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Muskoka Missions.

MY DEAR SIR.—On Wednesday Feb. 19th., I took my first journey through the township of Ryerson with the view of meeting our bishop at the junction of Ryerson and Nippissing roads at a place called Spence. During this journey of forty-five miles, I carefully enquired of the people amongst whom I was going whether they were Church people or not. I presume it is well known that Ryerson is the experimental township, where the Government of Canada had houses erected and small clearings made (to be paid for by instalments) for any who chose to settle therein. To my astonishment I found a country well settled up; the people, as a rule, having large clearings with prosperity stamped about them. I was privileged to find out many members of the Church; and although it was gratifying to me, personally, I was grieved, nay *heart-sick*, at the extraordinarily warm greeting which met me from one and all, because this greeting was the token to me of how much the people had become impressed with the idea that their Church had either forgotten, or did not care about them. One dear old soul told me, "You Sir, are *only the second Parson I have seen for seven years!*" I told the old lady, and one of her sons

where I was going, and promised (*D. V.*) that the Bishop and I would call in the morning (Friday) about 8 a.m. as we went south, and, that I was sure his Lordship would be glad to see as many of our people as could be got together. This was on Thursday evening about 4 o'clock; calling as I had done had made my progress a slow one.

Friday morning (it was a delightfully *cold* one) we got over our three miles or so and arrived at Mr. Gutteridge's house at 8 o'clock, and to our astonishment a company of *fourteen heads of families* met us there. It appears that two of Mr. G's sons had turned out on Thursday evening, one going a round of six and another of seven miles and given intimation of our visit. I cannot tell you, nor measure, the warmth of reception the Bishop met with, but it is literally true to say the assembled little flock *could not* give expression to their feelings. After a while they entered freely into conversation with his Lordship, who told them over and over again of the pleasure he felt at meeting them in that unexpected manner, and witnessing their loyalty to their Church. We had the usual application for a service *sometimes*, indeed at last it became an