



VOL. I.

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No. 9

Garden River.

THIS mission, formerly visited by the Rev. Dr. O'Meara when stationed on Manitoulin Island, and, since then, for upwards of twenty years under the pastoral charge of the Rev. James Chance, has been allowed, the last few years somewhat to fall back from its former prosperity. Since the fire in the autumn of 1873, which burnt the original Shingwauk Home, there has been no regular minister, the parsonage has not been rebuilt, and the church, a frame building, is growing old, the sills rotting away from under it, and uncomfortable gleams of light appearing where they should not in the walls and floor. We are very happy to be able to state that there are evidences of revival in religious life, now, among the Garden River people, and we think our readers will be interested to hear the following account of a recent visit to that place, and of a visit which the Garden River Indians subsequently made en masse to the Shingwauk Home. The following is: Mr. Wilson's account of his visit:—"I spent Friday, Saturday and Sunday at Garden River, and felt very much encouraged about the whole appearance of the mission. Mr. Rowe, who is

at present located there as a theological student, shortly to be ordained, seems earnest and active, and is much liked by the Indians. It is the wish of the Bishop to place Mr. Rowe, after his ordination, in full charge of the mission, but at present there is some hesitancy through want of funds. It would be a great blow and disappointment to the Indians if he were removed, as they quite hope and expect that he is to be their clergyman. Surely when we see evidences of revival in an Indian mission, and remember, also, their long history of faithful attachment to the Church ever since they first embraced Christianity, it is a great wrong to them, and a wrong to the cause of religion to leave them deserted, or to give them any cause to think that their ignorance and poverty and difference of race, precludes them from full membership in that spiritual body whereof Christ is the head. Algoma diocese has been upwards of four years in existence now, and yet no steps have as yet been taken for the extension of Christian teaching among the heathen Indians. Manitoulin mission was in existence when our diocese was formed, and it exists still. Garden River had formerly a resident

minister, at present it has only a catechist. The Indians of the North Shore of Lake Superior, Goulais Bay, Batchewauning, Michipicoten, Pic, Neepigon, Fort William, and of Spanish River, La Cloche, Nipissing, and many other places, were unvisited (except very occasionally), untaught and uncared for, when our diocese was formed—and it is the same now. *Nothing has been done for them yet.* True, last summer, five of our Shingwauk boys went in an open boat 250 miles to Pic River, and visited those Indians and others, reading the Scriptures and praying with them. As volunteers these boys went, gladly giving up the weeks which would otherwise have been their holidays. But this is all that has yet been done for the scattered tribes of Indians north and south of us.

My desire is for the Garden River mission and our Shingwauk Home to be united as a strong bulwark, a central point, from which may spread far and wide around among the Indians the glad news of the Gospel. And I think the time is ripe for it. Here at the Shingwauk Home, we have evidences among the boys for which we are most thankful, of earnestness, religious life and vigour, and a desire to bear fruit to the glory of God; and no less at Garden River have we cause to rejoice that some at least among the people, though scoffed at as publicans and harlots by many of their white neighbours, are shewing good evidence of the same religious life in the soul. Very touching was the prayer of the old gray-haired chief, kneeling upon his bed, in the course of a meeting held at his house the evening of our arrival. I had been reading the latter part of Matt. xxv. about the great concourse before the Throne, and the King dividing them as a shepherd divides the sheep from the goats, "Wonderful news," said the old man in his prayer, "Wonderful news are these we have heard to-night. We Indians, in the days that are past, knew nothing of what

should be after death, but now these wonderful news have been brought to us. On which side of the Great King will we Garden River Indians be? Garden River man, Garden River woman, Garden River boy, Garden River girl. On which side will we be of the Great Judgment Throne? Will we be on the right hand or will we be on the left? God grant that we may be prepared, that we may be found trusting in the Saviour who came on earth to die for us." Forty-seven people had assembled at the meeting, although only two hours notice had been given, and the following evening, Saturday, we had another meeting in another of the Indians' houses at which some twenty persons assembled. On that day I also walked four or five miles out across the ice to visit the Sugar Island Indians who belong to our Church and are accustomed to attend our services. One old man had not been at Church for a long time, owing to some dispute with the other Indians, but he now admitted that he had been wrong in staying away; that was all past now he said, and he would think no more about it; and the following day he came both to church and to the Sacrament. We had a full congregation on Sunday, and forty persons remained to partake of the Sacrament. Immediately after the service we had to start homewards, driving on the frozen river so as to be in time for Sunday School at the Shingwauk Home. Before leaving I invited the Garden River people, as many of them as liked, to come to the Shingwauk Home the following Friday week, for tea, followed by a religious meeting, the object being to unite ourselves more firmly and earnestly in our work for God, with the view of making Garden River and the Shingwauk Home the central point for extensive missionary work among the surrounding Indian tribes.

[The account of the visit of the Indians to the Shingwauk Home was unfortunately crowded out of this issue; but will appear in our next].

Wawanosh Home.

OUR Wawanosh Home having been brought into notice by Mrs. Fauquier's able remarks and introduction of the various pupils, followed up by the Rev. E. F. Wilson's mention of our difficulties in commencing, and our general appearance within the Home, I feel that all those interested in the working of the Home would feel pleased by a more

minute account of our daily life. In October we commenced with three girls whose number soon increased to eight, their ages from sixteen to nine; one was then in the Fourth Book, one in the Second, and the remainder at their letters, or in the First Book; they have all passed into Part II. of the First Book, and are writing on their slates quite nicely, Elise

Muhnedoowahsing has gone into the Third Book, they have learnt several Psalms and Hymns, many of the latter they sing very sweetly, the elder girls have also committed to memory the tenth and fifteenth chapters of St. John's Gospel. Two are always on duty with our able and kind matron, learning to bake, cook, clean and wash; the elder ones can give good assistance, and even those under twelve are beginning to wash and clean quite nicely. They rise a little before seven, breakfast at eight, go into the schoolroom from nine until twelve, dine a little after, and at half past two assemble for work, which is varied a little by arithmetic. Of the ornaments they have accomplished quite a lot; in the four months have been made for the Shingwauk boys, 82 vests, 4 prs. of drawers, 24 hammocks, 16 sheets, 12 prs. of braces, and 8 prs. of knitted socks, besides keeping their own clothes in repair; they are fond of work and would be glad of a few commissions for work—baskets, which they work very prettily. It will be a great advantage to our Institute when the building is completed, for our space is very limited, and with our bad roads we are confined a good deal this winter from the uncertain state of the weather; our roads have almost been impassable, and one scarcely ever goes into Ste. Marie without meeting with some adventure. I would ask friends kindly to think of us in the way of pictures or children's papers which they have finished with as the teaching is more effectual if taught by object lessons, and the Indian children like pictures and pretty things; Mrs. Fauquier sends them *The Young Christian Soldier*, and the *Children's Friend*, which they like very much. Christmas seemed a very happy time,

Santa Claus did not forget their stockings, and very pretty presents arrived from the Shingwauk from Mrs. Wilson. We were to have spent the day there, but illness among the boys prevented. Now all are well. Mr. Wilson seems to give his whole life to the Shingwauk boys, he is their clergyman, doctor, and instructor in many of their studies, those who have advanced in their studies and merited good conduct tickets are dressed in a kind of uniform which is quite becoming.

Trusting I have not wearied our Wawanosh friends with such a detailed account of our bush Home, and feeling that I shall be glad at any time to answer questions respecting it.

I sign myself

M. J. BROWNE

Lady Supt. Wawanosh Home.

[The following is a letter to the Lady Superintendent, from an Indian, the father of two of her pupils].

To the Lady Supt. Waw. Home:—

Madam.—I was very glad to hear from you that my children were well, and doing well, and I was glad to hear that they were so much attached to you. Catharine's mother got her letter, and sends an answer by this mail. I thought Melissa would have been lonesome at first, as it was the first time she had ever been from home, and she was always our pet, and we were very lonesome at home for a while after she went away, till we heard she was well. I will be very glad to hear from you at any time about my children. I was very proud to see that they were able to write to me themselves.

I remain your humble servant,

STEPHEN CAUSLY.

Blind River, Feb. 8th., 1878.

Death of Mrs. McMurray.

MANY of the old residents of Ste. Marie, both White and Indian, were truly sorry to hear recently of the death of Mrs. McMurray, and heartily sympathize with the Archdeacon of Niagara in his sorrow. When Dr. McMurray first took charge of the Ste. Marie mission, forty-five years ago, there was no clergyman nearer to him than Detroit on the one hand, and Toronto on the other; so that hundreds of miles intervened between him and the nearest Christian settlements. The Indians at that time lived in their birch bark lodges, and roamed about the country, fishing in the Ste. Marie

Rapids, and hunting bear and beaver in the woods; they called their young minister Na-zhe-ka-wa-wa-sung, (the Lone Lightning), a singularly appropriate name for one bearing the light of the Gospel alone in the desolate wilderness. The Indians loved their missionary for his kindness and teaching, and their good feelings towards him were increased when he took one connected by descent with their own nation, to be his wife. The old people still talk of O-ge-ne-bah-goo-qua in very affectionate terms, and truly sorry were they to hear of her death.

We gather some interesting particulars

of the early history of Mrs. McMurray from the columns of the *Dominion Churchman*. Her father was John Johnston, Esq., an Irish gentleman of high connection, from the North of Ireland, and her mother of pure Indian blood, a daughter of the then celebrated Indian warrior, Waubogieg (White-fisher) who took part with General Wolfe at the fall of Quebec. Anxious for the education of their children, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston sent their eldest daughter to England for her

education, whilst Mrs. McMurray, the third daughter, was educated at Detroit. When in 1832 the Archdeacon was sent to Ste. Marie as a catechist (being then too young for orders), Miss Johnston kindly acted as his interpreter; and when he returned in Deacon's orders, in the summer of 1833, she became his wife. They remained at the Sault for six years and laid the foundation of that work which is now extending itself around, under the episcopal administration of Bishop Fauquier.

Where we find our boys.

A LITTLE way back in the bush from our mission house at Sarnia where we lived about eight years ago, was a miserable wigwam made of a few sticks tied together and covered with bark, in which lay a poor decrepid woman, who for two years had been lying in a state of helplessness, her feet and her hands both crippled with rheumatism. She seemed very lonely, poor creature, and nobody seemed to care for her, and many a time we visited her and brought her relief before we saw a smile cross her face. There was a daughter of fifteen named Mary, and a boy somewhat younger named Peter, but these two were seldom at home, and did not care for their poor mother as they ought to have done. But there was yet another boy, a sharp little fellow of five years old named Willie, with a shock of black hair, bright eyes, and a great readiness to enter into conversation. His Indian name was Wametegooshans (Little Frenchman). We took a fancy to this little fellow from the first, he was very dirty, and all in rags, but his face was open, and his eye bright, and it seemed a pity that he should be left with his mother in such a miserable condition; so about a year after this we made arrangements with our catechist at Kettle Point, another station, thirty miles distant, to take two little boys into his house, board and train them and let them attend his day-school; one of these boys was Willie, the other was Tommy Winter. So we set the sewing machine to work and made two little suits of grey cloth, one for Tommy and one for Willie, and we put them each into a tub, and gave them a thorough good scrubbing. Then clean and neat in their new clothes, these two little chaps of six years old, were shipped off to their new home. They did what Indian boys of their age often do, when first taken in hand and put under restrictions—they ran away.

However they had not got far on their thirty mile journey homewards, when they met and accosted a farmer in his waggon. Willie—always ready with his tongue, and already knowing a little English—called to the farmer, "Say you going Sarnia?" The farmer immediately twigged what was up, and cried "Yes, come along boys, jump in." So in they jumped, but were somewhat mortified, poor little fellows, to find themselves, half an hour later, back again at the catechist's house. The lesson was a good one for them, and from that day forward they had the impression deeply printed on their minds that farmers were everywhere on the watch for them, ready to bring them home if they tried to run away.

When it was settled for us to leave Sarnia and take up our abode at Garden River, it seemed best to remove these little Indian boys to a regular school, so we applied for and gained admission for them to the New England Company's Institution for Mohawks at Brantford. There were three boys to go, Willie, Tommy and another one somewhat older, named Elijah Corning.

The Mohawk Institution has been established many years, and has been a means of great usefulness in the Christianizing and civilizing of the Mohawk Indians, some three thousand of whom live in the neighborhood of Brantford. It is supported entirely by the New England Company, and at the time of our boys' admission there were some seventy children, girls and boys, receiving instruction within its walls. As the Mohawk language is entirely different to the Ojebway (more different than French is to English) the boys of course felt rather strange and shy on their arrival, surrounded on all sides by eager, inquisive companions of much the same colour and physiognomy as themselves, but entirely different in language.

Two days after their arrival two of the boys—Elijah and Tommy—had taken flight. One would hardly have thought that two little fellows, one under eight, and the other scarcely twelve would have taken it into their heads to make a journey of 120 miles on foot—ignorant of English, and with no supply of food. However these boys not only conceived the idea of returning to their homes, but they actually accomplished the feat, walking the whole way on the railway track, and, we suppose, begging food as they went along. Willie, however, was the wisest boy, for he stayed at school and acquired wisdom and knowledge. The matron told us that after the other boys were gone, Willie became quite her pet, and followed her about like a little dog. He soon learned to talk English and got on well with his lessons. When our Shingwauk Home was opened in August 1875, Willie Riley, who had left the Mohawk school and had been at home with his mother for some months, applied for admission and was gladly received. In June of that year we were visiting our old mission at Sarnia, now in the charge of the Rev. John Jacobs, a native minister; and, while there, we collected several children from the Walpole Island and Sarnia Reserves to take up with us on the steamboat to our Institution. Among them were William Sagucheway, a very promising boy who has been with us ever since, and is now one of the head boys of the school, and Jimmy Greenbird who was with us at Garden River, and is now one of our tailor boys. Willie Riley was now between eleven and twelve years of age, a clean, neat, respectable looking lad, very different to the shock-headed little fellow of the wigwam, but still, as of old, full of life and merriment. We took passage on the Ontario, a number of Indians coming down to the wharf to bid farewell to their children, of whom we had eight with us altogether, and on the second day after starting, about 1 p.m. we arrived at Sault Ste. Marie. The new building was only just completed, and we had not yet moved in, but were living in a lodging house a little way off; so we had to make up rooms and beds temporarily for our five girls and three boys. However, this was only for a few days; on the 30th of June we took possession of the new Shingwauk Home, master and matron arrived and nearly every boat brought a fresh influx of children; so very soon we were in active operation, and had all ready for the grand opening on the 2nd of August.

Willie Riley has remained with us ever

since, and although sometimes careless, and sometimes rather too full of fun and mischief, has proved himself on the whole to be a boy of good principle, and with excellent capabilities for learning. He is more clever with his head than with his hands. We tried him at first with boot-making, but he made but a clumsy cobbler. In the printing office where he was working for about eight months he was smart and quick enough, but not sufficiently careful. We have decided that on the whole it is best to make a teacher of him, as he is very apt at learning, has a very good memory, and is quick at understanding and taking things in. One chief reason that makes us incline to this course is the earnestness that he has manifested of late in studying the Scriptures, and the evidences, as we trust, of true religious life, which makes us fondly hope that he may, at a future day, become a great blessing, under God, to his fellow-creatures.

One little incident that occurred to the boy last summer, is amusing. The summer holidays had begun and he was waiting for his steamboat to take him home. Night came on, and no steamer having arrived he laid himself down at the bottom of a small boat on the shore, and went to sleep. In the middle of the night however, his slumbers were disturbed by two drunken men, who got into the boat and pushed it off with him in it. They said they wanted to cross to the American side, and made him steer. The night was dark, and so when they were well out in the middle of the River, (it is a mile and a half wide), Willie changed his course and steered to the Shingwauk Home, without his captors being aware, and as soon as they were near enough to shore, he jumped out, pushed the boat off again, and bade them good-night.

Willie's Indian name is Wametegeoshans (Little Frenchman), and he is supported by the Sunday School of St. Matthew's, Quebec, who have regularly sent us their quarterly remittances for his support, and kept him well supplied with good clothing, and have manifested much interest in his welfare.

We might mention, in conclusion, that Willie's poor mother—of whom he is very fond—is still the same poor, decrepid creature with few to care for her and depending almost entirely on charity for the necessities of life. Some who read this paper, may, we hope, be moved to do something to help her, she is certainly without exception, the one, of all others, requiring charitable help on the Sarnia Reserve.

Little Pine's Journal.

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

(Continued from page 62).

I FELT at home in this great house of prayer, though it is so large and so fine; for the great white chief used to worship there, and I regarded it as the Queen's prayer-wigwam. I could not understand the words of the service; but my heart was full of thoughts on God; and I thought how good a thing it was to be a Christian, and rejoiced that I was a member of the Queen's Church, and had heard from its teachers of the love of Christ, who died for His red children as well as for the pale faces; for He is not ashamed, we know now, to call us brothers.

In the evening the man who writes for the speaking-paper, (the Toronto Telegraph reporter), came to see me. He said he was going to write about me in his paper, so that everybody might know who I was and what I had come for. I thought this was good, for I wished everybody to know my reason in coming to Toronto, that they might be stirred up to send help to my poor neglected brethren. This writing-man put a great many questions to me. He asked me about our customs before I became a Christian, and what I thought of the recent Indian outbreaks in the country of the Long-knives (the States). I thought many of his questions were not to the point, and I told him so. I said to him: "When the white people read about me in your paper, I think they will say that I am a fool." During the few days we remained in Toronto I was all the time with Puhkuk-abbus, collecting money at the people's wigwams. It was he who proposed that we should do this. He said to me, "You want to see the Christian religion increase, and the pagan Indians on the Great Chippeway Lake to have school-houses and teachers. This cannot be done without money, so we must set to work and collect some." I am an old man of seventy winters, and cannot walk about as much as I could when I was a young brave; so he got such a wagon as the rich people go about in there, and we drove from house to house. I thought some of the people were very good, one woman gave us ten dollars, and several men also gave us ten dollars; but many of the people gave us very little, and some would not give us any at all.

I have one friend left in Toronto of those whom I used to know many years ago, his name is Odonjekeshick, (Hon. W.B. Robin-

son), he has always been a great friend of the Indians, he used to make treaties with us many years ago. I was very anxious to see him. We drove to his house, but he was away from home. We only saw the young woman, but she told us that Odonjekeshick would return on the third day. On the third day we went again to see him, and found that he had just come home. I was rejoiced in my heart to meet him; and although it is many winters since we last met, I found that he could still talk with me in my own tongue.

There was also a kind Black-coat, whom I had seen of old at Ketegaunans-sebe, (Garden River) called Beaven, who greeted me warmly as a friend. His wife, also and his daughters were very good; and engaged to ask their people for money to send teachers to our neglected tribes on the Great Lake of the Chippeways.

On the evening of the day on which I met those friends, the people of the big town assembled together in their great teaching-wigwam to hear me speak. There were several Black-coats on the platform and Robinson was the leader, (chairman). I told the people all that was in my heart and appealed to them to help us. At the close of the meeting the men took plates round for money. I watched the people giving; the women gave the most. I think that women have more love for religion than men. They told me that the collection amounted to \$21. I did not say anything, but the thought in my breast was, "This is too little, this is not enough to make religion increase." I thought—This is a big city, there are plenty of rich people; on all sides are beautiful houses; they have good and abundant food; surely there must be a great deal of money in this big city. I am an old man, and I often pray to God that I may see my people on the Great Chippeway Lake, enjoying the blessing of religion and education before I die.

I was very anxious to see McMurray, the Black-coat who first taught our people the Christian religion, many winters ago. So the day after the meeting we crossed the lake to Niagara, and I was rejoiced in my heart to see him once more, and to shake hands with him, and with his wife who is one of our nation. And now I had only one thing more to do before I returned again to my own wigwam at Gar-

den River, and that was to visit our Black-coat Chance, on the river of the Nahdubwag, (the Mohawks). I wished to shake hands with him once more and say *Booz-hoo*, and I wished to see his wigwam and mark the spot in my mind, so that I should be able to find him if at any future day I might want to see him. I told the Black-coat, McMurray what my desire was; and then he and Wilson talked together in the English tongue; and present-

ly McMurray said to me: "The Black-coat, Wilson, thinks it is not good for you to go home too fast. Between this place and Chance's wigwam there are two big towns which you must pass through, and the Black-coat, Wilson, wishes you to stop a day or two at each, so that you may speak to the people, rouse them up, and collect a little more money. I also myself think that the plan is good, and advise you to listen to his words."

S. P. C. F. M. Report.

Subscriptions during the year 1877 :—Archdeacon Whittaker, \$25; Anonymous for Herring Cove, N. S. 1; H. Rowsell, 10; E. S. Cox, 1; Mrs. Chadwick, 1; Vanx Chadwick, 1; Alister Chadwick, 1; Marion Chadwick, 1; Louisa Chadwick, 1; Rev. W. Jupp, 2; Christ Church, Yorkville, per Miss Lefroy, 13.30; Mrs. Perram, 12.00; C. R. W. Biggar, 1; Mrs. Biggar, 1; Harry Moody, 5; J. M. Benson, 10; Peter Paterson, 10; Rev. H. E. Maddock, 5; Mrs. Cameron, Cobourg, 1; 2 Mission Boxes, Cobourg, 5.85; Professor Kingston, for Algoma, 5; do. for Saskatchewan, 5; Rev. A. J. Broughall, 1; Rev. J. D. Cayley, 12; M. A. Cayley, 1; E. C. Cayley, 1; Arthur Cayley, 1; Rev. Canon Givens 5; Arch-

deacon Wilson 4; H. Rowsell 26, for Shingwauk Home, 10, for Wawanosh Home, 10, for building fund of Wawanosh Home, 10; Rev. J. S. Jarvis for Sault Ste. Marie 2; J. R. Cartwright, 20; Mission Box, A.J.S.M., A.R.W.M., V.H.M., P.S.M., 7.33; St. George's Church, Toronto, part of offertory at Church parade of the Queen's Own Rifles, 10; other sums collected by the treasurer, 15.—Total \$247.48.

The collections of the Society for the promotion of Canadian and Foreign Missions, are, for the present, given to the diocese of Algoma, unless otherwise directed by the donor.

E. M. CHADWICK, *Treas.*

Toronto, Jan. 1878.

Indian Words.

GOOD-MORNING—Boo-zhoo, (the same word answers for good-night, good-bye, &c). How do you do? Ahneen e zhe be mah de ze yun?

IT IS A FINE DAY—Meno ke zhe gud. It is raining, ke me wun. It is snowing, so ge po. It has left off snowing, ke ish quah po. It has left off raining, ke ish quah ke me wun.

WHAT TIME IS IT?—Ah neen a peech ke zhe guk? (day). Ah neen a peech te be kuk? (night). It is one o'clock, nin go te buh e gun a. It is two o'clock, nee zho te buh e gun a. It is half-past-two, nee zho te buh e gun-uhshah-ah-betah. It is noon, nah wuh-qua. It is nearly noon, ka gahnah wuh qua.

SUNDAY—a nuh me a-ke zhe gud (prayer day). Monday, ne tum-ke zhe gud (1st. day). Tuesday, nee zho-ke zhe gud (2nd. day). Wednesday, uh yah-be too sag (middle of the week). Thursday, nee woo-ke zhe gud, (4th. day); Friday, nah no-ke zhe gud (5th. day); Saturday, nin go dwau so-ke zhe gud, (6th. day). Next week ke ish quah-ah nuh mea-ke zhe guk. Last week, che bwah-ah nuh mea-ke zhe guk. To-day, noon goom ke zhe guk. To-morrow, wah bung. Yesterday, pe che nah go. The day before yesterday, uh wus suh nah go. The day after to-morrow, uh wuss-wah bung.

JANUARY—Muh ne doo-kee zis, (the Spirit moon); February, Nuh ma be ne-kee zis, (the Sucker moon). March, Onah bun e-keezis, (the moon of the crust on the snow). April, Ba boo qua dah gim-ing-keezis, (the snow-shoe breaking moon). May, Wah be goon-keezis, (the flower moon). June, O da me ne-kee zis, (the strawberry moon). July, Mis quee me ne-kee zis, (the raspberry moon). August, Meen-kee zis (the huckle-berry moon). September, Muh noo me ne-keezis, (the wild rice moon). October, Penah-que-keezis, (the moon of the falling leaves). November, Kush kud e ne-kee zis, (the freezing moon). December, Muh ne doo-kee zis oons, (the little spirit moon). Summer, Nee bing; Autumn, Tuh gwah ging; Winter, Pe boon; Spring, See gwung or Me no kum ming.

Diocesan.

PRINCE ARTHUR'S LANDING.—The ladies of St. John's Church, here, held a very successful bazaar on Wednesday, the 19th December. On one side of the room was a table abundantly provided with the good things of this life: and on the other were a great variety of articles, useful and ornamental, which willing and unwearied hands had furnished. Nearly every item was disposed of, and \$172.90 were realized after all expenses had been paid. This amount is to be applied to the diminution of the debt upon the parsonage. The church was very tastefully decorated for Christmas. Six beautifully illuminated texts presented by L. DeCarle, Esq., were in themselves a valuable help to the adornment of the edifice. The white cloth which covered the holy table was wreathed with green, and in the centre was the sacred monogram, I. H. S., also covered with green. The prayer-desk and pulpit were hung with white,

and here as well as in texts of Scripture, and festoons which encircled the whole building, the fir tree was employed to beautify the place of God's sanctuary. The offerings amounted to \$32.87, and several generous gifts from members of the congregation were sent to the parsonage on Christmas Eve. A very handsome altar-cloth is the kind gift of Mr. DeCarle, and on it the monogram I. H. S. has been beautifully embroidered in gold-colored silk by Mrs. Frank Moberly. Velvet hangings for the pulpit and prayer-desk have also been presented by Mrs. Moberly and Mrs. Clarke, and will replace the Christmas decorations as soon as these are removed. Some other requisites for the chancel have been promised by another lady member of the congregation, and when these are supplied, the furniture of the church will be almost complete.

ALCOMA MISSIONARY NEWS

AND

SHINGWAUK JOURNAL,

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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.