

one lady, who already arranges for over 100 papers weekly, a list of fifty seven addresses, and she writes for 120 more.

THE EVANGELINE'S TRIP FROM TORONTO.

(Continued From Our Last)

ROUR old Shesheeb was there too with white locks and his eyes nearly blind, and good old Mrs. Chief, the widow of the late old chief Wawanosh and Joseph Wawanosh her eldest son also grown grey, and Mrs. Sampson Jackson, and Peter Gray, and numbers of my old friends. There were about 100 of them altogether in the church and it was very pleasant to me to see them all again and to have an opportunity of addressing them and telling them the precious truths of the gospel. Next day our boat had to lie all day at Port Huron while boiler makers and machinists were busy doing the necessary repairs, so I had a nice opportunity to visit the Sarnia Indians and we had a pleasant little meeting with them in the evening. On Tuesday, it was so late in the evening before the repairs were completed that it seemed imprudent to start up lake Huron. Steam was got up about 5 p.m. and I took some of our friends for a little trip about 5 miles up the lake and back again.

On Wednesday, July 30th, at 5.30 a.m. we started off on our northern journey Algoma-wards, keeping within sight of the Canadian shore. I had disposed of the services of Capt. Lundy and the fireman and now had Adam Kiyosik of Walpole Island as my pilot. We ran 95 miles and went in for the night to Kincardine. This was the last place where we could purchase coal before reaching Sault Ste. Marie, so the bunkers were filled to their utmost capacity, about 3 tons, and 2 tons more were piled in bags on deck. This was very nasty, but it could not be helped. We could not travel without fuel. Next morning, Thursday, the weather was very unfavourable. Heavy rain was falling, the wind blowing hard from the N.W., barometer low and the general outlook seemed rather to suggest that we might have bad weather for several days. Steam had been got up at daybreak, but after consulting with Adam and John Esquimaux I decided not to risk going out, and fires were ordered to be extinguished. However at 9 a.m. the weather cleared and everything looked brighter, although the sea was still running rather high. I wanted if possible to get as far as Southampton, as there is an Indian Reserve there which would give us something to do if we should be delayed for any length of time; so we resolved on starting, fires were lighted, and at 10.30 a.m. we steamed out of Kincardine harbour, and were soon plunging along under steam and sail on the great waves of Lake Huron. The wind was pretty fresh from the N.W., and the waves lapped over our bows and washed the dust out of our deck load of coal bags. However the little boat faced her work boldly and made such good progress that we decided to give Southampton the slip and keep on a straight course to Cape Hurd; the weather might moderate towards evening, and if once we rounded the Cape we should be all right and in close proximity to several safe harbours; if we could not round the Cape before

dark and the weather got worse, the only way would be to run back to Southampton or seek shelter wherever we could find it along the rocky shore. It was certainly a little risk, but we hoped for the best, and we were very anxious to get home by Saturday night if possible. However instead of the best we came in for the worst. Soon after noon the wind began to increase, and by 3 o'clock it was blowing half a gale. We kept on and on, vainly hoping that the wind would fall as the evening advanced, but in this we were disappointed, several heavy waves came over our bows which shook our little craft from stem to stern, she was shipping water into her hold, and the pump would not work, it seemed unsafe to keep on, and the best thing we could now do was to run in towards shore and seek a harbor of refuge. We were about 8 miles out, but happily, through God's mercy, succeeded in reaching the coast without any mishap further than the breakage of some crockery in the cabin. Some piles of railway ties on the shore pointed out a possible landing and we proceeded very cautiously at half speed and frequently sounding the depth and steering clear of several shoals over which the waves were breaking and frothing. Then we lowered a boat and two of the boys went ahead with the lead to find a channel, and thus after a little time we steamed safely in and came to anchor in a smooth comfortable little harbor. We had tea on the shore and made up a blazing big fire and then sang some hymns and joined in prayer and thanksgiving to Almighty God before retiring for the night. Next morning, Friday, the wind was still blowing and the sea running high outside, so we lay still and I made a sketch of our little boat. By noon the weather had sufficiently moderated for us to venture out and off we went again dancing over the waves, the wind had died down and there was only the heavy swell to contend with. Twelve miles run brought us to Cape Hurd, rather a forbidding looking Cape with two wrecks lying on its rocky shores. We rounded the Cape safely, crossed the Straits connecting Lake Huron with the Georgian Bay and by 3 o'clock were in comparatively smooth water under the lee of the Great Manitoulin Island. We had talked of running into Smythe Bay for the night, but the evening promised to be fine and moonlight, so we kept on and by 10 p.m. had the great satisfaction of reaching the dock at Little Current, having run 77 miles since noon. We were now in Algoma water and it seemed as though we were at home again.

Saturday morning Aug. 2nd. Would it be possible to reach home to night? Could we cover the intervening distance of 140 miles? We had thought it over the night before and determined to make the attempt. I kept a candle burning in my cabin, and punctually at 3 o'clock I was awake and rousing up my crew. The fire was lighted and everything got in trim for the start, and with the first streaks of dawn about 4.15 a.m. off we started. We made capital progress, steaming and sailing, passed Gore Bay several miles distant at 7.30 a.m. and the Missisauga Straits at 11.30. At 2 p.m. we were abreast of Sulphur Island light, and at 4.15 p.m., 12 hours after starting we ran in to Hilton, on St. Joseph's Island. The reason for this stoppage was that our supply of coal had given out, and we had to take on wood. This delayed us about an