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Shall We Keep On ?

It is ten years since we commenced our work among the Indian children,—eight years since the present Shingwauk Home was opened, and its sister the Wawanosh has been four years in existence. During that time we have received for education some 150 boys and 60 or 70 girls. People are asking us—what is the result? How many of your boys and girls have turned out well? Are the homes and habits of the Indians improving? Has all this outlay of money in the erection of buildings and providing for the support of these Indian children resulted in any real good?

We feel that it is our due to our many kind supporters and helpers—and especially to the Sunday school children who, Sunday after Sunday, have many of them denied themselves in contributing their small offerings towards the assistance of our work—to endeavour to make some reply to these questions.

We must confess however that there is some difficulty in doing so.

Every kind of good work has its difficulties and especially so is the work undertaken among Indians. There is something about the Indian character which makes them an exceedingly difficult people to deal with. As a missionary's wife well remarked the other day "They need a great deal of patience, and when your patience is all gone you have to pray for more." We remember well in our early days of missionary life how much our feelings were hurt by the want of trust exhibited by our Indian flock when a box of useful things for them came from England; they

seemed to be so suspicious and afraid that we should be appropriating the things to ourselves. So also when an Indian Chief accompanied us to England—it was hard to convince our swarthy companion that the money collected was going to be applied to the purpose for which it was given, and he seemed to think that at least a portion of it should find its way into his own pocket for his personal use. This habit of suspicion is often very trying. It is hard to convince an Indian that what you are doing for him is for his good and not for your own profit, he will not readily believe that your work is disinterested—that you are giving up home and friends simply because God has called you to do his work.

Perhaps one of the chief trials that has attended the development and progress of our Indian Homes has been this want of trust and appreciation on the part of the Indians. As a rule they have given up their children to us hesitatingly, unwillingly—often a message has come that the child must not work—only learn lessons—when they hear that the boys have to wash dishes, cut wood, carry water, help on the farm, &c., or that the girls are doing house or laundry work, they are often displeased—think that we are profiting by their children's work and so take them away. The result of all this has been that of the 200 or so children that we have received since the commencement—a large proportion have remained for one year only—some two, some three years. Very few have remained the full period of five years required by the agreement which is signed by the parent when the pupil enters.

No agreement will bind these people if they choose to take their children away, and we have at present no means of enforcing it. Once or twice we have compelled scholars to remain contrary

to their parents wishes, or have fined the parents for removing the children contrary to agreement, but it has had an ill effect, and it does not seem advisable to repeat it.

We know that it is very disappointing to our supporters and especially the Sunday school children, to receive word that the Indian child they were supporting and in whom they were beginning to take so much interest—has either decamped or failed to return after the holidays. Some Sunday schools have given up helping us owing to the frequent change in their proteges, which they regarded probably as bad management on our part.

But what are we to do?

If the Sunday schools and our other friends intend still to help us—they must make up their minds to exercise great patience—they must remember that these little Indian boys and girls are not like white boys and girls—they are not barn-door fowls that will keep round the homestead without any looking after—they are partridges—wild pigeons with the instinct of freedom and the love of bush life strongly wrought in their natures.

The fact is we must be patient with them if we are to do anything for them. We must not look for too great results at present.

The best way to tame a wild bird is let it go in and out of the cage at will rather than keep it always shut up and sighing for freedom. We are relaxing our rules a little, not having the school hours quite so long, and if a boy runs away we are not now forcing him to return. Yes, we must be patient with them, as patient as was Moses with the children of Israel—yes, we must be as patient as the Saviour was with sinners—as patient as He has been with us. Will you still help us? Shall we keep on?

How we get our Indian Children.

(Continued.)

WELL—Jimmy did not come, neither did the "Eclipse"—the day was wasted—plans frustrated. We were asleep on the rocks when the Bishop announced that it was past five, no use waiting any longer for the tug; if we did not move at once we should lose the train. So we all started back through the bush to the railway track; a white handkerchief was tied to an umbrella, this stopped the train and we all clambered upon the gravel trucks. Fifty or sixty men were on board with their shovels going home after their day's work. We distributed some tracts and illustrated papers. One man said he was going to Algoma Mills on purpose to hear the Bishop preach. The Bishop was dreadfully tired and hardly knew how he could get through with an evening service. Mr. Wilson too was well nigh tired out, but we were a day behind with our work and must buckle to. We ought to have been back at Algoma Mills last night; our children who had come with us from the Sault were left alone, and to-day the Bishop was to have been quiet, done a little visiting at the Mills and made up arrears of correspondence, and Mr. Wilson was to have visited another Indian village, (Serpent Point) about eight miles from Algoma, and get some more children. But all this was frustrated. Here was Thursday night already, and before daylight Friday we expected "the Atlantic" by which we were to return to Sault Ste. Marie. After distributing our papers we sat down to rest and talk. The Bishop sat on a keg of spikes with his back to the engine on account of the blinding smoke and dust. It was 7 p.m. The "Atlantic" would be in by 3 or 4 in the morning. Would it be possible to visit Serpent Point during the interim? Would our poor tired Bishop mind taking the service alone on his arrival at Algoma Mills and allow Mr. Wilson to get off at McCormick's which was only about 3 miles distant from the Indian village? Just then the train whistled and we drew up at a shanty to put some men off. There was a creek, and on the other side were some wigwams and Indians. "There are some of your Serpent Point Indians," said one of the train officials, "I will hold the train while you go and see them." Mr. W. jumped off.

There were two Indian boys in a boat, boys and boat were called into requisition and the other side of the creek reached. "Boozhoo, Boozhoo, friends, you know me? Wilson, Shingwauk Home; want some boys, those whose names I got last year. Are they here? I want to get them now." "No," they said, "there are none of them here, they are all at the Indian village, Serpent Point; there are five of them there ready to go with you." "All right Boozhoo friends, now boys, back over the creek again"—engine whistling—just in time—clamber on board—off.

"Well, what was the result of your visit?" "Why I must get off at McCormick's, they say there are five boys ready to go with us. I hope you will not mind taking the service alone, we shall get a rest on the steamboat." "But what am I to do with these children if you do not catch the steamboat?" "Well I want you please as soon as you get to Algoma Mills to buy 3 pair of blankets, the boys can sleep with our Indians and the girls under the little deck in the "Missionary," their fare will have to be paid on the steamboat, and they will want food; when they get to the Shingwauk please say that David is not to do any hard work as he is not strong and has a cough; however I will do my best to catch the boat."

"Here is the road you want to take Mr. Wilson!" cried Mr. M. "Did you see it?" It is dark and the train is flying by. Mr. W. had just caught a glimpse. Now the train is stopped. Mr. W. and one Indian boy jump down. The train is off again in a moment. "That way! that track will take you," cries Mr. M. "Turn to the right!" screams the Bishop. The train is gone, and we are left in darkness and solitude, not a human being, not a shanty in sight, nothing but our umbrella and our Indian boy! There is an indistinct track, we follow it. It takes us into a gorge, a rushing impassable torrent. We climb the rock to the right. Yes! here we are! All right. There is the saw-mill and a bridge over the river. We got there all right. "Can I have a boat Mr. McCormick to go to the Indian village." "Yes, certainly, do you want to start at once?" "Yes, at least we would like a little supper first." "Oh! have you not had supper? Well come up to the boarding-house." This is a large lumbering concern, 100 men employed, large boarding house, dining room clean and orderly with

seats for 100 persons. Tea was over, fires out, but they gave us bread, butter and huckleberries. Then a boat was rigged, a big mackinaw boat, 4 men row and one at each end with a paddle, we went at a rushing rate and the men would accept no payment. We reached the Indian village, and found the little boy Pascoe (whose grandfather is an English Clergyman with his Indian mother. The little fellow was asleep on the floor; his mother was quite willing to let him go; soon the house was crowded with Indians. It was 9.30 p.m. Five Indian boys were handed over to our care, and agreements signed and witnessed. Then a boat was got ready, two of the mothers accompanied us. It was a fine night, but not moonlight. We had eight miles to go. The women and children wrapped themselves in blankets and went to sleep at the bottom of the boat; the men rowed; Mr. W. steered. Soon after midnight the camp at Algoma Mills was reached. The Bishop heard and was on the shore to greet us. "Is that you Mr. Wilson?" "Yes, my Lord." How have you got on?" "Five children." "Well done!" "Sorry you stayed up." Then we turned into bed. At 3.15 a.m. the night watchman's voice was heard and his lantern glimmered at our tent door. "Atlantic just coming in, sir!" Thus our labors ended and we found a much needed rest on board the steamboat as she plowed her way homeward to Sault Ste. Marie.

In Memoriam.

THE following are notes taken from the latter part of a sermon preached by the Bishop of Algoma at the consecration of the Bishop Pasquier Memorial Chapel, August 29th, 1883, from the words "Precious is the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."—Psalm 116, -15;

Now all this which holds true even of the lowliest and obscurest of God's Saints, may we not believe in the largest, fullest sense of him whose name is in all our thoughts to-day, and beside whose grave we have knelt and prayed. If all the dead who die in the Lord are blessed, surely that blessedness must in a peculiar degree fall to the lot of those who like him have lived in the Lord well, and labored for him in his church.

and kingdom even to the very moment when his death summons was heard at the door. Of that life and labor I cannot now speak in detail. There are those present capable from larger and more intimate acquaintance, of doing fuller justice to the theme. This only I know that the life and character of the first Bishop of this Missionary Diocese were marked by singular simplicity and gentleness, such as furnished a very striking illustration of the child-spirit which the Master has taught us is an essential condition for admission to His kingdom. If we would seek out the typical Scripture pattern after which his nature was moulded, we must find it in an Enoch rather than in an Elijah, in the disciple who leaned on Jesus' bosom rather than the stern wilderness preacher, whose voice prepared His way. Nay a still nearer parallel we find in him whom the penetrating eye of the God-man discovered, praying, beneath the dense shade of the figtree. He was a Christian indeed, "in whom there was no guile." Suspicion was alien to his nature. Himself to his heart's core clear as crystal, transparent as the light of day, it was a pain and grief from which he instinctively recoiled to find himself drawn irresistibly on to conclusions which compelled the withdrawal of his confidence, and even where the evidence left no alternative, room was still found for the fulfillment of the royal law of charity. Into the sanctity of his domestic life I may not intrude, as all know who ought of the story of that inner circle, one long continuous trial had been permitted, in the providence of God, to spread itself over the later years of his life, whose shadows followed him unceasingly, whether he journeyed by land or water, aggravating doubtless the weight of the burden imposed on him by the duties of his office, and sorely testing all his faith in God. Add now to this heaviest cross the fact, that like the great Apostle of the Gentiles, God had given him a thorn in the flesh to bear day by day, in the form of a sore internal disease, which at times inflicted such bodily anguish that its spasms, conceal them as he might, were reflected in his countenance, like dark clouds passing hurriedly over a sunlit sky. Add further to this "that which came upon him from without, the care of all the churches," with all its attendant difficulties and discouragements, as he jour-

neyed year by year over this vast diocese, wrestling with the problem of the supply of its spiritual wants, but feeling oft-times as if the task which the Church had imposed on him were the same cruel one as was laid upon the Israelites, that of "making bricks without straw." Gather up now into the field of your vision these various elements of trial that entered into the life of the chief pastor of this diocese, and it will seem as if, judging it from a merely human standpoint, it had reached a limit at which he might have said with the aged Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." And the release was granted. No slow and lingering process, the heart and the flesh gradually failing by the wasting of disease, but an instantaneous departure. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, while the echoes of his last words of cheer and courage were yet upon his lips, the silver cord was loosed, and the spirit returned to the God who gave it. Like Enoch "he was not, for God took him."

Yet another ground on which the death of God's Saints may be said to be precious in His sight consists in its bearing on their earthly work. It crowns it, completes it in a sense, brings it, such as it has been, and such as Divine Grace has enabled them to make it, to a perfect end, so that it remains thenceforth a witness in their behalf, not indeed to precede them to the great white throne, but rather to follow them there, as the seer of the Apocalypse declares, and bear its testimony to the genuineness of their faith in Christ, and the strength and depth of their loyalty to His cause. Nor is this all. I do not think we have exhausted the deep significance of this "following" when we find in it a foreshadowing of this attesting quality that is in the Christian's work for Christ. I cannot help thinking that it means much more, that we may legitimately find here a dim intimation of the fact elsewhere hinted at in Scripture, that the Saints of God who have wrought for Him and His kingdom here, will follow on to work for Him there also, that those who have in this life consecrated their energies of mind and soul and body to the advancement of His cause, shall yonder find ample scope for their highest and holiest activities. The teaching of scripture, the deductions of reason, the analogy of the present all point in this direction. The Saints "His servants" shall serve Him. Even were Scripture

silent here (which it is not) we cannot easily believe that that inherent love of action which constitute so prolific a source of enjoyment, by stirring up all our energies alike of mind and body, and which characterizes even the Divine nature too (for God "worketh hitherto") will there be exchanged for a life of spiritual inertia, in which these energies shall be dormant, or even all of them be lost and swallowed up in a life of jubilant praise or ecstatic contemplation. The Saints, we are told, shall be even as the angels, and the angels, we know, are "ministers of His to do His pleasure." Nay higher than the angels, in some sort, having acquired virtues, and passed through experiences to which the angels are necessarily strangers. And are these to be left behind in the grave like the flesh which has seen corruption? Are the indomitable courage, the untiring zeal, the self-denying love, the triumphant faith to which God's Saints have been trained, like veterans disciplined by long campaigns and hand to hand conflicts with the enemy, are these to fall into disuse, as though no longer needed? Nay, is it not in the life that comes after death that they are destined to find their fullest, noblest exercise? How we know not, but God does, and let that suffice. The master who commands us to work and occupy here is not likely to let us idle there, and in all the vast reach of his illimitable realm no fear but scope will be found for the free play of gifts and graces which have been His own bestowal. Indeed, brethren, it is in this fact, (for even Scripture itself takes what otherwise were our poor uncertain conjecture, and confirms it into fact) that I find one solution for a mystery which has ere now well nigh staggered men's faith, the fact viz: of the sudden removal of God's servants, sometimes in the midst of a career of usefulness, and at a time when it seemed as though the church and the world alike most needed their presence, while other lives, either negatively harmless, (if indeed such lives there can be), or else positively vicious and corrupting are prolonged to the very furthest limits. Why was it that as on this day more than 1800 years ago, the faithful forerunner of Christ came to a seemingly premature end in the dungeon, while the licentious Tetrarch who murdered him was allowed to wallow on in his sin. Why was Stephen stoned when just at the zenith

of his usefulness, while his guilty murderers were suffered to profane the earth with their foul presence? Why must the noble self-sacrificing missionary gasp out his life in those lone African wilds, under the hot breath of the burning sun, and just when his life's one dream and all absorbing ambition was about to be fulfilled? Why is it that, nearer home, many a brave toiler for Christ, many a saintly, christian father and mother, many a devoted Sunday school teacher, many a devoted, self-denying missionary, is smitten down by the hand of death, just when it seemed as though their influence was needed the most? Why, to come nearer still, was it that the first Bishop of this far reaching Diocese was suddenly summoned from the manifold toils and trials of his earthly life to the sweet peaceful rest of Paradise, just as the seeds he had scattered so laboriously were beginning to peep above the rugged surface of the soil given him to cultivate, just as he had laid his foundations broad and deep, and, with new hopes and courage for the task before him, was about to uprear the superstructure?

All the mystery of this and similar Providence is not given us to fathom; there are depths here which even the keenest visions may not explore, but this much may we not confidently conclude, that while the work so mysteriously interrupted by the hand of death, is transferred to another and still continues, even though the workman be removed, yet the workman himself is like Enoch not supplanted or superseded at all, but rather translated to a scene of higher trust, a field of wider and even more honorable labor, where ceaseless activity knows no weariness, where the toilers' hopes are never chilled by the thought of coming disappointment or his powers enfeebled by decay, where "they that wait upon the Lord," (and work for him as well) "shall renew their strength, shall mount with wings as eagles, shall run and not be weary, shall walk and not faint."

(To be Continued.)

Our Bishops Movements.

A VISIT TO GARDEN RIVER IN THE SUMMER OF 1883.

FINDING myself in the neighbourhood of Garden River, where, for the last 40 years an Indian Mission

has been established, I was anxious to verify by eye-witness some of the details which have excited much interest and attention, both in England and in this country. The resident missionary, the Rev. Mr. Renison, is one possessing many of the qualities peculiarly necessary in dealing with the Indian; first of all, an earnest and pervading zeal for God's glory, and a love for souls, one who feels there is no joy comparable to that of leading sinners to the Saviour, great patience and untiring energy, with a large development of hopefulness, are indispensable requisites; also a manner and temper, simple, kindly, gentle and yet firm, able to judge correctly and deal judiciously. To have found one in whom these meet is no small cause of thankfulness. Garden River Settlement is beautifully situated, it is on the River St. Mary, about 12 miles from the Sault, and surrounded on three sides by a range of hills rising in some places 500 feet; the hills are covered with wood, chiefly pine; here and there a high rocky platform is cleared and catches in beautiful gleams on its green sward, the fleeting brightness of the setting sun. The Indian Reserve at Garden River belongs to the Ojibway tribe, who settled there about 40 years ago; for some time they lived at the Sault Ste. Marie, coming down for a few months in the summer to make their gardens, returning to the Sault for the winter. Dr. Omeara, at that time the indefatigable missionary to the Indians, prevailed upon the Indians to build cottages and reside altogether where already their gardens (hence the name Garden River) were growing in value so as to be an important adjunct to their comfort; but the Missionary had at heart a far higher aim than temporal welfare, he saw the evil and temptations that surrounded them, in the midst of a population whose civilization and christianity was little more than nominal, and judged well and wisely, that freed from these baneful influences and formed into a community of their own, with a faithful teacher among them, the Word of God would have "far more a free course to be glorified," and the result has amply realized his expectation. It is to the same kind friend of the Indian race that they owe the translation of the New Testament and prayer book into their own tongue.

Garden River Settlement at present contains about 300 inhabitants, nearly

one-half are Indians, the others are principally half-breeds Roman Catholics who have a church in the village; there are also a few white families residing and a very small Methodist church with a proportionately small congregation.

Reaching Garden River on a Wednesday, I was pleased to find it was regular night for weekly service; Mr. Renison said the attendance would be small, as many were absent gathering their summer harvest of blue berries for sale, but when I entered the church I found an audience of between 20 and 30; my mind wandered back to some of our city churches where on a summer evening it would be hard to gather so many. The service was chiefly Indian. The singing was very sweet, solemn and melodious, the stillness and attention was marked, an evident drinking in of the word of God. At the close a few remarks were made in English by the visitor, translated by a young Indian, addressed specially to the women, on the beautiful story of Martha and Mary at Bethany, pointing out how good a thing it is, when the active virtues of the one sister were blended with the spiritual graces of the other; when concluding, the remark was made if any would like another story about the sisters, and could come the next evening they would be gladly welcomed. Owing to the busy season it was scarcely expected any one would find leisure to attend, but to Mr. Renison's surprise and pleasure about 15 made their appearance on the Thursday evening. There is a Bible-class for young men held every Friday evening for simple, familiar Bible teaching, this is well attended. The church will hold about 100, the average attendance perhaps 60—with 30 communicants.

This earliest church, the work of the Indians themselves, is shortly to be replaced by a new and more commodious building, the foundations of the old edifice having given way beyond the possibility of repair.

Accompanied by the Missionary a number of visits were paid to the Indian homes. The old wigwam is now replaced by the frame cottage, as a general rule neat and comfortable in external appearance; usually the whole lower part is one room, a large square aperture in the roof with an ascending ladder indicates a loft used as a sleeping apartment; some of the houses were really neat and clean, things tid-

arranged, in others a Martha's busy hands were greatly needed; every house possesses a good stove, in several the bedsteads were good and substantial, tables ditto, chairs were not so abundant, though here and there a comfortable rocking chair stood in its corner; on the whole I saw little difference between the houses of these Indians and those of our own working class.

The first house visited was that of Augustin, one of the chiefs; he was absent but his wife was at home, an intelligent christian, one whom the missionary spoke of as "a truly pious woman;" a short conversation was carried on in which she expressed her deep interest in God's Word, "more and more" she said "my heart loves God." A tomahawk hung on the wall, a lock of hair attached to it, showing it had not always lain inactive, a remark that the Word of God was a far better weapon than the sword of the spirit, pleased her much; she smiled and nodded assent. Several old people were suffering from sickness of various kinds; in one house an old woman lay in bed suffering from her head, her family were all away for the day, and the poor sick woman was left without sufficient food; she whispered to Mr. R. that she was very hungry, she listened to the reading and prayer with much attention, she too, is one to whom the Word of the Lord is very precious; her bodily wants were soon supplied, and we trust her soul refreshed. In another cottage, in the course of conversation a woman was asked if she could say she loved Jesus? The reply, though indirect, was not unsatisfactory, she said "she loved God's house and her whole mind was set on seeking God." The next day a walk of fully a mile brought us to a lovely cottage, the path lay through fields of hay and Indian corn with patches of brush and pretty flowering shrubs, a neat small house stood in a cultivated enclosure; the first thing that attracted attention was an erection made of bark, like a gigantic bee-hive, this answered the purpose of a summer kitchen, having a stove within; on entering the cottage we saw a woman sitting on a bench near the door, with downcast face and idle hands, she was quite blind, having become so, suddenly about 8 years ago; opposite the door two neat bedsteads were placed against the wall, on one of which lay a second sister who has been an invalid for years; a third sister was busily occupied mak-

ing little baskets of Indian grass and bark; the mother, an old woman nearly 90 does the chief part of the house work, while a grandson takes charge of the little strip of land, plants and garrers the crop on which all depend for subsistence. Mr. Renison took the Indian Bible from the shelf and read the 14th chapter of John, all paid earnest and deep attention, the eye of the sick woman brightened, the blind sister appeared much affected and drew her arm across her sightless eyes, but we trust her heart was comforted, as she was reminded of the time when she would see Jesus. Mr. R. said, nowhere were his ministrations more welcome than in that house of affliction. Sunday after Sunday the old mother and one daughter are found in God's house, in the winter when the snow lies several feet deep in the fields they journey to and fro on snow shoes. A word about the children, they are of all ages, from a little brown specimen of a few days old who lay beside its mother, a fine strong, good-tempered looking woman; another of more mature age, enjoyed from its swinging cradle alternate slumbers, and a keen, intelligent glance at all that went on in the little circle of which he was evidently the pride and centre; passing a fenced-in garden, through the paling peered 8 or ten bright black eyes, and from two of the owners of the eyes came evident tokens of recognition, who were at once remembered as two Wawanosh girls; there were quite a tribe of little ones about, and one older sister making a dress. Mr. Renison spoke to the father impressing upon him the importance of sending the girls back to school; he did not say no, but would not say yes. It is much to be regretted, that as yet the great advantages afforded by the Indian Homes are not properly understood or appreciated by the parents. A nice tidy girl was washing at the door of one of the cottages, whose bright smile was also recognized; she is a good scholar and one who might be easily trained for a teacher, and with her knowledge of both languages would be a valuable aid in mission work. On the homeward way another bright face was seen, one of the Shingwauk boys. Nothing can be more marked than the difference made by the education and training in these Homes; if you remarked upon the intelligence, energy and superior appearance of any one, you were sure to hear "Ah! he is (or was) a Shingwauk

boy," or "she is at the Wawanosh." Still much watchful care and kind encouragement is needed, line upon line, and precept upon precept, to prevent the good acquired being overborne by the lingering listlessness and inertness of Indian life and character.

God's grace in the heart and the loving sympathy of christian friends, will do much to make this Garden River truly the Garden of the Lord.

There is a day school in the village, with government support, under an English teacher; a Sunday school is attached to the church, where the instruction is partly Indian; the Missionary stated his need of tickets, pictures, books, &c., a want only required to be made known to be at once remedied.

Since these notes were penned we learn with much regret, Garden River is threatened with the loss of its valued Missionary, Mr. Renison, who is shortly to proceed to the lately formed Mission of Lake Nepigon. This Mission, still in its infancy, demands immediate attention, if the fruits of the first effort are not to be wholly lost. But, while the claims of Nepigon can not be ignored the loss of a resident Missionary to Garden River can not be easily estimated; the great difficulty lies in so few being conversant with the Indian tongue, a necessary acquirement for either position. "The harvest truly is plentiful but the laborers are few, pray ye therefore to the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth laborers into the harvest."

The Bishop's Visitation.

ST. JOSEPH'S ISLAND MISSION.

On July 18th, the Bishop arrived at Hilton, almost late for his appointment. We had been expecting him to come on the 17th, but owing to the stormy and wet weather, he was unable to leave Thessalon until Wednesday, and only arrived just in time to meet the people in the church.

It being a wet day, and a busy time in harvest, we had not a crowded church, still there was a larger number than we could reasonably expect under the circumstances.

The first part of the service was to consecrate the churchyard as a place of burial. We marched around it headed by the warden, the clergy followed and the people brought up the rear. The consecration service was read and we proceeded to the door of the church where a petition

was read praying for the consecration of the church. This was accordingly proceeded with, and the church was consecrated under the name of St. John's Church. Then followed a confirmation service, at which seven persons were confirmed, a married man being among the number. A suitable address was delivered to the candidates which was followed by a sermon. Nineteen persons partook of the Holy Communion. Everything passed off satisfactorily, and we hope this day may be one from which the candidates and others will date the beginning of a higher and holier life, a day when they begin to live nearer to the Lord their God.

On Thursday we drove right on nine miles over abominable roads, to another station. Part of this road was so bad that the Bishop preferred to walk; mud holes, big stones, and corduroy, combined to make riding out of the question. When we arrived at our destination we found a goodly number assembled to meet the Bishop. The service was held in a private house (Mr. Cooper's). Here three persons were confirmed, another married man being one of them. Eleven persons partook of the Holy Communion. After service we returned to Hilton, in time for a late dinner at the clergyman's residence.

Friday we went per buckboard to Jocelyn. We arrived at Mr. Kent's in time for supper. We were up at five the next morning, and left at seven, for Mr Fuller's in Denby Bay. We started in a boat with head wind, a dense fog, for a while, hid all land from our view. At last we arrived at the place of debarkation, but still had three miles of swamp to traverse. This was the hardest part of all. The heat was intense in the close cedar bush, the ground hemlock tripped us continually, and the wet ground, and lying logs, combined to make it a most disagreeable trip. The Bishop, however, is not a man to be balked by difficulties that can possibly be overcome, so on we trudged, and arrived at the place of meeting, only about an hour late. Here we had another hearty service, with a confirmation and holy communion. Five candidates presented themselves, two being married women. Thirteen persons communicated. After a hearty lunch in the open air, we walked back to the boat again. The return trip was lightened for the Bishop by a horse which carried him as far as it was possible to take the animal. When we got to our boat there was no wind,

so we had to row, the Bishop manning his oar like the rest of us. Soon a breeze sprang up, which bye and bye freshened, and at last we went along in gallant style. We arrived at Mr. Kent's again just about dusk, tired and considerably worse in our clothing, the bishop with wet feet and torn gaiters and generally dilapidated appearance.

A large increase was now made to the Bishop's party. The Rev E. F. Wilson had come down to present the candidates for ordination, which was to take place next day. With Mr. Wilson had come Mrs. Sullivan, Mrs. Richardson of Winnipeg, Rev R. Renison and Lady, and two of Mr. Wilson's children. They had come all the way from the Sault in an open boat, a distance of over thirty miles, and had arrived about half an hour before our return.

We sought our rest early, for we were tired and the next day was to be a trying one.

Before service on Sunday Mr. Berry from Bruce mines Mrs. Beer, Mr. and Mrs. Eddy and others had arrived, per wagon from Hilton. Some young men came also on horseback.

Promptly at ten the service began. The church on which the people had spent so much time and loving labor, was at last completed, and was now to be consecrated to God's service forever, under the name of the Church of the Holy Trinity. The congregation filled the building so that some were sitting on the platform of the reading desk and others on the chancel step. After the consecration of the church came morning prayer, then the ordination of C. F. Berry to the diaconate, and the Rev. R. Renison and H. Beer to the priesthood. Next followed a sermon which was a masterpiece of learning and eloquence, and showed the honor which awaited the faithful minister in God's kingdom. At the Holy Communion forty persons communicated, including the clergy. At the close of the service there was a baptism. After a four hours service, we repaired to the adjacent school house where a sumptuous lunch was prepared for all who had come from a distance.

So far everything had gone off without a single hitch. In the long and complicated service we had just gone through, and in the other services, the music and all things had passed off harmoniously. But this was not to continue. One of the men kindly went for Mr. Beer's horse, and unfortunately allowed it to run

away, smashing the vehicle to pieces. Here was a dilemma, we were ready pressed for time, and likely be late for our other appointments and there was no other buggy to had. This accident spoiled the day of the day for us. Mrs. Sullivan kindly solved Mr. Beer's troubles him by promising him a new board in place of the one destroyed, still the worry and annoyance very trying.

Saddle horses were soon provided for the Bishop and Mr. Beer, they arrived at their last appointment only about an hour late. The persons who crowded the school house at Richard's Landing were still patiently waiting. Here again eight persons were confirmed, five of whom were married people. Two children also were baptized. Owing to accident we could not carry the communion vessels with us, so there was no communion here. After the service we rode back to Jocelyn, the Bishop and his party that night slept in their tents and started the next day at noon, in their boat for Manitoulin Island.

This first visitation, by Bishop Sullivan of the mission of St. Joseph's Island is one we will long remember. It was one of right hard work such as the Apostles old are known to have engaged in.

Altogether we had two churches and one grave-yard consecrated, twenty-four persons confirmed, the children baptized, three ministers ordained, and there were eighty-three persons communicated. The collections at the various stations, in aid of the Diocesan Fund, amounted to eighteen dollars and fifteen cents.

God grant that the good work now begun may prosper and increase and may result in many of the people being found on the right hand of the Lord when the final separation is made at the day of judgment.

Consecration of the Memorial Chapel.

It was a lovely day, calm, bright, warm, still, very Sunday-like, though it was Wednesday (August 29th).

At the Bishop's suggestion assembled in the little cemetery at 10.30 a.m., ten clergy and the Bishop. We stood beside dear Bishop F. Quier's grave, all covered up with bright green moss and flowers placed there by loving hands the evening before. The two persons from the burial service were read

part of 1 Cor. xv, a hymn and several appropriate collects. The Indian children in their dark blue and scarlet uniform, stood around, and a number of people who had congregated. Then we passed quietly back along the green secluded walk through the bush, past the Institution, through the little garden and grounds to the front steps of the chapel. The Bishop and clergy stood on the gravel walk between the 'lych gate' and the steps. The petition for consecration was read and responded to, a brief prayer said, then two and two the clergy entered the chapel, followed by the Bishop, all repeating the beautiful words of the 24th Psalm, "The earth is the Lord's &c." The Indian children and the congregation followed and took their places.

The appearance of the chapel would strike any one entering it the first time; on either side oaken benches of ecclesiastical design, the side and dormer windows of simple stained glass, in front three arches dividing the nave from the chancel, the centre one the largest, resting on white pillars, the space above between the arches and the roof filled in with fret work, the Dove with wings outspread, Alpha and Omega, Jehovah Jireh in Hebrew, all carved in white bass wood. A carved text also over each window, each one telling of what Christ has done for us. Under the arches were on one side the pulpit, on the other the lectern and prayer desk. A panelled petition divided the chancel on either side from the organ chamber and vestry. The chancel window is to be a very handsome one, donated by members of the Fauquier family, but not yet arrived. Beneath it is a plain oaken reredos with the Lord's prayer, Decalogue and Creed in Indian. The altar cloth is a very handsome one sent from England by a relative of the family. The font also is given by other members.

The conducting of the service was divided between the clergy present, and the Bishop preached a touching beautiful sermon from the words, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." Then we met together at the Holy Table and received the sacred pledges of a Saviour's love.

The offertory amounted to \$40.30 and was devoted to the widows and orphans' fund of the Diocese.

JOTTINGS.

The Bishop left the Sault by s. s. Campana, September 2nd, in order

to be in time for the meeting of the Provincial Synod, in Montreal on the 12th. His Lordship expects to cross the Atlantic early in October, and to spend part of the winter in England.

Twenty-five boys and eleven girls are now at the Indian Homes, and there are still twenty boys and ten girls expected.

Owing to the difficulties of keeping up the printing office at the Shingwauk Home, and the loss entailed by the publication of our little paper, the Bishop has made arrangements with a friend in Winnipeg to undertake the printing for us. This may cause a little delay in the monthly issue of the paper, but it will, we are sure, give satisfaction to our subscribers. The paper is still edited at, and mailed from Sault Ste. Marie.

Clothing Received for the Homes.

BOX No. 1.

From Mrs. L. B. Windsor—3 petticoats, 1 coat, 2 hats, 1 pair socks, 1 hood, 2 aprons, 2 cloud, 2 pair woolen cuffs, 2 kitchen aprons, 4 remnants.

Total contents of box: 1 coat, 2 hats, 1 pair socks, 1 hood, 12 aprons, 32 petticoats, 11 woolen scarfs, 4 pr woolen cuffs, 22 pair mitts, 6 remnants, 2 woolen jerseys, 2 handkerchiefs, 5 cotton dresses, 22 heavy dresses, 2 pr guernsey drawers, 2 ties, 2 pr stockings, 2 pieces patchwork, 25 chemises, 1 holland duster, 8 work bags, 1 pr shoes, 3 waists, 17 night dresses, 1 pr pillow cases, 1 boy's jersey.

Box No. 2, from N. B., 5 dresses, 2 underdresses, 4 petticoats, 4 chemises, 2 night dresses, 5 pr drawers, 15 pr stockings, 2 pr boots, 2 pr knickerbockers, 1 shawl, 1 ulster, 1 cloth jacket, 3 under flannels, 11 pocket handkerchiefs, 8 hats, 11 hoods, 5 caps, 6 pr mitts, 2 mufflers, 11 sunbonnets, 2 aprons, 4 pr cuffs, 2 pr mufflers, 1 basque, 1 school bag, 4 ties, 1 underwaist, 1 pr gloves, 9 collars, 4 coats, 6 vests, 3 pr trousers, 3 pr drawers, 4 shirts, 4 under shirts, 2 quilts, 1 pr socks, 2 silk handkerchiefs, 31 books tracts.

Box No. 3, from Mrs. Cameron and Mrs. Har—ft, 8 dresses, 7 petticoats, 8 pr drawers, 4 aprons, 4 underwaists, 2 hoods, 1 scarf, 2 coats, 2 pr mitts, 4 pr stockings, 4 night dresses, 5 chemises. From Mrs. Dooley: 2 dresses, 2 aprons, 4 pinafores, 4 pr stockings, 4 pr drawers, 2 chemises, 2 night shirts, 4 petticoats, 1 coat, 1 cap, 2 underwaists, 1 scarf, 1 pr mitts.

List of clothes, sent by Mr. Cameron: one ulster, 1 cloud, 1 pr mitts, 2 aprons, 2 pinafores, 2 gingham petticoats, 2 cloth petticoats, 1 crotchet wool petticoats, 2 pr flannel drawers, 2 pr cotton drawers, 2 chemises, 2 night gowns, 2 dresses, 4 pr stockings, 1 fur cap; 1 muslin cape, 2 pr stays.

DIOCESE OF ALGOMA.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE QUARTER ENDING 30TH JUNE, FOR GENERAL DIOCESAN FUND.

Apl., 3 St John's Northwood \$1.27 Corregan's Diaper 2.35; St. Paul's, Uffington \$2.05; Christ's Church, Pembroke, \$2.65; Holy Trinity, Barkway, \$1.24.

April 4.—John Doherty, Uffington, \$5; Easter offerings, Huntsville, \$11.76; "P. E. J." England, \$13'65.

April 5.—Easter offerings, Sorel, \$24.

April 6.—Rev. E Rexford, \$10.00 Parry Sound, \$20.00.

April 7.—Memorial Church, London, Ont., \$30.00; St. Paul's, Middleport, \$1.42; Christ Church, Huntingford, \$1.62; Trinity Church, Zorra, \$1.00.

April 11.—Bracebridge, \$15.55; Port Carling, \$4.51; Beaumaris, \$2.83; Port Sandfield, 2.39; Brackenridge, \$2.13; Bardsville, \$1.43.

April 12.—Two friends, Toronto, \$2.00; Gravenhurst, \$17.56.

April 17.—Macdonald, \$3.60; McLeod's, \$1.95; Bruce Mines, \$7.29; Mud Lake, \$2.85; Mr. Marpole. \$5.00; Mrs. Beesaw, 5.00.

April 19.—A. Moody, \$5.00.

May 2.—Mrs. W. F. Kerr, \$4150; St. George's S. S. Sarnia, \$15.00.

May 5.—A few boys savings, St. Stephen's Toronto, \$1.61; St. Peter's Toronto, \$50.56; St. Peters, Cobourg, \$0.75; St. Luke's, Toronto, \$23.90; St. George's, Etobicoke, \$3.00; St. Paul's, Lindsay, \$1.35; Church of the Redeemer, Toronto, \$7.95; Holy Trinity, Toronto, \$6.78; Lindsay, \$6.80; Streetsville, \$3.28; Oshawa, \$15.20; Shanty Bay, \$1.20; St. Stephen's, Toronto, \$10.36; Aurora & Oakridges, \$10.61; Ditto, missionary boxes, \$5.08; Etobicoke, \$2.90; Orillia, \$8.30; West Mono, \$1.50; Parkdale S. S. \$3.41; St. Mark's, Port Hope, \$10.00; St. Luke's, Toronto, \$26.95; St Peter's, Toronto, \$54.00; Rev. J. Simpson, Port Hope, \$10.00; H. Rowsell, \$25.00.

May 7.—Ravenscliffe, \$2.82; J. Efrancombe, \$0.65; Hoodstown, \$2.91; Miss. H. Wetherell, England, \$48.55; J. Henderson, \$50.00.

May 8;—Miss Saunders, missionary box, \$10.00.

May 10.—Diocese of Montreal, per Rev. J. S. Belcher, \$237.07; Twenty minutes society, Ottawa, \$6.00.

May 21.—Committee Foreign Missions, Kingston, \$834.19; F. G. London, \$6.00.

May 23.—Diocese of Niagara, \$1.029; Diocese of Montreal, \$100.00.

May 29.—St. James, Toronto, \$60.00; Miss Sarah J. Ley, England, 121.66.

May 31.—Roach's Point, 3.00.

June 2.—St Bartholemew's S. S., Toronto, Miss Gray's class, 2.35; Hy Salt, England, 10.20; Bloomfield, England, 18.14.

June 23—Prince Arthur's Land, 13.71; Diocese of Huron, 284.96; W Weld, 5.00; Mrs Weld 5.00; Diocese of Fredericton, collections. 146.78.

June 29.—Miss Morley, Oxford Shire, 10; S. M. T. England, 12.14.

June 30—Diocese of Montreal, 299.35; Diocese of Quebec, 708.18; Diocese of Cambridge and C Cambridge, 13.00; Diocese of Nova Scotia, 38.69.

WIDOWS AND ORPHAN'S FUND.

April 5—Mrs Gould and family, Chicaso, 20.00; C. D. Nova Scotia, 20.00; St. Paul's London, Ont., 65.00.

April 13—C. W. M. A. per Mrs. O'Reilly, 20.00.

May 2—Miss Dyas 8.80; Reader Dominion Churchman, 3.00; St. John's, Stisted, 2.00; A friend, Ottawa, 5.00; A friend, Ottawa, 5.00.

May 12—St. John's, Stisted, 3.50;

May 21—Committee Foreign Missions, Kingston, 47.32.

May 23—Mrs Juson, Shrewsbury, 50.00; A H Campbell, 100.00.

June 5—Ladies' Missionary Union, Lennoxville, 21.00; Diocese of Fredericton, collections, 59.13.

June 29—Miss Grace N. Horne, England, 24.28; Miss Sedgwick, 2.60; Mrs Pott, 9.70; Miss G. N. Horne, 7.29.

June 30—Church of the Redeemer, Toronto, 50.00; Diocese of Quebec, 115.78; C. D. Nova Scotia, 30.00.

Collection at consecration of memorial chapel, 40.30; per Rev. R. Shreve, 17.60.

INDIAN HOMES.

Receipts.

Holy Trinity S. S. Toronto, for boy 12.50, for W. H. 2.50, 15.00; from Nova Scotia, for A. H. Campbell, 52.35; from Nova Scotia, for Wawanosh, 6.38; Holy Trinity S. S. Barton, for W. H. 5.00; Chapter House S. S. London, for S. H. 20.00; Mrs. Saunders, 0.75; St. Mark's, Niagara, for girl, 50.00.

April 26—Children Portage du Fort, 20.00.

SHINGWAUK HOME.

April 7—St Paul S. S, London, Ont., 37.50; St John's, Berlin, 8.48.

April 11—St Thomas S. S. Bracebridge, 3.77.

May 5—St Paul S. S. Lindsay, 15.00.

May 8—Dundas S. S. 8.00; Bar- S. S. 10.00.

June 30—Diocese of Nova Scotia, 52.35.

SH HOME.

WAWANOSH, Mitchell,

April 7—Trinity Chu. 19.00.

May 5—St Stephen's, Toronto, missionary boxes, 7.17; Brooklin and Columbus, 1.02.

June 30—Brooklin and Columbus, 0.30; Diocese of Nova Scotia, 6.38.

INDIAN SCHOOLS.

June 30—Diocese of Montreal, 14.36.

NEPIGON.

April 17—Mrs. Rixon, 4.00.

GARDEN RIVER CHURCH

June 30—Diocese of 58.40.

SUNDRY PURPOSES

May 21—Mrs. Barber, 124.53.

June 16—J. Labatt, 100.00

MEMORIAL CHAPEL

F. W. 30.00; from Nova 2.00; Prof J. 10.00; Mrs. S. reading desk, 50.00; for the window, from one who loved revered the late Bishop, 8.00; K. 20.00; H. B. 1.00.

May 18—Rev. W. S. D. 15.00.

ALGOMA MISSIONARY NEWS

Mrs. Luxton, 0.35; Frank 0.36; Dr. Byers, 0.50; Jos. P. 0.50; Mrs. R. Livingstone, Mr. McLachlan, 0.35; Miss wards, 0.35; Rev. C. L. Inglis, Mrs. Tippet, 0.35.

STEAM YACHT.

April 4—C. D. Nova Scotia, 4.00.

April 6—Member C W M

April 7—Union meeting, L S S, 23.23.

April 24—A poor orphan, St 3.00.

May 7—J. Rosamond, 20.00; L. and Lady Tilley, 20.00; M C Cambie and L Tilley, 13.46;

ton, 5.00.

May 8—Christ Church, Ham 25.00.

—W. H. H. 25.00.

May 9—Rev W. S. D. 15.01.

May 18—Committee Foreign 15.01.

May 21—Comm. sions, Kingston, 18.49.

May 28—S. P. G. £100: 53.18.

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