

THE following is from Rev. E. F. Wilson's Journal, when travelling with Bishop Fauquierie, on the north coast of Lake Superior, in the summer of 1878.

We had thirty miles to go to bring us to Flat Rock, where we should leave the lake and make our first portage inland. We reached it at five minutes to four—the portage occupied fifty minutes, and soon we were launched once more on Sturgeon Lake. A heavy thunder-storm came on, and continued during the time we wended our way through the narrow, stony creek which connects Sturgeon Lake with the river Neepigon. The Bishop and myself sat in the canoe with our mackintoshes on, while the boys waded along knee deep in the water, and twice we had to get out and pick our way along the stepping stones, as there was not water enough for the canoe. By-and-by we emerged on the broad Neepigon River, and its swift current now bore us quickly along upon our course to Long Pine portage, where we were to camp for the night. It had now ceased



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raining; it was 7.30 p.m., and we had travelled forty miles. The tents were pitched, a fire lighted, supper consumed, prayers round the camp fire as usual (the new boy, Ningwinnena, joining with us), and then we retired for the night—three boys and the guide under the canoe, and myself and two boys in the tent.

A "NOTE OF CREDIT."—In the December Number of this Magazine there appeared an article entitled "Our Indian Wards—the Aborigines of British Columbia," and which was wrongly credited to the *Toronto Mail*; it was copied from the *Empire*, and our attention having been called to the mistake, we are pleased to give credit in the proper quarter.
—THE PUBLISHER.