

and myself were taken in charge by Mr. Ralph Simpson and, packed on his sleigh with a miscellaneous company we got once more to the house of Mr. Churchwarden Hamilton not at all sorry to be "out of it." Tuesday morning, Jan. 23rd., was clear, calm and bright, but alas! we were snowed up! Not only what track there had been was vanished, but in many places the fences themselves were hidden; it was hopeless to attempt moving with our rig under the circumstances, so we sat down to letter writing in order to be ready should we be so fortunate as to catch a mail and thus relieve the anxiety of our friends, which, naturally, was great after such a storm as had gone over the country. About 11 o'clock we saw a team slowly ploughing its weary way along, and word was brought to us, that three teams had passed over the way we wished to travel and we determined we would make the attempt. We however, were now convinced that it would be an impossibility for us to carry out our original programme in its entirety. We started from Mr. Hamilton's a little after one o'clock, noon, that gentleman going before us with his team. Our progress was very, very slow, but we could get along. When we arrived at Mr. Laxton's, we fancied the track was somewhat more passable, and so shook hands with Mr. Hamilton and allowed him to return home, a journey back of seven miles. After a short interview to cheer and comfort Mr. Laxton and his family, the Bishop and I once more set our faces towards Midlothian, our next stopping place. Darkness was now coming on very fast, the roads became worse and worse every yard we moved and at last, upon turning a corner in the dark, we found ourselves fixed in a very high snow-drift. I knew this turn well, even in ordinary winters there are drifts in it, but this winter it was not drifts, but one long heavy drift. It was impossible to turn the rig round, and even if it had been neither of us for a moment thought of turning back. Then occurred what may be styled an "Unique episode in a Missionary Bishop's Tour." We could just manage to see the top outline of the horse. The Bishop sprang out one side of the cutter, and I got out the other. His Lordship then, being the younger, longer, and stronger man bravely faced the drift step by step making a track, the horse kept her nose close to his back, whilst I... pushed behind. The episode may seem somewhat amusing but I can assure those who read it, it was awfully hard work, and when we got through that drift, not less than sixty yards, we were thoroughly exhausted, and would gladly have taken a little rest. But Master Jack Frost is a most efficient "Bobby," and as he had managed to creep down to some 34 degrees below zero, he made us promptly move on, as we had no desire to be frozen as we stood. The moon now came out with her gentle silvery light and made bush and branch and little hillock sparkle as if adorned with myriads of jewels. The scenery was beautiful to look at, and cheered us not a little, but we could not help thinking of some young and old folk who were waiting to see their new Bishop, and their person who had never yet disappointed them. I knew their anxiety would be very great. Alas! I had to disappoint this time, the snow was deeper, the drifts were larger and our progress slower every mile. We thought so, at any rate, whether it were the actual fact or not. When we were within three miles of our destination we met some people, whom I recognized as part of my flock. Their conduct was very touching to me; in their anxiety to get assurance that I was safe and sound, they did not seem to notice my expression "this is your new Bishop." His Lordship was highly amused. These people had waited patiently hour after hour for our coming and at last had concluded there must have been an accident. Having decided we could not go to Nipissing this tour, the Bishop most kindly consented to remain a day or two in the neighbourhood in order that we might arrange for another meeting. About 8.30 p.m. we got to the hospitable shelter of Mr. Churchwarden Briggs' house, having managed our 17 miles in seven hours and a half. We soon had plenty of willing hands to unpack the cutter and almost carry us indoors, in the midst of the bustle one young voice exclaiming "I told you he would come." Our welcome was all that could be desired. Mrs. Gutridge, Mr. and Mrs. Briggs, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, and a host of youngsters around lending ready hands to take off wraps, mufflers and all the "et ceteras" of winter travelling. After a good wash and viewing what had every appearance of a most comfortable tea, the Bishop remarked "there were worse places in the world than a backwoods' home after such an experience as ours had been. Thursday Jan. 25th. The Sunday-school scholars and members of the congregation of St. Peter's Church, Midlothian, had their deferred social meeting with their Bishop. I wish I could convey that scene to the minds of my readers, I mean what little I saw of it. To say that the Bishop was "at home" amongst the youngsters is saying but a small thing. He soon had them at home with him. He has, evidently, the art of getting

hold of children, and not children only, for the parents, one and all, were just the same. Every now and then some of them would come to me in the vestry and tell me "oh! he's such a nice man." After a cup of tea, we held a sort of a public meeting at which a goodly number were present. The children recited several pieces, and the manner in which they did so, reflected the greatest credit upon Mrs. Briggs their superintendent. The Bishop distributed the Sunday-school prizes. When His Lordship learned that one of the oldest of the children then before him had asked the question "what is a church" only four years ago, and heard them recite their pieces, (not merely as gabble but with no little discrimination, and sing their hymns, his own feelings were evidently stirred to their depths, and the commencement of his address showed this clearly to all. His words of loving kindness, cheerfulness and encouragement will be treasured in those young hearts and must hereafter bear good fruit. After writing many letters on the Friday, His Lordship ventured forth, and calling to mind his early days in the "Bush" took an axe and showed "how he could cut firewood too." Saturday Jan. 27th. We drove early to Magnetawan Village and became the guests of Mr. Hugh Irwin the churchwarden. In the afternoon the Church authorities met His Lordship and earnestly begged that he would send them a resident clergyman. St. George's Church is now plastered and furnished with service books, surplice, stole, altar linen, communion vessels, lamps and good altar cloth. There is a grand opening here for an active lover of his church. St. George's Church is pleasantly situated on the banks of the Magnetawan River. There is a small house also, close to the church, which could be made a residence with little expense. The whole is in trust to the Bishop, and entirely free from debt. Saturday night another storm set in and was raging still on Sunday morning Jan. 28th. But for all that a congregation of 56 adults assembled, we had a nice service, splendid address, two babies baptized, nine communicants and an offertory of \$4.72 which was given to Diocesan Fund. In consequence of this fresh storm we expected to find more drifts on our way, and our expectations were not in the least disappointed. We started back to Midlothian immediately after dinner, the horse had to walk nearly every step of the ten miles and it was dreadfully cold. At 6.30 p.m. we met in St. Peter's Church, Midlothian, for evening prayers, having a congregation of seventy-seven souls. During the service His Lordship baptized a young woman and baby. I presented four for confirmation, of which the newly baptized was one, we had ten communicants, and an offertory of \$2.87, a very good one from poor people so short of money as these are, indeed many a day they never see money at all. The Bishop gave earnest expression to the pleasure and gratification he himself had had in his visit to Midlothian. His Lordship visited a poor sick boy whilst he was here. Mr. Simpson, a member of St. Peter's congregation offered to give all the pine required to fence round the churchyard, but, alas! I do not see any chance of our taking advantage of his liberal offer, desirable though it is we should do so, for the cutting the pine, mails, &c. &c., would cost not less than \$75, and we have it not, nor see any prospect of it. The members have offered to till, plant and beautify this God's acre, if they could get it fenced, and I wish I could set the young people to work. They are willing to hunt the bush for young trees, plant them, give them labour, time and all they can do, but not having the money to get the lumber round the church yard, they can only wish. It does seem very hard that for lack of \$75 the children cannot be encouraged to adorn the place of their sanctuary and resting place of their dead. Monday Jan. 29th. we got to Dufferin Bridge early. During the day His Lordship held a meeting of members on church business. He also asked me to take this again as one of my stations until he could appoint a clergyman for the district to be formed. I consented and at once arranged to add a porch, vestry and east end apse to the little building and make it more like a church. They have a surplice and altar cloth, but no linen, vessels, stole or service books. His Lordship held service in the Church of St. John's, when we had 77 adults present and nine communicants. Tuesday Jan. 30th. We arrived at St. Paul's little church, Seguin Falls, in time for service at 10 o'clock a.m. There was a congregation of 49. Two little ones were baptized, we had eleven communicants and an offertory of \$2.50 for Diocesan Fund. Immediately after service the Bishop held a church meeting on business, and partook of luncheon with the members. I could only give him one hour and a half for this, and on time, called for him at the church with the cutter and started for Rosseau, where we arrived about 6.30 p.m., and received a most hospitable welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Pratt, at the Rosseau House. Wednesday Jan. 30th. We left Rosseau very soon after 8 o'clock a.m. this morning in the midst of a blinding snow-storm.

We halted by the way at Ullswater for two hours, and got to Beatrice by 6 p.m., the storm raging worse than ever. But a congregation of 33 met us in St. Mary's Church Hall. After service the Bishop held a business meeting and did all that lay in his power to encourage the members to persevere and to believe that there is a "Good time coming" when in God's good time they may again have regular services. His Lordship was particularly pleased at the report of the Sunday-school which is still kept steadily together by the superintendent Mr. O'Hara. Thursday Feb. 1st. we started very early. Mr. O'Hara kindly going ahead to break track. We went round by Port Sydney in order that the Bishop might see the place and the beautiful little church. We had the pleasure of dining with Mr. and Mrs. Ladell and family, and after dinner drove our next twelve miles, making 26 miles this day, to The Cedars where the Bishop was to stay as our guest for two or three days. Sunday Feb. 4th. We had morning service at St. Mary's Church, Aspdin. The congregation numbered 46, and two children were baptized. I presented two males and two females for confirmation. We had sixteen communicants and the offertory for the Diocesan Fund \$4.17. Mr. Churchwarden Johnson and his lady took us in to luncheon, after which we drove to St. George's Church, Lancelot. Here we had a congregation of 32 and six communicants, offertory 97 cents. The Bishop had a chat with the members present and then we drove back to dinner at The Cedars. We had evening-song in St. John's, Stisted, our own little log church, when His Lordship was pleased to become one of the congregation. It was a quiet, joyful, happy conclusion to a long and dangerous tour of nearly one hundred and eighty miles. The offertory \$3.30 was given to Diocesan Fund. Monday Feb. 5th. The Bishop and I shook hands, mutually pleased with our work. He was then driven to Ilfracombe.

Correspondence.

All Letters will appear with the names of the writers in full and we do not hold ourselves responsible for their opinions.

ALGOMA.

SIR.—Notice being requested in DOMINION CHURCHMAN, I have to respectfully ask for room to make the following acknowledgements, viz.:—A large box of clothes for distribution from C. W. A. S., Toronto; also \$5 from "a reader of DOMINION CHURCHMAN," Picton; and a cheque for £17 s7. sterling from friends in Bristol, England. I must also beg you to allow me to ask the forbearance of my numerous friends for my apparent neglect of them of late. My powers are only human, and work and correspondence have accumulated to such a degree, that I find it impossible to respond as promptly as they wish and I desire. If they will kindly have patience with me, I will attend to one and all in their turn. I returned yesterday from a ten days' tour and was far from well; and when you hear that one part of my experience during my journey has been to go twice through water running like a mill-stream, and above my knees when on horseback, for upwards of 150 yards, I think you will not be surprised at my being somewhat out of my usual state of body. The worst of all was, I had, perforce, to ride upwards of fifteen miles and allow my clothes to dry on me as I rode. Nothing but the earnest prayers so frequently offered here and in England, would I am certain have preserved me in that time of no small peril. With a grateful heart for the favours and blessings granted me. I remain &c.,

WILLIAM CROMPTON,

Travelling clergyman, Diocese of Algoma.

May 1st. 1888, Aspdin P.O.

Always be punctual; never make an appointment you cannot keep; and never break one, unless from positive inability to keep it. In the latter case, explain and apologize with as little delay as possible.

"HILL'S MANUAL."—We desire to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement, in another column, under the above heading. The fame of this great book is already world-wide; yet the new edition (just out of press), will greatly increase its justly earned reputation, and becomes especially useful and valuable to all Canadians.

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