



Volume VI.

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Past History and Future Prospects of our Missionary Paper.

OUR little Missionary Paper has been in existence now for a period of nine years. It first made its appearance in June, 1874, under the modest title of the "Algoma Quarterly," and a very modest little pamphlet it was, only  $5\frac{3}{4}$  by  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches in size, containing eight pages, and published, as its name suggested, every three months.

In July, 1876, a printing office was established at the Shingwauk Home, and an attempt was made to bring out the paper by amateur effort, and many a winter's night were Mr. Wilson and his Indian boys toiling at their self-imposed task, fearing that the ink would freeze up and the forms become unimpressionable if the job were left till morning. However, this attempt to "do it ourselves" was not very successful, and the year following a larger press and a full stock of printing material were purchased, and a printer engaged to take charge of the work; and thus we have gone on, from time to time altering the size and appearance of our paper, with the view of improving it, patiently listening to objections, striving to remedy defects. It has been up-hill and at times a very tiring and not very thank-worthy undertaking, still we are glad to feel that it has been, under God's providence, a means of making our wants known both in England and in Canada, both as regards the Diocese at large and as regards our Homes for Indian children. At the present time we are printing 2,800 every quarter, of which 1,000 go to subscribers and 1,800 are distributed gratis at the expense of the Diocese. The other eight months in the year there are 1,300 copies printed, *i. e.* 1,000 for the subscribers and 300 sent gratis to the supporters of our Indian Homes.

And now there is a prospect of another change, and we trust a change for the better.

First of all, the editorship of the little paper has been divided among three of the clergy residing within easy distance of Sault Ste. Marie, *viz.*, Rev. H. Beer, St. Joseph's Island, Rev. G. B. Cook, Sault Ste. Marie, Rev. E. F. Wilson, Shingwauk Home. This is an excellent arrangement, as three heads are better than one, and in the event of one of the staff being prevented, by illness or absence from home, from attending to the work, there will be the other members ready to undertake it. It will also help to remove any impression that may prevail that the little paper is the organ of the Indian Homes rather than of the Diocese. It is—and is to be—the *Algoma Missionary News*, the Indian Homes continuing to take—as they have done in the past, and would always wish to do—a secondary place as a part of the great work in which our Bishop is engaged, and in which he takes such great interest.

Secondly—the printing of the little paper will, in consequence of a very liberal offer which has been made, shortly pass, we expect, into other hands; and the consequence we hope will be, that under the management of regular printers, and the action of a steam press, it will soon assume an altogether better form and appearance than it has been possible to give it with the very limited machinery and plant which have hitherto been used in its composition and issue. The form of the paper is to continue the same until the end of the present year; after that it is probable that a more attractive style will be adopted. We must conclude this article by apologizing to our readers for the non-issue of the August number. We have endeavoured to make good the deficiency by issuing a double number of the pres-

ent paper. The difficulty of procuring labour, and the many obstacles with which we have had to contend, must be our apology for the seeming neglect.

We trust that our subscribers will kindly forgive us, and we hope that they will have no further occasion for dissatisfaction in the future.

Our Bishop's Movements.

VISIT TO GARDEN RIVER.

DURING the week following the confirmation and ordination in St. Luke's, Sault Ste. Marie, a visit was paid on Wednesday, June 7th, to our old friends the Indians at Garden River, who had been anxiously inquiring when "Iebahega" was coming to see them, their anxiety to renew their acquaintance with the 'Keche-Makuh-dawekoonuhya' being doubtless whetted by their knowledge of the fact that he had already secured a thousand dollars to assist in the erection of their church, and had also brought the plans for its construction. In order, however, to give all possible *eclat* to the event, advantage was taken of the occurrence of the fifteenth anniversary of the marriage of the Rev. Mr. Wilson, the worthy Superintendent of our Indian Mission work, to make the occasion one of the widest possible interest, and so the Bishop and his family, accompanied by the Rev. G. B. Cooke, Mr. Wilson and his household, and all the resident population of the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes, numbering in all, adults and children, nearly fifty persons, started down the river, half the party on board the little steam ferry boat, the *Antelope*, while John Esquimaux's capacious boat followed 'in tow,' with the other half, comprising, not 'one or two,' but a great many little Indian boys and girls, as happy a gathering of children as one could see anywhere, out for a holiday. A very pleasant trip of about an hour

and a half brought the party to their destination. Then the Bishop's tent was pitched, the flag hoisted, and preparations made for the mid-day meal, which was discussed with avidity on all hands. After this, all adjourned to the School House, about half a mile distant, where the Indians were assembling for the inevitable *pow-wow*. Prayer having been offered, in the Ojibway tongue of course, addresses were given by the Bishop, Revs. E. F. Wilson and G. B. Cooke, bearing on the subject of the new Church, and specially giving them to understand, very clearly, that though much money had been given to the Bishop for them, they must, every one, do their part in helping, the men by hauling and hewing the logs for sills, &c., the women by making matting for the flooring, and curtains for the windows, and anything else they could provide. Then the two chiefs rose, and expressed their gratitude, saying that their hearts were very glad—so were the women and children. The chief interest, however, centred in the plans, which were then shown to them, and handed from one to another, for closer inspection, the general sentiment expressing itself in exclamations of "kagate, kagate," *i. e.* "good, good." Shortly after this the *pow-wow* was brought to a close by the pronouncing of the benediction.

Before leaving this subject for the present, we must ask the friends of the Garden River Indians who have furnished the Bishop so promptly with the \$1,000 he asked for, not to be disappointed if some little delay attends on the accomplishment of our work there. In the first place, carpenters are few and far between—indeed, workmen of any kind are scarcely to be had, even at very high wages, and have to be imported at great expense all the way from Collingwood. Next, the Indians themselves are not always easily manageable where work is to be done. We could, of course, build the church without their aid, allowing them to look on admiringly, but here, as in every other direction, we desire as far as possible to develop their power of 'self-help,' and therefore insist on their co-operation. And, in the end, it is given, though the dilatoriness and indecision that always characterize their movements tempts one sometimes to feel as if nothing would be lost by dispensing with it.

At 7 o'clock the church bell tinkled

out its invitation, and before long the little building, so soon to be superseded, was filled with a devout and reverent congregation of about eighty, whose hearty responses and singing would have put to the blush the mild and scarcely audible murmur to be heard in some more pretentious assemblies that might be mentioned. Mr. Wilson read the service, after which the Bishop spoke (Mr. W. being interpreter) on the parable of the Vine and the Branches; showing, first, how the soul, the undying thing in each of us, derives its spiritual life from Christ, "the way, the life, and the truth;" and then, how this life, if in us, will bring forth fruit, such as love for prayer, for the Bible, for God's House, &c., and hatred of all evil, such as idleness, lying, drunkenness, &c. By this time the evening was drawing on apace, so the *Antelope* sounded her shrill summons, the tent was struck, baggage hurried on board, passengers collected (increased in number by an Indian boy, who had left the Shingwauk rather unceremoniously a short time before, and now, being penitent, desired to return), and the homeward trip accomplished in good time, the Shingwauk contingent landing at the new dock constructed for the Bishop's steam yacht (when he gets it), and the new *Missionary* now being built for Mr. Wilson at Sheguiandah, as a gift to the Diocese from the Sunday School of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto. The friends of the two Indian "Homes" will be glad to learn that the prospects of both are rapidly brightening. During the past year, as is now well known, there was a serious diminution in the number of pupils in residence, owing partly to the panic created among the Indians by the death of two or three of their children while at the Shingwauk, and partly to their unwillingness to trust them to the "fireships," ever since the loss of the ill-fated *Asia*, but the effects of both these alarms are rapidly passing away, and now scarcely a mail comes in without bringing inquiries as to the chances of old pupils being taken back and new ones being admitted. One of the very latest, indeed the last arrival, is the Indian shoemaker, who is now busily at work, in his leather apron, ready to receive all comers, and vindicate the wisdom of our "National Policy" to all customers who will encourage "Home" industries by giving him their patronage. The Indian tailor is also expected daily.

Meanwhile, sundry improvements, that were sorely needed, are being made in the interior of the Shingwauk; floors newly laid, walls coloured, ceilings of old plaster falling piecemeal replaced by panelled timbers, and other changes in the direction of greater durability, combined with increased attractiveness of appearance. The Memorial Chapel is also rapidly approaching completion. The plasterers are busily at work, side by side with the carpenters, and we are looking forward in the hope of seeing everything in readiness for the opening, if not the consecration of the building on St. Bartholomew's Day, than which none could be found more appropriate for such a service in all our sacred year, commemorating as it does the name and work of an Apostle whose distinguishing characteristics of unaffected simplicity and transparent guilelessness were so strikingly re-produced in the life and disposition of the first Bishop of the Missionary Diocese of Algoma.

(To be Continued.)

#### How we get our Indian Children

THE Indians are not as glad as they ought to be to have their children educated. An orphanage or home for white children will, if well conducted, probably be besieged by applicants for admission, but it is not so with the Indians,—we have to visit them at their homes, talk to them, impress on them the advantages that their children will receive, and induce them, as best we may, to give up their offspring to our care and sign an agreement for them to remain with us a certain number of years; and even when we succeed in getting the children to our Homes, certain percentage of them are almost certain to run away; they can live on berries in the woods and find their way home like a cat or a dog, and it is almost useless to track and follow them.

The following account of a trip to Spanish River in quest of pupils for our Homes may perhaps be found interesting to those who assist in the support of this particular work:

It is Wednesday, August 8th, and Bishop and Mr. Wilson have left the tents and sail boat in charge of the Indian crew and children and avail themselves of the kind offer of Mr. Abbott, the construction manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway, by going on board the tug "Eclipse," pe-

ed from the Algoma Mills dock, and are on their way to Spanish River. The programme for the day is as follows:—The tug will deposit them at an Indian village some ten miles up the Spanish River where they expect to find some pupils for their Homes; thence they will traverse the bush some one and a half or two miles to the Railway track and return in the evening by train to Algoma Mills.

The attempt to carry out the programme is however defeated, as subsequent events will show.

The Indian village is reached, one or two families visited, and one woman is found who is willing to send a boy; but the boy, however, is at another house four miles further up the river, and if we want him we must go for him, so a row is procured and off we start. The boat Bishop alights at a house on the left bank to visit a settler—an old parishioner of his from Montreal—and Mr. Wilson goes on alone in search of the boy. The boy is found; is willing to go; his name is Louis. Information is given that there are other Indians one and a half miles further up on the opposite bank and that they have children who might return with us. But what is the time? five o'clock; the train is expected by at six. The hope of getting more children however, leads us on. Never mind about getting to Algoma Mills to night. Mr. Wilson has nothing with him for the night, only an umbrella. The Bishop too has come entirely unprovided: But perhaps the Bishop will find his way to the track in time for the train. So we take the boy Louis in the boat and in half an hour or so the Indian village is reached. Some of them are members of our church, some Roman Catholics, some Pagans. At first they seem unwilling to give up any of their children, but at length the chief resolves to send two of his boys, then the others turn round and we have promise of five altogether, four boys and one girl. But it is already dark, too late to go back in search of the Bishop. The chief gives us tea, bread, pork and huckleberries, we have prayer in another house, and then lie down for the night.

At half past four in the morning Mr. Wilson is up; the Indian couple have given him their bedstead and are asleep on the floor: He rouses them and tells them it is time for him to start. He wants to get eight miles down the river

and visit another family where he has had promise of two more boys, and this must be done before the "Eclipse" comes along on her return trip to Algoma Mills. So the Indian children are mustered, a hasty breakfast partaken of, a canoe borrowed, and by six a.m. the party are off, paddling and rowing over the glassy surface of the winding river; a bright sun shines and the verdant foliage of the banks mirrored in the dark stream. The settler's house is reached; a man is standing at the door.

"Did the Bishop get away last night is asked"?

"No, he is here."

We turn our craft to the shore. The Bishop appears in shirt sleeves and leggings.

"Unfortunate delay, but never mind, these things cannot be avoided—How did you get on?"

"Oh I have got five children."

"Did you really! capital, never mind the delay. When are they coming"?

"Got them here, a canoe load."

"Oh, got them in tow have you, that's the way. What are we to do now"?

"I am going on to Jimmy Nahwegezhik's to get two more children. I suppose you will wait here for the "Eclipse"?"

"Oh no, I will keep with you. I'll be ready in a few minutes."

However Mr. Wilson had to stop at a house a few miles down, to get an agreement signed by the parents of one of the children, so the Bishop was persuaded to remain and get his breakfast, and the row-boat and one Indian boy was left, while Mr. W. went on with the rest of the children in the canoe. About an hour later the party was united again, and all proceeded in company to Jimmy Nahwegezhik's. Our friend was unfortunately not at home, having gone that morning to Gore Bay, taking his wife and children all with him. There was nothing now to be done but to sit on the rocks and wait patiently either for the return of Jimmy or the advent of the little steamer "Eclipse." There was a "telegraph station" at this point. At least there was a little log house 8 feet by 10, with two glass knobs stuck on the edge of the bark roof, and two wires extending to a straggling birch tree, thence to a telegraph pole down in the gorge, thence to another tree—and so on, on—where? To Montreal—the world! There was a young man

inside the shanty, he had come "from below," was only up three or four days, thought it dreadfully dull; his bed, covered with mosquito netting, occupied one side of the little house, his telegraph instruments the other; his cooking he did outside.

At the Bishop's request he telegraphed to ascertain the position of the 'Eclipse.' The answer came back that it "was not yet past the Sable." Where the Sable was he did not seem to have the remotest conception; however, we knew, so it was all right.

(To be Continued.)

#### A few Days at Port Arthur.

PRINCE Arthur's Landing, or as it is now called, Port Arthur—the most remote, and probably, in view of coming events, the most important missionary post in the whole Diocese of Algoma, was the next point visited by the Bishop. He arrived by the *Campana*, the favorite among all our lake steamers, on the morning of Friday, June the 15th, and was most kindly received and most hospitably entertained during his stay, by Mr. and Mrs. P. McRae. The 'Landing,' or 'Port Arthur,' (as it is henceforth to be designated), though at present only a village of from 1,500 to 2,000 inhabitants, is doubtless the germ of an important town, if not city, in the not distant future. It may not develop as rapidly as its neighbor Winnipeg, but its growth, when it does grow, will be none the less sound and healthy for being comparatively slow. Indeed its 'environment' forbids it remaining very long as it is. The conditions all combine to prognosticate a steady, solid expansion. Its geographical position, standing as it does at the very head of the Canadian lakes (or "seas," as an astonished pair of clerical English tourists on board the *Campana* said they should be called), constitutes it a kind of half-way house, past which the great and rapidly deepening currents of Canadian travel and traffic must take their course from the vast North-West to the seaboard. It is at this point that the inexhaustible agricultural products of the far reaching Canadian prairies that lie towards the setting sun will find their natural outlets; and here, too, that the rich deposits of silver, copper and iron that are waiting to reward the miner's toil, all through the Lake

Superior region, will find ready means of shipment.

That all this must before long develop the proportions of the Landing very largely, appears certain, from the indications of sound and healthy growth that are already visible on every side. Since the date of the Bishop's previous visit last September, the snortings of the great iron horse have wakened up the echoes between the frowning front of Mt. McKay and the beautifully wooded slopes that lie along the Kaministiquia River, and, as the result of its appearance, wharves are being built at great expense, roads constructed, building lots laid out, houses erected, churches and school houses planned, and other projects inaugurated, all pointing to the arrival of an era of progress. Recently, too, the Government have voted a grant of \$50,000 towards the construction of a breakwater, and other local improvements, conditionally on the people raising the sum of \$25,000, of which there is very little doubt.

In view of all this, the Church's duty in the premises is very clear. Provision must speedily be made for the religious necessities of a population certain to increase at a very rapid rate. And in this respect the local conditions are every way full of promise.

The story of the disaster of April 4th, 1881, need not be repeated here. Suffice it to say, that as has been seen in many similar cases of unforeseen catastrophe, the loss then sustained by the destruction of both church and parsonage by fire, has already been made good to the extent of the restoration of the latter, at a cost to the congregation of \$1,500, *which has all been paid*; and still better, has taught them by a never-to-be-forgotten lesson the value of their church privileges. Just think of the Church of England congregation of an important centre like this being "cribbed, cabined and confined" for their Sunday services, for more than two years, within the narrow limits of an inconvenient, up-stairs room, 13 x 42 ft. ! As one necessary result of this unnatural imprisonment, many families that would gladly have found a resting-place under the wing of the old mother-church, while at the Landing, have been compelled, for lack of room, to take refuge elsewhere, and possibly may fail, some of them, to find their way back to the parental roof again.

To co-operate with the clergyman and

the congregation in remedying this condition of things was one object of the Bishop's recent visit, and happily it was attended, as the sequel will shew, with no little success. On Sunday morning, June 17th, service was held as usual in this "upper room," the worshippers overflowing into the outer vestibule. After the third collect, four persons were presented for confirmation, after which, and the address, the Bishop preached from Matt. xviii., 2, 3. A large number of persons, including those newly confirmed, afterwards received the holy communion. In the afternoon the Bishop was driven by the Rev. Mr. McMorin to the "Fort," about five miles off, where a well attended service was held in the School House, the Bishop preaching from Gal. i, 8, after which, returning to the Landing, he preached again in the Town Hall, which had been kindly vacated in our favor by the Presbyterian congregation that usually worshipped there, large numbers of them and of the members of other religious bodies being present. On Monday the Bishop hoped to have made a journey along the line of the C. P. R. as far as it was open towards Neepigon, for the purpose of going among the hundreds of navvies at work at various points, and holding an open air service for them, but was hindered by a severe cold, and accompanying hoarseness, which reduced his voice to the dimensions of a mere whisper.

On Monday evening a meeting of several of the most active and prominent members of the congregation was held at the parsonage, in accordance with notice given, for the purpose of discussing the question of the erection of a new church. Great interest was manifested among those present, and the belief confidently expressed that now that the Land Investment Committee in Toronto have granted the Bishop's request for permission to sell their lots, there will be no difficulty in realizing from the sale a sum sufficient, with the contributions already made by the members, and amounting, as they will by the time operations are actively commenced, to \$1,500, to erect a church large enough to meet all the requirements of the congregation for some time to come. Resolutions were accordingly passed providing for the sale, for the preparation of plans, (to be submitted to the Bishop for his approval, according to the newly intro-

duced rule of the Diocese), and for the appointment of a Building Committee to look after details.

On Wednesday, the 20th, a visit was paid to the Township of Oliver, where Mr. McMorin has maintained services for several years with indefatigable zeal and at the cost of severe physical exertion, involving many a time a walk of fifteen miles from the Landing to his destination in the forenoon, then an afternoon spent in tramping from one farm house to another, giving notice of the service; then the next morning the fifteen mile walk home again. On the present occasion the journey out occupied five hours, with all the attendant comforts of a hot sun, jaded horse, and perfect 'nimbus' of black flies and mosquitoes in keen pursuit of the episcopal "purple." The service was held in the house of Mr. W. Squiers, the largest and most central in the neighborhood, and was attended by the residents for miles around, irrespective of religious associations. At its conclusion, the Bishop preaching, a meeting was held to discuss the question of a church building, \$40 being contributed on the spot, with an offer of two acres, at a central point, for the church and cemetery, as a guarantee of the people's desire to give permanence to the self-denying efforts already made for their spiritual welfare. After some further discussion the subscription list was placed in Mr. Squier's hand with a view to a general canvas, the Bishop promising some assistance from Diocesan funds, conditionally on the people's giving a fair proportion of money and labor.

On Thursday evening a *Conversazione* was held in one of the rooms of the Town Hall at the Landing, at which the Bishop had the opportunity of meeting the members of the congregation socially, and saying a few words of encouragement, suggested by his own experience during the two years following the great Chicago fire, and pointing out that disasters for the time being are converted oftentimes, in the strange alchemy of God's providence, into fountains of blessing, alike to individuals and congregations; reminding them also that the whole Christian church, in the apostolic age, was gathered into a chamber not larger probably than that in which they were then assembled.

Shortly afterwards the proceedings, which had been varied by vocal and instrumental music, closed with the benediction.

## A Visit to the Wawanosh Home.

(BY A TORONTO LADY.)

THE Wawanosh Home for Indian girls, in respect to situation and interior arrangement, is admirably fitted for the convenience, health and comfort of its inhabitants. There are two departments—the educational and the household—while the great end of the institution, viz., the intellectual and religious training of the pupils, is ever kept prominently in view. They are also taught, as a most important item of education, household work of all kinds, and this is so divided and arranged as not to interfere with regular study. By the pupils the house is kept clean and neat, they learn plain cooking and become good laundresses. Of the twelve girls in the Home during the past winter, the ages varied from eight to sixteen or seventeen. The two youngest, bright intelligent children, looked much fairer than the others. This is accounted for by their half French extraction. At first sight their general appearance and expression seems grave, stolid and unimpassioned, and any attempt to produce high intellectual development somewhat of a hopeless task; but this impression very soon passes away on closer observation. It is most interesting to watch the countenance gradually becoming irradiated as an idea gains admission to the still twilight mind, and just when one thinks there has been time enough to forget the question put, an answer comes slowly forth, often most correct, displaying clear perception and accurate memory; but it must be a long time before the Indians can think in English. The first process, therefore, is that of translation; the second to find if there is in Indian an equivalent idea; in course of time, no doubt, they who remember just the English words as they learn them, without fully comprehending their meaning—if it takes about two years before a missionary can with ease and fluency address the Indians in their own tongue, we need not wonder at the progress in the schools, when all the instruction is given in English, being comparatively slow, and requiring from the teacher no ordinary amount of patience and perseverance. Rather, when we see the results actually accomplished, we wonder at the progress being so rapid as it is in many cases, and should encourage with our sympathy and approbation that studious diligence

that has overcome so many difficulties. Pupils who have been in the schools for three or four years read well, learn outlines of history and geography, write to dictation, and are good arithmeticians. The writing is remarkably good; in this their strong native power of imitation comes to their aid. Much attention is paid to their religious education, they learn hymns and texts correctly, and have a very fair knowledge of Old Testament history. They have morning and evening prayers, and are taught the duty and value of private prayers. As a little household the law of kindness reigns. Their manners are respectful and gentle, they appear docile and obedient, while the cheerful voice, the merry laugh, and the games of play in the recreation hour show there is no undue repression or restraint. Too short a time has elapsed since the opening of this Home to see much of its fruits. That it will be fruitful for good, it is impossible to doubt. The testimony of a missionary's wife residing among the Indians, several of whom married girls who had been for some time in the Wawanosh Home, is that their houses and general habits of life are very superior to those of the untaught Indian, whose ambition soars no higher than to possess a large canoe on the lake and a wigwam on the shore. It may take long years to bring into the Christian fold those tribes still in pagan darkness. But where lies the blame? Does not much rest upon the Christian Church? Along with their country did not God give to the white man the poor heathen whose dwelling was with the beasts of prey—and beside the great waters—just that the light of a new gospel might be brought to them, that he whom the ignorant worshipped as the Great Spirit, might be revealed to them, and worshipped in spirit and in truth. Surely, their debtors we are, and all we can do now is but small interest for the long outstanding debt, though unacknowledged not the less binding.

## A Visit to Mamainse Mines.



SHARP knock at his bedroom door, and a very decisive intimation that "the Captain of the *Remora* could only wait 15 or 20 minutes," sufficed to rouse the Bishop from his slumbers about 6 a.m. on the morning of June 27th, and hurry him down within the allotted time, to the wharf, from which he was to start on his first

visit to the Mamainse Mines, about 60 miles from Sault Ste. Marie, on the north shore of Lake Superior.

These mines, though only opened up about two years ago, are already attracting great attention in both Canada and England, thanks—first of all, to the *bona fide* character of the mineral resources discovered there; and next, to the annual visits of Mr. Fraser Rae, the indefatigable English representative of the Company (known as the "Lake Superior Native Copper Co."), whose widely extended connection and influence with legal, literary, political and commercial circles in the mother country suffice to give the mining industries of this part of the country a guaranteed reputation as well as widespread publicity, which they could not otherwise easily attain. Indeed, little more than a year ago, the mining operations at Mamainse were in their infancy. One shaft had been sunk to a depth of 60 feet, only a handful of men being employed, who occupied two or three very primitive log houses close by. To-day, under the wise and energetic superintendence of Capt. Williams, the little community, men, women and children, number close on 300.

The original shaft has been carried to a depth of 230 feet through the solid rock, while 'leads' are being vigorously pushed out in every direction in which the 'indications' seem likely to be remunerative. Well-built frame houses, on stone foundations, are springing up on all sides. The 'bush' is already cleared sufficiently to provide small gardens; roads are being constructed; a well-ordered Boarding-house, capable of accommodating 100 men, without families, has been established; a surgery and drug store opened under the care of Dr. Peters, a skilful physician, who keeps a sharp eye to the sanitary conditions, while the social and moral welfare of the little, but rapidly-increasing colony are promoted by a wise and judicious oversight of the habits of the men in regard to the use of stimulants. No Prohibitory Liquor Law has been enacted, the Managers not feeling warranted in imposing such a restraint on the liberty of the subject; but all new arrivals are closely watched by a Vigilance Committee of one, who, when he has reason to believe that a resident, or stranger, is surreptitiously bringing in a quantity of intoxicating drink—immediately, by virtue of his authority as

stipendiary magistrate, orders the trunk or other package supposed to contain it, to the general office, to be opened in his presence, when the contents, if alcoholic, are transferred to his keeping, the owner being informed that a small quantity will be doled out weekly, or at such other intervals as may seem necessary, in order to diminish the temptation to excess. So far, the plan has worked admirably, and in this way solid foundations are being laid, and good guarantees secured for the preservation of order and sobriety.

I wish I were able to say that the moral and religious necessities of the residents were equally well cared for. Here, however, there are difficulties to be overcome which are not so easy of solution as those just alluded to, arising partly from the comparative remoteness and isolation of the mines, and partly also from the divided state of the community as regards religious creeds and associations. No church has yet been built, or indeed can be, unless it assume the nondescript "union" form, which, as all past experience proves, deserves the happy title on the "*lucis a non lucendo*" principle. Meanwhile, something is done, or attempted rather, for the religious instruction of the miners and their families, in the form of a Sunday-school, and religious service, conducted by Capt. Carlyon, an earnest Cornish Methodist, who ever since his arrival, more than a year ago, has shown a most praiseworthy perseverance in his efforts on the people's behalf, "just," as he modestly said, "to keep them from forgetting the Sabbath altogether, and relapsing into Paganism," through lack of the regularly organized ministrations of religion. On the evening of the Bishop's arrival, word was promptly sent round that a service would be held, and, despite the shortness of the notice, the dining-room of the boarding-house, kindly placed at our disposal by Mr. and Mrs. H., the managers, both of them Roman Catholics, was well filled with a congregation of these hardy sons of toil, who listened most attentively as the Bishop, after a Hymn, the Apostles Creed, and a few Collects, set before them the 'death' that sin earns for itself as its 'wages,' if unrepented of, and the 'life eternal,' which is God's free gift, through Jesus Christ our Lord, to all who will accept it. The soil seemed rough, as the seed of the Word was being scattered on it, but it has

taken root in much more unlikely fields before now, and here, if we may judge by the evident interest with which it was received, we cannot but believe that it will "accomplish that which God pleases, and prosper in the thing whereto He has sent it."

The next day was devoted to arrears of correspondence, and a pastoral visitation of the miner's families. The Bishop was everywhere received most kindly, and wishes strongly expressed on all hands that arrangements could be made for regular, or at least more frequent services. At present, so far as the Church of England is concerned, the only possible solution of the question will have to be found in an occasional visit by the Rev. Mr. Cook, of Sault Ste. Marie, who always holds himself in readiness for any special mission of the kind that may be required of him, and undertakes the work in a genuine missionary spirit, be the toil or hardship they involve what it may.

In the course of his visitation, the Bishop entered one shanty of very unartistic appearance, in which he received a very kindly greeting from the woman of the house, apparently its only occupant. Presently, however, a rustle was heard in a corner close by, and a head appeared from behind a partition. It belonged to Mr. G., a "boss" of the night gang, who had been taking his daily sleep, but immediately rose on the Bishop's entrance and extended him a very warm greeting, none the less hearty for the knowledge that at last a minister of his own Church had come under his roof. A pleasant, and it is to be hoped not altogether unprofitable conversation followed, in the course of which, in reply to an inquiry as to the quantity and quality of the reading matter within reach, Mr. G. alluded to the Revised Version of the New Testament, adding that he and a fellow miner ("a mate of mine,") had been in the habit of reading the two together, and comparing them verse by verse—(how many in our great cities have done this?), but that his copy of the Revised had disappeared, so putting a stop to their studies. (Are the learned occupants of the Jerusalem Chamber aware in what out-of-the-way corners of the world their emendations are being criticised?) This, however, was a dilemma not very difficult of solution. A promise was given that the first accessible copy should be forwarded, which promise has been redeemed.

Does not an incident like this illustrate, very happily, the undervalued too often forgotten fact, that a dwelling which is seldom gladdened by the presence of the messenger of peace, God can send on His work of grace secretly to the soul, and independently of all agencies, simply through the eloquent witness, whose testimony of Christ is too often, in its diluted, if not distorted, in its channel?

The forenoon of Friday, June 1st, was devoted to a descent into the mine under the guidance of Capt. Carlyon and Mr. Huntly. For this order a trying one to a novice, special arrangements must needs be made, and a visit was paid to the 'robbing room' which the Bishop presently effected effectually disguised that his near kin would scarcely have recognized. A few minutes had sufficed to the last remnant of Episcopal under a garb never contemplated in canon or rubric—a coarse, blouse, not very recently out of the hands of the maker—'uspeakable' (a child called them) to match; most formidable proportions; (procured with difficulty on account of extra size); while finally, (alas for geological consistency!) the right explorer bore aloft in his right hand a lighted candle! All being ready, descent began. At first the descent seemed as profound as that of the mine, but as we went lower and lower, we pierced here and there by a glimmer of light, coming from the miner's dips, stuck to the wall with a piece of clay, or set in front of their heads. The lowest point was reached by the cessation of ladders, whose inclination by but a very few degrees from the perpendicular, and all the various traverses, the rock showing indications of copper in every direction, and in its various forms—'native,' 'green,' 'horseflesh,' 'peacock,' &c., such quantities as to warrant a high estimation of much better judgment than the writer, the confident expectation of a rich return to the shareholder.

By the time a couple of hours had been spent wandering through the terranean labyrinth, the Bishop was quite ready to return to the surface, and lay aside his temporary

his illness afterwards, the *Remora* was  
 bled more in sight, and we took leave  
 in this interesting little Settlement—  
 if reaching Sault Ste. Marie after a very  
 pleasant run of about five hours.

Before quitting the subject, however,  
 a question is a very pertinent as well  
 as a pressing one. How are the mis-  
 sions of the Church of England to  
 be maintained at this and scores of other  
 points which might be named all along  
 the seaboard of this vast Diocese? It  
 is daily becoming more and more evi-  
 dent that we need for work like this,  
 what may be termed an *itinerant* mis-  
 sion, untrammelled by the restrictions  
 imposed by parochial limitations, and  
 able to visit and minister to remote and  
 widely separated Settlements, as time  
 and opportunity offers—such 'itinerants'  
 to be wholly supported out of the  
 General Mission Fund. But where are  
 the men and the means to be found?  
 How can they hear without a preach-  
 er? and how can they preach except  
 "they be sent?" and how can they be  
 sent unless men willingly offer them-  
 selves, at the bidding of a missionary  
 sent, masterful enough to prompt, if  
 need be, the surrender of the "pleasant  
 places" in which "the lines are fallen"  
 to them, and the consecration of their  
 services to the reclaiming of the waste  
 spaces of the earth for Christ and His  
 Church? England still sets us a noble  
 example here. Intelligence has just  
 reached our shores of Canon Anson's  
 resignation of a prominent post in the  
 other country, that he may devote  
 himself to missionary work in North-  
 western Canada. Would that a few of  
 our Canadian clergy, whether canons or  
 priests, would follow in his footsteps! It  
 needs but this to pour a new tide of  
 missionary zeal and enthusiasm through  
 the veins of the Church, and rescue her  
 work in these rough, far-reaching fields  
 enterprise from the disparagements  
 so often cast upon it.

#### JOTTINGS.

*Address changed.*—Mrs. W. Martin's  
 address is changed to 27 Bloomsbury  
 Square, London, W. C., and P. O.  
 orders should be made payable to  
 M. L. Martin, Post Office, Southamp-  
 ton Street, Bloomsbury Square.

*The Memorial Chapel.*—The open-  
 ing and consecration of the Bishop  
 Haquier Memorial Chapel is appoint-

ed for Wednesday, August 29th. A  
 full account of the proceedings will  
 appear in our next issue.

The Rev. G. B. Cooke, Missionary,  
 Sault Ste. Marie, gratefully acknow-  
 ledges the receipt of a box containing  
 a valuable assortment of clothes, inter-  
 esting illustrated, and church papers,  
 per the Bishop, from Miss Fairsyth,  
 Secretary-Treasurer of St. Michael's  
 sewing society, Quebec, for the poor  
 of Sault Ste. Marie and district.

*Church Desecration.*—A cross was  
 recently stolen from Christ Church,  
 Port Sydney, presumably by some  
 strong anti-ritualist. The Bishop has  
 written emphatically to the Church-  
 wardens that the offender must be  
 discovered and the cross restored to  
 its wonted place, otherwise the thief  
 will be prosecuted; that church prop-  
 erty must be held at least as sacred  
 as private property; and that if any  
 members of the church were opposed  
 to the use of certain symbols they  
 would find that there were constitu-  
 tional methods for the redressing of  
 any alleged grievance.

*The Indian Homes.*—It is expected  
 that there will be about 45 boys and  
 18 girls at the Homes this season;  
 the children are just returning from  
 their holidays. The schoolmaster is  
 Mr. Wotton, recently from England,  
 and the matron Mrs. Lawrence, from  
 Gravenhurst. At the Wawanosh,  
 Miss Cunningham remains as Lady  
 Superintendent.

#### Clothing Received for the Homes.

NIAGARA.—A beautiful box of warm,  
 useful, girls' clothing and a present  
 for Mrs. Wilson.

Mrs. Pousette, Sarnia — 3 boys'  
 waistcoats, 3 shirts, 2 winter caps,  
 and a large supply of girls' clothing  
 and presents.

All Saints, Toronto—2 boys' shirts,  
 2 undervests, 2 pair drawers, 3 pair  
 socks, 2 pair mits, a handsome supply  
 of girls' clothing, and a present for  
 Laura Beesaw.

Mrs. Piers Legh, England—21 boys'  
 shirts, 3 coats, 2 clerical ditto, 3 waist-  
 coats, 2 pair pants, 17 pair socks, 5  
 pair shoes, 11 pair drawers, 2 hats,  
 and a large quantity of girls' clothing.  
 Also a beautiful cloth for the Holy  
 Table in the Memorial Chapel.

#### Eastward Bound.

Our Bishop is forced to leave us  
 about two months earlier than usual  
 this season, his duties calling him  
 first to the Provincial Synod in Mont-  
 real, and thence across the Atlantic  
 to the mother country. The many  
 kind letters which his lordship has  
 received lead us to hope that the  
 visit will prove both pleasant and  
 profitable to the many and increasing  
 needs of the Diocese. The following  
 are a few extracts from letters:—

*From the Archbishop of Canterbury.*

Lambeth Palace, S. E.,

July 16th, 1883.

Dear and Rt. Rev. Brother,

I have received and have been much  
 interested in your letter of the 19th ult.,  
 and its enclosure, with respect to the  
 needs of the Diocese of Algoma, and  
 its claims for assistance. I shall look  
 forward with pleasure to the prospect  
 of welcoming you here. I need not  
 say how cordially I pray that your work  
 may be blessed, and that many more  
 laborers may be found to lighten the  
 burden which at present is shared with  
 you by so few.

I remain,

My dear Bishop of Algoma,

Yours faithfully,

EDW. CANTAUR.

*From the Bishop of London.*

Fulham Palace,

July 11th, 1883.

My dear Lord Bishop,

I need hardly, I hope, say that you  
 are at liberty to plead the cause of your  
 Diocese in any of the pulpits of my  
 Diocese, and that I hope that you may  
 find many ready to help you \* \* \*

Believe me to be, my dear Lord,

Faithfully yours,

J. LONDON.

*From the Bishop of Dover.*

The Precincts, Canterbury,

July 12th, 1883.

My dear Bishop,

In reply to your letter \* \* \* \*  
 I hope that your visit to England may  
 be successful in all ways, not least as  
 regards the sinews of war, without which  
 the war must languish. If you make  
 your way to Canterbury \* \* \* \*  
 it will give me pleasure to shew you any  
 substantial hospitality in our power.

Believe me,

Yours very truly,

E. DOVER.

<p><b>Receipts for July.</b></p> <p>INDIAN HOMES.</p> <p>Cronyn Mem. Church, class r S. School . . . . . \$ 5.25</p> <p>Per A. H. Campbell: " For Shingwauk . . . . . 33.00 " " Wawanosh . . . . . 8.19 " " Indian Homes. 20.00</p> <p>Church Redeemer S. School, Toronto, for boy . . . . . 25.00</p> <p>Port Dover S. School, for boy. 8.00</p> <p>Young ladies of Mme. Clements' School, Berthier, and boys of Gram. S. per Mrs. McWilliams 15.00</p> <p>St. George's S. School, Toronto, for girl . . . . . 12.50</p> <p>Offertory, Aylmer . . . . . 75</p> <p>W. F. &amp; D. M. Soc. St. John's, Peterboro, per Miss Wallis . 19.00</p> <p>St. John's S. S., London T'p. 10.00</p>	<p>Katie's missionary box . . . . . 1.25</p> <p>St. John's S. School, York Mills 2.25</p> <p>MEMORIAL CHAPEL.</p> <p>Per A. H. Campbell \$15; Durham mission \$5; T. W. P. \$5; Per A. H. Campbell \$14.66; Miss G. Milne Home \$4.82; Trinity Church, Thornhill, \$5.</p> <p>ALGOMA MISSIONARY NEWS.</p> <p>E. Broadbent \$1; Mrs. Snider 35c; Miss Byles 70c; Mrs. Cook 70c; Miss C. Lawson 70c; Rev. T. E. Sanders 35c; Rev. T. W. Patterson 70c; John Rich- ards 35c; Miss J Hackett \$1.05; Miss Bacon \$1.05.</p> <p>Receipts for August.</p> <p>INDIAN HOMES.</p> <p>Holy Trinity S. S. Toronto, for boy \$12.50, W. H. \$2.50 . . \$15.00</p>	<p>Per A. H. Campbell, from Nova Scotia, for Shingwauk . . . . . " Wawanosh . . . . . Holy Trinity S. S., Barton, for Wawanosh . . . . . Chapter House S. S., London, for Shingwauk . . . . . Mrs. Saunders . . . . . St. Mark's S. S., Niagara, for girl</p> <p>MEMORIAL CHAPEL</p> <p>F. W. \$30; Per A. H. Campb Prof. J. \$10; Mrs. S., for reading \$50.</p> <p>ALGOMA MISSIONARY NEWS</p> <p>Mrs. Luxton 35c; Frank Hol Dr. Byers 50c; Jos. Perkins 50c R. Livingston 35c.</p>
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