

very good sermon from the opening verses of the 91st Psalm. He prefaced the sermon by saying it was only a few suggestions for thought, but there were enough for many days reflection. Strange to say all the occupants of the car, about sixteen in number, were Church of England except one gentleman who was a Roman Catholic, but he expressed himself as very willing to attend the service; several hymns were sung, all joining in most heartily. There was a lady on board who was returning to Hong Kong with her children and governess, also one going to the North-West to keep house for a brother, one going all the way to Portland, Oregon, alone, and some for Winnipeg. Though so many clergy and others were going to the Synod one was glad to have other women on board. On we went past very monotonous scenery, brush, rocks, and a succession of dreary lakes without even a bird to be seen on or near them. These lonely waters brought to mind the long journeys made by Mrs. Young and Mrs. and Miss Newnham when they travel for days and days through just such solitary wilds, camping at nights and canoeing all day, and one realized as never before all they have to endure. The one thing that relieved the monotony of the surroundings was the lovely autumn colouring of leaves and flowers. There were not many of the latter, but the fireweed, wild sunflowers and a few others equally bright made a good contrast to the lovely carpet of scarlet leaves that lined each side of the track and brought out the green of the brushwood above in a striking manner. Flying on through tunnels, over trestles, round the most tremendous curve from Heron Bay we found ourselves skirting Lake Superior and here the scenery became grand and beautiful. With the lake on the left and the high lands, on the right, cuttings through the solid rock, some rough with huge boulders seemingly just stuck on the side of the cutting and ready to fall at any moment, others cut as smoothly as a piece of cheese. We sped on, passing round the beautiful Jackfish Bay, where a large steamer lay at anchor, to another well known place; Schrieber is very prettily situated, nestled in a semi-circular plateau, among the surrounding hills. The little church and parsonage looked very nice and one longed for time to go and see the inside of the church, but the fear of that stentorian "All Aboard" forced us to keep near the train for we did not stop long. Mr. Lawlor has several stations to serve from Schrieber. It is the station for the Lake Nepigon Mission so long and faithfully worked by the Rev. R. Renison, who was burned out and went through many other trials and difficulties. We were told that Mr. Renison's eldest son is now helping Mr. Lawlor. Rosspport was the first place at which we saw potatoes, most of the other stations seeming so void of all attempt at gardening. Of Port Arthur and Fort William only the station could be seen as we did not reach them till after 10 at night. Wabigoon, to which our bales are sent *en route* to several missions, shared the fate of many flag