

in a veritable fairy land. Vast forests of evergreen clad the shores in all directions. There was no sign of human habitation. We were in Nature's heart, a veritable sanctuary of the Great Creator. Yet here and there, through all that region we knew that He had Indian children with souls to be saved like our own.

At our last portage we had a proof of the Indian's quickness of sense. The portage was a good mile long and all the way through thick forest. Suddenly, at our camp fire, the old Chief Oshkopida appeared, saying, "I was on the other side of the portage, and smelling the smoke of your fire, came to greet you." A remarkable instance of real devotion and sterling worth is this old man. Strong and active, despite his years he still keeps his canoe in the front and leads us. He is thoroughly devoted to the Church—looks after the building, keeps up the hearts of his people in the absence of the missionary, and looks forward with unbroken hope to the day when we shall be able to do more than we are now doing for them. Few things on my visit impressed me more than his history of the origin of the mission. It will be related in due course.

Rounding a point at about 5 o'clock on the third day, we came suddenly in sight of the mission. There it was—Negwenenang, the Indian settlement, of which we had so often heard. On the cliff, to the right, stood the little church hallowed by many associations both beautiful and sad; the centre of Mr. Renison's many years of labour. And there beside it stood the old mission house and school, the log hut in which Mr. Renison had lived with his family so long. And stretching away to the right ran the rude path or road, along which at intervals were ranged the cottages of the Indians, each with its surrounding garden of vegetables. Negwenenang! hitherto but a name only. There it stood, and here were the poor children of the forest gathered out of the wilderness of sin and wickedness into the garden of the Lord. Poor people, they were a simple-hearted group, and our hearts went out to them. Alas! that we can do so little for them! Alas! that they should be so few! Away in those vast forests across the lake roam others who need to be gathered in as these have been. Who is to do the work?

That night we had a service and every soul in the place except one old man of 100 years, who could not walk out, was present. It was a hearty, touching service. How glad they were, these poor people, to see us, and to join with us in the worship of God!

After the service there was a "pow-wow" or conference at the house of Chief Oshkopida, who gave us the following story of the opening of the mission:—Many years ago, at the time of the so-called Robertson treaty, his band of Indians, then pagans, were promised many advantages if they would fall in with the Government views. Among other things, they were promised that in due course a missionary would come to them to teach them the religion of their Great White Mother, i.e., the Queen. They were to wait for their teacher,



Loading up at a Portage.

and to refuse allegiance to all others. They waited year after year, hoping on in spite of many disappointments. For thirty years—for forty years—they waited. No missionary came. One day the chief saw in the distance a canoe ("chemaun") approaching. Something told him that their teacher was coming. He leaped into his canoe and sped across the water to meet the new canoe. "Are you the English teacher come to train us in the religion of our Great White Mother?" he almost breathlessly demanded. "I," said the principal occupant of the approaching canoe, "am Bishop Fauquier, and this is Rev. Mr. Wilson. We have a warm interest in your welfare and have come to see what we can do for you." With what joy the Bishop was welcomed; and how gladly the Indians undertook

to build the teaching-house he required for the missionary, and how eagerly they listened to the story of Christ's love may be imagined! Suffice to say, the chief, acting for the people, gave the Bishop the highest proof of their confidence and the best pledge they had it in their power to offer. This was the chief's son, who was to be taken away there and then and placed as a pupil in the Shingwauk Home. There the boy soon mastered the elements of Christianity. He was baptized and became a devout disciple of his Lord. And God's ways are strange and mysterious. The boy had not been long in the school before he became ill unto death, and the sad news was sent back to the settlement that he was coming home to die. It was a very sore trial to the chief. But through God's grace he took it in the right spirit, and feeling that it was the Divine hand trying him he determined to show his faith by naming the mission "Negwenenang"—my son—after the son whom God had called. And that name it bears to this day.

In due course, thought not till after Bishop Fauquier had been called to his rest and Bishop Sullivan had been appointed his successor, a missionary—the Rev. Robert Renison, a name which has since become a household word—was found and sent to the lake to live among these people. And what they owe to him and to his devoted wife—how under the influence of these faithful workers they emerged from heathen darkness into the light of the Gospel of Christ, and were lifted to a higher way of thinking and living—it is not easy to put into words.

Such was the old chief's story. And he closed by a strong assertion of his people's loyalty to the Queen and the Church, and a statement of their sore need of a successor to Mr. Renison to console and cheer them in their trials, and to help them in their conflict with their spiritual enemies. But what can we do? Where are the means, and where is the man?

The account given by Mr. Renison of the conversion of one of these men may be added here as an illustration of the value and need of the mission. The man was, of course, a pagan, and, like others, had two wives. The missionary denounced this practice—declared Christ's view of it, and urged the putting away of the last married