



VOL. VI.

FEBRUARY 1ST, 1883.

NO. 2.

MISSIONARY WORK IN ALGOMA.

A BLINDING snow-storm on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 6th., prevented our reaching Garden River as we had intended, so we deferred our departure until Sunday morning, and started at day-light. The snow was deep and travelling heavy, and our poor dogs could hardly pull their load along so that it was 11:30 A. M. when we at length drew up at the Garden River Church and services were just ending. However we were in time happily to step the congregation from dispersing, the communion table was prepared and communicants gathered at the altar rails to partake of bread and wine in remembrance of that great sacrifice for sin made on Calvary. After the service there was only just time for a bite of dinner and then Mr. Renison got his colt harnessed to the cutter and leaving our dog team and Indian boy to rest at the mission off we started for a nine miles drive through the bush to Victoria Mines. It was a cold drive, the wind was blowing and snow falling thick around us and we were crusted over with snow and ice when at length we arrived at the mines about 3:15 P. M. service was held in the boarding house where we found some twenty-five persons gathered together awaiting our arrival. A very hearty little service it was. Mr. Renison read prayers and Mr. Wilson preached from the words "We love him because he first loved us." It was about 6:15 P. M. when we got back again to the Garden River mission house—a dark, cold, stormy night. There was just time for a warm at the stove and a hasty cup of tea, and then evening service in the

church, and thus closed the labors of our first Sunday.

On Monday, the 8th., we were to start on our missionary trip,—and this is how we went—our outfit consisted of a toboggan, which to our English readers we must explain is a thin board about 8 feet long and a foot wide and turned up at the front end,—and on this toboggan a box 18 inches long 12 inches wide and about the same high—which served both as portmanteau and seat. Then strapped on the forepart of the toboggan were a pair of snow-shoes and a hatchet.—This was all and thus—with four good dogs—to draw us and an Indian boy as attendant we started off on a ten days expedition among the white settlers of MacDonald, Ottetail, Bruce Mines and St. Joseph's Island—our object being to hold missionary meetings at certain points on the route, to visit the settlers and to administer the Holy Communion at such places as had only a lay reader or a deacon in charge. Our first stopping place was at Mr. Lloyd's house in MacDonald township—this was a comfortable log cottage well whitewashed on the inside and everything as neat and clean and cosy looking as any English heart could wish. Soon after 6 o'clock the people began to arrive for the meeting,—the tinkling of sleigh bells was heard without, then the door opened bringing in a cold rush of frosty air and muffled up men and women coated with snow from head to foot came filing in—stamping the snow from their moccasined feet—and getting "broomed down" by the good-natured host and hostess. Seats had been extemporised by laying boards on chairs, and in a little time as many as thirty-five or forty had assembled,—some of them strong powerful men who had been working hard

all day cutting down trees or hauling lumber with their teams, others young men and young women, mothers with their children wrapped up in warm shawls or sitting beside them on the form. Mr. Renison had brought his fiddle and after a little tuning up started a well known hymn tune, and thus our meeting commenced—the first missionary meeting in the Diocese of Algoma! "And what is a missionary meeting?" Mr. Wilson asked the people in commencing his address,—“let us think what it means.—I have attended a good many missionary meetings both in Canada and the old country, and the general plan has been for a missionary from some distant country to tell of his labors and experiences among the natives or settlers in those regions where his lot has been cast, and so try and interest those whom he addresses, who are in more favored circumstances, and draw upon their liberality. Well, you will perhaps say, is it not then turning the tables up side down to be holding a missionary meeting here in the backwoods,—ought you not to go rather to those who are wealthy in the great towns and cities and tell of our wants in the backwoods? No, my friend, I do not think that the great aim and object of a missionary meeting should be merely the gathering of money from those who are in favored circumstances to expend in carrying on the work of the church in those places which are less favored—the great end and object of a missionary meeting I think is this—to teach us that as christians we are all *one body*.—Jesus Christ is the head, and we are all members of the body—every member of the body however poor, insignificant, and un-noticed has its work to do for Christ, the body cannot continue in health unless every member faithfully attends to the work

assigned to it." Mr. Wilson then spoke particularly about the work of the mother church in Canada, told them that as they loved the old country and liked always to speak of it as home, so they should hold the old church in honor and love and remember that the prayers we use now are many of them the same that have been used for over a thousand years back, and that it was good to think when they met together on the Sabbath day for service that the very same prayers were being used in every part of the world where the English language is spoken—and thus all who belonged to the old church were united together as one family in offering up their prayers and praises and thanks giving to Almighty God.

Mr. Renison interested the people very much by his account of the winter he spent among the poor pagan Indians on Lake Neepon and urged on them each to do what they could to help on the missionary cause; he told a story of two boys who when the plate came round at a missionary meeting had no money to put on it, but one of them spied a potato under the seat, and they took this potato home and planted it—and it produced forty-two tubers, and these they sold the next autumn at ten cents each—labeling each—missionary potato—with a note appended that the buyer must pledge himself to plant the potato and give its produce to the missionary cause. The meeting passed off very pleasantly, all seemed interested, and at the conclusion a collection was made amounting to \$3.60. We were indebted to Mr. Lloyd's hospitality for a good supper and breakfast and a bed in the "prophets chamber" for the night,—and about nine o'clock next morning (Tuesday the 9th) our dogs were hitched up and off we started again on a twenty miles run to Ottertail. Here we were to be the guests of Mr. McDowell, a well to do backwoods farmer who moved into these regions and made his first clearing some nine years ago and now has a thriving farm of some 100 acres under cultivation and 500 more of bush.—Mr. M. is a man who knows how to keep his live stock as well as himself and family comfortable; the four horses in the log stable and the 15 or 20 head of cattle munching their hay in the warm well sheltered cattle shed all looked as sleek and well cared for as possible and

seemed to know little or nothing of the bitter frost and driving snow without; our four dogs Nucko, Charliss, Watch and Nip soon made friends with the dog of the house and commenced a carousal over some refuse meat which had been thrown out. As for ourselves we were soon toasting over a hot fire and about 2 P. M. made a capital dinner at our hosts hospitable board.

(To be Continued.)

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

(Continued.)

CHAPTER IV.

THANKS to the sinewy thews of the Indians, we accomplished the paddling and portaging of our return journey very rapidly, and after meeting with the party we had left behind, sailed down for several miles before a freshening breeze, little dreaming that while we were gliding along in perfect peace and safety, a terrible catastrophe was taking place on the lakes a few hundred miles away, for it was on this very forenoon (Thursday Sept. 14th,) that close on 100 precious lives went down to a watery grave in the ill-fated Asia. By 7:30 p.m., we reached Red Rock, ready for our evening repast, and the welcome sleep that would follow, but most of all devoutly thankful for the gracious Providence, which, while other had been suddenly engulfed in the seething waters, had watched over us through all our wanderings, and shielded us from hurt or accident.

The next problem to be solved was the question, how the Bishop was to reach Prince Arthur's Landing in time to keep his promise for Sunday the 17th. The distance was close on 100 miles, there was no steamer now due, nor would there be at the earliest till Sunday evening, too late to accomplish the objects of the proposed visit except at the sacrifice of a whole week, so, after due deliberation, we decided to attempt the journey in a canoe, manned by four stout Indians, in hopes of reaching the Landing by Sunday morning, at the latest. Accordingly an early

start was made on Friday morning, between 5 and 6 o'clock, the party including our two lay friends, (Mr. Wilson remaining at the 'Rock' to take the Manitoba' on her return,) and by dint of hard paddling and rowing, all hands taking their part in turn, 40 miles were accomplished over a rough sea, and against a strong head wind; the last 10 miles in almost profound darkness, and a silence broken only by the 'swish' of the oars as they bent to each sturdy stroke, or the music of the waves as they tossed to and fro, and broke on the rockbound shore. Our intention was, of course, to camp for a night on one of the innumerable islands that break the monotony of the coast line, with their endless varieties of form and scenery, but just as we were rounding a point, preparatory to landing, a most welcome light gleamed out from a fishing shanty close by, and we found ourselves most unexpectedly along side of a tug boat lying at anchor in a sheltered nook, in readiness we hoped for an early start for our destination next morning, and our hopes were not disappointed. The captain was roused from his slumbers, and cross-examined as to his intentions, which, fortunately for us, lay in the same direction with our wishes. The cabin floor was kindly placed at our disposal for the night, and thankfully accepted. A hearty supper was taken, and blankets spread, and before long we had all forgotten our fatigues in deep, unbroken slumbers, despite the adamant hardness of our couches, and the overpowering fish flavor which greeted us in every corner, and was, of course, strongest in the lower strata of the atmosphere.

Saturday, (16th) dawned bright and clear. During the forenoon Oshkapekeda took the opportunity of describing to us a strange vision which he had seen several years ago, in connection with the opening of the Neepon Mission, and in which he had seen a big blackcoat who asked him if he was a christian. By noon steam was up, and we started, reaching the Landing safely by 8 p.m. A message sent to the resident clergyman, the Rev. J. K. McMorine, soon brought him to the hotel, and in a few minutes the Bishop was spirited away to the comfortable Parsonage, to forget amid the refinements and pleasant

social intercourse of a christian home; the toilsomeness of the journey accomplished in reaching it.

The mission at the Landing sustained a most serious loss in the destruction of the church and parsonage last year by fire, the blow being all the heavier for the fact that the policy for the insurance of both had expired a short time before, and through some oversight had not been renewed, but clergyman and people, undaunted by the calamity, set to work again, and before long the parsonage was rebuilt at a cost of \$1,500, and paid for, lacking \$100. The church has not been commenced yet, owing to the refusal of the Synod of Toronto, who hold the deed, to give permission to sell four acres belonging to the mission, without which help the enterprise cannot possibly be accomplished. This difficulty however, will soon be solved, we hope, and then the people stand ready to contribute the very utmost in their power to rebuild their church edifice, in more durable form than before, and, under the leadership of their wise and indefatigable clergyman to restore their parochial life and organization to more than its former vigor and efficiency. The old church seated about 120, but the probability indeed the all but certainty, of the erection, before long, of the terminus of the C. P. R. at the Landing, and the rapid growth of its business and manufacturing industries that are sure to follow, will abundantly warrant a provision, for the near future, of accommodation for not less than 300 persons. At present the congregation worships in a most inconvenient upstairs hall, altogether too small for the purpose, where it is next to impossible to provide that things shall be done "decently and in order." During his recent visit on the 17th, the Bishop preached three times twice in this hall, and once in a school house about five miles distant. He also confirmed five persons, addressing them afterwards on the duties, difficulties, and privileges of the life on which they were entering, and then administered the Holy Communion. So ended the duties of the Bishop of Algoma for this year at last, in Lake Superior. Not indeed that all was done that will ever be possible, for Pic and Michipicoten Islands, and one or two other points remain still to be

explored, but all was done that it was safe to attempt at so advanced a season of the year. Nothing now remained save to effect our return to Sault Ste. Marie, which was successfully accomplished by the 'Manitoba' without any drawback, save a delay of thirty-six hours in a little corner of Michipicoten Bay, Captain McGregor preferring, with the awful warning of the 'Asia' before his eyes, to lose a day and a half rather than risk his ship in the heavy sea that was running outside. Advantage was taken of the perfect quiet that prevailed on board during the delay, to hold a service in the saloon on Friday evening, at which there was a goodly congregation of passengers, officers and crew who joined heartily in the hymns sung, and listened attentively while the Bishop illustrated from St. John v. 17 the methods of God's working in the three kingdoms of nature, providence and grace. Another service was held on board on Sunday morning, at which the Bishop preached from Romans i. 16. Scarcely had it concluded when the steamer entered the canal at Sault Ste. Marie, and within half an hour the members of our little party had reached their respective homes, to the great relief of wives and children who for two days had been anxiously expecting their return, and with hearts, we doubt not, filled with gratitude to the giver of all good who had kept them safely through all their journeyings.

E. A.

The Memorial Chapel.

Our Memorial Chapel to Bishop Fauquier is, we are thankful to say, making good progress, notwithstanding the unusually severe weather. As has already been mentioned, it is to be built Queen Anne style of heavy timbers morticed together, and the spaces filled in with stone work. All the framing work can be done during the winter, indeed the gable ends of the building and the main rafters, which will support the roof, are already up, so that the shape and size of the Chapel can now be seen. Before Spring comes we hope to have the roof on, and the windows and door-frames in position, and all ready for the mason and plasterer. The building stands on a solid stone foundation, and all the workmanship

and material, is of the very best that can be procured. So far, we have \$2,150 secured to meet the expences, but the entire cost, exclusive of the stained glass windows, which have been promised by the late Bishop's family, will be at least \$3,000, so that we still require between \$800 and \$900. Will not some of our friends think about presenting us with such special gifts as are always required in a Church or Chapel, such as a Font, a Communion Service, Surplice, Alms dish, &c. We may mention that Pulpit and Prayer-desk are already provided, that a Lectern has been promised, and that Books for the Communion Table, and a set of very handsome Book-markers have already been sent to us by kind friends.

OUR INDIAN HOMES,

Subscriptions and Donations to close of year 1882.

| | |
|---|---------|
| Christ Ch. Fredericton, | \$10 00 |
| Collected by Mrs. Cooper, | 7 00 |
| Al Saints S. S., Whitby, for boy, | 9 37 |
| Mrs. Maynard, coll., for boy | 19 00 |
| St. Peter's mission school, Coburg, | 4 83 |
| St. John's Belleville, for Wawanosh, | 3 00 |
| Trinity S. S. Brockville, for boy, | 10 00 |
| Mrs. Turner's inf't. class, for W. H. | 2 00 |
| Ch. Redeemer S. S., Toronto, | 25 00 |
| St. John's S. S., Toronto, | 25 00 |
| St. Peter's S. S., Quebec, | 10 00 |
| Trinity Ch. Mitchell, for W. H. | 8 25 |
| Rev. R. J. Uniack | 5 00 |
| Christ Ch. S. S. Exeter, | 5 00 |
| Mrs. E. W. Murphy, per Miss Leonard, | 5 00 |
| St. John's Bowmanville, for boy | 12 50 |
| St. Jame's S. S. Toronto special, | 130 00 |
| Cathedral S. S. Montreal, for girl, | 25 00 |
| C. Bowman, | 95 |
| Special Service, St. John N. B. for Shingwauk | 9 71 |
| Special Service, St. John N. B. for Wawanosh | 9 71 |

MEMORIAL CHAPEL—

Per Rev. G. G. Roberts, collection, \$3 60, 'T'—5 00; Shingwauk Home collection 49.54; .87; 83 63.51.70. Trinity S. School St. John N. B., \$37.50; collected by Miss Saunders \$12.00; St. James S. S. Kingston \$25.90; Anonymous \$2; "A widow of Halifax" \$5. St. Paul's, Portland, N. B. \$25.00.

DIOCESAN FUND—

Per H. Cameron for St. Joseph's Island \$3; "Violet" for Garden River Church \$1.

A. M. NEWS—

Mrs. P. L. Barlow \$1; Rev. C. L. Ingles 70 cts; Rev. F. W. Kirkpatrick \$2;

Mrs. J. R. Smith 35 cts; C. Bowman \$1.05; Miss McPherson 50 cts.

CLOTHING REC'D—

From Mrs. K. Cameron, Coburg—5 undervests, 6 pair drawers, 23 pair socks, 9 winter caps 6 scarle sashes.

BABES IN THE BASKET, -OR- DAPH AND HER CHARGE.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER III.

There had been a fresh breeze all day, but towards evening the winds grew stronger, and Daph would have found it hard to carry even a trifle on that head of hers, which had so steadily borne many a heavy burden. She began also, to experience certian strange internal sensations for which she could not account; but the faithful creature bore up without a complaint, though she staggered to and fro in a way which made the rough sailors laugh merrily at her expense.

Poor Daph! Such sufferings as hers could not be kept secret. Through the livelong night she lay in the anguish of sickness, which can only be appreciated by those who have experienced its miseries. In her ignorance, she supposed herself to have been seized by some fearful malada, which must soon take her life.

Daph would be glad to die, she so awsome sick," she said to herself, "but den who will mind the babies? No no! Daph won't die yet. De great Lord won't let her; Daph knows He won't!"

For two days the poor negro wrestled mightily against the horrors of seasickness, bearing up with the motive, "Daph must live for de babies!"

Meanwhile, Captain Jones had all the charge of his new pets. Passenger was quite forgotten, as the stout sailor walked the deck, with Charlie peeping out from under his rough overcoat, and Louis walking at his side, wrapped in the long soft shawl that Daph had stowed away in that wonderful basket.

They had strange talks together—that strong man and those prattling children—and they learned much from each other. He told of the wonders of the sea—the great wales and the floating icebergs—and the petrel that the sailor never kills. Many long years Captian Jones made the sea his home and much he knew which books had

never taught him, yet in little more than three years Louise had learned a priceless secret, which he had never found in any land. He was familiar with the wonders of nature, but to her the great Creator, to whom he was a stranger, was as a familiar, trusted friend.

The marvels which Captian Jones could tell of the ocean but increased her wonder His power who "made the heavens, the earth, the sea, and all that in them is," and in her simple way she would "praise the Lord for all His wonderful works." Charlie little knew the strong feelings which agitated the breast of which he was clasped, while his little sister lisped of the lessons learned at her mother's knee.

The days of Daph's sickness were precious days to Captian Jones, and he was almost sorry when the stout negro triumphed over her enemy, and came on deck to resume her charge.

The air grew chill as the *Martha Jane* sped on her northward course, and the white dresses of the children fluttered, most unseasonably, in the cool breeze. The ship's stores were ransacked for some material of which to make them more suitable, though extempore clothing. A roll of red flannel was all that promised to answer the purpose. The captain took the place of master workman, and cut out what he called "a handsome suit for a pair of sea birds;" and Daph, with her clumsy fingers, made the odd garments. She felt ready to cry as she put them on to see her pets so disfigured; but Captian Jones laughed at her dolorious face, and said the red frock only made his "lily" look the fairer, and turned Charle into the sailor he should be.

The *Martha Jane* was nearing the familiar waters of her own northern home, when the captain called Daph into the cabin one evening to consult with her on matters of importance.

With the happy disposition of the negro, Daph seemed to have forgotten that she was not always to live on board the *Martha Jane*, and under the kind protection of her sailor friend; she was, therefore, not a little startled when he addressed to her the blunt question:—

"Where are you going, Daph?"

Now, Daph had a most indistinct idea of the world at large, but thus brought suddenly to a decision, she promptly

named the only northern city of which she had heard. "I'se goin to New York," she said; "Miss Eliza, my dear missus, was born dere, and it seem de right sort of place to be taken de sweet babies to."

"Daph," said the honest captian, "we shell put in to New York to-morrow for I have freight to land there, but you had better go on with me to old Boston. There I can look after you a little, and put you under charge of my good mother; and a better woman never trod shoe-leather, for all her sea is none of the best. Shall it be so Daph?"

(To be Continued.)

JOTTINGS.

The Annual Report of the Indian Homes for the year ending Dec. 31st, 1882, will be ready early in March.

We must apologise for the irregularity with which our little paper has been sent to subscribers during the past few months. A change in the printing office which we made with the opening of the new year, will, we hope prove a change for the better.

APPOINTMENTS OF THE BISHOP OF ALGOMA FOR THE DISTRICTS OF PAR- RY SOUND & MUSKOKA.

| | | | | |
|---|----|----|-----------------|-------------|
| Feb. 1. | 2. | 3. | The Cedars &c., | |
| " | 4 | " | Aspdin | 10:30 A. M. |
| " | " | " | Lancelot | 2:30 P. M. |
| " | 5 | " | Ilfracombe | |
| 6th. and 7th. Examination of Candidates for Priest's orders | | | | |
| " | 8 | " | Ravenscliffe | 7:00 " |
| " | 9 | " | Dixon's | 2:00 " |
| " | 10 | " | Hoodstown | 10:00 A. M. |
| " | 11 | " | Ilfracombe | 11:00 " |
| " | " | " | " | 6:30 P. M. |
| " | 12 | " | Round Lake | 2:00 " |
| " | 13 | " | Keatsville | 2:00 " |
| " | 14 | " | Utterson | |

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