



VOL. I.

AUGUST 1ST. 1877.

No. 2.

3

## The Rev. E. F. Wilson's Tour Through Canada.

ON the 21st of May I started on a tour through Canada, accompanied by two of the Indian boys from our institution, my object being not to collect money, but simply to tell our friends who have been helping us what by God's help we have been enabled to do, and what through His blessing we still hope to do. God has helped us and blessed us wonderfully hitherto; our present institution cost \$12,000 to establish, and it requires upwards of \$5000 per annum to carry it on, still, though we are dependent almost entirely on voluntary contributions, and have made no effort to raise funds further than by making our wants known, yet have we had no debts thus far, and our wants one by one have been supplied. We therefore thank God and take courage.

The two Indian boys who accompanied me on my long journey of 4000 miles, were Charlie Maggrah, of Great Manitoulin Island, whose Indian name is "Bwahneshin," *i. e.* a bird alighting; and Benjamin Shingwauk, of Garden River, a nephew of the old Indian chief "Little Pine," (Shingwauk), after whom our institution, the Shingwauk Home,

is called. Benjamin's Indian name is Menesenoons, which means a "Little Warrior." These two boys aged respectively 12 and 11, were learning their A. B. C's. and could hardly speak a word of English when they came to us, about two years ago, but now they can read the New Testament fairly, can spell and do geography and sums in long division and write a fair hand and talk English quite readily. We also took with us a model of the Institution, shewing the large stone building with seventy feet frontage, three stories high, and accommodation for from sixty to seventy boys. In front appears the play-ground and flower garden enclosed by stone walls and a picket fence; a team is going along the road, and numbers of boys are playing about the grounds; the smaller buildings around are pointed out as the carpenter shop, laundry, printing office, tinsmith shop, bootmaker's and tailor's shops, and at one corner are the farm buildings with a number of cows coming out of the farm-yard gate and filing down the road.

As it may be interesting to many of our friends to know how we succeeded,

and what reception we met with, I will now give a brief outline of our tour:—

The first part of the journey was a dash of two miles along a muddy road in a buggy drawn by my spirited little mare "Dolly," with only ten minutes to catch the boat. The next 300 miles were passed on board the steamboat *Ontario*, which, after rather a rough passage, landed us in Sarnia on the night of Tuesday, May 22nd. We slept at the Alexander Hotel, and the next morning our boys woke up to their first taste of civilized life. There were locomotives puffing and whistling close to the hotel, this was a great novelty to them, and almost before they were awake they were startled by cries as of a strange cat, which however turned out to be a beautiful peacock with its spread tail blazing in the sunshine in the garden just below our window. From Sarnia we took the cars to Toronto. Here we passed the Queen's birthday, and the boys saw a splendid display of fireworks in the evening in the Horticultural Gardens. The most remarkable part of the entertainment was a race between a pig and an elephant in mid-air. They were fireballoons shaped like those animals, and it was really very good. On Friday the 25th, we took the cars again eastward and arrived in Belleville about noon. This was the beginning of our work, and we held our first meeting that evening in Belleville Town Hall, the Rev. J. W. Burke presiding. There was a fair attendance, and after the meeting our two boys distributed papers about our Home and contribution envelopes, which I asked the people to take home with them and at any future day that they might feel disposed, to put something in and place it on the offertory plate, and it would thus in due time come to us. The envelopes, I should mention, had the following words on them:—"Algoma. A contribution to God's work in the Indian Institution at Sault Ste. Marie." It seems to me such a much nicer plan to ask people to give in this way, instead of going about begging from house to house. I like to ask people to give to God and not to me. By thus taking home the envelopes with them, and making their offerings in secret, it is not likely that we shall receive any *objectionable gifts*, by which I mean gifts offered in a mean or ostentatious or otherwise wrong spirit. I value the small gift of the earnest Christian immensely more than the large gift of the wealthy worldling. If God

give us largely and speedily we shall "go forward;" if God give us sparingly and slowly it will be the sign to move cautiously in our work. We cannot, I believe, err, if we watch the guiding cloud.

While in Belleville we were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Burke, who entertained us most hospitably, and the following day, Saturday, we proceeded on to Kingston. Two kind ladies—Mrs. Clarke, and her sister Miss Fowler—received us into their house at Kingston. Rev. F. W. Kirkpatrick our Sec. Treasurer, having just met with a sudden bereavement which prevented his having us in his house. Our model was placed in a conspicuous position in the window of a druggists shop in Prince's Street and attracted great attention. The following day, Sunday, I gave a short address to St. James' S. School at 9.30 a. m., preached in St. James' at the 11 o'clock service, gave a missionary address in St. Paul's to a large gathering of school children at 4 p. m., and at 7 p. m., attended the cathedral service and preached again. The next day, Monday, we arrived in Brockville and I gave an address at the 7 p. m., service, in Rev. E. P. Crawford's new church, which is barely yet completed, it promises to be one of the most handsome church edifices in Canada, and Brockville is a lovely place. Our correspondent there is Mrs. Hardinge, who is indefatigable in working for us. On Tuesday we went on to Smith's Falls. We were received at the station by the Rev. C. P. Emery who took us to his house, and there we found a deputation of young Algoma workers waiting to receive our boys. After a good tea they all went in strongly for a game at baseball, and at 8 p. m., there was a largely attended service in the church; our model was placed on exhibition in the chancel, and I gave a missionary address, after which the boys distributed papers and envelopes as usual. After the meeting, Mr. Emery gave notice that he proposed to follow the Apostolic custom of breaking bread with missionary guests, and invited the people to early communion at 7.30 a. m., next morning. The 4.05 p. m., train next day brought us to Prescott; the Rev. W. Lewin is the clergyman here, he has a handsome stone church and our boys enjoyed going up into the belfry to see the bells. There was an evening meeting in the school-house and a large attendance. The following morning (May 31st) we started at 5 a. m., and arrived in Ottawa in time for a rather

late breakfast at Rev. Canon Jones', the rector of St. Albans'. The morning was spent in the parliament buildings; I had an interview with the Premier in regard to my work among the Indians, which was quite satisfactory, and in the afternoon we went out to Rideau Hall to pay our respects to the Governor-General. Happily his Excellency was at home, and he received the boys very kindly and showed them through the rooms of Rideau Hall. One thing that he said to them at parting I hope they will always remember. He said "I hope you boys will grow up to be good Canadians." This just expresses the secret of our work, this is just what we want to do with our Indian boys: to make Canadians of them. When they leave our institution, instead of returning to their Indian Reserves, to go back to their old way of living we want them to become apprenticed out to white people and to become in fact Canadians. The following day I had an interview with the Deputy Superintendent of Indian Affairs, in reference to the setting apart of lands for our boys to settle on when they leave us; the result was quite satisfactory. We then went through the parliament buildings, and Ben and Charlie each had the privilege of sitting for a few moments in the Governor-General's State Chair, which he uses when opening parliament. While in Ottawa we held a successful meeting in St. Alban's school-house, the children of which had just sent us a contribution of over \$10, and then proceeded on to Montreal. Rooms had been provided for us by our friends at the Albion Hotel, and our model was put on exhibition in Dawson's book store. Mrs. Simpson, our indefatigable secretary-treasurer, had already planned for us all our movements during our stay in Montreal. On Sunday (June 3rd) I had first to preach in the morning at St. George's, then to address St. James' the Apostle Sunday School at 3 p. m. and St. George's Sunday School at 4 p. m., and lastly to preach in the cathedral in the evening. It was rather amusing how every Sunday School took it for granted that I had brought *their boy* with me, St. James' children wanted to know which of the two boys was Angus, and St. George's which of the two was Tommy. We had a capital meeting in the Synod Hall on Monday, at which Dean Bond presided, (the Bishop being away from town) and on the platform were the Rev. Messrs. Baldwin, Carmichael, Evans, Ellegood

and Norman, and Mr. Thomas of Molson's Bank. On Tuesday the 5th we ran out to Como for the day. It is a beautiful little village situated on the River Ottawa, nearly opposite to the Indian village of Oka. We were hospitably entertained by Mrs. Gibbs, and had a capital little meeting in the evening in her school house which is only just erected, and not yet quite completed. Como has a very English look about it, and there is a beautiful little stone church with a wild grape vine growing over the old fashioned looking entrance gate. The windows are stained glass, and everything is finished with great care and nicety. At 5 o'clock next morning we got on board the steamer *Princess* and returned to Montreal. The boys had their photographs taken at Notman's, and in the evening there was a meeting at St. Thomas' Church. The Rev. R. Lindsay, the rector, took the chair, and we had a very good meeting. Miss Alice Spragge who is doing a good work for our institution is also a member of this congregation. On Thursday, the 7th, Mrs. Simpson took us to visit the Grey Nunnery in the morning; in the afternoon I addressed the young ladies of Mrs. Mercer's ladies-school, and in the evening we departed by steamboat for Quebec.

We arrived in Quebec early on the morning of June 8th, and found rooms taken for us at Henchey's hotel. The Synod of the diocese was sitting, and after settling into our rooms we went to the Synod Hall, and received a hearty welcome from the Bishop and many of the clergy whom I knew. In the afternoon I took the boys to the citadel and they were greatly pleased to see the soldiers and the big guns; there was a tame cariboo there, marching about, and a bear chained up. In the evening we dined at the Bishop's. Both the Bishop and Mrs. Williams have always taken much interest in our work, and Mrs. Williams has kindly given her name as patroness of our new Girl's Home; Mrs. Oxenden of Montreal has also conferred a similar favor on our institution. One thing that took our boys' fancy particularly in the streets of Quebec was an organ grinder and a monkey. They have a great horror of policemen. We don't have such things in Algoma. On Sunday (June 10th) we attended the Rev. C. Hamilton's beautifully finished church, with surpliced choir, and choral service throughout, the congregation very large and attentive. We dined with Mr. Judge, who has long been a

friend to our work. And in the afternoon I addressed a united gathering of Sunday Schools in St. Matthews. In the evening I preached at the cathedral. The following day, Monday, I took my boys over the ocean steamship *Sardinian*, one of the finest of the Allan Line, which had just come into port, and explained to them how the various parts of the vessel had been injured in my last perilous voyage on the *Circassian*. We lunched at Mr. Robert Hamilton's, and in the afternoon drove out to visit Wolf's monument and the gaol, the boys each took a copy of the inscription on the monument, and we returned to Mr. Hamilton's for dinner. There was a capital meeting in the national school hall in the evening. The Bishop of Quebec presided, and nearly all the city clergy were present. The model was placed on exhibition and I gave my address, which was followed by several kind and encouraging speeches by those present. St. Matthew's Sunday School has determined to support a girl as well as a boy in our institution.

We had not intended to go further east than St. John, N. B., but finding we had a day or two to spare, we resolved to run on into Nova Scotia and visit Halifax. Two telegrams had been despatched, one to Rev. Geo. Hill, rector of St. Paul's Halifax, to tell of our intended visit, and the other to Montreal in the hope of obtaining a pass from Mr. Brydges. The application for the pass was happily successful, and thereby, through the kind liberality of Mr. Brydges we were saved some \$75. So on Tuesday, June 12th, off we started for Halifax at 8 o'clock in the morning; we had 687 miles to go, and it took us all day, all night, and half the next day to get there. However we made ourselves comfortable in a Pullman sleeping car (one more novelty for the boys) and at 1.30 p. m., Wednesday arrived at the end of our journey. We put up at the Halifax Hotel, got dinner, and then sought Mr. Hill's house. He received us very kindly and a meeting was arranged for the evening, after which we went down on the sea shore, and the boys enjoyed themselves immensely paddling about in the sea-water among the limpets and star-fish and sea weed, and making vain attempts to catch crabs. I taunted poor Ben for having come 1900 miles to catch a crab and not catching one after all! We had a very good meeting in the evening in the Argyle Hall, and I am in hopes that something may be done towards helping our

Indian Homes. Next day, (Thursday) we drove about the city with Mr. Hill, and called on several of the clergy, among whom were Mr. Abbott of the cathedral, and Mr. Sills who formerly lived at Campbell and has done a great deal to help us. In the afternoon we visited the public gardens, which are beautifully laid out, and have quite an English appearance, with their fountains and ornamental water covered with swans and waterfowl; we also went over the man of war *Argus* which was lying at the dock. In the evening we left Halifax, and taking a Pullman car started for another long trip of 276 miles to St. John, New Brunswick. We reached St. John early on Friday morning the 15th, and went to the house of our hard working Secretary-Treasurer, the Rev. T. E. Dowling, in Carleton. After breakfast Mr. Dowling took us down to the sea-shore, and we all had a bathe as it was very hot. In the evening there was service in the church, and I gave my missionary address and exhibited the model. The following day, Saturday, we spent in St. John. We dined with the Rev. F. H. Brigstocke, the rector of Trinity Church, and visited the Wiggins Orphan Asylum; it was a very elaborately built structure and cost about \$60,000 but there were at the time only about fifteen inmates. In the afternoon there was a missionary meeting for us at Trinity school-house. Heavy rain just at the time of the meeting prevented the attendance from being as large as had been hoped, still the large school room was more than half filled, and the audience appeared to take great interest in hearing about our work, and seeing the model. Nearly all the city clergy were present on the platform and thus shewed their interest in our undertaking. After the meeting we went to a most pleasant little party at Mrs. Peters. Mrs. Peters little girl Florence, about 14 years old, had held a bazaar during the early spring on behalf of the Wawanosh Home, and with the assistance of a number of young friends had raised the large sum of \$109. So this was a little gathering of these busy workers to meet our two Indian boys. The evening passed off very merrily with games and singing, in both of which our two young Indians joined heartily. The following day, Sunday, we crossed in the ferryboat to St. John early in the morning, and found a cab waiting for us at the landing to convey us to St. Paul's School, Portland, (Portland and Carleton are both parts of St. John, the total population being

about 40,000). St. Paul's Sunday school has long taken an active interest in our institution, and they support a boy named James Kezhegud. After addressing this Sunday school, we drove to Trinity Church, where I preached. This is the oldest church in St. John, one of the old landmarks of New Brunswick, and I had the honor of preaching the last morning sermon in it before its destruction. We dined at Mr. Brigstocke's, and at 4 p. m. proceeded to St. Paul's Church, Portland, where it had been arranged to have a union service of all the Sunday schools. There was a very large attendance, and all the children listened very attentively while I told of the origin of our institution through the instrumentality of the old chief "Little Pine," of my journey to England with Chief Bukwujjenene, and of our terrible fire, which laid our first institution in ashes six days after it was completed, and lastly of the marvellous way in which God had helped us and blessed us ever since. Little did the children think that in a few days many of them would be driven from

their own comfortable homes by fire. We had tea at Mr. DeVeber's (the rector of St. Paul's,) and in the evening I preached again at the Rev. Geo. Armstrong's church in the parish of St. Mark's and after the service assisted him at evening communion. There is something pleasant to me in preaching now in a surplice, now in a black gown, now joining in the full choral service, now joining in the good old Islington style, one day an early communion with a High Church brother, another day an evening communion with one of the Evangelical school. In both I see beauty, in neither do I see opposition to the word of God. Let a man be bent on seeking God's glory, God's honor, the eternal salvation of souls and the spread of Christ's kingdom, and a great many of these little differences will sink into comparative nothingness. I think neither the gentle Saviour nor the loved disciple John would approve of the wrangling and disputing that too often disturbs our Church and weakens her hands.

(To be continued.)

## Little Pine's Journal.

THE WRITER IS THE CHIEF WHOSE APPEAL IN 1871 SUGGESTED THE SHINGWAUK HOME.

IT was when the "sucker moon" rose (February) that the bad news came to us that our Black coat (missionary) was to be taken from us. I called our people together in the teaching-wigwam, both men and women, and for a long time we sat and consulted what was to be done; it seemed a sad thing to us to lose our Black-coat, who for many years had labored faithfully among us and had been a father to us. We all said, "It must not be, our Black-coat must not leave us;" and we wrote a letter to the Great Black-coat (the Bishop) who lives in the big town [Toronto], and petitioned him to let our beloved minister stay and labor amongst us. The Great Black coat wrote us back answering that he was willing our pastor should remain, but he could not tell us for certain whether it would be so or not.

The weeks passed on; the day of prayer came round many times; and now the moon of flowers [May] rose; the winter was past, and spring had arrived. Our Black coat now told us that the time had come for him to leave us; that there were other Indians, the Nahduwag [Mohawks] away south on the Grand River, who called him to come and teach them, and he must now go. We were all very sad when he told us this, for we loved him

much, we loved his wife, we loved his children who were born on our land, and had grown up together with our children; we could not bear to part with him; but he told us that he was called away, and that however much he might himself wish it, still he could not stay, and he hoped another missionary would soon be found to take his place.

At length one morning the fire-ship [steamboat] arrived, and we assembled on the wharf to bid him farewell, the young men fired their guns, and he departed from us.

Then we were sad in our hearts. When we met in the prayer-wigwam [church] the next prayer-day [Sunday] there was no Black-coat to teach us. One of our young men read prayers, another read from God's book, we sang hymns, and then my brother-chief, Pahqudgenene ["Man of the Desert"] stood up to exhort the congregation. But his heart was full he could not speak; he only uttered a few words, and then his voice choked him. He sat down and buried his face in his hands. We were all of us then overcome with grief. We all wept. And we had no teaching that prayer day. A few days after this we saw a sail boat approach, it came fast over the waters of the river. We were indeed glad

when we learned that a Black-coat was on board. We knew who it was, for he had already visited us before in passing. His English name was Wilson, but the Chippeways of Ahmujewuhnoong [Sarnia], with whom he has lived as their minister, call

him Puhkukabun [Clear Daylight.] He landed, and our young men helped him to carry up his things to the house. His wife was with him, and at this we were glad also.

(To be continued.)

## Preparations for opening the Wawanosh Home.

**W**E think it desirable in this number of our Algoma paper to introduce to our readers the lady who has offered us her services as Superintendent of our new home for Indian Girls.

Madame Capelle is a German by birth, but has resided several years in England, and at one time conducted a mission school at Zanzibar in Africa under Bishop Steere.

We welcome her among us, feeling sure that her way has been directed of God to come, and that she will give her whole heart to the great and important work of caring for the poor Indian girls of Canada.

The wing of the new home is now advancing towards completion, and of the \$1000 per ann. required towards the general support of the Home, about \$600 is, we hope, already guaranteed. So with God's blessing and depending on His gracious support we shall hope to make a beginning next October.

### MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE INDIANS.

BY MADAME CAPELLE.

My experience among the Indian boys is short, nevertheless I having had entirely to do with them during the last six weeks—in which Mr. Wilson was upon his yearly round and Mr. Bennetts had left for the holidays—and given my whole interest in the matter, I want to express the impressions the Indians made upon me, and to mention some of their striking features. Of course every one is impressed by different objects as well as qualities, but does not a picture, a landscape or a book gain by finding out its different beauties and originalities? the more so a human character in its individuality as well as in a whole race in general.

What was most striking to me, is a great

mixture of truthfulness and deceit in them; whenever I had any suspicion of one or other of the boys, after having seen something wrong or missing, and I asked them who was the culprit, they always, though slowly, confessed their fault. On the other side it is an easy thing for them to be hypocritical in religious things and to deceive for years their very much beloved clergyman, who has constantly to deal with them, and would, I am sure, be willing to shed his very heart's blood for them. But such an experience must not lead us to doubt all of them, we all know that the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, and God is the Ruler over every heart; I found several among them who can entirely be trusted, as well in doing their work faithfully, or in leaving them before the open stores and filled dishes, when you turn your back.

They are in general very lazy, even more so than the negroes, who have the great heat as their excuse; but the Indians living in the most healthy climate of the world, in a bracing air, have only neglected their mental as well as their bodily powers, and a good discipline is wanted to change them in a lapse of time to really useful working people.

Esquimau, one of the Indians, (I wish you could see his picture) who wishes to become a clergyman, and who went in our large boat called "The Missionary," up the Lake Superior, to fetch from among the wild Indians some more boys to be taught and trained in our institute, brought back two very bright little fellows, very pretty but savage-looking Indians.

They were dressed, or rather, not dressed, in some scanty remains of clothing, which showed everywhere their dark red-brown skin, the eyes danced in their heads, and the half-open, when smiling, mouth, showed a beautiful set of teeth.

The first and most necessary thing I did, was to make a hot bath for them, and let another boy soap them thoroughly, their rags had to be burnt and I dressed them afresh, but the stores of clothing were very scanty, so for want of an over-

dress (coat or jacket) I put a second shirt over one of their trousers, and when I brought them before Mrs. Wilson, she asked me "But could this boy not wear his shirt under his trousers?" I told he had one underneath, and we could not help being amused about the double-shirted boy, who joined in our hilarity with a wondering smile. Oh I found them so very pretty and felt so happy as never before in my life.

These new boys did not know anything; I do not mean writing or reading, no, of course not, for they had never seen a book before, and handled it very funnily when I gave one to them, I mean in holding even a broom. I told the one to sweep the lavatory, gave him the broom in the hand and showed him where to sweep, but he looked at me and then at the broom and then he dragged it slowly after him and thought he had done sweeping, but very soon the little fellow learned to do better, and now they know how to help everywhere, to clean the kitchen, washing the plates etc., and their own clothes, the eldest of them even knows now how to make bread, and did it wonderfully last time.

The MISSIONARY NEWS dated July the 1st, are mostly sewn by little Davidas and Johnny our smallest, but our best boys, who gave up their play-time and were several days very busy in sewing these leaves, of which were more than three thousand.

Above all I enjoyed my bible lessons with the Indian boys (some men), on Sunday afternoon, during the absence of Mr. Wilson; my prayer went very earnestly up each time to bless His words in their hearts for Jesus sake, and I know it will not return unto Him void altogether, for He has promised it. Last Sunday I had the subject of "Prayer answered," and examples about it, and had very eager listeners. I saw at different times some of them reading their bible and one day after evening prayer, William, our printer boy, came with his bible asking me to show him verses I read and to explain them to him, it was St. Mark viii. 34-38; he seemed very much interested in the subject, and I went

that day more thankful than ever in bed for God's grace, and gave Him the glory.

This is the most difficult and important thing for which in our employments as teachers or missionaries we ought to pray, namely for humbleness; the temptation is so often felt to be satisfied with *ourselves*, with *our* efforts and *our* successes as we call them, instead of relying only and alone on His grace and His help.

It would be so much more easy to bear all the disappointments and failures in spiritual things especially, and we would go on in His strength and leave all the rest to Him. And it can hardly be expected any gratitude of those people whose feelings neither by birth nor by education were sufficiently cultivated and those finer feelings will only show themselves after several generations have profited by the benefits, white Christian people give them opportunity of.

But why then stand idle and not moving hand and foot to help those poor neglected fellow-creatures of ours, shall we just look at them and see them fall lower and lower, instead of using all our means and powers to help them to stand on the same level with us—for their souls are as precious as ours—and the thought how soon this life passes away, with the real Home and eternal Life before us, makes the work so much easier.

My new Girls Home will be finished (D. V.) on the first of October, when I hope to begin God's work there with perhaps 10 Indian girls.

I know all my young friends in England, and others too will be interested to hear about each of my little red-brown charges, their work, their capabilities, their originalities. I promise to keep account of each of them on purpose to keep up the interest of all those kind Christian souls God sent in my way during my stay in dear old England.

All of you, whose eyes fall upon this paper, I ask to consider the Mission to the Red Indians as a very earnest thing and to bring the subject once every week before the Throne of Grace to ask God's blessing for it; please do so for Jesus Sake.

#### WAWANOSH HOME.

**T**HE following annual subscriptions we have reason to hope will be given towards the general support of the Wawanosh Home for girls:—

St. John's S. School Smith's Falls	\$ 10 00
Trinity, St. John N. B. (this of course we do not now look for)	100 00
Cathedral, S. School, Quebec	10 00
St. Mark's, St. John, N. B.,	10 00
Holy Trinity, Rothesay, N. B.,	10 00

Como	10 00	Pev. R. Harrison, Toronto	10 00
Fredericton S. S., (St. Ann's)	10 00	St. James', Kingston	20 00
St. Peter's, Barton	10 00	Ch. of Messiah, Kincardine	20 00
Ch. of Ascension, Hamilton	100 00	Cathedral, Kingston	10 00
St. Andrew's, Grimsby	10 00	St. Paul's "	10 00
St. James', Port Dalhousie	10 00	St. Alban's, Ottawa	10 00
Drummondville	10 00		
Trinity, Chippewa	10 00		\$654 00
Clifton	10 00		
St. James' Ingersoll	20 00	The following we understand will under-	
Chapter House, London, Ont.	20 00	take the support of Indian children in our	
Memorial Church	10 00	institutions:—	
Christ Church, Exeter	10 00	Port Rowan, half a boy; St. Paul's,	
St. Paul's, Clinton	10 00	Toronto, the whole of Charlie instead of	
Mr. Schofield, St. John N. B.	10 00	half; St. Peter's Toronto, the whole of	
Rev. J. P. Hincks, Ingersoll	2 00	John Rodd instead of half; Church Re-	
Thos. Wills, Ingersoll	2 00	deemer, Toronto, a new boy in the place	
St. John's, Belleville	10 00	of half Rodd; St. John's, Toronto, a new	
Per Mrs. Hardinge, Brockville	20 00	boy in the place of Charlie; Frelighsburg,	
St. John's Prescott	10 00	a boy; St. Paul's London, a new boy in-	
Montreal Branch Association	50 00	stead of Adam; Mrs. Osborne, Belleville,	
St. Thomas', Montreal	10 00	to collect for a boy; Trinity, Brockville, a	
Christ Church, Stansted, P. Q.	10 00	boy; St. Matthew's Quebec, a girl (in	
St. George's Carleton, St. John		addition to boy already supported); St.	
N. B.	10 00	Paul's, Halifax, a boy; Oakville Rural	
Campobello	10 00	Deanery, two children.	
Rev. J. D. Cayley, Toronto	10 00		
Ch. Redeemer S. S. "	10 00		
Holy Trinity "	10 00	[If any of the above are incorrect will	
Rev. H. C. Cooper, Islington	10 00	our friends kindly set us right.]	

### CLOTHING FOR THE BOYS.

**O**UR stock of clothing for the boys is very nearly entirely exhausted. The supply this spring from working parties and Sunday Schools has been much less than last year, and our boys are increasing in number.

We acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of the following useful boxes and bales of clothing, books &c.

*From England, a large bale con-*

taining parcels of clothing from Mrs. Jeaffreson, Missionary Leaves Association, and Miss Wilson. *From Mrs. Hardinge, Brockville, a box of books for the Sunday School library. From Mrs. Simpson, Montreal, a box of books for ditto. From Miss Chadwick, Guelph, a box of clothing &c., for "Little Elk." From St. Matthew's, Quebec, a box of clothing for Willie Riley. From Messrs. Wanzer & Co., Hamilton, a sewing machine for the Girl's Home.*

## ALGOMA MISSIONARY NEWS

AND

## SHINGWAUK JOURNAL.

*Published monthly.—Price 35c per annum, mailed.*

**NOTE.**—A certain number of the Quarterly issue *i. e.* January, April, July and October, are still distributed gratis as formerly, but the intermediate months are sent only to subscribers. *Address:—REV. E. F. WILSON, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.*

SEND POSTAGE STAMPS.