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THE CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE

• • ANB MISSION NEWS • •

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TORONTO, JUNE, 1894.

No. 96

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

No. 96.—ATHABASCA.

By the kindness of Bishop Young, who, after having spent the winter in Toronto, has returned to his distant diocese of Athabasca, we are able to present to our readers two scenes from water-color paintings in the bishop's own possession, representing two of his mission stations. The first represents St. Luke's church and school-house, Vermilion, where the bishop himself once had his headquarters; the second is Fort Chippewyan.

When Mr. Young came out from England as a missionary of the Church Missionary Society, he was placed in charge of St. Andrew's, formerly known as "Grand Rapids," in the Diocese of Rupert's Land; but a larger and far more extensive work lay before him. Far away to the north, in the region of perpetual night and perpetual day, where Bishop Bompas, then called Bishop of Athabasca, was prosecuting his arduous missionary work, lay a territory almost unexplored, but in need of ambassadors of the Gospel to work among the lonely Indian tribes which here and there frequented it. It was all too much for one bishop. Therefore it was to be divided into two, a northern diocese, to be known as Mackenzie River, and a southern see, which was to retain the name of Athabasca. Bishop Bompas preferred to remain in the north, and Mr. Young was selected to take charge of the southern district.

With a view to gaining some knowledge of

his future field, he started for the north with the Rev. D. Kirkby, now at Grace Church, Brooklyn, N.Y., and journeyed from post to post in a variety of forms. First, to the far west, till the Rocky Mountains came in view. This part of the journey was by the Canadian Pacific Railway. Alighting at Calgary, he travelled by road northward to Edmonton, and from there to the Athabasca River, where he was taken on board one of the Hudson's Bay steamboats and conveyed westward till he found him-

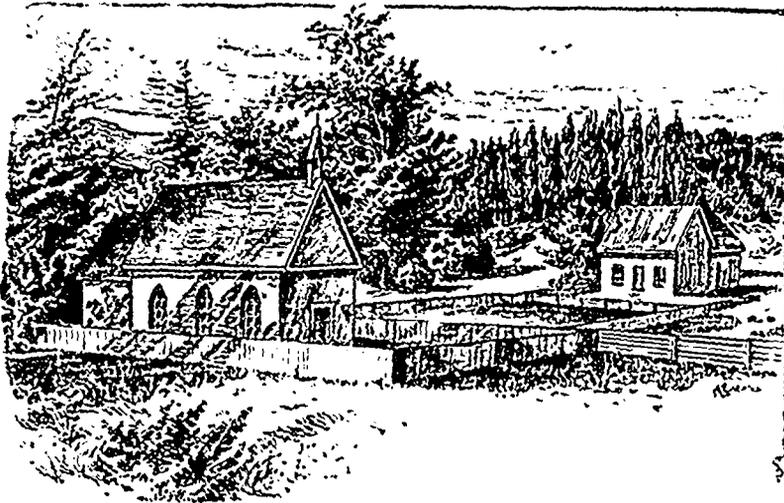


RT. REV. RICHARD YOUNG, D.D.,

Bishop of Athabasca.

self in the waters of Lesser Slave Lake, on the borders of the newly-formed diocese. Peace River, still to the west, was their next destination. It lay about sixty miles away, and could be reached only by land. The lumbering Northwest cart was the only obtainable vehicle, and by its means the Peace River was reached. And here magnificent scenery burst upon the view of the tired travellers. It was the 1st of July, and the fine river, five hundred yards in width, swept slowly on, variegated here and there with islands, covered with pine. It lies so far below the general level of the country that its banks look

like ranges of hills running parallel to it. Proceeding up the valley, Smoky River mission was reached—the mission now in charge of Rev. J. G. Brick. Further up, the travellers came to Dunvegan, on the 5th of July, where a number of Beaver and Cree Indians are often known to congregate. Through the exertions of a former missionary, Rev. A. C. Garrioch, now at Rapid City, Manitoba, these Indians possess the Gospel according to St. Mark, a portion of the Prayer Book, and several hymns in their



ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, VERMILION,
Diocese of Athabasca.

own language. The rivers here flow downwards to the north. Some distance to the northeast the Smoky River, flowing from the south, joins the Peace River. To this point Mr. Young and his companion floated down stream on a raft, and from there, in a canoe paddled by themselves, they made their lonely way northward, till at length, after five or six days' paddling, they reached Fort Vermilion. Here it is that St. Luke's Church (shown in our illustration) stands. The missionary now in charge is the Rev. Malcolm Scott, who superintends the Irene School for Indian children. It is an industrial school, instituted some years before by Bishop Bompas for the benefit of the Cree Indians who frequent that region.

The travellers pursued their journey down the Peace River in an Indian canoe, making their way eastward towards Lake Athabasca, where the long, winding river at length finds an outlet. At this point is situated Fort Chippewyan—pronounced, we believe, Chippew-y-an, the y being sounded as if spelt wye. At the time we speak of it was in charge of Archdeacon Reeve, who has since been made Bishop of Mackenzie River.

After a journey up the Slave River in the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer, Mr. Young left Chippewyan on his homeward journey on August 27th. His route was by steamer across Lake Athabasca to Fort McMurray, thence by the Green Lake route to Carlton and Qu'Appelle. Qu'Appelle itself seems far enough away from Eastern Canada, yet it was home to Mr. Young after such a journey as that he had just taken. In the autumn, the reverend gentleman was consecrated in Winnipeg Bishop of Athabasca, and, after spending a year in England, commenced his lonely episcopal duties, arriving at Fort Vermilion in the spring of 1886. The journey we have described gives some idea

of the territory under his charge, and of the nature of his work.

The bishop has kindly given us a brief description of Fort Chippewyan, which we append:

The first resident missionary was Mr. T. Beeson, in charge from 1876 to 1879. He occupied a small log house, still standing and used as a store, near the site of the present house. Rev. W. D. Reeve commenced residence in 1879, and was made Archdeacon in July, 1883, with the title of Archdeacon of Chippewyan. During his occupation the present mis-

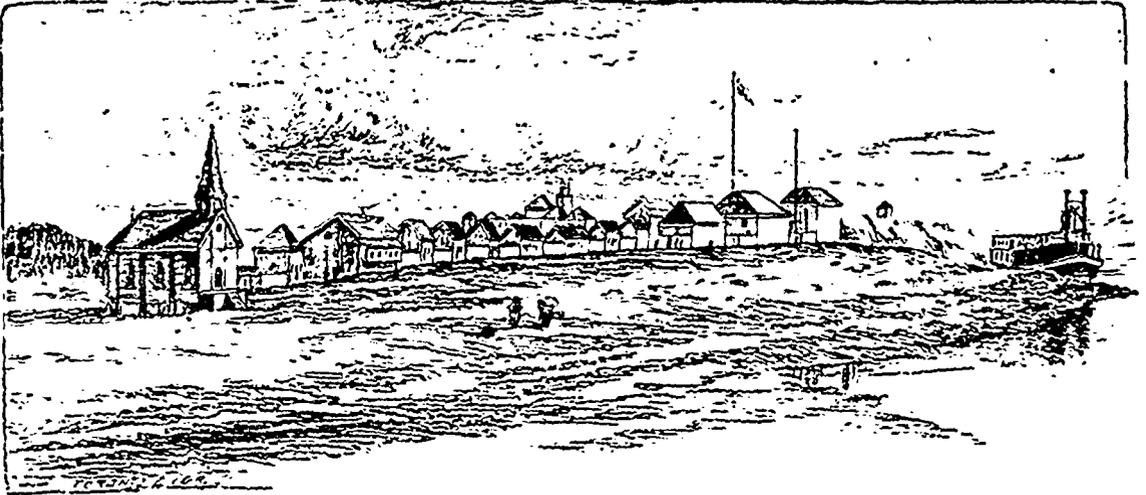
sion buildings were erected. The church is a substantial log structure, consisting of nave and chancel. The interior is neatly finished and appropriately decorated. Next to and in a line with this stands the schoolhouse, a square log building of two storeys. The mission house is a long one-story building, with verandah. The mission stands in line with the street of employees' houses and the Hudson's Bay post itself. The whole stands on a rocky peninsula that juts out into the lake. Immediately behind rises a granitic hill, pierced by valleys running in a northerly direction. It has a south aspect, and so secures all the sun that is possible during the short days of winter. Between the lake and granite hill there is a flat of light soil, affording opportunities for gardening, mainly confined to the raising of potatoes.

Archdeacon Reeve's elevation to the bishopric of Mackenzie River has deprived the mission of his services and valuable experience and knowledge of the Chippewyan language. His place is occupied by the Rev. J. R. Lucas, who has shown aptitude in acquiring the Chippewyan. His knowledge of medicine has also gained for him a ready entrance to the Indian tents. The results of the work are, up to the present, less evident among the Indians themselves than among the Halfbreeds, who form a more or less permanent resident population around the fort. The outlook, however, for the future is not without its hopes.

The only access to the fort and mission during the open season is by water. The Chippewyans are thorough canoeists, and handle their canoes on the rough water of the lake with great dexterity. They appear, perhaps eight or ten canoes at a time, like little specks far out on the blue waters of the lake, the sun gleaming on the deftly-wielded paddles. They generally steer for a point of hollow ground a little to the

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FORT CHIPPEWYAN, DIOCESE OF ATHABASCA.
The Church, Schools, and Hudson's Bay Company's Buildings.

right of the church, as shown in the illustration. Immediately on their arrival, this selected spot becomes a scene of bustle and activity. Tents are soon erected, fires lit, and the unfailling camp-kettle boiling. Visiting in their tents as soon as the first bustle and excitement of arrival and disposal of their furs, grease, and other commodities is over offers the most favorable opportunity of setting before them the Gospel message, and urging on their acceptance its invitations and conditions.

THE GREAT REVOLUTION.

It is not easy to realize the changes that have been wrought in human life and human opinion within the period covered by history. The things that *are* differ so greatly from the things that *were* that we seem to be in a new world.

There was a time when captives taken in war were slaughtered or enslaved; and when the conquering of a nation meant the deportation and captivity of its population, who were carried away, never to see their homes again.

There was a time when mighty monarchs were represented, as in the paintings in Egyptian tombs, clutching their captives by dozens by the hair with one hand, while with the other they raised their weapons to destroy them.

There was a time when, even in imperial Rome, with all its wealth and culture, a man could kill his wife if he pleased, and no one had a right to interfere or ask questions.

There was a time in Rome when single individuals held as many as ten thousand slaves, and when a master could do just what he pleased with a slave, his power being absolute and unlimited, to torture, mutilate, or kill him if he chose.

There was a time when in Rome no man possessed of five thousand dollars could will his property to his wife, his daughter, his mother, or any female relative, unless it was a vestal virgin from the sacred altar.

When we look on the world to-day, imperfect and sinful as it is, we cannot but see that a great revolution has been accomplished. How has this revolution been brought about? There are various answers to this question. Some say it has been by means of evolution, by human progress, development, and the spirit of the age; but these statements do not sufficiently discriminate.

The barbarities and infamies of which we speak are not peculiar to any race or age. We find them amid the splendors of Egyptian civilization, amid the beauty of Assyrian architecture, amid Babylonian wealth and magnificence, amid Grecian art and culture, amid Roman physical and intellectual supremacy; and in connection with the highest type of civilization then known, all these horrors and other nameless infamies were found.

"But such things have passed away with the advance of ages."

By no means. There are lands and peoples to-day just as barbarous and as infamous in their lives as those people were eighteen hundred or twenty-five hundred years ago. Time has not wrought these changes; they have been wrought by the Word of God and the Gospel of Christ.

Men talk about the "dark ages." When were the "dark ages"? Outside of the light of God's revelation the ages are as dark in the nineteenth century as they were in the ninth.

Nor does civilization regenerate communities. China has had civilization for ages, and yet Bayard Taylor declared that the exceptional depths of human depravity witnessed in his

own country were only the dead level of common life in China. Undoubtedly there are excellencies in Chinese character and ethics; but it was not until the summer of 1889 that an imperial decree was issued forbidding a man to murder his own infant daughter, under penalty of sixty strokes of a bamboo!

The truth is simply this: the great revolution has been wrought by the Gospel of the Son of God. Wherever this Gospel has gone it has changed society, government, and law, by changing the individual, and renewing the personal lives of men. It has not been a matter of latitude, or longitude, or chronology, or nationality. Wherever the Gospel of Christ has *not* gone, there barbarism, cruelty, and iniquity prevail; wherever the Gospel of Christ *has* gone, the great revolution has occurred. It has not been the result of force, or power, or government; as may be seen from the fact that where Christianity shines the brightest, still governments may be corrupt, and national infamies may be perpetuated by governments which are abhorrent to true Christians, and even to the heathen themselves; as, for example, the opium traffic in China, and the drink traffic in Africa. In fact, one of the greatest obstacles in the way of changing and uplifting the nations is often the unrighteous conduct of governments which are professedly Christian.

The great revolution has been wrought in individual hearts and lives. Men who were once vile, debased, polluted, hateful, and hating one another, are changed by the Word of truth, by the power of God, and by the energies of the Holy Spirit, until the lion becomes a lamb, and men who were "like natural brute beasts, made to be taken and destroyed," come to wear the meekness and gentleness of Christ, and adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things. Such men are the light of the world, and the direct light which they shed, and the reflected light which beams from their example, and pervades communities and nations, humanizing and restraining them, and shaming their vileness and their iniquities, is another proof of the divinity of that Saviour who was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and in whom was fulfilled the promise made to Abraham, "In thee and thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." The blessing has come; happy are they who accept it and enjoy it.—*Rev. H. L. Hastings, in "The Golden Rule."*

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts, in her warm admiration of the Anglican Church, has founded the Bishoprics of Adelaide, in Australia; British Columbia, in North America; and Cape Town, in South Africa. Her contributions to one of these dioceses were £15,000 for the bishopric, and £35,000 toward the support of the clergy, being equal to a quarter of a million dollars.

SOME MISSIONARY HEROES.

I. COUNT ZINZENDORF.

DOWN went rank, wealth, and great political influence as a sacrifice upon God's altar when Count Zinzendorf gave himself to a world's conversion.

His resignation of office in Dresden for Christ's service was accepted with an order to sell his estates and leave the country. He was offered a position as one of the king's ministers in Denmark, but the discovery of his new purpose was followed by exile from that land. He entered Russia, and was promptly arrested and driven from the empire. During these days the Moravians were pressing into the dark places with the light of life.

Greenland, Lapland, the slaves of the West Indies, and the Indians of America were selected, and Count Zinzendorf led the advance guard. He who was the founder of Herrnhut went to England and met Whitefield and Wesley, and then sailed to St. Thomas to open the mission there, disregarding the warning that ninety out of every hundred Europeans died in twelve months after landing.

He travelled extensively, arriving in 1741 in the American colonies, where he, like Brainerd, did prodigious work among the red men in the wilderness. In the fastnesses of the Blue Mountains, along the coast and far inland, he forced his way down Indian trails and over many rivers, that the chief of the woods might hear the call. Persecuted, despised, defamed, he pursued his way, till the hand of death relieved him.

II. MATTHEW STACK.

WITH a purpose in his heart to serve God in Greenland, Matthew Stack arrives in Copenhagen just as it is decided to abandon the work of Hans Egede, and to order his return by the government from his "ill-timed and romantic mission." Stack made a ringing protest, and volunteered to go at once and re-enforce the mission. The court tried in every way to discourage him, but in vain.

On his arrival the natives resisted his efforts. They mocked his prayers, mimicked his readings, interrupted his private devotions by hideous howlings and beating of drums. They destroyed his goods, cut adrift his boat, and refused to sell him food. For long periods he lived on shell-fish and seaweed, oatmeal mixed with train-oil, and even old tallow candles. After five years of such trials, the Sun of righteousness burst forth with the glorious splendor of the Northern Lights, and for thirty-five years he reaped in joy the fruitage of the five years of seed-sowing in tears. He died some years afterwards in North Carolina

TRAVELS IN THE EAST.

WHEN I was asked to prepare a paper on our recent journeyings in the East, I did not realize how difficult it would be to condense into such a small space the account of so much that is all-engrossing in interest and instruction. However, I will do my best, and will endeavor not to weary you by keeping within reasonable limits of time and space.

We sailed from New York in the noble steamship *Kaiser Wilhelm* on Jan. 28th, 1893, and in ten days our sea voyage was over; the Straits of Gibraltar were reached in eight days, and on the tenth we coasted along the lovely "Riviera" of the Maritime Alps, and landed at Genoa, that city of palaces, with its noble harbor, and commanding such a fine position on the Mediterranean.

Instead of sailing direct from Genoa to Alexandria, we went by rail from Genoa to Pisa, on to Florence, Rome, and Naples, stopping a short season at each place.

At Naples we set sail for Alexandria, a voyage of four days, arriving in that city on Saturday morning early, Feb. 25th. I wish I could picture to you the scene on that lovely morning in February, as we landed at Alexandria, and drove to our comfortable hotel, built in the true Oriental fashion round a courtyard, in which were planted beautiful palm, orange, and lemon trees, and tropical flowers. The weather was as warm as June with us, the sky of a deep blue, and cloudless, the air dry and invigorating, and the whole scene so novel and interesting that we were fascinated and delighted at every turn. We were now, indeed, in the East—and in the ancient land of Egypt.

We were struck with the variety of costumes everywhere, the jargon of different languages—Arabic, French, Greek, and Italian—the rapid gesticulations, the most peculiar, and to us novel, utterances. There were Arabs in their loose, flowing robes and many-colored turbans; their wives in long black circulars, with their faces covered with a black three-cornered veil, to which was attached a brass tube, extending between the forehead and the nose, allowing only the eyes—generally bright, black eyes—to be seen. Some of the women carried a nude baby on the left shoulder in picturesque Egyptian style, while others held in their hands pitchers, which we afterwards found were made in great quantities on the Nile, of the clay found on its banks.

Then there were the Sais, or Runners, who go before the chariots of the great, and are seen running with all their might in the streets of Alexandria, with their richly-embroidered

gold jackets, white loose pantaloons, the fez or turban on the head, and bare legs and feet; looking so important, though weary, as they heralded the approach of their lords and masters.

Then there were Greeks in great numbers, Turks, Moors, Italians, and Jews, each in their distinctive garb, while here and there a sprinkling of European travellers in their familiar English dress and bearing.

Yes, we were in Egypt, and realized as we never did before how full of sacred associations is this grand old land. Here, as has been said of Palestine, "the Bible is the best guide-book." And so we found it.

Here Abraham journeyed shortly after he had left Haran, owing to a famine in the land of Canaan, and just before he settled in the Promised Land. Here, too, was enacted that most touching of all family pictures, the reconciliation, after long separation, between Joseph and his brethren. Here Moses was saved in the ark of bulrushes, and educated in the court of Pharaoh; and afterwards, by a series of miracles, delivered his people from their cruel masters.

Here lived that long race of Pharaohs, and here Cambyses, the Persian conqueror, overpowered Pharaoh-Hophra, so that Egypt never rose again, as was so wonderfully prophesied in the Book of Ezekiel. "But," as has been well said, "two thousand years of suffering has not destroyed her identity. She is *still Egypt*, and affords shelter to a miserable remnant descended from her ancient inhabitants, and the land once noted above all nations has now sunk to be the "basest of kingdoms," as also prophesied in the same sacred book. And here, too, the Holy Family sojourned for a time, when commanded to flee from the wrath of Herod.

After we had read our letters at the hotel at Alexandria, we drove in the afternoon to the summer palace of the Khedive, the governor of Egypt; and then through the bazaars or shops, which are in the open air and line each side of the narrow streets, containing every variety of article suitable for merchandise. There were cucumbers, onions, melons, leeks, and garlic, showing Egypt to be the same fertile land as described in the Book of Numbers; and there were oranges, lemons, pomegranates, figs, silks, spices, jewels, wood-work, brass-work, and silver and gold embroideries, etc., etc.

We then drove to Pompey's Pillar, and saw close by an Arab burial ground, and then to what is termed "the Sweet Water Canal," where we saw the Shadoof and Sakier—the water-wheels used for irrigating the soil, and probably the same as used in the old days, and referred to in the Book of Deuteronomy.

We saw also date palms, fig trees, cacti, aloes and acacias, orange and lemon trees—a truly tropical vegetation. The poor little mud

*A paper read by Mrs. Baldwin at the seventh annual meeting of the Huron Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary, in London, Ont.

huts in which the Arab tillers of the soil, the Fellaheen, lived also impressed us, as did the camel-hair tents of the Bedouin or Arabs of the desert, which we saw on our return to the hotel by the road skirting the desert.

One evening we heard music, and looking out of our window we saw a marriage procession, with torchlights and merriment; it was the bridegroom going out to meet his bride.

On Sunday we attended service in the pretty stone church of St. Mark's, and were most kindly welcomed to Egypt by its rector, who invited our bishop to preach that night, and was most kind and hospitable to us during our short stay in Alexandria.

From Alexandria we went by train to Cairo in four hours, a distance of 131 miles, passing through the rich, fertile country of the Delta, and the scenery becoming more and more European at every turn. Here were Bedouin encampments, with their tents of coarse camel-hair; then there were horses, camels, mules, and dromedaries, while the Arabs in their picturesque Oriental costumes looked most attractive as we viewed them from the passing train. Then the old-fashioned, roughly-made plough worked by Arabs, and the Sakier and Shadoof, used for the purposes of irrigation, all reminded us of the ancient past, the same as used in the times of our Saviour.

At last Cairo was reached, and, if time allowed, I should like to go into detail here; but I must be content with a passing allusion to this most interesting Mohammedan centre, with its half a million of inhabitants, its one hundred mosques, in one of which we saw the sad and heart-rending scene of the howling and whirling Derishes; with its wonderful panoramic view from the citadel of the whole city of Cairo, on one hand, and the Nile with its Pyramids, etc., on the other; with its bazaars, more interesting than those of Alexandria, and of its ever-varying curious street life—Arab men and children sleeping in corners, or on hot pavements, regardless of all outward appearances, the donkeys and their cruel boy drivers, and the camels, with their rich trappings, walking the streets in numbers, making us realize that we were now in the very heart of Eastern life and manners.

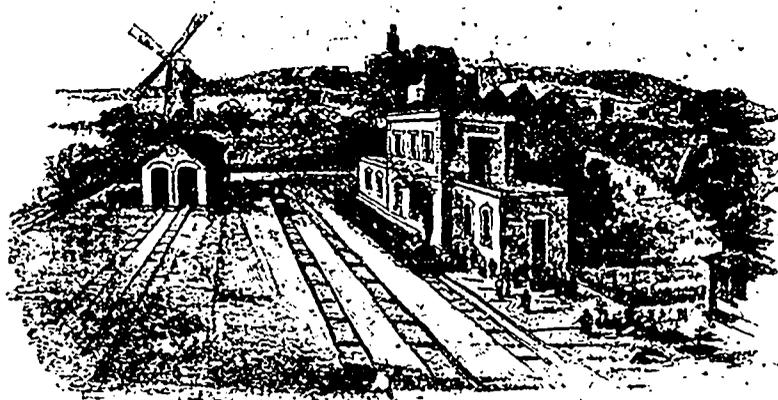
From Cairo we took the Nile steamer up to the First Cataract, the whole trip there and back occupying a little over three weeks, which was one of the most restful and most enjoyable journeys possible. The air so dry and clear from the golden sands of the desert, and the exquisitely pure, stimulating, transparent atmosphere, which seems to breathe life and health into the veins of the invalid, and to energize into being powers which have for years been latent and apparently dead! How shall I describe those wonderful sunsets, with that mysterious after-glow, caused by the heat

of the sun's rays on the burning sands of the desert? It is something so beautifully soft and transparent, varying continually in hue, that it is heavenly, and makes one think of Bunyan's description of the "Land of Beulah," so that we seem to see the golden gates opening before us, and a glimpse of heavenly glories to be ours! The heaps upon heaps of golden sand seemed to sparkle and dance like myriads of precious stones; the bright green of the fields of peas, beans, and other leguminous vegetables, contrasted well with the golden sands and fields of yellow sugar-cane. Then the groups of tall date palm and graceful acacia and sycamore trees now and then relieved the eye, and stood out grandly against the background of mountains of sand. Then the figures of men and animals, in bold relief, how clearly defined in that wonderful atmosphere! Camels, donkeys, buffaloes, sheep, goats, mules, and such like, ridden by the Arabs, in their picturesque dress of flowing robes and bright-colored turbans; while thousands of birds rested either on the sands or on the waters, so tame that they simply gazed at our good ship as it steamed past, and astonished us by their fearlessness of man. Eagles, heron, ibex, wild duck, and vultures, of all kinds, are here in thousands! Then the moonlight hour which we also enjoyed on this trip, how delightful it was, and how the waters just shimmered and glistened and reflected back beauty at every turn!

Our steamer being a mail boat stopped to deliver the mails at the different villages and towns, a curious collection of mud huts, with occasionally a house of sun-dried brick, and the Arabs came to the landing stages to sell dates, oranges, sugar cane, Arab bread, in round, hard, unleavened, baked cakes, to the Arab steerage passengers on our ship. One morning a little blind boy sang an Arab dirge, a picture we shall not soon forget. They tell us that one reason why we saw so many blind people in Egypt was because there is a superstition against brushing away a fly, or hurting it in any way; consequently the flies settle on the eyes of the children, which become diseased, and blindness follows. Surely the Khedive might issue some proclamation to prevent this self-inflicted suffering.

One evening, one of the loveliest on the Nile, as we were sitting entranced with the gently moving panorama about us, thinking of home and dear ones there, we were suddenly roused from our reveries by a rapid change in the temperature, and a terrific simoon, or sand storm, drove us aground on the sands, where we remained for sixteen hours. Who would have thought that in one hour such a change could have been wrought! The old Egyptian pilot told us he had been fifty years on the Nile, and he had never seen such a terrible sand storm. It lasted four hours, and is called by

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RAILROAD STATION AT JERUSALEM.

the natives a "kasmin," or sand storm from the south. The wind blew and whistled tremendously, the waters of the Nile became as rough as the ocean with white caps, and the whole atmosphere was one mass of sand, nothing but sand. We were all driven into the saloon, and stayed there, not without feelings of great anxiety; but after four hours, to our great relief, the storm was over, the Nile as calm as a mill pond again, and the moon rose over a scene of loveliness.

As to the ancient temples, pyramids, and enormous ruins on the banks of the Nile, such as Karnak, Thebes, Philæ, Denderah, etc. I have only time to say that with their extent, grandeur, and beauty, loveliness of traceries, and brilliant coloring in frescoes, etc., we were filled with wonder and delight beyond power of description.

As we entered the Tombs of the Kings, and realized that we were treading where once had been entombed the remains of that long line of Pharaohs, and Egyptian kings, we stood mute and overpowered.

Then as we passed Rhoda, and were told that that was the spot where tradition had it that the child Moses was saved in the ark of bulrushes, and at Heliopolis were pointed out the tree under which it was said the Virgin and holy child Jesus had taken shelter during the flight into Egypt, we were again reminded of our best guide-book, even God's holy book itself.

But I must hasten on, for I know you want to hear of Palestine. We spent ten days at Cairo on our return from the Nile trip, and left by rail for Ismailia, where we took the little steamer on the wonderful Suez canal, and sailed from Port Said on April 1st, arriving at Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, on Easter Sunday morning, April 2nd, at five o'clock.

It was a solemn moment when we stepped

out of our little row boats which were awaiting us at Jaffa, and our Arab boatmen helped us to land. Were we really treading the very soil our dear Saviour had trod, or was it only a dream? As we walked through the narrow, dirty streets up to the top of the hill where our hotel stood, we were glad to have the perfume of the orange blossom in exchange for the well-termed "odors of Araby," which had almost overpowered us on our arrival, and in our first walk on the sacred soil. We had a delightful service in a

small building near our hotel, when our bishop preached and nearly all present remained to partake of the Lord's Supper—on this Easter day. In the afternoon the bishop went to another service at the other end of the town, and I spent the time studying my Bible and reading all the events recorded there of Jaffa—the ancient Joppa.

On Monday we visited the house of Simon the tanner, and stood on the wall of the very roof where it is supposed St. Peter saw the wonderful vision and heard the command, "Rise, Peter, kill and eat." We went also to the hospital, and saw a number of Arabs being nursed and cared for as tenderly as if they had been princes by one of the deaconesses of the Medical Mission. The hospital is situated on high ground, in the healthiest part of Jaffa, and truly a work of Christian loveliness is going on there.

We went also that morning to Miss Arnott's school, where the Arab children are being taught of a Saviour's love. The population of Jaffa is about twenty-two thousand, and is composed of Turks, Greeks, Moslems, etc. It is beautifully situated on a hill rising up abruptly from the shores of the Mediterranean sea.

We left Jaffa on the Monday afternoon by rail for Jerusalem. The bishop wanted to go by carriage, or mule back, feeling it was almost sacrilegious to enter the Holy City in any other way; but the roads were too heavy, owing to recent rain and snow flurries; so, much against our will, we went by rail. As the railroad is under the Turkish government, it is, as might be imagined, very badly managed; and twice, as we went up the mountain sides to Jerusalem, we backed quite a distance to get more steam, the ascent and weight of passengers and luggage being too much for our poor little engines (we had one before and one behind us). However, in five hours we had passed through the Plain of

Sharon, rich with wheat and barley fields, with curious cactus hedges, and groves of olive and fig trees; Ramleh, where we saw the first lepers, who stood near the windows of our car and cried in piteous accents, "Leprosy, leprosy"; Lydda, where we thought of Tabitha raised to life by the Apostle Peter; then the Valley of Ajalon, with its associations of bloodshed in the battlefield; then Gaza, which reminded us of Samson, the strong; then up the hills of Judah, where myriad wild flowers of every hue and form smiled at us out of their grassy beds; and at last we had reached Jerusalem, but it was quite dark and rain falling fast, so we could see nothing! We drove to the New Howard hotel, outside the gates of Jerusalem, and did not realize where we were until we woke next morning, and, looking out, saw the city walls and Jaffa gate immediately before us. After breakfast we walked with our dragoman, or guide, to the temple area.

Now, as my time is so limited, I cannot describe each day's sight-seeing in Jerusalem, but must condense as much as possible. We were ten days in Jerusalem, and before we left had become quite familiar with its hills and valleys, its crowded bazaars, with the various quarters inhabited by the Jews, Turks, Greeks, Moslems, Christians, etc.; its temple area, where now stands the great Mosque of Omar, and in the centre of which is the actual rock where it is believed Abraham offered up Isaac on Mount Moriah, and where also stood the piece of ground purchased by David from Araunah the Jebusite, and which in time became the site of the temples of Solomon and Zerubbabel, and afterwards of the temple as enlarged by Herod.

Every moment of that ten days' sojourn in Jerusalem was fraught with interest. The Bible had become a new book to us; and as we stood on Olivet and looked upon Jerusalem bathed in gold at sunset, and then, on the other hand, saw the Jordan and Dead Sea in the far distance, looking cold and sullen; or sat and knelt in the Garden of Gethsemane just as the shades of evening were closing in upon us; or stood in the temple area and looked back upon centuries of bloodshed, war, and suffering, as temple after temple was destroyed, and Jerusalem in its past glory had departed and left it the sad ruin it is to-day; as we stood on Mount Calvary and gathered flowers on the very spot where it is believed our dear Lord was crucified, or gazed upon scenes at Bethlehem, Bethany, or Neby Samwell, a few miles out of Jerusalem; as we thus meditated, in this Holy Land, and on all these wonderful scenes and hallowed sights, we felt at times so overpowered that we often wondered whether we were ourselves, or whether we were waking from a lovely dream.

We rose early, and made the most of our time, during that happy sojourn in Jerusalem.

The weather was bright and pleasantly warm in the daytime and the nights were cold. The beautiful wild flowers which are everywhere to be seen in Palestine delighted us on all sides here; the dusky olive trees, which at first repel with their gloomy green, in time become beautiful, as seemingly in keeping with the surrounding country.

But what of missions in Jerusalem? The Church Missionary Society has schools for the education of Mahommedan children, and a church where the services are held in Arabic. The London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews has a fine building on Mount Zion, and the Bishop of Jerusalem has a beautiful little chapel close to the See House.

The boys at the Jewish school are clothed, educated, and taught trades, etc., free of all charge, and look bright and happy at their various occupations.

Then there is the Bishop Gobat's school for the boys, which is doing a good work among the Mohammedans, close to which is the Protestant cemetery, where we saw the tomb of the late good Bishop Barclay, of Jerusalem.

Then the Jewish hospital, which we also visited, and which is soon to be moved to a healthier locality, outside the gates, where a much larger structure is to be built.

Then there is the mission for the lepers in the leper quarter, but many of these poor lepers prefer their freedom, and so sit on the roadside, begging, outside the Jaffa gate, displaying their deformities, and croaking out in that piteous cry "Leprosy, leprosy!"—a scene, once witnessed, never to be forgotten.

Then there is Miss Atlees' work on Mount Olivet among the Arabs, one of the most interesting, and which I described at length in a letter which was published in the Church papers last June.

And now, dear friends, after this very rapid sketch, what are some of the practical reflections which come to us, as suitable to bring before you women of the Auxiliary, to strengthen our faith and to make us desire to press forward to the mark, realizing that "the time is short" when so much remains undone?

That the Jews are fast returning to Jerusalem is everywhere apparent, for out of a population of sixty thousand two-thirds are Jews, viz., forty thousand.

Jerusalem is to-day putting on sackcloth and mourning, for the days of her humiliation are not yet ended; but the day is coming when all shall be changed, and for each soul now won for Christ, each mission we may be instrumental in opening up, to us shall be accorded the joy of "hastening the coming of the day of God." Let us, then, consecrate all our powers afresh to God and His Christ, and with hands and feet all ready for service run the race set before us with patience and godly fear.

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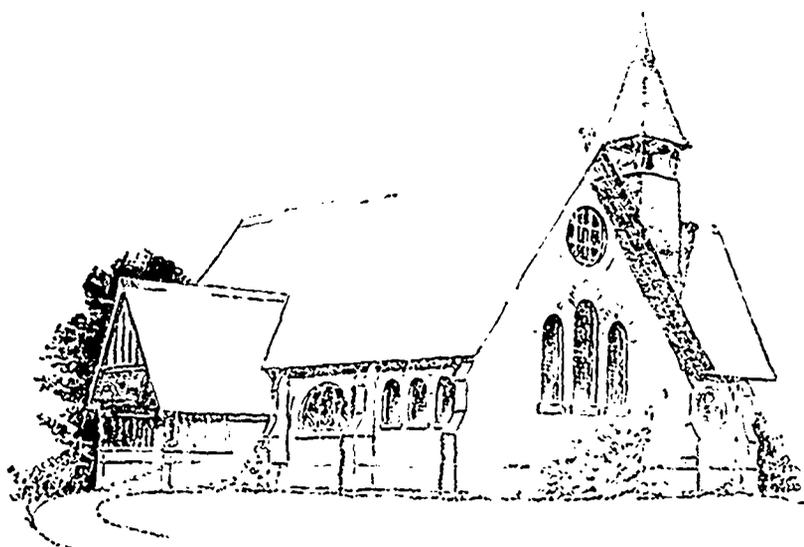
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ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH, EGLINTON.

Diocese of Toronto.

OUR PARISHES AND CHURCHES.

No. 96—ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH, EGLINTON.

NORTH TORONTO, situated about two miles from the city limits, is a straggling town running along either side of Yonge street for a distance of three miles. Its nearness to the city renders it more of a residential than business community; and even at the present time it boasts the homes of mechanics and artisans, the residences of retired business men, with here and there the more stately mansions of the wealthy, nestling in their evergreen setting of cedar and pine.

For long years this place slumbered peacefully in the bosom of York Township, until it was rudely awakened from its lethargy by enterprising business men seeking healthy surroundings for their families. Its march from township into town has been by steady strides of advancement, until, with its electric railway, waterworks, schools, and churches, it now ranks as one of the foremost suburban towns.

For long years the Methodists alone supplied the spiritual needs of this immediate neighborhood, with the result that to-day many who were once Churchmen are within the fold of that religious community, and do not now feel disposed to sever their connection with it. Within the last two years, however, the Church of England was spurred into action by the energy of the Rev. Dr. Langtry (at that time Rural Dean of Toronto), and the Rev. Canon Osler, rector of York Mills, with the result that regular Sunday afternoon service was com-

menced in the hall belonging to the Young Men's Christian Association. Here the infant mission continued to be supplied with services by St. Luke's, Toronto, and St. John's, York Mills, on alternate Sundays, until it was thought advisable to have Rev. Canon Osler and a student from Trinity College, working under his direction, take full charge of the Sunday work. In the meantime the congregation, feeling the restraints of a rented room, where the only time for service at their disposal was Sunday afternoon (the room in the morning and evening being

used by the Presbyterians), resolved to build a church of their own.

Every hand and shoulder was put to the wheel. In fact, the whole parish became deeply interested, and in the fall of 1891 a neat brick church was erected, but before it was completed it met with a most discouraging disaster. It was almost ready for worship when an unusually severe wind storm blew in the west end, and entailed a loss of about seven hundred dollars to the congregation. Gathering strength from the the ruins, the wall rose once more, and on the 17th of February, 1892, the pure-toned bell rang out its invitation to all to come and worship God in the beauty and simplicity of the Anglican faith. Responsive to its call, that band of devoted men and women who had labored so faithfully assembled in God's house, when the Lord Bishop of Algoma (Dr. Sullivan), assisted by the Rev. Canon Osler, Rev. Canon DuMoulin, Rev. Dr. Langtry, Rev. C. H. Shortt, B.D., and Rev. C. B. Beck, B.A., opened the church for divine service.

The church is a red brick structure, adorned with fancy gables of attractive pattern, valued at \$3,000, with seating capacity for two hundred. The interior is churchly in appearance, the windows being of stained cathedral glass, the seats and altar of black ash; the chancel, which contains the choir and organ, is carpeted with crimson Brussels of ecclesiastical pattern; a hot air furnace heats the building. Since the completion of the church the congregation has steadily increased, and many of those who could see no necessity for an English church here are wondering where the people all come from. It has been found necessary to have regular morning

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and evening service each Sunday, the attendance averaging slightly over fifty in the morning, and over one hundred at night. The rector is assisted in the work of the parish by Rev. T. W. Powell, who has St. Clement's as his special charge, while a student from Trinity College, Toronto, assists in the Sunday work.

One of the most encouraging signs of the life of St. Clement's is its number of earnest communicants, and the interest in the week-day services. The Sunday-school is most prosperous and has increased from six to over eighty children, with an official staff of ten teachers. In connection with this church there is a Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions, whose energy and zeal are worthy of emulation by larger societies. The St. Andrew's Brotherhood and Boys' Brigade are also doing good work, and are in a flourishing condition. St. Clement's is unlike many other churches in that it is not saddled with an enormous debt. In a few years the congregation hope to pay the remaining indebtedness of eight hundred dollars, and have their church consecrated.

THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY.

(Continued.)



THEOBALD'S devotion to the pope led him into an act of disloyalty to his sovereign which must have cost him much anxiety. The pope had summoned a council to be held at Rheims.

King Stephen prohibited the bishops of the Church of England from attending. The archbishop disobeyed, and stole away from England. The king was very angry, and, on his return, banished the archbishop from England. Through the exertions of Becket, however, the good-natured sovereign forgave him, and Theobald returned.

It was about this time that we first hear of the Albigenses and Waldenses, who suffered greatly as heretics. About twenty of them appeared in England, but were tortured and put to death, according to the barbarous usages of the age.

Archbishop Theobald took part in the political questions which greatly agitated England and led to the deposition of King Stephen and afterwards to his restoration. He remained true to the king personally, but espoused the arrangement whereby young Henry, the grandson of Henry I., was to succeed to the crown. On the death of Stephen, in 1154, the young king arrived in England, and was enthusiastically received. Theobald most gladly placed the crown upon his head, and Henry II. commenced his famous career. Theobald recommended his young friend Becket to him, and Henry accepted him as his chancellor. Thus commenced a remarkable friendship, which was

doomed to have a most tragic end. Thomas devoted himself, heart and soul, to his new master, even to the neglect of the good old archbishop, who felt keenly his being left alone to die. He died in 1161, to the great regret of all who knew him. In 1787, some workmen discovered a leaden coffin underneath a pavement in Canterbury Cathedral. It was opened, and a few decayed remains of a body were found, wrapped in silken velvet, and a piece of lead with the inscription, "Here lies Theobald, of venerable memory, Archbishop of Canterbury in Britain."

Thomas à Becket, the chancellor of Henry II., was only in deacon's orders, but he was also Archdeacon of Canterbury, which gave him an income almost equal to that of a bishop. As chancellor, he was the king's chaplain, private secretary and confessor, and for this he received residence in the king's household, "five shillings a day," and various perquisites, including "one large wax candle and forty candles in addition." He was, therefore, in clover, and was a faithful servant to the restless, passionate, yet, on the whole, good-natured king, his master. His influence at the court was good, for no immorality that he could prevent was permitted. He seems to have had a weakness, however, for foppery and display, yet he was brave and active. In time of war he thought it no scandal for an archdeacon to take the field, but did so with great effect as a warrior bold, encased in steel.

When Henry told this extraordinary man that he meant him to be Archbishop of Canterbury, he said, "A pretty saint you wish to place over the holy bishopric and that famous monastery," and then, in all earnestness, he warned the king that such an appointment would put an end to their friendship. The king, however, persisted, and, not without considerable opposition, Thomas à Becket was elected to be Archbishop of Canterbury. He was advanced to the priesthood, and then consecrated by Henry of Blois, Bishop of Winchester. The day of his consecration, being the Sunday after Whitsunday, was dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and has so remained ever since.

Why this extraordinary man should have at once quarreled with the king, with whom he had previously been on the best of terms, can not well be explained. But history relates that he did. From the first he seems to have held it a thing impossible for the King of England and his primate to live together on friendly terms. Such had been his warning to the king, and he speedily put it into practical shape by resigning the chancellorship. Vexed and hurt at this, Henry made him also resign his lucrative archdeaconry, and so the two were hurled apart.

"Friendship often turns to love;
But love to friendship never."

Becket spent a great deal of his time abroad, and only returned to England, it would seem, to force upon his king things which some foreign power like that of the pope thought good to decree. His war cry was "the liberty of the Church," which he understood to be freedom from the King of England. It would have been better if he had turned his attention to the gross immoralities of his clergy, who are said to have been guilty frequently of the worst of crimes. The king earnestly wished to change this for the better. In many ways he sought to reform the manners and customs of his people, and wished especially to cleanse the ranks of the clergy from scandalous actions. The law for clerical offenders was such that they could not be punished as laymen, but simply handed over to the monasteries for discipline. A clergyman might commit murder or any other crime, and only pay some ridiculous penance in punishment. In trying to remove this scandal, the king should have received the support of the archbishop; but instead of that he was met with defiant opposition. Becket sounded the cry of "the liberty of the Church," and through his influence the bishops refused the royal demands, whereupon the king swore a great oath that they, as well as others, should obey his laws. Becket had gone too far and was obliged to retract. The king summoned a council at the Castle of Clarendon, where the "Sixteen Constitutions of Clarendon" were drawn up and the archbishop, fearing the wrath of the king and the threatenings of his powerful barons, reluctantly signed them—only to be bitterly sorry for it afterwards. He felt that the world had triumphed over the Church, and therefore gave himself up to external penance which frightened terribly the ordinary beholder. Yet, the Constitutions of Clarendon were chiefly wholesome regulations for dealing with offending clerics.

The king felt that the pride and power of his contumacious archbishop must alike be broken, and, with the help of the Archbishop of York (ever ready to have a sling at Canterbury), the other bishops of England and his powerful barons, he stripped Becket of his money, and left him shorn of all power, so that he was obliged to steal away from England a fugitive disguised as a monk. After much suffering and many privations he reached France, where the king, Louis VII., received him kindly and even with the pomp due to him as Archbishop of Canterbury. But Becket retired to a monastery, where he remained for over two years, submitting to the hard, austere discipline in vogue in such institutions in those days—days when it was considered pious to be covered with dirt and vermin and to submit to severe bodily torture and pain.

In the meantime King Henry's terrible wrath was unappeased. He visited it upon all

the relations and friends of Becket and sent them forth penniless from the kingdom so that the archbishop might see the evil fruit of his policy.

But Thomas by no means as yet felt himself crushed. He aroused himself as if for battle. Leaving his monastery, he proceeded to a cathedral town of Burgundy and there issued a decree of excommunication against those bishops and barons who had assisted the King of England in robbing Canterbury of her lawful property.

The king was not included in the excommunication, yet he was not without his fears regarding it, though he showed it not. Though he declared that he "cared not an egg" for their excommunications, yet he knew very well that it would be a most uncomfortable thing for him to be under the ban of the Church.

He, therefore, began to listen to terms of reconciliation. Pope Alexander III. tried to bring these two fiery elements together in the bonds of peace. Four successive commissions endeavored to effect this and at times they seemed to have succeeded. The king and Becket met more than once, but only to part in anger, for the archbishop always made Henry feel that he held the honor of the Church far above his fealty to him as King of England. The king rode off in fierce anger.

But the fourth commission was more successful. Whether it was that Henry was weary of the contest, or that he began to see that he was injuring himself by it (for Becket had the pope and the people on his side—two great powers of the day), he suddenly yielded everything; and Becket, in a fit of generosity, threw himself at his monarch's feet, while the king, not to be outdone, dismounted and held the archbishop's stirrup while he regained the saddle from which he had thrown himself.

And the astonished commissioners looked on, surprised at their own success.

The way was now open for Thomas to return to his country and diocese, from which he had been absent for six years. Yet troubles awaited him. The bishops could not forget the excommunication he had hurled at them; nor did the king himself, after all, feel very much at rest, though much of his power he had now handed over to his son, who had been crowned by the Archbishop of York—an affront to Canterbury which Becket had not yet learned to forget.

His return to England was marked by a brilliant reception given to him by the people at Canterbury. But the barons were against him, and he had been warned more than once to beware of Norman daggers. Instead of trying to conciliate these fierce men, Becket ran counter to them. All who had assisted at the young king's coronation were to be considered excommunicated.

When the old king heard this at Bayeux,

where at the time he was, his old feelings against his archbishop returned. His anger knew no bounds. He swore a terrible oath as he said the memorable words, "Of the catiffs who eat my bread, are there none to free me of this turbulent priest?"

These were the words of peace spoken at Christmas time in the year of grace 1170. Four men of desperate character, of whom Reginald Fitzurse was one, arrived at Canterbury on Tuesday, December 29th. They sought an interview with the archbishop, who now saw that a desperate deed was meditated. To all their demands, as coming from the king, the brave ecclesiastic gave a steady refusal. He had done nothing wrong. He was prepared to die. He betook himself to the sacred cathedral. The four barons followed him. It was almost dark on that wintry evening when cruel blows prostrated the archbishop on the floor of his cathedral, which was soon stained with his blood.

Thus was the body of Thomas à Becket found—and the contest between him and his king was over. The hatred towards him on the part of the barons was intense. "The world is at last relieved of that disloyal traitor," said the fierce Randolph de Broc, as he ordered his body to be cast away "somewhere where it may not be known." But the people were shocked and torn with grief. The monks hastily covered the stained, unwashed body (from which they had taken a hair shirt, alive with vermin, worn by this strange man next his skin), with his episcopal robes, and buried him temporarily in the crypt of his cathedral.

So ended, towards the close of the year 1170, the earthly career of Thomas à Becket. The spot where the tragic deed which brought it to a close was committed is shown in Canterbury Cathedral to-day.

What he might have done for Church and State in England, as well as for himself, if he had kept the good graces and friendship of the king! Like all the Norman kings, Henry was quick-tempered and violent, but in calmer moments he was kind of heart and capable of being led. No one was more horror-stricken than himself when he found that a few hasty words of his had taken such terrible shape, and the rest of his life was saddened by the recollection of it. With such a man Becket might have done much; but his opportunity was lost, and the pages of history sullied by one of the most tragic scenes recorded there.

PROBLE comfortably off in this world's goods, who contribute next to nothing toward the work of the Lord, must feel sometimes very small and mean when they allow others to bear their burdens for them, and then grumble if the clergyman is not quite to their fancy, or if a special seat is not reserved for them, or if the church is not in everything just as they like it.



THE LATE BISHOP SMYTHIES.

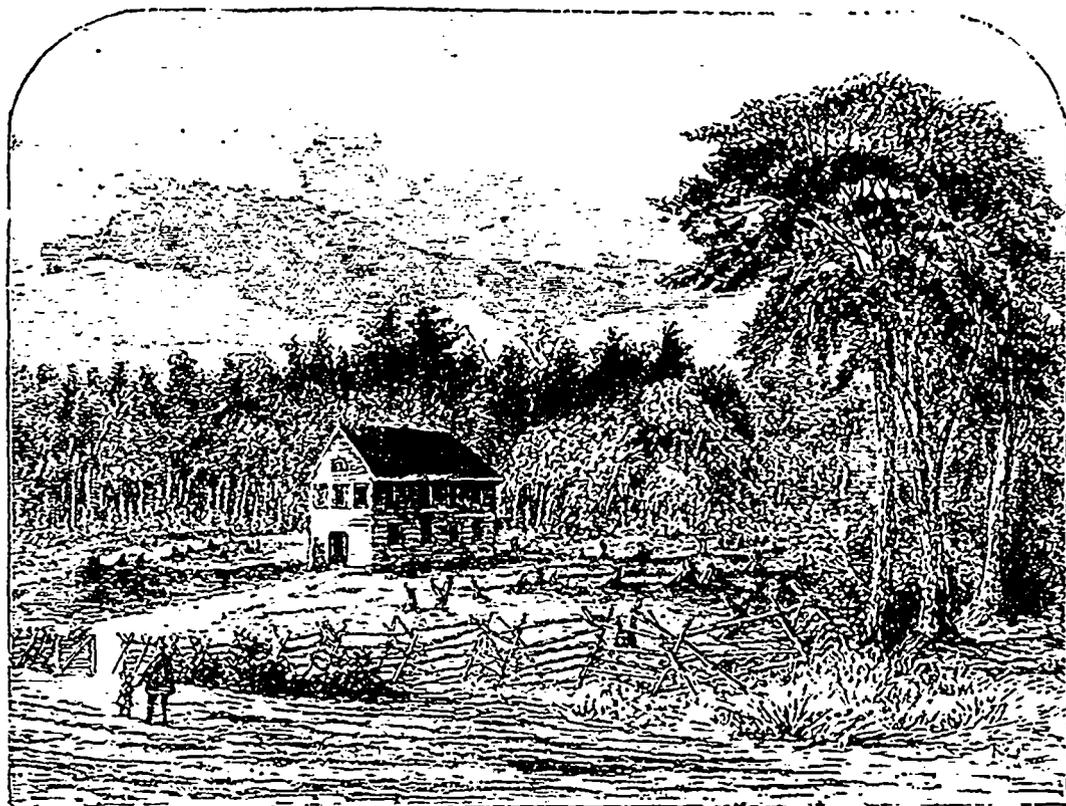
THE African fever has again done its deadly work upon a missionary bishop. The Right Rev. C. Alan Smythies, D.D., Bishop of Zanzibar, started recently on a trip for the benefit of his health on board a steamer bound for Aden; but the seeds of fever lurking within his veins caused him to grow worse, until at last he died. He was buried at sea.

Dr. Smythies was appointed Missionary Bishop of Zanzibar in 1883. In every sense of the word, he was a true missionary. Every one in his employ, even to the men who worked on his mission ship, was a missionary in spirit. We may pray that the Lord will hasten the day when a native ministry will be able to prosecute the work of the Church in Africa.

The late Rev. Dr. John Cotton Smith said: "All the Christianity in the world at the present day is the result of foreign missions."

The *London Church Review* says: "Letters from the Matabele expedition bear high testimony to the courage and devotion of the Bishop of Mashonaland, who accompanied the expedition, and was most assiduous in his attention to the wounded, European and native alike. The prelate is the Rt. Rev. George Knight Bruce, a son of the distinguished vice-chancellor. Dr. Knight Bruce, who has just attained his fortieth year, was a well-known athlete at Oxford. He took orders in 1876, and worked for some years amongst the poor in Liverpool, and afterwards in the poverty-stricken districts of London, as a missionary chaplain to the Bishop of Bedford. He is a splendid horseman, and has often been seen when travelling in the Bloemfontein diocese, driving an ox wagon and handling the whip (no easy matter) as skilfully as a *kurrigor*."

Young People's Department.



THE FIRST ST. JAMES' CHURCH, TORONTO.

ST. JAMES' CHURCH, TORONTO.

ONE of the finest cities in Canada is the City of Toronto: yet there are people now living who remember when it was nearly all woods and mud! One of the finest churches in Canada is St. James' Cathedral, Toronto. Its steeple is one of the highest spires in the world; yet St. James' Church, Toronto, was once a funny little frame building, standing in the woods, as you see it in the picture. This was when Toronto was called "Muddy Little York." It is hard to fancy that now, yet all cities were once like that.

London itself, in England, was once only a tangled forest, and then a collection of huts amid the trees. But, then, that was a very long time ago. Cities did not grow so fast then as they do now. People want to see their towns grow

into cities at once—like Winnipeg. It seems only a few years ago since Winnipeg was only a Hudson's Bay fort. Now it is a fine city. Canada, therefore, is improving, and before long it will be a splendid country. Church people ought to remember the church that they belong to, and help it, so that it, too, may grow with the country. St. James', Toronto, was helped from England when it was a small little frame building in the woods, and in the Northwest and backwoods of Canada everywhere there are little wooden churches in the bush which will some day become great and strong. But now that they are weak, they need help.

This is the meaning of our mission funds. All the strong churches should think of the time when they themselves were weak, and so send help where they can, so that others, too, may become strong.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

BEN MARTYN set down a basket on the slippery sidewalk and signalled the car, which was dragging slowly up a hill. The driver looked cross at the idea of stopping again.

"This is the third time I have had to stop the car since I started up the hill," he said, in a grumbling tone.

Ben looked sympathetic.

"It is too bad," he said; "if I had thought so far, I could have waited; but my thoughts always come afterward."

There was one vacant seat, and no room for basket or bundles. Ben took the seat; but at the top of the hill the car stopped again, and a feeble old lady in a calico dress came in. Ben jumped to his feet.

"Take my seat," he said, cheerily, as if it was a great pleasure to stand.

The woman took it, and she forgot to thank him; but I know she was grateful.

Everybody was out that morning, and everybody wanted to ride in that car; they kept crowding in. One man jostled against Ben and knocked the smaller basket out of his arms, and red and green apples went rolling over the dirty car.

"That's bad," the man said heartily, but he didn't offer to help pick them up.

"Never mind," said Ben, cheerily; "accidents will happen, especially when they don't give us more elbow room than this. It's lucky it wasn't the other basket; they are eggs. I'm afraid they wouldn't pick up quite so easily."

It wasn't three minutes after that that a finely dressed lady, complaining of the crowd and the tiresomeness of having one's dress sat on, moved away from her next neighbor with such a jerk that she came with her elbow against Ben's other basket, and out rolled a small package and an egg; and of all places for an egg to fall, it went plump into the finely dressed lady's lap. Of course it broke—eggs always do when they shouldn't—then what a time there was! Ben's face was red away up into his hair with sorrow and mortification; he made as many and as humble apologies as though he had ruined the lady for life.

"They ought not to allow such people to ride on the cars," she said angrily, in answer to an exceedingly humble sentence from Ben. "I think they ought to have a market wagon run to accommodate the people who are inclined to turn the street cars into walking stores."

Ben looked interested in the idea.

"It would be a good thing," he said. "I wonder why they don't run a special car for us working fellows in the morning; it really is a nuisance to have our baskets and bundles in everybody's way; but we don't know how to help it. Still, I'm not generally so careless as

this. I'm just as sorry as I can be."

The lady did not choose to say another word.

More people began to have accidents. A little girl lost two of her pennies, which were to pay for her ride, down in that wretched hole in the floor where pennies and car tickets are so fond of falling. She looked for them hopelessly for a minute, and then began to rub her eyes.

Ben didn't see the falling cents; he was busy trying to tie with one hand a paper of sugar into a more secure package; but he looked up in time to see the tears in her eyes, and enquire into it. Then he had a hard time shifting baskets and bundles from one arm to the other, and finding his way to his pocket book, from which he drew out two bright pennies.

"Here," he said, "pennies are nice things; I'd like to have a billion of them; but I never think they are worth crying for, especially after they have slipped down a hole. There are more to be found that will take their places."

And the little girl's tears didn't fall.

A gentleman with a file of bills sticking out of one pocket and a bank book out of the other, who had occupied a seat near Ben all the way, now leaned forward and touched his arm.

"Young man, what is your name and business?"

"My name is Benjamin S. Martyn, sir, and I am Mr. T. G. Lewis' errand boy at the country store."

"Do you like the work?"

"No, sir; not so well as some things I can think of, but a great deal better than I like doing nothing this cold winter."

"What do you want to do?"

"I want to be a clerk in a store, not a boy to do things when there is something to be done, but a boy who has regular work and regular hours."

"Then you are not regularly employed?"

"No, sir; only when they happen to have something for me to do, and don't happen to send anybody else who happens to be going that way."

"Have you any spare time in the city this morning?"

"Yes, sir; I have just one errand to do, and then I must wait for the next car up."

"Well, sir; you may call at that address and I will have a little further talk with you about some important business."

And the great merchant handed him the business card of the largest firm in the city. And as he left the car and walked down town with his nephew, he said:

"I've found the boy at last that I have been hunting after for two years. I have discovered after this morning's ride that he is quick-

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THE LITTLE GIRLS OF INDIA.

motioned, kind-hearted, respectful, good-natured, patient, thoughtful, and can keep his temper under great provocation; and, in my opinion, a boy that can do that is apt to be conscientious and trustworthy."

But even to this day it is a marvel to Ben Martyn and to the boys who envy his "streak of luck" how he came to be a favorite clerk in a store where they pay higher wages, and are more careful about references and all that sort of thing, than any other store in the great city; but the senior partner and you and I know; only, you mustn't tell Ben.—*Selected.*

THE LITTLE GIRLS OF INDIA.

THE little girls of India are not the bright and happy little things that most of our children are here. A father here loves his little girl just as much as he does his little boy; but it is not so in India. When a little baby is born in a house there is great joy if it is a boy; but if it is a girl, there is grief. "Not wanted" might be the name of nearly every little girl in India. So the poor little girls do not get any love. They are made to do all the hard work even when they are six or seven years old. They have to carry great big pots of water, nearly as big, sometimes, as themselves. They never learn anything—not even to read and write. The parents say that if the girls are taught to read and write, they will refuse to do the cooking and the sweeping.

And more than that, they are taught that it is clever to tell lies and to cheat. They are taught to be sharp and cunning, and that it is a stupid thing to be honest.

What a pity that these little girls should be brought up in this way—no school, no guide,

no love! Good Christian women in India are trying to help these poor little girls and to teach them, but they have hard work to get them to come to them. In the picture you see seven of them. Mrs. Downes, a missionary in India, says that she has five little girls that come to her to learn to sew; but she says they always come with dirty hands. They have to be washed first thing, and even then their little brown hands seem to soil the white work. And she says it is very hard to teach them to be Christians. Their little minds have to be made clean like their hands.

Should we not pray for these poor little children? And should we not try to help them? Some say men and boys are happy in India. Perhaps they are; but women and girls are not. Our Christian religion alone can make them happy, and their sorrows cry to us for help.

A LITTLE GENTLEMAN--A LITTLE LADY.

"I'm going to be a gentleman when I'm big like papa," said little Joe one day.

"But papa was a gentleman when he was little like you," said grandma, who was sewing near him.

"Did he dress up in grandpa's coat and hat and walk with his cane, as I do with papa's sometimes?" inquired Joe.

"No; he wore pinafores and a little straw bonnet," said grandma, stitching away.

Joe looked at her steadily, as though he could not understand.

"Are you trying to think how he looked, dear?" grandma asked. "I wasn't meaning that; but I mean that his little cousin Kittie came to play with him, and he went to his box and brought out the very best toy that he had—a jumping frog—and said, 'This is for you, Kittie, 'cause you're a little girl.' And I think that did more to make him a gentleman than a coat, hat, and cane could have done."

This brings to mind a story told of a little princess who was carried ashore by a sailor. When he placed her down safe and sound at her mother's feet he said, "There you are, my little lady." The child gave the sailor a cross look, and said, "I am not a little lady; I am a princess." "Tell the kind sailor that you are not a lady yet," said her mother, "but that you hope to be one some day."

SUPPOSE.



SUPPOSE, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose are red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad 'twas Dolly's,
And not your head, that broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
If your forehead wears a frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser
Than whining like a dunce
To go to work in earnest,
And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
And some a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less while walking
To say, "It isn't fair"?
And wouldn't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet?

Suppose the world don't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes, or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

—*Selected.*

HOW THE PROFESSOR APOLOGIZED.



PROFESSOR BLACKIE, of Scotland,
was lecturing to a new class, some of
whose members he did not know very
well. A student rose to read a para-
graph, his book in his left hand.

"Sir," thundered Blackie, "hold your book
in your right hand!"—and as the student would
have spoken—"No words, sir! Your right
hand, I say!"

The student held up his right arm, ending
piteously at the wrist. "Sir, I hae nae right
hand," he said.

Before Blackie could open his lips there
arose a storm of hisses, and by it his voice was
overborne. Then the professor left his place
and went down to the student he had unwittingly
hurt, and put his arm around the lad's
shoulders and drew him close, and the lad
leaned against his breast.

"My boy," said Blackie—he spoke very
softly, yet not so softly but that every word

was heard in the hush that had fallen on the
class-room—"my boy, you'll forgive me that I
was over-rough? I did not know—I did not
know!"

He turned to the students, and with a look
and tone that came straight from his heart he
said, "And let me say to you all, I am rejoiced
to be shown that I am teaching a class of
gentlemen."

Scottish lads can cheer as well as hiss, and
that Blackie learned.

"PRAYING-CHILDREN."

THIS is the name the Indians of Moosonee
give their children when they have been bap-
tized. "Praying-children," children whose
right it is to pray to the great God, because in
baptism they have been made His children. It
is a sweet name, is it not? and one that all bap-
tized children should bear, being in truth, as
well as by right children who pray to their
heavenly Father, never forgetting that they
are His, and that they should go to Him to
ask in faith for all they need or desire.

HOW NYANGANDI SWAM TO
CHURCH.

NYANGANDI lives in West Africa, near the
Ogowe River. She was going away from the
missionary's house on Saturday afternoon,
where she had been with bunches of plantains
to sell to the missionary, when his wife said,
"Now, you must not forget that you promised
to come to-morrow to church."

"Yes," the girl replied, "I will surely come,
if I am alive."

But the next morning she found somebody
had stolen her canoe, and no one would lend
her one to go to church in. But she had
promised to go, and so she felt that she must.
She swam all the way! The current was
swift, the water deep, and the river fully a
third of a mile wide; but by swimming di-
agonally, she succeeded in crossing the river.

Girls and boys remember this little heathen
girl in West Africa when you feel tempted to
stay away from the house of God for some
foolish reason.—*Southern Churchman.*

"THIRTY-FIVE millions of heathen pass an-
nually in one ghastly, reproachful, mournful
procession into Christless graves. We are
bound to face a fact like this, and to ask our-
selves how we stand in regard to this awful
condition of things in the heathen world." So
said Mrs. Bishop (better known as Isabella
Bird) recently in England. Let Christian
people judge for themselves whether this does
not furnish sufficient food for anxious thought.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

A NEW church is to be built at Fort la Corne, Diocese of Saskatchewan.

THE Board of Management will meet in Quebec on Wednesday, October 10th.

WE regret to learn that the Bishop of New Westminster (B.C.) is still in very poor health.

FAREWELL was said recently to Bishop Stuart of Waiapu, New Zealand, who goes, like the late Bishop French from India, to do missionary work in Persia.

By the will of the late Col. Sumner, of Carleton Place, the Dioceses of Saskatchewan and Calgary are to receive each one thousand dollars towards their missionary work.

BACK NUMBERS WANTED.—The editor will be extremely glad to receive a few copies of the January, 1894, MAGAZINE. Address Rev. Dr. Mockridge, 348 Brunswick Avenue, Toronto.

RUMOR has it that there are signs of unrest among the natives of India, and that an outbreak against British authority similar to that of 1857 is to be feared. Earnestly may we pray that no such fearful calamity as that is brewing.

It is with much regret that we record the death of the Venerable Archdeacon McMurray, who passed quietly away to his rest on Saturday morning, the 19th of May. A more extended notice of this we hope to give next month.

THE Roman Catholic mob of Cork (Ireland) cannot brook open-air preaching that is not Roman. The disgraceful pelting, kicking, stoning, and buffeting that has gone on there recently has made men ask, "Is this what it would be like under Home Rule?"

THE destruction of the church by fire in Huntsville, Diocese of Algoma, is a disaster much to be deplored. With it also many houses were consumed. As a consequence Rural Dean Llwyd, the rector, has been dangerously ill through nervous prostration.

THE Synod of the Diocese of Meath (Ireland) has been unable to elect a successor to the late lamented Bishop Reichel. The clergy and laity could not agree. A greater effort, however, seems to have been made by the laity to effect a compromise than by the clergy.

THE Bishop of Nyasaland, Dr. Hornby, is in England on sick leave. The African fever attacked him; but the voyage has apparently dissipated it, and it is hoped that the bishop will again soon and entirely recover his health. What a home England is for Englishmen!

MR. HENRY J. MORGAN, of Ottawa, is about to publish a book called "Canadian Men of the Time." The Governor-General has expressed himself as much interested in the proposed work, and is glad to know that the subscription list towards it is progressing favorably.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury requested the clergy of England to use the prayer for Christian unity on Whit Sunday. Many Nonconformist ministers also made Christian unity a subject of prayer on the same day. Would it not be well that this prayer should be used continually all the world over?

THE Montreal Diocesan Theological College is about to send out a missionary to Moosonee and to support him. The missionary to be supported is an Indian—a Mr. Faries—who, having been educated in Montreal, is now about to return to Moosonee. The students are to be congratulated upon their missionary spirit.

THE Church Missionary Intelligencer (England) reported a deficit of about sixty-three thousand dollars in the funds of the society, and asked for prayer that this might be cleared off before the anniversary meeting appointed for May the 1st. At that meeting the secretary was able to announce that this had been more than accomplished. "Ask, and it shall be given you"

THE matter of a missionary spirit among the people (says the *Mission Church News*) is largely in the hands of the clergy. If they never preach missionary sermons; never instruct their people in the elementary truth that the Church of Christ is the divine instrumentality for carrying the Gospel, the good news of life and salvation, all over the world; never tell them of the splendid achievements of missions, both in the past and the present, then the people are likely to go on in their humdrum way of paying their pew rents, putting a nickel into the weekly offertory, and buying a fancy pincushion at the semi-annual bazaar.

THE Rev. R. P. McKim, rector of St. John's Church, West Toronto Junction, has held through the winter a series of monthly missionary meetings for his congregation, with good results. It was done through the junior members of his Woman's Auxiliary. Missionaries who had had experience in distant lands were secured as speakers, and increased interest in the subject was evidenced by the steady growth of the attendance of the people at the meetings. Efforts of this kind in all the parishes of Canada would revolutionize the ideas of people regarding missionary work.

WE shall await eagerly the account of the great missionary conference appointed to be held in England from May 29th to June 1st, inclusive. Good results must flow from such a grand gathering as this. From England, with her solid wealth and lofty prestige, great results are looked for, and the country, as a whole, cannot be aroused except by special conferences and continued agitation. A rich array of subjects, embracing almost every form of missionary work, is set down for the occasion, and many experts from different parts of the world will lead and take part in the discussions. Happy those who can be there!

THERE seems to be some mystery about the expenses of bishops. The Bishop of Manchester (England) says that he lives as plainly as any workingman and believes that he works harder and more hours than nine out of ten workingmen; and yet is compelled, by the expenses incident to his office, to spend nearly five thousand dollars a year more than his official income. His Lordship's income is \$20,400 a year. The Bishop of Saskatchewan and Calgary (Canada) says in a printed circular that though his episcopal income has been in excess of \$4,400 a year, he finds himself not as well off as when, in 1869, he was simply incumbent of St. James', Manitoba, with less than \$800 a year. The uninitiated will naturally wonder at the reason of this.

WHILE the generality of mankind no doubt regard the report of a missionary society as very dry reading, yet in point of fact it is very interesting, and gives one a good idea of what is going on in different parts of the world. The report of the S.P.G. for 1893 is at hand. This year it contains numerous illustrations of the society's missionaries and buildings. The gross income of the society is not as large as that of the previous year, but the figures for the "general fund," on which the real working of the society depends, show an increase, notwithstanding the "hard times," which the report still bemoans, of a little over \$5,000. Among the contributions for "special funds" is an item of over \$26,000 towards the cathedral of St. John's, Newfoundland, and \$8,500 towards the endowment fund of the Diocese of Calgary, in the Canadian Northwest. Some of the evil results that are likely to flow from the "Parliament of Religions" recently held in Chicago are mentioned in the report. Two of the Japanese delegates, since their return to their own country, have been busy preaching to their own people what they call the great weakness of Christianity, and declaring that there is no better place for propagating the teachings of Buddha than in America. They announce as the result of their observations that "Christianity is merely an adornment of society in America, and that it exerts little or no influence upon the actions of those who profess it."

CHRISTIANITY IN PERSIA.



N exceedingly interesting account of Christianity in Persia is contributed to the *London Missionary Gleaner* by Dr. Bruce, who speaks encouragingly of mission labors in that country for the future. He says: "The intolerance of Mohammedan rulers is the greatest of all hindrances to the spread of the Gospel," and he gives an account of the first martyr who has sealed his faith by his blood since the establishment of Protestant missions in Persia. Many have endured banishment and other sufferings for Christ, but this is the first martyr. The case occurred in connection with the American Mission in Oroomiah and Tabriz.

Mirza Ibrahim was arrested and beaten in Oroomiah in May, 1892, and bore testimony to the faith before the local magistrate who sent him to Tabriz in chains. The governor of Tabriz is the heir apparent to the throne of Persia. Mirza Ibrahim's examination before the Prince's Wazier was a fearless confession of Jesus and the truths of the Gospel. He was cast into the Prince's dungeon, and a petition was sent to the Shah for his release, but no answer came to it. One can imagine what his sufferings must have been during eleven months that he spent in the dungeon, and how

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strong his faith was to endure all, when any day he might have got his freedom by denying his faith. In April, 1893, when he was testifying for Christ in the lower prison, about a dozen outlaws fell upon him: they beat and kicked him, and finally, taking their turns in choking him, asked him repeatedly, "Who is true, Ali or Jesus?" With his breath almost gone, and his eyes almost out of their sockets, he answered, "Jesus—though you kill me." Dr. Venureman, of the American Mission, visited him on May 14, and found him at death's door. He could only say, "All is well; tell the Church to pray for me, and commend me to Jesus. I knew when I became a Christian that I was putting a knife to my throat." He died the same day.

THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND.

BY REV. RURAL DEAN FOLLARD, OTTAWA.

WHEN celebrating the Jubilee of Her Majesty the Queen, many articles were written to show the vast material progress of Great Britain during the fifty years of her reign—progress, that is, in population, wealth, manufactures, as well as in preparation for war in army and navy.

It is hard to realize that at the beginning of the present century the population of England and Wales was not quite double that of Canada to-day, whilst at the last census it was nearly six times as great—twenty-nine millions; and to-day probably it may be stated as follows: In 1800, nearly nine millions; in 1840, nearly sixteen millions; in 1893, nearly thirty millions. In the last fifty years, or during the reign of Queen Victoria, the actual population, in spite of the emigration of many millions, has almost doubled.

As regards the numbers belonging to the Church, it is difficult to obtain exact information. A religious census has been opposed each time by Nonconformists, so that it is only possible roughly to estimate the number on such available data as school, marriage, burial, army and navy returns. It has been variously set down as from fifty to seventy-two per cent. Probably the truth will be found to lie between these two assumptions; that is, a little over sixty per cent. of the population. In that case eighteen millions would represent the number of Churchfolk at the present time.

The "Official Year Book of the Church of England for 1894" gives the following statistics in regard to Church Sunday-schools:—Scholars, 2,205,549; Bible classes, 401,291; teachers, 188,011.

Church building and restoration has been very general during the last fifty years, and the figures are so vast as to scarcely give one an

idea of the amount expended. To say that two hundred and fifty million dollars have been employed for this alone during the last half century is about as clear to the ordinary mind as to say that the revenue from sugar duties is so many thousands when we purchase a dollar's worth.

The Incorporated Church Building Society was formed in 1818; since then it has aided about eight thousand places (more than half the parishes in England) with grants amounting to five million dollars, thus contributing to the erection of 2,132 additional churches, and the rebuilding and enlarging of 5,816 others, whereby upwards of 1,750,000 additional seats have been provided. This work alone has called forth a further expenditure on the part of Churchfolk of \$66,000,000.

Take the diocese of Canterbury, as quiet and slow a diocese as can perhaps be found in England. Returns show that from 1873 to 1891 (18 years) in church building over \$1,000,000, and in church restoration over \$2,000,000, were spent in this one diocese out of the thirty-two. In the dioceses of London and Manchester, the amount expended was three or four times as great. In one year direct application for returns was made to every incumbent in England and Wales, and the voluntary offerings for all Church purposes were found to amount to \$8,669,500, and it is calculated that for twenty-five years (1860 to 1884) over \$410,000,000 have been contributed by Churchpeople, and that for the half century we may safely estimate the total to be not far short of a thousand million of dollars.

The latest returns, published in the Year Book of 1894, show that the total voluntary contributions for Church work during 1893 in the Church of England, including Wales, amounted to more than twenty-seven million dollars. Three million dollars were contributed to the support of Church Sunday-schools, and over two and a half millions given for the support of the poor.

A very notable feature is the number of churches built and restored by individual gifts of noblemen, country gentlemen, and wealthy merchants. In London, St. Philip's was built in 1888 as a free and open church for the poor at a cost of \$50,000—one-half of which was given by the Duke of Westminster, as well as the site, valued at \$25,000. In the diocese of Lincoln, one lady gave \$60,000 and another \$80,000 for the erection of churches. At St. Alban's, Teddington, \$150,000 were raised by donations and offertories; the parish church of St. Mary, Hornsey, was recently built at a cost of \$85,000, supplied by voluntary gifts; and St. Matthias', Bayswater, was erected at a cost of \$150,000, defrayed by the subscriptions of the congregation. In Cornwall, \$565,000 were raised by voluntary subscriptions from the people

in the diocese, for the erection of the Cathedral Church of St. Mary, Truro. Most of the churches built were intended, not for the rich, but for the poor, and were placed in growing centres amongst the working classes; for one of the striking features of Church growth in England is, that instead of churches being moved "up town" as the wealthy ones move their residences, they are planted in those parts where the poor "most do congregate," so that they may have the benefit and influence of Church ministration. At the present day actual church restoration in the country generally is not so very frequent, because the work is practically finished. I remember one little country village—a model picture of a retired Devonshire hamlet—where the church had been restored (and made very ugly, I thought), but it must have been done by the gift of the rector and his wealthy friends, because there were hardly more than two dozen cottages in the parish.

The number of parochial cures in England and Wales is 14,000; in 1832 it was 10,718. In 1841 there were twenty-seven bishops; now there are thirty-four holding sees and eighteen suffragan—fifty-two in all.

In 1841 the clergy numbered 14,613; in 1891 there were over 23,000.

Specially noteworthy is the increase of clergy in subdivided dioceses; e.g., in three periods of four years immediately preceding the division of the diocese of Durham, there were ordained to the diaconate 90, 119, and 134 respectively. In the first four years after the division 115 were ordained by the Bishop of Durham, and 55 by the Bishop of Newcastle—being an increase of 56 over the average of the three earlier periods.

A marked change has taken place in non-resident clergy. A "curate in sole charge" means one who does all the duty during the continuous absence of the rector, whilst "assistant curate" means one who helps the rector in his work. In 1838 there were 3,078 curates in sole charge; in 1878 there were only 405. In 1838 there were 1,725 assistant curates, and in 1878 there were 4,876; in 1893, 7,000. This shows that non-residence is rare, whilst very many parishes have several clergy to help in ministering to the spiritual needs of the people.

The great work to-day is to supply the church accommodation for the growing centres of population. This is being done on all sides. Just around Norwood Junction, twelve miles from London Bridge, and two miles from Croydon, a small schoolhouse was used for service a few years ago, then a small church was built, and now the chancel of a much larger one has been completed, and funds are being gathered for the remainder of the church. Just across the Recreation grounds, about half a mile, an iron church has been placed, which is now so full that plans have been prepared and ground

broken for a large and handsome building to hold some 700 or 800. A short walk brings one to St. John's, an entirely new brick church, with a congregation of several hundred, which supplies the needs of the rows of houses springing up like mushrooms all around Upper Norwood. These are in addition to the large number of churches which have hitherto sufficed. In Birmingham, the scene of the late Congress, in 1803 there were two churches and three small chapels-of-ease; in 1886 there were fifty-four churches, besides a large number of mission rooms.

Hammersmith, a suburb of London, has a population of some 60,000. There are now seven churches and twenty-one clergy, with all the usual mission halls, schools, classes, etc.

The parish church has a district of 10,700 inhabitants, with vicar and three curates, a church holding 1,500 usually filled, and yet as one makes way to it of a Sunday evening and passes Broadway—a largesquare where some six or seven roads meet and converge, scarcely more than a stone's cast from the church—the crowds of people, the omnibuses, cabs, vans packed full, the station of the underground railway, with a continuous stream of travellers going and coming—it seemed as if the church had not as yet, with all its progress, laid hold of a very large mass of those who should be Christians in a Christian land. At daily prayers thousands are passing outside the doors, and four or five are found within. Wednesday and Friday evening services only find some thirty or forty attendants.

One great drawback in the Church in England is that whilst the country parts are often over-supplied with clergy, and perhaps services, the centres of population are still much under supplied. It is a common thing to find a rector of a country parish which contains 100 or 200 souls all told with two services on Sunday, and yet with a curate who has to keep himself from rusting out by donning his flannel suit and playing tennis.

Churches, too, are found within half a mile of each other, being separate parishes and served by separate clergy, with a congregation, all told, of perhaps fifty.

I took service in Devonshire for a friend some years ago. In the morning of the first Sunday I went to H—, a lovely church in a lovely park, near the manor house. The congregation consisted of the inmates of the "house" and the farm laborers of the estate; in all, not more than twenty people. I may add that no singing was allowed, because, I suppose, the great-grandfather had objected in his day. In the afternoon I went to W. O—; the Squire occupied the south transept as his pew. He had placed a very nice organ in it, and insisted on blowing the bellows himself. The congregation numbers about twenty, nearly all be-

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longing to the estate. The next Sunday I went to a village called E. O——, near the vicarage. This church was then in its primitive simplicity, the walls damp with mildew, the vestry had moth-eaten curtains instead of doors, the floor was curiously uneven, the pulpit lofty but rickety, and the door would not close. The service was attended by about sixty, a part consisting of the Sunday-school, who sat under the tower at the west end, and were kept awake by the whacks of the vigorous schoolmaster and the sobs of the delinquent scholars.

Here were three churches within two or three miles of each other, with a total attendance of little over one hundred, and two clergymen in charge.*

Contrast this with the thousands of a London or large city parish, and one desires a readjustment of clerical ministrations.

As to the kind of service one meets with in England, it is as various as anywhere else. One can say of every variety, "They do this in England." Considering there are more than 23,000 clergy, one may reasonably expect to find this, nor can any one who has not travelled much form any opinion except from local examples. As far as my observation goes, the prevailing type is what is known as "Anglican." The service is said or sung, the choir composed of boys, usually with surplices, but boys' voices are sweet in England, and they seem able to sing. This reminds me of an anecdote of the late Metropolitan, Bishop Medley. At a village church where he was holding a confirmation, the choir had been ambitious, and had prepared an anthem for the occasion. After the service the rector asked the bishop how he liked the singing. The reply was, "Why did they sing an anthem?" The parson said, "The rubrics says, 'In quires and places where they sing, here followeth the anthem.'" "Oh, yes," said the bishop, "but that is in places *where they sing*."

I think I noticed a tendency in several churches to habits which discouraged congregational responding. The minister would say the confession very softly and the people hardly dared to let their voices be heard, and I fear the heartiness of the worship is much checked by this habit, which, I suppose, some eccentric parson has introduced.

At St. Paul's Cathedral, London, it was pleasant to find so many, a hundred or more, joining in the daily prayers of an afternoon. Nearly half the sight-seers took more or less part in the service.

The midday prayers were not so well attended. Perhaps twenty or thirty stopped in their gazing round the magnificent building to join in the hymns and prayers for fifteen minutes in one of the side chapels.

I attended a morning service at the well-known Temple Church, where lawyers and their wives worship. The music was certainly

nearly perfect, but the reading of the curate poor, and the sermon by a dean very so-so.

At Westminster Abbey was the most perfect form of worship I attended during my holiday. The seats were crowded by a seemingly devout congregation. The prayers were sung very well by one of the minor canons, and the lessons excellently read by another. The sermon by Canon Duckworth was the best I heard in England, even though I listened to the leading dignitaries of St. Paul's. Surrounded by such mementoes of greatness and of great men who had shown their humanity by passing away, leaving but their footprints behind, we, the living, could worship the same God and Saviour; and when those who conducted the service were impressed with the desire to render to God the very best of their powers, it seemed like a house removed from the pettiness of the world, and filled with the eternity of heaven.

One sees the Church active on every side, and men and women devoting their lives to the service of the Redeemer. What still "lets" the Gospel? My impression is that the great hindrance and the great contest soon to be fought is for the very foundations of Christianity, and the truths of God's Word. When from cathedral pulpits the subject is "doubts," not "verities"—a text taken only to discredit its genuineness or application—a book is scoffed at as containing only a little of the truth which the great minds of to-day are to pass judgment upon; when, as one has said, the wisest conclusion these wise men arrive at is the absurdity that the books of Moses were written by a man called Moses, but certainly not by the Moses mentioned in the Bible, then we may well imagine that humble minds are shaken in their belief in a God who is painted as not so wise as man of to-day, and the religion which has made England what it is, is becoming discredited by very many. I fear this is a growing evil, because it is easy enough to sow doubts, but not so easy to root them out. One lady told me, "I never go to Rochester Cathedral when Canon — preaches, because he is always arguing against some doctrine, or suggesting a doubt whether some book or text be true. I do not wish to have my mind, or my daughter's, unsettled. I go to church for comfort, not to be disturbed in mind."

Whilst this is the trouble amongst the educated masses, whose reasoning powers are imperfect, there can be very little doubt but that the Church is pretty strongly seated in the affections of the people, and that far more are intelligently attached to her than in days gone by. The *fashion* of being High or Low is passing away, and, whilst followed by a *famine* in some minds, yet probably it is being succeeded by more real service of Christ and the Church, more personal devotion to His cause. Many are stirred from their selfish ease

to strong activity for others, and, whilst the shouts of the Salvation Army attract attention to itself, it has also attracted attention to the quiet, self-denying labor of Churchmen and Churchwomen who, for many years, have been working amongst the very classes who are supposed to be reached by the Salvation Army, and who only needed the encouragement of others to do their work more thoroughly, and more in accordance with the mind of Christ.

The future of the Church of England none can foresee; but we can hardly think that so many prayers, so much energy, and so deep devotion, as is seen on all sides to-day, can fail to guide Christ's Church at home through whatever dangers and difficulties may be before her, or that her candlestick will ever be removed, and her light cease to shine for the glory of the Lord.

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., 22 Mount Carmel St., Quebec.

A LETTER of condolence having been written to the Bishop of Athabasca and Mrs. Young, in the name of the Woman's Auxiliary, the general corresponding secretary received the following touching reply:—"Will you kindly assure the Woman's Auxiliary how much we feel and appreciate their kind expression of sympathy for us in our recent heavy trial? We can indeed say that some of the weight of the blow has been lightened by the Christian words of comfort and kindness that have come to us in our bereavement. There had been, we knew, a heart-surrender of himself by our son to Christ, and to His service, two years previously. A cheering proof to us of the reality of that surrender has been the steady and thorough way in which he was studying in prospect of going to college to prepare for ordination. Mrs. Young unites with me in expressing our heartfelt appreciation of the message of sympathy.

Yours, etc.,

RICHARD ATHABASCA."

THE Domestic Mission field which claims our attention this month is New Westminster, from whence we received the following some time since, but from press of other matter were obliged to hold it over. Mrs. Williams, superintendent of the Chinese mission school, writes: "We are in the midst of changes here, and, in consequence, I shall no longer reside in this parish; and as the school is held in my house, and I have hitherto been able to give my time to the classes, this change will necessitate two fresh expenses—the renting of a place for the school, and the maintenance of a permanent

teacher. It is proposed to rent an empty store near Chinatown, and to invite to New Westminster the brother of the present Chinese lay reader, Tew Yung, whose work is principally confined to Vancouver. This young man is now at a mission school in China, and it is thought that his residence in New Westminster will help the teachers to get the same hold on the pupils that his brother has been able to do in Vancouver; so it will be an important step, and one that means progress, but of course it entails a considerable drain on the mission funds. It is with deep regret that I have decided to leave my Chinese class. I think we have become mutually attached to each other, and it was touching to receive many little presents from them at the New Year. Our staff of teachers, too, have been so helpful, often giving up their evenings to come and take up the monotonous work of the night school. The two years' work seems as if it were just now about to bear fruit. Charlie, who has religious instruction at home from Miss Phipps, one of our teachers, has, after a year's interval, asked for more instruction about baptism from his teacher in school; and as he is cousin to several of the scholars, we hope, if his conversion is genuine, it may be followed by others. You may like to see little Joe Mu's description of China New Year, which he wrote out at our last class: 'Fire-crackers—Happy New Year—large chicken and pig—and nut—ginger—Chinese somethings.' I think your members will be interested to hear of the formation of a Junior Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary in New Westminster. We began work last October, and the special object we set before ourselves was to make six quilts for the diocesan orphanage at Vancouver. Three were finished in time for Christmas; and some of the children also sent dolls to the orphanage. The class consists of twenty children. Miss Jones is secretary-treasurer, and the other teachers are Mrs. C. Woods and Miss Kedy. Miss Jones was formerly vice-president of the Junior Branch at Richmond, Quebec, under Mrs. Carpenter, and we were very glad to have her experience in the work. We should be very pleased if some members of other junior branches would correspond with our girls. We will gladly send names and addresses of our members."

THE Quebec Auxiliary held a most successful annual meeting on the 9th May. Choral matins and Holy Communion in the Cathedral began the day, the Lord Bishop of the diocese being the celebrant, and delivering a most interesting and inspiring address to the W.A. members. The business meetings were well attended, and the members and delegates

* Ontario diocese has bravely added help to this mission to its other good work, and undertaken to raise \$200 for the lay reader for New Westminster.

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lunched together in the Church Hall between the sessions. The reports showed good progress, especially among the country branches, many of whom have made wonderful strides since last year, in spite of the constantly diminishing numbers of Church people in the diocese—so many moving away, and few coming to replace them. The rule of balloting was suspended to allow of the last year's officers being elected by acclamation. Besides other business, \$75 was voted to the Bishop of Mackenzie River; \$50 each to the Revs. J. G. Brick and J. W. Tims, and \$25 to Rev. H. G. Stocken. The treasurer reported \$2,512 as being the total for the past year.

Books and Periodicals Department.

Foreign Missions After a Century. By Rev. James S. Dennis, D. D. Fleming H. Revell Co., 140-142 Yonge Street, Toronto. Price \$1.50. This book consists of lectures given by the author, a Presbyterian missionary of Beirut, Syria, to the students of the Princeton Theological Seminary, and contains a number of very useful facts regarding the great general subject of foreign missions. The outlook for the mission field is represented with much force and candor. All the elements of a discouraging nature are described with the same vividness as those that are encouraging; and facts regarding foreign lands are brought together in such a way as to render the book useful as a work of ready reference. The Christian convert in Japan, for instance, is made to cry "Come over into Japan and help us," and then gives an account of his own country, and states reasons why help should at once be given. The Christian convert in Corea does the same, and in like manner also China, the Islands of the Pacific, Siam and Burma, India, Africa, the Turkish Empire, Persia, South America, and Mexico. It is seldom that so much information is condensed into so small a space as this. That all these countries need the Gospel as an actual help for them in their present condition is clearly shown; but the difficulties to be met are of a serious nature, for all of them have their own religions, which, according to their light, they find useful to them. They are naturally also very jealous of foreigners. But the work actually done in foreign lands since the beginning of the present century, especially the latter part of it, is held up as undoubted testimony that the present age, with all its faults, is forming itself into a great missionary era, and that its work, when brought together and written down, will sound like a modern edition of the Acts of the Apostles. If the bulk of our good Christian people could only be induced to study the missionary problems and doings of the day a mighty revolution might speedily be secured for the world, which now lies everywhere with open doors—with doors, in fact, flung widely open—to receive the Gospel message.

(i) *The Expositor*; (ii) *The Clergyman's Magazine.* London, England: Hodder & Stoughton, 27 Paternoster Row.

(i) In the continued articles on "The Righteousness of Christ's Kingdom," by Professor Marcus Dods, some objections to the moral teaching of Christ are considered and ably met. Criticism regarding Professor Ramsay's "Galatia of the Acts" is continued. Sir J. W. Dawson has another article on the "Bible and Science," treating this time of the antediluvians and the deluge. Faith is ably held up by Rev. John Watson as "the sixth sense." Other interesting articles make up the number.

(ii) Besides the usual amplified collects, sermons in season, homiletical outlines, there are in this number useful suggestions regarding the clergy in human nature, the clergyman's

wife, some difficulties of country work and their remedy, and other kindred subjects.

The Separated Nation. By H. L. Hastings. Boston, U.S.A. Price 35 cents. In a small book of 224 pages, bound in cloth boards, facts and features of the Jewish race are here given which show the many wonderful things connected with them—the most remarkable people that live or ever have lived on the face of the earth. This is shown under four heads: (1) Jewish vitality, fecundity, and longevity; (2) the superior character of Jewish social life; (3) Jewish educational and intellectual characteristics; and (4) Jewish finance and statesmanship. All persons interested in these wonderful people would find much pleasure in reading this book.

The Missionary Review of the World. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$2 a year. The June number is enlivened by a couple of handsome illustrations showing (1) the hut where Livingstone died, and (2) the Rev. G. L. Mackay, D.D., his Chinese wife and children. It is full, as well, of most interesting reading matter regarding all parts of the world. An article, to be continued, on the "Unoccupied Mission Fields of the World" promises to be valuable in its information and suggestions for future work.

Other Lands and the People who Live There. By Minna C. De La Plante. London (England): Church Missionary Society. A book of forty eight pages—about the size of the "Dawn of Day"—handsomely illustrated, and giving information regarding Mohammedans, Africans, Hindoos, Tibetans, and North American Indians. Missionary societies and guilds would do well to circulate this book as a means of arousing interest in foreign missions.

Germania. A. W. & E. Spanhoofel, Boston. Monthly, \$2 a year. This periodical, devoted to the study of the German language and to German literature, comes this month in a greatly improved form. It is reduced in size, and is therefore more easily handled, and when bound will make a much better shaped book. People interested in acquiring the German language would do well to subscribe for it.

The Review of Reviews. 13 Astor Place, New York. \$2.50 a year. Full information of current events is given, as usual, in this periodical. A picture of "Four Famous Brothers"—the Field brothers—with an account of the work of David Dudley Field, is prominent. A full pictorial account of Louis Kossuth is most interesting, and forms a capital page in history.

Illustrated London News. World Building, New York. \$6 a year. The usual fine illustrations characteristic of this periodical mark its recent numbers. Public events are plainly stamped upon the mind in pictorial form—a fact strongly emphasized by the *Illustrated London News*.

The Cosmopolitan. New York. Price 15 cents. May be had with the CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE and MISSION NEWS, both periodicals for \$2 a year. The May issue of the *Cosmopolitan* is a bright number, full of illustrations and articles of interest.

TREASURER'S DEPARTMENT.

The following are the amounts received to date by the Secretary-Treasurer in cash and vouchers since last amounts acknowledged, April 21st, 1894:

	Domestic.	Foreign.
Algoma Diocese -		
For foreign missions, general.....		\$ 17 38
“ London Society Jews.....		21 36
“ P.M. Jews.....		7 50
“ Indian Homes—Children’s Lenten offerings.....	\$ 13 41	
	\$ 13 41	\$ 46 30
Montreal Diocese -		
For S.P.G., for foreign missions...		\$ 553 40
“ Domestic missions.....	\$ 52 66	
“ Bishop of New Westminster...	1 50	
“ Indian Homes—Children’s Lenten offerings.....	13 27	
“ Northwest missions.....	20 00	
“ Athabasca.....	5 00	
	\$ 92 43	\$ 553 90
Niagara Diocese—		
For Saskatchewan and Calgary, from W.A.....	\$ 52 00	
“ Miss Smith’s (Japan) dispensary		\$ 25 00
“ Athabasca.....	15 00	
“ Algoma (Huntsville church)...	10 00	
“ P.M. Jews.....		5 00
“ Domestic missions.....	171 86	
“ Algoma.....	323 78	
“ “ Superannuation.....	3 00	
“ “ Indian Homes.....	59 60	
“ “ Shingwauk.....	15 53	
“ “ (Isaac Sands).....	20 00	
“ Rupert’s Land.....	127 10	
“ “ Wycliffe mission ..	5 00	
“ “ Treherne mission.....	3 00	
“ Saskatchewan and Calgary.....	10 00	
“ “ Emmanuel College, for Indian boy Henderson...	30 00	
“ Saskatchewan, Piegan Reserve	5 31	
“ Athabasca, general.....	50 22	
“ Mackenzie River, general....	4 00	
“ “ Wycliffe missions	5 00	
For foreign missions, general.....		\$ 67 28
“ Wycliffe Japan missions.....		22 48
“ Miss Smith’s (Japan) mission..		125 00
“ C.M.S.....		10 40
“ Saskatchewan and Calgary, for Rev. Mr. Hincheliffe (voucher, Niagara W.A.).....	25 00	
“ do, Piegan Reserve (voucher, Niagara W.A.).....	10 61	
“ London Society, Jews (voucher)		142 03
“ P.M. Jews (voucher).....		155 22
	\$946 01	\$552 41
Nova Scotia Diocese—		
For Indian Homes, C.L. offerings (Cow Bay).....	\$ 20 00	
Ontario Diocese -		
For Japan building fund (missionary meeting collection at Ottawa).....		\$45 14
“ Northwest missions.....	\$121 60	
“ Rupert’s Land, for St. John’s College, Winnipeg.....	25 00	
“ Shingwauk Homes.....	140 78	
“ Indian Homes.....	41 45	
“ Indian Work.....	68 98	
“ Athabasca—Rev. J. G. Brick.....	9 00	
“ Foreign missions.....		287 09
“ Miss Smith’s (Japan) fund ..		58 50
“ Zenana missions.....		10 85
“ London Society, Jews.....		80 27
“ P.M. Jews.....		248 14
	\$406 81	\$739 89

Quebec Diocese -		
For Indian Homes—C.L. offerings (Lennoxville).....	\$ 50	
“ Indian Homes—C.L. offerings (Cathedral, Quebec).....	20 95	
	\$ 21 45	
Toronto Diocese -		
For Indian Homes—Children’s Lenten offerings.....	\$ 1 00	
“ Domestic missions.....	23 15	
“ Indian Homes—Children’s Lenten offerings.....	17 60	
“ Algoma Homes, from W.A. (Wawanash).....	50 00	
“ Algoma Homes, from W.A. (Shingwauk).....	20 00	
“ Zenana missions, from W.A....		\$ 400 00
“ Zenana Ramabai Circle, from W.A.....		15 00
“ Labrador (Dr. Grenfell), from W.A.....		5 00
“ Indian Homes—Children’s Lenten offerings.....	69 36	
“ Mackenzie River.....	29 86	
“ Rupert’s Land—Indian work ..	147 00	
“ “ “ General.....	19 80	
“ Foreign missions.....		24 48
“ Wycliffe Japan fund.....		11 67
		28 79
“ Algoma, from W.A.....	27 50	
“ Athabasca, from W.A.....	2 50	
“ Athabasca, Lesser Slave Lake Hospital, from W.A.....	367 00	
“ Athabasca, Rev. G. Holmes, from W.A.....	7 50	
“ C.M.S. Chinese work, from W.A.....		30
“ Zenana missions, from W.A....		119 20
“ Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, from W.A.....	2 50	2 50
“ Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, from W.A.....		15 00
“ Mackenzie River, from W.A....	51 12	
“ Rev. J. G. Waller, Japan.....		20 00
	\$835 89	\$641 94

RECAPITULATION.

(These figures include sums previously acknowledged.)

	Domestic.	Foreign.	Total.
Algoma.....	\$ 37 11	\$ 120 60	\$ 157 71
Fredericton.....	263 34		263 34
Huron.....	44 00	126 91	170 91
Montreal.....	425 05	675 67	1,098 72
Niagara.....	1,275 45	1,189 93	2,465 38
Nova Scotia *..	349 10	90 52	439 62
Ontario.....	668 81	1,334 00	1,990 81
Quebec †.....	63 51	125 00	188 51
Toronto ‡.....	3,164 92	2,161 40	5,326 32
	\$6,229 29	\$5,822 05	\$12,051 32

* The \$85.57 (Domestic) and \$85.56 (Foreign), formerly acknowledged for Nova Scotia, belong to last year’s Report. The correct receipts to date, since the last Report, are as stated here.

† The \$75 (Foreign), formerly acknowledged for Quebec, belongs to last year’s Report. The correct receipts to date, since the last Report, are as stated here.

‡ \$135.12 (Domestic), previously acknowledged, should not have been included in present sums: \$161.03 (vouchers) —Domestic—were inadvertently acknowledged a second time. The present totals are correct to date.

CHAS. H. MOCKBRIDGE,
Secretary-Treasurer.