



VOL. I.

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No. 15

Our Lake Superior Tour.

BY REV. E. F. WILSON.

IT had been arranged that directly the holidays commenced at the Shingwauk Home the Bishop and myself should start on a missionary tour up Lake Superior, the plan being simply as follows:—We would take with us our boat, *The Missionary* five or six Indian boys to man it, and provisions for six or seven weeks. We would first proceed by steamboat 800 miles direct to Prince Arthur's Landing, taking our boat on board; remain there about a week, during which we would pay a visit into the interior; then we would start away from the Landing in the *Missionary*, and coast the whole way back visiting all the Indians along the north shore of the Lake.

Accordingly, as soon as ever the examinations were over on Saturday, the 13th of July, we commenced preparations, the boys who were to accompany me, seven in number, went at once into camp, the tents being erected on the shore of the River. I thought this the best way of making sure that everything was provided and in good order for the expedition, and indeed it was well that I did so, for our second tent which had just been made for

us at the Wawanosh Home was found to have *no opening*, so that there was no way of getting into it when erected. This little mistake on the part of the girls had, of course, to be rectified. Fortunately one of the boys to accompany us was a tailor boy, and he soon had the end of the tent ripped up and an extra piece spliced on to lap over the door-way.

On Sunday afternoon we had Sunday-School at the camp instead of in the school-room, which was a pleasant change for the boys, a large proportion of whom were waiting for the Monday steam-boat to take them home for their holidays. Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday were busily spent in making all necessary preparations for the journey; providing food, cooking utensils, clothing, charts, compass, powder and shot, medicines, &c. &c., besides making all needful arrangements for the Institution and its inmates during my prolonged absence.

On Tuesday night our boys met together in the tent and we had earnest prayer together that God would bless us and guide us and give us grace to lead faithful, consistent lives while away travelling among

the heathen, and do each of us all in our power for the conversion and bringing to God of those whom we might meet. It was settled that Mrs. Wilson and my two little boys, Archie and Bertie should accompany the expedition as far as the Landing, and from thence return by steam-boat as soon as the Bishop and myself should start on our coasting tour.

At length Thursday the 18th., the day for the start arrived. At 10 a. m., all was on board the *Missionary*, and, giving three cheers for those left behind, our boys plied manfully at their oars till we drew up at the Sault dock. Fortunately the *City of Winnipeg* came in just after we got to the dock, so there was no delay about starting; our boat was hauled up, our packages placed on board and off we went. We arrived at the Landing at 7 the next evening. The Bishop went to the house of Mr. McMorine the clergyman, Mrs. W. myself and two boys to lodgings which Mr. M. had kindly secured for us, and our Indian boys pitched their tents on the Lake Shore about a quarter of a mile from the town.

The next day, Saturday, we called on Mr. Amos Wright, the Indian Superintendent, and found, to our very great satisfaction that on Monday he would be starting on his annual expedition to the Height of Land to pay the wild Indian tribes their annuity money. He most courteously and kindly offered to take the Bishop and myself and boys as members of his party. This expedition to the Height of Land meant simply as follows: a railway journey of seventy miles, on open gravel trucks, over a portion of the new Canada Pacific Railway the lines of which had only been laid a couple of months ago; a further journey by tug of some eighteen or twenty miles through a succession of small lakes and Islands to what is literally the Height of Land; that is, the highest point in Canada between the chain of great lakes to the south, and Hudson Bay to the north.

In the afternoon we went with Mr. Wright to the "Town Plot," the terminus of the railroad, about six miles from the Landing. Our party all enjoyed the trip by tug up the beautiful Kaministiquia River with all its varied scenery, and the grand old McKay's mountain overshadowing it.

At the Town Plot the Bishop met with many of his old friends whose acquaintance he had made on former visits, among them was Mr. Ryan of the firm Ryan and Pursall, the head contractors for this portion of the railroad. Mr. Ryan very kindly

consented that the Bishop myself and boys should be regarded as a portion of Mr. Wright's party, and should travel free of expense. It was late when we got back to the Landing, but as we were to start very early on Monday, preparations for the trip had at once to be made. It was settled that four boys only should accompany me: Esquimau, Riley, Wigwau and Sahgejewh, the other three (Joseph, William and Jimmy) remaining behind in charge of my 2nd. tent and provisions. We then put together food enough for five or six days, powder and shot, pots and plates &c. and one tent.

The following day, Sunday, the Bishop consecrated St. John's church; confirmed eight candidates; preached a very nice sermon from I Kings, viii. 66, and administered the Sacrament to twenty-three persons. In the evening the Bishop preached again from Romans v. 10; and also baptized a child. During the afternoon I had prayer again with my boys in the tent, and implored God's blessing and help during our visit to the pagan Indians.

Word having been brought that the tug would start from the Town Plot at nine o'clock that evening instead of waiting for Monday morning, we got all our baggage down to the dock and were quite prepared for the start, but it turned out to be a mistake, the captain did not intend leaving until 3 a. m. It did not seem advisable for the boys to return to their camp, so I put two of them with their blankets into a buggy standing in a waggon shed, Esquimau (our captain) staid on board the tug, and the other one, Riley, went with me to our lodgings to lie on the floor in the sitting-room, which course, in order to avoid over-sleeping, I pursued also myself. At 2.30 the tug whistled, and sleepy travellers came straggling along the dock and, shivering in the chill morning air took their places on board. Our party consisted of the Bishop, Mr. McMorine, myself and 4 of our Indian boys. Mrs. Wilson and our two little boys remained behind at the lodgings and three Indian boys in their tent. We reached the Town Plot about 4.30 a. m. and the train was to leave about a quarter of an hour later. It was a novel sight, an engine and five or six gravel trucks piled and being piled with trading goods of every description for barter with the Indians; and the owners of the goods, and other travellers sitting on the top; while beneath on the floor of each truck was a goodly supply of "Mr. Mackenzie's steel rails." I took a sketch of the scene just as we were starting. No

conductor, no tickets, nothing to pay, the only conditions being that you should hang on and look out for yourself. In this manner we had to travel seventy miles over a terribly rough unballasted road, reminding one rather of a tug towing some barges on a somewhat stormy sea, than of a railway train, for our engine pitched and tossed and rolled like a propeller, our trucks following in her wake. At seven a. m. we were switched off on to a side-line, and had to wait an hour for a gravel train to pass. This suited us very well, the boys made a fire and got the kettle boiling, and we all had breakfast on the bank. It was a wild journey through the dense forest; occasionally a glimpse of the Kaministiquia River, which, for twenty miles, or so kept alongside us, occasionally a log shanty where men employed on the line found board and lodging, the soil generally rocky and sprinkled with huge boulders, the bush on either side charred and blackened by fire, in some places all in a blaze, and huge columns of suffocating smoke curling upward to the sky, once or twice the heat of the fire on either side of us was excessive, and once the railway ties themselves were burning and had to be replaced before we could proceed. About 1 p. m. we passed through the tunnel, cut through a rocky ridge and not more than 500 yds. in length. At length after a long journey (of hours if not distance) we reached Savanne at about three p. m. Savanne consists of a river going one way and the railway track going the other way, three log houses and a barn or two; this was the end of our journey, though not the terminus, which is at present a moveable institution some ten or twelve miles further on upon the route to Winnipeg. One of the first persons we encountered on alighting from "the cars" was the redoubtable chief "Black-stone," who, dressed up in paint and feathers, had given the Bishop a piece of his mind last year, on the subject of Paganism *versus* Christianity, (See page 26) and is said also to have dyed his hands in the Minnesota Massacre. He was accompanied by one of his councillors, and both were, on this occasion, in European dress. We also were much gratified in meeting Mr. McLeod Maingy of the C. P. R., who takes great interest in the Indians, and with whose estimable wife I had had some correspondence besides receiving material help for our institutions.

Mr. Wright was expecting a tug to arrive to convey him and the traders, and ourselves as a portion of his party down the

Savanne River and through the Lake of the Thousand Lakes to our destination, the "Height of Land," where the Indians were to gather for their annual payments. The tug, however was not on hand, so we had to camp until morning. Several Indians were about awaiting Mr. Wright's arrival, and there was a wigwam full of them close to our tent; they were all pagans, and their appearance very different to those of our neighbourhood; the men had their hair plaited in two large plaits the tails of which were joined half-way down the back, generally they had no hats and their costume consisted of a shirt, a beaded belt round the waist, trousers and moccasins. They were evidently dressed in their best for the grand occasion. Nearly all wore silver earrings, some of them consisting of a string of five cent pieces, and others had necklaces of bear's claws and other strange fancies; their pipes were carved out of soap-stone polished smooth, many of them were warmed with ornamented tomahawks, and they had long knives concealed in bead-work sheaths.

July 23rd.—The cars passed twice during the night close to our heads and rather disturbed our rest. At 5 a. m. Esquimau, who, with two of the boys had been sleeping in a log barn, put his head into my tent and took out the camp pots and some pork to cook for breakfast. We had barely finished breakfast when the tug which had come in late the night before whistled to start, all was quickly on board the scow, and, drawn by a tow-line from the little panting tug, off we started; while to our stern were connected a cluster of six or seven bark canoes, each containing four or five occupants. These were the curious and impatient who had come to meet us and to hasten the steps of the great Government man with the money-bag. The scow-load resembled in many respects the train-load; being piled up with the same articles, the rails excepted, through and among which appeared the same visages of the happy and hopeful owners; barrels of pork, barrels and bags of flour, packing-cases full of the most enticing articles and ware of every description. The river at first was black and very narrow, not more than fifty feet wide; but it soon merged into a broader stream, the highway of the H. B. C. from Lake Superior District to Winnipeg. We were now on Hudson Bay waters, the Savanne connecting through a long chain of lakes and rivers with Lake Winnipeg. Lac des Milles Lacs into which we soon entered.

is a perfect labyrinth of lakes and islands and so well deserves the name. The morning was hazy and the islands at first but dimly visible. But the sun after a time forced its way through and lighted up the beautiful scene. Here and there were expectant Indians come out to meet us in their frail bark canoes, and paddling up alongside, they joined the cluster at our stern. A strange and impressive sight was it when we at length hove in sight of the "Height of Land," a huge rocky eminence like an upturned basin, literally swarming all over with Indians, in every position and every imaginable costume. One solitary wigwam stood at the top of the eminence, and the tops of others could just be seen betraying a considerable village at the rear. A large Union Jack also floated from a mast planted in the rock. There they sat and crouched and smoked, or stood, or leaned with that majestic composure peculiar to the Indian

race, while below, on the slippery sides of the rock, tumbled and rolled about their dirty children, or prowled their grim and wolfish looking dogs. It was a gay holiday time for them all. For three days and three nights pork and flour and tobacco would be flowing freely into their laps from their great and good Mother the Queen, and to every individual, man woman and child, yea to even the papoose of a day old would be given a five dollar bill to spend as they pleased. This was what had brought the jolly-faced traders with their packages; \$2,300 of Government money was to be distributed on the morrow, and \$2,300 was bound to be expended, as money to those poor people in their wilderness homes—wandering about hundreds of miles further into the deep bush—would be utterly useless, and they were bound to spend it within the next forty-eight hours.

(To be Continued.)

Muskoka and the Free Grant Lands.

BY REV. W. CROMPTON.

THEN there are many people who have made up their minds that Muskoka is bad. They think so therefore it must be so. To such you may talk until Doomsday, but you cannot convince them that they *might possibly* be in error. Some of these professed themselves to be lumber-men. I doubt it much, for all the real lumber men I have met with (and that is no small number) were men of ability and intelligence. But even lumber-men who go well over the country are not the best judges as to this country, for, taking it generally, our best lands are where there is the least pine.

The third class of misrepresentors could be divided into many heads. There are men who come as far as Gravenhurst, Bracebridge, Rosseau, or even to Huntsville; they see rock here and rock there as they go along the Government road, and jump hastily to the conclusion that there must be rock everywhere. The fact of the matter is, such people do not see the country at all, although there are (I care not for such folks' sneers) good farms on and around the roads and lakes appearances notwithstanding. Those who confine their attention thus, only are, as it were, looking on the picture frame, they see little or nothing of the picture itself.

Then there are men who have come in

with a bit of money—about as fit for bush as a cow is for playing on the violin. These men come with certain ideas floating in their minds as to what farming is. They buy and read books on farming at home, and without trying to find out what are the capabilities of the country they are adopting—will ye, nill ye, a farm is *this*, therefore my free grant land must be *this*—they spend their money and the fresh energy born of hope in working out their ideas. The plan does not answer, their money is gone, and they go too; but as they go and wherever they dwell, they blame the *country* for what, after all, was their own folly and wilful blindness. When in Toronto, one of these men was mentioned to me. I know his place well, holding service near it every fortnight, and I can vouch for what all his old neighbors will back me up in saying, it is a standing memento of his extreme stupidity and folly. So long as his money lasted there was no place like Muskoka; now he writes Muskoka down, an ass! That I should not care much for but it unfortunately happens he is a good writer, well educated, and has been put into such a situation as enables him to send his lucubrations broadcast over the country. Some days his proprietors will find out how much they are really suffering for allowing him to belie the country, and they will find that truth

would have been best in the end. Again we have men coming in who work at a certain trade. These men here hear Muskoka is getting ahead, and having as a rule failed hitherto, they think they will come, and come they do. Finding a settled up spot which they think will do, they set about pitching their tent (i.e., locating), but find the place already occupied; and find, too, if they wish to carry out their plans they must go further back.

Just such a man I heard the other day dilating in Bracebridge about poor Muskoka. "No Sir, it is not fit for a dog to live in!" "Work, Sir, why there is not work for a child, Sir!" A little enquiry gave me his history. He was a blacksmith; he had actually gone as far as Scotia, some sixteen miles north of Huntsville—liked the place, and of course wished to start there. But found a blacksmith was in the place before him a man who had located on a farm there the last four years, and who, in the intervals of his farm work had wrought at his trade. The neighbours could give no encouragement to a stranger when their friend was willing still to work for them for a fair remuneration, and who had borne the "burden and heat of the day" of a new and struggling settlement of squatters. Consequently Mr. Stranger had either to go on and do likewise, or to turn back. He chose the latter, easier plan. This he had a perfect right to do, but he was not just in blaming Muskoka because of his peculiar disappointment. I could give many more illustrations of the like sort, but, upon enquiry, you would find that all complainers come under one or the others of these categories; and I have given sufficient to show how careful people ought to be when they hear about Muskoka or the Free Grant Lands, and ought to enquire what reasons a man may have for giving the place a bad name. I venture

to affirm that nineteen out of twenty could give no reason whatever which could tell against the country or in favor of their wisdom in the management of their affairs, and sometimes of their manliness.

The truth is, Muskoka is neither so good nor so bad as it has been represented. The land is generally rocky, though there are many acres free from rock. The soil, which is remarkably fertile, is mostly found in basins or troughs between the rocks. Should any of my readers have travelled on the Midland Railway, England, they have gone, from Clay Cross to Stockport, over as rocky a country as this is or if they have followed the rock of the "Wild Irishman" train on some of the Welsh Railways, viz., to Llangollen, Llandudno, &c. &c., rocky hills have prevailed as much if not more than they have in the belied Free Grant Lands.

The fact is, there gets a wrong idea into people's minds about this country, because it is so frequently spoken of as a farming country. That it is not, and never will be, in the way we mean by farming about Toronto and the South.

Muskoka never will be a grain country. Wheat can be grown, for I see it regularly, but wheat cannot be grown so as to bring it under the head of a paying crop. I have my own doubts whether it pays a man to grow wheat for his household consumption; but this *can* be and *is* done by a great many. Whether they would not do better by growing something else more suitable for the country, which would enable them to buy their flour is the question. But rocky as Muskoka undoubtedly is, I can vouch for this much, that, taking the country generally, at least *twenty-five per cent. can be cultivated*, that is, put under the plough, and *seventy-five per cent. can be put under grass.*

(To be Continued.)

Recollections of my trip to England with Chief Buhkwujjenene.

BY THE REV. E. F. WILSON.

(Continued from page 112.)

WANDERING along through the bush the first sign of your approach to a sugar camp is generally the sound of an axe or the barking of a dog; these help to direct your steps, then in a little while you see snow-shoe tracks, and then, here are the little birch-bark troughs, one or two to each maple tree, and a slip of wood stuck in the tree

about 2 feet from the ground, which serves as a spout to convey the sap from the tree to the trough. It does not run fast, about a drop in every three or four seconds or sometimes much slower than that; however the little trough gets full in time and then the Indians come round and pour it into birch bark pails and carry it to the camp to be boiled. The sap is very nice

when you are thirsty—slightly sweet and very cold, as the nights must be frosty during sugar-making time, and there is generally a little ice in each trough. Cold frosty nights and clear sunshiny days is what the Indians like for their sugar-making. As soon as the weather gets too warm the sap becomes bitter and is no longer of any use. Well—after my walk of course I took a draught of sap from the first trough I found, and then wended my way on to Buhkwujjenene's camp. The sugar camp is made of poles about four inches thick, laid horizontally for walls and fitted into each other at the corners, the crevices being filled with moss. The walls are only about four feet high and they enclose a space about ten or twelve feet square; the roof is also made of poles placed like rafters and covered over with sheets of birchbark, an opening being left, the whole length of the ridge for the escape of the smoke. In the centre of the earthen floor is the fire, over which are suspended five or six large sugar-kettles, holding perhaps forty or fifty gallons each, and into these the sap is poured as it is brought in from the trees. Along the inside of the wigwam on either side of the fire is a raised floor of boards or sticks, covered with fir branches, on which the Indians recline by day or sleep at night. The door is generally an old blanket hung over the opening. In just such a camp as this I found Chief Buhkwujjenene, for though chief of his band he yet has to hunt and fish and make sugar for his living, the same as the rest of his people.

Ah-ah-ah boo-zhoo boo-zhoo!—That's the way we Indians greet one another. Very warm and hearty—is it not? There they all were, busy over their big pots—Isabel and Susetta, and Theresa and Liqueite, and the old mother who is very stout and comfortable-looking.

I told Buhkwujjenene that I wanted to have a little talk with him, so as soon as I had had some maple syrup, and my pockets filled with sugar cakes to take home to the children, he came with me out of the wigwam, and we sat down on a log together for a pow-wow. Of course he lighted his pipe the first thing, for Indians can't talk without smoking. I told him I had been thinking that I would cross the great salt water to the land of the pale-faces, and try to collect some money to build the Big Teaching Wigwam that we had been talking about, and I suggested the idea of taking him with me if he would like to go. I said his brother "Little Pine" had already done a good work by

addressing meetings in Canada and thus giving a start to the scheme, and now it would be for him, the other chief, to carry the work on and help to raise funds sufficient to erect the institution. Buhkwujjenene listened attentively while I spoke, and then, laying his pipe down, replied as follows: "It is true I have often thought that I would like to visit the great country across the great salt water, and I have sometimes thought that the day would come for me to do so; still, I am getting advanced in years now. I am no longer young as I used to be. I am not always well, and it is a long way to go, Nevertheless I am willing to accompany you if the Great Spirit wills it. I committed myself to the hands of the Great Spirit when I became a Christian forty years ago. If it is His will that I should go, I will go, if it is not His will I will remain here."

A few days after this the Indians held a council in the school-house, when it was definitely arranged that Buhkwujjenene should accompany me to England, and the Indians agreed to sell an ox, which belonged to them in common, to assist in defraying his expenses.

The party who were to make the trip across the Atlantic consisted of Mrs. Wilson, our little boy, Archie whom the Indians call Tecumseh, after the celebrated Chief who fought under Sir Isaac Brock in 1812), Chief Buhkwujjenene, and myself. We started on a fine bright Monday morning towards the middle of May, the first part of our journey being accomplished in the steam-boat *Waubuno* which took us as far as Collingwood, a distance of 300 miles. From Collingwood we took train—about 100 miles to Toronto, where we staid a few days, and took the chief round to call on some old friends with whom he had made acquaintance on a former visit. Then from Toronto we took train via Niagara and Buffalo to New York. Our train arrived in a few hours only before the steamboat was to start, so that our only experience of the city on that occasion was a hasty drive in a cab through crowded streets for which we paid a most exorbitant fare, a most expensive meal at one of the hotels, a stroll through the market and finally our arrival, with bag and baggage, on the wharf, alongside which the good ship *India* of the Anchor Line was lying awaiting the order for departure.

So far Chief Buhkwujjenene had seen nothing more than he had seen before in his life, for he had already on more than one occasion travelled through Canada

and was familiar enough with the "fire-waggon," "fire-ship," and telegraph poles. Now however that he was embarked on an Ocean steamer, all would, for the next few months, be new to him. One of his first experiences was the qualms of sea-sickness, and I verily believe he thought he was going to die. However, as with the white-man so with the Indian, a few days of the salt water set him all right, and strength, spirits and appetite returned. One evening on deck he told me a dream he had had shortly before I proposed for him to accompany me. "I thought I was working outside my house," he said, "when I heard the note of a loon. (The loon is a

favorite bird among the Indians and they regard it with superstitious reverence). The sound came from the Western sky, and I gazed in that direction to try if I could see the bird. In another moment I heard the sweep of its wings over my head, and there it flew sailing majestically along and drawing after it an airy phantom ship with three masts; it sailed away off east, still uttering its monotonous note till it was lost to my view. Thus my dream has come true he said for this is the three-masted vessel that I saw in my dream and the loon is dragging us along!

(To be Continued)

Forty-five years ago.

(Continued from page 106.)

THE weather being exceedingly pleasant during the remainder of the day, we proceeded a considerable distance, and were enabled in the evening to pitch our tents in a beautiful grove on the summit of a rock, commanding a view of the numerous green hills with which those regions of the lake are ornamented. The residence of Mr. M'Bean, of the Honourable Hudson Bay Company, which is situated on the northern shore, near the place where we encamped, presents a very neat appearance, and is sheltered from the winds by a range of high rocky hills. We paid him a visit on the following morning, and were received with much civility and kindness. As we continued our course among the rocks, we saw several which appeared more interesting to us than any we had seen before. Some of them rise nearly perpendicular more than an hundred feet above the surface of the lake, while others of equal height project their frowning cliffs over the waters which surround them, and reflect their dark massy forms. We brought our canoe close under one of these vast overhanging rocks, which being composed of different substances, present a great variety of colours. At night our tents were pitched on a fine sandy beach at the extremity of a lovely bay. On the morning of the 25th we reached Messasauging before breakfast, and I had the pleasure of preaching to about fifty Indians. The place where they assembled is a sandy plain, and the small oaks and other trees, with which it is thinly covered, afforded a grateful shade. On that occasion also, the women and children were permitted

to attend and occupy a place at a little distance from the men. The whole assemblage formed a circle as they reclined in order on the lawn, and conducted themselves with propriety, but notwithstanding their mild and docile behaviour, it must be admitted that, on account of their uncleanness and scanty clothing, they have a disgusting and a very miserable appearance; and the contrast between the Indians in their wild and savage state and those who have in any degree become civilized is very striking. The Indians at Messasauging seemed pleased with what was said to them; Misence their chief made no objections, but said they were desirous of being civilized and becoming members of the Church.

The weather was extremely hot during the day, and in the evening we encamped, as usual, on a rock. A very high wind rose in the night, and the lake being greatly agitated the noise of the waves as they broke against the rocks around our lonely dwelling was tremendous. Notwithstanding the raging of the storm early on the following morning we ventured to spread a part of our sail to the wind, which wafted us a great distance in a very short period.

On Saturday the 27th, we arrived at the Sault Ste. Marie, and were received by the Rev. Wm. M'Murray, (the Society's Missionary there, appointed in October, 1832,) who had been anxiously expecting us for some time with great kindness. An assemblage of Indians belonging to his congregation, saluted and welcomed us on our arrival with expressions of the greatest joy, and with the most apparent gratification.

During the short time that we remained there I had the satisfaction of preaching several times to the Indians, and it is extremely gratifying to witness their orderly and devout behaviour while attending divine service. On one occasion immediately after the sermon, three Christian couples, who had been married according to Indian usage before their conversion, stood up in the congregation, and their marriages were solemnized by Mr. M'Murray.

On Sunday the 23th, we administered the Holy Communion to thirty five persons, most of whom had been baptized and instructed by Mr. M'Murray. On that occasion he read a part of the service in the Chippeway tongue. Mrs. M'Murray, who speaks the language very fluently, was kind enough to interpret a part of my discourse to the Indians on the nature and design of the Lord's Supper. She has taken much pains in teaching them sacred music, and their singing is a very affecting and pleasing part of their worship, the congregation consisted of about one hundred and fifty persons, and Mr. McMurray informed me that the number of Indians receiving religious instruction from him is two hundred and sixteen, many of them are yet often necessarily absent from the mission. I have peculiar pleasure in being able to state, for the information of the Society, that Mr. M'Murray's missionary labours have been attended with great success. (The Mission at Sault Ste. Marie was opened in January 1832, by Mr. Cameron, fixed there as catechist and school-master—see his

letters above, and the Toronto Rep. of 1832.) In strictly examining some of the young Indians in the presence of Captain Anderson, who is well acquainted with their language, I was happy to find they have made rapid progress in the acquisition of scriptural knowledge, which proves the assiduous exertions which must have been made at the mission for their instruction and improvement. Chinguacounse, their Chief, made use of several expressions in a speech which he addressed to the assembled Indians at a council which I attended, that will shew more clearly than any observation which I am able to make, his acquaintance with the doctrines of the Gospel, and the duties of the Christian life. "my friends said he the eye of the Great Spirit is upon us, now that we are assembled here together. It is the will of that Great Being that we should receive the religion which he has made known to us in his Word. For our sakes, and for our salvation, the Lord Jesus Christ came down from on high. The Lord is merciful, and always desirous to save us. Our sins were a heavy burden, and it was needful that he should lay down his life for us. He shed his blood to wash away our sins; without this we should be wretched here on earth. Let us consider "this, and remember that miserable beings as we are, He laid down his life for us. Now my friends, this is what our ministers are teaching us, that we must look for our salvation of our souls to the Great God,—Father, Son and Holy Spirit."

CORRECTION.—In the "Quarterly Receipts" of the Algoma Diocese, published in the July Number of this paper the item at the head of page 107

—"Per do. (Rev. W. Crompton) 2 bush. seed potatoes—is, so Mr. Crompton tells us, a mistake, it should have been 2 bush. seed peas.

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