

port of Churchmen, and the cause of the civilization of the dark land on which Britain once inflicted grievous wrongs ought not to be a matter of indifference to any reflecting Englishman."

Correspondence.

All letters will appear with the names of the writers in full.

THE SHINGWAUK HOME.

DEAR SIR,—I am exceedingly busy just after my return from England, but must try and find time to address you a few words, to which, I trust, you will kindly give insertion. Notwithstanding all the attractions of English life, it is a very great pleasure to me to be back once more in the midst of my Indian boys and to be breathing the pure sweet air of Sault Ste. Marie. And now I feel that we have to look more than ever to our friends in Canada for the support of our homes. Things in England are in a very bad state, trade depressed, harvest prospects miserable, acres and acres of land under water, farm buildings and rick-yards stand in four feet of water and wholly deserted, wheat, barley and oats just showing their heads above the surface of the flooded fields, and this not only in one county or district, but in many. Things indeed look most deplorable, and the result as regards missionary work is that nearly every society is behind-hand in its funds. The Church Missionary Society £24,000 out of pocket. Other societies more or less in the same way. Until a change comes for the better we can look for little from England. I asked for no collections while in England. I simply told my story. Some donations came in. About £170 in all was paid in to our funds; this is for building purposes. We want to add two wings to the Shingwauk Home and to build a chapel. These together will cost \$5,000, and now that our Wawanosh Home is completed and nicely furnished throughout I trust that some contributions may be made towards this object. But what we are wanting most of all just now is annual subscriptions to the maintenance fund of the Boys' Home. English subscriptions have fallen off sadly, and we must look to Canada to make good the deficiency. We have engaged a very nice matron for our Boys' Home, a person whom I have known and respected for the past 20 years in England. But this is an additional expense, as hitherto we have had only a cook. We have also to employ a gardener to keep the grounds in order. Altogether we require fully \$500 per annum additional in annual subscriptions to meet our present wants. The appeal for the maintenance of the Girls' Home has been most kindly and liberally met, but our boys must not be forgotten, and we feel sure that our good friends in Canada, of whom we have now so many, will not let us want. God has been most gracious and good to us. We have never been in debt. Our needs have always been supplied. I must just add a reminder that navigation closes with us about the middle of October, so that if any of our friends are preparing boxes of clothing for our Homes will they please be sure and send them in good time? Yours faithfully,

E. F. WILSON.

Shingwauk Home, Sault Ste. Marie,
Sept. 18, 1879.

THE SAULT STE. MARIE MISSION.

SIR,—The mission comprises fourteen white stations and one Indian, and has a coast line of about 100 miles, with large interior settlements, and throughout this extensive district there are but two churches. We require seven new churches, four of which are commenced, and sites of from two to six acres have been secured. All the people are most anxious and willing to do all they can in the way of getting out logs, teaming and giving work, but money they have not; indeed, many are wanting even the common necessities of life, and going through all the hardships and privations of first settlers in a new and wild country, with very small, rough and stumpy clearings. Our services are well attended, in fact in many places we cannot find houseroom for them, and therefore churches must be built. We have had

to build a Parsonage from necessity, rents being exorbitantly high, owing to the paucity of houses, we therefore most urgently require immediate and substantial aid. Algoma is, in every sense of the word, purely a missionary diocese, having really little or no resources within itself, and generally settled by the poorest of poor immigrants from the old and this country. We are, therefore, dependent upon faith in extraneous help for the support of the missionaries, and the carrying on generally the work of the church. The cause is most earnestly commended to the prayers, sympathy, and liberality of all Churchmen throughout this Ecclesiastical Province.

THOS. H. APPLEBY, M.A., Missionary and Bishop's Chaplain, Sept. 1879.

I hereby commend the object of this appeal.

F. D. ALGOMA.

I give you my hearty sanction to prosecute your appeal for assistance in this object in the Diocese of Toronto.

ARTHUR TORONTO.

Donations and subscriptions for the above objects will be thankfully received and acknowledged by Mrs. Fauquier, See House, Sault Ste. Marie, to the end of October, and after that date by Rev. T. H. Appleby, who during part of September and the month of October, purposes visiting the older dioceses, and advocating our just claim as a missionary diocese upon them.

The Rev. T. H. Appleby begs thankfully to acknowledge the following further donations towards his proposed seven new churches.

Per Mrs. Fauquier, See House, Sault Ste. Marie, \$44; Mrs. Girdlestone, Galt, third donation, \$5.00; a church woman \$2.00; Bishop of Toronto \$10.00.

All letters may be addressed, Rev. T. H. Appleby, Synod Office, Toronto, to October 3rd.

Family Reading.

GOLD IN THE SKY.

CHAPTER X.—OUTDONE.

Basil Crawford hailed an omnibus, and, in spite of the bitter wind, he perched himself on the roof of it; and as it wound its long wearisome way to Bayswater his mind wandered far away from the matters which had just occupied his attention.

In imagination he was back again at Atherton, and a vision of Gwendoline came to him. Not a summer vision of her in her sun-hat this time, but the autumn vision—the last he had had of her, not long ago, when the sunshine, which had then become occasional, had beamed out and smiled on one bright, comparatively warm, pleasant day. The vision was in a gray dress, and her fair head was uncovered in the wintry sunshine, and the vision was not alone.

The vision of Gwendoline alone never came to him now, she was always beside another, and this one was Claude Egerton. Till matters were settled between those two, Basil Crawford, decided it was his duty to stay away from Atherton. The new vision was decidedly painful to him, and it was hard lines for him to have to hold himself aloof from them; but already he was in a healthier frame of mind than he had been about the matter; he was now able to work with a will, and give his thoughts and attention to his work. The dream had been too sweet to be real.

At this moment he became aware that he was passing by his destination with the omnibus, and shouting to the conductor, and sharply rebuking him for not stopping two moments earlier—which was unkind, as the man had never been directed by him where to stop—he got down.

The Jamiesons were delighted to see him. He found his friend and his wife alone in the drawing-room, waiting the advent of the children, who had had such a splendid tea and birth-day cake, that their fingers and faces had been reduced to such a condition, that nothing was possible till after they had been carried off to the nursery for ablutionary purposes.

Basil Crawford told his story without loss of time.

"Married! the man cannot be married!" cried Mrs. Jamieson, with horror in her tones. "You know we thought he was attached to Sophy; but it must have been fancy."

"Are you sure you have not been mistaken in the man?" said her husband.

"No, most certainly not!" said Basil, impatiently; "it was your coachman, John Symonds."

"What a most dreadful thing!" said Mrs. Jamieson; "but I cannot understand it at all."

"He has been representing himself an unmarried man for purposes best known to himself, and to act out the lie has pretended to like Sophy, knowing that he could never marry her," answered Basil Crawford.

"His character is certainly not what it might be," said Roderick Jamieson. "How I have been deceived in the man! I always thought him such a quiet, respectable fellow." He then rang the bell, and inquired of the servant who came to answer it if Symonds was in the kitchen.

"No, sir."

"Well then go to the stables, see if he be there, and let me know as soon as he comes in."

"I forgot to say his name is not John Symonds at all," added Basil Crawford. "His wife told me it was Ned Blades. She supposed he had changed his name in order to make it more difficult for her to find him."

"It really is too dreadful!" said Mrs. Jamieson; "how am I to tell Sophy all this?"

At this moment the nurse entered the room, bearing a white bundle with long flowing robes, and Mrs. Jamieson's face assumed a more usual expression as she received it, and invited Basil Crawford to come and admire the baby. Before he could do so, however, the two elder children, with wondrously clean hands and faces, made their appearance, and, with clamorous delight, hailed the visitor. And, it being a birthday, he had to remain and join in the games which distinguished the "children's hour."

Miss Trixie, the eldest child, was a young lady of the most excitable disposition possible, and the two big grown-up playfellows were so irresistibly comical and delightful, that her shrieks of delight became louder and her antics wilder each moment. All at once, and without the slightest warning, when the fun was at its height, when even the baby rolled its eyes, and tried harder than ever to ram its fist into its mouth, staring frantically at the games, Trixie, with one rush at her mother, threw her arms round her neck, bestowed a long confidence on her; but in such an abrupt and hasty way, that it was most difficult to understand.

"What is the matter? what does Trixie say?" inquired her father and Basil Crawford, standing still, and listening to what was going on.

"My daughter is a little peculiar, Basil," laughed Mrs. Jamieson; "when she gets excited out come all her secrets in fast succession. Dear Trixie, I cannot understand you."

"Listen, Mamma, then, listen!" cried the impatient young lady, turning her mother's face towards her with both her hands. "When Bertie upset his milk all over the clean table-cloth, and got scolded for it, I pushed his elbow and made him do it; and when I got my head out between the bars at the back nursery window the other day, I could have got it back again, only I wanted to see Sophy giving Symonds the money at the back door; and when nurses pill-box was found in the coal-scuttle—"

But three voices had simultaneously nipped in the bud the delivery of this latter tale by a unanimous desire to hear more of the preceeding one.

"What!" said Trixie, balancing on the arm of her mother's arm-chair, and raising her heels behind her.

"What did you see at the back-door when you were looking out from the nursery window?" inquired her mother, while her father took hold of her by her arms, and stood her, head uppermost again, and bent down to listen the better to her words.

Basil Crawford drew into the group, and dropped down on a low chair, with Bertie beside him, to keep him quiet for the present.

"I saw Symonds scolding Sophy, and Sophy was crying, so, of course, I wanted to see," hereupon Trixie evinced symptoms of wriggling and a desire to free herself which had to be hastily quelled; and somewhat wondering at her father's altered and serious manner, she continued—"Sophy gave him some money; but she talked a lot; and I heard her say, 'Now you promise, mind you promise, to give it back to me to-morrow!'"