



MISSIONARY WORK IN ALGOMA.

(Continued from October No.)

THE service at the "Slash" was followed by a business meeting, at which the erection of a little church was discussed and a resolution adopted providing for an early canvass of the neighbourhood, as to the amount of money, material and labour to be contributed, the Bishop, in similar cases, promising some aid from the Diocesan Fund and also from the S.P.C.K.; after which we groped our way back to our host's comfortable concrete farmhouse by the light of a stable-lantern.

Next morning, after breakfast and family worship, a start was effected about eight o'clock our objective point being Providence Bay, on the south shore of the island and looking towards the open expanse of Lake Huron. The distance was only 15 miles, but, thanks to the state of the roads, it took five hours and a half to traverse it. Imagine our disappointment when we found on our arrival that, owing to some mistake, the printed notices which had been forwarded had never been posted, and hence the settlers knew nothing of the service. In half an hour, however, the residents in the immediate neighbourhood were informed of our presence, and a goodly little congregation gathered who, after the Litany had been said, were addressed by the Bishop on the subject of the Church of England, her history, traceable through the Reformation back to the Apostolic days, and her Prayer Book, breathing in every page the spirit of a scriptural devotion, as well as primitive Apostolic piety—the high honour (unparalleled in any other religious communion) in which she holds the public reading of God's word, without note or comment—the large share enjoyed by the laity in her public worship, and, above all, the singular prominence she gives in every page to the Name that is "above every name."

There are no less than thirteen Church of England families in this neighborhood without a church and without the church's ministrations, save in so far as Mr. Cole, at a distance of 30 miles, is able to supply them. The members whom we saw promised, however, to canvass the little community thoroughly as to the erection of a little church before Mr. Cole's next visit on the 25th inst. By 4.30 p.m. we were once more rolling away on our road to Crawford's School House, which, after striking Old Woman's Lake for some distance, we reach

ed by 6.30 p.m., under the guidance of a good old Scotch Episcopalian whom we overtook. The service was attended by a large congregation, not a few of whom, judging by the buzz of excitement awakened by his entrance, were curious to see what kind of a creature a bishop was. Curiosity, however, soon gave way to better feelings, as the service proceeded, and the preacher unfolded his message. Here, again, a little cluster of church-families are as sheep without a shepherd. Oh, when will the Church of England understand her duty to her own children who are scattered abroad? Can it be wondered at that multitudes of them whom she leaves uncared for must meet with one of two fates. Either absorption into the ranks of Nonconformists or consignment to the misery of practical apostasy. But at whose door will the blame lie? That night, it goes without saying, we slept without rocking, and woke up to snatch a hasty breakfast, and resume our journey over roads most determinedly hostile to progress, in the direction of Big Lake, which we reached at 1.30 p.m. Having dined at Mr. Trowbridge's, we adjourned to the school-house close by, and held service. The congregation was good, and attentive—among them Mr. and Mrs. B., Mr. H., sen. and jun.; Mr. C. of McDonald's Mills, and others, all of whom had the same sad tale to tell of religious destitution, some of them not having seen the face of an English Church clergyman, or taken part in any of her services for six years! Think of this ye well fed city churchmen and churchwomen, who have your weekly, nay daily, services almost at your very door, and your pastor within easy call when the hour of trial or sickness comes. You are sorry, doubtless, for the plight of your brethren in Algoma, but the question is, how much are you sorry? Big Lake was, for the present, our last point of visitation in the interior of Manitoulin Island. Leaving it at 4 p.m. we got to McDonald's Mills by six o'clock, (three and a half miles an hour, and thence to Manitowaning, over what, I think, were) without exception, the worst roads I have ever traversed, at 10.30 p.m., having spent eleven hours on the day's journey. It need scarcely be added that we were glad to see the friendly lights of the Evangeline once more, and that no time was wasted before the Episcopal mint and body were seeking and finding a perfect rest from the fatigue of these three days in the silent recesses of her inner cabin.

Next morning, the 15th, having bidden farewell to our friends at Manitowaning, we steamed out of