



VOL. II.

APRIL 1ST. 1879.

No. 4

### Muskoka Missions.

MY DEAR SIR.—On Wednesday Feb. 19th., I took my first journey through the township of Ryerson with the view of meeting our bishop at the junction of Ryerson and Nippissing roads at a place called Spence. During this journey of forty-five miles, I carefully enquired of the people amongst whom I was going whether they were Church people or not. I presume it is well known that Ryerson is the experimental township, where the Government of Canada had houses erected and small clearings made (to be paid for by instalments) for any who chose to settle therein. To my astonishment I found a country well settled up; the people, as a rule, having large clearings with prosperity stamped about them. I was privileged to find out many members of the Church; and although it was gratifying to me, personally, I was grieved, nay *heart-sick*, at the extraordinarily warm greeting which met me from one and all, because this greeting was the token to me of how much the people had become impressed with the idea that their Church had either forgotten, or did not care about them. One dear old soul told me, "You Sir, are *only the second Parson I have seen for seven years!*" I told the old lady, and one of her sons

where I was going, and promised (*D. V.*) that the Bishop and I would call in the morning (Friday) about 8 a.m. as we went south, and, that I was sure his Lordship would be glad to see as many of our people as could be got together. This was on Thursday evening about 4 o'clock; calling as I had done had made my progress a slow one.

Friday morning (it was a delightfully *cold* one) we got over our three miles or so and arrived at Mr. Gutteridge's house at 8 o'clock, and to our astonishment a company of *fourteen heads of families* met us there. It appears that two of Mr. G's sons had turned out on Thursday evening, one going a round of six and another of seven miles and given intimation of our visit. I cannot tell you, nor measure, the warmth of reception the Bishop met with, but it is literally true to say the assembled little flock *could not* give expression to their feelings. After a while they entered freely into conversation with his Lordship, who told them over and over again of the pleasure he felt at meeting them in that unexpected manner, and witnessing their loyalty to their Church. We had the usual application for a service *sometimes*, indeed at last it became an

entreaty that we would not leave them without a Parson's visit. His Lordship patiently and kindly explained to them the financial condition of his Diocese, and though it grieved him sadly to do so, he could hold out *no hope* at present. The grief which this caused amongst them was *silent*, and I only wish those of our Church members who are so indifferent to the Missionary Diocese could have seen the looks and heard the sighs of their perishing brothers and sisters; had they done so, the sentence "Thy Kingdom come," would have rather a different effect on *Sunday* next when they are in their *comfortable Churches*, than it appears to have had hitherto. However, the evident pain of these people was more than I could see without trying to do something towards alleviation, and I offered to meet them for service *once a month*, if they were agreeable. They did indeed mean business, and preliminaries were soon settled. Amongst the company we found a very intelligent young man, who has been a great student, and in accordance with a suggestion from the Bishop, this young man will act as lay reader. His Lordship then held a shortened service, during which he gave them a most loving and affectionate address. As I have hinted, years had passed since the majority of these people attended the ministrations of their Church, but their manner of handling their Prayer Books, their hearty responding and the readiness with which they joined in the old chants, testified that *their professions of attachment to the Church* were not merely from the lip. We left them with hearts *aching for joy*, followed by the prayers, blessings, and *tears* of those poor sheep whom we had found in the wilderness. This is only one of the numerous incidents which occurred during our drive south, I could give you many; suffice it now for me to say, that the *result* of this journey will be an addition of upwards of *ninety more miles travelling for me monthly*, and some four *fresh weekly stations*.

On Sunday morning, Feb. 23rd. we had service in the house of C. G. Harston Esq., McMarrich, a beautiful situation on Buck Lake. This service was an oasis in the wild desert, and the progress which Mr. Harston was enabled to report was cheering in the extreme. He has secured seven acres of land for a Glebe; the block of a splendid log church is raised; and the people around appear unwilling to leave unturned any stone which will furnish them and their little

ones the opportunities they seek, to worship after the manner of their fathers. A heartier, better, more zealous, or determined spirit could not be shown, and the whole Church is indebted to Mr. Harston and his friends for the capital foundation they are laying in Church matters. They have secured upwards of \$300 towards a clergyman's stipend. The offertory at service was \$10.55, and there were fourteen communicants.

We drove hence some eleven miles to S. Mary's Church, Aspdin, where a large congregation had assembled to meet us. A neat lumber chancel has been added to this log church at the expense of Miss Girdlestone of Galt, who has also presented a handsome set of vessels for the Holy Sacrament. The service was very hearty; and so gratifying to the Bishop that, during his sermon, he told the congregation of the pleasure it had given him. During service a babe was admitted to the Christian fellowship by baptism, and ten males (ages from 53 to 13) and three females (ages from 19 to 14) were presented by me for confirmation. The people here are poor and struggling. The offertory was \$3.09 and there were twenty-five communicants. Four of the candidates, two boys and two girls came eleven miles in an ox-sleigh to be confirmed. They left home at 10 a.m. and got safely back at 12 p.m. with their parents, all originally members of S. James Cathedral, Toronto.

The afternoon of Monday, 24th., we attended a Church meeting at Aspdin when the men present gave utterance to their gratitude they now enjoy of a monthly service, concluding with the *usual prayer* "Can your Lordship let us have more frequent services?" His Lordship warmly congratulated them on the progress they had made in the erection of their neat little church, where twelve months ago the trees still stood; gave them a sketch of what had been *promised* in the way of help outside, and *how little had been performed*; concluding with grief, and the usual "No I am sorry my friends to say I cannot help you, until these people do as they said they would."

Tuesday Feb. 25th., we visited Hoodstown and had a congregation of over seventy for service, at which the Bishop baptized, preached and administered the Holy Communion. Upon this occasion very few people were present who do not belong to the Church; and the number who met together may be pointed out as a fair indication of the earnestness of our own members. The weather was most unpropiti-

ous, yet many (women as well as men) seemed to consider a walk of, 3, 4, or 6 miles with a heavy fall over head and a deep snow to go through, as nothing in comparison with the pleasure and profit of meeting their chief pastor. The man whose little one was to be baptized lives five miles from the place of meeting, and as both mother and father must go to the service, it was absolutely necessary that the whole family of children must come too, as they have no neighbours near enough to have taken charge of them.

The father has only one ox, so a jumper had to be manufactured with box on it, to bring the little ones, and it was no small source of amusement to see the picture they presented. Father sat on the front of the sleigh, mother well wrapped up in the centre of the box with hay all round her, and some five little ones with her, their heads propped up, making them look somewhat like birds popping out of their nest, but looking in spite of a thick coating of snow, happy and comfortable. There were twenty-nine communicants, and the offering was \$7.20.

After service refreshments were provided by the female members of the congregation, consisting of tea, cakes, and biscuits, which were much enjoyed by all as they were handed round the room *a la* picnic. The Bishop passed round from group to group, winning the hearts of all by his urbanity and the cordial manner in which he joined them and entered into their conversations. Tea &c, having been discussed a Christmas (?) tree gave great delight to old and young, but especially the latter, who proudly received the presents therefrom at the hands of their Bishop. The bows and curtsies made by the youngsters were rather unique in their style, but they were evidently sincere.

By their behaviour and manner of responding during service it is plainly to be seen these little ones are being well trained in the Church and with intelligence. A Church meeting was then held, at which Mr. Harston and other friends (who had come on snow-shoes several miles) were present. The subject of getting a resident clergyman in the neighbourhood was freely discussed, and the good, earnest, sound tone of the men who spoke at the meeting was indeed a refreshing by the way. The Bishop not only spoke of it but showed by

his manner the pleasure he was experiencing. The result was, that Hoodtown would join their efforts with Ilfracombe, and canvass Ravenscliff, to obtain more frequent services than once a month, by having a clergyman living amongst them.

There is every prospect that this desirable object will be obtained, for the people themselves wish it with all their hearts and are determined by God's help to raise the necessary income for a parson without calling upon aid from the Diocesan Fund, or to only a trifling extent.

At the close a very pleasing incident occurred.

Some of your readers may remember that two young men were confirmed at the Visitation of '78 who had been brought to enquire into matters through their being lent some copies of the *Dominion Churchman*. These young men have persevered in their good walk notwithstanding much opposition; they have done more—by their persuasion the father and mother were induced to attend our services at Hoodstown (a journey of over 7 miles for the old folks) and the result has been, they have given up the Dissenting meetings which were held in their house, and the old lady at this meeting asked the Bishop "what she must do to be a member of the Church." Kindly and patiently did his Lordship show her the way she had to go and proudly her sons stood by her side—they are married men and fathers—their eyes sparkling and their cheeks glowing with joy.

I am pleased to testify that since confirmation the lives of these young men have been consistent.

I promised to see the mother myself, and with her "Thank you Sir" "God bless you Sir" ringing in our ears, we turned our backs upon one of the heartiest, best and most cheering meetings we have had anywhere. And the warmth which this feeling produced had not left the Bishop after a slow ride of nine miles in the dark on a cold night. The body might feel weary, but what we had seen and heard took away all sense of weariness, we could thank God and take courage to still keep our hands to the plough and to work on in faith.

WILLIAM CROMPTON  
Travelling Clergyman.

Aspdin P. O.

## The New Bishop of Toronto.

WE have heard with pleasure of the happy conclusion of the warfare which has been going

on for so long in the Diocese of Toronto, and of the election of Archdeacon Sweatman to fill the Episcopal chair.

While Churchmen in Toronto have spent their time in contending with each other the poor missionary Diocese of Algoma has suffered. Algoma is an offshoot from the Toronto diocese. Toronto is her natural mother. It was expected that Toronto would tend her, and care for and take interest in watching her gradual growth.

Unhappily for Algoma, the feeling in Toronto between the High and Low Church parties was so bitter, that, so far from having funds to expend on outside missionary work, it was with the utmost difficulty that the means could be found for supporting the necessary home work. And so, as we have said, poor Algoma has suffered. Not even has the amount pledged by Toronto as her quota towards our bishop's stipend been paid. And whatever has been collected for Algoma during the last year or two, instead of being sent to us has gone towards paying off back debts.

May we not hope for a change now? What have we done that we should be treated thus? Will not our friends in Toronto unite now in wiping out this old blot. For a blot it has been. It is not right. Before God we say it is not right. Our cry is that of the neglected child-

en of a dissolute parent:—"Give us bread! Give us clothing! And give us more than this. Give us your affection your love, your parental care! Build up again the house that ought to shelter us. Call us in from the door step on which for five wintry seasons we have sat shivering. Let the bible be read, let the prayer to God be offered, let us unite once more as a peaceful Christian family. We are willing to labour here in the backwoods this is our chosen home, the spot to which God has called us. We want none of the comforts and luxuries of city life. We are your backwoods children, your forest children, willing to labour, willing to die where God has placed us, but our hearts bleed, when cruel things are said about our work and about our bishop. Our bishop is a God-fearing, hard-working man. He preaches Christ and Him crucified. "What more do you expect of him? Our poor settlers and Indians are crying for help, crying for spiritual ministrations and spiritual food, what better earnest of success do you ask for?"

Good friends we pray you count us no longer as outcasts, but recognize henceforth with hand and heart your missionary Diocese of Algoma.

### Tidings from our bishop.

**T**HE Bishop of Algoma writes to us from Aspdin, Muskoka, under date Feb. 26th., "Our winter hereabouts has been exceptionally cold, with snow averaging from 3½ to 4 feet deep, and I have had some rather hard and cold experiences during the past three weeks travel, but I am thankful to say most hearty and cheering receptions from the members of the Church, who, in spite of snow-storms and an average zero temperature, have turned out wonderfully to attend the services at the appointed

places. The only painful and disappointing part of the whole being the continued cry for the ministrations of the Church which they love so well, and my utter inability to satisfy the same. . . . I am almost without information of what is going on either at home or in the world at large, owing to the want of postal conveniences in these back parts, to-morrow however I hope to reach a neighbourhood which is blessed with a daily mail."

### Our Lake Superior Tour.

BY REV. E. F. WILSON.

(Continued from page 24 Vol. II.)

**A**UG.—19th. The orders given over night were to be up at 5, breakfast at 6.30, start at 8. These orders were well carried out, and by 8.15 a.m. we were fairly out on the bay. I steered, and the boys rowed till we got out into the

lake, when, the wind being favorable, we hoisted our sails, and made a good start, winding our way for some miles among islands, and then coming out on the open lake. We made good progress and had accomplished twenty miles by dinner time,

and another twenty by 4.30 p.m. Another stretch of ten miles to Pic Island was before us—and the wind still being favorable, though inclined to fall, we determined to attempt it before dark. We reached the rocky shores of the barren, rugged island, just as the sun sank below the horizon, at 7.30 p.m. The wind had fallen, and the last part of the way we had to row, which made us late in getting in. And a hard matter indeed it was to get in. In the dim twilight we could see nothing but high forbidding rocks with the dark rippling waves lapping their sides. We pulled on and on, but still it was the same; and at last our boat bumped on a hidden rock, which warned us we were on dangerous ground. Being on the side of the island exposed to the lake we could not think of attempting to land until we should find a secure harbour for our boat, for a sudden storm rising in the night would knock her to pieces on such a coast. It was now very nearly dark, the stars beginning to shine brightly, our boys tired and hungry; the likelihood seemed to be that this island, two or three miles in length, was a mere mass of rocks, and that we should find no shelter for the night. At length groping about among the rocks, in imminent danger every moment of injuring our heavily laden boat; we espied a crevice, into which it appeared the *Missionary* would just fit. We tried it. she fitted to a T; but oh? what a place for the night, high slippery rocks weighing thousands of tons each and piled about as by some giant hand. No wood for a fire, no grass, no place for a camp, nothing but sharp ledges and points of rocks. The boys clambered about with their shoeless feet like cats, and we heard them shouting: "This is where I am going to sleep," and "This is where I shall sleep!" The Bishop groaned inwardly and said, "I shall remain on the boat." I for my part followed the boys, and presently found a sort of small cavern under a ledge of rocks, into which I had my camp bed carried, and, having lighted a candle, sent Esquimau to bring the Bishop. It was really most comfortable, and moreover in the corner of this little cavern we found a dry stick probably washed there by the waves in a storm; and with this stick we lighted a fire and made some tea, and so after all we had quite a cosy time of it. The light of the fire enabled the boys to find other bits of sticks with which to keep it up and also to choose nice "soft" ledges as bedsteads for the night. The Bishop stuck to his purpose of remaining in the

boat, and Esquimau was sent to make his bedroom ready, which consisted in moving the pork to one side, taking out the camp pots and frying pan, and putting down a sail and some blankets in the bows of the boat under the little covered deck. By this arrangement the Bishop would have at least his head and shoulders under cover, and must trust to the kindness of the elements for the comfort of the rest of his body. Two other boys slept in the boat to keep the Bishop company; and, as the bishop told us next day, administered several little friendly kicks at him during the night. One boy shared my cavern with me, and the rest were distributed about among the rocks; some lying flat on their backs under the stars, others coiled in a corner, or like myself sheltered by a projecting ledge.

Aug. 20th.—We all "slept sweetly" till about five a.m., when I think we all awakened simultaneously, at any rate we were all on the stir soon after that hour. And now we were hungry, and there was no bread and no fire and no wood, and fourteen miles to go to get to the mainland, and a head wind. What was to be done! It was a bright morning, that was one good thing. And it was light, that was another good thing. And by this kindly light of day we discovered that our position was not altogether so distressing as we had at first imagined. A little way over the rocks was a shore with drift wood lying on it, and some trees at the back. It was not a shore on which we could land our boat, for although the stones were small in comparison to the monsters upon which we were located, still they were none of them probably of less size than a port-manteau and very jagged and slippery. However they had drift wood on them, and some scrubby trees at the back. So our cook was despatched with the frying pan and his bag of flour, and soon in the distance we could see his fire lighted and imagine how hot and red his face must be over it attending to his bread.

By half past six o'clock he was back again, nimbly bounding from rock to rock, running down one slippery side and up another with an armful of bread and a camp pail of porridge, and cook No. 2 was following with the tea and a fried fish. So after all we did famously. Before starting off we joined in repeating the morning psalms, the boys chanting heartily the *Gloria Patri* between each psalm; then the Creed and collects, "Gwin" standing as usual beside me and looking over my book. We had a

very hard pull against a steady head-wind, and could only make two miles an hour, so that it was a little after three o'clock when we reached Pic River, and having run the boat on to the sandy shore, carried up our things and prepared our camp. Here as at Neepigon and Pugwash, miserable dirty looking Indians came groping around our camp like dogs and lay or squatted on the grass watching every movement as the boys fixed up our tents and cooked the things for supper. Indians do not beg vociferously and impudently like Italians and Arabs; but in the most patient and abject manner; they simply lie down and eye you; they eye your flour bag; they eye your pork; they eye your frying pan, your hissing pots, your plate, your cup, the movement of your hand as you convey food to your mouth, just like dogs. If you give, they take without saying Thank you. If you don't give, they will in time slink away; but will probably come again when the next meal is on. Two old men lay and watched us at supper to-night—one had a

horribly distorted face and scrofulous eyes; the other long shaggy wolfish looking hair; it was not very pleasant.

Aug. 21st.—There does not seem much opening for us at this place. There are some 150 Indians who come here for their annual pay, and spend the remainder of their time in wandering about hunting and fishing. Of this number, not more than one third are here at present, and all these appear to be Roman Catholics, though they say that fully half their tribe are still pagans. Several whom we visited told us that they were baptized by an English Blackcoat (whether Ch. of England or Methodist) some ten years ago, but as nothing had since been done for them, they had now become Roman Catholics. We had intended to gather the people together to address them, during the day; but the men were all away, and not being back at night-fall, we gave it up. There is a R. C. log church in process of building, which was commenced last summer.

(To be Continued.)

## On the Canada Pacific.

BY MRS M'LEOD MAINGY.

ON the morning of New Year's Day, 1878, we had about twenty Indian visitors. Having heard beforehand that it was the custom for the Indians to go round making visits among their white friends on this day, some preparation had been made, and we were quite ready to receive our guests by the time we saw them coming up the road.

Such a strange assembly!

I should have liked a photograph of the scene in our kitchen that cold morning. Men, women and children all looked smiling and happy. There were some dear little bright-eyed babies among them—it is beautiful to see the squaws so fond of their children, so pleased to have them noticed.

The most important person among our friends was a tall, fine looking Indian named John, who spoke English very well and was immensely proud of his accomplishment.

He came in first, saying, "Happy New Year! Happy New Year!" very heartily, and shaking hands with us all in the most cordial manner. His wife is a tall woman with a sweet expression of countenance. They were both comfortably dressed, and their little boy, about two years old, wore a warm woollen frock, fur cap, red "cloud" mittens, and handsome beaded moccasins.

John seemed to be very proud of his boy and I saw him, when they were going away, tying on the cloud and pulling on the mittens, as tenderly as any father would have done.

Our guests sat down, some on chairs, some on boxes, some on the floor, and prepared to enjoy themselves. We were already on friendly terms, as many of them had been coming to the station with fish and game, during the autumn, but we could not do much in the way of conversation, as at this time there was only one of our party who knew more than a few Indian words. Since then the Rev. Mr. Wilson, with the kindest thoughtfulness, sent us an Indian dictionary, the study of which was a very great pleasure and interest to us, during the winter, and the poor people seemed to be so pleased at our efforts to speak to them in their own language.

On the occasion of the New Years visit John was the chief spokesman, the rest only laughed and ate and drank to their heart's content.

It was something like a Sunday school picnic, there were three of us busy handing round ham, bread and butter, plates full of stewed apples with plenty of sugar, and unlimited cups of hot tea.

It was fully two hours before they left

ns to make their calls at the three or four other houses, which, with the station, formed the settlement of Savanne.

From this time we saw a great deal of our Indian friends, and began to learn their names and to find out about the different families. We often walked down to their encampment, which was on the bank of the river near the station-house, and the scene was very picturesque, the bark wigwams among the fir trees with

the fire light shining through the half open "doorway", the smoke curling up against a clear winter evening sky, the boys and girls playing on the ice—it all looked cheerful and pleasant.

But when we think of the wretched way they live, the hunger and fatigue and all manner of hardships they endure, one longs to do something to improve their condition.

(To be Continued.)

### Quarterly Receipts.

ALGOMA DIOCESE.—From 10th. Dec. 1878 to 10th. March, 1879.

PER THE BISHOP.—	
J. Nay, St. Catharine's	\$ 1 00
St. Paul's, Toronto offy. per Rev. W. Checkley	40 00
St. Peter's, Toronto, offy. per F. H. Mason	15 50
Ch. of Redeemer Rosseau, offy. per Rev. W. Crompton	2 30
St. John's Ch., P. A's. Landing offy. per Rev. J. K. McMorine	8 00
C. W. A. S., per Miss Westmacott	2 36
All Saint's, Hamilton, offy. per Rev. C. E. Thompson	12 00
St. Thomas', Hamilton, offy. per Rev. W. B. Curran	12 00
St. Mark's S. S., Hamilton, per Rev. R. S. Sutherland	4 05
Rosa Trimble, Hamilton	1 00
Diocese of Quebec, per Rev. M. Fothergill, Secretary	425 42
Board F. M., Nova Scotia, per W. Gossip for 1878	200 00
Bishop of Fredericton	25 54
Rev. E. McManus	5 00
Collected at four stations, offy. in Rev. W. Crompton's Mission,	25 72

DIOCESAN ASSOCIATIONS.—	
Montreal, per Sec. Treas.	212 50
Ontario " "	68 92

Owing to the Bishop's absence on a Visitation Tour, and consequent inability to refer to his bank acct. it is possible that some payments may not have been acknowledged. If so, they will be acknowledged in July No.

PER THE SECRETARY,—	
Sault Ste. Marie, July coll.	8 83
" Oct. "	13 36
" Intercession	5 28
Garden River "	1 46
Manitouwauning "	6 35
Shequiandah "	87
Little Current "	46
Parry Sound "	2 50
" Oct. Coll.	2 50
Rev. J. S. Cole arrears	1 50
Bracebridge Oct. Coll.	1 75
" Thanksgiving	8 61
Ullswater, offy. per W. H. Buckersfield	2 68

SHINGWAUK HOME.—From Dec. 10th. to March 10th. 1879.

Per W. Plummer Esq., Jos. Wau-besee's fine for non-return	10 00
Mrs. Maynard for Morris	44 00
Montreal Sunday Schools per Miss A. Spragge for two boys	37 50
St. Paul's, Uxbridge, for Isaac J. M. Hamilton	2 40
St. Paul's, Portland, for Aundag	37 50
Christ. Ch. S. Sch., St. Stephen's	7 00
Rev. T. H. Appleby (prizes)	2 00
Miss Stewart, per F. J. Chadwick for Jacob, one year	50 00
Trinity S. Sch., Galt, for Kah-gaug	25 00
St. Paul's, Woodstock, for David	

ans.	12 50
Ditto for moccasins	50
St. Matthews, Quebec, for Riley	25 00
L. Skey, on acct. 1/2 Wigwau	14 00
Halton and N. Wentworth R. Deanery for Wauhumeens	5 00
Ditto	11 00
St. John's, Ottawa, for Louis	18 75
Trinity, Brockville, for Elijah	25 00
All Saints, Collingwood, 1/2 Wig-waus	9 37
North Augusta, per Mrs. Godden	1 50
Holy Trinity, Toronto for Tikuh maun	12 00
St. Paul's Toronto, for Mooko	

maun	12 50	Bp. Algoma, for Frederick	20 00
Port Ryerse for Wigwau	6 47	Christ Ch., St. Catharine's	4 00
Grouse Hill S. Sch., Weston	4 00	St. Thomas', Hamilton, for Green-	
Bazaar by Miss G. Veasey, Que-		bird	20 00
bec,	8 00	Mrs. Farmer	5 00

## WAWANOSH HOME.—From Dec. 10th. to March 10th. 1879.

Per W. M. Jarvis, Helen Mo-		Miss Macpherson	7 00
keen's mite box	1 31	Ingersol S. Sch.	10 00
St. Luke's, Portland, S. Sch.	4 63	Mrs. Eakins	4 00
Alg. A. Assoc., sale of work	64 53	St. James' Kingston	8 50
Miss Jacob	1 00	"           subscr.	2 33
Richibucto, Little Girls' sale	84 74	Smith's Falls	2 60
Small thank offering for great		St. Anne's, Toronto	6 50
mercies	4 00	Peterboro, anon.	27
M. and A. Ellis, sale of work	4 55	St. Matthew's Quebec, for Susan	25 00
" P "	1 00	Bazaar by C. Judge's children	9 40
Agnes Hubbard's mite box	70	St. John's, Belleville	5 00
Mrs. Maclauchlan	2 00	All Saint's, Toronto, for Martha	12 50
Miss Jane Carruthers	1 00	Etobicoke, per Rev. F. Fremayne	8 13
Fredericton, parish church	5 25	Grace Ch., Brantford, for Jane	12 00
PER MRS. DOWLING,—		Holy Trinity, Toronto	2 50
H. Leslie and Sandy Cowie	80	Christ Ch., Stanstead	2 50
" Amherst "	36	Christ Ch., Yorkville	6 25
Little girls' class, Amherst	2 75	Ch. Messiah, Kincardine	4 60
" Teacher," Yarmouth	5 00	St. James, St. John N. B.	10 00
Little boys' class, Amherst	55	Miss Osborne, for Katharine	10 00
Ind. Department, 1st. instalmt.	300 00	Rotheray	2 50
Per Rev. G. V. Housman, Que-		Cathedral, Quebec,	10 00
bec, part proceeds bazaar	50 00	St. Anne's, Toronto, for Susan W.	6 00
Per E. M. Chadwick	20 84		
Truro S. Sch. per Rev. C. M.		ENGLISH SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR YEAR END-	
Sills	12 50	ING Ocr. 1878.—[Omitted in the Annual	
Montreal churches per Miss		Report.]	
Spragge	16 50		£ s d
PER W. M. JARVIS, QUEBEC,—		Miss Julia Trevelyan	3 0 0
St. Anne's, Campobello	4 00	Mrs. John Wilson	2 2 c
Christ Ch. S. S., St. Stephen	7 00	H. A. P.	5 0 0
Fredericton, Parish S. Sch.	10 00	J. T.	15 0 0
St. George's, Carleton	5 00	Calvert Toulmin Esq.	5 5 0
Fairville	5 00	Miss Loft	4 0 0
PER MRS DOWLING,—		Miss Judith Wright	10 0 0
St. Paul's, S. Sch., Caledonia	4 55	Miss Orlebar's Girls' Class	1 12 0
Trinity, Digby	2 50	Mrs. Sutton	2 0 0
Three children's savings, per H.		By Mrs. Malaher Mrs. Gausson	1 0 0
Moody	2 00	Mr. Schlusser	3 0 0
St. Peters S. Sch., Barton	8 50	Miss Cartwright	5 0
Newmarket	1 00	Friends	5 6
		Miss Josephine Murphy	2 6

ALG. MIS. NEWS SUBSCRIPTIONS. 36; W. T. Selby 1.00; Miss J. C. Jones 1.05; A. Sydney Smith 1.00; Geo. Ledingham 70; Mrs. C. Lawson 35; Mrs. W. Kern 1.40; Mrs. Coster 24; Mrs. C. Moody 1.05; Per Miss Wheeler 85;

## ALGOMA MISSIONARY NEWS

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