

## HURON.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

**HELLMUTH LADIES' COLLEGE.—St. Ann's Chapel.**—The second Missionary Meeting of the term was held in St. Ann's Chapel on Sunday the 21st ult. The Lord Bishop of Huron presiding. The Bishop expressed his gratification at the amount of the monthly collection then presented—\$85.80. He spoke of the extensive work done by the "Ladies' Parish Mission," in New York, and the "Woman's Mission," both in New York and Toronto, as instances of what might be done by women, and impressed on them the importance of obeying the injunction of St. Paul, "To do good, and to distribute, forget not." Rev. Canon Innes spoke of the great charitable works now being carried on that had insignificant beginnings, as, for instance, the Church Missionary Society, whose first year's revenue was \$356, and whose present income has reached the immense sum of \$200,000. He also referred to the Missions in New Zealand, where for seven years the earnest efforts of the Missions failed to make a single conversion, and now the fruits of their labors are marvellous. He said in order to secure success there must be earnest prayer and earnest effort. With these even the weakest may accomplish much, and none need be discouraged. Mr. E. B. Reed then addressed the meeting urging perseverance in the good work. After singing a hymn the meeting closed with the benediction.

**BISHOP CROMPTON MEMORIAL.**—In connection with the special service for the day, the Lord Bishop of the Diocese held Confirmation Service on Good Friday in the Memorial Church. The congregation was very large; the Church, though lately enlarged, was completely filled. The Rector, Rev. J. B. Richardson, presented to his Lordship a class of twenty-one candidates. The Bishop addressed them, impressing on them very impressively and affectionately the solemn responsibility of taking upon themselves in this public manner the vows and promises that had been made for them by their Godfathers and Godmothers. All in the large congregation were evidently deeply impressed with the solemnity of the rite administered. The Bishop then preached an excellent discourse on the Passion of the Lord, as commemorated on that day, and referring also to the "Laying on of hands" on the young disciples. At evening service Rev. Canon Innes preached very impressively on "The Attractions of the Cross."

## ALGOMA.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

## THE BISHOP'S TOUR.

(Continued from our last.)

Feb. 16.—We again met at Rosseau, and on Tuesday, Feb. 17th, drove about sixteen miles to St. Paul's Church, at Sequin Falls, on the Nipissing Road.

The people here were proud to meet their Bishop in their own Church, as they emphatically told him. Bishop, pastor, and people were mutually pleased, and a most enjoyable service was held. Mr. Crompton presented four candidates for confirmation and there were eleven communicants. This was the first time there had been a celebration of the Lord's Supper. At the Church meeting afterwards held, it was decided to open a Sunday School the following Sunday, and Mrs. Fry, assisted by Mr. Groom, was elected conductor.

After taking tea with Mrs. Burke, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Pratt and Miss Draycott, who had followed us from Rosseau to attend service, we drove some few miles further to Dufferin Bridge, for the night.

The weather having been more than commonly variable and stormy our friends at Dufferin could not complete their church in time, so we held service in the Orange Hall. The morning of Feb. 18th was in complete contrast to the weather of the day before. There was a steady down-pour of rain and it was very cold, yet at 10:30 A.M., we had a large congregation and held a cheerful service, at which Mr. Crompton presented four for confirmation and we had twenty-three communicants. In the afternoon a Picnic Social was held in the house of Mr. R. Irwin, by the combined congregations of Sequin Falls and Dufferin Bridge, the Bishop, as usual, sitting now with this, now with that group and cheering all by his courtesy of manner and kindly word. Much thankfulness was expressed because they could now have a monthly opportunity of meeting a clergyman, and both congregations begged of the Bishop that he would everywhere tell of their gratitude for the money which had been generously sent them through Mr. Crompton, by friends at the Front. By evening the storm had become a hurricane, that of Sunday week being nothing to it, yet at 7 o'clock P.M., when we commenced Evensong, the Orange Hall was much

crowded. What cared the people for weather? they wanted to see and hear their Bishop, and come they would and did. He is no stranger amongst them, he has been with them every year since his consecration. But, as some of them said, "they had no Church of their own nor any prospect of one, now they would, please God, let him see they loved their Church." Nowhere is the Bishop more beloved than he is among these warmhearted people. His Lordship was deeply affected and his words of love, warning, cheer, comfort and advice, sank into all hearts and will be long remembered.

During the same afternoon, Mr. Crompton, hearing from the father who was at morning service, that a baby was seriously ill that it could not be brought to be baptized, drove about five miles through the storm accompanied by the father, to baptize it. This filled the parent's heart with gratitude, and though urged to remain because of the hurricane, and knowing he would have to walk back, the father would go to evening service, and went, telling everywhere what had been done for him.

Thursday, Feb. 19.—Another change of the weather, bright, clear, and cold. We went northwards sixteen miles further and arrived early at the Magnetawan Village. In this place and in the neighborhood the Church had many friends formerly. We were met by four members of the Church with gloomy faces and almost hopeless hearts. Our proposed route having been published in the local papers, the preachers of the sects, we were told, had, a few days before our arrival, commenced a series of protracted meetings, and they had not scrupled to increase the impression which had been made on the minds of the people, that "the Church showed by not sending ministers amongst them, she did not care one bit about them, whether they were saved or not." The result of this was soon evident to us. We held a service in the school room of the village, a congregation of between forty and fifty meeting us; but it was clear they had come with little object in view beyond a feeling of curiosity. The only thing which caused what might be called a stir was the baptism of some children. As a rule those present seemed to be utterly indifferent, and dead... dead... dead can be written emphatically as the characteristic of the meeting. An invitation was given to those "who belonged to the Church, or were desirous of having the Church services in that village, to remain," but only five so stayed, and of those five, two were friends from other places who had come to the village on business. Only four years ago the Church families in and around this place were reputed to be about thirty!

At Magnetawan Village we were told that there was a woman very ill, who was fretting because she could not come with her baby and get it baptized, as it was also ill. They lived about five miles on the way we had to go. When we got to what we thought must be the house, Mr. Crompton went to make inquiries. "Was this Mr. Q's?" "Yes, sir, walk in." He entered and saw a woman in bed, evidently very ill, and he went to her bed saying, "I am sorry to find you lying so ill, but I have come to ask about your baby; you wish it to be baptized, do you not?" "Indeed I do, sir," was the reply, in a desponding tone. "Well," said Mr. C., "I am a parson of your Church, the Bishop is with me, and we have come to baptize baby." The poor woman without a moment's thought rose up in bed and grasped both Mr. C's hands, but could say nothing for a second or two; at last she said to a flock of children (about eight) who stood around the bed, "call father." Father and the Bishop came in, and the little one was admitted into the Christian fellowship to the great delight of all. We spent some time with them, and in the course of conversation Mr. Q. told us the following:—A couple living at Eagle Lake, about twenty-one miles from the Magnetawan Village, having heard that a Bishop or a parson (for they did not know which) of their Church was coming to the village on the Sunday previous, had journeyed all that way carrying their little one for baptism, only to find that their information was not correct, and had to return as they came. We asked Mr. Q. how far Eagle Lake was off our road? "Sure, sir," he said, "it is only about ten miles." And "have we no chance of sending to them?" He told us we might possibly hear of them at Mecumoma P. O., where we should have to bait our horse. We thanked Mr. Q. and drove away followed by his hearty good wishes as long as he could see us.

As we were going we came to a small shanty by the road side, at the front of which was an elderly woman turning a grindstone for her husband, who was sharpening his axe. We bade them "good morning." The Bishop kindly asked after their welfare, and finally "did they mind saying to what Denomination they belonged?" The old man straightened himself and held up his head proudly as he said, "No, sir, I belong to the Church of England," looking at us at the same time as if he meant to dare us to find fault with him. But when Mr. C. said, "My friend, this is your Bishop," it became almost a race whether the Bishop should get out of the cutter, or the old man outside his fence, first. The Bishop, however, had

it, but the old man's hat was doffed and not put on again, cold as was the weather; and it was a proud moment for that man when the Bishop shook hands heartily with him and his "old woman," as he called his wife. The three went into the shanty and his Lordship spent some considerable time with them, evidently leaving sunshine behind him as we drove away.

Some miles farther we saw a man standing at the door of a log house and we asked if we were in the right direction for Mecumoma? He told us we were, and we entered into conversation with him. When the man found it was the Bishop, his Bishop, to whom he was speaking, he could not stand still, nor would he put on his hat. He explained how it was he had not got to the village (nine miles away) the night before. We told him we thought of holding service on our return. "Then," he said, "I'm there if God spares me."

We arrived at Mecumoma, where we had the great pleasure of meeting two of our Ullawater friends, and at once made enquiries whether Mr. and Mrs. R— were known? We were told their eldest son was then in the farm-yard. The young man was called and introduced to his Bishop, who asked him if he could send a message to his parents? "Oh," he said, "I'll go myself," as if a walk of twenty miles was not of much account. We then made arrangements with him for meeting the family on our return.

On and on again still northward we went, over hill and dale, having glimpses of long valleys with clearings in them, and passing many and large choppings, evidences of the work of vigorous arms plying the woodman's axe. We had seen so many roads in the bush that it became a necessity with us to make an enquiry as to our way. This we determined to do at the first opportunity; but as choppings were more frequent than houses we were some time about it. At last we came to a place where a man sat on a log eating his mid-day meal, sans coat, sans vest, sans collar and hat. The dark bush beyond is the distance, the varied shades of green of the trees laid low in the chopping, jewelled by the hoar-frost as the bright sun shone upon them, the clear blue sky, the man on the log as a centre piece, the axe by his side, testimony of whose was the work we saw done before us, made up an impressive "al fresco" which would have delighted the heart of a painter. He kindly told us we were quite right, and so we drove to Nipissing village, getting there about noon of Saturday, Feb. 21. In the course of the afternoon we drove down the river about three miles, and some distance on Lake Nipissing. This lake is said to be some seventy or eighty miles long and thirty wide. The Bishop gathered some shells as a memento of our first visit to this extreme point of his immense Diocese. Mr. Crompton having found that some friends lived here whom he knew in the neighborhood of Huntsville, paid them a visit, whilst the Bishop consulted with the men assembled about Church prospects. A new school was placed at our disposal, and here we held morning service at 10:30 A.M., on Sunday, Feb. 22nd. But the way in which the people entered the room and then seated themselves, legs crossed, arms folded, and heads thrown back, clearly demonstrated that they had not come to worship; they came to see and hear; and although there were between forty and fifty adults present, there were only about six who professed to remember the Church service, and they did not know much. One woman confessed she had not been to Church for fourteen years, and had not seen a parson there all that time! So, as she naively remarked, "she had forgotten how to use her Prayer Book!" And it was painful to see her sit handling her book this way and that, till at last tears stole down her cheeks. Mr. Crompton had to tell the people when to stand, sit and kneel, and, with the exception of one woman's voice which joined in now and then, the whole service was a duet between himself and the Bishop. Oh, how kindly and lovingly his Lordship told the "old, old story of redeeming love!" Each one seemed to hang upon the words which fell from his mouth. Several children were baptized. We had another service at 2:30 P.M., when there was a larger congregation, but of the same listless stamp; more children were baptized, and Mr. Crompton preached the same news of Jesus of Nazareth. After service we had many and very pressing invitations to "come again," but dead—dead—dead was the expression we spoke from the heart at the conclusion of our work. Clouds, thick clouds—though the offer of a site on which to build a Church made a gleam of sunshine in our otherwise dark horizon.

(To be continued.)

## Correspondence.

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

## INQUIRY.

DEAR SIR,—Will some of your readers who have had experience in these matters, please give me some information?