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VISITATION OF NIPISSING AND NORTH BAY MISSION BY THE BISHOP OF ALGOMA.

COMPLETING his visitation of the Magnetawan Mission, the Bishop of Algoma proceeded northward on Monday, March th 8th, through the Commanda District, some 36 miles, to Nipissing village, visiting various families en route. Throughout the Bishop's stay at Nipissing he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Scarlett. Here he was met by the Rev. G. Gillmor, of North Bay, who accompanied him and acted as his chaplain throughout the mission.

On Tuesday the Bishop visited various families in their log houses, many of them hidden away through the bush, difficult of access, and the tracks heavy in snow. Of these families there are some twenty in number, belonging to the Church of England, in and through the country around Nipissing village. From certain causes, which it would occupy too much space to enter into here, these poor people have been, until very recently, left without the benefit of the ministrations of their own church, and it will accordingly be understood with what satisfaction and gratification they beheld their Bishop himself sitting in their humble shanties, and finding out from them all the troubles and cares and difficulties coming upon them and their children. The same evening the Bishop held a service a large congregation attending, and baptized at it two infants, and administered the rite of confirmation to twelve persons, and concluded with celebration of the Holy Communion.

On Wednesday Mr. Scarlett drove the Bishop and missionary to Powassan. At Powassan the Bishop held a service, and preached with very great power. On Thursday Mr. Scarlett, for the last time, drove the Bishop and missionary to South East Bay. Having traversed the country north of Magnetawan, and embracing Eagle Lake, Commanda Creek, Cemmanla Lake, Nipissing Village and Powassan, the Bishop feels the necessity for the residence withing that district, of a clergyman specially appointed therefor; and that the occasional visits of the North Bay missionary would not be sufficient and hopes to be enabled to provide for the extra expense of such extra clergyman.

At South East Bay the Bishop held a service and preached, every available person in the place attending.

On Friday the Bishop was met at South East Bay by W. C. Caverhill Esq., who drove him to North Bay.

On Saturday the Bishop made some visits, especially to the C. P. Railway Company's engine shop.

On Sunday morning the largest congregation ever seen there, attended at the little church at North Bay. It was filled, and chairs had to be obtained from the neighbouring houses and placed in the aisle. At this service the rite of confirmation was administered to seven persons. At evensong the crowd attending was still greater, the Bishop preaching with very great and striking power.

On Monday, the Bishop made some visits to settlers north of North Bay, and gratified them with his cheering presence in their log-houses, and words of comfort and prayer. On the same evening at the earnest request of many, he held a special service in North Bay church, and again it was well filled, and again the power of his preaching was felt among them, and went home to their hearts. After service a vestry meeting was held, and the church accounts were examined.

On Tuesday, the Bishop and Missionary proceeded at 4.15 a. m. by rail to Sturgeon Falls. At evensong the little church there was well filled, and the people greatly benefited and impressed by service and sermon. Here also a vestry meeting was held, and the church accounts examined and minutely enquired into.

On Wednesday, at 4 a. m., the Bishop and Missionary proceeded back east by rail, the former for Ottawa, the latter for North Bay; and thus the Bishop brought his visitation to a close for this winter.

The North Bay and Nipissing Mission District has only within the last few months come under the supervision of the Bishop of Algoma, having been previously in the charge of the missionary at Mattawa, and Diocese of Ontario (and who built the little churches at North Bay and Sturgeon Falls), and consequently this was the first visitation of any bishop to North Bay or Sturgeon Falls.

ILFRACOMBE MISSION.

The Rev. John Manning writes the following account of his Mission in Muskoka.

ILFRACOMBE.—Divine service is held here every Sunday, attended by the sons and relatives of a few English gentry who have settled here. A few years ago when the settlers were more numerous lumber was delivered on the proposed site for the church, but the death and removal of the most wealthy families, has thrown the onus of building on the remaining few who have not the means to carry it on, except by giving a concert or tea meeting, from which we have realized the sum of \$54, and we need \$500 to build with. In the meantime we worship in the garret of a small store, the snow and cold wind having free access through the shingles and crevices. The result of which is that the ladies have remained at home, except one who braves everything, but occasionally the elements conquer her, unless some kind friends will give us aid I shall be compelled to close the "upper room" and Ilfracombe will come to an untimely end.

STANLEYDALE.—This is a new station opened since my arrival. My first congregation consisted of one man and five children, at the next service only four attended, but I persevered and now at the end of 6 months I have a flourishing Sunday school of 45 children and a congregation too large to worship in the Orange hall. At a public meeting we decided to commence the building of a frame church at once and all are now at work including myself. One man promised \$500 in labour, another 1000 feet of pine delivered on the site and others work and cash according to their ability. Now I appeal to the church people both of England and Canada and ask them to aid me in my mission.—Now if the Rev. W. Crompton, of Aspdin (whose mission is only four miles from Stanleydale) can get boxes containing presents of books, clothing, church furniture, money etc., from Ottawa, Toronto, and England, and if his friends can afford to collect from the public in England such fabulous contributions, unceasingly forwarded for his *two small* stations of Aspdin and Lancelot, I want some friends to send me similar contributions for my larger stations of Stanleydale, Keatsville, Hoodstown, Lunenburg and Dixons. I omit Ilfracombe although the people are much poorer than at Aspdin. Now let me have a box every year containing what you wish to put into it and do not forget that Mr Crompton received \$3,000 to build one church at Aspdin which is nearly completed, therefore to make the equation equal send me that amount and I will build six churches with it, one in every station. But unless you help at once do not help at all.

KEATSVILLE.—At this station I have collected a new congregation, a Sunday school numbering 15 has been in operation until the severe cold compelled its being closed until the summer. The Bishop confirmed 8 candidates here in January last, and through his kindness a supply of mission service books has been received. We are in great need of Sunday school material for all the stations as well as books for a library. The inhabitants are start-

ing to build a small frame church, but unless help comes from outside, it will take years before it can be completed.

LUNENBURG.—No clergyman of any denomination ever visited this place. The inhabitants are principally Germans and are very poor, and we require help from outside for this station. There is no place of worship whatever.

DIXONS.—This station was opened by the late missionary. They receive a Sunday service monthly. Only three church families reside in the district, but I hope a few more will join before long.

HOODSTOWN.—This is the only station where there is a church, but it is without bell or organ. Notwithstanding the services are inspiring and the singing and responses all that could be desired. Here are to be found the most devoted members of the church which they love and use every means to make the services what they ought to be.

I have now placed before you our requirements and I anxiously wait for the good news bringing the necessary supplies.

MISSIONARY JOURNEY TO COCKBURN ISLAND.

HOW MANY PEOPLE I wonder know where this island is. For the benefit of those who do not know I will state that it is one of those many islands which stud the bosom of beautiful Lake Huron.

Cockburn lies between Manitoulin and Drummond Islands and beyond Drummond lies St. Joseph's Island.

The little island I was about to visit is only 12 miles long, and has a population of about four hundred I am told. These include Indians, farmers and fishermen. To reach these people in the winter, from St. Joseph's Island involves a journey of fifty miles or more. You may go all the way on ice, if you please, for it is a direct line, or you may go as I did, across Drummond Island, which belongs to the United States. Going this latter way, you have less exposure on the ice, having only the two channels to cross, that separating St. Joseph's from Drummond, and the narrower one between Drummond and Cockburn. My reason for taking this long tramp was, that the people, during the winter have no religious services whatever. For the past two summers the Bishop has paid them a visit, and the Presbyterians had a student there, but in winter the people are altogether without the ministrations of the gospel. Filled with a desire then, to give them once more the blessed opportunity of assembling for worship, and unity in prayer and praise to God, I started to visit them on the morning of Feb 10th. As the journey was to be performed principally on foot, I was very careful to reduce my baggage to the smallest dimensions. A surplice, ten mission service books, a few handkerchiefs and collars, a light overcoat, and a pair of snow shoes which altogether weighed less than twelve pounds, made up my kit. My own pony carried me as far as possible on St

Joseph's, but when I came to the channel, I sent it back, and putting on the snow shoes, I started off eight miles across the ice. The day was cold and the wind was high, but a light crust made the snow shoeing easy, it was heavy enough however before I got across. All that I knew about the course was that I had to keep a south east by south direction, this I learned from a chart. I had never been over the road, and could get very little information from any person. I had therefore to trust to the compass. As I journeyed along I found I was among a perfect archipelago, a very easy place to get lost in. Often when I thought I was just coming to Drummond, I found I was still among the islets, and a weary track of ice yet lay before me. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.

My hope of getting off the ice was deferred long enough to make my heart sick. I think anxiety lest I should be unable to find my way at all, must have wearied me as much as the actual walking. I had very little idea of what sort of a place Drummonds Island was, could I continue round one side of it and find settlers enough to furnish me with food and shelter at night, or was it a howling wilderness. I knew there were some houses on it at any rate, and had trusted to be able to purchase food as I went along, and now if I could not find settlers, I should soon be weak with hunger. Walking on the ice with the thermometer down to zero and the biting blast robbing us of our caloric, soon makes the replenishing of the inner man a matter of the utmost importance.

I was begining to be in trouble, night was coming on, so was hunger, and still I could not see a house or sign of human being. Above all I was not sure of the road. I felt I had travelled much farther than the distance across the channel which was 8 miles I had been told. By and by I came across a snow shoe track, and I determined to follow it. I argued that it must go somewhere, and whether it led me to a white man's house or an Indian's camp I was equally indifferent. Presently as I trudged wearily along, the snow shoes weighing very heavy, I suddenly came opposite a channel between two small islands, and there about two miles off, lay the shore of Drummond Island and a few houses upon it. In the course of half an hour or so I was comfortably sitting by a good warm stove and the first stage of my journey was successfully accomplished and my troubles for the present were over.

During the evening while in conversation with my host and hostess I found they were infidels. They had read Mr. Ingersoll's "Mistakes of Moses" and I found on the table a paper called the "Truth Seeker," the chief object of which seemed to be to teach the desecration of the Sabbath. I conversed and argued with them, but fear I left them of their own opinion still. My chance acquaintance with these people has revived within me, with ten fold force, a conviction I have long held, that we christians instead of quarrelling with each other over unimportant matters of ritual and ceremony, would be far better engaged standing shoulder to shoulder and doing battle bravely for our heavenly king

aga nst an enemy who seems fast gaining ground upon us. But let us return to the story of my journey. After a goods nights rest, I started next morning paying my host to carry me a distance with his horse. The day was fine, and we got along quickly, and when the man left me, I fell in with a boy, who was a messenger for the men in the lumber camps. He had two dogs hitched to a sleigh and he allowed me to put my baggage on the sleigh, and he and I ran behind the dogs. We kept the shanty roads and found good travelling, and by noon we were at the south end of the island and I was about 35 miles from home. I had dinner in the shanty and the men showed me a trail through the woods, which they said was a short cut to the channel which separated Drummond from Cockburn. The rest of the journey was one of hardships. The weather turned mild and the snow got damp, I wore deer skin moccasins for snowshoeing, and my feet were soon wet through. The trail I was following had been tracked only a few times, and I floundered along, now down to the waist in snow, and up for a step or two, then down again. Those who have tried such travelling know how tiring such a tramp is. At last I came to the end of the trail and thought the worst was over, but I was mistaken. On the channel there was an inch or so of water flooding the ice, and my already wet feet became very cold in the ice water. I hurried along however and soon reached the other side, where there was another shanty. Here I intended to stop over night, but being anxious to get to the end of my journey, I merely stopped to obtain directions about the road and then hurried on. After going another six or seven miles, I came to an Indian village, and enquired my way from John Bull an old Indian with one eye. He was quite inquisitive for an Indian, asked me who I was, and what I was going to the Bay for. He told me that my friend the Rev. Mr. Rowe had stopped overnight with him some five years ago, when on just such a trip as mine to Cockburn. Mr. Rowe had an Indian with him and they sang some hymns in Indian. Oh, said John Bull, he sang nice songs that night. After leaving John Bull I had to follow an Indian trail, and it was just as bad as the other had been early in the day, nothing but a succession of ups and downs. To add to my trouble I was getting very tired, and night was coming on, and so was the rain. I was cheered however by the knowledge that I had not far to go, so I pushed on slowly and wearily, and just after dark arrived at the hospitable house of Mr. and Mrs. Street. Here all my wants were soon attended to, I had dry feet, a good supper and retired early to a luxurious bed, I slept the sleep of the weary that night, and when I woke in the morning the first thing I heard was the rain pattering on the shingles. Oh how I congratulated myself that I was at my destination and need not go out to travel in the rain. Towards noon the weather cleared up a little, and I went round to a few of the people to announce the service on Sunday. I was too stiff and sore footed to travel far, and was glad to arrive at the house of Mr. Ross, who kindly entertained me for the rest of my stay.

Next morning being Saturday I started off to visit the people. I called on a number of them and had reading and prayer in each house. After walking ten or fifteen miles, I got back wetfooted again and feeling sick, as though a cold was settling upon me. Mr. Ross and his housekeeper doctored me and made me very comfortable, but I went to bed fearing that perhaps after all my tramp of fifty miles, I might not be able to preach next day. These fears were groundless, when I woke in the morning I felt better, although I had a cold. At 3 o'clock the school house was well filled, the people were delighted to have a service once more, they had not met for worship for nearly six months. On Monday evening we had service again, and a good congregation gathered. During the day I had visited more of the people, although I found only six families of church people. I baptized six children. Immediately after noon on Tuesday I started on my return trip, I intended to take two days and a half to reach home, but the weather had turned cold after the rain, and changed the slushy snow into a good firm crust, the road was very good, so when I came to the little channel, where I intended to pass the night, I found it was early and I was not very tired, so I pushed on another nine miles, and just after dark arrived at a saw mill on Drummond Island. Here I was very kindly received by Mr. Watson, agent for the lumber firm, he entertained me that night, and next morning drove me about 10 miles, which distance he was going to get his horse shod, and he kindly gave me a lift as far as he went. Leaving him I walked briskly along intending if possible to reach home that night. The travelling on the ice was very good, just a little crust to keep one from slipping. No difficulty in going four miles an hour with such a road as that. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon I reached the first house on St. Joseph's Island and was so fortunate as to find one of the young men of the house about to start with a horse to Hilton. He gladly gave me a ride, which I gladly accepted, and shortly after dark I found myself at home. I had started on Wednesday Feb. 10, and I got back Wednesday night a week later. I had walked a hundred miles exclusive of distances travelled while visiting the people on the Island. All this work had been necessary in order to hold two services and baptize six children, some may say the work accomplished was not worth the labor it entailed, but opinions will differ on that point. At any rate, an attempt was made to obey the Savior's command to "go and preach the Gospel." Whether any good will result we cannot tell, we have nothing to do with results, our duty is to obey, to sow the good seed in all places. It is God who must give the increase and He has said "His word shall not return unto Him void."

May He grant His blessing on our efforts, to preach the Gospel on this occasion in Cockburn Island.

THE INDIANS SECRET OPINION OF THE WHITE MAN

(BY AN INDIAN.)

MOST OF THE INDIANS think that white people are going to abolish them altogether from the earth, and that white people only will exist in future. Having heard this, many old Indians say "they will kill us in every way they can and will also construct a great fire-toboggan-road across our island (continent). Then after running it through, they will torment us in every way, and at last they will sweep us away from our country to some rocky island where nobody could live. They will also build a great raft at the western ocean, or the northern ocean, (Hudson Bay) on which we shall be put and thus perish in the deep. This is what the white man intends to do. He will then enjoy our land." Having met with an Indian Chief last spring 1885, who thought also of rebelling, he gave reasons why he wanted to rebel, he also thought the government was not doing right by him, and held the views above stated. He had received word from the west through the wild regions. Having listened to all he had to say, I said to him "I shall be one of the last fellows that shall attempt to revolt, the English as far as I can see, did not do that to any nation whom they conquered, they know better than that. I do not believe they will do any such thing to the Indians. You must remember the English are trying to help you by every means. I myself am a thorough Indian, I would not say this to you unless I believed it true. There is a teaching-wigwam at Sault Ste. Marie, and you know this is to benefit us. I think the government deals pretty fair with you. You have about five hundred Indians and more, your annuity money amounts to a good deal. How many Indians are there in Canada? It must come to many dollars to the Indian Department annually. You can have land if you wish, also a teacher, by properly applying to your agent. You cannot fight the English, a regiment, or half a regiment of soldiers would finish you. Where is your money provisions, ammunition etc." I also explained to him as well as I could, what power the British Empire has. The old chief then sat down quietly, did not say a word the remaining part of the day. Some time afterward he said "Ha! kuhnuhbuĵ kagat shoneyah keen neen kuhya nindah puhkenaug," (I believe money shall beat me and you.)

WEST OF PORT ARTHUR INDIANS.

POPULAR POINT.—Here is a settlement of Indians, quite a few in number, pagan. Having met the chief here Panngcahquasing, who is also called Big Pierre, and learned that he had been already twice asked to become a christian, I said him that he ought to have a teacher at any rate. He seemed himself inclined to adopt christianity, and have a teacher, but he had to call a council at Christmas, when his Indians would gather at the settlement. The lake of high bush cranberries is another place where Indians gather themselves together; where there is plenty of fish is always the place where Indians spend their summer. This lake is about 75 miles from the railroad track. Whitefish Lake is another

place where Indians assemble in spring, about forty miles south west of Port Arthur. Dog Lake, north of the C. P. R., north-west from Port Arthur, is another place where Indians spend their summer. These Indians depend on animals and fish for their support. They travel from place to place in winter and summer, round about their quarters, hardly ever leaving their own huntinggrounds. They have no provisions in store, except some fish put up in the fall, and when they kill a cariboo. They exchange their furs in some store for their clothes. Their country is rich in minerals, silver and gold, also fit for agriculture.

Turning to their religion, they are pagans, beating drums, calling some one for succour for their bodily wants, and to let them live long in this world, not preparing for the next world, at least they do not pay any attention to their souls. Some believe in *metempsychosis*, others think they go to a Happy Hunting-ground, or go south or west, to H. Naumapahdan the brother of Nanuhbosho, who was killed by invisible beings, was raised from the dead on the third day but by command of Nanuhbosho returned back to his grave, and went off towards the west, so they believe he is now sitting there beating a great long drum, and the spirits of the Indians dancing, also having plenty to eat.

After reading about their mode of life, and some of their belief, will you not be moved with compassion towards these Indians, my own people, to whom I belong? Will you not do something to help them, particularly as regards their souls. There is a new paganism being taught among them, greater than any they ever invented before. They keep on singing for many days (they say this comes from the Mulnedoo, the Spirit God) till some of them fall asleep, the monotonous sound of the drum ringing in their ears, and rise no more. Will you not send some one to teach these poor creatures, and by doing this, you will save many a soul from the grasp of him who is here roaring like a lion seeking whom he may devour.

A VISIT TO THE SHINGWAUK CHAPEL

ON WEDNESDAY, March 17th, we happened to be at Sault Ste. Marie, and in the evening we paid a visit to the Shingwauk Chapel. At four o'clock Mr. Wilson, his family, Mr. Wotton the organist, and about forty Indian boys were assembled for choir practice. It was indeed an interesting sight to see those children, many of them, no doubt, gathered from homes where paganism, ignorance, and filth combined to make life wretched; and now there they stood, well dressed, clean, and wholesome looking, and unitedly lifting up their voices in the house of the Lord, in songs of praise to the Great Jehovah.

The boys all seem to have some musical talent. As we listened to the practice, we could almost imagine we heard the strains of some surpliced choir in England. They have not been long in training, but have made very great progress, and reflect credit upon their teacher Mr. Wotton.

At seven o'clock the bell rang again for the evening Lenten service, and once more we entered the

beautiful chapel. This time we had evening prayer, with a catechising of the boys, and I could not help wishing that the children in my mission, and in many another, were as well instructed in the Word of God as were these Shingwauk boys. Mr. Wilson has them under his control continually, and has therefore an opportunity others do not enjoy with their Sunday school scholars.

It was indeed gratifying to hear those Indian boys answering so as to show that they were fast becoming acquainted with the glorious truths of God's holy word.

One portion of the instruction consisted in Mr. Wilson giving the first few words of a text, then all who could complete the text were to hold up their hands, and I counted ten or twelve hands up repeatedly, also when asked where the text was to be found the boys were equally well at home.

A gentlemine from my mission who accompanied me, expressed himself highly pleased with what he saw and heard, and we both came away feeling that our time had been well spent.

God's blessing must surely rest on such faithful efforts to obey the command to preach the gospel to every creature.

AN INDIAN VILLAGE

SHEQUINDAH, MANITOULIN ISLAND, April 6th.



HERE ARE SOME characteristics of our Indian village which I believe are much the same in all Indian villages, for instance, there are the hungry looking dogs that rush out and bark at you as you go through, the hand sleighs, the fishy smell, litters of rushes and whittlings, pieces of birch bark and cedar bark, and a general air of irregularity about the position of the cabins, and a general untidiness about the place. But I visited an Indian village the other day which was superior in some respects to any I have visited and I will try and describe it for the benefit of the readers of the ALGOMA MISSIONARY NEWS. We came upon the tracks leading to the village as we were returning from a visit to the lumber shanties on the Beaverstone River. We recognised the tracks as being Indian tracks and rightly judged that they led to an Indian village. We followed it across some small bays and through reedy channels, then at length a portage was reached, the track leading through a thick bush. We met a small Indian boy, who told us on enquiry that the village was near. A few minutes more brought us in sight of it and we found ourselves passing through the streets thereof. The first thing I noticed was decided and unmistakable signs of progress. There were several buildings in different stages of construction. These Indians did not seem to be as Indians generally are confined to one idea and one kind of house, for here was houses of different kinds and patterns and sizes, there were houses built of logs, and frame houses, low cabins, and high houses with dormer windows in the roof. In some cases the houses were finished and inhabited, others were built up to the wall plate others again only half way up, while in some the logs were just hewn and placed on the ground, so

too with the frame houses, some had the roof on, one was just only boarded up. One noticeable feature about the buildings was the extreme neatness of the work. The tops were hewn with such skill and care they were as smooth as if dressed with a plane. The corners were fitted with such regularity and exactness that it was impossible to get the thin blade of a pen knife in the joints, (the work was done probably with an axe.) This neatness and skill was visible in the houses already inhabited as well as in those in course of construction. I visited the house of a young man named John, he had not been housekeeping long, two years I think he told me. The house was built of pine logs, and white-washed on the inside, but what struck me was, the levelness and smoothness of the walls, they were hewn so smooth and the chinks plastered so neatly, and the corners made so square and true that it looked as if lathed and plastered. The joints supporting the ceiling above were neatly finished and the ceiling was dressed on the inside. The cupboards, and other furniture were all home-made but wonderfully good, and the floor as clean as clean could be. Now come with me to another house this belongs to the old man of the village, not the chief this latter functionary is a one eyed individual with a rather unpleasant countenance. No he is not the chief but the old man. Go with me I say to this home, it is a good sized frame structure, and unlike the generality of Indian houses it has rooms in it. There is a dining room two bedrooms and a kitchen down stairs (I didn't go upstairs). The walls are boarded and papered and neatly wainscotted, the doors and window frames are painted and everything is in order. One noteworthy feature that would make some ill bred dirty white people blush is that they do not spit on the floor. There are little boxes filled with saw-dust provided for the purpose, several smokers were in the room while we were there, but they all used the boxes except the young man I have with me who forgot himself once, I shook my fist at him and pointed to the spittoon, the old man pushed it across the room to him. The beds, furniture and floor are scrupulously clean, I can vouch for the beds for I slept in one, and though I have lived many years among Indians yet I never had the hardihood to get into an Indian bed for fear of insects, but no worisome insects that gnaw the human frame disturbed my slumbers in that bed. The old man gives his house for divincservice. The people come in and we commence with singing. They soon understand music and the girls are good singers. We have prayers from the service, reading, sermon all in the Indian tongue. Afterservice there is a baptism. When the people depart they give us dinner, the tablecloth is beautifully white, the viands good, the bread especially is exemplary. There are three daughters living with the old man who keep house, one is an invalid unable to stand, she crawls around on her knees. We have service again in the evening, but I will not say anything about it, it is the village that we speak of. We go to other houses some of them not so nice as this one. The people seem to be very industrious, so they are not very poor. The old man tells me that the place is good for Indians, lots of fish and ducks abound in the vi-

city, they come to feed on the wild rice that grow in the shallows and pools. The Indians had just killed a moose so we came in for a piece of the meat at breakfast.

F. F.

The Rev. E. F. Wilson's Thip to the North West

(continued.)

NO ANSWER having come as yet from the Lieutenant Governor and as there would be no mail till 11 o'clock tomorrow, I decided to visit the File Hill Indians 19 miles distant. Mr. Lewis came down to the tent to see me, and from him I learned there was a church family named Lapeer, about 10 miles on the road to the File Hills, so I took a boy, Abram with me, intending to stop at Lapeer for the night and then on to File Hills in the morning. It was 9-30 p. m. when we started. It was a pleasant evening and we got along very well so long as we could see our way, but by 8.30 p. m. it was almost quite dark and it was with difficulty that we could see the trail. It was too dark to see the wheels and it was only by the smooth turning of the wheels that we could tell we were on the trail. At length a light appeared in sight and in a little time we were glad to find ourselves at Mr. Lapeer's door. The inmates of the house received us very hospitably, there were an old couple and three young men and two women, a small thatched cottage, bedroom and kitchen all in one, and a loft overhead. I showed them my sketches and told them where I came from and all about our work. At about 10.15 p. m. one of the young men took a stable lantern and showed us our room upstairs or rather up the ladder in the loft—overhead were the rafters made of poplar poles filled in with clay under the thatch, in a corner some bags of wheat, a number of clothes being hung on a line across the apartment, and in one corner a bed, there were two little windows one in each gable end but the sashes had been removed for the summer so we had plenty of air. We were tired with our journey and were soon sound asleep.

Tuesday Aug. 11th. We were up at a quarter to six and went to have a look round. There were 7 or 8 cows chained to poplar poles lying on the ground. They were always chained at night to prevent them doing damage to the crops as prairie farmers have no fences. In the day time they are let loose and an eye kept on them to prevent them doing damage. At 6.30 a. m. we had breakfast and started off upon our journey. We had only seven miles to go to Mr. Nicholls farm instructor to the File Hill Indians. We reached his house at 8.30. On the way we passed a posse of mounted police. The sergeant, Hooper, who came from Surrey, England, stopped to speak to me. He had been commissioned to arrest thirteen troublesome Indians in different localities and had got six of them. Mr. Nicholls kindly hitched up his own horse as soon as I told him my errand and we started out to visit the different reserves. The first was OKeness (rose bud) the chief was a tall wild looking man. His dress consisted of a gentleman's waistcoat over his

naked skin, a waist cloth, and a pair of Indian leggings. He squatted on the ground while I talked to him and looked at my Pohto's. I spoke to him in Ojibway and though, Cree he understood me fairly and seemed to approve of the Indian children being educated, but did not think they would send their children so far. We then went 3 miles to the next reserve in quest of chief Pepekezi's (night Hawk) and we found him driving a hay rake. He stopped when we came up. It seemed a strange mixture of civilization and savagery to see that Indian Chief with his long raven locks almost hiding his eyes and falling over his shoulders and his wild looking Indian attire perched up on one of these new fashioned brightly painted hay rakes. His Indian pony with only a thong in his mouth to guide him. I had some conversation with him and he seemed to understand me fairly but the result was about the same as the other chief to whom I had spoken. Time was rapidly passing and we had to hurry on with as much speed as possible to the third Reserve that of "Star Blanket" about four miles in another direction. We did not expect to do much with this chief as he has had a bad name and has been in prison for aiding the rebellion. He and his wife were busy in the hay-field, he was by no means an evil looking man but had rather a pleasant expression. He could not understand Ojibway so I showed him my photographs and then we went back to Mr. Nicholls house where dinner was waiting for us. I was surprised to find these Indians doing so well as they were reported to be the worst in the district. Leaving Mr. Nicholls we had 19 miles to travel to reach Qu'Appelle and arriving at 5 p.m. I went to the post office but no letter had come from the Lieutenant Governor.

Wednesday, Aug. 12th. We got all packed up and at 11.30 I received a letter from the Lieutenant Governor saying that he had referred the matter to Ottawa. I then started for Regina and visited Pausguah's reserve. Pausguah was tired of waiting and had had gone off so I left directions in regard to Pausguah going with me after hearing from Ottawa, we then went to Muskuhwepeetwings and the Indians came crowding round and I bought some things from them and talked to them and asked why they were all Pagans, whether they objected to the white man's religion. "No we are just ignorant that is what is the matter, we dont know anything." I think a protestant missionary here with Gods blessing would meet with great success. We then started for Pie-a-pot's reserve some 15 miles distant, but after travelling until after dark we decided to camp on the open prairie although we could get no water to drink, rather than risk losing the trail. It proved to be the coldest night we had experienced.

Aug. 13th. It was a glorious morning and the sun soon made its beams felt, we had seven miles to go and had breakfast with Mr. Mead, while we were eating chief Pie-a-pot came in and I had a long talk with him. He said he would go with me if the government would pay his expenses. At 9.30 a.m. we started for Regina 30 miles drive across prairie. My boys amused themselves by shooting

at the little gophers and gathering berries. By 5 p.m. we were in sight of Regina and I met Mr. McKinnon. He told me that Pie-a-pot had spoken a good deal about my visit and would like to go below with me and would take his son with him if the government would pay expenses. We got to Regina at 6 p.m. I called on the Lieutenant Governor in the morning who received me most kindly and telegraphed to Ottawa to find out if the government would accede to my request about taking the chiefs, and he also consented to let me take sketches of the prisoners in the barracks. I then went to see Stanley Simpson who had been one of Big Bear's prisoners and found him looking very ill and had been so ever since his release. I also received a letter from Bishop Anson stating that he quite approved of my plans in regard to building Homes in the North West. The government not seeing fit to agree to my proposals with regard to the Indian Chiefs my three boys and I started for home.

JOTTINGS.

The Provincial Synod will be held in September in Montreal

St. James' Sunday School, Kingston, is about to re-publish the Shingwauk Hymn-book. Any Sunday Schools that would like to adopt it will please communicate with Rev. J. K. McMorine, Kingston, Ont.

It cost the United States government \$1,848,000 to care for 2,200 Dakota Indians seven years, while they were savages. After they were Christianized it cost for seven years, \$120,000 a saving of \$1,728,000. This is a fact that should tell with the political economist.

* 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 two 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.

In Canada we pay every year the following little bills for household expenses:—

Drink.....	\$ 27 628 000
Iron and steel.....	27 000 000
Meat.....	22 475 000
Bread.....	21 675 000
Woolen goods.....	13 803 000
Sugar and molasses.....	9 757 000
Schools.....	8 000 000
Christian missions.....	400 000

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The Bishop desires, gratefully, to make the following acknowledgements.

MISSION FUND.—Miss Wigram, per the "Net" (£1.5.6) \$6,20 ; Miss Bellingham (£20.0.0) \$97,33 ; Rev. Canon Hayes, Dromore, per the Bishop of Qu'Appelle £4.0.0., \$19,20 ; Miss Wittingham, per Rev. J. Wilkinson (£1.0.0) \$4.86 ; Miss Grace M. Home, for Neepigon (£3.0.0., \$14,60 ; Woman's Missicn Aid and S. S., Granby, \$14.76 ; St. George's St. Catherine's, \$10.00.

CHURCH AND PARSONAGE FUND.—Rev. E. L. Rexford's bible class, Quebec, \$20.00 ; G. Lightbound, \$50.00. *Per Mrs. Henderson.*—Mrs. Buchanan \$10 ; For Shingwauk \$10 ; Rev. S. Gibson \$10 ; Mrs. Skelton ; R. \$1.00 ; A. A. Jones, special, \$500,00 ; Sunday School, St. Thomas, Hamilton, \$30.00 ; Nova Scotia, \$25.00. *Per Messrs Drummond.*—Lady Pepys. £1.0.0. ; D. Saw, bridge, £1.10 ; Messrs. Hutchinson, £1.1.0 ; Rev. H. J. Rhodes £11.5.0 ; Miss Oxenden, £4.0.0 ; Marchioness of Ripon, £5.0.0 ; Lady Hobart, £2.0.0 ; The Misses Bruce, £5.0.0 ; Per Mrs Bromfield, £2.19.0 ; Per Mrs. Bere, £34.7.0 ; Miss Wilson and friends, £13.15.0 ; Miss Elsdale's bible class, £0.10.0 ; Mrs. Kelley, per Commander Harvey, £1.0.0.

Some of these contributions date as far back as January, and consequently may have been acknowledged in a previous number.

RECEIPTS, INDIAN HOMES.

MARCH, 1886.

St. Matthias Sunday sch., Montreal, for boy	\$25 00
St. James' Sunday school, Hudson for boy	20 50
Grace church S. S., Sutton, for Shingwauk	1 50
The late Mrs Kerns bequest, for Wawanosh	150 00
St. Stephen's Sunday school, Toronto, for girl	10 00
St. George's S.S., class No. 2 Guelph Wawanosh	3 00
St. John's ch. S. S. St. John, N. B. for boy	75 00
St. Peter's Guild, Sherbrooke, for girl	18 75
Church of Redeemer Sunday school, for boy	18 75
Cathedral Sunday school, Quebec, Wawanosh	10 00
Trinity Sunday school, St. John N.B. for boy	18 75
" " " " " for girl	18 75
St. Matthew's Sunday School, Quebec, boy	50 00
St. John's church, Belleville, for Wawanosh	3 53
Christ church, Cataraqui, for Indian Homes	14 10
St. Paul's Sunday school, London, for boy	37 50
Joseph Esquimau, for his wife	20 00
Memorial church Sunday school, London boy	18 75
St. Mark's Sunday school, Parkdale, for boy	16 73
Henry Rowsell, for Shingwauk	10 00
do Wawanosh	10 00

\$550 61

APRIL 1886.

St. Peter's S. S. Rothesay, for Wawanosh	\$ 2 50
St. Mary Magd. S. S., Napanee for Homes	25 00
Chapter House Sunday sch. London for boy	20 00
Church of Ascension S. S., Hamilton for boy	75 00
Mrs Bere, for Shingwauk	2 40
Miss Loosemore, Sunday school class	2 43

W. W. Colwell.....
Per Miss Day, working people, Busxted, Eng
Total.....\$17

RECEIPTS FOR SHINGWAUK EXTENSION

MARCH 1ST TO APRIL 12TH, 1886.

Mrs Gaviller \$10 ; Rev. G. M. Armstrong
Messrs. Oxenden \$54.75 ; W. B. Saunders, Sunday
school, Stayner, \$5 ; Joseph Esquimau \$2 ; E.
Garden \$2 ; Collected by Mrs Williams \$20. Total
\$94.75.

ALGOMA MISSIONARY NEWS SUBSCRIPTIONS

MARCH, 1886

Rev. S. Belcher \$1 ; Isaac Altman, 10c ; Rev.
H. Gallaher 40c ; Mrs Gaviller 25c ; Mrs Green
25c ; A. Down \$1 ; Miss E. J. Robins 20c ; Mrs
Marsh 80c ; Miss Badgley \$1.78 ; Jos. Esquima
25c ; Mrs E. Gilbert 40c ; Mrs Maingy 20c ;
Archdeacon Marsh 90c ; Geo. F. Jewell \$4 ; M.
Westmacott \$3 ; Miss E. J. Robins 20c ; Mrs
son \$1 ; Rev. H. Beer 75c ; Rev. W. Rainsford \$1
Mrs MacLean Howard \$1 ; S. E. Byles 20c ;
Bartlett 87c. Total \$19.65.

APRIL, 1886.

Miss Shannon 50c ; Miss Day, Buxted Eng. \$1
John Michaelson 25c ; Mrs Tippett 80c ; M.
Beaven \$3.35 ; Mrs B. W. Donnelly \$1 ; Mrs M.
gan 25c ; Mrs Bere \$8.16. Total \$15.31.

SHINGWAUK HOME FOR INDIAN BOYS

\$75 (£15) feeds and clothes a boy for one year
\$50 will provide food for one year. Contribution
to general fund and to the Branch Homes solicited
ed. In England, address MRS. WM. MARTIN,
Bloomsbury Square, London, W. C. In Canada
REV. E. F. WILSON, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

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,
Arreton, Isle of Wight.

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