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Then there are men who have come in with a bit of money, about as fit for bush life as a cow is for playing on the violin. These men come with certain ideas floating in their minds as to what farming is. They buy and read books on farming at home, and without trying to find out what are the capabilities of the country they are adopting—will ye, nill ye, a farm is *this*, therefore my free grant land must be *this*—they spend their money and the fresh energy born of hope in working out their ideas. The plan does not answer, their money is gone, and they go too; but as they go and wherever they dwell, they blame the country for what, after all, was their own folly and wilful blindness. When in Toronto, one of these men was mentioned to me. I know his place well, holding service near it every fortnight, and I can vouch for what all his old neighbors will back me up in saying, it is a standing memento of his extreme stupidity and folly. So long as his money lasted there was no place like Muskoka; now he writes Muskoka down, an ass! That I should not care much for, but it unfortunately happens he is a good writer, well educated, and has been put into such a situation as enables him to send his lucubrations broadcast over the country. Some day his proprietors will find out how much they are really suffering for allowing him to belie the country, and they will find that truth would have been best in the end. Again, we have men coming in who work at a certain trade. These men hear how Muskoka is getting ahead, and, having as a rule failed hitherto, they think they will come, and come they do. Finding a settled up spot which they think will do, they set about pitching their tent (*i.e.*, locating), but find the place already occupied; and find, too, if they wish to carry out their plans they must go further back.

Just such a man I heard the other day dilating in Bracebridge about poor Muskoka. "No sir, it is not fit for a dog to live in!" "Work, Sir, why there is not work for a child, Sir!" A little enquiry gave me his history. He was a Blacksmith; he had actually gone as far as Scotia, some sixteen miles north of Huntsville—liked the place, and of course wished to start there. But he found a blacksmith was in the place before him—a man who had located on a farm there the last four years, and who, in the intervals of his farm work, had wrought at his trade. The neighbours could give no encouragement to a stranger when their friend was willing still to work for them for a fair remuneration, and who had borne the "burden and heat of the day" of a new and struggling settlement of squatters. Consequently Mr. Stranger had either to go on and do likewise, or to turn back. He chose the latter, easier plan. This he had a perfect right to do, but he was not just in blaming Muskoka because of his peculiar disappointment. I could give many more illustrations of the like sort, but, upon enquiry, you would find that all complainers come under one or the other of these categories; and I have given sufficient to show how careful people ought to be when they hear about Muskoka or the Free Grant Lands, and ought to enquire what reasons a man may have for giving the place a bad name. I venture to affirm that nineteen out of twenty could give no reason whatever which could tell against the country or in favor of their wisdom in the management of their affairs, and sometimes of their manliness.

The truth is, Muskoka is neither so good nor so bad as it has been represented. The land is generally rocky, though there are many acres free from rock. The soil, which is remarkably fertile, is mostly found in basins or troughs between the rocks. Should any of my readers have travelled on the Midland Railway, England, they have gone from Clay Cross to Stockport over as rocky a country as this is; or if they have followed the rock of the "Wild Irishman train" on some of the Welsh Railways, viz., to Llangollen, Llandudno, &c., &c., rocky hills have prevailed as much if not more than they have in the belied Free Grant Lands.

The fact is, there gets a wrong idea into people's minds about this country, because it is so frequently spoken of as a farming country. That it is not, and never will be, in the way we mean by farming about Toronto and the South.

Muskoka never will be a grain country. Wheat can be grown, for I see it regularly, but wheat cannot be grown so as to bring it under the head of a paying crop. I have my own doubts whether it pays a man to grow wheat for his household consumption; but this *can* be and *is* done by a great many. Whether they would not do better by growing something else more suitable for the country, which would enable them to buy their flour is the question. But rocky as Muskoka undoubtedly is, I can vouch for this much, that, taking the country generally, at least *twenty-five per cent.* can be cultivated, that is, put under the plough, and *seventy-five per cent.* can be put under grass.

(To be Continued.)

Correspondence.

NOTICE.—We must remind our correspondents that all letters containing personal allusions, and especially those containing attacks on Diocesan Committees, must be accompanied with the names of the writers, expressly for the purpose of publication. We are not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents.

PLYMOUTHISM.

SIR,—In a late number of the DOMINION CHURCHMAN, you say "Plymouthism is perhaps the one heresy of the age against which we have most to guard, and towards which many of us are drifting." Whom do you mean by "many of us"? I feel disposed to cry "Name, name!" In the place in which I live nearly all the "Plyms" we have were not long since members of extremely Low Church congregations; and as an humble layman, I venture to think that those who have gone out are more honest and more true to their principles than those who remain. I may be very wrong, and, as a layman, I should be glad to be instructed if I am wrong, but it does seem to me that the true and logical outcome of extremely Low-Church principles and practice is Plymouthism. "Reformed Episcopalianism" is a mere burlesque, as dissenters see with half an eye. But Plymouthism is the radical and sensible converse of the Church idea. Either the Church can be shown to be an organized, corporate body, beginning with Christ its head, having absolute continuity, preserved amidst all trials and conflicts, and preserving and handing down from generation to generation its creeds, its holy writings, its orders, and its traditions; or, if not, the opposite theory is the correct one: the succession, the continuity is that of individual believers only, passing 'the truth' from hand to hand, from mouth to mouth; each believer a complete and a perfect church in himself, and needing no organization, no sacred order of men, no objective means, to sustain the spiritual life or to pass it on to others. In a studied and defiant address, I lately heard a distinguished low-church clergyman, boldly contend against any succession but such as this. The idea conveyed was that the "word", meaning the Bible, was like an electric wire, let down from heaven, and all that was necessary for salvation was that some one should teach men the use and value of this wire, persuade them to come into contact with it, and, presto, then was life! As I have said, being only a layman, I am open to instruction in this matter; but if logic is to have place in theology, it does appear to me to accept Plymouthism candidly and abandon the Church, is far more logical and more honest than to remain nominally in the Church, and thus teach under her broad and hospitable roof.

LAYMAN.

IN MEMORIAM.

LINES, suggested by the laying of the corner-stone of the Archdeacon Patton Memorial Church, by the Bishop of Ontario, on Tuesday, May 28th, 1878:

Say, if so blest the memory of the just,
So green, so precious, when he sleeps in dust,
That those who linger in this vale of tears,
In loving reverence, 'mid the wreck of years,
Strive to perpetuate his name and worth
And keep in mind his heavenly work on earth,
Nor deem it more than meet for such an end
Freely, their time and hoarded wealth to spend
To build a church, whose corner stone may be
Forever sacred to his memory,
If earthly memory claims such work of love
What must his present glory be above?

We call to mind those early "seventeen years,"
Years like our own made up of smiles and tears.
In these green paths and 'neath this stately shade
How oft his prayers and noble plans were made!
There stands the rectory, built with manly pride
To be the home and shelter for his bride;
Here in the churchyard "household graves" are
green,

And names of wife and children here are seen.
Old settlers tell how he was first to go
'Mid forest perils and the winter snow,
Counting such toil and peril well repaid
If in some lowly hut a place were made
For worship, or some dying sinner's breath
Were turned to praises ere he slept in death.

We think of him amid the surpliced throng
Met in this old church where he served so long.
The altar where he brake the Bread of Life,
The rail where vowed the newly-wedded wife,
The font where bright baptismal dews were shed,
And the cross signed on many a youthful head,
Where hymns were sung and solemn service said
While tears were flowing for the early dead.
Old church! we find it sad to part with thee,
This new church thy memorial, too, shall be.

Bishop and priests and people gladly stand
In these old walls erected by his hand;
"Onward" the "Christian Soldiers" take their
way
With "brightly gleaming banners" streaming gay,
And waiting eyes are gladdened with the sight
Of pastoral staff with glistening silver bright,
The crowd make way:—With reverend step and
mien
The Bishop at the corner stone is seen,
Mid chant and psalm performs the solemn rite;
Then while the sun long hid pours down its light,
The listening throng his burning words attend,
And bless the speaker while he names his friend.

And now the polished corner stone is laid,
The grand beginning of the new church made;
And Kemptville Churchmen truly feel and say
"This is for us a most auspicious day."
The Rectory, June 10th. E. J. S.

INSTRUCTION FOR CONFIRMATION CLASS.

BY "W."—LESSON III.

The Christian's prayer—Man's helplessness and God's promised help.

Q. Can we do anything for our souls *without* the aid of God? A. No.

Q. Can we fight against and conquer the World, the Flesh and the Devil *with* the help of God? A. Yes.

Q. How shall we obtain God's help? A. By prayer.

My good child know this that thou art not able to do these things of thyself, nor to walk in the commandments of God, and to serve Him, without His special grace, which thou must learn at all times to call for by diligent prayer. Let me hear, therefore, if thou canst say the Lord's Prayer.

Q. What do we obtain by faithful prayer? A. All things needful for our souls and bodies. We cannot pray too often. Our prayers should be regularly offered at least *three times* a day. Psalm lv., 17. Dan. vi., 10.

Q. Who taught us how to pray? A. Jesus; see St. Luke xi., 1-4.

OUR FATHER.

By Creation—
"Father of all, in every age,
Whose love all creatures share."

"We bless Thee for our creation" (*General Thanksgiving*).

By Adoption and Redemption.—In Holy Baptism, when we are made "members of Christ" and "children of God," we are adopted into the family of God's Church in Christ Jesus. When we come to Confirmation or "Laying on of Hands," we are *already* God's children by adoption. In Confirmation, we receive, further, the Holy Ghost. Acts viii., 17. The strengthener, to strengthen us that we may *remain* good children, that we may *grow* better children of God.

Our Father (because we are one family—brethren in Jesus Christ.)

WHICH ART IN HEAVEN—We desire to be finally