

Smythe had so kindly kept waiting for me. The old lady had a trouble that night. Her husband and her eldest son, who was staying with his parents a few days, had gone across the lake to see another son, whose farm was some miles away. It was dark by this time, and she was fidgetty about their absence, fearing that, if the boat were left to enable the visited son to get to church next morning, and her husband came home by way of the bush he might get astray. But all ended well. Soon voices were heard. The two sons, who were bringing in the peas, came and with them the father and eldest son. It was now after 9 o'clock, yet the fear of rain caused the farmers to unload the wagon, and again go to the fields and get the last load. It was well they did, for it rained heavily next day. The work being done and the horses (mine included) provided for, we all sat in the kitchen for half-an-hour and enjoyed a pleasant chat. Then prayers were said, we bade each other good-night and retired soon after 11 p.m.

Next morning the air was beautiful, just a little breeze came over the lake from the south. The scene is one of the prettiest in this north country. At the church I found Mr. Gander who had, that morning, driven from South River. The congregation was a good one—seventeen persons; the communicants numbered twelve. It was a delightful service, and though time was short, I could not forbear saying to the people that I was so much encouraged that I would try to be with them again as soon as possible. This little church in the backwoods has a history of which I will write another day. Now, let me only say, that there was no organ, no choir—it is not expected—but there is no proper "holy table," or frontal—that I hope will soon be supplied by the kind gifts of some who read this. I returned to the house of my host to find that three persons came too late for the service—among them the son for whose benefit the boat was left, and his wife. They were undoubtedly disappointed. Bidding my hosts good-bye, and thanking them for their kind hospitality, I started for South River—eight miles distant. I was in good time for the service at 11 a.m. When I alighted at the church door my horse and buggy were taken care of by a son of Mr.

Gander. Grace Church, South River, is also in need of a "holy table" and frontal. Altar linen is also needed for both churches. The service here was brightened by the aid of a small organ, played by one of Mr. Gander's sons, then home from school. Mr. Gander read Morning Prayer, I read the lessons. When reading the first lesson, and uttering the words "a sound of abundance of rain," attention was diverted to a heavy downpour then beginning to descend outside, and "humming" upon the roof. I again celebrated the Blessed Sacrament of Holy Communion, being assisted in the administration by Mr. Gander. The church was fairly well filled, eleven staying to communicate.

Mr. Ard, one of the churchwardens, entertained us to dinner. Both he and his wife seemed most happy at having an opportunity of showing us a kindness, nor did I leave without a warm invitation to return. As the rain ceased only for a few minutes at a time it seemed unwise to wait for a clear sky. Therefore, about 2.30 o'clock I started for home—distant fully 20 miles. A few minutes were spent in Sundridge, as I drove through. I was more than half way home when the storm caught me. First it seemed but a gentle rain, the patter of the raindrops on the overhanging trees being scarcely enough to deaden the rattle of the buggy wheels. But before long the rumble of thunder gave warning of a good drenching if I could not get home quickly. It was within three miles of home that I fairly got into the storm, or rather that the storm caught me—the lightning clave the heavens in twain, and so dazzled my sight that for a moment I sometimes could see nothing. I hurried along, urging the horse to his best speed, and just got home in time to escape one of the heaviest downpours of rain I ever saw. It came with a sweep, that washed the roads and levelled vegetation to the ground. It was then after 6 o'clock. There was a small congregation at 7 p.m. at Evening Prayer at Burk's Falls.

I would not have written the above at length unless I had been convinced that it is some of this every day incident that many of our readers ask for. It was a harder day than usual, however. It is not often that two services require a 50-mile drive. CHARLES PIERCY.

## Korah and Goulais Bay Notes.

The following is from a description of the Goulais Bay road by the editor of the *Sault Star*: "To describe the road to the Goulais settlement as bad would be far short of the mark. It is simply dangerous, and will soon be utterly impassable. Why this road was placed where it is is inconceivable. In many places the gutter is in the centre of the road and from one to three feet deep. Boulders and rocks are strewn thick for miles. The hills are numerous, very steep and rough."

On Tuesday, Aug. 24th, a successful social tea and sale of work was held on the grounds of the Korah parsonage.

## Gore Bay Mission.

REV. LAURENCE SINCLAIR, INCUMBENT.

The services are being carried on regularly in All Saints' Church, Gore Bay, every Sunday, and every alternate Sunday in Trinity Church, Mills, and in the Union Church at Kagawong. The attendance at each place during August has been very encouraging to the incumbent.

The Ladies' Aid of All Saints' Church have placed a beautiful cloth on the altar, with I. H. S. wrought in needle work in the centre.

The mail steamer, *City of Windsor*, was chartered for Saturday, August 21st, to take the Sunday-school from Gore Bay to Kagawong, and the plan proved very successful.

LAURENCE SINCLAIR.

## English Letter.

By the time this letter appears in THE ALGOMA MISSIONARY NEWS, its numerous readers will have heard something of the Bishop of Algoma's visit to England; of the annual meeting of the Algoma Association, and of the Intercessory services in Bristol and Gloucester Cathedrals, and the Church of St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, and I think we may fairly say that it is hardly possible to over estimate the pleasure and the help it has given to the officers and associates to meet the Bishop, and to hear all that he has told them of his Missionary Diocese. His strong and earnest words have stirred the hearts of many. Already, more interest and more energy are being shown, and we may thankfully