

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.

THE Bishop leaves for Nepigon at the beginning of the month.

THE Rev. Rural Dean Llwyd is slowly recovering from the illness that has so seriously interfered with his duty in his mission and deanery.

THE editor directs attention to the last paragraph under title on page 1. Unless complied with, the correspondent will not see his matter in our columns.

ON behalf of the clergy of the diocese, we beg to tender to Rev. Mr. Kirby and Mrs. Kirby our deep sympathy in their affliction by the death of their child.

WHILE our readers are pleased to learn that Rev. Mr. Renison stays among the workers in Algoma, they will be much grieved to know that his home at Nepigon was lately destroyed by fire. His letter to the Bishop appears in another column.

A FULL discussion and presentation of ideas not only without, but *within* this

TORONTO, JULY 16, 1894.

jurisdiction concerning "What is to be done with Algoma?" must undoubtedly produce good. That the Church in Canada be guided to a right decision in the matter may be at this time a fit subject to suggest to Algoma Associates in England.

ATTENTION is directed to two letters in our columns: (1) To that from Mrs. Stubbs regarding united intercessory prayer on behalf of particular work in this diocese; and (2) to that of our respected brother priest, Rev. C. J. Machin, regarding his solution to the question, "What shall we do with Algoma?"

WE are thankful to be able to say that the Bishop has been able to visit again the Rural Deanery of Muskoka, also the Rural Deanery of Parry Sound. A goodly number of candidates for confirmation have been presented, churches consecrated, and vestry meetings held. Pressure on our space prevents us giving particulars from some points this month.

AMONG the subjects suggested for discussion at the anticipated Eastern Convocation are :

- (1) (a) How far should persons who attend our services, but are not members of the Church, be encouraged (or permitted) to an active participation in parochial affairs?
- (b) In what circumstances and under what restrictions should such persons be permitted to have a vote in vestry meetings?
- (2) Sunday Schools—the necessity of distinctive teaching.
- (3) Church work—its extension and consolidation.
- (4) The promotion of temperance.
- (5) Organization of congregations.
- (6) That a union of the Churchwomen of Algoma be formed, and that representatives meet once a year.
- (7) That synodical organization is necessary for Algoma.

"What is to be Done With Algoma?"

To the Editor of *The Algoma Missionary News*.

SIR,—Certain well-known circumstances have recently attracted to this unfortunate diocese the special attention of Churchmen in the old ecclesiastical Province of Canada. Doubts are now freely expressed respecting the wisdom or justice shown in the mode of its creation. And the ques-

tion, long muttered, is openly uttered, "What is to be done with Algoma?" On behalf of my brethren, I desire to address my fellow-Churchmen upon the subject. The fact that I am the oldest man among our clergy, the senior in the sacred ministry, and in my tenth year as a priest of the diocese, should be sufficient to shield me from the charge of presumption in so doing. Various suggestions have been offered in answer to the question at the head of my letter. Others will probably appear. But the subject will bear much discussion. Nay, it will *compel* much discussion; and, long before it is settled, will bring into the arena of disputation combatants undreamt of by nine-tenths of those outside the diocese who imagine that a solution of the difficulty can readily be found. Rev. Dr. Mockridge has honestly and manfully offered a plan for consideration. Whatever the Provincial Synod may eventually think of it, the Bishop of Algoma has, for the present, gently and courteously repudiated it. But Dr. Mockridge has, in his very earnestness and anxiety for the welfare of the diocese, exposed himself to a rebuke from one of my brethren (see *Church Guardian* of June 20th) on account of the estimate he placed upon our clerical staff. If I could for one moment think that Dr. Mockridge intended to wound the feelings of brother priests by an expression of contempt for their alleged inferiority, I believe I could so represent the matter that he would not hesitate to express regret. But I am perfectly satisfied that he never dreamed of scorning or hurting us. And no disclaimer to that effect is needed from him. The simple fact is: Dr. Mockridge has unconsciously voiced the estimate placed upon us by the Church in the whole ecclesiastical province. The proofs of this statement are too numerous for mention. One or two will be sufficient. Only at the last Provincial Synod was our diocese represented in the Lower House; and then what a representation was permitted us! Almost insulting in its scantiness. Previous to 1892 we of the Diocese of Algoma were merely synodical pariahs! Well do I remember, when I was a clergyman of the Diocese of Montreal, the Bishop of Algoma pleading with the Provincial Synod of 1883, and pathetically reminding the delegates that his diocese was unrepresented in their assembly. Take another instance. When the Winnipeg Conference took place in 1890, with a view to Church consolidation, the dioceses of the Northwest (some of them consisting of a bishop, two archdeacons, and five or six priests and deacons, with a laity composed almost entirely of Indians and half-breeds) were invited to send delegates. But we, pariahs of Algoma, were not asked to send anybody at all, priest or layman; notwithstanding the fact that questions involving

fundamental and far-reaching organic changes were to be discussed. Yet the number of our clergy far exceeded that of any diocese between Lake Huron and the Pacific, excepting only that of Manitoba, known as Rupert's Land. We met together at Sault Ste. Marie in 1892, not daring to call ourselves a diocesan synod, and ventured to pronounce an opinion upon the Winnipeg scheme; but the official report of the Provincial Synod garbles our resolution, renders it ridiculous, and, being a permanent record, stultifies us for all time. Verily, the Church's (not Dr. Mockridge's) estimate of us cannot but be vividly impressed upon our minds; especially if we are compelled to continue in a state of ecclesiastical infancy, and, practically, forbidden to organize a synod for our own good.

This brings me to my last. How is it to be accounted for, except on the ground mentioned by Dr. Mockridge, that, among all the suggestions offered respecting our diocese, not one has been made proposing to give Algoma itself a voice on this subject? This is *my* suggestion. And, presumptuous as some may deem me, I venture to assert that, as a matter of common justice and manly fair play, we clergy and laity of the Diocese of Algoma are righteously entitled to be heard by the Church of the ecclesiastical province respecting our future. Let our Bishop be authorized to call us together at once; and then, with his knowledge of the diocese added to our own, we shall not fail to recommend some practical measure of relief. But let us also be assured that our decision will receive respectful consideration. Now, before my fellow-Churchmen condemn my suggestion, let me ask a question or two. Is their estimate of our clergy, innocently voiced by Dr. Mockridge, so true and just that we really deserve to be barred from an expression of opinion respecting the diocese we serve? Some of us did not receive our priesthood in Algoma, but have sat in several diocesan synods, and have been called upon to preach before assembled synods in various cathedrals. But, possibly, we have degenerated in Algoma. Still, if any of the brethren should, with me, confess a feeling of unworthiness of the dignity of the priesthood the Church has conferred upon us, I ask whether humility before God ought of necessity to be followed by humiliation before man?

What, however, about our laity? (Some of them, even, have sat in synods elsewhere.) Are they, too, degraded, and incompetent to form an opinion respecting the needs of the diocese? I could send capable men from this mission. There are plenty in other parts of the diocese. At one time, I had five university graduates among my laymen at Port Arthur, and a sixth man who had spent two years as an undergraduate at Oxford. I had nine sons of clergymen, some of them benefited clergy in England. One of these is a physician, one a barrister, two bankers, another now in Holy Orders and just taking his grandfather's parish in Bermuda; others filling responsible positions. One layman, for three years my warden, is a member of the Dominion Parliament. Another, a former sidesman, is cousin to an English earl, late governor of one of the great colonies. I could largely increase the list. In fact, Port Arthur, Fort William, Sault Ste. Marie, Bracebridge, and even Schreiber, could furnish men worthy to sit in any synod in Canada. I say, then, let us in Algoma have a voice in this matter. All things can then be ready for legislative

action at next year's Provincial Synod. And if I, in soreness of heart from various causes, do seem by this letter to fling down my gage before the whole Church from Sarnia to the sea, let my gage be lifted, and myself defeated and proved in the wrong, by an admission that our clergy are not so greatly inferior to their brethren elsewhere; that we have laymen as capable, and sound of judgment, as those of other dioceses; and an assurance given that we shall be no longer treated as children, or Indian wards.

But, if it be decreed that we, clergy and laity of Algoma, are incapable of forming an intelligent opinion upon the needs of our diocese; or of giving an intelligent expression of our opinion when formed; and if, especially, our priests are to be stinging reproached, humiliated, and branded with marks of immeasurable inferiority, then, these things cannot be too plainly stated, nor the facts too widely known; so that when our crushed and overwhelmed Bishop is compelled to send in his threatened resignation, those of us who wish to preserve some lingering traces of self-respect may be prepared to follow his example.

C. J. MACHIN.

Gravenhurst, June 27th, 1894.

Definiteness in Intercession.

To the Editor of *The Algoma Missionary News*:

SIR,—At the Whitsuntide meeting of the committee of our association held in London on May 5th, it was resolved: "That it being desirable to keep the associates in touch with the clergy of Algoma in the matter of intercession, the clergy be asked to send special requests for prayer regarding the work of their missions, from time to time, to the editor of THE ALGOMA MISSIONARY NEWS for publication in that paper." I should be very much obliged if you would kindly command this request to the clergy through the medium of THE ALGOMA MISSIONARY NEWS. The importance of definiteness in intercession is widely felt, and several members of the Association have at different times spoken or written to me on the subject in connection with our Association for Prayer in Union with the Church in Algoma. By way of illustration, I may mention one or two suggestions as to the special subjects for prayer: Candidates for Holy Orders, confirmation classes, opening a new outstation, vacant missions, etc. Believe me, yours sincerely,

M. M. STUBBS,

Secretary Algoma Association.

Our English Letter.

As we are always—and sometimes unmercifully—urging our Algoma friends to tell us what they are doing, we hope they will have the same feeling of interest in us, who only aspire to what George Macdonald calls "washing the hoofs and combing the mane of the shining Gospel steed," and will like to hear how the Algoma Associates met for a service at St. Mark's, London, N.W., followed by a social gathering. A country associate, going up prosaically by train to London, expects no incidents by the way, so could enjoy undisturbed the lovely spring look of the country, which, on May 4th, was more up to date than was the temperature. London was entered from that most dismal

quarter, the south or "Surrey side" of the Thames. If our Algoma friends could see the gloomy, crowded houses and narrow streets and squalor, they would feel that their great trial of loneliness has its compensations in clear sky, pure air, and a horizon. Crossing the river, the towers of Westminster could be seen in the distance, while, close by, the river banks looked business-like (in another way!) with wharves, and the associate liked to fancy that some of the piles of planks had, at one time, careered madly down some Algoma river. Continuing towards the northwest, Buckingham Palace lay on the way, and a carriage flashed past apparently occupied by an immense bouquet of flowers; but we (for the associate had met a colleague) knew that hidden by it was a loyal subject on her way to the drawing room being held by the Princess of Wales. And so we proceeded till from the river level we had nearly reached a part of London which prides itself on being as high as the ball of St. Paul's Cathedral. Though there were none of the adventures met with on some of the Canadian roads, we had our London quota of collisions just escaped, and terminated our drive by nearly running over the Central Treasurer and Secretary, who, with others, were nearing St. Mark's, while Canon Duckworth, vicar of the church, and one of the Bishop's commissioners, was waiting to receive them. Service began at 3.30. Four clergy were in the chancel, amongst them the Rev. A. S. O. Sweet, formerly of Ilfracombe. A choir of boys, with organ, led the special Psalm and hymns, and, after shortened Evening Prayer and special intercessions, Canon Duckworth gave an address with three Ascensiontide lessons for associates in mission work to lay to heart:

(1) **Union.** To be gained by each making the best use of the particular point in which he feels he differs from his fellow-workers, and so supplementing his neighbour's work instead of making it a source of estrangement from him. There can be no greater mistake, said the preacher, than to hold ourselves aloof from those who differ from us.

(2) **Steadfast principles.**

(3) **Progress.** In which truth and love must hallow activity, if frivolity in discharge of even earnest duty is to be avoided.

After service, the congregation adjourned to the schoolroom, at one end of which were two charming paintings of Algoma scenes, and a map of the diocese, drawn and kindly presented to the association by Mr. Alan Sullivan; at the other, a tea-table, and, when attention had been duly paid to both attractions, Canon Duckworth read an interesting extract from a letter from the Bishop, and the Rev. A. S. O. Sweet gave graphic reminiscences of his Canadian experiences. At this point the two associates alluded to had to leave to catch their train, pitying themselves for losing the rest of the inter-

esting proceedings; but they hear that the next two speakers on the programme, Revs. Tritton Gurney and H. N. Burden (late of Uffington), being at the last moment prevented from coming, the Rev. J. Wilkinson, who in 1884 paid a short visit to Port Carling, spoke briefly in their place, and paid a warm tribute of admiration to the Bishop's self-sacrificing devotion, which was afterwards heartily endorsed by Canon Duckworth, who was presiding. The best thanks of the association to the vicar and some of the congregation of St. Mark's—who received the members and their friends as guests that afternoon, providing the sumptuous tea—were expressed by the Treasurer, the Rev. A. S. Hutchinson. Speaking of the Bishop, he reminded his hearers that (as the readers of THE ALGOMA MISSIONARY NEWS already know) it was not so much the work or "hardness" which had broken down his health as the constant strain involved in obtaining funds to support the work. And so the proceedings drew to a close, their informal character providing pleasant little opportunities for social intercourse and for various little transactions, such as the sale of books and photos of the Shingwauk, the distribution of papers and missionary boxes. Perhaps Algoma readers may be interested to learn that there are now special Algoma missionary boxes. They are often successful, though silent, pleaders, and in this case will, it is hoped, prove the former as surely as the latter. Mr. Colquhoun, whose name will not be unknown to some readers in Parry Sound, kindly brought some curios for exhibition. There were also on view two large maps, which Rev. C. J. Machin gave to the association when he was in England.

E.G.H.

Powassan Mission.

ST. MARY'S, POWASSAN.—A service was held on the evening of Saturday, June 23rd, at which ten persons were received into full communion by confirmation. The newly-confirmed candidates and the members of the congregation remained, after the quiet withdrawal of the visitors, to partake of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Hearty congregational singing and responding made the service bright and cheerful. The chancel was suitably decorated with flowers.

This occasion being the first visit of the Bishop since the erection of the church, the congregation were anxious to hear his opinion upon it, and are very much gratified at his expression of pleasure with the appearance of the building. After service, his lordship informed the wardens that, by a munificent gift, he was able to declare the church free of debt. The congregation desire to express their heartfelt thanks to their benefactress.

Mission of St. Joseph's Island.

The women of St. John's Church, Marksville, held a sale of work on May 24th. The articles, largely donated by the W.A. of Toronto and others, found a slow sale. Money is said to be remarkably scarce. A bountiful tea and entertainment following were financial successes. The sale brought in \$26 and the latter \$36, making a total of \$62 with which to meet a debt on the parsonage of \$130.50. To the church needed repairs have been done, and the interior of the chancel and vestry, added nearly five years ago, have been painted and oiled. The incumbent suffers inconvenience for lack of room, having but three rooms in the parsonage finished. The little band of Church people confidently look to their brethren in other dioceses for the necessary help to enable them to pay off all moneys due on the parsonage.

With much regret, we learn that Mr. Chris. Young, of Jocelyn, has not enjoyed robust health of late. Ever a loyal and active member of the Church, the weight of years compels him to leave undone much he fain would do.

Mission of Rosseau.

The lakes in this mission are very beautiful. I venture to say the scenery must resemble that of the lake district of England, especially when Cumberland and Westmoreland were covered with forests centuries ago, and wolves hunted the deer. We have places near Rosseau called Ullswater and Windermere, so my idea can have nothing original in it. Our roads for miles and miles lead right through thick forests or bush, the trees in all their variety and wealth and beauty of foliage closing in on either side, and often meeting overhead.

At every turn we find some new sylvan scene to delight the artistic eye, and glades opening out and stretching away in exquisite vistas, the sombre colouring relieved by lighter tints and rich hues of wild flowers and the sheen of blue water from lake and river. We are to be envied, children of the forest, and able to realize how old England looked when Chaucer's words were spoken, and they wore buskins of fine soft leather with long-pointed toes, just like our moccasins. It has occurred to me in travelling through our dense woods that it might remind one of the back avenues, for carts and marketing and so forth, through a great ducal demesne in England, but we never come

across the gamekeeper or catch a glimpse of running pheasants; and there, however great and grand, it would seem to us so closely bounded by the high old wall covered with ivy, and separating from the broad, level public road, over which the bicycles run, smooth, swift and silent, to the neighbouring town. I was at a wedding the other day some fourteen miles away, and the road truly would be trying to an English brougham or landau and stately coachman. In places it was like going up and down stairs. But the wedding was to me charming, in simplicity, in true friendship and love, and the sure prospect, I believe, of great happiness for the dear young bride and bridegroom as they travel together the rough highway of life.

Pardon me, dear Mr. Editor, as this is holiday season, and I have broken free from the trammels of enumeration and statistics, and very soon again I promise to write and come down to things more prosaic.

G. GILLMOR.

Ilfracombe Mission.

NOVAR.—On Monday, June 4th, the Right Reverend the Bishop of the diocese visited St. Mary's Church, Novar, for the purpose of holding a confirmation service and vestry. The Bishop preached a deeply spiritual and most instructive sermon, and afterwards administered the Sacrament of Holy Communion. The congregation was large, and the attention was most marked throughout the service. The Rev. Rural Dean assisted the Bishop in the services, and Rev. J. Pardoe presented four candidates for confirmation.

For some time past the members of this church have been expecting the much-needed new east window, which was designed and executed by Messrs. Elliott & Son, Toronto. It was hoped that it would have been here for the 4th of June, the occasion of the Bishop's visit, but, owing to delay in transit, it did not arrive in time. On Tuesday, June 12th, news came to hand that the window was at Novar station. The first thought in the minds of the "powers that be" was to try to secure the services of a skilled workman to remove the remaining portions of the old window and put the new one in its place, but the man appealed to had other work on hand. So, with a manly courage and determination, the clergyman's warden, Mr. Charles Paget, and the vestry clerk, Mr. W. J. White, at once set to work and securely placed this

new window in position, as also a guard over the glass outside. New steps were erected at the entrance of the church, and other necessary repairs added.

On Sunday afternoon, June 17th, the Independent Order of Foresters attended divine service at St. Mary's Church. Every seat in the building was occupied. The sermon, from the Epistle for the day, I Peter ii. 17, was preached by the incumbent, and was attentively listened to by the largest congregation that ever met within the walls of this church. The offertory was given to the window fund. A balance is still needed (about \$15) to settle the account.

Arrangements are being made to hold a special dedication service in St. Mary's Church, at 7 p.m., on Wednesday, June 27th.

ILFRACOMBE.—The Rev. H. C. Aylwin, a former incumbent of Ilfracombe, now working in the Diocese of Niagara, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Faire at Ilfracombe. On Sunday, June 24th, he conducted the service at Christ Church and administered the Sacrament of Holy Communion at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

RAVENSCLIFFE.—On Thursday, June 21st, was laid at rest in the churchyard of St. John the Baptist's, Martha, the beloved wife of William Hirst, who for many years past has lived at Hoodstown, where Mr. Hirst is a licensed lay reader and organist at St. Jude's Church. She was a devoted member of the Church of England. A steamboat brought the body across Lake Vernon to Ravenscliffe, where it was met by a large concourse of sympathizing friends, who came to pay a last mark of respect to the deceased. The funeral cortège was met at the church gates by Rev. J. Pardoe. After the lesson had been read Mr. Pardoe addressed those present from the words of the Psalmist, "So teach us to number our days," etc. Then the whole congregation joined in singing Hymn 230, "There is a Blessed Home," after which, at the grave side, the concluding part of the service was read, and the body laid in its last earthly resting place.

Port Carling Mission.

There is little or no news worth reporting in this mission for next issue. There is, perhaps, one item worthy of note. It is this: We had a very successful concert at Beaumaris Hotel, in aid of St. John's Church, Beaumaris. The proceeds, after all expenses were paid, amounted to fifty dollars. This sum,

considering the many disappointments, is really a good one. I mention one drawback; it was the absence of two of the members of St. John's congregation, viz., Mr. and Mrs. Wolstan Riley. They were prevented from being present and from otherwise assisting us on account of a very sad drowning, when Mrs. Riley's father, Mr. Pooler, and Mr. T. Wroe, were lost in a storm which raged on Muskoka Lake on the evening of Saturday, May 5th. Mr. and Mrs. Riley are very energetic members of the church, and were consequently missed very much. The sad accident cast a gloom over the whole neighbourhood. Mrs. Riley, her sister, Mrs. Buttler, and her mother, Mrs. Pooler, feel the loss very keenly; and as the bodies, up to time of writing, have not been recovered, the suspense adds greatly to the already created grief. Great sympathy has been manifested towards the bereaved.

On Sunday, May 13th, a special even-song was held in the Church of the Holy Cross, for the benefit of the mourners, when the service and address were of a consolatory character.

North Bay Mission.

CALLANDER.—The little Church of St. Peter's, Callander, was filled to overflowing on the morning of St. John the Baptist's Day, the occasion being the visit of the Bishop of the diocese to hold a confirmation.

Morning Prayer to the end of the third collect was read by the catechist, Mr. A. W. Hazlehurst, the Bishop reading the lessons. Hymn 349, "My God, Accept My Heart this Day," was then sung, after which the candidates, eight in number, were presented by the catechist. Confirmation ended, the Bishop proceeded to address those who had just been confirmed on the nature of the vows they had taken, and the duties of a Christian life. The Communion office was proceeded with, and the Bishop preached a sermon in defence of the faith, largely explanatory of the emblem of our faith, viz., the cross and its uses in the Anglican Church. A number of the congregation remained to communicate with the newly-confirmed. The church was tastefully decorated. After dining, the Bishop, with Mr. Alan Sullivan and Mr. Hazlehurst, proceeded by freight train to North Bay for evening service.

NORTH BAY.—Notwithstanding the excessive heat, a large congregation as-

sembled in the Church of St. Michael and All Angels on the occasion of the Bishop's visit, which took place on Sunday, June 24th. The church was packed to the doors by an attentive and devout congregation. Prayers were read by the incumbent, Rev. A. J. Young, and the lessons by Mr. A. W. Hazlehurst, catechist. After the third collect the incumbent presented seven persons for the "laying on of hands," the candidates being afterwards addressed by the Bishop in very forcible language on the nature of the vows they had taken, the help they would need in the faithful performance of them, and the source whence that help could be obtained. The Bishop preached from Matt. x. 21. His sermon was an able vindication of the Christian religion, and every one who heard him compare the early days of Christianity with the present times must have felt the untruth of the oft-repeated statement, that Christianity is played out, and altogether unfitted for the progressive nineteenth century. After divine service the Bishop met the churchwardens and several of the congregation, and was gratified to learn that Church affairs generally were in a satisfactory condition. His next appointment was Sturgeon Falls, twenty-five miles west, whither he went by the early train on Monday, and so commenced another week of toil in the Master's service.

Aspdin Mission.

(From the Aspdin Church News.)

The parsonage stable has been put up, finished inside and out, save the banking up against the winter, and, a most important matter, it is nearly paid for by the contributions of our own people, as it has been entirely built by their hands.

The parsonage ground has been fenced in also by voluntary work, and a horse occupies the stable and is pastured on the grounds, to the great relief of the parson and his family, as the walking was telling upon him greatly.

The deeds of the burial ground have been made out and signed, and we may hope that that also will be fenced in before the end of another year.

The curtains for Stanleydale Church are made, and only await hooks and rings to be put up in place, when their rich warm colour will add greatly to the beauty of the sanctuary.

Two Bible classes are being held by Mr. Lowe, one weekly at Aspdin, with six in attendance, and monthly at Allansville, with eight members, so far.

Maganetawan Mission.

On Tuesday, June 19th, the Bishop of Algoma visited this village, accompanied by the Rev. Rural Dean Chowne. At 6 p.m. a reception and tea was held in St. George's Hall, when the tables were bounteously provided with good things by the ladies. At 7.30 there was an adjournment to the church, when the service commenced with the baptism of four infants. Following this came the confirmation, at which three candidates were presented to the Bishop, who, after the rite had been administered, spoke a few words to those confirmed concerning the obligations they had just taken. The sermon was preached by the Bishop, who gave the meanings, Scriptural authority, quotations from the early fathers and others concerning baptism, confirmation, and Holy Communion. The service concluded with the Sacrament of the Holy Communion. The church was very nicely decorated with flowers, pot plants, hangings, etc. The singing was hearty and good. Mr. Markham, of Maple Island, presided at the organ. Representatives attended from Midlothian and Dunchurch, amongst whom were Mrs. Guttridge, Misses Guttridge and Rowsell, and Messrs. Rowsell, Davidson, and Markham. The following morning the Bishop and Rural Dean drove over to Chapman to select a site for a church, which is, we believe, to be built at once. During his visit the Bishop stayed at the parsonage with Mr. and Mrs. Hay.

Nepigon.

MY DEAR BISHOP,—The enclosed clipping from the Fort William *Journal* will speak for itself. The whole country round here has been on fire, and we are the only ones who have suffered by the loss, but our personal property, amounting to about \$300 or \$400, was indeed a loss; for all that we have been collecting for the past four years, since the other fire, is now gone. Julia's piano, however, which I was enabled to buy her when in Toronto at the Ascension, is saved. Miss Foxton, a lady who is acting in the dual capacity of governess to the girls and also as housekeeper, lost all her belongings, which she says amounted to \$300, including jewelry, clothing, and books; so the entire loss is not less than \$660, not counting the building, which cost in the neighbourhood of \$300. We are now left as helpless as we were when the Mission Home at Negwenenang was burnt down. But we must not murmur. "The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want."

I was not going to worry you with this news, but I feel it my duty to do so. I am sorry in my heart to grieve you, but please don't grieve for us. God will be our friend still, as He has always been

in the past. This must not interfere in any way with your intended visit to Nepigon. We are occupying a little shanty here, and I will myself camp by the shore of Lake Helen. I think the Schreiber church will be ready for consecration on July 1st. Could you be ready for us at that date, or would you rather wait till the 15th, and make the trip to Lake Nepigon in the interval? Our two boys will come with us, as they will be home by that time.

Mrs. Renison's gold watch and chain, which she left to Julia, went in the flames. Julia is almost broken-hearted over the loss, but we found the cases, in a very unsightly condition.

Thank God, it was broad daylight! If it had happened at night we should have been consumed. The fire spread from an old heap of rubbish that was burning outside. I remain, my dear Bishop, yours faithfully,

ROBERT RENISON.

Nepigon, June 11th, 1894.

English Church Papers.

To the Editor of The Algoma Missionary News :
SIR,—Some time ago the Rev. William de M. Pennefather, assistant curate of All Saints' Church, New Shildon, England, wrote to me stating that if the clergy and laity of Algoma Diocese would meet together and elect or otherwise appoint a clergyman or layman to act as commissary for the diocese, he could aid the diocese greatly in increasing the amount of reading material in this way: Each mission priest, deacon, or lay reader could ascertain how many papers would be required for said mission, and which paper (of the many English publications) would be preferred. Having done this, he could send the names, number of papers, name of paper, etc., also as much postage as would pay the postage on said papers for one year, to the commissary, who, upon receiving the instructions from the various missions, would forward them to headquarters. Each person donating a certain amount for postage per annum could check off each paper as it arrived, and in this way could tell when the amount he or she had given had been returned in postage on papers received.

Of the many English Church papers, I would recommend *The Church Family Newspaper*. Of course, such papers as *Church Times* and *Church Bells* speak for themselves. Now, sir, the point to get at is, How are we going to meet together and thus appoint a commissary? In such a diocese, it is well-nigh impossible. Perhaps you or some of the many readers of THE ALGOMA MISSIONARY NEWS will contribute suggestions for the July number.

Meanwhile, if any desire, I shall most gladly forward names and postage to the Rev. Mr. Pennefather, who will, I feel sure, do his best to send papers promptly. Trusting I have not written at too great length to be crowded out of this month's issue, I remain, faithfully yours,

W. A. J. BURT.
The Parsonage, Port Carling, June 5th, 1894.

CLERGY who attend the Eastern Convocation at Bracebridge will be obliged to pay their own travelling expenses. The Standing Committee meets on the 19th to complete programme, etc.

"Women and Missions."

At the Missionary Council held in Chicago in the neighbouring republic, Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, was the first speaker on the topic which is the caption of this article. He said :

All religions tell one story, of men reaching out their hands for help; but the only religion which tells of God reaching out His hand to men is the religion of Jesus Christ. He expressed his explicit belief in the fall of man and the redemption of human nature, and said that the motive power by which the good news of redemption is to be made effectual is in that love that came down from heaven with the coming of the Son of God. This is the story of missions. It is seen in Francis Xavier, sailing along the coast of India, and in bitterness of soul crying, "Oh, rock, rock, open for my Master!" and thus touching the heart of the Roman Catholic Church and again kindling in them a thirst for missions. It is seen in David Livingstone, writing in his journal, "O God, when shall the great sore of the world be healed?" It is seen in Henry Martyn, dying alone in Persia, and kindling in the heart of England that love that sent out many like Bishop Heber. And so everywhere—in Bishop Patteson, lying on that heathen shore with the stigma of his Master in the five wounds of His passion; and in the journal of Hannington, "In the heart that is stayed on Him is perfect peace." It is seen in those black boys of Uganda, consenting to have the flesh cut from their bones rather than deny Jesus Christ. And where have men learned such love? I believe that for the most part they have learned it where St. Augustine learned it—from his mother; where St. Timothy learned it, when he was trained up in the unfeigned faith of his mother. I wish I could tell the story that has been inwrought in brave heralds of the cross, where loving women have united the greatest bravery with the deepest love in the sturdiest heralds of the Master.

May I tell you a story? Thirty years ago Dr. Twing asked me to visit a dying clergyman who was suffering such agony that reason almost tottered on its throne, and the shadow of darkness had come over him; and I went to try to comfort the dying man. He looked up in my face and said, "Oh, if I could do one year of work such as is done by missionary bishops, such as you are doing in that

Northwest, I would be so happy! But, oh, I have done nothing, nothing!" I knew the man. I said, "Do you remember when you were a pastor in Troy?" "Yes. It was the happiest time of my life." "Do you remember you had a Bible class of girls from Mrs. Willard's school, and that one year every member of that Bible class was presented by you for confirmation?" "Oh, yes." "Do you remember that one was the daughter of a Presbyterian elder, and she had to wait until she heard from her father, and had his consent?" "Oh, yes," and he mentioned her name. "Well," I said, "that girl met a young man in the hurry of the world, who hardly knew that he had a soul to be saved, and she led him to Christ, and then, in after years, she led him to give up business and become a candidate for orders, and then he drifted out to Chicago, and then was elected Bishop of Minnesota. Ah," said I, "my brother (it was Richard Cox), you little thought, when you were writing the lessons of life upon that girl's heart, and telling her about the dear home of the Church of Christ, that you were training a Bishop for Minnesota." This age is noted for the opening of new avenues for womanhood, and we all rejoice, and some of us have looked with wondering admiration upon the marvellous handiwork of women in that World's Fair. But I can tell you of something greater, where the love of Christian women has been building another building and laying foundations for eternity. Twenty-one years ago, in a dark day of missions, a little handful of women founded the Woman's Auxiliary. In twenty-one years they have given \$3,000,000 to missionary work, and you heard my brother's report that this year they gave \$386,000; and I might tell you that the largest gift that was ever made by any congregation of our Church in this land and laid upon God's altar was when Christian women in different parts of our country brought their offering of \$20,000 to lay it upon God's altar. Oh, there is no failure in missions, though there may be failure in us because we fail to do the Master's work. Bishop Whipple told a touching story of an incident in his own life. When on a visit to a mission in Manitoba, he met a missionary from the head waters of the Mackenzie River, who had come down to bring his two boys, who were to be sent to England for education, and who had left his wife to lead the work alone. "My dear wife," said Bishop Whipple, "like any other loving woman,

sent her such things as she thought a woman would need in that inclement clime. On my wife's deathbed she had a letter that had been nearly a year in coming from Great Slave Lake, and the letter said: "The tears came fast when I thought of the love that had sent me such gifts, which only a Christian woman could have done for her sister. Last year our ship was lost. We have no tea, nor coffee, nor sugar, nor flour, nor candies. We shall have nothing to eat until next spring but frozen fish three times a day. Don't think it is hard. If you knew what it was to be a woman, where they never heard of Jesus Christ, you would thank your Saviour, as I do, that you had been permitted to come and tell of His love." I have told you the story because in this city there is to-day a Christian woman who is going out to be the neighbour of that other missionary, although a thousand miles apart. Yes, and I could tell you of others. I would like to tell you of that noble daughter of Louisiana, that alone, away from other Christians in Japan, has been doing her Master's work. Bishop Whipple said that for years he had made it the practice of his life to read every missionary journal of the different religious bodies, that he might know what was being done for Christ throughout the world, and that the reason men don't care about missions is that they don't know about missions. "If I could lift the veil from some of my brother's hearts, they would answer to my own. I have seen the hard days. I am a man that has seen sorrow. Why, for three years, God knows I worked with all the earnestness and the love of my heart for the poor red man. The Bishop of Indiana, if he were here, could tell you of hundreds and hundreds of miles that we travelled together on foot and slept together at night under the same blanket; and one day every mission was wiped out. I didn't know but both missionaries were murdered. And I sat in my study, the tears running down my cheeks, when the one that is in Paradise, said, 'Henry, you have forgotten something. It is yours to do the work, and God will take care of the harvest.' I tell you that behind every vigour of every missionary bishop, and inwrought into his life, is that that is behind him—the prayers and the love of the Christian women who love missionary work.

"In the story of the earthly life of our blessed Master, I know of no such meed of praise that came from His blessed lips

as when He said of a woman that had brought her offering of love, 'This that she hath done, wherever this Gospel is preached, shall be told as a memorial of her.' Oh, it will be such a comfort to meet men from that heathen shore, and from those islands of the sea, and from those distant forests, and from the slums of a crowded city, that our prayers and our work and our alms have helped home."

Sometime.

Sometime when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgment here had
spurned,

The things o'er which we grieve with lashes wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what had seemed reproof was love
most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see.
And even as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel, and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.
And if some one we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach the face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you will shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God gives His friend;
And that sometimes the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white, unfold;
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will review the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we shall say: "God knew the best."

—Mrs. May Riley Smith.

"CHRIST is risen, and I shall rise. Christ has conquered death for Himself, and He will conquer it for me. Christ took His man's body and soul with Him from the tomb to God's right hand; and He will raise my body and soul at the last day, that I may be with Him forever, and see Him where He is." In life and in death this is the only thing which will save us from sin, from terror, from the dread of the hereafter.—Charles Kingsley.

Our English Letter.

(Concluded.)

At about six o'clock our driver stopped at a wayside house and informed us he could go no farther, as the road (such as it was) only went a little farther and then stopped short in the forest, and no horse could travel beyond. This was rather startling, as we had not been prepared for quite such a primitive state of affairs. However, there was no help for it. So we got out, and left all our boxes, etc., in charge of the people at the house, and set out on foot to traverse the remaining mile and a half that lay between us and Ilfracombe. We had only a pathway through the forest to guide us, and we set out by ourselves. It seemed a strange ending to our long journey, and the stillness and the great solitude of the forest was most impressive. We passed one house on the way, and then climbed a very steep hill, and, at the top, we came unexpectedly close upon the church and parsonage. For one second my heart failed me, and for the first time in my life I felt tempted to give way to utter despair. There was the church that I was to minister in, there was the house that was to be my home, and at first it all looked so poor, so lonely, so far removed from any habitation that, as I say, for one brief moment I felt tempted to despair. But it was only for a moment. I lifted up my heart to God in prayer, and then said to myself : "Here is work for me to do, and, with God's help, I will do it."

The house was nearest to us, so we made our way to it. The people had not expected us quite so soon, so there were no preparations made, and no one ready to receive us. The doors were fastened, but we found one of the windows unfastened, and so we opened it and climbed in and inspected our future abode. We were not enchanted, though we both had brave hearts, and were determined to make the best of everything. The house was roughly built, and very small. After inspecting the house, we went on a few steps farther to the church, which we found open, and entered, and our first act was to kneel down and thank our Heavenly Father, who had so graciously prospered our journey, and to beg earnestly for His guidance and blessing in the future. This prayer calmed and soothed us, and the feeling of loneliness passed away. While we were in the church, a young man, attracted by my wife trying the harmonium, came and looked in through one of the windows, and when he saw us he at first started off at a run to give notice of our arrival, but before he had gone many yards he stopped and retraced his steps and came into the church and greeted us most warmly, and then conducted us on to Captain Harston's house, a quarter of a mile further on. Here we were heartily welcomed and taken care of, and we stayed in Captain Harston's house for a few weeks, till we were able to get the

parsonage into something like habitable order. Such was our first entrance into Ilfracombe, where we afterwards spent rather more than four very happy and very laborious years.

Of course, I at once began my duty, and most pleasing it was to me to do so. The people had been so long without a clergyman to minister to them that they were all eager to attend the services, and to listen to the word of exhortation. The little church was always well filled, and the heartiness with which the people joined in the responses and in the singing did one's heart good.

For a few Sundays, till I got to know the place well, it used to surprise me much as to where the people came from. Only two houses could be seen from the church, and all around seemed to be one vast unbroken forest, and yet we scarcely ever had less than fifty people present at a service. But, as I gradually got to know the place, I found out that there were houses in almost all directions, deep hidden amongst the trees, at various distances from the church, and all the people within a radius of about three miles used to attend the Sunday service regularly, and occasionally people came from a much greater distance. I have known people come ten, twelve, or fourteen miles to that little church in the bush.

My wife at once began a Sunday School, which was gladly attended by all the children living within two or three miles. This I could not do myself, as I had other places to attend to on Sundays besides Ilfracombe. I had been told previous to going out that there would be two other hamlets placed under my care, one called Hoodstown, and the other called Ravenscliffe. Hoodstown was then ten miles distant from Ilfracombe by what was called a road, and about four miles by road and water. Of course in summer time one naturally chooses the latter, but in the spring and autumn it was not practicable. Here at Hoodstown was a small group of English emigrants who, like their neighbours at Ilfracombe, had also built a small church in the hope that they would one day have a clergyman to minister to them. I cannot speak too highly of these people. They were all poor; every one entirely dependent on his own work and industry, and yet out of their poverty they had contrived to build a very neat little church, with very little assistance indeed from outsiders. The church was small, and, of course, built of wood. It represented a cost of a little over £100, and the only help given by outsiders amounted to only £20. The rest had been all done by the settlers themselves. Very little, if any, money had been actually given, but they had given time and material equal to money. Perhaps one man, for instance, would give one week's labour, another perhaps two, another perhaps three, and so on. So that, in course of time, the church was actually built with a very small outlay of actual cash.

Here it was always a great pleasure to me to minister. The people were so eager and so anxious for services, and joined so heartily in all the responses, that it was always a pleasure to conduct services there. Before I went the people had only had occasional services by a lay reader, with now and then a visit from a clergyman. They were delighted to have regular and constant services. Some of the settlers here had been accustomed, whilst in England, to sing in a well-trained choir, and so were enabled to sing well and correctly. The late bishop once said it was a treat to take part in a service like that at Hoodstown. Here I held service every Sunday, and also on Fridays during Lent and Advent. And many a toilsome journey have I had in going to and fro. If I went by road I generally went on horseback, but the road was so bad that it was necessary to go at a walking pace nearly the whole of the way; and if I went by water, the usual way in summer, I had first to cross Buck Lake, a distance of about a mile, then walk rather more than a mile through the forest along an Indian trail, and then go down another lake, called Fox Lake, a distance of nearly two miles. Or else I could go the whole way by water, but this involved a paddle of seven miles. First crossing Buck Lake, then going down Buck River into Fox Lake, and so on to Hoodstown.

One Sunday evening, when returning by this route from Hoodstown, I had the pleasure of spending the night in the bush. It was in the autumn, and it was a pitch dark night, and raining in torrents. A man called Jemmy White was with me, and he was somewhat timid, and soon gave way to doleful lamentations. It was so dark that we could not see one another in the canoe, and in going up Buck River we constantly ran against the banks, and were constantly on the verge of being upset into the river. After a long time we managed to reach the "Falls," a place where it was necessary to take the canoe out of the water, and carry it for about one hundred yards. Here my companion struck, said it was impossible to go farther on such a night, and our best plan was to stay in the bush till day dawn. This was not a pleasant prospect. It was pitch dark, and we were soaking wet—wet, literally, to the skin. However, I could not persuade Jemmy White to venture on the river again, and there was no way to get home by land, as there was no path or trail through that part of the forest where we were, and it would have been folly to have attempted our way through the forest without some kind of a path to guide us on such a night; so the only thing was to stop where we were, and devoutly long for the first streak of day. Close by we found a half-built shed, but there was only one corner of it that was partly roofed in, so we both huddled together in this one corner, and stayed there during that long, long night.

"Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows," and it was so in my case. It was a novel experience to have a working mason cuddling up as close as he could get in order to try to keep warm. I believe I slept a little, but I fear not much. It was not altogether pleasant to be lying on a few loose planks, with one's clothes soaking wet, and the rain dripping down one's legs. The day began to dawn between five and six, and at the first streak of light we got up, carried our canoe across the portage, and made the best of our way home. It was a night to be remembered; and, strange to say, neither Jemmy White nor myself seemed to be much the worse for it. But the thorough wetting that I got that night may have laid the foundation for the rheumatism that I afterwards suffered from. Such was one of my experiences in returning from Hoodstown.

Another adventure ended a little more happily, although promising at first to be even more trying, as my wife was with me. It was in the middle of winter, and my wife and I had started directly after morning service at Ilfracombe to drive round to Hoodstown for an afternoon service, and from thence on to Ravenscliffe for evening service. We had to drive round through a place called Stanleydale, a distance of ten miles, and, when we were about four miles from Hoodstown, my wife, who was driving, drove against one of the numerous stumps that lined each side of the road, and, in consequence, one of the shafts of our sleigh was snapped in two. I remember I was enjoying an apple at the time, and, in spite of my wife's exclamation of dismay, I quietly finished my apple without saying a word, and then jumped out and considered what was the next thing to do. I had nothing whereabouts to mend the broken shaft, and it was impossible to go on with the sleigh as it was. There was no house near where we might apply for help, and the only thing to do was to take the horse out of the sleigh and lead him on till we came to a house, and there try to get a sleigh lent us for the rest of our journey. So we took our rugs and our bags and strapped them on to the horse, and set forth on our way to Hoodstown. I knew there were houses on the way, about two miles from where we were, and I had no doubt I should get help. But, unfortunately, it was in the middle of winter, and the light soon began to fade, and, to make matters a little more exciting, a blinding snow storm came on. Still we trudged manfully on. But, unfortunately, I did not then know the road well enough to be able to keep to it in the dark, and before long I became conscious of the fact that we had wandered off the right road, and had got on to some side road. I knew the road must lead to some house, but I did not know how far distant the house might be. But it was useless to turn back; it was now quite dark, and we might only lose the road altogether if we attempted to retrace our steps. It was not

pleasant. My wife was not strong at this time, and could not keep up with the horse and myself; so for fear of losing one another, as we might easily have done in that great lone forest in the dark, I had to stop every now and then and shout to my wife till she came up. But, happily for us, deliverance was at hand. After we had been going on for some time, and I had begun to think that we had at last found the lane that had no turning, we heard footsteps behind us, and a voice shouting to us in friendly greeting. So we stopped, and were rejoiced to find that the voice proceeded from the owner of the house to which the road on which we were led. He was a Dutchman, and a stranger to us, so we explained our case to him in a few words, and he at once decided that the only thing to be done was to spend the night at his house. He could take us in, but not the horse, as he had no stable; so he directed me to retrace my steps some way back, and then to take a certain turning, which would bring me to a house, where I should find a stable in which to put the horse for the night, whilst he went on with Mrs. Sweet to his own house. He gallantly offered his arm to my wife, which she was very glad to accept, and together they went on. But when they were within sight of the house the snow was so blinding that they missed the path, and my wife got into a deep drift of snow, and in spite of all her efforts she could not get out. Mr. Hoffner, the Dutchman, pulled and tugged with all his might, but my wife stuck fast in the deep snow, and she begged Mr. Hoffner to go on and not mind her, but to leave her there till I returned. But, happily, the Dutchman was of too gallant a nature to do this. He renewed his efforts, and when he found them unavailing he shouted with all his might for his wife to come out and help him. For a time his shouts were unheeded, for, although he was not far from the house, the wind prevented any other sound from being readily heard. At length his son heard and came to the rescue with a lantern, and with their united efforts Mrs. Sweet was extricated from the deep drift of snow and led to the house. There she received every care and attention from Mrs. Hoffner, a most kind and energetic woman, whilst the son was sent off with the lantern to assist me. Fortunately, I had succeeded in finding my way to the house I was directed to, and had made arrangements there for my horse, and was on my way back when the son arrived with the welcome lantern. We, of course, spent the night there, as there was no way of getting on that night, and, besides, it was then too late to think of service. It was a great relief to be safely housed, instead of having to spend the night in the bush, as at one time seemed probable. The next morning I went to the nearest carpenter and took him to the scene of our accident, and left the sleigh under his care to be repaired, whilst another settler kindly lent me his for a few days. And with this

fresh sleigh about midday Monday, we once more started for Hoodstown, to explain there the reason for our non-appearance the day before. Of course the people had been much surprised at our non-arrival and had waited patiently for a long time, and at last had dispersed, greatly fearing that some terrible accident had happened.

So much for that adventure. There was nothing in it at all startling, but it may help some of those "who sit at home at ease" to realize some of the difficulties and trials of mission work in the backwoods of Canada.

A. S. O. SWEET.

IT is not generally known that the hottest, most arid desert in the world is in the United States, but such is the fact. The Cocopah Desert is small, but it is the most dangerous of any in the known world. Standing upon the mountain range to the east, looking across the sixty miles of plain to another mountain range on the west, with glimpses of two small lakes midway between, it does not appear that it requires any extraordinary feat of danger or endurance to cross the plain. And this has caused the loss of many lives. The sand of that desert is so hot that in a few miles the shoes will be literally burned off the traveller's feet, beasts will be overcome before half the distance is encompassed, and the adventurous traveller dies in agony, literally consumed with heat from without and thirst within. Many have been known to attempt the journey, and but few have been known to return. These had gone no farther than the first lake, and, finding it salt water, had beaten a retreat. The nearest lake has been reached often enough to know that it ebbs and flows with the Gulf of California, and the water is the same; hence it must be a part of that body, although separated from it by sixty or seventy miles of solid earth and a high range of mountains. This range was probably at one time an island, and the Cocopah Desert the bottom of the sea. I once started across the barren waste to investigate, but I had not gone ten miles before becoming completely exhausted; the soles of my feet were blistered with heat, my brain grew dizzy, I could get no air, and the breath seemed to stop in my throat. I turned back just in time to save my life, and when I reached the forest of the mountains once more I was delirious for hours.—N. Y. Churchman.

Birth.

ALLMAN.—On Tuesday, June 12th, at St. Paul's Parsonage, Uffington, the wife of Rev. A. H. Allman, of a son.

Death.

KIRBY.—On Sunday, June 24th, at St. Luke's Parsonage, Fort William, Bessie Henrietta Gertrude, fourth daughter of the Rev. Chas. Kirby, aged 7½ months.

Acknowledgments.

Rev. E. Lawlor begs to acknowledge receipt of \$5 from "Anon." and \$4 from Nova Scotia, towards the erection of a church at Warren.