

living upon it, and the white population is rapidly increasing.

The Bishop was disappointed in the boat from Parry Sound, which failed him. He was therefore compelled—in order to reach the Manitoulin in time for his engagements—to go two or three hundred miles out of his way. He was due at the Manitoulin on the 2nd of November; on the 3d he reached Massey, a station on the C. P. R., nine miles from the shore opposite the Island. There was no road after the first four miles and no way of getting to the shore except *on foot*. It was a rather rough walk, but the Bishop was fortunate enough to fall in with an Indian just as he was starting out. The Indian, however, could speak no English and the Bishop knew only a few words of Indian. By repeating these over and over again, the Bishop succeeded in making the Indian understand that he wanted him to be his guide to La Cloche—a place on the shore—and to take him from there to the Manitoulin by sailboat. So off they started, the Indian carrying one of the bags, the Bishop carrying the other himself. After the first mile or so, the ground was rough and unbroken, and beyond this was a succession of swamps over which they crossed on small logs by springing from one to another. They soon came to a range of hills over which it was necessary for them to cross in order to reach the shore. The sides were steep and rugged and covered with forest; up and up they clambered till at length they reached the summit. Here a splendid view was obtained of the waters of Georgian Bay, dotted over with countless islands, and the guide, as though touched with the spirit of the scene, paused, and turning to the Bishop, waved his hand toward the splendid view as though claiming for it his tribute of admiration. Stopping only to take a hasty glance at this beautiful scene, they hastened down, and across more swamps like those already crossed until they stood on the shore.

Then the Indian turning to the Bishop, said, "No sailboat."

The situation was anything but pleasant. The Bishop was twenty miles from his destination with several miles of walking behind him; the sun was setting, and no boat to carry him on. It looked as though the Bishop would be obliged to spend the night there without fire or tent, blankets or food, or any such comforts, and the night was frosty. A few emphatic words sent the Indian off, and after a trying period of waiting, he returned accompanied by another Indian. In due time they produced a sail-boat and started for the Manitoulin.

It was a beautiful evening. The setting sun

spread its warm light over the western waters and tipped the waves with gold. The breeze was fresh and the boat sped like a bird, passing between beautiful islands out into the broad waters.

The darkness was settling down upon them and the air becoming chill. In the distance a dim shadow presently showed them where the Manitoulin lay. There was every prospect of a good trip, but, alas! the wind fell and very soon there was nothing to do but to "pull." The boat was heavy, their progress slow, and it was not until the early hours that they turned into the harbor of Little Current. In a short space the Bishop had settled with the guide and was sleeping soundly in a comfortable bed.

Now began the visitation of the Island. The Bishop was only a day late instead of a week, as he would have been had he waited for the steamer. There are several missions on the Island. Sheguiandah and Sucker Creek are Indian missions, and Manitowaning, Gore Bay and Little Current are villages on the shores of lovely bays. The Bishop had much driving and preaching, visiting these different missions which were many miles apart.

The trip to a place called Silverwater is worthy of mention. Silverwater is forty miles distant from the nearest mission, Gore Bay. While at Gore Bay, which includes the two out-missions, Kagawong and Mills—ten and twelve miles apart—the claims of Silverwater were laid before him. The Bishop was at first doubtful whether he could go at once. The time was short, the distance long, the roads bad. However, he felt he must go, so with the clergyman, Mr. Sinclair, off they started, the Bishop driving. The rain was pouring down; the drive was over a rough and stony road, and the mud was very deep. All day they travelled on, and at six o'clock reached the door of Mr. Kemp's house, one of the leading farmers of Silverwater. They were warmly received, and after a hearty meal, an impressive service was held in Mr. Kemp's house, the people gathering from the country around. Service over, there was much talk between them. Would the Bishop come again? What could he do for them? Could he send them a clergyman? Then the people of Silverwater told what they had done for themselves. They had bought and paid for a church site; they had cut down trees and taken the logs to the mill; they had made a kiln and burnt the necessary lime for foundation wall and plastering. All they asked for was help to support a clergyman. "Here are sixty of us," they said, "and we will do what we can, but we can't do all." It was with a sad heart that the Bishop was obliged