



FERRY SCOW, RED RIVER.

graphy I did not try to get a portrait of "Old Auntie," but I was fortunate enough to obtain a perfect likeness through the kindness of the clergyman of Broadview, who gave me a photograph made by the local artist. This I took, when in England, to Newton & Co., London, who made an excellent lantern transparency from it. I need scarcely say that the exhibition of it never fails to produce surprise, wonder, and compassionate concern.

BISHOP ROWE OF ALASKA.

 HE New York *Times* published an interesting interview with Bishop Rowe after his recent consecration as Bishop of Alaska. Though now an American, Dr. Rowe was originally a Canadian, and is a graduate of Trinity College, Toronto.

Mr. Rowe went straight from Toronto to the Indian reservation at Garden River, Ontario. His jurisdiction lay along the northern shore of Lake Huron, and included the islands of St. Joseph, Cockburn, and Manitoulin. This region lies within the diocese of Algoma, and its only inhabitants are Ojibway Indians and a few hundred settlers, chiefly of Scotch extraction, whose farms lie at great distances from one another, and in the winter time are often inaccessible.

Mr. Rowe was the sort of missionary who would travel 150 miles over the ice, with the thermometer thirty degrees below zero, without

a guide or companion of any sort, and in the teeth of a winter storm that no Indian would face, in order to be present at the bedside of a dying settler, or to carry consolation and comfort to some sick Indian.

Mr. Rowe told a tale of being lost on his way from St. Joseph Island to Garden River and sleeping all night on a bed of moss, with nothing to eat, and no company but the wolves.

Speaking of another expedition, he said: "I started off without my snowshoes to visit the mines, which were then being opened along the north shore of Lake Huron. After hard travelling for several days, with only my dog for a companion, I reached the lumber camps at Thessalon River. I held a service in the camps before daylight, and directly afterwards started east on the trail of some new settlers who had just come into the territory.

"All day I tramped through the woods, and towards evening I came across a solitary settler, who was evidently a new arrival. I had been walking since daylight without food, but I was young and strong, and I did not feel like asking him for anything to eat.

"After some conversation, the man asked me who I was, where I had come from, where I was going, and, finally, to what church I belonged.

"Thinking I had the same privileges, I asked him similar questions.

"'Oh, I belong to the Church of Christ,' he said. I replied that I was glad to hear it, and that we, therefore, belonged to the same church. To this, however, this solitary settler would not agree. He would not have it that we belonged to the same church, and because of some peculiar phrases he used I realized at last that he was a Plymouth Brother.

"After discussing his special Christianity, this man allowed me to go away without even a cup of cold water. He knew my position and understood that I had eaten nothing since daylight, and had a long journey in front of me. Yet his feelings on the subject of his special Christianity were so strong that he would not extend the meanest hospitality to me.

"More dead than alive, I managed to crawl back to the camp, and the indignation among those miners when they saw my condition was very strong. The foreman, a Scotch Presbyterian, threatened to send his men back and pull down the settler's hut over his ears. I was able, however, to prevent this violence, and was the means, on subsequent occasions, of ministering to this very man's wants.

"Finding the winter coming on apace, and being without snowshoes, I determined to push on homeward to Garden River. Shortly after I had started on my journey the weather grew suddenly colder. Snow began to fall, and the