

# The Algoma Missionary News.

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## The Algoma Missionary News

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All items of news and communications of an editorial nature should be sent direct to the Editor, The Rev. C. Piercy, Burk's Falls, Ontario, Canada.

### Notes by the Way.

MAY the Easter of 1893 be the brightest and holiest in your experience!

"That man may last, but never lives,  
Who much receives, but nothing gives."

A PRAYERLESS soul is a Christless soul,  
and a Christless soul is a helpless soul.

COMPARING your sins with those of other people won't make your sinning any safer.

No man can get very much of an education without going to school to his mistakes.

THE sphere of Christian duty is not there, nor yonder; but here, just where you are.

THE Easter reports to the rural deans are expected to be filled in and returned at this date.

THE offertories throughout the diocese on Good Friday are devoted to missions to the Jews.

OUR sister Church in the United States first used their revised Book of Common Prayer on Easter Day.

KIND reader, you will help the diocese of Algoma by getting another subscriber to THE ALGOMA MISSIONARY NEWS.

THE St. Andrew's Brotherhood had a grand annual convention at Kingston, Ont. When will Algoma have its representatives at these meetings?

FROM the letter published elsewhere, we learn that the Bishop has a yearning for home, albeit he is wandering in a beautiful clime, amidst scenes enchanted by historic interest.

THE proceedings of the Third Triennial Council of the Diocese of Algoma have just been published, and will be distributed at an early date. Some notice of its contents will appear next month.

REV. RURAL DEAN CHOWNE has much improved in health, and hopes to begin his accustomed duties after Easter. His enforced rest is irksome, and he is anxious to resume work. Rev. A. J. Young improves but slowly, though able to do something, and anxious to do more.

REV. MR. FROST'S contributions to THE NEWS are always interesting reading. His reminiscence of a winter trip and his perils by ice, of which he tells in vivid style in another column, is a description of an adventure that will be read from the first word to the last.

WE beg to express our gratitude to our English friends who have contributed our "English Letter" for the five months past. They may be written mainly for the eyes of our readers across the ocean, but they are, nevertheless, most interesting to us on this side. It is hoped that they may ever form a feature of THE ALGOMA MISSIONARY NEWS.

Do not the several appeals for help in providing parsonages for Algoma's missionaries reach the hearts, hands, and pockets of some who enjoy a warm fireside and draughtless quarters? This may reach the eye of some one who has never set his mind on a work for missions. If so, see to it that your sympathy finds its proper expression.

THE Secretary of the Standing Committee has mailed twenty copies of circulars to clergy and catechists having charge of missions. In some instances this is the third copy forwarded. For reliable statistics and other information, it is asked that all receiving them fill in fully, and return by first mail. Attention is directed to the last paragraph.

IN another column appears a circular from Rev. J. Irvine, the newly-appointed Principal of the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Indian Homes. It unfortunately reached us too late for publication in last issue. We confidently anticipate a continuance of the sympathetic and liberal support of members of the Church. All should be interested in Christianizing the Indians. Many are intensely so. We whites owe it to them. How many have forgotten the debt?

THE *Aspdin Church News*, a small three-page leaflet, published in the interests of the Aspdin mission, comes to hand this month beautified with a very good woodcut of St. Mary's Church. The church is one of the best in the diocese, probably the most substantial of all. The editor of THE ALGOMA MISSIONARY NEWS suggests that, where possible, incumbents of missions should get a small cut (size, say, 4x4 inches) of the principal or other church in their charge, and procure the written descriptive history of their field of labour. In some instances there are now alive, and in the diocese, those who can speak of *beginnings*.

PERHAPS never in the history of the diocese have so many services been missed as during the past winter. It was not the cold, intense though it was, but it was the snow. It has been a common occurrence for clergymen to put their horses in snow-drifts breast high, and let them climb, or jump, or plunge through as best they could. And how we dreaded to meet another sleigh on the road! The tracks made by the horses and sleigh-runners being from three to five feet high, and level with the snow on either side, made a descent from them into the loose snow a serious matter for horse, sleigh, and driver. But both had to pass, and good-naturedly we did it, though the snow made us wet and cold. On many occasions the driver—be he clergyman or not—has had to tramp a place before the horse could go in. Treading snow when it reaches to the armpits is a hot and tiring job. A visitor from Thunder Bay deanery mentioned that at White River the thermometer once went down to 75° below zero. Whew!

WE are often informed that some of our readers do not care so much about the individuals who take part in entertainments for Church purposes, or other objects, as they do about the nature of the country, the habits and avocations of the people in the diocese, produce and its marketing, incidents of missionary experience, etc., etc. We are cognizant of the fact, and sympathize with those who express it. Doubtless some of our columns do contain facts that have a local interest only. We anticipate a decrease in this direction as our correspondents learn not only that we want news, but what kind of news we want. Still, some items will ever have largely a local interest. It is not altogether that people like to see their names in print. Names oftentimes give a *bona-fide* character to an item which has a distinct value. However, we take the liberty of hinting to our kind correspondents that there are readers of our columns beyond their neighbourhood who have no interest in the individuals who read beautifully, sing beautifully, recite beautifully, or play beautifully.

#### Sault Ste. Marie.

On Sunday afternoon, the 19th ult., the Knights of Pythias attended divine service at St. Luke's Church. The Rev. E. A. Vesey, Incumbent and Rural Dean, was assisted in the service by the Rev.

James Irvine, the newly-appointed Principal of the Indian Homes. The latter preached the sermon from the text: "But ye, brethren, be not weary in well doing." Mrs. Vesey presided at the organ, and the musical part of the service was excellently rendered by the well-drilled and efficient choir.

#### To Rome via Algiers and Corsica.

Hotel Continental,

AJACCIO, Corsica, March 20, 1893.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Since the Bishop's last you have heard nothing further of our movements, and a short account of our doings since then may prove interesting to THE ALGOMA MISSIONARY NEWS readers. On Friday, the 10th, after saying good-bye to numerous friends in Mentone, we left by the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean train for Marseilles *en route* for Algiers, which was reached after a very comfortable journey of six hours. The Riviera seemed very full, especially Monte Carlo, Nice, and Cannes; numbers of English yachts were in the various harbours, and several of the French fleet lying in a beautiful little bay at Villefranche, between Monte Carlo and Nice. At Marseilles we went to the Louvre Hotel near the port, spent the evening after dinner in looking at shop windows, and next day sailed by the Transatlantic Company's boat, the *Ville de Alger*, for Algiers. A beautiful view of the city and harbour was obtained from the steamer, and when I say that we counted forty-five steamers lying at the different quays it will give some idea of the commercial importance of the place. Twenty-six hours' run at seventeen miles an hour brought us to Algiers. From about forty miles out at sea one could catch the snow gleaming on the Atlas mountains to the east of the town, and gradually, as we approached, soft balmy odours were carried out on the breeze.

One's first impression is as if the houses had been thrown down in handfuls from the sky, and had remained where they fell. The streets in the older part of the town are so narrow as to give no dividing lines when observed from the sea. In the harbour were lying coasting steamers, sailing vessels, a French man-o'-war, several torpedo boats, and innumerable smaller craft rigged with tremendous felucca sails. On landing we got our first glimpse of the Arab at home, and the lower classes look like perambu-

lating bundles of dirt and rags. The better specimens are not unlike our own Indians, grave, reserved, and silent; very polite among themselves, their method of salutation being kissing each others hand and then stroking the beard. We stayed at a hotel about two miles out of town from which we had a lovely view of coast line and mountains. The Jardins d'Essa are certainly the chief points of interest in the town, and are really magnificent but with such a profusion of tropical trees and shrubs that, without a certain knowledge of botany, proper appreciation is impossible. In a splendid avenue of bamboo we saw canes from four to five inches in diameter. From one turns into the avenue of fig trees immense growths which meet overhead and form a perfect arch; india rubber trees, with roots growing down to the ground from the branches six or eight feet from the trunk; bananas, in all stages of maturity; date palms, with great yellow bags of fruit; flowering palms with blossoms of every shade and hue; in fact, a bewildering confusion of things beautiful and strange; and then the ostriches—enormous birds, swinging along with free and easy strides, looking as if when once well started nothing could stop them. The females have some beautiful feathers, but they were not the sort that looked as if a pinch of salt on their tails were all that was necessary for their capture.

One afternoon we devoted to the Moorish and Arab quarters in the old town, getting from the ubiquitous Cook & Co. a native guide who had been dragoman to Lord Randolph Churchill, Lord Hamilton, and other notables. With him we saw the Governor's palace, a beautiful building with Moorish decorations; the palace of the late Cardinal Lavignerie, that famous opponent of slavery, whose recent death roused such universal regret; then turned into the museum, where were many most interesting relics, Roman and Greek. Perhaps the best of them all was a plaster cast of Geronimo, a young Christian who was buried alive in plaster of Paris by the Moors in 1567 because he refused to abjure his faith. This mass of plaster was found in Algiers, and this cast taken from the original, which is in the cathedral to-day. As we were leaving the guide pointed to an old bas relief, and said with much pride, "That came from Carthage, and that man is Carthage, and there, too, you see his wife and child and servant." A couple

of hours were spent in the old town, among narrow, evil-smelling streets, full of dusky natives and ebony Nubians and Moors. We were shown the sacred chains, to which, in olden times, if a murderer clung, he was safe from pursuit or revenge. In the walls of the fortifications behind the town one can still see the traces left by English cannon in the bombardment which took place about one hundred and forty years ago. We took a trip out to Blida, about thirty miles south, to see the Gorges de Ruisseau, where monkeys live in their wild state; but though we had some very fine mountain scenery, we missed the monkeys. At Blida also is the government stud for horses for the Chasseurs d'Afrique. There we saw some beautiful Arab and Barbary horses. From Algiers we turned eastward to Kroubs, a very old Arab town; and stopping there over night saw the Arab shepherds driving out their flocks to pasture in the gray and misty dawn, calling them by name, and talking to them in apparently the most affectionate terms. From Kroubs we went to Bone, on the coast, a queer old place, with storks on the roofs and a very fine harbour protected by masonry piers. Here we came across twenty camels huddled together in a narrow lane, being loaded by a crowd of excited Arabs with goods for the country—the whole proceedings superintended by a stolid-looking Turk in a red fez and blue trousers—great patient-looking beasts every now and then giving vent to deep trumpet-like groans, as bale after bale and box after box were lashed to the huge, clumsy saddles.

From Bone we took passage in another Transatlantic boat to Ajaccio in Corsica, where I now write. A strong northeast wind made a heavy sea, so that nobody got any sleep. We were five hours late, and coming into the harbour at night were surrounded by a swarm of small boats full of Corsicans, jabbering patois French and Italian, and literally fighting for the passengers. To-day was spent in seeing the town, which is full of mementos and memorials of the great Napoleon, who was born here. We purpose going by steamer to Nice to-morrow night, and stopping at Mentone for a few days' rest before moving on to Rome. So far our journeyings have been full of pleasure and interest, and we look forward to Rome and Naples with very happy anticipations. The Bishop keeps wonderfully well and bright, and is enjoying his holidays to the

utmost; but through it all is running a wish to be back in Canada.

It is too soon to give you any actual date as to his return, but you will learn later on, "after the Bishop has gone over to Rome."

ALAN SULLIVAN.

### Port Carling Mission.

There is nothing of a stirring character to report in our mission. Every one, more or less, is apparently keeping Lent—as he and she should. In St. James', Port Carling, we assemble together on Wednesday evening of each week during Lent—beginning with Ash Wednesday—for prayer, meditation, and praise. So far, these meetings have been very well attended; but, of course, there is room for improvement. At Christ Church, Gregory, we assemble on Thursdays at 3 p.m., in the schoolhouse; and had the roads been better—and just here I might say that they are well-nigh impassable—special services would have been arranged for at Point Kaye and Whitesides.

On Monday, February 27th, a treat was given the Sunday School scholars at Point Kaye, under the able superintendence of Mr. John Hutton. It took the form of a tree—Lent tree—laden with gifts, together with refreshments, which were served to the children and friends by Mrs. Pooler and Miss Henry. The reason this informal gathering took place in Lent was this: The gifts sent earlier in the season were not sufficient to go all round the mission; thus Point Kaye Sunday School and Whitesides Sunday School had to go without. However, later on, Miss Paterson, the General Diocesan Secretary of W.A., a lady ever ready to do all she can, sent me word that two more boxes of presents, etc., were being packed—one for Point Kaye, the other for Whitesides; so we thought it a pity to keep the children until Easter, seeing they had waited so patiently so long. I hope to present the Whitesides Sunday School with their gifts shortly.

The Building Committee of the Port Carling parsonage met on March 4th, and entered into an agreement with the contractor for the completion of the parsonage. If the agreement be carried out, the building will be ready for occupation by the 1st of May next. There has been no response to my appeal for funds yet. I trust some one may come to our relief and

help us out of a difficulty, viz., of raising three or four hundred dollars. We are putting up a good, substantial building—one that will be a credit to the church and community, and at the same time unpretending. Who will be the first to subscribe \$5, \$10, or \$25 towards the the completing of this much-needed structure? Subscriptions will be thankfully received and acknowledged by the Rev. Rural Dean Llwyd, of Huntsville; by the Incumbent of Port Carling, the Rev. W. A. J. Burt; or by D. Kemp, Esq., Synod Office, Toronto. We are very anxious to get the parsonage paid for, as we are desirous of turning our attention not only to the two new churches in course of erection, but to much-needed repairs on St. James' Church, Port Carling.

PORT CARLING, Easter, 1893. — The morning service at St. James' Church on Easter Day was well attended and very hearty. The service opened with an appropriate Easter hymn. Matins ended, the usual Easter anthem was rendered very efficiently by the choir, and the congregation joined in heartily. Then followed the office for Holy Communion to the end of the Nicene Creed. The Easter hymn, "Christ the Lord is Risen To-day," and an appropriate sermon, came next, and during the offertory Mrs. May, Mr. A. T. Lowe, and Master Ernest High sang an Easter anthem entitled "A True Easter." Mrs. Pooler presided at the organ for all except the accompaniment of the last-mentioned anthem, this part being taken by Mrs. Sutton. We had a full choir and full church, and a very hearty and soul-stirring service, befitting the day. This ended, eighteen remained for the Holy Eucharist. This service was also hearty, rendered so largely by the fact that all the members of the choir, ten in number, are communicants. The Easter offerings amounted to the sum of \$4.23, apart from the usual envelope offertory. On Good Friday there was a very fair attendance, and the offertory for the Jews was \$2. At the above services the congregations numbered, respectively, one hundred and forty. The Easter decorations were very modest, but neat and appropriate. The Easter week will be a busy week. There will be a vestry meeting every day of the week except Saturday.

The builders resume work on the parsonage this week. The agreement calls for the completion by the first of May.

In the January number of THE ALGOMA MISSIONARY NEWS, among other

items of mission news, I reported a taffy-pull at the residence of Mr. Woods, Clevelands P.O. A lady in England, through the editor, wishes me to write a full account of this somewhat novel—*i.e.*, to people in England—entertainment. I shall describe this fully in the next number, as my time is very limited just now; but lest the term “taffy” should be misunderstood by people in England, let me add it is one and the same thing as “toffy.”

CHRIST CHURCH, GREGORY. — The Wednesday afternoon Lenten services have been well attended. There is quite a fair number of young people attending the “chart lectures,” which are delivered chiefly for candidates for confirmation.

The new organ has arrived safely. From the appearance of the outer case, for the organ is unpacked as yet, it is a large organ. We expect to have the work on the church resumed shortly.

W.A.J.B.

Uffington Mission.

A great loss, and consequent grief, has overtaken us here at St. Paul's, Uffington. Mr. James Kirkpatrick was taken from us to his heavenly rest on Tuesday, March 14th, after little more than a month's confinement to his home. His widow, and large family, have the prayers and sympathy of the entire congregation—yea, of the whole mission—as they mourn over the heavy loss of a loving husband and an indulgent father. The Church has lost a faithful, untiring son, whose love, loyalty, and devotion to her interests were shown in ceaseless self-denying efforts for her extension, which called for much time, money, and labour through many years, all being always given most ungrudgingly. He was well known to our good Bishop, who also highly estimated his services; and when the Bishop visited us in March, 1892, it was on the 14th that his lordship was driven to Bracebridge, and took his leave of our late brother, to meet him no more on earth. He was also well known to Rural Dean Llwyd, and the very last work that he did was to drive that gentleman and myself to Purbrook and back in February last. During the last two weeks of his life he suffered severely, but all was done with true Christian fortitude, patience, and resignation. He passed away in the presence of all his family, to

the members of which he leaves a splendid example and a considerable property. The funeral took place on March 18th, when not less than 150 persons were present, some of whom had travelled 13 or 14 miles, and on Sunday, March 19th, 120 attended divine service and listened to his funeral sermon. He was warden of St. Paul's for several years before his death, and had probably done more than any other man in the neighbourhood to advance the cause of the Church of England here.

ARTHUR H. ALLMAN.

Emsdale Mission.

Shortly before Lent, an entertainment for the purpose of augmenting the church funds was given in the Orange Hall, Emsdale, and was most successful, both socially and pecuniarily. The programme consisted of two parts. Music, vocal and instrumental, composed the first, and the different selections that were given, judging from the hearty applause, seemed to meet entirely with the appreciation of the audience, though, on account of the length of the programme, but few encores were responded to. During the interval between the parts, refreshments in the shape of cake and lemonade were handed round. Meanwhile the audience was all expectancy for the promised *bonne bouche* which they had been promised in the shape of the well-known and very laughable farce, “Done on Both Sides.” For three days previously the three male characters among the *dramatis personæ* had been busily engaged in building and “titivating” the stage, which, though somewhat narrow, owing to the necessity for allowing as much sitting room as possible for the audience, still presented, when the withdrawing of the curtain displayed it to view, a very pretty appearance. With the help of wall paper, pictures, carpet, curtains, furniture, and other little ornaments, a very fair representation of the Whiffles's dwelling room was presented, and looked very snug and comfortable. The farce had been diligently rehearsed, and went off without a hitch; and judging from the laughter and applause which greeted the various performers, they were evidently quite competent in the performance of their parts and rendered them much to the liking of the audience, and many were heard to express their delight and enjoyment after the entertainment

was over. The amount taken at the door totalled \$20.80, which, with all expenses paid, left the nice little sum of \$16.65, which helped to pay off more than one debt.

The musical performers consisted of Miss Streatfeild, Miss E. Spears, Mr. Macconkey, Messrs. W. E. and L. C. Streatfeild—all of whom gave great pleasure to the audience. In the performance of the far-famed play, “Done on Both Sides,” the *dramatis personæ* were Miss L. Streatfeild, Miss Clara Collinson, Mr. F. Collinson, and Messrs. W. E. and L. C. Streatfeild. “God Save the Queen” brought the evening's pleasure to a close.

The Rev. Alfred W. H. Chowne begs to call the attention of the many friends of his mission to the fact that letters and papers addressed otherwise than as below are apt to go astray and be very much delayed: St. Mark's Parsonage, Emsdale, G.T.Ry., Ont.

Aspdin Mission.

(From the Aspdin Church News.)

Once again we desire to place the parsonage question before our readers, more especially as we have a very satisfactory state of things to report. The sum of \$500, in accordance with the agreement we published in this magazine some time ago, has, we are more than glad to say, actually been paid, and the deeds signed; so that virtually we may say that the mission of Aspdin now possesses a house for its priest. Not only has the \$500 been paid, including the diocesan grant of \$100, but the incumbent has still in his hands more than \$60 in cash, while the interest for the two years upon the remainder of the sum still to be paid has been guaranteed. Put in few words, then, the case at present stands thus:

Full price of parsonage . . . . .	\$850 00
Paid . . . . .	500 00
<hr/>	
Balance at 6 per cent . . . . .	350 00
In hand . . . . .	60 00
<hr/>	

To raise still . . . . . \$290 00  
 \$290, then, has to be raised within two years from October the 1st of last year. Considering the success with which our efforts have been crowned during the last three years, is this a very formidable undertaking? We think that the friends of the mission will, one and all, say an emphatic “no” to that question. We ask, therefore, *every one* to help to raise this sum in the time specified, and thus leave

the mission at its close equipped for its work. There is of course a good deal to be done in finishing details, but they may be spread over a longer period. It is imperative that the sum mentioned should be raised within the time. Let us thank God and take courage. Donations may be sent to Rev. H. P. Lowe, Aspdin P.O., Muskoka, Canada. P. O. orders to either Ashworth or Allanville post offices.

### Mission of Thessalon.

On the evening of January 27th, the ladies of the Churchwoman's Committee of the Church of the Redeemer held a very enjoyable and successful "Pink Tea" at the residence of Mrs. W. L. Nichols, in aid of the parsonage fund of the mission. The host and hostess did all in their power to entertain their guests, and the evening was passed very pleasantly in music, vocal and instrumental, and games. The party broke up at about twelve o'clock and all went home well pleased, and feeling satisfied that they had spent a most enjoyable evening. The proceeds amounted to \$25.

The special Lenten services are being fairly attended.

### Burk's Falls Mission.

The Incumbent has been encouraged by the interest manifested by a few in the weekly conversational lectures on the history of the Church in England to continue them during the Easter season.

Anxious that the congregation of St. Paul's, Sundridge, should have a service to commemorate the death of Jesus Christ on the cross, though the roads were in such a horrible condition that the Incumbent could not be in Burk's Falls and Sundridge on the same day, he held the service on the evening of Maundy Thursday, going there and back by train. The congregation was a small one.

Good Friday services were held morning and evening at All Saints' Church, Burk's Falls. At the latter service an effort was made to attract the people of the little village to the church both for worship and for instruction upon the race-redeeming events of the first Good Friday. This was accomplished by a lantern sermon. The church was filled, the greater number being members or adherents of the several religious bodies represented in the locality which do not observe the day. A screen nine feet square was

stretched in front of the chancel arch and the pictures were thrown upon it from a lantern placed behind, thus obscuring the apparatus from view. The Incumbent, Rev. C. Piercy, vested as usual, took a position before the screen and prefaced the service with a few words, describing it as one wholly for worship and instruction and as an effort to impart religious teaching through the sense of sight as well as hearing. Hymn 114 (A. and M.), "O come and mourn with me a while," was sung, and Evening Prayer read to end of the Lord's Prayer. The lesson was the 14th and 15th chapters of St. Mark's Gospel. Then followed hymn 108, "When I survey the wondrous cross," and the Apostles' Creed. Collects for the day and for unity were read and another hymn sung, No. 113, "See the destined day arise." The offertory was next taken up, after which the lights were turned down. The first picture, "The Last Supper," was immediately projected, followed by "The Institution of the Eucharist." The sermon, having for its texts the subjects portrayed, here dwelt upon the neglect of the Sacrament of Holy Communion by so many people who bear the name of Christians and are churchgoers. The preacher emphasized for whom it was ordained—penitent sinners; what it is—both the symbol and vehicle of true inward spiritual feeding on the very Body and Blood of Christ. Some words followed upon the more common misconceptions of "fitness," and the third picture, "Gethsemane," introduced the narration of the journey of Jesus Christ from the "upper chamber" to Calvary. The agony in the garden, the arrest, the trials before Annas, Caiaphas, Herod, and Pilate were all mentioned. The hymn, "My God, my Father, while I stray," was thrown upon the screen and the whole congregation joined heartily in singing it. The road to Calvary and the nailing to the cross were related while "The Raising of the Cross" was the view before the eyes of the hearers. When "The Crucifixion" was depicted upon the screen, the "Seven Words" were the burden of the sermon, lessons from each being pressed home. "The Taking Down of the Body from the Cross" was the occasion of teaching on the article of the Creed: "He descended into hell." This, the last picture, was succeeded by the familiar hymn, "Jesu, lover of my soul," which was sung by the congregation kneeling. The benediction was pronounced, the *Nunc Dimittis* chanted, and

the service, which had lasted two hours, was ended. A stillness, almost of awe, prevailed during the lantern sermon, the theme of which could not but touch the feelings and instruct the minds of all present. It is thought that such services in the winter evenings may do much to teach the facts to and impress the truth of the Christian faith upon young and old, so sadly needed where instruction in the Christian religion forms no part of the teaching of our public schools.

This mission has a great want, viz., a parsonage. A partially completed building has been purchased, but funds are sadly needed to finish it so that the clergyman and his family can inhabit it this summer. Locally, all possible has been done, and we are compelled to look abroad for help. Two hundred dollars (about £40) would enable the committee to make it habitable—that is all. A plea for help is now made. Please send us a little. All contributions should be sent to Rev. Rural Dean Llwyd, Commissary, at Huntsville, Ontario; or to the Diocesan Treasurer, Mr. D. Kemp, Merchants' Bank Chambers, Toronto, Ontario.

### An Incident of Mission Work in Algoma.

Sometimes one is able to remember with clearness and distinctness certain events that made an impression on one's mind when they occurred, but which did not recur to one for a long interval, until something recalls some circumstances connected with the occurrence and then the whole affair is remembered clearly, and keeps on coming back to the memory, so that it is not forgotten again easily. It is a year or two ago since the particular adventure, or rather misadventure, to which I refer occurred, which I had, as I say, partially forgotten, and which now just lately has recurred perseveringly to my mind. I had been travelling for a considerable distance over the ice and through the woods. It was in midwinter, and travelling was very heavy. On the particular morning to which I refer, I had travelled through the woods for several hours from the place where I had held service on the previous evening. I was driving a black pony named Dinah, a pony that I was very much attached to, since I had brought her up from a colt. Just before noon I arrived at a small village, where I secured a very warm invitation to dinner—an invitation which I

longed to accept, because not only was the invitation warm, but the dinner was warm, which (every one will agree with me) is a good thing, especially when one is travelling in winter. However much I longed to eat the warm dinner, yet I did not deem it expedient at this time to stop for reasons which I will state. Two or three days before, I had driven on the ice through a narrow channel closed in on the sides by steep, precipitous rocks. In this channel the ice had the reputation of being poor and uncertain in consequence of a tidal current that influences the height of the water, making it fall and rise almost imperceptibly, yet sufficiently to weaken the ice, especially in spots, and when the weather was less cold than usual. Still I had passed over it safely, and all had gone on well. But the weather in the interval had been less severe than usual, and on the morning of my return it was thawing, and soft, wet snow was falling. It was the thought of this that was ever present to my mind and urging me forward with haste, even to the renunciation of the warm dinner. I was obliged to drive over this treacherous ice, which all the time was getting more frail, to reach my destination; and, moreover, it was the first stage of my homeward journey, although for a time it was in the opposite direction. I had secured, as I thought, definite directions and information as to the spots that demanded more than usual caution. I came safely to these and got out of the sleigh, trying the ice with my axe as I went along. The dangerous spot being safely passed, I drove on with greater speed and comfort, but alas! for the uncertainty of advice and information. I was told that if I were able to weather this particular place, I was safe. I went on, as I say, trotting gaily along, when suddenly the mare dropped through the ice. Nothing of her was visible but her head. Fortunately the sleigh did not at once sink; indeed, I was able to cut the harness free and pull the sleigh back from the mare. Oh, how I longed for some one to help me! I tried to secure a guide before I left the village, but was unsuccessful. I called and called again; nothing but the echo from the precipitous rocks, which on either side rose like a black wall sheer from the deep water, answered me. I had noticed when I came by the place four days before that a number of men were at work at the dump, but now they were miles away. I bethought me that God was near, and to Him I called for help.

The ice all around me was shaking, but I could not leave Dinah to perish without making an effort to save her. I pulled at the bridle to help the beast, encouraging her to bestir herself; but the bridle came to pieces. I then took off one of the reins and put it around her neck. Oh, how I pulled! but the poor thing seemed helpless and discouraged, and refused to try any longer to extricate herself. I got the whip and struck the water above where her body should be; when she commenced to struggle. Between us, one of her fore feet was extricated, then the other. Then came the greatest difficulty of all, for it seemed as if her hind legs were caught below. Yet it could not be by anything except by the ice, for the water was twenty feet deep at the place. I feared, in spite of everything, I should have to let her go back and drown. Still one more tremendous effort and a lot of shouting and I had pulled her over on her side; and as she struggled, I pulled until she was out completely, and I dragged her sufficiently distant from the hole and got her on her feet. I led her back to the place from which I had started. I had not gone above a mile before the pony was in again; but at length I got her to a stable, and after a week I took her home, but so injured that she was scarcely of any use to me after. If it were only a matter of profit and loss, I had better have let the poor thing drown. At the time, I finished my journey on snowshoes, with my dog Ponto to carry my blankets on a sleigh. I preached to some hundreds of people and spent two Sundays in the neighbourhood, holding services, three on the Sundays, at different places, and services every evening during the week. F.F.

Sheguiandah, Feb. 13th, 1893.

#### English Letter.

V.

I suppose every one in Algoma has by this time heard of the Association for Prayer and Work which has been formed and is now in working order, in England, for the purpose of helping our brothers and sisters in their large and poor Canadian missionary diocese. Perhaps, however, some of the readers of THE NEWS may be unaware of the extent to which England is interested with similar associations for special missions, so that it has come now to be the cry amongst some people: "There is no room for another association, *e.g.*, in our own city. Capetown,

Bloemfontein, Grahamstown, Zululand, Mashonaland, Rio Pongo, Central Africa, Delhi, Poona, Qu'Appelle, Madagascar, Corea, Nassau, etc., etc., are represented, not to mention the great handmaids of the Church, the Church Missionary Society, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and other smaller organizations." Or, again: "In this little town our interests are absorbed in such and such missions, and we cannot find room for another."

"This may be so," writes the Bishop of Mashonaland, "if we depend upon the same people who support several missions already to support another; but we know that in nearly every town or village in England there are a large proportion who either do not support, or very feebly support, any missions at all."

Now, these are the good people we want to draw in. We want to tell a great number of them about Algoma, and to stir them up to help. Those who are foremost in supporting foreign missions are mostly those who are foremost in every good work at home, and they are already doing their utmost. What is needed is to kindle the flame of the fire of the love of Christ in professing Christian people, not only in England, but everywhere; to awaken them to the fact that this love must show itself in self-sacrifice, that the profession of love must be made real by the ministry of love. It is not material wealth which strengthens and equips the Church for her work of converting the souls "for whom Christ died," but the generosity of spirit which impels and forces even the least member of His body to give in all ways and to the uttermost for His sake.

It is quite possible that you who live in Algoma and are filled to overflowing with a sense of your own sore need, and are longing for more support from England, may think that here we are living in spiritual luxury, whilst you are starving or only just able to exist. To some extent this, alas, is only too true. There is money enough in England to supply every need of God's Church all the world over. But that money is in the hands of those who have yet themselves to be taught that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," who have yet to learn the joy and the privilege to which they are shutting their eyes and closing their hearts. These are the friends we want to reach—far, far more than those who are already filled with a sense of their solemn responsibility, and are straining every nerve to discharge it

aright. It would be well-nigh impossible to tell you in few words how a great city like this from which I write is honey-combed with organizations of every possible description for the furtherance of the Church's work at home and abroad; at home, amongst our own vast, rapidly-increasing semi-heathen population, for the strengthening of the Church of Christ against the attacks of those who would disestablish and disendow her; for the training of the rising generation in those religious principles for which the state makes no provision; for the rescue of thousands upon thousands of little children from every form of cruelty and vice; for the necessities of the poor, the wants of the aged, for Church extension; in short, in countless ways which simply mean the knowledge of Christ and the advance of His kingdom upon earth. There are hard and stern facts with which we in England are face to face, and which point to the eve of a crisis such as has but seldom happened in the world's history, and which would not only appall but crush us were it not for the faith which upholds, and the certainty of God's all-sovereign power for good. "Let us go deep down," says the great Archbishop of Canterbury—"let us go deep down to the causes of misery among the poor, of corruption, of indifference, of the welcome given to disparagement of revelation or of morals—and deep we cannot go without purity of heart and self-discipline: then, calm and strong, tread we steadily and together onward, like armed yet peaceful-hearted men, with measured pace, accompanying the ark of God."

To the gigantic work which lies before us at home, and which taxes the best energies of every earnest Christian in the land, and makes demands upon their purses which are simply endless, is added the thought of and care for the Church abroad; and never before has there been such an uprising of missionary zeal and enthusiasm, such a firm grasp of our duties toward our less favoured brethren and toward those who lie in darkness and the shadow of death, as the present decade presents. Truly, there is ample room for a still greater awakening, for a much wider manifestation, that we do indeed realize and make our own the words of Henry Martyn: "*The spirit of Christ is the spirit of missions, and the nearer we get to Him the more intensely missionary we become.*" But it will come, praise God, and all the sooner, if each individual at home and abroad strives to do his duty, rises to a full sense of his responsibilities, keeps his ideal

high and pure, and struggles with all his might towards its achievement.

The greatest teacher of our age—Bishop Westcott—has just taught us in words charged with all the splendour of living force how the Incarnation can be to each one of us a "a revelation of human duties"; how in the fact of the Incarnation we have "a motive adequate to stir us to resolute action, and strength adequate to support us in the face of difficulties apparently inseparable"; how "it is able by its all-pervading influence to mould to noblest ends the character of men and classes and peoples"; how "it hallows labour and our scene of labour, claims the fullest offering of personal service, and embraces all men in the range of its greatest hope."

Surely, as we ponder words such as these, we realize more and more, not only the vastness of the work to which we are called, but how short is the time in which we have to do it. Surely, they ring in our ears as a trumpet-call to action, and whilst showing us how widespread is that call claim also our fullest sympathies in Christ's name. Let others catch the divine spark from us. Let us ourselves believe that all things are possible, and that where we seem powerless God acts. Instead of saying there is no room for another association, let us say there is plenty of room. Let the workers in Algoma and the workers in England show that they have faith in God. But, dear friends in Algoma, please remember that as you need us to strengthen your hands, so we need you to strengthen ours. The bond between us is mutual; you cannot work without us, we cannot work without you. You ask us to pray for you; we ask you to pray for us. You expect great things from us; yes, and we expect great things from you. Not in print; may we ever be ashamed to want our interests roused and our imagination and emotions stirred by pen-and-ink accounts of the missionary trials, successes, failures, when it should be enough for us, and more than enough, that there are souls to be saved, lambs to be brought into the fold, the Church of Christ to be built up in the backwoods of Canada. But let the same spirit inspire and incite us each and all day by day to prayer and work, to self-sacrifice and self-devotion for the Master's sake, and God will give the harvest for which we labour. He will *open the windows of heaven and pour us out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it.*

A. B. TUCKER.

## Our Indian Homes.

*To the Editor Algoma Missionary News:*

DEAR SIR,—Having been appointed to succeed the Rev. E. F. Wilson as Principal of the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Indian Homes, I take this opportunity of requesting all contributors to remit direct to the Diocesan Treasurer, D. Kemp, Esq., Synod Office, Toronto. Under the new arrangements all funds for the support of the homes will appear on the diocesan books, and the work generally will be under episcopal supervision. The Committee of Management consists of the following gentlemen: Rev. Thomas Llwyd, Bishop's Commissary; Rev. E. A. Vesey; His Honour Judge Johnston, Secretary; W. J. Thompson, Esq., vice-chairman; Rev. J. Irvine, Principal.

We purpose in a few days issuing a circular to all subscribers and sympathizers of the institution, and hope that we may have in the future the same liberal support that has been given in the past. Yours truly,

J. IRVINE.

Shingwauk Home, March 1st, 1893.

## Sparks

FROM THE THIRD ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW.

### THE RULE OF PRAYER.

"If our rule of service troubles us, it will be because we offer God only lip-service in our prayers, and do not come to Him in humble faith to seek for strength."

"When is it that our prayers will be most surely heard? Is it not at corporate communion, in which every chapter should join at least monthly?"

"In the morning let us speak to God about any difficulty we expect to meet during the day, any important matter on which we shall have to come to a decision, and for which we need a right judgment."

"Prayer at noonday will remind us of the continual presence of God. Besides the St. Andrew's Day Collect, we can say this old prayer, 'O Lord, Thou knowest how busy I am to-day; if I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me.'"

"May God keep us from slackness of living, and grant that we may live more nearly as we pray!"

"The rule of prayer has been assailed on the ground that it leads to formality and coldness. Experience proves the opposite to be the case. As St. Thomas Aquinas says, 'Men pray in sincerity and truth who come to prayer in sincerity,

although afterwards through weariness and misery the mind may wander.”

“The ultimate object of prayer is to bring our lives, our souls and minds, into unison with the will of Almighty God, to set our faces towards Him and live out the words, ‘Thy will be done.’ That makes our whole life one longing cry for guidance, help, and the spirit to bear and rejoice in whatever comes to us, knowing that God knows best.”

“Prayer, if real, is harder work than breaking stones.”

“The Bible is full of promises of answer to prayer. These either mean what they say or they don't. Let God be true. We water them down because we do not fulfil the conditions, and so do not get the answers.”

“The Bible has many examples of men who took God at His word: Joshua, Elijah, David, Hezekiah, Nehemiah. The prayer of Nehemiah serves as a good model.”

“Real prayer tends to action, sympathy. The outer life depends upon the inner life, and the inner life can only be pure and holy as Christ is sought for and received by prayer. God must always be first in our prayers and human duty second.”

“Our prayer should include those who exclude themselves. Prayer is social and not individual.”

#### PERSONAL RELIGION AND PERSONAL DEALING WITH MEN.

St. Andrew taught that every man is responsible for the soul of his brother. He that would do St. Andrew's work must pass through that experience, “I have found the Messiah.”

It is as impossible for one to talk about falling in love who has never been in love himself as for a man to tell others of a Saviour's love who does not know its power by experience. Come, then, know Him, enter the promised land. Foes once unconquerable are put to the rout now. All sin is not gone, but the Waterloo has been fought and won. We love with a love we never knew before. We are no longer servants, but sons. We cannot keep from telling others to “come and see.”

“Went,” “found,” “spoke,” “brought”—that was what Andrew did. Like his work must ours be—personal, man to man.

If we are to perpetuate this St. Andrew idea, we must realize our responsibility for influence. Love is influence. Purity is influence. Live such a life that men will not want to swear or turn into a saloon when you are by. Live as you pray. Speak straight to men, if you can. If you prefer to use the pen, use it. You can reach men who would run a mile if they saw a clergyman.

Have faith in God, whose power is yours—faith that a soul can be saved from

the lowest depths. Let us be transparently sincere; men to whom we speak about spiritual things will search us through and through. Follow such an example as that of Charles James Wills, who could say, “I have found the Messiah,” and therefore could ask others to “come and see.”

If any here have not found Christ, accept Him now and here. You who have found Him tell out the story, and lead men where He is.

#### Sermons.

King Charles I. said of Bishop Sanderson, “I bring an ear to hear others; I bring a conscience to hear Sanderson.” Evidently the good king thought that the wise preacher did not care to excite “itching ears,” but desired rather to awake a slumbering conscience.

Whatever the sermon may be, the duty of the hearer is plain. He does not go to church to be amused or gratified; he rather goes there to be edified and guided. Different parts of the service will help in these things; the sermon ought to do its part.

In Sir R. Ball's lecture to children, at the Royal Institution, on “The Stars,” he said that there were stars so remote that if, when William the Conqueror landed here in 1066, the news of his conquest had been despatched to them, and if the signals flew over the wire at a pace which would carry them seven times around the earth in a single second of time, that news would not have reached them yet. Nay, more, if the glad tidings of that first Christmas in Bethlehem, nineteen centuries ago, had thus been disseminated through the universe, there were yet stars of which astronomers could tell them plunged into space in depths so appalling that even the 1892 years that had elapsed since that event would not have been long enough for the news to reach them, though it travelled 180,000 miles in every second.

#### Acknowledgments.

Receipts at Synod Office, Toronto, for Diocese of Algoma, from March 1st to April 8th, 1893.

##### FOR GENERAL FUND.

Per Rev. T. Llwyd, \$1; Mr. John Sumner, \$20; M.T., \$2; Port Hope, St. John's, \$11; Toronto, St. James', \$26.88; St. Simon's, \$5; St. Paul's, 50c.; Trinity, \$1.68; St. Philip's, \$27; A. Tolton, \$2; Grafton, \$2.05; Chester, Sunday-school, \$4.80; a friend of Algoma, per The J. E. Bryant Co., \$5; Sackville, N.B., \$5; Rev. D. Carscaden, \$5; “M.L.L.,” Nanticoke, \$2; a friend of Algoma, \$5; Anon., one of 40 to give \$50, \$50; per Rev. A. S. Hutchinson, general treasurer Algoma Association, £123 14s.; Mission boxes of Mrs. J. H. Jones' three children, \$3.

##### FROM WOMAN'S AUXILIARY, TORONTO DIOCESE.

Miss Turner, \$1; C.M., \$5; Toronto, St. Stephen's, \$1.50; St. Thomas', \$1.12; St. Peter's, \$20; St. James', \$8.75 and \$198.50; Holy Trinity, \$20; St. Mark's, \$10; Epi-

phany, \$18; Canon F. L. Osler, \$5; Peterboro, \$25; Lakefield, \$3.25; Cobourg, \$26; Innisfil, \$4; Deer Park, \$2; Toronto, St. James' (Mr. T. R. Baldwin), \$50; St. Philip's, \$17.50; Ascension, \$60.65; St. Paul's, \$7; St. Margaret's, \$5.

FOR CHURCH AND PARSONAGE FUND.  
Per Rev. T. Llwyd, \$5; Rev. A. S. Hutchinson, 11s.

##### FOR SPECIAL PURPOSES FUND.

For *Newholme Church Building Fund*.—Per Rev. T. Llwyd, \$38.88.

For *Thessalon Parsonage Fund*.—Per Rev. W. B. Magnan, \$74.

For *Uffington Mission*.—Per Rev. A. S. Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.

For *A. H. Chowne, towards Purchase of a Horse*.—Per Rev. A. S. Hutchinson, £2.

For *Huntsville Church*.—Per Rev. A. S. Hutchinson, 7s.

For *Shingwauk*.—Longueuil, St. Mark's Sunday School, \$10.26; per Toronto Diocesan Branch W.A., Toronto Ascension, for boy, \$50; J. J. Mason, Treasurer, \$27.66; Clandeboye W.A., \$1.75; London, St. James' Sunday School, for boy, \$12.50; R.B.S., \$1.50; Toronto, Ascension W.A., for boy, \$50; Brockville, Trinity Sunday School, \$2.50; London, St. Paul's, for education of John Sarey, \$60; Toronto, St. Paul's Sunday School, for Alf. Hendricks, \$18.75, for Home, \$3.53; Parkdale, Epiphany, for David Toosekung, \$24.68; Toronto, Redeemer, \$75; Miss Banks, \$1.50; Port Dover Sunday School, for boy, \$8; R. B. Davies, for boy, \$18.75; A. L. Mudge, for Jas. Williams, \$6.25; South River Sunday School, \$1.20.

For *Wawanosh*.—Toronto, St. Thomas', \$2; Cobourg, for Louisa Yannott, \$6.25; J. J. Mason, \$27.66; Clandeboye W.A., \$1.75; R.B.S., \$1.50; Cobourg, for Louisa Yannott, \$6.25; Brockville, Trinity Church, \$2.50; Kingston, St. George's Sunday School, \$12.50; Montreal, Christ Church Sunday School, for Mary Johnston, \$25; Toronto, St. Paul's, \$3.52; Miss Banks, York Mills, \$1.50; South River, \$1.20.

For *Temiscamingue Catechist*.—Toronto W.A., Mrs. Nixon, \$50; Toronto, St. George's, \$25; Toronto, St. Thomas', \$5; Port Hope, St. John's, \$5; Cobourg, \$5.

For *Port Carling Mission*.—F. W. Kingstone, Esq., to 31st March, '93, \$25.

For *Indian Mission*.—Per Rev. A. S. Hutchinson, £2 5s.

##### FOR SUPERANNUATION FUND.

Mrs. Brown, Goderich, \$5; Ilfracombe, \$2.53.

##### EPISCOPAL ENDOWMENT FUND.

Per Rev. A. S. Hutchinson, £3 10s.

##### FOR WIDOWS AND ORPHANS' FUND.

Per Rev. A. S. Hutchinson, 10s.

##### FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

*Epiphany Collection*.—Northwood, 61c.; Uffington, \$1.70; Purbrook, 56c.; Broad-bent, \$1.02; Gore Bay, \$5.

##### GOOD FRIDAY COLLECTION.

For *London Society*.—Sault Ste. Marie, St. Luke's, \$7.57; Korah, \$1.60; Gravenhurst, \$1.26; Powassan, \$1.15; Emsdale, 77c.; Uffington, 38c.; Purbrook, 62c.; Broad-bent, \$1.05; Gore Bay, \$3.50.

For *Purochial Missions to Jews*.—Gravenhurst, \$1.92; Huntsville, \$4.14; Aspdin, \$1.10; Lancelot, 51c.; Stanleydale, 52c.; Allansville, \$2.93.

D. KEMP, Treas.

Mr. J. T. Colson, of Purbrook, begs to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of parcels of Church papers and Sunday School leaflets, which he has used and distributed in Sunday School and among neighbouring Churchfolk.