

a hearty welcome;" and he adds, "It is strange to feel that one is at the last house in the world, and yet this truly is so on this side of the continent; there is not another between this and the Polar Sea, or the end of the earth;"



OUR FIRST VIEW OF THE ABORIGINES.

and Kingston. There was an Indian village on the shore, and some of the young Indians and boys were in the water bathing, and came swimming out towards the steam-boat. Indians do not swim like white people, they paddle hand over hand like dogs.

THE first view that my wife had of the Aborigines among whom we had come to dwell and labor was from the deck of the "Magnet," on our way up the River St. Lawrence, between Montreal



THE LOGGING BEE.

THE accompanying illustration is explained by the following extract, from Mr. Wilson's journal, at the time of the building of the first Shingwauk Home, 1873:—"Oct. 21, we were up at 5.30 a.m. preparing for the "Bee," I

rang the church bell to bring the Indians together, and hoisted the Union Jack. Mrs. Cryer got tea made, and pork and potatoes cooked, and about 7.30 a.m. twelve stalwart Indians sat down to breakfast. Then axes were shouldered, the oxen yoked, and we started for the farm land a little way back from the house. We mustered twenty-two in all, and