

ner, but he is a bigoted Pagan, and has no wish for christian teaching for his people, nor did he show any desire to have his children educated. In the next tent an Indian dance was at the same time going on, and what with the beating of drums and the jingling of bells on the legs of the dancers, continually interrupted our conversation. My boys went in to see the performance and were very much struck with the scene, about 9:30 p.m. we returned once more to camp, having this day travelled 19 miles. On the following morning (Wednesday Aug 5th) we arose at 5:45 a.m., but as there was no clean water at hand, and we believed we were some where about 6 miles from the next reserve, I told the boys not to wash or to get breakfast but to put the things together and to make a start. We began our journey at 6:30 hoping that an hours drive would take us to the house of Mr. Huckley the farm instructor, on Pushquab's Reserve. We were however delayed on the road, first by a prairie hen which started up under our horses feet and took the boys a long chase after it with three revolvers, and then later on our trail seemed to diverge too far south and we were afraid we had got wrong and we beat about for another trail more to the north. Happily, however, we soon met an Indian cart. An old man and his squaw, belonging to the Pie-a-pots band, were on their way back to their Reserve and came jogging along the trail on their clumsy looking vehicle, their pony with only a leather thong tied to his jaw in lieu of a bridle. They seemed quite pleased to see us, and by speaking to them in Ojibway, I ascertained from them, that we were journeying aright and would soon catch sight of the tepees. It was a quarter to nine however, before we reached the little thatched cottage of Mr. Huckley, and very glad were we indeed, to have a good wash and breakfast. Mr. Huckley was away for the day, but Mrs. Huckley, a pleasant, neatly dressed woman, with a baby in her arms, received us with a cordial welcome, and we had breakfast together in her little parlour. Pushquah, she said was a long distance off, making hay, so we should not be able to see him, but we had barely arisen from breakfast, when the old gentleman made his appearance, riding on his pony. He had run short of provisions, and had come to see Mrs. Huckley about getting more. This was very fortunate for us. I went out to see him, he was a picture to look upon. Sitting on his pony, a dark blanket round his waist and over one shoulder, while on his head he wore an old gray felt hat, ornamented with eagle feathers, his long black hair dropping over his shoulders, and a bow and three arrows in his hand. He seemed very affable and glad to see me, and came into the house with two or three other Indians, to look at my photographs and sketches. On understanding my errand he said he would send out word for his people to come together in the evening to hear me. I intended only remaining an hour or two, and then going out to Standing Buffalo's Reserve, but this proposition of the chief's seemed promising, and I decided to return, and stay here for the night, after visiting the latter reserve.

To be continued.

ALGOMA,

A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

Continued from our last number.

The departure from Collins' Inlet on the morning of Tuesday, the 14th of July, was not effected without difficulty, owing to the intricacy of the channel, and the fact, that not one on board having ever before visited these waters, we had to feel our way very cautiously, sounding every now and then, and keeping a sharp look out for the shoals which abounded at the western mouth of the Inlet, for fully a mile from the shore. Grenskye, however, fully vindicated his reputation here as a wary, vigilant pilot, by taking us out safely into deep water, where a six hours' run brought us to one of the mouths of French River, from which we worked our way slowly and carefully up the main channel, mooring beside the Walkerton mill. What remained of the afternoon was devoted to a visitation of the lumbermen's houses, each family being notified of the service to be held, and notices being posted in several conspicuous positions. At 7:30 p.m. a rather motley assemblage gathered in the dining-room of the Walkerton mill boarding-house, which the caretaker had most kindly placed at our disposal, but owing to the mixed character of the congregation; which numbered about fifty, many of them being French Canadians, the service was not as hearty as it had been elsewhere. One gratifying result of it, however, was a request by a young woman, that she should be baptized. She had already been partially instructed before coming to the settlement, and now wished to make a public profession of her faith. Accordingly the Rev. Mr. J., at the Bishop's request, took her and "expounded unto her the way of the Lord more perfectly." This was followed by her baptism the next morning, and none who were witnesses of the devout earnestness with which she took part in the service, could question the sincerity of purpose which actuated her. Indeed she had already given proof of it the night before, in the fact that she was one of seven or eight persons who, in response to the Bishop's enquiry as to their possession of Bibles, and his offer to supply the want of any who wished for one, followed him down to the Evangeline after the service, and sat quietly in the cabin, while their names were being inscribed on the fly-leaves. Surely the bread thus cast upon the waters will be found again," though it be "after many days."

Next morning, the 15th, we started for Bying Inlet, taking the precaution of giving a free pass to a volunteer pilot, a French Canadian, who offered to take us there safely in consideration of the favour, which he did, with only one slight "bump" against a rock, which, however, did the boat no damage. Here we found a little village nestling by the water side, which presented a scene of liveliest bustle and activity, thanks to the fact that Messrs. Dodge & Co. are running their extension mills with a full complement of hands, while the neat dwelling-houses, the large hotel, as beautifully clean as it is commodious, the well, stocked store, and tastefully furnished offices attached, all crowned by the