

tions, has confirmed fourteen persons and baptised three. Sixty persons partook of the Lord's Supper. He has also by his eloquent preaching of the word of God given the people of the island, encouragement to lead Godly, sober, and industrious lives, showing most clearly that the christian life yields most happiness here and everlasting happiness here after.

Early on Wednesday morning, the Bishop accompanied by Mr. Beer started in the yacht for Coburn Island, where they arrived between two and three o'clock. Notice had been sent a week previously, but as the mail boat had not called on the way down, the Bishop's arrival was unexpected. However the news soon spread and at seven in the evening the school house was full, nearly the whole settlement attending. No ordained man has ever been stationed here. The Presbyterians sent a student for the summer, but the people are at present entirely without religious services. Mr. Beer has promised to visit them once during the winter, and this is all the spiritual instruction they expect, until next summer and perhaps longer. The journey to Coburn Island in the winter is attended with considerable risk. To make ones way along so many miles over the ice is no slight task. Should a snow storm come on the traveller might easily get lost, and a man does not wander long until he is overcome by cold and perishes. Also when a man has more work in his own mission than he can possibly overtake he finds it difficult to attend to what may be termed outside calls, though his spirit may be ever so willing.

On Thursday the yacht returned to Hilton once more, and as it was very stormy both going and coming Mr. Beer who is no sailor was very sick. On Friday the Bishop went across to Bruce Mines to visit Rev'd Mr. Berry's Mission.

It had been arranged that Mr. Beer should rejoin the Bishop on Sunday evening, in order to accompany him to Algoma Mills on Monday. It was quite dark before Mr. Beer started in a little skiff to row himself across the seven miles which lay between Hilton and Bruce Mines. All went well until he got half way across, when a thunder storm arose. The sky got black as ink and the wind began to howl. Mr. Beer who had now to steer by the direction of the wind soon lost his way. The waves were getting pretty high for his small skiff and the missionary began to fear he might get into trouble. After rowing for a time in constant danger of being swamped he at last reached the shore and got under lee of the point. But now his troubles were only begun, he could not tell where he was, he only knew he was out of his course, the sky was pitch dark, and the thunder was growling in the distance. He went ashore and pulling his boat out he turned it upside down and crawled under and thought of staying there until the morning, or at least until the storm abated. However as the rain did not appear to be coming Mr. Beer launched his boat again and tried to find out where he was. He wished to find the gap, a passage between an island and the mainland which leads to the bay in front of the mines. After rowing a while he passed what he thought was the gap but it was so dark he

could not tell, and the storm was just about to break so he tried to get ashore again. In this he failed, for the boat was in a shallow spot among big stones, and he could not get near the land, he tried another place and there it was marsh. And now the rain came down in torrents. The night was so dark he could not see the boat he sat in, which was now pounding among the boulders once more. He could have waded ashore perhaps, but as he wanted the boat to turn over him, he might as well get wet in the boat as to let it drift away and he get wet on shore. At last after perhaps an hour of drenching rain the storm ceased, the sky got a little brighter, the stars shone out and Mr. Beer managed to push on and at last found the gap and reached the Mines, more like a drowned rat than a parson. He met the Bishop at the yacht and then went to the house of Mr. G. Marks, where Mrs. Marks soon made both the inner and outer man comfortable. After a sound nights sleep rendered necessary by thirty miles in the saddle on Sunday and the little adventure on the lake Sunday night, Mr. Beer rose on Monday morning none the worse for his overnight troubles.

About half past nine the yacht steamed away from Bruce Mines for Algoma Mills. The weather was fine and we made good time. When a few miles from our destination we were met by the C.P.R. Tug Magdalena. Some few friends had come to meet the Bishop and the two vessels kept near each other until we reached the Mills.

Mr. Gillmor the catechist in charge had arranged everything very nicely. Mrs. Sampson entertained the party that night and Mrs. Young in the morning. Service was held in the school house. Mr. Beer read the prayers, Mr. Gillmor the lessons and the Bishop preached the sermon.

The C.P.R. have temporarily abandoned this place and most of the people having left, our congregation was therefore small, but Mr. Gillmor assured the Bishop that nearly every available person was present.

The next morning the yacht started early for the Sault. Mr. Beer was dropped off at Hilton and the Bishop reached home late at night and found that all his family had retired to rest having given up all hope of seeing him that night.

The Evangeline behaved splendidly, and the trip to Algoma Mills and back was a most enjoyable one.

THE BISHOP IN MUSKOKA.

BRACEBRIDGE.



On Tuesday Dec. 9th the Bishop of Algoma arrived at Bracebridge, Muskoka, in the little steamer "Lake Joseph," having just visited the Gravenhurst mission during which visit a thaw had set in which rendered the road almost impassible. However the weather providentially changed on the 8th, snow fell, and also the thermometer, so that during his stay in the Bracebridge mission, his Lordship enjoyed good sleighing over the eighty miles he covered.