

upon the congregation during the singing of the hymn preceding my sermon, I thought of the time some thirty or forty years ago, when this now intelligent and Christian people were heathens, committing all sorts of crimes and outrages, believing strongly in the worship of spirits. And now they stood before me with books in hand, singing intelligently and in good time, one of our church hymns, being earnest Christians and staunch church people. Here they were responding as audibly and heartily as any city congregation in Canada. Some thirty years ago the Rev. Thos. Vincent (now Archdeacon of Moose) landed at Albany and found the Indians in heathendom, though some had adopted the creed of the Church of Rome. The earnest and zealous missionary worked with vigour and perseverance, not only not confining his efforts to Albany, but also making long journeys every year into the interior of the country, baptizing and making converts everywhere. And the Lord has greatly blessed his efforts, even some of the Roman Catholics have been convinced of the truth of the Church of England's doctrine, and have joined the membership of our Church. Although this remarkable man has reached his sixtieth year yet he is as earnest and vigorous as ever, still making annual journeys into the interior.

May 22nd we left Albany, the Archdeacon in his canoe manned by five men, and I in a small boat manned by three men myself acting as helmsman, which is not an easy task in the strong rapids. Thus began the long journey by the Albany river. Onward, we pushed, day after day going through the same routine, until travelling became so monotonous, that we often wished for the end of the voyage. We made very slow progress, having to stem a strong current, which increased in force as we advanced. Let me describe our mode of proceeding against this current. When the shores of the river are suitable for walking, the men jump ashore and tow the boat sometimes for days, walking a brisk pace and relieving each other in turns. This mode of travelling is called "Tracking."

Another mode of travelling against a strong current is pushing the boat or canoe with long poles, and this is called "Poling."

The Albany river presents very beautiful scenery, and is almost comparable with the Ottawa in size. It runs almost east and west. For almost sixteen miles of the beginning of the river, it is wide, but full of small islands. After passing these islands the river runs on in