

days' time. The next day the Methodists started revival meetings, and the next thing I heard I had lost my man. I kept my appointment, however, and he decided to be baptized into the Church. For some weeks I visited him twice a week, but the revival meetings continued some time, and the Methodists tried hard to gain him. Then another man desired to be baptized, too, and I prepared him.

The Bishop of Algoma came to Dunchurch in March, and the first man was baptized by him, but I had an anxious time till it was all over, as he had no peace nor had I, either, for that matter. The other man was baptized soon after by Rev. D. A. Johnston, of Magnewan. The man who was baptized by the Bishop was to have been confirmed, with his wife, but he has gone to the Northwest, and his wife goes very soon. However, I confidently hope that he will not be lost, as he fully intends to be confirmed.

One Sunday, at the close of service, only a few being present—the others had left—a man came and said he wanted a Prayer Book; where could he get one? I offered to get one for him, if he promised to use it and not let it be neglected and thrown aside. He said if he had one, he would use it. I told him I would get it. Others then came forward and asked me to get them Prayer Books. I said "On the same terms?" They replied, "Yes." I got them the books. In August my wife and child spent several days among the people there—four days one week and two the next, coming back quicker on the last occasion as an old man was ill, very ill, and desired to see me. So I left home at 5 o'clock the next morning and drove 15 miles, hoping to get back early, but did not reach home till 8 p.m. It was a long day. The next day was Saturday. On Sunday I was at Whitestone in the afternoon. Amongst those at the service were two boys of 11 and 12 years old, who had come some five miles across the lake to attend the service. On my way home I saw them eating berries. They were about seventy yards from Whitestone river. Within half-an-hour one boy went in to bathe and was drowned, though a good swimmer. It was a cold day, and it is supposed that he was seized with cramps. Having to take another service I did not reach home till nearly 9 p.m. Usually an early

riser, I did not get up quite as soon as usual the next morning, but hearing a noise outdoors I got up and found a rig at the door. Jumping into some clothes I went to the door and the man I found there told me one of those lads had been drowned and I was wanted to bury him. Would I go, though the poor lad was not baptized? I said I would, and within two hours I was on my way to Whitestone again.

The funeral which was arranged for 11 a.m. did not take place till 3 p.m. Of course, I did not read the usual burial service. A large number of people were present. I got home at 8 p.m. I had travelled 75 miles, paid five or six visits, taken three services and the funeral in four days. I announced I would speak on the funeral the next time I was out. I don't believe in "funeral sermons," but I wanted to get the parents out and give them a plain talk. I succeeded in accomplishing my object. For a few weeks they could not attend any of the services, as they have charge of a summer cottage, belonging to an American (citizen of the United States), and as he was there they could not leave. They have come to the service twice since, and they promise to come when they can. The lake, however, is a treacherous body of water, and they will not be able to come, perhaps, until the ice bridges it over. I was to have visited them, and had named a day, but the Bishop has decided to remove me to Sturgeon Falls. I was much wrapped up in some very interesting cases of men coming to the public services of the Church whom I had hoped to win to the Church. These, however, I must drop, and give up the plans and hopes which I had made and cherished for the winter work.

The Church of St. Andrew, Dunchurch, which, twelve months ago was but a shell, and is now habitable, though not completed, in which I have taken a great interest, I may never see again. The congregation there which has rallied round me during the past year—a year which has gone like a dream—I must bid good-bye to—the Master's call obeyed, and the work given up into other hands.

T. J. H.

HEAVEN is being with Christ, and to be with Christ is heaven.

The Church—Canada's Missionary Society.

At the recent annual meeting of the Board of Domestic and Foreign Missions of the Church of England in Canada, held in Montreal, on Wednesday, Oct. 13th, the following business is of interest to us in Algoma:

On motion of the Bishop of Ottawa, seconded by Capt. Carter, it was decided to request the bishops of this ecclesiastical province to represent to the clergy of their several dioceses the great importance of bringing practically before all the children in their Sunday Schools the great fact that the Church of England in Canada is her own great missionary society; that all her members, including the children should be induced to take a strong personal interest in the great work which that society was endeavoring to carry on; and that, with the view of establishing and expanding this interest among the children, the clergy be asked to give, on the first Sunday in January, July and October, some information as to the Church's missionary work, and to ask the children to appropriate their offerings on these Sundays to the work among the Indians, the Chinese, the Japanese, and the diocese of Algoma.

THE MISSIONARY MEETING.—OUR BISHOP SPEAKS.

A large number of persons were present at the missionary meeting held in connection with the above-mentioned Board meeting. They assembled in the Montreal Diocesan Theological College, and had as Chairman the venerable Bishop of Montreal. The other Bishops were those of Toronto, Ottawa, Nova Scotia, Quebec and Algoma.

We give below the synopsis of the address of the Bishop of Algoma, as published in the *Montreal Daily Star*:

The Bishop (Dr. Thornloe) of Algoma said there were those who said that surely after twenty-four or twenty-five years the Diocese of Algoma ought by this time to be able to take care of itself. But these people had not yet mastered the conditions of life and society in Algoma. These he described very fully, not only the hardships and rigor of the climate but also the more pleasant features to be met with. He humorously alluded to the remark he had heard more than once that Algoma was a picnic diocese. And so it was, he laughingly added. He was having