



Algoma In England.

No. I.

To the Editor of the Missionary News ;

SIR,—It will doubtless be expected of me, that having returned from my winter campaign in England on behalf of the diocese of Algoma, I should as soon as possible inform the church in Canada as to the results which have been accomplished. I propose to gratify this natural expectation in a brief series of letters to our several church papers, for the insertion of which I beg to bespeak the necessary space.

For the present, let it suffice to say that in my judgment the attained results have been more than sufficient to justify the time and energy expended in their accomplishment, and the verdict of the Canadian church, pronounced fairly and intelligently, upon a full knowledge of all the facts of the case, will, I think, entirely corroborate this opinion. The task imposed on me was one peculiarly laborious and eminently uncongenial, nay, indeed, repugnant to all my natural tastes—so much so that more than once the temptation was very strong to abandon the enterprise and hurry back for another visitation of the mission stations in Muskoka, but personal preference must once more be sacrificed on the altar of necessity, and so I entered on my pilgrimage as a "mitred mendicant," every fibre of my being rebelling against the part given me to play, and crying out for the coming of the time when the church would see her way to the adoption of such measures as would deliver her missionary bishops from this unapostolic serving of tables, and so set them free for

the purely spiritual functions properly belonging to their office.

Algoma, however, does not stand alone in this respect. But very few of our colonial dioceses are so entirely equal to the task of self-support as to be exempt from the dire necessity of making piteous periodic appeals, by their episcopal or other representatives to the sympathies of the venerable but still vigorous mother who first gave them birth. While I was in England another and very needy missionary diocese, to the far west of Algoma, was lifting up its voice, "lo ! and that a mighty voice," in earnest, eloquent entreaty for the means of completing an endowment fund such as poor Algoma was only timidly essaying to begin. But one such appeal does not interfere, at least to any appreciable degree, with another of a similar kind in England. The mothers heart is big enough, and her arms wide enough to hold all her children in their fond embrace. She has ears open to all their cries, even when they clamour for her aid with simultaneous importunity. Their "often coming" does not "weary" her, and so it came to pass that while replies to many of my written appeals informed me of the presence of my Right Reverend brother of Saskatchewan in England and in some cases complimented his "letters" as being "powerful," indeed so powerful as to warrant the conclusion that a negative reply must be forbidden by the canon law of his Diocese, they seldom failed of some substantial evidence of interest in the needier sister diocese of Algoma.

During the first two months of my sojourn I devoted much of my time to the advocacy, in pulpit and on platform of the claims of two of the great voluntary missionary organizations through which the Church of England works, so to speak, her colonial field, viz., the "Colonial and Continental Church Society," and "the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," preaching and speaking for the former in Clifton Cheltenham, Nottingham, Blackheath, Wimbledon, Clapham, Highbury, Hatcham, Twickenham and Upper Norwood, and for the S.P.G. in Cambridge, Ipswich, Bath, Hull, Carlisle, Tunbridge Wells, Aldsworth, Farmington, Northleach, Bury St. Edmunds, St. Leonards on Sea, and Hastings. Two considerations combined to make this extended tour on behalf of these societies, my bounden duty. First, they both subsidize Algoma to the full measure of their respective abilities. But for their invaluable aid, with that of the "S.P.C.K.," our missionary diocese might at once abandon the struggle for existence as simply hopeless. Between them the two first named have laid every mission in the diocese under weighty obligations, by supplementing the stipend of its resident missionary. (Of the benefactions of the "S.P.C.K.," I shall speak elsewhere.) What more natural or seemly then, than that I should at once respond to the request made of me by their respective secretaries to advocate their claims at the centres named above, and place at their disposal any little advantage to be derived from the fact that I had come direct from the land lying toward the setting sun, familiar, more or less, with the church's work there, and hence prepared to state facts, and furnish statistics illustrative of her progress, for there, as here, and wherever else the cause of missions is advocated, the logic of simple facts, gathered up in the storehouse of personal observation and experience, is the most telling of arguments, and carries with it more power of persuasiveness than any flight of oratory however lofty, or any train of reasoning however close and conclusive.

If, however, I am to tell "the whole truth," I must candidly confess that gratitude was not the sole inspiring motive of the duty undertaken on behalf of these societies. An element of diocesan selfishness underlay it. I had gone to England specially and exclusively for the benefit of Algoma, but very soon found myself confronted with the difficulty of obtaining a hearing for a remote missionary field, of whose very name the church at large was profoundly ignorant, and about which one of the ablest occupants of the English episcopal bench made the candid confession that "for aught he knew, it might be in the heart of Central Africa." Clearly, if such a hearing was to be obtained, the way must be paved, and what better or more effective way of doing so than by appearing as the authorized and accredited advocate of the claims of two of our great missionary societies, and giving detailed accounts of the work and wants of the infant diocese of Algoma, as fair specimens of the character of missionary life and labour elsewhere? The offertory, of course, on such occasions, belonged to the society whose cause was advocated (unless, as in some instances, a special arrangement was made for the division of the spoil), but even then nothing was lost, much rather was gained for Algoma, for the double reason, first, that the fuller their treasury is, the more liberal the grants likely to be voted for missionary work in the colonies, and next, that though the offertory immediately following such appeals goes to swell the

general fund, yet the indirect results accruing to the particular diocese represented in the person of the preacher, are by no means few or inconsiderable, inasmuch as questions are asked, curiosity awakened, surprise expressed that such a diocese has never before been heard of, and so the first foundation laid for an interest which by-and-by manifests itself in some more or less substantial form. Not only so but one thing led to another, till, one by one pulpits were offered specially for Algoma, missionary and drawing room meetings were arranged for, and other doors opened which I would never have heard of had I not had the advantage of the publicity secured by my preliminary work as a recognized representative of these two great missionary organizations. My interviews with the executive committees of these and other societies, with the results that followed, I must reserve for another letter.

No. II.

One of the most important features in my English pilgrimage was to be found in many interviews with the committees of several of the great societies through which the Church of England carries on her missionary work in "the regions beyond," and, next, of some other voluntary organizations, which though not distinctively and exclusively associated with her, yet within membership contain sufficient of a church element, both clerical and lay, to secure a sympathetic, and, in the majority of cases, a favorable hearing for every churchman who presents a cause, deserving of sympathy. These societies, of course, have their "local habitations" in London, but the ramifications of their influence radiate out, as from so many nerve centres, to the remotest extremities of the globe, gladdening the heart of many a poor missionary, as he toils on, "in weariness and painfulness" often, with naught to sustain him, while he bears the burden and heat of the day, save the knowledge that he serves a good Master, who, when the evening comes, will call the labourers, and give them their hire. The personnel of these Committees at once strikes the eye of a stranger. Bishops, clergy and laity are found here in fair proportions, men of power and of love, and of a sound mind, whose vision is clear, and their heads cool, and their judgments too well balanced to be carried away by any momentary enthusiasm awakened by telling missionary appeals, but whose hearts beat too warmly in unison with that of the sower in foreign fields to permit of their turning a deaf ear to his suit, if they can at all include it within the circle of their sympathies. One of the questions most warmly discussed just now within the church is that of the place and power of the laity. No better illustration of it can be desired than is presented in these committees. There in regular, monthly attendance, you see not merely retired army and navy officers, whose services a grateful country has rewarded with a too scanty income, supplemented by a liberal allowance of the *otium cum dignitate*, but also men actively engaged in literary, professional, or commercial pursuits, hard-pressed with secular duties, loudly clamouring for attention, yet some times, as I have witnessed, travelling sixty or seventy miles in order to be present at a committee meeting, and, while there, entering into all the little minutiae of missionary detail, to be found in the correspondence lying on the secretary's table, with as much deliberation and conscientious carefulness as though the fate of nations were trembling in the balance. And not only so, but giving a still further and more substantial evidence of their interest in the church's work and welfare by placing their wealth at her disposal with a noble and unstinted generosity almost worthy of apostolic times.

Would that the church of England better understood what an exhaustless mine of christian influence and energy is lying all undeveloped, in the hearts and hands of the hosts of godly men and women to be found in her rank and file. Thank God she is learning it at last, though very very slowly.

On the 19th of October, five days after my arrival in Liverpool, I found myself face to face, for the first time, with the committee of the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel." Canon Gregory, of St. Pauls presided. About fifty were present, among them the Bishop of Newfoundland, suffering severely, but none the less forcible in his appeal on behalf of his seagirt Diocese, which, I may add, lost nothing of its persuasiveness by its combined modesty and brevity. Here let me say, parenthetically, for the information of all intending applicants to these great societies, that they have no ears for eloquence, oratorical display in their presence is as completely lost as it would be in an audience at a missionary Drawing Room Meeting. What they ask and expect, and, if they can, will gladly respond to is a simple straight-forward recital of facts, followed by a brief, lucid statement of actual and pressing necessities. For myself, I cannot speak too strongly of the courtesy extended to me personally by the secretaries of the Society, with whom I was frequently brought into contact, or of the attentive, sympathetic hearing given by the Committee in the midst of a long list of "Agenda," to my story of the work and wants of Algoma. Already, before my arrival in England, a promise had been given of a conditional grant, on easy terms, of £1000 towards the endowment of the Diocese, over and above the £450 allowed us for the stipends of missionaries. (This latter sum since 1882, had been increased to £650.) Still more recently, the sum of £100 was given towards the purchase of a missionary boat, and later still, at the annual meeting, held six weeks ago, another £100, for 1885, to aid in its maintenance.

Before going farther, let me here refer to an imputation which has been cast on this Society on the ground of its alleged sympathy with one extreme School of Theology, as shown, it was supposed, by the fact that it numbered among its supporters members, both lay and clerical of organizations so pronounced as the "C.B.S.," "E.C.U." and others of a similar type. Indeed I have reason to believe that I have myself been regarded with somewhat of suspicion in certain quarters, in consequence of appearing as its advocate, both in pulpit and on platform, while in England. Now for my own theological reputation I am not very much concerned. A residence of five and twenty years on this side the Atlantic ought to have made an end of controversy on that point. For the "S.P.G.," however, I am constrained to speak, and as a duty imposed on me not only by my gratitude for its kindness, but by a simple sense of right and justice, to affirm that the insinuation alluded to is unjust, because absolutely groundless. The "S.P.G." is a "Church Society," pure and simple, no broader than the church herself is, and no narrower. Theological "tendencies," in the very nature of the case, she has, and can have, none. The charter under which she acts expressly limits her functions to questions of finance. Her duties are simply "the receiving, managing, and disposing of funds contributed for the religious instruction of the King's subjects beyond the seas." By her very constitution, therefore she is forbidden to flaunt the party flag, or show any preference for one stripe of theological thought rather than another. And her history, stretching backward, as it does, well nigh two hundred years, bears witness to the faithfulness with which she has fulfilled this trust. Arch-bishops and Bishops, identified with widely different "schools," have presided in her councils. Clergy and laity from extreme "right" and "left," have sat upon her Board. Dioceses, wide as the poles asunder theologically, no less than geographically, have been safely carried over the shoals of financial difficulty by her timely benefactions. These are the simple facts of the case, and they will suffice, I am sure, with every fair-minded person, to dispose effectually of the charge that this venerable Society is one-sided in its sympathies. So long as the Church of England continues Catholic and comprehensive—and alas for her when she ceases to be so—so long must the "S.P.G.," that generous nursing mother of the church's children "beyond the seas," continue the broad, all including policy which she has hitherto pursued. Her very *raison d'être* forbids her deviating from it even by a hairs-breadth.

E. ALGOMA.

(To be continued.)

Letter from the Marquis of Lorne.

Since reaching Canada, the Bishop has received the following letter from the Marquis of Lorne.

INVERARAY, May 11th, 1884

MY DEAR BISHOP—I am delighted to hear that your efforts in England have not been unavailing, and that the Al-

gomna navy has been started. May you prosper in the *Zenobia* (will it not have to be christened afresh, and bear some less heathen name?) and be able to visit many happy settlements along your shores in the future. I should much like to have had a chance of seeing you again before you left, but shall not relinquish a hope to visit you some day on the other side before you again cross to the old world. I shall look out for some account of your doings in the Canadian papers or in the future "Sault Ste. Marie Herald." With the best and heartiest wishes for your welfare. Believe me, my dear Bishop.

Yours very truly,
LORNE.

NEEPIGON.

Mr. Wilson has just received the following letter from the Rev. R. Renison

NEGWINENANG, May 30th 1884

MY DEAR MR. WILSON.—I am sure you will be sorry to hear that the poor Indians have been visited with both sickness and hunger since the 1st of March last. Three of our number have died, among whom was poor old Wesqua who travelled with me forty miles through the bush but never survived the effects of the wearisome journey. She had been accustomed to pray for at least two months before she died. At first she got a bad cough and then pains through all her limbs. On the 31st day of March I sat by her bed side reading the Indian New Testament. I remarked to her that she was very weak and might not live long, and suggested to her that she should on that very evening be baptised. "No," said she, "I will not die so soon, I know very well that I shall see my sister and son-in-law here next summer and that all of us shall be baptised together in the church." I said again, "We know not what shall be on the morrow—Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." Her last words to me were "Kahween nongoom palmah Neebeing." The next morning at day break her spirit had flown to him who gave it.

On the 30th of March "Nuckoo" Pedigoogins eldest son died of inflammation of the lungs. He suffered awfully but he never ceased to pray and look to Jesus—His last words were "Jesus Christ Tabaningayun [Shahwanemeeshin."

On April the 3rd Jane Geeneesis' step mother also died after three days illness—She also trusted in the Saviour with a simple honest child-like faith—and was one of the most constant attendants and anxious listeners in the whole congregation.

Kahpukeda and his whole family were also grievously afflicted. Himself, wife and daughter are still very weak and I know not how it may end.

They are now living in a wigwam about twenty miles from the Mission in order that they may be able to get a little fresh meat; the fish failed, also the cariboo, not one could they get through the whole winter, and then lastly when we turned out the seed potatoes that we had securely stored away we found that they were almost all frozen; of course we could not see them die of hunger and whilst our store lasted they had their part. Then our store gave out and for about the last month we are living entirely on fish and half frozen potatoes, and which made it still more severe navigation is two weeks later than usual. This day the lake was cleared and we hope to start for Red Rock at an early hour in the morning. We were shut right in since the last of March. The river was open but we could not walk on the lakes. I sent to the Neepigon Post the last week in April for a little flour and meal. It was a risk the dogs could not walk on the sharp pieces of ice—one dog died on the way and the man had to pull the toboggon the entire way back. We are all pretty well but the little ones cry continually for bread, and their fat

plump cheeks have fallen away on the fish and potatoes Hoping to hear soon, and that you will send me regularly the SHINGWAUK JOURNAL, with Mrs R's united regards to Mrs Wilson and children Believe me yours.

R. RENISON.

Neepigon.

A TALE OF SUFFERING.

For fourteen days we watched the lake with anxious eye, hoping that a strong south wind might come and blow the ice away and thus open a passage to the Hudson Bay store, at Red Rock. We watched and hoped in vain. On the Queen's Birthday there was not one morsel of food of any kind at the Mission house save some half frozen potatoes, 1½ lbs of salt pork and a little tea, and yet I am happy to say that among the little ones there was not one murmur that day.

The ice had now melted around the shore, and so I proposed that we should all make a short excursion up a beautiful little rivelet that empties its crystal waters into the north eastern extremity of Mackintyre Bay. I took my gun and large pike net, hoping to procure enough of provisions for the day. As we were pulling hard against the stream, a beautiful little water fowl perched in a swamp not more than twenty yards from the waters edge. I managed to shoot it without much trouble, and so the first part of our dinner was procured. We had not proceeded more than half a mile further when I shot a large pike about 25 lbs weight, as he lay suning himself in the shallow water. We now made a large fire on a little peninsula, boiled our large pike and some half-frozen potatoes, fried our pork and made some tea. We were in all nine of us Mrs. R. and six children, Wedookahgawenene and myself. We ate heartily, the pike and water fowl affording us a bountiful repast. We then worked hard to catch some pike and suckers for the next day. We reached the mission house at 8 p.m., and thus the Queens birthday at Negwinenang passed away.

On May 31st Wedookahgawenen and myself started for Red Rock as the ice to all appearance had melted away. Our canoe was very small, not more than 10 feet long by 2 broad. Our provisions for the journey consisted of one large pike and ten suckers and a little tea. Salt would have been a luxury, as fish without salt for a white man is not very palatable. Before we had proceeded 5 miles upon our journey our hopes were blighted, as we found that the bay near the first portage was completely blocked up with ice; we now pulled our canoe out of the water and sat upon a lone rock for two hours watching the broken ice moving to and fro. We never lost a thought on turning back, as this would have discouraged Mrs. R. and the little ones who were anxiously waiting for a little flour, sugar, and meal. We were bound to get through. We took the canoe on our shoulders and carried it around the rough rocky shore for a very considerable distance until we came to a spot where it seemed possible to paddle through the floating ice. With our canoe shattered and broken we reached the first portage, quickly passed through reached the lake on the opposite side where to our delight we found the ice entirely melted away. We boiled part of the pike and had a very hearty meal. Crossed Lake Neepigon, camped that night on Pine portage, and reached Red Rock next day at 3 p.m. On June 1st we held

a very short service among the navvies in the open air. Spent that night at the Neepigon Hotel, arose next morning at daybreak, went to the Hudson Bay store for a bag of flour, one of oatmeal, some sugar salt, and other little things carried them to our little frail canoe; had it loaded, and had just made a start and hoped to return to the Mission in two days. In the midst of our hurry and anxiety to get back to the dear ones who were hungry at home, our canoe upset in the midst of an angry current, and the flour, meal, sugar, salt, and many other little things were now floating on the surface, whilst myself and Wedookahgawene were to our shoulders in water, holding fast to the canoe, and trying to prevent the stuff from being carried down the rapids, where it would be irretrievably lost. After half an hours struggling we managed to get the things ashore. Several pounds of the meal were destroyed; the 45 lbs of sugar in a liquid state was running through the box, the flour was not much damaged. With our clothes soaking wet, with one bag of flour, and a few pounds of oatmeal, and a few pounds of wet sugar we again resumed our journey and exhausted, weary, and worn we reached the mission in two days; we never stopped to cook a regular meal, but day and night we pulled through portages and rapids, lakes and rivers, subsisting on one small loaf of yeast bread given to me by the hotel keeper before leaving.

(To be Continued.)

Our Winter Mail.

(Concluded.)

As a set off to this failure of duty on the part of a mail carrier, I must mention, that only the last mail we received was brought to us at the risk of the men's lives, for the ice was so bad below Bruce Mines and Hilton, that the carriers had to go part of the way on their hands and knees. Then again I have heard time and again of their faithful endeavors to save the mail when accidents have occurred. If, in the early winter, when they sometimes use boats, their frail vessel is swamped or wrecked, their first and chief care is for the mail bags. If they get through the ice, next to their own lives, they look after their important trust. Many an anecdote can they give, of dreadful journeys, through blinding storms, and piercing cold, of deep snow, and worse than all of watery slush. Fancy what men must endure who are out in all weathers and all hours, in Algoma winters.

The distances they travel in a day varies very much, according to the state of the roads, when these are good they sometimes make sixty or more miles in the day.

Picture to yourselves, a team of two, three, or four dogs of mongrel breed, attached to a light sleigh, three or four feet long. On the sleigh are lashed the mail bags to the weight of one or two hundredweight. Behind this team is generally another like the first in all essentials. In front of the first runs one of the carriers in moccasins and if the snow is deep with snowshoes on. Behind the sleigh follows the other carrier similarly attired. Now fancy these poor fellows, having to face ten or twenty miles of ice in the face of such howling storms as we frequently have in winter and then you begin to realize that the office of mail carrier in Algoma is no sinecure and not by any means a position to be desired.

After all, I imagine the sufferings of the dogs are even greater than those of the men. I have seen them lie down tired out before going a half mile from their last post office, where of course they had had a short rest. The poor brutes are only fed once a day, on boiled meal with a little grease melted in it. Feeding them only once a day is however not from cruelty or stinginess, but because it is found to be best for the dogs. Every night then, after the days' work is done, they get a mess of greasy porridge, and then they go to sleep. No night prowling, or sheep killing for them, you may be sure, they are only too glad to rest their weary limbs, and will scarcely stir if you walk over them.

I always dislike to see dogs in a sleigh, for they are often lazy and deserve the whip, but when you give it to them, they look back at you with such a deprecating, abject look of misery, and they yelp so pitifully, that one feels himself a brute to hurt them so, at least a white man does. I don't think a half breed thinks much about it, for they thrash them often most unmercifully. I must say however I never saw the mail carriers so cruel to his dogs as some of the half breeds living around me are. I hope the days for transporting Her Majesty's Mail in Algoma by sleigh dogs are about come to an end. We hope that by next winter the railway will have taken away the necessity for them. Then the onward march of civilization will have made this short account, of Our Winter Mail, valuable as a description of an old fashioned custom, and we who now think it quite the thing, will wonder how we ever got along with one mail a week, brought to us on a small sleigh, drawn by a team of mongrel curs.

MUSKOKA.

EDITOR OF THE ALGOMA MISSIONARY NEWS,
SIR :

Not having had a change of any kind from the routine of travelling over my immense tract of country and a large correspondence for two years, I gratefully accepted an invitation this spring to Port Hope. I addressed the boys of Trinity College school on mission work, both during service in their beautiful chapel and in their speech hall. Beyond the first statement that my expenses must be met, not one word was said about money, my aim being to rouse the interest of the boys, amongst whom might be a future missionary. A society was formed amongst them, to keep alive the mission spirit, and to make that spirit a bond of union between the old and the resident boys. These boys gave a good illustration of voluntary self-denial. As I sat resting myself in the headmaster's room, a stream of boys entered, and as each passed he laid some money on the table, simply saying, "For Mr. Crompton's work, sir." Thus was put down no less a sum than \$14.84, every cent of which would have been spent as pocket money is spent by youths. The compliment was overpowering to me; I could only say, "Thank you, boys, very much." The total gifts at Port Hope school were \$35.78.

I would also ask you to grant me room to make the following most grateful acknowledgements, viz: Large supply of female and under-clothing for distribution from C. W. A. S. Toronto, per Mrs. O'Reilly, Hon. Sec; box of clothes from Port Hope; numberless tracts and periodicals from well wishers in England; copy of Wheatly and other books from Ven. Archdeacon Bedford-Jones, Napanee; copy of

"Practical Reflections" on the New Testament with preface by Rev. H. P. Liddon from Miss L. Thain, Clifton, England; \$10 from Miss White, Toronto, per Rev. J. D. Cayley, M. A. \$5 from Rev. J. G. Baker, Port Hope; \$28.60 from Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Napanee; \$2 from S. M. Chippewa; \$3 from "Anonymous" per Sister Caroline of the Orphanage of Mercy, Randolph Gardens, Kilburn, England; \$3 for Litany desk, St. Mary's, Aspdin, from the S. S. Scholars of Trinity Church, Midland; and £15 sterling from Miss Paget, England; the whole of these sums, with the exception of the one amount named, to be applied in my work in any mode I think proper.

WILLIAM CROMPTON.

Aspdin P. O., Muskoka, June 10th, 1884.

Shingwauk Journal.

MAY 24.—To-day, being the Queen's birthday, was a general holiday. The weather was beautifully fine, and the pupils from both the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes all went together for a picnic. Just before starting there was a scramble for a hundred cents on the grass, then each had a colored flag and all marched down to the boats. Our dock has been newly done up, well planked over, and a good tramway down to it from the Institution. We had two boats; about 35 of the party in the "Missionary, and the rest in John Esquimaux' boat, which he lent us for the occasion. We chose no particular spot for the picnic, but went where the wind carried us, found a nice clear grassy spot, spread our tablecloths and unpacked the baskets, and then sat down to enjoy the feast. By half past three we were back again to the Shingwauk, and the next two hours were taken up with athletic sports for which prizes were given. The brass band from the Sault very kindly came down, and played while the games were in progress, and then we had a tug o'war, the representatives of the Sault against the employes and big boys of the Shingwauk, the Shingwauk boys beat. Afterwards some of the small Shingwauk boys were pitted against boys from the village, and then the villagers carried away the palm. In the evening we had a few fire-works and a large bonfire, and thus the pleasures of the day were brought to a close.

JUNE 2nd.—Our Indian bootmaker, Harry Nahwuhquageezhik, left us to-day. He has been working steadily all winter, and can do all our mending, and can turn out as good a pair of top boots or lace shoes as a white man. He will probably return to us in the fall.

JUNE 5.—Another of our old boys, William Aundag, returned to us to-day, asking for work, and we set him on fence building.

JUNE 13.—This morning, we all expected the bishop. The "Missionary" was ready and decked out with flags, and when the Athabasca came by, we left the dock with a picked crew of Shingwauk boys, and sailed in her wake to the American dock. It proved however, to be only an advanced guard of the party, the bishop and Mrs. Sullivan to follow on the next boat on Sunday.

JUNE 17.—Mr. McLean, Government School Inspector, visited both our homes to-day, and examined the children. He spoke in terms of high commendation of both Institutions.

Port Arthur to be Lit by Electricity

Mr. Robert Laird returned home to-day by the steamer Ontario. Since he left here he has been looking after the interests of the town, and among his most important work, the results of which he furnished us with this afternoon, is the formation of an electric light Company. The organization, which has among its members several Port Arthur gentlemen has secured the patent right to the Van Depoele system of electric lighting and are prepared to supply the town with twenty lights—either one of which is guaranteed to shed sufficient light to enable a person to read from it at a distance of 700 feet—at a cost of 62 cents per night. The smallest Van Deboele dynamo machine made has a capacity of 20 lights, and it must be conceded that this number would not more than serve the wants of Port Arthur. Mr. Thomas Marks has offered to supply the motive power within thirty days from now, and the meantime the town and private individuals will be asked to patronize the new company to the extent named. The town will of course avail itself of the opportunity of securing a good and cheap method of lighting the streets, and the owners of the respective docks, when they consider the extra safety and the improvement upon the lamp system, cannot help but adopt the light for their respective wharves. Of this particular system of electric lighting little need be said, by reason of its superiority over all competitive systems, obtained universal patronage throughout the Dominion and the United States. It has a peculiarly soft and pleasing appearance, closely resembling sunlight itself. Its chief claims are its simplicity ease of management while in operation, perfect control of the current to run any given number of lights to the full capacity of the dynamo, there being a current regulator, automatic switch and current indicator, by which the current of electricity is controlled, and all danger from burning out prevented, and perfect safety in handling the lamps while the cur-

rent is on. As a means of street and dock lighting, no better could be wanted, for it not only does away with the trouble of lighting—so often neglected and extinguishing, but it reduces the chances of fire to a minimum. We welcome the news of the improvement, and wish the company success.—[Sentinel

How One may Know That There Is a God

A philosopher who occupied a distinguished rank among men of learning, and who denied the existence of God, the author of all knowledge, was crossing one dry, the Great Desert of Sahara, accompanied by an Arab guide. He was treated with contempt that at certain times his guide, notwithstanding all the obstacles might present themselves, put everything aside, and kneeling upon the burning sand, addressed his prayers to God. Day followed day, but the Arab never forgot to fulfill his religious ties. Finally one evening the philosopher, seeing his guide arising after prayer, asked him with a contemptuous smile:

“How do you know that there is a God?”

The guide looked at the skeptic with a bright glance, who seemed surprised at this attitude, then replied to him quietly:

“How can I know that a man or not a camel has passed my hut during the shades of the night? Is it not his footprints upon the sand? In the same manner,” he added, pointing with his finger to the sun, the rays of which were breaking over the solitudes of the desert, “that footprint there is not that of man.”

The following, told in Bishop Whipple's wonderful way, has a mighty moral. When he entered York Minster for the first time he stood rapt in silence overcome by the grand interior. Suddenly he was brought to himself by a typical American, of whose presence he had not been aware, and was accosted with a “Wall, stranger! there's something purty certain; the men what

up this here, didn't build stone houses,
for theirsel's and "buss wood" houses
for their God! did they?"

Clothing Received for the Indian Homes.

The following boxes of clothing for the Indian Homes have been received and are acknowledged with many thanks.

By Niagara Work Party—6 dresses, 13 hats, 5 aprons, 4 handkerchiefs, 5 petticoats, 3 hoods, 1 basque, 7 waists, 1 scarf, 2 cloth jackets, 8 muffatees, 14 pair mittens, 3 pair boots, 8 girls underflannels, 1 pair Knickerbockers, 9 pair drawers, 3 quilts, 1 spread, and 14 pair stockings, 4 night-gowns, 1 cape, 5 chemise, 5 ties and pair gloves, and 1 bag with brush and comb. From the Misses Wood, St. Catharines—14 books and magazines 13 pamphlets. From Mrs Hall—24 books, a number of Messengers and Churchman.

From Mrs. Draper, Toronto—7 scarlet sashes, 3 pair socks, and a number of illustrated papers. From Miss Sanders for the Wawanosh, 3 dressed dolls and some picture books.

English Box, from Mrs Malaher, for the boys—4 coats waistcoats, 6 pair pants, 10 shirts, 20 pair socks, 1 muffler, 1 pair drawers. From Mrs Martin and other kind friends—10 shirts, 7 mufflers, 4 caps, 1 hat, 10 winter caps, 6 pair socks 1 pair mitts, 6 pair drawers, 4 undervests, 2 pieces navy serge, 1 piece grey flannel, also a large quantity of girls clothing, the list of which is not yet to hand.

JOTTINGS.

The Bishop and his family reached the Sault on the 15th of June, and are warmly welcomed home by clergy and people after their long and successful trip to the old country.

The steam yacht, Evangeline, is expected to reach the Sault about the 15th of July, and will lie at the Shingwauk dock.

Church building is making rapid progress at Port Arthur.

We regret to learn that the Rev. Mr. George who came out with the Bishop from England, and was to have been placed at Huntsville, is returning to the old country, the plea being ill health.

Mr. W.H. Wotton, the school master at the Shingwauk Home, has been very successful in teaching the Indian boys, and will remain for another year.

Miss Cunningham the lady superintendent at the Wawanosh Home has quite identified herself with her work, and takes warm interest in her Indian charges. She will remain for another year.

The teacher's examination for 1884, commences at the Sault, July 23rd, at 9 a.m. Benjamin Shingwauk, of the Shingwauk Home, will try for a third class certificate.

A bear was seen by three of our Indian boys between the institute and the graveyard on the 14th. Rifles were got and a pursuit organized, but bruin was not seen again.

The Bishop utilised the few days intervening between his arrival in Toronto, and his return to Sault Ste. Marie by making a flying trip to Muskoka during which he visited the missions of Gravenhurst, Bracebridge, Port Sydney, Huntsville and Port Carling.

On Sunday, June 1st the Bishop ordained Mr. W.B. Magnan to the diaconate, at the morning service in Gravenhurst. Mr. Magnan had worked as a catechist, and also studied under the Rev. Thos. Llwyd, and passed a most creditable examination. He takes immediate charge of the Burkes Falls Mission. About 40 of the church people at Bracebridge came down by boat to attend the service, and welcome the bishop back to the Diocese. The Bishop returned with them in the afternoon, and administered the rite of confirmation to eleven persons in St. Thomas' church. The sermons on both occasions were preached by the Rev Canon Dumoulin.

Port Sydney Mission was visited by the Bishop on Monday evening, and arrangements made for its occupancy by the Rev. R. W. Plant, who had been ordained to the diaconate, by the Bishop on the 25th of May in St. George's Church, Montreal.

A large congregation gathered at a few hours notice, in the Church Hall, Huntsville, on the occasion of the Bishop's visit on the 2nd inst. The sermon was preached by Rev. Canon Dumoulin. The service was followed by a business meeting, at which the churchwarden presented a clean balance sheet showing that the congregation had discharged all its financial indebtedness to the late Missionary, Rev. G.A. French, who had been compelled to resign in consequence of ill health.

Two Bricks To Begin With.

In a city renowned for its crowded for its crowded churches on Sundays there was one called, by way of eminence, the Brick Church. It was the first church built of brick in the city. Its congregation had increased so that the church could not well accommodate the crowd. It was old-fashioned, and behind the times.

At length it was resolved to build a new church. Meeting after meeting was held, but the prospects for a new church became more discouraging, until the most hopeful became disheartened, and were ready to give it up. One morning, after a discouraging meeting had been held, the pastor's door-bell rang very early. On opening the door the servant found a small boy, who inquired for Dr. S——, the servant told him he had not come down, and demanded what he wanted. "I want to see Dr. S——," answered the boy. Presently Dr. S—— came to the door, and found a small boy, with a wheel-barrow three times as large as himself, holding two bricks, which, he said, he "he had

brought to build the new church with!"

The Doctor put on his hat, and walked out into the street, saying to every man he met "The church will be built; the first load of bricks is on the ground." And the church was built—a large church, a convenient church, a beautiful church.

Who shall despise the day of small things?

One of the practical difficulties in many churches is that the arrangements for kneeling are inadequate for those who desire to take that posture. The devotional attitude of the ordinary American is too ludicrous to be described, and the attitude assumed by many Churchmen is such as they would laugh at if they saw it in others than themselves. Why not kneel properly? Why put the body into a position which is neither kneeling nor sitting, and which simply burlesques its devotional functions? There is nothing that looks better than to see people kneeling as if they were not ashamed of the act. One ought to remember good manners in this act of piety toward God as truly as in acts of personal intercourse with his fellows in social life.

The Twenty-Minutes-a-day Working Society for Missions has forwarded to the Bishop of Algoma, the result of its second year's work, consisting of 171 articles, valued at \$111,60: Women's garments 39, men's 13, boys' 10, children's and infants' 86, household 23, books 75; with papers, pamphlets, pictures, and \$15,25 in money. The articles of clothing were of good material, well made, and will, with the books, etc., be distributed by the Bishop of Algoma amongst the families of the Missionary Clergy; and the gratifying assurance is received from the Bishop, and other sources, that everything sent will find a ready and grateful recipient. The workers are few, and the field large: let each endeavour to interest others in the Twenty-Minutes-a-Day Society, so that

its membership may be extended throughout the Dominion. There is a noble work to be done in other Missionary Dioceses, than Algoma. Will not the Church-women of Canada, who, as yet, have done nothing for Mission work, and who have both means and many an unoccupied hour at their disposal, do this branch of the Master's work? It is hoped this appeal will find a willing response in many a heart. The next contributions will be forwarded in November. Articles may be sent to Mrs. Ross, 188 Stewart street, Ottawa.—[Churchman]

Indian Homes.

Brooklyn and Columbus.....	\$ 1.30
St. Stephen's S. S., Toronto, for girl.....	11.32
Three little girl's, missionary boxes.....	6.00
All Saints S. S. Hamilton.....	32.00
Guelph Sunday School.....	3.00
Cathedral Sunday School, Montreal, for girl.....	25.00
St. Peter's Mission Sunday School, Coburg.....	4.00
Grace ch. S. School, Brantford.....	15.83
Trinity S. Sch., St. John, N. B. for boy and girl.....	37.50
H. C. Harris.....	7.00
Church Redeemer S. Sch., Toronto, for boy.....	25.00
St. Paul's S. Sch., Rothesay, N. B.....	2.50
Holy Trinity S. Sch. Toronto, for boy.....	25.00
Holy Trinity S. Sch., Toronto, for Wawanosh.....	5.00

Memorial Chapel.

Miss Pigot, \$5.00; Cathedral Sunday School, Quebec \$15.00

Algoma Missionary News.

A. Sydney Smith, 50c; Miss E. Hall, 50c; Mrs. A. Holden \$36c; Mrs. Gaviller 50c; Mrs. Greene 50c; Mrs. F. Montimbert \$1; Mrs. H. A. Grantham \$1.05; Rev. W. Stennett 35c; Master Nicholson \$1.40; W. B. Armstrong \$1.05; Miss E. Bacon \$1.50; Rev. A. S. O. Sweet, 35c; Mrs. Tipper 40c; Mrs. J. Tipper 35c; Miss Beaven 70c; Miss F. Peters \$1.40; W. Van Abbot \$1.05.

Shingwauk Home For Indian Boys.

\$75 (£15) feeds and clothes a boy for one year. \$50 will provide food for one year. Contributions to General fund and to the Memorial Chapel solicited. In England, address Mrs. Wm. Martin, Bloomsbury Square, London, W.C. In Canada, Rev. E. F. Wilson, Sault Ste. Marie.

Wawanosh Home for Indian Girls.

Support of a girl \$75 or \$50 the same as for a boy. In England, address Mrs. Halson, Stickworth Hall, Arretton, Isle of Wight.

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