

On the 19th of October, five days after my arrival in Liverpool, I found myself face to face, for the first time, with the committee of the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel." Canon Gregory, of St. Pauls presided. About fifty were present, among them the Bishop of Newfoundland, suffering severely, but none the less forcible in his appeal on behalf of his seagirt Diocese, which, I may add, lost nothing of its persuasiveness by its combined modesty and brevity. Here let me say, parenthetically, for the information of all intending applicants to these great societies, that they have no ears for eloquence, oratorical display in their presence is as completely lost as it would be in an audience at a missionary Drawing Room Meeting. What they ask and expect, and, if they can, will gladly respond to is a simple straight-forward recital of facts, followed by a brief, lucid statement of actual and pressing necessities. For myself, I cannot speak too strongly of the courtesy extended to me personally by the secretaries of the Society, with whom I was frequently brought into contact, or of the attentive, sympathetic hearing given by the Committee in the midst of a long list of "Agenda," to my story of the work and wants of Algoma. Already, before my arrival in England, a promise had been given of a conditional grant, on easy terms, of £1000 towards the endowment of the Diocese, over and above the £450 allowed us for the stipends of missionaries. (This latter sum since 1832, had been increased to £650.) Still more recently, the sum of £100 was given towards the purchase of a missionary boat, and later still, at the annual meeting, held six weeks ago, another £100, for 1835, to aid in its maintenance.

Before going farther, let me here refer to an imputation which has been cast on this Society on the ground of its alleged sympathy with one extreme School of Theology, as shown, it was supposed, by the fact that it numbered among its supporters members, both lay and clerical of organizations so pronounced as the "C.B.S.," "E.C.U." and others of a similar type. Indeed I have reason to believe that I have myself been regarded with somewhat of suspicion in certain quarters, in consequence of appearing as its advocate, both in pulpit and on platform, while in England. Now for my own theological reputation I am not very much concerned. A residence of five and twenty years on this side the Atlantic ought to have made an end of controversy on that point. For the "S.P.G.," however, I am constrained to speak, and as a duty imposed on me not only by my gratitude for its kindness, but by a simple sense of right and justice, to affirm that the insinuation alluded to is unjust, because absolutely groundless. The "S.P.G." is a "Church Society," pure and simple, no broader than the church herself is, and no narrower. Theological "tendencies," in the very nature of the case, she has, and can have, none. The charter under which she acts expressly limits her functions to questions of finance. Her duties are simply "the receiving, managing, and disposing of funds contributed for the religious instruction of the King's subjects beyond the seas." By her very constitution, therefore she is forbidden to flaunt the party flag, or show any preference for one stripe of theological thought rather than another. And her history, stretching backward, as it does, well nigh two hundred years, bears witness to the faithfulness with which she has fulfilled this trust. Arch-bishops and Bishops, identified with widely different "schools," have presided in her councils. Clergy and laity from extreme "right" and "left," have sat upon her Board. Dioceses, wide as the poles asunder theologically, no less than geographically, have been safely carried over the shoals of financial difficulty by her timely benefactions. These are the simple facts of the case, and they will suffice, I am sure, with every fair-minded person, to dispose effectually of the charge that this venerable Society is one-sided in its sympathies. So long as the Church of England continues Catholic and comprehensive—and alas for her when she ceases to be so—so long must the "S.P.G.," that generous nursing mother of the church's children "beyond the seas," continue the broad, all including policy which she has hitherto pursued. Her very *raison d'être* forbids her deviating from it even by a hairs-breadth.

E. ALGOMA.

(To be continued.)

Letter from the Marquis of Lorne.

Since reaching Canada, the Bishop has received the following letter from the Marquis of Lorne.

INVERARAY, May 11th, 1884

MY DEAR BISHOP—I am delighted to hear that your efforts in England have not been unavailing, and that the Al-

goma navy has been started. May you prosper in the *Zenobia* (will it not have to be christened afresh, and bear some less heathen name?) and be able to visit many happy settlements along your shores in the future. I should much like to have had a chance of seeing you again before you left, but shall not relinquish a hope to visit you some day on the other side before you again cross to the old world. I shall look out for some account of your doings in the Canadian papers or in the future "Sault Ste. Marie Herald." With the best and heartiest wishes for your welfare. Believe me, my dear Bishop.

Yours very truly,
LORNE.

NEEPIGON.

Mr. Wilson has just received the following letter from the Rev. R. Renison

NEGWINENANG, May 30th 1884

MY DEAR MR. WILSON.—I am sure you will be sorry to hear that the poor Indians have been visited with both sickness and hunger since the 1st of March last. Three of our number have died, among whom was poor old Wesqua who travelled with me forty miles through the bush but never survived the effects of the wearisome journey. She had been accustomed to pray for at least two months before she died. At first she got a bad cough and then pains through all her limbs. On the 31st day of March I sat by her bed side reading the Indian New Testament. I remarked to her that she was very weak and might not live long, and suggested to her that she should on that very evening be baptised. "No," said she, "I will not die so soon, I know very well that I shall see my sister and son-in-law here next summer and that all of us shall be baptised together in the church." I said again, "We know not what shall be on the morrow—Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." Her last words to me were "Kahween nongoon pshmah Neebeing." The next morning at day break her spirit had flown to him who gave it.

On the 30th of March "Nuckoo" Pedigoogins eldest son died of inflammation of the lungs. He suffered awfully but he never ceased to pray and look to Jesus—His last words were "Jesus Christ Tabaningayun [Shahwanemeeshin."

On April the 3rd Jane Geeneecis' step mother also died after three days illness—She also trusted in the Saviour with a simple honest child-like faith—and was one of the most constant attendants and anxious listeners in the whole congregation.

Kahpukeda and his whole family were also grievously afflicted. Himself, wife and daughter are still very weak and I know not how it may end.

They are now living in a wigwam about twenty miles from the Mission in order that they may be able to get a little fresh meat; the fish failed, also the cariboo, not one could they get through the whole winter, and then lastly when we turned out the seed potatoes that we had securely stored away we found that they were almost all frozen; of course we could not see them die of hunger and whilst our store lasted they had their part. Then our store gave out and for about the last month we are living entirely on fish and half frozen potatoes, and which made it still more severe navigation is two weeks later than usual. This day the lake was cleared and we hope to start for Red Rock at an early hour in the morning. We were shut right in since the last of March. The river was open but we could not walk on the lakes. I sent to the Neepigon Post the last week in April for a little flour and meal. It was a risk the dogs could not walk on the sharp pieces of ice—one dog died on the way and the man had to pull the toboggon the entire way back. We are all pretty well but the little ones cry continually for bread, and their fat