



VOL. V.

APRIL 1st, 1882.

No. 4.

### IN MEMORIAM.

HE whom we loved—whom we revered—whom we trusted—has in God's providence and wisdom been taken from us,—

BISHOP FAUQUIER SLEPT IN JESUS DECEMBER 7TH, 1881.

OUR MISSIONARY DIOCESE OF ALGOMA is left without a head. The flock in the wilderness is without a Shepherd. Tears well in the eyes of backwood's settlers who knew their Bishop as a father and a friend. Indian Chiefs sit with their heads bowed. May God have mercy upon us, and in His own good time raise up one who shall tread in the holy steps of him who is taken from us.

SOME OF OUR BISHOP'S LAST WORDS.—In his last sermon, three days before his death, (Advent Sunday) he urged his hearers to "be ready," for they knew not the day nor the hour when the Son of Man might come.

When regret was expressed that he had come out in such bad weather and not feeling well, he replied, "This is my place, I could not remain at home if I could possibly get to the house of God."

:o:

*"I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." 2nd Tim. iv. 7. 8.*

THE LATE RIGHT REVEREND  
F. D. FAUQUIER, D. C. L.,  
BISHOP OF ALGOMA.

*From "Our Northwest Missions."*

The sudden removal of the saintly Bishop of Algoma from our midst, is like a flash of blinding light in its sorrow and its gladness. To his bereaved Diocese and his friends it is a sore blight; while it leaves as respects himself, in the hearts of those who knew him best, a strange and unusual feeling of bright thoughtfulness, since they verily believed his "rest" to be one of peculiar peace and gladness, for is it not written, "The pure in heart shall see God," and what must that be but a matchless vision of the tenderest glory? We thus speak because we quite believe in the saying of one who knew him well, while he was as yet a comparatively undistinguished country clergyman: "If we have a saint in the Diocese it is Fauquier."

Of the late Bishop's early life we know little, but have always understood that he was brought up at Hampton Court; his widowed mother having a suite of those apartments which are, we believe, devoted to the use of the widows and orphans of the poorer nobility or those formerly with the Royal Household.

Mr. Fred. Fauquier came to this country when a young man, and settled, with a number of other gentlemen, in East Zorra, North of Woodstock, Ont., where he bought a farm on which he remained until he was removed to Sault Ste. Marie as Bishop of Algoma, and we well recollect thinking it, when first we knew our late most valued friend, a singular instance of entirely successful "gentleman farming;" which we chiefly attribute to that deep conscientiousness which led him to fulfil the humblest duties "as unto the Lord;" that very same principle so beautifully manifested throughout all his subsequent life,

that will enable him, we humbly trust, through Divine grace and mercy to meet the results alike of his secular, his parochial and his episcopal labours at the last Great Audit.

The taking of Holy Orders by Mr. Fauquier occurred, we believe, under the following circumstances:—Mr. Hungerford, one of the wealthiest settlers in that portion of East Zorra, since known as "Hungerford," built a small Church for the use of his own family and the neighbourhood, in which his son, a clergyman, officiated without any pecuniary remuneration. When, however, Mr. Hungerford returned to England, the son, doubtless from his high estimate of Mr. Fauquier's character and other suitable qualifications for the Sacred Ministry, urged upon his friend that it was his duty to take Holy Orders, for the simple purpose of keeping open the little Church and so supplying the spiritual needs of the neighbourhood; there being no regular incumbent at that



early period in the history of the Canadian Church for so small a settlement. With what Christian wisdom as well as kindly zeal the Rev. Edw. Hungerford, D. C. L., now Chobham, England, acted on that occasion the subsequent career of our much lamented friend—the late Bishop—amply proves.

Mr. Fauquier, feeling it his duty to acquiesce in his friends urgent and holy request, went to Coburg and studied under Archdeacon Bethune, late Bishop of Toronto, and in due course was ordained by the venerable Bishop Strachan. His humble parish prospered under his care; as a goodly example and patient labour will ever cause God's work to prosper, albeit at times little noticed by men; a second very neat Church was built, ecclesiastical in its appearance, though inexpensive and debtless we believe. How long it was before Mr. Fauquier received any emolument, as the incumbent of this almost model parish, we do not know, but the remuneration was always small.

Bishop Fauquier was not a brilliant man, but his gentlemanly quietness and courtesy, his christian kindness, his purity and integrity and his unflinching fulfilment of duty, were of great price.

The late Bishop's usefulness, even before his consecration to the Episcopate, was by no means confined to his own parish. Few clergymen in the Diocese of Huron were heard with more respect in its Synod. The evidence of his influence and the esteem in which he was held is seen in the representative position he was continually elected to, and his appointment by his Bishop to the offices of rural Dean and Archdeacon. These tributes to his high character are the more to those who know how instead of seeking such distinctions, he shrank alike from the honours and responsibilities of office. Yet no one would be more ready to acknowledge than Bishop Hellmuth himself, that in conferring these dignities upon Mr. Fauquier, he did no less honour to himself than to his friend.

Thus Archdeacon Fauquier's election in 1873, by the Provincial Synod, to the Missionary Diocese of Algoma, was simply due to the high estimation in which he was held by the whole

Ecclesiastical Province for his unflinching, yet ever christianly courteous adherence to principle, the purity and godly earnestness of his character, and his conscientious, honest and affectionate loyalty to that Church of which he was already a minister.

A dark shadow fell over his closing life by the loss of his wife, daughter of the late Col. Burrowes of the British Army. During a long married life they had passed together through many sore trials, and he must have felt her loss keenly, in his own approaching old age. Yet in a letter to one of his old friends, while he speaks of how she had been his ever sure support and comforter, and most trusted counsellor, notwithstanding her own severe indisposition protracted through many years, the godly Bishop utters no word approaching to a murmur, but trusted not only the wisdom but the love of his God in his bereavement. And so far was he from intending to permit his now "lonely" duties to be intermitted, that, it being no longer necessary to provide for his suffering wife, he contemplated taking up his residence in Muskoka for the greater part of the winter.

A fatherly Providence has however very graciously otherwise ordered and sent him the message "Come thou also up hither;" and so the Bishop having thankfully surrendered his charge to the Chief Shepherd, husband and wife are once more united and with the unspeakable joy of worshipping together at the very feet of their beloved Lord.

A quiet and uneventful life such as that of the late Bishop of Algoma, distinguished only by its resolute fulfilment of duty, often under distressing circumstances is best known to the "Lord of the Vineyard." We have written what we feel to be a painfully imperfect sketch of a too rare character in these days of one who as a Presbyter and as Bishop lived above world and himself, because his eye was fixed upon the Master. We will, therefore, close by an extract from a letter from one who knew Bishop Fauquier and is able to appreciate his character. Our friend writes thus:—"What a sad loss we have all sustained in the removal of that good man, one whom to know was to love,—one who was so truly unselfish and self-devoted, and

who gave himself up to the Master. He has gone early to the rest for which we all look, and I cannot but think that the anxiety connected with his position hastened his end. I assure that you (the Bishop of Huron) may mourn his loss. But such a life is a practical sermon and speaks to us all."

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## LAKE NEEPIGON.

Negwiniang, Red Rock,  
February 2nd, 1882.

My dear Mr. Wilson,

All the Indians in this village desire to express, in the following words, their sincere regret for the death of our good Bishop. I send you a literal translation:—

"We wonder greatly at the death of the good Bishop; we are all grieved to hear the sad news. When first we saw him he spake kindly to us, and seemed to be our friend. We had had many Chiefs, but none seemed to care for us like the good Bishop. We hope that the next Bishop will also be our friend, and think about the Indians. The deceased Bishop opened this Mission for us as he promised he would do, and we are not attentive to the Missionary as we should be. We wish to have this printed in Mr. Wilson's JOURNAL at the Shingwauk Home."

I believe the Indians speak as they feel, they seem to think that they have lost a great friend, and they are continually asking if the next Bishop will care for them.

I am happy to say that God is blessing this Mission. I feel assured that there are some who are really trusting in their Saviour. It fills my heart with joy to hear them praying to the Heavenly Father at our little Prayer meetings which we hold four times a week. On Thursday evenings we had a meeting in our kitchen for all our little children, they come to read the Indian New Testament.

Yours, very truly,  
Robert Renison

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WITH this number we commence a very pretty story for children which we hope will increase the interest of our young readers in our paper.



LINES ON THE DEATH OF THE  
LATE BISHOP OF ALGOMA.*Written by a Lady in England.*

"He is not dead," but only lieth sleep-  
ing,

In the sweet refuge of his Master's  
breast,

And far away are sorrow, toil and  
weeping,

"He is not dead," but only taking  
rest.

What though the highest hopes he  
dearly cherished,

All faded gently as the setting sun;

What though our own fond expecta-  
tions, perished,

Ere yet life's noblest labour seemed  
begun;

What tho' he standeth at no earthly  
altar,

Yet in white raiment on the golden  
floor,

Where love is perfect, and no step can  
falter,

He serveth as a Priest for evermore!

O glorious end of life's short day of  
gladness!

O blessed course so well and nobly  
run!

O Home of true and everlasting glad-  
ness!

O Crown unfading! and so dearly  
won!

Though tears will fall, we bless Thee,  
O our Father,

For the dear one forever with the  
blest,

And wait the Easter dawn when Thou  
shalt gather

Thine own, long parted, to their  
endless rest.

## ST. JOSEPH'S ISLAND.

A MISSIONARY TRIP.—BY REV. H. BEER.

It was Monday morning—I had  
stopped over night with Mr. K., one  
of my parishioners—about 8 o'clock,  
with my snow-shoes under my arm, I  
started down to the shore and took  
the ice.

Seldom have I enjoyed a ten mile  
tramp as I did the first part of this  
one. The weather was delightful. It

was just cold enough to make me wish  
to keep my ears covered from the frost.  
The clear icy air seemed as I breathed  
it to put new life into my blood, and  
my step was quick and long and vig-  
orous.

The sun was shining dazzlingly in  
the cloudless blue sky, and as its  
bright effulgence was reflected from  
the myriads of snowy crystals that  
covered all around, it seemed as though  
the broad level plain of Lake Huron  
was one mass of flashing sparks of  
electricity.

There was not a breath of wind, or  
sound of any sort, to break the solemn  
stillness save the crunch, crunch, of  
my snow-shoes on the crust of the  
hard frozen snow. To my left lay the  
dense forests of St. Joseph's, while  
here and there along the shore were  
piles of cedar ties and poles, signs of  
the busy toiling industry of the hardy  
backwood's settler. On my right lay  
the dim low shores of Michigan, look-  
ing in their wildness as though they  
still might be the home of the wolf and  
the Indian.

Oh it was a glorious morning, and  
I trudged along with a light heart and  
could scarce refrain from running and  
shouting, so full of joy did I feel.

I called at the houses of the settlers  
as I passed, and read with them,  
and encouraged them not to forget the  
Lord their God in their anxiety after  
the things of this world.

By and by, as I journeyed on, I no-  
ticed the wind began to rise, the air  
grew colder, and the day grew darker.  
My long walk, too, began to make me  
feel tired. At last I got to the end of  
my journey, and after dinner I started  
to return.

But now all was changed. The sun  
was overcast by a thick haze. The  
wind blew a gale, and it was right in  
my face, adding much to the difficulty  
of walking. I was weary from walk-  
ing so far on snow-shoes, the strings  
that fastened them to my feet began  
to hurt me, and the journey that had  
begun with so much pleasure was end-  
ed about three o'clock, amid cold and  
storm, and weariness of body and  
limbs.

I could not help thinking how many  
of earth's journeys are like this day's  
trip of mine, begun in joy and hope  
they end in pain and disappointment.

Right glad was I when I reached

Mr. K's once more, and after being re-  
freshed with a bountiful tea I took my  
horse and drove home, where I  
arrived after dark, well prepared to  
enjoy my book and "My Ain Fireside."  
Such is an uneventful day's work of a  
Missionary's life in Algoma.

## MISSIONARY TRIP TO LAKE NEEPIGON.

*By Rev. E. F. Wilson.**(Continued)*

MONDAY AUG. 22ND.—Work com-  
menced at 7 a. m., after an early  
breakfast. Oshkahpukeda and Uhpe-  
sekun set to work sawing lumber for  
the floor and partitions of the mission  
house. Joseph and Muhqua took bags  
to a clay bank a little way off, filled  
them and brought them up on their  
backs to the mission house, mixed the  
clay with sand and water, they then set  
to work chinking, that is plastering  
between the logs on the inside of the  
building. William and Wells were  
making a log out-house, Mr. Reni-  
son and myself undertook to dig out  
a cellar which was already partly be-  
gun, throwing out the earth through  
the window, and when we had finished  
we cut stakes and drove them in all  
round as a wall, we then laid down a  
part of the floor in the room above.  
When night came our cellar was com-  
pleted, a good part of the chinking was  
finished, and some nine or ten boards  
had been ripped out.

After supper I went with the boys  
about a mile and a half along the  
beach to see some wild grass which  
the Indians said grew there in abun-  
dance. Some of them were anxious  
to have cattle and talked of getting up  
2 or 3 calves in the spring, (full grown  
cattle of course could not be brought  
in a canoe). It was necessary to see  
what provision there would be for the  
calves in case any were brought. It  
was nearly dark when we got out there  
but there seemed to be a good supply  
of wild grass of a fair quality. On  
the way back we called at Oshkahpu-  
da's, and he asked us to have prayers.  
We had a nice little gathering of earn-  
est worshippers. I brought away with  
me the Indian drum which Oshkah-  
pukeda used to use as a pagan, intend-  
ing to take it home as a relic.

TUESDAY AUG. 23RD.—Another busy



day, and quite a change made in the appearance of things. Oshkahpukeda and Uhpesekan were again hard at work ripping out lumber, Joseph and Muhqua-chinking. Daniel, who had been yesterday to look at a bear trap so did not work, came on to work and was set to piling logs and making brush heaps William and Wells helped him. Mr. Renison and myself bent our energies towards preparing a room for Mrs. Renison to move into. We got some rough scantling cut and put in place for the partitions and then nailed boards to them, so far as the boards would go. Of course everything was of the roughest construction, the boards were cut out of rough hewn logs the edges having no intention to straightness so that the gaps left both in the floor and partition were often an inch or more in width. We had also to be very sparing with nails as we had but a small quantity. By dinner time we had got a little bedroom and sitting room partitioned off from the rest of the building, but only about shoulder high as there were no more boards. These little rooms had floors, but no ceiling, and as only one side of the roof was completed, we hit on the plan of suspending the tent over the bedroom as a temporary ceiling. In the kitchen we had got just sufficient flooring laid for the cook stove to stand on, and this was brought in and put in its place. As soon as all this was done and a fire lighted, Mr. Renison and myself carried Mrs. Renison over from the school house and placed her in her new bedroom with its tented ceiling. This was a great improvement on the school house, that building not having been yet chinked on the inside and having only a bark roof full of gaps and spaces. By this time it was 5 o'clock, the hour appointed to quit work and mark out the land into lots for the various Indian families. Considering the short time that we had to work before dark we certainly got through a good deal, the land was measured and stakes placed apportioning about 10 acres to each Indian family, and 50 acres to the mission. There having been at present no Government Survey, no deeds can be acquired for the land, but we have been assured from head quarters that our rights will be respected as "squatters."

Directly we had had a mouthful of

supper, the Indians came together for a council. They expressed much satisfaction at the apportionment of the land, and said that they hoped it would eventually be deeded to them,—they did not want to have any Indian Reserve to hold in common as with other Indians, but preferred for each Indian to have a piece of land as his own property in the same manner as white people. We then proposed to give a name to the place, and I suggested, "Ningwinnena" the Indian name of the boy who died at the Shingwauk Home. This proposal met with hearty approval, and Ningwinnena is henceforth to be the name of our mission station.

I next asked whether the baptized men in the mission would not agree to bring up supplies for the missionary once every spring and once every autumn at 50 cents each per day instead of \$1.00 which is the usual charge. It was only right I said that they should each do what they could to help the mission. Oshkahpukeda at once said that he would agree to this and then several others agreed also.

It was about 10.30 p. m. before our meeting was over and we concluded with prayer in Indian.

(Conclusion next month.)

### GARDEN RIVER.

The Indians have evidently made up their minds that a new Church is an *absolute necessity*, and accordingly, a short time since, they devoted a couple of days to hauling stone for the foundation, and during that time enough stone was hauled, from a distant of at least five miles, to build a foundation three feet deep.

On Monday morning, March 27th, a Council was held in the School-room, when addresses were made by Rev. P. T. Rowe, Chief Augustin Shingwauk, and Chief Buhkwujjenene, exhorting them to make an united effort to get out, during the following week, a sufficient amount of lumber for the framework, and before the council ended each Indian present undertook a portion of the work, so that by the Spring all will be ready for erection, awaiting the laying of the Foundation Stone by the new Bishop; (D. V.).

But what shall we do for funds? Is the oft repeated question, and still the answer comes "God knows, but we do not."

It is a true saying that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," for mail after mail we wait with feverish expectancy for those sealed messengers of mercy to remove from our already overburdened shoulders this additional weight, but all in vain; the eyes of the benevolent are turned from our paltry undertaking of a few hundreds to the thousands necessary for more imposing structures, thus witnessing to the statement that "Whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he seemeth to have."

Oh, will not some one help us in our dire necessity. We have but a few dollars in hand, and consequently if we commence to build our Church we shall either have to incur an immense amount of debt, or else leave our Church standing in a half finished state, either alternative inculcating a most deplorable state of affairs. See ALGOMA MISSIONARY NEWS for March.

J. H. G.



A NESTORIAN BISHOP, Mar Johanan, of Ooroomiah, on the borders of Persia, is studying theology and church history in the Anglican Missionary College of St. Boniface, Warminster, England. He is desirous of obtaining full knowledge of the Anglican creed and system.

MR. WILSON'S MOVEMENTS.—Rev. E. F. Wilson, Commissary of the Diocese of Algoma, who left the Sault on the 7th ult., for an extended tour through the older Dioceses, is meeting with a great deal of encouragement in his efforts on behalf of this Diocese.

We see, by reference to the Church papers, that with his thorough knowledge of Algoma, and assisted by a large map, which he prepared for the purpose, Mr. Wilson has been enabled to



give the congregations which he has had the pleasure of addressing the most convincing proofs of the rapid growth of the Diocese since its separation in 1873; and also of the great necessity there is for greater, and more united effort on its behalf, in order that the work which has been so successfully carried on up to the present time, may not now be allowed to languish.

Mr. Wilson is now in the Muskoka district, and will visit the following places during the present month:—

Orillia	April	11th.
Barrie	"	12th.
Port Hope	"	13th.
Coburg	"	14th.
Kingston	"	15th to 17th.
Brockville	"	17th.
Prescott	"	18th.
Ottawa	"	19th & 20th.
Montreal	"	21st to 27th.
Belleville	"	28th.
Guelph	"	29th.
Galt	"	30th.
Owen Sound, May		2nd.

thence take Steamboat back to Sault Ste. Marie.

THE PROVINCIAL SYNOD will meet in Montreal on the 26th inst., to consider the necessity of supplying the vacancy in the Diocese of Algoma, caused by the death of the late Bishop Fauquier. We hope, therefore, to be able to announce in our next issue that the Synod, in their wisdom, have made choice of a worthy successor to him who had the welfare of his Diocese so much at heart.

AN APPEAL FOR HELP.—We would call the attention of our readers to the appeal of our correspondent at Garden River, and particularly of those who are looking for a worthy object to which they can devote any sums they have laid aside for charitable purposes. Surely they can find none more deserving, or more in need of assistance, than our Garden River friends. A new Church, as our correspondent says, is an absolute necessity, and the congregation being composed entirely of Indians—and those all very poor—they can do no more than get out the lumber and do a small portion of the labour required, for the rest they must depend on the liberality of Churchmen throughout the Dominion.

Do not hesitate to assist them because you think your donation may be

too small, though it may seem trifling to you it will be a great help to them, and, as such, will be most thankfully accepted.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT—Received with many thanks, from Mrs. Rashdall, 3 Eccleston Square, London, S. W., England, a parcel of books, cards and papers, for the Shingwauk Home. This notice should have appeared some time ago.

RECEIPTS.

ALGOMA DIOCESE.

Board of Missions, Diocese of Fredericton, per W. M. Jarvis,	\$ 99 40
Toronto Diocese, per W. P. Atkinson,	617 97
Total for March	\$717 37

OUR INDIAN HOMES.

Per Miss Crouch	\$ 2 00
St. Paul's S. Sch., Rothesay, for Wawanosh,	7 50
Board of Missions, Diocese of Fredericton, per W. M. Jarvis, for Shingwauk,	117 50
Ditto., for Wawanosh,	32 50
A. D. C. per Rev. W. Rainford,	50 00
All Saints' S. Sch., Collingwood, per Miss McMaster, for boy,	18 75
Per Miss McWilliams, for Wawanosh,	18 00
St. George's Miss. Union, Lennoxville, per Miss Roe, for girl,	25 00
Per Rev. Canon Houseman, for Wawanosh,	10 00
Per Miss Wilcocks, for girl	6 25
Per Miss Osler, Yorkmills, for girl,	3 13
St. George's S. S., Montreal, for Shingwauk,	25 00
Cathedral, Montreal, per Mrs. Houghton, for girl,	15 00
Total for March	\$330 63

BISHOP FAUQUIER MEMORIAL CHAPEL.—H. B., \$2; Collections Shingwauk Home 1.34, 4.23, 1.38, 1.01; Bishop N. S., \$10; M. A. B., \$5; M. T., \$2; per Miss Tippett, J. C., 1.65, Mrs 1., \$1 Miss W., \$1, Miss J., \$1. Total for March \$31.61.

The following donations have been received by Mrs. Martin since publi-

cation of Annual Report:—

FOR CHAPEL FUND		
C. M.	£	10
S. N.	2	0 0
C. B.	1	0 0
P.		5 0
C. C. M.	10	6
J. P. N.	3	0
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	£4	8 6

A. M. NEWS SUBSCRIPTIONS.—J. H. Glass .70; Miss Crouch \$1; F. Frost .35; Mrs. Radford .35; John Campbell .35; Rev. P. L. Spencer .35; H. Davidson .35; A. Dowa 1.15; Mrs. Cooper 1.05; Miss Farish 2.50; per Rev. J. S. Cole .40; per Rev. M. M. Fathergill 1.05; M. Baldwin \$1; Miss Westmacott and Miss Davis .75; Miss Carruthers .35; T. P. Greatorox .35; Joseph Esquimau .36; Percy Rixon 35 Mrs. A. Blachford 70;

A LEGEN OF INDIAN BELIEF.

By an Indian boy.

When a child about eight years old he or she began to fast for certain days. Some try for ten days without food or water. If the child be very thirsty a bullet is given to him to chew it in his mouth, which produces a little water and quench the thirst a little. They generally fast in fall in the month of September. They suppose after two days or three days fasting some spirit would come and talk to him, and give him a certain part of blessing, that is if the faster bears the fasting patiently, and if he leads a just and pure life, whatever the spirit said to him. When he is grown up he would use the blessing which was given to him, by a certain spirit. The child stops away from the family while he is fasting at a distance of about two miles. Every morning he paints himself black with coals. The father generally go and see him every morning and paint him. Some times the child do not have any dreams for four days after, then he dreams something.

This he does about five or six years that is only in the falls. When he is about fourteen years of age he is required to do the hunting while he is fasting. Some fast to be a warrior. The spirit of warrior is the thunder, when it thunders they suppose a great bird is amongst the clouds. But when they appear to a young person, the bird changed into a man naked and a staff in his hand and appear. Also they suppose, some people get medicine from the spirit of warrior the medicine is used for wearing it in battle, the person who has it cannot be aimed at very well also if he's shot, the bullet wont hurt him, sometimes the gun is



broken. They have great many songs for the medicine or a warrior's song. The man who dreamt the spirit of warrior is called "Ogechedah," a very brave man. These ogechedahs are suppose to pass a bullet a knife or axe which he is in action. They also have certain animal for their body, the spirit of warrior gave an animal together with his blessing such as wolf, fox, &c. When a man is in action, if he is encircled, he would turn to the animal which he dreamt of while he was young. The spirit of warrior is called "Muhjekewis," (the eldest brother of a family). The boy must not tell of his dream until he is about twenty-five or thirty years of age, he may tell if he wishes. About that time he will make a round drum made out of cedar, and sing the songs which he knew while he was young. If he knew great deal of warriorism and received a medicine, he then distribute the medicine, and the other people must buy that medicine whoever wishes, at about fifty dollars worth of goods and hardware, he gives very little of the medicine.

The origin of warriorism,—a tradition, is told by some of the Indians. In a certain period of time, an old man had ten sons, they each hunt a certain animal some bear, deer, carribo, beaver, moose, others fish &c. At last their father died, Muhjekewis (the eldest brother of the family) is then the head of the family. When they came home in the evening the youngest found a feather on his bed. They dwell under one camp which is called Zhabwunduhwaan, (a wigwam of two doors) the eldest (Muhjekewis) knew what was meant, the rest did not know. He said, is he going to have a wife before his eldest brothers. That happened twice he hated his brother, the cause of the feather. The third day the woman was in the wigwam, she made the supper ready and cut lot of wood for the night. Muhjekewis was angry with his brother, one day as they were going out to hunt. Muhjekewis turned back in another way. He then sneak to the wigwam and seriously watched the woman. The woman looked round and round then she put her head close to the tree, the tree was smashed to pieces which made great noise, Muhjekewis nearly ran away, his courage returned to him, he then shot the woman with an arrow, the woman fell to the earth (and it was winter.) Muhjekewis went to his hunting ground supposing he fired a deadly shot. When the evening was come the rest missed the woman, the youngest brother was quite sad. The rest of the brothers went to their usual hunting. The youngest brother did not go far, but he suspected some one killed her, he saw where the wood is and the place where the woman fell, and there was good deal of blood spilt about. The woman re-

stored to life and marched on through the snow without any snow-shoes. As she walked she gradually ascended, the young man determined to follow her. At last he could not see the blood, nor the track, she went about the direction of S. W. He asked the trees if they saw a woman passed by, they said yes. In the evening he came to a small wigwam, where was an old man, he sneaked to the wigwam and peeped in gently, the old man said to come in without looking at him. He was warming his back and facing away from the door. He asked him if he saw a woman passed by he said yes, she slept here last night and went away this morning. He saw a small vessel lying close to the fire, it was the skull of an eye of a carribo, in it there was preserve of blue berries. The old man handed to the young man and bade him to eat. The young man thought he would have enough, the old man said without the young man speaking, that he shall have enough. He then ate away, he found the soup increased until he had quite enough. After eating the old man said to him, your journey is very difficult before you, your grandmother will tell you all about what you shall do, and gave him a hook (grandfather and grandmother is commonly used among the Indians as a respect to old people). The next evening he came to his grandmother and did not the same way as he did to his grandfather, his grandmother gave him a small kettle made out of a moose's eye, in it there was a soup of corn, he had enough also with the soup. The grandmother then said your journey is very difficult, your wife slept here last night. She appears to be a woman but she is a thunder, therefore she can go through the air. You shall see a precipice before you without ending. She then handed him two awls made out of bone. Those hooks which your grandfather gave you you shall use first, then those awls as well. Be careful if you thought yourself someone, (that is if dreamt anything while he was young). They are hundreds passed by here which followed after those women of thunder, they are daughters of a Chief. The old Chief has ten sons and ten daughters. Your wife is going to marry a man so you better get there before the feast of the marriage. If you are able to get up there you will be all right, you shall earn the things which these deceased people went for and have failed.

He then ventured on, at about noon he saw a precipice without ending. He then climbed with his hooks, the hooks stuck in a rock, when he gets tired he stuck the hooks firmly and sat on the top of them. When evening was come he was very tired, he could not see the earth nor the end of the rock on which he was ascending. As he looked round he saw a small fox, he asked him may I sleep with

you to-night, the fox answered yes and bade him to go to him, and went and entered into a sort of cave. He told him not to lie too close to the edge of the precipice, that there were Omiskwahzegonawug generally passed by, which means thunder during the night, he heard thunder and lightning and saw great birds flying about. In the morning the thunder was all all over. He went on his journey, his hooks were worn out, he then used his awls; towards evening his awls were worn out, he could see the end of the precipice, but his awls were quite worn out, and he was very tired. He let the awls go, and said I will be a duck, he then flew up, just as he was reaching the edge he was becoming a man, he caught hold of a birch branch, thus he got to the level of the rock. He walked until he came to a wigwam, he went in, there he saw his sister which was lost, she said she was caught by one of those birds. She gave him some medicine which seemed like glue, she put the medicine to his feet saying you shall walk across on a line the rock is wide open, I will also help you not to slip off. If you able to cross there will be a wooden dish of the Chief will pass, whoever puts it on the palms of his hands and turn it over and adhere, the same shall have the youngest daughter of mine.

The young man walked till he came to another precipice, there was a thin twine laid across, made of bass-wood, he got the other side without falling. He then came to a village of wigwams; he was directed to the Chief's wigwam, it was Zhabwunduhwaan (wigwam of two doors) filled with guests. The Chief was sitting in the middle of the wigwam. He saw his wife she looked at him and took no notice of him. Some were ugly looking creatures, long legged men, others looked differently. The dish passed, every one who caught hold of it fell off. As it passed by he put some of the stuff on his hands, he took the dish and turned it over, it did not fall. All the guests went out and cried he beats us. Then he got his wife back again. He saw his brothers-in-law, ten in number, they were very kind to him. All this time he carried his bow with him which was his weapon. He went about for he was tired staying at one place, his brothers-in-law told him not to go far for they were many wild people who hated him. He could not see any game. He saw a blue clay which seemed like pain, he painted his bow and arrow, went home. His wife caught hold of his bow and said he has brought good deal of provisions, he stood speechless and wondered what was the matter, for he did not bring home anything. The old man looked at the blue clay, it is a big bear, the boys will go to-morrow and go after it. In the morning he led the way, one of them was rather globular, he ran up the creek, one of him came flashes of lightning, struck the earth with his enormous might, water came forth like a rapid. The other brethren were watching down the creek, three of them speared the bear, it was a great monster, when they throw their spears it made great noise and shook the earth and there was good deal of lightning. The man was great way off, he was told to go away before they began the search. They took the bear home and made a great feast.

One evening the old man asked if he had brothers, yes I have nine brothers beside me. I wonder they would come up here and live to the end of the world.



can you persuade them to come her? asked the old man. I think I can, replied the son in law. To-morrow the rest of your sisters-in-law will go with you and unite according to their ages, they will let you look out what you get to the half way to the earth where you live, when you come back you may look out the whole time. On the morrow they started in a flat thing like a table, he looked out when they got half way then then they came to the wigwam, the women did not go in. The young man went in first and called to his eldest brother that he was coming, for he was crying the whole time since his brother started. The rest of the brothers were sitting mourning for their brother supposing that he was lost. Every sort of animal came to Muhjekewis saying to him stop crying my brother I am just coming home, when he looked it was some animal making fun of him. Whenever he heard someone calling him he took a spoon and threw ashes to him, so when his brother called him he took the spoon and threw ashes on him without looking who he was. The young man fled away from him. He called him the second time, the other brethren looked they saw their brother standing at the door of the wigwam, then they said to them that's our real brother, he threw the ashes again. He called him the second time, Muhjekewis looked he thought he saw his brother. Then he rubbed his eyes and looked, well that was his brother he shook hands to him and was very pleased. The young man said I brought a woman each of you my brothers. Muhjekewis answered, is that so, with surprising reply. He washed himself. On the morrow they started back to the city of thunders, they were not allowed to look out, Muhjekewis attempted to look out but he was found out. He was asked why he disobeyed, he said he wanted to look out as they go along. When they got to the Chief's wigwam the food did not agree them. The thunder brothers in law were told by their father to break their brother-in-laws' heads and let out the brain. When Muhjekewis came in his turn he said he wont have his head broken off, they caught hold of him, his brain was all taken out, then he was all right. The men brought great snakes and many other wild beasts. One time they found a certain grass which was blue, they said that great snake was rather too big for them to kill, they were afraid they wont be able to kill it. On the morrow all the brothers went, and Muhjekewis and his brothers. The globular fellow went and struck the earth, after three flashes of lightning only a little stream came out, then another fellow was more globular, he ran towards the sky, there came great flashes of lightning, great floods of water gushed out. Muhjekewis was told not to go close to the thunder brothers, Muhjekewis was held by his brethren, just as the nine brothers were going to spear the great snake Muhjekewis escaped and came near to his brothers in law with his staff, when they struck the snake Muhjekewis was thrown back nearly all burnt, he was out of his senses and was hurt very badly, his other brothers laughed at him, and said to him your disobedience paid you rightly. The most globular came and struck the great snake they could not hold him steady, they said if they hold him hard the earth would be moved. Then they let him go along till he come to a great ocean, there they

will try to pull him to shore. When they came to the great ocean, they pulled him but were unable to conquer him, they asked for help stronger thunders, the thunders came and killed the snake. Just as they flowing it away Muhjekewis ran toward the snake and cut off part of the snake on the tail of it with the staff. They were all quite pleased with the action of Muhjekewis. Soon afterwards the equal powers was given to them. Muhjekewis was told to attend the Uhnishe nahbag (passing or worthless people) that is Indians.

Some time the Chief sends a message to the earth to gather tobacco. The old people of the Indians generally smoke when it is thundering and put tobacco on the fire, they mean they give that tobacco to the thunders. When the messengers return they bring great quantity of tobacco.

So some young people are fasting to get a blessing from Muhjekewis (the spirit of war). The Indians think the thunders keep down the monsters, if thunders go away for about five years these monsters would rise up and injure the people on earth. They say there is a Great Spirit which rules over everything, it is he who made Uhnemekeg, (thunders) great birds the size of a middle size of a house it's shape like an eagle; it has brass to it's beak; it's wings about quarter of a mile long, which possesses great strength. They say they are great many different sort of thunders, as there are different sorts of birds, even so with the thunders, some possess lesser strength others possess greater strength. They can't tell hardly any difference between the people and the monsters. Whoever dream about this warriorism, at least if he sees Muhjekewis in his dream, that he sees blood lying about until the going down of the sun, or sees a cloud passing by him on the level of the earth and looked at it till out of sight, which means it is the sign that he should stand in battle always. This called Muhnesenowewin (warriorism)



## FROG ALLEY

And what came out of it.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### Conclusion.

On the site of the old public-house stood the new school—so bright, so neat. There was the master's house close by, brighter, almost; and brightest of all were the master Always Happy, and his good wife Lucy. Well might Benjamin rejoice in what he had been able to do for Banmore in placing them there; for Banmore was now a large and thriving town. Its population had much increased, while its spiritual machinery had remained stationary. A Christian school, with

a master of such energy and piety, helped by a godly wife, was indeed a blessing to rejoice over.

"What hath God wrought!" Benjamin mentally exclaimed, as he stood among the children, listening to the teaching of their good master, and recalling his own school days.

He caused the first text he had ever learnt, "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me," to be painted in bright colours on the wall, and begged that each child, when admitted, should learn it, and be told of the Lord's love in bringing him there.

What he did for Banmore was but the beginning of his grateful return to the Lord for His mercies to him. He was never satisfied without being engaged in some labour of love for Him who had cared for him. Whenever he heard of any Christian work wanting help, his first thought was, "Here is a call."

When people spoke despondingly of themselves and their matters, and congratulated him on his easy fortune and happy life, he would say, "Be comforted, friend; the Lord can bring wonderful things out of worse places than Frog Alley!"

The end.

## The Babes in the Basket; OR, DAPH AND HER CHARGE.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE MOONLIGHT VISITOR.

The evening air stole gently into a quiet room in a West Indian island more than sixty years ago.

There were no casements in the wide windows; the heavy shutters were thrown back, and the moonlight poured, in long, unbroken streams, across the polished, uncarpeted floor.

Within the large pleasant room two children were sleeping in their curtained beds, like in pretty cages.

Suddenly there was a cautious tread in the hall, and then a strange figure stood silently in the moonlight. Without candle, or taper might have been plainly seen the short, strongly-built woman, whose black face and gay turban formed a striking contrast to the fair children in their loose, white night-dresses.

Who was that dark intruder, and what was her secret errand in that quiet room?

It was Daph, black Daph, and when you have heard more about her, you can better judge whether she came as a friend or an enemy to the sleeping children of her master.

The large mirror, bright in the moonlight, seemed to have an irresistible attraction for the negro, and the sight



of her black face fully reflected there made her show her white teeth in a grin of decided approval. The pleased expression, however, disappeared almost instantly, as she said impatiently, "Foolish ducky, spenden' dese precious time looking at your own ugly face!"

At this whispered exclamation the children stirred uneasily. "If I mus, I mus!" said Da h resolutely, as she drew from her pocket a box containing two small pills. With the pills in her hand she approached the bedside of the little girl who was now half sitting up, and looking at Daph with the bewildered expression of one suddenly aroused from sleep.

Daph put aside the mosquito bar, and said coaxingly, "Take dis, Miss Lou, quick as you can, and don't go for waking Mass Charlie, asleep da in dat beauty bed of his."

Daph had slipped the pill into a juicy bit of pineapple, which she seemed to have ready for the purpose, and the child instantly swallowed it. With one trustful, pleasant glance from her large, blue eyes, the fair-haired little girl sank back on her pillow, and was soon in the sweet sleep of innocence.

As soon as Daph saw the small, slender hands lie open and relaxed, she closed the gauze-like curtains, and stole to the cradle-bed of the little boy. She raised his head gently on her arm, and placed in his mouth a bit of the same juicy fruit she had given his sis-

ter, containing another of those hidden pills which she seemed so anxious to administer. The child did not wake, but the sweet morsel was pleasant to his taste, and no doubt mingled in his baby-dreams of the joys of the pleasant world in which he had passed little more than a twelvemonth.

(To be continued.)

### Shingwauk Home.

A Training Institution for Indian Boys, situate at Sault Ste. Marie, Algoma. The cost of each boy is \$7½ per annum, or if clothing is supplied \$50. Most of the boys are supported by Canadian Sunday Schools, and some by friends in England and elsewhere. A general maintenance fund is required to meet the expense of salaries, fuel, repairs &c.

In Canada, address Rev. E. F. WILSON, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., and send remittances by cheque payable in Toronto, or by Post Office order.

In England the address of the Honorary Secretary is Mrs. WM. MARTIN, 6 Dean's Yard, Westminster, S. W.; and P. O. Orders should be made payable to the Westminster Palace Hotel Post Office.

### Wawanosh Home.

A Training Institution for Indian Girls, situate at Sault Ste. Marie Algoma. The girls are supported in the same manner as the boys, and at the same charge. A general fund is required for the maintenance of the Institution.

For information address the corresponding Secretary, Miss BENNETTS, Trelawne, Sault Ste. Marie; or the Lady Superintendent of the Wawanosh Home.

Remittances to be sent to the treasurer, Rev. E. F. Wilson.

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