

heard it. His Lordship held a Vestry meeting in the evening at Port Carling, and left on Tuesday morning for Toronto.

A Cry From The Backwoods.

The following is from a farmer residing in the Mississauga Valley on the north shore of Lake Huron.

Day Mills Post Office, Algoma.—Nov. 6th 1885.

REV. SIR:—I write these few lines to you to lay before you the destitute condition of this part of Algoma as regards church privileges, and opportunities for Divine service and communion. From Bruce Mines Eastward to the Mississauga River and even east of that, the country is fast filling up with settlers and schoolhouses are getting built in every direction. Since you visited us here there has been a most wonderful change in the roads and general appearance of the country. There are now good roads opened out in almost every direction rendering all of easy access. As a specimen you remember the road you came to our place, now we see buggies, lumber-waggon, and even thrashing machines come along there now, and there is now a telegraph line as well in front of us. But I am sorry to say that we feel ourselves sadly neglected by the church, we never see the face of a church clergyman except the Rev. Mr. Berry from Bruce Mines who visits us once or twice in a year, but being in deacons' orders is unable to administer to us the Holy Communion. There are quite a few church people scattered about, but they are in 3 or 4 families in a place, just enough to form a starting point to gather round a congregation. I wish our Bishop would appoint a resident missionary clergyman in this District who would travel round from place to place holding services and gather up the members of our church, leading them to have regular services with lay readers, supplemented by visits at stated intervals from the missionary, by that means the interest of the people in the church would be kept alive; unless something of this kind is done soon they will many of them be lost altogether to the church. You can form no idea of the progress that this part is making in population unless you were to travel about as I have done from house to house, the leading roads as a rule are thinly settled, but new houses are to be seen everywhere all through the district. I do hope the Bishop will see his way clear to sending us a clergyman in full orders as missionary in this part of Algoma before long. I enclose you 25 cents for the "Algoma Missionary News." We like to see the "News," it is a welcome visitor.

J.F.L.

A TRIP TO SPANISH RIVER.

LAST SPRING, just before the breaking up of the ice, I started out on a journey to Spanish River to see the Indians in the sugar-bush. I was on the road very early in the morning in order to get the advantage

of the "crust," and made my way from Little Current across the rather wide expanse of ice to La Cloche with as much speed as possible, but the sun had already begun to melt the crust and the travelling became very heavy.

It was afternoon when I reached the Hudson Bay Post at La Cloche, and as the snow by this time had thawed down to slush, I decided to stop, at the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. McTavish, all night. We had service in the evening, obtained directions as definite as possible as to the probable whereabouts of the Indians' sugar-camp, and started out early next morning.

My way lay across, or rather through, small lakes away back of La Cloche and as I drew near to the place where I expected to find the trail to the camp, and was jogging along, I met a young Indian brave whom I recognized as a member of our church. He invited me to his wigwam. On reaching the shore I could see at a glance it was impossible to take the pony further, so I tied her to a tree on the shore and left her. The trail was about six inches wide, and sometimes an almost perpendicular ascent. Soon I reached Wahsashkung's camp, where I read and prayed and spoke with the people. They were very glad to see me and to hear the Gospel, and as a proof of their gratitude they gave me a nice piece of Moose meat—Jim Wahsashkung had killed a Moose some days before.

The next camp was about a mile and a half farther in the bush. Here dwelt an Indian who gloried in the name of Pashnuhneeb. A very nice Indian, the father of the donor of the Moose meat, but I am sorry to say the old man was not at home. However, the daughter and son were. I spoke to them for a while, read and prayed, and we sang an Indian hymn too, I remember. There were no other camps beyond, in that direction, so we retraced our steps. I was anxious to see a family by the name of Kaushkuhza. I called on them some time in the winter, when I was informed of their desire of receiving baptism in the Church of England. John Kaushkuhza, the father, said they would be ready when I came again, so I was desirous of finding them and, if possible, making my way to the sugar-camp where they lived.

The children of Wahsashkung volunteered to accompany me and in due time we reached the wigwam. John was at home and also his family. I told him I had come again to see him as requested. Referring to the baptism of his children, he said, he was a Roman Catholic, his wife a pagan, and his children were pagans. As regards myself, said he, I was baptized a Roman Catholic, but I know nothing about religion, for no one has ever taught me anything. I want my children baptized in the Church of England for I know then that they will be taught. I spoke seriously and plainly to the mother. I told her that it would be better if she accept the faith of Christianity, and then she could present her children. I explained to her as simply and as clearly as I could the principle doctrines of christianity, the plain and simple truths of the Gospel. She listened, but refused. You see, said her husband, she thinks if she gives up her pagan way she will appear like a weak turn-coat. But I show