

On Sundays I performed service at Gregory, Port Carling, and Beaumaris. I had the honour of conducting the first or opening service in the new church at Gregory. This building had an advantage over the temple at Beaumaris in the circumstance that it was closed in and, therefore, not hyphaet'ral. The word *opening*, as applied to the first service, was, however, appropriate for more than one reason. Besides intentionally opened doors and windows, there were structurally open spaces between the boards of the walls. The backs of the benches were very open, in fact, destitute of both rails and uprights. Thus the most eligible seats were those next the west wall, or farthest from the chancel and clergyman. Notwithstanding these slight disadvantages, a large congregation was present at every service. All sorts and conditions of men combined in offering the sacrifice of holy worship. As viewed from a little distance, the Gregory church, standing in the midst of a group of primeval forest trees, on an elevation which forms a sort of promontory in relation to the neighbouring lake, made one of the prettiest pictures that I was privileged to take during this summer excursion.

My Sunday duties involved the novel experience of going to church in a boat. Between Gregory and Port Carling I had on the first trip a crew of three fine young men, who delighted to make their

"Oars with feathered spray
Sparkle in the light of day."

When leaving Port Carling that day for the third station, a new crew, comprising only one able seaman, took the oars. We were gliding gracefully over the smooth surface of the Indian River, when I observed at the distance of a few rods a man coming down to the river brink from a house situated on the slope. Presently the inquiry, "Is that Mr. Spencer?" was wafted towards mid-stream. I promptly sent back an affirmative response. The question was followed by what seemed to my auditory nerves to be, "I want to go with you to be married." I enquired, "At the service this evening?" The answer came promptly and decidedly, "Yes." This being the first occasion on which I had ever been invited to perform the marriage service on a Sunday, I wondered somewhat at the request; but remembering the familiar saying, "The better the day the better the deed," I brought the helm to starboard, and in a few moments captain and crew were disembarking at a point nearest the landsman's station. As soon as dignity and a disposition to avoid undue haste would allow, I approached the gentleman and asked in a soft low tone of voice, "Have you the license?" "License!" said he, "What for?" "To be married!" I replied. "Married!" he exclaimed; "why, I've been married these twenty years"; and then, turning to a friend who had just arrived

on the scene, he said with a provoking smile, "Bill, he thought I wanted to be married." Just at that moment I wished I could suddenly transform myself into one of Charles Kingsley's water-babies and dive into the flowing stream out of sight and sound. Mutual explanations were, however, given; and I learned that instead of my newly-found friend having said, "I want to go with you to be married," he had stated, "I want to go with you to Beaumaris." Distance, besides "lending enchantment to the view," sometimes imparts a charm to the voice, it did so in this case. The person whose announcement had been so oddly misunderstood proved to be no other than one of the churchwardens of the Beaumaris congregation, he having, along with a companion, come to assist in the work of conveying the minister to that place for evening service. This task was in due time well performed, my Port Carling oarsman being released from his engagement and allowed to return home. Service was held in a large room of the Beaumaris hotel.

During the intervals between the Sundays I paid visits to several places, some of them remote from the lakes of this Canadian Killarney. I took views of churches in Rosseau, Gravenhurst, Uffington, Port Sydney, Aspdin, Huntsville and Emsdale; and I tried to give a little useful information to the people of these villages by using an optical lantern and a set of slides illustrative of a missionary tour around the world. In Gravenhurst I found the Church of St. James a good subject for possible future missionary talks, this building having, Phoenix-like, risen from the ashes of the fire of its predecessor. Photographs of both the exterior and the interior were taken. These have proved highly serviceable, no fewer than a hundred photograms having been sold for the benefit of the Gravenhurst church and mission. The public school of the village seemed to constitute another fitting subject for the lens, its solid resting-place of granite rock, destitute of both verdure and soil, affording a material text for a discourse on "the nakedness of the land." A place was accordingly devoted to the acquisition of its form. In Bracebridge a yoke of oxen with heavy wagon attached, meekly waiting for their youthful driver in front of a provision store, and calmly indicating a degree of primitive simplicity as still a characteristic of Muskoka husbandry, tempted the camerist to try a "snap-shot." This has proved a happy and successful venture. South Muskoka Falls, although looking less grand and striking than they would have appeared in early spring, fully repaid me for a visit. A day spent at Port Sydney on Mary Lake gave an opportunity of getting a negative of a very pleasing church interior, not a few prints from which have been distributed among the friends and supporters of the mission. A great surprise awaited me