

OUR MISSIONARIES.

ALGOMA.

MISSIONARY WORK IN ALGOMA.

The Rev. F. Frost, missionary, writes: Perhaps your readers would like to hear something about missionary work in this diocese. When writing on missionary work, it is difficult to know exactly what to say, or what particular phase of the work to describe. I want to give you a very short sketch for the benefit of your readers, who, a great many of them, give of their substance for the support of missions in this diocese. I am living here, on the Manitoulin Island, as missionary to the Indians, although my work is not confined to them, for the missionary must labor among all classes of people with whom he comes in contact.

There are about 150 Indians in the village of Sheguinday, where I reside. It is situated on the shores of Lake Huron, on a bay called by the same name as the village. We have a church here, and a school-house. A new church has lately been erected by the Indians, through the kindness of some ladies in Toronto, who raised funds for the purpose. The money was used to purchase material chiefly, the Indians doing the building at the nominal wage of 25c. per day and find their own board. It is a pretty church, and does great credit to the Indians, who, I need not say, are very proud of it, and very grateful to the ladies who so kindly worked for them. There are other stations on the Island besides these, where services are held, viz: Chiguiandah, White Village, where a new church has recently been built, also at Little Current, where services have been held in the Presbyterian church, which was kindly lent for the purpose. In this village a new Anglican church is in course of building, a gentleman in England supplying the funds. We have an Indian congregation at Sucker Creek Indian Reserve. Here is a little church built by the Indians themselves. There are very good and attentive congregations always. Bad weather is no hinderance. There is a service held in each of the four stations every Sunday. But it was itinerant work chiefly that I wished to write about. Last winter several journeys were made to different white and Indian settlements, and lumber shanties on the north shore of Lake Huron. I made several journeys to La Cloche. This is a Hudson Bay fort, the head-quarters of the Hudson Bay Company on Lake Huron. Here the people are firm adherents of our Church but seldom saw a clergyman previous to my coming. I held service there at different times during last winter and the winter before, and administered holy communion.

Spanish River is another station. Here is an Indian village, where dwell some twenty members of the Church of England. I baptized a family of five people not long since. Here services are held at different times in one of the Indian houses, where the people assemble to hear God's word. These people are always glad to have services in their own tongue, and to hear the Word of God. I remember on one occasion, it was very late at night when I ar-

rived, and they were gone to bed. They were notified of my arrival, and all got up and came to church.

There are several Church of England families settled on the banks of the Spanish River, who are visited from time to time. I have been as far back as the Algoma Mills branch of the C. P. R., some distance north of the river. Here I visited several houses, short services were held and eleven children baptised. The settlers here, have squatted on the land in the vicinity of the railway, and very good land it is. There are English, Scotch, French, and German settlers, some of whom belong to the Church of England. These people had not seen a clergyman before for three years. On a subsequent visit, I held service at a house near the river. There was quite a large congregation. Holy communion was administered and one child baptised. There is a small Indian settlement situated near the mouth of the Spanish River. I held service there twice last winter and the winter before. I was there to the funeral of a young man whom I had known for many years. I paid several visits last winter to the Spanish River Mill. Here is quite a village. They have a school house in which service was held on three different occasions. A good number attended services. The place is forty miles from my home. But let us go in another direction, to the Indian village on the White Fish River. Here the Indians are all members of our Church, and have good log houses, and are tidy and respectable, though poor. Here services were held eight times during the winter. The Indians are pleased to see the missionary, every man, woman, and child turing out to service. Holy communion administered once. The old chief of this band has since died. Let us go further down the north shore of Lake Huron. Here is a place called Collins Inlet, situated on an inlet as the name implies, on the north shore of the Georgian Bay. Here is a new saw mill and a number of houses, where the people live who work in the mill. I found these people kind and hospitable. They have a day school and Sunday school, but, until the Bishop of Algoma called last year, they had not seen a clergyman there for some years. I held service there twice during the winter. Good attentive congregations, singing good, responses hearty. We used the small service books supplied by the Bishop. We go now to the lumber shanties on the Beaverstone River. Here, about eighty men have been employed all winter, getting out board lumber for the English market. When I arrived, some had left, but a good number assembled to hear the Word of God in the large shanty, where I held service in the evening. We slept in one of the smaller shanties, which leaked considerably, happening to be a wet night.

But come with us to another Indian village. This is Goomlin Point. Here the Indians are industrious, and the houses are of a superior class, especially some of them, and the cleanliness of the interior would put many white people to the blush. The attendance was good, service at noon and in the evening. One child was baptised. This is a short, imperfect sketch of missionary work in Algoma. I withhold particulars on account of space.

A SHORT SERMON.

"SON, REMEMBER."—LUKE XVI, 25.

Our text is a lesson that comes to us from the world of woe.

The fact contained in these two words is important and worthy of profound consideration, viz: A wicked man and his past life are inseparable.

This is true in one temporal resolution. A bad deed haunts and gives pain. What was true of Judas Iscariot has been true of too many. We often hear of suicides. In many instances the memory of the past led to this act. They did it to get rid of themselves. Poor, deluded souls! They only plunged to deeper woe. Many a murderer has given himself up because he could not endure a troubled conscience. Let any one make the attempt to forget any act that he has performed and he will see how his acts are identified with himself.

The memory of the past goes with one into his future state of existence. Our actions are, so to speak, photographed and by and by we must look upon the pictures. The impression is made over yonder quicker than by any human art of photography.

"Son, remember." These words will come to the murderer, to the base adulterer, the gambler every dishonest man, and his deeds of impurity and crime will continually haunt him. The sinner will remember his neglected opportunities—his disregard for God's commandments—the many sermons, warnings and entreaties, his squandered means, his inattention and lack of interest in spiritual things. All these will come freshly to his mind.

Memory in the other world will be clearer and more distinct than while on earth. It is said of drowning men that they seem to live their lives over in an incredible short time. Our bodily organisms here impair memory. Not so in the other world.

A life of sin and shame will there be seen in all its hideous proportions.

It will be beyond the power of a sinner to obliterate the memory of the past. His actions formed his character. Character is a permanent thing. He cannot terminate his existence. There will be no suicides in the eternal world.

No temporary relief can be found. Whiskey or some narcotic may stupefy in this world, but not in the world to come. Trouble will not there be drowned. The mind will be active.

And to what should these considerations lead an unholy life?

It would certainly seem to alarm. In terror and confusion he may well exclaim: "O, wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Rom. 7:24.

They should lead to repentance. A Godly sorrow is the first step to relief. The Prodigal Son when he came to himself, arose in sorrow and shame.

They should lead to seek a conscience guided by the application of Christ's cleansing, atoning blood. The memory of the past, sad as it is, disquieting as it is, may find a balm.

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away."