

2.30 p.m. and 5.30 p.m. Mattins at 9 attended by one hundred. The other Services were attended by between two and three hundred. How to describe the heartiness and power of these Services, I know not. I am afraid of exaggeration. In departing at night every one exclaimed: "It has been a day of joy. I am glad I have been here."

Our return trip, which began on the following day, was made as far as Esquimaux Point without any halt for Services. Here we spent our last Sunday. The five English persons of the place were increased by Dr. Grenfell's crew, who happened to be in Port, the whole making a very attentive little audience. The last Service here was held by the late dear Bishop seventeen years ago.

On the following day, as soon as the fog cleared off, we steamed up to Mangan and thence during the evening we again passed the West Point of Anticosti, and early on Tuesday, July 31st, we found ourselves once more in Gaspé Basin, where we were welcomed and congratulated by many friends.

To sum up, it is worthy of notice that our present Missionary, the Rev. Isaac Newton Kerr, covers two hundred and eighty-four miles of coast, extending from Natashquan to Blanc Sablon and embracing eighteen stations, six times a year, four times in his sail boat and twice with dogs, a truly heroic work. But there are still at least nine stations in 138 miles of Coast further West which ought to be visited, as well as two or three stations on the Island of Anticosti.

All these twenty-six stations were included in our visitation, and the Bishop himself visited twenty of them and held Services at almost all. He held in fact twenty-five Services including five Celebrations of the Holy Communion, and gave thirty-six Addresses. Fifty-six candidates were confirmed, thirty-two male and twenty-four female. There were in all one hundred and thirteen persons who received the Holy Communion, and the Offerings at the five Celebrations amounted to \$14.89.

There were several interesting incidents. At one place the Bishop and myself in our boat, rowed by six men from the "Canadienne," were taken by an affrighted fisherman for Indians! At another place, an old man kissed the Bishop most affectionately, as he set his foot on shore. At Mutton Bay, where we stayed with another branch of the Bobbit family, in addition to largely attended hearty Services night and morning, all gathered together for the Consecration of their burial ground. At

Lydia's Cove a dear child was baptized and then an elder sister was confirmed. But perhaps the most touching service of all was at S. Augustine. For no sooner had the "Canadienne" arrived in harbour, than a funeral party came in a large sail-boat to the fish-stage where the Bishop had landed, and asked him if he would read our beautiful Burial Service over the remains of the steward of a schooner now lying in port. The poor man had passed away full of hope on the previous evening, and now the captain of a neighbouring schooner, who had read the first part of the Service on board, brought the corpse in a wellmade coffin, covered with the Union Jack, and begged the Bishop to accompany the poor fellow's mates on their sad errand. We started at once, sailing with a brisk wind—fourteen of us—some four or five miles to a Burial Ground, consecrated by the late Bishop on his last visit, on a beautiful Island surrounded by grand rocks and islands in all directions. As we sailed along, the men who were of German descent and from Nova Scotia, sang grandly in parts Hymn after Hymn, until we reached the Island. Having effected a landing on the rocks we formed a simple procession, and setting down our sacred burden, willing hands soon dug in the dry peat soil a most comely grave. And now Hymns were sung and the solemn Service was said, and the Bishop gave a tender, earnest address. And then, when the grave had been mounded up, we returned as we came, feeling that all had been done that could be done in the joyful hope for our friend and for ourselves of the glorious Resurrection unto Life—Eternal Life! To be permitted to take part in such a solemn event was sweet—sweet indeed!

But it will be evident to our readers that very little of all this work could have been performed without the help of "La Canadienne." And certainly our opportunities were far greater and our difficulties and our discomforts were far less than those of the late revered Bishop, of whose efforts and hard work we heard at almost every point. While therefore we were never tired of praising the virtues of our good ship, we owe most hearty thanks to Captain Bélanger, his Officers and Men, who throughout our tour, while they carried out to their full extent the objects of the Government in the way of collecting dues and enforcing the fisheries regulations, did all in their power to assist us in our efforts, and to enable us to accomplish our utmost desires.