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Volume VIII.

NOVEMBER 1st, 1885.

Number 6.

The Rev. E.F. Wilson's Trip to the North-West.

(Continued.)

AT 6:30 a.m. on the morning of Aug. 4th we got up and having partaken of breakfast I finished off my sketch of last night and took one of Mr. McKinnon's horses. A number of Indians kept coming and going all the time, and chief Pieapot himself stayed with us for about one hour. At 10:30 we left, after shaking hands with all, and I said to Pieapot "I am very glad to have seen you." He said something in return (in Cree) which Mr. McKinnon interpreted as "you are a true man you are a sensible man." I did not say any more to him about going below, I thought it best to leave it to him to make the next advance. Mr. McKinnon expects he will follow me to Regina and see me again there. Our next destination was Muskowhpeetings reserve but we got on a wrong trail and travelled twelve miles before reaching the house of the Indian Agent, Mr. Molson. Here we were received most hospitably and invited to partake of dinner. At 3:15 we started out, to find and visit the chief Muskowhpeeting. The Indians had moved their lodges during the morning and Mr. Molson said we should find them behind the hill about a mile away. We went to look for them, but their tepees were nowhere to be seen, so we struck off in a south easterly direction intending to strike the trail for the next reserve—Pusguahs. We got astray several times after this. The many different trails, crossings and interlacing one another on the prairies are very puzzling, and I had to determine my way chiefly by means of the compass. However, about 5:30 p.m. we came in sight of some Tepees, and as we drew near it soon became evident we had reached an Indian incampment of considerable size. There were twenty-five tepees which would represent about one hundred and fifty or more souls. Had we reached Pusguahs camp, or was it Muskowhpeetings? We stopped our horse near some bushes and then taking two of the boys with me I advanced to reconnoitre. It was a very picturesque sight to behold the undulating prairie, broken only by a few scrub bushes, while on an elevated spot clustered the tepees of the Indians made of canvass (in lieu of Buffalo hides) stretched over poles conical

shaped, with an opening at the top for the smoke to escape, the upper half of each lodge yellowed by smoke, the lower half preserving its whiteness. At the door of nearly every tent stood a roughly constructed cart, each with two large unironed wheels, the spokes the felloes and the nave all cut out of the bush and very cleverly fitted together. On the prairie, in and out among the tepees, browsed the Indian ponies, gray, white, black, roan and bay. The Indians themselves stalking about here and there with proud erect mien, their black hair hanging in long plaits or waving loosely over their shoulders. None wore hats but some had their heads adorned with fur or feathers, and each wore a blanket, or bright coloured shawl of some kind wrapped round the waist and falling gracefully over one shoulder, white, blue, or red leggings took the place of trousers, and moccasins protected their feet. Near each tepee were women cooking the evening meal, and little children, some of them quite naked, toddled about. Down in a hollow were some older children, all picturesquely dressed, engaged in an Indian game. We approached one of the tepees and made enquiries, the people were Saultianse and could understand my Ojibway. They said this was Nueshowkpeeting's camp, and that they had just arrived, and had barely completed the erection of their lodges. I explained who we were, and then returned to the place where we had left the horse, that we might put up our own tent, and make ready our evening meal. While the boys were busy at this, I made a sketch of the Indian encampment, and later in the evening, just when it was getting dark we went back to visit the Indians. We found the chief's tent, and without ceremony entered, Muskowhpeeting is a fine looking man, about 50 years of age, with rather a kindly expression of face and a soft gentle voice. He received us good-naturedly, and bade us be seated. He was just finishing his tea, his squaw waiting upon him as he reclined on a cushion, a board for a tea-tray having been placed before him, with a blue and white cup and saucer upon it. I told him the object of my visit, exhibiting the photos of our Homes, and some sketches which I had made. When I showed him the sketch of his own village, he carefully counted over the tepees with the point of his knife, and remarked that I ought to have asked his permission before making it. The interview on the whole was not satisfactory. The chief was polite, even suave, in his man-

ner, but he is a bigoted Pagan, and has no wish for christian teaching for his people, nor did he show any desire to have his children educated. In the next tent an Indian dance was at the same time going on, and what with the beating of drums and the jingling of bells on the legs of the dancers, continually interrupted our conversation. My boys went in to see the performance and were very much struck with the scene, about 9:30 p.m. we returned once more to camp, having this day travelled 19 miles. On the following morning (Wednesday Aug 5th) we arose at 5:45 a.m., but as there was no clean water at hand, and we believed we were some where about 6 miles from the next reserve, I told the boys not to wash or to get breakfast but to put the things together and to make a start. We began our journey at 6:30 hoping that an hours drive would take us to the house of Mr. Huckley the farm instructor, on Pushquab's Reserve. We were however delayed on the road, first by a prairie hen which started up under our horses feet and took the boys a long chase after it with three revolvers, and then later on our trail seemed to diverge too far south and we were afraid we had got wrong and we beat about for another trail more to the north. Happily, however, we soon met an Indian cart. An old man and his squaw, belonging to the Pie-a-pots band, were on their way back to their Reserve and came jogging along the trail on their clumsy looking vehicle, their pony with only a leather thong tied to his jaw in lieu of a bridle. They seemed quite pleased to see us, and by speaking to them in Ojibway, I ascertained from them, that we were journeying aright and would soon catch sight of the tepees. It was a quarter to nine however, before we reached the little thatched cottage of Mr. Huckley, and very glad were we indeed, to have a good wash and breakfast. Mr. Huckley was away for the day, but Mrs. Huckley, a pleasant, neatly dressed woman, with a baby in her arms, received us with a cordial welcome, and we had breakfast together in her little parlour. Pushquah, she said was a long distance off, making hay, so we should not be able to see him, but we had barely arisen from breakfast, when the old gentleman made his appearance, riding on his pony. He had run short of provisions, and had come to see Mrs. Huckley about getting more. This was very fortunate for us. I went out to see him, he was a picture to look upon. Sitting on his pony, a dark blanket round his waist and over one shoulder, while on his head he wore an old gray felt hat, ornamented with eagle feathers, his long black hair dropping over his shoulders, and a bow and three arrows in his hand. He seemed very affable and glad to see me, and came into the house with two or three other Indians, to look at my photographs and sketches. On understanding my errand he said he would send out word for his people to come together in the evening to hear me. I intended only remaining an hour or two, and then going out to Standing Buffalo's Reserve, but this proposition of the chief's seemed promising, and I decided to return, and stay here for the night, after visiting the latter reserve.

To be continued.

ALGOMA,

A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

Continued from our last number.

The departure from Collins' Inlet on the morning of Tuesday, the 14th of July, was not effected without difficulty, owing to the intricacy of the channel, and the fact, that not one on board having ever before visited these waters, we had to feel our way very cautiously, sounding every now and then, and keeping a sharp look out for the shoals which abounded at the western mouth of the Inlet, for fully a mile from the shore. Grenskye, however, fully vindicated his reputation here as a wary, vigilant pilot, by taking us out safely into deep water, where a six hours' run brought us to one of the mouths of French River, from which we worked our way slowly and carefully up the main channel, mooring beside the Walkerton mill. What remained of the afternoon was devoted to a visitation of the lumbermen's houses, each family being notified of the service to be held, and notices being posted in several conspicuous positions. At 7:30 p.m. a rather motley assemblage gathered in the dining-room of the Walkerton mill boarding-house, which the caretaker had most kindly placed at our disposal, but owing to the mixed character of the congregation; which numbered about fifty, many of them being French Canadians, the service was not as hearty as it had been elsewhere. One gratifying result of it, however, was a request by a young woman, that she should be baptized. She had already been partially instructed before coming to the settlement, and now wished to make a public profession of her faith. Accordingly the Rev. Mr. J., at the Bishop's request, took her and "expounded unto her the way of the Lord more perfectly." This was followed by her baptism the next morning, and none who were witnesses of the devout earnestness with which she took part in the service, could question the sincerity of purpose which actuated her. Indeed she had already given proof of it the night before, in the fact that she was one of seven or eight persons who, in response to the Bishop's enquiry as to their possession of Bibles, and his offer to supply the want of any who wished for one, followed him down to the Evangeline after the service, and sat quietly in the cabin, while their names were being inscribed on the fly-leaves. Surely the bread thus cast upon the waters will be found again," though it be "after many days."

Next morning, the 15th, we started for Bying Inlet, taking the precaution of giving a free pass to a volunteer pilot, a French Canadian, who offered to take us there safely in consideration of the favour, which he did, with only one slight "bump" against a rock, which, however, did the boat no damage. Here we found a little village nestling by the water side, which presented a scene of liveliest bustle and activity, thanks to the fact that Messrs. Dodge & Co. are running their extension mills with a full complement of hands, while the neat dwelling-houses, the large hotel, as beautifully clean as it is commodious, the well, stocked store, and tastefully furnished offices attached, all crowned by the

tasteful church perched on the loftiest point in the village, and literally "founded on a rock," combined to make a picture which we had not seen surpassed, or indeed equalled at any point in our travels. Despite the fact that here, as elsewhere, there had been no means of advertising the services beyond notices put up in the mill and store after our arrival, a congregation of about 60 persons gathered in the church, and though nearly all of them, unfamiliar with our Prayer-book, took their part in the responses very generally, with the assistance of the little pamphlets already referred to. Only two or three members of the Church of England could be found in the whole settlements. That our church had been much more represented in former years was evident from the fact that a clergyman, the Rev. R.W. Greene, (now of Weston,) had resided here, but what between deaths and removals, and, worse and more fatal than either, the apathy of the Church in caring for her children, their number had steadily dwindled down, till now it has all but reached the vanishing point. Can it be wondered at, that, with a process like this going on silently, but surely, in scores of places, scattered all over the Dominion, she should today be lying under the deep reproach and humiliation of ranking only as fourth among the religious communities that divide the land between them?

(To be Continued.)

Notes From Neepigon.

In the wide voyage of the Domestic Missionary field occupied by the church of England in Canada, there is no one spot which gathers round it a deeper or more romantic interest than the little Indian settlement at Negwenenany, on Lake Neepigon, associated, as it will be for all coming time, with the name of the first Bishop of the Diocese, the saintly Fauquier, and standing as it does outside the pale of civilization, on the borderland of a dark, benighted paganism, where no white man ever sets foot, save the missionary, on Christ-like errand bent, or the stray trader or explorer in search of the Indian furs, or the mineral deposits supposed to be hidden in the bowels of the everlasting hills that gird the Neepigon Lake on every side. The Bishop's visit this year was somewhat later than usual, in order to secure the presence of as many of the Indians as possible. Having completed his visitation of the Port Arthur Mission, he started for Neepigon on Monday Sept. 7th with two travelling companions and an Indian, by a special train, of which the courtesy of the hon. Mr. Scott of the C.P.R. permitted him to avail himself. Among the other passengers were the hon. Alex. and Mrs. McKenzie, who were on their way to Red Rock for a glimpse of the lovely scenery of which it is the well known centre. But the fates were against us, for, whether from the weight of the political or ecclesiastical burden on board, the engine broke down in the vicinity of Leon Lake, and we crept back to the Port as

quickly as our crippled condition would admit, in hope of getting another locomotive. This however, was found to be impossible. Next morning another and more successful attempt was made, which landed us at Neepigon station about 4 p.m. to find the Rev. Mr. Rennison and his Indians anxiously waiting the Bishop's arrival, and impatient to start up the river. Canoes were soon engaged, and laden with tents, provisions, cooking utensils and all the other substantial accompaniments of a life literally in the bush. Lake Helen was soon traversed, and then a steady pull began up the river, bringing us to our first camping ground (Alexander) about 9 p.m. Fires were lighted, bread baked, fish fried, and tea made, all of which we thoroughly enjoyed, after which, and a short evening prayer, blankets were produced and the whole company of tired travellers, eleven in number, sought their rest, with little chance of playing the sluggard, as by daybreak the missionary's inexorable summons dispelled our dreams, and effectually awakened us to the fact that a hard day's work was before us. The details of the trip cannot be dwelt upon. Suffice it to say that by dint of unusual efforts on the part of the Indians, Mr. Rennison taking his share in the labour of portaging the baggage, and thanks to the unbroken fine weather with which Providence favoured us. The journey was accomplished in two days and a quarter, the missions being reached about 8 p.m. on the evening of Thursday Sept. 10th.

In its general aspects, the settlements has certainly improved since the Bishop's last visit. First of all, the little log church has been restored to a condition of decency by the erection of a little vestry, [evidently not intended for high churchmen] the lining of the interior with boards, not sawn, but slabs and laboriously hewed out with the axe, a shingle roof, somewhat nearer waterproof than the old birch bark covering which it superseded, and the mounting of a little belfry on the porch, from which, however, the summons of "the little church-goin' bell rings out too feebly to be of any use to the Indians at the further end of the settlement. Then too, the missionary's house has been enlarged, by his own hands, without a foot of lumber, save what was obtained as described above. Indeed, such is the scarcity of material of this kind, and so great the difficulty and expense of getting it brought up the river, that one occasion when a coffin was needed, it had to be made out of slabs taken from the gable of the mission house. The houses of the Indians also bore tokens of improvement, though side by side with them, in two cases, stands the large roomy wigwam, to which they would fain cling as a pleasant relic of their old barbarism. The gardens bore scant tokens of cultivation, partly owing to the long continued absence of some of the owners at the hunting grounds and still more, to their inborn repugnance to the settled stay-at-home-life to which we desire, if possible, to educate them. Small prizes had been offered as a stimulus in this direction, resulting in the lining of one house with Chicago paper, and in another case on the repairing of a fence, and greater cleanliness in the interior of the dwelling. Oshkopokeda and Pedigoogin were the proud and happy winners

of the prizes. Friday morning was devoted to the assortment and distribution of a quantity of clothing contributed by various friends of the mission, both in Canada and in England, who, could they have seen the pleasure that lighted up the usually stolid, impassive faces of these poor children of the forest, as they congregated in and around the mission house, and heard the chorus of "megwach megwach," that ran round the circle as they received from the Bishop's hands the gifts, all of them most serviceable, which had been so generously placed at his disposal in their behalf, they would have felt themselves richly rewarded for all their trouble, and realised once more how true it is that "It is more blessed to give than to receive." The squaws were specially delighted with the gifts of thread, needles, thimbles, tape, pins, etc., sent up by the Young Ladies Association of the church of the Ascension, Hamilton, and evidently, and wisely designed from the unmade up material which accompanied them, to evoke native talent in the mysterious art of dress-making. The afternoon was devoted to the visitation of houses and gardens already referred to. Saturday morning was given to the school. The result of the inspection was not satisfactory, but very scanty, if indeed any, progress having been made since the Bishop's last visit. Of the senior Indians Oshkopekide almost entirely self-taught, read the general confession in Indian, and Mugwa part of the 2nd chap. of St. Mathew, while of the juniors, Ned Pedigoojin ranked first, and Walter Obesuken, Stephen Pedyoojii, and Albert Misbail second and equal. The incorrigibly migratory habits of the Indians are the main difficulty here, added of course to the fact that being very ignorant themselves, they are unable to realise the advantage of education for their children. The opportunities was therefore taken to read them a homily on the subject, which resulted in a general pow-wow, ending in, first an earnest request, that I would ask the Government to send a paid teacher, who would devote all his time to the school, as Mr. Rennison could not, and further, a solemn promise that if this were done, they would leave their families behind them when going on their hunting expedition, and make their children attend the school regularly. In the afternoon a new element was introduced into the episcopal visitation by the inauguration of games and sports of various kinds, shooting, archery, canoe and boat races, etc., all of which excited the utmost maximum of enthusiasm of which the Indian natives seem capable. The squaws and boys took their part in the sports as well, one of the most amusing being a race in which the former competed for a cotton dress held in the extended hand of the missionary at the goal, and with as much of zest as ever animated those who in old times strove for the pine or parsley crowns of the Isthmian games. Then came the inevitable feast, the Indians "sumum bonsure," consisting of the customary luxuries of flour, tea, and pork, after which they scattered to their several dwellings, though not without tendering many a hearty "megwach" to the "Kechewahkuhdawckoonubriga" for the pleasure and amusement he had provided for them.

Sunday morning dawned brightly and full of sunshine. Morning Prayer being at 10 o'clock, followed by the confirmation of three candidates, a sermon, interpreted by Mr. Rennison, and the Holy Communion at which eight of the Indians presented themselves, their demeanour as devout and reverent as could be witnessed in even the best instructed of our city congregations. At 4 p.m. evening prayer was said in the little church, after which we adjourned to the cemetery close by, which the Indians had carefully fenced in with a view to its consecration. The site was well chosen on a little eminence to the south west of the church, and had been thoroughly cleared. The service was a touching and impressive one as we stood, every head uncovered, round the nine graves which marked the last resting places of those who had fallen asleep since good Bishop Fauquier, himself too entered into rest, had gathered these poor pagans into the fold of Christ, and appointed the bounds of their habitations. Three of Michael's children had been laid there, and he himself stood by the little mounds, stealthily brushing away the tears that fell, as the Bishop spoke of sin and death, and, best of all, the resurrection. Pedigoogin too had laid one of his little ones there. Elizabeth too was interred there, she had been one of Oshkopekeda's two wives, put away when he became a christian, but supported till his death, (of consumption at the age of 40,) just before which she had told those who stood round her that she saw the gates of the heavenly city, and begged of Mr. Rennison, as her dying request, that her youngest daughter, Hannah, might be taught to believe in Christ and to love and serve him. Jane was sleeping there also, "in sure and certain hope." The Bishop remembered her well, she had sung a hymn for him on his last visit. She had been from the first, a most regular attendant at church, and a devout worshipper, and had died, after an illness of only four days, in simple trust in the Saviour who had died for her. In another grave lay all that was mortal of poor old Weesqua. This was the aged woman whom Mr. Rennison had found in February, 1884, 40 miles from the mission, on Black Sturgeon Lake, perishing of cold and hunger, her entire dress consisting of a well-worn rabbit skin blanket, and two pieces of old sacking sewn up as an under-garment. It was no easy matter to transport a feeble woman, between 80 and 90 years of age, all that distance, in midwinter, but the brave missionary accomplished it, though only by carrying the poor creature every now and then, and when she fell in the deep snow, lifting her out of it again. For two months afterwards she was an occupant of the mission house, nursed and tended by Mrs. Rennison as lovingly as though she had been her own mother. No persuasion could induce her to stay in a bed, all this time she lay on a blanket beside the fire, and at last died there. Owing to her enfeebled condition both of mind and body, she left no very clear or decided testimony as to her faith, but the words spoken and the prayers offered beside her daily cannot have been in vain. How destitute poor Wusqua must have been may be inferred from the inventory of her worldly goods, which were all spread out before the Bishop. Over

and above the old blanket and the pieces of sack-
ing, already referred to, a tobacco pouch, containing
a piece of yellow patrifled wood, used in lighting a
fire by rubbing two sticks together, a tin box with
flint, and a piece of bright ribbon, an old bark box,
holding combs &c., two worn out mitts, made of the
skin of the muskrat, a piece of the dried sinew of
the leg of the cariboo, for sewing clothes and moc-
cassins, etc. etc. Verily, if the Gospel were to do no
more for these poor creatures than minister to their
temporal needs, it would still be the Gospel of Him
who is known to us as "the Saviour of the body,"
and, for common humanity's sake, we dare not with-
hold it from them. The consecration closed with
the singing "There is a happy land," and the bene-
diction, in Indian, and the little company dispersed
to their homes, softened and solemnized by their
having been brought for a little while into the near
presence of their dead.


Next morning about 11 o'clock, the Bishop start-
ed on his return journey, accompanied by five or six
of the Indians and Mr. Rennison, and reached Red
Rock by 5 p.m. on Tuesday, having slept Monday
night under an up-turned canoe, which however,
was just as comfortable as his resting place on the
floor of the caboose on Wednesday night, when
making his way back to Port Arthur by the con-
struction train.

E.A.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MISSIONS.

Port Arthur.

N Thursday afternoon Sept. 3rd, the
Bishop arrived at Port Arthur by the
C.P.R. boat, and was met at the wharf
by the Incumbent, and conducted to the
parsonage. On Friday morning, Sept. 4th, a good
carriage and span of horses having been procured,
the Bishop accompanied by the Incumbent and his
daughters, drove to the township of Oliver, where a
church was built last year through the zeal and pa-
tience of the late Incumbent, aided most efficiently
by Mr. A. Squire of Port Arthur. This church is
situated on lot 7, concession 3 of the township, and
is a little more than 15 miles west of Port Arthur.
It stands conveniently near one corner of a beauti-
ful piece of ground, two acres in extent, room having
been left for graveyard &c. After inspecting the
church, the Bishop and his companions took refresh-
ment at the hospitable dwelling of W. Ryde, near
by, and at 2 p.m., a fair-sized congregation of farm-
ers, their wives, and families, having assembled, the
Bishop proceeded to the consecration of the build-
ing. Simple indeed was the whole service, but
very solemn and beautiful in those woods. At the
door of the little church the clergyman read the pe-
tition for consecration, when the Bishop at once be-
gan the service, and the procession entered the
building. No gorgeous, massive structure; no late-
ly, long-down aisles, but a modest, wooden building
(frame,) even as yet unpainted; but still bearing

churchly marks about it. The congregation, most
reverent and attentive, heartily responded, making
good use of the copies of the consecration service
which the Bishop had brought with him. The con-
secration over, evening prayer was said, the clergy-
men reading the prayers, and leading the congrega-
tion in singing the Gloria Patri, the Magnificat,
Nunc Dimittis, and the hymns. The Bishop read
the lessons, and preached from Psalm 48 vs. 11 &
12. The sermon was a gentle, but firm assertion
of the apostolical claims of the church of England,
instructive, edifying, and abounding in happily-
chosen illustrations. None of the Nonconformists
present could feel pained by it, while churchmen
felt braced as by a tonic indeed. The sacredness
of the modest little building, and its total separation
from all secular uses was strongly dwelt upon. "It
is not my house," said he, "it is not Mr. M's. (the
Incumbent's) house, it is not your house, but it is
God's house; and must not be used except for his
worship." After the service the Bishop addressed
the congregation respecting the things still needed
for the full equipment of the church. He promised
the gift of a set of service books, suitable vessels for
the Holy Communion, and a subscription towards
the purchase of a melodian. Then came friendly
greetings outside the church, after which the Bish-
op drove to the house of Mr. W. Squire jur., where
a liberal repast had been provided, and then back
to the parsonage at Port Arthur. So ended a mem-
orable, and proud day for poor Oliver. A church
built, paid for, and consecrated! There is no other,
as yet, consecrated (except, possibly at Rat Port-
age) between Sault Ste. Marie and Winnipeg, a dis-
tance of from 700 to 800 miles! But at what cost
this has been achieved it is not easy to compute.
The money can be easily reckoned up, but not the
labours, anxieties, etc. The people deserve great
credit, for, being but few in number, the induce-
ments to build what is called "a union church"
were very great. Moreover, the people are still
struggling with the bush to make homes for their
families, and solid cash is a very precious thing in-
deed. And, besides praise from their fellow-church-
men, they deserve help. The present Incumbent
has written to a lady in Toronto, asking a "come-
ly" surplice to be kept in the church. Plain and
suitable linen for the holy table is needed, and cov-
er for ordinary occasions when the "fair linen cloth"
is not to be used. A font also is required, and dona-
tions towards the melodian above referred to would
be thankfully received. Wealthy churchfolk
who have rolled over the splendid iron road, the
great Dominion highway, on their journey from
Port Arthur to Winnipeg will, perhaps, bear with
the writer when he reminds them that this little
church is situated about three miles from Murillo
station, the second from Port Arthur, and the total
absolute wilderness for several hundred miles be-
yond they will not readily forget. Will they not,
then, help this little band of sturdy pioneers who
have settled, not on the fertile world-famed prair-
ies, but in this less-known region, fighting not only
the dense, vast wilderness, but also the world, the
flesh and the devil, declaring manifest war upon the
latter by openly and bravely erecting a temple in

the wilderness (a veritable oasis in the desert) for the worship of Almighty God?

C. J. MACHIN.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sault Ste. Marie.

The Rev. F. W. Greene has entered on his duties very vigorously, distributing his time and energies proportionately between the Sault, Korah and Tarentora. The services at the latter point, which had been suspended some time, will be resumed immediately, and will be held every third Sunday, in the afternoon on the two others being devoted to Korah. Here the congregation are stirring themselves for the erection of a driving shed, and are also going to fence in the church lot, and clear it of the few lingering stumps that disfigure its appearance.

THANKSGIVING SERVICE—A thanksgiving service was held at St. Luke's Church, Sault Ste. Marie, on the 20th September. The church was very prettily decorated with grain, flowers and fruit. His Lordship, who had just returned from a long trip on the North shore of Lake Superior, where he had been visiting one of the Indian Missions, preached a powerful sermon to a very good congregation.

ORDINATION SERVICE—On Sunday the 4th of October an ordination service was held in St. Luke's Church, Sault Ste Marie. The candidates, Mr. Frost, of Sheguindiah, and Mr. Gilmore, of North Bay, were presented to the Bishop by Rev. F. W. Greene. His Lordship preached a very beautiful sermon suitable to the occasion, speaking of the greatness of the work which was to be performed by those called to the Ministry. Both the candidates were raised to the Priesthood.

Garden River.

THE Bishop of Algoma paid his third visit this season, to Garden River, on Saturday Sept. 26th., immediately after his return from Lake Superior, Port Arthur and Neepigon accompanied by Mrs. Sullivan, Miss Sullivan and Miss Wilson. The Bishop and his party then proceeded to visit the Indians, in their houses, and were indefatigable in giving and receiving visits, till after night fall. This has already had one good effect. It brought the Indians out in full numbers, on the following Lord's day to the morning and evening services, at both which, the Bishop took the chief parts in Indian, and preached by an interpreter to unusually large congregations. There was also a celebration of the Holy Communion; "in a tongue understood of the people." Both sermons were well suited to the comprehension of the people, and listened to with unwearied attention. Hebrews II. 18., was the morning text. The sermon touched upon idleness as one great temptation, and ended with a valuable exhortation on the blessings of a christian edu-

cation, and the great sin against God and against their children, on the part of those parents who will fully neglect it. Genesis IV. 2., was the evening text. The sin of idleness was again one of the leading ideas. The fact, that Adam, Cain, and Abel were not idle was prominently brought forward. The fact also, that Cain took to farming, though he had no plough, &c. was forcibly put by his Lordship. As all roads lead to the capital, so all texts lead to Christ, and so the Bishop led his people to Christ through the avenue of Abel's sacrifice. On Wednesday Sept. 30th the Evangeline again brought the Bishop, Mrs. Sullivan, Rev. Mr. Frost, the Misses Sullivan, and Misses Wilson, and many others (whose names I have not heard) to visit the remaining houses of the Garden River Indians. They also put up in most beautiful large letters, on the two side walls of the church, the following texts:—Sahgeewawin ahive owh Kesha Mulmedoo alkahwahlepook, kuya hnuhmeahyook Kenuhwind kesah geahmaun Jesus Christ, ween mah netum kesahgeegoomaun ahuhmeathuwik Kesha Mulmedoo emah menoerhewabizewining. This done, and night supervening the Bishop and his party returned to the Sault.

J. H. GALLAHER.

St. Joseph's Island.

Perhaps some of the readers of the Algoma Missionary News, who take an interest in Missions, will be glad to know that the Mission of St. Joseph's Island is making some progress, though perhaps it may be very slowly. It will soon be five years since I took charge of this mission, and then, as now, I held services at six stations, namely, our church at Hilton, two school houses, one at the Mountain and another at Richard's Landing and the remaining three services were held in private houses. Now I am happy to say we have two churches and we have got out of all the private houses

A school house, where one has to robe before the congregation, and where there are no pulpits, and reading desk, or kneeling benches, or any such conveniences, is but a poor substitute for a church building, yet it is infinitely better than a private house, where beside the feeling of intruding and causing much extra work to the mistress of the house, there is also the discomfort of preaching to people, sitting just under your nose, while the room is suffocating from the heat of a large cook stove, while the baby of the house shows that it knows it is at home by rambling everywhere and making all the noise possible. While truly thankful for a private house, when no public building can be had, I am truly glad to say I got out of my last private house a Sunday or two ago.

I am sorry to say our church at Richard's Landing is not yet begun. The people are unable to build it themselves, and my appeals for help outside, have not yet met with sufficient response to warrant us in beginning. We have only about two hundred dollars out of an estimated cost of a thou-

and. It is a sad loss, for the people will never feel themselves to be a congregation until they have a building of their own, specially set apart for the worship of God.

The Rev. H. Beer desires to acknowledge with grateful thanks the receipt of a box of clothing for the poor, from Mrs. Sifton, Ottawa. Also another large box full of men's, boys and girls clothing, from Mrs. Geo. Marks, Bruce Mines.

The contents of the boxes will gladden the hearts and keep warm the bodies of some who might have suffered, but for the kindness of these ladies during the hard cold winter, now fast approaching.

SHEGUINDAH.

The Indian church in this mission, its friends in Toronto and elsewhere will be glad to learn, is making rapid progress—wonderfully so, considering that the Indians themselves are the builders. The secret however, lies in the fact that the Missionary, Rev. F. Frost, is on the spot, and loses no chance of utilizing every available moment. Nor is he a silent spectator only. He sets the Indians a good example by taking his own share in the toil. He reports that the building will be a very church-like one, which is no little satisfaction, in view of the hideous caricature of ecclesiastical architecture that are to be seen here and there in the Diocese, all for lack of proper and adequate supervision of plans &c.

At Sucker Creek also, another of Mr. Frost's stations, the Indians, moved by the same "Frosty" inspiration, have erected a most commodious and substantial building, which, for the present, must serve the purpose of church and schoolhouse alike. The Bishop hoped to have been able to go down and open it this fall, but what between the stormy weather that has prevailed, and the summons he has received to attend the meeting of the "Domestic and Foreign Mission Board" at Kingston on the 21st., he was unable to accomplish the visit, and was, most reluctantly, compelled to postpone it till next spring. Till now the services have been held at the Chief's house, which was always a model of neatness and cleanliness.

MANTOWANING.

The Rev. S. Cole reports a general progress along the line of this extensive mission. Its diameter is about thirty miles, but Mr. C. succeeds in covering the ground most successfully, considering the heavy drain it involves on his time and strength. Church-building is the order of the day here also. At Providence Bay, the *Ultima Thule* of the mission, a lot has been given and duly deeded to the Bishop; and the sum of \$125 subscribed totally in money and labour. The work too has been pushed with vigor, the building having been commenced, and carried as far as outside sheeting and roofing when last heard from. But here also some aid will be needed from outside—the people have done well, and deserve to be aided.

At the Slash also, about fifteen miles from Mani-

towaning, timbers have been got out for a foundation for a church, and a deed for the site is about to be placed in the Bishop's hands. This, of course, is the first step. Ground is never broken till this necessary preliminary has been complied with.

At Purple Hill, another of Mr. C's stations, the logs are on the ground for a church, but the people are crippled for lack of means. Oh that some one were moved by a heart inspiration from Him from whom all good things come, to write to the Bishop and say, "Herewith I enclose you my cheque for \$5000 towards completing all the churches which I see by the ALGOMA MISSIONARY NEWS you are erecting in various parts of your needy Diocese."

BRUCE MINES.

The Bishop visited the Bruce Mines mission on Saturday the 10th inst., reaching his destination about 4 p. m. by the Evangeline. On Sunday morning he steamed down to Thessalon, a number of church people from the Mines accepting his invitation to join him and attend the service there. A head-wind and a heavy sea prevailing, it was 11.30 before the village was reached, but a large congregation was waiting in the Methodist Church, kindly placed at our disposal for our regular services. The Bishop and Mrs. Sullivan were afterwards most hospitably entertained by Mr and Mrs. Boyd, who removed to Thessalon about a year ago from Peterboro. The return trip to the Mines was accomplished in a little over an hour, and after tea at Mr. George Marks', evening service was held in the old Union Church, the Bishop preaching again, and afterwards administering the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to ten communicants. One of the most encouraging features in this mission is the erection of a church in this village for the use of the members of the Church of England. It is now rapidly approaching completion, but funds will be needed for doors, windows, plastering, furniture and lighting &c., and the resident church members cannot possibly provide them, having already exhausted all their local resources in money and labour. The edifice is a most church-like structure, and reflects great credit on the Missionary, Rev. F. C. Berry, who designed it.

Uffington.

Where is Uffington some one says? Why, away up in Muskoka, and if it is a village at all, it is all there, when we reckon two small stores, a blacksmiths shop, a post-office, an Anglican church, two more belonging to other denominations, and a farm house or two. But the Mission comprises the three townships of Draper, Ryde and Oakley, situated in one of the roughest, and probably most difficult pieces of country in Muskoka. The work from a church point of view is trying, but interesting. It consists in travelling through the bush, holding services, informal at times, in school-houses, private dwellings, or in some plain log building set apart for the worship of the Almighty. The people

are few and far between, and in some places, cast abroad as sheep having no shepherd. The present Missionary has not been long out from England. He is the first Anglican clergyman to reside in the district and many are the appeals to "Come over and help us." Only the other day a real hearty Irishman, who boasted of his early training in an Irish Sunday School, walked ten miles in order to ask the missionary to come and baptize one of his children. "After all," he said "we who have been brought up in the principles of the church and of Christ, may manage for a while, but what is to become of the little ones growing up without such privileges?" A few days after (only last week) another aged old gentleman living in the same district, but a Scotchman this time, called upon the missionary and besought him to come occasionally and give them a service of some kind, there had never at any time been an Anglican service in the whole of the township. Such are a few specimens of the pleadings that are constantly coming to notice. The journeys to these places are generally hazardous, and mostly have to be taken on horse back. Only last Saturday, the missionary was attempting to accomplish part of his journey for the Sunday in a buckboard by way of relief. Evidently the road through the bush was too much for the rig. First the springs broke, then the axletree, there was a collapse, and we were left in a dilemma nine miles from home. While the work has an air of romance, there is also the dark side. The missionary and his wife must have a place to reside. There is not a house of any kind, to be obtained at any price. The home of a missionary is his only comfort, and the severity of a Canadian winter, demands it. The people are anxious to have a residence for their clergyman in order that he may continue to live among them. They have made the frame of the house, drawn the logs to the mill, to be cut into lumber, and assisted right nobly in the erection of a building. But they have done what they could. There is material to pay for, and men to hire for the better kind of work, and who has to find the money? The Mission cannot possibly. Will no one assist in this deserving case. Contributions may be sent to the Bishop of Algoma, who heartily endorses this appeal, or direct to the Rev. John Greeson, Uffington, Muskoka. English friends may remit to the Rev. W. C. Macfarlane, Dorchester Vicarage, Wallingford.

Receipts for the Indian Homes.

AUGUST.

Rev. J.C. Cox, for the Homes	\$1.00
Miss Philpotts' class, Guelph,	500
Miss H. Burrowes,	1.00
St. Marks' S. School, Carlton,	12.00
Ch. of Redeemer S.S. Toronto, for boy	17.37
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	\$36.37.

SEPTEMBER.

Cathedral Quebec, for Wawanosh	\$ 10.00
Trinity S.S., St. John N.B. for boy	18.75

" " " girl	18.75
Rev. T.H.M. Bartlett for Shingwauk,	4.00
do. " Wawanosh	4.00
Miss Pigot for Wawanosh	25.00
Mrs. John Strachan, Toronto, for Homes	2.00
F.H.M.L., Nova Scotia	5.00
St. James' S.S., Carleton Place, for boy	18.75
Rev. I Green, Uffington	1.00
Miss C.E.J. Killaly, Morrisburg	1.00
Miss & Mrs. E. Bacon	1.00
St. John's S.S., York Mills, for girl	3.00
C.E.J. H. as a thank offering for Homes,	10.00
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	\$97.50.

Acknowledgements.

St. Joseph's Island Mission :

Miss E. Mitchell has been kindly exerting herself to collect money to aid in building a church at Richard's Landing in the above named mission, and the Rev. H. Beer has had the pleasure of receiving from Miss Mitchell the following subscription list, which he most gratefully acknowledges :

Rev. H. Osborne	£ 10.0
M.C. Seaton	2.6
H. E. W.	1.0
Mrs. and Miss E. Mitchell	5.0
C.E.S.	1.0
F.G. Loeh	10.0
L. Maton	2.6
The Misses Macaulay	10.0
Miss Martyn	1.0
Mrs. Nourse	2.6
Mr. Nourse	2.6
Miss Jones	2.6
Miss Randolph	1.0
Mrs. Downie	1.0

£ 212.6

Prof. Boys	\$ 1.00
Mr. H. J. Beck	1.00
Ausmymous	10.00.
Mr. Martin	*.50
Miss Wilgress	1.00
Friend	10
Anowynsus	25
Miss Maud Layley	25
Friend	10
Miss Tuley	50
Mrs. J. D. Cayley	1.00
Mrs. J. R. Cartwright	1.00
Miss Mitchell	52

\$17.22.

Total in dollars &c. \$30.10

Received Sept. 14th from Mrs. Thbet Fredricton, N.B., parcel of clothing containing 1 cloak, 1 dress, 7 chimeses. Also a barrel of clothing per S. Howe, in latter part of July, or first of August, of which I believe Mrs. Wilson took a list, viz : 2 hoods, 2 cloaks, 1 packet, 1 dress, 1 jersey, 1 petticoat, 3 chimeses, 1 pair drawers.

A. W. CUNNINGHAM.