

DECEMBER 1st, 1882.

No. 12.

Shingwauk Journal.

THE RIGHT REVEREND the Bishop of Canada has accepted the position of President of the Indian Homes, Rev. Daniel McLean, Islington, is Vice President and Treasurer, Mrs. William Martin continues to act as Honorary Secretary in England. The English committee is shortly to be reorganized, and some Canadian friends who are accustomed from time to time to cross the Atlantic will be asked to join.

The number of scholars at each of the Homes continues to be very small, less than half the number that attended last year. This decreased attendance is owing to the prevalence of sickness and the occurrence of several deaths last year, which has frightened the Indian parents and made them unwilling to send their children. We hear also that some of those living at a distance have been alarmed at the terrible shipwrecks that have occurred on the Lakes, and for that reason will not trust their children away from them. We think it best not to discuss the matter under the circumstances, but to be satisfied with our little band of scholars for this winter, and several of our Sunday Schools who were supporting children have kindly agreed to let their contributions go toward the Memorial Chapel for the present.

We quite hope that the Homes will be opened again and all go on brightly once more next summer. The Memorial Chapel is now in course of erection, it is expected that it may be completed about the middle of next August. Chancel and east windows have been promised by members of the late Bishop's family.

NOTINGS.

GARDEN RIVER.—Rev. R. Renison and family are settled at Garden River for the winter. The mission house has been moved forward to be on a line with the site of the new church, and a kitchen and verandah have been added, which very

much improve both the appearance and convenience of the building. Mr. Renison speaks very hopefully of his work. He has good congregations on the Sundays, and quite overflowing meetings at the Wednesday evening services in the school-house.

ADDRESS.—Our Bishop's Toronto address during the winter is 7 Prince Arthur's Avenue, Yorkville.

ARRIVAL.—The Rev. G. B. Cooke and family have arrived and taken up their residence in the parsonage house at Sault Ste. Marie. In addition to the parish of Sault Ste. Marie, Mr. Cooke has the out-stations of Korah and Tarentorus to attend to. In this latter work he is assisted by Mr. Glass and Mr. Bell Smith, theological students.

NEWS.—William Buhkujjensee, a son of Chief Buhkujjensee who visited England with Mr. Wilson in 1872, has been placed in charge of this mission for the winter. He is a married man with two little children, and seems to be very much in earnest about his work.

BRUCE MINES.—This mission is making good progress under the care of Mr. Berry, lay missionary. There are prospects of a church building being provided during the coming winter. Mr. Berry has four out-stations, Otiertail, Thessalon, Cariboo Lake and Collin's.

TARENTORUS.—Mr. Glass, lay reader, wishes to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of a box of articles for a Christmas tree from C. W. M. A., per Mrs. O'Reilly, Toronto; and a donation of \$5 from the bible class of St. George's Sunday School, Guelph, per Mrs. Hogge, towards the new church. The account of our Harvest Festival is again unavoidably crowded out.

CLOTHING RECEIVED.—The following clothing has been received, and is acknowledged with many thanks:

FROM MRS. CAMPBELL, one coat, one waistcoat, two pair trousers.
FROM MRS. MCWILLIAMS, two pair socks, one pair mitts.

FROM MISS ROE, LENNOXVILLE, six cotton shirts.
FROM MRS. KEEN, forty pair warm mitts.
 Clothing received for the Wawanosh Home will be acknowledged in January.

RECEIPTS.

OUR INDIAN HOMES.

OCTOBER.

Board of Gen. Missions, per F. W. Thomas,	\$22 11
St. George's Miss Union, Lennoxville, for girl,	25 00
Trinity, St. John, N. B., for boy and girl,	37 50
St. Paul's S. S., Rochesay, N. B., for W. H.	5 00
Christ Church S. S., Ottawa,	25 00
St. John's S. S., Portsmouth,	3 00
St. John's, Yorkmills, for girl	3 13
All Saints' Sunday School, Collingwood, for boy,	9 38
St. John's, Toronto, for boy,	6 25
St. George's S. S., Toronto, for girl,	12 50
Per A. H. Campbell, for Shingwauk 28.75; Wawanosh \$21; Indian Homes \$4;	53 75
St. Peter's S. S., Toronto, for boy,	16 25
Christ Church Sunday School, Deer Park, for girl,	12 50
St. Peter's Sunday School, Brockville, for boy,	12 50
Holy Trinity, Toronto, for boy, 12.50; for W. H. 2.50;	15 00

NOVEMBER.

A. A., for Wawanosh,	5 00
Mrs. King Cameron, freight	1 00
Per Miss Philpotts, boys class, St. George's Guelph,	7 60
Mrs. Billings	1 00

Jarvis Shingwauk, in gratitude for the care taken of his boy at the Home,	1 00
Prof. Jones, annual subscription,	10 00
The Misses Patterson	10 00
Arch. Duncan	5 00
William Monson	1 00
St. Paul's S. S., Uxbridge,	8 25
Grace Church S. S. Toronto,	2 38

MEMORIAL CHAPEL—OCTOBER—Collections Shingwauk Home .44, .59, .71—1.74; All Saints', Cannington, \$2; Missionary boxes, per J. R. Cartwright, 11.75; St. George's Sunday School, Toronto, 31.38; Church of Ascension Sunday School, Hamilton, \$50; Per A. H. Campbell 69.07. NOVEMBER.—Childrens' hospital, Toronto, (Bricks for the Chapel) \$5; Collection Shingwauk Home .39; Mrs. B., \$1; Mrs. K., 2.65; "S.," St. John, N. B., \$2; "In memory of my deceased husband" \$5; Mrs. W. W., \$1; per Mrs. Davidson 7.75; per Arnold Burrowes, Esq., (Miss R. 2s 6d, Rev. Canon H. 10s, Mrs. B. £5, Mrs. R. 10s, Mrs. C. £5,) 54.13.

Total contributed \$1782 71

A. M. NEWS.—OCTOBER.—Mrs. Col. John Robinson .75; Mrs. Gilbert .36; Mrs. E. Gilbert .36; S. Bennetts .35. NOVEMBER.—Mrs. Dennistoun .35; Miss M. A. Little 1.05, Mrs. A. P. Tippet .35; Prof. Jones \$1; Miss Patterson .50; Wm. Monson .50; Rev. E. G. Sutton .35.

FOR NEEPIGON.—Mrs. Rixon, (childrens missionary boxes), \$5; per Mrs. Davidson, present for Joseph, \$2.

Babes in the Basket,

—OR—

Daph and Her Charge.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER III.

At sunrise, the morning after she set sail, the Martha Jane was dancing over the waves, far out of sight of mainland or island.

Daph was an early riser, and in the grey dawn she beatirred herself with her

usual waking thought—"This is a busy world, and Daph must be up and at work." Her first glance around showed her that she was not in the southern kitchen, which had so long been her domain, and a merry sound near her reminded her of the new duties she had undertaken.

Charlie was sitting up in the berth, his bright black eyes sparkling with delight at the new scene in which he found himself.

"Pretty! pretty little bed!" were the first words that met Daph's ear. The hearty hug with which she responded to this pleasant greeting, and the consequent laugh of the child, roused his fair sister.

Louise started up, and looked wildly around her. "Where are we, Daffy!" she asked anxiously.

"We's just on board a beauty ship, agoing to see pretty countries over the water," said Daph, coaxingly.

"But why do we go?" urged the child, by no means satisfied.

"Cause, 'cause," said Daph, "'cause de great Lord tink it best."

The face of little Louise instantly took a sobered and submissive expression, and she said quietly, "Well, Daffy, Lou will try to be a good girl; where's Dinah?"

"'e to be nurse now, Miss Lou," answered Daph, promptly.

"Oh! how nice! No cross Dinah any more!" exclaimed the little girl, clapping her hands with very great delight.

Charlie thought proper to clap his hands too, and to cry out boisterously, "Caky! caky!"—a cry which Daph well understood, and for which she was amply prepared.

She drew from one of her huge pockets some cakes for the children, and then they all three began to chat as pleasantly as if they were at their favourite resort, under the old tree that grew in front of Daph's southern kitchen.

Daph found it a difficult business to dress her young master and mistress; but Louise was a helpful little creature, and of great assistance in enabling the new nurse to select suitable garments from the store that had been hastily thrust into the great basket.

It was an easy matter to comb Louise's soft, straight, golden hair off her fair forehead, but it was another thing to deal with Master Charlie's mop of short chestnut curls. The new bond between Daph and the sturdy boy had well-nigh been broken by the smart pulls she gave in the course of her unskilful efforts.

When Captain Jones came into the cabin after his usual round on deck in the morning, he was greeted by the sound of merry young voices, which struck strangely on his ear.

Daph gave one peep from the stateroom, to be sure who was near at hand,

and then, leading out the children, bade them "go to the very kind gentleman that anybody ever had friend."

Charlie put out his arms toward honest captain, who took the little warmly to his heart.

Louise held on to Daph's apron one hand, and the other she pressed timidly towards her new friend.

That small, soft, gentle hand was in the hard, dark palm of the captain, quietly as a flower might fall on a path. Captain Jones bent tenderly to the fair, slender child, and kissed her smooth forehead. She loosened her arms of Daph, and nestled at his side. Those stranger-tears filled the captain's eyes, but he did not look toward them, or for the kindly smile that beamed from his frank, sunburnt face.

An odd-looking party sat round the breakfast table in the cabin that morning. Captain Jones was at the head, Charlie on his knee: opposite him perched the little Louise; while the weather-browned face of the mate peeped at the sides.

Daph had claimed the privilege of milking Passenger, the cow, which Captain Jones had taken with him on his voyages, and on which he lavished the surplus affection of his bachelor heart.

Passenger would have found out that she had powerful rivals, if she could have seen Charlie enjoyng his cup of milk on the captain's knee, and Louise looking at him with mild, trustful glance that went right to his heart.

Daph saw all this, if Passenger did not, and with her white teeth in full sight moved round the table, in the position of a waiter, which she had assumed to please her darlings in view, and to have a share of that their new friends, in their abundant kindness, did not feed them too far with sailors' fare.

That was a happy day to the children that first day on board the Martha Jane—and the captain prophesied that Charlie would "stand the sea like an old hand" and Louise would be as much at home on it as the Martha Jane herself.

(To be continued.)

ALGOMA MISSIONARY NEWS
And Shingwauk Journal

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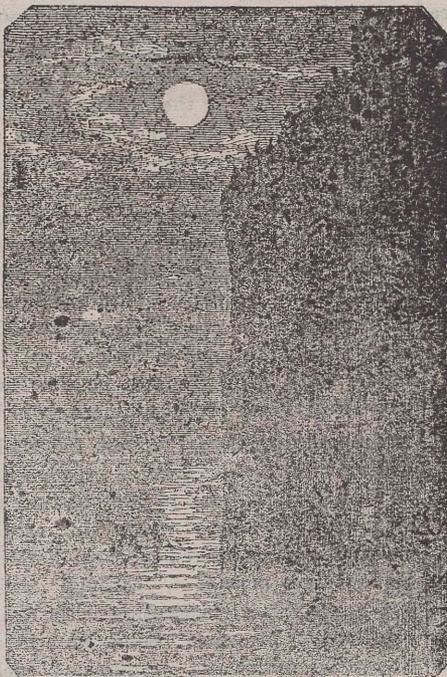
[NOTE.—If paper is not received regularly send post card to Rev. E. F. Wilson.

Notes of the first visit of the Bishop of Algoma to the Indian and White Missions on Lake Superior.

(Continued.)

Shortly afterwards Island portage was reached, then a few miles higher, Pine portage, one of the longest and most fatiguing on the whole route, which we divided into two, camping for the night half way, in the depth of the forest, where water could be obtained only from a distance, and not without the precaution of one or two scouts, placed at intervals, for the purpose of an occasional 'halloo,' by which to prevent the messenger losing his way in the woods. After a hearty supper, the singing of two or three Indian hymns, and prayer, we crept into the little tent, all too contracted for three occupants, and passed the night as comfortably as could be expected, with a scarcity of blankets above us, and beneath, a couch in which, to one of the party at least, it seemed as though flints had taken the place of feathers. Sleepless nights, however, will wear away somehow or other, and so, by day-break, we rose unrefreshed, and shouldering our respective burdens, completed the portage, and after a hurried breakfast, to which the Bishop contributed a live trout caught in a pool close by, embarked again on the last stage of our journey, hoping to accomplish the remaining twenty-five miles by night-fall, and so redeem the promise given to the Indians that the Bishop would certainly be with them on Sunday. Fortunately for our plans the weather, was all that could be desired, so our progress was rapid, enabling us after one or two short portages, and five or six miles paddling, to reach Flat Rock by 2 p. m., and there obtain our first view of the long looked for Lake Neepigon, which stretched far away to the north, a magnificent expanse of water, 90 miles long by 60 broad, and dotted with innumerable islands, densely wooded to the waters edge. The wind, however, being too high to permit of our venturing out, a halt was called, during which bread and cheese were served out, the canoes gummed afresh, a few winks of sleep snatched, and one of the party enjoyed the most refreshing bath he had had, he said, since his last visit to the broad domain of the sea king. About 3:30 p. m., we started once more, on the final pull of fifteen miles, and after a pleasant run, broken by only one short portage, reached McIntyre Bay, almost within sight of our destination. Knowing that the Indians would be anxiously looking out for the first token of our approach, Mr. Wilson, as we neared the Mission, fired his revolver several times. Scarcely had its echoes died out

among the surrounding hills and islands, when from the mainland first one little jet of flame flashed, then another and another, as the Indians, armed with all the available guns in the little village, sent back their quick response. Then the beacon fire was lighted, and as it blazed out, gave us a warm and ruddy welcome. By this time the shore was reached, and travellers and baggage landed at the foot of



a rising ground, on which we could dimly discern the figures of the inhabitants, men, women, and children, all running to and fro in great excitement. Just as we reached the highest point, another 'feu de joie' was given, the men running back about a hundred yards to make ready for another fusillade. The scene at this moment was striking in the extreme, and a study worthy the skill of a painter. In the pathway leading up to the little log church stood an arch of welcome, decorated with large bunches of Indian grass and everlastings, arranged at regular intervals, while at the top, stretched all across, ran a scroll, inscribed with the following sentence, in white letters on a dark back-ground:—

"NE MINWANDAUMEN KECHEMA-
KUHDAWEKOONUHYA TAG-
WISSHING OMAH NEGWE-
NENANG OWHOONJE
JESUS."

i. e.—"We are joyful that the big black-coat has arrived here in Negwenenang for the sake of Jesus."

On either side of the arch, the villagers had placed themselves in groups, the men with folded arms, leaning on their guns; the squaws seated on the ground, with their little papooses clasped in their arms or strapped on their backs, wrapped in warm Hudson Bay blankets; the older

children peeping out timidly from behind their seniors, as though doubtful of the intentions of the pale-faced strangers, while, a little in the back-ground, stood the brave wife of the missionary, waiting, with her little group of five children, to receive the visitors and give them a hearty welcome. All this, seen as we saw it in the fading light of that Saturday evening, with the alternating lights and shadows thrown on their swarthy faces, was a scene not soon to be forgotten. After the customary introductions and handshaking the Bishop thanked them for their very kind welcome, telling them how Christ once said to the first apostles, "He that receiveth you receiveth me," and that He therefore accepted this welcome, given to His servant and messenger, as if it had been given to Himself because it was given for His sake. The Church had sent him to carry on the work which had been begun by good Bishop Fauquier, whom God had taken home to Himself, and he also wished to be a friend to the Indians. He also thanked them for their beautiful decorations, and would ask Mr. Wilson to take a picture of them, that he might show his friends how kindly the Indians of Neepigon had received him. The resident missionary then made for himself

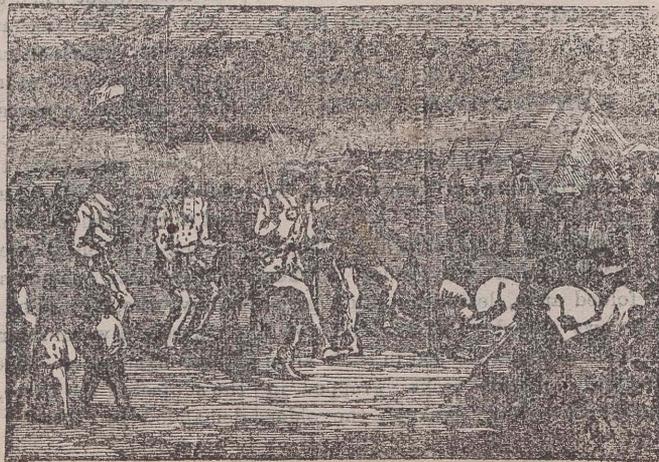
and little flock a very appropriate speech of welcome, after which we bid the red men "boozhoo" for the night, and withdrew to the Mission House close by, where we were most hospitably entertained during our stay.

Sunday (Sept. 10th) brought with it its own spiritual welcome, for as if in token of the divine blessing which had rested on this Mission since its foundation by the first Bishop of Algoma in 1879, the sun shone bright and clear, while the lake lay slumbering below, its surface like one vast sheet of molten silver. For lack of the church-going bell, which we had hoped to bring with us, it was nearly mid-day before the Indians assembled in the church, but when they did come they came 'with one consent,' and worshipped with a devoutness of manner which would have furnished no mean example for some more cultured congregations that could be named. The service was of course in Ojibeway, as was also the baptism of four children, two of them were tiny papooses, laid in the Bishop's arms, snugly swathed in their wooden cradles. All four were named after members of the Bishop's family, who, it is to be hoped, will henceforth take a warm interest in their new-found namesakes. The sermon was on the subject of the Cross, and the sacrifices demanded by Christ's service, a theme

naturally suggested by the Sacrament just administered, and also a hint given to the Bishop that one of the Indians present was still a pagan, unwilling to become a christian, because, if he did, one of his two wives must be surrendered. May we not hope that ere long this poor pagan may become, in God's strength, brave enough to take up the cross demanded of him? At the Evening Service the Bishop gave a simple exposition of the connection between Baptism, Confirmation, and the Lord's Supper, as three successive steps illustrating continuity and gradual growth of the christian life, sustained, as it is, by partaking of Christ himself, "the true bread which came down from heaven." Eight persons were then presented for the reception of the apostolic rite of the laying on of hands, among them two squaws, with their papooses in their arms, and a poor sick man, who lay on his bed, propped up by pillows, with just such a look of wistful longing on his wasted face, as must have been seen in that of the poor paralytic, who lay by the pool of Bethesda, vainly expecting a blessing, till Jesus came, and made him whole. The other five were young persons who had given the missionary such unmistakeable proofs of a desire to be christians indeed as abundantly warranted him in presenting them. The Holy Communion was then administered to the newly confirmed, and so the day of rest drew to a close, not, we trust, without having brought some little spiritual refreshment to "these few sheep in the wilderness."

Monday, the 11th, brought with it a very welcome and much needed rest from our fatigues, which was not any the less enjoyable for the fact that the Indians had been quietly planning among themselves projects for our entertainment, chief among which was a series of dances, previously rehearsed, which occupied the whole afternoon, and in which men, women, and children all took part, the male part of community in costumes, which could scarcely be said to be after *Oscar Wilde* at any rate. Picture to your mind's eye what humanity would be, if made utterly hideous, by the aid of every grotesque device which ingenuity could discover—head-dress of bark, striped with variegated paints, and crowned with bunches of Eagles

feathers—faces either entirely blackened, from which the eyes gleamed out like fire-balls, or smeared on either side with different colored clays—bodies divested of all superfluous clothing—legs, arms and feet entirely bare or decorated with narrow strips of cloth, which fluttered in the breeze—add now to all this the monotonous drone of the Indian drum, the hollow din of an old tin boiler extemporised as a musical instrument, and the jingle of the sledge bells used as a part of the harness worn by the dogs in the winter, and you can form some conception of the scene conjured up on Lake Neepigon for the amusement of the second Bishop of Algoma! The dances were many and varied—Sioux war dance, Ojebway war dance, medicine dance, scalp dance, pipe dance, &c. The performance continued till the men were completely exhausted, after which the squaws took it up, in milder form, adding a most peculiar but very sweet vocal accompaniment, which was repeated by special request, the whole ending with a *grand* feast of bread, fish, pork and tea provided by the missionary, after which "boozhoo" was said all round, and the Indians retired to their homes, having first expressed, through their spokesman, their gratification at the "big black coat's" presence. Some have questioned the wisdom of encouraging such exhibitions on the part of our christianised Indians, alledging that they carry them back, for the time being, to their old pagan usages and associations, from which we ought rather to do all in our power to separate them, but query, whether when after such a performance, they return to their feast, as in this case they did, with all their barbarism laid aside, their dress and whole appearance conforming to the requirements of civilisation, query, I say, whether they do not realize more forcibly how much christianity has done for them, and how high it has lifted them above their old and natural level. Besides, as one of them whispered to the Bishop, anticipating pos-



sibly some such objection in the Episcopal mind, "Nothing wicked in these dances, not like pagan dances," the difference consisting, as was afterwards explained, in the fact that pagan dances are accompanied by indecencies and immoralities from which these are wholly free.

CHAPTER III.

AN INDIAN POW-WOW.

TUESDAY, the 12th, was devoted largely to the inevitable "powwow" at which church affairs received a free and full discussion. Every man, woman and child in the community was present in the little church, to hear anything the Bishop might have to say as to their prospects. The meeting opened with Bishop Heber's well known missionary hymn and some collects, in Indian, after which, at the Bishop's request, and for his information, Mr. Wilson gave a succinct and interesting narrative of the remarkable circumstances which led to the foundation of the mission, originating as it did in the strange news of the old chief who had waited 30 years for a missionary of the Church of England, and who when dying left his people this solemn charge, "Wait, he will surely come," then the providential meeting of Bishop Fauquier with Oshkahpekeda, one of the very tribe, just when he was about to set out on a long, laborious journey to look for them, then the removal of Oshkahpekeda's son Frederick, called so after the bishop, to the Shingwauk Home, and his death there, a death however, which brought new life to the whole Indian cause (just as the blood of the martyrs proved the seed of the church) by the new interest it awakened among the Christian public in England, and the increased contributions given there. The Rev. Mr. Renison then took up the narrative at the point to which Mr. Wilson's address had brought it, and shewed what progress had been made since his own appointment, August 18, 1881, adducing the fact that many, alike of the adults and children, had learned to read and write, and also that they had built suitable log houses, each with its little garden attached, well fenced in, and supplied with potatoes, corn and other vegetables, (all this was abundantly confirmed by a visit paid afterwards by the Bishop, to the houses of all the resident Indians, in most of which were to be seen signs and tokens of an advancing civilization.) Mr. R., also bore very strong testimony to the good conduct of the Indians, and their kindness to himself personally, in bringing him fish, cariboo, &c., out of their own scanty store.

(To be continued.)