

ous, yet many (women as well as men) seemed to consider a walk of, 3, 4, or 6 miles with a heavy fall over head and a deep snow to go through, as nothing in comparison with the pleasure and profit of meeting their chief pastor. The man whose little one was to be baptized lives five miles from the place of meeting, and as both mother and father must go to the service, it was absolutely necessary that the whole family of children must come too, as they have no neighbours near enough to have taken charge of them.

The father has only one ox, so a jumper had to be manufactured with box on it, to bring the little ones, and it was no small source of amusement to see the picture they presented. Father sat on the front of the sleigh, mother well wrapped up in the centre of the box with hay all round her, and some five little ones with her, their heads propped up, making them look somewhat like birds popping out of their nest, but looking in spite of a thick coating of snow, happy and comfortable. There were twenty-nine communicants, and the offering was \$7.20.

After service refreshments were provided by the female members of the congregation, consisting of tea, cakes, and biscuits, which were much enjoyed by all as they were handed round the room *a la picnic*. The Bishop passed round from group to group, winning the hearts of all by his urbanity and the cordial manner in which he joined them and entered into their conversations. Tea &c, having been discussed a Christmas (?) tree gave great delight to old and young, but especially the latter, who proudly received the presents therefrom at the hands of their Bishop. The bows and curtsies made by the youngsters were rather unique in their style, but they were evidently sincere.

By their behaviour and manner of responding during service it is plainly to be seen these little ones are being well trained in the Church and with intelligence. A Church meeting was then held, at which Mr. Harston and other friends (who had come on snow-shoes several miles) were present. The subject of getting a resident clergyman in the neighbourhood was freely discussed, and the good, earnest, sound tone of the men who spoke at the meeting was indeed a refreshing by the way. The Bishop not only spoke of it but showed by

his manner the pleasure he was experiencing. The result was, that Hoodtown would join their efforts with Ilfracombe, and canvass Ravenscliff, to obtain more frequent services than once a month, by having a clergyman living amongst them.

There is every prospect that this desirable object will be obtained, for the people themselves wish it with all their hearts and are determined by God's help to raise the necessary income for a parson without calling upon aid from the Diocesan Fund, or to only a trifling extent.

At the close a very pleasing incident occurred.

Some of your readers may remember that two young men were confirmed at the Visitation of '78 who had been brought to enquire into matters through their being lent some copies of the *Dominion Churchman*. These young men have persevered in their good walk notwithstanding much opposition; they have done more—by their persuasion the father and mother were induced to attend our services at Hoodstown (a journey of over 7 miles for the old folks) and the result has been, they have given up the Dissenting meetings which were held in their house, and the old lady at this meeting asked the Bishop "what she must do to be a member of the Church." Kindly and patiently did his Lordship show her the way she had to go and proudly her sons stood by her side—they are married men and fathers—their eyes sparkling and their cheeks glowing with joy.

I am pleased to testify that since confirmation the lives of these young men have been consistent.

I promised to see the mother myself, and with her "Thank you Sir" "God bless you Sir" ringing in our ears, we turned our backs upon one of the heartiest, best and most cheering meetings we have had anywhere. And the warmth which this feeling produced had not left the Bishop after a slow ride of nine miles in the dark on a cold night. The body might feel weary, but what we had seen and heard took away all sense of weariness, we could thank God and take courage to still keep our hands to the plough and to work on in faith.

WILLIAM CROMPTON
Travelling Clergyman.

Aspdin P. O.

The New Bishop of Toronto.

WE have heard with pleasure of the happy conclusion of the warfare which has been going

on for so long in the Diocese of Toronto, and of the election of Archdeacon Sweatman to fill the Episcopal chair.