

Saugum River, but while still several miles from our destination the wind changed, and a torrent of rain fell, followed by an impenetrable fog, which compelled us, much against our will, to abandon all hope of reaching the point at which we hoped to hold service, and to cast anchor for the night in a sheltered little nook which offered itself most opportunely. Just as everything had been made, snug we were overtaken by a boat full of fishermen, who gave us a warm invitation to their shanty, and strongly advised us to beware of the rocks in the narrow channel by which we hoped to make our exit next morning. Profiting by their warning "Joe" sallied out in one of the yacht's boats and took careful soundings, but managed to get lost in the dense fog that still wrapped us in its damp, chilly embrace, and only found his way back, after an absence of several hours, by following the guidance of the steam-whistle, the shrill, sharp scream of which was the only sound that broke the oppressive stillness. Next morning the Bishop went ashore and spoke to the fishermen whom he found "mending their nets," leaving some bibles, tracts, and mission services with them, for which they were very grateful, giving us in return an ample supply of fish, just taken from the water.

The fog lifting about 9.30 on Tuesday morning, we felt our way cautiously through the difficult channel alluded to above, and round the fishing nets which stretched for about three quarters of a mile out into the lake, and made our way to

BLIND RIVER,

where a thriving lumbering trade is carried on by the firm of Williants & Murray. Mr. Murray resides on the spot, and treated us courteously, entertaining us most hospitably, and also acting as the Bishop's cicerone during a hurried visitation of the little settlement, in the course of which two Church of England families were found who mourned sadly over their total religious isolation, and enquired anxiously as to the possibility of their having even occasional visits from a clergyman. A Presbyterian student from Knox College holds service through this district during the summer, but they longed for the good old Prayer Book worship. What was to be done? It was hard to resist their appeal, but an appointment had been made for a service that evening at Algoma Mills, about eight miles further on. Could they not come with us? The proposal was accepted with the greatest alacrity, and accordingly by 3 o'clock the Evangelina was once more ploughing her way over by no means tranquil waters, her living freight increased by a party of no less than seventeen souls, while Mr. Murray's large sail-boat was towed behind in readiness for the journey homeward.

ALGOMA MILLS.

The Mills were reached by 4 p.m. No change has taken place in the visible aspect of this once busy hive since last year. Major G. is still in charge of the stores, depot, offices, and piled up material, which indicate the activity that reigned here a year or two since, and that we all hope to see resumed before long in the construction of the one hundred miles of road which are all that remains to

be built to connect the Sault by rail with the outer world. A congregation of fifty persons, including the Blind River party, assembled at 7.30 p.m. in the neat little school house built by the Company during the residence of the Rev. G. Gillmor, and entered heartily into the service, thanks largely to the introduction and use, for the first time, of the "Union Services" compiled by the Bishop from the Prayer Book, as your readers already know. The peculiarity of this "Service" consists in the fact, 1st that Morning and Evening Prayer are arranged, as far as possible, consecutively; 2nd—the people's part is printed in Italics, and 3rd—a collection of the most familiar hymns is appended, the whole combining to render the best but one of all books intelligible to even the most imperfectly instructed reader and so enable him to make it, what it was intended to be, the expression of his deepest and devoutest feelings in the common worship of the congregation. Doubtless this little pamphlet is capable of improvement, but even in this, its first and simplest form, the results of its use, where-ever the experiment has been tried, have amply vindicated the cost and trouble incurred in its publication. In only one particular, and this an unavoidable one, is there any deviation from Prayer Book use. Instead of the whole Psalter being given (which would have rendered the pamphlet too bulky,) selections are inserted for use according to the discretion of the Minister, but over against this departure stands the fact that the "Mission Service" is intended merely as an emergency measure, for the use of the uninitiated, in remote, out-of-the-way places, and not for organized congregations efficiently trained in the Church's ways to warrant their being held strictly to the letter of the law in the matter of Common Prayer. At the close of the service a father and mother took the opportunity of presenting their two children for the sacrament of Baptism. During our brief stay we were most hospitably entertained by Mrs. G. and her sister, who, with their mother and brother, showed us most kind and thoughtful attention, even going so far as to make a serious in-road on their numerous barn-door brood in order to send us away well provided for our journeyings. Both here and at Blind River very anxious enquiries were made as to the probability of the return of Mr. Gillmor, who formerly travelled all through this district and along the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, on foot, ministering, with unflagging zeal, to the religious wants both of the navvies and settlers, among whom his name is held in loving and honoured remembrance, and more than once the story of his trip to Manitoulin Island last winter was repeated, how he crossed the frozen channel, more than 20 miles in width, in the teeth of a blinding snow-storm, with the thermometer so low that several lives were lost on the same day, not far from the route he took, while he himself was so crippled by the intense cold that though he had bread in his wallet, his hands refused their office, unable to rise to his mouth, and he was compelled to drop it on the snow and go on his way, famishing with hunger, in hope of reaching his destination at Blind River. This, however, he missed by two