

None can realize the anxiety weighing on the wife's heart through these months of suspense, whilst the Bishop is making his way southwards again to York, from thence to Severn, always a trying, often a dangerous and very prolonged voyage, and so on to Albany, which in favorable weather is only 3 or 4 days journey from Moose. Archdeacon Vincent started out with his men about a fortnight ago, hoping to meet the Bishop somewhere on the river and bring him on. Surely we may say "He who has kept will keep," and confidently look for his speedy and safe return to his flock at Moose, his waiting wife and his Babes in the Wood.

*Written by the Babies' Aunt, Sophia Newnham,  
For the benefit of the Diocese of Moosonee.*

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Sept. 22.—Joyful post-script, and, being a woman's, most important! An Indian rushed in last night to say "Bissip's come!" It did not take long to reach the river-bank, stumbling in the dark through grass and mud, and there, sure enough, his little canoe came to land. He is in splendid health, and tells of God's over-ruling goodness at every step, and help out of every difficulty. So the thanksgivings in Church this morning were indeed heartfelt. So many things have turned out far better than our hopes, may it be that "the abundant grace might through the thanksgiving of many redound to the glory of God." You will of course hear from the Bishop's own pen of the "good hand of his God" upon him.

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Contributions for work among the Indians in the Diocese of Moosonee, or for the Bishop's new house, will be thankfully received by the Bishop's Commissary.

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