

tasteful church perched on the loftiest point in the village, and literally "founded on a rock," combined to make a picture which we had not seen surpassed, or indeed equalled at any point in our travels. Despite the fact that here, as elsewhere, there had been no means of advertising the services beyond notices put up in the mill and store after our arrival, a congregation of about 60 persons gathered in the church, and though nearly all of them, unfamiliar with our Prayer-book, took their part in the responses very generally, with the assistance of the little pamphlets already referred to. Only two or three members of the Church of England could be found in the whole settlements. That our church had been much more represented in former years was evident from the fact that a clergyman, the Rev. R.W. Greene, (now of Weston,) had resided here, but what between deaths and removals, and, worse and more fatal than either, the apathy of the Church in caring for her children, their number had steadily dwindled down, till now it has all but reached the vanishing point. Can it be wondered at, that, with a process like this going on silently, but surely, in scores of places, scattered all over the Dominion, she should today be lying under the deep reproach and humiliation of ranking only as fourth among the religious communities that divide the land between them?

(To be Continued.)

Notes From Neepigon.

In the wide voyage of the Domestic Missionary field occupied by the church of England in Canada, there is no one spot which gathers round it a deeper or more romantic interest than the little Indian settlement at Negwenenany, on Lake Neepigon, associated, as it will be for all coming time, with the name of the first Bishop of the Diocese, the saintly Fauquier, and standing as it does outside the pale of civilization, on the borderland of a dark, benighted paganism, where no white man ever sets foot, save the missionary, on Christ-like errand bent, or the stray trader or explorer in search of the Indian furs, or the mineral deposits supposed to be hidden in the bowels of the everlasting hills that gird the Neepigon Lake on every side. The Bishop's visit this year was somewhat later than usual, in order to secure the presence of as many of the Indians as possible. Having completed his visitation of the Port Arthur Mission, he started for Neepigon on Monday Sept. 7th with two travelling companions and an Indian, by a special train, of which the courtesy of the hon. Mr. Scott of the C.P.R. permitted him to avail himself. Among the other passengers were the hon. Alex. and Mrs. McKenzie, who were on their way to Red Rock for a glimpse of the lovely scenery of which it is the well known centre. But the fates were against us, for, whether from the weight of the political or ecclesiastical burden on board, the engine broke down in the vicinity of Leon Lake, and we crept back to the Port as

quickly as our crippled condition would admit, in hope of getting another locomotive. This however, was found to be impossible. Next morning another and more successful attempt was made, which landed us at Neepigon station about 4 p.m. to find the Rev. Mr. Rennison and his Indians anxiously waiting the Bishop's arrival, and impatient to start up the river. Canoes were soon engaged, and laden with tents, provisions, cooking utensils and all the other substantial accompaniments of a life literally in the bush. Lake Helen was soon traversed, and then a steady pull began up the river, bringing us to our first camping ground (Alexander) about 9 p.m. Fires were lighted, bread baked, fish fried, and tea made, all of which we thoroughly enjoyed, after which, and a short evening prayer, blankets were produced and the whole company of tired travellers, eleven in number, sought their rest, with little chance of playing the sluggard, as by daybreak the missionary's inexorable summons dispelled our dreams, and effectually awakened us to the fact that a hard day's work was before us. The details of the trip cannot be dwelt upon. Suffice it to say that by dint of unusual efforts on the part of the Indians, Mr. Rennison taking his share in the labour of portaging the baggage, and thanks to the unbroken fine weather with which Providence favoured us. The journey was accomplished in two days and a quarter, the missions being reached about 8 p.m. on the evening of Thursday Sept. 10th.

In its general aspects, the settlements has certainly improved since the Bishop's last visit. First of all, the little log church has been restored to a condition of decency by the erection of a little vestry, [evidently not intended for high churchmen] the lining of the interior with boards, not sawn, but slabs and laboriously hewed out with the axe, a shingle roof, somewhat nearer waterproof than the old birch bark covering which it superseded, and the mounting of a little belfry on the porch, from which, however, the summons of "the little church-goin' bell rings out too feebly to be of any use to the Indians at the further end of the settlement. Then too, the missionary's house has been enlarged, by his own hands, without a foot of lumber, save what was obtained as described above. Indeed, such is the scarcity of material of this kind, and so great the difficulty and expense of getting it brought up the river, that one occasion when a coffin was needed, it had to be made out of slabs taken from the gable of the mission house. The houses of the Indians also bore tokens of improvement, though side by side with them, in two cases, stands the large roomy wigwam, to which they would fain cling as a pleasant relic of their old barbarism. The gardens bore scant tokens of cultivation, partly owing to the long continued absence of some of the owners at the hunting grounds and still more, to their inborn repugnance to the settled stay-at-home-life to which we desire, if possible, to educate them. Small prizes had been offered as a stimulus in this direction, resulting in the lining of one house with Chicago paper, and in another case on the repairing of a fence, and greater cleanliness in the interior of the dwelling. Oshkopokeda and Pedigoogin were the proud and happy winners