

tion is too important a one to be kept without a Priest in charge. It is to be hoped that a wise, earnest and true Churchman may be found: one who will go actively to work amongst the large population of working people residing in this section of the city.

**CHAMBLEY.**—Only twelve miles from Montreal has also been vacant through the appointment of Rev. Mr. McManus to the position of City Missionary, Montreal. At the Vestry meeting held last week, the names of Rev. W. Ross Brown, M.A., Rural Dean of Brome, and Rev. F. G. Scott, B.A., Drummondville, P.Q., were selected for submission to the Bishop. Mr. Brown has labored long and faithfully in the Diocese, and it is supposed will receive the appointment.

#### DIOCESE OF ONTARIO.

**KINGSTON.**—The Inter Diocesan Sunday school Committee appointed under the authority of the Provincial Synod of Canada and consisting of sixteen delegates from that body, and of two from each diocese in the Ecclesiastical Province, is to meet here on Thursday, Oct. 9th, in St. George's Hall. The Committee is charged with the duty of selecting a uniform series of Sunday school lessons, for 1890-91; and of preparing a three years scheme of Sunday school lessons on the Bible and Prayer Book.

#### DIOCESE OF TORONTO.

**EDUCATION OF MISSIONARY CHILDREN.**—A subscriber in the Diocese of Toronto sends us two dollars to help onward this cause explaining that he sends it to us, because he is not aware whether the W. A., of the Diocese of Toronto has taken up this work or not. Will some of the members of the Woman's Auxiliary in that Diocese please advise us as to this and state to whom subscriptions from their Diocese, for this purpose, should be sent.

**PETERBORO.**—The Rev John Cheyne Davidson has issued a letter to the members of the congregation of St. John's Church, mapping out the work in the parish for the winter, in which he says that he has prevailed on the well-known Canadian missionary, the Rev. F. H. DuVernet, of Wyoliffe, to hold an eight days' mission in St. John's, beginning on November 22nd.

**ORILLIA.**—The Ladies' Aid Society of St. James' Church, Orillia, held their picnic at Geneva Park on Thursday, Sept. 11. The receipts of the picnic are to be devoted to the Sunday school. Notwithstanding the wet and unpleasantness of the evening, the picknickers seemed thoroughly to enjoy themselves.

The prizes offered by the Orillia Church of England Temperance Society, for answering on the temperance papers at the High School entrance examination here, were won by Miss Ida Hutchins, Brechin; Miss Lizzie Thornton, Warminster, and Fred. Martin, Hillsdale, equal; and Miss Ellen Horne, Rugby.

#### DIOCESE OF HURON.

**ST. MARY'S.**—The harvest home services of St. James' Church were held on Sunday last and were conducted by the new rector, the Rev. W. J. Taylor. It was his first duty in his new charge and he was greeted with overflowing congregations. His discourses were clear, forcible and eloquent and created a very favorable impression upon the minds of his hearers. The church was beautifully decorated with all the emblems of a rich and bountiful harvest. Long wreaths of golden grain, appropriate mottoes and handsome emblems graced the walls. The pulpit, prayer desk, choir seats, gaseliers, etc., were tastefully trimmed, and the rich stained

glass windows were charmingly decorated and loaded with fruit, grain and vegetables. That which was perhaps most admired was the huge anchor on the centre of the chancel steps, wholly covered with the rarest of cut flowers. The vestibules as well, as the space in front of the chancel, were loaded with vases full of flowers, carefully and tastefully. Miss Nellie Sharp had charge of the decorations, and to her and those who assisted her in carrying out the designs is due the credit of so delightful a scene.—*St. Mary's Journal.*

A reception was given to the new Rector and his family on the Thursday evening, in the Opera House, which was filled. The decorations were very tasteful, and the refreshments abundant. An address of welcome was read by Mr. T. D. Stanley. The Rev. W. M. Seshorne, of Thorndale, acted most efficiently as chairman.

#### DIOCESE OF ALGOMA.

**HOMES FOR INDIAN CHILDREN.**—The Rev. E. F. Wilson acknowledges the receipt of \$223.57 from the Treasurer D. & F. M. S. for the following purposes:—For Home at Medicine Hat, from Fredericton \$90.03; for Shingwauk Home from Fredericton \$31.93; for Shingwauk Home from Montreal \$5; for Wawanosh Home from Fredericton \$10; for Indian Homes from Fredericton \$52.44; from Indian Homes from Montreal \$35.12.—Total \$223.57.

**BURK'S FALLS.**—The Rev. Alfred W. H. Chowne begs to acknowledge the gift of a surplice, and Altar linen for a needy Mission in the Rural Deanery of Parry Sound and Mission, per Miss Ellen Halt, Secretary W.A.A., St. John's, Quebec.

#### NOTES FROM MY HOLIDAY LOG.

By a MEMBER OF THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY.

In venturing to offer a few extracts from my jottings in my old Log; of course I do not intend to inflict upon the readers of our excellent Church papers every little detail of our long trip to and from the Atlantic Coast, nor all that happened during a five weeks delightful visit there, the retrospect of which will always be a very pleasant one, and with not only its instructive, but with its comic side also,—nay, it was very near having a very tragic side likewise, for, but for the merciful Hand of our God, who honors human instrumentality always by using it when freely offered to carry out His will, the life of one very precious to the American Church would have been sacrificed. I allude to the rescue from drowning of Dr. Neely, the Bishop of Maine. I have been surprised to see no record of this in any of our Church papers, and have, therefore, less hesitation in including it amongst my jottings. It occurred on one of the most glorious days of the many with which our stay at Scarborough Beach had been so exceptionally favored. So glorious a day was it that a few of us planned a coast trip together and it was on our return home that the graphic account was given us of the rescue of "the Bishop." Faces were still blanched with the horror of it, pulses throbbing with the excitement of it, and hearts beating with intense thankfulness that it had been granted to those chiefly of "our own household" to man the little lifeboat and bring the nearly spent swimmer in safety to the shore. The mishap had occurred at the usual hour for bathing at Scarborough, when the guests of both hotels were either in their bathing houses, in the water, or on the beach as amused lookers on. The breakers were unusually high, and that expression may be taken at its fullest meaning, for Scarborough breakers are no caressing little wavelets amongst which bathers even in ordinary times can quietly disport themselves, but they 'mean business' and it requires a watchful

eye, a firm foothold, and a strong grip to hold your own when amongst them. 'Look out! here comes a terror,' was often the watch cry of the good guardian angel of the many members of the bathing ring who, hand in hand 'jumped' to meet its onslaught; and on this day, as I say, the waves had been higher than usual. At the hotel 'over the way' had been staying as guests for some time, a Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church,—'the Reformed Bishop' as one of our little party, partly for fun and partly for brevity's sake had persisted in calling him, which may be forgiven her as she had no personal acquaintance with that excellent man. When the cry reached the bathers of, 'help! help! help!' from the Bishop, who apparently was drowning, every one concluded it was he instead of Bishop Neeley, who had meanwhile driven out from Portland with his wife, in their carriage, and who had quietly gone in for his bath. Being a strong man and a good swimmer, Bishop Neely had struck out not only too boldly and had been carried away by the force of the tide and was helpless in the swirl of the dreadful undertow which cannot be dared, on that grand Atlantic coast, with impunity. Our only boat, seldom used, except for purposes of rescue, lay under the bath houses, its oars up at the hotel and therefore it was valueless until they were fetched. At this juncture, the ubiquitous boy element which hitherto had been partly the delight and partly the 'bother of our lives' developed into a heroism worthy of all praise. How those boys flew on their mission in breathless haste, flung in the oars to those already in the boat who had been selected from the volunteers for their better seamanship. The launching, and again the beaching of that boat was neither a safe nor an easy matter, so no small praise is due to those who ran no trifling risk in their skilful manning of it. Their best reward was in its grand results—the landing of the Bishop, clinging to its stern (for the boat would certainly have upset had he attempted to get into it) in safety upon the beach. Probably from a fear of alarming his wife, or perhaps because he did not realize his danger, the Bishop made somewhat little of his peril. True, strong man as he was, he might have held out for some ten minutes more, (he thought for an hour!) but each moment would have carried him farther away from rescue, therefore, if 'by reason of strength' he had floated for the longer period the sequel would without doubt have been the same. Truly this day was not without its lessons, which will not readily be forgotten by any who witnessed its eventful issues.

*Monday*—Well, this 'Dolce far niente' kind of a life is all very well in its way: One certainly takes in health at every pore, and as one comes for health that is a good gained and one to be very thankful for, only one would so like to be able to distribute it! In this great growing age of astonishing developments one almost wonders that there should be no machine invented for bottling up the sea breezes as they bottle up the human voice, to be given out in condensed but invigorating puffs to those dear hard working souls in the far away mission fields, who it faithful to their trust have to resign so much that makes life beautiful and for whom a whiff of salt air, a vision of a stretch of white sand or of sea weed crowned rocks is naught but a childhood's memory. . . . Well! thank God though we cannot give them these, yet we, as members of a band of sisters pledged to help them in every way possible to us, may give them proofs of our sympathy in far more practical form.

In our dear little messenger, the *Monthly Letter Leaflet*, for July, I see at the previous meeting of the Toronto Diocesan Board it was resolved: 'That the members of the Board pledge themselves to do all in their power to advance the objects of our Association during the summer vacation, and that they shall try