

outline of our work, &c., in one communication, and trust even this is not trespassing too much on your valuable space. Yours,

CANADIAN CHURCH UNION.

Since writing the above we have the very gratifying intelligence that a strong resolution has been passed in the Provincial Synod at Winnipeg favoring the uniting the whole church in British North America, and a committee appointed thereon to confer with the Provincial Synod committee appointed to consider this subject at Montreal in September last.

A JOURNEY TO THE FIRST CONVENTION OF THE ALGOMA CLERGY.

BY THE REV. C. A. FRENCH.

IT is with strange, very strange feelings I take up my pen just now to describe a recent journey over the Georgian Bay. I have been a parish curate in my day. I have been a member of a society which at one time met for its deliberations and exercises nigh unto old St. Paul's, but what are these things in face of a journey something like three hundred miles to meet for the first time in my life those who have been for five years my associates in a missionary diocese in Canada? I am not going to say that the clergy of the Diocese of Algoma are wholly unknown to one another. No. Some few of us know some few, but as a body we are still unknown to each other. We are like pilgrims up here among the wild, bold, Switzerland-like hills of Muskoka, Parry Sound, Algoma, Thunder Bay and Nipissing Districts, but to-day the shrine towards which our thoughts turn is Trinity Church, Parry Sound. In this place on Thursday next we hope to partake of the Body and Blood of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ as a pledge to assure us of God's love and Christ's gift of Himself for the Church, and to hear our Bishop's voice addressing his co-workers preparatory to our having a Synod. Dear readers, you cannot understand the solemnity of this time with us. It is a turning point in our history, and as such we need the prayers of the Church. Is it too much to ask the faithful throughout Canada to invoke God's continual and effectual love on our behalf, that we may "grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," (2 Pet. iii, 18)? If the spokesman of the first missionary band needed to remind "them that have obtained like precious faith with the brethren" that there was a necessity for both grace and knowledge, how much more are these things to be sought for by us who are at the very best poor types of what we ought to be for our respective congregations! Another and a more clever pen will take up the convention subject; let me tell you of the waters of central North America. I suppose there are few now-days who do not know that the St. Mary river is

a strait connecting Lakes Superior and Huron. On the banks of this beautiful river, among Ojibway Indians, I have my home, and on Friday last the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Algoma, accompanied by his commissary, Rev. E. F. Wilson, called for me, they being then en route for the convention. Friday was a lovely day. The sun shone on land and water as if there could be no possibility of old age with the greater light-bearer. After passing along the shore which borders the Reserve, we stood out into George Lake, keeping in view on the left the long stretch of piles driven for the Canadian Pacific Railway in the vicinity of Echo River. On the right we had Sugar Island (Susabaquet menis) which forms a part of the State of Michigan. By-and-by St. Joseph's Island came into sight, and after passing alongside the place where the Quebec was wrecked, we passed by the pictured rocks and steamed for Hilton, where we took on board the Rev. H. Beer, the hard working missionary of the peoples of the Isles. We did not stay very long here. The Bishop had an engagement for the evening at Cockburn Island, for which the prow of the Evangeline was turned. In due course we arrived and had a hearty welcome from the Indian land agent, (Mr. Ross), and the employees of this fishing station. We were, however, greatly grieved to find that within a couple of weeks diphtheria—that terrible scourge—had come and seven or eight persons had succumbed to the disorder. There is no resident doctor nearer than Bruce Mines (on the north shore), and Dr. McCort being away on his marriage tour, the tug had to be sent to Gore Bay, a distance of about 50 miles. The doctor could remain only a short time, and at the time we called there was no medical man within reach. Such are some of the terrors of isolation to which a few of our poor settlers are subjected. Are we so dead indeed to everything human that these island peoples and their trials are to us a thing of no consequence? God forbid. The Bishop preached a very affecting sermon, dealing with the dispensation of Providence, and spoke home to the hearts of all of us. You, dear readers, who in the hour of trial can have so many and great comforts around you, think of Cockburn Island and its early inhabitants when an impatient fit comes on. It is hard to bear pain with a doctor at hand to administer an opiate, but it is a harder thing to see one by one pass away with no person able to stretch forth a saving hand.

I may mention that the Evangeline does not, as a rule, travel at night. The courses we had to take do not permit of this unless the boat were manned by more than one captain. On the morrow, therefore, we again set sail. This day (Saturday) brought us to Little Current and thence on to Sheguiandah. Here we were met by the Rev. Fred. Frost, well known as a hard working presbyter among the red as well as the white population of these parts of the Grand Manitoulin. As the Bishop had a hard day's work before him on the