

**Gravenhurst Mission.**

REV. C. J. MACHIN, INCUMBENT.

The Bishop of Algoma paid a visit to St. James' Church on Tuesday evening last, when the incumbent presented a very interesting class of seven candidates for confirmation. The Bishop's address to the candidates previous to the "laying on of hands" was exceedingly simple and practical, and eminently judicious, encouraging and helpful. The demeanor of the candidates was very thoughtful and reverent. The service was read by the incumbent, and the sermon was preached by the Bishop from the text: "Let this mind be in you which was in Christ Jesus," emphasizing the qualities of patience, endurance, and self-sacrifice. Before the sermon the Bishop expressed his pleasure at being again in his diocese after his return from England, having re-entered it only that afternoon, and his thankfulness for so many blessings vouchsafed to him of health, safety in travelling, and fair success in his efforts in behalf of his diocese while in England. He also gave words of approbation and encouragement to the confirmation class of last year for fidelity, and for the help rendered by them to the incumbent. The congregation was not large (not more than seventy-five) on account of the heavy downpour of rain just before the service, which continued almost to its close. The church was in excellent order and beautifully decorated with flowers, the result of arduous labors on the part of the Misses Miller, the Misses McLean, Readshaw, Firman, and (Alice) Passmore. Miss Marter assisted materially by a spirited handling of the organ in the chants and hymns.—*Gravenhurst Banner*, Aug. 26, 1897.

**Fort William.**

REV. E. J. HARPER, INCUMBENT.

Pastor and people of St. Luke's were much pleased to receive their first visit from the Right Rev. Dr. Thorneloe, Bishop of the diocese, on Tuesday, Sept. the 12th—just a year, lacking a day, since Dr. Sullivan visited and confirmed in the neighborhood. The church was taxed to its utmost capacity to provide room for the large number of worshippers anxious to be present. The people's warden, Mr.

Fryer, reported quite 280 in the congregation. Six candidates were presented for confirmation, two others being absent from unforeseen circumstances. Before the rite the Bishop spoke very touchingly and beautifully to the class, laying stress upon the necessity and honesty of a religious life.

Afterwards, from the choir steps, he preached from Phil. ii, 5, a sermon full of force and earnestness.

Owing to the kindness of F. Keeper, Esq., of Port Arthur, the Bishop was driven over to the West Fort in the afternoon, where Evensong was said in the Church of St. Thomas by the incumbent and a sermon preached by the Bishop to a very full church.

Two years ago the busy workers among the women of this mission realized about \$34.00 as the proceeds of a sale of fancy work. This amount, supplemented by a few small contributions, enabled the wardens, Messrs. Armstrong and Ollis, to have the exterior of the church nicely painted. A new altar, a gift from Mr. J. K. Ollis, will soon be placed in this church. The work of the Sunday-school at this station still devolves upon Mrs. Cleaver and her little staff of teachers, who faithfully attend to the wants of the little ones.

An effort will shortly be made by the incumbent to catechize the children of St. Thomas', as also those of St. Luke's, on one Sunday during the month at a public evening service.

In July the incumbent visited the Mission of Oliver, celebrated Holy Communion, and preached for the catechist in charge, Mr. Bell.

E. J. HARPER.

**An Encouraging Trip.**

I was standing outside the little Church of St. John, at Eagle Lake, on the morning of July 12th, whither I had driven from Burk's Falls, in order to administer the Sacrament of Holy Communion to the few Church folk who belong to the congregation there. The service was over. There had been few present. It was Monday. I was talking to Rev. G. Gander, the deacon-in-charge of the South River Mission, and had proposed that, as I had arranged to be at South River on the morning of the last Sunday in August to celebrate the Holy Communion at

that station, I could be at Eagle Lake on the same day, if he would arrange for an 8 o'clock celebration.

"I don't know," he said, "it will be quite a new thing."

"Let us try it," I replied. "Opportunities for a Sunday celebration are very few; it is difficult for me to leave my own mission."

Good-byes were said. I went for my horse and buggy and drove home, wondering how the venture would succeed.

On Saturday, the 28th of August, I left Burks' Falls early in the afternoon for a 22-mile drive to Eagle Lake, to be there for early service next morning. The day was fine, but the wet weather that had prevailed of late, caused me to take a waterproof in the event of a storm before I got home.

The first 11 or 12 miles was familiar road, travelled once or twice a week for more than five years. Then came from two to three miles of exceedingly bad road. It is seldom travelled, and from neglect had become so rough—stones, broken corduroy, and mud holes—that one could not put a horse off a slow walk. And yet, on this occasion, the only vehicle I met on my whole journey, was on this part of the road. It was a waggon, having a span of horses and about half a load of tan (hemlock) bark. I drew up on the best spot I could see, and awaited the waggon, which, having passed by, I again got into the ruts.

However, I soon got to better road and pushed on. Some six miles further on I came across a girl who was evidently trudging home from the neighboring post office—Uplands—with the weekly paper. It was just getting dusk when I turned into the gateway of the house where I was to stay the night. Driving up into the farmyard I looked to see some one come from the house. In a minute or two the old lady of the house came to the garden gate with a welcome, and the information that, "all the men are away, Mr. Piercy; they are drawing in peas; the weather has been so catchy that they are trying to get them all in."

That decided my action. I unhitched my horse and led him to the stable. Having taken off the harness, I tied him securely, and went out to pull the buggy out of the way. I then carried to the stable a couple of forkfuls of hay, and went into the tea that Mrs.