

of the early history of Mrs. McMurray from the columns of the *Dominion Churchman*. Her father was John Johnston, Esq., an Irish gentleman of high connection, from the North of Ireland, and her mother of pure Indian blood, a daughter of the then celebrated Indian warrior, Waubogieg (White-fisher) who took part with General Wolfe at the fall of Quebec. Anxious for the education of their children, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston sent their eldest daughter to England for her

education, whilst Mrs. McMurray, the third daughter, was educated at Detroit. When in 1832 the Archdeacon was sent to Ste. Marie as a catechist (being then too young for orders), Miss Johnston kindly acted as his interpreter; and when he returned in Deacon's orders, in the summer of 1833, she became his wife. They remained at the Sault for six years and laid the foundation of that work which is now extending itself around, under the episcopal administration of Bishop Fauquier.

Where we find our boys.

A LITTLE way back in the bush from our mission house at Sarnia where we lived about eight years ago, was a miserable wigwam made of a few sticks tied together and covered with bark, in which lay a poor decrepid woman, who for two years had been lying in a state of helplessness, her feet and her hands both crippled with rheumatism. She seemed very lonely, poor creature, and nobody seemed to care for her, and many a time we visited her and brought her relief before we saw a smile cross her face. There was a daughter of fifteen named Mary, and a boy somewhat younger named Peter, but these two were seldom at home, and did not care for their poor mother as they ought to have done. But there was yet another boy, a sharp little fellow of five years old named Willie, with a shock of black hair, bright eyes, and a great readiness to enter into conversation. His Indian name was Wametegooshans (Little Frenchman). We took a fancy to this little fellow from the first, he was very dirty, and all in rags, but his face was open, and his eye bright, and it seemed a pity that he should be left with his mother in such a miserable condition; so about a year after this we made arrangements with our catechist at Kettle Point, another station, thirty miles distant, to take two little boys into his house, board and train them and let them attend his day-school; one of these boys was Willie, the other was Tommy Winter. So we set the sewing-machine to work and made two little suits of grey cloth, one for Tommy and one for Willie, and we put them each into a tub, and gave them a thorough good scrubbing. Then clean and neat in their new clothes, these two little chaps of six years old, were shipped off to their new home. They did what Indian boys of their age often do, when first taken in hand and put under restrictions—they ran away.

However they had not got far on their thirty mile journey homewards, when they met and accosted a farmer in his waggon. Willie—always ready with his tongue, and already knowing a little English—called to the farmer, "Say you going Sarnia?" The farmer immediately twigged what was up, and cried "Yes, come along boys, jump in." So in they jumped, but were somewhat mortified, poor little fellows, to find themselves, half an hour later, back again at the catechist's house. The lesson was a good one for them, and from that day forward they had the impression deeply printed on their minds that farmers were everywhere on the watch for them, ready to bring them home if they tried to run away.

When it was settled for us to leave Sarnia and take up our abode at Garden River, it seemed best to remove these little Indian boys to a regular school, so we applied for and gained admission for them to the New England Company's Institution for Mohawks at Brantford. There were three boys to go, Willie, Tommy and another one somewhat older, named Elijah Corning.

The Mohawk Institution has been established many years, and has been a means of great usefulness in the Christianizing and civilizing of the Mohawk Indians, some three thousand of whom live in the neighborhood of Brantford. It is supported entirely by the New England Company, and at the time of our boys' admission there were some seventy children, girls and boys, receiving instruction within its walls. As the Mohawk language is entirely different to the Ojebway (more different than French is to English) the boys of course felt rather strange and shy on their arrival, surrounded on all sides by eager, inquisive companions of much the same colour and physiognomy as themselves, but entirely different in language.