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The CANADIAN Church Magazine

AND MISSION NEWS

Published by the Domestic AND Foreign MISSIONARY Society
of the Church of England in CANADA



AUGUST, 1898.

Vol. 12.

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THE CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE

AND MISSION NEWS

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

VOL. XII.

TORONTO, AUGUST, 1898.

No. 146

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


The Triennial Meeting of the GENERAL BOARD OF MISSIONS will be held (D.V.) in the Convocation Hall of the Diocesan Theological College at Montreal on Friday, Sept. 16th, the business of the Provincial Synod, then in session, being suspended to allow the business connected with this Society to be transacted.

At this meeting the Triennial Report of the Board of Management will be presented for consideration and adoption: two clergymen and two laymen, nominated by each Diocesan Synod, shall be appointed members of the Board of Management for the ensuing three years; and the following officers shall be elected, viz.: a general secretary, a general treasurer, and two auditors.

The existing Board of Management will hold its final meeting in the Synod office, Montreal, on Tuesday, Sept. 13th, at 8 p.m., for the adoption of its Triennial Report and other business.

A. SPENCER, *General Secretary.*

THE TRIENNIAL MEETING.

N the 14th September now next the regular Triennial Meeting of the Provincial Synod of the Ecclesiastical Province of Canada will, according to its constitution, open in the City of Montreal; and on the third day of its session will resolve into a meeting of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, and the Board of Management having made its report, the position, needs and opportunities of the Mission work of this branch of the Church will receive consideration by this its great legislative council.

We know not yet how the result of the last three years' operations of the Board, and its noble and most valuable assistant the Woman's Auxiliary, will compare with that of the preceding triennial period. We have strong hopes that notwithstanding the regrettable fact that in most, if not all the dioceses comprised in this Province, there has been a falling off in contributions towards local mission work, the report both of the Board and of its Auxiliary may disclose a decided advance in the total

amount received and dispensed by it. We are quite aware that in particular directions and as to special fields there has been in several dioceses a distinct—may we might almost say a remarkable—awakening of interest in the work of Foreign Missions, and that through the persistency and energy of some there must have been a large increase in contributions to these particular objects. We hope, however, that the result as to free and unappropriated funds entrusted to the Board may also be found equally satisfactory. We cannot help feeling that the truest and most Churchlike way of forwarding the work of the Great Head of the Church is through that Body of which He Himself is the Head, and which, at least in this Ecclesiastical Province, is represented by the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, formed not by the whim or choice of individuals acting as such, however earnest or devout, but by the consentient voice of all the dioceses of this province, and of its Episcopate, clergy and laity in Synod assembled; formed—as to its foreign mission work—not for the furtherance of any particular or special diocese, society or scheme, but broad and comprehensive as the Church itself, inviting contributions without appropriation to the general work of foreign missions, to be distributed by the Church itself through its organized and authorized Board according as the information before it may show, from time to time, the needs of this or that part of the Mission Field to be. The testimony of Mr. Eugene Stock, that this D. and F. Society was as broad as the Church, whilst even the great Church Missionary Society was necessarily narrow and more limited is true and worthy of remembrance. Surely it is not too much to expect that around this Society, so broad and Churchlike, every Churchman and Churchwoman in whose heart burns the least spark of missionary zeal and love will rally, and that to it more and more from every diocese may come free and unappropriated offerings.

Then, too, it must be remembered that, whether in strict accordance with the original intention and in conformity with the constitution of the Society or not—it has undertaken definite obligations to send particular workers as Canadian Missionaries to the foreign field; it has actually embarked, to a limited degree, upon foreign mission work as the Canadian Church. These obligations must be met and

that largely from the general contributions to its funds. They should be, in our judgment, entirely so met in order that the missionaries themselves may truly feel themselves to be missionaries of the Canadian Church and not of any parish, diocese, or local society or organization. All praise and thanks, however, be to those who failing the acceptance of this the better way, or perhaps through any fault of the Board itself to secure their hearty co-operation, have interested themselves in and raised very considerable sums for these particular missionaries or special foreign work.

From all parts of the Foreign Field there comes the cry for help, and opportunities for the extension of Christ's Church, and the salvation of men, such as never presented themselves before, abound. The great English societies, the S. P. G. and C. M. S. are, with all their means and power, far from being able to meet the demands made upon them. Shall not the Church in Canada either directly through its D. and F. Society or through it acting with the two great societies in England above named, take its part in, and exercise the privilege open to it of, making known widely and more widely still the adorable and loving name of Jesus, and the existence and benefits of His Church by largely increased contributions to this work? The answer to the question and the responsibility rests with each reader of these lines, and with each individual member of the Church in this Province: whilst the final action should be corporate, the possibility of such action rests largely on the individual.

But not only is there the Foreign Mission work to consider; the Society also embraces within its scope the Domestic Mission field: that is the Missionary dioceses of the Northwest and Pacific coast, and its own peculiar missionary diocese of Algoma. Toward the latter the Church in Eastern Canada has endeavored to fulfil—and we feel we may truly say—has fairly fulfilled its obligations. But the claim is made—how rightfully we shall not endeavor to determine—that we have been wanting in that full measure of assistance to the Church in the Northwest which at least *it* expected and asked for. Certainly in several of the dioceses, such as Selkirk, Mackenzie River, New Westminster, great opportunities for Church extension presently exist, and in order to meet these and other like demands the Society needs the *regular systematic* and loving assistance of every member. At the last meeting of the Board of Management it undertook a further distinct obligation toward the Rev. W. G. Lyon, Missionary to the Klondyke, to the extent (we think, not having the figures by us) of \$1,200. It also made a grant for Chinese work, thus recognizing its obligation to meet

the rapidly advancing wave of Heathenism with the blessing of the Gospel, and by converting—if it may be—those coming to our shores, send them back as the best possible missionaries to their fellow countrymen. For these and all like undertakings the Society needs the *individual* assistance of every member of the Church. And in this department, too, of Domestic Missions, we sincerely hope the treasurer's accounts may show a large increase in contributions during the past three years.

Whatever shall be the outcome of the Report which the Board of Management will make of its doings during the past three years, of one thing we feel certain, that there can not be absent the feeling that much more might have been accomplished, that many opportunities have not been availed of through lack of means, and perhaps lack of *faith*, and that there is needed a large outpouring of God's spirit upon each of its members, and on the members of the Society at large to bring home and make each to recognize (1) the call, and (2) the inestimable privilege of helping forward the work of missions, through the more perfect realization of the abounding love of Christ in the personal salvation of each one. When the aspiration contained in these few words

"Lord Jesus, make Thyself to me
A living bright reality,
More present to faith's vision keen
Than any outward object seen,
More dear, more intimately nigh
Than e'en the dearest earthly tie."

is realized there will be,—there could be,—no withholding of means, of exertions, of prayers in behalf of that work which He Himself came to accomplish, "to seek and to save that which was lost," and to complete which He gave to His Church the grand commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." "Lo, I am with you alway."

AN URGENT APPEAL.

IN January a Native clergyman conducted an eight days' mission at Muirabad, in the North-West Provinces of India. The church was crowded every night, and there seems to have been much blessing. Six of the men in the Rev. T. Russell's Bible-class now go out after their day's work to preach Jesus in the heathen villages. Mr. Russell says:—
"Glad news comes from these villages. The people have been aroused to a sense of sin by the terrible calamities of plague and famine. Through the reading of a tract and Gospel portion given away at the *mela* at Allahabad, a whole village, forty miles from Gorakhpur, has sent an urgent appeal to Mr. Ellwood to go

and tell them more about Jesus Christ. We want more men to go to the thousands of villages still in heathen darkness. Why don't they come?"

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY ON WOMAN'S WORK FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Address to C.M.S. Parochial Workers Conference, London.



HIS is a meeting, as I understand, of women who are working in the Missionary cause. It is inevitable that in speaking to such a meeting as this, there must be a great deal that you know better than I do—that is, you must know what you can do in your various parishes and what you cannot do; and you must know what is the most effectual method of reaching the hearts of those to whom you speak. Although it is possible for a bishop to have a general knowledge of such work, he cannot have that knowledge of details which is probably possessed by every one of you in particular. So I can speak only of the general character of the work; but of that general character I can speak with all the fulness of feeling which belongs to a man who has for many years looked upon the evangelization of the world as the great end at which the Church ought always to be aiming. There is no question at all of the Command that is given us; and there is no question at all about the Call that is made upon us. The Command was given by our Lord before He left this world, and the Call is made in still more impressive manner year by year at the present time. For it is a real Call upon us that we have such close contact with so many nations of the earth. If we think of this matter as Christians, why is it that God has thus marked out the English people as more particularly to be brought into contact with so many different nations? Why is it, if the Gospel be true, and the purposes of the Gospel be absolutely supreme over all other purposes—as they must be to the Christian mind—why is it, unless because God intends us for the full discharge of this original duty, that He has put us into this position? It is clear enough. The Call is unmistakable to any thoughtful mind.

Of course no man will feel the Call who does not feel the original Command. A man who is only so far a Christian that he lives out of sight of that which our Heavenly Father has ordained in the working out of the great purpose of our salvation, will not feel there is any call upon him just now any more than there was a call at any other time. But if a man has in his mind the true character of the Gospel of Christ, and sees the position in which the human race is placed by the sacrifice which our Lord has made, and by the way in which He has appointed that the knowledge of that sacrifice should reach all other men;

if a man has that present to his mind, he cannot make a mistake about the Call that is now made upon us, and in the pursuance of that Call we are obliged to consider what it is that is marked out for us to do.

Now, in the first place, it is perfectly clear that the Call is so imperative that unless the work is done by those who have the opportunities of doing it, it will not be done at all. It is perfectly clear that it is not the intention of our Heavenly Father that men shall learn the Gospel except from the lips of men. He does not work any one great miracle by which the whole human race shall be supernaturally informed of that which the Lord Jesus Christ has done for us all. He does not work any such miracle; and it is clear He does not intend working any such miracle, and unless men will preach the Gospel, the human race will not learn the Gospel. This is clear through all the history of the Church. The Church has grown by the preaching of the Gospel; and a Christian who thinks of that will feel at once the high honour, and, at the same time, the serious responsibility which is thus placed upon every Christian, because it makes every Christian in his place a fellow-worker with God. The Lord Jesus died for us on the Cross, and we might have inferred that He would provide how that death should be made known to mankind. He has provided it, but He has not chosen to supersede the provision He has made, nor to do directly what He has ordered His followers to do as His representatives. *It must be done by us or it will not be done at all.* Think of that fact, and think of the responsibility that is involved in such a fact. I confess it often seems to me an overpowering thought that this—the preaching of the Gospel—should be left to men to do, and so entirely left to men to do that if they do not do it it will not be done at all. Think of the tremendous issues that turn on whether the Gospel is known or not, and remember that there is no general miracle worked in order to make it known. When the Lord sent out His disciples two by two to prepare for His coming He gave them a supernatural supervision, and they were told that they were to make no provision for themselves, for they were to be dependent upon what the Lord would do for them, as they were discharging the duty He laid upon them. But before the Cross Christ withdrew all that, and told them plainly it was not His will that the Gospel should be made independent of the ordinary duty of mankind. They must make provision for the work to be done exactly as if it were an ordinary secular work. They must discharge the duty as ordinary men discharge ordinary duties all through their lives if they would be really obedient to the Lord. They must not expect that the difficulties would be taken out of their way; but, on the contrary, they must be faced and surmounted. They must not expect that they would need no preparation for any such tasks; but, on the con-

trary, this preparation was to be necessary in every case, and the ministers of the Gospel were to prepare themselves for the duty. Accordingly, from the time of the Apostles to the present, no supernatural assistance which can be called miraculous has been given to the preachers of the Gospel. *Supernatural assistance, thank God, is never wanting*; and it is given in full abundance to those who, trusting in the Lord in the fulness of their faith, labor on whether they can see results or cannot see results—still certain of God's blessing if they are doing God's work, even though for a long time they do not see anything coming from all their labors. Certain they are that He will bring about the result in His own good time; but certain as they are in the ordinary course of nature, so are they guided to see that they must not expect any such interference with that ordinary course as would have been appropriate, and was actually given, at the time when the Gospel was preached at the first.

We have immense advantages in preaching the Gospel now—advantages which unquestionably would have seemed to the early Christian missionaries such as would have made their task infinitely easier than it was. We have great advantages over them: we have great disadvantages too. For the miraculous interference which constantly accompanied a great deal of their work was a wonderful encouragement, and was needed in those days in order to convince those with whom they came in contact. There is no reason to expect that now; it would be presumptuous now if we asked the Lord to work miracles on behalf of the work we are doing. We do not expect it—we do not pray for it; but we do pray for His blessing on the work. Not only do we pray for it, but certain we are of receiving it, and all those who take part in such blessed work as that is have the full assurance in their souls that the Lord, as He answers all prayers, will answer theirs. And so in all cases they will find His strength is with them, working in ways they cannot trace, doing what they cannot see—nevertheless accompanying their work, blessing it and bringing it to the end which He foresees and which He has appointed.

Now that being so, the character of our work is plainly marked out. The character of the work is not that we are to pick out certain individuals, or that certain individuals are to pick themselves out and to go forth to do the work. It is a work in which the whole Church, every individual member of the Church, ought to take a part. If he can take no other part, he ought to take the part of giving of his substance and of perpetual intercession. He is bound to pray for the work; he is bound to help it. He is bound to do these two things, if he is really a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ, and if he has any desire to show that he loves the Lord who bought him. The Lord died for all those who have not been converted—for He died for sinners. He died for them all: and

can we stand by and let those perish for whom he died, and can we think it a matter of indifference that that marvellous sacrifice and most marvellous love should have been offered, as far as they are concerned, in vain? We cannot; Christians cannot. It is our duty not only to go forth as missionaries, if we have the Call to do that; not only to be ourselves the teachers of the Heathen and the preachers of the Gospel to those Heathen—but more than that. If the Lord has given us no such Call, then we have the Call here at home to do our part in speaking of all that is needed for that work to be efficiently done. It is this which has fallen on you to do—you are to do the home work. You are to do it in your own special way as Women's Work. You are to do it as women can do it. There is no need for me to go into details. It is certain that women can do a great deal, and can do it by that quiet tact and patient perseverance which enables them very often to reach the hearts of those to whom they speak quicker than men could ever reach them. It is in this way—working upon individuals—that your work has mainly to be done. It is for you to persuade all those amongst whom you live to give their money and their prayers for such a service as this. It is for you to keep alive among them the interest which Christians very often begin to feel if once they know what the work is.

Now a great deal of Missionary work is hindered by the fact that it is done far out of sight. The great mass of Christians do not know what is being done in Africa, India, China, and Japan; they do not know what is done in North America or South America. All these things they take very little interest in, because they know so very little about them. It is our business here at home to be taking our part always to make these things interesting to those with whom we have any kind of intercourse. It is our business to see that the knowledge of the spread of God's truth spreads through the whole country. It is our business to keep people alive to all this, the most blessed work that man can possibly do. And women can do a wonderful amount of work in this way if they take it up heartily—those who are, like you, regular workers in this department of God's great household. Those who are in such a position can make themselves thoroughly informed of what is doing in heathen lands; can inform others, and can dilate upon much that is exceedingly interesting to read about; can tell how here and there the Lord has been pleased to make His blessing minister to the servants who are working under His guidance. It is possible to make an enormous difference in the general feeling of Christians at large simply by endeavoring to make them really understand what the work is that is now being carried on, and carried on with certainly greater zeal. I pray to God that we may learn to have greater zeal day by day and year by year.

It is, of course, slow work to rouse a whole

people to earnestness in such a task as this. You do not get people to understand it all at once; still less do you get people to feel the value of it all at once. It is only little by little, by long perseverance, that we are able to produce any effect whatever; but it can be produced nevertheless. I have no doubt at all that God is now awakening this country and Church to the discharge of this great duty; and that year by year we shall find that there is a warmer and deeper interest in it, and that many who now seem altogether to stand outside, and feel that they have no concern in it, will end at last with understanding. Of all the things that can be done to show our love to our Heavenly Father, to our Saviour, there is nothing that can be put by the side of doing our part in bringing souls to Christ. As we can do very much amongst those with whom we are living, so also we may do very much, and we are bound to do more and more, for those who are far away from us, but still are God's creation and are redeemed by the Lord, by the sacrifice of the Cross—if only they could be called speedily into the fold. It is this work with which you are charged.

Let me go on to point out that in this, as in so many other cases, the more you can do for those who have not yet been converted in foreign lands, the more you will do for those to whom you yourselves speak in this land of ours. The work abroad tells upon the work at home. The work abroad, as it perpetually enlarges before our eyes, stimulates the work at home. If you can imbue a few with any Missionary zeal at all, you may be certain that the great body of those who are trained in this way—serving the Lord—will find that there is a true service which they have to render. They will be more keen to come to the Lord and give their whole hearts to him—far more keen if they are asked to give their hearts to Him by spreading the knowledge of the Gospel to others. Just as it was when the great miracle of the feeding of the five thousand was worked by our Lord Himself, just as it was then when the Apostles distributed the five loaves and two fishes, and found, after they had so distributed, that there was more in their possession than that with which they began—so also in the Church of Christ. The more you share your spiritual privileges and blessings with other people, the more do you find you have for your own use; the more do you find that the spirit which animated you in speaking to others, animates you still in turning yourself personally to the Lord. And by your very endeavors to make His holy will known you are able to come nearer to His very Self; to enter more entirely into His purposes, to understand more thoroughly the message which He has given to you; and to be more devoted and earnest in your own personal religion because you have endeavored to kindle the flame of such personal religion in the hearts of millions outside.

THE LIVING GOD.—Said a Japanese woman to Miss E. A. P. Sells, on hearing for the first time the life of Christ, and that He is even now alive, "This is the first time I have heard of a *living* God. Our gods are not like that."

WITNESSING FOR GOD.

GOD calls upon us to bear witness for Him with a distinctness which leaves no doubt of its sincerity. His truth needs human witnesses, in spite of His undemable ability to enable it to prove victorious by His own unaided might. He bids us witness for Him for His own sake. He has taught us that He desires and enjoys our spiritual service and co-operation. He does not, and does not wish to, dwell in any independent grandeur of holiness, indifferent to what we think and do, except so far as His own righteousness renders it necessary to consider us. He longs more for our voluntary, loving witness, for the sake of its sympathy, than the most consecrated of us all loves to render it.

He bids us witness for Him for our own sakes also. We need the stimulation, the education, the discipline of witness-bearing. It involves the development of our hearts and minds alike. We cannot grow aright in spirit without it. He also bids us witness for Him for the sake of our fellow-men and women. To those of them who do not know what it is to have true fellowship with Him, He seems to live apart. But they know us and know that our experiences and feelings are such as their own.—*Selected.*

A LESSON FROM THE WAR.

DURING the last few months the country has beheld a splendid spectacle. It has seen thousands of young men willingly putting aside their own business pursuits, leaving friends and home comforts, and offering themselves to fight the battles of their country in a just and righteous war. It has seen women cheerfully giving up sons, brothers, and husbands, and bidding them Godspeed, while they remained at home to weep, to work and pray. The life of a soldier is, in many respects, a type of that of a Christian. It is one of self-sacrifice. The soldier watches that others may sleep in safety. He fights that others may be at peace, and dies that they may live. All honor to the brave men who thus offer themselves to their country. The Lord of Hosts, the God of their fathers, go with them and bring them to their homes again in peace.

There is another great army calling for valiant and faithful men to fight under her standards—the army of Christ's Church militant. Brave and tried officers of this army are calling urgently for

recruits. Bishop Rowe, in Alaska, begs earnestly for clerical and lay missionaries to help him in his arduous and important task. From many points in China comes the cry, "Let us have the Gospel; we will build chapels and school-houses for you, we will give you all the support we can—only send us the men who will instruct us, and lead us into the way of truth." Says Bishop Graves: "The sad thing is that if the movement turns out well, and keeps on growing, I shall be, in six months, in a position where I shall be almost helpless for want of men to handle such numbers."

Where are the men and women willing to go to the help of these devoted soldiers of Christ? Who is willing to leave home and friends for His sake, who left the throne of Heaven for them?

* * * * *

We cannot all go to the foreign field. But there is no one who cannot fight under Christ's banner at home, and wherever we find ourselves. In a few weeks, many of our readers will be seeking rest and recreation in the country, at the seaside, or the mountains. Do we mean to carry our weapons with us? Do we mean to wear our colors openly, and be known as our Lord's servants? Do we seriously resolve to "avoid all such things as are contrary to our profession, and follow all such things as are agreeable to the same"?

Oh, friends! remember that we cannot serve the world, the flesh and the devil for a few weeks, and then take up the service of God again where we left it. If we leave our Christian uniforms at home packed away with our winter clothes and furs, no amount of pepper and camphor will keep moth and rust from them. If we profane God's holy day, if we join in questionable amusements, and set bad examples, we cannot expect that the Master will meet us with approval, when we return.

Let us resolve then to fight manfully under His banner to whom we have vowed allegiance. Let us say "No" boldly. Let us attend divine service when it is possible. . . . Let us do good as we have opportunity, and be sure that God will bless and reward our efforts.—*Parish Visitor*.

THERE is a little church on a lonely hillside where they have neither gas nor lamps, and yet on darkest nights they hold divine service. Each worshipper, coming a great distance from village or moorland home, brings with him a taper and lights it from the one supplied and carried by the minister of the little church. The building is thronged, and the scene is said to be "most brilliant." Let each one of our lives be but a little taper lighted from the Life of Christ, and carrying His flame—and we shall help to fill this great temple of human need and human sin with the light of the knowledge of the glory of God.

THE TRUE RELIGION MUST BE UNIVERSAL.



AT the last annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, a striking and impressive address was delivered by the Rev. W. L. Watkinson. It abounded in stirring thought, admirably expressed. The speaker defended in a delightful manner the resolution he moved, that the Holy Scriptures stand alone as a revelation of God's Person, will, love to man, and the way of redeeming and restoring him to His own likeness. He treated with quiet humor the "anthologies" from the sacred writings of heathen philosophers. We have, he said, in parallel columns, beautiful ideas from heathen writers and from our own Scriptures, and are then asked to admit that, after all, there is not so very great superiority in our Bible! "But," said the speaker, "I want to know what is omitted—that might help me to a fair comparison. If I knew the philosophic follies, the moral baseness, the degrading thoughts found in the portions of these writers not quoted, I might realize what sort of claim they have on my acceptance."

From his elaboration of the idea that there can be but one Divine revelation and religion, we give the following:

It might seem an audacious thing on our part to assume that any one book is a book for the race. Max Muller, speaking of the Hindoo religion, says: "Hindooism makes no profession of being a guide for the thought and the life of all men. It stands avowedly apart, content to belong to India, and allowing that other forms of belief and rules of life are good for men of other lands." That is considered a modest and philosophical assumption; but we to-day take up a position that is altogether different. We attempt to give the race one oracle. We have exclusive claims. Our position is a position of absolute intolerance. We claim to guide the thought and the life of all men; but we have a great deal to say for ourselves in making that assumption. When the Hindoo takes up that modest position he really condemns his faith. A true religion *must* be a universal religion. What is the position that you take up in science? Do you say that you can have one astronomy for India and another for England? In the science of India the planet stands on an elephant and the elephant on a tortoise. You stand by Euclid and Newton. Now you cannot have all four, and you declare in so many words that the tortoise and elephant must go to the Zoo. You cannot have one philosophy for China and another system for Germany. You cannot have one system of chemistry for the East and another system for the West. And, therefore, it is to-

THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS.

By an alphabet with scientific men that the true science is for all men everywhere. There can be only one art. The fundamental principles and laws underlying form and sound, music and beauty, prevail everywhere, and, ultimately, the artists of all nations must agree to those fundamental laws and principles. There can be only one philosophy. The universe is not capable of two philosophies, one for the land of the rising sun, and the other for the land of the setting sun. The world can have but one interpretation, and—I dare say it will come after the millennium, but it will come—the great thinkers will agree in one philosophy.

Now, that is a theme on which modern thinkers insist—the universality of the true science, of the true art, and of the true philosophy. If there is one thing clear to-day, it is the unity of nature and the solidarity of the race. And you must have one religion. What religion that may be is another question; but it is as clear as the light that there can, in the ultimate civilization, be but one faith. We all agree that art, science, philosophy, theology will develop in different climates with a good deal of local color; but we are all as sure as that we are in this place to-day that there can be but one art, one philosophy, one science, and one Creed. Now, we presume to give to mankind in the Bible the supreme expression of the supreme religion. —*Spirit of Missions.*

Upon which the editor of the *Spirit of Missions*, says: "On another page of this number of the magazine we quote a very striking demonstration by a speaker at the last anniversary meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, that the one true religion must be a universal religion, as the one true system of philosophy or art must be universal. Had the argument been germane to the particular purpose of Mr. Watkinson's address, he might, with equal truth, have gone further and shown that the Church commissioned effectually to propagate the one true, universal religion—to make known to the whole world its universal Lord, Faith, Baptism, God and Father—must also be one and universal. Just as the world's true religion must be one and universal, so must the Church which is authorized and enabled to convert the whole world to this religion be universal and one. Men may give many reasons why it is so difficult to convert the whole world to the one true religion of Christ. Could there be a better explanation of this than the fact that the Church which is trying to convert the world is not itself united?"

THE reproach of the "idle Christian native" is being wiped out in Kaffraria by the establishment of industrial institutions in connection with the Missions.

IN the first century it was the spirit of Foreign Missions that saved the Church from the bondage of Jewish formalism. Paul and his companions could not live without telling the world that Christ Jesus came to seek and save the lost—lost nations as well as lost souls. The heat of that desire burned up the fetters of bigotry like ropes of straw. The Gospel could not be preached to all men as a form of Judaism. But the Gospel must be preached to all men. Therefore, it could not be a form of Judaism. The argument was irresistible. It was the missionary spirit that made the emancipation proclamation of Christianity.

In the dark ages the heart of religion was kept beating by the missionary zeal and efforts of such men as St. Patrick, and St. Augustine, and Columba, and Aidan, and Boniface, and Anskar, who brought the Gospel to our own fierce ancestors in the northern parts of Europe and wild islands of the sea. In the middle ages it was the men who founded the great missionary orders, St. Francis and St. Dominic, who did most to revive the faith and purify the life of the Church. And when the Reformation had lost its first high impulse, and sunken into the slough of dogmatism; when the Protestant churches had become entangled in political rivalries and theological controversies, while the hosts of philosophic infidelity and practical godlessness were sweeping in apparent triumph over Europe and America, it was the spirit of Foreign Missions that sounded the *reville* to the Christian world, and lit the signal fire of a new era—an era of simpler creed, more militant hope, and broader love—an era of the Christianity of Christ. The desire of preaching the Gospel to every creature has drawn the Church back from her bewilderments and sophistications closer to the simplicity that is in Christ, and so closer to that Divine ideal of Christian unity in which all believers shall be one in Him. You cannot preach a complicated Gospel, an abstract Gospel, to every creature. You cannot preach a Gospel that is cast in an inflexible mould of thought, like Calvinism, or Arminianism, or Lutherism, to every creature. It will not fit. But *the* Gospel, the only Gospel which is Divine, must be preached to every creature. Therefore, these moulds and forms cannot be an essential part of it. And so we work our way back out of the tangle of human speculations toward that pure, clear, living message, which Paul carried over from Asia to Europe, the good news that God is in Christ, reconciling the world to Himself.

This is the Gospel for an age of doubt, and for all ages wherein men sin and suffer, question and despair, thirst after righteousness and

long for Heaven. There are a thousand ways of preaching it, with lips and lives, in words and deeds; and all of them are good, provided only the preacher sets his whole manhood earnestly and loyally to his great task of bringing home the truth as it is in Jesus to the needs of his brother-men. The forms of Christian preaching are manifold. The spirit is one and the same. New illustrations and arguments and applications must be found for every age and every race. But the truth to be illuminated and applied is as changeless as Jesus Christ Himself, in whose words it is uttered and in whose life it is incarnate, once and forever. The types of pulpit eloquence are as different as the characters and language of men. But all of them are vain and worthless as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, unless they speak directly and personally and joyfully of that Divine love which is revealed in Christ, in order that all who will believe in it may be saved from doubt and sin and selfishness in the everlasting Kingdom of the loving God.—*Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, in "The Gospel for an Age of Doubt."*

THE CRISIS IN THE TELUGU COUNTRY.



LETTER from Mr. Inman, Missionary-in-charge of the Kalsapad Mission in the Kurnool and Cuddapah districts of the Telugu country, which gives a most deplorable account of the condition of the Mission staff out there. These two districts are among the most unhealthy in India—some say in the world—and all those Europeans who work there have to face a great deal of sickness and ill health.

Within a short six months one lady has died, and two of the most experienced missionaries are being invalided home. This leaves only four men out there. Of these, Mr. Inman and Mr. Britten are in very poor health, Mr. Taylor has not yet been ordained deacon, Mr. Groves has just been ordained priest.

Consequently the Missions are in the most critical condition. For there are about twelve thousand baptized Christians and catechumens attached to the Mission, in which there are but these four English missionaries, two of whom are frequently ill, and only a very small staff of native clergy. As things are at present it is impossible to supervise the present work as thoroughly as it ought to be done.

This means, of course, that aggressive evangelistic work is altogether out of the question.

For a long time past this has been the case. Missionaries have found it difficult to receive and train all those converts who renounce Hinduism voluntarily.

Unless further assistance is sent out quickly, the Missions must go backwards, not forwards. But just now the people are ripe for the Gospel message, and the S.P.G. Telugu Missions are perhaps the most successful in India at the present time.

It is rather a case of discouraging would-be inquirers than of trying to persuade people to forsake Hinduism against their will.

Not so long ago more than two thousand persons were received as catechumens from Hinduism *in one year*. This is an illustration of the success of the work, and of what might be done were the staff strengthened.

Surely there must be some among the younger clergy who are willing to go out and relieve the present workers. . . . It is twenty years since Mr. Inman first went out, and he has only been once home in that time.

Of course, volunteering for that part means hard work and probable sickness. Such an outlook does not deter the soldiers of the Queen. Should it keep back the soldiers of Christ? As Mr. Inman says, three men are wanted *at once*. To do aggressive work four or five men are needed.

Unless prompt relief is sent out it is to be feared that Mr. Inman's health will fail and possibly Mr. Britten's. This would be a blow from which the Missions will not recover for years.—*Mission Field.*

ALGOMA.

(From The Quebec Diocesan Gazette.)



WE constantly hear, through the interesting columns of that valuable Diocesan paper, the *Algoma Missionary News*, of the earnest and loving labours of our old friend, the Bishop of Algoma, and no doubt it is our duty to keep our readers informed of Dr. Thorneloe's work, and that, not only because of his connection with our Diocese, but also with a view to keeping alive our Domestic Missionary zeal.

Since that which is here related, viz, the visit of the Bishop to the Indian Mission of Negwenenang, took place some months ago, we do not give the date, but simply offer the narrative with two little sketches, as a type of the great Missionary work that is being carried on so close to our own doors.

"On Sunday,—, the Bishop of Algoma, his Chaplain, Rev. Robert Renison, and his son, Mr. Walter Thorneloe, assembled in the little village of Nepigon, a station on the C.P.R. towards the western end of Lake Superior, for the purpose of making the trip up the Nepigon River and visiting the Indian Mission of Negwenenang, on Nepigor Lake.

After a happy and interesting day of Services in the little wooden Church which stands in the midst of the trees beyond the station, Monday morning finds us bright and early wending our way to the river's edge below the railway bridge. We are heavily laden. All around us when we reach the water are bundles, packages, bags and utensils of various kinds. It is evident we expect to be away from the centre of supplies for some time. Salt pork, potatoes, a bag of flour, oatmeal, tea, sugar, salt, etc., etc., are conspicuous, and give promise of support by the way. A tent, some blankets, frying pans and kettles are also much in evidence, and assure us of comfort, if not luxury. By the kind forethought of a great friend of Algoma in England, the Bishop is specially provided with an air bed. This he afterwards found to be luxury indeed.

There they all were—this somewhat motley array of things—together with several bundles of clothing to be given to the Indians. And in charge of these, and of us, were our seven Indian guides and canoemen—more than necessary, and anxious, all of them, to do honour to the Bishop and to the occasion.

It was a pretty sight, the four birch bark canoes, graceful and light, sitting on the water like birds, and despite their heavily laden condition, skimming over its surface with a speed very surprising. Certainly Indians know how to paddle.

Our course lies, first of all, across a wide expanse of the river known as Lake Helen. Presently we come to our first wigwam. There it is, a veritable wigwam, made of birch bark laid spirally round a cone-shaped stack of poles. At the top is the smoke hole, on one side the entrance. In front of this stood an Indian woman and three little children—pagans, our guides told us. We could spare time for only a few words. They were on their way back to their quarters up the lake. Ah, how sad to think we could do so little for them!

Presently the river narrows. Its stream becomes swifter. High rocks shut it in. Its waters swirl and eddy at their foot. The outlook is wild and picturesque in the extreme. And now an impassable rapid lies before us, its wild rush of water pouring tumultuously between high, gate-like rocks, forming a lovely picture. It is our first portage, and we have to get out and carry everything for more than two miles overland to the smooth waters above. What a business it is! And what wonderful carrying power those Indians have. With broad leather straps passed over their foreheads, and around the bundles on their backs and on their shoulders, they carry with comparative ease 200 pounds. But it takes time. And the end of the day only found us at the farther side of this "long portage," 15

or 20 miles from our starting point. Our tent was soon erected, a roaring fire of logs made, provisions produced and cooked by the Indians, and presently what a meal we had! Hunger is indeed a good sauce! And the Nepigon for an appetite!

In the night a drenching rain fell; and in the morning with some difficulty we prepared a damp breakfast and ate it in the drizzle. The start was made in what promised to be a steady downpour. Wetter and wetter it became, till at noon we were in a rather dripping condition as we landed for dinner. But then the weather cleared and at night we were quite dry again. As the shades of evening fell, having passed through wonderful scenery of lake and river and forest, we reached our fourth portage and encamped at a point only five miles distant from the quiet Nepigon Lake, which is said to be ninety miles across.

The next day, refreshed by a splendid night's rest, we were up early, and off, soon reaching the Nepigon shore. Here, looking over the great stretch of water, dotted with islands and shimmering in the warm sunshine, we were in a veritable fairy-land. Vast forests of evergreen clad the shores in all directions. There was no sign of human habitation. We were in nature's heart, a veritable sanctuary of the Great Creator. Yet here and there, through all that region, we knew that He had Indian children with souls to be saved like our own.

At our last portage we had a proof of the Indian's quickness of sense. The portage was a good mile long and all the way through thick forest. Suddenly, at our camp fire, the old Chief Oshkopida appeared, saying, "I was on the other side of the portage, and smelling the smoke of your fire, came to greet you." A remarkable instance of real devotion and sterling worth is this old man. Strong and active, despite his years he still keeps his canoe in the front and leads us. He is thoroughly devoted to the Church—looks after the building, and keeps up the hearts of his people in the absence of the missionary.

Rounding a point at about 5 o'clock on the third day, we came suddenly in sight of the Mission. There it was—Negwenenang, the Indian settlement, of which we had so often heard. On the cliff, to the right, stood the little Church hallowed by many associations both beautiful and sad; the centre of Mr. Renison's many years of labor. And there beside it stood the old Mission house and school, the log hut in which Mr. Renison had lived with his family so long. And stretching away to the right ran the rude path or road, along which at intervals were ranged the cottages of the Indians, each with its surrounding garden of vegetables. Negwenenang! hitherto but a name only. There it stood, and

here were the poor children of the forest gathered out of the wilderness of sin and wickedness into the garden of the Lord. Poor people, they were a simple-hearted group, and our hearts went out to them. Alas! that we can do so little for them! Alas! that they should be so few! Away in those vast forests across the lake roam others who need to be gathered in as these have been. Who is to do the work?

That night we had a service, and every soul in the place except one old man of 100 years, who could not walk out, was present. It was a hearty, touching service. How glad they were, these poor people, to see us, and to join with us in the worship of God!

After the service there was a "pow-wow" or conference at the house of Chief Oshkopida, who told us the story of the opening of the Mission—a story of faith, and hope, and love, telling of forty years of waiting from the time of the "Robertson treaty," for the promised Missionary to teach them the religion of their Great White Mother, *i.e.*, the Queen; of the arrival of Bishop Fauquier on his first visit; and of the eventual appointment to the Mission of the Rev. Robert Renison; and closing with a strong assertion of his people's loyalty to the Queen and the Church, and a statement of their sore need of a successor to Mr. Renison to console and cheer them in their conflict with their spiritual enemies. But what can we do? Where are the means, and where is the man?

It was late when we lay down for the night under our tent, with the Union Jack flying over us. But we awoke thoroughly refreshed next day, and were soon busy with the duties of our visitation. There were three candidates for Confirmation. They had to be carefully catechized. Then there was the solemn service, including the Rite of Confirmation administered to three young people, and the Holy Communion. The Indians throughout were most reverent and devout.

The services were followed by a feast and games. At one point in the proceedings the chief, gathering the band together and disposing them around the Bishop according to traditional custom, gave the chief pastor an Indian name. This he did in a flowery speech, and by laying his hands on the Bishop's head. The name chosen for the Bishop is as significant as it is unpronounceable—*Mezata:wagezheshkung* meaning "the revolving sun," since it is the Bishop's duty to go about continually, diffusing the light of Heaven. The name of *Weduhkogawenene* was given in like manner to the Bishop's son. It means "the man who helps," and was no doubt intended, as it was taken, to be a great compliment.

War dances and the distribution of clothing concluded the ceremonies.

At 7.30 in the evening, as the shades of night

were falling, our tent was struck, hearty "boojhoos" were said, and amid the good wishes and kind words of the assembled band we set out over a dark and heavy sea on our way homewards.

And after three days' delightful journeying we found ourselves again at Nepigon station, whence we had set out a week before."

Should not this story make us in the Diocese of Quebec resolve that the means for carrying on Domestic Missions shall not be so scarce.

LABORERS TOGETHER WITH GOD.

When the Lord invites us into the kingdom it means work. If the kingdom is a vineyard, we are to gather the grapes; if it is a sea, we are to catch the fish; or if it is a harvest field, ours is the duty to reap. It means work, work, work, and there is always more than enough to weary us all. The Christian who can find nothing to do does not understand his calling, for he is called to find something to do, and then to do it. Our labor market is never over-stocked, and never will be. A man applying for a job was told by the manager that there was not enough work for those already employed. "Well, Colonel," he replied, "that oughtn't to bother you, for the little I'd do wouldn't make no difference." Many seem to enter the Church with the idea that the others are already doing all that is needful, and they are not expected to make any difference. Such is not the case. If there is no work in sight, the Christian's duty is to make work for himself, that he may show himself a true son of his divine Creator.—*The Lookout*.

THE MASSACRE IN SIERRA LEONE.

(From *The Spirit of Missions, N.Y.*)

THIS sad news of the terrible massacre of the missionaries at Shaingay and Rotufunk at the hands of bloodthirsty and enraged savages has been made known widely by the public press.

We are now able to publish the particulars. Last October, the society known as the United Brethren in Christ, whose headquarters are at Dayton, Ohio, sent forth a missionary band of thirteen persons to labor in the wilds of Sierra Leone, on the west coast of Africa. On their arrival the missionaries took up their designated posts of duty in the heart of the colony and at once began the preaching of the Gospel among the natives. They found, however, certain conditions existing in that section of the country that not only caused a barrier to their progress, but also endangered the lives of the missionaries

daring to undertake so hazardous a project among the savage, brutal Negroes of that vicinity.

To the north of the village of Shengeh, a hamlet of about 400 natives of the Sherbro tribe, peacefully inclined and responsive to good influences, dwells the tribe of Timneh, a warlike, cannibalistic race, said to be absolutely impervious to civilization, and upon whom no impression has ever been made for good. This tribe has for many years been bitterly opposed to the English and to the natives of the province who have submitted to the English Government. Time and again has this tribe broken out in hostile demonstrations, attacking neighboring villages and harassing the English troops of West India regiments and native police stationed there as a safeguard to the inhabitants. It appears that the Timnehs have an organization which they call the "Pura" society, the same as that organized among the South Sea Islanders, known as the "Taboo." The object of this society is to resist all efforts at civilization among themselves, and the inflicting of death upon anyone attempting to wean them from their original customs. Whatever they proclaimed "pura," must not even be touched by one of their number, nor any law obeyed or custom observed upon which this ban had been placed.

With such conditions confronting them, and in the face of this deadly antipathy, these noble and brave-hearted missionaries began their labors. From the day of their arrival and until the latter part of last April, they continued their work unmolested and with considerable success. After that period the Timnehs broke forth again, committing most horrible crimes, attacking peaceable villages, slaughtering the people without regard to sex or age, and destroying everything that fell into their hands. The immediate cause of this outbreak was the enforcement of the government "hut tax" and the suppression of cannibalism. The natives were threatened with imprisonment or confiscation of property unless the laws were obeyed. They revolted; among them, some of the Timnehs, who fled to the woods, stirred up their brethren, and with spear and cutlass started out on their terrible raid of death.

Among the victims who unfortunately fell into their savage hands and were slain were the Rev. and Mrs. I. N. Cain, the Rev. L. A. and Mrs. McGrew, Dr. Mary Archer, Dr. Mary E. Hatfield, and Miss Ella Schenck. Those who fortunately escaped were the Rev. and Mrs. L. O. Burtner, the Rev. and Mrs. F. S. Minshell and child, the Rev. A. A. Ward, and Miss Mary B. Mullen. The escape of Miss Mullen was little less than a miracle. She was stationed at Mamaliga, where the English commissioner and what few policemen were with

him were murdered. On May 2nd, a band of 600 savages, in full war dress and armed with cutlasses, swept down upon the little village and made a furious demonstration before the mission house in which Miss Mullen had taken refuge, brandishing their weapons reeking with blood, their hands and arms dripping, and amidst the wildest shouts and hideous noises threatened the life of this imprisoned Christian woman. She, in describing her experience, said:

"My blood almost froze within me, when I saw that terrible crowd of bloodthirsty cannibals not more than a hundred yards away from my house, yelling defiance at me, and in their broken English telling me what they would do with me when they caught me, and there I was, absolutely helpless, with not the least chance of escape. I had in fact given up all hope, and had resigned myself to my impending fate, when suddenly I noticed a commotion among the warriors, and venturing a little nearer my window, I could see them making preparations for a hasty departure. In less than an hour not a soul was to be seen, and at first I thought it a trick to draw me out; but fortunately I was mistaken. I suddenly heard the tramp of soldiers, and with a fervent prayer of thanksgiving I sank to my knees. Soon after a body of native police and a company of West India soldiers made their appearance, and applied for admission. I threw open the doors with a hearty welcome, and they informed me that they had been sent up by the governor from Freetown to investigate the murder of the commissioner at Bonthe. On the way they had heard of my predicament, and came to my rescue. They sent me under a safe escort to Freetown, where I had the good fortune to meet Mr. Burtner and his party. These latter miraculously escaped death by seeking temporary shelter at Plantin island, six miles off in midstream, which they reached by means of small boats, taken with them the women and children of the village, whom the men had abandoned in their flight. Two trips were necessary to bring every inhabitant to that island of refuge."

On the Sunday night following, the missionaries set sail in one of the mission boats for Freetown, where they arrived after two days and nights of weary and anxious journeying. Others, however, were not as fortunate. The Rev. J. H. Hughes, of the Wilberforce mission, at Avery Station, forty miles from Sherbro, was killed by the savages. On the same day the Rev. David Wilberforce, his wife and four children, the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Cole and Mrs. Martin, Professor Clemens, and Mr. Wilberforce's mother, had been massacred at Danville Station, a point further north. These were native missionaries who had been educated in

the United States and had returned to their own people to preach unto them the Word of Life.

The loss of life and property was so crushing in this massacre that the society under whose auspices these unfortunate missionaries labored has been compelled to suspend operations. For almost half a century these United Brethren in Christ have been maintaining this mission in Sierra Leone, at a cost of over a half a million dollars. It is estimated that the loss in mission property amounts to \$100,000. There are left, however, 5,000 converts, who, it is safe to believe, will remain steadfast and build up again the work that has been laid in ruins by the ruthless hand of the savage heathen. It is the purpose of the home society to re-afirm and hold the field fully by the autumn.

SUMMER VISITORS AND THE CHURCH.

WE are all familiar with the saying of a celebrated character that when he went off on a vacation he left "everything behind him, even his morals." If we substitute for morals "the duties of religion," we correctly describe the practice of but too many of our Church people, both men and women. It is a sad fact that many of our people when they are away from their homes for the summer seem to think they have no responsibility in regard to such duties as church-going, attendance at Holy Communion, or setting an example of consistent Church life. They act as if they were absolved from these duties for the time being. Sundays are spent lolling around verandas, swinging in hammocks, reading trashy novels, without a thought of public worship or attendance on the Church's services. What wonder is it that many a country parson creaks the coming of the summer visitor because of the effect upon his flock? His people know such and such a one is a Churchman, a leading man in some great city parish, and yet he does not go to church or Holy Communion when away from home. It must be they argue because such observances are not of much importance. On their way to church they see upon the verandas or the lawns of the suburban homes well dressed people whom they know are Church people, many of them leading workers in city parishes, members of important church committees, laughing and talking and clearly with no intention of attending service. Can it have anything but a bad effect upon the country people, especially the young who look up to these city visitors as people of superior knowledge and education?

What a help to the Church's cause, to the hard worked country parson, it would be, if

these summer visitors but realized that the public worship of God, the feeding on the Bread of Life, is as much a duty and a privilege in the summer as in the winter, in the small and plain country church where the congregation is scattered and the singing oft-times bad as in the large and beautiful city one where eye and ear are alike pleased and solemnized. Some there are, indeed, who recognize this but more, alas far more, do not and the result is often most disastrous to the cause of the Church in our country places.—*N. J. Parish Visitor.*

VILLAGE LIFE IN PERSIA.

BY MISS H. L. CONNOR, OF JULFA.

GVER since I came out from England, now more than three years ago, it has been my great pleasure, whenever possible, to get away into the villages and live altogether among the people. I may make a rough division of the Persian villages into two classes.

First, those on the river level, or where some stream coming down from the hills makes extensive irrigation possible. Here the principal industry is fruit growing. A village of this kind will be surrounded by gardens producing a succession of fruit from May to November—cherries, mulberries, peaches, apricots, nectarines, plums, melons, apples, pears, and grapes. Each garden is enclosed within high mud walls, and has in it a rough, unfinished-looking two-story building, where, during the fruit season, the man in charge sleeps, and to which, in the hot summer weather, the owner of the garden and his family frequently come to pass the night. The only preparation necessary for the visit is to spread a carpet, lay down some pillows, and light the *kaliun*, or large hubble-bubble water-pipe, which to every one in Persia, men and women alike, is one of the absolute necessities of life.

The village itself is surrounded by high walls. When you enter one of the houses by the low door, and your eye becomes accustomed to the semi darkness, you see the women working at small hand-loom, in which they weave a gaily colored plaid material. They use this for the *chaddars* or sheets, in which every woman wraps herself when leaving the house, pulling it half across her face if a man is present. Many of the larger villages weave plaids peculiar to themselves, and in the hospital at Julfa I have often been able to guess correctly from what village a new patient had come, only through recognizing the plaid of her *chaddar*.

The picture is of a woman of one of these villages in her house-dress, made very picturesque by the brilliant coloring of shirt and skirt, both made out of home-woven calico.



PERSIAN WOMAN IN HOUSE-DRESS.

died by native dyes to the most vivid crimson, green, or blue. I visited one such village last autumn. It was off the regular caravan route, and had neither post-house nor caravanserai (inn) where I could spend the night. On making enquiries I was told of one person who, they said, had an empty room, which he would let me have as soon as he returned from working in his garden. In the meantime his women-kind asked me to come and wait in their part of the house. I gladly consented, as with only a brief stop for luncheon, I had been on horse-back for nine hours. Entering the small courtyard, with doors opening from it on all sides, was like entering a rabbit-warren. At first there was a general scuttle of women and children into their respective quarters; then a gradual return, as curiosity overcame fear. After that, the questions with which every Persian visit begins—"How old are you?" "Have you a husband?" "Why not?" "Your father and mother, are they alive?" "Are not your ears cold without a covering?" "Why have you come to this country?"

This last question served me as an opportunity for explaining something of our motives for coming to Persia. I took my Testament from my saddle-bag, and asked if they would like to hear some of the teaching I had come so far to give.

By this time about thirty women had collected, and listened more or less attentively as I read the Parable of the Sower, trusting that the seed of the Word might fall on some prepared heart. In the conversation which followed, I found that about seven years be-

fore, Dr. Bruce and his daughter had spent one night at this same house, and the people still remembered the reading and teaching of that evening.

In the morning they again gathered and asked that "the Book" might be read to them. I left them, wondering if another seven years would pass before the Good Tidings is again spoken to them, and raising my heart in prayer to the Lord of the harvest that so many laborers might be thrust forth into this part of His vineyard, that an organized system of visits to these villages might be possible.

But I must come to my second type of village. This is among the hills—where even after the long, hot summer, touches of snow still linger in the crevices of the rocks. At first sight it looks most desolate. There are no gardens, no trees, one would almost say no vegetation near it—until looking closer one sees among the rocks the deeply indented leaves of the wild fig, and on the ground the green, grey tinge of the camel thorn.

You begin to wonder how people live in such a desolate spot, when looking across the grey plains, or among the barren rocks which surround the village, you see here and there brown patches, black patches, light-colored patches. If the time is near evening, and the setting sun is lending a flush of rosy coloring to what before seemed cold and lifeless, bringing out deep purple shadows among the hills, and glistening on the tiled dome of the village mosque, you see the various colored patches begin to move, all converging towards the village. Before long it is evident that they are formed by immense flocks of sheep and goats, each flock being the property of a part of the village. These flocks are sent out every morning under the care of a couple of boys and one or more handsome, fierce-looking dogs. As they reach the gates the flocks seem to melt away. Groups of five or six sheep or goats make their own way to the house of their special owner to be milked. These flocks compose the wealth of the inhabitants. Their milk under various forms, cheese, butter, curds, and other compounds which have no English name, form the chief food of the people; while the wool and goat's hair supply the materials for the winter industry of the village, the weaving of carpets.

The greater number of these villages belong to the Baktiary tribes. Many of them only come inside the walls for the winter months. During the rest of the year they move about, living in black skin tents, driving their flocks from one watering-place to another, and cultivating ground, perhaps fifty miles distant from their village. They plough, or rather scratch, the ground, sow the wheat, and go away until the time for harvest shall have come.

They are, as a rule, very good-looking, the women having sweet, attractive manners. Their dress is quite different from that of the other Persians. The women wear long, very full skirts, and a head-dress fringed with coins. Their hair, usually long and abundant, is divided at each side from just behind the ear, and the two front divisions tied in a glossy bow under the chin. In their own homes they do not cover their faces, and unlike other Mohammedan women, mix freely on apparently equal terms with the men of their families.

I should not advise any one who dislikes animals to attempt spending a night in the smaller and poorer villages. You rarely get a room with any kind of window, and so are obliged to sleep with the door open for air. I have been visited at different times by a variety of creatures. One night I put out my hand and touched a goat which was standing by my bed. Another night I saw the outline of a calf standing between me and the door; while the sheep-dogs and the cats of the village roam about you almost unnoticed.

In my village travelling, I have stayed at all sorts of places, from the palace of a Khan, where you are given a whole suite of beautiful rooms, to a village so poor that no one in it had an empty room to give, and it was necessary to hang a curtain under a sort of verandah, and camp behind that—but I have never visited a place where some were not willing to listen. In most places the missionary has to leave with the cry of the women ringing in her ears: "We are ignorant—when are you coming back to teach us?"—*C.M.S. Awake.*

BRITISH GUIANA AND SOME OF ITS MISSIONS.

IT is not uncommon to find people at home ignorant of the whereabouts of Guiana. Some think it is an island in the West Indies, others that it is somewhere near Africa, or in the East Indies, and frequently it is confounded with New Guiana. In illustration of this, the Bishop of Guiana tells the following story:—"When I was in England last summer, I went to one of the many functions to which the Bishops were invited. It was in the south of England. I had been invited as the guest of a leading gentleman in the city, along with a home Bishop. We drove from the station to the house in a carriage sent to meet us. The ladies of the house received us; but as it happened they didn't know either of us, and we had to introduce ourselves. As I told my name I thought I detected a peculiar flash of the eye from one to another, which I did not at all understand—nothing of course was said, but the next morning I think I found

out what it meant. As we sat at breakfast a little girl, daughter of one of the guests, found her way into the room and looked round upon us all. 'Run away and play, darling,' said her mother; but instead of doing this the child said, 'I want to see the black bishop.' 'Ah,' said the mother, 'I had perhaps better confess, we didn't know where Guiana was, we thought it was somewhere in the East Indies or Africa, or somewhere there, and we felt sure, as we knew there were to be some black bishops present at the Conference, that the Bishop of Guiana must be one. We talked about it, and I suppose the child heard us, and that's the meaning of it all.' The lady, you may be thankful to know, said, 'But we know now, we looked it up.'"

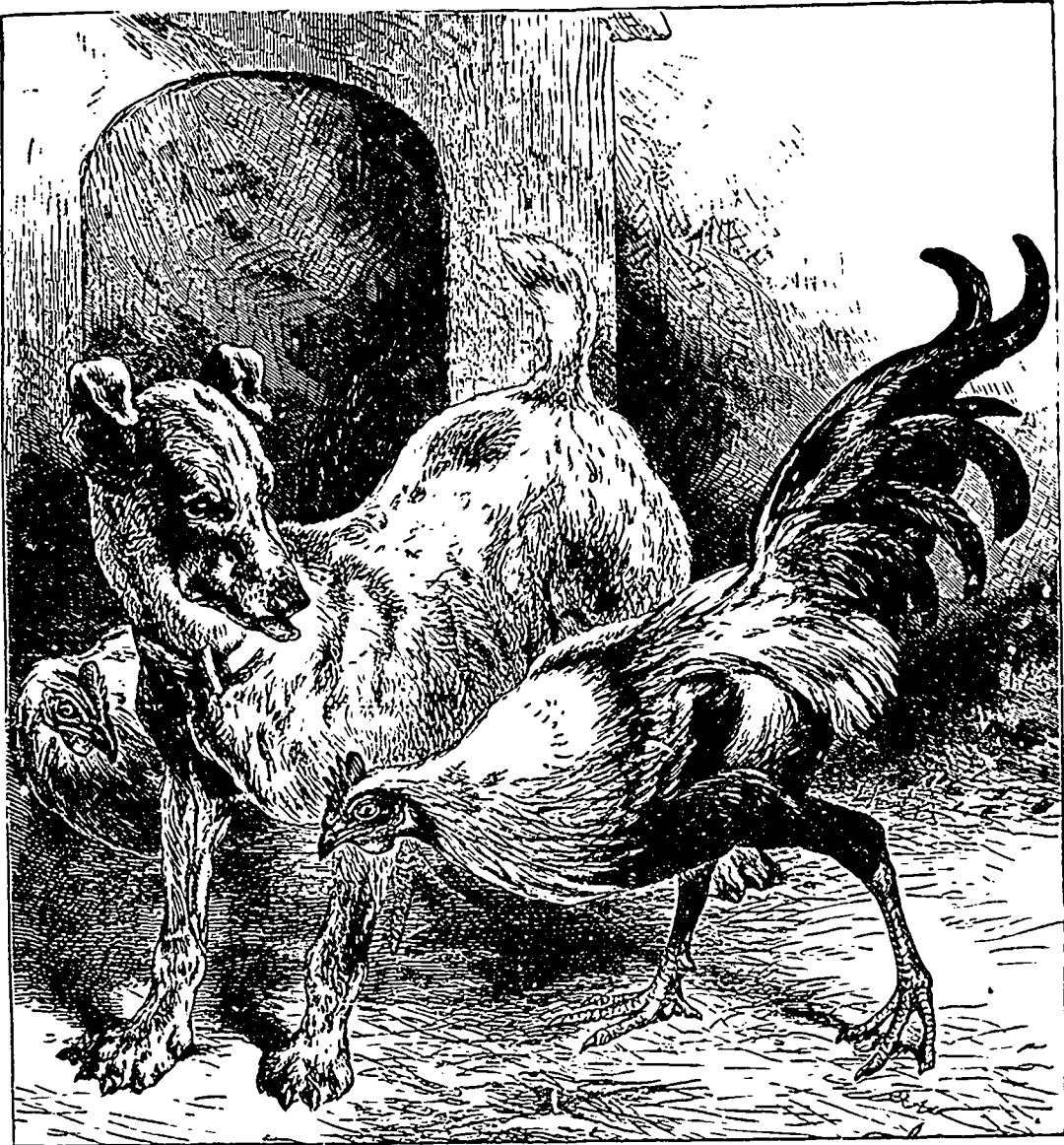
The result of "looking it up" would be to show that the country is situated on the north-east coast of South America. The colony of British Guiana includes the settlements of Demerara, Essequibo, and Berbice (altogether about the size of the United Kingdom), and is bounded on the south by Brazil, on the east by Dutch Guiana, on the west by Venezuela, and on the north and north-east by the Atlantic Ocean.

When the Society entered the field, in 1835, the mass of the population was in an heathen and uncivilized state. Commencing with the negroes, its work of evangelization was extended to the aboriginal Indians in 1840, and to the Hindu and Chinese Coolies in 1860, and so greatly blessed has the work been that there are now in the diocese more than 150,000 Church members.—*S.P.G. Missionary.*

THE Rev. John Greathead, of British Guiana, whose death was recently reported, was for several years connected with the Wesleyan Methodist Society in Georgetown, and was chairman of the District; but he retired from their ministry, and was ordained by the Bishop of Guiana as deacon in 1883 and priest in 1884. For the next two years he was a missionary of the S.P.G. After laboring honestly and hard as curate of St. Phillip's and St. Jude's, etc., West Coast, he was in 1892 preferred to the curacy of St. Augustine's, from which ill-health, after a comparatively short incumbency, obliged him to retire. He was a man of many virtues, pure-minded, earnest and sincere, and his memory will remain green for long among those who have been benefited by his ministrations.

A MISSIONARY in China, seeing men coming toward him with wheelbarrows, discovered that they were bringing a number of petitions from 200 villages urging the missionaries to go out to teach them.—*Quarterly Message.*

Young People's Department.



THE FOWLS IN COMPANY WITH THE DOG.

MR. PETER'S COMFORTER.

(From *The Young Churchman*.)

HOW do I look mother?
 "Fine, Tim, fine," and little Mrs. Beswick's eyes shone with evident pride as she gazed upon her first-born.
 "Wish I owned a suit like that, Tim," said Jack, disconsolately, from his position at the

wringer—Jack was helping his mother to wash—"I know I could soon get a place out then."

"Now, Jack, look at me," said Timothy reproachfully, though with a merry twinkle in his blue eyes. "The doctor's coat, the grocer's breeches, Fred. Holly's vest and tie, Mr. Jones' hat—why, there isn't a bit of me that I can honestly call my own, and yet you are a-envying me."

"There, get along with you, Tim," said Mrs. Beswick, laughingly. "You always were a boy for having your joke. I guess you can call everything you're wearing your own, seeing as how they were given to you just to take this place in. Now, mind you're a good boy and do right by your new master."

"That I will, mother," responded the lad heartily, as he passed from within the little kitchen and stepped out into the open air with a manly air that was very becoming the sturdy figure and frank, brown face.

Little Mrs. Beswick found it hard work making ends meet at times, though she washed and ironed clothes for different neighbors six days out of the seven, and was usually to be found at her post long before the work-a-day was aroused. She had seen better days, but that was when Mr. Beswick was living, and was foreman in a machine-shop. After his death, Tim and Jack had remained at school until it became evident that if they remained there longer there would not be sufficient bread to go round and fill all mouths. And so they had packed up their school books, said good-bye to their teachers, and each started out to swell the family purse. But Jack was a delicate lad, and was oftener to be found at home helping his mother with the wringer, than running errands, or working in a store. But Timothy—sturdy, cheery, generous, sunny-hearted Timothy—was always "in luck" as he termed it, and regularly brought home his earnings at the end of each week.

Two weeks before our story commences, the end house of the row of cottages in which the Beswick family resided had been rented, after having been vacant for some months. From what the old residents had seen of the newcomer, it was decided that he would not be liked. He was a tall, thin, bent man, with bushy eyebrows, and a face whose general expression was a cross one. This was Timothy's new master, Mr. Peters. He had asked the main grocer of the town to recommend to him a good boy for helping in the garden and around the house, and Mr. Hawes had unhesitatingly suggested Timothy Beswick. And this was the boy's first day at his new work.

It was late in the evening when Timothy reached home, and eager questions from his mother and brother beset him as to the nature of his new plans.

"Well, folks," began Timothy, sitting on the chair at the end of the long kitchen table and commencing to mop his brow, "I will say this for the master, he's the queerest, most unsociable, grumpy fellow I ever knew."

"Why, Tim," remonstrated his mother.

"Well, he is," again declared the boy. But lowering his voice and adding importantly, "it's my belief he's got a secret trouble on his mind."

"Oh, Tim, how dreadful," came in a low, sweet, childish voice from the darkest corner of the kitchen.

"Are you awake yet, Ruby?" Timothy said, crossing the floor and halting beside a low arm chair. "I thought you'd be asleep by this."

"I couldn't sleep, I was waiting to hear about the new master," said the girl.

Ruby Beswick was the darling, the treasure, the comfort of the Beswick household. Poor, crippled, patient loving Ruby? A year back and no girl danced on the way to school more lightly than did Ruby. And then, a fall on a slippery place one winter's day; a doctor's visit; a consultation; and then the decree went forth that only upon crutches could she again go out into the sweet, bright sunshine. At first, angry rebellion had taken possession of the child until, through the quiet, earnest ministrations, and loving, gentle counsel of Ruby's Sunday School teacher, "the peace that passeth all understanding" came to take its place in the sufferer's heart, and from that time on, commenced a new life for Ruby.

"Yes, I think he's got a trouble, and it's a trouble as makes him awful cross and snappy," said Timothy.

"Poor man," Ruby answered in a low sympathizing tone. "I'm always sorry for folks that have troubles."

"And I believe his is an uncommon one, from something I heard his housekeeper say," Tim asserted.

"I wish we could help him bear it," Ruby said, as Tim went back to his chair, and the talk became general.

But as the days passed on and Tim kept returning home with first one piece of news and then another about the "new master and his unsocial, grumpy ways," the wish became a resolve with Ruby that she would try in some way to help the new neighbor. Sitting quietly in her chair, thinking over things to herself, it seemed as though she saw them more clearly than did those who were moving around. "Bear ye one another's burdens," was a command that appeared to come with special import to her at this time. "If I could only give him the comfort that Miss Kendall has given me," she thought. "What a blessing it would be to him."

This is how it happened that one bright morning, Ruby took her crutches and made her way up past the home of Mr. Peters. The gentleman, being at that moment engaged in dismissing two daring fowls, who in company with his dog, had taken possession of his study, the door of which room opened into the garden, started as he emerged into the open air when a sweet voice accosted him, saying :

"Good morning. Isn't it a lovely day, and how beautiful your flowers do look."

Mr. Peters' eyes flashed a quick look of surprise as they rested upon the pretty, timid face that was covered with a blush. But the look changed to one of pity as he saw the crutches, and he answered more affably than one would have expected from Tim's description of his master:

"Good morning, little girl. Yes; the flowers are lovely. Would you like some?"

"O thank you," Ruby said eagerly, "if I may. Tim, you know Tim that works for you is my brother, told me how beautiful your flowers were, and I should like some."

"So Tim's your brother, is he? Well you needn't be ashamed of him. But come inside the gate and help yourself," he said. And Ruby did as invited, her cheeks flushing still rosier at the sweet praise of her brother.

No one could tell just how it happened, but after that first visit that Ruby paid to the new neighbor's house, there seemed to spring into life a friendliness between the tall, lonely unsociable man, and the gentle, lame girl, that was very comforting to each. In a thousand, sweet, unconscious ways, Ruby unfolded a new life to her companion from her patient acceptance of her deformity.

One day, when the two were together as usual in his garden, Mr. Peters said abruptly to her:

"Child, did you not want to die when you found that you would be lame for life?"

"At first I was angry and unhappy, and twice I would not say my prayers because I thought God was so unkind to send the trouble to me. But afterward, when Miss Kendall came and showed me how good God really was to me in still leaving me with mother and the boys, I felt differently," Ruby said softly. Then she added impulsively, "Oh Mr. Peters, I wish you would take your trouble to Him, and let Him help you as He did me."

"Trouble? Who says I have a trouble?" he demanded.

"Tim said so, and you look as if you had," Ruby answered.

"Child, if you had had the dearest possessions on earth taken away from you, would you call that a trouble?"

"Yes, but He would make it a blessing if you asked Him," Ruby said gently.

"He took my wife, and a year after He took my little girl; she was almost like you Ruby," he said simply.

"Oh," and the child's thin hand was slipped lovingly into the large one beside her. Then she added solemnly: "I think He sent me to comfort you. Don't you?"

"Yes; I think so," Mr. Peters said, in a strangely softened voice as he looked down at

the sweet, earnest face. And to show me the way, maybe, to them. Who knows?"

And then they were both silent, and a mysterious compassion seemed to encircle them both as they sat there, hand in hand, the big man, and the little girl, the comforted and the comforter.

MARIE DEACON HANSON.

THINGS WHICH JIMMY LEARNED.

"I'LL learn very fast," said Carl when he first brought home a young crow for a pet.

And Jimmy opened his bill and gave a shrill caw, as though he meant to live up to the fine expectations of his young master.

"Yes, he'll learn to hide a great many things away," said Grandmother quietly. "I've seen several crows before this one."

"But he'll be very bright and cute by the time that Harry Ross comes out here from the city to spend the summer," urged Carl. "He thinks that the birds and things out here don't amount to much beside that cross parrot of his."

"Well, you may try him," said Grandma, patiently.

And then Jimmy gave another caw, as though he fully understood what was being said. He certainly did learn very fast, too, as the weeks went on. There were articles missing from various parts of the house, just as Grandmother had prophesied there would be. But when these were mentioned Carl was sure that his pet would learn to be more careful by and by.

When at last Harry Ross came out from the city, Carl was quite proud of Jimmy's accomplishments. It was Saturday night, however, when Harry arrived at a neighboring farmhouse, and Carl knew well that his parents would not want him whispering or bragging at all about his pet on the following Lord's day. So it seemed a very long time to wait until the sun came up on Monday morning.

He looked proudly at Jimmy several times before he started out for church the next day, and gave some very triumphant glances towards Harry's summer home while he was riding away to service and Sunday School.

"He looks as proud and smiling as ever," Carl thought as he saw Harry coming up a cross-road just as his father drove up to the church door. "But I'll soon make him droop when I show him Jimmy and what a lot of things he has learned since I had him. Oh, yes, I'll take off that look in a twinkling."

Before he could think another thought, however, the old sexton came to the door of the church with a broom in his hand, and then something fluttered up from the back of the

wagon with a series of shrill caws. Carl and his parents knew in a moment that it was Jimmy and that he had been hiding away under the seat. The boy remembered, too, that he had taught him to be afraid of a broom by trying to drive Jimmy away from some piece of mischief which he did not wish Grandmother to see him doing.

"I shouldn't wonder if I had taught him some things about hiding away out of sight — and that had helped him to hide in the wagon, to-day," was another quick thought which came to Carl as he glanced down the road and saw how Harry was laughing at the crow as he went flying away as fast as he could.

All in the wagon seemed to know at once just how the boy felt. No one said anything but Grandma. She spoke very softly as she handed Carl some of her finest caraway seeds, "Jimmy will be perfectly safe at home until we get back from church."

"Guess so," said Carl. "But I don't think I shall brag so much about him as I have."

CHARLES N. SINNETT
In The Young Churchman.

TRUE COURAGE.



THE bravest boys are not always those who are ready to fight. Here is the story of one who showed the right spirit when provoked by his comrades:

A poor boy was attending school one day with a large patch on one of the knees of his trousers. One of his schoolmates made fun of him for this, and called him "Old Patch."

"Why don't you fight him?" cried one of the boys, "I'd give it to him, if he called me so."

"Oh," said the boy, "you don't suppose I'm ashamed of my patch, do you? For my part, I'm thankful for a good mother to keep me out of rags, I'm proud of my patch for her sake."—*Selected.*

HOW LITTLE MINNIE BECAME A MISSIONARY.

I think when God created a little child, He smiled and whispered—It is good. And so to me children always reflect the very smile of God.

Now I am going to tell you about a little "smile" of God, who at seven years of age became a missionary to all lands. She entered dark Africa and there lisped out her sweet

message of Christ's light and love. She went to China and brought the glad tidings of deliverance to the poor foot-bound, suffering women and children. Even the South Sea Islands welcomed her little feet, which were beautiful with the Gospel of a Saviour's dying love. Impossible, you say! Nay, He is the God of impossibility.

Little Minnie Green was consecrated to foreign missionary work from the hour of her birth. The mother willingly laid upon the altar her one ewe lamb. The little one as she grew older became the very joy and light of the household. At five years old she insisted upon wearing nothing but white. Even her pet chicks and rabbits must be white also. When asked her reason she replied in her sweet baby accents: "Because the blood of Jesus washes whiter than snow." Oh! what a tender sympathetic little heart was hers. She could not bear even to see anyone tired. Her daily request was, "Mother, let me take the 'tired' off somebody."

When Minnie was seven years old, the tender Shepherd called her to the heavenly fold. The loving mother, looking up into the face of the Shepherd, smiled and said, "It is well with the child," and thus willingly laid her darling in the bosom of the Good Shepherd. It was then that little Minnie became a missionary to all lands.

At Old Orchard Beach to-day there stands a beautiful home, from the broad piazza of which you can almost touch the waves as they dash in upon the shore. This is known as Minnie's Seaside Rest. Here little Minnie, being dead yet speaketh. Under a life-size portrait of the little maid is written the touching request, "Let me take the tired off somebody." And here weary missionaries worn and spent for Christ in foreign lands, come and take the "tired" off both mind and body. Then refreshed and invigorated by the health-giving sea breezes, once more go out into all the world and preach the Gospel, carrying with them the sweet child-like benediction sacred as the holy winnowing of angel-wing, "Let me take the tired off somebody."

ISABEL ALEXANDRA STEACY,
Deaconess House.

WHAT THE CHILDREN OF OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS CAN DO.—At the Diocesan Synod, held recently in Toronto, the Bishop of Toronto drew attention to the remarkable fact, that the pence collected by the children in the various Sunday Schools of the Diocese had exceeded the total sum contributed by the whole Diocese for Diocesan Missions by \$470! No comment is needed.

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MISSION NOTES.

SANDAKAN Church, in British North Borneo, had sufficiently advanced for the Bishop of Singapore to be able to consecrate a part of it on Easter Day.

THE Rev. W. J. Humphreys, the murdered principal of Fourah Bay College, is the first member of Ridley Hall, in England, who has met with a violent death in the mission-field.

BISHOP BOMPAS, of Selkirk, writes that the rush of gold-diggers to the Klondike is causing his diocese to change "from an Indian to a white man's country." This means many new problems to be faced.

MEN in India will march on foot from the source of the River Ganges to its mouth, cross, and walk back again, in the belief that by so doing they get rid of the terrible burden of sin. The journey occupies about six years.

In the diocese of South Tokyo alone there are over nine millions of Japanese, of whom only about 25,000 are baptized, including the converts of the Greek and Roman Churches, and of the various Nonconformist denominations.

NYASSALAND from its climatic and geographical condition is *par excellence* the land of industrial missions. The Zambesi industrial mission maintains some 600 acres of land under cultivation, and although small profits have hitherto been realized, owing to the coffee

shrub only attaining fruition after three years' growth, yet from the harvest of 1897 the sum of \$18,000 is expected.

A HINDOO father brought his motherless daughter, six years old, to a mission school, and begged that she might be received. He had refused to give her in marriage to a man of forty, who offered 200 rupees for her. "For years," said he, "I have watched the 200 Christian girls of your school go back and forth, and I have never seen an unhappy face among them. I want my daughter to be like them."

THIS opinion of a Japanese newspaper probably represents the feeling of many thoughtful people in Japan: "The country feels deeply the necessity of morality and religion; the whole nation feels it; we ourselves have no direct connection with religious parties, but we do firmly believe that religion is absolutely necessary to society, and that along with materialistic progress spiritual progress must go hand in hand."

DINUZULU has been brought back to Zululand from his banishment in St. Helena. In a letter the Bishop, referring to Dinuzulu, whom he had lately seen, says: "I wish very much we could hear of some more clergy who would come and help us. I had an interesting visit to Dinuzulu last week. I like what I have seen of him, and I think he is very anxious to do what he can for his people. He has asked me definitely to send a teacher to teach his children and people."

THE Rev. A. B. Hutchinson, writing from Fukuoka in the southern-most of the four dioceses of Japan, says: "For three years this diocese has been stationary with about 700 adherents; now we have advanced to 835. So distinct a sign of progress for the whole area calls for thanksgiving for answer to prayer. We hear of new inquirers coming forward, and we feel our weakness numerically, most keenly. . . . We do trust that reinforcements may soon be on the way."

HERE is a summary of the work of two native catechists who were recently set apart for evangelistic work in the S.P.G. Trichinopoly Mission: "700 villages have been visited, about 72,000 people have had the Gospel preached to them, and about 2,000 have been treated medically. . . . To accomplish this the staff have travelled about 2,500 miles." The missionary in charge of the district (the Rev. J. A. Sharrock) rightly feels that "a tree which does not grow must wither—a Church which does not evangelize must soon die."

DURING a recent visit to Butterworth, in Fingoland, the Bishop of St. John's was informed by the Rev. S. Bangela, the native priest, that he had "a good many candidates assembled for Confirmation." The Bishop had not been prepared for this, and was astonished to find nearly 300 people waiting for the rite. As the church would not have accommodated the candidates and their friends, the Confirmation Service was held outside the building, and the proceedings were very orderly. A great work lies before the Church in Fingoland.

UNDER the title of the Phil-African League, the well-known African linguist Heli Chatelain, who was temporarily connected with Bishop Taylor's West African mission, has founded an American society for the purpose of acquiring land on the healthy plateau between Benguela and Lake Nyassa. Here it is proposed to erect model Christian villages, from which drink, slavery, and other social evils are to be excluded. The settlements are, further, to assume an industrial and agricultural character, and will serve as refuges for fugitive slaves.

It is becoming very plain that a rapid change is passing over China, and one all the more significant from the fact that the emperor and his household share it. During the past winter the emperor procured for his own information about a hundred Christian books, largely the publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Christian and General Knowledge. The empress dowager, also, recently announced that, by request of foreign women residing in the empire, she would make arrangements to give audience to a large number of them in the royal palace.

THE Rev. Dr. E. A. Lawrence, writing of the meaning of Christian missions, said: "God's great agent for the spread of His Kingdom is the Church. Missions are the reproductive faculty of the parent Church, the constituting agency of the infant Church. Every Church should work out into a mission; every mission should work out into a Church. The primary aim of missions is to preach the Gospel in all lands; the ultimate aim is to plant the Church in all lands. Then the Church of each land thus planted must win its own people to Christ. The converts must convert. The new Church must evangelize and Christianize."

DURING the last sixty years England has raised up a wonderful sphere of influence in all parts of China, and in Japan, and in Corea, by means of her magistrates, and consuls, and missionaries. The justice and uprightness of those persons has been a wonderful object-lesson

to the heathen amongst whom they have lived. If Englishmen generally knew the Far East as I do and had seen the power which England has there, not by reason of her magnificent navy or her enterprising merchants, but by reason of her civilization and her Christianity, they would understand the Eastern Question a great deal better. — *Bishop Corfe, of Corea.*

VACANCIES for clergymen exist in many Dioceses abroad—and some of those missionaries to the heathen are of a painfully pressing character. Not a few clergymen have offered themselves in recent years for work among English-speaking people in the Colonies; but there seems to be hesitation in meeting the call for missionaries to the heathen. Borneo and India are in such need that it is not too much to say that many enquirers are turned away, while missionaries are hazarding their lives by remaining at their posts, preferring to run the risk of over-straining their health to leaving their Missions to be ruined. — *Mission Field.*

THE English *Church Missionary Intelligencer* says: "For the fifth time during his Episcopate of twenty-one years, the Bishop of Calcutta recently visited the Nadiya Zillah and held confirmations. The numbers confirmed at the different centres were as follows: Krishnagar, twenty-one; Chupa, forty-nine; Ranabandha, fifty-eight; Bollobhpur, from four parishes, 181; and Kapasdanga, fifty-one; in all, 361. The Bishop was very pleased with the continued improvement in the cleanliness and neatness of the churches and the reverent behavior of the people. He also showed his practical sympathy by giving 500 rupees toward the expenses of repairing the churches injured by the earthquake."

In his "Impressions of South Africa," Mr. James Bryce says that nowhere has the Gospel made such progress among the Kafirs as in Basutoland. "The missionaries—French Protestant, Roman Catholic, and English Episcopalian—working not only independently but on very different lines, have brought nearly fifty thousand natives under Christian influences. Education is spreading. There are now one hundred and fifty schools in the country, all but two of which are conducted by the missionaries. . . . The extinction of heathenism in South Africa may be deemed certain, and certain at no distant date. . . . So much may certainly be said: that the Gospel and the Mission schools are at present the most truly civilizing influences which work upon the natives, and that upon these influences more than on any other agency, does the progress of the colored race depend."

ZULULAND has had not a few troubles lately, and, especially in consequence of the lack of clergymen, and of the illness of those who are there. Besides the retirement of Mr. Samuelson, and the illness of Archdeacon Swabey, who has had to come to England, the Bishop writes :

"Then Morris, of Vryheid, has been at death's door with dysentery. This was at the beginning of December. Hall, who is in charge of Eshowe, went to take his place, while I stayed at Eshowe, and now I have come here temporarily to look after things and the Evangelist Brothers who were working with Swabey at Ingwaruma. I did not like to leave them so far away from the opportunities of sacraments and alone. Morris is rather better, but from what I hear the doctors say that he will be unable to continue his work in connection with the Mission.

"It has been the most anxious four months I have had since I have been in Zululand ; and the anxiety is by no means over yet, as we are so short-handed, and it is very difficult to know what to do for the best. However, I daresay light will come soon, and we shall be able to see our way.

"Men are our chief want now. If you should hear of any priests who would be willing to put themselves at the disposal of the Mission, will you kindly let Lawley know? The Rectory, Hackney, will find him.

"In other ways, I hope that things are going on fairly well."

FROM the summit of the Chilcoot Pass the Rev. Walter G. Lyon has written us, says the S.P.G. *Mission Field* for July, on his way to Klondyke. It will be remembered that the Society received a proposal from him that he should go to minister to the crowds attracted by the Klondyke Goldfield. It encouraged him to go, and voted a sum of £200 towards his expenses, and as a contribution to help the Church in Canada to enter upon this new and important field. Mr. Lyon's letter is dated May 9th :

"Here I am at the summit of the far-famed Pass, and the guest of my old friends the Canadian North-West Mounted Police. I have been here four days waiting to get up my outfit, and a pretty hard time I have had of it I can tell you. We are camped on thirty feet of snow, and have constant snowstorms with severe cold. It would rather astonish you to have a snow floor to your sleeping apartment which has to serve for cooking, eating, and everything else ! I have not had any change of clothing of any sort for fourteen days, not even a brush and comb ! This is by far the best way to come in from first week in April till winter sets in, and then the White Pass is best. The Stickeen Route is impossible until a good waggon road is made or a railway from Glenora to Teslin Lake. They are going to try and take things from Glenora to Teslin Lake this spring on pack-horses. It is a terrible road, and the expense will be too great for any but rich men to

incur. It will be 25 cents a lb. at least. An outfit weighs 2000 lbs. Cost of freight by Stickeen Route at present price will therefore amount to \$500. I enclose two receipts for balance of freight on my outfit. I paid \$120 down, and the balance on the arrival of goods here—total amount \$385. This is freight from Skagway to summit of Chilcoot Passage, and freight on steamer, brokerage, wharfage, hotel expenses, etc., came to \$175.

"Cost of outfit, including large tent for services, portable harmonium, books, etc., with provisions for one year	\$1,500
Freight, passage money, and other expenses as above	560
Cost of scow and canoe to take self and freight for Lake Bennet to Dawson City	260
	<hr/>
	\$2,320
	<hr/>
"Received from S.P.G.	\$960
From Church in Canada	400
	<hr/>
	\$1,360

Out of pocket \$960, or £200, to say nothing of the worry, manual labor, and difficulties too numerous to mention. I may tell you that a considerable percentage have turned back when they have encountered the difficulties of getting into the country, and these have been men of experience as far as hardships go. I leave for Lake Linderman this evening, a walk of ten miles over the snow, and then to pitch tent, cook supper, etc., and sleep on the snow—then on to Lake Bennett. The trail is very soft just now, which renders walking difficult. Inspector Belcher of the North-west Mounted Police is in command here, and sends kind regards to Dawson, who he knew in Regina. He has had a terrible experience since he came here last January. Any books, papers, magazines, that can be sent to me will be most acceptable."

WHISPERING IN CHURCH.

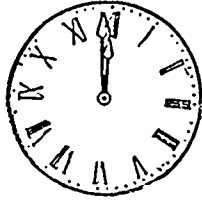
The following article is from the pen of Bishop Huntington :

"The worst of all kinds of sounds in church is that of human voices not engaged in the service ; worst in indecency, worst in moral transgression. Even religious conversation is wrong ; secular conversation is profanity. Comments on the service itself, if favorable and friendly, are impertinent ; if critical, are disgraceful ; if comical, or calculated to provoke laughter, are infamous. For all mutual communications that appear to be necessary, a sufficient forethought would, in most instances, obviate the necessity. If those who whisper would think twice first, they would commonly see that no serious harm would come of keeping still till after the service. The insult lies against His courts, against the authorities of the Church, against the congregation. A whisper reaches farther than the whisperer imagines. And wherever it reaches it may rightly stir indignation. It is a form of ill manners, the more deplorable because it is scarcely capable of rebuke and suppression by any other means than a general sense of good behavior and a right education."—*Diocese of Albany.*

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, Provincial Corresponding Secretary, W. A., 159 College Street, Toronto.



Remember daily the mid-day prayer for missions

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

The Fourth Triennial Meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Domestic and Foreign Missions of the Church of England in Canada, will be held at the Synod Hall, Montreal, on Sept. 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th. The Triennial service will be held in the Cathedral, Thursday, Sept. 15th at 9 a.m. Holy Communion. Sermon by the Lord Bishop of Algoma. Thankoffering in aid of Hospital, Japan.

Per order,

C. L. DENNE,
Rec.-Sec. Prov. W. A.

A MISSIONARY OUTLOOK.

BY MRS. DAVIDSON,
Convener of Literature Committee, Toronto.



As we mount, with the bird, to take as comprehensive a view of this world as may be possible to us, we are struck with the relative proportions of light and darkness. *Two-thirds* of the inhabitants in darkness (some of it so thick and dense as to be truly appalling), *one-third* in comparative light.

I say comparative, for in the very brightest part we see deep spots of the darkest hue, the light that is in them is darkness, and how great is that darkness! While over many, strange blinding mists of superstition arise, that cloud the glorious light of Truth that once was given.

There is comparative darkness also, for while half the world's inhabitants are in deep darkness of gross and debasing idolatries, nearly quarter of the remainder are Mohammedans, who, while owning the one true God, deny the Divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ who came "A Light to lighten the Gentiles."

These cannot be classed with the Jews, God's own though rebellious people, 7,000,000 in different parts of the world, upon whom "darkness in part has fallen, until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in."

With these, the most interesting of all peoples "the Lord's own kin," as the Archbishop

touchingly calls them in his Encyclical Letter of last year, we may well begin our Missionary Outlook.

Come with me in thought to Palestine, "who are these who fly as doves to their windows? three times as many as returned to their own country after the Babylonish captivity? Surely Christians should speak to these returning Jews who long so earnestly for Messiah, of the Prince of the House of David, their Lord and ours. They listen now, as they never allowed themselves to listen before, to the teachings of the Gospel. There is *something* being done. Thirty-two clergy under Bishop Blythe are resident in Palestine, but there are only five churches built as yet and one in Jerusalem in course of erection.

Yet, the Archbishop tells us, it seems that English-speaking people can do more than any others in winning them.

In the Year Book, only just come to hand, we read, at the beginning of the century there were not fifty Christian Israelites in Gt. Britain; now there are *over 3000*, of whom over 100 are ordained clergymen. The London Jews Society which has 157 clerical, lay, and medical missionaries throughout the world, needs strengthening at every station and new openings ought at once to be filled by thoroughly competent missionaries.

Women have not been backward in this first of missionary duties. There are women's missions at Jaffa, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Hebron. Miss Huston, an English lady, has given up her whole fortune and life's work to the maintenance of a hospital at Jaffa, which was founded by Miss Mangan and herself. May we women of the Auxiliary make a firm resolve that henceforth in working for missions we will never forget that our Lord's own command says, "Beginning at Jerusalem."

MOHAMMEDANISM.

Mohammedanism next meets our eye, the Unitarianism of the East. It is called by its own professors "Islam," which means "surrender" of self to God, which surrender is constantly expressed by every true Moslem in words and signs.

The spirit of intolerance and persecution to the death is the feature in Islam which makes missionary work difficult. The false prophet gave his followers this commission, "slay the infidels wherever you find them." Hence their eagerness to massacre wherever they find power and opportunity. Instance the Armenians. For one born a Moslem to forsake his religion is a capital crime.

"I knew, when I became a Christian, that I was putting a knife to my throat," said the convert, Merza Ibrahim, just before he died at the hands of ruffians who took turns in choking him. Nevertheless at each release when asked

which is true? With breath almost gone, and eyes darting out of their sockets, he answered over and over again, "Jesus is true though you kill me."

Dr. Bruce, who has been a missionary to Moslems at Julfa in Persia for twenty-five years, told us a short time ago that the translation of the Bible and Prayer Book had been made for them and that about thirty Moslems were attending school with 400 Armenian children, the hatred which formerly existed between Christian and Moslem having largely been done away; but the latest advices tell us of an outbreak of persecution at Julfa, the converts having been thrown into prison.

The Moslems are more converting than converted, they push their own belief on every occasion, never being ashamed of speaking of, and glorying in their religion. Funds are freely supplied for large missionary colleges where students attend by hundreds and "which are the source and mainstay of a vast missionary enterprise of which we know little or nothing." (*Sir Fred Goldsmid.*) The C.M.S. has missions to Moslems in Cairo, Baghdad and Julfa, besides giving great attention to the work in Palestine, Africa and India. Many converts have been gained in India, but as yet only about 300 from other parts. They have been the most obstinate, but now there seems to be an opening for reaching them, who were closed hitherto. Pray for them, that is what we can do.

INDIA.

The consideration of Mohammedanism leads us to concentrate our view on India, where 57,000,000 of this persuasion dwell, one-fifth of the whole population. What a population this is, 287,000,000! In some parts of Bengal having 1000 people to the square mile, the average of the Ganges valley being 500 to the square mile! Surely we must pause here, when it is reckoned that one-fifth of the inhabitants of the whole world *live in India!* The simple *increase* of population in ten years being more than the whole population of England and Wales. Of the 2,600,000 native Christians in India, 1 in 100 heathen, only about 1 in 1,000 belong to the Church of England. What a work there is before us!

Of the Brahman priests alone there are 20,000,000. These, being the learned men, and looked upon as the viceregerents of the Divinities, possess great influence: their system has lasted some 3000 years or since the days that King Saul reigned in Israel.

The Buddhists look back to Guatama, 560 B.C., who claimed to be Buddha—the enlightened one, whom they regard as the Incarnation of Vishnu. That their "enlightenment" has proved to be great darkness may be proved by the failure to raise the lower classes from their

devil worship, and which Sir Wm. Hunter terms their "ignorance and savagery."

Caste is the Hindu's environment which forms the greatest obstacle of the Christian missionary; there are endless subdivisions of the four great castes, and to "loose caste" is equal to rigid excommunication.

To meet all this, and much more which cannot even be touched upon, what have we as a church? 478 ordained English missionaries, 272 ordained native missionaries, 1243 lay readers, and 580 churches, and "What are they among so many?"

We can only say that it is our small offering of faith and obedience to be multiplied a hundred fold we trust before long.

For the *whole Church is awakening.* See the Missionary Conference held in London, when Archbishop Benson in a thrilling opening speech, said, "I do look forward to the great time when the Christian Church will be wakened to a fuller sense of its responsibility. At present the societies are the mission conscience of the Church. They are the only people in the Church who have recognized their responsibility; the work is theirs, and God's great blessing is upon them, because they are the Church's conscience in the matter of Missions. . . They are doing to the utmost of their power the great work of endeavoring to make the whole church feel its responsibility. When that responsibility is felt, and when missions are a *universally felt duty*, then I do not think the candlesticks of the societies will be removed, but to a great extent their work will be changed. Meantime we must work through the societies with all our might. We must support their noble work,—and we may with all faith prepare ourselves for the day when the Church shall be her own mission society."

Bishop Barry, says, "Our duty is clearly marked out for us. What is needed is a more general understanding that for our church, and in this country missionary interest is not a matter of individual taste and choice, which one may take up and another pass by, but a duty which belongs to the church as a church, and therefore to *all* her members, without exception, in virtue of their membership."

Again, Bishop Lightfoot, "Missions of the 19th century have been in no sense a failure. But I seem to see the advent of a still more glorious future, if we only nerve ourselves to renewed efforts. During the past we have only been learning our work as a Missionary Church. At length experience is beginning to tell. India is our special charge as a Christian nation. India is our hardest problem as a Missionary Church. We must make up our minds to this. We must become Indians to the Indians, if we would win India to Christ."

(*To be continued.*)

THE SIN OF DOING NOTHING.

When the Israelites were about to cross the Jordan to conquer the land of Canaan, Moses feared that the children of Gad and the children of Reuben were in danger of committing a great sin. It was the sin of doing nothing. These two tribes came to Moses with a request that they might receive their inheritance on the eastern side of the Jordan, because they had a multitude of cattle, and the land of Gilead was a place for cattle. Gilead had already been conquered by the combined strength of the twelve tribes, and Moses feared that the two tribes which came to him with this request desired to take possession of the strongholds that had been captured by the combined army of Israel, without helping their brethren of the ten tribes to subdue the land of Canaan on the other side of the Jordan.

Gad and Reuben assured him that armed men of the two tribes would assist in conquering the entire land before returning to the country which they desired on the east side of the Jordan. This promise somewhat allayed the fears of Moses, but he was still so much disturbed by the thought of a possible do nothing policy, when the help of every man was needed, that he bound them to their promise with emphatic words, and added, "But if ye will not do so, behold, ye have sinned against the Lord; and be sure your sin will find you out." *Selected.*

THE Archbishop of Rupertsland questions if the Church members in Manitoba "are excelled in giving in any diocese. Wherever there has grown up in a Mission a village of 250 Church people, including children, the Mission has become self-supporting." Last year the local contributions for Church purposes were £15,000 or £3 for every family attending the services, besides £1,300 raised for Missions. In addition the people have built nearly 100 churches and 50 parsonages.



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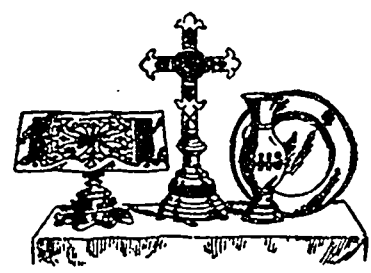
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