

and a few yards in length: this is the only place where there is a positive fall. Behind us is the *Northerner*—a large boat steaming up from Cleveland: the *Gore* puts herself on her mettle, and we reach the wharf first—just as the sun is setting gloriously in the far west.

The village of the Sault Ste Marie, on the south, or United States' side, where we land, consists principally of one street running parallel with the river. This street is lined with the white wooden houses, stores, warehouses, taverns, hotels &c. which you usually see in villages in the State of New York. The platforms in front of the two very tolerable hotels "Van Anden" and "Ste. Marie," present you every day with groups of figures similar to those you see in front of the Hotels in New York—standing, sitting, attired, and employed in the same manner, possessing the same contour of face, complexion &c.—so that you fancy you have seen them all a thousand times.—Along one side of the street runs an iron-railway from one of the wharves to the Upper Landing above the rapids (one and a half miles): along this rail, trucks, piled with merchandise and travellers' luggage, are drawn by horses.—On a pleasant grassy rise to the east of the village stands Fort Brady, over which the United States' flag floats constantly:—this fort is a stockade of high cedar pickets surrounding the quarters of the soldiers (about thirty at present) and officers: these quarters consist of one-story log-cottages with comfortable verandahs—all white—forming a large quadrangle, with well-kept grass-plots, divided into regular compartments by gravel-walks—all looking, to my eye, very collegiate. There is also within the stockade a store of goods and an Hospital.—Over the gateway inside, is a little gallery, from which an aperture looks forth into the outer world. This is for the accommodation of the sentry in the winter when the snows are deep.

On the Canadian or North side of the river, scattered at considerable distances from each other, are a few log cottages, once white—a dismantled windmill—and one large stone mansion—which used to be the Mission-house before the Indians were induced to migrate to the Manitoulin Islands and elsewhere—but is now a tavern, I believe, and much dilapidated.—There is also the handsomely situated and comfortable residence of Mr. Wilson, the Collector of Customs—and a little to the west, the Hudson's Bay Fort, an interesting group of buildings in good order, and surrounded by a stockade of cedar pickets. From this Fort extensive wharfage runs out, where some large black Hudson Bay boats are lying moored.—Immediately along the edge is a low wetland strip of land, capable however of being drained and used for gardens and meadows:—then comes a marsh, then a sudden rise of land, commanding fine views;—and then, far back, the barren-looking rocky hills.—On the rise just referred to, far away from the inhabitants,—almost inaccessible in winter by reason of the snows,—and in summer, on account of the marsh below—stands the building which was used as the Church in former days,—but which is now a barn full of hay.—It was supposed, I believe, at the time, that a village would gather on this hill round the Church. In crossing from the United States' to the Canadian side, you have good views of the Rapids: as far as the eye can reach, a succession of white-caps come dancing down towards you. The fall is about twenty-two feet, spread over a mile and a half.—Canoeists frequently shoot these rapids, and are also poled up them—both operations taking place however at the sides of the stream.—A few days since, a boat came down accidentally, and passed over the leap itself in the centre:—one man sprang overboard and was drowned: the rest who sat still arrived below unharmed.—At the foot of these rapids you see many "Scoopers"—fishermen engaged with scoop-nets catching white fish and trout. Here occasionally you see an eagle pounce down and rise on high again bearing away in its talons to its nest on the far rocky hills, a large fish struggling to be released from its extremely unpleasant position. The white fish is the principal luxury to be had in this place—and at first it is a luxury—but when for many days together you have it presented to you at breakfast, dinner—and tea!—you at last begin to feel a disinclination for white fish which takes some time to wear off.—Provisions are scarce and dear—most things being brought up in the steamers from Detroit.—Potatoes grow, but they do not appear to be very good. Oats ripen, but not wheat.—On asking for eggs, none were to be had, the keeping of hens being too costly.—The summer is short: the air is generally cool: a draught sets down from Lake Superior along the rapids, helping to render the climate unfavourable to vegetation.—The common cabbage-rose which has ceased to flower long ago in the neighbourhood of Toronto is in its beautiful early bloom now, (Sept.)—Here I have seen one specimen of the true Esquimaux dog—a fine curl-tailed but rather savage-looking fellow.—This place abounds with skunks—*bétes puantes*, as the French Canadians accurately call them: they come into the yards to pick up what they can get; and often in the night you are awakened up by a sickening, smothering sensation—the atmosphere being filled with the horrible odour of these creatures.—"The Sault" is popularly in these parts called "The Sn"—and is written, I perceive, "Saut" always, in the "Lake Superior Journal"—a newspaper published here. The old French "Sault" however still retains its place on the maps.—Along the side of the railway across the Portage, runs a little canal—now becoming overgrown with weeds—but through which, before the construction of the iron-road, boats laden with goods were brought.—The Portage on the Canadian side is of less extent than it is on the United States' side—viz. about one mile,—with a convenient Bay at each extremity of it. The ship-canal, mooted in Parliament during the last session, would create a village and produce revenue.

Your adventure in travelling so far as the Sault is not complete, if you do not pay a visit to "Gros Cap" on Lake Superior. For this feat you engage a canoe, or canoes, according to the number of your party.—At the bottom of the frail craft you stow yourself,—and not upon the thwarts—as, being a white man you desire to do, and are paddled by Indians, Half-castes (here called *metis*) or French Canadians, some eighteen miles up the River St. Mary, above the Sault.—The current at first is strong—but as you approach the Great Lake, and the river itself begins to broaden out into Lake-like dimensions,—the resistance of the stream is moderate, and you career delightfully along. The same beautiful clearness in the water strikes you, which was so observable in Lake Huron;—and fine fish can be plainly seen nozzling about among the stones at the bottom, whenever your voyageurs pause for a rest. In your way up you meet a few canoes—their inmates you salute by a cry of "How! how!"—and, if you are so inclined, you can buy a fish of them as you pass.—At length you begin to get a glimpse of the Great Lake, bounding the horizon in the distance;

yonder promontory to the right is Gros Cap—the corresponding high land on the left is Point-aux-Iroquois—the Calpe and Abyla of the Mediterranean of the north.—At the base of Gros Cap you land: all is wild forest and low brush wood around you. A little way back from amidst the greenery, peeps up—as if placed there for picturesque effect—the top of a white conical wigwam—not far from which you observe a canoe or two drawn up. You clamber up a precipitous rock presenting many sharp angular excrescences—holding on by roots and young trees as you best may, till at the height of some two hundred feet you reach a breezy terrace. From this elevation, as far as you can see to the south and west—stretches out before you Lake Superior, gleaming in the sun like a bright mirror—(this, at least, will be my recollection of it; its aspect one can well conceive, is terrific enough in a storm.)—One or two islands are faintly visible towards the S. W. On the South, looms up Point-aux-Iroquois, at a distance of perhaps ten miles. To the right, the rocks, of which Gros Cap is the culmination, vanish off in the perspective. Beneath you, between the edge to which the slippery ledge on which you are standing rather rapidly descends—rise the bright green spire tops of cedar and spruce growing below, defined sharply on the blue surface of the Lake beyond. Behind you, just across a chasm filled also with old cedars and spruce, towers up perpendicularly the second tier of the Gros Cap-rocks, to an altitude of some two hundred feet more: to the top of these, in consequence of the chasm just referred to, it is not easy to get.—The rock is porphyry; in all directions are whortel-berry-bushes, covered with ripe fruit—in all directions, alas! too, are clouds of the black fly:—of these pests I had often read, but I never before experienced them: they almost smother you with their numbers swarming around your head;—and in spite of handkerchiefs and branches of cedar sedulously plied—soon your brows and those of your friends, begin literally to flow down with blood.—The only place of refuge is a dense smoke; this your Indians soon raise for you, and you plant yourself to the windward of it, while your fish is cooking in their black kettle. On such breezy heights as these, after an eighteen mile excursion in a canoe—you enjoy some refreshment—in spite of every drawback. Imagine our repeat: imagine the party seated round the tall black-hued vessel which was a few moments ago simmering on the fire—its fluid contents are now gone—look down—you see at its bottom only the coiled form of our trout, its rosy flakes bursting asunder;—imagine no v, an absence of salt—an absence of plates—an absence of those post-digital discoveries, knives and forks:—still, imagine all in great good humour, and likely to carry away only pleasant memories of their ascent of Gros Cap.—Towards evening, we begin our descent of the river; and though the current is in our favour, it takes us a longer time to return than we had anticipated:—dark night closes in upon us, hiding from our view the shore and every object. Our voyageurs become very silent—and seem not to know precisely whereabouts they are:—the roar of the rapids tells us that we are getting somewhat too near to them:—have we not descended too far?—have we not passed the landing place?—there!—we are on a rock!—that blow sent a stunning jar through all the vertebrae!—has the canoe given way?—nay, there is not time to examine—we are off again in the current—surely we have slipped by the pier!—Ah! there is the pier now—looming up black in the darkness.

From this pier, thus happily, after a little anxiety, reached, the large propellers "Montecello," and "Napoleon," regularly ply to Fond du Lac, and the mines on the south shore of Lake Superior. Here is drawn up on shore, the vessel that was wrecked with our troops when on their way last winter to Mica Bay on the north shore.—Near the entrance of Lake Superior we saw the sunken "Manhattan"—a steamer recently run into by the "Montecello."—Numbers are flocking in to the mining region on the United States' shore—the government having lately altered its policy; instead of obliging every purchaser to buy some two miles square of territory, small locations are now granted—you can buy as little as forty dollars worth of this property: persons are consequently crowding in to work and transact business at the mines.—It is stated that, on our side of the copper-bottomed Lake, the case would be the same, were the same policy to be adopted by our government.—On the wharf in the village of the Sault, waiting for transport, are large masses of copper from the United States' mines—stamped some 3, some 4, some 5,000 lbs.—The metal is perfectly pure—and bears the marks and varying shape of the fissures into which it rushed when in a fluid state—from these fissures it is now lifted, cut into convenient lengths with the cold chisel.

(To be continued.)

DIOCESE OF QUEBEC.

"The Bishops of Toronto, Newfoundland Fredericton and Montreal, arrived in this city on the 24th of last month, upon a visit to the Bishop of Quebec, and, (with the exception of the Bishop of Newfoundland who follows this evening,) left town yesterday in the steamer Lord Sydenham, for Montreal.

Their Lordships were met upon their landing, on the 24th, by the Bishop of Quebec and two of his Chaplains, with some others of the Clergy. They all took part in the Cathedral services on Sunday morning last, the Bishop of Fredericton preaching, upon the occasion, an annual Charity sermon for one of the special objects of the Diocesan Church Society, for which the sum of £40 5s. was collected after the sermon. The Bishop of Toronto preached in the Cathedral in the afternoon, and in the evening in the Chapel of the Holy Trinity. The Bishop of Montreal preached, in the afternoon, in St. Peter's Chapel. In the evening, the Bishop of Fredericton preached in All Saints' Chapel, and the Bishop of Newfoundland in St. Matthew's. These two sermons were delivered for the same object as that of the morning sermon in the Cathedral, and produced in the former instance £2 18s. 1d. and in the latter £12.

On Monday, being the Festival of St. Michael and All Angels, the Bishops all attended the Cathedral service and partook of the Communion, together with the Clergy of the place. The sermon, appropriate to the occasion, was preached by the Bishop of Montreal.

Their Lordships have been highly gratified by their visit, and the spectacle of five Bishops of the Church of England assembled together was one of novelty and interest, and it may well be hoped, of good augury to the members of that Communion. The Bishops of Nova Scotia and Rupert's Land had both expressed a desire to meet their brother prelates of these Colonies, and the former had hoped to effect it, but circumstances did not permit their attendance."

ENGLAND.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL IN FOREIGN PARTS.

79, Pall Mall, Sept. 6, 1851.

The Monthly Meetings of the Society are suspended as usual at this season of the year. Meanwhile the celebration of the Jubilee is being carried on throughout the country. On September 5th the commemoration took place at Ripon; October 3rd is fixed for Canterbury; December 2nd for York; September 11th for Salisbury; September 24th (probably) for Armagh; September 21st for Liverpool. In many other towns and villages meetings are being held and sermons preached for the first time; the result of which, it is hoped, will be to extend a knowledge of the Society's operations to many new quarters, and to procure a large number of additional permanent supporters to the cause in which the Society is engaged.

Two points specially should be kept in view by the many zealous friends of the Society who are now labouring for its support in the way above mentioned. First, not to allow the contributions to the Jubilee Fund to come in place of the ordinary subscriptions to the Society, but to make them a *bona fide* thank-offering—something additional and beyond the income of former years; and next, to ensure permanent effect to the present effort by making the interest which is now felt for the Society the foundation of annual meetings and annual sermons in its behalf.

Mr. Bell has recently published, for the Society, Prayers and passages from Holy Scripture relating to the Propagation of the Gospel; also Verses for 1851; and reprints of the Jubilee Sermons of Bishop Doane and Bishop Henshawe.

A Journal of great length, and of unusual interest, detailing the Bishop of Cape Town's Visitation in 1850, has just been published. The following summary account, extracted from pp. 204—206, will give some notion of the progress of the last three years in that diocese:—

"There can be no doubt that it has pleased God, during the last three years, to bless in a very remarkable manner, the work of the Church in this land. The increase of life within our communion has been observed by all. The addresses presented to me in the course of this Visitation are evidences of this. Unhappily our efforts to provide for the spiritual wants of our people, and to do the work God has given us to do, have not always been regarded in a Christian spirit by those who are not of us. We have been met not unfrequently with misrepresentation and bitter opposition; and efforts have been made through the press, and in other ways, to excite the prejudices of the ignorant against the Church. From this wrong spirit most of the foreign missionaries, and, I think I may add, the Wesleyans generally, have been exempt. From some of the ministers of the Dutch Church much kindness and co-operation have been experienced. Independents, Baptists, Romanists, and some other self-constituted societies and sects, have been the most bitter. I am thankful to say, that the great body of the clergy have both felt and acted with real charity towards those who differ from us. They have ever sought and desired to live on terms of amity with all who are round about them, and have, I believe, been uniformly courteous to all. Still I repeat, amidst the jealousy and opposition of others the work has prospered. It is not three years since I landed in the colony. There was then sixteen clergy in the diocese. At this moment there are fifty, notwithstanding that three have withdrawn. Several more are expected. It is impossible not to feel anxious about the future maintenance of the extensive work which has been undertaken in this land. There are circumstances peculiar to this colony which render the establishment of the Church upon a secure foundation singularly difficult. Amongst these we must reckon the distinctions of race and class with all its prejudices and antipathies. There are three distinct races at least in each village or parish, and there is no drawing towards one another on the part of any. Of these the English are fewest in number, and they again broken up by religious divisions. The Churchmen are indeed in most places of the colony more numerous than the Dissenters and many of these latter have already joined our communion. But we are in most places the last in the field, are regarded as intruders, and have lost through our previous neglect, many valuable members. The scattered nature of our population offers another great difficulty. Our people, few in number, as they are, are distributed over a vast extent of country, which, for the most part, is incapable of supporting a dense population. The critical question for us is, how are we to maintain our ministry for the next few years, until our numbers are increased by immigration, by converts from the heathen, or the return to our communion of such of our numbers as at present are separate from us? Our people are generally doing as much as, or more than I could have expected. Notwithstanding the efforts required to erect their churches they are coming forward to maintain a standing ministry; but the amount thus raised is wholly inadequate, and will be so for some years to come. The colonial government renders some assistance; but support from this quarter is likely to be diminished rather than increased in years to come. Under these circumstances we must continue to look to the mother land and mother Church to aid us. That she disregarded her responsibilities towards this colony for well nigh half a century, and thereby made the work more difficult when entered upon in earnest, is an additional reason for pushing it forward with unremitting zeal and vigour during the first few years. There is good reason to hope, I think, that from year to year each parish will do more and more towards maintaining its own work. But Churchmen, who at home have had their spiritual wants supplied through the bounty of our fore-fathers, are slow to learn the lesson that their own offerings are the only endowment to be depended upon here, and many are really not capable of doing much for the colony is after all a very poor one. The average expenditure of the Wesleyan Society in this land has been £10,000 a year for the last ten years. The London Society (Independents) expends, I believe, £6,000. And other Protestant denominations, exclusive of the English Church, make up the total to something little short of £30,000 a year."

The more we consider the letter of the Archbishop of Canterbury to Mr. Gawthorn ["W. Francis"], and the more we see of the statements and arguments of those who feel the strongest indignation at that letter, the more convinced are we that it is inexpedient to create an agitation among Churchmen on the subject. We see no prospect of any practical benefit from agitation; much less from angry or contemptuous language, and exaggerated statements.

We admit that from some points of view it does appear desirable that the Bishops should come forward

and speak out on the matter. They might, for instance, protest against one of their number taking upon himself to represent their opinions upon a vital Ecclesiastical question, and thus rendering it necessary for them to speak where they had rather be silent, or else to run the risk of appearing to acquiesce in the unsound opinions which he is supposed to attribute to them.

But supposing the Bishops, or the major part of them to make this simple Protest, would that satisfy those who are now calling upon them to come forward? They would be the first to admit that it would not.—What more could we expect the majority of the Bishops to do? The most we could expect from them, in addition to this Protest, is a declaration that they hold Episcopacy to be of Divine appointment, and the imposition of Episcopal hands to be the only mode of valid ordination recognized by the Catholic and Apostolic Church of Christ. Many persons may at first sight say, "That is all we want—we should be quite satisfied with that." But would this really settle the question actually involved in the Archbishop's recent letter? Certainly not. Individuals might say that they could infer from such a declaration that their Lordships who had signed it regarded as "mere laymen" those who had not received Episcopal ordination, but it would be only inference. The question at issue would not be settled; for we can imagine that even the Archbishop of Canterbury would have no great objection to signing such a declaration, were it not for his personal share in the peculiar circumstances which called it forth. In proof of this statement, we may adduce the following letter from the *Record* of Monday:—

To the Editor of the Record.

Sir,—I venture a few observations on the Archbishop's letter to Mr. Gawthorn, which, perhaps, may help to clear up the difficulty of understanding what our Metropolitan means.

There is a wide and distinct difference between acknowledging that a person holds a certain office, and denying that he does hold it.

As a Clergyman of the Church of England, I believe that Episcopal ordination is of Divine authority, and the true and right way of admission into the sacred office of the Ministry; and I do not, therefore, acknowledge any one who is not so set apart as a Minister of the everlasting Gospel. At the same time, I cannot take upon me to deny, for denial requires proof, which I am not capable of giving,—that all who have been set apart for the office of the ministry by the imposition of the hands of Presbyters only, are not Ministers of Christ.

And where is the Bishop or Clergyman who can deny with proof—and, without proof, denial amounts to nothing in this case—the validity of the Orders of all the Ministers of the Lutheran Church in Germany from that Reformer's time to the present? or that of all the Ministers of the Established Church in Scotland from the time of Knox? or that of all the Ministers of the Dissenting Churches in England and America from the time of Whitefield and Wesley?

In other words, who can prove that all these professing Ministers of the Gospel were, and are, really nothing more than laymen? And that, consequently, all those Churches have never been any part of Christ's true and Catholic Church?

Viewing the two words, "deny" and "acknowledge," in the foregoing light, I think that a true, and not a perverted solution may be found for the Archbishop's expression, "I hardly imagine," &c., &c., &c.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

W. R.

September 11, 1851.

Could we reasonably expect from the Bishops anything stronger and more definite than the sentence in the third paragraph of this letter which we have printed in italics? And yet few of those who are now agitating this question would be satisfied if they had any reason to believe that the Bishops adopted the language of the other paragraphs of this letter.

We repeat, then, that the most we could expect from the Bishops is a declaration of what they hold to be true and valid ordination in the Catholic Church; as they could not well be expected to add a declaration as to what is not valid ordination; and those who argue as many do, that it is sufficient, or best, for the Clergy to teach positive truth, exclusively, without troubling themselves, or their flocks, with expositions and refutation of Roman error, cannot consistently call upon the Bishops or Clergy to do otherwise,—they certainly could not call upon them to define, and deny, the very palpable statements and assumptions contained in, or rather to be inferred from, the strangely-worded, equivocal, and ill-judged letter of the Primate.

Our advice is, therefore, to let the matter drop, "lest a worse thing come upon us." The language of the letter—its unwarrantable reference to the opinions of others, rather than to those of the writer—and the very peculiar circumstances under which it was written—its "private" character, originally, although published subsequently by the Archbishop, but with the whole correspondence, as though his Grace felt that such a letter could not be at all excused apart from the circumstances which gave rise to it;—all this appears as sufficient to render it less dangerous and damaging to lament the letter in silence, than to publicly agitate the matter, and run the risk of obtaining a more unequivocal avowal of equally objectionable opinions from his Grace (and, perhaps, from others) with little or nothing from the majority of the Bishops to counteract the evil; seeing, as we have said, that their Lordships would probably confine themselves to a simple declaration of what constitutes valid ordination in the Catholic Church, without making any definite statement what ever as to the degree of validity or invalidity of any other form of setting men apart for ministering in Holy Things.

Since writing the foregoing, we have received the following—by no means unexpected—letter from Mr. Denison:—

To the Editor of the English Churchman.

Sir,—Church newspapers—representing, I suppose, the mind of many Churchmen—seem hardly to know their own mind. They have plenty of Articles and Protests, and Advertisements of Resolutions of the most stringent quality; but when a pinch comes, and it behoves men to act, straightway the newspapers suggest that there be as little action as may be, or indeed none. These words are forced from me by your article of the 11th inst. Your counsel is, it appears, that Churchmen should not trouble themselves at all about the published statement of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and be content to slip out of it in any way that they think they can.

I have only to say upon this that I trust no Churchman will be found to follow advice of which, though it be quite true that it is not singular, it is also true that it is not safe.

We have nothing that I know of to do with Mr. Gawthorn except to avoid his practices, and the putting ourselves in a position in which a man learns so easily