

## WITH THE SIXTY TO SASKATOON.



HEY were proud moments when, standing on the deck of the R.M.S. *Empress of Britain*, on the afternoon of April 19th, the last gangway was withdrawn, and the ship moved slowly into mid-stream. A crowd of well-wishers was on the Stage to bid us God-speed, in the front rank being the Irish Secretary and Miss Woolmer holding aloft the Society's flag—an Union Jack, with the letters C.C.C.S. inserted. Months of incessant work on the part of Archdeacon Lloyd and the Association Secretaries of the Colonial and Continental Church Society, well seconded by voluntary workers in many parts of England, had met with deserved success. Churchpeople had risen to a sense of their responsibility in a manner never before experienced, and the Scheme had been fulfilled in every detail. On the previous evening Hope Hall, Liverpool, had been crowded for the Farewell Meeting, and just before sailing the members of the party and their friends had assembled round the Lord's Table in St. Nicholas' Church, where the Saviour's Death was remembered in His Own appointed rite, administered by the Bishop of Liverpool.

The sea was like the proverbial pond, and we made many plans for our guidance on the voyage, most of which remained "plans" owing to the prostration of so