

led right down to it, and that if we ran all the way we might catch a sailboat going up to the Sault. Then we pressed a dollar upon her as payment for the edibles we had destroyed, and praised the fare very highly.

"You like them biscuits, eh?"

"Oh, indeed we do."

"Wall, now, I'm glad of that. It's some new flour we got, an' the old man's afraid of 'em. We dasn't eat 'em at all, an' when we fed 'em to the young turkeys they all died."

Horror! We fell down the steps and staggered into the road. That explained why this woman had stood silently watching us gorge, with the expression of Lady Macbeth turned into a scientific experimentalist.

However, there was no time to waste in regrets. If we were to share the fate of the young turkeys we would not help matters by standing still, and we walked hard toward the river.

"Can you run?" asked the parson.

"I'll try."

And we set out on a wretched, painful jog trot. We ran the whole mile, if it can be called running, when one's feet blunder along in front of him just fast enough to keep him from falling. We got to the wharf in time to see the sailboat 200 yards out in the stream. We yelled, shouted and whistled, but the wind was blowing against us and the men in the boat never heard. A rowboat, fastened by a chain and padlock, lay close by, and there were two pairs of light oars in her. We were desperate, so we wrote a note telling who had stolen the boat and when and how she would be returned. Then we took big stones, broke the padlock and embarked. Our feet were swollen and pained us greatly, and we took off our boots. We had a fourteen mile row ahead of us, but that didn't matter much, and we bent to the oars and sent the boat along almost as swiftly as if we had not been walking sixty of the roughest miles to be found in Canada. The Village of Garden River, twelve miles below Sault Ste Marie, was our objective point, and, after two and a half hours of very hard work against wind and current, we reached C—'s dock, on Sugar Island, which is a part of the United States. A turn of the river put this dock in the direct line between our starting point and Garden River. C— was a wealthy American, having a beautiful mansion, and we crept close to the dock so that no one could see us, although we had little fear of recognition, for we were covered from head to foot with mud, and looked as if we had just emerged from some hog wallow. C—'s son, who was a little older than either of us, came out on the dock and gazed down on us. We did not look up, yet he kept staring and walking along after our boat.

"Say!" he exclaimed, "I know you fellows. Where have you been?"

The parson laughed good-naturedly and acknowledged his identity, but I was a little sulky at being

discovered, and very much afraid of some of the ladies of the family seeing us.

We must come in and have dinner. I wanted to go on immediately, but the parson looked wistful when he left the decision to me, and so I decided that we should go in and dine, young C— on his part conditioning that none of the ladies should see us,—who, however, peeped shyly at us through the window.

When we had eaten all we possibly could hold of the very best of fare, we rowed three miles to Garden River, and immediately built a fire and cooked another meal, which we attacked ravenously. I then went to sleep.

It was sixteen hours later when I awoke. The parson was absent, and he did not come in for an hour. He assured me then that he had rested, but I found out afterward that this was a fib told to make me feel comfortable. He had not been to bed at all. When I went off to sleep he had walked a mile to his pasture field, caught his horse and ridden twenty miles, visiting sick parishioners, to whom he is both clergyman and physician. This was the third or fourth time he had treated me in that way, and I was mad.

## CLERICAL DIRECTORY

### DIocese OF TORONTO, FORMED 1839.

*Continued.*

MORLEY, REV. GEORGE BENJAMIN. B. and Ed. Kingston, Ont. Ordained Deacon 1881, Priest 1882, at St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, by Bishop of Toronto. Appointed to West Mono Mission 26th September, 1881, having held the position of Lay Reader in the same place the three years previous; remains still in charge. Cardwell P. O.

MURPHY, REV. E. W., B. A. Incumbent of Innisfil, Painswick P. O.

MUSSEN, REV. E. HORACE, M. A. Graduate Trinity College, Toronto. Ordained Deacon 1869, Priest 1870, by the Bishop of Toronto. Appointed Manvers; Clifton, 1874-76; Lakefield. Now Aurora.

McCLEARY, REV. JOHN, Hastings.

McCLEARY, REV. J. W., unattached.

McCOLLUM, REV. J. H., M. A. Incumbent St. Thomas' Church, Toronto. Seaton Village P. O.

NATTRESS, REV. Geo., L. T. Curate Holy Trinity, Toronto.

NESBITT, REV. GEORGE, M. A. B. in Canada. Graduate Trinity College, Toronto. Ordained Deacon 1861, Priest 1862, by the Bishop of Toronto. Appointed Rosemont. Now Georgina.

NICHOL, REV. R. T., B. A. Trinity College School, Port Hope.

OLIVER, REV. E. A., B. A. Incumbent of Bolton, Albion P. O.

O'MEARA, REV. FREDERICK A., B. A., LL. D., Canon. B. at Wexford, Ireland. Graduate Trinity College, Dublin, 1837; LL. D. 1846. Ordained Deacon 1837, by the Right Reverend Dr. Blomfield; Priest 1838, by the Bishop of Quebec. Appointed (1) Travelling Missionary; (2) Missionary Chaplain Indian Department, Lake Huron; (3) Incumbent Georgetown. Now Rector St. John's Church, Port Hope.

OSLER, REV. HENRY BATH, Canon, Rural Dean. B. and Ed. Falmouth, Eng. Ordained Deacon in 1843, and