

and the service on Sunday. The people would fain have me stay longer and promise to come again, but my own Mission work cannot properly be overtaken, so I was under the painful necessity of making no further promises.

On Monday morning I was to return alone across that thirty miles of ice. I confess I felt just a little nervous. Charlie had warned me to be sure and not risk it alone. He had also spoken to a man to come with me but he did not show up, so I started away by myself, feeling that no harm could happen to me only what a gracious Father allowed.

To show you that it was no holiday trip I was taking, I may mention that only last week seven men started in company to go over the very same distance from Cockburn Island to Thessalon and they were caught out in one of the worst storms of the year, and one man was frozen to death, and two more were very badly frost bitten and their horses were frozen to death.

So you see it was no light undertaking for a missionary who had only gone down the once over the ice, and knew nothing of the way, only the direction he was to go in, to venture alone, out of sight of land, with all these dangerous cracks to cross.

However about eight o'clock on Monday morning I started. All I knew of the road was that I must go about North North West for some thirty miles. Away I went then, but I had not been out more than an hour before the wind began to blow and a few flakes of snow warned me that I was in for a storm. I took out my compass, and watched carefully the direction of the wind and the spot where the sun was beaming through the rapidly thickening air. The first crack I came to I was going to charge at a gallop, without first examining it, but altered my mind, and got out with my axe to try it. It was fortunate I did so, for the first tap of the axe broke the loose shell over the crack and there the black open water lay, the crack was fully three feet wide. You may be sure I did not try my horse at that I went along the crack for perhaps half a mile before I could find a place I thought safe, then whipping the horse into a good run I went over without accident. I crossed a great many cracks that day, but my horse only fell in once, and then her impulse was so great that she was across and out of danger before she got quite down, she picked herself up as nimbly as a cat and on we went again.

Meantime the storm was increasing and the wind was dead ahead. My face got so cold I thought it would freeze. I had no muffler with me, but I had a night-shirt in my valise so I folded that around my neck, and found it quite a comfort.

In my anxiety not to go too far west and so pass Thessalon altogether, I erred in the other direction, so that when at last I did sight the land I was, I afterwards found out, nine or ten miles to the east of the village. This was most unfortunate for me, for not only was I this much out of my road, but I was in the deep snow also, for the glare ice was farther out about two miles from shore. I could not go back to it for then I could not see the land and might easily pass Thessalon after all. I

was therefore obliged to coast along and the poor pony was getting tired out.

At last I saw a log house and I made for that. Here I found an Indian and two squaws. They gave me a cup of warm tea and I had some food with me and I gave the horse a good feed of oats, which she ate shivering on the sheltered side of the shanty.

I found out I was still three or four miles from Thessalon. They could speak no English, but I could speak enough French to manage and so got on all right. Giving half an hour's rest and a pail of water to the pony I hitched her up again, and after spending as many hours as I journeyed miles, I at last came in sight of the village and I never was more pleased to reach any place than I was to get to Thessalon that night. Mr Jackson told me he had just been saying to his boy, he hoped no poor fellows were on the ice then, little thinking that I was one of the poor fellows.

I soon had my horse in the stable and after a good tea I felt none the worse for my day on the ice, except that my nose was frozen, but not very badly. The skin peeled off all over it in a day or two after.

That it was a very cold day is proved by the fact that the same afternoon a man tried to take some children home from Thessalon across about five miles of the ice and had to return after nearly freezing the children. He then started alone and froze both his cheeks and nose. The reason I escaped so well was, I suppose, because I was so well clad.

Such are some of the difficulties connected with a winter trip to Cockburn Island. I had travelled more than a hundred miles and spent six days to hold service on one Sunday among the scattered sheep of Christ's flock. Quite a contrast is it not to going to Church in a city with the two services, and short distances, and sidewalks and tolling bell and pealing organ, practised choir and stained glass windows, and every luxury to make the worship of God a pleasure to be greatly desired.

MUSKOKA.

MISSION OF BURKS FALLS

HIS Lordship the Bishop of Algoma commenced his second tour of visitation through the mission of Burks Falls, on Wednesday, the 28 of January. The incumbent of the mission, the Rev. W.B. Magnan, with the Bishop arrived at St. Margaret's Church Cyprus in time for Divine service at 3 p.m. The congregation here, as in all the stations along the railway line, was small in consequence of so many of our men being employed in the construction of the line. Shortened evensong was said by the Revd. T. Llwyd of Huntsville, the lessons being taken by the Incumbent. At the end of Evensong, five candidates were presented, and the Holy and apostolical rite of confirmation administered by the Bishop, who preached an eloquent and impressive sermon from the text Rom. vi 23, after which the Holy Communion was proceeded with, the Bishop being celebrant, assisted by the Rev. T. Llwyd. Service ended, we