

After a happy and interesting day of Services in the little wooden Church which stands in the midst of the trees beyond the station, Monday morning finds us bright and early wending our way to the river's edge below the railway bridge. We are heavily laden. All around us when we reach the water are bundles, packages, bags and utensils of various kinds. It is evident we expect to be away from the centre of supplies for some time. Salt pork, potatoes, a bag of flour, oatmeal, tea, sugar, salt, etc., etc., are conspicuous, and give promise of support by the way. A tent, some blankets, frying pans and kettles are also much in evidence, and assure us of comfort, if not luxury. By the kind forethought of a great friend of Algoma in England, the Bishop is specially provided with an air bed. This he afterwards found to be luxury indeed.

There they all were—this somewhat motley array of things—together with several bundles of clothing to be given to the Indians. And in charge of these, and of us, were our seven Indian guides and canoemen—more than necessary, and anxious, all of them, to do honour to the Bishop and to the occasion.

It was a pretty sight, the four birch bark canoes, graceful and light, sitting on the water like birds, and despite their heavily laden condition, skimming over its surface with a speed very surprising. Certainly Indians know how to paddle.

Our course lies, first of all, across a wide expanse of the river known as Lake Helen. Presently we come to our first wigwam. There it is, a veritable wigwam, made of birch bark laid spirally round a cone-shaped stack of poles. At the top is the smoke hole, on one side the entrance. In front of this stood an Indian woman and three little children—pagans, our guides told us. We could spare time for only a few words. They were on their way back to their quarters up the lake. Ah, how sad to think we could do so little for them!

Presently the river narrows. Its stream becomes swifter. High rocks shut it in. Its waters swirl and eddy at their foot. The outlook is wild and picturesque in the extreme. And now an impassable rapid lies before us, its wild rush of water pouring tumultuously between high, gate-like rocks, forming a lovely picture. It is our first portage, and we have to get out and carry everything for more than two miles overland to the smooth waters above. What a business it is! And what wonderful carrying power those Indians have. With broad leather straps passed over their foreheads, and around the bundles on their backs and on their shoulders, they carry with comparative ease 200 pounds. But it takes time. And the end of the day only found us at the farther side of this "long portage," 15

or 20 miles from our starting point. Our tent was soon erected, a roaring fire of logs made, provisions produced and cooked by the Indians, and presently what a meal we had! Hunger is indeed a good sauce! And the Nepigon for an appetite!

In the night a drenching rain fell; and in the morning with some difficulty we prepared a damp breakfast and ate it in the drizzle. The start was made in what promised to be a steady downpour. Wetter and wetter it became, till at noon we were in a rather dripping condition as we landed for dinner. But then the weather cleared and at night we were quite dry again. As the shades of evening fell, having passed through wonderful scenery of lake and river and forest, we reached our fourth portage and encamped at a point only five miles distant from the quiet Nepigon Lake, which is said to be ninety miles across.

The next day, refreshed by a splendid night's rest, we were up early, and off, soon reaching the Nepigon shore. Here, looking over the great stretch of water, dotted with islands and shimmering in the warm sunshine, we were in a veritable fairy-land. Vast forests of evergreen clad the shores in all directions. There was no sign of human habitation. We were in nature's heart, a veritable sanctuary of the Great Creator. Yet here and there, through all that region, we knew that He had Indian children with souls to be saved like our own.

At our last portage we had a proof of the Indian's quickness of sense. The portage was a good mile long and all the way through thick forest. Suddenly, at our camp fire, the old Chief Oshkopida appeared, saying, "I was on the other side of the portage, and smelling the smoke of your fire, came to greet you." A remarkable instance of real devotion and sterling worth is this old man. Strong and active, despite his years he still keeps his canoe in the front and leads us. He is thoroughly devoted to the Church—looks after the building, and keeps up the hearts of his people in the absence of the missionary.

Rounding a point at about 5 o'clock on the third day, we came suddenly in sight of the Mission. There it was—Negwenenang, the Indian settlement, of which we had so often heard. On the cliff, to the right, stood the little Church hallowed by many associations both beautiful and sad; the centre of Mr. Renison's many years of labor. And there beside it stood the old Mission house and school, the log hut in which Mr. Renison had lived with his family so long. And stretching away to the right ran the rude path or road, along which at intervals were ranged the cottages of the Indians, each with its surrounding garden of vegetables. Negwenenang! hitherto but a name only. There it stood, and