

to the Church by the death of Bishop Sullivan, who exercised an unique influence on the religious life of Canada, and who was loved in the Diocese of Montreal.

'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.

The Sullivan Memorial.

A memorial to Bishop Sullivan—the very best—will be found in the endowment fund for the sustaining and perpetuating of missions commenced by our late revered diocesan.

The above paragraph was penned before the Bishop preached at Sault Ste. Marie on Jan. 15th last, a sermon burdened with thoughts concerning the late Bishop Sullivan's life and work. Our suggestion seems to express exactly one of the thoughts the Bishop gave utterance to. Therefore, with what may be taken for granted in the shape of episcopal approval, we more boldly ask that Algoma's friends in Canada and England will liberally help to build up a Diocesan Mission Sustentation Fund, which will continue the Church's work in the poor parts of the Diocese when the S.P.G. help ceases—a work which, indeed, can never be dissociated from the name of Bishop Sullivan. Our late Bishop's name would be for all time remembered if in his memory there were in the missionary Diocese of Algoma a "Bishop Sullivan Mission Sustentation Fund." It is not impossible to reach a \$50,000 limit. Only let us all do what we can—do it now.

Real Giving.

Some of our Algoma Church folk who receive the ministrations of the Church largely in consequence of subscriptions from those who have the mission spirit at heart may not only be interested in a case of real self-denial for Algoma's benefit, but may be taught and spurred on to do more for the support of the Church's cause in their own missions, as well as for the kingdom of Christ the world over.

A poor widow, quite alone, and having nothing but what she earns by choring, heard the Bishop speak when he was over in England last year, and asked for a missionary box, which, when it was opened in November last, contained eight shillings. When a receipt was sent her for the amount she wrote, "Only wishing it had been more."

How such deeds put the great majority of us to shame!

Sudbury.

REV. F. C. H. ULBRICHT, INCUMBENT.

The eighth annual sale, supper and concert under the auspices of the

Women's Parochial Aid Association of the Church of the Epiphany was held on Thursday, the 15th of December, and proved in every way a marvellous success. The sale of fancy articles in the afternoon was well patronized by those seeking suitable and useful Christmas gifts for their friends. The supper, too, was well attended. The concert was one of the leading features, and the programme was said to be one of the best ever given in the town. The ladies of the church realize that they are needed for the success of their undertakings, and leave no stone unturned to make that of each year even more successful than that of the previous year. The good feeling and kindness towards the Church was manifested by the large attendance of those not of her communion. The net proceeds amounted to \$123, which more than clears the parish of debt.

The church choir has lost two valuable members in the persons of Miss Gaviller, of Beeton, and Miss Cressy, of Pembroke. The churchwardens, on behalf of the people, presented each of these young ladies with a large and handsomely bound edition of the Church services as a slight token of their appreciation.

The church was tastefully decorated for the Christmas season. The services were well attended both morning and evening. The offertory for the day was \$42.80.

The incumbent (Mr. Ulbricht), though ill and unable to attend the services, was not forgotten. The wardens called after the evening service and presented their clergyman with the special offertory, which amounted to \$36.45, representing in a small degree the accustomed generosity of the people. T. S.

Batchewana Lumber Camps.

Over four hundred men are in these camps, about thirty miles from Goulais Bay. Last year when I visited these camps I waited until Lake Superior was frozen. This year I thought I would go before Christmas, so on Sunday, December 11th, after morning service in Goulais Bay Church I drove to the eastern shore of Batchewana Bay to the house of Mr. Peter Jones, commonly called "Pete, the Finn." Pete has married an Indian and has led a lonely life ten miles from a white face in one direction and twenty in another. I found Mr. Thomas Bishop, the "walking boss," or manager of the camps, at Pete's, and several shantymen, and thus had a congregation of twenty. There were the squaw, the Indian wife and her children, Lizzie Parr, a servant girl of 18, the "walking boss," "Pete, the Finn," the shantymen, among whom was a Captain Patterson, formerly master of a boat on the lakes—all sorts and conditions of men. I tried to say a word in season to each "to open their eyes and to turn them from darkness to light and from the power of Satan unto God that they may receive forgiveness of sins

and inheritance among them which are sanctified."

Perhaps you may say, what was Lizzie Parr, the servant girl, doing there? Well, Pete's house is a "stopping place"—in fact the only house between Batchewana Bay and Goulais Bay.

On the following day, Monday, Mr. Bishop kindly directed a man to take me and my horse and cutter to the Chippewa River, four miles away, and then to bring the horse back to Pete's to await my return. The bush was too thick to drive through beyond the Chippewa and so I began to tramp to the first camp. I was directed to follow the edge of the bay to Sand Point, where there is only a narrow strip of water between the bay and Batchewana Island. But it was impossible to skirt the exact edge of the bay all the way because in places trees grew to the water's edge and elsewhere steep rocks overhung the water. So, then, I dodged into the bush and got back to the shore at the earliest opportunity. When I got to Sand Point I was told to sit out and I should be heard at Reardon's Camp on the island—(the distance from the point to the island across the water is about a quarter of a mile)—but the wind was from the island and carried my voice away. However, after shouting at intervals for half an hour, I was eventually heard and a boat put out from the island fetched me across. Mr. Reardon, a Roman Catholic, is foreman of Camp No. 1, the clerk is a Presbyterian. Here I may say that in each camp the foreman and clerk have a little log house to themselves and I bunked with them. The sleeping camp of the working men was generally a building of about forty feet by twenty-five feet and bunks in three tiers reminding me of bunks on a ship only on a larger scale; seventy men in a building forty feet by twenty-five is pretty close quarters—certainly it is warm. I had my services generally in the sleeping camp, and, though it might be very cold outside, perspiration would roll down my face as on a summer's day. The men were just in shirt and trousers and I in full regimentals. Divine service in a lumber camp is a graphic scene. The men sitting on their bunks—tier upon tier—and some on the floor on forms, their coats, socks, and mits hung up all round the stove to dry, the place half full of steam, the stoves roaring away—the men are cold and take some time to thaw out after being in the bush all day—the minister standing at one end of the room singing and reading and then kneeling and praying for God's benediction. Tact and discretion are needed to appropriately address men of different creeds. I found English Churchmen mixed with Roman Catholics, Methodists and Presbyterians. It being the Advent season I founded my instruction on the call, "Now it is high time to awake out of sleep. . . Awake thou that sleepest and arise from the dead and Christ shall give thee light," and I showed the true relation between the living voice of