

Editorial Correspondence.

WINNEPEG, May 26.

The press of work in entering upon a new Parish, and the important business in connection with needed organization, has prevented us from giving the readers of the CHURCH GUARDIAN the benefit of our experience. We hope after this to be able to give regular accounts of the work in the North West. On the Sunday before we left Montreal we attended service in St. George's, and heard a sermon by the Lord Bishop of Huron. It was plain, simple and instructive. The Diocese of Huron is probably the most successful, financially, of all the Canadian Dioceses. It is worked with great administrative ability, and it is for the possession of this that Bishop Heltmuth is remarkable. In the evening we attended St. John's Church. The singing by a surpliced choir of thirty-six voices was remarkably good. Mr. Wood is evidently an enthusiast in music. The Rev. Archdeacon Jones, of Napanee, intoned the service, and the sermon was preached by the Bishop of Nova Scotia. On Monday night, at 10 p. m., we took the Western train for Chicago. Nothing occurred to disturb us until we heard the sing-song tone of the porter, "To all who are asleep in the Pullman! Breakfast is now ready in the dining room cars." These cars are attached to the through express to Chicago, and are well patronized. We woke to find it a beautiful morning, and arrived at Toronto at 11.30 a. m. The country between Toronto and Port Huron was beginning to look green. It was evening when we arrived in Port Huron, the train being taken over the river in powerful ferry boats.

There were about ten cars of emigrants, and the delay caused by examining the baggage was very tedious. All Canadians who have to travel to Manitoba, will be heartily glad when they go through Canadian territory and save this annoying ordeal. In fact, the confusion about the baggage this spring has been endless. It is, perhaps, not to be wondered at, owing to the thousands of immigrants passing over the various lines of the railroad. But a great part of it is due to detention of baggage by the Customs at Port Huron. One of our trunks, though examined, did not arrive for nearly three weeks. Wednesday morning we arrived in Chicago, but the train being late, we were just able to drive across the city and make the connection with the Chicago and Rock Island Road for Minneapolis. To the general and obliging Passenger Agent of this road, we are indebted for favours. The Albert Lea Route, as it is called, passes through a beautiful section of country. As it deflects to the South, we found the trees loaded with blossoms, and a charming landscape greeted the eye. The officers of this road were exceedingly attentive, and we would certainly recommend it to travellers. At Davenport, Iowa, we met on the platform our old classmate, Rev. F. H. Potts, now Instructor in classics and mathematics in Griswold College, and who has been a contributor to our columns, and we much regretted that we could not remain a day in the city, and inspect the cathedral and college. But reports of the floods in Manitoba made us anxious to press on, so as to reach Winnipeg by Sunday, if possible. When we arrived in Minneapolis on Thursday morning. We could see by the vegetation that we had been travelling to the north again. We soon caught sight of the prairie, and very monotonous and desolate it looked. But the hours slipped by, and on Friday morning when we were due at Winnipeg, we found ourselves at St. Vincent, on the

border, about 75 miles from our destination. St. Vincent is a small town or village, and it presented a remarkable sight. It was literally standing in the water, part of the track had been washed away by the flood, so that the train was not able to reach the station.

OVER THE PRAIRIE IN A STEAMER.

THE passengers were notified to disembark from the train, and walk a few hundred feet to the steamer "Selkirk." Alongside of her was a barge to which the baggage was transferred. The "Selkirk" steamed over the prairie for a short distance, and the male passengers were then asked to cross the streets of St. Vincent, and meet the steamer near what had been the Red River. Accordingly, several hundred of all classes started. The sidewalks were ankle deep in water. Some of the houses were completely surrounded—those nearest the original bank of the river had water up to the first, and sometimes second story windows. The shanties were almost completely submerged. Not being provided with rubber boots, we got quite wet. But the passengers got to the point of water, we cannot say point of land, quicker than the steamer. It took her some two hours to get to where we reached in ten minutes. Embarking on board the steamer again, we navigated in and out, around trees, and by a very circuitous route up the Red River for several miles. On our way, we passed Emerson and West Lynn. Boats were rowing up and down the principal streets of Emerson.

A MODERN VENICE WITHOUT ITS BEAUTY.

Some of the smaller houses were deserted, business was at a stand still, and furniture was floating about in the houses. This, of course, extended only a certain distance. By the station it was quite dry. The Rev. C. J. Brenton's house was not affected, but we heard of one handsome new house where the water was up to the second story. West Lynn, opposite, was, if possible, in a worse position. We landed about two miles above Emerson at the Jo River Bridge and there took the cars, arriving in Winnipeg at 6 p. m. There we were met by Rev. H. T. Leslie, and found ourselves safely housed in the metropolis of the North-West. St. Boniface on the opposite side of the Red River was suffering from the flood, but it only affected a few houses on the edge of the river on the Winnipeg side. In fact one not knowing the height of the banks in ordinary times would never have noticed anything peculiar in the city proper.

The Red River was 26 feet above its usual height. This was owing to the unusual quantity of snow which fell last winter, and the stoppage of the ice in the latter. Such a rise has not occurred since 1861, and surveys have been made, and examinations entered into by the C. P. R., which, it is stated, will have the effect of undertaking remedial measures in the future. The position of the city was at one time critical. A rise of three feet more would have flooded the city. To add to the uneasiness, incendiaries appeared, and several handsome brick blocks were burnt. The most vigorous measures were adopted, hundreds of special police were sworn in, and short work would have been made with any who were caught. The fear of this has subsided, and the Red River is steadily subsiding. Winnipeg itself I must reserve for my next.

WANT of space again obliges us to hold over several letters, "Fidelis" among the number. They will all appear in our next. We intend enlarging the GUARDIAN to 16 pages about the 3rd July.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH IN BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

SKETCHES OF THE FIRST BISHOPS.

(Written for the Church Guardian).

BY G. HERBERT LEE, B. A.

No. IV.

The Right Reverend Jacob Mountain, S. T. P., first Bishop of Quebec.

The first Anglican Bishop of Quebec, which originally embraced Upper and Lower Canada, was of French extraction and a descendant of one of those Huguenots who emigrated to England on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and purchased a small estate in the County of Norfolk known as Thwaite Hall, situated a short distance from the city of Norwich.

The last occupant of this estate, which changed hands in the middle of the past century, died young, leaving two sons, the youngest of whom, the subject of this brief sketch, afterwards became the first Bishop of Quebec.

The Rev. Jacob Mountain was born in 1750, studied for the Church, and graduated at Caius College, Cambridge, of which he was a Fellow.

In 1781 he was married and received the living of St. Andrews', Norwich. A few years afterwards he became Vicar of Buckden in Huntingdonshire and examining Chaplain to Dr. Tomline, Bishop of Lincoln, who resided in that place.

In 1793 the Government having decided to erect a see in Canada, Mr. Pitt asked the Bishop of Lincoln, who had been his tutor and private secretary, to nominate a fit and proper person for the position.

His Lordship recommended his chaplain for the appointment; and as Dr. Mountain had been personally known to Mr. Pitt at Cambridge, no delay occurred in carrying out what was the wish of both.

Accordingly on 7th July, 1793, he was consecrated first Bishop of Quebec and embarked almost immediately for his new diocese accompanied by his wife, four children, and other relatives; and "after a voyage of thirteen weeks the thirteen Mountains landed at Quebec on All Saints' Day."

Upon his arrival the Bishop proceeded at once to discharge the arduous duties of a diocese embracing almost half a continent. None of the present easy methods of conveyance were then employed. On land one travelled with horses over rough and badly made roads; on water in the schooner, bateau or canoe. Triennial visitations of the whole Diocese were nevertheless faithfully kept up, often amid much hardship and difficulty.

In one of these visitations we are told that Bishop Mountain "embarked at Quebec in a bateau (after waiting an hour at the water's edge till it could be got alongside the stairs). This vessel was provided by Government, and over the middle part of it a neat wooden awning was built, and lockers, which also formed seats, were arranged along three sides of the square apartment under the awning; the fourth, towards the front of the boat, being open. The Bishop, however, sat in the middle in a great old arm-chair. The crew consisted of a pilot and four rowers, two before and two behind the awning. For these men, who were engaged to convey them to Montreal, fifty pounds of pork and thirty loaves were provided by agreement, in addition to which the pilot was to receive £4 and the men nine dollars each."

Thousands of miles were travelled by this truly Missionary Bishop, who often walked long dis-