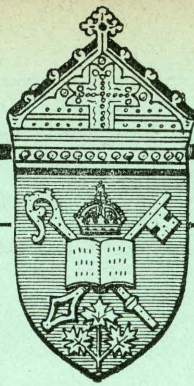


“Go ye into all the world
and preach the gospel to every
creature.”



“And lo, I am with you al-
way, even unto the end of the
world.”

The Algoma Missionary News

The Official Organ of the Diocese of Algoma.

October, 1900

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“Benjy.”

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The Algoma Missionary News.

The Official Organ of the Diocese of Algoma.

New Series—Enlarged.
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The Algoma Missionary News

EDITOR:

REV. CHARLES PIERCY, STURGEON FALLS, ONT.
PUBLISHERS:

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Subscribers and friends are asked to bear in mind that all receipts beyond what are necessary to defray the bare cost of publication and management will accrue to the Diocesan funds. This being so it is hoped that the friends of the missionary work of the Diocese everywhere will not only send in their own subscriptions promptly, but also induce others to subscribe for the paper.

AGENT—The Rev. W. H. WADLEIGH, Toronto, is authorized to collect subscriptions for THE ALGOMA MISSIONARY NEWS.

THE RIGHT REV. GEORGE THORNELOE, D.D., D.C.L.,
Bishop of Algoma,
Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

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1. Be prompt in remitting for renewal or for arrearage, and thus aid us in making THE ALGOMA MISSIONARY NEWS better and better.

2. Our rule is the same as that of the great majority of newspaper and magazine publishers, namely, to consider each subscriber as permanent until he orders his paper stopped and PAYS UP.

3. No paper should be ordered stopped until all dues are paid.

4. Refusing to take the paper from the office, or returning it to us, is not a sufficient notice to discontinue.

5. If a subscriber wishes his paper discontinued at the expiration of time paid for, notice to that effect must be expressly given. Otherwise, it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired.

6. Send money to Rev. C. Piercy, Sturgeon Falls, either by P.O. Order, Express Order or Postal Note. We cannot be responsible for loose change or stamps.

Bishop's Appointments for October.

1. Monday.—Boat from Temiskaming.
2. Tuesday.—Train westward.
3. Wednesday.—Proceed to Thessalon. Confirmation in the evening.
4. Thursday.
5. Friday.—Visit Spanish River Indians.
6. Saturday.
7. 17th Sunday after Trinity.—Sault Branch,
8. Monday.—Sault Ste. Marie.
9. Tuesday. “ “
10. Wednesday. “ “
11. Thursday. “ “ Attend meeting of the W. A., St. Luke's.
12. Friday.—Train eastward.
13. Saturday.— “ “
14. 18th Sunday after Trinity.—Lachine, Que.
15. Monday.—Train to Compton.
16. Tuesday.—Compton.
17. Wednesday.—Attend Jubilee celebration of Montreal Diocese.
18. Thursday.—St. Luke Evangelist, “
19. Friday.
20. Saturday.—Return westward. Convention Brotherhood St. Andrew.
21. 19th Sunday after Trinity.—Toronto “
22. Monday.— “ “
23. Tuesday.—Attend meetings of House of Bishops and D. and F. Mission Board.
24. Wednesday.— “ “
25. Thursday.
26. Friday.—Proceed westward.
27. Saturday.—Schreiber.
28. 20th Sunday after Trinity: St. Simon and St. Jude.—Schreiber, etc.
29. Monday.—Schreiber and Nepigon Mission.
30. Tuesday.— “ “
31. Wednesday.—Train eastward.

Notes by the Way.

WE heartily welcome our Bishop home to Algoma.

IN India the famine still continues. The country embraced by the Diocese of Bombay appears to be the most afflicted.

THE Bishop postponed the September ordination, and is spending the last days of the month in the distant mission at the head of Lake Temiskaming.

THE Calgary Diocesan Magazine has started on its second year, and justly appeals for the support of the Church people in the diocese in whose interests it is published. Long may it flourish.

REV. C. J. MACHIN has left Beaumaris and started again for England. He expected to sail on September 29. We hope he will have another successful season as a deputation for the S.P.G., the venerable society now celebrating its 200th birthday. We all wish our friend and co worker a safe return to Algoma.

THE Rev. Ravenscroft Stuart, of All Saints' Church, Rutland Gate, has granted the use of that church for monthly intercessions on behalf of Algoma for six months. He proposes to inaugurate them by a special service on the Feast of St. Andrew, on which occasion the preacher will be the Rev. C. J. Machin, of Beaumaris, Muskoka.

IN the early part of this century an eyewitness stated that he saw a curious ceremony performed in Scotland in connection with a child just brought back from church after being baptized. The infant was held over a fire and passed several times over the flame with the words thrice repeated, "Let the flame consume thee now or never."—*Baptismal Folk-Lore*, by Rev. J. E. Vaux.

THE Diocese of Montreal celebrates its jubilee this month. The special services and meetings will bring together not a few of our Canadian Bishops, besides others representative of the Church in Canada. In a small way, perhaps, but in a hearty, all-souled way, we join with our brethren in every good wish and holy aspiration which the occasion can call forth.

THE Bishop of Nova Scotia was one of the prelates who took part in the consecration of the first Bishop of Carpentaria in Sydney (Australia) Cathedral on last St. Bartholomew's Day. The consecrator was the Archbishop of Sydney, assisted by all the Australian Bishops, the Canadian Bishop above-mentioned, and the Bishops of Tokyo, New Guinea and Melanesia.

INSTANCES are continually coming to light to prove the fact that parishes which give most to mission work are generally those which give most to the work at home. There is a parish not far from London which a few years ago gave £200 a year to the Church Missionary Society. Last year its contribution was £2,000. Has its home work suffered? No; it never was so vigorous in every way as it is now.

THE librarian of the Diocesan Clerical Library desires to call attention to the resolution of the Triennial Council of the diocese that the missionary staff—clergy and catechists—pay in to the librarian a subscription of one dollar for the triennial period. The subscription now due will, if paid promptly, enable the librarian to renew the insurance on the library, which falls due at the end of the year. Address, Ven. T. Llywdd, Huntsville, Ont.

IN *The Land of Sinim*, the magazine published in connection with the Church's missionary work in North China, where there has been so much loss of life to Christians—European and native,—Bishop Scott writes of a venture of faith in the city of Peking, where, just before the cloud of persecution burst, he had purchased an old temple in order to secure a site for a new church. China's capital has been a hard and discouraging spot for the missionary in the past. What it will be in the near future who can say?

MR. RIDER HAGGARD mentions how at a dinner party in South Africa some one was speaking rashly and unkindly about missionaries. The person spoke about the luxury and the apparent wealth of some of them. One who had been silent for a long time said, "I wish you would not speak in that strain. I have known many missionaries. They have only, as far as I now, two faults. These faults are almost universal among them. They die mostly young and they die always poor."—*S. P. G. Sermon by Archbishop of Armagh.*

REV. CANON JOSA, of the Diocese of Guiana, reports that the Chinese who were taken to Guiana to work in the sugar plantations, and who as heathen bore a bad character and gave great trouble to the police, have, through the evangelizing efforts of the Church, been converted in large numbers to Christianity. The colonial press even has a

good word to say for the converted Chinese, who build their own churches, maintain their own missions and make offerings to the S.P.G., which are sent to England. In the opinion of Canon Josa these facts incline to a hopeful view of missionary effort in China itself.

ONE of the clergy at the Central Station of St. Cuthbert's, in the Diocese of St. John's, Kaffraria, in a letter says: "The people know that next Sunday is S. P. G. Sunday, and many of the board children, boys and girls, are asking for some manual work in order that they may earn a little money to give to the collection. The children now collect beforehand each year, and young and old seem to take a genuine interest and pleasure in contributing, which really means a great deal in Kaffirs, who are naturally disinclined to part with money. I do not mean that the collection will amount to much, but it will probably represent a large number of willing givers."—*Mission Field.*

AMONG the martyrs to the faith in China are some who were Roman Catholics. Now, Roman Catholics in China differed in their relationship to political affairs from the conduct of other Christian people. However reluctant we may be to blame any one, still the truth forces us to say that Roman Catholic missionaries in China are to blame because they interfered in political, legislative and administrative matters in China. Their bishops and priests claimed rank as Chinese officials and interfered with litigation in such a way as to make foreigners detested. To any who would follow this matter may be recommended the correspondence in the *North China Daily Times* of last summer, from the pens of Right Rev. G. E. Moule, Bishop of Mid-China, and of Mgr. Reynaud, vicar apostolic and head of the Lazarist mission in Chekiang. The above statements are notoriously true to all who really know anything of missions in China, but they should be known to those whose knowledge of such missions is limited.

MANY Church people who have followed with prayerful interest the progress of the Hausaland party, under the leadership of Bishop Tugwell, will be saddened to hear that a severe blow has fallen on the little pioneer band who have been seeking to begin the evangelization of the Hausa States. On June 25 a telegram brought to us the news that one of the party, the Rev. J. C. Dudley Ryder, had

died of dysentery at Gierko, forty miles south-east of Zaria, on June 1, and that another, the Rev. A. E. Richardson, had been ordered home because of his health. The party is now reduced to three—Bishop Tugwell, Dr. A. E. Miller, and Mr. J. R. Burgin. Of the three who could speak Hausa, two are gone. From a letter from Dr. Miller (dated May 13, received on July 6) we learn that the party had reached Kano, but had been compelled to leave. They had journeyed back to Zaria, six days' journey from Kano, and at the time of writing were "sleeping, eating, working in one tiny mud hut, fifteen feet across." Mr. Richardson has reached England. At Kano the king was most ungracious, while at Zaria the king showed some friendliness. However, from both places the party had to retire.

THE Bishop is not a stranger to appeals for the Church's ministrations in new fields. It is sad and humiliating and disappointing to add that he is so seldom able to give the encouragement which said appeals should receive, to say nothing of sending the Church's living agent to the scattered and neglected sheep of the flock. But the other day the Bishop received a letter from a Churchman whose enthusiasm leads him to do all he can as a pioneer. He writes from Victoria Mine, near Whitefish, a place which will in a short time, he says, become of considerable importance. At present the principal settlement is at the mine, situated in the township of Denison, some six miles from Whitefish. About two and a half miles from the mine an extensive smelting plant is being erected and a town site laid out. It is midway between Whitefish and Worthington, on the Sault Ste. Marie Branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Within a couple of months all the offices will be moved to the embryo town of Victoria Mines, while the men engaged in mining work will remain where they now are. There will be there from 150 to 200 men, with a likelihood of an increase. It is from this spot that the Bishop has received a letter from a gentleman, who gives good Canadian references, asking for a lay-reader's license in order that he might hold Church services in which these mining men would participate. In his letter he says: "I should be very glad if through my efforts the Church should be the first in the field at the new works."

THE Church of England has, for more than half-a-century, been appealed to by the Assyrian Bishops to raise from the dust an ancient Oriental Church, which was at one time the greatest missionary body in the world. As the power and influence of this Church increase, it is hoped that she may become the instrument, through Divine grace, for the conversion of the Mohammedans to the faith of Christ. This Mission, which has been promoted and guided by the Archbishop of Canterbury, holds a unique position. Its aim is to teach and build up a most ancient Christian Church, whose very existence is endangered; and therefore it lies outside the scope of the great Missionary Societies, whose work is either to convert the heathen and bring them within the Anglican fold, or to minister to our own colonists and scattered people. For this reason it has a special claim on the generous support of Churchmen. The name of the Archbishop, while it guarantees that the efforts of the Mission are directed to the best ends, does not imply that the work is independent of pecuniary support; on the contrary, funds are urgently needed to enable the existing operations to be extended and even maintained.

Bishop Sullivan Memorial Sustentation Fund.

SEPTEMBER, 1900.

The following sums have been received since the last report was made in June. The amount received by the Bishop in England is not included, but will be acknowledged in a later issue:

Anonymous, England	\$121 75
S.P.C.K., first and second instalment of Society's \$200 grant	965 55
W. A. Huron	20 32
Sand Lake	66
Rosseau	5 69
Collected by Miss Allman, Emsdale	5 00
Sucker Creek	2 00
Sheguiandah	2 00
St. Luke's W.A., Sault Ste. Marie	50 00
Mr. R. Kenny	10 00
W. J. Thompson, of Sault Ste. Marie	20 00
St. Luke's W.A. (special)	5 00
Woodstock, New St. Paul's collected by Miss S. Dawson on pledges	35 83
Shingwauk Chapel	6 56
Emsdale	3 25
Sudbury	15 22
Ravenscliffe	1 25
Novar	1 20
Allansville	2 45
Powassan	1 75
Trout Creek	40
Gravenhurst	7 25
Baysville	6 05
Norset	2 36
Stoneleigh	85
Huntsville	4 75
Burk's Falls	3 21
Magnetawan	1 96
Midlothian	1 84
Total	\$1,304 15

The above is to be added to the total sum received and acknowledged in June last. Our monthly statement would now appear:

Amount required	\$50,000 00
Amount received	15,421 05
Yet needed	34,578 95

In another column our readers will learn that there is to be added to our receipts the sum of £930, say \$4,500. Yet there is more than \$30,000 to obtain before the fund reaches such proportions that it will half make up for the loss of the S.P.G. grants.

Financial Results of the Bishop's Work in England.

The following sums have been realized in aid of various Algoma funds, chiefly as a result of the Bishop's appeals in England. They have not yet passed through the treasurer's books:

Bishop Sullivan Memorial Sustentation Fund	£	s.	d.
Mission Fund	930	0	2
Indian Homes	86	12	10
Invalid Clergymen	55	0	0
Sequin Falls Church	45	0	0
	1	10	0
Total	1118	3	0

Port Sydney Mission.

REV. R. ATKINSON, INCUMBENT.

Miss Aggie Ladell has passed away from our midst. This lady was prominent in Church work in connection with Christ Church for many years. Although blind and suffering from attacks of weakness she was until the last few years a constant attendant at divine service, and rendered very much help in the Sunday-school, W. A., etc. Her parents were almost the first settlers here, and were, like their daughter, foremost in all good works. The late Mr. Ladell, her father, was churchwarden many times. Miss Ladell is survived by her aged mother (who is quite active for her advancing years), and there are two brothers and one sister who mourn with Mrs. Ladell the loss of this truly beloved one. The members of the W. A. passed a resolution of condolence with Mrs. Ladell and family at their last monthly meeting.

Franklin Mission.

Now that the tourist season is drawing to a close, a brief account of what we have been doing this summer in this young mission may be in order. Our chief station, Fox Point, is the centre of a large tourist traffic, and this year we have had a very large number of visitors in our vicinity, many of whom have been Church people. By hard effort we managed to have the new church ready for use by August 19, when a largely-attended service was held, Holy Communion being celebrated by the Rev. Thos. B. Berry, of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Buffalo. Rev. Mr. Berry spent the month of August at Fox Point, and kindly

assisted the catechist-in-charge at all services during that month, preaching three times. Seventy people were present at the opening service, 26 of whom communicated. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers, and many were the expressions of delight at the exceedingly pretty sight the new building presented, both inside and out. Although not quite finished as yet, the church is being used at all our services now.

On Tuesday evening, August 21, a very successful concert in aid of the Church Building Fund was held at the Ronville Summer Resort, the Ven. Archdeacon Lloyd presiding. A splendid programme was presented by the following: Mr. McAdam, Buffalo, N.Y.; Mrs. Orr and Miss Mickle, Chicago; Miss Eileen Arnoldi, Toronto; Miss Mary Berry, Buffalo; Mr. Hay and Son; and Miss Elsie Argles and Mr. C. J. C. Crump, of Fox Point. Mr. McAdam's rendition of "The Holy City" and "The Rosary" were particularly appreciated by the large audience present. Proceeds, \$36.50.

At Grassmere, on Sunday, July 15, we had the pleasure of hearing a very practical sermon from the Rev. J. C. Davidson, rector of Peterborough. Mr. Davidson also celebrated Holy Communion. The church at Grassmere will soon be re-seated, there being funds on hand for that purpose.

At Quinn's, services are still well attended, and an earnest interest is shown by the faithful little congregation there in their fortnightly services. This settlement usually bears the name of Stony Lonesome, but recently the congregation decided to give it the more fitting name of Maple Hill.

Novar Mission.

REV. J. PARDOE, INCUMBENT.

St. John Baptist's Church, Ravenscliffe. —The Church people of Ravenscliffe, with their friends from Hoodstown and other places, turned out in goodly numbers on Sept. 19, that being the day set apart for the harvest festival at Ravenscliffe. For some time much careful preparation had been going on, with the result that when the appointed time came the sacred edifice presented a beautiful appearance. The altar, font, prayer desk, lectern and pulpit had had a considerable amount of care and skill bestowed upon them. In the nave of the church were noticed manifest tokens of the abundant harvest with which "the great Giver of every good and perfect gift" has entrusted us as stewards of His bounty. After Matins had been said by the Rev. J. Pardoe, Rev. Rural Dean Burt in a very able discourse, which was listened to with marked attention, pointed out some practical and far-reaching lessons to be learned when the key has been discovered with which to unlock the hidden treasures from which spring man's true greatness. There was a large congregation, and the

offertory, which was a liberal one, was devoted to the Superannuation Fund of the diocese. Special hymns were sung, Miss Pardoe presiding at the organ. At the close of the service all present adjourned to the hall, where a very substantial repast, which had been provided by members and friends of the church, was found in readiness and to which ample justice was done. After a few words of commendation the rural dean expressed the great pleasure it had given him to meet the people of Ravenscliffe for the first time, and also his great regret that his visit had to be so brief, on account of another appointment in a distant part of the mission on the same day.

Christ Church, Ilfracombe.—On Wednesday, Sept. 19 the weather was perfect, and this added very much to the spirit of thankfulness manifested by the dwellers at Ilfracombe on the occasion of the harvest festival, which was held there on the above date. Evensong was said at 3 p.m. by the incumbent, the preacher being the Rev. Rural Dean Burt, rector of Bracebridge. The display of grain, fruit, vegetables and flowers did much to mark the festive occasion. The offertory was given to the Superannuation Fund. Mrs. Charles Smith, one of the oldest and most valued workers at Ilfracombe, was prevented, unfortunately, by illness from attending the harvest festival. We trust she may have a speedy recovery. With her accustomed liberality, Mrs. Malkin, senr., at the close of the service hospitably entertained the rural dean, the incumbent, Messrs. H. and R. Whitlay and the Misses Pardoe.

The obsequies of the late Mr. R. A. Cooper took place on Sunday afternoon, Sept. 30. The cortege left his late home on the Town line, and while the church bell tolled it wended its way to Christ Church, Ilfracombe, where a large congregation awaited it. The Rev. J. Pardoe met the concourse at the church door and in the beautiful ritual of the Church led the pall bearers to the chancel, where, after Evensong had been said, the solemn thoughts of death and the passing out of this life were brought feelingly to the notice of all present. The Incumbent dwelt touchingly upon the last days of the departed, who, a short time before the end came, asked that the initial rite of the Christian Church, the Sacrament of Holy Baptism, might be administered to him, which request after careful thought and due preparation was acceded to. After the hymn, "Days and Moments Quickly Flying," etc., had been sung, the funeral proceeded to Christ Church cemetery, where all that was mortal was deposited till the final roll-call shall be sounded.

St. Mary's church, Novar.—The harvest festival was held in the above place of worship on Tuesday, Sept. 18. The church had been previously decorated by the members of the "Women's Church Aid Society" and other willing helpers, and much taste had been shown in the

arrangement of grain, fruit, vegetables, flowers and autumn leaves. A large congregation assembled, and Evensong was said at 7.30 by the incumbent, followed by a very able discourse on some of the chief causes for thankfulness at the present time, the preacher being the Rev. W. A. J. Burt, Rural Dean of Muskoka. The offertory was devoted to the diocesan Superannuation Fund.

Sturgeon Falls Mission.

REV. C. PIERCY, INCUMBENT.

If our little missions do what they can towards finding a stipend for a missionary there is no provision to give anything to the person who plays the little organ at the church's services, but "the organist," be it lady or gentleman, who comes to services and practises in all seasons, deserves—and generally gets—recognition at the hands of our people. With the exception of a break caused by absence from home, the young lady who played for more than a year at the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Sturgeon Falls, was Miss Hatch. At length it was decided that she should go away from home to prosecute her musical studies, and, to our loss, she has gone. But we did not let her go without letting her know that her services were appreciated. By invitation Miss Hatch was asked to meet a few friends at the parsonage on her last evening but one at home. There song and supper—very light—were mingled with a presentation of books (three handsome volumes) to Miss Hatch. Appreciative speeches were made by the clergyman and by the churchwardens, L. E. Bolstér, M.D., and Mr. H. W. Gill. Among those present was Mrs. C. Britton, who has consented to take Miss Hatch's place.

The services on Sunday, Sept. 23, were of a harvest thanksgiving character, and were participated in by two congregations as large as our little church will hold.

The parsonage has been improved by an open verandah in front and a closed porch to the rear entrance. One half of the cost has already been contributed locally, and an effort will be made to pay the balance and cost of painting. The cost was \$60 in all.

S. P. G. Bi-Centenary.

Mr. G. A. King, Treasurer of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew in England, contributes a descriptive summary of the great June inauguration, to the *St. Andrew's Cross*, from which is culled the following:

The venerable Archbishop of Armagh pointed out four great features of the English Church which showed its fitness for missionary work—its marvellous power of adaptation, its power of inspiring loyalty, its power of using the New Testament page, and its power of teaching to pray.

Concerning the much-talked-of and, let us thankfully add, the much-advertised speech of the English Premier, the writer says: "The speech of the afternoon, to English ears, was Lord Salisbury's. When he rose the whole audience stood up and cheered. He spoke quietly, solidly, convincingly; and though his speech seemed almost overweighted with caution, every one felt that his presence on the platform counted for much, and that a less earnest Christian man would easily have found his official position an excuse for silence."

Bishop Doane's (Albany, U.S.) description of the Church in America, as the daughter that had grown up into the dignity of sister, and his expression of gratitude, "not chilled or diluted by 3,000 miles of cold sea water," were both striking.

Mr. John Kennaway, president of the C.M.S., made happy allusion to the speech at the C.M.S. centenary of Lord Cranbourne (Lord Salisbury's son, now fighting in Africa), and re-echoing his words on that occasion asked the meeting again to pledge itself to the Christianization of the Empire. "Don't let's be too timid; because we respect the religion of others, don't let them think we are ashamed of our own."

The speech of the Bishop of Kentucky is referred to as the most telling speech of the meeting. He was not fettered by any political considerations, and he plumped for Anglo-American alliance, both in Church and State. He was aware that he must "beware of entangling alliances," he knew that he was standing on a very slippery place, but he would say it, "We must stand together." And while the chair of Augustine was filled by such men as Tait, as Benson and as Temple, he was quite content that the Archbishop of Canterbury should be his primate as well as ours. Nor was he less outspoken as to political matters. He considered that an Anglo-American alliance would be the longest step yet taken in the progress of universal civilization.

The War in Africa—From a Bishop in Africa.

The Bishop of Mashonaland (Dr. Gaul) who has been in the midst of the war in South Africa, and had several narrow escapes under fire, writes to the diocesan quarterly paper, *Mashonaland*, (August) his usual letter, in which he refers to the war. He says:

For eight months South Africa has been plunged in war. To one, who like myself, has been a close observer of cause and effect in the affairs of this great colony for over twenty years, the war has been as inevitable as disease from dirt, or explosion from congested gas. When men neglect their properties, their interests go to ruin, and are only restored by drastic measures. A nation asleep, with watchful enemies all round, is sure to have a rude awakening. Neglected responsibilities involve loss of privileges.

The longer a nation, a church, or an individual stupidly, or dreamily, or wilfully, clings to a false position, the more complicated that position becomes, and the more difficult of retreat. These are all platitudes, but that two and two make four is a platitude. The obvious never strikes people when asleep, or self-satisfied, or intoxicated. So empires vanish, colonies are estranged or lost, heresies and schisms arise, or a family name disappears from want of vision and want of will. History is full of instances, full of warnings that nations, churches, individuals must be ever renewing their strength, reforming their life, re-adjusting their powers, and "buying up the opportunity" if they are to retain positions won, privileges gained. Revolutions arise, wars result, from dulled eyes and deafened ears as much as from active wickedness. Problems are given us to solve, not to dream over, or play with. Life means movement, progress, struggle, victory; and victory means fresh movement, fresh progress, renewed struggle on to grander victories for God and man. England and England's Church has often slept and had a rude awakening. Gloriously has she awoke, buckled on her armour, gone through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and risen again to a higher life. May it be so now, both in Church and State. A nation that can suffer nobly and sacrifice itself gladly, as Britain and her Colonies have done in this war, need have no fear, though they cannot have too much reverence for their destiny in the providential government of the world.

If England is to rise to her responsibilities, the Church must raise her by her own divine life, in the family, the school, the parish, the diocese, in her whole corporate life. She must get out of ruts, lead, show the way, inspire, invigorate. She must learn detachment, see visions, dream dreams (not phantasies), "open her mouth wide for God to fill it," and know what the Passion of Salvation means, for the world outside herself. She must be Catholic in heart as well as academically, focussing all needs, distributing all graces, manifesting the plenitude of Pentecost, rejecting no gift of the Spirit, stewarding and organizing all resources, for the ministerial, educational, and evangelizing work of the world. "Lord, open our eyes to see the wondrous vision of Thy Will."

It has been a great joy to me, loving the soldier spirit as I do, to note the splendid devotion to duty, and the self-sacrifice of officers and men of all ranks, whether at the charge, or simply on guard or on march. This has, I believe, been the experience of the chaplains throughout the campaign. The Archdeacon, Mr. Leary, Mr. Fogarty, and I myself can bear glad testimony to the cheeriness, patience, and brotherliness of all. It was my privilege to march to the relief of Mafeking from Ootsi with the Canadians, Australians, and Rhodesians. It was a

lesson to myself in steady, uncomplaining determination in achieving an object and answering a call for help. Through night and day, through sand and drought, trek after trek was done till the battle field was reached—a weary round of eighty miles. At it at once they went for hours, pressed the intrenched and kopje-guarded foe from their positions, marched into Mafeking, shelled them the next day out of sight, seized the rail-line to the north, occupied the Boer camp, patrolled the whole neighbourhood, and then kept the Queen's Birthday, all as a matter of course, reminding one of a football match and a supper afterwards to celebrate it. Then, how quiet and brave were the wounded! "Never mind me, attend to him," I heard one fellow say. "Oh! it's all right, sir, I've only had it through the legs," said another. "The pain is awful," whispered another, in my ear, but no one else heard him, and with four bad bullet wounds he held himself together through the whole of that night on the battle-field, the ambulance having been cruelly attacked, three volleys fired into it (in bright moonlight) and the mules killed. In the hospital there was a man with both eyes taken out by a piece of shell. "Well, sir, I did feel inclined to complain at first, but you see, we all have to take our share in the thing, and I am content to take my lot." So does war, though always caused by sin, work out its own redemption in the chivalry it draws forth, and in the cleansing fires of its own pain. I am thankful that the diocese has been allowed to take its part in the struggle, much as we must deplore it.

A True Story for Your Children.

AN INTERESTING PATIENT.

[From *Central Africa*.]

I think you might be interested to hear of a sudden and really rather stirring medical call that I had the other day. On the morning of April 5, at about 6.25, as I was dressing (hurriedly, I may say, in order to be in time for 6.30 chapel) Paul, the *capitao* of the *Mary*, appeared with a note from the Archdeacon, saying that two men had been injured by a lion at Mbweka, and asking me to come and attend to them. I did not know how extensive the injuries were, nor how long I should have to stay, but I had my Congo medicine chest and the valise which I used on my last journey all in order, so that I was soon ready. After a hasty breakfast, I looked into the carpenters' shop and arranged their work a bit, threw the keys of the stores at various people, seized a gun and a rifle, and got off by 9.30, prepared for any journey up to a week or so.

It is one of the peculiarities of life out here that, though one flatters oneself that one is very busy, and is a most important personage, yet, if you get fever, or are called away, things seem to get on won-

derfully well without you. Perhaps you see the other side of the case when you are not the person called away, but the one left behind to do double work!

My party consisted of six men, myself, my boy Thomaso, and another of the schoolboys who was related to one of the injured men, and so wanted to go home and see about him. The crew which had taken the Archdeacon had been sent back for me, and as he had travelled from Mala to Mbweka—about five miles—by moonlight, getting there about 10 o'clock the night before, and the boat had left again about 1 a.m., arriving at Likoma at 6, and was now on its way back, the men had had a rough time, but they stuck to their work well. We got to Mbweka at 2.30, and there learnt the following news from the Archdeacon.

Soon after he had gone to bed the night before he heard a noise and a scream, and on going out discovered that one of the natives had been seized by a lioness as he was leaving his hut. His cries attracted his brother, who pluckily seized the lioness by the neck. The Archdeacon, his boat people, the school-teacher, and others soon arrived on the scene, but no weapon was forthcoming except poles. Of these, however, they made such good use that they prevented the beast getting off with the injured man, and finally killed it. One fellow boldly laid hold of its tail, and so helped to keep it from making rushes at people. About half-way through the scene some burning wood was brought on the spot, and thus the lioness was induced to drop the man she had seized. One man did turn up with a gun, but he fired wildly, and fortunately did not wound anyone else, though of course he did not hit the lioness. When I arrived everyone was walking about with spears, though in the emergency not one could be found.

When the beast was finally done for, the Archdeacon had it hung up in his house to prevent the natives from burning it, as is their practice with man-eating lions.

The only men injured were the poor fellow whom the lioness had taken, and whose neck and back were badly wounded by her teeth and claws, and his brother, whose arm had been hurt.

The first man was dead when I arrived. He had been a regular hearer, so the Archdeacon had baptized him when he saw he was getting worse, and after Evening-song we had the funeral. There was a little difficulty about it, as the natives evidently wished to have a heathen *malilo* (mourning) and bury him during the night with heathen rites. But as he had only been baptized at the last minute, the Archdeacon was especially anxious that he should have a Christian burial to convince the people that baptism did really make a difference. After much arguing he won his point, but it was quite 8 o'clock before the service was over. It was a strange sight, that funeral; the service read by the Archdeacon, by the light

of a candle in a native hut, filled with heathen relatives, and with a little congregation of Christians round the door. As is the custom, they buried him in his sleeping mat, with his other garments wrapped round. I was surprised to see that these included a very nice nearly new blanket, which I hardly thought they would have sacrificed, but the Archdeacon says it is the rule. After the service they poured two basketfuls of flour and some oil into the grave, broke a gourd and threw it in, and would doubtless have put in other things to provide for the journey of the departed, had not the Archdeacon stopped them, and told them to fill up the grave. They talk about the soul's *ulendo* (journey), but I cannot find out that they have any clear ideas as to what happens after death. Next morning the natives reported that a lion, a leopard, and a hyena had come and dug up the body of the lioness which had been buried (after being skinned), and had gone off with it. Investigation reduced the case to the tracks of hyenas which had been near the lioness' grave, but had not even disturbed the body!

I had attended to the injuries of Anao (the dead man's brother) as soon as I arrived. He had about ten deep wounds on the right fore-arm, which ought to have been thoroughly explored under an anæsthetic. This was quite impracticable, however, in a native hut with no one to help me, and with most of the village looking on, so I washed the arm and syringed out and drained the wounds, and persuaded him to come to Likoma to be nursed next day. He brought with him a male friend, a wife, and a child—the minimum establishment he thought fit to travel with—and he is now in a native hospital where I am nursing him daily.

At first the limb did not appear very badly injured, but as the lioness had evidently not studied even the most elementary principles of aseptic surgery, the result is that there are ten very foul wounds in the arm, a good many of which meet inside, and there is a great deal of sloughing and suppuration. I have tried to keep it sweet by draining and syringing, and on the 10th the Bishop gave an anæsthetic, and I opened it up and drained it. Still, that lioness' germ is virulent, and has not yet been got under. No bones are broken, but to-day I find that the inflammation has spread to the elbow-joint. His arm, if it got better, would probably not be much use, and it ought therefore to be amputated. After consulting with the Bishop, we proposed it to him this afternoon, but, as the idea is absolutely new to a native, we were not surprised when he would not consent, and said that he would sooner go home and die there! I have left him to think it over, but I expect he will persist in his refusal. If so, I must doctor his arm up as best I can, and if he gets worse and likely to die I shall let him go home, as the natives have a great objection to dying away from their relations. Since

we not unfrequently have the same difficulty at home, we cannot wonder at it out here, where amputation is such an absolutely new idea! Where Mohammedan teaching is strong, it would practically be impossible, as they say the one-arm state would be permanent, and that the door-keepers of Paradise don't like one-armed men!—*Extract from a letter written by Dr. Robert Howard, and dated Likoma, Easter Day, April 15, 1900.*

Missionaries in China.

A LADY'S EXPERIENCE.

The Rev. Henry Ebban, of Boscombe Grange, Bournemouth, sends to the *Standard* the following extract from a letter written by a lady attached to the North China Mission. The letter is dated from Kobe, in Japan, to which she, with a few other European ladies, had succeeded in escaping when Tien-tsin was relieved by the Allied forces:

"In my last letter from Tien-tsin I mentioned that we were daily and even hourly expecting the Boxers. I posted that letter on the 12th June, and on the night of the 15th the Boxers arrived. We were ready for them. About 800 entered Tien-tsin. The alarm bells rang and we took refuge in the Gordon Hall, while a sharp encounter took place between them and the Allies. In three hours it was all over and we returned to our respective homes, every one assuring us that there was nothing more to be feared, for the Boxers were being dispersed and that we might 'rest in peace.' Next day (Sunday, 17th) at 3.30 p.m., when all Tien-tsin was having its afternoon siesta, the first shell was fired. So little was this expected that when I was roused I ran into the girls' dormitory to reassure them, saying, 'Don't be alarmed girls, it is nothing. We have opened fire on the enemy.' The next moment another shell arrived, and the voice of one of the Home Guards was heard in the hall shouting: 'Dress quickly and run to the Gordon Hall; we are being bombarded.' The scene in the streets was a never-to-be forgotten one; women and children flying in all directions, almost all hatless, many shoeless; some in night-dresses, some in dressing-gowns. Shells and shots were simply raining. We all fled to the Gordon Hall. By a wretched mistake the door was actually closed in my face (I may here remark that the men lost their heads on the slightest provocation), and I rushed about looking for a place of shelter. Suddenly I heard a voice saying: 'Put your head in here.' 'Here' was a tiny cellar window. I lay flat on the ground, thrust in my head, and a gentleman inside dragged me down by the head and shoulders. Such was my manner of entrance into the cellars of the now historic Gordon Hall. In the cellars we lived (250 to 300) for two weeks, only going upstairs to the hall during the inter-

vals of shelling. Oh, the misery and wretchedness of those fourteen days bombardment, firing, sniping going on incessantly. Added to the usual hardships of the siege, we had to endure a condition of publicity which was horrible. Privacy was utterly impossible; for not only were all the European women and children there, but we had also the men for sleeping and eating. Our provisions ran low; water became scarce (we were obliged to wash in water ten other people had used); we had illness, hysterics, nervous affections. Some people went completely off their heads, and were madly delirious. But, on the whole, the women behaved well; some even splendidly. I am thankful to say that I was perfectly calm through. The dressing-bag you gave me was the joy of many a heart. I had most carefully packed it in readiness, and sometimes it seemed as if I had been inspired with regard to its contents. I seemed to have in that bag everything that everybody else had forgotten, from a baby's feeding lamp down to a needle and thread. The toilet articles were also in constant demand, so it has the honour and glory of having done good work in a time of great distress. We had many terrible moments, as, for instance, when a shell burst in the Gordon Hall and killed a husband and wife before the eyes of their dear little children. I grew quite clever in regard to the shells, and learned to dodge them beautifully. The shots were really more dangerous to life; but even to them one gradually became accustomed. One day in the hospital a shell came into the ward and burst at my feet. It was the very worst shell of the siege. It carried into the ward with it an outside wall, an inner wall and two big windows. The time of the greatest danger was when, on two occasions during the night, the Imperial troops got within a quarter of a mile of the Gordon Hall, which was the centre of attack. Thanks to the brave Cossacks, who fought, as everyone says, more like wild beasts than men, we were saved. The Cossacks may be, and are, wild, brutal and savage, but they are our saviours. Under no conditions, however, were we likely to fall into the hands of the Chinese, for the men had resolved that, when all hope was over, they would shoot the women and children. To add to other miseries, we had actually a flood the last day of our cellar life. But, after all, the worst horrors of the siege were not the shells, nor shot, nor flood, nor thirst; but the awful fires. Every night we had them—all night long. The constant 'ping, ping' of the rifles told us that each shot was bringing down a poor Chinaman trying to escape from the flames; and then, worst horror of all, the air was filled with the odour of burning flesh; and in the streets the bodies of the Chinamen lay unburied and were devoured by horrible dogs. These dreadful sights are stamped on my very soul. I feel that I shall never be rid of the terrible memory."

Good Out of Evil.

The following is an extract from a review of the late Bishop Selwyn's life (the son of Bishop Selwyn, first Bishop of New Zealand and Melanesia):

"There was a boy at Norfolk Island, who had been brought from one of the rougher and wilder islands, and was consequently rebellious and difficult to manage. One day Mr. Selwyn (it was before his consecration) spoke to him about something he had refused to do, and the lad, flying into a passion, struck him in the face. This was an unheard-of thing for a Melanesian to do. Mr. Selwyn, not trusting himself to speak, turned on his heel and walked away. The boy was punished for the offence, and, being still unsatisfactory, was sent back to his own island without being baptized, and there relapsed into heathen ways. Many years afterwards Mr. Rice, the missionary who worked on that island, was sent for to a sick person who wanted him. He found this very man in a dying state, and begging to be baptized. He told Mr. Rice how often he thought of the teaching on Norfolk Island; and, when the latter asked him by what name he should baptize him, he said, 'Call me John Selwyn, because he taught me what Christ was like, that day when I struck him.'"

"Benjy."

On the Eve of St. Matthias, February 23rd, 1900, a crippled boy of about twelve was "received into the Church." No one knew much about him or said much about him, except that his name was "Benjy," and that he would be a companion for Giles. He was nephew to a woman named Charlotte-bai, well known to the older members of the Mission, though she had not been resident at Panch Howds for some time. This was all that seemed to be known about the boy, and only one or two of the Sisters now in India remembered his early history; but it is such a wonderful instance of how children are brought back to us that it deserves to be written.

In March or April, 1890, a Hindu called Tukeram, with his young wife and little boy of about two, came to Panch Howds. The man was Charlotte-bai's brother, and was dying of phthisis; he knew quite well that he had come to die, but a good many years before he had had some Christian instruction, and though his work (I think in some Government service) had taken him far from Christian influence, he had not forgotten; and now he had but one desire—"Make me a Christian; I cannot learn, but I must be a Christian."

The family were lodged in a little Dhurmsala behind the Howds, and there day by day Catechist or Sister repeated to him the truths of Christianity, and though he could remember very little, he did what he could. It was evident that he was fast failing, so on May 3, 1890, he

was carried to Church by his own desire for his Baptism. Perhaps it was one of the most touching baptisms ever witnessed—the dying man leaning back in his chair, and then lifted to kneel on the step of the font, again at his own wish, for his Baptism. Sister Gertrude was his witness, and as the words, "Until his life's end" were said, he whispered to her, "My life is going now." He was carried back to the little Dhurmsala (or house of lodging for the poor), and there, on May 14, he died; I think after his first Communion, but of this I cannot be sure.

Before his death Tukeram gave his child to Sister Gertrude, saying, "He is your child, take him and make him a Christian." All this time his poor little Hindu wife waited on him, showing very little emotion. Then came the Christian funeral of this new convert, with his Baptism robes all unsoiled, and to that the Hindu wife went, carrying the child. In the cemetery she quite broke down, and sat on the ground a little distance from the grave, and howled as only a Hindu woman can—the only way in which she was quieted at all during the service was by a Sister standing beside her with her hand on her head. Afterwards she left the child with us, and went away with her father and relations. Charlotte-bai took charge of the child, but in a very few days the mother came back, and said she must have him. There was nothing to be done but to give him up to her, and she took him away. At the time the child had something the matter with one leg, which made us say that if he were not taken care of, he would be lame.

Nearly ten years passed, and the story had faded from the mind of most of us, till Charlotte-bai sent to ask if Father Elwin would take her nephew, who was lame, into St. Nicholas' School. Then we remembered the boy, and found out the connecting links of his story. His mother married again, and having more children seems not to have cared for the lame boy. He somehow found his way to a Methodist School in Poona, and here made the best use of his time and reached the 4th Standard Marathi, and in the Methodist Chapel he was baptized "Benjamin." Last year he fell ill of plague, and was taken to the Sungum Hospital, and on his recovery Charlotte-bai got him and kept him, though he attended the Methodist Day School.

So at last by such unforeseen ways he was brought back to the Church of his father's Baptism, and admitted into the Faith in which his father died.—*The Star in the East.*

The work of the Sower is given to each of us in this world, and we fall short of our duty when we let those with whom we are brought in contact leave us without having given them a kind thought or pious impression.

Alms given in secret; that is the charity which brings a blessing.

The Rationale of Missions.

"Man is so slow at perceiving what is wrapped up in the principles he admits, so backward in carrying those principles into effect, that the practices which flow from the principles need pressing no less than the principles themselves."—GOULBURN.

"It is of the deepest moment that we should keep our sympathies wide and keen: that we should guard against indifference towards any object of human interest."—WESTCOTT.

It is matter for deep regret, in these days of vigorous activity in Church matters, that it should be found necessary again and again to draw attention to so very plain and obvious a duty as that of assisting to put the Gospel within reach of the heathen, and our fellow-countrymen. Yet, anyone who has even a moderate acquaintance with the state of the mission field, will know that it warrants strong and urgent appeals, not, in the first place to the purses, but to the hearts and consciences of all professing Christians, and that these appeals can never cease to be made until it has been far more generally recognized "that foreign missions form an essential part of the Church's work, as the support of our churches and services, or the relief of the sick and needy," than is at present the case.

It has been said that "the greatest truths are always the most loosely held." Shall we apply this somewhat startling statement to the subject in hand, and inquire whether the lack of interest which the majority exhibit with regard to Missions is to be attributed to the fact that although they have, as a matter of course, accepted the salvation offered them through the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, and called themselves after His Blessed Name, yet that they have never actually realized the value of what they have received, so as to make them feel that they cannot keep it to themselves?

"As every man hath received the gift even so minister the same one to another as good stewards of the manifold grace of God."

Can we keep our faith, our privileges, to ourselves, and expect any blessing? Here is the reply: "Thou wicked and slothful servant, thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not, and gather where I have not strawed; thou oughtest, therefore, to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury." Clearly we are responsible, not only for holding the faith, but for living it, and for spreading it.

What, then, is the reason why, always, the people who give it to Missions are in such a small minority? What other reason can there be than the one already suggested? Once let us come to know the value of our faith with an experimental knowledge, once let us realize our universal brotherhood in Christ, and indifference is impossible. Let us go back to first principles to truths which we think we have held firmly all our lives,

and see whether, when we come face to face with them, we shall not be convinced of the accuracy of Professor Drummond's statement. We are holding the great verities of our faith "loosely" until they permeate and influence and colour every thought and action of our lives.

If this paper should meet the eye of any who are doing nothing to help spread the Kingdom of Christ abroad, we pray them to think out for themselves what can only briefly be touched on in the pages of a magazine. Lack of thought means always, and especially in the spiritual world, sloth, apathy, deadness. Nowhere is this more true than in the region of missionary endeavour. It is want of thought no less than want of love that keeps back the help and interest (one being worthless without the other) which God Himself asks at our hands. Men are His instruments. There is no one whom He does not want to use for His work.

Time and place are nothing in His sight. The value of a soul is the same all the world over. For each soul Christ died. When once we have learned to estimate this rightly, all sense of distance will be lost. The man who is constrained by the love of Christ to care for souls in England, in his own parish, amongst his own friends, will care equally for his brethren in foreign lands. "There is no space with God, because He loves all and so is near to all. . . . In proportion as we love much we partake of the nature of God, and get rid of space ourselves. Our bodies do not hold us if we are loving, for we are always sending out ourselves to our friends and loved ones. A selfish, unloving person is shut up in a little space, in self, and is so much nearer to being an animal, so much further from the nature of God." The very instinct of an unselfish heart is to share, to give forth, and without measure. It would never enter into a loving heart to balance and keep account with its charities, which are not confined to dollars and cents, but take infinite variety of form, whether in the region of prayer, or speech, or act. And each one of these, each heartfelt prayer, each true and sympathizing word, each kindly deed, is the earnest of another, and is charged with blessing. Each lives on into eternity. Each forges another link in that unseem chain of spiritual life which we are perpetually strengthening, in ourselves and others, by our love, or weakening by our selfishness. There never passes a day which is not rich in opportunities of this sort, and they come alike to rich and poor, known and unknown, influential and insignificant, though it takes little reflection to see the unreality of all these terms when spiritually applied. Neither is it at all difficult to see that unless practice cement principle and action follow closely on the heels of thought and feeling, the highest principle, the noblest thoughts, and the warmest feelings may prove little short of a curse.

May it be given to each one of us, in love, in labour, in self-denial and self-sacrifice for others, day by day to know more of that "eternal music of aspiring discontent" which is only heard by the man or woman who is living his or her life in and by the Divine Life of the Saviour of Souls, the King of Love, our Lord and our Brother, Jesus Christ.

"Canadians There."

Ramathlabama,
15 miles from Mafeking,

May 22.

Archdeacon Upcher says: "It is delightful to feel Mafeking is relieved! On Sunday last we heard that the relief column was near Mafeking, and we were going to meet it at a place called Jan Massibi's Kraal, 20 miles from Mafeking. On Monday morning, at sunrise, we heard thrilling cheers in Sephikeli Camp; it was the arrival of the Canadians, with four 12-pound guns and 150 Australians, who had been pushing on as hard as they could to join us. We started that afternoon, our advance column arriving at Massibi's simultaneously with the light column from the south. Early on Wednesday morning our united columns, mustering 2,000, with 15 guns, started for Mafeking with a big convoy. We got within six miles of the town, when we outspanned for breakfast at 12.30. We had hardly lighted our fires when we were told our scouts had got in touch with the enemy. Saddle up and off. We had not got far when we heard crack, crack, crack of the rifle fire. Another minute, and bang came a shell over the ridge right among our crush of wagons, which we huddled together. No one was touched, wonderful to say. The wagons went to the left up a valley. Then shells kept flying around the wagons, but hitting no one; and you could not see where they were coming from, for they made no smoke. You could not see much fighting, the men all hidden, only clumps of horses standing still, shells dropping among them, as you could see by the dust they kicked up. The squadron of B.S.A.P., were having a very hot time of it, holding the ground splendidly, though hard pressed. As the sun began to set, firing almost ceased, and the enemy routed and flying as fast as they could; we were still four miles from the town. Three of our men were killed, and about 20 wounded. Meanwhile we pressed on in the moonlight, and great was the cheering as we got into the town about 5 a.m. on Thursday morning, at so small a cost and so complete a route of the enemy. I was astonished to see so little damage done to the town, considering the length of time and the great guns. I went and looked at 'Chevril' horse sausage and brawn. After that back to camp; heard to my horror the ambulance, with Dr. Stone and the Bishop, had been fired on, and possibly made prisoners. So the Colonel allowed me to go out in

an ambulance to try and find them, and to bring in Lieut. Harland. I started at two to the battle-field, and found the ambulance all right, six wounded men and Major Bird, but no Bishop. I got 'boys' to search for him, and offered rewards to the natives, and to my relief yesterday I heard the Bishop had arrived at Ootsi, 40 miles away, having lost his way. I then buried the dead by moonlight, with a trooper, and going back we lost our way. At last we struck a kraal, and a man told us we were going right, and got at last to a place which turned out to be a deserted Boer laager. My companion was so foot-sore he could go no further, so he lay down under a bush. I tramped up and down to try and keep warm. The cold chilled one to the bone. At 1.30 I said 'Listen! wagons! if it should be a Boer convoy and they catch us!' So off we went from the road and waited. After some time had passed we heard a horse galloping. It turned out to be one of our men and some armed boys from Mafeking, who directed us, and at 5.30 we arrived dead beat, but thankful to get in. In front of every house in Mafeking is a heap of earth, with steps down and bomb proof. The 94 pound shells are most awful; it is a wonder they didn't lay the whole town in crumbs. The bank-room was underground, where they did business. Mafeking relieved, and now the railroad opened! Thank God!"

Gold Dust.

"My Lord," exclaimed once a devout soul, "give me every day a little work to occupy my mind; a little suffering to sanctify my spirit; a little good to do to comfort my heart."

As a moth gnaws a garment, so doth envy consume a man.—*Chrysostom.*

Acknowledgments.

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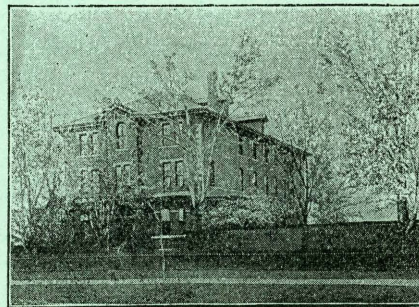
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