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ber of his meetings, but gave notice he should continue at the end of the Church of England service. His doing this of course caused a large attendance. At the conclusion of our service, as our people were getting ready quietly to disperse, and before I had taken off my Surplice, the preacher got upon a form, gave out the number of a hymn and commenced singing! Comment is unnecessary. Let me say in passing, that upon one occasion, I and my people, at another place, were kept waiting five and twenty minutes, by a young preacher, outside a school-house; and, according to his own boast, that purposely. With the materials, work, etc., the settlers are prepared to furnish, they could erect a church for themselves if they had some \$75 in addition to the \$25 I have promised them out of the fund given me by Mr. Rowsell.

At Dufferin, I have an enthusiastic congregation, and a good one too; all except three, I believe, Orangemen. At a meeting held in their Orange Hall on Thursday evening, June 12th last, they determined to undertake the work of building a church for themselves. One man offered to give two days sawing with his steam mill, and the members then and there agreed about getting the necessary logs to the mill. A poor man, who is a carpenter, promised fourteen days work, and another seven days' work—in fact a better spirit could not be evinced everywhere. I was delighted to be amongst them, and their loud and hearty "Thank you sir," "God bless you sir," when I told them I should (D.V.) come regularly amongst them once a month, and that they should have a service just as they had had that night, was something to be remembered. I promised them the last \$25 of the fund I had at my command, and, at their request, consented to appeal through you to their Orange brethren at the front for aid towards raising the \$60 they will still need additional.

At Sequin Falls, I have another hearty congregation, all Orangemen, who only hope to erect a very small place. They have no means whatever, and are very poor. My funds are completely exhausted, and unless I can raise them about \$50, I fear the station must be dropped when winter comes, for the school-house in which we meet is unfurnished, and only fit for the summer. A touching, but pleasing incident occurred here, I was asked to baptize a baby, which of course I did during the service. In conversation afterwards, I ascertained that the poor woman had been confined barely three weeks. I remonstrated with her daring to walk some two miles, in really cold weather, under such circumstances. She replied "Oh, Sir, you cannot know how hard it is never to know when you will see a clergyman, or only to see one once a year! I thought you might not come again, so I make sure of my baby." My welcome amongst these people was most pleasing but also very painful, because I conclude that I was so welcomed owing to the fact that they had been, comparatively speaking, completely debarrd from the "means of grace."

If these places will not speak for themselves, then nothing that I can say will be effectual. I have other stations waiting for help, all fresh ones, but I appeal now specially for the above four, but particularly to the Orange body for the two last, Dufferin and Sequin Falls. They will wait to hear what I shall report. What shall I say brethren? shall I tell these poor people "I wrote to your Orange friends asking them for bread for you, and they have sent you—nothing? Those who think of helping must do so promptly, as our season is a short one. Hoping for a good, hearty reply, I remain, &c.

WM. CROMPTON,

Travelling Clergyman Diocese of Algoma.
Aspin P. O., June 20th 1879.

GRAVENHURST.—The Rev. Thomas Lloyd begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, the following donations in aid of the Master's work in the Gravenhurst mission: St. Peter's off., per Mr. Mason, \$10; St. James' cathedral off., per Mr. Gilmour, \$25; Anon, per the Dean, \$2; Anon, per T. D. D. Lloyd, \$1; Mr. S. Trees, \$5; Mr. Platt, \$10; Mrs. Blaine, \$5; Mr. W. H. Howland, \$35; Mrs. B. H. Dixon, \$10; Mrs. Winn, \$10; a friend, \$1; Mrs. Boyd, \$1; Mr. J. Henderson, \$5; Mr. H. O'Brien, per Mr. Mason, \$20.

UNITED STATES.

Notes by the way.

From Philadelphia to Baltimore is only a few hours ride by rail, but it is the passage from the region of William Penn in the North to the home of hot Southernism in the upper tier of Southern States. The change of climate, too, riding South 100 miles, is very perceptible in the more advanced stage of vegetation and the more heated atmosphere. Baltimore is a city of rare beauty in many respects, markedly continental, not to say Parisian in its aspect. The "Entaw Place" region reminds one forcibly of the Champs Elysses, with a basis of picturesque nature which the Parisian avenue does not possess. The slope looking off into the country is very lovely in this part of the city; and there are several other slopes almost equally picturesque. Nearly 250 years ago Lord Baltimore became proprietor of Maryland—calling his estate so after the name of his wife—in the reign of Charles I., and proceeded to colonize the mouths of the Potomac and Patapsco rivers. In 1730 the rising settlement was called Baltimore, after the proprietor of the estate, who had derived his title from an Irish seaport of that name. It is said the bird of splendid plumage and sweet song, known as the "Baltimore Oriole," was so dubbed on account of the resemblance of its colors to the orange and black livery of Lord Baltimore. The ladies of this city have had a reputation from time immemorial for the exquisitely soft blending of pink and white in their complexion, so that they have given a significant name to one of the prettiest of our climbing roses, "Baltimore Belles." Since the war, it is said, the local pride in this peculiarity has been injured by the flooding of the city by families from other States, where the complexion of the ladies is not so characteristic, the deeper tints of the more northern States threatening to obliterate the more delicate ones of Maryland. Here one also finds some curious vestiges of the old Southern slave and war feeling. Kindly as the native aristocracy of Maryland treat their negro neighbors, they strenuously insist upon the inferiority of the latter as a race; and they proudly resent any proceeding which may suggest that the two races are now on a level with one another. This caste prejudice extends not only to the black, but to many a fair-haired and blue-eyed man or woman in whose blood there happens to have been some slight tincture of the negro element. It is said that this feeling, painfully as it jars on the more liberal minds of the North, is not connected with malice or disdain, but is simply hereditary. However this may be, it must be a very awkward constituent in the social and public life of the South, and tends to complicate the already sufficiently complicated problems of social intercourse. It gives rise, for instance, to separate "negro churches" and other organizations—patronized most generously by the Southern noblesse, but kept at a respectful distance. As an illustration of the pervading nature of the feeling it may be mentioned that white boys engaged in some common work or labor of a menial character will instantly "strike work" if a negro joins the company to help them, because the presence of the negro seems to suggest unpleasantly the menial character of their operations, and degrade it for the time being in their eyes. Perhaps if we Northern Saxons could "see ourselves as others see us," we might discover some such anomalies in our own social life. If I am not very much mistaken there exists along with all this Southern dignity of race greater brotherly kindness and sympathy with the blacks, as human beings, than among ourselves. They do not seem at all disposed to ridicule or avoid the company of negroes, as many of us do still; but only consider them intolerable when certain lines of etiquette are passed. It often happens that there is more genuine kindness of heart interchanged between patricians and plebeians, when the difference of social status is recognized on both sides, than where the patrician condescendingly pretends to see no difference. Southern "slave-owners" were often truer friends, practically, to their negro dependents than many of the Northern liberators, who were so ready to interfere with the pecuniary rights of Southerners, at the same time that they would have resented indignantly every interference with their own rights in the North. The sense of injustice connected with the Northern forcible liberation of Southern slaves, will not easily be eradicated where the injustice made its weight felt in the actual loss of property. One of the remarkable things about Baltimore is the high level of the prevailing type of Churchmanship. Bishop Whittingham has long sustained his reputation for thorough advocacy of Church principles, and a corresponding impression has been made upon the Diocese at large, and Baltimore in particular. Though the city is by no means large, three or four of the Churches have Altar lights and other "notes" of Catholic Ritual. St. Paul's Church (Dr. Hodges) is the original Church of the settlement, and its massive architecture lends a certain air of majesty in accordance with its venerable position. The internal decorations may be described as 'arabesque,' while the fittings of the Chancel are thoroughly in accordance with the Anglican Liturgy in its best developments. Mount Calvary Church in

occupies, though a very unpretending building in itself, one the finest sites in the city, and its ever open doors speak effectively down the busy thoroughfares over which it towers in graceful dignity on a knoll of greensward. Three or four devoted clergymen supervise or conduct its manifold agencies for good among whites and blacks alike. There is not only a Sisterhood of whites (branch of All Saints' Sisterhood, London, England), busily engaged in teaching several grades of female Schools, but a black Sisterhood, peculiar to Baltimore, and working very successfully in its own sphere. Worthy branches, no doubt, these organizations are of those noble bands of devoted women who did such good service—counting their lives not dear unto them—at the side of the faithful clergy of our Church during the recent Southern plague of fever. An organization of this kind is invaluable, being ever ready, like a standing army, to march in solid companies to scenes of danger and death on errands of sweet mercy. The Southern Church will surely never forget the lesson learnt on this subject during their recent sad experience of disease, and will cherish and multiply to the utmost their system of Sisterhoods. Such occasions give an impetus to honest Catholic work, which breaks down all the flimsy barriers of prejudice and claptrap objections. Well will it be for other parts of the Church when they learn this lesson from observation rather than experience, and be ready with well tried machinery when emergencies arise, as they are sure to do at times everywhere.

ODE TO TRINITY COLLEGE.

Fair Trinity, that twin'st thy bays
To grace the brows of ardent youth;
That sweet'st nest with thy splendid praise
Their toilsome search for hidden truth.
Bright mother of the cultured heart,
We greet thee with our warm acclaim.
Here Letters shall their stores impart,
And Art here light her starry flame.
In ancient days, on Helicon,
The Muses first a seat had found,
And, clear as beams of cloudless sun,
Shone mental light on Grecian ground.
And still those Greeks of fiery soul
Live on their country's deathless page;
Nor shall oblivion's dark control
Blot out their fame to endless age.
The Muses since have fled to Rome,
And later still to northern climes,
And found at last a British home,
Their brightest seat in modern times.
Immortal Greece ne'er clasped a child
Within her bright celestial arms
That calmer strode through terrors wild,
Or more could scorn pale Death's alarms;
Or freer follow boldest thought,
If sanctioned by the truth's assent,
Whose law by deeper toil was bought,
Or less by selfish guile was bent;
Or one whose hand could paint more fair
The beauty of this ornate earth;
Or win the heart from fruitless care
By forceful scenes of gayest mirth.
Than Sons of Britain's Isles could do,
And oft by deed and word have done:
Whate'er is great and bold and true
Has been by them pursued and won.
Cepheus pours his scanty tide
By Athens' gray and sculptured walls,
And Tiber flows through ruins wide
Where Rome's still crumbling marble falls.
'Twas by these streams that Plato dreamed,
And Virgil sang immortal lays.
Here patriot rage with lightning gleamed,
And Tully's wrath at crimes would blaze.
And Isis winds his meads among,
And shares in Oxford's learned name;
While Cambridge, higher still in song,
Joins Cam to her in deathless fame.
And 'midst these studious fair retreats,
Aspiring feet of youth have strayed—
Youth worthy of the Muses' seats,
And who immortal names have made.
Here Milton, Gray and Addison
Were taught to seek ideal grace;
And thus for Britain's Isle they won
'Mongst modern lands the foremost place.
And Thou, who guid'st our generous youth
That hope to climb Parnassus' hill,
O teach them this unchanging truth
That Learning's path is toilsome still.
Bright Muses crown those brows with bays
That first were worn with hardest toil;
And glory beams her brightest rays
From faces dimmed by sorrow's soil.
And Canada is yet untaught,
Her lettered fields are waste and wild.
Some few the Muses' path have sought,
But on their choice no friend has smiled.
Yet but for these our country's past
Would fade for ever from our sight.
Without the Muse no name can last,
No fame can bar oblivion's blight.
Dear learned seat, we look to thee
To hold aloft this light benign.
This light of nations, bold and free,
This Muses' gift, this flame divine.
Without this lettered, cultured taste,
Without this subtler, finer thought,
We must below those lands be placed
Who by more pains this art have bought.
And while Toronto's Councils, sage,
Are prompt to seize each source of gain,
And make all earth their ample stage,
Where they, by skill, their cause maintain.
And while her youth would rather die
A hundred deaths of ghastly fear
Than from a soldier's post to fly,
Or shun the manly toils of war.