

was the frequent
often varied by
eberrying expedi-
ere a header into
ed one on a July
And let not the
rocky ledge which
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ve in the woods,
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with those of the
On her way the
g at the thriving
r passage through
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n, at the extreme
ime the party will
woods, after which
d lands her com-
ney by sundown,
to have been one
koka.

Sydney stands on
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d heartily joined
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struction, and as
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church was well
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tourist, who finds
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rs a well-stocked
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his future plans
the inspection

of the handsome new stone church at Aspidin, lately erected on an eminence, whence it is a prominent and picturesque object for a circumference of several miles, a fitting memorial of the work of one who has been in so remarkable a degree, the planter and builder of the Church of England in Muskoka. It is hardly necessary to say that here, as at Huntsville, will be found a hearty service and a large and reverent congregation, the proof and the result in each case of Mr. Crompton's teaching and efforts, for he was the pioneer of the Church in both places: The church hall which adjoins Aspidin Church, with its various and admirable appliances for cultivating the social department of the ministrations of the church, is well worth a visit. The idea and work, of which it is at once exponent and the seat, might doubtless with advantage be undertaken and carried out in other places. The small but neat and ecclesiastical looking little wooden church at Lancelot is a type or specimen of the numerous churches which Mr. Crompton has been instrumental in building, and here, as well as in all the other Churches planted by Mr. Crompton, the services were most hearty, and as such should not be passed by unnoticed on the way back to Port Sydney.

In the ways above described, three weeks relaxation and recreation were obtained last summer, and a phase of life in Muskoka, met with of somewhat different character from that which is experienced in the more frequented, but not more interesting parts of the district.

S. G. W.

RUPERT'S LAND.

MANITOU.—Church affairs here are not in a very satisfactory or promising condition. The Rev. E. P. Nichol, of Pembina Crossing, has kindly ministered to the congregation on Sundays and on Thanksgiving Day; and there has been an occasional visit from other clergymen, among others the Rev. Mr. Leslie, of Winnipeg, Immigrant Chaplain; and the Rev. Mr. Roy, late of St. Hyacinthe, now of St. George's, Winnipeg. Mr. Roy is an excellent scholar, and in this country, at least, strikes one at first sight as a very superior man, a refreshing fact. The Manitou people would have been only too glad to secure his services permanently; but the truth is they are hardly strong enough numerically to guarantee the required stipend. A proposal has been made that Mr. Nichol should be put in permanent charge, but the issue is as yet in the future. Altogether the "outlook" is blue enough, not only in this particular locality but elsewhere in the province. This will be seen from the fact that there is at present but one resident clergyman in charge in the whole of the Dufferin Deanery. The dean has it all to himself once more, as he had years ago when he was almost the only clergyman of the Church in Southern Manitoba. The other Christian bodies appear to flourish greatly in this North-West, especially the Presbyterians, who seem to carry all before them. Whether this ineffectiveness of the Church is a matter of blame in any quarter, or is simply the outcome of unavoidable circumstances, we shall not very much care to enquire.

Correspondence.

All Letters containing personal allusions will appear over the signature of the writer.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

GENUINE COURTESY.

SIR,—Having finished the manuscript of my small "Ten Thousand Miles" for an English Society, I have publicly to acknowledge the generosity of the Editor of the Canadian Illustrated News, and of the Honorable the Minister of Agriculture, Ottawa, in granting me permission to use certain engravings. Such acts of kindness to a stranger in a strange land speaks well for the public men of Canada. I have seen a good deal of Quebec and Ontario Provinces during my nearly five years this side of the Atlantic, and must say as far as "men and things" are concerned you have very much to be proud of. "Long live Canada" is my motto henceforth.

I am sir, yours,

C. A. FRENCH, C.M.S.

GARDEN RIVER, Algoma,
All Saints Day, 1886.

CHEERING WORDS FROM AFAR.

SIR,—Towards the end of last year I stated that my little ones called your paper "Golden Eggs," and that they eagerly looked forward for its appearance among

them. I am glad to state that their interest is not diminished, and further that others besides them receive benefit and instruction, not only from the well chosen pieces for the young, but from your timely and well selected pieces for family reading, so good are these that I am free to state that their influence, as nails driven home, will be felt and gladly acknowledged by all. May you always afford such to your many and far scattered readers; build them up in the most holy faith, and gladden the hearts of young and old by an evident desire on your part to place before them such meat as can be readily assimilated and become an integrate part of their spiritual nature. In this way you will cement them to you by an insoluble bond, all will feel that you are carrying on this work, not because you hope to make a gain by it, but because you are saturated with a love for them, and that your earnest wish and prayer is that God may be glorified in them. Last April I was able to present a church for consecration by the Bishop of my Diocese, Bishop Nevil. I may simply state two or three facts connected therewith. The first is that the church was so filled that some fifty or more had to remain outside. The second, the service was very hearty and the Bishop preached, as he always does, a very impressive sermon. He is evidently one thoroughly acquainted with the difficulties of doubters, and who earnestly tries to win them and all others into the Ark of Christ's Church. The third point worthy of notice is that the seats in St. Andrew's Church, the name given at consecration, are free and unappropriated, and further that six of the New Zealand and six of the Canadian Churches which have been under my charge were also in the same happy position. As God's Grace to all is free, so in like manner should God's House to all be free. I must now leave myself and bring before your notice the work of another Bishop. The Primate of the Church of England in New Zealand, who consecrated a Church at Timaru, one of the chief cities in his diocese, on the 26th of August. I herewith enclose a very good account of the consecration from the New Zealand Church News. Some parts of it are particularly worthy of notice. And now I must bring my rambling remarks to a close, with this promise that when anything of special importance occurs in this part of the missionary kingdom of the Church of England, I shall be very glad to send you a short account thereof.

Yours truly,

WM. CRUDEN.

The Parsonage,
HAMPTON OTAGO,
New Zealand, Sept. 10th, 1886.

COMMENDATORY LETTERS.

TESTIMONIAL OR COMMENDATORY LETTERS TO COMMUNICANTS LEAVING THEIR PARISHES.

SIR,—In a country like Canada many Churchmen and Churchwomen are leaving their parishes for other places often far distant. In such cases it would appear to be the duty of their Rector to furnish these persons with a commendatory letter to the rector of the parish or mission in which they purpose to sojourn.

Many persons are diffident in approaching a stranger though he be a clergyman. A letter speaks for itself. How many unpleasant consequences it may prevent! How much it serves to show the Catholicity of the Church, and what a lesson to weak kneed churchmen.

But what if little interest is taken in the letter by the rector? Surely this will be the case in but few instances; we hope it will have none. The clergy receive but few such reminders and proofs of membership, and are often shocked and grieved to find that strangers have come and remained in their parishes, and attended church services, without their clerical recognition, simply because they had no means of finding out these new comers. Let every clergyman give to his departing parishioners a commendatory letter, (and surely none will refuse it, or neglect to make a right use of it) and we shall find that fewer young people going from home will be absorbed by watchful dissent or become careless in the performance of solemn religious duties. I have a case in my mind of a young married lady who went to one of the Western States and settled with her husband in a new district. She presented a commendatory letter from me to the clergyman in charge of the missionary district there. She and another lady are the only real members of the Church for some miles, and yet the missionary has been encouraged and cheered by knowing that my parishioner is a sound, reliable churchwoman, to such an extent that he has commenced a service with good hope of success, in their neighborhood. I ask my brethren of the clergy not to neglect this opportunity of scattering the good seed, of following up a New Testament and Apostolic rule. I also entreat the laity not to leave their parishes for others, without being armed with a letter from their true friend, the parish priest, which ought to and will (it is surely not too much to say) in most cases, ensure

them a hearty welcome in their new home amongst their brethren in the one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church of Christ

H. FARRER.

BALDERSON, Ont.,
Nov. 10th, 1886.

SKETCH OF LESSON.

2ND SUNDAY IN ADVENT. DECEMBER 5TH, 1886.
The Deliverer.

Passage to be read.—Exodus ii. 1—10.

We have seen that the life of the children of Israel was bitter with hard bondage. In their groaning they must often have longed for help. "Is this life to go on forever?" "Who shall deliver us from it?" At the very time when help seemed farthest from them God was making a way of escape: preparing a deliverer. Two things were necessary for such a one. He must be *able* and *willing*. This constitutes a true deliverer.

1. *Appearance of the Deliverer.* When the prospect was darkest he was born. Where? *One of themselves.*

2. *His Danger and Preservation.* Notice how in God's providence he was saved, Acts vii. 20. In Hebrews xi. 23, we are told the reason why. They trusted in God that He could and would help them. At length concealment impossible—the babe, Moses, laid in a basket of reeds covered inside and out with pitch, thus water tight—placed in the river Nile—his only sister left to watch. But do you think faith failed even then? No! when apparently most forsaken, deliverance near. Now under safe protection of King's daughter, he has his mother's care during infancy.

3. *His Training.* See how wonderfully God's providence works. Had he been brought up at home he must have become a slave, no time for culture of mind; now an Egyptian prince, taught everything, see Acts vii. 22: same words used of the greater Deliverer Jesus, St. Luke xxiv. 19. Moses learned the art of governing, so useful afterwards; no new thing for him to command and rule. Here was just the deliverer Israel wanted—one of themselves, yet above them, who could sympathize and who could act. In all this, Moses a type of Him who should deliver those in worse than Egyptian bondage, Rom. xi. 26.

Here is the deliverance we need, this the Deliverer able and willing to save to the uttermost all who come to Him. Have we been delivered from this bondage? Have we felt the weight of our sins pressing us down, as the Israelites felt their bitter bondage grinding them in the dust? Have we surrendered our will to His will, and do we feel ourselves growing in grace? Oh, then, on our knees let us thank the giver of all good, and pray for aid to continue Christ's faithful soldiers, each day seeking for fresh supplies of His Holy Spirit.

Have any of us not yet accepted Him as our Deliverer? Let us wait no longer, nor think we can invent a new way. If any of the Israelites had refused to follow Moses, they would have remained slaves in Egypt. God in His infinite mercy has, at the cost of His own Son, provided a way; and will you let it be said of you, "Ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life."

Family Reading.

NOTHING TO DO.

"Nothing to do?" In this world of ours?
Where weeds spring up with the fairest flowers,
Where smiles have only a fitful play,
Where hearts are breaking every day?

"Nothing to do?" Thou Christian soul,
Wrapping thee round in thy selfish stole?
Off with the garments of sloth and sin!
Christ, thy Lord, hath a kingdom to win!

"Nothing to do?" There are prayers to lay
On the altar of incense, day by day!
There are foes to meet within and without!
There is error to conquer, strong and stout!

"Nothing to do?" There are minds to teach
The simplest forms of Christian speech;
There are hearts to lure with loving wile
From the grimmest haunts of sin's defile.

"Nothing to do?" There are lambs to feed;
The precious hope of the Church's need;
Strength to be borne to the weak and faint;
Vigils to keep with the doubting saint.

"Nothing to do?" There are heights to attain,
Where Christ is transfigured yet again;
When earth will fade in the vision sweet,
And the soul press on with winged feet.