



Volume IX.

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### A VISIT TO GARDEN RIVER.

**A**BOUT ten miles from Sault Ste. Marie we come to the Indian reservation of Garden River, so called from a stream which, winding through the woods, joins the Ste. Mary at this point. It is a pleasant spot, backed by low hills, on which the grey rocks stand out among woods glorious in the fall with the bright colours of oak and maple, toned down by the dark pine and fir, and sheltered from the north by the wooded slopes of Sugar Island. Steamers and sailing boats pass up and down the river, which to the east curves in a bay where the sweet grass is found used by the Indian women for making baskets, and standing apart on the grass grow large pines worthy of an artists pencil. The Indians houses are dotted along the river, those on the bay belonging mostly to French half-breeds, who are under the spiritual charge of Father Oullette, and worship in their pretty church on the bank of Garden River, which dividing the settlement into two parts, about a mile back is crossed by a stone bridge, but at the village boats and canoes are needed, and the children paddle about almost as soon as they can walk.

In the pine grove behind the village is the cemetery, where some of the graves are, in Indian fashion, roofed with strips of birch bark, and others are covered with small wooden houses, in which the panes of glass bear witness to the still lingering belief in the old spirit superstitions. Nearer to the river stands the church, lately beautified with carved wood-work, and Indian texts painted on the walls. Close to it is the parsonage, where Mr. Gallaher, the present missionary lives, and round about are houses, notably one with a pleasant verandah, and a garden gay with flowers and cranberry bushes.

The reservation is ruled over by two brothers, fine old men, sons of a chief who in the days of paganism having in patriarchal fashion taken three wives, was the ancestor of a hundred and fifty of the present people of Garden River. The elder brother, Auguste Shingwauk, a most noble specimen

of an old Indian chief, lives beyond the Garden river, and the younger, Henry, always known by his Indian name of Buhkweejjenene, near the church at which he is a constant attendant. Garden River, is the place where Mr Wilson when missionary there built the first Shingwauk Home, and he keeps up constant intercourse with his old friends. So in January, the weather being bright, and the river frozen, he determined to go down and hold a mission for a few days, asking me to go with him. On Saturday, January 23rd, we started at noon, taking one of the Shingwauk boys to look after the pony, and it being a cold bright day, I thought it necessary, in order to keep warm while driving, to wrap up in a way which would have looked very odd to English eyes, but after walking on a few miles on my snow shoes, I found the weather appeared to be much warmer than I had expected. On Sunday morning there was a good congregation, several of whom, including the chiefs, and Auguste's wife, received the holy communion. At the afternoon service a baby was baptised, the little creature being so tightly swathed up in red flannel that it looked like a chrysalis. In the evening there was a small family gathering at Mrs. Kabayossah's, sister to the chief. On Monday afternoon, Mr Wilson, Mr Gallaher, and myself, started to pay some visits, calling first on the four married daughters of chief Buhkweejjenene, and receiving a hearty welcome everywhere. Most of the women were busy with bark work and baskets, and the men away chopping wood. We saw many little babies in the curious Indian cradle, which is a flat board with a wooden bow across the front, to protect the child in case the cradle fell forward. When set up against the wall, a small mattress is put on the board on which the infant is laid, and then laced up snug in a cloth fastened under the mattress, so that no part of it can move but its head. One young woman had loosed her baby's arms, and hung a cotton reel on the bow, which it played with merrily till it was sleepy, when she placed its arms in and laced it up again.

In the evening we drove in the star light along the ice till we crossed Garden River and then along the steep banks of the St. Mary to chief Auguste's house, and being heartily welcomed by the old man and his wife, we sat and chatted while the Indians dropped in till the room was well filled, when a hymn was sung, followed by addresses and prayers, from the clergymen and the chief, and then the blessing given, and good night said, we all went home again. Next day we paid more visits, some among the family of the old chief, calling also on an Indian who has lately built himself a handsome house, in the upper room of which his married son lives. The evening meeting was held at chief Budkweejjenene and was again a very pleasant one, so many coming and entering heartily into all that went on, as before the meeting being closed by a prayer offered up by the chief, and the blessing. There is an Indian village on Sugar Island, which Mr. Wilson was anxious to visit, so on Wednesday we drove across the ice, but found no road opened on the island, and after trying in vain to make one through the deep snow, and being nearly upset, we had to return home. This evening's meeting was held in the school house, and so many came that the room was crowded. The two chiefs were there, and all seemed to thoroughly appreciate and enjoy the service, singing most heartily, and listening to the addresses in the reverent manner always shown by the Indians in their religious meetings.

On Thursday we came back home, Mr Wilson much pleased to have seen so many old friends, and having also made arrangements with Mr Gallaher to continue the meetings weekly.

M. E. P.

### MUSKOKA.

*Perry*  
*M*  
BURKS FALLS.—His lordship the Bishop of Algoma commenced his third annual visitation of this mission Tuesday Jan. 26th. We left Huntsville on Tuesday morning and drove direct to the church of St Anne *Peny* where we found a fair congregation awaiting us. Mattins was said by the Rev. W. B. Wagnan, and the sacraments of Holy Baptism and the Lord's supper administered by the Bishop who preached an eloquent and most impressive sermon on the subject of infant baptism. This night and the following we were the guests of one of the Emsdale churchwardens and his wife, Mr and Mrs Jenkin. On the following day, Wednesday, we repaired to the church of St Mark's, Emsdale, where evensong commenced at 3 p. m. This church has been built for about three or four years by the Rev W. Crompton, but until the last summer it was merely a shell, and hardly habitable for winter use. During the summer of 1885 however it received a grant of money from S. P. C. K. out of which it has recently been lined and completed and furnished with new and comfortable seats, and it is gratifying

to me to be able to state that not a cent of the money has been expended on labour, the whole of which was done by the hands of the members themselves. The church being now quite completed it was consecrated and dedicated to the service of Almighty God on this day, according to the form of the church of England in Canada. The Bishop preached a very suitable sermon on "The Church." Next day, Thursday, the new church (St James) in Bethune was formally opened but as the interior of the building is not yet complete, the consecration was postponed until next year. Here the church was as well filled as it might be, considering the fact that this is, with the exception of a small Roman Catholic chapel partially built, the first and only church in the whole township. During the service assisted by the Bishop, I administered the rite of Holy Baptism to three infants, and at the end of the evensong eight candidates were admitted to the full membership of the church in the Apostolic rite of confirmation. The holy communion was administered. We returned to Emsdale at night and were entertained under the hospitable roof of Mr and Mrs Ralph Simpson. On Friday we held divine service in All Souls church *Beggshon* at 11 a. m., when the rite of confirmation was administered to seven persons to whom the Bishop delivered a suitable and instructive address. After dinner with churchwarden Watson and his estimable wife we drove to St Alban's, Starratts, where even song was read at 4 p. m., followed by the Holy Communion. We reached the parsonage, Burk's Falls at 10 o'clock at night. On Saturday the Bishop presided at a special vestry meeting, held in the vestry of our pretty little new church. On Sunday divine service was held in the church of our rapidly growing village at 10.30 a. m. Before the service of the day was commenced the Bishop performed the ceremony of consecration, the procession of the churchwardens, Clergy and Bishop moving from the western door up the centre aisle to the chancel. I must not here omit to mention the very valuable gift presented by his lordship to the church on this occasion, viz, a very handsome set of communion vessels and font, said to be the handsomest in the diocese. At 2 p. m. the Bishop addressed the Sunday school taking for his subject the Indian Homes for boys and girls and preached again at 2.30 p. m.

GRAVENHURST.—A wedding, novel to Canadians of this locality, took place in St James' church on Wednesday 10th inst. From first to last the ceremony was conducted according to the prayer book of the Church of England. The banns were asked three times of Henry Cox and Emily Elizabeth Burkinshaw. At the appointed time the bride supported by her father and accompanied by her bridesmaids and friends, entered the church, the organist, father of the bridegroom, playing a suitable voluntary. After the 350th hymn the Rev. John Greeson of Uffington opened the service, the Rev. Alfred Osborne giving the charge and contract in the body of the church as directed by the rubric, the psalm was chanted to Purcelli well known chant the versicles following being taken to plain song the hymn 351 being sung Mr. Greeson read the sermon from the pulpit. The choir then sang an Introit, after which the ante Communion office was

said by Mr. Greeson, the Nicene creed being sung by the choir accompanied by the organ. The Holy Communion service was administered by Mr. Osborne, assisted by Mr. Greeson, the Sanctus and Gloria being sung by the choir. After the ceremony, or rather service, a number of guests were entertained by Mr. E. Burkinshaw, father of the bride, and an evening party was given for the young people, friends of the bride and bridegroom. The happy event passed off very pleasantly, and good wishes for those who had entered together upon the journey of life. The service was as much a surprise to the incumbent as to the congregation, it being the first time in a colonial ministry of fifteen years he has seen the marriage service, etc., fully conducted according to the service and principles of the church.

**BROADBENT.**—A. Bartlett gratefully acknowledges the receipt of a box of Christmas tree presents and books for our Sunday school, from C. W. M. A. Society, per Rev. R. Mosely, Parry Sound.

On Wednesday, January 6th, the Sunday school children met at 5 o'clock, and after being regaled with tea, the parents having arrived, all proceeded to the schoolroom, where they found a Christmas tree, laden with presents from the above source, and looking very pretty with its coloured lights. The children sang a New Year's carol and several other pieces, after which the presents were distributed to the intense delight of the children. A few games, etc., greatly enjoyed by both old and young, passed away a very pleasant evening, at the close of which three hearty cheers were given for the kind ladies to whom we were indebted for our first Christmas tree at Broadbent.

**PARRY SOUND.**—Rev. G. H. Gaviller, incumbent of Trinity Church, has been offered an appointment by his uncle, Dr. Cunningham Geikie, of England, but we are pleased to be able to announce that he deemed it to be his duty to decline the offer.—Parry Sound North Star.

### Rev. E.F. Wilson's Trip to the North West.

(Continued.)

**W**E then drove on five miles and met the Inspector, a young Englishman, son of an English Clergyman in Northumberland, walking with an Indian in full costume and with bow and arrows. I explained to him my errand. As he generally spends Saturday with his brother, he very obligingly gave me the key of his shanty and said we could make ourselves at home there for the night, and he would return at 8.30 a.m. next morning and interpret for me. About a mile further brought us to Mr. T. dwelling a miserable looking dirty log shanty divided into two compartments each entered by a separate door. One of these compartments was lighted by a dirty little window with 4 panes of glass and had a cook stove and a few cooking utensils, a few loose boards in the centre for a floor, the bed was four poplar sticks fixed horizontally and four bags of hay laid across

them for a mattress, there was a lantern but no oil or wick in it. I told White to get tea ready and I ran off to take a sketch of the Indian village, a number of the Indians came round me as I was sketching, they were all clad in blankets leggings and mocassins, and long black hair plaited or hanging loose over their shoulders. I sketched until it was too dark to see any longer and then went back to T's shanty, White had some bacon frying, and tea brewing, it was a hard matter getting our tea as it was quite dark and there was no light. White struck a couple of matches while I cut the bread and poured out the tea and then we ate in the dark. Then we made a bed on the floor with the hay bags and rolled ourselves up in our blankets for the night. I was not however destined to sleep. Somewhere about midnight there came a loud knock at the door, which I had fastened before going to bed with a stick, and then came open the door! open the door! in English. Who is it? I asked. "It's me, Thompson," was the reply. I remembered the name as that of a man who was in at Walker's when we passed in the afternoon; so I opened the door and Thompson came in followed by two Indians. He wanted the key of the other compartment and a light, the latter however, I could not give him. He said there was a row in the camp and one man had shot another and they were going to arrest him. He had an Indian woman with him sister of the murderer, and locked her up in the next place to us, fearing the Indians might kill her. As soon as he had taken the key and was gone I fastened the door and turned into bed again. White did not wake up. About an hour later there came another knock at the door. "Thompson, Thompson, are you here?" this time it was Taylor. I opened the door and went out. He was on horse back and on another horse behind him I could discern the outline of a tall Indian with another shorter figure holding on behind him. Taylor said he had got the murderer and persuaded him to come with him to Grant's. He said that if he remained in the Indian village and the man he had shot died, the relatives of the murdered man would certainly kill him, as that was Indian law, and probably there would be a great disturbance. Taylor said he should take the man to Grant's and then go on to Indian Head and telegraph to the mounted police to come and arrest him, and he would also get a doctor to come to the wounded man, the man's right arm he said was shot nearly off and he had also 2 bullets in the side, he did not think he could live until morning. The trouble was about a woman whom both men claimed as their wife. Taylor then went on with his prisoner, and I was once more left in peace, and turned in again to sleep.

Saturday, Aug. 19th.—About 7 a.m. I woke White up, it was a fine bright morning, rather windy. White took the horse to water. About 8.30 we got breakfast, and had hardly finished when Mr. Thompson walked in, accompanied by the chief, who rejoices in two names, "Jack," and "the man who took the coat." Chief Jack appears to be a very sensible man and I had a good deal of talk with him about our Institutions, I think it quite likely that some of the people here might give up their

children to us, but the trouble last night excited them, and it was impossible for me to visit and do anything. Taylor arrived back from Indian Head with the Doctor. Then we all went together to see where the wounded man was lying, I found it was one of the Tepees which I had been sketching the night before. The doctor and Taylor went in and Thompson and I remained outside. The man whose name is "Eaglechild" would not consent to have his arm amputated, which the doctor said was the only chance of saving his life. Thompson, it appears is married to the Indian woman, sister to the chief and sister to the murderer, and it was his wife whom he put in for safety last night and his two little children. At 10.30 a.m. I bade good bye and started on my return journey. We stopped a little while at Mr. Grant's and saw the would be murderer, a tall lithe figure, a handsome face with a somewhat scornful expression of countenance, he was not yet under arrest but was sitting in the Indian office for protection. He did not however seem to trouble himself much about the danger of assassination. When I saw him first he was sitting carelessly tapping his fingers on the table. Presently he got up, drew his blanket over his shoulder and walked out, his squaw was with him and followed, a little while after I saw them sitting together on a log, the Indian (whose name is "Fast Walker") smoking, wearing the same scornful expression on his lips. "Eagle child" we heard died the same evening. At 2 p.m. we drove on again, and an hour's drive brought us to Mr. Walker's house, where I was to stop and hold service. Quite a number of people came together in the evening, and we had a nice little service about 6 p.m. I spoke from 2 Cor. 4. 6, Just at the end of the service a fierce wind sprang up, quite a tornado, but it only lasted about half an hour. We remained at Mr. Walker's for the night and had quite a comfortable bedroom and bed.

### PUZZLED.

You ask me whether I'm High Church,  
 You ask me whether I'm Low,  
 I wish you'd tell the difference,  
 For I'm sure that I don't know.  
 I'm just a plain old body,  
 And my brain works pretty slow;  
 So I don't know whether I'm High Church,  
 And I don't know whether I'm Low.

I'm trying to be a Christian  
 In the plain, old-fashion way  
 Laid down in my mother's Bible,  
 And I read it every day;  
 Our blessed Lord's life in the Gospels,  
 Or a comforting Psalm of old,  
 Or a bit from the Revelation  
 Of the city whose streets are gold.

Then I pray, why I'm generally praying,  
 Though I don't always kneel or speak out,  
 But I ask the dear Lord, and keep asking  
 Till I fear He is all tired out;  
 A piece of the Litany sometimes.

The collect, perhaps, for the day,  
 Or a scrap of a prayer that my mother  
 So long ago learned me to say.

But now my poor memory's failing,  
 And often and often I find  
 That never a prayer from the prayer-book  
 Will seem to come into my mind.  
 But I know what I want, and I ask it,  
 And I make up the words as I go;  
 Do you think that shows I ain't High Church  
 Do you think that means I am Low?

My blessed old husband has left me,  
 'Tis years since God took him away,  
 I know he is safe, well and happy,  
 And yet when I kneel down to pray,  
 Perhaps it is wrong, but I never  
 Leave the old man's name out of my prayer  
 But I ask the dear lord to do for him  
 What I would do if I was there.

Of course he can do it much better,  
 But He knows, and he surely won't mind  
 The worry about her old husband  
 Of the old woman left here behind.  
 So I pray, and I pray, for the old man,  
 And I'm sure that I shall till I die;  
 So may be that proves I ain't Low Church,  
 And may be it shows I am High.

My old father was never a churchman,  
 But a Scotch Presbyterian saint;  
 Still, his white head is shining in Heaven,  
 I don't care who says that it ain't;  
 To one of our blessed Lord's mansions  
 That old man was certain to go,  
 But now do you think I'm High Church?  
 Are you sure that I ain't pretty Low?

I tell you it is all just a muddle,  
 Too much for a body like me,  
 I'll wait till I join my old husband,  
 And then we shall see what we'll see.  
 Don't ask me again, if you please, sir,  
 For really it worries me so;  
 And I don't know whether I'm High Church,  
 And I don't know whether I'm Low.

### Christmas on St. Joseph's Island.

Once more the glad season of Christmas has come and gone. This year we have enjoyed the festival rather better than for some years past. More than an hour before daylight the Missionary and his wife were up and hastily preparing for the day's work. The horse was fed, groomed and harnessed, meantime Mrs. Beer prepared the morning meal. Before eight o'clock we were on the road to Jocelyn, where service was to begin at half past ten. The weather was beautiful, the sky was clear, the sun shone brightly, and it was not at all cold. The sleighing too though not first rate was good, and the cutter sped along the road in a most exhilarating manner. Arriving at Jocelyn we were kindly received by Mr. Campbell who after putting the horse up accompanied us to the church. We found the people nearly all assembled, and then

There was a great amount of handshaking and wish-  
 Merry Christmas. The church was most beau-  
 fully decorated, and a large congregation of sixty  
 persons awaited to praise Him, whose birth at Beth-  
 lehem they were celebrating. No less than twenty-  
 five partook of the Communion, their ages varying  
 from the way from fifteen to eighty. After service  
 they hastily partook of a lunch prepared by Mrs.  
 Beer in the vestry. Meantime a boy fetched the  
 ice, and soon we were off again for Hilton where  
 service was announced for three o'clock. Arriving  
 there we found Mr. Bowker had, during our absence  
 brought a most seasonable Christmas present for  
 Mrs. Beer. A few of the Hilton friends had,  
 through Mr. Bowker, presented Mrs. Beer with a  
 beautiful Astrakhan coat. To manifest her grati-  
 tude to the kind donors she quickly donned the  
 coat and we hastened down to church, where there  
 was a renewal of the handshakings and Christmas  
 greetings. Here too the church was bright with  
 lights, devices and festoons, made by the hands of  
 the people in honor of the Saviour's Birth. We  
 sang our carols and hymns joyfully and had our  
 Christmas service, and after church we went to the  
 house of Mr. J. Marks where we have always eaten  
 our Christmas dinner since coming to the Island.  
 After dining very sumptuously and spending a plea-  
 sant evening we returned to our own home tired in  
 mind but feeling that our fourth Christmas here  
 had not been by any means the least happy.

### JOTTINGS.

The Bishop is at present travelling in Mus-  
 koka.

A successful parlor concert was held at the resi-  
 dence of Mrs. Murton's, Korah, on the 15th of Janu-  
 ary. 150 persons were present. The proceeds  
 amounting to \$40 are to be applied to fencing the  
 church and completing the driving shed.

COCKBURN ISLAND—The Rev. H. Beer, of St.  
 Joseph's Island, has been making an extended visit  
 to the church people of the Island, and his services  
 have been greatly appreciated.

A number of the Indians from Garden River  
 had a visit to the Shingwauk Home on Wednes-  
 day Feb. 17. They all had tea and attended the  
 service in the chapel.

The *Indian*, is the name of a new paper which  
 has recently appeared on the scene. It is publish-  
 ed in the interest of the Indians, and is edited by an  
 Indian Chief. We wish it every success.

COTTAGES TO LET—A comfortable little furnished  
 cottage, which has been occupied by two ladies all  
 winter, and belongs to the Shingwauk Home, will  
 be let during the months of June, July, August, and  
 September. Rent \$2 a week. It contains sitting  
 room, kitchen, pantry and 2 bedrooms. Also a little  
 roomed cottage close to the shore, suitable for a  
 fishing or camping out party, at 75 cents a week.  
 Apply to H.D. Mitchell, Asst. Superintendent,  
 Shingwauk Home, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

NEEPIGON—The Rev. R. Rennison writes hope-  
 fully of the Neepigon Mission. He says the Indi-  
 ans in obedience to the Bishop's wishes have this  
 winter left their wives and children in the village  
 when they went away for their winter hunt. Con-  
 sequently day school and church services have been  
 regularly kept up.

The Rev. E.F. Wilson expects to start on another  
 trip to the North-West towards the end of May.  
 He has promise of two little Sioux boys for the  
 Shingwauk Home. Any gifts of clothing for the  
 Indians will be very acceptable. They should be  
 sent up by first boat.

NORTH BAY—The Rev. G. Gillmor acknowledges  
 with many thanks the receipt at Christmas of a  
 box of books, etc., for Sunday School at North Bay  
 from C.W.M.A., per Mrs. O'Reilly.

HUNTSVILLE—The Rev. Thos. Lloyd desires to ac-  
 knowledge with sincere thanks the receipt of sever-  
 al parcels of C. L. papers; also Week, Public Opini-  
 on, etc., from unknown friends; also \$5 from "Shan-  
 ty Bay," for the poor people.

Quite a rich tradesman wrote to me a little while  
 ago to this effect "Twenty years ago I began busi-  
 ness in a very small way, and resolved to give to  
 God one-third of all my profits. The first year  
 God's share was £13. Last year it was my privi-  
 lege to give to God's cause £3,020." The writer  
 goes on to say:—"During the intervening years I  
 have regularly given in the same proportion, and  
 each year my power to give has as regularly increas-  
 ed." How true it is that if we honour God with  
 our substance, He will honour us with His bless-  
 ing!

### Christmas in the Far West.

MY DEAR MRS. J—

To-night I will begin an account of Our  
 Christmas doings, knowing you will like to hear  
 how the happy season was made bright for the  
 boys and girls in these homes. In November came  
 the first snow, and I rejoiced to hear the cheery  
 tinkle of the sleigh-bells again. We stand on a  
 very good road from the Sault, and farmer's teams  
 are constantly passing up and down, and when the  
 clay is frozen and covered with snow, it is very  
 pleasant. One bright moonlight evening, all the lit-  
 tle girls were gone to bed, and Miss Cunningham  
 and I were quietly sewing, when somebody seemed  
 to be tapping at all the windows, so we ran out,  
 and found that Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, some of their  
 children, and several Indian boys had come in the  
 sleigh to give us a "surprise party," and had  
 brought a large basket of apples: so the little ones  
 were dressed again, and they all played at games  
 till nine, when Mr. Wilson read prayers. Decem-  
 ber 7th was Mr. Wilson's birthday, and the whole  
 party from the Shingwauk had a long sleigh ride in  
 the morning. After dinner, we all went down, the  
 little girls riding, the big ones walking, and had  
 tea, with a splendid birthday cake, and after tea,  
 they played at games till it was time to come away.

Next came Christmas Day, which was most beautifully bright and fine, the sun making the snow glitter like diamonds, and all the fir trees being loaded with masses of snow. We went to church at St. Luke's, at the Sault. All the Indian boys and girls were there, and there was a good congregation. There is no clergyman at the Sault now, so Mr. Wilson has to take the duty. The church was very prettily decorated with arches and hanging wreaths of evergreen, fir and pine, and arbor vitae, for there is no holly and ivy here. We began with "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," and had all the dear old Christmas hymns, "Adeste Fideles," "When Shepherds Watched," and "Christians Awake." It was pleasant to think we sang the same hymns as were being sung at home. It was so pretty to see the people going away from Church in their sleighs. We made quite a procession, as there was the large sleigh from the Shingwauk, our own, Mr. John Wilson's, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilson in the cutter, and a delightful drive we had, the road running by the river, which was a sheet of ice. I found a beautiful Christmas card by my plate; a group of dried flowers from Bethlehem on it. The boys and girls dined together, and had a grand dinner, and a happy afternoon, till it was time to come home. It was a beautiful moonlight night, but so cold that I was glad to walk part of the way. We had the little ones very snug in the box of the sleigh, which was full of pea straw with a Buffalo robe spread over it, and rugs to cover them up with. Many of the girls have brothers and cousins at the Shingwauk Home, and they enjoy meeting. Did I ever tell you that Shingwauk is the Indian word for pine tree? Last Tuesday, the 30th, was the day of the Christmas Tree at the Shingwauk, and such a tree I never saw, as besides the children, all connected with the Institution had presents, and the little Wilson's had lots of things for each other, and everybody else. I expected nothing, and had nine gifts, three of them nice books from Mr. and Mrs. Wilson. I believe there were a thousand things. You have no trouble in providing a Christmas Tree here, for you have only to go into the forest, and cut down the nicest fir you see. Before Christmas, when the girls were making our decorations, one afternoon we took the little sleigh and an axe, and the girls cut down several little trees, and piled them on their sleigh, and a farmer coming past, gave us all a ride, drawing our little sleigh at the back of his large one. I like the freedom of the life here, it suits me to go about where I like, though I dare not go far off the road, for fear of being lost in the forest, and as that covers the land, it would be no trifle to be lost in it. I believe the country has been surveyed, and roads have been cut, and there are farms and small hamlets here and there, but beyond Tarentorus, a little settlement a few miles to the north, there are no habitations, and you only pass two houses on the road to Garden River, twelve miles off. On the road to Korah, there are several nice farms, but there is only a strip of cultivated land along the roads, and behind that the forest. This house has the forest close at the back and to the right, at the front runs the road, with the woods again at the distance of a field beyond it—it is fer-

est everywhere, and such wonderful trees, and flowers and ferns. It is a beautiful road down to the Sault, fields mostly on each side, up to the wood and lovely views of the river, and the American side looking down the stream you lose sight of it among low hills covered with wood.

Mr. Wilson had the Indian Mission at Garden River (which is an Indian Reservation), before he came here, and still takes great interest in the place. He wished to have a Christmas Tree there, and asked me to go down and help; so one morning Dec. 31st, an Indian lad from the Shingwauk came for me, with the little sleigh, as I was taking the things for the tree. There had been a thaw, and had melted a good deal of the snow, but it was freezing again, which made the road very rough and slippery, and I suppose Dolly the pony did not like it, for she would only walk, and we were three hours going that ten or eleven miles, while the wind was blowing, and some snow falling. The road runs entirely through the forest, the trees looking beautiful, for the firs grow to a great size, and there are so many that the woods are always green, while the trees that have lost their leaves look as they were made of frosted silver. Here and there are spots where the trees have been burnt, the black logs lying about, and these are great feeding places for the bears, who drag the logs about to get at the insects and ants' nests under them. At the end of Autumn, the track of a very large bear was seen on the road just above this place. There is a range of hills to the left of the road to Garden River, and on one that stands out from the others, is a railed-in grave, with a tall cross at the end, where an Indian is buried, a strange wild spot for one's last resting place, truly a grave in the wilderness. I thought that any one with brains could write a poem about it. We crossed the streams on rough bridges made of trunks of trees. The last few miles are through cleared land, and open to the river, and here the wind was very cold, and the snow drifting before it. The Indians think a good deal of New Year's Day, and we met numbers of them coming to the Sault with their teams, among them old Chief Little Pine,—they had errands of their own in the village. The Garden River was still frozen over, but the thaw had opened the channel of the St. Mary's, while the sides were frozen and a dense white vapour was rolling in clouds from the open water. It will be frozen again now, as the intense cold made the ice form again while we were there; I think it was 26° below zero that night, very clear and bright, and about eleven o'clock, the dog teams brought the mail in. There were two light sleighs with the mail bags strapped on them, each drawn by two large dogs, an Indian running by each sleigh, one of whom is Joe Grease-sky, in the summer Captain of the Bishop's yacht. The poor dogs lay down, being very tired, having travelled about a hundred miles, and having still to come on to the Sault. At the other end of their journey, they met another dog train going into Muskoka: of course the time they take depends upon the weather, and the state of the snow; but it is hard work for both men and dogs, and will cease when the new railroad is completed. I was

church on New Year's Day, the Indians had made the church look very pretty, though in curious ways, for besides light wreaths about the windows etc. they had put a little fir tree at the end of every pew, making the church like a bower. It gave me an odd recollection of Langollen Church with the flower wands at the ends of the of the pews. It was a lovely day, and after Church I took a little walk, and then went to ask Chief Bukhwjenene to get the Christmas Tree. He is a very polite old gentle man, and makes a bow like a Frenchman; some of his friends were sitting with him, and he welcomed me with his politest bow, drawing up a rocking chair to the stove, and putting a large skin mat for my feet. He came to England with Mr. Wilson years ago, and understands a little English. He took a beautiful tree down to the school-house, and then came for the other things, and I am sure the little procession would have amused you, as we travelled along the ice at the side of the river. He had a little steer, drawing a small sleigh, on which with a low bow, he invited me to sit, by the baskets, etc. but I preferred walking with him. In the afternoon, Mr. Wilson came, and in the evening the people assembled and filled the school. The tree was a great success: a few speeches were made, Bukhwjenene saying that he enjoyed a pleasant evening like this, where the entertainment was all "clean," with no drinking or fighting, and he went on, "Look at me, I am growing an old man (he is about 60) but see how hale and hearty I am, and I have never touched the fire-water since my youth." After this he said there was another thing he wished to talk about. There was a white lady who had been very busy getting up the tree for them, and who had been backwards and forwards among them since last fall, and always trying to do good to the Indians, and they wished to give her an Indian name, and as her country was far to the east, he proposed that the name should be Minwahnunooqua, which means the good woman from the east—min, good, wahnun, east, qua, woman—the oo merely rounds the word.

The snow is too wet for me to go to the Sault today, January 7th, but it will freeze to-night and to-morrow I can go. When there is a sharp frost the snow is dry and does not wet your clothes. There are not many birds about, as they are mostly gone south, but there are flocks of snow birds and chickadees; the little things flit about among the trees, saying chick-a-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee, and remind me of tom-tits. We are all wearing shoe-packs, most comfortable, but rather gouty-looking. First I have on black woolen stockings, then a strip of flannel about three-quarters of a yard long is wound round my feet, then woolen socks, and then the shoe-packs, which have a good deal of cotton wool inside them, are drawn on and the cloth top folded round, and fastened up with a long lace round and round and round your leg. The shoe-packs are made of leather, and are an Indian device, being originally of buckskin; everybody wears them out-doors and in-doors. They fit one's feet like gloves, and you need them stuffed on account of the snow. They are noiseless, too, which is a comfort, where so many children are running about

Meeting in Toronto.

An interesting meeting in aid of the Diocese of Algoma was held in St. James' school-house, Toronto, on last Friday afternoon. The meeting was well attended. The Rev. Canon Dumoulin occupied the chair.

Canon Dumoulin apologized for the absence of Bishop Sweatman, who was attending the Synod committees. He had great pleasure in introducing His Lordship the Bishop of Algoma.

The Bishop expressed his thanks to the ladies of Toronto who, last year, raised \$2,000 on behalf of the Diocese of Algoma. He desired to give an account of the stewardship of the handsome contribution. His Lordship gave an interesting description of the various parishes aided by donations from the \$2,000. A new church on the Indian reservation in Manitoulin Island was aided to the extent of \$800. The church is to be consecrated next summer. One hundred dollars was devoted to the Bishop Fauquier memorial church. The new church at Burk's Falls received \$400. It was recently consecrated. The Uffington church received \$150. The necessary steam yacht used in the diocese received \$300. The balance was devoted to various worthy objects in the diocese. The Bishop gave a graphic description of a tour through the diocese.

The second object of the meeting was the organization of a Ladies' Local Committee in each parish in Toronto to aid Algoma, as that Diocese can only raise about one-fifth of the sum necessary for the support of the mission work there. It was also suggested that provision be made for the education of a clergyman's son: also that a special effort should be made to establish a capital fund for the widows and orphans of the clergy.

RECEIPTS.

INDIAN HOMES.

1885—DECEMBER.

St. Luke's S. S. Halifax, for girl.....	\$24 86
St. James, Miss. Union, Carleton Place, for boy	18 75
Mrs. Killaly, for freight.....	4 00
Ladies' Work Party, Westbury.....	4 84
St. Paul's S. S. Wingham, for boy.....	6 25
Memorial S. S. London, for boy.....	18 75
All Saints S. S. Huntsville.....	1 51
Trinity S. S. St. Thomas, for boy.....	6 25
All Saints S. S. Toronto, for girl.....	25 00
Miss Jane Kernighan, for Shingwank.....	1 30
Little Katie May.....	2 00
Wallace Crawford.....	5 00
	\$ 118 51

1886—JANUARY.

St. Paul's S. S. Port Dover for boy.....	15 00
Rev. H. Holand, for Homes.....	10 00
St. Mark's S. S. Niagara, for girl.....	25 00

