

of people who told these untruths. First, there was the usual percentage of those who, not taking trouble to find out the truth or falsity of a statement, are content to repeat it at second hand, as an excuse for their own supineness; but I also fear, in the case of young men, as an excuse

for their dislike to exertion. Surely that is a mild way of putting it? Young men want to begin where their fathers leave off, whether their means will allow them to afford it or not.

(To be Continued).

The Summer Holidays.

BY E. M. W.

IT is the month of July, the summer holidays have commenced at the Shingwauk Home, and most of the boys have gone once more to their respective wigwams, with the exception of sixteen poor little urchins, who, from want of money to convey themselves to their parental abode, or from sundry other causes are condemned to spend this happy period among the lovely glades and luxuriant underbrush of the Shingwauk Home. I wander through the deserted school-room, now so clean and orderly—everything in its place—which a short time ago resounded with the musical sound of those forty voices repeating again and again in delightful harmony “B-a-t bat, C-a-t cat, B-a-t rat, &c.; and where the master’s much-loved accents, which, so often, in low, measured tones, pronounced those fatal words “fifty lines for being late, one hundred lines for bad behavior,” are, alas, no longer to be heard. As I saunter up

the stairs and through the vacant dormitories, robbed of all that makes them so pleasant and attractive; the pictures are all gone, those rewards of merit, those hard-won prizes, and marks of approval have vanished; nothing but the bare walls and a few nails remind us of where they once hung. The stillness is insupportable. My evening slumbers are no more disturbed by the soothing swing, swing of the hammocks against my wall; no deep sounding bell reclaims me at some unearthly hour from the arms of Morpheus to resume the duties and pleasures of the day. Nothing breaks the solemn stillness of these desolate regions save now and then out of sheer compassion for their loneliness some one wanders through them. But happily this awful silence will not long prevail, in six weeks from now they will resound again with merry shouts, and boys joyous voices will once more rob these solitudes of their charms.

Jottings.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—A bale of useful boys’ clothing, from Mrs. Piers Legh, England. A parcel of clothing for Elijah from Trinity, Brockville. A box of clothing for Willie Riley and Susan Esquimau, from St. Matthew’s Quebec.

FOR LAKE SUPERIOR.—The Bishop of Algoma and Rev. Mr. Wilson left Sault Ste Marie for Prince Arthur’s Landing, per steamer *Manitoba*, on Thursday the 18th inst.; taking on board with them the *Missionary*, and accompanied by her crew of six boys. They purpose to sail up the

Lake from the Landing, as far as the Height of Land, visiting all the Indian within reach in that region. From thence they will follow the north coast back, touching at all the trading-posts, Indian camps &c., on the way; and returning to Sault Ste. Marie in the early part of September.

WAWANOSH HOME.—Serious fears are entertained that it will be impossible to complete and open the Wawanosh Home this summer as had been intended; owing to want of funds. \$1,200 is still required.

ALGOMA MISSIONARY NEWS

Published monthly.—Price 35c per annum, mailed.

NOTE.—A certain number of the Quarterly issue *i.e.* January, April, July and October are still distributed gratis as formerly, but the intermediate months are sent only to subscribers. Address:—REV. E. F. WILSON, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

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