

ALGOMA.

From our own Correspondent.

Notes of the first visit of the Bishop to Lake Superior, 1882.—Continued.—After a hasty lunch, the Bishop, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Renison made a fresh start from the foot of Lake Jessie, taking only the supplies absolutely necessary; and after crossing the rapid, narrow current which divides it from Lake Maria, reached the river again, the scenery from this point onward assuming a wilder, grander aspect, the hills on either side towering up to the height of 800 or 1,000 feet, thickly wooded from base to summit, except where the over-hanging cliffs present a surface of naked, perpendicular, white rock; the deep, rushing torrent runs between, hurrying unconsciously to its final destination in the bosom of the distant sea. Our next portage was Split Rock. Here the effect was grand in the extreme, as we rested on our oars awhile, and watched the rush of the double rapid stream at this point, and formed by this gigantic mass of granite, which seemed as though some tremendous convulsion of nature had thrown it up from beneath, in the very centre of the current. Shortly afterwards, Island Portage was reached; then a few miles higher, Pine Portage, one of the longest and most fatiguing on the whole route, which we divided into two, camping for the night half way, in the depth of the forest, where water could be obtained only from a distance, and not without the precaution of one or two scouts, placed at intervals, for the purpose of an occasional "halloo," by which to prevent the messenger losing his way in the woods. After supper, the singing of two or three Indian hymns, and prayer, we crept into the little tent, all too contracted for three occupants, and passed what remained of the night as comfortably as could be expected, with a scarcity of blankets above us, and beneath, a couch in which, to one of us at least, it seemed as though flints had taken the place of feathers. Sleepless nights, however, will wear away somehow or another, and so by daybreak we rose unrefreshed, and shouldering our respective burdens, completed the portage; and after a hurried breakfast, to which the Bishop contributed a fine trout caught in a pool close by, embarked again on the last stage of our journey, hoping to accomplish the remaining twenty-five miles by night-fall, and so redeem the promise given by the missionary to the Indians, that the Bishop would certainly be with them on Sunday. Fortunately for our plans, the weather was all that could be desired, so our progress was rapid, enabling us, after one or two short portages and five or six miles of rowing, to reach Flat Rock by 2 p.m., and there obtain our first view of the long looked for Lake Nepigon, which stretched far away to the north, a magnificent expanse of water, ninety miles long by sixty broad, and dotted with innumerable islands, densely wooded to the water's edge. The wind, however, being too high to permit of our venturing out, a halt was called, during which bread and cheese were served out, the canoes gummed afresh, a few winks of sleep snatched, and one of the party enjoyed the most refreshing bath he had had, he said, since his last visit to the broad domain of the sea king. About 3.30 p.m., we started once more on the final pull of fifteen miles, and after a pleasant run, broken by only one short portage, reached McIntyre Bay, almost within sight of our destination. Knowing that the Indians would be anxiously looking out for the first token of our approach, Mr. Wilson fired his revolver several times. Scarcely had its echoes died out among the surrounding hills and islands, when from the mainland, first one little jet of flame flashed, then another and another, as the Indians, armed with all the available guns in the little village, sent back their quick response. Then the beacon fire was lighted, and as it blazed out, gave us its warm and ruddy welcome. By this time, the shore was reached, and travellers and baggage landed at the foot of a rising ground, on which we could dimly discern the figures of the inhabitants, men, women, and children, all running to and fro in great excitement. Just as we reached the highest point, another "feu de joie" was given, the men running back about a hundred yards to make yet another fusillade. The scene at this moment was striking in the extreme, and a study well worthy the skill of the painters. In the pathway leading up to the little log church, stood an arch of welcome, decorated with large bunches of Indian grass and everlasting, arranged at regular intervals, while at the top, stretched all across, ran a scroll, inscribed with the following sentence, in white letters on a dark background:—

"NE MINWANDAUMIN KECHE MAKUHDWEKONUHYA TAGWISSHING OMAH NEGWENENANG OWHOOJJE JESUS." i.e., "We are joyful that the big black coat has arrived here in Negwenenang, for the sake of Jesus." On either side the arch the villagers had planted themselves in groups, the men with folded arms; leaning on their guns, and the squaws seated on the ground, with their little papooses clasped in their arms, or strapped within baskets, wrapped in warm Hudson Bay blankets. The older children peeping

out timidly from behind their seniors, as though doubtful of the intentions of the pale faced strangers, while a little in the background stood the brave wife of the missionary, waiting with her little group of five children, to receive the visitors and give them a hearty welcome; and all this, seen as we saw it in the fading light of that Saturday evening, with the alternating lights and shadows thrown on their swarthy faces, was a scene never to be forgotten. After the customary introduction and hand shaking, the Bishop thanked them for their very kind welcome, telling them how Christ had once said to the first apostles, "He that receiveth you, receiveth me," and that He therefore accepted this welcome, given to His servant and messenger, as if it had been given to Himself, because it was given for His sake. The Church had sent him to carry on the work which had been begun by good Bishop Faquier, whom God had taken home to Himself; and he also wished to be a friend to the Indians. He also thanked them for their beautiful decorations, and would ask Mr. Wilson to take a picture of them, that he might show his friends how kindly the Indians of Nepigon had received him. The resident missionary then made for himself and his little flock a very appropriate speech of welcome, after which we bid the red men "booz boo" for the night, and withdrew to the Mission House close by, where we were most hospitably entertained during our stay.

Sunday, September 10th, brought with it its own special welcome, for as if in token of the divine blessing which had rested on this Mission since its formation by the past Bishop of Algoma, in 1879, the sun shone bright and clear, while the lake lay slumbering below, its surface like one vast sheet of molten silver. For lack of the church-going bell, which we had hoped to bring with us, it was nearly midday before the Indians assembled in the church: but when they did come, they came "with one consent," and worshipped with a devotion of manner which would have furnished no mean example for some more cultured congregations that could be named. The service was, of course, in Ojibewa, as was also the baptism of four children, two of them tiny papooses, laid in the Bishop's arms, snugly swathed in their curious wooden cradles. All four were named after members of the Bishop's family, who, it is to be hoped, will henceforth take a warm interest in their new found namesakes. The sermon was on the subject of the cross, and the sacrifice demanded by Christ's service, a theme naturally suggested by the sacrament just administered, and also a hint given to the Bishop that one of the Indians present was still a pagan, unwilling to become a Christian, because, if he did, one of his wives must be surrendered. May we not hope that ere long this poor pagan may become, in God's strength, brave enough to take up the cross demanded of him? At the evening service, the Bishop gave a simple exposition of the connection between baptism, confirmation, and the Lord's Supper, as three successive steps illustrating the continuity and gradual growth of the Christian life, sustained, as it is, by partaking of Christ Himself, "the true bread which came down from heaven." Eight persons were then presented for the reception of the apostolic rite of the laying on of hands, among them two squaws with their papooses in their arms, and a poor sick man, who lay on his bed propped up by pillows, close to the chancel rail, with just such a look of wistful longing on his wasted face, as must have been seen in that of the poor paralytic, who lay by the pool of Bethesda, vainly expecting a blessing, till Jesus came and made him whole. The other five were young persons who had given the missionary such unmistakable proofs of a desire to be Christians, indeed as abundantly warranted him in presenting them. The Holy Communion was then administered to the newly confirmed, and so the day of rest drew to a close, not, we trust, without having brought some little spiritual refreshment to "these few sheep in the wilderness."

Monday, the 11th, brought with it a very welcome and much needed rest from our fatigues, which was not any the less enjoyable, for the fact that the Indians had been quietly planning among themselves projects for our entertainment, chief among which was a series of dances, previously rehearsed, which occupied the whole afternoon, and in which men, women, and children, all took part, the male part of the community in costume which could scarcely be said to be after Oscar Wilde, at any rate. Picture to your mind's eye what humanity would be if made utterly hideous by the aid of every grotesque device which ingenuity could discover—head-dress of bark, striped with variegated paints, and crowned with bunches of eagle feathers,—faces either entirely blackened, from which the eyes gleamed out like little fire-balls, or smeared on either side with different colored clays—bodies divested of all superfluous clothing—legs, arm and feet, entirely bare, or decorated with narrow strips of cloth, which fluttered in the breeze; add now to all this, the monotonous drone of the Indian drum, the hollow din of an old tin boiler, extemporised as a musical instrument, and the jingle of the sledge bells used as a part of the harness worn by the dogs in the

winter, and you can form some conception of the scene conjured up on Lake Nepigon for the amusement of the second Bishop of Algoma. The dances were many and varied—Sioux war dance, Ojibewa war dance, medicine dance, scalp dance, pipe dance, etc. The performance continued till the men were completely exhausted, after which the squaws took it up in milder form, adding a most peculiar but very sweet vocal accompaniment, which was repeated by special request, the whole ending with a grand feast of bread, fish, pork and tea, provided by the missionary, after which "booz boo" was said all round, and the Indians retired to their houses, having first expressed through their spokesman their gratification at the "big black coat's" presence. Some have questioned the wisdom of encouraging such exhibitions on the part of our Christianized Indians, alleging that they carry them back, for the time being, to their old pagan usages and associations, from which we ought rather to do all in our power to separate them; but query, whether when after such a performance, they return to this feast, as in this case they did, with all their barbarism laid aside, their dress and whole appearance conforming to the requirements of civilization. Query, I say, whether they do not realize all the more forcibly how much Christianity has done for them, and how high it has lifted them above their old and natural level; besides, as one of them whispered to the Bishop, anticipating forcibly some such objection in the Episcopal mind, "Nothing wicked in these dances; not like pagan dances;" the difference consisting, as was afterwards explained, in the fact that pagan dances are accompanied by indecencies and immoralities from which these are wholly free.

(To be continued.)

EXTENSIVE ENLARGEMENT OF W. & D. DINEEN'S STORE, TORONTO.—The corner of Yonge and King is occupied by Messrs. W. & D. Dineen as a hat and fur store. The stand ranks A. 1, the stock is A. 1 also in variety, newness and cheapness. The store on the street level is filled with every size, shape and quality of hats which are now worn—silk, beaver, felt, hard and soft, with brims to please every fancy, from the Quakery breadth to the dandy's curl. The upper rooms extend over Nos. 76, 78, 80, and 82 Yonge Street, Messrs. Dineen being strong on annexation. The first room is devoted to ladies. Here is a bewildering display of handsome fur and fur lined cloaks, shoulder capes, in all the new shapes and endless variety (a very sensible garment by the way), sealskin hats, named after reigning beauties, muffs, boas, dolmans, astrachan dogskin sacques, etc., etc. The next department is for gentleman, who will find in this room every garment made of fur which their comfort or fancy can desire, at reasonable prices. Another department is devoted to raw skins imported for sale to the trade, and another room is used for the manufacture of the goods on sale in the stores. In the basement of the building (entrance 2 King Street West), is the Jobbing department, which has grown out of the great demand for Dineen's goods by smaller dealers. This store is one of the largest hat and fur emporiums in Ontario, and the enterprise, taste, civility of Messrs. Dineen, and the reasonable prices they ask, are fast developing their trade into one of the first rank on the continent.

S. S. Teacher's Assistant TO THE INSTITUTE LEAFLETS.

THE CATECHISM.

Q. Did He cease His prophetic work when He left the earth?

A. No: He continued to speak through His Apostles, (St. Luke x. 16); and by His Spirit, (St. John xvi. 12, 13; and cp. 2 Cor. xiii. 8).

Q. What are the duties and functions of a priest?

A. To offer sacrifices and intercessions on behalf of the people of God, and to bless the people from God, that is in His name. Lev. i. ii. iii. iv. xvi; Num. xvi. 46, vi. 23.

Q. Who is the first priest mentioned in Scripture?

A. Melchizedec (Gen. xiv. 18-21): "And Melchizedec, king of Salem, brought forth bread and wine, and he was priest of the Most High God," &c.

Q. What has this to do with our Lord's priesthood?

A. Our Lord is "a Priest for ever, after the order of Melchizedec," rather than after the order or type of Aaron. Ps. cx. 4.

Q. When did our Lord exercise the office of a priest?