



### BISHOP SULLIVAN'S FIRST POW-WOW WITH THE INDIANS.

The people are assembling one by one in the Garden River School-House, the Bishop has already taken his seat on the platform with Mr. Wilson beside him as interpreter. The old chief, Augustin Shingwauk, is lying on a form smoking. All at once he quickly removes his pipe from his mouth, leans forward, and says to Mr. Wilson—"Tell the big black coat I want to know how many winters he has been in the world." The Bishop is rather taken aback at this, laughs, and in round numbers satisfies him on the point. "Oh," says the old chief, "you are only a boy then, I don't know just how old I am," he continues, "but I must be either a little under or a little over eighty."

When all were gathered and prayer had been offered, the Bishop rose and addressed the people—speaking about their proposed church, and that men, women and children all should help just as the Israelites did when the Tabernacle, was erected. He then asked if they would tell him how much they expected the church would cost. Chief Augustin, who is rather deaf, had not quite caught the meaning, and asked one of the Indians what it was the Bishop wanted to know. Then he laughed and said the great black coat did not

yet understand the Indians—Indians were ignorant and knew nothing. How could they tell what a church would cost? As for him, he knew the price of a pound of pork, and that was all. One of the younger Indians, who was churchwarden, then arose and said that Mr. Rowe (the late missionary) had all the papers about the church, but he believed it was intended to spend \$800 or \$1000. The Indians had already done their part; they had dug the foundations that was what they had promised to do. The Bishop then informed them that Mr. Rowe had given into his hands all the money collected so far, and it amounted to about \$120. The Indians were then asked to say anything they had to say on the subject, and to put any questions they pleased to the Bishop. Chief Augustin then rose, and summoning Wm. Driver to interpret for him, advanced to the platform and formally shook hands with the Bishop. Then addressing the Bishop he said, "My father, I am very thankful to see you here amongst us, and bid you welcome. We have been long looking for you, and we rejoice that you have now arrived. My father, I wish to put one question to you, one only one. We Indians at Garden River have for a great many years belonged to the Church of England. It was the great white chief, John Colbourne, who first advised us to give up paganism and embrace

the Christian religion. Ever since then we have been loyal to the Church of England. We think we have not been fairly treated. We have been too much put aside and neglected. So that now at the present day religion seems to be going back among us instead of going forward. My father, these things ought not to be thus, and we look to you now to set them right. We have at present no missionary with us to preach to us, to baptise our children, and bury our dead. A young man was appointed a few years ago, and while he remained with us, he worked well, and all loved him,—but he has married a wife and now has gone away and left us. We would like an old man to be appointed for this mission, and for him to bring his woman with him and settle down with us, and not want to go away again. I ask you my father, are you prepared now to supply our wants and send a missionary to live with us and teach us?" The Bishop then told the Indians that only a few days ago he had written to a clergyman to come at once to Garden River, and it was his hope that when he came he would settle down in their midst and remain with them. There were grunts of approval at this, and then Chief Buhkwujjene rose to speak. He came forward to the platform and shook hands with the Bishop as his brother Chief Augustin had done, and then commenced his address. It was delivered in deliberate, earnest tones, and made a very favorable impression on his Lordship and others who heard the interpretation. The Chief related how a Garden River Indian had gone on an expedition to a distant place taking some of his family with him—how while away a child had died, how they had carefully wrapped the child's body in a shawl and returned with all haste to Garden

River to give it a Christian burial, and how, on their arrival, there was no minister at hand and they had to bury the little child themselves. These things said the Chief, make us sad. We want to be Christians and to live as Christians, and how can we do this when we have no one to teach us? If we were rich we would not ask the white man to help us. If we had money we would once lay down a thousand dollars and our church would be built at once. But we are too poor. We have nothing. We are obliged to look to the white people to help us. "My father," continued the Chief, "I listened with great pleasure to your sermon in the church; it warmed my heart, especially that part which you addressed to little children, and telling how little children had died for the Lord Jesus when he was a babe, and how the Lord Jesus had died for little children. Many of our children died the past winter, and their bodies have been laid in the cemetery which you went to see this morning, but their souls, as you told us, are with Jesus. My father, stand close to Jesus, and then God will uphold you and bless your presence in our midst. The Bishop cheered the poor Indians very much by his kind, sympathizing and encouraging words. He said he had seen the foundations and trenches for the church, and the piles of stone, and knew they must have been hard at work. "I hope soon," he said, "to be back at the Sault again, and shall make it my first business before anything else to attend to your wants and see what can be done about building your church. Tell the people," said the Bishop to Mr. Wilson, "that I will sit down and write a letter to a friend of mine and I will say to him, "I want you to send me \$100 for the Garden River church." (Ugh! came from the Indians.) "Tell

them, I will write to another friend and say, I want \$50 and cannot take less!" (Ugh! ugh! again.) "The Bishop is very good all at once!" said old Little Pine. Every face looked cheered—children's eyes sparkled, and the Bishop parted with his newly-made Indian friends with every expression of gratitude and delight both upon their lips and faces.

### THE BISHOP'S FAREWELL SERMON IN MONTREAL.

On the 16th ult. the Right Rev. Dr. Sullivan, Bishop of Algoma, preached his farewell sermon in St. George's Church, Montreal, previous to his departure for his diocese. The building was crowded to its utmost capacity, chairs being placed in the aisles. He took for his text 1st Samuel vii. 12:—"Then Samuel took a stone and set it between Mizpeth and Shen, and called the name of it Ebenezer, saying, hitherto hath the Lord helped us." The following are a few extracts from it. Speaking of the approaching separation, he said: To-night we stand face to face for the last time, in God's house, as minister and people. The bond which has twice bound together in the holiest of all relationships that can knit human souls each to the other on this side heaven, is now a second time to be broken. Links which the passing years have but served to strengthen and consecrate by memories and associations as sacred as they are to me imperishable, must now be sundered that we may go our several ways, I to feed a distant, widely scattered flock, you to be ministered to in holy things by other hands than mine, the flock no longer of my personal pastoral care, but still, and for ever, of my fond, unchanging

affection. Surely brethren, you among whom I have gone in and out so long, in the perfect, happy freedom of an unreserved mutual confidence, need not to be assured that this severance of a tie so sacred is made not merely reluctantly, but only because an inevitable necessity leaves no alternative, and on my part with a keen sense of pain and personal loss which, once and again, would have led me to revoke my decision, but for the strong, unchanging conviction of duty which first compelled me to it. With the circumstances of that decision you are already familiar. I need not recount them. How far events may vindicate my choice is not for me to say. Here neither you nor I are competent to judge—least of all are we to judge narrowly or uncharitably. Where the stern voice of duty calls, and the finger of Providence seems unmistakably to point the way, there no alternative remains, at least to the loyal soldier, but to obey, though the loss of personal comfort and the sundering of very tender ties be the demanded sacrifice. That I have interpreted these providential intimations rightly, I have no certain guarantee. To no man, minister or otherwise, is it given to penetrate the darkness of the future, and certify himself by actual presence of its issues, of the wisdom of the choice he makes. Duties are ours, results are God's, and in discovering the path of duty, even the wisest can only trace it out as best he can, guided by the clearest light given him. This only we know positively, that the Lord orders our goings aright, if we prayerfully commit our way unto Him, and that even our very mistakes sanctified, as they are, by uprightness of aim and singleness of purpose, are overruled for good. It is in this confi-

dence, brethren, that I have acted, entirely on my own responsibility, in obedience to a summons wholly unexpected, and at the bidding of impulses believed (whether rightly or wrongly only time can tell) to have come from God.....It cannot be, brethren, that the old, old story of a crucified Saviour, the gift of God's love, can have been told year by year in this pulpit, be it ever so feebly, without exercising, for good or for evil, an influence that must effect the destinies of countless souls through all the hereafter. And this is what I have tried to tell, however imperfectly, in fulfilment of the declaration made in your hearing three years ago, and of which, the substance if not the very language, was this: "I desire (I said) to preach Christ crucified among you as the sum and substance, the Alpha and Omega of the Gospel; the life of every doctrine enunciated from this pulpit; the secret root and spring of obedience for every Christian duty.".....Think you, brethren that the preaching of a Gospel, so intensely practical, so broadly comprehensive as this, covering as it does, the whole area of the present and the hereafter, can be wholly fruitless? Impossible. Results must follow. What have they been? Thank God, some grains, at least, of the good seed have fallen on productive soil, for I have seen here and there the early promise of golden harvests bye-and-bye—seen it in that best and most convincing of all testimonies, the evidence of altered lives, lifted out of habits of sin and unbelief and worldliness, into slowly, but steadily increased degrees of likeness to the image of Christ. And testimonies like these I would not exchange today for all the fabled wealth of India for these are treasures beyond all price. And now, brethren beloved in the Lord, my own dear flock, to whom I have been so long privileged to minister, be it ever so feebly, that last word must be spoken, and that is to separate us till we meet, as I pray we may, at the right hand of the judgement throne. I bid you a final loving farewell. "The Lord watch between me and you, when we are absent one from another." "God for-

bid that I should cease to make mention of you in my prayers," or to "bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that He would grant you, according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened with might by His spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God." Now the God of Peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, the great Shepard of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work, to do His will, working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be the glory for ever and ever. Amen.

### A Steam Yacht for Algoma.

The Bishop of Algoma desires to call the earnest and immediate attention of churchmen throughout the Ecclesiastical Province to the subject indicated in the above heading.

Having already had, in the course of a single missionary tour along the shores of Lake Huron and the Manitoulin Island, abundant experience of the difficulties attending on the visitation of his widely scattered Diocese for lack of adequate facilities, the Bishop has no hesitation in informing the friends of Algoma that it is simply impossible for him to do the work with which the Church has entrusted him, unless he is furnished with the means of purchasing a Steam Yacht. This impossibility will be self-evident from the following considerations:—

I. Hundreds of members of the Church of England are scattered along the shore line, both of the mainland and the Islands' wholly destitute of the means of grace, and entirely inaccessible by means of the regular lines of steamers, which touch only at the principal points. These isolated dwellers in the wilderness can easily be reached by a Steam Yacht placed entirely at the Bishop's disposal. The same statement applies to hundreds of pagan Indians, who, equally with the whites, are under the care of our Missionary Diocese.

II. The Bishop is seriously hindered in his work by the necessity, now imposed on him, of accommodating his missionary tours, and the requirements of the already organized Mission Stations to the movements of the steamers, a necessity which leaves him sometimes too much time, and sometimes too little for the duties to be performed. A Steam Yacht would enable him to map out his tours in harmony with the needs of the North-western portion of his Diocese.

III. With the existing arrangements for travel, long and weary journeys, in vehicles inexpressibly uncomfortable, over roads indescribably bad, are necessary in order to catch these steamers. With a Steam Yacht this needless waste of time and strength would be altogether obviated. Over and above these considerations may be added that

IV. A Steam Yacht when not in use by the Bishop, would render great service in connection with the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes, in taking the pupils to and from

their dwellings, when necessary, as for example, in cases of serious sickness, or at the beginning and end of the summer vacation.

As to the expense of such a boat, the cost of purchase would probably be \$2500. Of this about \$350 has been contributed. With regard to the running expenses, it is proposed to secure the services of an engineer who could act as machinist in the Shingwauk Home during the winter, and give instructions to the pupils in his own department. A boy would also be wanted on board; this want the Home could easily supply. In this way the outlay, after purchase, would be reduced to a minimum.

With this brief statement of the case, the Bishop leaves the matter in the hands of the well-wishers of the Church's Missionary Diocese, praying that He who holds the hearts of men in His hand, and can turn them whithersoever he will, may dispose them to devise liberal things for the solution of a problem, which if speedily and successfully solved, will enable us to carry "The old, old story" of Christ crucified to hundreds of professing christians, and pagan Indians now neglected and forgotten in the wilds of Algoma.

Contributions may be forwarded either to the Bishop himself, or to his general Treasurer,

A. H. CAMPBELL, ESQ.,  
9 Victoria Chambers.  
Toronto.

Sault Ste. Marie, Aug., 10th, 1882.

## Bishop Sullivan's first Episcopal Tour.

On Friday, July 28th, our Bishop started on his first visitation to the Manitoulin and other Islands on the North Shore of Lake Huron. The party left the Shingwauk Home at 10:30 a. m., in two buckboards, the Bishop and Mr. Wilson in the first, and the Rev. Mr. Renaud and Mr. Wilson's two little boys in the second, the boys going to bring the buckboards back. It was a terribly rough road; deep ruts boulders, twisted roots, and stumps vied with each other in blocking up the roadway, and in some places the rank timothy grass was as high as the horses heads, and the animals had literally to wade through it. Added to these sources of discomfort were several black mud holes and one or two broken bridges. However there was no mishap, and in the course of two hours and a half from the time of starting, the party arrived safely at Garden River.

Here they were met by Mr. Glass, the catechist, who had prepared quite a hadsome little repast for the travellers in the mission house, after partaking of which a visit was paid to the church and the cemetery.

The church was built some thirty years since and is in a very tumble-down condition, the foundation timbers being completely rotten on one side so that the whole building leans over. St. John, as the Indians say, is getting to be an old man, and beginning to totter. However preparations are already being made for the erection of a new building, and the poor Indians have been hard at work digging the foundations and hauling stone to the spot. Notwithstanding the delapidated condition of the old church it had been most tastefully decorated by the Indians with evergreens and

flowers in anticipation of the Bishop's arrival, and his Lordship expressed great pleasure at those simple but speaking evidences of welcome.

There was something very unique about the appearance of the little Indian burial ground, situated as it was in a lonely romantic spot, some little way back from the church. Every grave had an Indian look about it, some of them were covered with strips of birch-bark, others had little wooden roofs. One had quite an ornamental little house over it with a glass window, and nearly all had some inscription in the Indian language.

Service was held in the church at 3 p. m., and there was quite a large gathering of our swarthy brethren, although we were told that a large number of them were unavoidably absent from home. The Bishop gave them a very earnest simple discourse, speaking only a few words at a time, which Mr. Wilson interpreted. After the service was over a meeting was held in the school-house, at which the chief's and other Indians were invited to speak.—a detailed account of this pow-wow appears in another column. At 10 p. m., the Bishop and party took passage for Hilton on the steamer Asia, the buckboards having been sent back to the Sault.

At Hilton, St. Joseph's Island, where we arrived at 7:30 a. m., Saturday, July 29th, were met on the dock by the Rev. H. Beer, Mr. John Marks, Mr. Fremling, and Mr. Hayes of Seaforth. The latter had a tug lying at the wharf and most courteously placed it at the Bishop's disposal during his visit to the Island. The party were then conducted to Mr. Beer's house, which was about a mile and a half back from the lake, and spent most of the day resting or receiving or paying visits. Among the visitors at the place was Senator Vidal, of Sarnia, who with two sons and two married daughters was encamped on the lake shore, enjoying themselves fishing and sketching and drinking in the pure Algoma air. Hilton is a small, new settlement, just two stores and three or four other houses, but there is said to be quite a large farming community a little way back. Mr. Beer has as many as six stations at which he ministers. There is a little frame church at Hilton, a short way up the hill, and in this the Bishop preached on Sunday morning to a large (for the place) and attentive congregation. His Lordship baptized three children, all of one family and aged 14, 7 and three respectively.

After lunching at Mr. Marks' house the party at 4 p. m., went on board Mr. Heyes' tug, accompanied by a large number of Hilton people, and with flags flying, steamed across the channel, about 7 miles in width, to Bruce Mines. Here they were met on the wharf by Mr. Glass, the Garden River catechist, who had preceded the party, and Mr. George Marks, one of the leading men of the place. Bruce Mines is an old settled place and at one time had some 1500 inhabitants, but the copper mines have ceased working for several years, and the place in consequence is run down, the church also has been greatly neglected. Before ever the Diocese of Algoma was set apart there was talk about settling a clergyman in the place and making it a centre for mission work. Had this been done, the Church of England would doubtless have gained and held a firm footing in the place. As it is 'Church feeling' seems to be at the present time at a very low ebb. Presbyterians and Wesleyans have

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been doing the work which the church ought to have done, and the consequence is that at the present time the Presbyterians and Wesleyans are strong and the church is weak—miserably weak—almost stamped out. Service was held in the Union Church—a large barr-like looking structure with pulpit and reading-desk in one against the end wall, and a table for the Holy Communion in front—a building erected jointly many years ago by church people and nonconformists, and now mainly in the hands of the Methodists. The Bishop preached an excellent sermon from the words “They are dead which sought the young child’s life,” and afterward administered the Holy Communion. The congregation was large, but of a mixed character, and very few remained to partake of the Holy Sacrament. On the Monday a meeting was held for talking over church matters, and the Bishop also drove out and visited the Ottertail mission, where a little church has been built. The Bishop proposes, if the way so opens, to place a clergyman at Bruce Mines as headquarters and to have Thessalon, Ottertail, and Round Lake connected with the mission as out-stations.

(To be continued.)

## Shingwauk Journal.

AUGUST 14TH.—Both our Homes re-open to-day. Unfortunately the berry-picking is not yet over, and Indians think more of employing their children’s fingers picking berries for the market than of employing their brains at lessons, so it may be a week or two before we can get them all together. However eight boys arrived early this morning on the Manitoba, and we began school with an attendance of twelve. Mr. Glass, a candidate for holy orders, is teacher at the boys’ school, and Mrs. Reid continues in charge of the girls.

AUGUST 15TH.—A letter from a half-breed named Beesaw, who last winter had a boy and two girls in our Homes. He says:—“Shortly after we received your letter our children all fell sick with diptheria, we had six sick at the same time. This morning at 10 minutes past 9 Emma died, she always expressed a great desire to return to the Wawanosh Home to see Mrs. Wilson.....Lottie wants to take her sister Marion with her, she thinks she will be too lonesome since Emma is dead. Ned also wants to go, he says he will be so glad when he starts for school. Will their tickets be good when they recover from their illness, or will they have to pay their fare?”

AUGUST 19TH.—Visited Garden River and called on a number of the Indians about sending their children to school. One old man said that he had had his little grandson all ready to go, with a new suit of clothes and everything prepared, and then his heart failed him, he felt that he could not part with his boy, he could not live without him. Another man whose little granddaughter was at the Wawanosh Home last winter was asked if he would let the little girl go. “Well,” he said, “it is very hard for me to do that, but if you will let her come back at Christmas I will do so.” I said we would do this, as we are not going to let their children remain for any length of time. Another house was a bright little fellow

doing some amateur carpentering with his father’s tools, and we suggested that if he came to the Shingwauk Home he would soon learn to be a good carpenter. The father was willing to let the boy go, but the mother’s heart was too tender to bear the parting.—“Ninahbenoojisim owh”—“He is my baby,” she said.

AUGUST 20TH.—Held service at Garden River in the morning, and in the afternoon returned to the Shingwauk Home, taking back one boy named Shingwauk. Five more children are to follow in a little while, two boys and three girls. On reaching home found several Indians waiting to see me. One was father of a little boy named Robert who came two weeks ago, he was very pleased to see his little son looking so well and happy, and had brought him a little present of money. Another man had brought a new boy, named Frank. He seemed very grateful when we said we would receive him. He said he would leave him for one year, and if he got on well he would like him to stay five years, he said he would give the school-master a present if his boy got on well, just to show his gratitude.

## JOTTINGS.

THE LITTLE BAKER.—A little boy about fours years old, whose father is a baker, heard a missionary sermon some time ago, and, being a thoughtful little fellow, began to consider whether he could not do something to help forward the cause of missions to the heathen. He asked his father to let him have the small bits of dough which were cut off in shaping the loaves that he might make them into little loaves, which he said he would sell and give the money to the missionaries. His father said they would not be worth anything, but the little fellow pressed his point. He set to work, made a batch of his liliputian bread which the man baked for him, and in a short time he had got a dollar by the sale of these little loaves, which he is saving so that when he has an opportunity he may give it with any more that he can earn to send the gospel to the poor Indians.

“Pray for the busy hands of Martha, and the resting heart of Mary.”

REMOVAL.—The Rev. W. R. Clerk, of Mary Lake mission, has been appointed by the Bishop to the Indian mission at Garden River. The Mary Lake mission, including Port Sydney, Huntsville, and several other stations, is at present vacant.

APPOINTMENT.—We are requested by the Lord Bishop of Algoma to state that he has appointed A. H. Campbell, Esq., 9 Victoria street, Toronto, the General Treasurer of the funds of the Diocese of Algoma, to whom all collections, subscriptions, and donations, towards the Mission, Endowment, and other funds should be forwarded by the subscribers, local Treasurers, and Officers of the Synods who contrib-

ute to the support of the Missionary Diocese of Algoma. The Bishop's post office address is Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.—Archie and his little brother were back in the Bush looking for the cows, it was a hot day and the cows had strayed further than usual. At length they found them, nearly two miles from home and tried to turn them homewards, but the cows were not as docile as usual and scattered hither and thither; the little boys consequently lost all track of their way and would probably have been lost altogether had it not been for the merciful protection of their heavenly Father. "How do you think we found our way at last?" said the youngest boy to their mother when weary and worn they at length reached their home, "Why Archie knelt down and said his prayers, and when he got up he said, 'I think we shall find our way now,' and so we did, God brought us straight out."

THERE is no hospitality more generous than that of the people of the border, said Bishop Whipple. Long years ago I once offered to pay a man for his hospitality. Never have I seen a more grieved face as he said, "Bishop, I am a mighty wicked man, but I hope you don't think I have got to that."

**SCHOOL TEACHER WANTED.**—At the Church of England Mission, Garden River,—apply at once to the Rev. E. F. Wilson, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

THE PROGRESS of missions during the last fifty years has been very satisfactory. There then were 502 mission stations in foreign lands, now there are 5,765. There then were 656 ordained missionaries, now there are 6,696. Fifty years ago there were about 70,000 communicants, now there are 257,332. The actual hearers are over 3,000,000.

We have been obliged to hold the accounts and children's story over until our next issue for want of space. It was our intention to have put a neat rule border round our paper this month, but on account of an extra amount of work in our job department this has also been deferred until next month.

## MUSKOKA.

SIR.—Will you give me space gratefully to acknowledge God's gracious goodness in blessing the efforts of my pen with the following, viz.:

Cheque for £315 stg., collected by Rev. Canon Mather,

England, for building purposes; cheque for £5 10s. stg., per Miss Reid, England, for the general business of my work; cheque for \$778.66 currency, per W. P. Atkinson, Esq., sec-treas., Synod, Toronto, from Miss Willshire, England, sent specially for the building of four fresh places of worship in the backwoods, two of which are already on the way; 7s. 5d. stg., from West Retford; £28 17s. 11d. West Penard, England, for my mission generally; and £5 stg., from All Saints' congregation, Manchester, England (my native city and scene of labour for years previous to coming to Canada), per S. P. G. cheque, London, England, for the church of All Saints, Burk's Falls; also cheque for \$243.33 currency, per A. H. Campbell, Esq., treasurer Diocese of Algoma, from Miss Plowden, England, to be devoted to the erection of a church on Harborne Hill, Starratts, in the Township of Ryerson—a sum total of \$2,748.89. *Laus Deo.*

At the same time I would acknowledge receipt during last week of a beautiful set of embroidered altar linen, neat brass cross and vases for my own little church, and a pocket font, from Mrs. Leefe, Kilburn, Eng.; and a bountiful supply of envelopes, pens, paper and stationery generally, from D. Brewster, Esq., London, England, brought in charge of Ambrose Leefe, Esq., who has come to take up his residence with me for some time, to see my work and report thereupon to my friends at home, who have indeed helped me with liberal hands.

I am, etc., yours,

WILLIAM CROMPTON.

Travelling Clergyman, Diocese of Algoma.  
Aspdin P. O., August 2nd, 1882.

## Bishop Fauquier Memorial Chapel.

The following description of the chapel to be erected at the Shingwauk Home, Sault Ste Marie, in memory of the late Bishop Fauquier, is furnished by Mr. Aylsworth, of Collingwood, architect:—"The chapel, including chancel, vestry, porch, &c., will be built of stone in the 'Early English' style, with walls two feet through and buttresses four feet. A stone belfry rises over the chancel arch, surmounted by a heavy gable cross and coping; which, with all buttress caps, jambs, arches, angles, and other prominent parts of the building will be of free stone, imported, the rest of native limestone, all laid in what is known as 'Kentish ray work,' having level beds and close joints, but rock faced, all angles being finished with straight chisel draft. The porch will be entered through an open pointed arch having wicket gates instead of doors. The side walls are low, the roof steep and overhanging and relieved by dormers. In the front gable over the porch will be a handsome equilateral window with a foliated head. All windows are to have leaded stained glass in appropriate designs. Inside the roof will be heavy open timbered, showing all framing and sheathing. The walls will be plastered in brown flooted stucco with hard, white finish around all openings. The chancel arch is to have a heavy decorated plaster moulding, and the chancel window a moulded hood supported on angel corbels. Instead of transepts there will be an arched alcove on each side of the chapel, one for a stove and the other for

the organ. The choir being raised, the rear of the chancel will have a handsome reredos of the native hardwoods, the panels being six white marble slabs bearing the Creed, the Lord's prayer, and the Ten Commandments. A credence niche is to be formed in the side wall of the chancel. The chapel will seat only about one hundred persons, but will be one of the most chaste and complete examples of an English chapel to be found in this new country, and being substantially built on its prominent site overlooking the St. Mary River, will be a most appropriate and enduring memorial of the first missionary bishop of Algoma."

## Memoir of William Sahgucheway.

(Continued.)

Again on 1 Thess. iv. 16-17, he has the following note.—  
"When anyone dies in Christ it is not the real death, only as a sleep till the graves be open at his second coming."

And now we come to the last scenes of the dear boy's life here on earth.

Mr. Wilson is away on a tour through the other dioceses, and William as captain of the school has additional duties devolving upon him during the principal's absence. He has charge of the clothing store and has to give out clothing each week to the boys, and perform other duties requiring care and attention. The bodies of the late Bishop Fauquier and Mrs. Fauquier are expected shortly to arrive for interment in the Shingwauk Cemetery, and preparations have to be made for this; the road to the Cemetery, which is blocked in places by large boulders and old pine stumps has to be cleared and leveled. William of course is called into service for this, no one can clear a road through a rough tract of land better than he. He is busy preparing for the spring examinations, and very anxious to be victor, but books are laid aside without a murmur and he shoulders his pickaxe and shovel and in company with two or three other big boys he sets cheerfully and heartily to work. It seems strange that his last work on earth should be preparing this road to the cemetery along which his own body would be carried before those of the Bishop and Mrs. Fauquier arrived. Yet such was the case, and that hard work with overheating and taking a chill was probably in some measure the cause of his death. He seemed very well on the Friday, the day on which Mr. Wilson returned home, and joined the boys in offering a clamorous and hearty welcome, but the following Sunday he seemed to be ailing, and on Monday the 8th of May, although he had come down to lessons and was setting to work, he was trembling and giddy and scarcely able to stand. He was recommended to return to his room to bed, which he at once did, but he had to be assisted up stairs, and it was very soon evident that a serious illness was setting in. An Indian woman was engaged to nurse him and the doctor from the Sault attended him. For the first few days no great alarm was felt, and the pain seemed to be in some measure subdued. No one could imagine, or would allow himself to imagine, that death was so near. No one would bring himself to think that our dear boy William would die. It was not until Friday evening, the 12th, that a decided change for the worse set in. He be-

came very low and weak, with a slight tendency to delirium. We were all very anxious and the Indian boys took turns watching at his bedside. On Sunday afternoon 10 or 12 the boys came up to his room for prayer. William, though very weak and only able to say a few words at a time, asked permission to speak to them, and he spoke very earnestly for six or seven minutes in his own language; then he knelt and prayed—prayed with great earnestness that God if it were His holy will, would permit our dear boy to recover. All day Monday he was very ill. Our hopes were sinking. It scarcely seemed possible that the dear boy could live more than another day or two. We had much earnest prayer at his bedside, and the faintest signs of improvement were eagerly looked for. He was quite resigned to God's will, wishing to recover if it were his Father's will, or ready to die if the call had come. In the afternoon he seemed to realize that his end was drawing near. One who visited him and remained a short time alone with him, he said, "I should like to meet my little brother Elijah again, I did so love Elijah." And after a little he said, "don't think I shall live long, I am getting very weak." "We all love you very much," was replied, "we indeed wish to keep you with us, but God's will must be done." "Yes," he said, "God's will must be done. Maybe God will revive me, but I have no wish whether to live or die, I wish to do what is God's will." "Is there anything you want?" was asked. "No—thank you," he replied with great effort, then put his hand to his heart and slowly waved it upward. "I shall soon be singing on the golden shore," he said. One of Mr. Wilson's little girls who came in, he said, "Do you like to see me like this, Winnie?" "No," said the little child the tears trickling down her cheeks. "Perhaps you will get well again if it is God's will," he said, "but I don't know." To the carpenter, who had lost his wife only a few months before, he spoke very earnestly,—  
"You see," he said, "there is nothing to trouble me, nothing at all, God's love, this is all God's love to me, maybe God will take me away." "Poor boy, poor boy," ejaculated the carpenter with tears in his eyes, "how you are changed, how much you must have suffered." "Oh, it is just nothing," said William. "God is love, I can trust in Him, 'the blood—of Jesus Christ—cleanseth us—from all sin.'"

Mr. Wilson himself could hardly bear to speak to him of death,—it seemed to him as though he must live, that change for the better would set in and that the dear boy would revive. He repeated some passages of scripture to him and knelt often for prayer. Many indeed were the earnest prayers that went up to the throne of grace for the boy's recovery.

(To be continued.)

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