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THE CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE

• • AND MISSION NEWS • •

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


VOL. IX.

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1895.

No. 114.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

No. 114.—ST. JAMES' CHURCH, SOUTH LONDON.

 THE history of this church is that of marked progress. Many years before there was a church in the neighborhood, services were held in a school-house by the Rev. John McLean, afterwards Bishop of Saskatchewan. Rev. Mr. Innes, now Dean of Huron, and the late Rev. J. Smythe.

In the year 1872, Mrs. Cronyn collected some few hundred dollars for the purpose of having a little church built in what was then a suburb of London, the intention being that Bishop Cronyn would hold afternoon services in it. However, the good bishop was called to his rest that year. The few church people in the section worked faithfully for the accomplishing of this purpose, and in November, 1873, a little brick church (24 x 40) was opened. It cost \$2,400. The Rev. Evans Davis was appointed the first rector in February, 1874.

From very small beginnings, this congregation grew until the church was not able to accommodate those who desired to attend. With a considerable debt still on the old building, the erection of a new church had to be faced. In 1876, with a subscription list of only \$2,400, the church shown in the accompanying illustration was undertaken. It was then considered a great venture of faith. The nave is 42 x 82, with chancel, vestry, and organ chamber. The building was opened for divine service by Bishop Hellmuth on the 18th of November, 1877. It has seating capa-

city for 624 persons. It is built of brick, and very nicely situated. Being in the township of Westminster, it failed to receive any aid from the rectorial endowment (the rectory lands being in London township), and is thus the only self-supporting church in the city. It has now been proposed to put an addition to it, so as to accommodate the increasing congregation.

The first church was used for Sunday-school purposes, but soon became too small. An addition, at the cost of over \$1,000, was put to it. In the course of some years it was found that this building was not up to the wants of the parish, and in 1893 it was taken down and a new one, 42 x 62, with three galleries, parish room, class rooms, kitchen, and all modern conveniences, erected in its place, at a cost of nearly \$6,000.

The rectory is a fine brick building, with all modern improvements, and very conveniently situated about one hundred and fifty yards from the church, though not in the church grounds. The entire debt on the whole church property is now only three thousand dollars.

The Venerable Archdeacon Davis, M.A., Rector of St. James' Church, London, Ontario, is well known throughout western Ontario. Though having some Welsh blood in his veins, he was born in Ireland on May 20th, 1848. He has lived in Canada since he was about five years old. He is the second youngest son of the late Rev. W. Davis. He received his earlier education in Quebec, Toronto, and the west. He attended the London Grammar School, under the late Rev. Benjamin Bayly. He took the



THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON DAVIS, M.A.,

Diocese of Huron.



THE RECTORY OF ST. JAMES' CHURCH, LONDON, ONT.

divinity course in Huron College. And was ordained deacon June 3rd, 1871, by Bishop Cronyn, the first Bishop of Huron, and on November 5th, the same year, was advanced to the priesthood. His first charge was the mission of Bayfield, in the county of Huron, where he entered upon his labors immediately after his ordination.

During his ministry there, many improvements were made in the three existing churches, and another new brick one was built in Goderich township. The work grew under his hands until it became too heavy for his strength, and he was ordered to seek a smaller field and milder climate. In 1873, he was offered the rectory of a city church in New Brunswick, but his bishop (Dr. Hellmuth) opposed his leaving the diocese of Huron, and appointed him to a charge in the suburbs of London, including St. James' to the south, and Petersville to the west. In March, 1874, he commenced work in that district as the first rector of this now most important parish. He continued the work of these two suburbs until 1876, when he was compelled (owing to the condition of his health) to give up Petersville, now London West, not, however, until he had gathered a good congregation and Sunday-school, and secured a lot, and the brick on the ground for a church. He is still rector of St. James',—a position which he has held now for nearly twenty-two years.

He has occupied important positions in the Executive Committee, and the Synod of Huron, and has the confidence and respect of his brethren in the ministry, as is evidenced by their having elected him for several years in succession as a representative to the Provincial Synod, and also to the General Synod, held in Toronto in 1893. He is at this time a member of the Board of Management of the

Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada, and also a member of the executive of the Canadian branch of the Church Missionary Society of London, England.

He is private chaplain to the Bishop of Huron, and was by him appointed canon of the cathedral some years ago, and in September, 1894, was appointed Archdeacon of London.

THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued.)

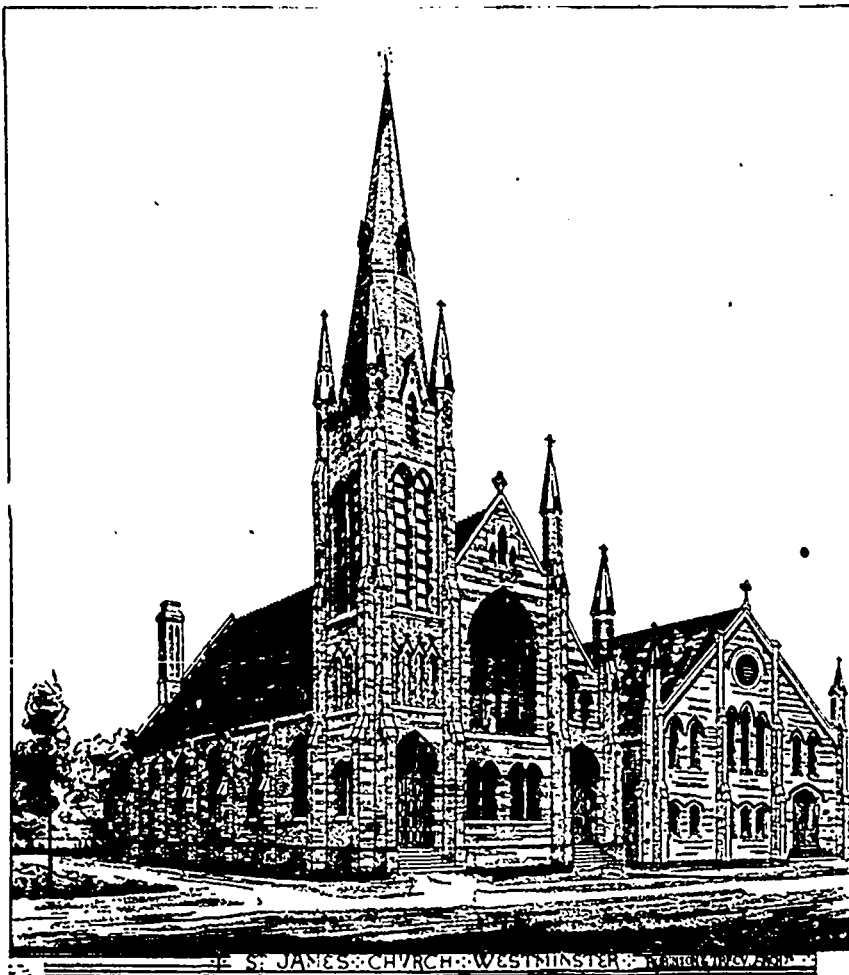
REIGN OF ELIZABETH. (a)



HE death of Queen Mary marked the close of a gloomy state of things for England, and the dawn of a much better and brighter day. Her sister Elizabeth, who had lived in constant dread of losing her own head, now found herself, not only freed from every danger, but suddenly elevated to the undisputed possession of the English throne. On the 17th of November, 1558, when she was in her twenty-fifth year, she became Queen of England, and almost from the first she made it very evident that no weak, unskilful hand was at the helm. She saw at once that it was not a sickening policy of burning human flesh that could ever make a nation happy. That dark cloud she at once rolled away from England.

Elizabeth, though as a woman sometimes frivolous and even silly, was in every sense of the word a great queen. She had the genius of ruling and she did it well. She did it well because she did it for the happiness of her people.

Few sovereigns ever ascended a throne beset with such serious problems as those which lay before her when she found herself Queen of England. And amongst them the greatest was that which concerned religion. What was she to do with a nation so terribly disturbed as the English people had been during the reign of her hard and unrelenting sister? In the first place, she saw that the policy of her sister had been a mistaken one. She had evidently felt the pulse of the nation before she became queen. It was not, as some historians say, that Mary was a Romanist and Elizabeth a Protestant; because it does not appear that, in the outward forms of religion, there was very much difference between the two sisters. To grasp the whole progress of the Reformation in England requires considerable study. It was not a matter effected by any sudden movement, but was



ST. JAMES' CHURCH AND SCHOOL HOUSE, LONDON, ONT.

the result of a growth. Elizabeth had attended the mass regularly during the reign of her sister, and she continued the practice for a time after she became queen. In her own royal chapel the ancient ceremonies were continued. On the altar stood the crucifix, and tapers burned before the sacrament, while incense, as in the Roman mass, was used.

Yet Elizabeth favored the Reformation, and in this she differed from her sister; but, if she favored it, she was determined to assist it with very great caution. Her first proclamation showed that she was determined to preserve the ancient Church of the realm, as nearly as possible, as she had known it in the days of her father. She evidently shrank from anything which might cut off the Church of England from the ancient Catholic Church of Europe, and of the world. Overtures were even made to the pope, Paul IV., who had been the enemy of Cardinal Pole, and, if he had sent a politic and conciliatory reply, some understanding

might have been arrived at even with him; but his answer was so insulting to Elizabeth, and so uncompromising as to demands, that the high-minded queen ruled him out of all consideration in the adjustment of the religious difficulties around her.

She turned her attention to the Church of her own country. She lay before her and around her as a wreck of her former glory. There was no Archbishop of Canterbury, there were but few bishops; most of the sees were vacant and the occupants far away in distant lands. She must build up her shattered Zion, and that, as far as possible, along the lines of the Reformation. It was somewhat unfortunate for her that, owing to the cruel persecutions of her sister, men had been driven from home, and had become bitter enemies of everything in religion that might savor in any way of Rome. On the con-

continent they learned views far removed from those which Queen Elizabeth intended to take as her guide, yet these men she welcomed back to England. They were called Puritans, and were destined to build up a mighty power in their native land.

The queen had three parties to conciliate—could she possibly amalgamate them and weld them together as one people? There were, first, the adherents of the old faith, the Romanists or, as they were frequently called, the papists. These had been strengthened greatly by the reign of Mary, and looked upon themselves as those who in religion ought to rule supreme. Then there were the Puritans, as far removed from the others as the mind of one man could possibly get from that of another. They had conceived the most bitter hatred against everything connected with the papacy. They had come to regard it as a cruel tyranny, armed with every instrument of torture, and ready to burn and tear to pieces

those who might venture to differ from it. Besides these two apparently irreconcilable parties was a third, which might almost have feared destruction, owing to its moderation. There was the danger certainly of being crushed between two such hostile parties as those already described. Yet this third party was a reasonable one, and gradually gathered strength. At its head was the powerful queen herself. It took the view that, while reformation was undoubtedly needed, a revolution was not required. There could be a Church of England with her bishops, priests, and deacons, still in their places, with her liturgy, no longer to be rendered in Latin, but in the English tongue, a Church that should be the defender of the Holy Scriptures, and a friend of the people as she strove to lead them on their way to heaven.

From any one of these three parties, Elizabeth might have selected her new Archbishop of Canterbury. It is said that her first inclination was to appoint some Romanist divine inclined towards reform; but her second thoughts told her to select a man thoroughly reformed, but favorable to the maintenance of the Church of England in its ancient form, so far as purity of doctrine and practice would permit. In connection with this matter she thought of one who had been her teacher and adviser in earlier days, one who had suffered meekly, yet severely, during the reign of Mary, a quiet, unassuming man, devoted to the Church of England, yet an undoubted Reformer, and she summoned him to come to her to help her in the matter of the religion of her people. He came. His name was Matthew Parker.

The son of an English gentleman, he was educated at Cambridge, became acquainted with Henry VIII., and was appointed chaplain to Anne Boleyn, the unfortunate mother of Elizabeth. He rose by successive steps till he became Dean of Lincoln. He connected himself undoubtedly with the Reformation party, by marrying in the reign of Edward VI. He married a lady of birth and refinement, who afterwards was a great help to him in the high positions he was called upon to occupy. In the reign of Queen Mary he suffered great privation and loss, but, having a little private means, he was enabled to hold on till the better days of Queen Elizabeth opened up for him prospects of a new and happier life. This began when the queen summoned him to London.

He grasped at once the situation and saw the critical position in which the Church was placed. Scarcely any thing had been done yet in the way of religion, for Elizabeth had other matters to attend to in the regulation of her kingdom, which seemed to demand her deepest attention; but now she saw that there could be no further delay in this most important matter. She was glad to consult with a man

like Dr. Parker, for, though a thorough Reformer, he was not a Puritan. He was naturally conservative, and saw to his great satisfaction that the queen was favorable to the preservation of the Church of England, without altering its form of ministry or its continuity in history as an ancient apostolic Church. She saw that this would not satisfy the Roman party on the one hand, nor the Puritan party on the other, yet some course had to be taken, and she, with her strong will and energy, determined to take the middle course between the two extremes. And for assisting her in this she could not have found a better man than Parker. He was not a great man or a powerful man, but he was kind, and gentle, and good, and had courage to take a middle course, when there were men on either extreme ready almost to tear him to pieces for refusing to assist them in what they considered absolutely essential. He found that the queen had been using the first Prayer Book of Edward VI., a book highly distasteful to the Romanists on the one hand, and even to moderate Reformers on the other. Parker succeeded in persuading the queen to adopt the second Prayer Book of Edward VI. which, though containing some things which he did not like, would nevertheless be a much better basis of union than the other. The queen did not like to yield, but in the end she saw that she had to give way, and Parker thus gained his first point.

Elizabeth had been queen for about two months, when it was determined to convene a Parliament, at which many heart-burning disturbances might be settled. The Parliament met on the 21st of January, 1559, and in it many things were done which were distasteful either to the queen, or to the bishops, or to the Romanists, or to the Puritans, yet nearly everything that was passed was agreeable to Parker, and indeed had been instigated by him, for, although as yet he occupied no official position, his influence upon the queen and the Parliament throughout was very great. Elizabeth showed great wisdom in yielding where she saw she could not win. This was characteristic of her in her first Parliament, and it gave her immense power for the rest of her reign.

The first point to be adjusted was as to the headship of the Church. The queen settled this herself by refusing to accept the position of head of the Church. The next point was as to the relation of the pope to the Church of England. The Parliament spoke of him merely as the "Bishop of Rome," and excluded him or any other "foreign prince or potentate" from exercising any authority whatever within the dominions of the queen of England. These and various other matters of the greatest importance were passed at this Parliament, in a statute which was called the "Act of Uniformity." In this Act, Parker had embodied

the sanction of the new Prayer Book, "the second of Edward VI.," which he had caused to be slightly altered before presenting it to Parliament. In the midst of other and most weighty matters, these alterations passed without comment, greatly to the relief of Dr. Parker. One of the alterations made was the omission from the Litany of a clause which, of course, was obnoxious to many. It was, "From the tyranny of the Bishop of Rome and all his detestable enormities, good Lord deliver us." Another alteration was the omission of the rubric which declared that no adoration was intended by kneeling in the holy sacrament. Prayers for the queen, clergy, people, were added, and proper lessons for Sundays.

These matters settled by Parliament, it next became necessary to fill up the vacant sees. Here was a great wreck, so many dioceses were there without bishops. A commencement had to be made of, course, with the primacy. Only one man at first was thought of, and that was Dr. Parker. But he was a shy and somewhat nervous man, and he shrank from so high a position. He therefore respectfully declined. The position was then offered to Dr. Wotton, Dean of Canterbury, but he had the wisdom also to decline. He was not in full sympathy with the Reformation, and, though his appointment would have pleased the queen, it would have been an unfortunate one for the time and needs of the Church, on the verge, as it was of a dangerous disruption. Feckenham, Abbot of Westminster, was next thought of, but, as he would not accept the royal supremacy, he also with great wisdom declined. The Puritans must have thought it a merciful deliverance to be freed from these men, and, on the whole, were well pleased when at last Queen Elizabeth declared, in a way that could not be lightly treated, that Matthew Parker was to be Archbishop of Canterbury. He was commanded to accept the position and he obeyed. This was in June, 1559, the primacy having been vacant for seven months, and six months more were destined to go by before the consecration of the new archbishop.

When we learn that Queen Elizabeth enjoyed the emoluments of all vacant sees, and insisted, against every influence brought to bear upon her to the contrary, that that should always be her prerogative, we arrive at a substantial reason why episcopal appointments seemed to require long and careful consideration before being made and consummated.

PROSPERITY is not incompatible with piety. Wealth is not, as some theorists would have us believe, the birthplace and nursery of all manner of iniquity and unrighteousness. The experience of men among men, as voiced in the language of the social science of to-day, proves poverty an even greater breeder of crime, vice, and depravity than riches.

THE CAMERA IN THE MISSION FIELD.*

REV. P. L. SPENCER

NOT the least interesting or important use to which photography is now put is the pictorial representation of scenes in the life and work of the heroes of the mission field. The lecture hall and the religious magazine frequently instruct by means of illustrations for the production of which we are indebted in the first place to the camera. Thus photography has become a handmaid of religion. The man who refuses to admit that money sent to the heathen is well expended, and who expresses his opinion on the subject of missions by declaring them "a failure," is inclined to regard the matter more favorably when he sees placed side by side on paper, or is shown in succession on the lantern screen, two representations of "a heathen man," one depicting him as a savage, the other as a Christian gentleman. The missionary's spiritual medicine is acknowledged to work a greater charm than any of the advertised panaceas whose supposed wonderful effect are indicated by the contrast between "before taken" and "after taken." Independently of the direct object of missionary illustrations, photography when practised in the mission field gives us, moreover, new ideas concerning the natural resources of the country, the employments of the natives, and the prospects for civilized labor and commerce.

Although Canada may not, except in the extreme northwest, present any romantic difficulties in the path of the traveller, or afford opportunities for studying the life and character of the redman in his native seclusion and primitive simplicity, yet there are in the settled parts of the Dominion many places and districts which are out of sight of the ordinary tourist, but which when visited reward him for a little extra exertion and expenditure of time and money by revealing to him the condition of the Indians who have to some extent adopted the ways and employments of white men, and who are settled on reserves not very remote from the track of the iron horse or the course of the fire boat. These are in many cases still undergoing the process of civilization and acquiring by slow degrees a knowledge of the Christian religion. While making an acquaintance with the circumstances which regulate their present life, an amateur "camerist" will find frequent opportunities for plying his art with pleasure to himself and future satisfaction to his friends. Having within a period of a few years past made visits to the aborigines on reserves in Ontario, Manitoba, and the western

*The letter-press of this article (not the illustrations) appeared first in *The Canadian Photographic Journal*.

Territories, and also enjoyed a glimpse of Chinese life in British Columbia, I may be able to interest the readers of THE CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE AND MISSION NEWS with a brief description of my wanderings.

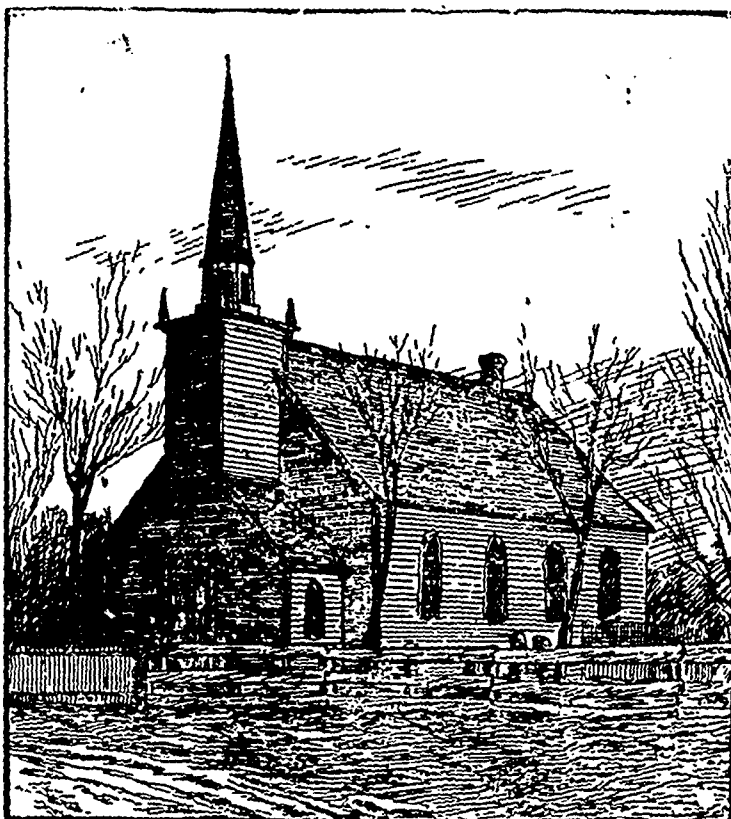
Let us begin near home. In the year 1782 Captain Joseph Brant, the renowned chief of the Mohawk tribe, obtained from the British Government a grant of several hundred thousand acres of land stretching along both banks of the Grand river. To-day the descendants of the Indians who settled on that land are living in peaceable and prosperous possession of their farms in the county of Brant. The church which was erected in 1783 still stands, and, although only a wooden building, is in a good state of preservation. As a relic of the later days of the eighteenth century, ancient days for Upper Canada, this little structure constitutes a subject worthy of the work of pen, pencil, brush, or camera. By applying at the Mohawk Institute, which, equally with the church, is but a short distance from the city of Brantford, we are permitted to see the Communion plate and Bible presented by "Good Queen Anne" to the Mohawk Indians when they lived in the Mohawk Valley in the United States before the Revolutionary war. The interior of the church shows us an inscription on the chancel wall containing the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments in the Mohawk language, and exhibits in relief over the western door the royal coat of arms of England, such as I have not seen elsewhere in churches except in England itself. The ground surrounding the building contains more than a few evidences of man's mortality, one monument standing over the grave of the late Ven. Archdeacon Nelles, who ministered to the Indians for a long period beginning with 1831. Several fine stately elms add their beauty to the scene. The "Old Mohawk Church" is thus both artistically and historically an object of great interest. No photograph album of Canadian views is complete without a picture of it.

Another church on this reserve, St. Paul's, at Kanyenga (pronounced Ka-nyunga), though comparatively modern, is more attractive architecturally than that just described. The interior is very tastefully furnished, and the mellow light coming through the stained glass of the windows gives one the thought of a church in old England, intended for the most cultured classes, instead of a church in new Canada, built for the use of the aborigines. By placing a thin screen against the outside of the east window I succeeded in getting, without the slightest halation, a really beautiful photograph of the chancel. Whether on paper or on calico this picture never fails to excite surprise or impart pleasure. The lines marking the figures in the stained glass are clearly discernible.

Another subject obtained during this visit was a group of Indians engaged in the operation of threshing their grain by means of steam power. The picture demonstrates most conclusively that the red man is following very closely in the tracks of his white brother, and is bringing to his aid the latest contrivances for lessening labor, and thereby lengthening life.

This suggests a word or two on the subject of the continuance of the Indian as a factor in the making up of future Canada. "Are not the Indians dying out?" is a question I have frequently heard. In reply, I may state that, however the case may be with those who are still living in a more or less uncivilized state, there is no indication of decline or gradual disappearance among those occupying the oldest reserves and resembling in their ways most closely the white people of this country. In 1827 the population of the Six Nations of the Grand River reserve was about 1900. In 1830 the number had increased to 2300. In 1882 it had swelled to 3195. Another case in point is offered by the history of the Indian mission on Walpole Island. When it was established the Indians numbered 500. To-day their number is 900. The truth seems to be that during a short period after the Indians have changed from their roving and hunting life they quickly succumb to the ravages of disease induced by neglect of the laws of health necessary to be observed in their new environment, but that when they have acquired a knowledge of those laws and have learned how "to refuse the evil and choose the good" in civilization they begin to increase in number, and prosper in worldly circumstances. We need not suppose, therefore, that the Canadian Indian is destined to become extinct. He is bound to survive the changes and chances of the life that now confronts him. He must be reckoned within the problem of the future development of the Canadian people. One hundred thousand Indians dwell in various parts of the Dominion. We should try to make them good and useful members of the commonwealth. If we take the liberty of pointing the camera towards them, we should do so not because we fancy that they will soon be "blocked out" of nature's picture, but because we see in them a people that have had a mysterious history in the past, occupy at the present time an interesting and remarkable position in the social vista, and are certain to exercise in the future no little influence for weal or woe in the formation of a Canadian nation.

I may conclude this paper with the remark that not all the Indians of the Six Nations have yet accepted the white man's religion. The "long house" of the Pagans may still be seen at a certain spot on the reserve. The number who resort to it is, however, comparatively small; and while the superstitious system which they practise may die hard, it is assur-



MOHAWK CHURCH, NEAR BRANTFORD.

edly destined to give way before the patient labors of the "blackcoats." The influence of the "long house" will soon yield to that of the "big preaching wigwam." Belief in the "happy hunting grounds" will be exchanged for a good hope of the "land of pure delight." The camera of the heart will be opened, and into it will be flashed the strong light of eternal truth, leaving as its impress the image of the Divine.

TESTIMONIES IN FAVOR OF MISSIONS.

THE late Lord Lawrence, shortly after his return to England, after resigning the Viceroyalty of India, said, at a missionary meeting:

"I believe, notwithstanding all that the English people have done to benefit that country, the missionaries have done more than all other agencies combined. They have had arduous and uphill work, often receiving no encouragement, and sometimes a great deal of discouragement, from their own countrymen, and have had to bear the taunts and obloquy of those who despised and disliked their preaching; but such

has been the effect of their earnest zeal, untiring devotion, and of the excellent example which they have, I may say, universally shown to the people, that I have no doubt whatever that, in spite of the great masses of the people being intensely opposed to their doctrine, they are, as a body, remarkably popular in the country.

"I have a great reverence and regard for them (the missionaries), both personally and for the sake of the great cause in which they are engaged."

And in a letter to the *Times*, inserted in the issue of January 4th, 1873, he wrote:

"There are thousands of people scattered over India who, from the knowledge which they have acquired, either directly or indirectly, of Christian principles, have lost all belief in Hinduism and Mohammedanism, and are in their conduct influenced by higher motives, who yet fear to make an open profession of the change in them, lest they should be looked on as outcasts by their own people. Such social circumstances must go on influencing converts, until the time comes when their numbers are sufficiently large to enable them to stand forth and show their faith without ruin to their position in life."

LORD NAPIER (formerly Lieut.-Governor of Madras), in a speech reported in the *Homeward Mail*, November 27th, 1871, said:

"The benefits of missionary enterprise are felt in three directions—in converting, civilizing, and teaching the Indian people

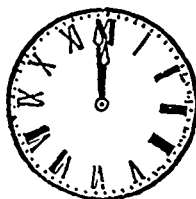
"(1) *Conversion*.—The progress of Christianity is slow, but it is undeniable. Every year sees the area and the number slightly increase.

"(2) *Education*.—In the matter of education the co-operation of the religious societies is, of course, inestimable to the Government and the people. . . . Missionary agency is, in my judgment, the only agency that can at present bring the benefits of teaching home to the humblest orders of the population.

"(3) *Civilization*.—It is not easy to overrate the value in this vast Empire of a class of Englishmen of pious lives and disinterested labors living and moving in the most forsaken places, walking between the government and the people with devotion to both, the friends of right, the adversaries of wrong, impartial spectators of good and evil.

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.,
12a Harbord Street, Toronto.



Remember daily the mid-day prayer for missions.

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

DIOCESAN.

FROM this one word, which will be found in our Canadian list of subjects for this month, two lines of thought seem to stand out above the others which may be suggested by it. First, Diocesan Missions; second, Diocesan Branches of the Woman's Auxiliary.

The unfortunate deficits in the mission funds of several of the dioceses in this ecclesiastical province is, indeed, deeply to be deplored, and calls to us churchwomen to do all in our power to lessen them during the coming year. Let us pray earnestly, give money and give time to our own parish and diocese. Let us pray for our united Church, our primate, the bishops, clergy, and congregations, that God's richest blessings may rest upon one and all, and much fruit result from their labours. If every churchwoman would take that excellent paper by Miss Osler, of Toronto, lately published in the *Church Evangelist*, called the "Lay Woman in the Parish," and ask herself, "Am I doing as much as I might do to help in our parish?" the result would be very telling, if care was taken to rectify the short-comings thus revealed. We would be the last to advocate any outside work which would interfere with *home* duties. Home is woman's true sphere, and attention to it, and those whom God has placed in it, are her unquestionable duty, and must come before all else. But there are very few women who, by a judicious arrangement of these duties, cannot find time to extend their usefulness and bring the very talents which home work has brightened, to help in some of the many organizations with which almost every parish is now equipped. It is too old a story to need repeating here of the good done to women gathered once a week at a mothers' meeting, or the improvement in the children who attend the sewing-school and other duties of a similar nature, to say nothing of the Sunday-school and Bible-classes taught with such earnest devotion by busy women, and which are leading so many souls to the Saviour. With such encouragements before them, would we not



RT. REV. DR. CORFE, BISHOP OF COREA.

expect to see our Churchwomen flocking to their clergy asking to be allowed to share in this glorious privilege of doing good to others? Yes, indeed, but do we? Alas! it is to the comparatively few in almost all congregations that we must turn to find those who carry on these works of love and mercy, and who are gladly and conscientiously giving their tenth, if not more, to God and His service. If all church people would give this tithe faithfully in their own parish, as parishes make up the diocese, the lack of diocesan funds would be a thing of the past, and, moreover, our hard worked and untiring clergy would be more adequately paid than is the case at present, and much of the well-meant help which they receive now, that, however tactfully given, seems to some as but a milder form of "charity," would be unnecessary, for they would receive as their right and just due, a stipend sufficient to supply all their reasonable needs. But that, during the last few years, there has been a great awakening in all parishes we can thankfully perceive, especially among the women.

And this brings us to our second line of thought, Diocesan Branches of the Woman's Auxiliary. Unfortunately an idea has taken possession of some minds that the Woman's Auxiliary militates against diocesan interests, but, we think, we can amply prove quite the reverse. Although, as our parent society, the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society does not work for this ecclesiastical province, and so we, being only its auxiliary, and not an independent organization, cannot report to it money or sales sent to dioceses in this province, still many of our diocesan auxiliaries give largely to their own dioceses, reporting such work in separate accounts. But far more helpful than these material and direct gifts, as outcomes of the W.A., are the quiet personal influences that have incited so many to do for, and give to, their own diocese what they never thought

of before they joined the Woman's Auxiliary. Hearing of privations and needs of those in more distant fields has roused many a woman to look nearer home and do her best to remedy what her attention would not have been called to otherwise. "If anyone had told me before I joined the W.A. that I could give as I find I can now, I would not have believed him." "Why, I never took half the interest in parish work that I do now." "If one had only been interested in this sort of thing earlier in life." "How one's sympathies now seem to expand to those in need far and near," are but a few of the like expressions one hears on all sides. Many of the clergy have cordially spoken of the good the W.A. has done in their parishes by bringing in extra-parochial objects as common ground on which all shades of thought in the Church can meet and work together, thus doing away with much parochial friction and drawing people out of the small circle hitherto bounded by their own parish only, to join hand to hand with the larger formation of the diocesan branch, whose annual meetings call together delegates from all parts of the diocese, and so on again to the provincial W.A., until they find themselves one, not only of the W.A. in such and such a parish, but of a band of between eleven and twelve thousand women working humbly for the extension of God's kingdom, "the love of Christ constraining them." Soon we hope to enlarge our vista still farther, when the General Synod of '96 has sanctioned the formation of a Dominion organization, so that we and our sister Auxiliaries in the Northwest may be one body of fellow-workers in the great cause of missions.

Before long a new year will be opening upon us, and ere the old one passes quite away let us all try and see if in the coming days we cannot live more for Christ, and show that to be a member of the W.A. means something far higher than meeting to make clothes for the Indians, good and necessary as that work is. There is missionary work awaiting us in our homes, in our parishes and dioceses, as well as in those distant parts of our own dear Canada and in foreign lands, where our hands and our purses cannot help, as well as where they can. Prayer, earnest, heartfelt speaking to God, will do more for those we are interested in than anything else, and even the poorest member can do as much in this way as the richest, so none need keep out of the Auxiliary because they cannot attend meetings or give much. The three first objects mentioned in our Diocesan Constitution are "To pray for missions, to awaken missionary zeal among the Churchwomen in the diocese, and to diffuse missionary intelligence," in all of which, while keeping quite loyally to the fields in which our parent society bids us work, we can, and most certainly should include, our own dioceses. As

far as money and work are concerned, we would advocate other channels than our W.A. when possible, but the loyal Churchwoman will take part in both efforts, for the one will stimulate the other, and has done so over and over again. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty," Prov. xi. 24.

COREA.

The latest news from Bishop Corfe gives an account of the opening of the Woman's Hospital at Chemulpo. Unfortunately Miss Cooke, by whose skill and energy this hospital has been made possible, was taken suddenly ill, and could not be present at the ceremony. This consisted of those present, headed by the bishop, moving in procession from dispensary to hospital, and from ward to ward, the bishop blessing each part, and as he says, "Not forgetting to thank God for our benefactors, and to pray especially for Dr. Wiles, who gave us the first woman's hospital and dispensary, and for Mrs. Bishop who has given us this beautiful new building." Speaking of the Coreans the bishop says: "We have now finished just one year of Japanese occupation, and there is no European, who has resided here all this time, but will tell you that if there was hope of lifting Coreans a year ago, there is much less hope now. The stone which Japan has bound to Corea is steadily sinking her. The latest (and he ought to be the best) witness of this is Count Mouye, the Japanese minister in Corea, who has stated publicly lately that there will be no reformation for Corea until the Japanese in Corea have themselves been reformed. He has spoken of the cruelty, the greed, the deception, the selfishness, of the Japanese now in Corea, in far more outspoken language than any I have used. Nor has he exaggerated. I honor him for having had the pluck to tell the truth to his own countrymen about themselves. Telegraphic reports have brought us news of the assassination of the poor queen of Corea. How much these poor dark souls need our prayers for their enlightenment is brought vividly home to us from many sources. There is an association for prayer for Corea, whose Canadian secretaries are Rev. Heber Bullock, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Rev. A. J. Balfour, Quebec, and E. M. Wood, Esq., New Westminster. Will not our members send their names to one of these gentlemen and become one of the association whose sole requirement is daily prayer for Corea?"

CHINA.

So many are deprecating the sending of missionaries to China just now, that we would like to give the following extracts from a letter written by Miss Hankin, a missionary of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society,



THE KING OF COREA AND HIS SON.

to *Missionary Leaves*, showing how much help is needed, and workers loudly called for. Writing from Hing-Hwa, Miss Hankin says: We have at the present time one small dispensary, worked by one "foreigner," with three Chinese helpers. Is this in any way sufficient?

And then another question arises that I expect has already occurred to you. Can an English gentleman doctor minister to the needs of Chinese women? And our answer is a decided "No." It is impossible. The customs of China are such that it is impossible. Then are women to be left? Dear friends, we cannot answer that query: we would rather ask, "Are you going to leave the women?" Our hands are full, and besides, we have not had medical training. We need a lady doctor to come and open a Woman's Hospital. I think all who read this letter know that at the present time the Church of England Zenana Society's funds are not likely to be able to help us in building this hospital, and therefore we must look to private friends for help. The building, the cost of medicine, the salary of native helpers—all must be taken into consideration. God has many of His children in medical colleges at home. Will you pray that He will give some an irresistible desire

to obey His command, to "go . . . to the lost . . . preach . . . and heal the sick"?

I should now like to tell you something of the evangelistic work carried on here. There seems to be a real blessing. On Saturday a congregation of over a hundred and fifty (composed chiefly of men) met in the city. Here at Dangseng we have generally over two hundred, of whom fifty or more are women. At Gingdon, an hour's walk from here, there are from ninety to a hundred and twenty men every Sunday, and in three or four other villages we have from twenty to eighty or ninety meeting every Sunday. Then in Sieng Qu (the south part of our district) there is the same willingness to listen, and in many cases, we trust, to receive, as also in Sieng-Qu city itself, and in many scattered villages.

At Sieng-Qu, Miss Lloyd and Miss With-erby have a women's school. At the present time they have twelve women, whose whole time is given up to learning God's Word. Miss Lloyd has just started a women's day-school at a village half a day's journey from Sieng-Qu, where we hope some women will be brought to worship God intelligently. Then here at Dangseng we have a women's school (we only take women for a three months' course). At the present time we have nine women, and feel very much encouraged at their progress.

Every village is ready to listen to the message. Last Sunday afternoon I was at a village not far from here, and I think a crowd of over two hundred stood listening quietly for about an hour as I told them of a living Saviour. They were quieter than many an English crowd, and some looked really interested. Yesterday I was at two villages. In the first one I went to a Christian's house, and did not show myself in the village, as I wanted to teach a few women. Seven came, and for about two hours sat listening as I told them the story of the love of God: then they learnt a little prayer I had written out on cards for them. They each took one to hang up in their rooms, and the best piece of advice I heard my Christian friend telling the others was, "Before you wash your face, before you get out of bed in the morning, pray this prayer. If you wait, you will forget." Then on to another village, where I spent two hours in our boys' day-school, talking to the boys and a crowd who had collected.

THUNDERCHILD'S RESERVE.

At the Indian Mission of Thunderchild's Reserve, Diocese of Saskatchewan, there is a population of about sixty men, fifty women, and in the neighborhood of fifty children, large and small. The Rev. D. D. Macdonald, the incumbent, has been making urgent appeals for sometime past, for money to build a church on this reserve, but so far the response ha

been very meagre. The school-house is too small for the congregation, and a building which is used for secular purposes during the week, can never be the object lesson of reverence to the newly converted Indian, that is one entirely set apart for the worship of God.

Mr. Macdonald has labored most devotedly in this mission for several years. Will not our members help him to accomplish his very laudable desire, and give him the means to erect a small church? Six hundred dollars is all he asks.

VISITORS FROM ENGLAND.

The stirring addresses of Miss Tristram and her co-workers in Japan, delivered in Toronto on the afternoon of Wednesday, October 30th, will not soon be forgotten by those who had the privilege of hearing them. The only regret was that all the members of the W.A. had not seen the notices in the daily papers and been able to attend; as it was, the Bible class-room at St. James' was fairly filled by those who felt a deep interest in the work.

Miss Hamilton spoke first, and gave a vivid idea of heathendom by her narrative of a decrepit old woman who kept the shrine of an idol, and who said she "thought the goddess of mercy had forgotten her, as she had neglected to send the angel of death to take her out of the world." She also described some temples as being strewn with the offerings of children's clothes and toys, brought by mothers who sought life for their sick little ones; she has heard the wailing and oft-repeated cry of those who sought mercy from images of wood or stone—for every village has its god, besides the household gods who are objects of worship.

Then came Miss Julius, who spoke of "Why we go as Missionaries," followed by Miss Fox, who, in forcible, clear, decisive utterances, showed that "romantic ideas" had not strength to keep missionaries at their post; the romance was soon gone; even "philanthropic" feelings would fail. It needed something higher and more powerful; the motto of the W.A. expressed it, "The love of Christ constraineth us."


Then came the gentle girl who is starting out for the first time, in whom all felt a sisterly interest; Miss Carleton is on her way to Bishop Ridley's diocese of Caledonia, there to make her home on an island and give herself to the teaching of a tribe of Indians under her.

At the close Miss Tristram kept all minds riveted as she showed the joy of mission work. "I was happy in my work at home, but I have spent my happiest days while teaching these poor idolaters and leading them to know the love of Christ." She has charge of a school

for the higher education of girls, through the means of which some have already been the bearers of glad tidings to their heathen relatives. Miss Tristram also spoke earnestly on the power of prayer, giving a striking instance of the conversion of a doctor, who would not suffer his Christian wife to speak one word to him on the subject of religion, and she could only pray for him, which she did most earnestly and constantly. After an illness he amazed his friends by a request for baptism, and explained that he had been secretly reading the Gospel belonging to his wife and was a believer.

When we knew that these missionary ladies had only reached Toronto in the morning, and had promised to address another meeting in the evening, it was deeply felt that their joy in work for Christ and their enthusiasm was not only in word, but in deed and in truth.

"HAPPY CHRISTMAS."

 HERE is sound of preparation,
There is bustle in the air,
Children's light and happy laughter,
Expectation everywhere.
All the shops are decked in beauty,
All the streets with sleigh-bells ring,
Surely all the world is looking
For the coming of its King.

Now the happy day is dawning,
See, the eastern heavens are bright;
Lo, a new and blessed morning
Springs from out the womb of night!
On the stairs and in the hall-ways
Children's voices gaily ring,
"Merry Christmas, merry Christmas,"
For the child to-day is king.

Then, from every tower and steeple,
Ring the bells with joyous call.
"Come to Bethlehem, see the Christ child,
At His feet adoring fall:
Lo, He comes with royal bounty,
Bringing gifts of countless cost,
Christmas cheer from heaven's storehouse,
Life and hope to those once lost.

But, alas! the Christ child cometh
And His own receive Him not,
For, amidst the joys of Christmas,
Christ Himself is oft forgot.
In His house of prayer He waiteth,
On His board His banquet spread,
Bread and wine, which whoso taketh
Is with life eternal fed.

Come, ye faithful, come to Bethlehem,
Come and worship Christ your King,
Bring your gifts of gold and incense,
And with herald angels sing,
"Glory in the highest, glory,
And on earth good will and peace,"
For God's blessed gift of Christmas
Shall our praises never cease.

STRAIGHTFORWARD.

CHAPTER VII.

ALL news travels fast, they say, and probably the same might be said of any news—whether on this side of the globe or the other—for our travellers soon discovered that their reputation had preceded them.

The smoking ship, peopled with white-skins, which was making its way up the Great River, was held in awe by the tribe inhabiting its lower banks. The chiefs on board could kill birds and animals by flying fire; they carried stars of their own which they shot up into the sky at pleasure, and they had endless stores of beads and calico! Moreover, they could cure diseases, and probably had charms to avert death. So they were visitors to be respectfully dealt with and courted; they were, perhaps, gods!

So ran the belief of the ignorant Papuans. In vain poor 'Lisbeth tried hard to instil into their minds some idea of the real God above. Their gods were all revengeful, bloodthirsty personages, who punished, but never rewarded. They could not grasp the idea of a loving Power.

Yet they clung to the believers in this loving God, and trusted them as they would not do their own brethren.

From the first a rule of strict honesty had been observed in all dealings with the natives, and Peter's endeavors to overreach and cheat (a matter in which he somewhat proudly considered himself an adept) were firmly checked.

During the illness of his master, however, Peter had, in a degree, resumed his malpractices, encouraged by 'Lisbeth's look of pleasure when he brought back some new article of food for the sick. How often the treasure had been stolen she never guessed. He always said he had paid for it, and specified the exact quantity of beads and calico given.

Sin-sing and Johnny, too, were born thieves, and went a step further than Peter; he stole for the pleasure of it and as an exercise of talent, while they confiscated to their own use the knives, beads, and so forth, that they declared they had given in exchange for food.

Big Sam, always ready to quarrel with the Chinese, and now lying half stupefied with fever, as they thought, overheard these latter discussing their gains, and told "the Missis" how things lay. Sin-sing bore him a grudge, and the crew were not as united as might be.

Into the midst of this discord came the thunderclap of war. A friendly native gave the warning. A native grave had been robbed; the white-skins had done it; and the wild race, as ready to destroy as to worship, resolved on a night surprise, and the massacre of all on board the *Dart*.

It was past noon when the well-disposed Papuan brought the warning.

Peter firmly denied any share in the ill deed, so did Sin-sing and the boy. But when Captain Mostyn ordered a search among their possessions, there was a hurried movement on the part of the Chinese, and an effort to throw something overboard was frustrated by Peter.

Here were the stolen goods—the grass petticoat, the dog's-tooth necklace, the jar, the baby-net—which had constituted the sole treasures of the young dead wife, and which, after the custom of the country, had been left, poor trophies of her short life, on her grave.

Sin-sing had meant "to sell them to the Missis." He had heard 'Lisbeth innocently wish for some such specimens of native work, and he had knowingly desecrated a grave to obtain them.

The stolen possessions were hastily handed over to the native, with a large store of beads and calico as reparation; but the man almost refused to take these latter. He shook his head, and signified so plainly that the wrong could only be wiped out by blood that there was much anxiety on board the steamer.

Flight was now the only resource, and steam was got up, and all speed made from the dangerous neighborhood. Sin-sing, who had been as troublesome on the voyage as an English under-servant—regarding the helping in services which he conceived it "not his place" to perform—now carried wood, replenished the engine fires, and showed the terrified anxiety of a guilty conscience to hurry on. A faint young moon enabled them to steam on all night; but at daybreak they became aware that they were pursued. Canoes, laden with armed men, shouting and brandishing their formidable clubs, followed them, their numbers reinforced from every backwater and grove of reeds.

Sin-sing and Johnny were crying now like babies, and begging Perran and the Captain to save them; but no one had time to take notice of such tardy repentance.

The party on board the *Dart* were all armed; but, unless absolutely necessary for self-preservation, no shots would be fired. This tribe had heard a discharge of firearms, and would not be alarmed at anything short of the actual wounding of some of their comrades, a matter to be avoided if possible:

Still the angry savages pressed on. It was a critical moment. It looked as if the canoes would soon hem in the little steamer.

All at once the crowding canoes were arrested in their progress—spellbound, as it were—awe was expressed in every dark face; and yet it was only the strains of Perran's concertina which so affected the whimsical savages. He had brought the instrument out with him, and now used it with this happy effect.

The ignorant creatures in their little vessels

took it as a summons to the God of the white-skins. What new and fearful manifestations might now be called forth they did not wait to see. Bullets they might have dared, but not this summons to the Unseen. They fled again precipitately.

Once more the *Dart* had the Great River to itself, and the relieved voyagers congratulated each other on their deliverance; while Sin-sing's broad white face resumed its confidence, and his pigtail flew hither and thither in his efforts to provide a better dinner than usual for his defenders.

But Molly would have nothing to say to his cheerful advances.

"Go along with you, you grave-stealer," she said. "You deserve to have that pigtail of yours cut off, and I'll do it next time you get us into a scrape," which threat kept Sin-sing very penitent and alarmed for some time—perhaps even more so than the sterner reproof he received from the Captain.

On, and on, and on, went the *Dart*; past high banks and low banks, reedy marshes and songless forests, wide stretches of plain without sign of human creature, and villages dotted with strange leaf-thatched dwellings, from which the inhabitants still fled, terrified and untamable, at sight of the strangers.

'Lisbeth almost began to feel dazed at heart, as if that Great River flowed on forever and ever, and they were forced, day by day, to do their resultless task of breasting its current.

A week's bout of fever had added to the dreariness of the voyage as far as she was concerned; and once she terrified Perran by momentarily forgetting the object of their journey, and asking him why they were always on board ship; were they never to get home?

They had not spoken of Jesse now for some time—indeed, conversation had become rare among them all; fatigue, privation, and unsuitable food were reducing the strength and spirit of the party.

Molly first put this into words: "Master," she said to Perran, "when shall we start up country? It may be harder work travelling ashore, but it'll do us all good to rough it. Missis, she wants rousing like. I'll get Peter to chat a bit to her this evening; he can tell fine tales when he chooses, and that'll be better than nothing."

True to her word, good Molly decoyed Peter that afternoon near the open cabin door, and began abruptly: "I say, Peter, let's hear something about your parts now; I've told you about the farm and King's Cobbe till I'm tired."

Thus challenged, Peter readily, if in broken language, launched out into glowing descriptions of the beautiful island to which he belonged, and the happy days he had spent there in dancing, singing, riding, and swimming.

"I suppose no one ever has a trouble in

your parts," remarked Molly, rather sarcastically.

There was no answer, which so surprised Molly—who was accustomed greatly to enjoy herself sparring with Peter—that she looked up. Could it be? Were those tears shining in Peter's twinkling eyes? Was that the reason he could not answer her?

"I say, Peter," she began anxiously.

"Go away," cried the lad, passionately, "go away, let me be. Why you ask such question?"

"I didn't mean any harm," said Molly penitently; "I'm sorry, Peter; don't be vexed along of me."

Sympathy is consoling all the world over, and when Peter heard Molly's softened tones, and saw her face looking sorrowfully up at him, he craved yet more pity, and told the tale of sorrow which linked itself to his apparently careless existence.

It was not the sort of cheering conversation Molly had intended, but it answered her purpose just as well; for drooping 'Lisbeth was much interested by it, and raised herself on her elbow in the little cabin, the better to catch each word.

Peter could not see her, he imagined that Molly was the sole listener, and Molly—spite of occasional differences between the pair—was his great friend.

"I dessay you never been to Hawaii," began Peter.

As he waited for an answer, Molly was obliged to confess that Truro had been the limit of her travels up to this journey.

"Well, then, you've never seen the beautifullest place in the world," asserted Peter. Molly would have liked to show fight here, but, remembering those two tears she had called up, she restrained herself.

"Sun always shine there," continued Peter. "Plenty to eat, nothing to do, never need wash" (the cleanliness insisted upon on board the *Dart* was a continual fret to lazy Peter); "sea always warm for bathe, every one glad; all women beautiful, with flowers in hair, round neck, round waist."

Molly opened her eyes.

"My sister laugh all day, me laugh too——"

Here Molly was obliged to interrupt the narrator. "Why, Peter," she cried, "you never told me you had a sister; you said you hadn't a soul in the world belonging to you. But I suppose she's dead now," continued Molly, in a grave tone, for Peter had again turned his head away.

His voice was a little sharper when he resumed his story. "I'm thinking back, Molly," he said gravely, "and I'm telling true all round. She not dead, my sister; she dead-alive!"

Molly gave a short cry.

"S'pose you let me go straight on," suggested Peter; "after, *you* speak. Yes, she dead-alive now." He stuck to that. "But not then, not when mother live, not when we all laugh, and dance, and sing, and ride horse. It was all laugh then, Molly."

Molly could not help a "Poor Peter!" escaping her lips. There was evidently some great tragedy to come in this story of his life.

"Horses very plenty in Hawaii, you know," explained Peter. "Not good horse like Queensland horse, but horse that run all the same. Well, we run all day, up mountain, under tree, across river. Then eat, then sleep, always laugh. Molly, you know Molokai?" he asked abruptly.

Molly shook her head.

Peter continued: "Molokai, island, far from Hawaii, all rocky, bare!" He shuddered, then seemed to force himself on: "We got new King and Queen—very good, very wise—so wise they say as English Queen. They make new laws, they visit all their country. They say—"Some things good, some things bad. Keep good, change bad." One very bad thing—so much sickness in island, so much leper in the country. You have lepers in England, Molly?"

"Lepers!" Molly hardly knew they existed out of the Bible; she hastily assured Peter there were none in England.

"Many with us," repeated Peter, "man woman, little child, and more every year. So," he sighed heavily, "King make strong law. Take all lepers in big ship to Molokai. Shut them up in that island, that no more people catch leprosy. Oh, that was time of crying! Father taken from one house, snatch mother in another, little child—two—three little child in 'nother. One house lose all children, 'nother house lose all father, mother. The King he say to his man, "Be kind, speak softly, take gently." But all the same they take, and there is much weeping in Hawaii. The King he send his own brother-in-law, leper, to Molokai. Every one stay all his days in the leper island, never come away, never see his people any more. All leper, leper, leper, there."

Molly's eyes were round with amazement and distress, but she said nothing. What could she say to this strange new form of tribulation? Peter went on: "Last they come to us. We smile. No leper here. But they come on, and on, and pass me, and pass mother; and take *sister* with the long hair, and the red cheeks, and the laughing mouth. I would kill them, but a man hold me fast. 'King order it,'" he say.

"But, Peter, Peter," stammered Molly, in great excitement, "that was cruel, unjust, wicked, to carry off your sister who was not a leper. Surely you could stop it, or the King could when he knew."

There was a second of deep silence, so deep

that Molly could hear the river current lap-lapping against the side of the vessel.

After that second, Peter spoke slowly, as if every word was squeezed out of him against his will. "But she was a leper," he said. "We did not know, not guess, she look so bright; but it had begun—it was true."

Another long pause. Molly broke it this time. She must ask what became of the girl.

"She had to go," said Peter; "first she cry, then she turn brave, not to make mother cry, and she make smile for last thing on board ship. But her heart cry still."

"And have you never seen her since?" asked Molly.

Peter shook his head.

"Nor your mother?"

"Me not know that," declared Peter; "perhaps she been to Molokai, for she die two, three week after sister taken; her heart gone, so she die."

It was indeed a tragedy, such a one as even orphan Molly had never dreamed of. She was obliged to question Peter yet further about this dreadful rocky, sunny, leper-island lying in the bright blue Pacific, with its strange population gathered, in a stern exercise of mercy, from wrecked homes, wrested from broken-hearted relations.

Peter told her all he knew, but that was little.

Government fed the miserable creatures, gave them shelter and a spot to die in.

"And one good man, not leper, priest you call him, gone to them," said Peter. "He teach them good before they die."

Yes, it was indeed true that a young, brave, healthful servant of God had left home and friends, love, and almost life, to spend himself in the service of these poor, sad, homeless exiles. He might never return, he had accepted the doom of his flock.

Even Peter had grasped the greatness of the sacrifice, the love that prompted it. "He good man," he repeated.

'Lisbeth rose from her couch that evening, better, stronger, braver, for the story of Peter's grief. Poor lad, ignorant, sinful as he was, he could return love for love. 'Lisbeth felt as if she could not rest till she had told him of that Great Love which met a cruel death to save the world. She had had many a serious thought regarding the carrying of the news of salvation to the heathen, but this half-heathen creature in her very company day by day, how came she to overlook him?

(To be continued.)

THE church that seeks its selfish interests by confining its works and efforts to itself will inevitably become weak and ultimately will die of inanity.

Young People's Department.



JAPANESE BASKET MAKERS.

JAPANESE BASKET-MAKERS.

THE Japanese make very handsome and curious things and sometimes what they have to sell is spread out on big tables on the street. Anything hard, like plates and dishes, may be found in that way, but anything that will spoil by damp weather is hidden away very carefully in dark, dingy shops. Sometimes you have to climb a ladder to get up to where they are, and then you have to wait till they are taken out of a box and several coverings of nice, soft paper are taken from them. They are very fond of making baskets, and in this they are very skilful. Some say that their basket making is truly wonderful. They make baskets of all sizes, from a great big cage large enough to hold heavy stones down to little things so small that you might pass them by without noticing them. And they think this great fun. Sometimes they make them like grasshoppers or beetles, and they smile when you try to brush them away, only to find that they are tiny little

baskets after all! Miss Smith, who lives in Kobe, sends us sometimes very curious little things. They like to make what will surprise people: such as a thing which looks like a little piece of straw, but when you put it on the water it gradually opens out into a beautiful little flower or something of that kind. Children of the Church of England in Canada ought to be much interested in the Japanese, for there are several Canadians who are living amongst them and trying to teach them to be Christians.

A POPCORN OFFERING.

ON my homeward way a year ago, I was thinking of the long little faces when I told my class that our Sunday-school was too young and poor to have a Christmas tree, when I was overtaken by two of the children, who began to talk of their disappointment.

After a while I asked them, "Do you remem-

ber the hymn we sang to-day, 'What can little hands do to please the King in heaven?'"

"I know, Miss Harper," said little Nora, "but we children can't get all the things for a big tree."

"You see, Nora," I replied, "there are only a few teachers and we are all very busy people. Our mission is just started, so let us begin now to plan for a tree next year, and you can each do something for the tree by your own efforts."

"What can we do?" both children eagerly asked.

"I expect, Bob, your father will let you use a small place on his farm where you can raise something," I answered.

"I'm big enough to make a garden, but I can't hang vegetables on a Christmas tree, and folks about here raise their own," said Bob, despondingly.

"Is popcorn hard to raise, Bob?" I asked.

"No! That's just what I'll do," said Bob, with quickened step.

"Can I raise popcorn, too?" timidly asked little Nora.

"No, dear," I answered, "but, you know, we will need candy bags."

I had almost forgotten this conversation with the children until last Sunday, when each of the children told me their story.

Bob said, "I planted three long rows of corn and kept it clean of weeds as this floor, and I've got a flour sack of fine popcorn, all dried for the tree. Mother said I had more than the Sunday-school and we could use, so I took some to the store and asked Mr. Hart to buy it. Well, he didn't act like he wanted to, so I asked him if he'd trade nuts for it. He said he'd give me half a dollar's worth of good nuts. You see, Miss Harper, I got the corn and some nuts for the tree, and mother says we can have some others in some evening to help pop and string the corn."

Little Nora was impatiently waiting for her brother to finish. Then she began: "Oh, Miss Harper, I've got a surprise for you. I just wanted to tell you every Sunday, but Bob said we must keep it all the year for a surprise. You see, Bob got his corn all planted and hoed once——"

"More 'n that, Sis, I 'ad hoed it twice," interrupted Bob.

"Well, hoed twice," continued Nora, "before I could think of anything I could do, but one day last summer mother sent me out to pick currants. I don't like to pick berries—and we have a lot of bushes—but when I was picking I wondered if I could sell some, so I ran in to ask mother. Mother said most folks had them and gave to their neighbors, but I might find a few ladies in town to buy them. I told mother I didn't want to go around asking people, but maybe if I told them it was for the Sunday-school it would not be so bad, and

they would buy them. Well, Miss Harper, mother said if I really wanted to help Jesus, I must not make him an excuse because I didn't like asking, and when I tried to do good I must not tell about it, so——"

"Well, you see, Sis felt too proud to ask folks to buy currants unless she tacked the Sunday-school to it," again interrupted Bob.

"Now, Bob, I wasn't too proud, for I sold six gallons, and only got ten cents a gallon, and I picked more than I could sell. Oh, Miss, I got some lovely tarlatan, pink, blue, red, and white, and mother cut the bags and I have got them nearly all made, and I have sixty, but I haven't any candy to put into them."

I praised the children and assured Nora that her bags would be filled.

Christmas evening I think the garlands of popcorn and Nora's colored bags will convince the children of a poor farmer that their efforts were appreciated by the children and their teacher, while the happy beat of their own hearts will assure them they were working for Jesus through the long year.

I know their childish voices will ring with gladness when they gather around the tree and with the others sing:

"Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the newborn King,
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."

CHRISTMAS.

Fast asleep the baby lies.
Watched by faithful Hero's eyes.
Folded hands so small and white,
Closed the eyes so blue and bright.
Lord, we pray thee, safely keep
Little baby, fast asleep.

Fast asleep the baby lies;
Stars are coming in the skies;
Little birdies, too, at rest,
Sleep in many a leafy nest.
Over all God's love will keep
Tender watch, He does not sleep.

Long ago, a little child,
Holy, pure, and undefiled,
Lay, like this one, fast asleep,
And the angels watch did keep.
For God's only Son was there,
In that manger-cradle bare.

Fast asleep our Saviour lay,
When His mother stood, one day,
By the simple manger-side,
Looking down with love and pride;
Then, with gentle, careful hands,
Took Him for the law's commands.

And they called His name, you know—
Sweetest name Heaven could bestow—
"Jesus," for He came to be
Saviour true for you and me.
God, to Thee our prayers we make
For this loving Jesus' sake.

—The Shepherd's Arms.



SPINNING TOPS IN JAPAN.

JAPANESE CHILDREN.

JAPANESE children look very funny with their heads shaved, and they think our children look very funny with their hair on! They say, "Why don't the little barbarians go to the barber and be neatly shaved?" But the Japanese children keep a little of their hair on their heads. There is one little tuft on the crown of the head which is gummed into a tail and tied with white paper string. There are also two little locks near the ears. If a girl sees any curl in her hair, she never rests till it is oiled and smoothed away. They don't think curls pretty. But they think a large nose very beautiful.

On New Year's Day the little girls play battledore and shuttlecock. A number play together in circles, singing to the wind to be still. The boys sing to the wind to blow. The shuttlecocks are made of a black seed, with the feathers stuck in like the petals of a flower. The bat is wooden, and has a picture of a pretty Japanese dancing-girl, or a man, on one side; the other side is plain. They play ball, too, and sing. When they put their dolls to bed, they put a green net round the little bed to keep the mosquitoes from biting them.

They are also fond of spinning tops. Some can pick up the top and make it run up and down a bit of string. They have all kinds of games and take great fun out of them. They are bright and intelligent children, but they don't know anything about our religion except in a few cases where some good men and women from England or Canada or the United States gather them together and teach them.

Everybody is making mistakes. Everybody is finding out afterwards that he has made a mistake. But there can be no greater mistake than the stopping to worry over a mistake already made.

GOD'S LITTLE GIRL.

WHEN John and Melissa Martyn learned that their little Ruth would remain all her life a cripple, they were sorely grieved. Mrs. Martyn cried, and said, "She is so sweet and good. Her smile is so pretty. How hard it is that she will never walk, but must always be one of the weak ones!"

The big, strong blacksmith held his little girl close to his heart. His voice trembled as he said, "She is God's little girl. We have given her to Him. He will help us and her, too. Perhaps Ruthie's smile will help us over the hard places, wife. It's a rare sweet smile anyway; she's a sunshiny lassie."

When Ruthie was able to sit in the wheelchair, beside a window overlooking the much-travelled street, she smiled at the passers-by. The grandfathers and grandmothers began to watch for the little yellow-haired cripple who looked so happy. Busy fathers and mothers turned to nod a greeting to "little bright eyes." Light-hearted young people frequently left something at the door "for the little girl at the window."

"I never saw the like, John," said Mrs. Martyn, one stormy evening, as she displayed Ruthie's treasures—beautiful books, papers, cards, pictures—gifts which brought into the small shut-in's monotonous life exquisite pleasure, and cost the givers little.

"That child's pretty smile wins friends for her. Folks keep a stoppin' 'n leavin' her pretty things, 'n she keeps every paper 'n trinket in her treasure-chest, clean and neat. If we should die, John, I do believe there's kind folks that would give our little cripple a home, though she can't do much but smile."

"Melissa, we've given Ruthie into our Heavenly Father's keeping. Mebbe our little girl has something to do before He takes her, or you an' me, to the better home. I am perfectly easy about her, for I am trusting in God's promises, dear," replied Mr. Martyn, reaching for the Bible which opened easily at the thirty-first Psalm: "In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust."

When Ruthie was able to read, the Martyns removed from the cosy Plainview cottage to a prairie home in the far west, and not long afterwards the big blacksmith fell sick. During the autumn and early winter Mrs. Martyn and Ruthie spent anxious and lonely days in waiting, hoping, and praying for a return of the splendid health so long enjoyed by the dear invalid, who was often a "bit fretty" when rheumatic pains were unusually severe.

One dreary Sunday morning even Ruthie was so lonely that her smile was a pathetic,

lonesome little smile. Snow covered the great plain. No church bells rang out a sweet invitation to come to the house of the Lord. Mrs. Martyn burst into tears.

Mr. Martyn, lying back in his chair pale and weak, said, "We do miss our Sundays, Melissa. In Plainview our friends are gathering in the church. It is a real hardship this being cut off from blessed privileges, but Melissa, the friends in Plainview are praying for us. Mebby, in time, we will enjoy real Sundays in this new home we have chosen. I have faith to believe we shall."

"O mamma," cried Ruthie, "I hear sleigh-bells! Can you wheel my chair close to the window? I want to see the people in the sleigh. Perhaps they are going to church somewhere."

The merry *jingle, jingle* of the bells came nearer. Good motherly Mrs. Main saw the little girl at the window.

"It's the newcomers, David, 'n we've never visited 'em, 'n them liven' only five miles from our place!" she said. "I've heard the Martyns had a little cripple daughter 'n there's the blessed child at the window. Instead of goin' to Dick Johnson's we'll all get out 'n spend the day here. We've got dinner plenty in the basket."

"Come, children, we'll get out here, 'n go right into the house, 'n prove 't we're well wishers 'n neighborly."

The Main family invaded the Martyn home without ceremony. Mrs. Main took Ruthie in her arms and kissed her tenderly, and in less than ten minutes the neighbors were "acquainted."

Ruthie's treasure chest contained attractively bound Bibles, and Prayer Books, and hymnals with the music that children love, in addition to the delightful mementos, souvenirs of the happy past in Plainview. Melissa Martyn and Miranda Main turned the leaves of a hymnal together, and then everybody sang,

"All hail the power of Jesus' name."

The visitors did not leave the Martyn cottage until evening, and there was an understanding that in future Sunday must be kept as a holy day, though Kingman's Corner "lacked Sunday privileges."

"We've been in the habit of makin' it a holiday instead of a holy day," said Mrs. Main; 'n makin' it a day of feasting 'n visitin'. Folks t lives' way off from a church must make their dwellin'-houses a meetin' place, 'n children can't begin too early to learn of God 'n His mercies. We mayn't have a church jest now, but it'll come in time, 'n in the meantime the Lord'll abide right here in Kingman's Corner if we do our part. I'm thankful Ruthie's smilin' face moved me to stop here to-day. Seein' the children interested in those pretty books has brought me new ideas. We've be'n so taken up with


work 'n tryin to get along, we've grown a little careless in many ways in our Christian duties, excusin' lacks 'n omissions by sayin' we haven't the opportunity.

"I think, dear, you are a little sunshiny soul," she added, stooping to kiss Ruthie good-bye.

"We gave Ruthie into God's keepin' when she was a tiny mite; Melissa 'n me count her our greatest comfort," said the father, fondly.

"Jest so, Neighbor Martyn. The little ones can be a blessed comfort to tired 'n tried folks. Thank God that little children are Jesus' own beloved," said Mrs. Main, softly.

BETHLEHEM TOWN.

 HERE burns a star o'er Bethlehem town—
See, O my eyes!
And gloriously it beameth down
Upon a virgin mother meek
And Him whom solemn Magi seek;
Burn on, O star! and be the light
To guide us all to Him this night!

The angels walk in Bethlehem town—
Hush, O my heart!
The angels come and bring a crown
To Him our Saviour and our King,
And sweetly all this night they sing;
Sing on in rapture, angel throng!
That we may learn that heavenly song!

Near Bethlehem town there blooms a tree—
O heart beat low!
And it shall stand on Calvary!
But from the shade whereof we turn
Unto the star that still shall burn
When Christ is dead and risen again,
To mind us that He died for men.

There is a cry in Bethlehem town—
Hark, O my soul!
'Tis of the Babe that wears the crown!
It telleth us that man is free—
That He redeemeth all and me!
The night is sped—behold the morn—
Sing, O my soul, the Christ is born.

Learn to give, and learn to love;
Only thus thy life can be
Foretaste of the life above,
Tinged with immortality.

Give, for God to thee hath given;
Love, for He by love is known:
Child of God, and heir of Heaven,
Let thy parentage be shown.

Our best helper is Jesus. We are apt to think we must only go to Jesus in great things. That is not so. It is little things that we have most to do with. Little things worry and fret us. Jesus will help all who ask Him to resist temptation. He will help you to repent and believe in Him and forsake all bad ways. He will help you stick to the right.—*Apples of Gold.*

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

WANTED.—The publisher of this journal would be glad to hear of a clergyman who might desire to travel with a view to increasing its circulation in the Province of Ontario.

We are glad to know that the Very Rev. Dean Partridge, an old and valued member of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society Board, has recovered from his recent dangerous illness, and we trust that Mrs. Partridge also may soon be restored to health.

THE Rev. I. O. Stringer, of the Wycliffe College mission, has returned for a short visit from his distant work in Mackenzie River. He has already acquired much experience in work among the Esquimaux, and will doubtless consider the winter of this part of Canada quite mild after his sojourn in the Arctic circle.

THE REV. PETER T. ROWE, who has been appointed by the American Church Bishop of Alaska, is a native of Canada, and a graduate of Trinity College, Toronto, from which institution he received the degree of M.A. in 1880. He was ordained somewhat previous to that date, and has spent almost his entire ministry at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, where he is rector of St. James' Church.

THE Rev. W. W. Cassels, who has been laboring for eight years as a missionary in China, was consecrated on St. Luke's Day, October 18th, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the first Bishop of Western China. The Rev. E. S. Talbot, D.D., late vicar of Leeds,

was consecrated at the same time Bishop of Rochester. Bishop Cassels will go to preside over the interesting C.M.S. mission, established by the Rev. J. H. Hotsburgh in the year 1889, in the Kiang-Si Province. It is called the mission of Si-Chuen in Mid-China.

THE Rev. H. Percy Grubb and Mr. Eugene Stock, delegates from the great English missionary society, known to all the world as the "C.M.S.," delivered a large number of speeches, sermons, and addresses during their recent visit to Canada, and imparted a great deal of missionary information and, let us hope, of missionary zeal as well. Their visit resulted in the formation of a branch of the C.M.S. in Canada, which will work harmoniously in connection with the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada. Mr. Stock frequently spoke in kindly terms of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, which, he thought, contained many excellent features, and appeared to be possessed of much life and vigor. What is wanted in Canada, however, is an increase in missionary spirit. May it come all in good time, with God's blessing!

OBITUARY.

On the 20th of October there died at Amherst, Nova Scotia, a venerable clergyman whose name has been connected with the Canadian Church since the year 1834—a period of over sixty years. Canon Townshend was laid to rest by Bishop Courtney, at Amherst, on the 22nd of October, 1895. He had been made a deacon by Bishop John Inglis, on August 15th, 1834—and in the interval between that date and his retirement from active work in 1883 had done much hard missionary work which told for good upon the Church in Nova Scotia.

A MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.

The Missionary Conference held in Truro, Nova Scotia, on the 23rd and 24th of October, called forth an expression of feeling on missionary subjects which must be productive of much good. Truro is one of the chief towns of Nova Scotia, built almost entirely of wood, as is the custom in the province down by the sea. The hotels are of wood; large business stands are of wood; churches, and public residences of the same material; street after street built entirely of wood. Many of the buildings are quite handsome, especially when touched up with fresh paint, of which a great variety of colors is used. St. John's Church, however, is an exception to this almost universal Nova Scotian rule, inasmuch as it is built of good solid stone. It stands a worthy monument of the firmly-established communion that it represents. Frequent services were held in this church during the conference, and it was a delight to be within its sacred walls. In the basement of the church the

business meetings were held, presided over by the Right Rev. Dr. Courtney, Bishop of the diocese. On the 23rd, the subjects discussed were, "The Missionary Work of the Church Essential to its Life" and "Diocesan Missionary Organization," the former of which was led by Rev. Dyson Hague, rector of St. Paul's Church, Halifax; Rev. E. A. Harris, incumbent of Mahone Bay; and Charles S. Wilcox, Esq., of Windsor, while the latter was presented and elucidated by Rev. E. P. Crawford, rector of St. Luke's Cathedral, Halifax; Rev. V. E. Harris, rector of Amherst; and Rev. S. Gibbons, incumbent of Parrsboro.

In the evening of the 23rd, a large public missionary meeting was held in Association (Y.M.C.) Hall. The speakers were the Rev. J. Simpson, rector of St. Peter's, Charlottetown; Rev. Dr. Mockridge, secretary of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada; and Rev. G. D. Harris, incumbent of La Have. Mr. Simpson spoke for diocesan missions, in which he described his own Province of Prince Edward Island as a much-neglected spot, having great responsibilities and but few privileges. Dr. Mockridge described the domestic field of Canada, and showed by incidents in its past history that it was full of illustrations of hard work and unflinching zeal on the part of those who labored in it in days gone by, and of those also who are still at their posts of duty. Mr. Harris read a thoughtful paper on foreign mission work, and the Bishop closed with one of his characteristic speeches from the chair, a speech full of good advice and practical suggestions, mingled here and there with an appropriate anecdote and touches of humor. The people of Truro turned out well to this meeting, and were much interested in it.

The 24th of October was taken up with the discussion of the questions, "Woman's Work in Aid of the Missionary Cause," led by the Right Rev. Chairman, Rev. F. Wilkinson, rector of Dartmouth, and Rev. W. C. Wilson, of Spring Hill Mines, and "What other Bodies of Christians are Doing in Missionary Work," introduced by Rev. F. H. Almon, rector of Trinity Church, Halifax, and Rev. W. J. Ancient, of Londonderry, (N.S.).

The former of these subjects raised the question as to the formation of a Woman's Auxiliary for Nova Scotia, the advisability of which was urged by Rev. Dr. Mockridge, Rev. E. P. Crawford, and others. The Bishop, however, while expressing the warmest admiration for the work of the Woman's Auxiliary both in Canada and the United States, thought that the time for its formation had hardly yet arrived for Nova Scotia.

The latter question brought out some comparisons between the Church and other religious bodies somewhat to the disparagement of the former, as far as Canada is concerned; but it was pointed out that the missionary work done by the Anglican Church throughout the world is second to none on earth.

The conference was conducted on the principles of the Church Congresses, speeches being brought to a termination by the inexorable bell of the chairman, which was no respecter of persons.

The proceedings closed on the evening of the 24th, by a beautiful service in the church and a sermon of eloquence and power by the Bishop, who, for the space of one hour, held the interest and attention of all present, while he showed by a series of rapid sketches something of the work done in the mission field during the last hundred years. Thus ended a Church gathering concerning which all that were present could not help saying "it was good to have been there," and went home resolved in most cases, if not in all, to do more for missions, in parish and home, than they had ever done before.

MISSIONARY INTEREST.

What is needed in many of our congregations is the study of foreign missions. The apathy too often displayed is due, to a great extent, to want of knowledge as to what is going on. Would it not be well for the various parish guilds or associations to devote a portion of their time, at least, each month to the consideration of missions? Once a month, for instance, might not some story from the mission field be told to the children, and their offerings for the particular Sunday chosen (the first, second, third, or last, as the case might be) devoted to some missionary object or to the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society? The Brotherhood of St. Andrew also might have a missionary evening once a month with great profit to the members and much advantage also to the field itself in distant lands. The same may be said of all the other parochial associations. In this way missionary objects would constantly be kept before the members of the congregations, and much advantage gained for the work itself. Some months ago, the Bishop of London urged upon the clergy of his diocese the study of foreign missions. He did so on the ground that many people do not know that missions have a place at all in the work of the Church. In point of fact, they should occupy the very front of all Church work. The result would soon tell for good upon all departments of Christian enterprise. To spend money profusely upon the services of the Church is a worthy object, but its worthiness must be diminished if it becomes the exclusive or even the chief work of a congregation. The vicar of St. Peter's, London Docks, struck a true chord when he said in a recent letter to his parishioners: "We want in these days, I venture to think, less attention paid to the decoration of our churches, and more to the sustenance of the real work. Surely the best

decoration of a church in God's sight is the altar crowded with devout communicants, whose daily life is a living witness of His truth, and the sweetest music the singing of the little ones learning to love His house as their own home."

"SOME RULES OF CHRISTIAN GIVING."

BY REV. CANON SWEENEY, D.D., RURAL DEAN OF TORONTO.
(Concluded.)

(1) I will take St. Luke's version of the "Sermon on the Mount," given by the Lord to His disciples at an early stage of His earthly ministry, and covering three chapters of St. Matthew's Gospel, v., vi., vii. Look there, and you will see that our blessed Lord has briefly covered many points in this matter of giving in the full utterance of the single text, "Give, and it shall be given unto you"; "good measure," as in the measure of the fabric in length; "pressed down," as in things that you can pack into a basket; "shaken together," as in a bushel of wheat, corn, or other grain; "running over," as in a fluid measure (St. Luke vi. 38).

(2) Next we have the words of the blessed apostle, St. Paul, who had before him the earlier Gospel writings, and who modestly affirms, when speaking apart from the direct inspiration of the Holy Spirit, "I think I have the Spirit of Christ," to which we heartily respond, "O great apostle, saint, and martyr, thou hadst indeed." From these words we may pick out (of course, not out of any one particular passage, but from the general writings of this great apostle) some general rules somewhat after this sort:

I. Generally, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." "This I say, he which soweth sparingly, shall reap also sparingly, and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully." So much for the general question of giving.

II. Then he comes to systematic and proportionate giving, and says, in his Epistle to the Corinthians, "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him" (I. Cor. xvi. 2).

III. Then he comes to particularly defined objects for which Christian gifts are to be offered, "Let him that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things (Gal. vi. 6). Offerings for support of the ministry," "As, therefore, we have opportunity let us do good unto all men, and especially unto them who are of the household of faith (Gal. vi. 10). For this is a fact, whether men like it or whether they do not; whether they know it or whether they do not; whether they hold it from their inner sense or whether they do not, that God has made them

stewards of the things which they possess, be they large or be they small, and we are charged to ask of them to give offerings of these things for His holy Church, for the enterprises which that Church is obliged to undertake in His name, parochial, diocesan, foreign. Now let us analyze these, and get down into the practical working of these points.

(1) I would say in the first place that Christian giving should be liberal, if a liberal reward is to be looked for here and hereafter, and, if you say that is a very inferior motive, I reply, if it stands by itself, and there is no other, it is, certainly, but if it is one among many higher than itself it is recognized in Holy Scripture as the passage quoted, II. Cor. ix. 6. Know we not that it is written that Moses had "respect unto the recompense of the reward" (Heb. xi. 26)? and if our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ touches himself upon the question of reward, as the Sermon on the Mount indicates, and His apostle as we have seen, then there will be no blame attaching to us if we also "have respect unto the recompense of the reward," and give liberally because for this and other better reasons it is promised that we shall receive liberally.

(2) Then secondly, Christian giving must not be that doleful, regretful, compulsory thing which, alas, so often it is, where one looks, if he does not say, "Yes, I will give, but I would much rather you had not asked me," or "Yes, I will give, I suppose I must," or "Yes, I will give, but do not come to me any more." This is the language of the worldling. This is not the language of those who are "bought with a price," and who realize before God that all they have and all they are comes from the "Father of Lights, from whom cometh every good and every perfect gift." Anyone who so thinks or speaks has tarnished his gift; has spoiled his gift; has made his blessed Lord turn with displeasure from a gift so proffered. I do not care if it is a gift up in the hundreds, or even thousands, if we give it in that spirit and way, God would rather that we would give the smallest coin that we have, and give it cheerfully, for "He loveth a cheerful giver."

(3) Wherefore, then, in the third place, I say we have to give cheerfully, cheerful to the extent of joy and gladness. We may alter the aphorism, "Who gives quickly he gives twice," and say, "He gives three times who gives cheerfully." Let us not forget that fact. I look into my Greek Testament and am struck with this truth, that the word translated "cheerful" is connected with our own English "hilarity" (*ilaroudoten*). What a change in the giving spirit this would mean if people remembered this, and if we had in our congregations those who would give with "hilarity"! It would simply transform present conditions, often depressing enough. It would mean that

people would be coming forward with their gifts in their hands, giving joyously, as Israel did for the tabernacle service (Exod. xxxvi. 5-7), instead of with regretful face, and with face that would indicate that a surgical operation was going on, instead of a mental process about a most reasonable consideration, viz., How much will I give for God who made me? and how much will I give for Christ who redeemed me? and how much will I give for my brother who has not had the same privileges that I have, so that he may have them? Now I say we want in all congregations parishioners who will give with cheerfulness, who will give generously, who will give freely, who will anticipate the want and save the mortification, which must be a mortification to a man of spirit and feeling to stand up and plead for money Sunday after Sunday; and there should be in every congregation persons who would say to the rector, "You have certain enterprises, you have certain organizations which require money. Will you come to my place of business on such a day, or shall I come to you on such an evening and discuss the financial question, and see how I can help you?"

(4) But again, we must give systematically, so much a year, so much a month, so much a week, and I do not see why we should not bring it down to so much a day. If we are in regular receipt of so much a day, I do not see why we should not say, "A portion of this day's earnings belongs to God, who gave me strength to earn to-day, belongs to God who created me, belongs to God who redeemed me, belongs to God who sanctifies me."

(5) Systematic and proportionate. You know what the apostle says, that a man's gifts are accepted, not according to what he hath not, but according to what he hath. (II. Cor. viii. 12). And proportionate to what, I would ask you. Proportionate to what Mr. A. or B. gives? Certainly not. Proportionate to the amount that you yourself possess, proportionate to the amount that you yourself earn. As an early writer has said, "Let your gift be in proportion to what is left when you have given your offering."

(6) Then our gift should be unobtrusive. "Take heed that ye do not your alms before men to be seen of them" (Matt. vi. 1). Remember that He who looked up and saw the rich men cast their gifts into the treasury and the certain poor widow casting in all that she had, He with the same divine eye looks at the offertory plate each morning and evening, and He knows what we are doing, and what we are giving, and whether it is in or is out of all proportion to what we ought to give, to what is left when the gift is made.

(7) Then, last of all, Christian giving must be a giving up to the point of feeling the gift, the point of self-sacrifice, of self-denial, or else it is

not worth very much in the eyes of Him to whom we give. There are many ways of showing how people spend their money, and you will probably have seen a pyramid, great and large at the base, and gradually growing beautifully less until you come to the top, which is a tiny speck. When you look at the top it is "Christian giving," and you look at the bottom and it is the indulgence of some appetite or habit. In the scale of givers, there at the very summit stands the giver of His own life, Jesus Christ our Lord. Not far behind him is the poor widow who cast in all that she had. Then look down the scale and where are we going to appear? What line across a page is going to represent our gifts to God? There is the line that stretches from side to side, not the smallest hair's breadth of space on either side, representing the gift of Jesus to the world, Himself. What will be the length of the line that will describe our Christian gifts? May we, finally, appreciate that beautiful beatitude of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, which you do not find in the Sermon on the Mount, but which the apostle, thanks be unto God, in Acts xx. 35, has recorded for us at the time of his departure from his friends at Miletus, the elders of the church at Ephesus, "Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive," and may we ever remember also that you and I, that humanity in a word, stands in the place of the debtor of Matthew xviii. 24, who owed ten thousand talents unto his lord, so if we give, and give, and give, we never can pay back the debt. The law "of old time" could demand all for all, upon the principle of an "eye for an eye," "a tooth for a tooth," but the Gospel simply demands of us that we give proportionately and systematically, as God has blessed us, as in the sight of God, for God, and until we realize these things I do not think conscientiously that we ought to sing the words of the well-known hymn,

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small.
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all."

SUMMARY OF RULES TREATED IN FOREGOING.

Christian giving must be

1. Liberal, if liberal reward is to be expected.
2. Not sorrowful, as of regret or compulsion, but
3. Cheerful to the extent of joy and gladness (hilarity).
4. Systematic, weekly, at least.
5. Proportionate, to the balance.
6. Unobtrusive and without parade.
6. Up to the point of self-denial and sacrifice.

Observance of these rules will enable us to realize the truth of these words found in the pocket book of a great philanthropist after death:

"What I spent I had,"
 "What I saved I lost,"
 "What I gave I have."

Books and Periodicals Department.

A History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America. By Charles C. Tiffany, D.D., Archdeacon of New York. The Christian Literature Co., New York.

The Christian Literature Co. are to be congratulated upon the production of this condensed history of our sister Church in the United States. It is a book of about 580 pages, well and clearly printed on good paper. The author has also done his work well. He never wearies the reader with any disquisitions or reflections of his own, but tells in clear, terse style the great mass of facts through which he has to make his way. These facts are skillfully put together, and carry the reader on with unabated interest. Indeed, it is hard to lay the book down till it is finished. The story of the Episcopal Church of America, in its early stages, is a melancholy tale. It depicts the struggles of a noble band of men against all difficulties—men who refused to be conquered or driven to hasty expedients, but who held on in hope and prayer till better things should come. "Fearing lest they should fall upon rocks they cast out their anchors and wished for the day." The day has come and is brightening still for this now powerful Church, which in early days refused to be crushed. What a contrast was the General Convention held in Baltimore, in 1892, to that held in the same place in 1808! Read the story as it is told in this most interesting book.

Practical Christian Sociology. A special series of lectures delivered before Princeton Theological Seminary, and Marietta College, by Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, Ph.D. Cloth, 12mo., 524 pp. Illustrated with 22 portraits. \$1.50. New York, London, and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

This book forcibly discusses present problems on the basis of the latest facts and figures. The first part of the book is chiefly occupied with the lectures which the author delivered in February of this year before Princeton Theological Seminary, on invitation of the Faculty, whose unqualified endorsement of the fairness, thoroughness, and ability shown in the lectures is given in the form of introductory letters. These lectures discuss temperance, gambling, purity, civil service, education, immigration, divorce, woman suffrage, and all the other social problems, not separately, but in their relations to each other as parts of one great problem, which is presented from the standpoints, first, of the Church; second, of the family and education; third, of capital and labor; and fourth, of citizenship. The author's style of writing is clear and distinct.

The Divine Life in the Church, or Scottish Church Society Conferences. Second series, two volumes. Edinburgh: J. Gardner Hitt.

The first of these volumes contains a long and exhaustive disquisition upon holy baptism, a most valuable contribution to the right understanding of this frequently neglected and misrepresented sacrament. "The Instructions of Catechumens Before and After First Communion," and "Sponsors: the Obligation Resting upon them, how it may be Best Fulfilled, and What Help the Church Should Furnish them with in Fulfilling it," are also suggestive and valuable papers. The second volume treats of "The Celtic

Inheritance of the Scottish Church," "Neglected Provisions and Remediable Defects in the Presbyterian Organization," "The Revival of Churchmanship in Scotland," "Church Music and Choirs," and various other questions of importance. In perusing these papers it is difficult to persuade oneself that he is reading Presbyterian utterances, so closely allied are they to those of Anglican Churchmen even of the highest type, and one can't help saying, "What doth hinder us from godly concord and union?" Of course there is the defence of the Presbyterian form of church government, but even here a tone somewhat apologetic is assumed, and in one case the Anglican Church, on the question of orders, is spoken of as the church of the reconciliation! In other words, it is hinted that in her lie the elements of true union if only they could be made available. These books make it very evident that a wonderful change has come over the Presbyterian mind and that greater things may yet be hoped for in the future.

Ever Westward Through Heathen Lands. By Edith M. E. Raring-Gould. London: Church Missionary Society, Salisbury Square.

This is the new Christmas book for children published by the C.M.S. It is an interesting account, from a missionary point of view, of a journey "right round the world." From England to New York, from there to Niagara Falls, onward to Winnipeg, and across the continent to British Columbia, a fortnight's voyage on the Pacific Ocean, a visit to Japan, journeyings therein and strange scenes described, a sail of three days to China, and a brief sojourn there with descriptions and illustrations of things witnessed and encountered; "homewards" from China, a touch at Singapore, a steam up the hot straits of Malacca, a stop at Ceylon on a burning hot day early in January, a trip to the Red Sea and through the Suez Canal, a rough tossing on the Mediterranean to Brindisi, then a whirl on the railway through Italy to France, and a final run across the Straits of Dover, and so back once more to the shores of old England. Such was the journey, the descriptions and illustrations of which are good throughout.

(1) *The Sunday at Home*, (2) *The Leisure Hour*, (3) *The Boys' Own Paper*, (4) *The Girls' Own Paper*, and other publications. The Religious Tract Society, 56 Paternoster Row, London.

The Sunday at Home for November begins a story called "Doctor Adrian," which promises to be interesting. It is a story of Holland in the 16th century. The Dean of Canterbury has a forcible article against the Church of Rome and any possible union with it under the title of "True and False Union." *The Leisure Hour* also begins a new tale entitled "The Dreams of Dania." It is a story of an Irish rectory by Frederick Langbridge, and is written in bright, vivacious style. Both these periodicals are entertaining throughout. *The Boys' Own* and *Girls' Own Papers* are of usual interest to the younger members of the household.

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

The Rev. Dr. Reynolds has an article in the *Expositor* on Heno-Christianity. If Henotheism (from the Greek word *heis* (henos) *one*), means the consideration of each separate deity by himself, irrespective of his relation to any other divine power, the title of this article must have similar reference to the *One* in Christianity. Its motto is "The One in the many; the many in the One." Professor Simcox, in his article on "The Structure of the Book of Job," gives many suggestive thoughts on that splendid specimen of inspired composition. *The Clergyman's Magazine* contains a touching sketch of Dr. Arnold, the famous headmaster of Rugby, by the Archdeacon of London, and two useful papers on "The Roman Church and its Recent Overtures," and "The Union of Christendom," by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York respectively.

The Religious Review of Reviews has a portrait of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Webb, Bishop of Grahamstown, and also an article descriptive of his work in Africa. Prof. Sayce, in his "Reply to the Higher Criticism," says that "a belief in Moses as the writer of the Pentateuch involves considerably fewer difficulties than does the contrary belief of the higher criticism."

The Missionary Review of the World. Funk & Wagnalls Co. New York. \$2.50 a year. Another "Miracle of Missions," by Dr. Arthur T Pierson, opens the November number. This article graphically describes what John Williams saw in the South Seas, and is a powerful testimony to the transformations wrought by the Gospel in heathen lands. "South America and its Christian Missions" are treated of in three articles accompanied by a map and diagrams. Other articles of particular interest are "Reforms in China," "The Work of the Spirit in North Korea," "The Jews in Persia," and "Utility of Protestant Missions in Mexico."

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

TREASURER'S DEPARTMENT.

The following are the amounts received to date by the Secretary-Treasurer since July 31st, 1895.

	Domestic	Foreign
FREDERICTON, for—		
Moosonee from St John, N B	\$ 20 00	
	\$ 20 00	
HURON, for—		
Blackfoot Home, Calgary	\$ 4 00	
Algoma, Bishop's stipend	175 00	
Algoma, Shingwauk	12 50	
Algoma, Shingwauk, for J. Fox	75 00	
Calgary, Blackfoot, from W.A. for Indian boy	25 00	
Mackenzie River, from W.A., Bishop Reeve	15 00	
	\$306 50	
MONTREAL, for		
Japan, from W.A., for Miss Smith		\$ 60 00
Japan, Nagano		77 00
		\$137 00
NIAGARA, for—		
Rupert's Land, from W.A.	\$ 35 00	
Algoma, Bishop's stipend to Dec. 31st, 1895	250 00	
Domestic missions, unappropriated	7 01	
" " Palermo	2 87	
Foreign missions		\$2 88
Calgary, from W.A., Piegan Home (salary)	25 00	
Calgary, Sarcee Reserve, from W.A.	75 00	
Rupert's Land, general, from W.A.	2 00	
Japan, from W.A., for Miss Smith		150 00
Zenana missions, from W.A.		2 00
C.M.S., per Rev. F. H. DuVernet		1 00
African Famine Fund, from R. S. Brooke, Dundas	25 00	
Zenana missions, Miss Sugden's Hospital		12 50
	\$397 78	\$193 38

NOVA SCOTIA, for—		
Algoma, from St. Paul's, Charlottetown	\$ 37 00	
Moosonee, from St. Paul's, Charlottetown	3 47	
Algoma, Shingwauk, C.I.O.	1 25	
Rupert's Land, Rev. A. Tansey	9 00	
Collected for Domestic Missions, Truro	24 50	
Collected for Domestic Missions, Halifax	44 50	
Collected for Domestic Missions, Windsor	58 40	
For C. M. S. per Rev. F. H. DuVernet		\$ 6 30
Collected for Foreign Missions, Truro	16 50	
Collected for Foreign Missions, Halifax	45 50	
Collected for Foreign Missions, Windsor	56 48	
Collected for Foreign Missions, Windsor	2 50	
	\$180 70	\$127 28
ONTARIO, for—		
Moosonee from "a Churchman"	\$100 00	
Japan " "		\$100 00
	\$100 00	\$100 00
TORONTO, for—		
Rupert's Land, from St. Mary Magdalene's, Toronto	\$ 36 00	
Saskatchewan and Calgary, Blood Reserve, from St. Luke's, Toronto	13 75	
Moosonee, from Grace Ch. Guild.	5 00	
Unappropriated from Bond Head	1 90	
Rupert's Land, from W.A. Wycliffe	7 10	
Mackenzie River, from W.A., Wycliffe	15 30	
Rupert's Land, Wycliffe College Missionary, from W.A., St. John's, Port Hope	3 85	
Mackenzie River, Wycliffe College Missionary, from W.A., St. Paul's, Toronto	10 10	
Diocese of Selkirk, from St. Peter's, Toronto	6 00	
Mackenzie River, from W.A., Ch of the Redeemer, Toronto	10 00	
Foreign Missions, unappropriated. China, from W.A., St. Paul's, Toronto		\$ 7 80
Japan, Rev. J. G. Waller		17 60
" Wycliffe Missions		25 00
" from W.A., St. John's, Port Hope		18 84
Zenana Missions, from W.A., Port Hope		9 00
Japan, general, Rev. J. G. Waller		11 70
Unappropriated from Bond Head		12 00
		1 90
	\$109 00	\$103 84
Totals Domestic	\$1,113 98	
Foreign		661 50
	\$1,775 48	

CHAS. H. MOCKRIDGE,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Toronto, 15th November, 1895.