

taining a Church of their own, we may thank God and take courage.

Regular week-day services are supplied in the school-house at Stobie, Mine, four miles in an easterly direction from Sudbury. These services are well attended considering the few families we have there. The people have bought and paid for hymn books and prayer books and also for a surplice. We have at these services many of all creeds who take advantage of them and show in many ways their goodwill towards us.

Wahnapitae has also been regularly supplied with week-day services, but I cannot speak with such encouragement as to its future.

I have also been enabled to visit our Church people in Chelmsford and other parts, but have not as yet any regular congregation there.

JAMES BOYDELL,

Incumbent of Sudbury and parts adjacent.

Garden River Mission.

REV. F. FROST, INCUMBENT.

I was calling to mind the other day some incidents in my missionary labours which might be of interest to those who are interested in such things. I was on my way in a sail-boat to visit some Indians at their settlement, when, seeing some wigwams on the shore of a sequestered bay, I made my way towards them. As the boat was approaching the shore an Indian came out of a wigwam to meet me, and asked me very earnestly to come up to his lodge and see his child, who was very sick. "I want you to pray for him," said he, "like the apostles did in olden time, so that he might get well." I followed the father into the wigwam and saw a child in the last stages of consumption, and I thought as I looked at the child that it would probably die very soon, perhaps that very evening. I talked to the parents and an elder girl who was there, and read to them and prayed for them and for the sick child, that God would bless the child in life and in death. The father followed me out down towards the shore and asked if the child would be better. I said I feared not. He said, "Can nothing be done? Did you not pray for him to get well? The apostles healed the sick." "Yes," I said, "sometimes they did, but not always, for the apostles had friends who were sick and were sorry for them, but they could not or did not heal them, and those whom Christ permitted them to heal got sick again and died afterward, so it was only a temporary blessing. Christ now gives eternal health to those who belong to Him, in the life to come. If God takes away your child He will put him where he will never be sick again for evermore." The father, poor man, was comforted by these words, believing his little boy was going to the land where the inhabitants shall never say, "I am sick."

I went on my way, and late that night I found the Indians I was in search of, and held service around a huge camp-fire, reading the service by the light of the flames, and preaching to the dusky figures that were standing round the fire, but I thought of the father and his sick and dying child, and wished that Christ had permanently left to His disciples the power to "heal the sick."

F. F.

Garden River, Advent, 1899.

Uffington Mission.

On the morning of St. Andrew's Day, Rural Dean Burt visited Purbrook and celebrated Holy Communion, assisted by the incumbent, Rev. G. Gander. Notwithstanding the fact that the roads were at their worst, and that Mr. Burt went out of his way over a very rough road, by taking a wrong turn, the service was only fifteen minutes late in starting.

Algoma in England.

At the time of the Queen's Jubilee in 1887 Dr. Harvey Goodwin, then Bishop of Carlisle, and one of the wisest and most farseeing of our prelates, carried his suggestion that the Church's memorial of our Queen's reign should be a Church House at Westminster, which form a nucleus for and gradually form a centre for many kinds of Church work. Part of it is built, and in this is the great hall, whose fine proportions and beautiful woodwork form no mean offering. For some years past a sale for home and foreign missions has been held here; it began by a few missions joining together, but under the able management of Mrs. Johnson, wife of the late Bishop of Calcutta, it has become so large that every available space is occupied. This year there were twenty-nine stalls, each representing a different object, and many more were refused because there was no room for them. The stalls are allotted a year before and with some fear and trepidation an application was sent in for Algoma, which had not been represented for the last two years. It was granted, and then came the question, "How shall we fill our 14 ft. x 3 feet? and if we fill it, who will come to buy?" It was decided to try and get out-of-the-way things which might attract people outside of our own clientele. A very generous gift, through a member of our Association Committee, gave us some funds to start with. We heard of some quaint pottery to be got from Spain, but which had to be ordered in Spanish. The prime mover in the whole sale, who was equal to every emergency, found a cousin who wrote Spanish and could translate "pots of all kinds"—so we sent our cheque and awaited the result. We were not disappointed: jugs and mugs of all sorts and sizes, grinning cats and strutting cocks, vases of all nondescript shapes, leaning over on one side and bulging out on the other, with de-

signs of tossing bulls, climbing monkeys, deer, birds and creeping things came out of the crate. The rest of the donation we had sent to Canada, for we felt we were Algoma and must be of Algoma. By the kindness of Mr. Thorneloe and of Mr. Ley King we received a case of baskets even more wonderful than the china. Baskets high and baskets low, baskets round and baskets square, baskets pink, blue, green and mauve, all with their sweet scent of hay which lingers still in cupboards which formed their temporary resting place. Mr. Ley King has marketed for us admirably, and sent us very kindly some also from the Shingwauk Home, and we felt we had baskets to last a lifetime. Another member of our committee had Norwegian inspirations. She and friends provided many pounds of Scandinavian work; sloyd boxes of many shapes and colours, cloth belts and pouches of queer designs and a veritable jeweller's array of daintiest filagree silver and gold pendants and brooches. Some branches of the association very kindly sent us lovely things; one of Algoma's best friends some quaint green pottery from Bruges, another, little hot water jugs whose fame brought clamouring purchasers long after the last was sold, and yet another some models of Cornish crosses which made many people stop to ask what they were and then buy.

As the day came near we began to hope we might have enough to cover our stall. Yes, those baskets certainly would cover an unlimited space. So they did—for a time. Some twelve stalls back to back up the middle of the room, from Bethnal Green to Madagascar, from Zululand to Qu'Appelle; six down each side, one on each side of the entrance, and three across the further end—one of these latter, "No. 10 Algoma," V shaped, all ready draped for us, with, over it, the names of the Lady Elinor Denison, and the Ladies Charlotte and Margaret Amherst, who, inheriting an interest in Canada from their distinguished ancestor, Jeffery, first Lord Amherst, (a name not likely to be forgotten in Canada), had most kindly consented to be our stall holders. Baskets all down one side of the V. No doubt of that! Dainty frocks, bed spreads, table covers hung behind, china and crosses at the point. We are ready. At twelve o'clock on November 15, the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, from the balcony, declared the sale open and most generously leave a donation of £100, of which three guineas comes to us. And now our things begin to go. Baskets! "Made by the Indians, you say? And they smell of something! Sweet hay, is it? Oh, I must have some!"—and so on, and by six o'clock we begin to wonder how we can spread out our diminished wares for to-morrow, and by that to-morrow's evening, instead of baskets for a life-time, not one remains, and we have to send people unsatisfied away; even the big waste paper basket, 3ft. deep, which had sheltered so many