

# ALBANY MISSIONARY NEWS

and  
Shingwauk Journal.

L. IV.

FEBRUARY 1st, 1881.

No. 2.

## A VISIT TO GARDEN RIVER.

By R. Renison.



On Sunday December 26th I accompanied a party of friends from the Shingwauk Home to Garden River, where it had been previously arranged that Mr. Wilson should hold an Indian service in the presence of their Missionary, Rev. P.

Rowe, who was on that day to preach at the Sault.

The morning was fine and pleasant, and the road, which had been hitherto in good condition for sleighing, was rendered even more so by a sleet which, at a short interval, had fallen during the previous night. The scenery along the road which leads from the Shingwauk Home to Garden River is certainly most beautiful. On either side of the road lofty pine towers above numerous clusters of ever-green, which here and there are arrayed in sheets of snow present most picturesque aspect. Not a breeze then disturbed the trees, and the monotonous silence was interrupted only by the noise of our horses' bells and the gliding of our sleighs over the crackling snow; or the merry voices of the little ones, who were in happy anticipation of seeing an Indian congregation.

We arrived at Garden River at about 10 A. M.: just half an hour before the appointed for service; and found that several Indians had already assembled near the church. Amongst these I noticed two old women whose withered wrinkled faces, and gray hair, showed that they had already reached their four score years. And yet, old and feeble as they were, they mustered strength and energy enough to come to the house of God to be fed with "Heavenly food."

The church, which is very neatly built, and capable of holding a congregation of about one hundred, was very tastefully decorated by the Indians, and presented all the appearance of a happy Christmas time. Service was to commence at 10.30, and I could not see that one member of the Indian congregation was late. All were quietly seated in their accustomed places, waiting in happy suspense to hear, once more, the well known voice of their friend, and former missionary, Rev. E. F. Wilson.

The entire service, with the exception of the first lesson, was read in Indian: the responses were led by John Esquimau, formerly a pupil of the Shingwauk Home, but now schoolmaster and catechist at Garden River. The "Veni, exultemus Domino," "Te Deum" and "Jubilate Deo" were sung most sweetly and harmoniously, the choir being conducted by an intelligent chief. It might be clearly seen that feelings of solemnity and earnestness pervaded the whole congregation. All seemed to realize that they were on holy ground, and that it was good for them to be there. It is indeed gratifying to those who truly love the Lord Jesus Christ, and are interested in the salvation of precious souls, to see those poor Indians, who some time ago were in darkness and in the shadow of death, and to whom the name of Jesus had an unmeaning sound, now worshipping with holy reverence in His militant and triumphant Church.

Mr. Wilson took for his text the parable of the Vineyard, in the XXII Chap. of St. Luke: particularly dwelling upon the words, "I will send My beloved Son." He preached extemporarily in Indian: every eye was fixed: and I don't think I ever witnessed a more attentive congregation. It may be interesting to remark that there were four women who came each one with an infant in her arms: the latter although very young did not disturb the assembly. Surely, if those poor creatures wanted to avoid coming to the house of God, they might have made an excuse far more cogent than those which are commonly made amongst us white people; for they might have said "I have got an infant: I fear that it might

make a noise: therefore I cannot come." But no! they wanted to be fed with "Heavenly food;" they were thirsty for that water, of which "Whosoever drinketh shall not thirst again." They had previously tasted that the Lord is good; that "A day in His courts is better than a thousand;" that "His ways are ways of pleasantness, and all His paths are peace."

After church Mr. Wilson introduced me to almost every member of this little flock, who gladly greeted me with their usual "Boozho neeje?" (How do you do friend). We then proceeded to the house of Buquujenene, an Indian chief, where we received a most hearty welcome, and where, together with Augustin Shingwauk, another chief, we all partook of a hearty luncheon provided by Mr. Wilson. Buquujenene is a fine old fellow about in his sixtieth year, with long black hair, brown eyes, a friendly smile upon his face, and suspended from a tape around his neck he wears a large silver medal, about three inches in diameter. Augustin, who appears to be about seventy-five, is deeply interested in the spiritual welfare of his people, and displayed most remarkable and unwonted zeal for the erection and maintenance of the now existing Indian Homes, which have already proved, and are proving, a great blessing to many of that wild and scattered race. We next proceeded to the house of Shabahkezhok, a poor old blind Indian of about sixty years. When we entered, the poor old fellow was seated upon a little bed of very rude structure. His wife, who had just returned from church, was seated by his side. After a short interval Mr. Wilson proposed to read a chapter from the Indian New Testament; and none assented more gladly than Shabahkezhok, who raised an old half worn hat from his aged head, and listened with the greatest attention to the "Old, Old Story of Jesus and His love." Some time was spent in expounding the passage that was read, and then we all knelt in prayer. It was happy to feel in that little "Wigwam," which wore the aspect of want and destitution, that the High and lofty One that inhabiteth Eternity, whose name is Holy, and who condescends to dwell

with him that is of a contrite spirit, was there to comfort and to bless. Mr. Wilson having promised the old man a small weekly allowance to help him through the winter, we left, and found that we had just time to pay a short visit to Mrs. Kaboösa and Wau-bomeme, after which we all moved homeward, and reached the Shingwauk Home at 5. 30 P. M., just in time for tea, and to prepare for Evening Service, which is held in the schoolroom every Sunday at 7 P. M.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE REV. T. H. APPELBY'S  
2ND VISIT TO LAKE NEPIGON.

(Continued.)



**B**BAPTIZED four adults in the Morning Service, who had joined the Mission during my absence and had been carefully prepared by our catechist, and they answered most intelligently the questions, I before, and at baptism put to them.

There were some peculiar and beautiful features in this admission to the christian Church. On my right hand stood a hale, hearty old woman, the great-grandmother, grandmother, and mother of many of those now present, at the extreme age of 90 desiring admission into the christian fold, and by her side, her daughter, also a grandmother, and mother of more; then, a young bride and bridegroom just entering together upon the responsibilities and blessings of married and christian life. The service, though in indian, was awfully solemn and impressive, and God the HOLY SPIRIT seemed to be especially present; all answered audibly to the questions put to them, and our old friends Oshkahbekeda, his wife and sister acted as sponsors on this occasion. Many and solemn were the thoughts that passed through my mind, and I felt that even the privilege of admitting these four into the christian covenant, and of visiting again those children whom God had given me in the Gospel, more than repaid me for all the discomforts, dangers, disappointments and trials of that perilous trip.

On Sunday evening, after the last service, we were compelled to move our camp and put it up inside the building, for the severity of the weather was such, and the depth of the snow so great, that we found it almost unbearable, and even inside water froze solid, and my beard, in the morning, was fast to the blankets. On Monday

morning we shoveled back the snow, which was now a little over two feet on the level, and went on with our clay plastering, so that on Tuesday we found the building much warmer. We then proceeded to push forward the work at the mission house, so that both buildings, with their well seamed doors, will now be comparatively comfortable for the winter.

During my visit I let ten acres of land to be cleared and left ready for planting, 10,000 feet of lumber to be cut with a whipsaw, and a lot of shingles to be made, which, together with building houses for themselves which the Indians have now begun to do, and their regular hunting and fishing, will keep all hands well employed till the end of May. I examined the school, and was very much pleased with the progress made during the short time it had been opened, and much credit is due to Joseph Esquimau, our school-teacher and catechist, for the pains he has taken with this branch of the work.

On our down trip we experienced a great deal of hardship from the excessive cold, which was more keenly felt from the cramped position in which you are obliged to sit in a birchbark canoe. At night we had of course to camp in the deep snow. In crossing Lake Nepigon we were overtaken by a gale of wind and were several times nearly swamped, and it required the diligence and care of a practiced hand to keep the canoe from filling. At one time the experienced Indian eye showed that there was small hope for us, and one towering wave especially came just to the edge and higher than the canoe gunwale, but harmlessly swept by us, and the words vividly flashed across my mind "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further." When we at last came near the shore, we were not able to effect a landing at the usual place, because the sea was running too high, and consequently had to keep along the steep rock bound coast till we came to a small creek, where by watching our time we pushed in the canoe and once more safely got to land, when I immediately returned hearty thanks to God for His merciful preservation of us.

At Red Rock we experienced the greatest kindness from the officer in charge of the Post, at which place after remaining some days for the over due steamer we were at length (from fear of having to pass the winter at the Nepigon) again induced to put to sea in an open boat, in order to make our way up Lake Superior to "Silver Islet," a distance of 95 miles, and thus reach the steamer, but providentially we had not gone far when the "Quebec" hove in sight and we were taken on board, but were a little disappointed when we found the steamer was on her up bound trip, and that we should have to go still further from home in order to get there, we however at length duly arrived at Sault Ste. Marie, on the 10th

of November, after an absence of a month and two days.

### Wawanosh Home

The following letter was addressed to a lady in England in the hope that she would be willing and able to act as a centre for the collection of funds for the Wawanosh Home. As the application failed, it is thought best to publish the letter in the hope that some other lady may be induced to undertake the

DEAR MISS—,

As you have so kindly interested yourself in our Indian Homes I venture to write and make a proposal on behalf of our ladies' committee who assist in the management of the Wawanosh Home for Indian girls.

The Wawanosh Home is at present labouring under great difficulties from the want of a guaranteed annual sum toward its general maintenance. We started the Shingwauk Home ten or eight years ago, the first thing we did was to establish a centre in England where contributions, whether in cash or clothing, might be sent in, and thence forwarded to us. This centre for the Shingwauk is still in existence and has branches in several other parts of England,—i.e. "Lady Recept" who collect money and hold weekly parties for us.

What we are now anxious to do is to set on foot the same plan for the Wawanosh Home. We had a meeting of the Wawanosh committee a few months ago, and on examining into the matter it was found that whereas a sum of £100 per annum is required to meet the general expenses of maintenance (independent of the support of indian girls) we had only £50 per annum guaranteed annual subscriptions; that our expenditure for the year had been £100 in excess of receipts, and was then unanimously agreed that a sum should be made to establish a centre in England similar to that already in existence for the Shingwauk, and that some lady should be asked to undertake the post of corresponding secretary and treasurer, and with the assistance of other "Lady Recept" endeavour to collect for our Wawanosh Home the sum of £100 per annum well as to forward to us such contributions in clothing as might be received.

Should you be able and willing to undertake the post, we would ask you who are already contributing to the Wawanosh to send their contributions to you, and we would furnish you with a supply of our little monthly missionary paper for distribution gratis.

I remain dear Miss—,

Yours very truly,

E. F. WILSON.

Any lady who may be willing to undertake the work will kindly communicate with Mrs. WILLIAM T. TUN, 6 Dean's Yard, Westminster.



## FROG ALLEY,

And what came out of it.

## CHAPTER I.



At a tub of suds, into which he might have fallen with advantage, sat the Benjamin, laughing at two other boys who were imitating the wonderful feats of some street tumblers.

Why was he called Benjamin? which name, being "the son of my right hand," Jacob gave to his youngest child. His mother surely might have called him as Benoni, "the son of my sorrow," as Rachel did her dying gift to her husband. Never was there a fitter claimant to the title than the little shock-headed, ragged, dirty "Benjamin," who sat on the wash-tub.

Yet he was laughing. But the merry uproar made by him and the young acrobats was suddenly silenced. The woman who, for a miserable pittance, pretended to "take care" of the three, of a sudden in with an angry face, and vowed vengeance on the liberties taken in her absence with the "dolly" and other viviparts of her machinery. The acrobat nimbly escaped her hand, but Benjamin was afraid of tumbling backwards, his feet near not reaching the ground, if he did not make a discreet descent; and for this indiscretion he had to pay, for he got a hearty cuff, and the promise of more, for which, when once on his legs, he did not wait.

Poor Benjamin! He was a meek, gloving child; he did not understand the misery of his life. When he got something to eat, when he could play at whiffe and seek with the others among the clothes hanging to dry, when he could go for a run in the fields and pick buttercups and daisies, he was happy. He had never known the luxuries of a mother's care and a comfortable home; he had had no experiences with which to compare the present. Life had always been the same to him. His father, a railway porter, had been killed in the line, and his mother had died as Rachel did. His father's brother, a commercial traveller, had made a bargain with Mrs. Toucher to take him for so much a month. The wonder was what he lived through the first month: that having happened, his future existence was the less worthy of surprise.

Not that Mrs. Toucher deliberately meant to kill him; but the impression that she was not anxious to keep him alive would have been shared by most spectators of her management.

Nevertheless Benjamin bravely battled with all privations, all exposure, all kicks and cuffs, all the peculiarities of Mrs. Toucher's "taking care" of him, till he had arrived at the age of six years, when we find him balancing his small and dirty bundle of bones and rags on the edge of the wash-tub, and when he ran out to escape a beating. He ran back as fast as he had run away, crying, "Here's a parson!"

Mrs. Toucher stood staring over his head to see what would come, and behold, it was Benjamin's uncle!

The only claim he had to be taken for a "parson" was that he wore decent clothes. Nobody ever appeared in Frog Alley with decent clothes but the parson, therefore a parson, very naturally Benjamin pronounced his uncle to be. He had never been favoured with a visit from him before; but now, having lately married, his uncle thought it proper to put his nephew out more permanently—to "fix him" as he said, for life, that he might be released from the sum he allowed for his maintenance.

Mrs. Toucher declared it was a great relief to her, for "everything was at such a price, and Ben was such a boy for eating, she had lost ever so much by him." She did not say how much she got by his work, for he often passed days in a garret, helping to make match-boxes; and often spent others on a dust hill, picking up stray treasures of old shoes, bones, etc., all of which she knew how to turn into money; but this she kept to herself.

"Put on his clothes, and I will take him with me," said his uncle.

"Clothes! how could she have more for him than those he stood up in?"

So, having stipulated that he should at least be washed, his uncle took him to a shop close by, where he was shod and clothed in a style that filled his little heart with admiration. The two companions of his hardships—the acrobats—stood at the corner of the court, looking with envy, but not malicious envy, at his handsome dress.

Benjamin could not realise a parting, and though he was fond, with all the fondness of his poor little crushed heart, of these two, he showed no sorrow—nothing but supreme joy, as he passed them, holding his uncle's hand.

The attention of his uncle was little given to him, in their journey into the country, where he was going to "fix him." He was an iron-framed, iron-headed, and, in some respects, an iron-hearted man; he thought he had done handsomely by his brother's orphan in keeping him out of the House at his own expense. If he had found a smart, healthy-looking child at Mrs. Toucher's, he might have wavered in his intention of "selling" him and have taken him

home to his wife, a widow of some means, with children; but he could not show such a half-starved, diminutive creature as his own kindred, so he resolved to keep to his first plan.

"Who's at home?" he cried, when they had, after walking from the station, stopped at a dismal looking house, at the door of which stood a woman, apparently no improvement on Mrs. Toucher. She ushered them in—that is, went before them into a room dark and dirty, casting, as she did so, an inquiring eye on Benjamin.

"I've brought him," said his uncle. "He's small, but smart enough, and, with a little practice, he'll do. I don't want any pay for him, you see, so you'll make a nice penny by him before long."

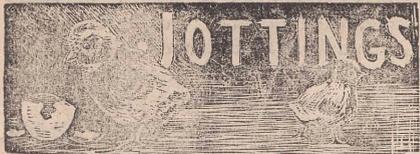
"Him!" cried the woman, scornfully, "What can he do? his fingers ain't no bigger than matches."

"Oh he'll fill out with your good care," said the uncle. "Be a good boy, and if I hear you're getting on and doing well, I'll help you a bit." Then, turning away from Benjamin's face, so white and disconsolate, he made his final arrangements with the woman. Yes, disconsolate; for now he began to comprehend that he was to be left alone in that dismal place, to which the house in Frog Alley seemed, by comparison, a land of sunshine. His heart died, as with a nod meant for him, but made to the door, his uncle disappeared. The woman, as if the child had been a deposited bundle, left him for more than an hour to his solitary tears.

Her return did not cheer him much; a rough-looking man was with her.

"Is this your bargain?" he asked, with an unpleasant laugh; and they stood conferring in language he could not comprehend; but he was sure they were talking about him, and thought there was something said of "good feed," which he was confirmed in by the woman's fetching him a bit of cold meat and some bread, and telling him when he had eaten it he might go to bed in the corner and sleep as long as he liked. He was hungry, for his uncle had given him no more than a penny roll on their journey; but he was used to being hungry, and could have borne the pain of it cheerfully enough if his old companions had been with him. Alone he felt it much more, and was not reconciled to his situation by the abundant supply he received, though it far exceeded what his well trained stomach could take, and was of a kind princely in generosity beyond his former diet. His bed was no great improvement on that in Frog Alley. The only advantage it possessed was in his having it all to himself—no advantage to him; he would gladly have given half his supper, and two thirds of his shavings, to the young acrobats, for the sake of their companionship, and he cried himself to sleep as he lay in his sack on his heap in the corner.

(To be continued.)



**MAGANETTAWAN**—This Mission has received from St. George's, Toronto, a donation of the amount which was required to complete the new Church sufficiently to enable services to be held in it during the winter, together with a large Bible and Prayer book and a surplice. In acknowledgement of these gifts the new Church is to bear the name of "The Church of St. George the Martyr," that being the full name of the Toronto parish.

**ALGOMA ALMANAC**—Price \$1.00 per hundred.

**MARY LAKE**.—The Rev. Mr. Clerke has accepted the Mary Lake Mission.

**CLOTHING RECEIVED**.—A nice parcel of socks, mitts, and mufflers was received last November for the Shingwauk Home from Mrs. Rogers Sunday School class; the letter which accompanied them was addressed to Miss Sherring who had at that time left and the letter followed her to England, hence the delay in acknowledgement. We hope Mrs. Rogers' children will continue their kind help to our Homes. A parcel of clothing from the Rev. A. C. Miller we hear is awaiting us at the office of the *Evangelical Churchman*, but there is no possibility of its reaching us until navigation opens.

A parcel of cloths and other useful articles for the Wawanosh Home, have been received from Miss Ingles and friends, Drummondville, and is acknowledged with many thanks.

**SHINGWAUK HYMN BOOK**.—For Sunday Schools.—Price, paper covers 4 cents, cloth 6 cents.

**MR. H. BEER**, a candidate for Holy Orders, has been placed in charge of the newly opened Church at Hilton, on St. Joseph's Island, and will have the whole Island as his missionary district.

**MUSKOKA**.—The Bishop was expecting to start for Muskoka on the 25th ult.

**ANNUAL REPORT**.—The Annual Report of the Indian Homes is in course of preparation, and will shortly be issued. Owing to Mr. Wilson being away at the usual time for closing the accounts, at the end of September, the Report will this year embrace a period of fifteen months, ending December 31st 1880, and the books will in future be closed the 31st December instead of the 30th of September.

**BIBLICAL CHART**.—For Sunday Schools.—Post free for 25 cents.

**THE NEW CHURCH** at Korah was opened for service on Sunday afternoon, December 19th. A cut of the church will appear in our March number.

Foreign Mission Committee, Diocese of Ontario.

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS FOR THE <sup>SEVEN</sup> MONTHS ENDING NOV 30TH, 1880

—DR—	
To Cash received from parishes	\$553.
—CR—	
By Cash paid Algoma Diocesan Fund per Bank of Montreal, and Lord Bishop	\$332. 31.
"    "    per Board of Domestic Missions, Montreal,	108. 56.
	\$440. 87.
"    "    Indian Homes, direct remittances,	42. 72.
"    "    "    "    per Board Domestic Missions,	45. 21.
	87. 93.
"    "    Board of Domestic Missions for general purposes,	7. 19.
"    "    Canon O'Meara, Winnipeg,	10. 42.
"    "    Printing, Postage, &c., &c.	7. 25.
	\$553.

[The above statement was unavoidably crowded out of our last issue. Ed.]

RECEIPTS.

INDIAN HOMES.		Mrs. Gaviller	10
Cathedral, Quebec, per Rev. Canon Housman	\$16 16	Per Mrs. Killaly	10
Christ's Church, Deer Park, for support of girl	9 37	Newmarket. per Miss M. Thompson	2
St. Stephen's, Toronto, for support of girl	10 00	Port Dover S. S., per Lawrence Skeay	5
Cathedral, Montreal, for support of girl	15 00	Miss Arnold, per Miss Carry	2
Mrs. Wood	10 00	Chapter House S. S., London, per Miss Marsh	24
Mrs. Girdlestone	5 00	Charlie Wood, "for Xmas"	2
J. K. Kerr, per Evang Chman	25 00	Miss Crouch	5
Mrs. Clarke, for supp't of boy	76 00	W. H. Draper	4
H. Rowsell	20 00	St. Andrew's, Port Perry, per Rev. J. Carry	5
St. John's, Belleville, per Rev. R. S Eorneri	5 00	Mrs. M. C. Brown, per Evangelical Churchman	5
All Saint's, Toronto, for support of girl	50 00	Mr. W. H. Eakins	5
St. Andrew's S. S., Grimsby,	5 00	Mrs. H. Green, per Bishop of Algoma	£2. 2 12
H. L. Morphy	5 00	St. Mark's, Carlton, per Bishop of Algoma	8
Mrs. Goodeve	10 00	St. Mark's S. S., per Bishop of Algoma	3
Rev. T. H. Appleby, (annual)	10 00	Bp of Algoma, (for Almanacs)	5
St. Mark's, Niagara, for support of boy	50 00	A. M. NEWS SUBSCRIPTIONS.	
Per Rev. W. Lewin,—Mrs. Lewin \$2, Miss Lewin \$2, Miss McCarthy \$1, Mrs. Dame \$1, Mrs. Hooker \$1, Mrs. E. Jones \$1, Mrs. H. White \$1, Mrs. Whitney 50c, Mrs. G. Brunning 50c, Miss M. Brunning 50c, Mrs. Harding 50c, Mrs. Hill 50c, Mrs. Dr. Jones 50c, Mrs. G. Labatt \$1, Mrs. J. Smith 25c, Miss Gainford 50c, Cash in hand Ladies' Sewing Society \$8,	21 75	W. B. Armsteong 35; Mrs. Dyke	3
Trinity S. S., Galt, for S. H. \$25, for W. H. \$10,	35 00	A. Bennetts 35; J. M. Maclachlan	3
James Woods	5 00	Miss Eastwood 35; Mrs. Blachfo	1.05
		Miss Girdlestone 35; Mrs. Clar	35
		John Newton 35; Mrs. Horsey	3
		Mr. Spriggs 35; H. Rowsell 1.00;	3
		aac Jackson 35; H. L. Morphy	3
		Mrs. Goodeve 35; Mrs. Rowland	3
		Rev. R. Hill 1.05; Niagara ladies	5
		C. R. Bell 35; Mrs. Holden 35; M	3
		Pedvin 39; W. Foote 35; Miss Crou	3
		J. Simonds 35; C. Collett 51; M	3
		Smith 35; Mrs. Edgar 35; Mrs. Moffa	3
		Geo. M. Chisholm 37; Mrs. Hira	3
		Cline 38.	3
		NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—R	
		ceived, "Looker on," Thoughts on t	
		future."	