux INDIANS.

INDIANS OF THE SIOUX MISSION.

THIS is a picture of some of the Indians of the Sioux or Dakota tribe, at the mission near Griswold, in Manitoba. The clergyman sitting by is the Rev. Rural Dean Burman, who founded this mission over sixteen years ago—in 1880. At that time the country round, now covered with beautiful farms with good settlers' houses, schools, and churches, and having several villages along the railway running through it, was unbroken prairie. The only people were the Indians, who lived mostly by hunting wolves, foxes, deer, and smaller fur-bearing animals. They were very wild and unsettled, living in tepees of buffaloskins or cotton for the most part, even in winter. At first the work of the mission was full of difficulties. The people mostly loved their wild heathen worship—with its dances and feasting. The heathen priests or medicine men hated the thought of losing their

position as leaders of the people, for they always received presents for trying to heal the sick, and were treated with great respect. Night after night they made night hideous with their wild songs and incessant drumming on their tomtoms. So they opposed the missionary in every way. The people were all very superstitious and ignorant. They expected many presents, and could not see any use in a teacher, unless he had much to give away. When they were asked to allow their children to be baptized, they for a long time refused, because they were told that all who were baptized would surely die. The children often ran away in fear when they saw the missionary coming. When they got over their fear, and were sent to school, they often found it pleasanter to go trapping gophers (a kind of ground-squirrel), which they could cook over a fire, and so have a kind of sly picnic. Or on hot days they much preferred swimming in the river. So for some time it was difficult even to get a chance to teach them.

Then often all had to go away in search of food; there were days when, hunger could be seen written on many faces, and poor women and children might be seen digging up the roots of the "Cree turnip," a miserable, pithy kind of root, which was dried and grated and made into a kind of mush. It was poor stuff, but it kept them alive. In winter even this could not be had, and the first winter there was terrible suffering from famine.

Still the missionary labored on. For some years there was but little encouragement. But a change came at last. The little church, of which they were very fond, was often filled with worshippers and children and a few men and women were baptized. Many learnt to read and sing. The medicine men lost their influence, and even they in some cases came to hear the sweet message of God's love. The people learnt to plow and sow, and at the end of ten years had many small farms, and learnt to work for themselves and earn money from settlers. There is no more famine. All have houses for winter, though living in tents in summer. This year they are said to have among the sixty families about 27,000 bushels of wheat and oats.

So they have indeed prospered in worldly things, nor has the Gospel been preached in vain. Mr. Burman left the mission in 1889 to take charge of the Rupert's Land Indian School. Others have taken up his work, and when last year he paid his old friends a visit he baptized twenty-one of their children and a woman. One of the lads in the picture was a favorite scholar called "Hinwaujidan" or "One Tooth," because, soon after he was born, his mother found he had already got a single tooth. On the visit referred to, Mr. Burman baptized his baby amongst others.

The story of this mission is full of interest. There are strange tales to be told about the history and religion and legends of these once dreaded and warlike Sioux. But we cannot write them now. Rather let us think of the wonderful change the Gospel of Jesus has made in even them. Let us thank God for it, and ask Him to win them all to Himself.

TRYING OUR LORD'S WAY.

A CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

BY S. JENNIE SMITH.



H, dear! how unfortunate!"

Having given utterance to the above gloomy exclamation, Lou Rankin threw down some letters she had been reading, and looked the very personification of despair.

"What's the trouble, dear?" questioned her mother anxiously.

"Why, you know, I invited Kate to come

and spend to-morrow with me, and she writes that she has a previous engagement; Lulu Coombs writes that she expects to start for Boston to-night; there is no one else that I would care to ask at this late day, and you and pa are going off, and what I am going to do here all alone with the servants I'm sure I don't know. I never was so fixed before."

"I'm sorry to leave you so, my daughter, but you know it is necessary for your father and me to go, and we certainly wouldn't want to take you with us, and have the servants alone in the house over night, considering that we have had them such a short time. I regret that you haven't some pleasure on hand. Why not try Christ's way for this once, dear?"

"Why, what do you mean, ma?"

"We are told that He pleased not Himself, but went about doing good."

"I can't cure sick people," cried Lou, with a puzzled look.

"No, but you can visit them. Perhaps He has given you this chance to do some of the kind acts that you have been wishing you had time to attend to. There's poor Mary Lane; you know you promised to call on her at your first opportunity. Then there's Mrs.—"

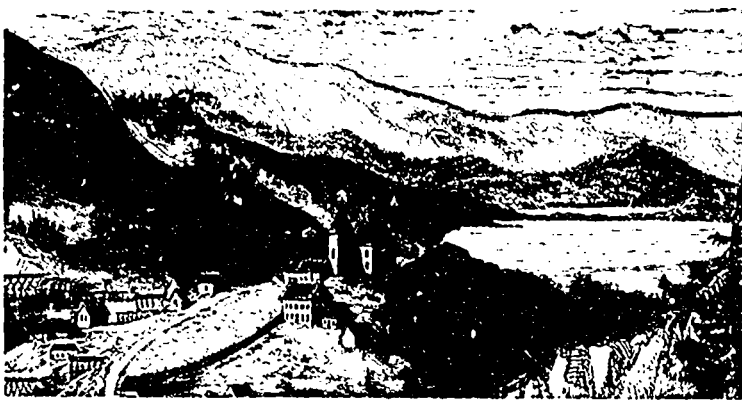
"But on Christmas Day, ma," interrupted Lou, "it would seem so strange to do such things."

"Why should it be strange to have a Christ-like spirit on Christ's birthday? To be sure, we generally do devote the day to fun and frolic, but even then you are giving enjoyment to others as well as to yourself. This year you will be unavoidably left alone and have only yourself to please. Don't lose the opportunity, child, to make this Christmas one of the happiest days of your life."

Lou said no more, but she felt sure that she did not care to make a sister of charity of herself on Christmas Day. Some other time she would delight in attending to those neglected matters, but to-morrow must be her own.

With a firm resolution to make it so, she arose the next morning and resignedly saw her parents depart for a few days' visit to an invalid aunt. Then she began to look around to see how she could best entertain herself. Among her Christmas presents she had discovered several new books; these would help her pass away part of the day, at least. Accordingly, as soon as she had given necessary orders to the servants, she chose a cozy corner in the sitting room and settled down to read what seemed to be a very interesting volume. But somehow she found it impossible to fix her mind on the story. Generally her powers of concentration were in an excellent condition, but on this occasion they seemed to have deserted her.

"Pshaw! what ails me, anyhow?" she said to herself. "It's evident that I can't read now. I'll put on my wraps and take a short walk."



A MISSION STATION IN NEWFOUNDLAND. (See page 4.)

Arrived on the street, she was undecided as to which direction to take. "I may as well walk Mary's way," she thought, "I don't think I shall go in to-day, but I'll just walk around that way."

"Merry Christmas, Lou! Oh! I am so delighted that you have come!"

Lou started when she heard the greeting, for without noticing it she had arrived at Mary's house, and there she was sitting near the window, with the sash raised just a little to make herself heard.

"Merry Christmas!" Lou said, smiling brightly, and it was the first time she had smiled that morning. She had caught the gladness from her sick friend, and by the time she had entered the room had almost forgotten her disappointments.

"It is so good to see you again," Mary declared. "It seems such a long time since you were here last, and this morning I actually felt a trifle rebellious to think that while others could come and go as they pleased I had to depend on somebody to wheel me about the room. But I don't feel so now, Lou; I know God is very good to me. See the pile of presents that folks have sent in, and—oh, Lou! will you show me that new stitch that you spoke of the last time you were here?"

Like a happy child Mary chatted on while Lou gave her instructions on the latest crochet pattern. "Must you go now?" she asked an hour later, when Lou reached for her hat. "Well, I am so glad you came! I shall feel brighter all day on account of your visit."

With a light step and still lighter heart, Lou started down the street. "It is delightful to please one's friends," she was telling herself when she noticed that she was right in front of another friend's house. "That's where Mrs. Dobson lives. I've promised so much to call on her, that I'll just run in while I'm here, even if it is before calling hours."

She was met at the door by Mr. Dobson, who

said in surprise: "Why, how are you, Miss Lou? It seems good to meet a bright, young face to-day. My poor wife is quite sick, you know. Come up, will you, and see her?"

Lou went up stairs and found Mrs. Dobson in bed with intermittent fever. "Miss Lou, how kind you are! you have come like an angel of mercy. Could you sit by me for half an hour while George goes to the drug store for medicine? He's afraid to leave me alone, and I need it so much."

The young girl expressed her willingness to remain an

hour, if need be, and Mr. Dobson went gladly on his errand. Then Lou bathed the invalid's head, and talked to her in a low, soothing tone.

Presently they were startled by the sound of a child crying in an adjoining room.

"That's Willie," said the sick mother in despair; "he's been so cross to-day. He was to go out, but of course his father can't leave me now, so he's disappointed. He doesn't seem to be well, either. He fell asleep ten minutes ago and George laid him down, thinking he would be quiet for a while, but here he is again."

Willie then appeared, rubbing his eyes, which were red from much weeping. He was a pale, delicate-looking child of four years.

"So the little boy wants to go out," said Lou in a caressing tone, "how would you like to go with me, dear?"

By way of answer, Willie straightway went to Lou and nodded his head.

"Do you think he would go with me, Mrs. Dobson? I am alone and shall be glad of his company to lunch, and then wouldn't it relieve you a little, too? His crying must be very distressing to you."

Willie eagerly awaited his mother's decision. "Oh, yes," she replied, "he's not at all timid, and it would relieve me more than you can imagine, besides doing Willie good to get the fresh air, but how can I trouble you so much?"

"I don't mind the trouble in the least," Lou declared, "indeed, I shall enjoy it."

Thus it happened that Lou had company for Christmas, after all, and the little fellow who sat smiling beside her at the table seemed to be having such a good time that she unconsciously rejoiced in his gladness.

Happening to turn toward the window, she beheld a queer little specimen of humanity gazing in at them. She admitted the child, and was immediately greeted in this way: "Plaze, ma'am, me name is Kate Walsh. Me

mother says will yer be after letting Nora come home at wanst, 'cause she'd like to see her, and she'll be right back." Then, glancing at the table, Kate exclaimed: "What an illigant dinner, Miss, and the two of yous to ate it. It ain't the likes of that we'd be havin' at our house."

Lou's eyes sparkled. "Would you care to stay and eat dinner with us, Kate?"

"Do yer mane it, Miss?"

"Mean it? Of course. We have enough for three, and if your mother don't mind—."

"Begrudge me a dinner the likes of that? No, indade."

Just then Nora appeared on the scene and was astonished to find her little sister talking with Miss Lou. "Mother wants you at wanst, Nora," said the young guest, "and I will be after atin' dinner with the mistress whiles you do be gone."

Nora made a move toward the child as if to strike her for her supposed impudence, but Lou held her back: "It's all right, Nora, I've invited her to dine with us, and this afternoon, if your mother is willing, I'll keep her here to play with me and this little boy. There are lots of my discarded playthings upstairs. Now you run over and see what your mother wants, and tell her I have kept Kate."

"Blessings on you, Miss. It's little enough pleasure the poor child has."

Lou afterward declared that she derived as much enjoyment from the frolic of that afternoon as did either of her happy little guests, and she wondered if she could have derived as much satisfaction at witnessing the pleasure of her own dear friends.

That evening she sang Christmas carols in the mission church down the street. The soprano had been suddenly taken sick, and as it was known that Lou had a clear, sweet voice, and was acquainted with the hymns, she was requested to fill the vacant place. Gladly she consented, for a day spent in doing good had prepared her heart and voice for singing praises to the Most High.

"Mother, I acted on your advice," she said, when her parents had returned to their home. "I did it, too, almost without knowing it, and the day proved indeed to be one of the happiest Christmases I ever spent. The other day I read these lines:

No shattered box of ointment
We ever need regret;
Far out of disappointment
Flow sweetest odors yet.

I thought then that they were not true; now I believe in them heartily."—*Selected.*

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

NEWFOUNDLAND.

PERHAPS no place in the world has harder work for clergymen to do than Newfoundland. Nearly all the places where people live are on the sea coast, and the people themselves are nearly all fishermen—except in St. John's, which is the capital of the colony and a fine large city. The clergy have to do a great deal of their work in open boats, as they go to their different missionary stations. The weather is often cold and stormy, and the sea rough—for remember that the sea there is the Atlantic Ocean, and think what it must be sometimes to toss about on it in an open boat, a poor little thing rising and falling with the big, heavy waves! Of course, sometimes, when the sea is quiet and the wind is fair, the journey might be very beautiful; but the missionary must go in all weathers—rain, hail, snow, sleet, or storm, he must go, if there is any possibility of doing so; but the worst is that he may start when the weather is fine, and when he is far away from shore a storm may come on, and then he is at the mercy of the wind and the waves. Sometimes a clergyman has gone out in that way and has never returned. But then the poor fishermen have dangers of the same kind, and the clergyman, for Christ's sake, throws in his lot with them. This is what it is to be a missionary. We should pray for all missionaries, that God would protect them in all dangers.

And are we ready for Him? The Christmas preparations are almost made; the Christmas gifts will soon be finished; very soon we shall begin to deck the church in its Christmas dress. But what about these little hearts? Are they prepared for Him? Do they cherish in some secret corner a gift for Christ? Are they clean and pure, and bright with Christmas wreaths of sweetest, holiest thoughts?

This quiet Sunday, while still the Advent hymns are sung, the Advent prayers and Advent lessons read, is a time set apart for these Christmas preparations. We are making ready our homes and our churches for Christmas Day; do not let us forget the first, most needful making ready of all.

One of the first lessons that a young man should learn is faithfulness to duty and trustworthiness in small matters. Having these, the foundation of prosperity is laid; and if to such characteristics are added a determination to become absolute master of the business and the capacity to grasp the various requirements, the highway to wealth and standing is well laid out.

The Canadian Church Magazine AND MISSION NEWS.

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

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

DISCONTINUANCES.—We find that a large majority of our subscribers prefer not to have their subscriptions interrupted and their files broken in case they fail to remit before expiration. It is therefore assumed, unless notification to discontinue is received, that the subscriber wishes no interruption in the series.

Back numbers to a limited extent can be supplied. Liberal terms for localizing a Parish Magazine given on application.

ALSO

The Canadian Church Juvenile

An illustrated monthly paper for the Children of the Church, suitable for Sunday-schools.

Single copy, one cent; ten cents a year. In quantities of fifty or upwards, eight cents a year. Always strictly in advance.

EDITOR.—REV. CANON MOCKRIDGER, D.D., 56 St. Alban's St., Toronto, to whom all communications of an editorial character should be addressed.

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

VOL. X. DECEMBER, 1896. No. 126

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE regret that we have space and time only to refer to the election of Canon Thorneloe by the Provincial Synod to be the third Bishop of Algoma. He has our best wishes for success in his new and important work.

WHEN an English Churchman is called upon to defend the validity of the ordination of his clergy, he stands upon firm ground. Nothing was more carefully guarded at the time of the Reformation than that, and it can stand easily any test that may be brought to bear upon it. The recent attempt of Pope Leo to pronounce English orders "null and void" has proved a huge failure, and has caused a smile only upon the faces of those conversant with ancient ecclesiastical history.

THE outrages and cruelties inflicted at the present time by man upon his fellow-man are most marked and atrocious. To think of six thousand Armenian victims in one week, to say nothing of a hundred monks murdered in the Philippine Islands with every mark of refined cruelty! It looks like a reversion to the days of Nero. It seems unaccountable that the great nations of the earth, armed to the teeth, should allow such wholesale slaughter of men, women, and children. The only excuse for standing armies is that by them protection may be obtained in times of oppression or attack. Apart from any question as to the victims being Christians as against unbelievers and heathen, they are men, women and children, and should armed nations permit such continuous and wholesale butchery

of the innocent, unprotected and weak by the cruel and the strong. If, as we are continually told, the opportunity for the evangelization of the world has come, all nations having removed barriers against the entrance of missionaries, why is it that the worst days of persecution are allowed to return and apparently to remain? This is a question which is very puzzling to the ordinary mind. There are no doubt cogent reasons why one nation alone could not interfere in such a matter; but why, in the interests of humanity alone, several nations should not combine to stop glaring tyranny and cruelty seems inexplicable.

THE great value and importance of the conventions of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew may be gathered from the words of Bishop Dowden, of Edinburgh, who was present at the Pittsburgh convention. He said: "I am free to confess that I have never in my life been so impressed by any gathering of men as I was by the congregation which assembled for the corporate communion this morning; and I must admit that it was with the utmost difficulty that I was able to control my emotions sufficiently to allow me to proceed with the service." Almost 1,000 men were present at this service, held at 7 o'clock in the morning.

EVERY now and then we read of an actual life as real, charitable and unselfish as Dickens' favorite characters, the Cheeryble brothers. An instance of this we have in the late William E. Dodge, a wealthy merchant of New York, whose good deeds read more like a romance than reality. As a boy, he proposed to some of his companions that they should establish a missionary potato patch, the success of which, in its first year, encouraged him in the laudable work he had begun, and when as a man and a successful merchant money came to him in ever-increasing abundance he kept the idea of the potato patch in his mind. He did not wait till he had "made his pile" before he began to be generous, which countless merchant princes assaying to do have never lived long enough to accomplish it, nor did he wait to put his charitable deeds into his will, thus postponing the evil day, as it would seem, to the very last possible moment—but he began to be liberal with his money in proportion to its increase. He dispensed his own charities. Every morning, after routine business, he received visitors seeking aid. He heard the story of each one patiently, and judging of it by its merits dealt with it then and there. Everyone was the same to him, whether a negro asking some little help for his plantation or a doctor of divinity seeking an endowment for a college. As a thorough business man, he always knew how much at a given time he could bestow upon charities, and therefore his liberality was proportionate

and systematic. For sixty years he dispensed charities in this way. Though apparently a Presbyterian he seems to have been ready to help all who might apply to him, provided they had a worthy object in view. Such was a grand life. What the world, in a missionary sense, might have been if all merchant princes and those possessed of millions had gone and done likewise!

The Stundists or nonconformists of Russia are a persecuted and proscribed people, who suffer continuously at the hands of officers and magistrates, and yet at the coronation of the Czar a strong bodyguard of peasants, carefully selected from these people, was formed to protect the great ruler at that time of imminent danger. They were selected for their integrity and reliability, qualities which surely ought to exempt them from persecution.

Books and Periodicals Department.

(1) *The Expositor*. (2) *The Clergyman's Magazine*. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

(1) *The Expositor* for November gives a translation of "Ananias of Shirak upon Christmas," translated by F. C. Conybeare, and a vivid article on Herron, by the Rev. William Wright, D.D. Dr. Wright knows all about the sacred mountain, having investigated it personally for many years. The Rev. E. Medley contributes a study in "First Thessalonians" in such a manner as to show the peculiar force and power of St. Paul's epistles as evidenced by this his acknowledged first letter. Mr. Medley looks at it in the light of an educated heathen of Thessalonica, living in the days when it was written, and points out many things which, to us, are as familiar as nursery tales, but which would strike his ears for the first time, and bring before him many thoughts and aspects of religion entirely new to him. This way of dealing with ancient records, especially with the early Christian documents, is of high value. "The Place of Abraham in Religious History," by the late Prof. Dale, is a frank investigation of the aims and character of the ancient patriarch, who is acknowledged alike by Christians, Jews, and Mohammedans.

(2) *The Clergyman's Magazine* has a continuation of Principal Moule's "Lessons in Faith and Love," the subject of this time being "Purity and Peace in the present Lord." "Sermons in Season and out of Season" are hints for dealing with various subjects, thirteen of them in all, which might be useful in parish preaching. "Some Advent Thoughts," by the late Prebendary Calthrop, will be found useful at the present time, his first treatise being "The Manifestation of Character."

(1) *The Sunday at Home*. (2) *The Leisure Hour*. (3) *The Boy's Own* and (4) *The Girl's Own Paper*. (5) *The Cotager and Artisan*, etc. London: The Religious Tract Society, 56 Paternoster Row, E.C.

The Sunday at Home for November begins a new volume, and begins it well. A fresh serial by Leslie Keith, entitled "Under One Roof," is commenced. "The Story of Constantinople" is well told by Isabella Mayo. "The Egyptian Book of the Dead," by Sir Edward M. Thompson, is an interesting contribution to Egyptology. "Only the Boy" and "An Earl's Daughter" are short stories very prettily told. Many fine illustrations adorn its pages. *The Leisure Hour* has its usual quota of good family reading. Those who read Mr. Michael A. Morrison's "Nadya" will be glad to read "The Story of Han's Peil," which is commenced in the November number. Those

who have ever been in the city of "Lady Godiva" will be pleased to read the sketch given of Coventry, and those interested in Arctic explorations will find much to please them in "Nansen and the North Pole." The pictures of this number are remarkably good. *The Boy's Own* begins several new stories, with titles wild enough to interest those for whom they are written. The society has commenced a religious periodical for the young, called *Sunday Hours for Boys and Girls*. It promises to be a success. It has a beautiful colored picture called "Cyril, the Boy Martyr."

The Homiletic Review. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York and Toronto.

The November number has a good sermon on St. Paul as a Preacher, in connection with which some useful thoughts are given regarding the great apostle. What a wonderful life was his! How great the effect of his conversion upon the world! "Homiletics Viewed as Rhetoric" is continued, and much wholesome advice is given to preachers. Truly, if preaching is not a success in the present age, it is not for the want of able treatises regarding it, or sound advice given to those who attempt it. "Present Day Apologetics" is also continued with advantage to the reader. A natural feeling of curiosity would lead men at the present time to ask, "What is Ian Maclaren like as a preacher?" A sermon of his is published in the *Review*, and we notice in it much of the sweet persuasive pathos that characterizes his writings. His theme is "The Urgency of the Gospel." The number has several other helpful discourses and sermons, and hints of all kinds to help the preacher.

The Missionary Review of the World. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York and Toronto. \$2.50 a year.

In the November number, Dr. Arthur T. Pierson, the editor-in-chief, opens with an article on the "The Habits of Giving" of Wm. E. Dodge, the philanthropist and promoter of missions. "Six Years in Utah," by Dr. D. L. Leonard, graphically describes the writer's experience and observations during his residence among the Mormons. Rev. R. L. McNabb, in his article on "Foreign Community Life in China," presents a clear view of the hindrances to Christian missions, arising from the immoral and unprincipled lives of many of the foreign residents at the Treaty ports. The second paper on "Russian Stundists" describes the cruel persecutions which these subjects of the Czar are compelled to undergo, and which, in some instances, resemble the inhuman atrocities practised upon the Armenians in Turkey. Many other subjects of interest are treated of in this issue.

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

The Review of Reviews for November publishes several important and interesting articles on the latest phases of the Eastern Question, especially from the British point of view. Mr. W. T. Stead's survey of the subject, entitled "The Eastern Ogre; or, St. George to the Rescue," is extremely characteristic and suggestive. The *Review* also offers a remarkable symposium of current thought on "What should be done with Turkey?" as the pressing problem of the hour.

(1) *Germania*. (2) *L'Etudiant*. A. W. Spanhoofd, Manchester, N.H.

These are well-arranged periodicals for instruction in German and French respectively. A study of these each month will repay anyone who wishes to acquire or keep up a knowledge of these languages.

The American Church Sunday-school Magazine, Philadelphia.

Besides the useful Sunday-school lessons this periodical, as usual, has some very excellent reading matter.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.—CONTINUED FROM NOVEMBER ISSUE.

MACKENZIE RIVER.	
To balance on hand last year—General Fund.....	\$15 00
Wycliffe Missions.....	57 15
Grant by Board for Fire Relief Fund.....	276 34
To amounts appropriated as indicated on contra side.....	2603 80
	<u>\$2952 29</u>
By sums paid as appropriated, including balance on hand last year	
Wycliffe Missions.....	\$1538 62
General ".....	394 00
Bishop Reeve.....	274 19
Rev. I. O. Stringer.....	210 80
Education Fund.....	160 00
Fire Relief Fund.....	63 00
Freight on bales.....	30 60
Rev. T. J. Marsh.....	4 74
	<u>\$2675 95</u>
Grant of Board from Domestic Mission Fund for rebuilding See House, etc., destroyed by fire.	276 34
	<u>\$2952 29</u>
MISCELLANEOUS OBJECTS, DOMESTIC.	
To balance on hand last year.....	\$ 5 00
Cash appropriated to objects indicated on contra side.....	37 15
	<u>\$ 42 15</u>
By Indian teacher, Huron Diocese.	5 00
Education of Missionary's children.....	9 65
Education of Missionary's children.....	22 50
Transferred balance on hand to Domestic Missions.....	5 00
	<u>\$ 42 15</u>
MOOSONEE.	
To balance on hand last year, for	
General Fund.....	\$ 130 52
Cash received for General Fund.	920 25
Cash received for building Church	225 00
	<u>\$1275 77</u>
By paid for General Fund.....	1050 77
Paid for building Church.....	225 00
	<u>\$1275 77</u>
NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C., DOMESTIC.	
To balance on hand last year—	
For All Hallows' School, Yale.....	\$ 64 53
To cash for All Hallows' School.....	129 93
" " General Fund.....	20 00
To grant by Board from Northwest Mission Fund for general work.....	147 08
To grant by Board from Indian Homes Fund for All Hallows' School.....	50 00
	<u>\$411 56</u>
By sums paid as appropriated by donors, including balance on hand last year—	
For All Hallows' School, Yale.....	\$194 48
For General Fund.....	20 00
By grant from Board for General Fund.....	147 08
For All Hallows' School.....	50 00
	<u>\$411 56</u>

NORTHWEST MISSIONS.	
To balance on hand last year—	
For General Fund.....	\$147 0
" C. C. M. Association.....	6 16
	<u>\$153 24</u>
To cash received.....	187 10
	<u>\$340 34</u>
By paid C. C. M. Association.....	\$ 23 15
" D. Kemp, per Toronto W. A.....	13 05
" Grant of Board to New Westminster, Domestic Missions.....	147 08
Cash on hand.....	157 06
	<u>\$340 34</u>
QU'APPELLE.	
To balance on hand last year—	
For Gordon School.....	\$ 10 00
" Indian Homes.....	7 40
" Rev. T. A. Teitelbaum.....	5 00
	<u>\$ 22 40</u>
To grants of Board, from Domestic Missions—	
General, for general work.....	200 00
From Indian Homes, for Gordon School.....	200 00
To amounts appropriated, as indicated on contra side.....	485 26
	<u>\$907 66</u>
By sums paid as appropriated by donors, including balance on hand last year—	
General Fund.....	\$263 92
Saltcoats Hospital.....	80 56
Indian Homes.....	56 33
Mr. H. Dec.....	38 83
Shoal River.....	27 97
Rev. T. A. Teitelbaum.....	16 70
Gordon School.....	10 00
Medicine Hat.....	8 35
Indian Work.....	5 00
	<u>\$507 66</u>
By grants from Board—	
For general work.....	200 00
" Gordon School.....	200 00
	<u>\$907 66</u>
RUPERT'S LAND.	
To balance on hand last year—	
For General Fund.....	\$258 69
" Wycliffe Missions.....	85
To amounts appropriated, as indicated on contra side.....	3,714 03
	<u>\$3,981 57</u>
By paid as appropriated by donors, including balance on hand last year—	
General Fund.....	\$3,463 76
Wycliffe Missions.....	140 13
Indian Missions.....	129 00
Washakada.....	70 50
Dynevor Hospital.....	65 00
Frenchmen's Head.....	42 71
Sioux Indians.....	42 47
Somerset.....	28 00
	<u>\$3,981 57</u>

SASKATCHEWAN AND CALGARY.

To balance on hand last year—	
Emmanuel College.....	\$ 31 05
Blackfoot Homes	8 09
General Fund.....	5 00
Rev. G. Moore.....	4 65
	<u>\$48 79</u>
(Less \$13.75 held to make up balance of \$50 overpaid Blood Reserve) .	\$ 35 04
To grant of Board for Indian Homes from Indian Homes, General—Children's Lenten offerings.....	300 00
To amounts appropriated, as indicated on contra side.....	3,586 53
	<u>\$3,921 57</u>
By sums paid as appropriated by donors, including balances on hand last year—	
Piegan Indian Home.....	\$1,186 66
Blackfoot "	1,051 93
Blood Reserve Indian Home.....	515 45
Indian Homes, General.....	562 91
Sarcee Reserve Indian Home.....	206 00
Onion Lake Teacher.....	76 86
Emmanuel College.....	106 42
General Fund.....	63 23
Eagle's Rib Camp.....	50 00
Battleford Indians.....	37 65
Nepowewin.....	20 81
Prince Albert.....	15 00
Missionary travelling expenses.....	15 00
Rev. E. Hockley.....	9 05
Rev. G. Moore.....	4 65
	<u>\$3,921 57</u>

SELKIRK.

To balance on hand last year—	
For General Fund.....	\$ 13 81
" C.C.M.A. Mission.....	9 00
To amounts appropriated, as indicated on contra side.....	405 15
	<u>\$427 96</u>
By sums paid as appropriated by donors, including balances on hand last year.....	
C.C.M.A., or Wycliffe Missions.....	\$ 332 72
General Fund.....	45 58
Bishop and Mrs. Bompas.....	42 00
The Bishop.....	7 66
	<u>\$427 96</u>

(b) FOREIGN.

CHINESE WORK IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

To balance on hand last year for General Fund	\$ 10 00
To grant of Board for General Fund, from Foreign Missions, General.....	156 00
To amounts appropriated, as indicated on contra side.....	44 52
	<u>\$210 52</u>
By sums paid as appropriated by donors—	
" Jim Lee".....	\$ 30 52
General Fund.....	23 00
Chinese School.....	1 00
	<u>54 52</u>
By General Fund—grant from Board	\$156 00
	<u>\$210 52</u>

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY (ENGLAND).

To balance on hand last year for General Fund.	\$ 24 30
To amounts appropriated as indicated on contra side.....	1391 92
	<u>\$1416 22</u>
By sums paid, as appropriated by donors—	
For the Rev. J. R. S. Boyd, China.....	\$ 644 06
Various, per C.C.M.A.	338 70
China.....	234 60
General Fund.....	87 65
Rev. F. N. Alexander, Ellore, India.....	50 00
Bible woman.....	30 00
Chinese Mission School	15 00
Uganda.....	8 40
Missionary travelling expenses.....	2 75
Stewart Memorial.....	2 60
Stewart Band.....	1 46
South America.....	1 00
	<u>\$1416 22</u>

COLONIAL AND CONTINENTAL CHURCH SOCIETY (ENGLAND).

To cash received for the society.....	\$18 00
By cash paid as appropriated.....	18 00

FOREIGN MISSIONS, GENERAL.

To balance on hand last year.....	\$ 1469 90
To cash received	4611 98
	<u>6081 88</u>
By paid Japan Mission, Nagano, per S.P.G....	
" Chinese work in B.C.....	\$ 3125 00
" Miss Smith, Japan.....	156 00
" Share of expenses—two-fifths.....	215 48
Cash on hand.....	967 12
	<u>1618 28</u>
	<u>6081 88</u>

JAPAN: MISS SMITH'S WORK.

To balance on hand last year.....	\$ 38 93
To cash received from	
Niagara W.A.....	\$ 150 00
" for last year.....	150 00
Toronto W.A.....	150 00
" thank-offerings....	90 70
Quebec W.A.....	130 00
Ontario W.A.....	208 00
Huron W.A.....	187 59
" for hospital.....	27 00
Montreal W.A.....	150 00
	<u>\$1243 29</u>
To grant of Board from Foreign Missions.....	\$ 215 48
	<u>\$1497 70</u>
By paid Miss Smith	
Salary.....	\$600 00
Rent.....	180 00
Nurses.....	400 00
Moving expenses.....	200 00
Extra for work (from Toronto W.A.).....	90 70
For hospital.....	27 00
	<u>\$1497 70</u>

JAPAN, GENERAL ITEMS.

To balance on hand last year (for Miss Paterson's Home).....	\$ 15 00
To amounts appropriated, as indicated on contra side.....	200 77
	<u>\$ 215 77</u>

By cash paid	
For Rev. J. G. Waller.....	\$ 72 27
“ Miss Paterson's Home and Training School.....	69 00
For Rev. J. G. Waller's Catechist's Fund....	30 00
“ Miss Paterson.....	21 50
“ Church building.....	15 00
“ Bible woman.....	8 00
	<u>\$215 77</u>

JAPAN, NAGANO BUILDINGS.

To balance on hand last year.....	\$ 83 33
Collection, missionary meeting, Montreal....	77 00
“ “ “ “	36 09
Quebec W.A.....	130 00
Toronto W.A.....	47 00
St. Thomas', Toronto.....	25 00
St. Alban's Cathedral, Toronto.....	10 00
Ontario Diocese.....	2 00
	<u>\$410 42</u>

By cash paid	
Rev. J. G. Waller for Nagano Buildings....	\$ 211 42
“ “ “ “	57 00
“ “ “ “	130 00
“ “ “ “	12 00
	<u>\$410 42</u>

JAPAN MISSION (REV. J. G. WALLER).

To cash from “Churchman, Ontario”....	\$ 100 00
To grant of Board from Foreign Missions General.....	3125 00
	<u>\$3225 00</u>

By paid treasurer of S.P.G. for the mission....	\$ 100 00
By do. from Board.....	3125 00
	<u>\$3225 00</u>

JAPAN WYCLIFFE MISSIONS.

To balance on hand last year.....	\$ 64 99
To cash received, appropriated for Wycliffe Missions in Japan.....	4054 51
	<u>\$4119 50</u>
By amounts paid, as appropriated..	<u>\$4119 50</u>

JEWS: LONDON SOCIETY.

To balance on hand last year.....	\$156 93
To cash received for the London Society for Promoting Christianity Amongst the Jews....	1406 11
	<u>\$1563 04</u>

By cash paid for the London Society for Promoting Christianity Amongst the Jews.....	<u>\$1563 04</u>
--	------------------

JEWS: PAROCHIAL MISSIONS.

To balance on hand last year.....	293 85
To cash received.....	982 48
	<u>\$1276 36</u>

By cash paid for Parochial Missions to the Jews	<u>\$1276 36</u>
---	------------------

MISCELLANEOUS OBJECTS — FOREIGN.

To balance on hand last year.—		
For Zululand.....	\$50 00	
For Malay work.....	5 00	\$55 00
To amounts appropriated, as indicated on contra side		<u>392 00</u>
		<u>\$ 447 00</u>

By cash paid, as appropriated by donors, including balance on hand last year—	
For Armenian sufferers.....	\$ 249 04
For work in Zululand.....	50 00
For work in Capetown.....	49 05
For work in Kaffraria.....	46 91
For African Famine Fund.....	25 00
For Miscellaneous, per Toronto W.A.....	10 00
For missionary travelling expenses.....	8 00
For Central Africa.....	2 00
For India.....	1 00
For South America.....	1 00
	<u>\$ 442 00</u>

By transferred to S.P.G. account for work in Malay.....	<u>5 00</u>
	<u>\$ 447 00</u>

NEWFOUNDLAND.

To balance on hand last year.....	\$ 12 25
By paid for Clergy Relief Fund....	<u>\$ 12 25</u>

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTION OF CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.

To cash received.....	<u>\$ 12 60</u>
By cash paid S.P.C.K.....	<u>\$ 12 60</u>

SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

To balance on hand last year for	
Madras.....	\$ 112 34
For General Fund.....	100 66
For St. Paul's College, Madagascar.....	2 54
Amounts appropriated for General Fund, by Diocese of Quebec..	732 74
By Diocese of Frederickton.....	269 44
By Churches in Toronto.....	4 25
For work in Madras, by Diocese of Montreal.....	789 33
For St. Paul's College, Madagascar, Lennoxville, Quebec.....	54 17
For Assyrian Missions.....	29 50
For Corea.....	19 00
	<u>1898 43</u>

Transfer from Miscellaneous For-eign for Malay work.....	<u>5 00</u>
	<u>\$2118 97</u>

By paid as appropriated, including balance on hand last year for	
General Fund.....	\$1107 09
For work in Madras.....	901 67
St. Paul's College, Madagascar	56 71
Assyrian Missions.....	29 50
Corea.....	19 00
Malay work.....	5 00
	<u>\$2118 97</u>

ZENANA MISSIONS.		(c) EXPENSE ACCOUNT.	
To balance on hand last year		To grant of Board for expenses	
For India	\$ 1 00	From Domestic Missions, three-fifths.....	\$1450 69
“ Miss Mitcheson.....	13 87	“ Foreign Missions, two-fifths.....	967 12
“ “ Sugden.....	12 50		<u>\$2417 81</u>
	<u>\$ 27 37</u>	By salary secretary-treasurer.....	\$2000 00
To amounts appropriated as indicated		Printing appeals, etc	107 00
on contra side.....	1101 63	Travelling expenses.....	81 62
	<u>\$1129 00</u>	Pyramid boxes for children.....	67 90
		Postage.....	49 95
By paid as appropriated, including balance on		Guarantee bond.....	37 50
hand last year		Exchange on cheques, etc.....	27 04
For General Fund.....	\$ 976 13	Printing.....	24 75
“ Miss Coleman.....	60 00	Sundries.....	5 04
“ Miss Ling's School.....	50 00	Telephone.....	5 00
“ Miss Sugden.....	27 00	Stationery.....	4 19
“ Miss Mitcheson.....	13 87	Telegrams.....	2 85
“ India.....	1 00	Auditor.....	2 00
“ Ramabai.....	1 00	Messages.....	1 87
	<u>\$1129 00</u>	Account book.....	1 10
			<u>\$2417 81</u>

AUDITORS' REPORT.

We beg to report that we have examined the books and accounts of the treasurer of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada for the year ending July 31st, 1896, and certify the same to be correct and duly vouched for.

We have pleasure in reporting that we have found the books and accounts to be very carefully kept, and the system adopted to be, in every way, suitable for the purpose.

We have, in our possession, the treasurer's guarantee bond, held in the Guarantee Company of North America for \$5,000, together with receipt for the premium for the year ending April 1st, 1897.

We append herewith a financial statement, with a summary of receipts and expenditure.

JOHN R. CARTWRIGHT, }
 SYDNEY H. JONES, } Auditors.

N.B.—The above, together with the portion published in the November MAGAZINE, constitutes the Annual Report for 1896. It will be seen that the total receipts for the year were \$43,850.45, the largest amount by about \$1,000 yet received in any one year since the formation of the Society.

CHAS. H. MOCKRIDGE,
 Secretary-Treasurer.

Toronto, Nov. 30th, 1896.