

11th August, 1833, his friend, Mr. Fuller, being present. He then returned to his rough mission field, where his labours among the wild tribes were crowned with success, during a residence of six years, crowded with romantic and picturesque incident. Thence he removed to Ancaster, and in 1857 he was transferred to the Rectory of Niagara, and on the formation of the new Diocese he was appointed Archdeacon, in 1875.

Appended to the account is the following foot note :—

In the year 1798 Lord Dorchester was Governor-General of Canada, and on his staff was a young Irish gentleman named Johnstone, a relative of the Sir William Johnstone of American history. With several other gentlemen, he was induced to join a hunting expedition bound for the Great Lakes. At this period there was an Indian Sachem, or prince, named Wau-be-jeek, who exercised supreme control over the tribes about Lake Superior, and lived in barbaric splendour at a place called La Point, where a sacred fire was kept burning continually, the safety of the nation being supposed to depend upon it. This great chief had a daughter remarkable for her beauty and talent, and Mr. Johnstone became so strongly attached to her that he resigned his appointment in order to marry her, and settled at the Sault St. Marie. He lived there for several years, dispensing hospitality in almost royal style. His two daughters were highly educated in Montreal, and one was married to Mr. Schoolcraft, the author of many works on Indian life, and the other to Mr. McMurray. Mrs. Jameson, the authoress, Captain Back, the Arctic explorer, and other travellers gave interesting accounts of this remarkable family. Mrs. McMurray entered with enthusiasm into her husband's work, and before he mastered the language she accompanied him on his mission tours, translating the prayers, sermons, &c., to his rude congregations, and teaching them to sing and chant. She also established a school

for Indian girls, and was very successful in initiating them into the habits of civilised life. Her graceful hospitalities, and kind, sympathetic courtesy of manner, endeared her to a very wide circle of devoted friends. She died a few years since at Niagara.

Algoma Mills.

1st April 1884.

Last September I came to Algoma Mills as church of England missionary and lay reader, having as my field of labour that part of the Canadian Pacific Railway line in course of construction through this diocese, and with a centre at Sudbury Junction; and, in particular, the branch line (about 100 miles) from Sudbury to Algoma Mills, on the Georgian Bay.

It became my duty to hold services and preach the Gospel of Christ to the vast numbers of navvies and others employed on these lines. This work was entrusted to me by the Bishop of Algoma, who thereby enabled me to carry out the earnest desire of my heart, and labour in the service of the Great Master Himself. All who have felt this strong eager impulse to devote all to Christ will understand how greatly indeed I value, and shall as long as I live, the Bishop's action towards myself. And he has been absent in England working hard for Algoma, but, nevertheless, I have received from him many tokens that I am in his mind, and in his prayers.

I have made Algoma Mills my head quarters, and, when on the main line, Sudbury Junction. I have travelled over all this line on different occasions, holding services and preaching in nearly every shanty or camp on the entire route. Mr. Abbott, the manager on the branch line, and Mr. Worthington, the manager on the main line, granted me passes, and every facility in their power. I have met everywhere with nothing but kindness, and good-will, and a God-speed. In every shanty a welcome, the best bed for the night, and the best fare their table could afford. And these camps and shanties were crowded with men, and I met them in their gangs at their work all along, and everywhere the same thing. When I look back on them I feel an overpowering brotherly love, and what was in them undeniably wrong and wicked before God seems to be far more than counterbalanced by what was manly and brave and enduring and straightforward and kind and noble. But only here and there, few and far between, could I find some who toiled away from morning till night with the great love of Christ in their hearts and the glorious prospect before them of being in His actual presence. Very few with such great motive power and spring for all their actions. But as regards the great mass to whom I preached I do trust that yet they may be complete in Christ. In this mission work there is, no doubt, much to discourage and disappoint and perhaps the most trying state of thing arises from the constant changing and separating and departing. This camp broken up, that gang gone away, faces which had become familiar absent, and new ones in their places. It is hard to mark progress, to reckon up the numbers, or carry out original intentions. All this applies with greatest force to the branch line,