

wished by him with the requisite directions for my solitary and circuitous route.

The sun was high in the heavens before I arrived at the morass—the bulwark thrown by nature around this little city of the desert. Alighting from my horse, I led him over the rude bridges of logs, which were placed over the pools and ravines, until our footing once more rested upon firm earth. An expanse of arable woodland soon became visible, and wreaths of smoke came lightly curling through the trees, offering, as it were, a welcome to the weary stranger. A cluster of cottages then cheered the eye—so contiguously situated that the blast of a horn, or even the call of a shrill voice might easily convene all the inhabitants. To the central and largest building I at once directed my steps. Approaching, I found the window was open, and heard a distinct manly voice, pronouncing the solemn invocation—“By thine agony and bloody sweat—by thy cross and passion—by thy precious death and burial—by thy glorious resurrection and ascension—“and by the coming of the Holy Ghost”—the response rose fully and devoutly in accents of manhood, and the softer tones of the mothers and their children.

Standing motionless that I might not disturb the devotion of the worshippers, I had a full view of the lay reader. He was a man six feet in height, muscular and well proportioned, with a head beautifully formed; from whose crown time

had begun to shred the luxuriance of its raven locks. Unconscious of the presence of a stranger, he supposed that no eye regarded him save that of Him who “sitteth upon the circle of the heavens;” kneeling around him were his “brethren according to the flesh”—a numerous and attentive congregation. At his right hand was the patriarch—tall, somewhat emaciated, yet not bowed down with years, his white hair combed smoothly over his temples, and slightly curling on his neck. Gathered near him were his children and his children’s children. His blood was in the veins of almost every worshipper, mingled with the ferns that evinced the ravages of time and toil, were the bright shining locks of youth, and the rosy brow of childhood bowed low in supplication; even the infant, with hushed lip, seemed to regard a scene where there was no wandering glance. Involuntarily I said to myself, as my heart swelled with emotion at what I saw, “shall not this be a family in heaven?” In the closing aspirations, “O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world have mercy on us.” The solemn voice of the patriarch was distinctly heard, with strong and affecting emphasis. After a pause of silent adoration all arose from their knees, and I entered the pious and happy circle. “I am a minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ, I said as I entered, and I come to greet and bless you in the name of the Lord.”

(To be Continued.)

### Jottings.

During a late tour through the Musko-ka and Pary Sound districts the missionary Bishop of Algoma held 60 services at 45 different stations or settlements; baptized 49; confirmed 85; administered the Holy Communion to 437 persons; and travelled nearly 800 miles in cutter or on a buck-board. Sermons and addresses 73.

We are looking forward with much plea-

sure to the arrival of our Bishop and his family and will be ready to give them a most hearty welcome. “Home again” after a long six months absence, but home again will not mean rest for our hard-working Bishop, for there is a great deal of work extending over 300 miles on the one side of the South and nearly 200 on the other awaiting his necessary presence.

In the much lamented necessary absence