

ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, TORONTO.—A very handsome present of linen for the Lord's Table has just been made by the "Association of the children of the Good Shepherd" in connection with the above church. The pattern is very chaste and beautiful, and the gift much to be commended as indicating a desire on the part of the donors that all things connected with the worship of Almighty God should be done decently and in order. The association was started a year ago last Ascension day, for the twofold purpose of cultivating personal piety and maintaining good works. There is reason to believe that much good has been done in a quiet way during the year. The officers recently appointed are as follows:—President, Mrs. Sykes; Vice-President, Mrs. Sutherland, and Secretary-Treasurer, Miss M. Johnston.

TULLAMORE.—The new church of St. Mary, in this parish, was opened for divine service on Sunday the 18th inst. The Rev. D. F. Hutchinson, Toronto; the Rev. W. H. Clark, of Bolton, and the Rev. W. Grant, the incumbent, officiated at the services. The congregations were overflowing and the results satisfactory. On Monday a pie-nie was held in the neighbourhood in aid of the building fund, the proceeds of which were equally good.

HURON.

TRINITY SUNDAY, A.M.—The right Rev. the Bishop held Confirmation service at the chapter house, when about twenty young candidates for Confirmation received the apostolic rite of the laying on of hands. The Bishop, as usual, made the best use of the opportunity by impressing on the young soldiers of the church militant, to be faithful and loyal as becometh their open profession, and to acquit themselves as soldiers, contending against the world, the flesh and the devil. The service was very interesting.

ALGOMA.

We have received the following interesting communication in reference to the Shingwauk Home:

June 3rd, 1876.

Our new printing press is in place, and two boys have set to work. Their names are Wameteooshans and Ahbedahsewa. They both read in the Third Book and can spell fairly. We hope by and by to print *The Algoma Quarterly*, the Shingwauk Home Annual Report, and do other work required by the Bishop or the diocese.

But our first duty is to inform our friends and helpers that we require money to assist us in starting operations. The press cost \$100, and it will require another \$50 to purchase type and other necessaries. We earnestly hope that our friends will contribute liberally and assist us in this undertaking, as it is obvious that if once we get fairly started our printing press will become a great source of economy both to the Shingwauk Home and to the diocese at large, and we shall be able to keep our friends, far and near, more fully informed than at present of our doings and our various wants. The boys are just leaving now for their holidays. When they meet here again about the 15th of July next, they will probably number about 40; and, besides receiving a religious and secular education, they will be taught carpentering, farming, bootmaking, tinsmithing, and lastly, (and chiefly—as Wameteooshans and Ahbedahsewa think)—PRINTING.

This is their first work. Contributions will be thankfully received and acknowledged by the Principal, the Rev. E. F. Wilson, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

GOING INTO DUTY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

All of your readers have heard of the high water that has flooded the villages and settlements skirting the Ottawa river and its tributaries; but few of them can realize what difficulties it created to travellers, or what loss and destruction it brought upon some of the settlers. As on one occasion the writer was imperatively required at one of the stations, the scenes that transpired going and returning, may not prove uninteresting, and, perhaps, amusing. On Saturday, 18th May, the water had risen to a height unknown to the oldest inhabitant, and yet, high as it was, it was two or three feet lower than a few days later. On this occasion, mounted on horseback, of course, the missionary left the bounds of the parsonage grounds. But not twenty yards from the gate, there ran a creek whose waters had increased until it might be promoted to the rank of a small river. Its ordinary bridge was afloat, but kept in its place, or rather kept from making its way to some other locality, by sided sticks of timber laid on it. Over this I had to go. By dint of the united exertions of the rider on its back and a boy and woman on shore, the animal was made to go to the treacherous looking crossway with a nervous and frightened leap, which no sooner done, than it was a rapid step from stick to stick on its part, as each stick of timber yielded to the tread. Over this safely, we came in sight of a great stretch of water, covering the place where the main road lay and taking away, gradually, the fences that bounded it. In the distance lay a new bridge still secure in its position. To reach it the horse travelled cautiously along with the water fairly up to the ankles of its rider. But this passed all was easy or customary travelling until I had travelled five miles further and had come within a few miles of my destination. Then the usual route had to be left altogether and a cut taken over ploughed fields and through the tangled bush, to ford the obstructive stream where it seemed possible to do so. A settler in the vicinity undertook kindly, out of regard to the parson, or minister, as doubtless he would call him, to take the horse across, which he did, receiving for his kindness a wetting to the knees. In the meanwhile I made my way through "tangled brush and brake" to a place where some giants of the forest in days gone by, had fallen across the stream. Here I was enabled to cross in safety. Regaining the horse, I went over ploughed fields a long circuit to reach again the main road. Coming, in a few minutes, to another bridge, I had to face greater difficulties, and in doing so, met with an immersion in the cold spring flood, that I did not bargain for. Giving my horse to a man on a log of timber, that to my eye seemed to be resting on the earth, I assayed to follow on foot. I had no sooner put my foot on the round log than it began to move. I stood its revolution for a moment or two, but not being able to do so any longer, I stepped on what seemed to be a miniature raft. But, alas for man's judging by outward appearances, no sooner was I on one stick than it went down in the water, and so with the next, and the next, and finally, as I could not tread water in this way, down I went full length in the water; the man with the horse on the bridge, looking on with seeming complacency, and, I imagine, rather amused. And doubtless for a moment or two it was a comical picture to see a man between floating driftwood, holding up one hand with a roll of paper therein, and behind him a bag floating, and he kicking and struggling to extricate himself from the

surrounding debris. Having done this and finding bottom, and by some means reaching the bridge, I poured the waters from my boots, and giving the man twenty-five cents, but what for I could not say, I remounted and shortly after reached my destination. The most romantic picture, however, was to be seen at the same place on the day following. First, there was to be seen a man coming along with a canoe on his head and myself leading the horse alongside, the latter looking askance at the strange object, and giving expression to its dislike by a distrustful snort now and again. Arrived on the floating bridge orders were given in French to some parties on the other side to bring across a temporary float, and at this moment the scene was particularly rich. On the opposite side on an eminence, I counted thirteen persons, all of the female sex, and varying in age from the old grandame down to the little toddler of a year old. All were of the French race, and expressed themselves incessantly in various keys and tones of voice and in gestures. The float was brought across by a young damsel of some twelve summers. The bringing across of this float, made of three pieces of cedar tied together, and not measuring more than five feet in length and two in breadth, was a feat watched with some interest by all parties present, and by none less than myself. How to trust myself to such a frail-looking affair, and, more than all, how it was to be propelled across, were questions occupying my thoughts intently for the moment, making me somewhat oblivious to surrounding circumstances. The fair navigator, with a foot planted on the two outer sticks and carrying a pike pole, began her voyage, using her pike pole alternately end for end. How she was to get across with such a paddle was a question. It looked very much as if she was paddling the ocean with a fork. And so, perhaps, thought the thirteen on the opposite bank, and so thought, probably, the old woman on a bank behind me; for alternately there would come cries and exclamations from each party, "Oh! mon Dieu; prenez garde," etc. Fortunately, after reaching the bridge, I found that her place was to be taken by a man. Taking up the same position, accompanied by myself with saddle and bridle on my arm, we made the return transit more expeditiously, and with more comfort to the minds of the onlookers. The horse was made then to swim towards me as soon as I reached land. Remounting it I had to cross the same place, a little below this, again, as I did the day before, having twice tried to swim the horse across, unsuccessfully, lower down. It would take up too much of your space to detail how I reached home, so I will only say that on that return trip, four times had the horse to swim, twice I crossed on a frail float, and once in a bark canoe, minus paddles, however; bits of boards being found as substitutes. Reaching the vicinity of the parsonage, at the place where I had my first difficulty, I was near meeting with something worse than anything I had yet met. The water had risen very much in the meanwhile and the parsonage looked as if situated on an island. To get home I must cross somehow. Having by threats and coaxings got my animal to put its feet on the timbers, three in number, that lay lengthwise over the old structure, it went half way or a little more across all right, but suddenly it stepped off on to the old timbers, and forthwith horse and rider were floundering in the water between the sticks that made the old corduroy. For a moment or two it was a struggle, but, providentially, we managed to regain land safely, without fracture of limb or damage of any kind

JUNE 1
but con-
palpitat
the hor-
said, as
the day
To the 1
Dear
I wrot
the su
nine
Dioces
partici
tion a
spectiv
I asl
promis
influen
referer
His
Spirit
cessio
case.
I er
V.) to
sessio
in yo
Our
Dioc
be.
Incu
Par
[W
Domi
In
espet
tures
char
Such
ineol
junc
Bibl
plati
rega
The
the
forti
to b
to
For
its
out
T
slig
the
pre
doc
fast
tha
val
our
ten
suc
oir
I
thr
To
Ab
tiff
let
ser
inf
wi
po
an
pr
da
gi
as
ce
th
ta
gl
A