

beam, 16 tons burden, carries two sails and a jib, burns coal, makes 8½ to 9 miles an hour under steam, and from 11 to 12 with a fair wind and the assistance of her sails. The little vessel was built 15 years ago at Cowes, Isle of Wight, for the Prince of Wales. She was purchased by the Bishop for £600, one third her original cost, and it cost 150 guineas to bring her across the Atlantic on board one of the Allan Steam boats. And so we started off, and the Evangeline ploughed her way over the waters of Lake Ontario till 10.30 a.m. when Port Dalhousie was reached and we entered the Welland canal. The canal is 28 miles long and has 28 locks, and it takes about a day to get through it. We were destined however to be longer delayed than this, as repairs were required to be done to the engine, so we lay up a day and a half at St. Catharines, and not until Wednesday evening did we reach the waters of Lake Erie at Port Colborne. Here we took a fresh supply of coal, and lay to for the night, and I bought a joint of beef at the butchers' and got it roasted at the bakers', so that we might have something to eat, as the little stove in the fore-castle has very limited capacities for cooking; we also bought milk and bread and vegetables as we went along.

Thursday morning, the 24th we started away at 5.30 a.m. and made a good run of 110 miles to Port Stanley, at which place we arrived at 6.45 p.m. Burning soft coal is very dirty work, and it is impossible to keep the boat clean, for no sooner are the decks washed and things cleaned up and put in order than they are as black as soot again, the flues also in the boiler get very quickly choked up, and it is hard to keep up steam after travelling 70 or 80 miles every night the flues, 116 in number, have to be cleaned out, which makes it hard work for the engineer and fireman after a long day's run.

Leaving Port Stanley at 4.40 a.m., Friday, we touched at Tyrconnell and had the pleasure of a short interview with the Rev. James Chance, who was formerly missionary to the Indians at Garden River. Then we ran on with a fair wind and all sails set to Point aux Pins—called by the sailors "Point O." Here we lay in at the lighthouse for an hour and a half as the weather was getting stormy and the pilot

thought it scarcely prudent to proceed. However the threatened gale blew over, and on we went again, steaming and sailing, and making about 11½ miles an hour. At 6.30 p.m. we passed Point Pelee lighthouse and about an hour after our lights were put up and darkness came down upon us. As we were nearing the entrance to the Detroit river we were soon in the thick of the lake traffic and ship lights seemed to be on all sides of us, red lights, green lights, and bright lights glimmering through the darkness, and here and there the brilliant light of a lighthouse or a light ship, all of course requiring our pilots' attention either as a guide for our own course or to warn us of approaching vessels. It was just midnight when we reached Amherstburg, having made a long run of 125 miles.

Next day, Saturday, we intended if possible to reach Sarnia, and lay there for Sunday, which would give me an opportunity of visiting my old mission. Having arrived in so late last night we could not make an early start. It takes about an hour and a half to get up steam and there was no coal to get on board, so it was 9.15 when we started away from Amherstburg. We stopped at Detroit for about 20 minutes to try and get a small cannon and some cork fenders but without success. Then we crossed Lake St. Clair and at 5 p.m. we drew into wharf at Algonac on the American side of the river, opposite Walpole Island. As it was so late and the men all tired, I decided to remain for the night, and visit the Walpole Indians, and telegraphed to Rev. J. Jacobs, the Indian missionary at Sarnia, to expect us in time for service at his church at 3.30 the next day. So we lay all night at Walpole Island, and a number of our Shingwauk and Wawanosh children who were at home for their holidays, came down with their parents to see the Bishop's boat. The next day there was service in the Indian Church at 10.30; I assisted the Rev. Mr. Jamieson in the service and preached to the Indians, about 175 of whom were present. This is a prosperous mission. There are about 800 of them in all, the large majority of whom are members of our church. Mr. Jamieson has been labouring among them for nearly 40 years. The pilot had orders to be ready to start at 12.30, but there

were delays, steam was not up, various excuses made, and we were nearly two hours late in starting. It was very provoking as I knew the Sarnia Indians would be waiting for us. To add to our trouble we ran short of fuel. The engineer thought there would not be enough to hold out and we went very slowly. And so instead of arriving at the Sarnia mission at 3.30 p.m. as intended, it was nearly 6.30 p.m. when we got there. Of course I expected that Mr. Jacobs and his Indians would have all dispersed. But not so, Indians have more patience than white people. They were still in waiting, not one had gone away. The banks were swarming with my old friends, boats were put out to take us ashore, and very warm and pleasant were the greetings. George Aundag alone accompanied me, and the crew then steamed on slowly and laboriously to Port Huron, on the American side opposite Sarnia, where fuel would be taken on board, and the boat was to lie up for repairs to her boiler.

And so I remained with my Indian friends and went into the little brick church which I had built for them just before leaving Sarnia in 1871. There were numbers of our Shingwauk and Wawanosh pupils present and many young people whom I had baptized as infants.

Continued in our next.

Shingwauk Journal.

June 26—To day was the prizegiving at the Shingwauk Home. Both boys and girls were present, and the Bishop distributed the prizes to the successful candidates. There were 10 boy victors and 3 girls, 8 boy aspirants and 7 girls. The examination of both boys and girls was one of the most successful that have yet been held. All the children will now disperse to their homes for two months holidays.

July 5—We have 4 or 5 of our Senior boys remaining with us for the holidays to work at the factory or on the farm for wages. Another of our old boys George Aundag, returned to us to day asking for work. George was with us 5 years and had begun learning blacksmithing. It is likely that he will remain with us and take up his trade again after the holidays. Benjamin Shingwauk is also remaining at the Home, studying hard, with the view of passing the teachers' examination