

Miss E. Lawrence, Woodlands, Merrow, Guildford.

" Miller, 86 Stoke Newington Road.

Miss G. Gabb, 18 Wellington Square, Hastings.

Mrs. William Martin, Islington N.

Address in Canada.—Rev. E. F. Wilson, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario. *In England.*—Mrs. William Martin, St. James' Vicarage Daure Street, Islington, N.

Shingwauk Home.

THIRD ANNUAL REPORT, Oct. 1st. 1877.

COMMENCING five years ago with some two hundred dollars collected through the instrumentality of the old Indian Chief "Little Pine," who, "unhired by any one" as he proudly stated, left his home at Garden River, and travelled many a mile through Canada addressing meetings and asking that a "big teaching wigwam" might be built for the children of his people,—our work has now, under God's blessing, so far extended itself, as to comprise within its sphere of operations two Institutions,—one for Indian boys and one for Indian Girls maintained at an expenditure of upwards of \$7000 per annum.

We can but open this our third annual report of the Shingwauk Home with expressions of deep gratitude to God, for his mercy and love in guiding us, thus far through fire and storm, in prosperity and hope, in doubt and in disappointment, in weakness and in strength,—and with the prophet we would gratefully mark the progress we have made and inscribe upon the wayside stone the words "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us".

We can but remember only too vividly the scenes we have passed through ere our Institution was brought into its present state of existence.—the journey to England with Chief Buhkwujjenene, the anxiety caused by the withdrawal of help by the Missionary Society upon whom before we had leaned, the hopeful feelings excited by the receipt of that anonymous letter promising £100 per annum if we would remain at our post;—then the return to Canada, the planning of the simple frame building,—the arrival of our Indian pupils,—the opening ceremonies,—the flag flying from the roof . . . Then six days after that terrible fire,—everything we possessed destroyed in a few hours,—the tolling of the bell two mornings later for the little child whose death was caused by the exposure of that cruel night,—the sad journey to Collingwood,—the funeral there in the dusky twilight. . . .

Then—from all this—what has sprung? Immense sympathy was stirred up,—sympathy which has never yet ceased to flow. God put it into the hearts of his

people to care for us,—to care for our Indian boys and girls. God commended our cause to the consideration of his people,—and thus we began to live,—and thus we still live,—looking to God for our daily bread,—striving to live a life of faith according to the mind of God.

We have now our large substantial stone building for the boys,—with grounds laid out, farm gradually being brought under cultivation, workshops for teaching trades &c.,

And we have also, thank God, a second building, the Wawanosh Home,—partially erected,—and already occupied by the Lady Superintendent and a few girls. May the contemplation of our success thus far make us grateful,—but may it not make us proud, may it not tempt us to rest on our oars, or to take our ease and rest,—for after all what a little turn it takes to overthrow even the best and most substantial work. We have no endowment, no settled annual grant from a Society to meet our expenditure,—and we do not ask it,—we do not wish for it. If our work be not of that character, that under God's blessing it will rouse the sympathy and draw spontaneously upon the charity of christian people, if it have not that life in it which will prove it unmistakeably to be a work of God, if it will not of its own merit commend itself as a godly and useful enterprise to the charitably disposed we feel that it were better for it to fail. We desire *simply to tell* what God has done and is doing for us, and to Him we look to preserve the meal in the barrel from wasting and the oil in the cruse from failing,

As our little monthly paper is now a constant medium of communication between our Institution and our many kind friends far and wide, it will be unnecessary to give a very lengthened report of our work. We will merely just say so much as will we think be likely to interest those who may hitherto have heard either very little or nothing about OUR HOME FOR INDIAN BOYS, reserving to another number our report of the Home for girls.

We have now forty eight boys in the Home, of which number, one is a young man preparing as we hope to be at a future