

possible way their high appreciation of a visit from their Bishop. The alacrity with which the places were found, and the decision of the responses, told of themselves that we had with us those who, from their youth, had been accustomed to their Prayer Book. His Lordship baptized a baby and preached; and afterwards we had no little difficulty to get away, as our friends seemed to think they *could not* make enough of their Bishop. So soon as we could we drove away some seven miles further to Huntsville, barely giving ourselves time to drink a cup of tea.

At Huntsville the church members have built a large church hall, which is used for service until such time as they may be able to erect a suitable church, and here we were met by a great crowd of people. Long before the hour of service the hall was filled, and at seven o'clock, when we arrived, there were some *two hundred* souls assembled. Many had come seven, nine, ten, and even twelve miles to meet their Bishop. There were a very great number of Dissenters in the congregation. His Lordship expressed himself as highly pleased with the heartiness and *congregational tone* of the service. Our members seemed to vie one with another to make the hour of worship one of comfort and cheerfulness. One youth was brought to receive the Sacrament of Baptism. At the end of Evening Prayer, his Lordship, in the course of a telling sermon, gave a clear and decided exposition of the doctrine and ceremonial of the Church of England, and his address, given in his usual gentle and feeling manner, not only encouraged our members, but deeply impressed many of the others who do not belong to us at present.

Monday, February 12th.—This morning we were taken in charge by Mr. J. S. Scarlett, churchwarden, and driven by him to Pelch's Corners, some *twenty miles* north of Huntsville, in the Township of Perry. As this Township is not yet in the market for Free Grants, the people are all what is called *squatters*.

We started in the middle of a great snow storm, but in spite of snow, cold, and wind, (which was high and *keen*) through the watchful care and driving we arrived safely at our place of service.

This is another station planted by Mr. Crompton, as travelling clergyman, and here it may not be out of place to state that this station is ahead of every other denomination. For once, in our part of the bush, the *Church is the first*, as previous to Mr. Crompton's coming, no services of any sort had been held in the place, and some of the people had lived here from *three to four years*. Service was held in a sort of double shanty, the house of Mr. West. There was a congregation of about seventy, all literally bushwhackers, men of bone and sinew, whose determined looks showed they realized the difficulties of their lives, and meant to conquer them if pluck would do it. We had Evening Prayers and baptism. His Lordship preached a most feeling sermon, and when he was speaking of days gone by, of home, and old-home associations—the village child kneeling at its mother's knee to say its prayer, within view of the "Old Parish Church"—rough and hardy as many of his audience were, many a lip trembled and eye became dim with suppressed emotion. It was certainly a service under difficulties, (and his Lordship, *stuck in a corner*, where he could barely stand upright, must certainly have felt his a difficult task,) but the impression made was one not soon to be forgotten. One incident relating to the baptism may be interesting to our readers. After thanking his Lordship, the mother said, with a sigh, "My lost baby was baptized at Camberwell," (London). His Lordship remarked, "it was a change for her here in Port Perry." "Yes," she replied, "but I shall not care if we can have our Church here. Mr. Crompton promised there should be service every two weeks (D.V.) as long as the roads were at all passable. As Mr. Scarlett wished to return the same evening to Huntsville we parted, regretfully, from our friends, but not before they had expressed their determination to have a church of their own previous to another visitation from his Lordship. The weather had cleared up, and his Lordship was able to see the splendid panorama spread out to view from Mr. West's house. A prospect,

almost alpine, certainly lovely, is there to be seen for a distance of from eighteen to twenty miles. The Bishop said he had no idea there was such a view in the country; and the people said the land was good, comparatively free from rock, they were contented and happy with their lot, and were looking forward to the time when they could do without help in Church matters.

Tuesday, February 13th, was passed in visiting, in and about Huntsville, and in the evening we held a Church meeting, at which Mr. Scarlett, the warden, reported they were *free from debt* for their church hall, as far as it had gone. They had a Sunday-school in successful progress under the superintendence of Mr. Tooms. He also stated he had secured *five acres* of excellent land as a cemetery for the Church. Indeed the Church is deeply indebted to Mr. Scarlett for the energy and devotion to it which he has displayed. He is evidently the right man in the right place. Three sites were offered on which to build a parsonage, and a committee appointed to decide which shall be accepted. Those present pledged themselves to guarantee \$100.00 (one hundred dollars) per annum for three years towards the support of a clergyman, on condition they were promised a service *every Sunday*. His Lordship fully explained the difficulties he was under as Bishop of a Missionary Diocese, set apart without funds being correspondingly set apart for its support. He promised he would do what he could, and, with the assistance of Mr. Crompton, who could arrange to have an alternate service in Huntsville, he thought matters might be managed as to meet their wishes.

Wednesday, February 14th.—We left Huntsville for Stisted, calling on our way to dine with the Messrs. Lawrence, Roper, and other friends at the head of Mary Lake, and visiting in Stisted road. His Lordship became the guest of Rev. W. Crompton, in his bush home, some ten miles from anything in the shape of a village.

Thursday, February 15th.—We left early, in the midst of a snow storm, for Hoodstown, at the head of Vernon Lake. We had a congregation of some seventy-two settlers in this distant place. During Morning Service we had a baptism; there was also a celebration of the Holy Communion, at which we had a goodly number of communicants. The service here was simply delightful; our Ravenscliffe friends, (all the men formerly choristers) walked over, so that the musical portions of the service were rendered in a way to reflect no disgrace upon a Church anywhere. The Bishop was delighted, and said so. There was one pleasing feature connected with the visitation here. The Church members being desirous of showing the value they put upon the Bishop's visit, clubbed together, and prepared a "Feast of good things," to which they invited every one of their neighbours, without respect of sect or denomination. These were waited upon as guests by the Church members before they partook of their own dinner. After dinner a Church meeting was held, when his Lordship repeated his Diocesan statement, and felt himself cheered by the spirit shown at Hoodstown, where they hope soon to have a church erected. We were obliged to leave before dark, because of the distance we had to travel, being in the bush, but the Church people spent the evening in entertaining their invited guests. At parting, one old lady took his Lordship by the hand, saying, "I am glad to see you; I do not belong to you, but *I am glad I came*." We have reason to think she spoke the feelings of many there who "do not belong to us."

Friday, February 16th.—We went to the house of Mr. Jeremiah Coulson, (Lay reader), on the east side of Stisted, where we had a congregation of upwards of twenty adults, and where his Lordship administered the Sacrament of Baptism and preached.

Saturday, February 17th.—At an early hour we bid farewell to "The Cedars" and Mr. Crompton's family, for a drive of some nineteen miles through the bush into Brunel. This is another new station arranged by Mr. Crompton, the church being planted in the centre of quite a body of good churchmen. This church is literally in the bush, pure and simple. On the way we dined with Mr. Dodd, then we drove to the house of Mrs. Farr, where we left our horse and sleigh,

and, after a good half mile's walk we came to the church, which is a *log* building, about 24x18 feet, with plain open roof. Here we had a nice congregation of some twenty-nine, with celebration of Communion, at which there were thirteen communicants. After service there was a Church meeting to hear his Lordship's statement, which, though not very bright, gave all hope of better times.

In the evening we drove back to Port Sydney, where his Lordship met the Church members at the house of Mr. Smith. There was a very good attendance. Mr. Smith, the warden, reported the Church out of debt, and that the members had built and partly completed a parsonage, ending with an earnestly expressed wish on behalf of the people that a resident clergyman might be given to them. His Lordship, after expressing the pleasure he had in meeting them, explained his financial situation, concluding that he saw no hope of their having a clergyman residing amongst them unless they were willing to supplement whatever allowance he could make from the Diocesan funds, by subscription among themselves. In response to this appeal those present pledged themselves to adopt the envelope system, and to raise \$100.00 (one hundred dollars) per annum for three years for the purpose. At the same time they opened a subscription for funds with which to complete the parsonage, which was taken up with a promptitude and spirit which showed they *meant* to complete that which they have begun. His Lordship emphatically expressed the pleasure he had in witnessing the good earnest tone of the meeting, and said it would send him to the front with more courage when he went "to tell his tale."

Sunday, February 18th.—A bright, keen morning. We set off early for Beatrice, on Parry Sound road, arriving there in time for service at 10 a.m. About fifty met us here, and, though a little rough, the singing and responding was hearty in the extreme. There is a happy, united band of churchmen here, who have proved in every possible way they could that they value their church and her services. They have erected a neat building in which to hold service, and which, thanks to friends outside and a grant from the S. P. C. K., is one worthy of the object for which it has been built. Not one skilful artisan has been employed, yet their building will bear any comparison brought to bear upon it. We had Morning Prayer and celebration with eleven communicants.

After a very brief dinner we drove some seven miles to Ufford, on Three-mile Lake. The church members here have partly built a church for themselves. The intended chancel is completed sufficiently for service being held therein. People came far and near to meet and hear his Lordship, and a place built to accommodate some sixty or seventy people had *one hundred and ten* crowded into it. Many church friends came from Port Carling (some 10 or 11 miles), and other places, that they might once more shake hands with their Bishop.

Monday, February 19th.—The morning was spent in visiting around Beatrice those friends who were not seen last year, and in holding a church meeting. The wardens stated they were quite out of debt and meant to keep so; and at the same time they wished to express the gratitude of our people for the kindness and liberality which have enabled them to build the hall in which they assembled for service. His Lordship had to repeat his Diocesan statement, and, as far as he could, speak cheerfully and hopefully to them, praising and thanking them for what they had done. His Lordship told them how pleased he was to hear of the success of their Sunday-school, and hoped God would raise them some friend or friends to send money or books for prizes to encourage the young attending it. He also expressed his pleasure at hearing the report of their temporary pastor, Mr. Crompton, of their unity, kindness to one another, and their unvarying kindness to himself. After dining with Mr. W. Smith, a devoted friend, to whom Beatrice church people are much indebted, the afternoon was spent visiting on Parry Sound road the church people who had been discovered by Mr. Crompton in his journeys as travelling clergyman.

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