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# THE CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE

◊ ◊ AND MISSION NEWS ◊ ◊

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## HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

No. 117.—ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH, QUEBEC.

**I**N the year 1822 the Venerable Archdeacon G. J. Mountain (afterward the third Bishop of Quebec), in his capacity of officiating minister at the Cathedral of Quebec, opened a monthly service on Sunday in French at the burial ground, for the benefit of the Jersey and Guernsey people.

The services were held in a room in the sexton's house. In time, however, the whole house was thrown into one and occupied as a church. In 1827-8 the windows were arched, a cupola built, and a bell supplied, and here very delightful services were held (in English.) The building was known as St. Matthew's Chapel.

But this was destroyed by fire in 1845, to the great grief of Dr. Mountain, who, by that time, had become bishop, but on the 25th of June of the same year the foundation stone of a new chapel was laid and a plain stone structure erected. This was opened for divine service on the 29th of April, 1849, in charge of Rev. A. W. Mountain, curate of the parish of Quebec. Up to 1852, evening services alone were held in this chapel, but in the beginning of 1853 morning services were supplied as well, Mr. Mountain being assisted by a curate, the Rev. A. Cardew, whose stipend Mr. Mountain himself provided.

On February 1st, 1855, Mr. Mountain took charge of St. Michael's (Bergerville). The Rev. Henry Roe (now Archdeacon of Quebec) was then placed over the flock of St. Matthew's as

curate in charge, and a regular district was allotted to him, so that it was no longer what it had hitherto been, a mere chapel of ease to the Cathedral Church.

Bishop Mountain was allowed to retain his salary as rector of Quebec, but a large portion of this he devoted to the maintenance of the city clergy. In this way St. Matthew's received \$700 a year, but, looking toward the future, an endowment fund was formed. To this a devout

widow, Mrs. Woodbury, contributed \$1,000 in 1859. When the Bishop died, in 1863, a special effort was made to increase it, and by the year 1867 the fund amounted to \$5,300. This fund was handed over in trust to the Bishop of Quebec and his successors on condition that the chapel should remain free for ever and the appointment of the incumbent should be vested in the bishop. A sum of money sufficient to relieve the congregation of the duty of maintaining the church was offered as an endowment from another quarter. But as this was coupled with the condition that the appointment of the rector from time to time should be in the hands of certain persons in whom the promoters of the proposed endowment had confidence, it was re-



REV. LENNOX W. WILLIAMS, M.A.,

*Rector of St. Matthew's Church, Quebec*

spectfully declined by the congregation at a meeting conducted entirely by themselves, no clergyman being present.

In January, 1867, Mr. Roe removed to Richmond, P.Q., and was succeeded in St. Matthew's by Rev. Charles Hamilton, M.A., Oxon., the present Bishop of Niagara, under whose rectorship the parish and its work steadily progressed. A chancel and transepts were added to the building in 1870, at a cost of \$11,000.

At the reopening of the church for divine service on December 18th, 1870, a surpliced choir was introduced. In 1875 the old portion of the church was pulled down, and the nave, south aisle, clergy and choir vestries erected, which, with a new organ by Warren, of Montreal, cost \$26,500. This made the church into the form and shape which it now possesses. It was reopened with a special service of dedication on December 15th, 1875. In 1877 the chancel and transepts were improved and decorated, the cost being defrayed by a thank offering of a member of the congregation. Since 1883 the church has been open daily to worshippers, for meditation and prayer, from 7.30 a.m. till after evensong. In 1882 the tower and spire were built, thus completing the church according to the original designs—this addition costing \$7,350. Mr. Hamilton's successful incumbency extended over a period of more than seventeen years, at the close of which he was called to the highest office in the church, and was consecrated to be second Bishop of Niagara, May 1st, 1885, in the cathedral at Fredericton, N.B. His departure from Quebec was, indeed, a severe loss, not only to St. Matthew's, but to the whole city, as he was so well known and much beloved by all creeds and classes. He was succeeded by the Rev. F. J. B. Allnatt, D.D., who held the post most acceptably only two years, being in 1887 appointed to the Professorship of Pastoral Theology in Bishop's College, Lennoxville. His successor was the Rev. Lennox W. Williams, M.A., Oxon., the present rector (a son of the late Bishop Williams), who had acted as curate under the two preceding rectors. In 1888 a peal of bells from J. Warner & Son's foundry, London, England, was placed in the tower, at a cost of \$2,800. The peal was dedicated to God's service on November 14th, 1888. It is probably the only peal of bells in Canada, if not on the continent, which is regularly rung by a guild of ringers (as opposed to the American system of chiming) each Sunday and Great Festival of the year. The final debt of \$3,000 on the church was paid off in 1892, and the church consecrated by the present Bishop of Quebec, Dr. Dunn, on All Saints' Day, 1892. The church contains fifteen handsome memorial windows, among them a large one to the Right Rev. Dr. Mountain, the founder of the parish. The pulpit is the gift of Robert Hamilton, D.C.L., in loving memory of his son, the Rev. George Hamilton, M.A., Oxon., for some years curate of the church. The reredos is also a gift in memory of the late Senator Price. Both are handsome works of art. A costly and very rich set of altar vessels was presented to the church in November, 1894, by Mrs. Irvine, in memory of the late Commissary-General Matthew Bell Irvine, C.B., C.M.G., for many years a devoted member of the congregation. Finally, the congregation have had

erected a very handsome and richly carved font and baptistry, costing some \$1,500, as a memorial to the late revered Bishop Williams. It is probably the finest work of art in the country. St. Matthew's has steadily gone on increasing both in numbers and every other way, until now it is probably one of the most prosperous parishes in the Dominion. Its financial strength has, so far, also kept pace with the ever onward movement in other departments. The whole revenue in 1857 was \$525.37, while that from Easter, 1893, to 1894, was \$9,390.42. The parish has also been always in the front rank in assisting missions both at home and abroad, and contributed some \$8,000 alone towards the Bishop Williams' Memorial Mission Fund. The parish has about 500 communicants on its roll, and there is a weekly and Saints' day early celebration, and a full choral celebration on the first and third Sundays in the month.

It seems to be the home of many of the principal laymen of the diocese. Of the twelve laymen elected by the diocesan synod to act as lay delegates to the last Provincial Synod, six were members of St. Matthew's Church, and regular communicants. One of them, a most faithful and devoted Churchman, C. Judge, Esq., has since died.

The annual report of St. Matthew's indicates a congregation truly alive and given to good works.

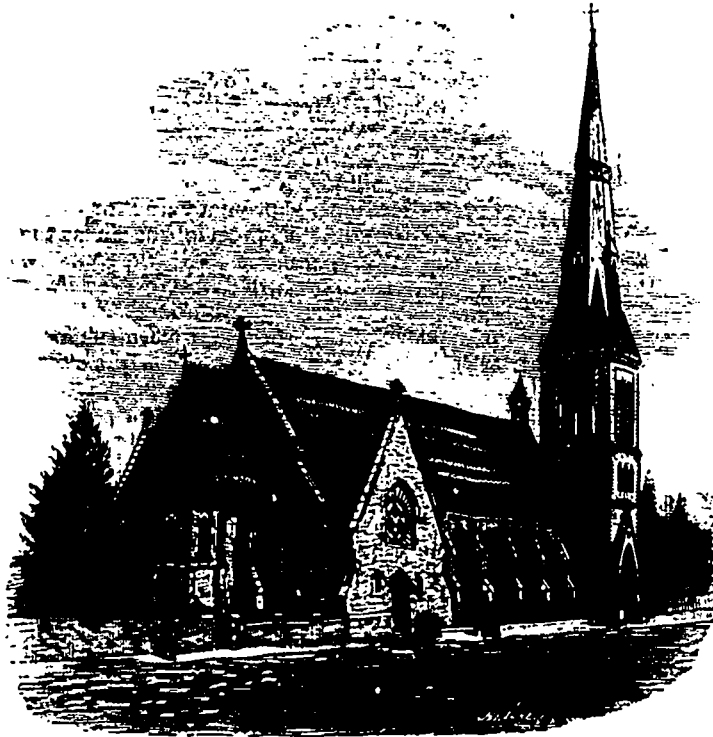
## THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY.

BY THE EDITOR.  
(Continued.)

### REIGN OF JAMES I. (a)

IT is a curious thing that though Henry VIII. was always marrying, presumably that he might supply the country well with heirs to the throne, he left behind him only three children, none of whom left any posterity. Edward died young, Mary had no children, and Elizabeth never married. On the death of Elizabeth, therefore, it was found that the nearest direct heir to the crown was the son of Mary Stuart, the unhappy Queen of Scots, whom her cousin Elizabeth had caused to be beheaded. James VI. of Scotland was accordingly sent for to cross the border and become James I. of England, an invitation which the royal son of fortune was very quick to accept.

His call to the throne was looked upon as likely to produce a great crisis in the Church. There were three great parties who hoped for his patronage. The Roman Catholics looked for great things from him because of his mother, and the strong support she had always given them. The Puritans entertained just as high hopes because they knew that the Scottish king



ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH, QUEBEC.

had been brought up a Presbyterian. Some of the Church party had hopes also that a natural sense of fairness towards his new people would lead the new monarch to support their reasonable position. Poor old Archbishop Whitgift was extremely anxious for the Church, and his joy knew no bounds when the new king declared himself unequivocally in favor of the Anglican Church. He wanted real bishops about him. His argument was, "No bishop, no king." Thus all parties were left very much as they were when Elizabeth died—and the dreaded crisis was over.

The fact is that James, as King of Scotland, conceived a great dislike to Presbyterianism. Though a man of deep respect for religion, he was tired of the grim restraints cast around him by the Reformers who held sway in Scotland. Yet he was no Papist. The middle course, therefore, pursued by the Church of England commended itself strongly to his mind. James, though weak, was by no means an ignoramus. He liked to study divinity, that he might surprise, at times, his divines by his learning. He found, therefore, the new position in which fortune had placed him a most genial one, and he fairly revelled in the new field of disputation and religious unrest. His old schoolmasters, the Puritans, must now stand off and keep their place. He had long wished for some power to cope with them. Now he had it, with the orthodox Church of England at his back.

As all this dawned upon Archbishop Whit-

gift it was peculiarly gratifying to him. The Church for which he had trembled now seemed safer than ever.

James was received enthusiastically in England, and entered London on the 10th of May, 1603. He was crowned on the 25th of July. The coronation was a very dull affair, owing to the plague, which at that time was devastating London. This was a disappointment to the Archbishop and many churchmen, who would have liked a gorgeous ceremony as a happy inauguration of new things for the kingdom.

Archbishop Whitgift, now aged and infirm, was glad to lean upon all the support that he could get, and a ready aid was found for him in Richard Bancroft, Bishop of London. It was very evident that a storm was gathering in the Puritan camp, and that much strength would be needed on the part of the Church to

steer safely through it. Almost the first thing that King James had to deal with was a petition signed by over seven hundred ministers of the Church of England, asking for a conference between the Puritans and those opposed to their views. It was called "the millenary petition," because the signatures were somewhere in the region of one thousand. The use of the cross, the surplice, the ring in marriage; confirmation, absolution, bowing at the name of Jesus, and other things of a kindred nature, were severely objected to in this petition.

The king granted the prayer of the petition as far as holding a conference was concerned. His wisdom in doing this has been doubted, but James dearly loved a religious controversy, for it gave him an opportunity of displaying his theological learning, of which he was foolishly proud. This led to the Hampton Court Conference, famous in history. At Hampton Court the king and his bishops met the representatives of the aggrieved Puritans. The array of bishops and dignitaries and wise doctors on the side of the Church party was most weighty and imposing, while the learning and talent put forward by the Puritans were somewhat weak. The king spent the first day of the conference entirely with his bishops, where, with closed doors, he made himself sure upon some points regarding which he had not the supreme confidence within himself that he usually had in other matters. He wanted to be sure of his points before attempting to brow-

beat the Puritans. These men had a great contempt for ceremony. They are said to have attended the conference in their dressing gowns instead of their academicals, a fact which naturally caused some ridicule on the part of the well dressed and properly robed dignitaries who confronted them.

Archbishop Whitgift was at this conference, but was too old and feeble to take much part in it. The real leader throughout was Richard Bancroft, Bishop of London. The Puritans moved for certain changes to be made in the Prayer Book, and although what they wished for was not granted, yet some improvements were made in the liturgy on motion of the Church party, such as special thanksgivings, and the addition in the catechism of the last part, relating to the sacraments. The king dismissed the conference with much dignity and ability, showing in his concluding speech an earnest desire for peace and good will.

On the whole, the Church party had much to be thankful for in this conference; yet the aged Archbishop was ill at ease. He saw that a desperate struggle would some day be sure to take place between the two great elements in the Church, which every attempt at conciliation seemed only to drive further and further asunder. Preparations were being made for a parliament, the probable results of which made the poor old man tremble. But he was destined never to see it. He caught cold on the river a few days after the conference, and died on the last day of February, 1604. In every sense of the word a good man, his departure from the world was regretted by all sorts and conditions of men within the Anglican Church.

His successor in the Archbishopric was not hard to find. He had virtually been chosen long before the vacancy really occurred, and Richard Bancroft, Bishop of London, was soon notified of his appointment to the important post. His father was a gentleman of Farnmouth, in Lancashire, where he was born in 1544. At Oxford, where he graduated, he became famous as a tutor and also as a preacher, his eloquence being of a high order. He received several livings and preferments in the Church and was actively engaged in controversies with the Puritans, whom he regarded as disturbers in Israel. For some reason or other, promotion towards the last came rather slowly. At the age of 53 he was made Bishop of London, in which capacity he was an able assistant to Archbishop Whitgift.

He was sixty years old when, by the death of his much valued friend, he succeeded to the primacy. Though every one looked to him as the man best suited for the position, it was several months before the appointment was made. He was not nominated till the month of October, 1604. He was officially confirmed in the Archbishopric on December 10th.

The new Archbishop began to rule with a firm hand. He had the Church party, which was then in the majority over the Puritans, at his back, and, therefore, felt secure in putting forth very stringent measures regarding the clergy. Every one holding a living was required to sign a paper declaring his unreserved belief in the king's supremacy and the Thirty-nine Articles, and his cheerful readiness to use the Book of Common Prayer in the public services of the Church. These were enforced without the authority of parliament and caused a great deal of ill-feeling, both on the part of the Roman Catholics and the Puritans. Some of the Puritan clergy threw up their livings and left England for the continent, but there many of them found that they had as many doctrinal difficulties of another kind to face as those which had caused them to abandon their native land.

King James showed a strong disposition to rule without a parliament, with the advice only of a select council known as the Star Chamber. This desire on the part of the king was fostered by the Archbishop in order to carry out the measures which, according to his judgment, were for the benefit of the Church. All this produced great rancour and resentment, not only on the part of the Puritans, but also among the Papists. It was at this time that all England stood aghast at the discovery of the "Gunpowder Plot," one of the most fiendish attempts to destroy the leading powers of a country probably ever designed; and when Guy Fawkes was dragged from among the barrels of gunpowder, which had been placed under the parliament buildings by Robert Catesby and others who entered into the atrocious scheme, for the purpose of blowing up the king, lords, and commons of England, the feelings of the nation were those of mingled indignation and dismay. It has been the fashion to attribute the discovery of this diabolical plot to the sagacity of King James himself, but modern investigation has failed to discover sufficient proof of this. A letter addressed to Lord Monteagle, desiring him not to be present in parliament at the fatal moment determined upon, led to its discovery. This letter is still in existence, and may be seen in the State Paper Office.

The head of the Roman Church in England at that time was a priest named George Blackwell, who condemned this plot as "a detestable and damnable practice, odious in the sight of God, horrible to the understanding of men"; but this disclaimer did not prevent most stringent measures being passed by an indignant parliament against all "Papists" throughout the realm. These, however, were much mitigated through the influence of Archbishop Bancroft, who took a merciful view of the case. Had he been equally lenient towards the Puri-

tans his rule, no doubt, would have been productive of more good to the Church than it was. But, of course, it is always easy to look back upon "what might have been."

James I. did not forget that he was king of Scotland as well as of England, and his great desire was to reduce his ancient kingdom of which he had once been sole sovereign to the same ecclesiastical system which appeared to him to work so admirably in England. He saw that what Scotland wanted was bishops, and he therefore strove to set up episcopacy there as he found it in his new and extended kingdom. The Presbyterian Church had already been fairly well established in Scotland, and was divided into a certain number of "presbyteries," presided over by movable moderators. James had induced a number of Scotch divines to accept the title of bishop, attaching to it the privilege of seats in the Scottish Parliament. To this there was much opposition among the Presbyterians, but in the end the king prevailed, and when he proposed the next step, viz., that these so-called bishops—bishops, of course, only in name—should be appointed permanent moderators over the various presbyteries he, with much wisdom, had secured in Scotland the recognition of the germ, at least, of episcopacy.

All that was wanted now to complete this scheme was the consecration of these titular bishops. They were only Presbyterian ministers called bishops, and before they could be consecrated it was held that they should have to submit to episcopal ordination. This seemed a fatal bar to the scheme; but Archbishop Bancroft came forward with his learning and pointed out that, in the primitive Church, previous ordination had not been looked upon as a necessity for the episcopate. Of this he gave several instances, that of St. Ambrose, who, as a layman, was consecrated Bishop of Milan, being one. The result was that three Scotchmen, moderators of presbyteries, were consecrated bishops. They expressed a fear lest consecration would place them under the power of the English Church. This was overcome not by relegating the management of the consecration to the Archbishops, but by placing it in the hands of any bishops that might be selected at random. The celebrated Bishop Andrewes, Bishop of Ely, assisted by the Bishops of London, Rochester, and Worcester, conducted the consecration, and thus was episcopacy given to Scotland. Oh! the pity of it that it was not destined to a more prosperous career!

*(To be continued.)*

In the English cemetery on Mount Sion, Jerusalem, lie peacefully under the great olive trees, the remains of three missionary bishops—Alexander, Gobat, and Barkley.

## THE CAMERA IN THE MISSION FIELD.

ALGOMA AND THE WEST—(Continued.)

BY REV. P. L. SPENCER.



FEW miles from Winnipeg stands St. Paul's Industrial School for Indian children, a large institution which owes much of its success to Rev. Wm. Burman, its former principal. Here I found the boys learning carpentering, blacksmithing, and printing, and the girls acquiring a knowledge of the various branches of domestic work. I was shown a photograph of the school's exhibit at the Winnipeg Industrial Fair of that year, and certainly the display seemed wonderfully varied and good. I tried the flashlight upon a group of young carpenters, and succeeded in getting an interesting and satisfactory picture, the operations of sawing planing, etc., being continued during the manipulation. In the blacksmith shop the result was not so good, there being a manifest lack of contrast, on account of the prevailing hue that marked all the contents, even to the workers. In fact, the shop was accomplishing its purpose too well to permit a good photograph to be possible. A visit to one of the neatly-kept dormitories was rewarded with further photographic success. Other views were obtained, and thus materials were secured for giving at missionary meetings a correct notion of the working of this prosperous Indian Home. If the hopes of its promoters are realized, Indian houses in Manitoba cannot fail to show in due time evidences of comfort and refinement.

Twenty-five miles north of Winnipeg I found myself, on the evening of the same day, enjoying the hospitality of Rev. J. G. Anderson, missionary to the Cree Indians and the Saulteaux on St. Peter's Reserve, the oldest Indian settlement in Manitoba. These tribes occupy lands and houses on both banks of the broad Red River for a distance of eight miles. They number one thousand persons, not more than a dozen of whom are still pagan. The Christians, with the exception of about sixty individuals, are members of the Anglican communion; and, judging from what I saw concerning their behavior during divine service, and their ways in house and field, I think they will compare not unfavorably with the same number of white people similarly situated. Their substantial stone church, built in 1847, was twice occupied on Sunday by a large and attentive congregation, and no fewer than eighty remained as communicants. I obtained very pleasing photographs of the church, which, being dedicated to St. Peter, gives its name to the reservation. One view was taken from the opposite bank of the river, and was made to include the



ST. PETERS CHURCH, RED RIVER RESERVE.

parsonage and other attractive features of the landscape, the background being a range of low hills, together with some trees of the poplar and elm varieties, which beautify the country along the river from one end of the reserve to the other. The other view, which was gotten from a point near the church, brings one of these trees, a fine, stately, and wide-spreading elm, into lively prominence, giving the impression to a stranger that the scene is some spot in the more highly favored, because well-treed, Province of Ontario, instead of a place in that western region of the Dominion commonly imagined to be treeless by reason of its name, the Prairie Province. An attractive sight perpetuated by the camera was the sail-boat of one of the chiefs gracefully pursuing its course towards Lake Winnipeg, and showing by its shape and actions very creditable skill on the part of its dusky builder. The ferry-scow used in transporting men, animals, and vehicles from one side of the river to the other seemed a subject worthy of an exposure of a plate. The picture shows very clearly how ingenuity sometimes takes the place of engineering without one tithe of the expense. I may mention that the scow is kept in its direct course across the stream by means of a wire rope reaching from one bank to the other, and passing over or through a pulley attached to the scow's side. The motion of this primitive kind of craft is produced by the master steadily pulling at the wire rope. As a sample of an average Indian house, I took aim at the habitation of a family named Johnson. This, like nearly all other dwellings, was very neatly constructed of squared logs, and

was made as white as the purest white-wash could make it. The furniture within was simple, but sufficient for comfort; and the mistress was cleanly and tidily attired.

Having obtained these valuable materials for use in future missionary talks, I bade good-bye to my kind entertainer, duly impressed by the thought that the work accomplished by the church on St. Peter's reserve may justly be reckoned among the most satisfactory results of evangelizing operations. If any reader is skeptical as to the benefit of missions, I would advise him to pay a visit, if possible, to this Red River Indian settlement, and then go among the aborigines that have not come under the influence of the Christian religion. I think that the contrast he will observe will be sufficient to make him henceforth a warm and liberal supporter of some well-established missionary society.

A sight I witnessed 260 miles farther west gives point to the last statement. At Broadview, a missionary station, of which I had temporary charge four years previous to the present tour, I was noting the improvements of both a civic and an ecclesiastical nature which the lapse of time had brought about in the village, when there met me a human creature whose facial expression can best be likened to that of a mummy, and whose general appearance betokened the lowest degree of degradation. This proved to be "Old Auntie," a well-known squaw belonging to the tribes recently placed on the Broadview reserve a few miles distant. She was a sample of what paganism does in the way of caring for the aged and infirm. Left by her heathen relatives to wander about in quest of bones and remnants of meat at the village butcher shop, and fragments of food at the doors of the kitchens of the charitable residents, and allowed to wear upon her person clothing of a horribly ragged and filthy kind, and upon her head only nature's covering in a condition of perpetually unkempt disorder, she seemed to be not very far removed from a mere animal. The sight, while sufficient to create the most profound disgust, could not fail to arouse in any Christian heart the most sincere pity and sorrow. Here was a human being whose steps were verging upon the grave, and who, nevertheless, was a stranger to everything that is allied to spiritual purity, holiness, and beauty. Contrast her condition with that of the average woman on St. Peter's Red River reserve. Who will say that missions are a failure? I may add that the age of this old pagan was a matter of uncertainty, but was guessed to be not far from one hundred, she having a daughter living whose years were said to number eighty. The day being unfavorable for photo-



FERRY SCOW, RED RIVER.

graphy I did not try to get a portrait of "Old Auntie," but I was fortunate enough to obtain a perfect likeness through the kindness of the clergyman of Broadview, who gave me a photograph made by the local artist. This I took, when in England, to Newton & Co., London, who made an excellent lantern transparency from it. I need scarcely say that the exhibition of it never fails to produce surprise, wonder, and compassionate concern.

#### BISHOP ROWE OF ALASKA.



HE New York *Times* published an interesting interview with Bishop Rowe after his recent consecration as Bishop of Alaska. Though now an American, Dr. Rowe was originally a Canadian, and is a graduate of Trinity College, Toronto.

Mr. Rowe went straight from Toronto to the Indian reservation at Garden River, Ontario. His jurisdiction lay along the northern shore of Lake Huron, and included the islands of St. Joseph, Cockburn, and Manitoulin. This region lies within the diocese of Algoma, and its only inhabitants are Ojibway Indians and a few hundred settlers, chiefly of Scotch extraction, whose farms lie at great distances from one another, and in the winter time are often inaccessible.

Mr. Rowe was the sort of missionary who would travel 150 miles over the ice, with the thermometer thirty degrees below zero, without

a guide or companion of any sort, and in the teeth of a winter storm that no Indian would face, in order to be present at the bedside of a dying settler, or to carry consolation and comfort to some sick Indian.

Mr. Rowe told a tale of being lost on his way from St. Joseph Island to Garden River and sleeping all night on a bed of moss, with nothing to eat, and no company but the wolves.

Speaking of another expedition, he said: "I started off without my snowshoes to visit the mines, which were then being opened along the north shore of Lake Huron. After hard travelling for several days, with only my dog for a companion, I reached the lumber camps at Thessalon River. I held a service in the camps before daylight, and directly afterwards started east on the trail of some new settlers who had just come into the territory.

"All day I tramped through the woods, and towards evening I came across a solitary settler, who was evidently a new arrival. I had been walking since daylight without food, but I was young and strong, and I did not feel like asking him for anything to eat.

"After some conversation, the man asked me who I was, where I had come from, where I was going, and, finally, to what church I belonged.

"Thinking I had the same privileges, I asked him similar questions.

"'Oh, I belong to the Church of Christ,' he said. I replied that I was glad to hear it, and that we, therefore, belonged to the same church. To this, however, this solitary settler would not agree. He would not have it that we belonged to the same church, and because of some peculiar phrases he used I realized at last that he was a Plymouth Brother.

"After discussing his special Christianity, this man allowed me to go away without even a cup of cold water. He knew my position and understood that I had eaten nothing since daylight, and had a long journey in front of me. Yet his feelings on the subject of his special Christianity were so strong that he would not extend the meanest hospitality to me.

"More dead than alive, I managed to crawl back to the camp, and the indignation among those miners when they saw my condition was very strong. The foreman, a Scotch Presbyterian, threatened to send his men back and pull down the settler's hut over his ears. I was able, however, to prevent this violence, and was the means, on subsequent occasions, of ministering to this very man's wants.

"Finding the winter coming on apace, and being without snowshoes, I determined to push on homeward to Garden River. Shortly after I had started on my journey the weather grew suddenly colder. Snow began to fall, and the



further I went the deeper it grew. For about sixteen miles I trudged over great rolling hills, with the soft snow lying eighteen inches deep. I sank in over my ankles at every step, and the exhausting nature of the work was very trying. I had no food, and suffered terribly from thirst. The snow blinded my eyes, and the wind howled and whistled among the trees with the most dismal, foreboding sound I have ever heard.


"Not knowing the danger, I began to eat the snow. My mouth and throat, in consequence, speedily became parched and burning. For a stretch of five miles I lay down every one hundred yards, thinking each time that I should never get up again. The snow was so soft, so comfortable, and, though it may sound strange, so warm! The deadly drowsiness that crept over me each time I lay down warned me of the danger of sleep. I knew that if I yielded to it I should never wake again, but be in my last bed under the great snow-laden hemlocks and pines.

"So I managed to keep possession of myself, and at last reached a settler's hut. In his little cabin that night I was attacked with pneumonia, and had to be sent a distance of eighteen miles over the snow to Sault Ste. Marie, to see a doctor. That winter, I remember, was exceptionally cold, the mercury keeping in the neighborhood of thirty-eight below zero for many weeks together."

Mr. Rowe is a man of great personal endurance. He is about the average height and of slight build. In his coal black eyes shine the fires of repressed enthusiasm and tireless zeal."

Mr. Rowe is now on his way to Alaska. He will take Mrs. Rowe with him, and also the dog that was his companion through so many dangerous expeditions along Garden River and the surrounding forests and lakes.

### THE SAVAGES OF FORMOSA.

 THE illustration on the next page, kindly loaned us by the Fleming H. Revell Co., Toronto, is from a very entertaining book, "From Far Formosa," by Dr. G. L. Mackay. Savage life can be seen in all its lights and shades in the forests of Formosa. The deer and bear have been hunted for centuries among these hills by swarthy Malays. Save for the encroachments of the Chinese, circumscribing their territory, and furnishing them with the destructive repeating rifles, these savages in the mountains are to-day, in life and manners, what they were ten centuries ago. To find them the traveller has to push his way through jungles, over wind-falls, and up and down the mountain track. On the top of a high range he halts and listens. A peculiar shout is heard, and immediately

from another mountain top an answer comes. Going down one range and up another a village is seen, and the traveller is gazed at by several hundred men, women, and children, amidst the yelping of half-starved dogs. He hears terrible noises, wild and hellish. What are they? They are the shouts of rejoicing held over a Chinese head that has been brought in fresh from the borderland. The traveller takes out his sketch-book and pencil, and proceeds to trace the scene before him. The savages begin to chatter wildly amongst themselves. The young men seize iron-headed spears. Every eye flashes. Unwittingly the visitor has committed a great offence. Seeing it only in time, he puts his book and pencil away, and soon the wrath of the savages subsides. Afterwards the traveller learns that these people have a superstition regarding pictures. Anything that has a picture taken of it has lost its good essence forever. The picture remains as an enemy to the object, to be used against it at any time. Wise was the traveller when he put up his sketch-book and pencil.

That evening, when the traveller and his party light their fire, five hundred dusky savages gather round it, and there in the glimmer of the camp-fire, by the voice of an interpreter, they are told of the great Father who loves all men, and of His divine Son, who "died to make them good." The savages listen in wonder while hymns are sung and prayers are said before rest is taken in sleep. The houses of these people are usually constructed of planks, bamboo, or wickerwork; sometimes of reeds daubed with mud. Their best houses are floored with rattan ropes half an inch thick, but are without division or partition. The parents sleep on the east side, the boys on the west, and the girls on the south; for what reason does not appear. A village consists of half-a-dozen such houses; a score makes a large village. The skulls of boar and deer fastened on the walls, shining black with smoke, served for interior decoration; and outside, under the eaves, is an entire row of these ornaments, relieved by an occasional Chinese cranium, some fresh, others old and weather-beaten. For to kill a Chinaman is the highest glory that these poor savages can have. They have much to learn. All honor to those who go amongst them to teach them of the better way.

A dense fog prevailed. A custom house officer had finished his day's work, and was about to leave the docks. Being asked if he would like a lantern to enable him to reach the gate in safety, he refused, saying he knew the way well enough. The poor fellow's body was found next morning in the dock water. He had made a false step, fallen over the quay and was drowned. He professed he knew the way, but by his walk he denied it.



UNSUBDUED ABORIGINES LIVING IN THE MOUNTAINS.

### Woman's Auxiliary Department.

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



**Remember daily the mid-day prayer for missions.**

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

### MACKENZIE RIVER.

This cheering letter has just been received from Bishop Reeve, and would seem to effectually answer those who ask, "What good are missions to the Eskimo?"

ST. DAVID'S MISSION, MACKENZIE RIVER,  
N.W.T., CANADA.

November 30, 1895.

In taking a mental review of the events of the past year, there are several which present themselves as matters for great

thankfulness and encouragement; e.g., my visit to the Eskimo and the work amongst them; confirmation at Fort Norman; the stand made by the Indians at Hay River; the addition to our staff of workers, etc. Perhaps it may be well to refer to these in the order in which I have mentioned them. The difficulty is to say all I would like to say without making the letter too long.

#### VISIT TO THE ESKIMO AND WORK AMONGST THEM.

When I left home at the beginning of June it was with no thought of going so far north as the Arctic Ocean, but on reaching Fort McPherson both the Archdeacon and Mr. Stringer considered it advisable. The Eskimos, too, seemed pleased at the idea of my going to see them in their own homes. So after much thought and prayer I determined to go, although not very well prepared for such a trip. In company, then, with Messrs. Stringer and Whitaker (the latter a new recruit for this work), and two Indians, I left Fort McPherson in a whale-boat on July 29th, and, after a somewhat cold and rough passage, we reached the Eskimo village on August 6th. All turned out to give us a welcome, and, after the hand-shaking was over, we were invited to the Council House, where I was accorded the seat of honor, and where in due time a goodly number assembled

for prayers. When these were concluded a dance was given for our entertainment which was interesting to witness. At its conclusion enough tea and sugar was given to the chief to enable all to partake of a cup in honor of our arrival. I wish I could tell of all I saw there—their mode of life, houses, occupations, how they hunt the white whale, dress, food, superstitions, manner of burying the dead, etc., etc.; but all this must be left for another occasion. Some of our Canadian friends, doubtless, will hear about them from Mr. Stringer this winter, and also about his own house which he built.

Prayers were held once, generally twice, every evening, and were usually well attended. The heartiness of the singing and the earnest attention given to what was being said were most cheering. Audible assent was often made to the speaker's remarks. On one occasion someone requested us to hurry to the ships and tell the whalers not to give out any more whisky; because it is making the Eskimo like dogs!

After staying at the village a week we proceeded westward, going from channel to channel until we crossed the delta of the Mackenzie, and then skirting the shore until we reached Herschel Island, a distance of over 200 miles. This, although in Canadian territory, is used as a station by an American whaling fleet. Last winter no fewer than fifteen vessels and about 500 people were stationed here. Besides the ordinary crews, which include Portuguese, Japanese, and Hawaiians, there are a great many Eskimos from the west, and some natives from the coast of Siberia. There were no vessels in when we arrived, but before we left nearly twenty had assembled either to bring or receive supplies. With the Eskimo we had service every evening, using the blacksmith's shop as a church, and the anvil serving for a reading desk. There was an average attendance of about thirty, mostly women, of different tribes. They were all well clothed and looked happy, poor things! enjoying the present, and living in blissful ignorance of the sad future before them. As one of the best means for improving the morals of the place, the captains had suggested to Mr. Stringer, in the spring, the establishing of a mission there, and they subscribed about \$600 towards that object. They also signed an agreement not to distribute any more whisky amongst the Indians or Eastern Eskimo, which, if kept, will be a great check upon one of the prevailing vices. With part of the money contributed (a poor Hawaiian sailor gave 25 cents—all he had!) we purchased a sod house and a frame building, to serve for a dwelling-house and church eventually. The former will be used probably by Mr. Whittaker this winter.

From what I observed both at Fort McPherson and on the journey I think I can endorse what Mr. Stringer reports. He says: "I be-

lieve that some of the Eskimo are really becoming enlightened in the truth of the Gospel. Some are still careless, and some are yielding under the sway of evil influences. Very few, if any, of them seem disposed to accept the teaching of the Roman Catholics. Many are apparently becoming more civilized, and are greatly improving in their manners and habits. They are becoming much more trust worthy, and I think their confidence in us is increasing." After we had been enforcing the necessity of keeping the Sabbath, one of them remarked, "Those white men don't seem to know it is Sunday; they have been trading with us all the day!" I was much pleased to notice the respect in which Mr. Stringer is held by both Eskimos and whalers.

#### FORT NORMAN.

The labors bestowed upon the Indians here have not been in vain. During my three weeks' stay in summer I was much cheered by what I saw and heard. They were very regular in their attendance at daily evening prayers, hearty in their devotions, and, apparently, gave earnest heed to the things which were spoken. Some of them seem really desirous of leading a godly life. A class of about a dozen scholars, which I taught daily, made fair progress. After a series of addresses on the subject, a woman requested baptism that she might be confirmed; and I had great pleasure in accepting twelve candidates—all adults—and some of them elderly people, whom Mr. Hawksley presented to me for confirmation, and afterwards, with his assistance, in administering the Lord's Supper to eleven of them. At the latter service I gave a lay reader's license to one of the men, who for some months previously had been holding prayers with and trying to teach the others, and seemed really anxious for his own and their spiritual welfare. He reads the syllabics very well indeed. One of the Roman Catholic Indians expressed his intention of joining us, because, to use his own way of putting it, "the (French) priest talks two ways: one way on one side of his mouth, and another way on the other side (has a forked tongue), whereas the ministers speak straight out from the middle of their lips!" A new church is in course of erection, which is greatly needed, the old one being in a very shaky and, sometimes, disgraceful condition.

#### HAY RIVER.

Before we reopened this mission, two years ago, the Indians had been almost entirely neglected by the French priests, although many of them were nominally Romanists. But when Mr. Marsh went there a priest was sent to oppose him, receiving, however, very little encouragement. Last summer—but Mr. Marsh shall give his own account. He says: "This Sunday, July 7th, marks an epoch in the history of

our mission, and my heart swells with thankfulness to the kind Giver of every blessing that He has so blessed our feeble efforts in His name. This morning, about 9.30 o'clock, the Roman Catholic mission boat steamed into our little harbor, having on board Bishop Grouard and a number of the 'holy fathers' and brothers. I trembled for the consequences, and lifted my heart in prayer that God would strengthen our people here in the resistance which they had heretofore shown. The bishop and several others came ashore and tried to reach 'Sunrise,' our younger chief, but he did not even deign to give them an answer when they asked him to step aside that they might speak to him in private. After a little delay they determined to move off. Chantler, the old chief, did not even shake hands with them, either upon arrival or departure. We—Mr. C. Camsell and I—could not but raise our hearts in thanksgiving to God for the hold which He had given us upon this people. Immediately afterwards we had service in my 'upper room,' as in early Christmas times, and had the joy of seeing more than fifty faces before us. Charlie Norn interpreted for me, and I sought earnestly to lift up Jesus as the mediator and sin bearer rather than the 'holy fathers.' May God continue to crown us with showers of blessings is my earnest prayer," a prayer which I am sure all our friends will re-echo.

A combination of circumstances necessitated the removal of our diocesan school from Resolution hither, and I trust that, under the efficient management of Mr. Marsh and his sister, it will make even better progress than under that of the former matron, Miss Lawrence.

#### ADDITIONAL HELPERS.

We have been much cheered by an addition of four to our numbers this year. Two have already been mentioned, Mr. Whittaker, who is taking Mr. Stringer's place this winter, and Miss Marsh, the new matron for our diocesan school. The third is Dr. Reazin, a young medical missionary who has had some experience amongst the Indians in the Saskatchewan, whom I have placed at Hay River to be initiated into the work by his old friend, Mr. Marsh. Mr. C. Camsell is the fourth. He was born at Fort Simpson, and educated at St. John's, Winnipeg, where he took his degree. He is still quite young, but has already given good indications of possessing the true missionary spirit. He has taken Mr. Hawksley's place at Fort Norman, the latter having accompanied his family to England.

#### ET CETERA.

This includes (a) God's providential care over me during my more than four months' absence from home, during which the long journey to the Arctic coast was taken. (b) Health and

strength given to Archdeacon McDonald to enable him to pursue his translational work, and for continued blessing upon his labors at Peel River. (c) A few encouraging tokens at Wrigley, where I spent nine or ten days in June. (d) Some "outward and visible signs" even here at Fort Simpson. The services, both weekday and Sunday, have been well attended all through the summer, and our ministrations, especially those of my dear wife during a recent period of severe sickness, have been appreciated. (e) Contributions, beyond the C.M.S. grant, to carry on the work, which, however, have not quite reached those of former years.

A word or two must now be said on the other side, although I have neither space nor inclination to say much about discouragements. Notwithstanding the additions to our number we are still short-handed. Our mission at Fort Resolution is vacant, owing to the departure of Rev. W. Spendlove. Fort Wrigley is still without a missionary. Two or three other posts ought to be occupied. From Fort Laird a special request has come to send a missionary there. But what can I do? I can only lay our needs before the Lord of the harvest and His stewards and laborers, and with my co-workers patiently toil on until further help can be sent. Will it stir up anyone if I say that a French priest and "brother" have been putting up a house at Wrigley, with the evident intention of occupying it as soon as possible? At present we are on equal terms, but unless we can have a missionary there, too, there is very grave cause to fear that we shall lose all our Indians there. Commending the work and the workers in the diocese to your earnest prayers, and also asking that "prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks be made" for our converts and for those who are feeling after the truth.

#### FOR THE MASTER'S SAKE.

"For His names sake they went forth. 3 John 7.



HUS would we go for the name of our Master  
Day after day as His will may propose;  
Fired with a zeal that shall carry us forward,  
Asking no questions, content that He knows.

Doing the work He assigns, with devotion;  
Losing ourselves in the love of our King;  
Happy to win His bright smile of approval;  
Glad to His garner some tribute to bring.

Song that shall welcome the Master we long for,  
Song that shall bid Earth's lamenting to cease,  
Song that shall herald with joyous assurance  
Years of an endless dominion of peace.

Thus would we live for the Master's sake only:  
Lord, to our hearts Thy great beauty reveal.  
Warm to the depths our cold, ease-loving nature.  
All the pure fountains of fervor unseal.

—Selected.

## STRAIGHTFORWARD.

## CHAPTER X.

**C**APTAIN MOSTYN'S life hung in the balance for many days, however. It was doubtful whether the remedy had not come too late, and the lack of all proper comforts, all variety of food suitable to an invalid, was enough in itself to make his friends very anxious about him.

Verily these were troublous times. The women waited on the sick man all day, George and Perran taking alternate nights of watching. Peter and Joe were relied upon for supplies, which happily were plentiful, as far as wild birds and kangaroo met the want.

There was a native village at a short distance, and many a sympathetic dark figure slipped into the hut, with offerings of fruit for the pale face. This was genuine kindness, as early in the day a rule had to be made that no traffic should be carried on in the quarters of the travellers. What was needed was procured by George or Perran, who, supplied with a sufficiency of goods, occasionally visited the village.

One night Captain Mostyn, who had lain in a state of stupor for many nights and days, suddenly roused himself and asked, "Are we going on to-morrow?"

Molly was so startled she ran to call her mistress, who, with infinite joy, perceived that the patient was quite calm and sensible, though weak.

"I have been ill, and made you lose time," said the sick man; "but I am better now; I shall soon be well."

'Lisbeth felt the strongest desire to burst into tears, so great was her thankfulness; but she controlled herself, and answered soothingly.

It was not alone Captain Mostyn's illness that detained the party, but the want of porters. Peter and Joe had been for some time trying to induce many of the friendly villagers near to volunteer as guides and burden-bearers into the mountains. But all shook their heads; they were too much afraid of the fierce tribe into whose stronghold these strange visitors desired to penetrate.

With Captain Mostyn in this feeble state, it would be worse than useless to try to proceed without obtaining the services of, at least, two strong men. What was to be done? Perran had spoken already to 'Lisbeth about a possible return to the *Dart*, to place the Captain in comparative security before proceeding with the expedition.

"In that case, 'Lisbeth, it would be your duty to remain in charge of him." He spoke almost sternly, to hide his feelings. To part with 'Lisbeth in this wild land—to have her out of sight for a moment—the bare idea gave him an awful pang.

What was it then to 'Lisbeth? She neither spoke, nor argued, nor wept; but she felt like one turned to stone. Oh! such a terrible thing. God would surely have pity on her.

At this juncture the neighboring Papuans did the strangers a good turn. Through Joe they made them aware of a warm spring, bubbling up in the forest hard by, of which the bitter waters were an excellent tonic; moreover, their sick often bathed in them with great benefit. They signified that Captain Mostyn should try the remedy. This he willingly did, with marked and instantaneous good result.

The simple people were delighted, and indicated, by pointing widely round the horizon, that the sick came from far and near to this primitive but much-famed cure. A stone trough had even been connected with the spring for the use of bathers, and charms were hung on the tall trees near to assist the cure!

Still, thankful as the other two men were to see the progress made to health by their companion, they were doubtful as to his ever being able to support a further journey. Perhaps he might be left in charge of the villagers when a little stronger. But all these anxious considerations were suddenly put an end to, one morning, by fresh and important news.

Joe had found the village completely emptied of its inhabitants, the last flying occupant hastily informing him that the enemy was upon them, and though a messenger had come bearing an ensign of peace, the villagers had little confidence in it. "Every Patira a liar" was the general belief. So all fled into the forest.

Was this good news or bad? The Patira tribe was everywhere spoken of as fierce and domineering. They chiefly kept to the high range of mountains in the interior, but now and again they swept down on this region, especially when a chief, or any person of high rank, was troubled with a malady that the famous warm spring might be hoped to benefit.

Then they forced themselves on the neighboring village, ate their pigs and fowls, lived in their huts, and too often returned with enlarged numbers, having carried off any likely young people they fancied as slaves.

No wonder the gentle and peaceable natives fled at their approach.

But Perran's face looked glad at the announcement of these visitors.

"It is our tribe—the one that is said to harbour our Jesse!"

His voice was one of triumph. 'Lisbeth shared his feelings. Now, indeed, they were coming near to Jesse; for her part, she would as soon be killed by the Patiras as forced to part from Perran. Oh, it would come all right now!

Then they called a council, and laid their plans.

There was one of those pretty little houses

perched in a high tree outside the village, which 'Lisbeth and Molly admired so much—a watch house with a ladder up to it. George mounted the steps at once, and reported that he could see a crowd in the distance slowly approaching the village.

"Let us play a bold game," said Perran, "and face them at once. Run, Molly, bring a good store of beads and looking-glasses, and we will heap up a trophy as a peace-offering in the middle of the road here, and all stand by it."

"And I bring the guns, master," said Peter.

"No, no," hastily ordered Perran, "leave them in the hut. You agree with me, George, it is utterly useless putting ourselves on the defensive. It is touch-and-go now, success or—death."

"And I think it will be success," said 'Lisbeth in a firm voice. She was standing up straight and brave by her husband's side, "but," her voice sank a little, though it never trembled, "I shall not mind if it is death, Perran dear, with you. Will you kiss me once?"

The husband and wife exchanged one embrace, one "God bless you!" and then they went to work with a will.

Captain Mostyn was still too weak to be exposed to the sun. He, too, made his short preparation for the worst, shook hands with the little band, and bade them leave him in the hut.

"I can only do one thing for you," he said cheerfully, "and I'll do that heartily, for I have a sort of feeling that God won't leave us in this bout without help."

"And pray sir, too, that we may find Jesse," begged 'Lisbeth.

Her unselfish woman's heart had room to feel for others. She had already placed food in the hut handy for the invalid, and Molly had fetched the pannikin full of clean cold water.

Yet it was, as George said, an "ugly job," saying that "Good-bye!" to the Captain.

"Not if you think that it means 'God be with you,'" said 'Lisbeth.

It was indeed time to be off. Hardly had the little party arranged themselves a few paces behind the heap of scarlet and glittering treasures, when a half-dozen natives emerged from the low plantation, at fifty yards distance, at a trotting pace.

They were an advance guard evidently, and greatly astonished at the sight that met their eyes.

Two moon-faced men and a moon-faced woman in the front rank and others behind! But the gorgeous spoil before them—that riveted their eyes most surely. They remained stationary one instant, then gave a shout to their comrades, when a vast horde broke from the shelter, and in a moment the little party were surrounded.

It was what the French call "a bad quarter of an hour," but the party, even the women, kept their pluck and calmness.

Perran put Joe forward to interpret. The lad had tried to run away earlier in the day, but his services were so indispensable that George had pointed his rifle at him, and made him clearly understand that he would pick him off on the slightest sign of forsaking them. Thus braced, and further fortified by a round of abuse from Peter—his dear friend—he thought better of it, and, though shaking inwardly, stuck to his colors.

No fear of the white men, no astonishment even seemed to move the Patiras, but much curiosity was apparent, and the pointing and chattering were continuous.

The chief, it seemed, was a little behind the rest, and they waited his arrival. Perran selected one or two of the leading men to whom to offer gifts, selecting these chiefly by the superior workmanship of the scrap of clothing they wore, and the number of dogs'-tooth necklaces and bracelets.

Several wore bracelets of human bones cursorily fastened together.

All willingly accepted what was offered, and the party began to breathe more freely, since no attempt was made to injure them, or even take them prisoners.

"Ask them about the boy," begged 'Lisbeth, always thinking of Jesse.

But at that moment all eyes were riveted on a procession emerging from the shadow of the forest. First a row of men—a body-guard of royalty as it were; then the chief, a splendid fellow six feet in height at least, his body almost covered with ornaments; then a kind of litter, carefully shrouded from the noonday sun.

A favorite wife, perhaps!

No! 'Lisbeth gave a short cry of surprised joy, and, leaving Perran's side for the first time in all that anxious morning, made her swift way past guard and royalty, and threw her arms round the little wasted, recumbent figure on the litter.

Little Jesse! Little Jesse! She pressed the white face and golden head tenderly to her. She laughed and cried, and used all tenderest expressions to this angel-faced child, who lay, pale and half unconscious, before her, hardly looking like an inhabitant of earth, covered as he was with garlands of lovely flowers.

It was a strange scene—the lost found!

Amidst the confusion Perran did not omit to make humble obeisance to the lordly chief, signifying that the store of ornaments was for his use. Then he, too, bent over the fair young brother, trying to recall himself to his memory.

But Jesse was evidently ill—very ill.

"They bring him to the spring to cure," said Peter.

And so it indeed appeared to be. No wonder

the Patiras were not amazed at the sight of white people, since for two years they had nursed this white child in their midst—nursed him, too, with evident tenderness; there was no mistaking the fact.

The chief himself was divided between his interest in his presents and curiosity regarding this new white people. At present they were to be treated honorably, it appeared, for the chief signed to them to accompany him to the largest house in the village, where he was to take up his abode with the child. Jesse was his property, and a charge greatly valued.

Love is an interpreter everywhere. 'Lisbeth felt no fear of the powerful savage, whose language she could only guess at. While Perran and George stood by, uncertain how best to propitiate the chief, she lifted the weary child from the litter, and laid him on a soft heap of leaves under the verandah.

Such a tiny skeleton! Oh, God had been good to let them find him alive! If only she might be permitted to nurse him back to health! She had no fears of savages, or fever, or any other alarms now. She had Jesse, and her heart was at rest.

Jesse was looked upon by this tribe as sacred, Joe told her.

"You make him well, missis, and the chief do anything we ask," said Peter, grasping the state of affairs in a moment.

Ah, that was a matter beyond even 'Lisbeth's fond cares! But she had already begun her nursing, evidently to the immense content of the chief. Molly had been sent to tell Captain Mostyn of the course of events, and to bring back the medicine-case and the pannikin.

Quinine was administered to the child at once, and then 'Lisbeth heated water in the pannikin, with which to bathe his face and hands. He had not spoken yet. Perhaps he had forgotten the English tongue, or else the utter exhaustion he was suffering from kept him silent. By many evident signs the natives expressed approbation of the white woman tending the white child. They had done all they could, but he daily faded before their eyes; now there was hope.

He was a bond between two nations. So engrossed were the tribe with their idol, that but little surprise was exhibited at the appearance of Captain Mostyn in the village. He could no longer remain in retirement while such exciting scenes were going on.

There was now little doubt that the whole white party were in the good graces of the Patiras. Large further gifts were made to the chief out of their stores; and he, in his turn, graciously presented them with the second best house in the village as a residence. 'Lisbeth, he signified, must stay with Jesse. At this point Perran went through a little pantomime of linking 'Lisbeth's arm in his, and signifying

that where she went he must go. He had managed to acquire the native word for "wife," and the chief seemed thoroughly to understand, and consented to his request to be permitted to remain with her.

At sunset Jesse lifted his weary head, and looked around.

A slave appointed solely to wait on him seemed to guess his wishes. 'Lisbeth watched the man lift him carefully and carry him to the hut door; there a strange sight met her eyes. A gong sounded, and immediately the natives formed a large semi-circle on the cleared ground. Jesse signed to be carried near. All at once every man, woman, and child fell on their knees and clasped their hands, looking up into the cloudless sky.

Jesse's lips were moving and his skeleton hands were clasped too, but what words he said were lost in the half articulate chant of the kneeling savages. What was that chant? Had 'Lisbeth rightly caught the first words, "Our Father?" She was not certain; but at least the outburst sounded like a prayer, and the Amen at the close was unmistakable.

'Lisbeth hazarded a question when the weary little child was laid back on his leaf couch. Did Jesse teach these poor men to say *Our Father*?

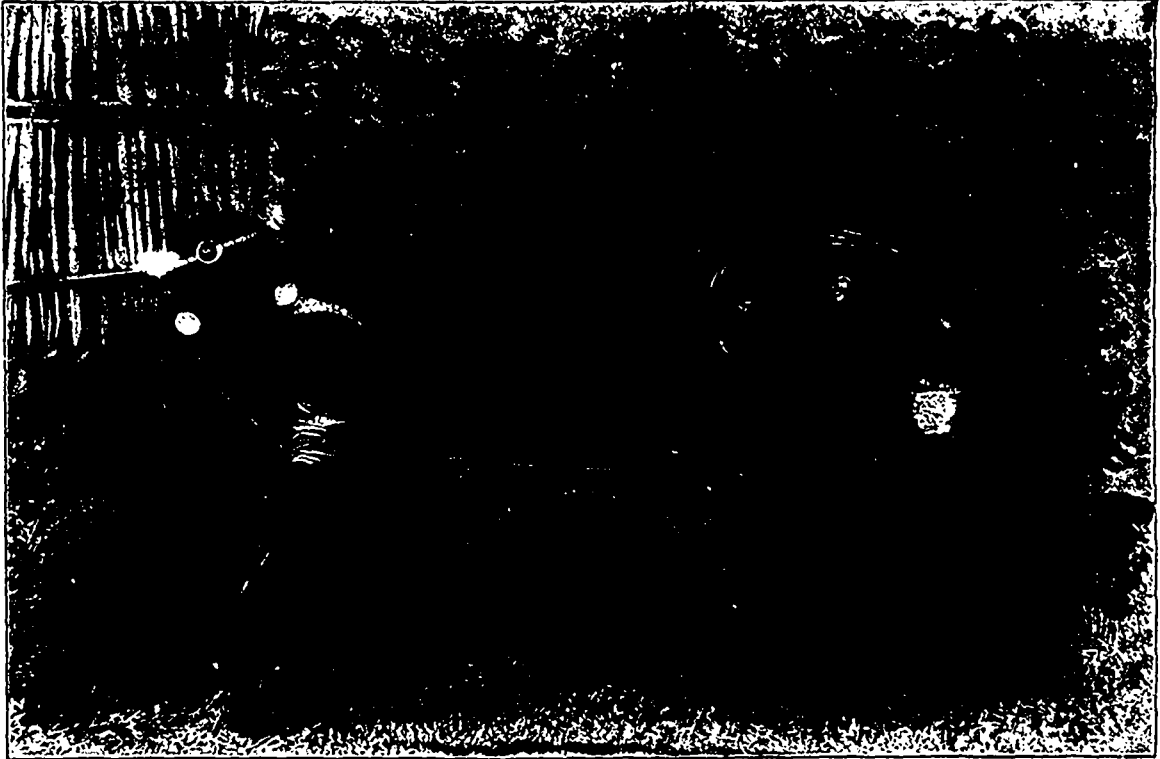
He evidently understood his native tongue, even if the speaking of it had become difficult in the two years of its total disuse, for he opened his blue eyes, smiled at her, and nodded affirmatively. Then he clasped his hands once more, and said slowly, yet distinctly, "Jesse pray, Patira pray too."

It had been the example more than the precept of the innocent child which had influenced these poor savages to adopt the act of worship; whether they attached any meaning to the gesture had yet to be discovered.

*(To be continued.)*

Dean Farrar thus strikingly presents the overwhelming obligations which rest upon England with regard to missionary enterprise:—"Why is it," asked the Dean, "that God has caused the white sails of our vessels to dot every ocean on the globe? Why is every sea furrowed with the keels of our merchantmen which have been called 'the fittest avenue to our palace-front?' Why has He given us that gigantic force of expanded vapor which we have made our slave? Why has He enabled us to seize the lightning by its wing to flash our humblest messages through the hearts of mountains and under oceans? It was not for no purpose that God has given us such powers as these. We are not intended to be merely the accumulators of the world's riches, nor the carriers of its burdens, nor the manufacturers of its goods; we are not to be the beasts of burden of the world—but we *are* to be the evangelists of Christ."

## Young People's Department.



ARMED HEAD HUNTERS.

### HEAD HUNTERS IN FORMOSA.

**F**ORMOSA is a beautiful island close to China. It belongs now to Japan. The climate is very warm, and in some months very beautiful. The natives of Formosa are savages, and sometimes fierce and cruel. They hate the Chinese, because the Chinese conquered them, and took their land from them. Therefore, they kill a Chinaman whenever they get a chance to do it. They think it an honor to kill a Chinaman, and whenever they do kill one they cut off his head and take it home, and then there is great rejoicing over the head of the poor Chinaman. When an Indian in North America kills his enemy, he is content with scalping him, and hanging the scalp at his belt, but in Formosa the people cut off the whole head, instead of the scalp, and carry it home. In a village the people feel disgraced when no Chinamen's heads have been brought in. Then they get together, and hold a council. They must start off to kill, and those who go are called head hunters. They have

sharp knives and spears, and sometimes bows and arrows. They tread softly, and hide carefully behind trees and in bushes, and wait till they see an enemy, and then they pounce on him, and kill him. Then they cut off his head, and away they go as happy as a boy who has taken a prize in the Sunday-school!

How cruel this is! And why do they do it? Because they do not know any better. They think it is right to be cruel. But Christian children know better than that. They know how wrong it is to hurt any one, to say nothing about killing him; and good, kind people are trying to teach the "head hunters" about Christ. When they learn about Him they will be head hunters no longer, but they will try to hunt men to save them. Instead of saying, "I want to take your head from you," they would say, "I want to get your heart, not for myself, but for Jesus. He will save you from sin. He will change your wicked nature. He will make you a soul hunter, and not a head hunter!"

This is what the missionary wants to do. You see what a good work it is.



## KEEPING LENT.

**G**IRLS, how are you going to keep Lent?" inquired Mrs. Knight, looking down the long table at the bright young girl faces turned toward her.

Study hour was over, and, before going upstairs for their evening's dance and frolic in the gymnasium, the girls had gathered for a few moments around the long table in the school parlor in case Mrs. Knight had anything to say to them—a gentle word of warning to the noisy girls, to suggest a new play, praises for the day's good lessons, or only sometimes a cheerful "good-night," and "God have all my dear girls in His safe keeping this night."

"Anything that Mrs. Knight said was worth coming to listen to, even if it was a scolding," the girls used to exclaim enthusiastically sometimes. So to night, as usual, the quiet girls were getting out their story books and fancy work, and the lively girls, on the wing, as it were, had settled down for a moment on their way upstairs.

"How are you going to keep Lent, dears?" Mrs. Knight inquired again, as the girls hesitated, looked at one another, and each one waited for the one next her to speak.

"Surely that isn't a hard question to answer," she went on, as no one spoke.

"I'm—I'm going without butter," said little Eva Ransome, timidly, at last.

"And I am going to try hard not to get a black mark all this six weeks," said Georgie Lee.

Some of the older girls were going to speak, and the whole school would speedily have known who it was that was going without sugar and which without desserts, when Mrs. Knight spoke again, stroking little Eva's colored curls, just the color of the butter she loved so well.

That isn't exactly what I mean, dear. Denying the appetite is an excellent thing, but not enough self-denial, nor the most useful, nor the most useful one for us to practice as a Lenten penance. *Doing* is a great deal more useful, a much better work in the world than *doing without*. What good work are you girls going to do for your Lord and Master this Lent?

The girls hadn't thought of that; they wiggled about a little, looked at the corners of their aprons and their finger nails, but no one seemed to find an answer, until May Braddon, one of the "old girls," as the little ones called her, said:

"I'm sure I don't know what we are going to do, unless *you* have a plan for us, Mrs. Knight."

"What a wise girl!" said Mrs. Knight shaking her head laughingly at the pretty speaker. "What makes you think so?"

"Because you have ever so many letters in your hand, and you look as if you wanted to tell us something," was the merry answer, upon

which, without waiting to be told, all the girls sat down about the long table, not without stray glances at the long clock in the corner, where the minute hand was so rapidly creeping towards the half-hour, while Mrs. Knight, seated herself at the head of the table, opened the letters—there were four or five of them—and read them all aloud.

They all told the same story of hunger and want; of threadbare, tattered clothing and shoeless feet that cold winter weather; of so many little children suffering for the want of these things in the east, west, north, and south of this great land—little Indian children starving on the plains, and the little street wanderers in the great cities; there seemed to be no end to them or their needs.

Even the most restless girl among the forty around the long table had forgotten to watch the clock long before Mrs. Knight had finished her last letter, and when she had folded it, pushed it into its envelope, and glanced around again, there were only very sober faces and sober eyes to meet her glance.

"What do you think, girls?" she inquired. "Do you see any opportunity of helping to lighten a little, a very little even, of that misery?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered May, when the girls had pushed and whispered her into the place of spokeswoman for them all. "We might save up our money this Lent, and, instead of buying candy and things, send it to some of these poor people. But," sorrowfully, "that would be very little."

"Don't forget the widow's mite, dear," said Mrs. Knight, cheerfully. "Well, is that enough?"

"Do you think we ought to *sew* for them?" inquired May, who used a needle about as well as she might have used a crowbar under the same circumstances, and who, consequently, hated to sew.

"Yes, I think you might," was the brisk answer, "and that is exactly my idea of what you should busy yourselves about this Lent. An hour each day will do wonders in six weeks in the sewing line. Now, what hour of the day will you give up to it?"

"I'd just as lief give up the walking hour," said lazy Nan Rogers.

"I might give up my practising hour. I know mother wouldn't care when it is to help poor children," said Annie Ford, whose music was her daily trial, to be cried or stormed, or stamped over, just whatever mood she happened to be in.

Nearly every girl had a different suggestion to offer, and though Mrs. Knight shook her head, now laughingly, now soberly, at them all, no one happened to think of that very cherished hour so rapidly slipping away, until May burst out suddenly with:



PYRAMID MISSIONARY BOXES.

"Oh, I know—" and then checked herself as suddenly as if she didn't really want to know at all.

"Yes, I think you do," nodded Mrs Knight. "Out with it, dear."

"I think you want us to give up this hour to the poor children; don't you?"

"O—h!" sighed and exclaimed all the girls.

"Oh, Mrs. Knight!"

"This is just exactly and precisely it, dear girls," she replied. "I do want you to give up this hour every evening for six weeks. It wouldn't be right to take the walking hour—health is the first thing to be considered; and I shouldn't feel that I were helping my girls at all to subdue the flesh if I allowed them to give up the most disagreeable, but, perhaps, the most important study. No; this hour is free. Everybody's lessons and work are off their minds for the day. This is an hour which we can all offer to God as a willing sacrifice, and one that can in no way hinder the other work which He has given us all to do. Are you ready?"

No one could hold them back. The pretty lace work and dainty knitting were pushed back into the baskets; nobody glanced toward the clock again, and the girls gathered around Mrs. Knight while she explained to them what was best to be done.

First, the girls were to choose the children for whom they would prefer to work.

Second, enough money was to be raised in the school—every one giving what she could spare—to purchase white muslin, calico, and flannel from which the clothes were to be made.

Then, unanimously, Mrs. Knight was chosen president, general overseer, and directress of everybody, and Miss Ross, the girls' favorite teacher, cutter-out-in-chief. The girls chose—well, I really must not tell you what children they decided to sew for, for this is a really true story, and the girls would rather I did not mention names; but it was a very good and worthy mission among the poor children in a great city that they decided to sew for after much talking the matter over. It was so hard to decide when so many thousands needed their help.

The tall clock struck nine before anyone

dreamed of its being so late, and the girls went off to bed that night—happy? yes, happy indeed, because, "Inasmuch"—, you know the rest, children.

The next evening the "St. M.S.S.," as the girls proudly called it, the St. M——'s Sewing Society, was organized. The work had been cut out and basted during the day by the teachers and some of the older girls, and there was plenty for every one; and of all sorts and kinds it proved to be, from little Eva Ransome's queerly overhanded seams to Miss Ross's beautiful stitching; but every one did her best, willingly, cheerfully. What more could possibly have been asked?

When every one was seated, and busy, Mrs. Knight produced from somewhere a shabby, brown book, saying:

"Girls, how many of you would enjoy hearing the 'Daisy Chain' read aloud?"

Dear old book that every one loves, and delights to hear again, no matter how many times they have pored over Ethel's trials and victories! The girls were only too delighted to welcome its shabby face; those who had read it, and those who had not, will never forget, I know, those quiet evenings in the school-room parlor, when they heard again of, or first learned to know and love, the May family.

By Easter-even the good work was finished, and the great box of nicely-made clothing that the expressman carried away with him to the city that night not only brought joy, warmth, and gladness to many a suffering little child, but was heaped up, shaken together, and running over with little sacrifices, holy thoughts, and good resolutions that the girls had sewn in the clothes with their threads.

And God saw, He knew, and He rewarded. Holier than ever before was the Easter time to the girls at St. M——'s school, and sweeter than ever before the sound to their ears of those blessed words:

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Now, children, may I add a word for you? It is only another text:

"Go ye and do likewise."—*The Churchman.*

### CHILDREN'S OFFERINGS.

**W**ILL the children of the Church please remember what their Lenten letter says to them this year? It ends, you remember, with these words:—Though you are "but little children weak," there is something even now that "you can do for Jesus' sake." You can save some money to help the missionaries in their work. The season of Lent is now close at hand, and it is a time when the Church asks all people to give up something for Christ's sake. Is there not something which you can give up this Lent for His sake? Is there not some of your pocket

money that you can save for missionary work? Ask for a pyramid mission box and keep it in your room, and, whenever you can, drop into it a cent, or five cents, or ten cents, as you may be able. Then when Easter comes you will have something to present to God, to help His work on earth.

Last year the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada received from the Sunday-school children \$1,374, which is nearly double the sum that was received the year before that. But the children of the Church can do even better than that, and we hope that this Lent will show greater interest and greater love and greater work than was ever shown before.

The money that you raise, dear children, will be spent, unless you wish it otherwise, on the teaching of the Indian children in our own country. We have a large number of poor little heathen children living in Canada. Some kind, good people have built homes for these children, where they teach them to be industrious, to be kind and truthful and good, and to give up their wild and savage life.

Will you not help in this work? Do, dear children. It is God's work, and it is a good thing to help it.

"The captive to release,  
To God the lost to bring,  
To teach the way of life and peace,  
It is a Christlike thing.

"And we believe Thy Word,  
Though dim our faith may be,  
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,  
We do it unto Thee."

#### GRANDPA'S BIBLE.

**L**ITTLE Mary wanted to learn her Sunday-school lesson. It was Saturday afternoon, and the time was passing; but she had been busy with her doll's dress, and the lesson was yet unlearned. At length her older sister took a Bible from the bureau, and said,

"Come, Mary, I will help you to learn your lesson, and you can go back to your play." Mary came to her sister's side, ready to begin her lesson, when she suddenly began:

"Sister, let us study it out of grandpa's Bible."

"But what difference can it make?"

"Why, grandpa's Bible is *so much more interesting than yours.*"

"Oh, no, Mary, they are just the same exactly."

"Well," replied the observing child, "I really think grandpa's *must* be more interesting than yours; he *reads it so much more.*"

There are a good many young persons who would do well to get a look at grandpa's Bible. Possibly if they would scrutinize it carefully,

they would find something in it that they have never found in their own; and if they would pray as the Psalmist: "Open thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law," they would find a blessing in the Word of God such as careless readers never discover.

#### WHO WAS THE GENTLEMAN?

**O**NE cold winter day an Italian stood at a street corner grinding from his organ some doleful music. A group of children, large and small, were gathered around him. Among them were several good-sized boys, who seemed disposed to make sport of the organist. One of them said to the others: "Boys, I'm going to hit the old fellow's hat." In a moment he had a snowball in his hand, and he threw it so violently that it knocked the Italian's hat off, and it fell into the gutter. What do you suppose the organ grinder did? Strike the boy, knock him down, shake his fist at him, curse him, swear at him? Some men would have done this after being treated in this way. But he did nothing of the sort. He stooped down and picked up his hat, knocked the snow from it, and put it on his head. He then turned to the rude boy, bowed gracefully, and said: "Now I'll play you a tune to make you merry." Who was the gentleman, the boy or the Italian?—*Ram's Horn*

#### ONLY A LITTLE.

**H**OW much honey do you suppose a bee gathers in his lifetime? (His life is said to be about three weeks long.) Think how early he rises, how late he stays out, how incessantly busy he is every instant of the "shining hours," as you may know if you stand under that blossoming apple-tree; now, how much honey will he store up in a lifetime? *One teaspoonful!* So says a bee student. God thinks it worth while to give him that wonderful body, and more wonderful instinct, for one teaspoonful of honey. Never despise, then, the little you can do, if a little is really all you *can* do.—*S. S. Visitor.*

Lent is a time when we should try to make clear to ourselves the lines of plain duty. For example, in regard to early rising, in regard to keeping a closer watch on each thought, word, and deed, in carefully saying grace, in offering ordinary work to God, like the good woman who swept her house to God's glory, in avoiding gossip and meddling in others' matters, in regard to light reading; in prayer, Bible reading, self-examination, and in regard to our whole duty towards God and man.

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### EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE S.P.G. (England) is about to send fifteen clergymen and nineteen laymen to work in the foreign field.

It is a good thing England knows how to sail ships, for she has had to sail herself through many difficulties of late.

THE next meeting of the Board of Management of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society is to be held in Montreal on Wednesday, April 15th.

A SPECIAL meeting of the Synod of Fredericton was held last January, for adjusting matters in connection with the amalgamation of the synod and the Diocesan Church Society.

THE Bishop of Algoma, Dr. Sullivan, writes most hopefully from Mentoné regarding his health. He is quite sanguine of being able to take up his missionary work next spring, as of old.

ST. THOMAS' CHURCH, St. Catharines, Ont., has had the good fortune of having its debt diminished by \$5,000, through the individual liberality of Thomas R. Merritt, Esq., of that city.

A PARISHIONER of St. Paul's, Halifax, has intimated his desire to support a missionary in Japan. How mightily would the Word of God

grow if such a spirit as that could become general!

THE death of Archbishop Gregg, of Armagh, is much deplored. Though for many years Bishop of Cork, he was permitted to be Archbishop for only about two years. The Church of Ireland will greatly miss him.

BISHOP KESTELL-CORNISH, of Madagascar, after a short visit to England, returns to his diocese, which, however, he means to resign next autumn. His presence, no doubt, is specially needed now that the French have occupied the country. The rights of missionaries, however, will not be interfered with.

WE have had a pleasing letter from our Japanese deacon, Masazo Kakuzen. He is rejoiced at having Rev. Mr. Kennedy with him, and speaks hopefully of his work. But suitable houses are sorely needed. Mr. Kennedy had to leave one house because he was not allowed to have a fire in it—reason, it was a "shingled roof!"

THE diocese of Montreal held its regular annual meeting, as usual, in January. The venerable bishop, Dr. Bond, now in his eightieth year, presided with his usual firm, yet kind and patient, manner. His lordship spoke feelingly of the munificence of Mr. A. F. Gault, by which a new and complete collegiate building is to be erected, and partially endowed, for the Diocesan Theological College.

A BOOK by Rev. Canon C. H. Mockridge, D.D., entitled "The Bishops of the Church of England in Canada and Newfoundland," will shortly appear. It will form a complete history of the Church in this country from the earliest days of the episcopate up to the present date, and will comprise some forty-seven or more biographies, giving, as well, a portrait of each bishop, together with other illustrations. Mr. F. N. W. Brown, 13 Czar street, Toronto, will be the publisher.

THE Right Rev. William Awdry, Bishop of Southampton, has been appointed bishop of the new diocese of Osaka, in western Japan, for which the S.P.G., at the personal request of the Archbishop of Canterbury, has promised to provide a sufficient stipend. It is hoped that a bishop will soon be appointed for the northern part of Japan, the island of Yezo. The Church in America is also about to appoint another bishop in Japan as a colleague of Bishop McKim, of Yedo, so that the episcopate will be strongly represented in the Japanese empire. Why can we not have a Canadian diocese in Japan?

### THE CANADIAN CHURCH IN RELATION TO FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Previous to the year 1883 no concerted action was taken by the Church of England in Canada for the purpose of promoting and assisting foreign missions. This is somewhat to be wondered at, considering that the means for taking such action lay within her hands from the time that the Provincial Synod was formed in Montreal, which was in the year 1861. The original Provincial Synod consisted of Quebec, Toronto, Montreal, Huron, and Ontario. The four other dioceses of Nova Scotia, Fredericton, Algoma, and Niagara were afterwards included in it. Although many important debates took place in the house, still, no definite action was taken regarding foreign missions till the year 1883. Some of the dioceses, it is true, contributed regularly for many years previous to that date to foreign missions, sending their money to one or other of the English societies, but there were others, again, which did little or nothing to help the good cause.

Toronto diocese may be taken as an example of this. One of the first things that the present bishop of the diocese, Dr. Sweatman, did, was to call the attention of his Synod to the fact that it was doing nothing then for foreign missions. His words upon the occasion were.

"It is to be greatly regretted that this English Church of ours in Canada, whose loved and venerable mother leads the van in the glorious missionary enterprises of the world, should stand probably alone in having no foreign mission field of its own—that our Diocese of Toronto does absolutely nothing even to send help to the great missionary societies.

"I shall hail with joy, as the commencement of a new era of life, and prosperity, and blessing at home, the day when we awake to the duty of fulfilling our Lord's great missionary command, and look up, and lift up our eyes on the whitening fields of the harvest abroad.

"In the meantime a great step towards hastening this wished-for day might be taken, by the adoption of some systematic scheme for diffusing among our Church people missionary intelligence, both by means of periodical meetings and by the regular circulation of the reports and occasional papers of the societies. To this end I would gladly see the establishment of a working Standing Committee on Foreign Missions."

This was in the year 1879, but no immediate result seems to have followed in the way of contributions from his lordship's wise words. Three years afterwards, however, the first glimmer of a better state of things appeared. In the Journal of Synod for 1882 the sum of \$25 is reported as contributed for foreign missions. In 1883 this increased to \$130.10, the highest amount contributed in the Diocese of

Toronto till concerted action was taken by the Provincial Synod.

With regard to other dioceses, beginning at the west of Toronto; Huron had for some time a place in its work for foreign missions. In 1880 there appears an item of \$145.03 voted to the C.M.S. (England), and a like sum to the Society for the Conversion of the Jews, or \$290.06 in all. In 1881, \$200 was voted to the Colonial and Continental Church Society, \$100 to the S.P.G., and \$100 to the C.M.S.—\$400 in all. In 1882 a collection seems to have been taken up throughout the diocese for foreign missions on the Day of Intercession and to have amounted to \$534.80. This was left over "at the disposal of the Synod." In the following year, 1883, this amount was divided equally between the S.P.G. and the C.M.S.

In the Diocese of Niagara no mention of foreign missions is to be found previous to the year 1884. The subject does not seem to have been mentioned in any of the charges of the late Bishop to the Synod.

Turning now to the dioceses east of Toronto, Ontario has had for years a column in its Journal of Synod headed, "Domestic and Foreign Missions." In 1882 the sum of \$1,343.84 was raised for this purpose, but it was all devoted to Algoma and the Northwest with the exception of \$9, which was allowed to go for the conversion of the Jews. In 1883 this amount was increased to \$1,958.47, all of which was used for domestic missions with the exception of \$25.64, again devoted to the conversion of the Jews.

In Montreal, work for foreign missions does not seem to have been neglected even before the action taken by Provincial Synod in 1883, for in the Journal of Synod for 1882 we find that the sum of \$629.33 was contributed for that purpose, and was divided as follows:—

C.M.S. . . . . .	\$251.09
S.P.G. . . . .	18.05
Conversion Jews . . . . .	168.12
Miscellaneous . . . . .	192.07

\$629.33

In 1883 this total was increased to \$926.16.

In Quebec we can find no entries made for foreign missions in the Church Society Reports for 1883, but in the Journal of the Provincial Synod for that year it appears that the diocese contributed \$381.36 for that object.

The Diocese of Fredericton seems to have done well, exceedingly well in a comparative sense, for foreign missions; for in the returns published for the year ending June 30th, 1883, the sum of \$739.04 is reported as being raised—\$359.13 for the S.P.G., \$149.05 for the C.M.S., and \$230.86 for the conversion of the Jews. Considering the financial weakness of most of the parishes of Fredericton, the example set by this diocese is worthy of most favorable mention.

Moving to the most remote eastern diocese, we find that Nova Scotia reported to the Provincial Synod \$77.73 as contributed for foreign missions.

It was at this juncture, viz., in the autumn of 1883, that the Provincial Synod formed the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, and appointed a Board of Management to carry on its work.

This Board issued in December, 1883, its first public document, which was a masterly appeal to the members of the Church of England in Canada on behalf of missions. A new era in this respect had begun for the Canadian Church.

It may be well to recall some of the glowing words of that first appeal. "The Canadian branch of the Church," it says, "has yet to realize the main objects of its God-ordained existence, has yet to awaken to the unavoidable missionary responsibilities that rest upon it, and until it rises to face its duty, as yet undone, with a faith that fears no failure, and a love in some way worthy of the Lord who died for it, it cannot hope for growth at home or victories abroad."

It speaks of work, fairly good work, done by the Church of England in Canada for home and domestic objects, but it well adds, "This touches not even with finger's tip the startling command of the Lord Jesus to go forth beyond ourselves and take our position in the great mission field of God. Home work is our duty, our firstborn duty. Mission work beyond is our duty and privilege; and at this moment it starts up before us as the duty of the hour, which if we refuse to fulfil we can only do so in a spirit that is disloyal to God, faithless to His will, and untrue to ourselves."

With regard to the amount required, the Appeal proceeds to say, "The Board feels that it would be unfaithful to its trust if it asked the Church to send, in answer to the Epiphany and Ascensiontide Appeals, and through direct contributions to the treasurer, a smaller sum than \$60,000 for this year's work"—this to be somewhat in the proportion of \$54,000 for domestic missions and \$6,000 for foreign work.

It may be interesting to note here the result of this urgent and explicit appeal; and for this we turn to the first report of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, published in the year 1885, and include the Fredericton amount which was not reported to the society. We are now only concerned with foreign missions. It may be said, however, that the total result, for domestic and foreign missions together, was far below the \$60,000 asked for, being only about \$15,000. Contributions, however, for foreign missions were only \$368.49 less than the \$6,000 asked for, viz., \$5,651.51.

This amount was made up by dioceses as

follows, beginning from the east and moving westward:—

Nova Scotia.....	\$ 7.00
Fredericton.....	743.57
Quebec.....	976.60
Montreal.....	1,318.88
Ontario.....	489.53
Toronto.....	1,114.81
Niagara.....	133.74
Huron.....	768.69
Algoma.....	26.86
Other sources.....	51.83

\$5,631.51

More than half of this amount, however, was appropriated by some of the dioceses to special objects in which they were interested. Quebec appropriated the whole of its amount for the S.P.G., Montreal the whole of its amount also for the S.P.G., except \$9.67. Nova Scotia, Ontario, Niagara, and Algoma sent in their contributions unappropriated, and Huron also, with the exception of \$34.69. The Diocese of Fredericton did not report its amounts this year to the Society, but the collections for the S.P.G. were doubtless taken up as usual. The appropriated amounts, it must be borne in mind, include offerings made for the conversion of the Jews.

We are now in a fair way for comparing the work done by the different dioceses for foreign missions before united action was taken in the matter by the formation of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, and immediately afterwards. The result is as follows:

	Before.	After.
Nova Scotia.....	\$ 77.73	\$ 7.00
Fredericton.....	739.04	743.57
Quebec.....	381.36	976.60
Montreal.....	926.16	1,318.88
Ontario.....	104.57	489.53
Toronto.....	130.00	1,114.81
Niagara.....		133.74
Huron.....	676.77	768.69
Algoma.....		26.86
Other sources.....		51.83

\$3,035.63 \$5,631.51

It may be satisfactory to know that the \$5,631.51 (the result of the first appeal) has now increased to \$15,553.93. The greater portion of this, it is true, is appropriated by the different dioceses for the furtherance of special objects; but the unappropriated money last year amounted to \$4,774.28. The \$6,000 a year asked for by the first appeal for foreign missions has been largely exceeded, but the total for all work (domestic and foreign together) has not yet reached the \$60,000 asked for, the grand total last year having been \$42,070.67.

So far, however, as figures can indicate it, the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society is telling for good upon the missionary work of the Church of England in Canada, and has exemplified by facts the wisdom of its formation.

There are some congregations throughout this ecclesiastical province that appear to take

a lively and wholesome interest in foreign missions. There are others, again, from whom, indeed, we might expect better things, who appear to show but a passing interest in the great work. Without committing ourselves to the principle that the congregation or the individual who contributes the highest sum to any given object is necessarily the most interested in it (for the comparative ability of such person or congregation, as placed side by side with others, must be taken into account), we may, nevertheless, set down here, in order, a few of the largest contributions in each diocese sent in for foreign missions, beginning, as usual, from the east:—

## NOVA SCOTIA.

St. Paul's, Halifax.....	\$592.23
Christ Church, Windsor .....	122.94
St. Luke's, Halifax.....	111.17
Pictou.....	85.29
St. Paul's, Charlottetown.....	83.35
Lunenburg.....	67.00

## FREDERICTON (N.B.)

St. John Baptist's, St. John.....	\$138.09
St. Mark's, St. John.....	109.34
Trinity Church, St. John.....	75.00
Rothsay.....	69.84
St. James', St. John.....	56.05
Cathedral, Fredericton.....	43.05

## QUEBEC.

St. Michael's, Bergerville.....	\$532.42
St. Matthew's, Quebec.....	373.83
Cathedral, Quebec.....	90.87
The Bishop of Quebec.....	50.00
Sherbrooke.....	42.50
Bishop's College, Lennoxville.....	33.54

## MONTREAL.

St. Martin's, Montreal.....	\$258.43
St. George's, Montreal.....	200.00
Woman's Auxiliary, Montreal.....	63.75
Granby.....	54.00
St. Thomas', Montreal.....	30.43
Trinity Church, Montreal.....	30.00

## ONTARIO.

St. George's, Ottawa.....	\$224.70
St. Paul's, Brockville.....	100.19
Ottawa W.A.....	90.70
St. Peter's, Brockville.....	50.00
Christ Church, Ottawa.....	38.44
Portsmouth.....	37.50

## TORONTO.

St. Peter's, Toronto.....	\$592.87
St. Paul's, Toronto.....	447.04
Church Redeemer, Toronto.....	201.64
Wycliffe College Chapel, Toronto.....	190.17
St. James', Toronto.....	128.30
Collingwood.....	104.99

## NIAGARA.

Church Ascension, Hamilton.....	\$112.17
Cathedral, Hamilton.....	81.00
St. Thomas', St. Catharines.....	71.41
Dundas.....	68.75
Niagara.....	37.69
St. George's, Guelph.....	26.00

## HURON.

Cathedral, London.....	\$100.11
St. James' London.....	86.75

Memorial, London.....	74.00
Grace Church, Brantford.....	39.29
St. Paul's (new), Woodstock.....	35.09
Petrolia.....	19.82

## ALGOMA.

Port Arthur.....	\$ 16.88
Burks Falls.....	11.63
Fort William W.....	10.00
Algoma, Christ Church.....	5.70
Sudbury.....	5.70
Marksville.....	5.26

To many it is interesting to see comparative statements of this kind. We therefore venture to collect together in the order of their contributions those congregations which contributed more than \$100. They are as follows:—

St. Peter's, Toronto.....	\$592.87
St. Paul's, Halifax.....	592.23
St. Michael's, Bergerville, Que.....	532.42
St. Paul's, Toronto.....	447.04
St. Matthew's, Quebec.....	373.83
St. Martin's, Montreal.....	258.43
St. George's, Ottawa.....	224.70
Church Redeemer, Toronto.....	201.64
St. George's, Montreal.....	200.00
Wycliffe College Chapel, Toronto.....	190.17
St. John Baptist, St. John.....	138.09
St. James' Cathedral, Toronto.....	128.30
Windsor, Nova Scotia.....	122.94
Church Ascension, Hamilton.....	112.17
St. Luke's, Halifax.....	111.17
St. Mark's, St. John, N.B.....	109.34
Collingwood, Toronto.....	104.99
St. Paul's, Brockville.....	100.19
St. Paul's Cathedral, London.....	100.11

These 19 parishes are all out of the 780 parishes that compose this Ecclesiastical Province of Canada that contributed one hundred dollars or upwards as their annual contribution to foreign missions. That is to say, there were 761 parishes that contributed less than one hundred dollars, made up by dioceses as follows:

In Nova Scotia there were 3 parishes out of 90 that contributed \$100 or upwards. In Fredericton, 2 out of 67; in Quebec, 2 out of 60; in Montreal, 2 out of 91; in Ontario, 2 out of 120; in Toronto, 6 out of 125; in Niagara, 1 out of 60; in Huron, 1 out of 136.

All these amounts that we have been considering by parishes refer to sums contributed for foreign missions pure and simple, *i.e.*, they do not include offerings made towards the conversion of the Jews.

(*To be continued.*)

## Books and Periodicals Department.

*The Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers. Second Series. Vol. XII. Leo the Great; Gregory the Great.* New York: The Christian Literature Company.

The sermons and letters of Leo the Great are valuable. He was the first great Latin-speaking Pope and Bishop of Rome, the first great Italian theologian, the final defender of the truths of our Lord's person against two of his great assailants, Nestorius and Eutyches. Leo, in intellectual power, was far above the men of his own day, and his influence on Christianity was great. His best sermons and lectures are here collected together in the first part of the admirable volume before us. The "Pastoral Rule" and the

epistles of Gregory the Great compose the second half of the volume. The connection of Gregory the Great with the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons under St. Augustine and his fellow-missionaries, together with his protest against any bishop assuming the title of "Universal Bishop"—though he was himself Pope of Rome—makes his utterances of the greatest importance. Altogether, this is one of the most pleasing volumes, so far, of the series.

(1) *The Expositor* (one shilling); (2) *The Clergyman's Magazine* (sixpence). London: Hodder & Stoughton, 27 Paternoster Row.

Articles in *The Expositor* for February include one by Prof. Sanday on Prof. Ramsay's new book, "St. Paul the Traveller"; one by Prof. A. B. Bruce on "The Realistic Picture of Mark," being a continuation of "Jesus Mirrored in Matthew, Mark, and Luke"; one by Rev. E. A. Abbott, D.D., on "The Date of the Epistle of the Gallican Churches in the Second Century"; and one by Prof. Ramsay on "The Lawful Assembly." There are other articles of equal merit and interest. *The Clergyman's Magazine* has some excellent notes for speeches, sermons, and Bible instructions, as well as articles on "Some Aspects of Public Worship," by the late Prebendary Gordon Calthrop, M.A.; "The Epiphanies of Jesus," by Rev. Ivor C. Graham, M.A.; and other subjects of the day.

*The Diary of a Japanese Convert.* By Kanzo Uchimura. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, \$1.

The struggles of a soul, a yearning, intelligent soul, from the darkness of heathenism to the marvellous light of the Gospel, until idolatry is abandoned, and the pure spiritual worship of Christianity embraced, are most interesting to trace. Here is a book written by a well-educated and highly intelligent Japanese, in language which is simple, yet forcible, and all the more attractive because of its occasional foreign idioms, which, through his diary, details that strange movement which resulted in a thorough conversion from total ignorance of Christ to a full knowledge of Him. The eternal Son of God seems to be more highly appreciated by one who finds Him in this way.

*The Anglican Pulpit Library, being Sermons, Outlines, and Illustrations for the Sundays and Holy Days of the year.* Vol. II. Epiphany to Septuagesima. Toronto; F. N. W. Brown, Church Publisher, 31 Czar street.

Mr. Brown, as stated last month, is prepared to make liberal terms with clergymen who may wish to secure this most helpful work. The second volume contains sermons by Phillips Brooks, Dean Vaughan, Hon. and Rev. A. T. Lyttleton, Canon Liddon, Dr. Pusey, Bishop Herbert, Dean Farrar, etc. The "illustrations," or illustrative notes, are, perhaps, of special value. The outlines also are suggestive of thought to help men who continually have to think. The great value of these books is that they are thoroughly Anglican and up to the times.

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

The February number contains an article which, in the compass of two pages, makes perhaps the most telling and effective exposure of the recent Turkish massacres that has yet been attempted in the English language. The article is based upon full accounts of the massacres, written on the ground by trustworthy and intelligible persons—French, English, American, Turk, Kurd, and Armenian—who were eye-witnesses of the terrible scenes. The article estimates the number of killed in the massacres thus far at 50,000, the property destroyed at \$40,000,000, and the number of starving survivors at 350,000.

*The Sunday at Home, The Leisure Hour, The Boy's Own and Girl's Own Papers,* etc. The Religious Tract Society, 56 Paternoster Row, London.

In *The Sunday at Home* "Dr. Adrian," a tale of Old Holland, is continued, and increases in interest. "A Sunday in Liverpool" has pictures of Bishop Ryle, Dean Le-

froy, Archdeacon Taylor, Archdeacon Clark, and various churches of the city on the Mersey. *The Leisure Hour* also contains much good reading. "The Dreams of Dania" becomes quite exciting, and "A Perplexing Patient" is a beautiful little tale. "The Origin and Growth of the British Museum" is highly interesting.

*From Far Formosa.* By George L. Mackay, D.D. Chicago, New York, and Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, \$2.

The publishers have spared no pains in the production of this book. It is printed on the best of paper, in first-class typography, and is adorned by numerous engravings, some specimens of which are given in our own pages this month. As to the subject-matter it is most interesting, and the descriptions of the now famous island and its inhabitants are vivid and striking. The author, Dr. Mackay, is a native Canadian and a Presbyterian minister, who, in his missionary work, has made the most of what he saw and heard.

*The Homiletic Review.* New York and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls. \$3 a year.

The February number, Vol. xxxi., No. 2, begins with a clear and careful article by Professor Sayce on "Archæology vs. Old Testament Literary Criticism." Professor Sayce argues most forcibly for the paramount value of archæology, as opposed to the new literary criticism, in questions affecting the Old Testament Scriptures. The other sections in this excellent magazine are the sermonic, illustration, exegetical and expository, pastoral, social, miscellaneous, and editorial, in all of which interesting and instructive articles are to be found.

*Rambles in Japan.* By Rev. Canon Tristram. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Price, \$2.

Canon Tristram and the publishers have made this a most enjoyable book. One receives from it a very good impression of what Japan is like. The chapter on Nagoya is of special interest to Canadian readers. At this place there is a temple containing five hundred images. There is work for an iconoclast there! But this is nothing compared with the Sanju-Sangendo temple, which contains 33,333 images of Kwannon, the goddess of mercy. Copious and beautiful illustrations adorn the work throughout.

*The Missionary Review of the World.* Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York, Toronto (11 Richmond street west). \$2.50 per year.

From the February number a great deal can be learned regarding China, and parts adjacent. It is largely a Chinese number. The excellent article, "The Religious History of China: An Object Lesson," is reprinted from *The Church Missionary Intelligencer*. The notes of missionary news from all parts of the world are of an encouraging nature. Notwithstanding drawbacks and discouragements, the work goes bravely on.

*The Religious Review of Reviews.* 34 Victoria street, Westminster, S.W., London. Price, 6d.

There is good value in this periodical at sixpence a number. It gives a digest of religious topics as discussed in leading reviews and magazines, and, besides that, has many articles of its own that are useful for those who wish to keep pace with the times in religious matters. In the last number (January) are articles on "The Claims of Home Missions," "God's System of Finance," "Some Social Aspects of Christianity," etc.

*The Up-to-Date Primer.* New York and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

This is an original little first book to teach a child how to read, and, at the same time, how to understand the "single tax" question. Mr. Bengough, the author, never ceases to advocate the single tax as the cure of all the social ills that flesh is heir to; and this is an amusing attempt to place before a child, and at the same time the teacher who shall look on while he reads, the A B C of his theory.



*The American Church Sunday School Magazine.* Philadelphia.

This magazine contains a number of well-written articles and papers on general religious and political topics of the day, as well as carefully prepared instructions for Sunday-school teachers.

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

### TREASURER'S STATEMENT.

The following are the amounts received to date by the Secretary-Treasurer since January 14th, 1896:

	Domestic.	Foreign.
Algoma, for—		
Rupert's Land, Washakada.....	\$ 3 00	
	\$ 3 00	
Huron, for—		
Algoma, Shingwauk.....	\$ 12 50	
Saskatchewan and Calgary Blood Reserve, salary per W.A.....	31 25	
Saskatchewan and Calgary, Omoksene, per W.A.....	9 00	
Algoma, per W.A.....	75 00	
Algoma, Shingwauk, per W.A.....	10 00	
Saskatchewan and Calgary, Ven. Archdeacon Tims, per W.A.....	1 00	
Mackenzie River, Rev. I. O. Stringer, per W.A.....	15 00	
Mackenzie River, Rev. I. O. Stringer, per W.A.....	10 00	
Mackenzie River, Rev. I. O. Stringer, per W.A.....	30 00	
Moosonee, per W.A.....	18 00	
Saskatchewan and Calgary, Emmanuel College, per W.A.....	25 00	
Algoma, per W.A.....	49 42	
Algoma, Superannuation Fund, per W.A.....	1 00	
Mackenzie River, general, per W.A.....	5 00	
Mackenzie River, Rev. I. O. Stringer, per W.A.....	10 00	
Domestic Missions, Woodstock, per W.A.....	18 50	
Rupert's Land, Rev. G. Rogers, per W.A.....	8 50	
Selkirk, Bishop Bompas, per W.A....	7 66	
C.M.S., Chinese Work, per W.A.....		\$ 15 00
C.M.S., Chinese Missionary passage money, per W.A.....	2 75	
Japan, Wycliffe, per W.A.....	25 00	
Jews, London Society, per W.A.....	10 00	
British Columbia, Chinese school, per W.A.....	1 00	
Foreign, general, Woodstock, per W.A.....	18 50	
Japan, Miss Smith, per W.A.....	121 90	
Jews, London Society, per W.A.....	5 09	
Zenana, per W.A.....	245 05	
Zenana, Miss Ling's school, per W.A.....	50 00	
Japan, Rev. J. G. Waller, from Society of Christian Endeavor, London.....		8 00
	\$336 83	\$502 20
Montreal, for—		
Indian Homes, C.L.O., '95.....	\$ 4 17	
Epiphany collection from Maison-neuve S. S.....		\$6 79
Domestic, general.....	359 43	

Indian Homes.....	34 27		
Indian Boy, Shingwauk.....	25 00		
S P.G., Madras.....		120 05	
Jews, London Society.....		38 61	
Japan, Miss Smith, per W.A.....		90 00	
	\$422 87	\$255 45	
Niagara—			
Collected in Hamilton.....	\$ 10 00		
Algoma, Shingwauk, Dougal Charles.....	6 25		
“ “ “ “ “ “.....	6 25		
	\$ 22 50		
Nova Scotia—			
Collected at Windsor.....	\$ 5 00	\$ 9 00	
“ “ “ “ “ “.....	2 50	2 50	
	\$ 7 50	\$ 11 50	
Ontario, for—			
Indian Homes, per Frankford W.A.....	\$ 3 00		
Algoma, Shingwauk.....	19 00		
“ “ “ “ “ “.....	19 00		
Epiphany collections.....		\$350 00	
C.C.M.A., from Portsmouth.....		17 58	
“ “ “ “ “ “.....		2 00	
	\$ 32 00	\$369 50	
Toronto, for—			
Saskatchewan and Calgary, Rev. J. W. Tims.....	\$ 15 13		
Algoma, Shingwauk.....	25 00		
Algoma Missions, per W.A.....	20 00		
Algoma Mission Fund, per W.A.....	14 75		
Rupert's Land, C.C.M.A., per W.A.....	3 25		
Mackenzie River, “ “.....	2 37		
Mackenzie River, Rev. I. O. Stringer, per W.A.....	8 85		
Mackenzie River, per W.A.....	35 50		
Qu'Appelle, Rev. Mr. Teiletbaum, per W.A.....	9 70		
Rupert's Land Mission Fund, per W.A.....	31 75		
Saskatchewan and Calgary, Onion Lake, per W.A.....	4 86		
Saskatchewan and Calgary, Battleford Indians, per W.A.....	2 65		
Mackenzie River, per Mr. Wilgriss... 10 00			
Domestic, per R. B. Street.....	7 50		
Jews, London Society.....		\$ 31 15	
Foreign, collected.....		5 00	
“ “ “ “ “ “.....		24 05	
Epiphany collections.....		360 37	
Interest on investment.....		15 41	
Japan, Wycliffe.....		22 11	
C.M.S., China.....		6 45	
Zenana.....		60	
C.M.S., South America.....		1 00	
Jews, London Society.....		5 60	
General Fund, per W.A.....		13 57	
Miscellaneous, “ “.....		8 00	
Japan, Wycliffe C.C.M.A., per W.A.....		12 87	
British Columbia, Jim Lee, per W.A.....		30 52	
Epiphany collection.....		61 19	
General, West Mono.....		1 06	
Foreign, R. B. Street.....		7 50	
	\$191 31	\$605 85	
TOTALS.			
	Domestic.	Foreign. Total.	
As above.....	\$1,016 01	\$1,744 58	\$2,760 59
Previously acknowledged.....	3,097 29	1,134 39	4,231 68
	\$4,113 30	\$2,878 97	\$6,992 27

CHAS. H. MOCKRIDGE,  
Secretary-Treasurer,

Toronto, February 14, 1896.