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The Canadian Church Magazine

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CLERICAL VISITATIONS.

PROTESTANT HOSPITAL.—The Clergy visit in turn each week.

CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL AND CONVALESCENT HOME.—The Clergy in turn.

NORMAL SCHOOL.—The Religious Instruction Class every Friday during the session, Rev. H. Pollard.

GAOL.—Rev. I. J. Bogert.

HOME FOR FRIENDLESS WOMEN.—Ven. Archdeacon Lauder.

PROTESTANT ORPHANS' HOME.—Rev. J. M. Snowden.

HOME FOR THE AGED.—Rev. T. Bailey.

GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—Rev. H. Pollard.

SUNDAY School and other picnics are plenty in June. Christ Church and St. Alban's visited Chelsea, St. John's went to Britannia.

The subject of the Lord's Prayer at the Woman's Council meetings was discussed, and nearly all were in favor of its audible use. The next meeting will not be held until the last Tuesday in August, when Mrs. Bliss will read a paper on Moosonee, and Mrs. Mackay on South America.

THE *Church Guardian*, formerly published in Montreal, has been moved to Toronto and become the property of the Church Book & Publishing Company. In its new dress it appears greatly improved in contents, and will supply to church people a great deal of news of the churches and of other interesting matter. Every churchman ought to take it.

THE Rev. Messrs. Taylor and Lariviere have visited Ottawa on behalf of the Sabrevois Mission, and preached in several churches. This mission of the Church is flourishing, and aims at affording French people, who are desirous of it, the means of instruction in the doctrine of the Church of England, and with service in their own language. It is, of course,

confined to the Province of Quebec, where six clergymen are employed in ministering to the several congregations, and these are growing.

THE Ottawa Woman's Auxiliary held its monthly meeting on Tuesday, June 25th, in St. John's schoolhouse. The treasurer reported \$10 received for the month, and \$6.10 paid for freight on the bale sent to St. Peter's Reserve, Red River, by the Dorcas Society. The receipt of the bale was duly acknowledged by Rev. Mr. Anderson. Grace Church reported two new members. Miss Green read an excellent report of the annual diocesan meeting held at Perth, which was a success in every way, and the kindness to the delegates by their sisters at Perth was gratefully acknowledged. The next meeting of the diocesan branch will be held at Ottawa. An interesting letter from Miss Paterson, in Japan, was read by Miss Baker.

THE total cost of the house erected on the mission hall lot in Anglesea square was about \$300. Towards this sum Mr. H. B. Small has been kindly instrumental in raising \$103.85, and we gladly publish the list of the generous donors.

Collected through H. B. Small: H. Grist, \$10; G. B. Pattee, \$10; G. B. Burland and Mrs. Burland, \$10; George Burn, \$5; Messrs. Bate & Sons, \$5; M. A. Anderson, \$5; Dr. and Mrs. Ami, \$5; George Smith, \$5; W. Y. Soper, \$5; H. V. Noel, \$3; D. M. Finnie, \$3; H. B. Small, \$3; Major John Walsh, \$2; P. D. Ross, \$2; Mrs. Pattee, \$2; T. Macfarlane, \$2; Col. W. White, \$2; The "King's Messengers" (little boys), \$1.50; W. C. Bowles, \$1; W. F. King, \$1; W. J. Anderson, \$1; C. W. Bate, 50c.; J. Hardie, 50c.

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THE synod of the diocese of Ontario, held in Kingston, June 17th to 20th, was a very satisfactory one in all respects, except in the attendance of lay delegates. From Ottawa only four were present, only two parishes being represented. It is hoped when the synod is held in Ottawa, as the seat of the new diocese, more will be found to take an active interest in church matters. The reports were nearly all favorable, and that on the state of the Church most valuable and interesting. It will be worth getting the synod report, when published, in order to read the account the Rev. Mr. Macmorine has compiled from the returns. A discussion took place on a resolution favoring separate schools for the Church of England, but the only result was the appointment of a committee to act with those from other synods. One of the chief points of interest was the division of the funds, when the diocese of Ottawa is formed. Now that this is drawing near, the details of the division have to be arranged, and although in most of the funds there is little difficulty, yet with the Clergy Trust Fund it is not so easy. From this fund the senior clergy draw \$400 per annum, as far as the income will allow. As one is taken away, another is added to the list in order of seniority in the diocese. With those who are already annuitants, there will be no change, each diocese paying one-half the amount. But with the "expectants," after the division, how are they to be dealt with? Perhaps most of the next half dozen are in one diocese, and would, if things remained as they are, be placed on the list in due time, but when there are two dioceses, others who are junior would be annuitants before them, and so there is a difficulty in arranging this matter. The committee reported, but the whole subject is so complicated, although all desire to do what is right and just, that the synod only adjourned and can be called together at any time by the Archbishop, before the actual separation takes place. It was announced that three-fourths of the required sum had been paid in (\$30,000), and the subscriptions were being received daily, so that there was reasonable ground of hope that before the end of the year a synod may be called in Ottawa, for the election of a Bishop. Of course a great deal depends upon the promptness with which church people respond to the call. It may be added that it will be necessary to collect a couple of thousand dollars more than is already subscribed to defray the expenses and the percentage of loss which is always experienced in collecting such a sum. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has already paid a fourth of its grant of \$5,000, upon receiving assurance that \$13,000 has been permanently invested in good securities. The investment committee are trying to obtain good investments for the remainder of the sum now on hand. The grant of \$100 to

the mission of Archville was made this year, with the understanding that His Grace the Archbishop would arrange to separate it from the parish of St. Barnabas and make it the centre of a separate mission.

G.F.S. NOTES.

Though our picnic tea is uppermost in our minds just now, we must not omit some notice of our meeting on June 6th, especially as it will be our last till September 6th. At this meeting one of our associates gave us a most instructive and interesting paper on "Moths, and Other Household Pests," and an excellent recitation was given by a new associate, whom we were glad to welcome among us. We had also the pleasure of hearing, from a visitor, of the G.F.S. work in New Brunswick.

Our picnic on the 25th was a great success, and most of us agreed that it was the very pleasantest of our four annual picnics. The afternoon was lovely, and so was the view from Mr. Keefer's terrace, where tea was laid on the grass. We mustered a party of about forty, and as two of our members waited at the street car terminus till 6 p.m. to act as guides to any late stragglers, we hope none were left behind. Grace was sung soon after six, and then we proceeded to enjoy the many nice things spread before us, the crowning glory of our little feast being, as usual, an iced cake with our G.F.S. monogram as its ornament. Both after and before tea, the gathering of many wild flowers and making up bouquets was a delight to many of us. Shortly before eight the chaplain paid us a visit, and, before separating, we had a short open-air service, with the setting sun lighting up mountains and river as they lay stretched before us, touching all the lovely scene with an added glory.

THE British Museum has received an interesting addition to the Egyptian antiquities—a picture 4,000 years old. It is the portion of a wall painting discovered by the officers of the Egyptian Exploration Fund in excavating the tomb of Tetute-Netep. This prince ruled in Egypt during the time in which it is supposed Abraham went down into Egypt. It represents a procession of men bearing weapons, a palanquin, and other objects.

THE Church of England statistics show a continued progress each year in the mother land: Baptisms—1893, 527,295; 1894, 552,562; communicants, 1893, 1,607,930; 1894, 1,701,499; Sunday School scholars—1891, 2,061,407; 1894, 2,270,418. The total voluntary contributions to church work for last year amounted to \$27,956,000, an increase of nearly one million dollars over 1893.

THE CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE

• • AND MISSION NEWS • •

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VOL. IX.

TORONTO, JULY, 1895.

No. 109.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

No. 109—SHANTY BAY, DIOCESE OF TORONTO.



THE thriving parish of Shanty Bay may be numbered among the oldest in the diocese, and is full of interest to many people.

About the year 1832 Col. O'Brien, father of the present Col. O'Brien, M.P., and also of the artist, Mr. Richard O'Brien, took up land on the shore of Kempenfeldt Bay, in the county of Simcoe, and at once set apart a site for a church, parsonage, and glebe.

A certain Mr. Walker collected money in England for the building of the church. While preparations were being made service was held in a very primitive building, which was afterwards turned into a stable. The Rev. Thomas Bartlett had charge of the parish at that time, which was about the year 1836. The building of the church went on by degrees. The walls were made of mud brick, commonly known as cob wall, a substance seldom used or even heard of now. When the walls and roof were finished it was opened for service by the Rev. J. Hallem, of Penetanguishene, in the year 1839, and dedicated to St. Thomas, but it was not till long after that the interior was finished. After Mr. Bartlett's departure it was some time before St. Thomas' Church had any clergyman of its own, and the clergymen of Orillia, Bond Head, and Penetanguishene kindly gave their services and administered the sacraments. In the year 1842 the

Rev. S. B. Ardagh, the second incumbent of Shanty Bay, and first rector of Barrie, with his family, arrived. His mission then included all of Oro, Medonte, Flos, Vespra, Barrie, Innisfil, Essa, Nottawasaga.

A Sunday school has always been held in connection with St. Thomas' Church, and there are people still living in the parish who learned in it the first rudiments of education. All those who were connected with the founda-

tion of the mission have long since passed away, and but few of those who formed the first congregation remain.

For many years Shanty Bay was worked in connection with Barrie, from which it is distant only a few miles. The Rev. S. B. Ardagh, rector of Barrie, ministered to its spiritual wants.

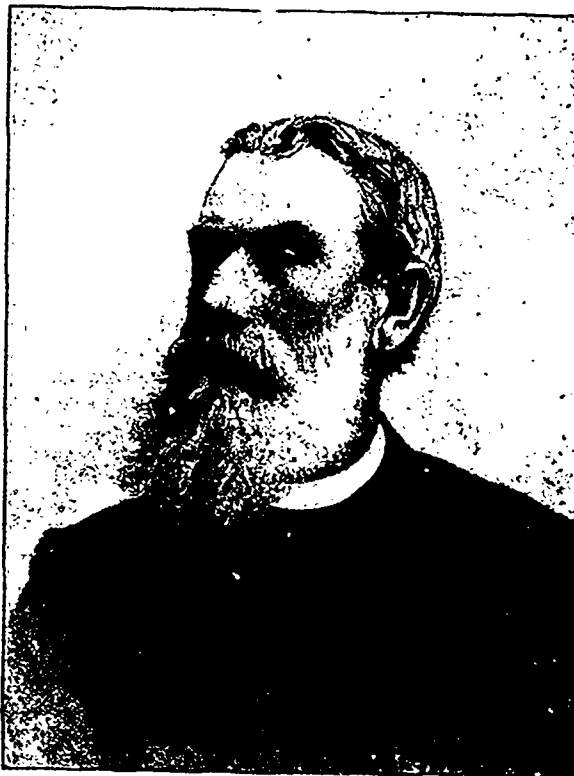
The endowment, which at one time amounted to £90 a year, was entirely lost in the failure of the Bank of Upper Canada, and the mission, since the death of Mr. Ardagh, when its connection with Barrie ceased, has been entirely dependent on the voluntary contributions of the people with some assistance from the Mission Board.

Since Mr. Ardagh's death Rev. J. Fletcher, Rev. C. E. Sills,

and Rev. J. White have been incumbents.

The communion cup belonging to the church is of solid silver, and bears the date 1802, the year it was won by the Rev. F. Sharpe at Cambridge University as an oratorical prize. It was afterwards presented to the church by his widow.

The interior of the church is very quaint and pretty. The chancel hangings are scarlet, worked with gold, and on the retable are brass



REV. J. E. COOPER,
Incumbent of Shanty Bay.

vases, alms dish, and cross. The font is of white freestone.

The parish is still a large one, consisting of St. Mark's, East Oro, twelve miles distant, which is served by the rector, the Rev. J. E. Cooper, and Crown Hill and Craighurst, served by a curate, Rev. J. H. Teney. The present rector, the Rev. John Edmund Cooper, was born and educated in Cambridge, England, and was ordained deacon and priest by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Bethune, second Bishop of Toronto, in 1876 and 1877, since when he has served the diocese faithfully as a travelling missionary and incumbent of different missions and parishes. Shanty Bay parsonage is beautifully situated on the shore of Kempenfeldt Bay. From its front windows are seen the beautiful blue waters of the bay, and from the rear of the house can be seen the white walls and tower of the church, picturesquely nestling among the trees.

CHRISTIAN GIVING IN RELATION TO THE MISSIONARY WORK OF THE CHURCH.

BY REV. CANON MOCKRIDGE, D.D., TORONTO.

IF we are to get at a man's money, one of the first things necessary is to convince him of the worthiness of the object for which his money is asked. Reckless giving, or even thoughtless giving, however liberal it may be, is not the kind of giving that the Church wants to get at. Nor is it the kind of giving that we may hope will ever be of any great benefit to the Church. Money is wanted, it is true, for Church objects, yet some regard ought to be had to the source from which such money comes. It is *sanctified* money that is wanted, money that comes from people because they love the work for which it is given. Have not clergymen and others been somewhat too regardless of this? Their object has seemed in many cases to be to *get money*, no matter *how*, no matter *whence*, it might come.

No matter *how*. We are improving a little in this respect. Fairs and lotteries and raffles and things of that kind are fast falling into bad repute. Thank God for it! The Church has debased itself to this kind of thing long enough. It has been humiliating in the extreme to see it. We have seen thirty-two people, among them the wealthy leaders of a congregation, marching about in a large drill shed to represent a game of chess—men and women dressed like kings and queens and bishops and knights, patiently standing, or occasionally moving about, as directed by the slow unfolding of the game—and all before the gaze of a half-amused audience, some of whom must have wondered why people of money, so many of them, would care to do all that for a net sum which would come

to less than a dollar a head of the whole thirty-two. And for that pittance these people have rehearsed for hours and hours, have spent large sums of money on costly robes, dresses, armor, crowns, and endless other curiosities, and all in the name of the Church!

We say, thank God, our faces are beginning to tingle with shame—perhaps faintly, but still we begin to feel it—over this foolish and suicidal method of Church finance. There are many now who fail to see a single good lesson that is to be taught by it. There are many who go further and see much harm engendered by it. It is not Christian giving. It is a mere device to get money, as if to *get money* was the whole object of the Church's work on earth!

No matter *how*. We have every reason to be thankful that the Church is now considering seriously this most important question.

And the next is perhaps a step in advance of it. Yet it is pushing itself to the forefront. It is, no matter *whence*.

We have been in the habit of asking subscriptions from men whose lives have been no adornment to the Christian profession, whose daily walk in life has been in opposition to the pure and holy precepts of the religion whose champion the Church is supposed to be. Large subscriptions can be got from such people. It pays them to give them. They help to make their lives, and, it may be, their occupation, respectable. Their names appear as those who are giving liberally to support good things, and as those recognized by the Church as pillars. While we cannot expect too much from poor weak humanity, yet some regard is to be had to the outward walk that characterizes those who are looked to for money. The Church cannot prosper without some regard being had to this. The Church wants money, but for her own sake she must be careful *whence* she gets it.

To get at a right system of giving we must procure, if possible, a right state of mind for those who are to give.

It is *sanctified* giving that is wanted—a holy, good, religious giving—a giving because the givers are interested in the object to which they give—because they are more than interested—because they love it with all their heart and soul.

There are different kinds of giving, some that lean to worthy objects, and some that are somewhat lacking in this respect. We must be careful, in teaching people to give, that we are not by it building them up in a false principle. If we do that we shall hurt the cause that we have in view. And the very first element in the idea of Christian giving is *unselfishness*. Unless a pastor has taught his people to be unselfish, he has failed to a great extent in the work that he was expected to do amongst them. And it is one of the easiest things in the world



ST. THOMAS' CHURCH, SHANTY BAY.

to teach people to be selfish. The beautifying of the sanctuary, the building up of the Sunday school, the increasing the attractiveness of the choir and the general music for the congregation, the supporting the pastor himself, in fact, all such parochial objects, are worthy of the most prayerful attention of our people. But if they should be, even by implication, held forth as the only or even chief objects for Christian giving, it is hard to calculate the mischief that may be done.

The Church is not simply an aggregation of congregations. It is a large body, bound by its very charter to do a certain work on earth, and that is a great work. It is to assist in the evangelization of the world. If this is not brought earnestly, lovingly, yet persistently, before congregations, so that their response to appeals made is, to some extent, worthy of their means, there is an ingredient left out in their education which must be harmful to themselves and most injurious to the great work of Christ's Church on earth.

We go upon the principle that, for the spirit of a congregation, a great deal depends upon the spirit of a pastor. When a notice is given out of a collection the congregation quickly detect in their pastor those objects which appear to him of the greatest importance, and they are led to govern themselves accordingly. We can never have, for instance, a missionary people unless we have a missionary clergy. If it is a small matter to the clergyman whether Christ's name be made known upon earth or not, it will

be a small matter to the people. If they see that it is a burning question with him, that whenever he speaks of it it fires his eye and kindles his enthusiasm, they must in time be brought to take an interest in it.

And this—may we not say it?—this is the right place to begin, in the inculcation of the principle of Christian giving. If it can be shown that the Christian religion is vastly superior, in the interests of humanity, to anything else that has ever come to this world in the shape and form of religion at all; if it can be shown that tribes who have become Christian are living in a happier and better state than when they were heathen; if it can be shown that it has put a stop to barbarous cruelties and inhuman practices; that it has rescued the weak from the iron grasp of the strong; that it has taught man to be merciful to woman, and woman to be merciful to the child; that, in addition to this, it teaches man the reasonableness of a hope in a future life and his restoration to the lost image of God, then surely there is a noble theme, and one which can never be exhausted, which can be brought from time to time before our Christian congregations for their own eternal good.

It is a noble theme. Does not the Acts of the Apostles present magnificent specimens of missionary work? Does it not show the nobility of man's character, as the original preachers of Jesus, thinking nothing of their own personal loss, laboring with heart and soul for the elevation of mankind, for the help of his

soul, for the help of his body? It presents a noble theme—noble in its inception, noble in its result. Is this result sufficiently dwelt upon? the result that in about three hundred years Christianity made its way up to the very throne itself of the Roman emperor?

In the face of this, are men appalled with the gigantic work which to-day lies before the Christian Church? Nearly a thousand millions of people as yet know nothing about Christ, and these are increasing, by natural increase, to an extent which may be considered indeed alarming. And some may despair and say that to attempt their evangelization is to attempt the impossible.

But did the apostles think that, when they looked out over the Roman Empire and contemplated the work which they had to do? They did not. Their Lord commanded them to do the work, and they resolutely set themselves to do it.

And if they, possessed of no great learning, wealth, or power, backed by no prestige or political influence, could convert, as they did, the proud empire of the Cæsars, why cannot the Christians of the present day, with great learning, unlimited wealth, substantial power on their side, with crowned heads and powerful statesmen counted amongst their own sons and daughters, go forth to warfare and to conquer?

Is there not a strength latent within the Christianity of the present time which Christian pastors, to a very great extent, have failed to call forth? They are the natural leaders of the people. They are responsible, to a very great extent, for the spirit which is to be found within the people, and the people never will be missionary unless the clergy are first missionary themselves. It was because the apostles were missionary that the people themselves became so afterwards.

And this, to some extent, must show itself in the offerings of the people. A glance at the reports of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of our Church will show that the offerings of the people, in many instances, are totally unworthy of the wealth and power which exist among them. Cannot this be remedied? Would it not be wise to remedy it? Would it not be for the benefit of pastor and people alike, to say nothing of the great work which the Church of Christ is expected to do on earth?

We live in an age when people want to see some result in return for money invested. They want to know whether the cause for which their money is asked is likely to be a winning cause or not. The demand is not an unreasonable one, yet it should not enter too closely into the work of the Christian Church. Her sons and daughters should be governed more by obedience to orders than by the calculation of results. The sower is to sow his seed in faith—the fruit

some day will come—the harvest will be sure to arrive.

But while this is the case, yet it is gratifying to know that we are able to point to results achieved even within our own day that ought to encourage the gloomiest son or daughter of the Church. We will state them briefly. In the space alone of the reign of Queen Victoria, the episcopate of our own Church abroad has increased from seven to one hundred and seventy. In other words, when Queen Victoria came to the throne there were only seven bishoprics outside of Great Britain and Ireland; now there are about one hundred and seventy. And these are scattered all over the world, among the colonists and among the heathen, among the learned and among the savage. We live in a missionary age. Great missionary projects are going on around us. The question is, *Do our people know it? Do all our clergy know it?* If not, should not the message be learned and be told, as the Acts of the Apostles of our Lord in the nineteenth century? Acts of heroism, deeds of martyrdom, lives of loneliness and self-denial, have been going on in our midst with results that would be most encouraging to our people if they were only told about them and exhorted to sympathize with them.

Think for a moment of some of these results. New Zealand, but yesterday full of savages and cannibals, is now a Christian country, with all the horrors of barbarism gone forever. The work of the missionary there, as amongst the Terra del Fuegian Indians, has been "like the enchanter's wand." Madagascar, almost within our own times, has passed from a state of pagan barbarism to one of Christian civilization, a result not reached without a bitter struggle, nearly 2,000 people having been put to death there in 1857 for adhering to the Christian faith. But, as in the early days the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church, so it has proved here, for there are now in Madagascar 1,200 churches and over 70,000 communicants. In the New Hebrides, on one of whose islands Bishop Patteson fell a martyr to the Christian faith, the worst of savages have yielded to the power of the cross. In fact, we are told that more than 300 of these islands are Christianized and are sending a large number of native missionaries to the unevangelized islands about them.

Count up the dreadful practices which once used to desecrate India, but which now, mainly owing to Christian influence, are things of the past. The car of Juggernaut no longer crushes its victims beneath its wheels, nor does the Ganges part its waters to receive the dead bodies of parents put to death by their own children, while the goddess Kali no longer hews down the young men and maidens that crowd into Hindoo temples.

All these horrors and many more have ceased.



A BACKWOODS MISSION.

through the quiet influence of the Christian missionary. And yet the work of evangelizing the heathen has only been begun. For if to evangelize these masses is to clothe them with the hope of a blessed immortality, it is also to teach them to be kind and gentle in their life, and to change their lands from places of suffering and horror to the delightful scenes of Christian joy and peace.

Here is material enough, surely, for us to use in order to arouse the enthusiasm of our people for missionary work.

And when we get people imbued with enthusiasm, their gifts and their offerings will follow. This is the right end to begin at. Create the enthusiasm and you will get the support.

And if people are built up in this way as to their responsibility to the heathen, there will be inculcated an *unselfish* spirit which will react upon all other branches of Church work. An interest will be aroused in parish work, in diocesan missions, in domestic missions, which will tell for good upon the congregation. In the matter of Christian giving, let us begin at the right end. This will inculcate a true principle, and will place Christian liberality upon firm and proper grounds.

A great thinker is a man who dreams the same kind of dreams most people do, but isn't ashamed to tell his dreams before some one else has set the fashion.

A BACKWOODS MISSION.

(Contributed.)

IN the Parry Sound District is the little village of Magnetawan, on the River Magnetawan, eighteen miles from a railway, with a mail three times a week during the winter, brought by stage from Burk's Falls, which is 170 miles from Toronto on the Grand Trunk. It is about twenty-eight miles from Burk's Falls. As you drive into the village it at once takes your fancy, being prettily arranged. The river runs through it, and is crossed by a swing bridge; locks forming a basin and the landing wharf are close to the swing bridge. Here the steamers unload their freight and passengers. The English Church of St. George the Martyr is on top of a hill, the parsonage being next, and the parish hall or Sunday school lying behind. The first object you see in driving in is the tin-covered bell tower. The bell is a good one, and can be heard six or seven miles away. The congregation is much scattered, living long distances—from a mile to nine miles—away. Some of the farms are on the banks of the Magnetawan, another is reached by the Little Distress, a tributary of the Magnetawan, an hour's ride by boat. There is also another place on the borders of Little Doe Lake. The ice in winter being usually eighteen inches thick, one can drive on it. By doing so a sort of bay is


reached, and here the house is situated. In full view are three islands, which add to the scenery and make it a lovely spot in summer. Bears, wolves, and deer, are continually seen. It is a frequent sight to see some half a dozen deer come out of the bush and run up the road for a distance. Deer are very plentiful during the shooting season, and there are plenty of partridges. There is very fair sleighing, sometimes as early as the last week in November. The roads are very pretty, and wind through the bush for miles. In winter the trees, heavily laden with snow, are a pretty sight.

There is a farmhouse about six miles on the Burk's Falls road, where tourists are received in summer, and it is almost always full, there being plenty of boating and fishing. If people could only realize what a pretty spot Magnetawan is, and the good fishing, boating, and the lovely drives that are in its vicinity, they would not let the village remain long unknown. Besides the Magnetawan church, there are churches at Midlothian and Dunchurch. There is also a church called St. Peter's at Midlothian, in an unfinished state; though it is used, the seats are rough boards and the desks the same. The attendance is good. Service is held every other morning; there is a very fair choir; the music is a violoncello. The Baptists and Methodists hold services in a schoolhouse on the alternate Sunday, but are not making much headway. Though the congregation is small, the proportionate attendance is large, and the outlook is very promising; the people come, some of them, five and six miles, many walking. The distance from Magnetawan is eleven miles, a pretty drive, up and down hill, winding through the bush. The road is fairly good in winter, and crosses the Magnetawan River by a bridge six miles from the village. Here there are some pretty rapids, and then there is a bush road for three miles up and down hill. After that the road for the rest of the distance is good for over four miles. The cold is great, at times thirty to forty below zero, but there are no high winds. There are many deserted farms, which can now be got cheap; everything fetches good prices, even better than in Toronto, because of the needs of the lumber camps. A visit to a lumber camp was interesting. I had received an invitation and accepted it. A drive of fifteen miles brought us to the camp, nearly eight of which was through the bush, a drive of two miles over the Lake of Many Islands; one could only walk through the bush, there were so many pitch-holes. Left Magnetawan at 8.45 a.m., reached the camp at 12.30, having driven into a farm to get warm, it being an intensely cold morning. We took a dinner in the camp dining room, a log building, one end being the cook house. The building had been decorated on purpose for our visit. There is a woman cook; no speaking aloud in the building

during meal times. Had a shortened service, plenty of singing, using the London Mission Hymn Book, and the men sang heartily and well; the order and attention was capital. I gave them a short address touching on swearing and wasting their money in drink. I met a man who spent twenty-five years in this district, who acknowledged that his earnings were at least \$2,300, all of which had gone in drink. Surely work is to be done among such men. A Methodist minister had gone into a camp and held service; he was barely listened to, and the men behaved somewhat rudely. Such was not my experience; they listened well and dispersed quietly. I got home in time for evening service, having driven fully thirty miles on a bitterly cold day.

THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY.

UNDER HENRY VII. AND HENRY VIII.

 HE early death of Archbishop Dean Warham, at the time Bishop of London, inasmuch as Henry VII. nominated him to the primacy. Warham began his career, in the usual way, as a student of law. Without a knowledge of law, no one in those days could have hoped to be a bishop. To be a good lawyer was a better recommendation than to be a good divine. Educated at Winchester, Warham, the son of a country gentleman of Southampton, qualified himself afterwards as a lawyer at New College, Oxford, and, when out in the world as a practitioner, soon attracted the attention of Archbishop Morton, by whom he was introduced to the king, who soon managed to find him work to do of such a nature that it would be the young lawyer's own fault if he did not rise to importance and fame. The most important case he had was that of Perkin Warbeck, who suddenly appeared as a claimant to the throne, declaring himself to be one of the sons of Edward IV., falsely (as he alleged) reported to have been murdered in the Tower. Whatever may have happened to his brother, this would-be prince claimed to have escaped; but Warham's legal acumen proved to the world, if not to the young man himself, that his claim rested on such slender grounds as to be worthy only of pity or disdain. Step by step Warham rose till he became Bishop of London, and almost immediately afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. This was towards the end of the year 1503. He was enthroned with much pomp and splendor on the 9th of March, 1504. The king appointed him Lord High Chancellor, and treated him with marked tokens of confidence.

Though splendid and munificent in his entertainment of guests on court occasions, the habits of the new Archbishop were simple, and



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his time well economized, that he might give himself to business. The light of the Reformation was beginning to throw faint streaks across the land, as of the dawn of a new and ever-orienting day, and Archbishop Warham felt a little of its welcome touch. This showed itself in his desire that, to some extent, the Bible should be more extensively read and studied. He also recognized the supremacy of his own sovereign in Church matters in the realm over which he was king. As Lord High Chancellor of Henry VII. he had not an easy post, for the king was penurious, and required his chancellor to get money for him from the people—an ungracious task, and one which made him unpopular. This, however, soon came to an end by the death of the king.

When Henry VIII. came to the throne, Warham begged to be relieved of the chancellorship, but it was not till 1515, six years afterwards, that the young king allowed him to go. It is at this time that we first hear of Thomas Wolsey as a chief adviser of the king. Archbishop Warham officiated at the wedding of Henry VIII. and Katharine of Aragon. This young princess had been previously married to Arthur, the elder brother of Henry. His death left her free to marry again, but why did she marry her husband's brother? And why did the king wish to marry her who had been his brother's wife? Why, indeed? The young princess alleged that, though there had been an outward marriage, yet it was not a real one, inasmuch as she and Prince Arthur had never lived together as man and wife. On this, many years afterwards, hinged a gigantic lawsuit. The Archbishop was over-hasty in performing this ceremony.

Katharine, bright, witty, accomplished, devoted herself to her husband, blinding herself, even to his acts of infidelity towards herself, and made his court brilliant, and such as she thought the court of England ought to be. The Archbishop stood sponsor to her firstborn child—a little girl.

*See our June number, p. 127.

It might be easy to find an abler man than Warham, and very easy to find a firmer one, but he seems to have excelled as a speaker. At the opening of parliament in January, 1510, his eloquence attracted attention, but it was more in words than in weight of matter. The same may be said of subsequent openings of parliament at which he officiated.

The rise of Wolsey in the high favor of the king, at the expense even of the dignity due to the primate of all England, and the tame submission of Warham, whose policy seems to have been that he did not mind being humiliated provided he might be left alone in the quiet pursuit of leisure, is surprising. Warham seems to have been as devoid of ambition as Wolsey appears to have been fired by it. Thus the two Archbishops (for Wolsey was now Archbishop of York) managed to accommodate one another in their respective designs. Wolsey was a man whom the king delighted to honor. By his own personal influence, he procured for him from the Pope an appointment as papal legate in England. This placed him above the Archbishop of Canterbury, who found himself primate only in name, yet Warham made no complaint and offered no resistance. In fact, his letters to Wolsey were of the most courteous and respectful character, giving every possible prominence to the titles which Wolsey dearly loved. Thus, for instance, would he address him: "To the Most Reverend Father in God and my very singular good Lord, my Lord Cardinal of York, and legate de latere, his good Grace"!

It would seem as if the Archbishop of Canterbury was trying to live a godly and quiet life in an age noted for its wickedness and worldly pomp. At Rome the papal court was most scandalously wicked, and the courts of Italy, France, and England, as secular courts, could not be expected to be better. Perhaps the most that could be said of them was that they could not well have been worse. There was wisdom, then, in the quiet life that Archbishop Warham thought it best to live. In this respect he proved himself wiser than his brilliant and ambitious brother of York, who was simply running a career, to end soon in a pitiful wail of "Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!"

In his quiet abode at Oxford, Warham was pleased to receive men of learning and to encourage them in their pursuit of letters. To him more than once came Erasmus, a man well known in Europe for his learning, seeking patronage for his works, and the kind-hearted Archbishop gave him such substantial aid that he felt the benefit of it throughout the whole of his life. A spirit of inquiry was abroad. It was the age of Martin Luther, but the king was no friend to Martin Luther. He had written a book against him which procured for him

the title of "Defender of the Faith." It would appear that Warham would have been only too glad to assist the tendency to reform which characterized the age, were it not that he did not feel himself at the time strong enough to do so. And there were matters within the Church of England herself that needed reform. Bishops, for instance, were scarcely ever seen within their dioceses. To overcome this a number of places were designated throughout England as centres where suffragan or assistant bishops might live. These could do the work, while the bishops themselves could enjoy the honors and give themselves to politics.

Among those whom Warham befriended was William Latimer, who afterwards assisted Erasmus in issuing an edition of the New Testament. He, with others, had been disciples of Savonarola in Italy. Thus did the principles of the "new learning" make themselves known in many ways in England, until, in 1521, we find that the works of Luther were read and discussed in Oxford. This was the year after Luther had been excommunicated by the Pope. How far the Archbishop would have gone in this matter of the "new teaching," if it were not for his natural timidity and dread of the king's power, it is not easy to say; but he was apprized of what was expected of him in that quarter by receiving a command from Henry to deal summarily with any cases of heresy that might come under his notice. The punishment for heresy was that those convicted of it should wear on their clothes a badge of a fagot in flames—a grim suggestion! Coming events cast their shadows before.

It was about this time that a great desire was expressed in England from many quarters to have an English Bible placed in the hands of the people. The edition required was forthcoming in Tyndale's fine translation. But, somewhat to our surprise, we find the Archbishop bitterly opposed to the circulation of the Holy Scriptures in the vernacular. In fact, we are surprised at times at what this Archbishop did and did not do, on both sides of the great questions that were coming boldly to the front. It was a transition period. Events were dawning only, and sometimes a man's mind might naturally be drawn to one side, and sometimes to another.

In the year 1527, Archbishop Warham was shocked to hear that King Henry was beginning to seek legal separation from his wife. After seventeen years of apparently a happy married life, the king's conscience began to accuse him for having married his brother's widow. How far his impassioned fancy for Anne Boleyn assisted him in arousing his conscience from so long a slumber is not clear from history. That it had a great deal to do with it afterwards is an undoubted fact. At first, however, it did not enter into the case. Cardinal Wolsey is

said to have suggested to the king the possibility of securing a divorce from Katharine, and it was he who placed the whole matter in such a way before the primate that he, yielding in disposition as he always was, saw great force in the king's claim. It was with great satisfaction that the Archbishop of Canterbury was thus secured on the king's side. How much His Grace thought of the anguish that all this wretched business was likely to bring to the unfortunate Katharine, who had been a faithful wife and honored queen for so many years, we are left to imagine. It was a hard age, and Warham's desire to live in peace may have had more to do with his ready yielding to help the strong, when he had a chance to protect the weak, than it ought to have had. At all events, he remained on the king's side, though he showed no vigor whatever in defending his own rights in the matter as primate of all England. It was tried by a papal court, the only foreign tribunal that had been set up in England since the reign of King John.

In the year 1529, a parliament was called. One had not been convened for fourteen years. It was a packed parliament, packed in the interests of the king. Wolsey's career was over. Sir Thomas More was made chancellor, Warham having declined the honor. Times were changing. Henceforth the Lord Chancellor of England must be a layman, and clergymen must no longer be lawyers. Many measures were passed at this parliament against the clergy, from whom, in various ways, large sums of money were extorted. It was here enacted that the king was supreme head of his own Church in England, and this was assented to by the clergy. This was one of the first steps of the Reformation, though few had any idea that it was in reality so nigh at hand. The Archbishop, though old and feeble, had much to do in the closing years of his life, attending meetings of parliament and convocation. He died on the 22nd day of August, 1532, and was buried in Canterbury Cathedral.

SOME MISSIONARY COLLEGES.

No. 4—CODRINGTON COLLEGE, BARBADOS.

WITHIN two years of the formation of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, *i.e.*, in the year 1703 (the society having been formed in 1701), an important estate was willed to it in the West Indies by General Christopher Codrington, of Barbados, with the expressed desire that the two plantations contained in it should be continued entire, and "300 negroes at least always kept thereon," and "a convenient number of professors and scholars



CODRINGTON COLLEGE, BARBADOS, W.I.

maintained there, all of them to be obliged to study *phiscic* and chirurgery as well as divinity."

Owing to many technical difficulties, it was not till the year 1712 that the society obtained actual possession of the estates. In 1713 the society resolved to begin the building of a college in Barbados, pursuant to the directions of General Codrington, but owing to many difficulties and discouragements, arising chiefly from disputes respecting the property and debt incumbering it, the building was not finished till 1743, and not brought into use until September 9th, 1745, and even then only as a grammar school.

Thus they moved slowly in those "good old days." And the very elements seemed somewhat against them, for in 1780 the building was almost completely destroyed by a hurricane, and lay in ruins and unused for nine years. It was a period of great depression and discouragement. The society tried to help the struggling estate, but the money at its command was too small to be of any practical use. It was therefore resolved, "in order to save the estate from bankruptcy," to lease it to some one who should manage the estate in such a way as to render it, if possible, productive and remunerative. A man was found who took it at a rental of £500 a year, and his management of it proved so successful that at the expiration of the lease the society found itself in possession of £12,769 19s. 8½d., together with an annual rental of £5,000.

The college was, therefore, repaired and made ready for students. The old enemy, the

hurricane, however, reappeared in 1831, and wrought so much damage that the large capital was much reduced because of needful repairs and rebuilding. The abolition of slavery, however, in 1836, brought to the society the large sum of £8,823 8s. 9d. as compensation money, and brighter days were confidently hoped for.

But these expectations were not realized. For the next few years the expenditure so far exceeded the income as to cause the loss of all this "abolition money," and several thousand pounds besides. The capital, in fact, was reduced to £14,725, from upwards of £27,000, as it stood when the abolition money was paid.

In this depressed state of things the experiment of leasing was again tried, but proved to be a failure. The society then tried to sell the estates. This was in March, 1876, but a few months later the "unsettled state of the island" induced the society to retain the estates "for the present," and work them by means of an agent. This state of things has continued ever since, and the estates, under the management of an "able attorney," Mr. G. A. Sealy, have considerably improved, "in spite of periods of great commercial depression in the West Indies."*

During all this time, however, much good had been done by means of missionaries and catechists sent out by the society to instruct the negroes and their children in the Christian religion. At the college, even whilst only a grammar school, were educated many who became valuable members of society, besides six-

* See Digest of S.P.G. Records, p. 199.

teen clergymen. The income arising from the estates now provides for a principal, a tutor, a teacher of Hindi and Urdu, a chaplain for the estates, and a medical lecturer, and also for several exhibitions and bursaries to assist students in obtaining their education.

In June, 1875, the college was affiliated to the University of Durham; its students are admissible to all degrees, licenses, and academic ranks in the several faculties of that university, and many students have received the degree of B.A. In 1892 the college was constituted a centre for the Oxford and Cambridge preliminary examinations for Holy Orders in the West Indies. More than half of the clergy of Barbados have been educated in the college, and colored missionaries have been sent thence to the heathen in West Africa.

ODE TO ALBION.

BEAUTIFUL Island! Pearl of the Sea!
Land of the Brave! Home of the Free!
Refuge of Exiles! Thy banner unfurled!
Streaming aloft to the gaze of the world,
None can outvie thee, to thee belong
The Peerless in Science, the matchless in Song.

Where the Grecian's conquest ended on the bank of Indus'
stream,
Far beyond the Roman boundary, Britain's flag is to be
seen,
Floating in the spicy breezes of old India's coral strand,
And her standard proudly greeteth Australasia's golden
land,
Cape of Storms, and Ceylon's Isle, Helena's rock, Napoleon's
grave,
Each, all behold the Red Cross wave.

Where the heaver builds its hut, where Lake Erie's torrents
roar,
From Quebec to Lake Superior, or the Coast of Labrador,
Where the constant Gulf Stream leaveth, where it sweeps
for evermore,
Past Jamaica to Newfoundland, Prima Vista's ice-bound
shore,
Islands Windward, Islands Leeward, Canada and Hudson
Bay,
British Columbia, Vancouver's Island, all alike that flag
display.

On the Rock of Gibraltar, key of Europe's inland seas,
There St. George's emblem flutters gaily to the swelling
breeze,
On the Demerara River, Babelmandeb's Coast,
Every region, every climate, views Britannia's pride and
boast,
East and West, North and South, kissed by every wind that
blows,
Floats that glorious "Semper Eadem," the terror of our
foes.

Beautiful Island! Pearl of the Sea!
Land of the Brave! Home of the Free!
Refuge of Exiles! Thy banner unfurled,
Streaming aloft to the gaze of the world,
None can outvie thee, to thee belong
The Peerless in Science, the matchless in Song.

STRAIGHTFORWARD.

CHAPTER II.

KING'S COBBE was pretty well accus-
tomed, as you will see by this time, to
associating strange events with the
name of Proudfoot. But perhaps
never, in the memory of man, was the
little sea-coast town so thrilled with awe and
horror, and a certain fearful interest in that ill-
fated family, as by the tidings which the foreign
mail of that autumn brought to Perran Proud-
foot.

Soldiers are seldom great letter-writers, and
Perran was amply content if once, or, perhaps,
twice in the year, a letter reached him, saying
that all was well with his people. He had no
other correspondents.

Mail steamers, too, did not run so frequently
as they do now. The young man had had a
letter early in the year, which he and 'Lisbeth
had read together one Sunday afternoon after
church, before Farmer Holt had—with his
rough hand—dashed down the cup of happiness
these young people were finding so sweet to the
taste. No more letters reached him after that,
till, to his surprise, *two* envelopes with foreign
postmarks were produced for him out of the
bag by his master, on one of the first days of
October.

"Something up at Kurrapore," Captain Mos-
tyn said, smiling; "let's hear your news by
and by, Perran," and then he betook himself to
the reading of his own letters.

But, in ten minutes' time, he looked up
amazed, for Perran was standing before him,
with white face and staring eyes, holding out
to him, with hands that shook like those of a
paralyzed man, several sheets of paper.

"I can't make it out, sir. It isn't true; say
it isn't true."

And then he fell a senseless heap on the car-
pet of his master's room.

It was no easy matter to bring back life and
sense to the prostrate form, and when the poor
lad did sit up, and his eyes wandered once
more to the sheets still in Captain Mostyn's
hand, it was harder still to give him any com-
fort in his awful grief.

For that happy family of Proudfoots had all
been cut off at a stroke, root and branch, and
these letters told the terrible tale in the short,
sudden fashion of pen and ink.

"Read them, read them, sir—aloud," said
Perran, as he struggled to a sitting position,
and Captain Mostyn, with a conviction that
there was nothing gained by delay, began to do
so. It was best to know all, and at once.

With a strange mockery of the woe to come,
the first letter was from Michael Proudfoot
himself. It should have reached England long
since, but had been delayed.

It was written in a strain of excited joy and exultation. A distant relation in Australia had died, leaving his whole property to Michael and his boys. Soldiering was to be given up, and they were all to go to the new country and set up a home there, a new, larger, richer "Pale." The old watchword did still, "*Straight-forward*," Michael wrote cheerily. Perran must come out, too, when his master could spare him. Perhaps, when his health was better, Captain Mostyn would visit them also, since he was fond of travel. They should all sail in a fortnight for Sydney in the little ship *Medway*, of which Michael knew the captain.

And then the letter abruptly closed. No. There was a postscript on the further page with a few words in a different strain. "I have seen a lawyer by our Colonel's advice, and made my will in case of accident. You stand in it as heir to the property after the boys."

Good Michael Proudfoot had hesitated once or twice before inditing that postscript. It was the first time that he had been called upon to speak, or write words which should declare—what yet was a truth now necessary to be acknowledged—that Perran was not by law or nature his own child.

The will, consigning the property to himself, had specified his children as the next heirs, but, failing male descent, Michael was permitted to name whom he would as his successor, always providing that the occupier of the land (a large and well-watered tract in Northern Australia) took the name of Proudfoot.

Of course, it was improbable that Perran should ever come to inherit it, with sturdy David and Will—ay, and bright little Jesse—standing before him. The good man, Michael, could not wish or anticipate such a contingency. He had put down the pen, indeed, with a sigh for the fine lad thus set on one side by no fault of his own.

But the second letter—Captain Mostyn himself turned pale as he glanced down the page, yet that must be read, too. His servant was now standing over him, a hand firmly grasping the heavy chair nearest to him.

"Go on, sir, please. It must be read."

It was a lawyer's letter from Australia, dated some months later than that other lying on the table. The address was correctly given:

To Mr. Perran Proudfoot,
at Sir John Mostyn's,
The Grange,
King's Cobbe, England;

and the writer announced that he communicated with Perran as next heir of Mr. Michael Proudfoot, of the Royal Artillery, deceased, to the Australian property known as "Green Meadows." He condoled with Mr. Proudfoot on the calamity which had placed him in possession—the wreck of the ship *Medway*, in Torres Straits, and the murder of crew and passengers by the savage inhabitants of New Guinea.

Only one soul survived to tell the tale—a sailor, badly wounded, and left for dead, had managed to escape, unperceived, on a raft next morning. He was picked up by a Dutch vessel, which made sail as fast as possible from the ill-fated spot. This man had witnessed the murder of the whole Proudfoot family amongst the rest.

A more terrible rumor still was happily not at this time communicated to Perran—these barbarous savages were cannibals, and had made high feast over the bodies of their unhappy victims. A few weeks later and the whole awful tragedy, as much as could be guessed of it, at least, appeared in the public papers of the day.

The letter concluded by saying that further particulars of the property in question would be sent on acknowledgment of this communication; the farm was being carefully managed by the man placed in charge during the long illness of the late owner, so that Mr. Perran Proudfoot might take his own time as to making the voyage to Australia in order to take possession.

The signature was that of a long established and highly respectable firm in Sydney.

"Is it true, sir? Can it be true?" Perran asked the question with parched lips. "All of them gone—father, mother, the lads?"

There could be but one answer. Little wonder that King's Cobbe was thrilled by the awful catastrophe which had overtaken a family whose name was so familiar amongst them. But for the kindness and care of his master, Perran Proudfoot could hardly have kept his senses under the crushing sense of desolation which overtook him at this time. He was, indeed, alone in the world. Everything he loved suddenly snatched from him.

As for this property in Australia, what was it to him? What were riches and land to him, with no one he loved left to care for his enjoyment of them?

Day by day he mechanically did his work as Captain Mostyn's servant, never seeming to look beyond. By the advice of a physician, to whom Sir John had spoken on the subject, this was permitted. Abruptly to take all such usual occupations from the stricken man might actually upset the sorely shaken mind and heart.

And, meantime, further letters of enquiry were sent to the lawyer, to the owners of the ship *Medway* in far-off India, and to the colonel of poor Michael Proudfoot's regiment. Perran must remain quiet till answers came to these.

After a few weeks, the first dark cloud lifted from off the young fellow's brain. There was no fear now of his "going out of his mind," as the plain term runs. He was able to speak more calmly of his loss, even to anticipate the probability of taking up his abode permanently in Australia, on that Green Meadows property. And when weeks became months, he consulted

his master as to a little ray of brightness that was stealing into his heart.

'Lisbeth had loved him as a poor man, and nameless; did Captain Mostyn think that now that he was rich, and had his acres beyond sea, Farmer Holt would still forbid him his daughter?

'Lisbeth had written him one pitiful, tear-stained letter, after the break-up of their engagement, saying that she should always love him, but she would never marry him without her father's consent.

And after that had come this crash into Perran's life, followed by a great aching blank of wintry weeks. Even 'Lisbeth seemed to belong to the happy past, her love had also fallen into the great gulf which had swallowed up all else. It is hard, however, for the plant of happiness to die down altogether in a young heart, and Perran came to wonder whether Michael, had he lived, would not have liked 'Lisbeth, and been pleased to think that his boy Perran was not left quite desolate in the world.

There could be no letters from Australia just yet, and he would not speak to 'Lisbeth till his plans were quite settled. Any further trouble he could not bear just now, and it might be that Farmer Holt would raise objections to his girl leaving her native land for another, even if he was content with a landed, wealthy son-in-law, legally possessing the name of Proudfoot.

No harm, however, to consult his master; and then, Captain Mostyn spoke his mind. He heartily shook hands with his servant, telling him that his position in life was now changed, and that he released him from all further duties of service. "There is a lad in the village whom I must take and train," said the young officer. "I don't fancy any of your starched valets; I never did," he added, smiling; "and if I can't have a man out of the regiment, I must have one out of King's Cobbe."

But Perran put in a word here—asking, nay, beseeching, to remain with Captain Mostyn till he was obliged to leave England for Australia; "and, even then, begging your pardon, sir, for the liberty," he declared, "I hoped you'd come with me and help me to settle in the new place."

It was an idea after the young Cornish squire's own heart. All his prospects had been destroyed by that unlucky bursting of his own gun out shooting, and the ill-health ensuing from the wound. The army he had been obliged to relinquish as a profession, but stay at home for good he could not.

He smiled a half consent to his servant's invitation. Then he spoke; "We must see Sir John about it. I should like the plan well enough. But three is no company—what will 'Lisbeth say?"

"'Lisbeth would be of my mind, that it would be hard to say whether it would be most honor or pleasure." Perran was a well-spoken, well-educated young fellow, or Captain Mostyn

would not have been so much attached to him.

"But I am not sure of 'Lisbeth myself yet, sir," was Perran's further confidence; "or, at least, Farmer Holt's likely to be stiff, I'm afraid."

"You forget, Perran, that you come forward now as a man of means," was the reply. "I can almost promise you that there will be no opposition from that quarter."

There was none, as time proved. Letters from across the sea came in plentifully a little later—condolences, congratulations, further confirmation of the tragedy in Torres Straits, reports of the Green Meadows property, law deeds to be signed, etc., etc.

Then a lad from the village was being trained under Perran, since Mr. Proudfoot, of Green Meadows, Northern Australia, had need of time to attend to his new property, and the large correspondence concerning it.

He was to sail early in the year, just fifteen months since those two strange letters reached him, and 'Lisbeth, as his wife, was to accompany him. They were to be married before Christmas, with many rejoicings in King's Cobbe.

The marriage of a Proudfoot—and all the neighborhood chose to consider Perran as such now—was a rare event.

And Captain Mostyn? Yes, he was to be one of the party. His health would be benefited by the thorough change, the doctors considered; he was to be his late servant's honored guest at Green Meadows.

There are ups and downs in the world truly, but then there are masters and servants of very different sorts, and these two were united by a bond of affection which smoothed all odd circumstances in their lives.

Besides, was not Perran now "Mr. Proudfoot, of Green Meadows," with lands, and a settled income in the Sydney Bank?

Farmer Holt had actually begun to boast of his 'Lisbeth's prospects, but 'Lisbeth was firm in her belief that Perran himself was better than lands, or money, or even a roll of ancestors; which expression of feeling from the lips of a south country maiden, whose father held a little plot of land, transferred from father to son for many a long day past, was considered to be pretty strong, and boded well for Perran.

The sun shone on the wedding day. People came from far and near to the feast at the Grange afterwards. Farmer Holt was there, sitting on the other side of Lady Mostyn. The marriage had taken place in Cobbe Church—public opinion settled that; and the Holts could not but be pleased at the importance given to their new son-in-law.

As they came out of church Perran drew 'Lisbeth's attention to the grim monument on the north wall.

"Look, 'Lisbeth," he said; "wherever we go that shall be our motto—'Straightforward.'"

(To be continued.)

Young People's Department.



WATER CARRIERS OF INDIA.

THE WATER TRIAL IN INDIA.

IN India it is not as easy to be a Christian as it is here. Sometimes, indeed, it is very hard, and men have to suffer for it very much. The people who are called Mahometans find it the hardest of all, because they are treated very badly by the other Mahometans when they become Christians.

One of the English missionaries tells us that he baptized a Mahometan and his whole family. He was an old man, but a man of very high order among his own people, and when any of them met him they used to bow down before him out of respect to his office; but when he became a Christian, he found he had to suffer for his new faith. As he was crossing a bridge one day in broad daylight, some five or six young Mahometans stopped him, and said to him, "What made you a Christian?"

He took a New Testament from his arm and said, "This book has done it."

Then one of the men snatched the book from him, flung it far away, knocked the old man down, kicked him, and then ran away. He and his family have frequently had to suffer in the same way.

Besides sufferings of this kind, there is what is called the "water trial," which people who become Christians sometimes have to bear. Because they are Christians, they are not allowed to step on to a well and draw water. They have to wait till the Hindus and Mahometans give it to them. Thus they are never sure of getting any water from the wells at all and, as water is very scarce, they suffer a great deal sometimes, and have to go, it may be, one or two miles to the river, to get water from it.

At a place called Poorkee, the missionary complained to the magistrate about this ill-treatment, and the magistrate gave orders that the Christians should be allowed to get water from the well; but one day a boy was seen to throw something into it. It might have been poison, so nobody dared go to it for water. Then the magistrate had it cleaned out, but that night some one burned all the framework and roof over the well, so that it could not be used.

This shows bad feeling, and makes it hard for missionaries to do their work. But so it was in early days, and so it is in other lands. We ought to pray for those who suffer, and thank God that in this our own country we do not have to suffer because we are Christians.

ST. PATRICK AND THE HOLY TRINITY.

NEARLY fourteen hundred years ago, in a remote place in Ireland, a tall man might have been seen standing in the midst of a crowd of wild-looking people. He was a fine-looking man, and evidently a stranger. The people were the early inhabitants of Ireland and were called Celts, and they were the same kind of people as the early Britons. Their bodies were painted blue, or else partly covered with a loose sort of shawl, and, at the time we speak of, they were looking very fierce and excited. The stranger was standing all alone among them. He was dressed like a missionary, and he did not look a bit afraid, although the people were so fierce and wild. His face was full of peace, because he had made up his mind to die, if it had to be so; but he had only come to preach, and to tell these wild, fierce people about Christ. He had come across the sea to tell them this, and he did not want to leave them till they should know why he had come among them. He told them about the Lord Jesus, who came from heaven to suffer and to die for men.

"And who," they asked, "is the Lord Jesus?"

"He is the Son of God most high, and our Lord and God," was the answer.

"What!" they said, "is there more than one God?—that cannot be."

For these Celts, or Kelts, as they are sometimes called now, though a heathen people, did not worship idols. They had some idea of a great Being that had made all things. He was to them a great spirit, but they did not know how to worship Him properly.

Then this stranger, whose name was Patrick, now generally called St. Patrick, looked very earnestly at them, and said: "You are right, there is one God, and one only; but He has within Himself, as a Godhead, three Persons, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and each of these is God."

"Each of the three is God," they said, "and yet you say we are right when we hold that there is but one God."

"Yes," said the missionary.

"Three—and yet one," they said again, "How can that be?"

The missionary then sat down on the green grass, where beautiful shrubs and flowers were growing up all around him. He looked about him and plucked a leaf of clover, a leaf called trefoil, because it has three distinct leaves all united in one, and springing from the same stalk.

Holding up this beautiful little green leaf, perfect in its three parts and yet one leaf, he said:

"Behold the three and the one!"

The savage people for a time said nothing.

They had never thought of such a thing before, yet they could not doubt what the missionary had said. They began to feel kindly towards him, and soon some of them crept near him and said:

"Tell us more of this great and wonderful God."

Then he did tell them more, and many of them became Christians. History tells us that St. Patrick found Ireland a heathen country, but that, before he left it, he had made it nearly altogether Christian.

He taught from nature, like the Saviour Himself. He could use the little clover-leaf, as the Saviour did the lily, and from it teach a great truth and impress the hearts of men.

A BISHOP IN THE FAR NORTH.

RAR up in British America is an English Bishop, whose jurisdiction is bigger than the whole of England. As he cannot travel by railway, how do you think he goes from one place to another? In the summer, he goes by canoe, sometimes for one thousand miles on one river; but these great rivers in some parts are full of rocks and other dangers, so often the travellers have to get out and walk, and carry their canoe. Perhaps you have been told to "sit still" when you have been for a row in an English boat, but you would have to sit even more still in one of these Indian canoes, or you would upset it, because they are very light, so as to be easy to carry.

Once Bishop Bompas had a race with winter; that was a funny race to have, wasn't it? He wanted to reach a certain place before the river was frozen up, and he just won, although large pieces of ice were floating in the water for the last part of his journey. But the Bishop can only go by canoe in summer time. How does he manage during the seven months every year when the rivers and lakes are all frozen? Well, then he has to travel by sledge, which means sitting in a sort of wheelbarrow without wheels, and being pulled along over the snow and ice by four dogs. Often, after journeying for hours like this, the missionary has nothing nicer for supper, when he stops for the night, than a piece of wild-cat! He has to sleep tied up in a fur bag, or he will get frost-bitten. But the Bishop and other missionaries there gladly suffer all these hardships, so that they may be able to carry the story of Jesus and His love to the poor Indians who have never heard it.—*Selected.*

A missionary in Jamaica once asked a little girl in a mission school, "Who are the meek?" The child answered, "Those who give soft answers to rough questions."



THE INDIAN BOY'S REVENGE.

SEVERAL years ago, a Mr. Kay was in the northern part of California, near the Trinity River. He and his party had been trudging a long, long way that day, and were very tired and hungry. They came at last upon a camp of Indians on the river's bank, who were busy drying the fine salmon they caught there. These fish looked so good and tempting that the white men wanted to taste them, and ventured to ask if they could have but one. Mr. Kay did not expect to buy the fish with money, but he had brought some pretty beads with him, which often please the Indians better, as it is not easy for them to get such things. But these Indians seemed cross and selfish, and would not let the white men have their fish at all. They had been so badly treated by their pale brothers that it is no wonder they felt hateful and wanted nothing to do with him.

There was one, however, who cast a longing look at the beads, as if he was sorry not to get any for his squaw in the wigwain close by, and, holding up the string of beads again, Mr. Kay pointed to them and then to the fish in the river, saying in Chinook:

"You get us fresh fish out of the water, and you shall have these beads."

Snatching up his gig and spear, with which they catch these great fishes, he was off in a moment to get it. Another Indian standing by seemed anxious to do the same, and Mr. Kay

told him to follow and he should have some beads, too.

After the two men were out of sight, a little Indian boy stole softly up, and looked so wistfully at the pretty beads lying there that Mr. Kay bade him go and get a fish, too, and he would pay him in the same way. The boy gave a spring of joy, and was gone like a flash toward the stream, in another direction from that taken by the men, as they would have been displeased with him if they knew he was fishing, too.

It was not long before the two men came back, each with a large fish, for which they got their string of beads. Soon the boy was seen also, running up the bank with a proud, happy face, lifting his fine fish to show what he had done, and, perhaps, thinking of the little Indian girl who would be very glad to get the beads he had earned.

Just then a strange thought came into Mr. Kay's head, for which he said he was always ashamed. He had often heard that the heart of the Indian was only bad—that the only good Indians were those who were dead. He wondered what this boy would do if he said he did not want the fish now, and so he could not have the beads. It would have made a white boy very angry. How would this untaught heathen child act? He would try to see.

As he sat there upon a rock, resting beside the beautiful river, he drew a long face when the boy came rushing up to him, and, with a jerk of his head, said, "Be off with your fish! We have enough already without it." If the boy had been struck with a stone, he would not have looked more pained and frightened. In an instant the brightness was gone from his eyes, and there seemed to be no life in him, he was so stunned with unkindness and disappointment. After a while, without a word, he turned slowly and sadly away towards the river, dragging the fish along behind him in the dirt, which a few moments before he had held aloft so proudly.

As if he could not believe the white man could be so false, he turned to look at him again. What was it that he saw? Down dropped the fish at his feet, and the fleet-footed boy was flying again up the bank toward Mr. Kay, giving him such a hard and sudden blow that he thought he had perhaps been shot with an arrow, and started up from his seat to feel of himself all over to find how and where he was hurt.

Was this the Indian boy's revenge? If it was, he must have felt it only served him right, for he ought to have known better than to try his temper so severely. But, see, the boy is pulling him up the bank still further, earnestly beckoning him to follow him up the hillside, away from the river, and he quickly does so wondering what it all means.

The boy then pointed down to the spot where he had been sitting, and there was a deadly rattlesnake, coiled up behind the rock, just ready to spring upon him, had he stayed a moment longer. With manly tears of shame and gratitude, Mr. Kay looked at the noble boy beside him, finding no words to express his feelings. But he must, in some way, show his appreciation of the boy's conduct. How should it be? He should have more than his string of beads, anyhow. Feeling in his pocket, my friend found there his silver pocket-comb, which he knew would be a wonderful prize to the Indian, who takes so much pride in his long black hair. This he handed to the child, who caught it eagerly, and, like a breath of wind, vanished over the brow of the hill, and was seen no more.

Remember, this was one who had never learned the Golden Rule as you have, and yet he returned good for evil. Have you found "the more excellent way" of "charity that suffereth long and is kind"—that "never faileth," but ever seeks to overcome evil with good?—*Christian Observer.*

"EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS."

It's everybody's business,
 In this old world of ours,
 To root up all the weeds he finds,
 And make room for the flowers;
 So that every little garden,
 No matter where it lies,
 May look like that which God once made
 And called it Paradise.

It's everybody's business
 To search for heaven's gate,
 And do it with an earnest mind,
 Lest he should be too late;
 And if he would a welcome gain
 From angels round the throne,
 He'd better take his neighbor's soul
 To stand beside his own.

—Selected.

CHILDREN'S LENTEN OFFERINGS.

The following is the result, so far, of the Children's Lenten Offerings for the Indian Homes:—

ALGOMA, for—	
Indian Homes, from Port Arthur.....	\$ 20 00
“ “ “ Uffington.....	68
FREDERICTON, for—	
Indian Homes, from Bay du Vin.....	5 78
HURON, for—	
Athabasca, from Memorial Church, London..	15 27
“ “ Gorrie	4 19
“ “ Goderich.....	8 25
“ “ Wroxeter.....	3 00

Shingwauk, from St. Paul's Cathedral, London	\$ 37 50
“ “ St. James' London.....	37 50
“ “ Trinity Church, Galt.	96 84
“ “ Ingersoll.....	25 00
“ “ Petrolia.....	25 00
“ “ Port Rowan.....	10 00
Elkhorn, from Memorial Church, London....	75 00
Indian Homes, from Hanover.....	2 58
“ “ Greenway	3 00
“ “ Hensall.....	5 69
“ “ Glanworth.....	2 36
“ “ Parishes not named....	409 88
MONTREAL, for—	
Algoma Homes (parishes not named).....	6 79
Wawanosh (Algoma).....	8 75
Washakada (Rupert's Land).....	4 30
Indian Homes, from Huntingdon	9 97
NIAGARA, for—	
Algoma Homes, from St. Thomas', St. Catharines.....	2 50
Indian Homes, from Thorold \$8.50, Port Robinson, \$6.50.....	15 00
NOVA SCOTIA, for—	
Moosonee, from Dartmouth.....	27 68
Indian Homes, from Summerhill, P.E.I.....	14 00
“ “ Port Medway	20 00
“ “ North Sydney, C.B.....	16 04
ONTARIO, for—	
Shingwauk (parishes not named).....	27 36
Indian Homes, from Trinity Church, Brockville.....	36 35
“ “ Frankford.....	7 68
“ “ Portsmouth.....	14 44
“ “ (parishes not named)....	101 71
QUERBEC, for—	
Indian Homes, from Cookshire.....	5 03
“ “ Quebec Cathedral.....	32 24
“ “ Richmond.....	16 00
TORONTO, for—	
Shingwauk, from Church Epiphany, Toronto.	35 00
“ “ Church Ascension, Toronto.	37 00
Wawanosh “ Young Women's Bible Class, Peterboro	10 50
“ “ York Mills.....	5 25
Athabasca “ (parishes not named).....	50 00
Indian Homes, from Holy Trinity, Toronto..	16 34
“ “ Brighton.....	2 36
“ “ (parishes not named,)....	88 30

The totals are as follows:

From Algoma.....	\$ 20 68	For Indian Homes.....	\$ 843 43
“ Fredericton.	5 78	“ Shingwauk, Algoma	331 20
“ Huron.....	757 06	“ Wawanosh, Algoma.....	24 50
“ Montreal....	29 87	“ Homes, Algoma.....	9 29
“ Niagara....	17 50	“ Athabasca.....	78 71
“ Nova Scotia,	77 72	“ Elkhorn (Rupert's Land).	75 00
“ Ontario.....	187 54	“ Washakada, (Rupert's Land)..	4 36
“ Quebec.....	53 27	“ Moosonee	27 68
“ Toronto.....	244 75		
	<u>\$1394 17</u>		<u>\$1394 17</u>

A WISE and learned man says that every child should be taught to pay all his debts, and to fulfil all his contracts, exactly in manner, completely in value, punctually at the time. Everything he has borrowed he should be obliged to return, uninjured, at the time specified; and everything belonging to others which he has lost he should be required to replace.

The Canadian Church Magazine AND MISSION NEWS

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

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REV. J. C. COX—Travelling Agent, Maritime Provinces, Falmouth, N. S.

NO. IX. JULY, 1895. No. 109.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Board of Management will meet in Montreal on the evening of the 11th of September.

A PUBLIC missionary meeting will be held in Montreal on the evening of the 12th of September.

FRIDAY, September 13th, the third day of the meeting of the Provincial Synod, will be devoted to the business of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society. The newly-appointed Board of Management will meet on the evening of that day.

NEW missionary bishops are astir for their work. Rev. Dr. Harmer was recently consecrated Bishop of Adelaide (Australia), and Archdeacon Gaul set apart in the same solemn manner as Bishop of Mashonaland (Africa). The Rev. W. M. Richardson, an English vicar, has been appointed Bishop of Zanzibar, in succession to the late Bishop Smythies.

It is reported that the Rev. John Dart, M.A., D.D., formerly principal of King's College, Windsor, N.S., has been chosen Bishop of New Westminster. The Bishop-elect, though English born and a graduate of Oxford, has had a large Canadian experience. The Archbishop of Canterbury, as former Metropolitan of British Columbia, has fully approved of the choice.

THE resignation of Lord Rosebery as Premier of England, and the return to power of

Lord Salisbury, will be hailed with delight by the great majority of Church of England people all over the world. The disestablishment of the Church in Wales has thus been thrust into abeyance for a time at least, and under the new régime may be postponed indefinitely.

THE death of Lord Selborne, better known in earlier days as Sir Roundell Palmer, removes from England a staunch and devoted Churchman, who never allowed even his political leanings to interfere with what he believed to be for the interest of the Church. Such a man can ill be spared at the present moment. His son, Lord Wolmer, is a worthy son of such a father, and follows in his footsteps.

FIVE women have recently been sent from England by the Church Missionary Society to Uganda—the first women who have been allowed to go to so dangerous a field. Woman's work is a feature of the present age. It is a good thing that the mission field is included in the many departments of life now marked by it. In many respects women form most excellent missionaries, and justify the wisdom of those who send them out and support them.

THE old-time hatred of the missionaries of Christ on the part of foreign people, and the spirit of persecution towards them, is by no means dead in the world yet. At Cheng-Tu, China, such riots were raised against foreigners as obliged the missionaries to escape with their lives. The lower classes of Chinese are incited to this fiendish work by a set of "literary" people who publish all kinds of libels upon foreigners, and especially missionaries. It is not a bad sign, however, though painful, indeed, to read about, when men and women are thus called upon to suffer for the truth's sake.

A NEW book on Canada, by Dr. Bourinot, will shortly be issued. It is entitled "How Canada is Governed," and gives in plain, simple language a short account of the executive, legislative, judicial, and municipal institutions of the country, together with a sketch of their origin and development. The book will be illustrated with numerous engravings and autographs, and being the work of so eminent an authority as Dr. Bourinot, will be indispensable to those who wish to be well informed about the affairs of the Dominion. The Copp, Clark Company (Limited) are the publishers.

MR. A. F. GAULT has made the munificent gift of £20,000 to the Montreal Diocesan Theological College. A portion of the gift will be spent in the erection of a new building for the college in University street, Montreal, near McGill College, into which the college will, in the

near future, remove from its present buildings. The plans which are being prepared for the new institution indicate that it will be one of the most complete of the kind in Canada. The land on which the new building will be erected has already been acquired. The balance of Mr. Gault's benefaction will be devoted to the formation of a suitable endowment fund.

THE Rt. Rev. Dr. Sullivan, Bishop of Algoma, has returned to his diocese, unable, we regret to say, to resume his duties, owing to an illness which came upon him on the journey homeward. From this, however, his lordship is now recovering. He addressed the Synod of Toronto for a few moments in that calm and easy style of speaking for which he has always been noted. Though evidently enfeebled by his illness, he was able to hold the strictest attention of the synod. He referred briefly to his own diocese, the future of which he could not prognosticate. In his own classical words, it is at present *in nubibus*, and at the meeting of the Provincial Synod it will be *sub judice*.

THE Canadian branch of the Church Missionary Society has received three urgent appeals for men; one from Bishop Bompas, of Selkirk, the second from Bishop Reeve, of Mackenzie River, and the third from Bishop Pinkham, of Calgary. Three young men have been accepted for this duty, viz., Charles E. Whittaker, H. L. Reazin, M.B., and Edward F. Hockley, and have already left for their different fields of labor—Mr. Whittaker for Herschel Island, in the Arctic Ocean (diocese of Selkirk), Dr. Reazin (who was presented, before his departure, with a complete medical outfit) for Fort Simpson, the headquarters of Bishop Reeve—to be, at present, the only medical missionary in all that vast region in and about Mackenzie River—and Mr. Hockley for the Blood Reserve, in the diocese of Calgary. We wish these Canadian missionaries Godspeed in their work.

THE ninth annual report of the Woman's Auxiliary of the diocese of Toronto indicates a large amount of work done by that association of ladies. Mrs. Williamson, the president, in her very excellent address says, "We say very smoothly and easily that we are an auxiliary to diocesan, domestic, and foreign missions, but can we conscientiously say that we are doing all in our power for foreign work? Let us arouse in our collectors that zeal which springs from an accurate knowledge of the vast wants of the mission fields. India's women cry aloud for help, China's millions are in degradation untold, Japan has thousands upon thousands of her women waiting for the knowledge of the Saviour's love. The thought that the Saviour permits

you to aid in fulfilling His command to preach the Gospel to every creature should fill your hearts with holy zeal, and the cause of foreign missions would go forward in a way not yet realized by the women of the auxiliary." The total receipts for the year are \$7,682.95, besides \$2,335.77 reported by means of vouchers, in all, upwards of ten thousand dollars.

WE are glad to note that at last there is every good prospect that a Church of England publishing company for Canada will become a settled fact. It has already, indeed, taken definite shape, and has commenced the publication of a Church paper, to be known as *The Church Evangelist*, taking the place of *The Church Guardian*, which for so many years was a welcome visitor in Church circles. Dr. Leo H. Davidson, of Montreal, devoted a large portion of his time towards the continuation of *The Guardian*, and he now has the satisfaction of handing it over to the new publishing company. If by any means one good Church paper could be secured for the Church in Canada, instead of the three now existing, it would be a great boon. *The Evangelist* makes a good start, and we wish it success. Other departments, usually connected with a publishing company, will soon follow. An agency for the sale of S.P.C.K. publications has been for some time carried on successfully in Toronto. This will form a nucleus for a book room, which, it is hoped, will develop into a large business in time. The scheme has been in contemplation for many years, and, now that it is fairly launched upon the waters, the Church public should assist it to a prosperous voyage. The company are fortunate in having secured the services of Mr. T. R. Clougher as business manager. His brother succeeded, on his own responsibility, in establishing a Year Book for the Church, which is most useful and valuable, as it appears in regular annual course, and other publications, of service to the Church, may follow, it is hoped, in time, through the exertions of the new company.

BLACK AND WHITE IN THE UNITED STATES.

In the *Sunday at Home* there is an article on the colored man in South Carolina, called "Before and after Emancipation," and in the *Missionary Review of the World* there is an article, somewhat of the same kind, on the "Mountain Whites" of America. From these we learn that there is much to do in the way of education in the United States, and that grave problems confront them. More than half the population of South Carolina is made up of colored people. These were originally slaves, but were suddenly set free when the war be-

tween the North and South of the United States was brought to a close. This was in 1865, at which time there were 400,000 slaves in South Carolina alone. Besides these, there was a comparatively large number of free negroes—men and women who, for different reasons, had never been enslaved, or who had had their freedom given them. They were called "F.M.C.'s" These people lost by emancipation as far as their position in the social scale is concerned, for when the dark mass of slaves was liberated they, being all of one color, were looked upon as being all alike. The letters "F.M.C." meant "Free Man of Color," and were always applied to those negroes who, by law, were free, and of these letters they were very proud; but when all the colored people became "F.M.C.'s" the fine distinction vanished.

For three years after the war closed, South Carolina was under military rule, during which time the emancipated negro began to realize the great avenues of power that were opening up before him; and when, in 1868, South Carolina was readmitted as one of the states of the Union, he found himself placed on an equal footing with the greatest in the land; for every one who had attained the age of manhood was proclaimed a voter. He could go to the polls side by side with the aristocratic owner of a plantation—his late master, it might be—and there one vote was as good as another.

Then the negroes, grossly ignorant as they were, became politicians and swarmed into the state legislature, where they amused themselves with voting away public money, the value of which, in any form, they had never known. Unprincipled white men used this dark power for their own enrichment, and so the state was robbed and made use of to an alarming extent. The cost of managing the state increased in a few years fourfold, and no wonder, when in one session alone \$125,000 was spent on liquors, wines, cigars, and imported fruits. What a "high time" these "colored ge'mmen" must have had in managing the affairs of the state! On one occasion it is said that a negro politician and the speaker of the House of Representatives, a white man, were engaged in a horse race. The house adjourned to attend the race. The colored man's horse won, and Mr. Speaker found himself obliged to hand over to his dark brother an "I.O.U." for a thousand dollars, the amount of the stake. Next day the shady politician moved in the legislature that a gratuity of a thousand dollars "be voted to the speaker of this house for the dignity and ability with which he has presided over its deliberations." This was in addition to the speaker's ordinary pay. The motion was carried, and thus the colored brother got his "I.O.U." promptly cashed by the state!

This dark régime was broken up in 1876, but

the negro population remains, a problem for politicians to deal with.

As to the white people, there are still, in South Carolina, two classes, the old plantation rulers or aristocracy, on the one hand, people proud of their ancestry, once having had servants and slaves, almost without number, at their beck and call, and, on the other hand, a poor and illiterate lot, better only than the negro, perhaps, in color—as dark in character sometimes as their dusky brother is in hue. These, combined with the negro population, have outvoted the aristocracy in everything, so that the good old families now are represented nowhere in positions of prominence and trust.

These illiterate white people are called "crackers" or "mountain whites," and the negroes amuse themselves by calling them "white trash." Sometimes they are called "Scotch-Irish heathens," for from these two nationalities they chiefly descend. There are five millions of them in the South that can neither read nor write. Their moral condition is dreadful. Crimes committed by them are not outdone by the dreadful deeds which disgrace the worst parts of large cities. Public schools apparently have but little power in the South. The teacher often knows little more than the scholars. The log schoolhouse, with its floor of native earth, is not more primitive than the teacher and scholars in their bare feet and slender attire.

The religion of these people is a vague kind of Protestantism. They know that the word "Catholic" means what they should not be, but beyond that they know but little. It is said that a preacher who visited these people once asked an old woman if there were any "Presbyterians" around there. Her answer was, "Ask my old man. He be a powerful mighty man in huntin', and kills all sorts of varmints. You might go and see them skins a-hanging up yonder, pr'aps you'd find some of them Presbyterian critters among them."

Such, then, seem to be two dangerous elements—black and white—in the United States. When men are taught that the age of twenty-one is the only qualification necessary for a vote, and for attaining a high place even in the legislature, and when such men are the makers of laws and electors of judges, sheriffs, and other officers of state, what can be hoped for in the community in which they live?

Missionaries, surely, are needed there as much almost as in heathen lands, because children have been allowed to grow up without instruction, and the way of peace has not been shown them. It seems strange that the South, among the oldest colonies of Great Britain and the cradle of a great nation, should still be so far behind in those things which go to make up an enlightened and God-fearing people.

SEED SOWN.

(Contributed.)

BETWEEN fifty and sixty years ago, when our Queen, in the first flush of her girlhood and her heavy responsibilities, was winning the hearts of her people; when the stir and clamor of the Reform Bill was still ringing in men's ears; when the great religious movement of our century had—as had happened once and again in former days—turned the eyes of men to Oxford, some in sad foreboding of, they hardly knew what, dire calamity to the Church—some in careless scorn of the doings of a group of fanatic enthusiasts—some half-hoping, half-doubting “whereto this might grow”—occurred the following little incident, which, to the writer's mind, so vividly links that wonderful past with our, perhaps, no less wonderful present.

A country clergyman in the south of England—a loyal son of Oxford himself, and, although taking no active part in the “movement,” bound by ties of closest brotherly affection to some of those whose names are so well-known to us in connection with it—had gone to the West Indies to visit his parents, who were living in one of the smaller islands under foreign rule—one of those where, at the time, slavery still existed. During his stay Mr. H.—as for convenience, he may be called—assisted the clergyman of the place, and, owing partly to his simple but forcible presentment of the truth, partly perhaps to his being a son of one of the leading English residents, many came to hear him, among others a young Jewish lady.

The sermon that she chanced, as we say, to hear was an especially powerful one on the Incarnation of our Lord.

The truth, so clearly, definitely put, led her to study the New Testament for herself, with the result that she was baptized and became a faithful member of the Church. Strangely enough her family, though sorely grieved at her change of faith, do not seem to have shown any unkindness or bitterness in consequence; possibly—though this is the merest surmise—because, there being no synagogue or other authority to compel them to act with severity, they followed the dictates of family affection, rather than of religious scruples.

In the meantime, Mr. H. had returned to England, knowing nothing of the effect of his sermon until told of it long after by some member of his own family. A little later a younger brother of the lady—led probably by his sister's influence—came to the resident clergyman, seeking further instruction preparatory to becoming a Christian.

About the same time a gentleman in the island, who was managing for others the estate that should have been his own but for the extravagance of his predecessors accidentally

discovered that a young African on the plantation had never been baptized, and spoke to the clergyman, who at once received him, too, as a candidate for holy baptism.

When the appointed time came they knelt together to receive the sacred rite, the young Jew—descendant of so proud, so unique, a race—parting with some at least of the most cherished traditions of his fathers—do we always realize to the full the cost of that sacrifice?—the young African—to whom life could scarcely offer less than it did—a bare existence of toil for others—for that once equal even upon earth. Behind the slave—as his sponsor—stood his master—moved surely to this token of sympathy by the common brotherhood that underlies all our human distinctions.

Clearly, distinctly, through the years, comes still the remembrance of that touching scene to one who witnessed it, and whose deepest, fullest sympathies—then as now—went out to the Jew and to the slave.

MADAGASCAR.

The Rev. W. E. Cousins, chief reviser of the Bible in Malagasy, says with regard to Madagascar: “France is attempting to crush the Hova independence, and we, on the other hand, are providing new editions of the Scriptures. France is sending out her men provided with all the modern appliances which science can supply for the destruction of human life; we are sending out that Word which brings life wherever it goes. We are not, I suppose, so foolish as to believe that the Bibles we ship to Madagascar will keep back the French army; but we do believe this—that the Bibles which we prepare for these people, helping them to a fuller and more intelligent study of the Word which they have so long received, will, in God's goodness, be their shield and defence from the great evils we fear. There is something in the minds of many of us quite apart from the thought of a French protectorate being established in Madagascar. It is this, that if a Roman Catholic body gets the predominance Protestant Christianity will be doomed, but I do not think the latter can be so readily overthrown. There were only twenty-six or thirty Protestant churches when I first landed in Madagascar, and there are to-day 2,000 with a total number of worshippers in the island of more than 300,000. The faith of these people has been nourished on the Word of God. They love that Word, and they have made it their guide. I may say, indeed, that the open Bible is the glory and strength of these congregations; and I do not believe that anything France can do will destroy a work which rests upon such foundations. I do not think for a moment that anything which the Church of Rome can offer will take the place of what these people have

been receiving themselves from the study of God's Holy Word, and this is my confidence. We have had upon our lips of late very often the name of Taheite. We remember the action of France in Taheite half a century ago, and many persons draw a parallel between the treatment which Queen Poinare received and the treatment our Christian Queen Ranavalona III. is now receiving in Madagascar. The parallel may be to a certain extent ominous; but, we must remember—French rule in Taheite for fifty years has not destroyed Protestantism there; and so I believe that these churches in Madagascar will still be true to their Bible-nourished faith. May I then express the wish—I think a well-founded and reasonable wish—that we who work in Madagascar, and those who may come after us in future years, with a growing Christian community and a work ever extending into the vast heathen districts of the land, may count upon receiving fresh and larger supplies of Bibles to help us in our work. I think we may all unite in that prayer, and ask God to take care of His work in Madagascar in days to come, and grant that all Bible-loving people may be preserved in their hour of darkness and danger.

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. Montzambert, General Corresponding Secretary W.A., 12a Harbord 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.

TRIENNIAL MEETING.

The fourth triennial meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary will be held in Montreal, September 10th to 14th. Triennial service will be held in the Cathedral, Thursday, September 12th, at 9.30 a.m.

TO OUR ARTIST MEMBERS.

At the meeting of the Board of Management, held in Quebec last autumn, a committee was formed to procure designs for the provincial life membership certificate.

Mrs. Tilton, convener, has sanctioned the following plan being laid before our members: that a competition be opened and designs sent in, marked only by the name of some mission field—Africa, China, Japan, and so on, the artist's own name to be enclosed in a sealed envelope, marked outside with the same name as the

design bears. The designs will be laid before the Triennial meeting, and only after one has been selected for use will the name of the honored artist be made known by the opening of the envelope.

This will give our artist members a nice opportunity of using this especial talent for the good of the W. A., and it will save the \$4 or \$5 which professional designers ask for the work.

For wording and particulars, apply to the general corresponding secretary, at address given above.

Unsuccessful competitors can have their envelopes destroyed without being opened if desired.

THE JEWS.

"The Jews are a people who have ever been an object of interest to all Christians, but of late the interest has been wonderfully intensified, not only in the Church of England, which was the first worker in the mission field on behalf of the Jews, but also in other Christian bodies.

"There is great ignorance concerning the Scriptures, even of Moses and the prophets, which they are commonly supposed to study, amongst the Jews, many of them knowing only the tradition of Talmud, a book, or books, full of the grossest superstitions, most dishonoring to the God they profess to worship; therefore, the need of Bibles, Testaments, and the Book of Common Prayer for free distribution is most urgent. Our dear old Prayer Book should be attractive to them, containing, as it does, their psalms, and the liturgical service, with which they are familiar.

"An immense work is being carried on in England, on the continent, and in Asia and Africa, by the London Society, the oldest society of missions to the Jews. Established in 1809, it has been all these years, and still is, steadily employed, in a large and liberal spirit, in carrying the Gospel of Christ 'to the Jew first,' according to our Lord's command, and its work has been singularly blessed.

"A fact stated by a clergyman at the conference of the Anglican communion, held some time last year in London, is full of encouragement to mission workers. He says: 'A friend has gathered, from careful examination of public documents, the knowledge that at least a quarter of a million of the house of Israel are members to-day of the Christian Church. That means that at least one in forty, or one in thirty, of the Jewish nation, at the present time, accept the faith of Jesus Christ. We do not see bright centres of native churches amongst the Jews, as amongst the heathen in dark and dreary lands, but they are in our midst, in our Christian churches, mixing with them, sometimes absorbed by them, and, therefore, not so

easily traced as converts from other sources.'

"In this wonderful age, when we see the prophecies being fulfilled daily, especially those concerning God's ancient people, it behooves us, Christians of Canada, to bestir ourselves, and continue, in the spirit of our Saviour, to take knowledge of Christ to 'His brethren according to the flesh,' especially to those dwelling in our land."

The above was kindly written for us by the able pen of Miss Vicars, of Toronto, who devotes her life to work among the Jews.

We regret to say that no recent news from Mackenzie River has reached us, so we can only remind our readers of the Bishop's interesting letter, and ask them to remember that heroic man and the many urgent needs of his diocese in their prayers during this month, and when the subject is brought before us in our list of daily intercessions.

The following was received from Miss Smith, Japan, by the General Corresponding Secretary on the 1st June: "Before I tell you what I have been doing this spring, I must try to make clear to you about the dispensary, and I am afraid I am the 'stupid' one, for not making things clearer before. My letters are often written in a rush to catch a mail, and I fear I often neglect details that are necessary to a correct understanding of the state of affairs here. You will, perhaps, remember that after I came here I wrote to the W.A. to say how very essential it would be to my work to have a sum allowed me to establish a dispensary for the poor. A year ago last February the first sum towards that object was sent by the Niagara W.A., and afterwards by the Quebec and Ontario branches. I was thus enabled to begin the dispensary on a small scale. As I have written you in previous letters, district nursing has always been an important part of our nurses' work. Last year after the dispensary was started we had so many 'calls' that it was an utter impossibility for me to give regular hours to the dispensary and superintend the nursing in the hospital, give lectures to the pupil-nurses, and go out to the district cases. The Japanese doctors and I talked the matter over, or had a 'sodan,' as we say here, and they very kindly offered to treat those out-patients who came to us for help, we, of course, supplying the drugs for their medicines. In this way, what was first called 'the dispensary' became a storeroom for drugs and appliances, which, besides being sent to the Japanese hospital, were useful in the many cases of district nursing that we had. Last June Dr. Mockridge wrote me that my appeal for \$400 a year to carry on the work had been granted, and, so far, it has proved sufficient. Before it came to me, I had to help in many cases out of

my own salary. When I wrote you last, giving an idea of what our expenses were, I did not mention the good 'store' we were able to lay in by the special grants from branches of the W.A. that I established the dispensary with in the beginning. Besides, the foreign residents here often make a donation to my work when they have been helped by the nurses. Now, as regards the S.P.C.K. dispensary. The funds supporting it come from England, and the accounts are kept quite separate from the Canadian work. In speaking of the latter I always say 'the school,' which includes the hospital, our dispensary, training school, and district nursing, and the S.P.C.K. work I refer to as 'the dispensary.' I can quite understand how my letters have puzzled you! With so many irons in the fire one is apt to confuse things in writing of them. When I remove to Nagano I shall take as many appliances and drugs as I can with me, and, if possible, carry on the work there much on the same plan as has been used here. Miss Paterson tells me how very backward the people are, and I feel that my nurses are much needed. They are such sweet, intelligent, refined girls that we think their social influence will be a great factor in civilizing and elevating those with whom they come in contact. Miss Paterson has been with me a week, and will stay until the end of June. The trials and hardships of a winter spent in a Japanese house have told on her health very much, and since she has been with me I have had to nurse her and induce her to rest. She has given me a very graphic account of the sanitary arrangements, or, rather, *lack of them*, in Nagano, and I cannot feel any surprise that she has suffered so much with a bad throat since she came to Japan. It seems to me that Mr. Waller should have told the board long ago how badly foreign buildings and conveniences were needed. I am certain if the Church people at home knew the condition of the Japanese houses that the missionaries are living in, things would soon be altered. Even Mr. Waller, who was strong and robust when he came here, has almost undermined his health. I am told he intends coming down to help me 'pack up' about the beginning of July. The idea is that I remove the nurses and get them settled, and then spend the summer in Karuizawa, about forty miles from Nagano, with Miss Paterson. At the beginning of September I hope to begin work in Nagano. As yet there are not any *definite* prospects of an English nurse coming to carry on my work here, and I really do not know what the S.P.C.K. dispensary will do without foreign supervision. I have tried to devote as much time as possible to it, so that it would be known and appreciated by the people before I went away, and have a good foundation for introducing Christianity when the

new nurse came, and you can understand how I feel leaving here without knowing if the work is to be carried on when I go away. My Bible-woman is a great help to me, and is coming to Nagano with us. I feel sorry to take so many good workers from Kobe 'at one swoop,' but I think the English missionaries understand that those who have been supported with Canadian funds belong to the district set apart for the work of the Canadian Church. It is a great comfort to me to have dear Miss Paterson with me. I have lived alone for nearly two years now, and have been almost entirely alone all the time, my work taking up so much of my time that I could not associate much with the foreigners of the port. I think that I have been both a bad hostess and a bad nurse in letting Miss P. talk so much, but we have so many plans to discuss about future work in Nagano that it is often nearly midnight before we go to bed. We are having a photo. taken of all my staff before we leave Kobe, and, of course, I will send you one.

"Yours, etc.,
"J. C. SMITH."

We are rejoiced to think Miss Smith is going to take the rest Mr. Foss told us last autumn she needed so badly even then, and the winter's work has been very heavy.

Books and Periodicals Department.

The Catholic Church of the Niagara Peninsula. By Dean Harris. Toronto: William Briggs, Wesley Buildings.

This is another contribution to the early records of our country. It is a history of the missionary work of the Roman Catholic Church from the year 1626 to the present time. The first two chapters are taken up with a description of the Indians of the early period, when Jesuit fathers endangered and sometimes lost their lives among them. Then follow many chapters descriptive of much the same kind of heroic work under what is called "The Old Régime." With the capture of Fort Niagara and the advent of the U. E. Loyalists a new and completely different state of things began, and pioneer missionary work of a new kind set in for the priests of Rome. The gradual formation of settled parishes from large and unwieldy missions is described. The book is well written and handsomely printed (with illustrations), and is full of historic incidents of a general as well as missionary character, relieved here and there with the mother wit and Irish humor of the author.

Mahomet and Islam. By Sir William Muir, K.C.S.I., etc. London: The Religious Tract Society.

This is a small but complete book, well arranged so as to bring out the prominent features of the life of the false prophet of Islam. The author, having written a standard work on the "Life of Mahomet," is well qualified to give to the world the present abridged and rearranged work. Any one having but a hazy idea of Mahomet would get from this little book, in a few hours, a good and clear notion of his life and times. By the mere recital of facts, without any coloring, Mahomet appears as a cruel, licentious tyrant, strangely mingling with his crimes, and lust a religion which a wild fanaticism persuaded him was a revelation to himself from heaven.

Along with this the Religious Tract Society publishes a little book by the same author, called "The Beacon of Truth," and professing to be the testimony of the Koran (or

sacred book of Mahomet) to the truth of the Christian religion. Quotations from the Koran are followed by commentaries and remarks indicating the bearing that it has upon the Bible and the Gospel.

The Tract Society publishes also an excellent missionary book, "James Gilmour of Mongolia," edited and arranged by Richard Lovett. In it is the attempt, heroic in the extreme, of one man, single-handed, trying to convert a strange, wild people, whose dreary habits and modes of life he assumed in order, if possible, to win some to Christ. The trials and griefs and struggles (with but few successes to cheer him) that characterized his life form a pathetic tale; but they reveal a true missionary, willing to spend and be spent for the truth. He died a stranger in a strange land, but his words will live on among the Mongols who knew him, and will bear fruit probably in ways which it was not given to him to anticipate.

Christ and His Friends. Sermons by Rev. L. A. Banks. New York and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

This book presents a series of revival sermons, all taken from the Gospel according to St. John, beginning with "The Herald of Christ," "The Divine-Human Christ," and the various characters who came in contact with Him, Andrew, Philip, Nathanael, Nicodemus, and others, and continuing through various other subjects peculiar to St. John's Gospel, ending all with "The Way, the Truth, and the Life," "Christ and His Friends," and "The Conquering Christ." There are many anecdotes and illustrations in this volume of sermons that would be found useful for preachers or Bible teachers of any kind.

The Funk & Wagnalls Company also publish a suggestive little book by Dr. Rankin, president of Howard University, on "The Estrangement of Young People from Christianity."

(1) *The Sunday at Home*; (2) *The Leisure Hour*; (3) *The Boy's Own Paper*; (4) *The Girl's Own Paper*; (5) *Friendly Greetings*; (6) *The Cottager and the Artisan*; (7) *Light in the Home*; (8) *The Child's Companion*; (9) *Our Little Dots*. The Religious Tract Society, 56 Paternoster Row, London. The stories in the June number of *The Sunday at Home* are very good; some curious facts also are given in the article on the "Negro in South Carolina." *The Leisure Hour* has a pretty little tale in "Little Mr. Grigsby" and various articles of interest, such as "Rambles in Japan," "The Work of Sir John Franklin," "The Education of the Horse," etc. Many beautiful illustrations adorn its pages. *The Boy's Own* and *Girl's Own* are welcome literature to lads and lassies, and calculated to gladden their hearts. "Penny Tales for the People" are issued monthly by the Tract Society.

(1) *The Expositor* (one shilling); (2) *The Clergyman's Magazine* (sixpence). London: Hodder & Stoughton, Paternoster Row. *The Expositor*, we are glad to see, begins another series of articles from the pen of Sir William Dawson. The series is entitled "The Cursing of the Ground and the Revealing of the Sons of God in Relation to Natural Facts," and deals in this particular number with "Man before the Fall," "A new Patristic Fragment," the closing portion of the commentary of Victorinus, recently discovered by Prof. Haussleiter, of Greifswald, containing many passages favorable to the theory of the millennium, is described. *The Clergyman's Magazine* contains its usual points of interest and helps for clerical work.

The Missionary Review of the World. Funk & Wagnalls Co., 30 Lafayette Place, New York. Price \$2.50 a year. The June number of this most useful periodical has interesting articles on "The Indians of America," "Arabia and the Arabian Missions," "Madagascar in Two Different Aspects," and various other subjects of note. It has also a good supply of information from mission fields all over the world. The article by a Japanese Christian on the "Missionary Problem" places the need of a native ministry beyond controversy. It should be read by all promoters of foreign missions.

The Review of Reviews. New York: 13 Astor Place; \$2.50 a year. This periodical is always replete with valuable information gathered from all parts of the world, and is profusely illustrated, mainly with portraits of persons whose names figure in the current events of the day. The present (June) number has as well a full descriptive article on "Chicago Newspapers and Their Makers."

The American Church Sunday-school Magazine, Philadelphia. This periodical, in its June number, reflects, as usual, great credit upon its promoters.

Religious Review of Reviews. Edited by Rev. Canon Fleming, B.D., Westminster, London, England. The May number treats of "Socialistic Phrases and Christian Motives," "East London, the Land of Promise," "Re-Union Church Teaching," "Pioneers of Spanish Protestantism," and many other useful subjects.

Germania. A. W. Spanhoofd, Manchester, New Hampshire, editor. This is a well-arranged monthly periodical for the study of the German language. Each number contains valuable assistance for students of that tongue.

The Cosmopolitan, New York, \$1.50 a year. *The Cosmopolitan* and *CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE AND MISSION NEWS*, together \$2. The June number is brimful of good reading and fine illustrations. Seashore bathing, keeping of bees, the Chautauqua movement, the Paris salons of '95, and various other articles make up the number.

TREASURER'S DEPARTMENT.

The following are the amounts received to date by the Secretary-Treasurer since last amounts acknowledged:

	Domestic	Foreign.
ALGOMA, for—		
Mackenzie River	\$ 5 00	
	<u>\$ 5 00</u>	
FREDERICTON, for—		
Indian Homes, C.L.O.	8 00	
Domestic Missions	108 91	
Algoma, Shingwauk	16 76	
Moosonee	8 00	
Mackenzie River	25 00	
Foreign Missions		27 07
P. M. Jews		77 05
" Bishop Blyth's Fund		8c 63
	<u>\$ 166 67</u>	<u>\$ 185 35</u>
HURON, for—		
Domestic Missions	315 85	
Algoma	22 25	
Rupert's Land	14 75	
Algoma, Shingwauk	100 00	
Mackenzie River, Wycliffe College.	18 00	
Rupert's Land, Indian Missions	244 06	
Moosonee	100 51	
Indian Homes, C.L.O.	409 88	
Algoma, Shingwauk	46 84	
Moosonee	13 57	
Indian work	3 95	
Athabasca, Indian Homes, C.L.O.	17 46	
Athabasca, C.L.O.	11 25	
Algoma, Shingwauk	10 00	
Mackenzie River	21 00	
Moosonee	11 00	
Blood Reserve (Calgary)	76 00	
Algoma Education Fund	77 00	
Algoma, Wawanosh	5 84	
Mackenzie River	11 00	

Foreign Missions		\$ 369 54
Wycliffe Japan Missions		187 91
C. M. S.		4 00
Jews' Fund, London Society		370 99
" " P. Missions		39 25
	<u>\$1530 21</u>	<u>\$ 971 69</u>
MONTREAL, for—		
Mackenzie River	5 00	
	<u>\$ 5 00</u>	
NIAGARA, for—		
Indian Homes, C.L.O.	15 00	
Mackenzie River, travelling, etc	33 00	
	<u>\$48 00</u>	
NOVA SCOTIA, for—		
Moosonee, C.L.O.	27 68	
Mackenzie River, travelling, etc.	90 00	
	<u>\$117 68</u>	
ONTARIO, for—		
Algoma	388 50	
Mackenzie River	53 00	
" " travelling expenses	101 50	
Moosonee	109 50	
Rupert's Land	38 25	
Blackfoot Homes (Calgary)	5 00	
Blood Reserve	45 00	
Piegan Homes	283 00	
	<u>\$1,023 75</u>	
Japan		32 01
P. M. Jews		27 67
Japan, Wycliffe College		295 28
		<u>\$354 96</u>
QUEBEC, for—		
Indian Homes, C.L.O.	5 03	
" "	48 24	
Domestic Missions	2 23	
Miss Smith's Fund (Japan)		75 00
	<u>\$55 50</u>	<u>\$75 00</u>
TORONTO, for—		
Algoma, Wawanosh	5 25	
Rupert's Land	6 35	
Saskatchewan	5 00	
Domestic Missions	212 60	
Mackenzie River, travelling, etc.	338 27	
Blood Reserve, Calgary	55 00	
Japan, Rev. J. G. Waller		26 00
China, per C.C.M.A		20 00
Zenana Missions		163 25
	<u>\$622 47</u>	<u>\$209 25</u>

RECAPITULATION.

(These figures include sums previously acknowledged.)

	Domestic.	Foreign.	Total.
Algoma	\$ 25 68		\$ 25 68
Fredericton	251 91	\$ 262 55	514 46
Huron	3,622 57	2,029 88	5,652 45
Montreal	525 95	604 40	1,130 35
Niagara	1,125 95	577 78	1,703 73
Nova Scotia	285 24	699 77	985 01
Ontario	1,510 27	1,642 57	3,152 84
Quebec	55 50	1,512 12	1,567 62
Toronto	4,708 52	2,220 13	6,928 65
	<u>\$12,111 59</u>	<u>\$9,549 20</u>	<u>\$21,660 79</u>

CHAS. H. MOCKRIDGE,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Toronto, June 17th, 1895.

GOD WILL GUIDE THEE.

Let thy Heavenly Father guide thee,
Let Him choose for thee the way,
As a little child direct thee,
Then thou canst not go astray.

Do not shun the furrowed pathway,
Tremble not at shadows dim,
If dull fear or doubts assail thee
Closer draw and cling to Him.

What and if He chooses for thee
Sorrow, disappointment, loss?
Joy of heart, fulfilled desire,
Shall at last replace the cross.

God's great love is brooding o'er thee,
Like a bird her young enfolds,
Naught that will true blessing bring thee
In His love He e'er withhold.

Christ, the Son of God, protects thee
As "the apple of His eye."
Why should death or hell affright thee
When their vanquisher is nigh?

He, the Prince of Princes, claims thee
As His loved and chosen one;
He, the victor of all victors,
Has for thee life's battle won.

Courage, then, fear not the morrow,
Let it bring thee what it may,
He has promised strength sufficient
E'en for this and every day.

L. M. JARVIS.

Speaking of the plague of locusts at Chitingali, East Africa, *The Clergyman* says: "Oh! it is a pitiful sight to see the people standing about in the shambas weeping because of the affliction of the locusts, as people who have lost of their family by death. . . . Locusts are nice to eat; if they are fried in oil they are delicious, but they spoil the corn of the people. You should see the vicar of Chitingali sitting at his table eating locusts, and yet sorrowing for the damage to the crops of his people."

An English sculptress, when travelling in Italy, went to a large workshop in Milan, where she saw a magnificent pillar. She said to the artist: "What is this?" "Madam," he said "it is a pillar for the new temple at Jerusalem." She came to Rome and entered another grand place, and there was an exactly similar pillar. She said: "What is this pillar?" "It is a pillar for the future temple at Jerusalem." That same lady went somewhere else, where there were some splendid brass works—two magnificent gates. "What are they for?" "For the future temple of Jerusalem." It may be that some influential Jews are quietly preparing the rebuilding of the temple, and that we are coming to the times which the prophets foretold.

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" "	3.00 p.m.	" "	" "
" "	4.15 p.m.	" "	7.50 p.m.
Lvs. Montreal	9.00 a.m.	Ottawa	12.35 noon
" "	4.15 p.m.	" "	7.50 p.m.

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Lvs. New York	6.25 p.m.	
via New York Central		} Arr. Ottawa 11.25 a.m.

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