



VOL. I.

AUGUST 1ST. 1878.

No. 14

Wawanosh Home.

A CHAT WITH OUR YOUNG HELPERS.

BY MRS. FAUQUIER.

HOW pleasant it would be if all who are interested in our Ojebway children could pay a visit this summer to bright Sault Ste. Marie and see the two homes for boys and girls; but as that cannot be, suppose you come with me on an imaginary trip. We will start from Collingwood on the Georgian Bay. Some of our young folks would have to travel hundreds of miles before reaching that place; those from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick even more than a thousand miles, but at last we all meet at Collingwood, and go on board the *Frances Smith* bound for Thunder Bay, a long distance up Lake Superior. We will choose the *Frances Smith* because she is the only paddle-wheel boat leaving Collingwood.

It is past seven o'clock in the evening, the loud whistle gives notice, the wheels begin to move and we are off. After a time the fresh lake air makes the children so sleepy they must go to their berths, but some of the grown up passengers remain, walking on the moonlit deck; for at about 12 o'clock we expect to reach Owen Sound, and there we must stop to leave freight and take a great deal on board; and, most

likely, horses, cows, pigs, and fowls. It is nearly 2 o'clock in the morning before we again start and steam smoothly away, for the wind and waves, which sometimes so fiercely buffet our boats on the Georgian Bay are now at peace. At about noon we reach a pretty place called Killarney; how pretty the scenery is, rocky at the water's edge, but what a pity to see those Indians just sitting on the rocks basking in the sun, whereas by making use of those talents (strength and time) which God has given them, they might cultivate the ground about those cottages and make comfortable homes for themselves and their families. Farewell poor Indians, we will do our best to bring up the children under our charge to love industry rather than idleness. Again we are off, our next stopping place we shall not reach until near night, it is Little Current on Great Manitoulin Island, and there we must take on a quantity of wood to keep up the steam, and most likely wheat, for the land on the Great Manitoulin is particularly productive and yields an abundance of good grain. It will be nearly twelve hours before we arrive at Bruce Mines, a place where once

a great many men were employed digging copper from the mines, but now no business of that kind is going on.

The captain will stay here long enough to allow you to go on shore, and walk to those great heaps of skimpings, and you are sure to find some very pretty specimens of copper ore about the mouth of the old mine shafts, which you can carry home as mementoes of your trip. Soon we shall go through the Neebish Rapids, once so dangerous for vessels heavily laden, but since the Government has had the great boulders blasted and carried away, and the channel deepened we can go up without anxiety; now we come out into Lake George, but if we do not follow the channel marked out on each side by buoys we may run aground. The lake is about twelve miles long. In a short time we pass Garden River the scene of that sad fire, when the first institution for educating Indian children in this part of the world, after only being opened and occupied a few days, was burnt to the ground in the middle of the night; but that fire was the cause of the sympathies of those in England and Canada being so largely enlisted, that sufficient money was given to build the present Shingwauk Home; we shall soon see it. There as we go round that point of land and come out into a broad expanse of the river, there it is, that large, substantial, stone building, standing back from the river about a hundred yards; we can see the tram-road which has been made from the house to the river with a truck and a barrel on it, all ready for the boys to run it down to the river and get their supply of water, and very good water it is. Sugar Island lies to our left; on our right we pass the house built by Colonel Prince just at the water's edge, then Mr. Simpson's stone house, then the lately built See House, and now, in a few minutes we shall be at the Sault Ste. Marie wharf. What a lovely scene is spread before us! there is our Sault Ste. Marie, it is only a small place and you cannot from here see our pretty little stone church, but there is the Roman Catholic church, and two other spires can be seen. Opposite to our village, across the river is the American Sault Ste Marie in the State of Michigan.

The sun has run his "daily stage of duty," and is just sinking behind those clouds of many colors, and the dancing ripples on the broad river reflect their bright tints of purple crimson and gold. Such a calmness seems to pervade the scene, some sitting on the deck appear very thoughtful,

perhaps they are going a long way beyond our stopping place, and are thinking of those they have left behind them, possibly to see no more upon this earth, and they think too of the glorious world to come where there there will be no need of the sun, for the Lamb is the light thereof, and so long and hope to meet their dear ones there, and silently they lift their hearts to the unseen God Whose eyes are over all the world and Who knows the very thoughts of man, they entreat Him to give them hearts to love Him, and so to guide and direct them in the right way, that they may meet them again in the land where there is no more parting. But we must leave our fellow travellers and go ashore, for the great rope has been thrown out and the loop at the end put over a stout post on the wharf, and the paddle-wheels stopped. We must go and seek a resting-place for the night at one of the boarding-houses. Morning has come, the sun up and brightly ready for his duty; we will have breakfast, and then, before going to see the girls, walk down the river about a mile and a half to the Shingwauk Home. Had it been the 24th of May we should have met the boys dressed in their uniform and carrying banners one larger than the rest made of white, with the words "We love our Mother the Queen" on it; for on that day they marched up to the Bishop's house, and in front of the house sang our beautiful anthem God save the Queen; and so sweetly it sounded that an invalid in the house fancied, for some time after, that music still floated in the air; but to day is not the Queen's Birthday, so when we arrive at the Shingwauk we find most of the boys studying in the house, and those on duty baking, cooking, chopping wood, or working the garden. We will not disturb them for we see no idleness about the place at this time of day. We will return towards the Sault, and then, after walking about a mile and a quarter into the country past a few cottages and farms more or less cultivated, we see to our left a white cottage, that, with the ten acres of land round it, belongs to the Girl's Home, and in it live the farm man and his wife. We expect those ten acres will yield us a nice quantity of hay for our cow and a plentiful supply of vegetables for the Home. The man's wife is the matron for the Wawanosh Home, and her duty is every day to go and instruct and assist the girls in the house-work. To the right, a little back off the road, the wing of the Wawanosh Home, which is quite finished, is seen;

In front, the main body of the building in progress is half way up; we will just step over those boards past that heap of mortar and up another board on to the verandah; we hear a hum of voices, they are at their lessons in the schoolroom; but Mary Crampton and Susan Esquimau are busy in the kitchen preparing the dinner for it is their turn to be on duty this week; they are to have to-day two large suet-puddings with a few currants in them, then a little sauce will be poured over them, and that, with a piece of bread for each, will be their dinner; but they have a change every day, though, of course, their food is very plain. Four little girls besides are on duty every week, each one having her own allotted task of housework; little Susan White always sweeps the verandah, another takes care of the schoolroom, another sweeps and dusts Miss Browne's rooms, and two more make the beds and keep everything clean and tidy in the girls' dormitory; but as the work is all done for the day, except that in the kitchen, we shall find most of the girls in the schoolroom. We will not stay long, but must see their copy books which are so particularly neat. All the girls write really nicely, with the exception of one little one, though very few could write at all or even knew their letters when they came last October. That tall, slight, dark girl, who is puzzling out her sum is Melissa Causley, and the one next to her is Sarah Dashno, a new girl of thirteen, who has only been at the Home for two weeks, that bright little girl, fairer than the rest is Catharine Rejute, who prefers lessons to housework, but play above all. Martha Esquimau, a little, steady, open-faced girl, and Susan

White can read together as they are both in the second part of the first book; Sophia Aundaag, nine years old, is another new girl and is only just learning her letters. Mary Anne Bashquu, aged thirteen, who has only been at the Home a few days, is one of the larger ones, she came from Sarnia, has been at school before, and is reading in the second book. Mary Anne Jacobs and Elise Muhnedoowahsing, who were at the Home last winter, have gone out into service, and are giving great satisfaction, though poor Mary Anne, on account of ill health, has been obliged to leave her place.

Since the opening of the home in October, a great deal of sewing has been accomplished, though many of the little ones could not, when they came, sew a stitch; they have made 32 undervests, 12 coats of blue drill, 24 hammocks 12 pairs of braces, 28 sheets, 1 tent and 10 prs. of socks for the boys, besides six working aprons, and mending and making for themselves.

We have now come to the end of our trip, and are much gratified to know that, under Miss Browne's careful supervision, the girls are doing so well, and are learning industrious and tidy ways, for they are taught not to expect new clothes as soon as those they have begin to wear, but to patch and mend them, and keep themselves neat.

They all follow us to the door to say *Boozhoo! Boozhoo!* (good-bye, good-bye) *Pugish neebah chewahbundayung menuhwah.* We hope we shall see you again soon.

S. E. FAUQUIER.

To the patrons of the Wawanosh Home.

Recollections of my trip to England with Chief Buhkwujjenene.

BY THE REV. E. F. WILSON.

WHATEVER I write must indeed be *my recollections* in the true sense of the word, for all my memoranda, journals and data were burnt up in our fire at Garden River. As many may take up this magazine to read, who are entire strangers to our work, I think I had better say a word or two by way of prelude about our fire and the origin of our mission work at Garden River, and what the fire had to do with our present Shingwauk Home.

Garden River is an Indian mission station on the St. Mary River, about eleven miles below the town of Sault Ste. Marie.

There are about 400 Indians and Half-breeds settled in the place, of whom the majority are Roman Catholics, but the Church of England has had a mission there for nearly thirty years, and some 150 of the people including the two Chiefs, Augustin Shingwauk (Little Pine) and Buhkwujjenene (Wild man) belong to our Church. The Rev. James Chance who now labours among the Mohawks of the Grand River; resided for a great many years at Garden River, and when he left, (in 1871) I took his place, being at that time supported by the Church Missionary Society.

I had long felt the necessity of an industrial School for Indian children, or, as the Indians call it, "a big teaching wigwam." The idea was set in motion by the visit of the old Chief "Little Pine" to Toronto, Hamilton, St. Catharines, and other places in the summer of 1871. An account of this visit will be found on another page under the head of Little Pine's Journal. Some \$300 was collected at that time; this set the scheme going; and the following spring, 1872, I proposed to the other (Garden River) Chief, Buhkwujjenene, that we should make a trip to England, and endeavor to collect money sufficient to build the "Big Teaching Wigwam." This trip to England with Buhkwujjenene is what I propose to describe in the following pages. We started in the month of May, crossed the Atlantic Ocean, attended no end of meetings and garden-parties, had two interviews with the Archbishop of Canterbury, one with His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, visited the Zoological Gardens (where the Chief rode on a camel), the Crystal Palace, British Museum, and other places of interest, collected about £800, and got back to Garden River the following September.

Almost immediately after our return the Indians met together for a "logging-bee" and cleared about eight acres of land. The following winter we were busy hauling the timbers and lumber for the building with our ox-team. Then when spring set in, building commenced—just a frame structure an extension of the old parsonage. It was completed early in September, and on the 22nd. of that month was the grand opening day. There were fifteen Indian children at that time—boys and girls—and we were expecting a few more so as to make up twenty in all. Then six days after the opening came the terrible catastrophe—a fire broke out at 3 a.m., in the middle of the night, and at early dawn, three hours later, nothing was left but a

heap of smoking ashes. Nothing was saved except a few blankets and quilts, a dressing gown, a drawer out of my desk, and a child's crib. We only just escaped with our lives—clothes and everything had to be borrowed. I had the Roman Catholic priest's hat and boots on, and my wife a dress of his housekeeper's. We telegraphed to England from the American side, and then, winter coming on and having no provisions, and my wife in a most critical state of health, we left by the first steamboat down, and passed the winter in Collingwood.

Wonderful sympathy was stirred up for us on all sides. Besides supplying our immediate wants, our friends at once set to work with a subscription list both in England and in Canada, the result of which was that in due time \$12,000 was raised, and with this money our new, large handsome stone building with accommodation for seventy boys has been erected and placed on a good footing for continuance.

Now for the Story:—

It was sugar-making time, and Buhkwujjenene was at work three miles back in the bush collecting the sap from the maple trees, and, with the assistance of his wife and large family of daughters, boiling it down in huge black kettles to transform it into maple-sugar. It was rather a tramp getting out there, and I had to take my snow-shoes. About two miles back from where our parsonage stood, is a long range of low rocky hills, I suppose about 400 feet high, running about parallel with the course of the river. These hills are, for the most part, bare and naked but sprinkled with a few ragged balsams pine and birch. It was April, and the snow was gone from the exposed parts of the hill, but beyond, in the valley where sugar-making was going on, it was still a couple of feet deep.

(To be Continued.)

The Indian Council at Sarnia.

Sarnia, June 27, 1878.—The Grand Council was opened with impressive ceremonies at 11, a.m.; ninety delegates representing fourteen Reservations, were in attendance:—

NEW CREDIT—Head Chief David Sawyer, Chief Charles Herkimer, George Henry.

SNAKE AND GEORGIAN ISLAND—Chief Thomas Big Canoe, Charles Big Canoe, James Ashquabe.

SIX NATIONS OF THE GRAND RIVER—

Chiefs G. H. M. Johnston, Moses Martin, John Frazier, John Carpenter, Henry Clench, John General, jr., Nicodemus Porter, Gehazi Carpenter, Wm. Wedge, Dr. Bomberry, Josiah Hill, Moses Hill, Richard Hill, John Hill, David Vanevery, Geo. Key, Charles Sky, David John, Elijah Sickers, Michael Anthony, Geo. Buck.

WALPOLE ISLAND—Chief Joshua Greenbird, Henry P. Johnson, James Saugee, Joseph Knowsod, Moses Solomon, Joseph

Isaac, John W. Sands, Thomas Sands, William Kookoosh, Wm. Yawnot, Wm. Shawogomah, J. E. Elgin, David P. Sands.

LOWER MUNCEY—Chief Charles Halfmoon; John Nicholas.

CHIPPEWAYS OF MUNCEYTOWN—Head Chief John Henry; Chief Joseph Fisher, Chief Elijah Muskokomon, Chief Joseph French, Nelson Beaver, Jos. Fox, Peter Brigham, John French, John Chicken, Abel Woncaush.

RAMA.—Rev. John Jacobs.

CAPS CROCKER—Chief Wm. McGregor, Chief Wm. Angus, Frederick Lamorandier, Daniel Elliott.

ALNWICK—Rev. H. P. Chase.

SAUGEEN—Chief Henry Madwayosh, Chief John Kadzegwun, Chief Frederick Wanbezu, David Root; M. B. Madwayosh,

GARDEN RIVER—Chief Ogishta, Chief Buhkwujjenene, Wm. Driver, —Mezegan.

SARNIA RESERVE—Head Chief Joseph Wawanosh, Chief Wilson Jacobs, Chief Silas Waubmonz, Elijah George Sec., William Wawanosh, Jas. Manass, Luke James. Nicholas Plain, Thos. Nayougoutt, Andrew Nageybish John Kabayah, Albert Rodd, Alexander Rodgers, Alexander Nawang, Ephriam Jackson, Josiah Williams, Benjamin White, Charles Wawanosh.

KETTLE POINT—Chief Isaac Shawnoo, David Sawpaw, Adam Sawpaw, Lewis Pedahmequet.

SAUBLE, STONY POINT—Chief Thomas Johnston, John Johnston, Geo. Munhædoon.

Rev. H. P. Chase occupied the chair and Rev. J. Jacobs acted as Grand Secretary. The first business of the Council was the election of officers. The election of the President is always by ballot. The first ballot resulted as follows: Chief John Henry, 45; Chief David Sawyer, 18; Rev. H. P. Chase 13; Wm. Wawanosh, 13; total number of votes cast 89. Chief John Henry having received a majority of one, was declared the President of the Grand Council for the year 1878.

Mr. Wm. Wawanosh was unanimously elected Vice-President. Chief Josiah Hill, 2nd Vice-President. Rev. J. Jacobs was also unanimously elected Grand Secretary, but declined; as he had already served the Council for the past four years. Mr. Fred'k Lamorandier was then elected Grand Secretary. A hearty vote of thanks were tendered to the Grand Secretary for his past services.

It was moved by Chief G. H. M. Johnston, seconded by Chief Josiah Hill, That we, the Grand Council of the Indians in the Province of Ontario, receive with feel-

ing of joyful gratitude the intelligence of the press, that Lord Dufferin has consented to continue in office as Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada for another term.—Carried unanimously, amid great enthusiasm.

The principal subject for discussion was the Indian Act of 1876. After considerable discussion wherein a large amount of native oratory was exhibited,—

The following sections,—91, and subsection (1) under section 86,—were rejected. Sub-section, 1, under-section 86 reads as follows: "Any Indian who may be admitted to the degree of Doctor of Medicine, or to any other degree by any University of Learning; or who may be admitted in any Province of the Dominion to practise law, either as an Advocate or as a Barrister or Counsellor, or Solicitor or Attorney, or to be a Notary Public, or who may enter Holy Orders or who may be licensed by any denomination of Christians as a minister of the Gospel, shall, *ipso facto*, become and be enfranchised under this Act."

This section was rejected by a large majority on the ground that professional Indians so enfranchised are debarred from enjoying the privileges and provisions of section 93, which other Indians enjoy on becoming enfranchised. The Grand Council was of the opinion that Indians should enjoy equal privileges, whether they hold professions or not.

The 91st section reads as follows: "In allotting land to probationary Indians, the quantity to be located to the head of a family shall be in proportion to the number of such family compared with the total quantity of land in the Reserve, and the whole number of the Band; but any Band may determine what quantity shall be allotted to each member for enfranchisement purposes: Provided each female of any age, and each male member under fourteen years of age, receive not less than one-half the quantity allotted to each male member of fourteen years of age and over."

This section was also rejected by a large majority, the Council being of the opinion that females of any age, and male members under fourteen, should receive equal privileges with other members of the family.

It was moved and seconded. That this Grand Council retain the Indian Act of 1876 for two years, or until the next General Council, with the exception of subsection (1) under-section 86, and section 91, which have been rejected.—Carried by a large majority.

The Mount Elgin Indian Institute at

Munceytown, then came up for consideration. After considerable discussion it was finally agreed that a Board of Trustees be appointed, whose duty shall be to look after the affairs and condition of the Institute, and to hold occasional examinations of the pupils attending therein. It was proposed and agreed to, that in order to place the Institute in better condition, so as to give a higher education, two agents consisting of the President and Vice-president of the Grand Council be commissioned to visit the Indian Reservations, and also to travel abroad and solicit funds on behalf of the Institute.

A proposition having been submitted to the Council by Rev. Mr. Wilson, of Sault Ste. Marie, to establish a newspaper there,

to be printed in the Indian language, providing the project met the approbation of the Council and was properly encouraged—the Council decided upon taking 800 copies of the paper. It is to be called "The Pipe of Peace," and will be issued about the 1st of October next.

The next place of meeting was then considered. Three places were mentioned, viz., the Six Nation Reserve, Grand River, Munceytown, and Saugeen. The majority were in favor of Saugeen. It was therefore decided to hold the next Grand Council at Saugeen, on the 3rd. of September, 1880.

The doxology was then sung, the Rev. J. Jacobs pronounced the benediction and the Council closed.

Strawberry Festival at Garden River.

A STRAWBERRY Festival, in aid of the English Church mission, was held at Squirrel Island, near Garden River, on Tuesday the 16th. inst. Arrangements had been made to take a large party of the Sault Ste. Marie people by steamboat; but the weather proved so unfavorable in the morning that the majority were afraid to venture. However, the sky cleared later on in the day, and those ladies who had braved the dangers of a rain-storm and spoiled bonnets, were rewarded for their gallantry by having a delightful trip and feasting on sweet wild strawberries and cream. They were joined on the way by a number of Americans from the Michigan Sault and Sugar Island. Prominent among these was Mr. Church of Sugar Island, whose house is just opposite the pic-nic grounds, and to whose hearty co-operation the success of the festival is in a great measure due.

The party on arriving at the island found fully a score of boats of every description drawn up on the beach; and about 200 Garden River Indians waiting to welcome them.

A substantial and inviting luncheon was spread under the shade of some large trees on tables erected for the purpose.

Games of all kinds had been prepared, but, owing to a series of mishaps, were left behind.

After the meal had been discussed Mr. Rowe, the missionary stationed at Garden River, rose and addressed those assembled. He stated that the object of the festival was to bring the Indians and their white brethren into closer intercourse, with the

view of removing prejudice and promoting mutual sympathy, and to make known the wants of the Garden River Mission. As some of his hearers were aware, his congregation was supporting itself to the best of its ability; but among a people with whom a dollar is a rarity, the contributions must indeed be small. Their church was very old, in fact almost rotting to the ground. It was purposed to build another—a modest frame structure. Their Sunday School was, from lack of funds, robbed of all those many helps and attractions which those in more favored parts have. The very life of the mission was threatened, as the funds of the Diocese were so low—because of party strife among the Churchmen of Ontario, which had diverted the contributions of a great many from their usual channel—that it was doubtful whether the work in all the outstanding missions could be continued; and Garden River appeared likely to be one of the unfortunates in case of any pruning. He would again appeal to the liberality of his friends and the friends of his Church; and beseech them not to permit the shepherds to be separated from their flocks, nor the power of the Gospel to be diminished.

Mr. Rowe concluded an eloquent address by opening up a subscription list for the building fund of the church.

After spending a few hours pleasantly in wandering through the woods and along the beach, reclining in the shade, or indulging in ice-cream or lemonade, which the heat of the day rendered so refreshing, the party embarked once more, and, taking all the Indians' boats in tow, steamed

slowly in the wake of the setting sun, as far as Garden River. There they parted from their red brethren with many expressions of good-will; and the steamer, now

relieved of her burden, bore home the remainder of the party, much pleased with the events of the day.

Muskoka and the Free Grant Lands.

BY REV. W. COMPTON.

DURING my recent visit to Toronto and the surrounding country, I was asked so many and such a variety of questions respecting this part of Canada, called the Free Grant Lands, all the questions betraying the greatest ignorance of the country, its advantages and disadvantages, that I determined to write a series of papers upon the subject and request permission to have them published in the DOMINION CHURCHMAN, as one of the best means I know of giving information generally. As a preliminary it will be as well for me to give my qualifications before I say a word about Muskoka, etc.

I presume everybody knows that the country is separated into townships and that these are about ten miles square each. As a travelling clergyman I have been over and through *eleven* of these townships and therefore can speak so far as regards *eleven hundred square miles of the country*. The townships I mean are Stevenson, Brunel, Chaffey, Perry, Stisted Watt, Humphrey, Christie, McMurrich, Cardwell and Macaulay, Six of of these I know thoroughly, and with the others I am pretty well acquainted by visits and meeting the settlers at various places on my rounds.

In all my journeys there is only one place where I have to seek the accommodation of an hotel. Wherever I find myself, there I stay as one of the family in the settler's home, and am happy to say, the pastor is welcome with them all. I know all the gradations of sleeping accommodation from a nice feather bed, separate room, &c., to that of making one of *ten* in the general room, finding the softest board to sleep on, with my feet under the stove and my overcoat for a pillow. So I think I may lay claim to some acquaintance with the *habitudes* of the settlers.

Then, again, I have lived some days in a house (more than one, too), where the table literally groaned with the good things of this life, beef steaks, mutton chops, pork, potatoes, stewed and preserved tomatoes, several varieties of preserved fruits, superior bread, green corn, Johnny cakes, and I know not what beside; everything, except the tea, sugar, pepper and such condiments, the production of the farm itself.

On the other hand, I have lived some days (and often) where the tea (?) was made of dried birch-tree leaves, and where the edibles consisted of potatoes and dry bread only. Once upon a time I walked six miles to hold service in a settler's house; after service the good wife must make me a cup of tea. This she proceeded to do by roasting a crust very hard, pounding it very fine, and pouring boiling water upon it. Our eatables were dry bread. But that was three years ago; things would be found very different there now. I grant I have given extreme cases, but I do so to show that I have graduated in the bush eating department, and may, therefore, take it upon myself to say, I ought to know something of the capabilities for production of the Free Grant Lands.

In addition to this, I and my family, consisting of wife, three sons (aged 18, 15 and 8, respectively) and three daughters, came on to these lands in October, 1873, as ordinary emigrants, under the auspices of the late Mr. Dixon, Emigration Agent England—that we came from a sweet residence on the outskirts of Manchester (Cheetham Hill, the Yorkville of that town) into the primeval forest, *nine miles* (then) from any Government road, and not a stick was cut where now our house stands. My boys—one of whom was a chorister on the Foundation at Manchester Cathedral, and all were school boys—never spent an hour on a farm in their lives in England. They have now *thirty* acres cleared land by their own exertions and eight head of stock. Their two cows are giving *sixteen pounds* of excellent butter every week at present. We have only the ordinary log house, log barn and log stable.

These then are my qualifications, and I think any ordinary mind will yield to me at least this much, that I ought to know something about Muskoka and life on the Free Grant Lands.

I may also say, that during the five years of my residence in Canada, I have only been *twice* out of the bush. Both times I have been amused, and much annoyed too, by hearing the extraordinary tales and deliberate untruths told about the country of my adoption.

I found there were generally three kinds

of people who told these untruths. First, there was the usual percentage of those who, not taking trouble to find out the truth or falsity of a statement, are content to repeat it at second hand, as an excuse for their own supineness; but I also fear, in the case of young men, as an excuse

for their dislike to exertion. Surely that is a mild way of putting it? Young men want to begin where their fathers leave off, whether their means will allow them to afford it or not.

(To be Continued).

The Summer Holidays.

BY E. M. W.

IT is the month of July, the summer holidays have commenced at the Shingwauk Home, and most of the boys have gone once more to their respective wigwams. with the exception of sixteen poor little urchins, who, from want of money to convey themselves to their parental abode, or from sundry other causes are condemned to spend this happy period among the lovely glades and luxuriant underbrush of the Shingwauk Home. I wander through the deserted school-room, now so clean and orderly—everything in its place—which a short time ago resounded with the musical sound of those forty voices repeating again and again in delightful harmony “B-a-t bat, C-a-t cat, B-a-t rat, &c.; and where the master’s much-loved accents, which, so often, in low, measured tones, pronounced those fatal words “fifty lines for being late, one hundred lines for bad behavior,” are, alas, no longer to be heard. As I saunter up

the stairs and through the vacant dormitories, robbed of all that makes them so pleasant and attractive; the pictures are all gone, those rewards of merit, those hard-won prizes, and marks of approval have vanished; nothing but the bare walls and a few nails remind us of where they once hung. The stillness is insupportable. My evening slumbers are no more disturbed by the soothing swing, swing of the hammocks against my wall; no deep sounding bell reclaims me at some unearthly hour from the arms of Morpheus to resume the duties and pleasures of the day. Nothing breaks the solemn stillness of these desolate regions save now and then out of sheer compassion for their loneliness some one wanders through them. But happily this awful silence will not long prevail, in six weeks from now they will resound again with merry shouts, and boys joyous voices will once more rob these solitudes of their charms.

Jottings.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—A bale of useful boys’ clothing, from Mrs. Piers Legh, England. A parcel of clothing for Elijah from Trinity, Brockville. A box of clothing for Willie Riley and Susan Esquimau, from St. Matthew’s Quebec.

FOR LAKE SUPERIOR.—The Bishop of Algoma and Rev. Mr. Wilson left Sault Ste Marie for Prince Arthur’s Landing, per steamer *Manitoba*, on Thursday the 18th inst.; taking on board with them the *Missionary*, and accompanied by her crew of six boys. They purpose to sail up the

Lake from the Landing, as far as the Height of Land, visiting all the Indian within reach in that region. From thence they will follow the north coast back, touching at all the trading-posts, Indian camps &c., on the way; and returning to Sault Ste. Marie in the early part of September.

WAWANOSH HOME.—Serious fears are entertained that it will be impossible to complete and open the Wawanosh Home this summer as had been intended; owing to want of funds. \$1,200 is still required.

ALGOMA MISSIONARY NEWS

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