

ALGOMA MISSIONARY NEWS

and
Shingwauk Journal.

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THE MACEDONIAN CRY.

"Come over and help us," or send us help, was never more loudly expressed than it is now from the Algoma diocese. We call especial attention to a couple of appeals in our Correspondence columns,—“Our Missionary Diocese,” and “Slack not thy hand”—for that necessitous, but much neglected and almost forgotten diocese. The appeals are urgent, and are made for an unfortunate people who have had their property destroyed by bush fires, and for whom very little effort has hitherto been made by those who have pledged themselves to support just one missionary diocese—just one, and only one. And that one which, until recently had a pious, zealous, devoted, loving, and beloved, but neglected Bishop, and now has a faithful and energetic band of clergyman, who are prepared to sacrifice all for their Master's cause—that one missionary diocese is allowed thus to perish, or at least to drag along a miserable and struggling existence, because of the carelessness, the worldliness and cupidity of the other portions of this ecclesiastical Province. Surely all the superfluous money of Ontario need not go to the North-west, to swell the gambling speculations in that region! There are pressing duties near home, that require to be at once attended to.

The missionary diocese of Algoma is the charge of the entire ecclesiastical Province, whose Synod assembles in Montreal, and consisting of the dioceses of Nova Scotia, Fredericton, Quebec, Montreal, Ontario, Toronto, Niagara, and Huron. All are jointly and severally responsible for the missionary diocese, having voluntarily become so. The diocese of Toronto may be considered more responsible in this respect than the others, partly because Algoma was originally part of the Toronto diocese, and also on account of its greater wealth and prosperity. We blush, however, to be obliged to say that instead of doing the most, Toronto has done proportionately less than any other diocese in supplying the spiritual wants of the population of Algoma.—*Dom. Ch'm.*

GARDEN RIVER.

Holy week was observed in this Mission with daily Evensong and Sermons at 7 p. m., and on Good Friday with Mattins, Litany, and special address, at 10 a. m. All the services were well attended, especially the one on Good Friday morning when upwards of 60 were gathered together. The address was founded on the words “Christ died for us.” Rom. v. 8., and was listened to with great attention.

The Easter Vestry has been postponed owing to many of the men being away lumbering, and others in the Sugar Bush, but it will be held (D.V.) early next month.

We are happy to say that a few subscriptions towards our new Church have been received, and our only hope is “That more may follow.” If any kind friends in England feel disposed to help us in any way, Charles Hunt, Esq., of 35 Hanover Street, Grosvenor Road, London, S. W., would be most happy to receive P. O. orders, cheques or articles of Church furniture, or even articles of clothing for the poor, and picture books, toys, &c., for the little ones attending the Mission (Indian) School, all of which should be specified for “Garden River Mission.”

Before the next issue of the ALGOMA MISSIONARY NEWS one whom we have learned long ago to regard as our friend, and staunch Brother in the hour of need, will have turned his back on us, sweeping westward with the tide. Yes, within a few weeks he, who was alike successful in prescribing for our bodies as for our souls, who whilst ministering to the one oft times ministered to the other, will have entered upon a new sphere of labour in another quarter of the Master's Vineyard.

The Rev. P. T. Rowe, our beloved clergyman, having been appointed by Lord Bishop of Rupert's Land to the charge of the Mission of Minnedosa, in that Diocese, intends leaving us at the close of the present month.

He has ever proved himself amongst us as a zealous, hardworking Missionary, and, in how many many cases, a true friend. “We shall never look on his like again” is expressed by all, and gladly would we detain him amongst us, but, we feel assured, that such a conscientious servant of the Lord will meet his reward here, as well as in the great hereafter, as more than one have prophesied “He is destined to make his way in the Church”—and right heartily do we echo “Good luck have thou with thine honour”—and we know that he is more likely to obtain his deserts in his new field of labour than he could ever hope to reap here. Thus whilst regretting his departure, and still hoping for a place in his remembrance, we cry aloud with loving hearts “Go, and the Lord be with you.”—*Com.*

AN INDIAN CHIEF'S LETTER.

Negwenenang
Lake Neepigon
January 18th 1882.

TO REV. E. F. WILSON,

MY DEAR FRIEND.—I heard that the Bishop is going to be buried with his name-sake, at the Shingwauk. I hope God will allow me to see the funeral next spring, but the difficulty is getting money for me to be there. I also wish you would let me know the exact time. I hope, by God's help I will be down there, that is, if it is not too early. If I know the exact time I try and come. I do determine to go. I am exceedingly glad to hear that he is going to be buried with my deceased son. I just depend on you to know when the burial will take place. I was deeply

sorry for his death, for being taken up with the Indians, he had helped them good deal.

So my dear friend, I am so thankful for taking care of my children. Best compliments to you and to all boys. I hope we will see each other again.

From your true friend,
Frederick H. Oshkabpukeda.

MUSKOKA.

UFFORD.

This station in the Mission of Rosseau, under the able charge of the Rev. Mr. Chowne, of Rosseau, has been lately visited by the Bishop of Toronto on March 28th, and by the Rev. E. F. Wilson, Commissary of the Diocese.

On March 28th morning service was held in St. John's Church, Ufford; and after an ever to be remembered address by the Bishop of Toronto, (who most kindly visited the station for the purpose) Confirmation Service was held. This was the first Confirmation ever held here, and the Church was packed with a crowded and attentive congregation.

On Good Friday the Rev. E. F. Wilson preached a most instructive sermon, and also gave an interesting account of the state of the Diocese, and the Church work therein.

Owing to a largely increased congregation it has been found necessary to add a chancel to the present Church, and Mr. Wilson not only approved of the plan, but also gave a handsome donation towards the work; for which he has the hearty thanks of all.

Both his Lordship the Bishop and the Rev. Mr. Wilson were the guests of Mr. H. W. Gill during their stay in Ufford.

Ere this appears the Provincial Synod will doubtless have met, and decided the fate of the Diocese. The result of their deliberations will be anxiously looked for by the Church people all thro this vast Diocese. Our needs are great, but not so great but that if the Churchmen of Canada do their duty they can be supplied.

Last summer, when the bush fires ran through parts of this district, many were left homeless, and without means of subsistence. Nobly then friends came forward and supplied their needs. Many are now, and have been for years, without actual spiritual necessities. No Church; no clergyman; no hope of any. And will our fellow Churchmen of Canada still stand aloof and let others starve for the means of grace which it is in their power to give? We trust not, and, in that trust, still wait for the appearance of a silver lining to that cloud which enshrouds us.—*Com.*

PRESENTATION TO REV. P. T. ROWE.

On Friday Evening, April 28th, a complimentary concert was tendered the Rev. P. T. Rowe, previous to his removal to the North-west, by the residents of Sault Ste. Marie. The committee, who had the management of the concert, deserve great credit for the very successful manner in which the entertainment was conducted; and, to judge by the large and select audience present, and the hearty applause with which each piece on the programme was received, we believe their efforts were fully appreciated.

One of the most pleasing features of the entertainment was the presentation of a purse, of something over \$50, (the proceeds of the concert) to Mr. Rowe. W. Brown, Esq., our worthy Reeve, made the presentation in the following neat address:—

LADIES & GENTLEMEN.—The very pleasing duty that I am called upon to perform this evening, is, I must admit, somewhat marred by the thought that we are so soon to lose from our midst one who by his devotion to duty, singleness of purpose, and unobtrusive energy in the highest sphere of work has won the regard and good will of every one with whom he has come in contact, and to whom we are desirous this evening of presenting with some tangible proof of our esteem.

The wish, if I rightly interpret it, is to convey to Mr. Rowe our appreciation of his unselfish devotion to his pastoral work, to express our regret at the approaching separation, and to tender those congratulations which are proper to him upon his promotion to a wider sphere of duty, which those who know him best know how highly he will adorn.

And now, Rev. Sir, it becomes my pleasing duty first to wish you, on behalf of this large audience, health and happiness in your new home, and to place in your hand this Purse, as a slight token of the high esteem in which you are held as a "Gentleman," a "Pastor," and a "Christian."

REPLY.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—It gives me unbounded gratification to receive from you this pleasing expression of your kindness—as spontaneous as I believe it to be genuine. I will not speak of deserts; of my shortcomings rather, of which I am painfully sensible. I have not been connected with you by the near and close relations of pastor with people, still I have ever sought your best interests. I regret that the time has come when I must be separated from you by many miles, but there will be no separation as regards my best wishes and prayers for you. I go towards the setting sun, to live and labour

among a strange people, but I inspired with the hope and desiring proving myself not unworthy of confidence in me. It is natural at Garden River told me: "The men," he says, "came from where the sun rises, they follow it on, and seems natural that they should where it sets—it is their destiny."

I thank you. I thank you for invariable kindness I have ever with among you all, and I leave all as one leaves his dearest friend regretfully. I thank you once for your presence here,—for this vision of your love, which is so pleasing because participated in heartily by all, without distinction of class or creed—I thank you for hopes and wishes, and assure you shall ever remain a happy recollection with me, and I will never cease to for you the goodness and blessing of Providence.

Ever, mg dear people,
Your servant in Christ
P. T. Rowe

MISSIONARY TRIP TO LAKE NEPISSINGUIE.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson

(Concluded)

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 24TH.—At 6 o'clock this morning William and self started on our homeward journey taking Muhqua and his sister with us, and leaving Wells behind. Nearly all the Indians come down the shore to bid us good bye, but Mr. Remison and his children had fair weather and made good progress, and by nightfall we found ourselves encamped at the head of portage where we had spent a Sunday on our way up.

THURSDAY, AUG. 25TH.—William and Muhqua took the canoe this morning the first thing in the morning and then came back to breakfast about 7 a. m. When this was over, and prayers, we each prepared our load and started on the two-day walk to the other end of the portage.

About noon we reached Lake Nipissing and were scarcely half way across it when we descried a bear on the opposite shore, rather more than a mile from us. It was slowly walking and keeping pace with our canoe and we occasionally stop and look at it. What its intentions were it is impossible to say, but it certainly seemed as if it intended making our acquaintance.

for in a little time it came leisurely down to the water, took another good look at us, and then plunged in and swam towards us. This was just what we wanted. Mahqua was greatly excited and gave rapidly uttered directions to William as to what to do. Annie and myself acted the part of prudence and landed on the shore, with some of the baggage so as not to impede the huntsmen, and indeed if the bear turned on them the canoe would be certain to be upset, and perhaps demolished altogether, then they would have to swim for their lives. We had no gun. I had left mine with Mr Renison. There was only an axe and a hatchet. Armed with these the young warriors set forth. As soon as they get near to the bear they began shouting and screaming at him, whereupon the huge beast growled and turned back in the direction whence he had come. The boys followed him cautiously. He was a huge monster, and they were afraid to go near enough to strike him with the axe. Indeed it would have been a dangerous matter to have attempted it. Had we had an old experienced huntsman with us, or any sort of fire-arms, the bear would no doubt have been ours'. As it was he went growling and splashing on in front of his pursuers till the shore was reached, and then with one bound he leaped out of the water, shook himself like a Newfoundland dog, and was immediately lost in the dark mazes of the bush. Thus ended our second bear hunt.

Just at sundown we reached the mouth of the Neepigon, and pitched our tents on the same spot where we had camped on our way up.

FRIDAY, AUG., 26TH.—We had only about five miles farther to go to reach Red Rock and this was speedily accomplished. By 10.20 a. m., we had shot the rapids and were once more safe on the Steamboat dock.

TUESDAY, AUG., 30TH.—(Prince Arthur's Land'g)—The "Manitoba" came into Red Rock about 9 o'clock Sunday morning, after a delay of about 2 hours we started off. Being on her up trip we had to come to Prince Arthur's Landing and are awaiting her return from Duluth before we can embark for the Sault.

We found the Bishop of Algoma here, stopping a few days with Rev.

Mr. McMorine. He left yesterday by the "Francis Smith" and I have taken his place as Mr. McMorine's guest, the two boys and Annie being camped close to the house.

Last evening I called on Mr. Amos Wright, the Indian agent, and was glad to learn from him that there would be no obstacle to the Neepigon Indians clearing little farm plats for themselves, and that whenever the land was surveyed they might depend on having it deeded to them to hold in their own right.

This morning I have seen Mr. Wright again and asked him to address an official letter to Oshkapukeda and the others at Negwenenag telling them what he had said to me about the land. Mr. Wright asked me if I had any young Indian capable of undertaking the school at Pic River, and I mentioned John Esquimau. I should be very glad to get him in there as there is danger of the Pic River Indians getting under Roman Catholic influence. The Chief at Pic River, Antoine Morriasseau, is a very intelligent half-breed and tries to do all he can for the improvement of his people.

I was sorry to see an Indian drunk yesterday morning, he had a bottle of whiskey and was imbibing freely from it. I took the bottle from him and poured out it's contents and threw it away.

This evening I had an interview with the Pic River Chief, he spoke very sensibly, said he was doing his best to improve his people, that within the last three years they had formed a settlement and built 12 or 13 log houses, and were growing all the potatoes they wanted. They had also built a school house and had just engaged a teacher. I was a little sorry to hear this, having hoped to get John Esquimau in. Nearly all the people he says are Roman Catholics and a priest (Herbert) visits them twice a year, but a good many of them are still pagans. He did not speak as if he had much faith in the priests, "They are not good," he said, "though they seem to think themselves so, only men." He said he had 4 children of his own, three girls and a boy, the latter about 10 years old, he thought he would like to place him at the Shingwauk Home but would see in the course of the Fall.



DURING HOLY WEEK special services were held at the Shingwauk Home every evening. On Good Friday morning—after Morning Prayer—addresses, on the "Seven last words," interspersed with suitable Hymns and Collects, were delivered. Full of solemnity, as befitted the occasion, and abounding with practical lessons, we feel sure that they will leave a lasting impression upon the boys, especially as they were uttered with the greatest simplicity of language.

These services were all conducted by the Rev. P. T. Rowe, who has been very kindly performing some of the Principal's duties, during the absence of the Rev. E. F. Wilson.

VESTRY MEETING.—The yearly Vestry meeting of St. Luke's Church, Sault Ste. Marie, was held on Easter Monday evening, when the following named gentlemen were elected to fill the various offices in the Church for the current year:—

Peoples Churchwarden.—	W. Brown.
Minister's	Dr. Reid.
Sidesmen.—	T. A. P. Towers,
	H. P. Pim.

FATHER IGNATIUS was about to preach at a well-known church. A popular hymn of Dr. Watts' was sung before the sermon, and when it ended the preacher repeated slowly the last two lines:

"Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all"—

adding. "Well, I am surprised to hear you sing that. Do you know that altogether you put only fifteen shillings into the bag this morning?"

On the 12th of March the Venerable James Hunter, D. D., late Archdeacon of Rupert's Land, died after an illness of six weeks, aged 65 years. For the past fourteen and a half years he was the vicar of St. Matthew's, Bayswater. The beautiful church in course of construction on the site of the old build-

ing in St. Petersburg Place owes to him chiefly its erection.

A QUAKER'S MOTTO.—“I expect to pass through this world but once—If therefore there be any kindness I can show, or any good I can do to any fellow human being, let me do it now, let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.”

THIRTY Russian Jews, possessing an aggregate capital of about \$27,000, have just left their homes for Palestine, where they intend to form a farming colony.



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

CHAPTER I.

(Continued.)

Daph now set to work busily to fill a huge basket, which she brought from some place of deposit near at hand. The drawers of the bureau, and the contents of the elegant dressing-case she thoroughly overhauled, making such selections as seemed to please her fancy, and being withal somewhat dainty in her choice. Children's clothing, of the finest and best, formed the lowest layer in the basket; then followed a sprinkling of rings and necklaces, interspersed with the choice furniture of the rich dressing-case. Over all was placed a large light shawl, with its many soft folds, and then Daph viewed the success of her packing with much satisfaction.

Quietly and stealthily she approached the bed, where the little girl was sleeping so soundly that she did not wake, even when Daph lifted her in her strong arms, and laid her gently in the great basket—the choicest treasure of all. In another moment the plump,

rosy boy was lying with his fairy-like sister, in that strange resting-place. Daph looked at them, as they lay side by side, and a tear rolled over her dark cheeks, and as it fell, sparkled in the moonlight.

The negro had taken up a white cloth, and was in the act of throwing it over the basket, when a small book with golden clasps suddenly caught her eye; rolling it quickly in a soft, rich veil, she placed it between the children, and her task was done.

It was but the work of a moment to fasten on the cloth covering with a stout string; and then, with one strong effort, Daph stooped, took the basket on her head, and went forth from the door with as stately a step as if she wore a crown.

CHAPTER II.

THE "MARTHA JANE."

THERE was the bustle of departure on board of a Yankee schooner, which some hope of gain had brought to the southern island named in our last chapter. The fresh and favourable breeze hurried the preparations of the sailors, as they moved about full of glad thoughts of return to their distant home.

The boat, which had been sent ashore for some needful supplies, was fast approaching the vessel, and in it, among the rough tars, was Daph, her precious basket at her side, and her bright eyes passing from face to face, with an eager, wistful glance, that seemed trying read the secrets of each heart.

"Here! go-a-head, woman! I'll hand up your chickens," said one of the sailors, as they reached the anchored schooner.

"I keeps my chickens to myself," said Daph, as she placed the basket on her head, and went up the side of the vessel as steadily and securely as the oldest tar of all.

As soon as she set her foot on deck, the sailors thronged around her, offering to take her chickens from her at her own price, and passing their rough jokes on her stout figure and shining black face. One young sailor, bolder than the rest, laid his hand on the basket, and had well nigh torn away its cover. The joke might have proved a dangerous one for him. A blow from Daph's strong arm sent him staggering backwards, and in another moment the negress had seized an oar, and was

brandishing it round her head, threatening with destruction any one who should dare to touch her property, and declaring that with the captain and with him alone would she treat for the chickens, about which so much had been said.

"Cap'in," said she, as a tall, firmly knit man drew near the scene of disturbance—"Cap'in, it's you eah, I wants to speak wid, and just by your self, away from these fellows, who don't know how to treat a 'spectable darkie, who belongs to the greatest gentleman in the island. Let me see you in your little cubby there, and if you have a heart in you, we'll make a bargain.

(To be continued.)

RECEIPTS.

OUR INDIAN HOMES.

St. Paul's S. Sch., Uxbridge,	
per Mrs. Davidson, for boy,	15 00
All Saints' S. Sch., Toronto,	
for girl,	12 50
Trinity S. Sch., St. John, for	
boy 18 50, for girl 18.50,	37 00
Easter offerings, per Mrs.	
Davidson, for S. H.,	80
All Saints', Whitby, for boy,	9 75
St. James' S. S., Port Dalhousie,	
for W. H.,	10 00
Guelph S. Sch., for Indian	
Homes,	6 00
Total for April,	\$91 05

BISHOP FAUQUIER MEMORIAL CHAPEL.—Collections Shingwauk Home .60, .70, .63, .64; S, (Dorchester) \$5; E. B., \$5; A. H's mite box \$1; Rev. T. N. 3.70.

A. M. NEWS.—J. H. Bennett 25; G. E. Fairweather \$7; Miss Brown 35; Miss Osler \$4; Miss Chandler 70; Rev. T. Neales 6.30; Frank Hodd 47; Rev. J. Gribble \$1; Rev. LeB. Fowler \$1.

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A MONTHLY PAPER,

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REV. E. F. WILSON.

Miss Crouch
virgil, out