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St. James' Church,

STRATFORD,

PARISH MAGAZINE.

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NOVEMBER 1, 1894.

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SERVICES :

SUNDAYS.—Morning Prayer at 11 a.m. Evening Prayer at 7 p.m.  
Holy Communion on the first Sunday in the month  
at 11 a. m.; on the third Sunday at 8 a. m.

Baptisms every Sunday at 2:15 p.m.

Sunday School and Bible Class at 3 p.m.

SAINTS' DAYS.—Services at 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAYS.—Services at 8 p. m.

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RECTOR—REV. DAVID WILLIAMS, M. A.

Churchwardens,

Mr. John Square.

Mr. Wm. Maynard.

Trustees,

His Honor Judge Woods.

Mr. S. R. Hesson.

Mr. S. S. Fuller.

Organist,

Choirmaster,

Mrs. R. Smith.

Mr. Clarence W. Young.

Sunday School Officers,

Superintend't, Rev. D. Williams, Ass't. Sup'ts., Mr. S. R. Hesson,  
and Mr. H. W. Copus.

Sec.-Treas., Mr. Harry Watson.

Librarian, Mr. Wm. Watson

Sexton,

Mr. H. J. Emms, Caledonia Street.

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## Parochial Organizations.

### WOMEN'S CHAPTER.

President, Mrs. Williams; Vice-President, Mrs. Beatty; Treasurer, Mrs. W. Lawrence; Secretary, Mrs. Irvine. No. of members, 31. Regular meeting first Monday in the month.

### WOMEN'S AUXILIARY.

President, Mrs. Williams; Vice-President, Mrs. Lawrence; Treasurer, Mrs. Burton; Recording Secretary, Miss Hay; Corresponding-Secretary, Miss Wade. Members of the local Board of Management, Mrs. Beatty and Mrs. Buckingham. No. of members, 27.

### BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW.

President, the Rector; Lay Director, Mr. James Makins; Secretary, Mr. A. McMullen; Treasurer, Mr. H. W. Copus; Chairman of Reception Committee, Mr. Alf. Johnson. Time of meeting, every Monday at 8 p. m.

### DISTRICT VISITORS.

President, Mrs. Beatty; Treasurer, Mrs. Johnson; Secretary, Mrs. Wm. Smith. Regular meeting last Thursday in the month.

### YOUNG WOMEN'S GUILD.

President, Miss Spencer; Vice-President, Miss Carpenter; Secretary, Miss E. M. Smith; Treasurer, Miss McWhinney. Executive Committee, Misses Burritt, Spencer and Fuller. Time and place of meeting, every Monday evening from 7 to 9 o'clock p. m.

### THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

No. of members, 43. Leader, Mrs. Mooney. Time of meeting, every Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

### JUNIOR AUXILIARY.

Lady Managers: Miss Steet and Mrs. Moore; President, Annie Nield; Vice-President, Winnie Ridgedale; Secretary, Hester Young; Treasurer, Nora Maynard. Number of members, 40. Regular meeting every Monday at 4.30 p. m.

### CHURCH LADS' BRIGADE.

Teacher of Bible Class, Rev. D. Williams; Drill Instructor, H. W. Copus. Regular day of meeting, Friday, 7 p. m. No. of members, 38.

## Parish Register.

### BAPTISMS.

- Oct. 4—Charles Frederick Wilker Ellis, of Windsor.
- " 7—Beatrice Ada Thorne, Stratford.
- " 7—Irene Thorne Brenston, Stratford.
- " 7—Thomas Oakley, Stratford.
- " 21—George William Blay, Stratford.

### MARRIAGES.

- Oct. 10th—Wright—Burr—Andrew Stewart Wright to Lizzie Burr, both of this city.
- " 17th—Hassell—Hender—Frank Hassell to Lizzie Hender, both of this city.
- " 25th—Murray—Hall—Patrick Murray to Lizzie Hall, both of this city.

### BURIALS.

- Oct. 2—Hugh Campbell, in Avondale Cemetery.
- Oct. 15—H. T. Legge, Jr., in Avondale Cemetery.

## The Lay Workers' Conventions.

This Convention at Brantford has come and gone, and two ladies (Miss Dent and Miss Wade) were the only people from St. James' church that took enough interest in the general work of the church to attend it. We are very sorry indeed for this apathy. People could not help asking how was it that busy laymen from Middlesex, Elgin, Lambton and Kent could find time to be present, but from Stratford, the nearest neighbor almost to Brantford, no layman was present, neither was there any layman from the whole County of Perth, so far as we are aware. Surely we do not possess all wisdom in this county. Even we may learn something from meeting with fellow-churchmen in conference.



## “THE HOUSING OF THE POOR.”

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF GUIANA.

**T**his is not a question which can be settled off-hand. There are many serious considerations which must be taken into account before a question like this can be satisfactorily solved. That there is pressing need for improvement in this direction *every one will admit*. We can all point to dwelling houses in which a rich man would hesitate to place his dogs. There are whole families herded together under conditions which render *cleanliness and decency* next door to impossible, and which are not only an ever-threatening menace to society and a misery to the poor themselves, but a disgrace to our Statesmanship and our nineteenth-century Christianity. And further than that, most will admit that such a state of things *ought* not to be, and many, too, have determined that it *shall* not be. The problem we have to face is, how can this unsatisfactory state of things be remedied? And the difficulty of solving the problem seems to be greater the closer we look into it. Is it to be remedied by the interference and aid of the State, or through private charity, or through the landlord, or by the poor themselves?

The State has lately passed an Act which gives power to the Local Authority to prevent habitation in unsanitary dwellings. On the petition of a certain number of householders the Local Authority is bound to investigate and to decide whether property is in a sanitary condition or otherwise. If it is declared to be unfit for habitation, they can compel the landlord to put it into habitable repair; and if he refuses to do so, they can, if they like, close it up or pull it down. That there has been culpable negligence in enforcing the Act of Parliament none will deny, and this negligence arises from many causes. It may be true, as is sometimes said, that the individuals who constitute the Local Authority in towns are more interested

in securing a good return for their money laid out than they are for the welfare of their poor tenants. This is not generally so, however; and perhaps the greatness of the evil, and their powerlessness to know where to begin, or how to grapple with a question so far-reaching and intricate, has as much to do with their inaction as any other reason, for it is not a single house here and there which needs putting right, but there are whole streets, and blocks of buildings, badly lighted and drained, and supplied with no conveniences, utterly unfit for habitation, and which could not by any amount of repairing and patching be made so; and the only satisfactory way in which they can be dealt with is to pull them down.

One special feature of our age is the drift into towns from the country, and there is, in consequence, a keen competition for dwellings by the labouring classes, and especially if near their work, and the supply of suitable healthy dwellings is not equal to the demand; nor could they pay for them out of their wages, if it were, consequently they crowd into any kind of dwelling which their means will cover, and from *necessity*, rather than *choice*, fill up tenements which are unfit for families to dwell in. How is the evil to be remedied?

*Make the landlords put their property into proper repair* says one. Certainly they should be made to do this, if it can be done; but there are houses which we all could point to which the most liberal and willing landlord could not make fit for human dwellings. They are badly situated, badly planned, and badly built. He cannot alter the position, nor widen the streets, to admit light, nor re-plan the building, nor remove the ash-pits and water-closets from too close proximity to the doors and windows, nor suitably provide these if they do not exist. Besides, that would not relieve the overcrowding. To build or alter

houses, to meet proper sanitary requirements, would mean that only half of those who now crowd our rookeries could be accommodated, and what is to be done with the displaced half? And further, if the landlord is to be paid the same rent for his property as now, the remaining half would have to pay *twice* the rent they at present do. That, however, is the point of the question. It is mainly a question of payment. If the poor could *afford* to pay higher rents there need be no question of overcrowding or unsanitary dwellings. They crowd into unfit houses, as I said before, from *necessity* rather than choice; and now, in many cases, within the knowledge of us all, the rent has to be filched from the comforts of home, and back and stomach have to suffer that the rent may be forthcoming.

*Then let them have higher wages* says another. That does seem a simple way of settling the difficulty; but the landlord tells us that the builder, architect, lawyer, and workmen who build and repair his houses, have to be paid by him. There is the cost of the ground, or ground rents, dilapidations to be looked to, interest upon the money he has laid out, the redemption of the principal itself, cost of labour in gathering the rents, and loss of rent through defaulting tenants, etc.; so that with one thing or another, many say house property is not a desirable holding, and is a *loss* rather than a *gain*. If the wage of the workman who is the tenant is raised you must also raise the wage of the workman who builds; and if the tenant cannot afford to pay more, nor the landlord to take less, raising the wages all round would hardly settle the difficulty.

*Lower the price of the land, and abolish ground rents* says another. The ground landlord would have something to say upon that; besides, it would scarcely be possible to do this while there is such keen competition for every foot of it in open market.

*Lower the price of building materials* says another; but materials are cheaper than ever they were; besides, that could not be done without an alteration in the law of supply and demand all through.

*Then the State must aid* says another. "Let each Local Authority clear away the unsanitary property, and build *out of the rates* suitable dwellings, as they do Board Schools and public offices; let them charge such a rent as the poor

can pay, and make up the deficiency out of the rates." That seems easy too, but it is rather a large order. I believe in the brotherhood of man, and that it is the *duty* of the better off to help those who cannot help themselves. But what does such a scheme mean? Is it anything better than a gigantic system of indiscriminately given parish relief? It means supplementing the wages of the labourer by dipping your hand into the pocket of the ratepayer. It would be impossible to discriminate between the deserving industrious workman who is worthy of help, and the thriftless and worthless who will make no effort to help himself. It is a scheme beset with many grave difficulties, and which needs the most careful consideration which politicians and every one else can give to it before it is adopted.

We should be jealous of any scheme which robs a man of his independence and individuality. There is something wrong either with the man or his surroundings if he cannot live and pay his honest way by his labour without the help of charity doled out to him from some source or other, either from the rates or from the pockets of private philanthropists. Every help ought to be given to aid a man to *help himself*, but a man's self-respect is sapped as soon as he becomes a pauper and depends upon help from others.

It is true that many of the poor *cannot* pay for suitable dwellings. There are some who *cannot* get work. These should be helped in some way. There are others who gain such a scanty wage, that the most they can do is to eke out a miserable existence, and live from hand to mouth. They cannot save either for a rainy day or old age. It is their misfortune rather than their fault. They are born without backbone, and deficient of grit. They belong to the invertebrate order of men, and cannot stand alone, and would slip down from whatever position of the social ladder you might place them in, and would always be poor if money lay at their very feet. Such, who *cannot* help themselves, as well as those whom sickness and unlooked-for distress have rendered anyway incapable, *should* be and *must* be helped in some way. It is, however, a difficult matter to discriminate between the really deserving and the worthless, and there are some of the poor (poor enough in all truth, for they are destitute of even the will to help

themselves) who deserve little sympathy, and should be made to help themselves. Millions of pounds find their way out of the pockets of the labouring poor into those of the publican and betting man. "You cannot have your cake and eat it" is a homely saying applicable to this question; and if the labouring man pays his money to the beershop or the bookmaker, he cannot have it wherewith to pay his rent. Public-houses flourish best in the poorest quarters; and cases can be quoted by the thousand in which money is not only kept from the landlord, but from the wife and children, and home, and paid over the counter of the public-house, or into the pocket of the bookmaker. There is poverty which is honest and ought to be respected, but there is also poverty which is self-inflicted and criminal, and deserves no respect. We may put it down as a safe rule that relief ought not to be given to able-bodied men, either in the form of helping them with their rent, or in that of blankets, or soup, or parish relief, *without some equivalent of work*. Notice those who enter the public-house most regularly, and notice how regularly *some do* enter, and you will not be surprised that the grocer has to wait for his account, or the landlord has to whistle for his rent. Nor is it only drunkenness

which fights against the landlord, but *betting* is fast becoming a National curse, Up and down the land, in the yard, the shop, in the public-house, and in the slums and alleys betting goes on among all classes; and not only men and women but children also are learning every turn of the way which leads to the bookmaker, and to know the meaning of "hedging" and "odds." It is a difficult matter this better housing of the poor, for there are some who live in slums by *preference*, and who would, by their unclean habits, make the best house you could put them in a slum if they could. The *final* solution of this matter seems to be with the poor themselves. They will get to know in time how prejudicial such a life is to themselves and to others, and when they know it they will in some way remedy it. It should be the part of those who do know the evil to help them to see it and to remove it. Meanwhile the evil is growing in proportion and menace every year, and something needs doing at once. The State can aid in many ways. It can prevent overcrowding, can pull down unfit dwellings, can loan money to build, can make secure the poor man's savings, and give him all the help a Building Society could give without the risk.

## THE JESSOPS:

### AN EMIGRATION STORY.

BY THE REV. E. N. HOARE, M.A.,  
Vicar of Stoneycroft, Liverpool; Author of "Child Neighbours," "Jasper Rentoul," etc., etc.

#### CHAPTER IX.

FROM MONTREAL TO VANCOUVER.



LIKE many a sailor who has traversed hundreds of leagues of ocean, Tom Playfair's experience of land travel had been very limited. Indeed, in England he had never been thirty miles from Liverpool, while his sojourns in America and elsewhere had been too brief to permit of anything beyond a merely local excursion. The idea of a great trans-continental journey of three thousand miles, and occupying nearly a week, was all the more novel and exciting to the young seaman. We must not blame Tom if his notions of geography were a little vague; for indeed it is not easy for one who has been bred in this little island to realise the "magnificent distances" of the Canadian Dominion. For Tom, Vancouver and Victoria were practically the same

place; both were three thousand miles away. Nor did he distinguish between Vancouver city, situated on the mainland, and the island of the same name of which Victoria is the capital. At Victoria Sybil lived, and, after traversing a continent, he could not fail to find her.

But having time on board the train to study the "annotated timetable" of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Tom discovered that it would be scarcely possible—if possible at all—for him to get even a peep at Victoria before taking up his duties on the *Empress* steamer. His train was due at Vancouver at one o'clock on the sixth day after leaving Montreal. Then the steamer, starting almost immediately, was timed to reach Victoria at six in the evening. The return voyage was made in the early morning, the steamer leaving Victoria at 2 A.M., and reaching Vancouver city at about eight. That same afternoon the *Empress* steamer was timed to sail for Yokohama.

The question that Tom Playfair debated hour after hour, as the train thundered along through the region of rock and lake and forest that lies to the north of Lake Superior, was as to the likelihood of his discovering or coming on Sybil in the course of a single evening. He speculated as to the sort of place Victoria was. Was it a straggling place, or was there some one principal street, or it might be a park, where everybody was sure to turn up of an evening? Would there be any use inquiring at the post-office, or should he just demand of this person or of that if they knew a young lady called Jessop?

Well, these dreams and speculations served to occupy a good deal of time, and from morn till even, and all night long, the train was speeding on towards the western ocean. Lover-like, Tom was happy, in that each hour brought him nearer to the loved one.

Awaking rather late on the morning of the third day after leaving Montreal, Tom could have fancied himself at sea again. The whole aspect of the country had been transformed since the previous evening. Neither lake nor tree, rock nor hill, was to be seen. In every direction the rolling prairie stretched away till, sea-like, it melted into the natural horizon. Tom looked round him with interest, nor had he grown weary of the novel spectacle when the train ran into Winnipeg.

Here there was a rest of two or three

hours, and Tom had sufficient time to explore the capital of which Manitoba is so proud. And, indeed, Winnipeg is a wonderful place. A busy, thriving town, with no doubt a magnificent future, it was, but a generation ago, a poor village of a hundred inhabitants, that had grown up round the old Fort Garry of the Hudson Bay Company. But our young traveller was impatient to get on. He was convinced that there was no place in the New World—if, indeed, in any world—to compare with Victoria; so he rejoiced when, after many delays, the train got away from the busy, crowded platform, and rushed forth into the vast solitudes of the open prairie once more.

But Tom Playfair was heartily sick of the prairie country before he was done with it. All the rest of that day, and till the darkness gathered, the landscape was of the same monotonous character. The sun rose, and the train might have been running through the identical district that had been traversed the previous evening. A long day followed, and to the impatient traveller the train seemed to be merely creeping across a limitless expanse. True, the surface of the country was no longer flat; the track was gradually rising through an undulating region, and, after a time, the Cypress Hills were visible, breaking the uniformity of the western horizon. Occasionally a flourishing stock-farm was passed; then would follow a long stretch of desolate country, dotted here and there with lakes of bitter alkaline water. The bleached bones of the now extinct buffalo littered the plain; and the antelopes fled from the approaching train; while the funny little prairie-dogs came out of their holes, and stood erect and absolutely motionless, gazing with fearless curiosity at the intruding and clamorous monster.

In the course of the day the train stopped frequently at small stations; but between Regina, which is passed at half-past five in the morning, and Medicine Hat, which is not reached till seven in the evening, there is no town of any importance.

At Medicine Hat there was a pause of half an hour, and Tom amused himself by watching and conversing with the Indian women that frequent that station, selling polished buffalo-horns, beadwork, and other specimens of native industry. After leaving Medicine Hat the train made but few stops, and as the darkness

closed down on the landscape Tom and his fellow-travellers made themselves comfortable for the night.

Next morning dawned on a scene of magnificence for which Tom had been prepared by description, but which altogether surpassed his anticipations. For some time the track had been steadily rising. Medicine Hat, though situated in a local depression, is 2,150 feet above the sea-level. Calgary, which was passed before dawn, is 1,200 feet higher. So the altitude increases as the "foot-hills" of the Rocky Mountains are climbed, till suddenly, at "the gap," at an elevation of 4,200 feet, the line plunges among the snow-capped mountains through the narrow valley, or chasm rather, out of which the Bow River emerges. At Canmore, which was reached "on time," at six o'clock, an "observation car," specially arranged so as to afford an unbroken view of the scenery, was attached. Tom roused up, entered the car, and began to wonder what new world this was in which he found himself after those days of monotonous travelling on the plains.

For now a section of the journey had commenced which no one who has made it can ever forget. Before seven o'clock of a beautiful morning Banff was reached. The station, nestling among the mountains, is charmingly situated, and lies about two miles from the hot springs, which will, in time, no doubt make this glorious spot a fashionable health resort. From Banff the railway pursues its upward way, still following the line of the Bow Valley. Unfortunately, forest fires have devastated whole tracts of country, so that nought remains save charred and blackened and, in some cases, smoking poles, to tell of the magnificent foliage that once had clothed the mountain slopes and filled the gorges beneath. After a time the Bow River is left, and the track is led up through the valley of a tributary stream. Then, at Stephen, the highest point in the "Rockies," 5,296 feet, is attained, and the train begins to descend, plunging into dark canyons, and slipping, as it were, down the mountain side, till at midday Donald is reached.

But there is still another range of mountains—the Selkirks—to be scaled before the Pacific coast is reached. After running a few miles through an upland valley, the Selkirks are attacked at Beaver Mouth. The train ascends the gorge by a steep gradient till the river is left far below. Magnificent trees of enormous size stand around, deep gullies

are crossed on lofty tressle-bridges, and at last the summit is gained.

Once more the train begins to descend. Glacier House is reached before two o'clock, and here an hour is allowed for dinner. Then the downward journey is resumed. The track makes a series of curves, in descending the mountain side, at a place called the Loop. A short stop is made further on to enable passengers to alight and gaze down into the Albert Canyon, where a river flows at the bottom of a chasm 300 feet below the railway.

Thus the afternoon wears on. The imagination flags, and the eye grows weary of reporting scene after scene of beauty and sublimity. Nightfall is a relief. In the twilight—for it is now between eight and nine o'clock—the Shuswap Lake is reached. Along the margin of the octopus-like sheet of water the track winds its way for fifty miles, an arm of the lake is crossed, the darkness gathers round, and the travellers, sated with splendour, seek repose.

At daydawn the traveller looks out, and still finds himself in the midst of magnificent scenery. Indeed, he is told that some of the sublimest and most awe-inspiring parts have been passed in the hours of darkness. He is now descending the valley of the Thompson River, the line clinging to the hillsides far above the rushing torrent. Later on, the canyon suddenly widens to admit the Frazer River, which comes bounding with fierce flood from the north. The united streams now rush onward through a deep narrow gorge, the sides of which are in many places absolutely precipitous. Still the railway track refuses to be dislodged. Here it twists along the edge of a cliff; there it crosses a steep, treacherous slope; again it bores its perilous way through a tunnel, and all the while the boiling torrent foams and leaps and flings itself from rock to rock hundreds of feet below. At Yale, where the Frazer becomes navigable, the canyon widens out into a broad fertile valley. Evidently the mountain journey is over. At eleven o'clock Mission Junction is reached, whence a line branches off into the United States territory. At noon the train is at New Westminster Junction, and within the hour Vancouver city and the waters that flow from the Pacific are in sight.

During the latter stages of the journey we have just described poor Tom Playfair was in a fever of excitement. Was



it possible that after travelling all these hundreds and thousands of miles he should actually fail to see Sybil Jessop? His common sense told him it was not only possible, but highly probable. But still he buoyed himself up with hopes

steamer on which he was about to ship lying alongside the wharf. She was being busily loaded, and already a sort of simmering smoke was rippling from her funnels.

But there was another steamer nearer



“IS IT REALLY YOU?”

and fantastic dreams. Only just what happened he had never dreamed of, and was quite unprepared for.

As the train, having completed its journey of 2,906 miles without accident or appreciable delay, ran into Vancouver Depôt, the first thing that caught the eye of the young engineer was the great

at hand, and this, they told Tom, was the local boat for Victoria, which awaited the arrival of the daily train from the West.

Some passengers were already going on board, and among them Tom noticed several well-dressed ladies. One of these specially attracted his attention.

He looked—looked again; then, as the cars came to a standstill, he scrambled down, ran over the intermediate space, and gasped out, as the lady he had been watching turned surprised—

"Sybil—Miss Jessop—is it really you? Can I believe my eyes, or am I dreaming?"

The girl was facing him now. For a moment she did not recognise him, and for that she might certainly be excused.

"Who is it? What does this mean?" she stammered. Then, with a sharp, short gasp, she exclaimed, "What! You! You here! Tom Playfair! Where have you come from? and when, and why?"

"From the cars, just this instant; as to the why, I'll tell you that by-and-by. But what good fortune brings you here, Sybil?"

"I came to see my brother Reggie off by the train to Kamloops yesterday. It was too late for the steamer then, so I had to wait till to-day," she explained simply. "I am on my way back to Victoria."

## CHAPTER X.

## NO TIME TO BE LOST.



TOM PLAYFAIR looked wildly round him.

"When does the steamer leave—now, immediately?" he exclaimed.

"Well, perhaps not for twenty minutes. They give the people time to get on board from the cars," replied Sybil, apparently rather amused at her companion's eagerness.

"All right," cried Tom; "wait for me. I'll be back in a few minutes."

Before Sybil had time to reply he was gone. He hurried on board the ocean steamer that lay in deep water alongside the wharf, reported his arrival, promised to be at his post on the following morning, and was back at Sybil's side in plenty of time.

They stood together almost in silence

on the high saloon deck of the steamer till the bell rang.

"Now we must say good-bye," said the girl a little regretfully. "It was awfully pleasant to meet a friend in this out-of-the-way place."

"Oh, you must put up with a few hours more of my company. I am going to Victoria with you," replied Tom.

"Why, you said you were going to China in the *Empress* steamer."

"So I am to-morrow; but I shall have plenty of time to see you home first—that is, if you don't object."

"How can I? The steamer has started," she replied, with a nervous laugh.

It was a delightful sail across the island-studded straits of Georgia. In the distance the snow-topped mountains stood out against the evening sky, while the indented shores of the inlet on which Vancouver city is built were clothed to the water's edge with rich and varied foliage. Just opposite, a bright, clean Indian mission village lay, a white streak between the blue waters, and a bright green clearing in the dark forest behind. To the left, as the steamer emerged from the harbour, there lay, among the rocks at the foot of a wooded knoll, the wreck of a little paddle steamer. This

craft, which lies there abandoned while the tide rises and falls daily round its shattered paddle-box, is interesting as having been the pioneer of the great steam power in the

Pacific. Years ago it made a perilous voyage from England, rounded the Horn, and pursued its way to what was then perhaps the most inaccessible spots over which the British flag floated.

This relic deserves a better fate.

"Was this a sudden idea of yours coming on to Victoria?" inquired Sybil, after she had pointed out the wrecked steamer to her companion.

"Not at all. I had made up my mind to try and get a peep at you, but I little dreamt of the luck that was in store for me."

"You are very kind. I really have not deserved such consideration at your hands," she said softly.

"It was the hope of seeing you, of being near you, that in part decided me to go with these China steamers; otherwise, my heart would naturally have turned to Liverpool," remarked Tom quite simply.

"I hope you had some wiser motive

than that," she answered with assumed indifference. "These who love you, and who are worthy of your love, are in dear old England, not in this wretched country."

"You are not happy here then; you are disappointed?" he cried with genuine surprise.

"How can I be happy so far away from everybody, with only strangers about me, that is, and my brother, my poor brother, dying, I may say?" She bit her lips and turned away, trying to restrain or conceal her tears.

"Your brother Reggie dying! What do you mean?" And in his generous interest the young fellow forgot all about himself and the suit he had come to urge.

"Perhaps I am exaggerating; but Reggie frightened me, he looked so bad. He told me he had been ill and out of work, and that made me anxious to see him. But for a long time I couldn't go; the people I am with wouldn't hear of it. At last I struck, and went right away. The poor boy was better when I got to New Westminster, and Providence had sent him a kind friend. That is the man he is gone to Kamloops with, Mr. Parkinson. Oh, he is such a splendid fellow, quite a gentleman, and yet able to turn his hand to anything—a great, strong, handsome man, and yet as soft and gentle as a girl; softer and gentler than some girls I know."

"I shall be jealous," said Tom Playfair.

Sybil looked at him dubiously for a moment, and then said somewhat bitterly—

"You needn't be. He took my measure at once, I can tell you."

"He wasn't rude to you—surely not that?"

"Oh dear no; Mr. Parkinson couldn't be rude to any one. But he evidently saw the poor sort of stuff Reggie and I were made of. He weighed us in the balance, and found us wanting—very much. But then, being a strong, kind man, he was sorry for the sick boy; for me he had nothing but contempt."

"I don't believe a word of it, miss; and if you were any one else I should say you were fishing for compliments," protested Tom stoutly. "But anyhow, this strong, kind man has relieved you of your anxiety about your brother."

Sybil replied sharply—

"He has done what very few would do. He has treated a poor lad about whom he knew nothing like a brother; he has taken Reggie away to his own

place under pretence of giving him work, but really to nurse him, and to save his life, if possible."

"There, there! don't be angry with me," he pleaded. "I was only amused at the idea of any man having a contempt for you. But tell me about yourself. Are you going back to your place—to the people who were so unkind to you?"

"If they will have me back, yes. I have no choice."

"Oh yes, you have a choice; you know you have, Sybil. That is what I have come to speak to you about. Will you not listen to me?" And he took her hand tenderly in his.

"It is no use!" she cried, starting back from him. "I'm not worthy of you, Tom. That much at least I've learnt since I've been out here. You are a good man, and deserve a good wife; and that is what I could never be."

"Come, Sybil, don't you talk like that," remonstrated Tom. "Not worthy! Why, it is I am not fit to hold a candle, as the saying is, to a real lady like you. But I am able to keep you in comfort, and I can't bear to think of you going back to slave at work you don't like. You know I have loved you this many a day."

"That is just it," she sobbed, for her pride was so far broken down. "I made light of your love when I ought to have been proud of being honoured with it. I was a vain, self-willed, silly girl, and now I must take the consequences. I insisted on coming here, thinking I knew what was best; I wouldn't be advised. Well, you may be sure I won't give in now. I chose to stand alone, and alone I must earn my own independence. It may be my punishment, but I've got to bear it." And she tossed her head proudly, choking back her tears.

Tom Playfair looked at her with admiration, for there was something in her face that made him love her more than ever he had done before.

"Look here," he said deliberately, possessing himself now of both her hands, "I want you to listen to me and I want you to listen to your own heart. You know that, whatever your faults may be, I love you honestly and well."

"I know that, Tom," she assented with drooping eyes.

"Well, I don't believe it's in human nature—not in a sound-hearted girl's nature, anyhow—to resist such love as that. You don't care for this Parkinson fellow, do you, lass?"

"No," she replied obediently; "I admire him, and am grateful—that is all."

"Right! Now, Sybil, I want you, while I am holding your hands and looking into your eyes, to tell me something. Don't let your pride start off like a big drum beating inside you, but listen to the still small voice in the bottom of your dear heart for an answer. Do you not return my love—just a little?"

"Let me go," she said, "and I will speak as freely as you have spoken."

He did as he was bid, and then she resumed:—

"I used to look down upon you, Tom. We all looked down on your family—more shame for us!—just because we imagined we were better born. You were a rough sort of a chap, and of course, following the calling you did, you couldn't be always clean and tidy, like ourselves. But I was mean enough to take your admiration and your presents, though I wouldn't take yourself. And now things have changed. You are going up in the world, while we are going down, if that is possible. It serves us right, and I think both Reggie and I are learning a wholesome lesson. But you don't think I'd be so mean as to take up with you now after—after the way I treated you in the old days?"

"I've nothing to say against that if you think it's true," said Tom quietly. "But you have not answered my question. What you may have felt a year or two ago has nothing to say to what you feel now. You've a right to change your mind, I suppose, as well as anybody

else. It was quite natural that one who was a lady born should not care about a rough, greasy little chap such as I was. It is about what you feel now that I am anxious. They say that 'absence makes the heart grow fonder'; and I know that is true for my own part. Now tell me, my lass, during all the time you have been out here, far away from home and friends, has it not been a comfort to think of those that loved you? Have you never thought that there was one who had you always in his heart, who would do anything for you, who lived for you?"

"How could I help it? I was so very lonely, so very miserable," she faltered.

"And was that thought a comfort to you—just one little bit?"

She nodded, but did not trust herself to speak.

"Then why should you be lonely and miserable any more?"

"Because I deserve it, because my lesson is not yet learnt!" she exclaimed, rousing herself, and starting from the seat upon which they had dropped.

"And what do I deserve?" he said quietly.

"You deserve everything!" she cried passionately.



"I WOULD NOT BE ADVISED."

"Well, then, give me something—some hope. I've come three thousand miles to ask for it."

There was a pause. Then she laid a trembling hand on his arm.

"Tom, when will you be back from this voyage?"

"In about three or four weeks, please God."

"Will you come and see me then? and we can talk matters over more calmly. I'll give you an address that will find me in Victoria. Let us say no more now."

"I'm more than content, my darling." Then he stooped and kissed the fingers that rested on his arm.

There can be no more beautifully situated town than Victoria, the capital of British Columbia. The harbour is completely land-locked; so that while wide watery vistas spread out in every direction, the open sea horizon is nowhere visible. The coast is indented with innumerable bays and creeks, and the foliage on all sides is of a soft and varied green, that recalls the aspect of the "old country" six thousand miles away. The English traveller will not have seen grass so green since he left Moville or Queens-town. Far away in the south the lovely snow-capped Olympic Mountains looked across the calm waters of Puget Sound.

"I never saw a lovelier spot!" exclaimed Tom Playfair enthusiastically,

as the landing-place suddenly opened out in front of the steamer.

"Yes, it is very beautiful, and the climate is pleasant too. It rains a good deal, but that makes it all the more like England," replied Sybil.

That was a memorable evening, and one they were never likely to forget.

The pair had tea together, and then they explored the town and suburbs, including the Beacon Hill Park and the Chinese quarter. For a full quarter of an hour they stood side by side on the rocky eminence on which the cathedral stands, admiring the unique view. Pity that a site so splendid should not be occupied by a temple worthy of its beauty and worthy of the wide-extended Mother Church which has here established her metropolitan see on the verge of the vast Pacific.

As night closed in Sybil Jessop slipped away to the lodging where she dwelt; and Tom, after being compelled to say good-bye at a street corner, was fain to pursue his rambles in solitude. Finding this but dull work, he went aboard the steamer, turned into his comfortable berth, and was sleeping the sleep of the just when the boat got under way at 2 A.M.

Twelve hours later the young engineer passed over the same waters again, and gazed with all a lover's fondness on beautiful, peaceful-looking Victoria, as the *Empress* steamer, moving all too rapidly, sped on her course to Yokohama.

(To be continued.)

## SOME MISUNDERSTOOD PHASES OF THE PROPOSALS FOR DISESTABLISHMENT EXPLAINED TO A PARISHIONER.

BY THE REV. THOMAS MOORE, M.A.,

Rector of St. Michael, Paternoster Royal, and St. Martin Vintry, College Hill, with All-Hallows-the-Great-and-Less, Thames Street; Author of the "Englishman's Brief," etc.

**I** WISH in the following paper to say a word, my friend, as to the relation of the State to property.

Now it is a fact that every kind of property in the kingdom, of whatever nature it may be, has at one time or another in the history of England been dealt with by parliamentary legislation.

To this rule there has not been a single exception. All property, more or less, comes under the control of Parliament, and is subject to changing regulations, modifications in its tenure, its charges, and outgoings,

and consequently in its money value, as may from time to time be determined by Parliament.

Parliament, it is admitted, is supreme over the property of the Church; but understand that it is no more supreme over it than it is supreme over all other kinds of property in the land.

I see by your manner that you question the accuracy of my statement, and that you imagine that I am making allegations without proof to support them.


Well, my friend, you know as to private

**PAGES**

**MISSING**

There is nothing to complain of inside the room, washing as the place looks from without. It is simply furnished, very clean and tidy, though littered just now by a few spotless folded garments hanging over the chair backs and the fender, showing that Mrs. Lake has been putting the finishing touches to the week's washing. There is not much of a fire, cold though it is—for one must be careful of coals nowadays—but the room is bright with the western glow which shines through the muslin-curtained bow-window, in spite of all that the hideous buildings opposite can do to shut it out.

The little hostess herself is more sunshiny still. She has a gentle, attractive face, and a look of youthfulness one would hardly have expected in the mother of seven children fast growing towards manhood—an intent, watchful expression too, by which, as well as by the lowness of her voice, one can tell that she is deaf.



To-day she has a handkerchief tied round her head. It is very becoming, but evidently not put on for that reason, and one naturally makes inquiries. "I think it's a cold I caught, Miss. You see, it's draughty having to do your washing on the roof, and it made my head ache. It's not so bad now as it was this morning; but then, the boys were rather noisy getting off to school, and you know what boys are—they don't seem like as if they could be quiet. Yes, indeed, it does seem a lot of boys to have to manage, and they're not handy in their ways like girls; but mine are wonderful good—so they are. There wasn't one of them—not even the littlest—that didn't come and want to do something to help me, or put their hands to my head to cool it; but the clatter just comes natural to them, and—there," with a laugh, "I don't know as I'd like them to be different."

The Irish brogue is not very noticeable in her ordinary speech, but it gets stronger as she becomes more animated.

"Yes, Miss, it's good to know that your children are fond of their home and fond of their mother. I do try to make it happy for them; for I know that if their father and mother haven't done right by them it's hard for them to know how to do right themselves. My parents were good to me entirely—good to me, not always good to themselves. But my father turned a new leaf when I was still quite a little girl; and for four-

teen years before he died he never touched a drop of liquor—never a drop.

"Oh, there was a time when he used to be a terrible drunkard. It was when we lived in the barracks, and he used to come home (it was always when he had been down to draw his pension) driven in a cart because he couldn't stand. I remember I used to run away screaming (I was such a little girl), for he'd come back with his face all cut and bleeding, where he'd fallen down in the road. Such a fine strong man he was, Miss—and that seemed to make it all the worse. Not that he was ever quarrelsome, and he never said a word unkind to my mother, or to us children; he was just helpless and stupid—so stupid that he'd come home and eat his dinner, and then forget that he'd had it. He never had a farthing of his pension to bring back, and none of us ever knew where the money went. I suppose people knew how it would be with him, and waited to rob him."

The bright eyes are growing rather tearful.

"And how was it that the change came?"

"Well, you see, Miss, it was this way. We came down from the barracks to live in the town, and it made a good deal of difference. I don't know as the town-people was better than the soldiers, but they was quieter; and we didn't seem to be like the rest. I used to look at the other children going on Sundays to school and to church in their fine clothes. We never had anything nice to wear, and so of course we couldn't go. There was one Sunday morning my father was sitting by the window, and I said to him—I remember just how it was, me standing by with my hand on his shoulder, for we was always very fond of each other, me and father—I said, 'Father, I wish *we* could be like them, and be able to go to church too.' But I never thought we could. He didn't answer, and I didn't think as he'd noticed. But one day—it can't have been long after—a friend came in to see him, and talked for a bit, and then asked him to go out and have a drink. Father said, 'No.' And when the man laughed he said, 'Ay, you may laugh, and go on laughing, but I'm never going to drink another drop o' beer as long as I live.' And no more he did, though that was fourteen years before he died."

"And your mother?"

"Ah, Miss, there was the trouble. I

do think she was as good a mother as anybody ever had, and as good a wife; but at times she used to break out. You'll think she ought to have kept from it all the more from seeing what father was like when he had been drinking; but it was just as if when she had once touched it she *couldn't* keep from it, however hard she tried. Not that she was what you would call given to drinking; and it was enough to break your heart to see how sorry she always was afterwards. She had been married very young—when she was three months of sixteen, and my father thirty-five; and there's so many temptations in the barracks for men and women both. I suppose it was partly his example—poor father!

"She would go on sometimes for months and months, and never seem to think of it, and then there'd be a break-out. She never meant to do it, you see, Miss; it was just as if she couldn't help it. After my father left it off he wanted to break her of it too. He thought perhaps if she had a little every day—just a little, and no more—it would cure her; but she wouldn't. She said if she once tasted it she must have more.

"It was very different at home after he altered his ways, and we got a nicer-looking home and better clothes and all. Father seemed to be proud of us like, and proud that he had saved his money for us; but it only made him grieve all the more when my mother broke out (not often, you know, and always against her will), because he felt (I know he did) as if it was his drinking that had driven her to it.

"They do say that those as give it up get weaker for it, but it never seemed to make any difference to him, not till my little sister died. And that knocked him over like, quite sudden. There was nine years between the next eldest and Lily, and so we all thought a lot of her—and she was a dear little thing; but father couldn't make enough of her, and when she died (she was only three years old) it broke him down so that he never seemed like the same man afterwards. It didn't seem natural to see a great strong man like him taking on so about such a little child as Lily. He was worse over it than mother was, and he never got over it, for all we did our best to make it up to him. He used to sit at home grieving, and nothing that we did could comfort him; and

he got ill and weak, and when the doctor came he said he wouldn't ever get well. But we didn't know he was so near dying as he was.

"One day he'd been asleep, and he woke with a start and called out, 'Look, there's Lily! our Lily come back. Don't shut the door,' he says to mother, 'you'll be shutting her out.' And then he smiled as he hadn't smiled for ever so long; but it wasn't at us, for he held out his arms towards the door, and there wasn't nobody there. Then he fell back again, and when I went to him—scared-like, for I hardly knew what it all meant—he was dead. We had always been so fond of each other, and I hoped I could maybe have comforted him after a bit—and then he was dead, and it did seem so hard."

"Hard for you, dear, not hard for him. There was Lily to comfort him instead, and you wouldn't grudge her that, I know."

"No, no, you're right, Miss, and perhaps my turn will come yet—but I fretted sorely over it then. We were all of us afraid that mother would give up altogether when father wasn't by to keep her straight. But if you'll believe me, all that father had said to her didn't seem to do so much good as the thinking of him after he was dead; it was like as if she felt herself bound to conquer the temptation as he had, for his sake. She never *said* anything about it—not that I remember—not till she was dying (for she didn't live very long after him)—and then—"

What need is there to ask for the words? And indeed the brave little woman is having a hard fight to keep back her tears. The little simple story, so simply told, of love and temptation, failure and victory, is surely complete already. But one knows that this was, after all, but the first chapter in the real life-history, and that the sequel is to be read here—in this little room, a bright spot in the midst of so much darkness and misery and sin—in these deep-set patient eyes, and the cheery smile (in spite of the longing for "home," as she says Ireland must always be to her), and the pride in her children's love. And one feels instinctively, as one stands looking out to the paling sunset sky with its bars of soft grey cloud, that there is a "happy ending" coming, which will be but the beginning of a fuller, brighter, fairer day.



**PAGES**

**MISSING**

## THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

**H**E was a sailor every inch,  
His head was covered with curls,  
His shoulders were broad and his  
arm was strong,  
But his heart was as soft as a girl's.  
He loved the winds and he loved the waves,  
He loved the sky and the sea ;  
But better than all in the world beside  
He loved and cherished me !

"Dear wife," he said, as he stood by the  
door,  
"We've been married a week and a day,  
And home is sweet, but the winds are fair,  
And I must sail away.  
I shall not fear, though the storms may  
blow,  
For you'll be praying for me."  
I kissed him close, for I could not speak  
When Jim went out to sea.

I watched by day, and I watched by night,  
For the time seemed long and drear,  
Till over the waters I should see  
His distant sail appear.  
And still I kept alive in my heart  
The hope that almost died,  
For I knew that he would come back to me  
At the turn of the morning tide.

A storm came sweeping through the night,  
The winds and waves were high,  
They drove the boat across the sea  
Under the midnight sky,  
Till at last it struck on a hidden rock  
Wrapped in the boiling foam,  
And Jim and his mates were clinging there  
Wrecked within sight of home !

All night the winds were blowing high,  
The black clouds gathered fast,  
No hope above, and no hope below,  
As he climbed the quivering mast ;  
Till at last the dawn rose up in the east,  
"Hurrah ! We are saved !" he cried ;  
"For help will come from the lads on  
shore  
At the turn of the morning tide."

We stood on the shore, and we wrung our  
hands,  
For, alas ! full well we knew  
No boat could live in such a sea  
To save the shipwrecked crew.  
Jim knew it too. He seized a rope  
And leapt into the sea,  
"Fear not !" he cried ; "I'll save you  
yet,  
For my lass is praying for me."

Once, twice, thrice, the waves rose up  
And dashed him back on the wreck ;  
Once, twice, thrice, he beat them down  
'Mid the cries of the men on deck.  
And at last he battled through surf and foam,  
And lay at my feet on the sand,  
Spent and bleeding, and bruised and dead—  
But the rope was fast in his hand !

Oh, Jim, my sailor ! I heard the shouts  
Of the men you saved from the sea,  
But my heart was filled with the voice of one  
Who will never come back to me ;  
Whom I shall not see till my bark puts out  
On the midnight sea to ride,  
And I meet you again on the shores of light  
At the turn of the morning tide !

MARY BRADFORD-WHITING.

## A FEW WORDS ON SLEEP.

BY THE REV. H. EDMUND LEGH, M.A.,

*Vicar of Steeple Stansgate, Essex.*

"**S**LEEP !" we fancy we hear some  
one exclaim, "Sleep—a thing  
we do every day? It would  
indeed be a blessing if it were so ! But,  
alas !—

'Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened  
th

That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids  
down

And steep my senses in forgetfulness.'

He who would tell me how I may obtain  
regular sleep, sleep every day, would be  
a benefactor indeed." Happily cases  
like this are the exception, not the rule.

As a general rule, the sleep of the labouring  
man (who works either with hands  
or with brain) is sweet, whether he eats  
little or much. It is the abundance of  
the rich (such as give the reins to appetite)  
that will not suffer them to sleep.

"All writers on health," writes Dr. C. A. Parkes (Professor of Military Hygiene  
in the Army Medical School), "notice  
the importance of sound sleep. How is  
this to be procured? and how much  
should be taken? Nothing will ever  
secure good sleep but good digestion.  
At least three hours should pass after a

good meal before going to bed. An active, well-spent day, and taking only light, digestible food in the last part of it, will secure good sleep, and there is no other possible rule or advice." This is an excellent prescription, but to most of us the good doctor's advice may sound rather like a truism. Our difficulty begins where the doctor's advice ends. We want to know how we can secure the good digestion, which is to be a sure passport to a good night's rest. The quantity of sleep is of less consequence than the quality of it. A few hours spent in sound sleep will do more to renew our bodily powers than a long night disturbed by dreams or otherwise interrupted.

Among the means of securing healthy sleep may be mentioned quiet, a darkened chamber, and a moderate degree of warmth. It has been observed that "the habit of animals during sleep is to retain to some extent the carbonic acid gas in the air which they breathe. Most birds crowd together when roosting, and bury their heads beneath their wings in such a manner as must prevent the free access of air to their lungs." So it is with pigs and other animals, and even

human beings instinctively roll themselves up when seeking sleep. It would seem then that our forefathers were right in excluding, for the most part, the free passage of the air through door or chimney. But then it must be remembered that this was partly due to a tradition from the days when windows were not glazed, and nothing but a shutter excluded the outer air from the bed-chamber. There is some comfort in this reflection for those philanthropists and others at the present day who have taken to heart the condition of the dwellings of the poor. To secure sound sleep all the functions of the body should be in repose. The stomach must be kept warm by artificial means, or by a draught of warm fluid, if, owing to weakness of digestion, it is found not possible to take food for a short time before going to bed. But if the mind has been over-excited by amusement or business, a short walk will be the best course to pursue before retiring for the night. Regularity in the hours of meals, and of retiring to rest, and also in the quantity of food taken, is promotive of early rising, which in its turn is one of the surest ways of obtaining the blessing of sound sleep.

## MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

How a Slave Boy was Punished.

**A**FRICAN TIDINGS tells us a horrible story of the cruel treatment of a slave boy by his master. The master was an Arab, and lived at Wanga near Pemba. The boy was falsely accused of stealing. His master tied him up, had dried grass bound round his wrists, poured paraffin oil over the grass, and then set fire to it. The poor boy's wounds were dreadful. They had not healed when he arrived at the mission station of Kiungani, and his left hand had become

paralysed. "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

Bishop Phillips Brooks on Foreign Missions.

"What plea can be more shameful than to make the imperfection of our Christianity at home an excuse for not doing our work abroad? It is as shameless as it is shameful. It pleads for exemption and indulgence on the ground of its own neglect and sin. It is like a murderer of his father asking the judge to have pity on his orphanhood."

## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

XXVII. ENIGMA.

**I** AM a useful measure, and an enclosure, and also a piece of money. People use me for sugar, or fruit, or cheese. You could purchase more than one with another. But I often secure for the owner what is lost. Who am I, please?

XXVIII. CHARADES.

1. Without my first you would be dull,  
Unyoked, and wanting fire;  
My next is smaller than my first;  
My whole meets your desire.

2. My first gives consent in peculiar fashion;  
My last often brings you a pleasure;  
My whole shows a man who (when not  
in a passion)  
Is silent and stern beyond measure.
3. My first is a good game of skill;  
My second a person of note;  
My whole can be done, if you will,  
Whilst reading the book that you wrote.
4. My first is a boon, both to rich and to  
poor;  
My next is unpleasant to most on a moor;  
But my whole is often the very best course  
To take with a child or a runaway horse.



“What Pretty Polly Said.”

“A KISS, IF YOU PLEASE! A KISS, IF YOU PLEASE!”  
Then a merry “Ha! ha!” Then a chuckle, a sneeze!  
“A KISS, IF YOU PLEASE! A KISS, IF YOU PLEASE!”  
Another “Ha! ha!” Another big sneeze!  
“POOR OLD POLLY! DON'T TEASE!”  
And Amy, astonished, looked up at the bird,  
And wondered however she learnt her first word!

# Brother, thou art Gone Before us.

(Intended to be sung unaccompanied at the grave-side.)

Words by the late DEAN MILMAN.

Mus. by the REV. L. MEADOWS WHITE, M.A.  
(Vicar of Horning.)

*Andante* *pp*

1. Bro ther, thou art gone be - fore us, And thy saint - ly soul is flown Where

\* For vv. 2 and 5 only.

tears are wiped from ev - ry eye, And sor - row is un - known, From the bur - den of the

*pp* *rit. to cres.*

flesh. And from care and fears re - leased, Where the wicked cease from trou - bling, And the

*f* *ff* *p* *ritard.* *pp*

wea - ry are at rest, Where the wicked cease from trou - bling, And the wea - ry are at rest. A - men.

2. The toil - some way thou'st travel - led o'er,  
And borne the heavy load,  
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet  
To reach His blest abode  
Thou art sleeping now like Lazarus,  
Upon his Father's breast,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.
3. Sin can never taint thee now,  
Nor doubt thy faith assail,  
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ  
And the Holy Spirit fail,  
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good  
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.

4. "Earth to earth," and "dust to dust,"  
The solemn priest hath said;  
So we lay the turf above thee now,  
And we seal thy narrow bed;  
But thy spirit, brother, soars away  
Among the faithful blest,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.
5. And when the Lord shall summon us,  
Whom thou hast left behind,  
May we, untainted by the world,  
As sure a welcome find;  
May each, like thee, depart in peace  
To be a glorious guest,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest. Amen.

NOTE.—The ties are to be used or not as the verses require. The last two lines of each stanza are repeated.

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## PARISH MAGAZINE.

We owe an apology to our subscribers for not issuing the Magazine as punctually as hitherto. The delay has been entirely owing to the lack of assistance in procuring advertisements. This work should be done by some of our laymen; but since the departure of Mr. Yorick nobody seemed inclined to take it up. For several months the Rector himself canvassed for advertisements, but it involved altogether too much labor, and labor that was improper besides. We are glad to say that now Messrs. Alex. Abraham, A. McMullen and H. J. Emm have relieved him of the work, and that the Magazine will henceforth be issued regularly as before.

N. B.—The year is again drawing to a close, and we hope that all our subscribers will see to the payment of the annual subscription at once. Upon this depends the issue of our Magazine for another year. As it is the Rector has pledged his credit to one note of \$29 for printing, &c., and there is the English part of the Magazine to be paid for. We hope, therefore, that all will send in to Mr. Thos. Plummer, of the Bank of Montreal, their subscriptions for the current year.

### The Diocesan Collections.

We subjoin a list of contributors to our assessment for diocesan purposes. This will serve as a public receipt to all contributors. We are sorry that this list comprises only 132 responses out of 465 circulars which were issued and that the total sum contributed is only about \$150 instead of \$375 which was the amount for which we were assessed and which we should give if we would maintain only the average standard of giving which prevails in the diocese. We are sincerely a whole year as their contribution to evangelistic work in the diocese. Yet fall below are unwilling to give. It must be rather thoughtlessness. We heard much under the old system as to the multiplicity of special collections. They were annoying from their frequency—especially so to the church wardens—for there was generally a diminution in the ordinary revenue of the church on the occurrence of every special collection. Still, under the old system we gave last year \$188 and the year before \$268 of diocesan collections. This is far better than \$150 which is yet is our contribution for this year. We cannot rest satisfied with \$150. We shall be ashamed to hold our heads up in synod if this is all we can do. We, with three lay delegates in the financial support which we give to the diocese. We earnestly ask those who have not yet responded to the appeal to do so without delay. If they do not, the only alternative that we can see open to us is to make another appeal personally or otherwise to those who have not yet respond, and next year either to return to the old plan of having eight separate collections or to try a quarterly appeal, i.e., to take up our assessment by four separate collections or to the present plan is the best theoretically, but if it will not work practically we shall have to adopt another. Once more before concluding we urge all to send in their contributions at once and so prevent the trouble and the expense of another appeal.

### List of Subscribers under New Canon, 1894-95.

- Richard Abraham, 35c. I. Baker, \$1.25. Wm. Buckingham, \$2. Mrs. Bosbery, \$1. Jas. H. Beaumont, 25c. Victor Burwell, \$1. Wm. Battershall, \$1. D. B. Burritt, \$2. J. L. Bradshaw, \$2. Mrs. Brotherhood, \$3. Charles Casson, \$1. Wm. Casson, 50c. H. W. Copus, \$2. A. F. Clarke, \$1. S. H. Cish, 50c. Alf. Cole, \$1. Thos. Cardwell, 25c. George, \$1. S. S. Fuller, \$3. John Corrie, \$1. W. H. Dunbar, 25c. Daniel Dempsey, \$1. D. Artis Dempsey, 50c. Charles Clarke, 50c. James Gordon, \$3. R. T. Harding, \$1. Robert Hesson, \$1. Gilbert Horne, \$1. S. R. Hosson, \$2. Thos. Holliday (Jr.), \$1. John Hillman, 10c. Henry Jezard, \$1. Mrs. G. L. Johnson, 50c. George James, 50c. Joseph Johns, 75c. George Jackson, \$1. H. M. Johnson, \$2. Robert Knott, \$1. A. H. Lang, \$1. H. T. Legge, 50c. J. C. Monteith, \$1. Andrew Monteith, \$1. John Moffat, \$1. Wm. Maynard, \$1. Samuel Morrow, \$1. Joseph Mavne, 50c. Wm. Moffat, \$1. John Makins, \$1. D. Matthew, \$1.25. Jas. I. Moore, \$2.25. Wm. Martin, \$1. Henr Monteith, \$2. Peter McNab, \$1. Robt. McFarlane, \$1. Wm. McEwin, \$1. Wilson McWhinney, \$1. C. F. Neild, \$1. Rd. Peacock, \$1. Mrs. Robinson Woods, \$1. A. Thistle, \$1. John Thistle, \$1. W. R. Tiffin, \$1. Robt. Thistle, \$1. Wm. Yeaudle, \$1. Mrs. Westwood, \$50. H. O. Wright, \$1. H. E. Parsons, \$1. G. L. O. Thompson, \$1. Mrs. A. Bax, 50c. E. K. Barnsdale, \$2. Wm. Abraham, \$1. E. J. Burton, \$1. W. J. Butler, 20c. Mrs. A. Doherty, \$1. Mrs. Dent, \$3. Mrs. Geo Cooper, \$1. Wm. Cooke, 25c. Chris. McLellan, \$1. Miss L. Jermyns, 50c. Miss Hay, \$1. Mrs. Elworthy, \$1. J. Emm, \$50. Mr. Gurr, \$1. M. Goetler, \$1. Mrs. Kastner, \$2. E. Sydney-Smith, \$3. Thos. Holliday, \$1. Jas. Harvey, \$1. W. J. Keating, \$1. Mrs. Lizars, \$1. E. J. Lyc, 50c. M. Macfarlane, \$2. Mrs. Mitchell, 50c. Ed. Mitchell, \$1. Mrs. McMullan, \$1. John Norbell, \$1. Thos. Oakley, \$1. Alex. Macdonald, 50c. J. A. McCarthy, 50c. Col W. Smith, \$2. W. Saunders, 50c. John Sowerby, \$1. Miss Steet, \$2. W. H. Moore, \$1. Mark Wade, \$1. Thos. J. Wilkins, \$1. John Watson, \$1. Mrs. Williams, \$2. Miss Sanderson, 50c. Unknown, 75c. Mrs. Odbert, \$1. P. R. Jarvis, \$1. Mrs. R. Smith, 50c. Mrs. Townsend, 50c. M. O'Boirne, \$1. Two others whose envelopes were lost before marking, \$2.

### The W. A. M. A.

The semi-annual meeting of the Women's Auxiliary has also come and gone, and so far as Stratford's part was concerned, it was a complete success. The entertainment given to the delegates was admirable and called forth repeated expressions of appreciation. The missionary meeting in the evening was also in every sense satisfactory. The singing was good, the attendance large, the speeches excellent, and the collection liberal. (\$25.52).

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