

room and then seated themselves, legs crossed, arms folded and head thrown back, clearly demonstrated that *they* had not come to worship, they came to see and hear; and altho' there were between forty and fifty adults present there were only about Six who professed to remember the Church services, and, they did not know much. One woman confessed *she had not been to church for fourteen years and had not seen a parson there all that time!* So, as she naively remarked, "she had forgotten how to use her Prayer Book! And it was painful to see her sit handling her book this way and that, till at last tears stole down her cheeks. Mr. Crompton had to tell the people when to stand, sit and kneel, and, with the exception of one woman's voice which joined in now and then, the whole service was a duet between himself and the Bishop. Oh, how kindly and lovingly his Lordship told the "old, old story of redeeming love!" Each one seemed to hang upon the words which fell from his mouth. Several children were baptized. We had another service at 2.30 p.m. when there was a larger congregation but of the same listless stamp; more children were baptized and Mr. Crompton preached the same news of Jesus of Nazareth. After service we had many and very pressing invitations to "come again" but dead, dead, dead, was the expression we spoke from the heart at the conclusion of our work. Clouds, thick clouds—though the offer of a site on which to build a Church made a gleam of sunshine in our otherwise dark horizon.

We started on our return journey on Monday Feb. 23rd. driving twelve miles over a very rough, stony road to Commanda Creek, where we remained for the night. This is a wild and weird looking place, one our forefathers would have peopled with "eyrie folk," and a place which puzzles you to think how any one could come to settle in it. Yet ever here we met with many who *once had been* church people, but who had joined the Sects because the church did not seem to

care for them, whereas the Sects sent some one to keep the people together. A congregation of forty nine met us for service in the evening. Two men took up the responses and as these two stood, knelt and sat in the proper places they saved us from the necessity of having tell the rest when to do so. One of these men came two years since from Essex, England, and we wish he could have been heard, not only in his old home in the Village of Chulmley, or his county of Essex, but in all England, when he was describing to his Bishop in Canada, what he and his wife felt "because they could not go to Church." "Sir" he said "if I hadn't my Prayer Book and Bible I should soon be worse nor a heathen." If he could but be heard we do not think those at "home" who hear the sound of their Parish Church Bell every Lord's day, would be quite as indifferent as they appear to be at the spiritual destitution which is starving the souls of their brothers and sisters in Christ. This man's house being on the road side, the Bishop called and left with him a "Churchman's Almanac" that he might be able to find the Lessons and read them as Sundays came round. He and his wife had walked six miles of that wild road and had to go back the same night.

At 7 a.m. we left Commanda Creek, Tue-day, Feb. 24th. and got over the twelve miles to Mecunoma by 9 a.m. and were there happy to meet the Mr. and Mrs. R. previously mentioned, with their little baby. The people belonging to the house are Church people, and with a few strangers, also Church members, we formed quite a nice congregation for the Baptismal service. We had considerable talk with Mr. and Mrs. R. who did not regret the sixty two miles of travel they had had to get their babe made a Christian, and they told us there were quite a number of families about Eagle Lake all members of the Church at present. How long they would remain so could not be said as the Sects were very busy amongst them. We