

*years since she had had a chance of attending the service of her Church!* So soon as I could—that was April 12th—I went again to Magnettewan village, and held two services in the Orange Hall. The place was simply crammed, at night inconveniently so, and no man could have a more attentive congregation. I asked those who would like to see the Church service regularly in the village to meet me in my room at the hotel next morning, at 9 A.M. At that hour over *thirty* men attended, some having walked six, seven, and nine miles to be present. They spoke warmly and plainly, and appeared deeply roused. I told them I would do my best to get them some money towards a church building, if they would meet my efforts by their labour. In half an hour I had over 60*l.* worth of labour promised me. One poor man, only an English labourer, offered to do the whole of the work of building a stone foundation to the church, if the materials were placed on the ground; the value of this was at least 15*l.* The materials were soon promised; and the promises fulfilled. I have been there, and found the men working as busy as bees in the evening, when their farm work was done, some of the men walking five miles to give their labour. Though it will be far from finished, we hope to have the church so near completion as to hold service the first Sunday in January, 1881, and to have a confirmation therein at our next visitation. A congregation of over fifty is now regularly in attendance, thoroughly in earnest, and appearing to value the privileges once more placed within their reach.

I have opened a station at Mr. Laxton's, in the north-east corner of Ryerson. After service there on Sunday, August 15th, Mr. Laxton said to me, "Mr. Crompton, I was at the store in Katrine the other day, and I gave notice of your coming. There were a good many Methodists, and they made great fun of me, because they said 'the Church of England did not care whether her people were saved or not, or she would send more parsons.' But there was one man came up to me, sir, and asked, 'Is it true that a parson is coming to your shanty?' I said 'Yes.' He said, 'Do you think he would come our way? there