

ninety congregations! In January 1879, in response to a request from the Secretary of the S. P. G. for an account of events of interest that had occurred in the Diocese, the Bishop wrote a beautifully touching account of the finding of those pagan Indians on the shores of Lake Neepigon who had been 30 years waiting for a missionary and told how one of them had given up his son to return with them to the Shingwauk Home. This lad, the Bishop baptized the following October, giving him his own name, Frederick. And now in the little Shingwauk cemetery there are two graves, side by side, one is covered by a marble tomb bearing the name "FAUQUIER," the other has a plain slab for a head stone erected in memory of the Indian boy Frederick.

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Changes have come over Algoma since those days gone by which the older clergy in the diocese will always look back to with tender feelings of reverent affection. The sunshine of the present cannot make us forget the sweet twilight hours when our very necessities and tribulation bound us together as children to a father. But God has been very gracious to us, He has raised up for us one worthy successor to him of whom the world was not worthy. Bishop Sullivan has proved himself a man not to be lured away from duty by the offer of a more lucrative and easy position; he has nailed his colors to the mast:—as the Servant of God he has given himself into God's hands to do the Master's bidding. With great energy and in much earnestness of spirit he is putting his shoulder to the wheel, stirring up the embers of religious life through the length and breadth of his Diocese by his eloquent and impressive discourses, and stirring the dormant zeal and liberality of Christians far and wide in Canada and in England. Already the mission Fund has more than doubled, an Episcopal endowment fund has been commenced, the nucleus of a Widow and orphans fund has been formed,

new churches are springing up on all sides, 20 missionaries already form the clerical staff, \$3700 has been collected towards purchase of a steam yacht. Yes we are awake now, we are ten years old. May God bless us and keep us and cause his face to shine upon us, and give us peace.

Algoma is no longer rugged, wild unknown Algoma. It is the highway of the nations. Next summer thousands of English and Irish emigrants will be traversing it from east to west. The railway will bring them from Montreal to Algoma Mills, a distance of 550 miles, thence they will take these large new Clydebuilt steamships, the Alberta, the Athabaska, or the Algoma, across Algoma's waterway 400 miles to Port Arthur, and there proceed on again by rail to the Great West. A few more years and there will be through rail communication skirting the whole way of the shores of Lake Superior. All is changed, and changing fast, Algoma with her 70,000 or so population as it is roughly estimated to be at the present time, will one day doubtless become one of the great centres of this vast Dominion.

May God give us grace to realise the great responsibility that rests upon us as promoters of the Spiritual good of this vast field, now in the days of its infancy. When our Bishop returns to us in the spring, we shall not signify our appreciation of his noble conduct in determining to abide with us by lighting bon fires or other feeble demonstration. He has done his duty, and no son of the British Empire desires to be praised for that, the reward is in itself. We, of Algoma cannot afford to waste our time or energies over childish exhibitions. We wish to be free from the little nouseances of more civilized parts, we have no venerable juvenile archdeacons, or canons, Bishops, priests, and deacons are the only titles we know. "Ours is to do or die," to carry on the work of God while life and health are vouchsafed to us, and then, following in the steps of our sainted Bishop Fauquier, we will be content to let our bones rest in some soli-