

In the midst of our last snow storm, a young man walked nine miles to leave a request for me to go and bury a young woman, and I am given to understand, both he and she were regular attendants of St. James' Cathedral when in Toronto. The young man when the dreadful journey (and it *was* a dreadful one owing to the storm and snow) was mentioned to him, he said he did not care for that if his coming could get them a regular service—for said he '*it is so hard never now to have a service.*' "

During the same snow storm I had ridden 32 miles, yet next day I set off—and of that 9 miles, there were *five* with snow-drifts up to the horse's belly, and he is not a small one either. I started at 9 30 a. m., and got to the place at 1 p. m., taking up three friends on the way. At the house I found *thirty heads of families*, representing at least 120 souls, and of those heads of families, *twenty-seven* told me they were Church of England and never had been anything else.

Now Sir, the Dissenters are very busy, but at *present they have no chance here*. On Tuesday evening last (April 17th) I carried a large bundle for the young settler above alluded to some 7 miles and of course got into conversation with him, in which he said "Do you think Mr. Crompton, our friends *will* help us? What could I say? Could I tell the truth and say, the people of Toronto can *talk* but it is very little they will do? "I do not," I said, "my friend, God will help us in His own good time."

All here are willing to give that which alone settlers can give, *their labor*, but even a log building (and we ask for no other) cannot be put up so far in the bush *under* \$100. No *seats* are asked for, as the heads of each family would have to provide logs or chunks of wood as seats just as they do in their houses.

We have a young man willing to go on as lay reader (*gratis*) on probation, and to open a Sunday School. Thus service could be going on regularly. Of course the site and building would be deeded to the Diocesan of Algoma.

Now Sir, here is a chance for your Society, and I (well, rather unwillingly,) give it the chance. Will you take it? Shall these people be kept together, or will you let them be scattered abroad, and *when scattered* try to recover them? It is far harder to recover than to keep.

I must honestly confess my patience is all but exhausted, and if some decided steps and decisive help be not soon forthcoming, I must again appeal to the public through the papers. Time is very limited in the bush, and what we do we have to do quickly or winter is again upon us. I have only mentioned this one place, because there are so many people and I have *seen them*—but I hear of a great number coming into Ryerson and other adjacent townships, and am in correspondence with people there. To be plain, I need *now* five log buildings—*i e*; \$500—have five men to act as lay readers and could keep the five congregations together, under God. If there is any hope of your Society *acting* I will form a committee at No. 1, and let you have the names, for I will not have the handling of the money beyond passing it on, if you choose."

MADAM CAPELLE, the Lady Superintendent of the Wawanosh Home for Indian Girls, has arrived, and seems most earnest and anxious to begin work as soon as the Home is ready