



### Fighting Fire on the C. P. R.

THE following is a short account of the bush fire which did much damage on the C.P.R. Line, between the Sault and Algoma Mills. On Wednesday morning, July 11th, we left Bruce Mines at 8.30, *en route* for Dean Lake, where some work was to be laid out. Early that morning a very strong North-west wind began to blow, increasing in the afternoon to a gale. We stopped at Thessalon for dinner about 12 o'clock. I may here say that our party consisted of six: Mr. H—, our chief; Mr. L—, his assistant; myself and three men. We were travelling on a hand-car which, as you may imagine, was pretty well loaded, carrying besides ourselves, two instruments, baggage, rod, picket, etc. The first sign of the fire we saw was beyond Dayton, about 60 miles East of the Sault. This was a dense wall of smoke moving across the track and completely hiding everything beyond it. On the line just opposite the first fire, we found a woman and three little ones sitting beside three huge bundles in which was all they had saved. She was French and knew very little English. Her description was something like this: "We see big smoke; think all right. Pretty soon smoke get bad—we scared. Fall down all heap. Pretty soon get better, legs weak. Some men come help save something. You see my husband soon down line—tell him to come." And there was a good deal of pathos in that "Tell him to come." We had no time to stay, and as she was out of danger, we got on as fast as possible. Some ten miles back we had picked up a man whose house we were fast approaching, and as we neared it he said in a very ordinary tone: "Well, I guess I'm burnt out too." In a few minutes we caught sight of the house uninjured, and he remarked: "I guess I'm not," as if getting burnt out was a weekly occurrence with him. By this time the heat was getting terrific, as we had to pass within a few feet of blazing wood piles, and we noticed in one place that the track was on fire. At last we reached the telegraph office, and found things in a state of confusion, easier to imagine than describe. Our first job was to get shovels and pump back to where the track was burning, and do our best to save it. I thought I knew what heat was, but I found out my mistake, shovelling earth in front of that red hot wood

pile. However we saved the track. We all got more or less scorched. I got the hair burnt off the back of my hand, and also one gulp of hot air with a good deal of smoke in it, which made me feel as if there was a bush fire somewhere inside me. When we got back to the office we found an immense pile of some 50 or 60 cords of wood had caught fire, and was one huge glowing mass. The smoke was so painful that, as one of the men remarked: "Everybody's eyes looked as if their girl had died." About 7 o'clock we managed to get some tea, and a disreputable lot we must have looked, I know we felt it. After tea came the job of mending telegraph wires. Trees had fallen across them; the poles had been burnt, and things were in a terrible mess generally. A train was expected, and if it were not stopped the results would be serious. In about two hours we had both wires working both ways, right through the fire. The scene was simply magnificent, though I'm afraid we did not appreciate it as we ought. The ground was covered with a dense cloud of smoke, through which we could see the flames darting up all round us. Men were shouting, trees were crashing, hand-cars running up and down the line, and above it all rose the roar of the fire. The gravel pit was the grandest sight of all. There was a large camp in it; the bush came close upon each side of it, and it was a perfect mass of fire seen with the black trees standing out against the red flame, which every now and then would wrap itself round them, it was a sight not easily forgotten. There were about 100 Italians there, each of them more excited than the rest; they dug holes, buried their possessions and ran for their lives. The next day I saw one of them digging away at a large hole, and presently, with a shout of triumph, he pulled out an old straw hat which cost, when new, about 10 cents. That Italian is going to get along well in this world. About 11 o'clock p.m. the worst of the fire was over. You will get some idea of it when I say that about one thousand cords of wood and a great number of fence posts were burnt outside of the bush fire itself. At about 12 o'clock we started for Algoma Mills, taking Mr. Ramsay the chief engineer, down with us, we made the 18 miles in less than an hour-and-a-half, which was very good going considering the day's work we had done. The fire is supposed to have originated in the

men lighting smudges to keep off the flies. The loss to the company is estimated at about eight thousand dollars. This account is rather a disjointed one, but down the line at that time most things were disjointed.

ANON.

#### Manitoulin Jottings.

THERE was a large congregation of Indians assembled in St. Andrew's Church on the second Sunday in June. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity. Some benches had to be brought in from the old school-house. There was a large number came over from White Fish River Reserve on the previous day and camped on the shore. These, together with the Indians of Sheguiandah, made the congregation so large. Sermon in the Indian tongue was preached by the missionary.

OCCASIONAL services are being held on Spanish River, in connection with the Sheguiandah Mission. Service was held on Thursday Evening, July 5, at the company's farm, where a good congregation assembled; also on Friday, at the Indian Village, 16 miles up the river. A good congregation of Indians gathered here, and one child was baptized. The parents were Roman Catholics, but wish to join the Church of England. Some Pagans were present at this service. In the evening, service was held five miles down the river, where a good many Indians were working. This was a very impressive service, and we hope good was done. One child was baptized. The missionary was travelling in a small skiff.

REGULAR services are again held in All Saints Church, Gore Bay, which was closed last winter, owing to scarcity of funds. Mr. Pyke, of Toronto University, has been appointed by the Bishop to hold services during the summer, and is doing good work. Rev. F. Frost, of Sheguiandah, came up on Sunday, July 8, to administer Holy Communion. There was a good number of communicants. The sermon was from 1 Cor. 10, 16. In the afternoon, Holy Communion was administered to a sick person, at his home. The Sunday School was well attended, the children well-behaved and intelligent, answering readily the questions put to them. In the evening, the congregation was so large that some had to go away.

ON Sunday, July 1st, Rev. Mr. Frost, of Sheguiandah, administered Holy Communion at St. Paul's Church, Manitowaning. A good congregation assembled, and a goodly number of communicants. Mr. Robertson, from Wycliff College, is acting as catechist here, and is very successful. He preached at Sheguiandah (Indian and white), Sucker Creek (Indian), and Little Current, exchanging with Mr. Frost. He says it seems strange to preach to the Indians; he don't think they understand English sermons very well, for some go to sleep. He loves to hear them sing. A large congregation of Indians came to worship at

Sucker Creek on the occasion of his visit, and at Little Current, in the evening, the church was crowded, and they listened with great interest to the sermon.

#### Port Carling.

PORT CARLING, July 1888.

MRS. KNIGHT begs to thank very heartily the unknown sender of a box of very useful clothing, which reached her just as she was leaving Port Carling. She is sure the giver or givers will be glad to know that the articles are most useful, and came at a time when they were much needed. Both they and the good-will prompting the gift are highly valued by her. No address or clue being sent with them, she can only show her gratituded by this notice.

#### Rural Deanery of Parry Sound and Nippissing.

THE second quarterly meeting of this Deanery was held at Broadbents Church, Tuesday and Wednesday, June 5 and 6.

The clergy present being the Rev. A. W. H. Chowne, B.D., Rural Dean; and the Rev. Messrs. J. Manning and G. H. Gaviller. The programme consisted of Evensong, Tuesday at 6.30, when the Rev. J. Manning delivered a powerful and impressive sermon from the words in Isaiah 40, 1-2; on Wednesday the Holy Communion was administered at 8 a.m., the Rural Dean being celebrant. A business meeting of the chapter was held in the church at 10 a.m., and at 6.30 a Missionary Meeting, which was well attended, at which the Rev. G. H. Gaviller preached from the text Hebrews 13, 16; and Rev. J. Manning delivered a General Missionary Address.

#### Gravenhurst.

THE new Church is progressing satisfactorily. The walls are up, and the tower, 55 feet high, is nearly finished. The building is 62 x 30 ft.; of this, 10 feet at the east is raised two steps for choir and organ; beyond is an apsis, 12 feet deep by 18 feet wide, raised another step for reading desk and pulpit, and another step for the rail. The church measures 75 feet over all, in length. We hope to have colored glass windows all through the church, several are already presented. All the work is being well done. Mr. Moore, the contractor of the wood work, is giving us a strong and serviceable building, and his work does him great credit. The members of the Ladies' Aid Society held a fancy sale on the 21st, and intend to open again on July 2nd. They have \$80 on hand, their object being to secure a bell for the new church.

#### Discouraged.

THE Editor of this paper is discouraged and disheartened at the seeming lack of sympathy and co-operation on the part of Algoma clergy, in keeping up this little monthly paper, the "ALGOMA MISSIONARY NEWS. After all that was spoken and all that was said at the conference at Parry Sound, just

a year ago, he certainly expected that the clergy would join with him and give a little time and thought to the production of this little paper, so that it might become, as it ought to be, the voice of this Missionary Diocese, telling on its four pages the bright things and the shadowy things, the gay things and the sad things, of our missionary life. It seems to us that the present lack of clergy for carrying on the work, and the lack of means of which our Bishop complains for supporting them, is due very much to the apathy which has been shewn towards our little periodical. Whatever news there is to tell goes into the Toronto church papers, instead of coming to us. Even the contributions to Algoma are never sent to us for publication, unless it be a clipping from the *Evangelical Churchman*. In the days gone by, the Diocesan receipts used to be regularly published, besides a balance sheet once a year, shewing the financial position of the Diocese. At the request of the Bishop and clergy, we last year, at Parry Sound, agreed to continue the editorship on the condition that the clergy would all join and help in the work; but, so far from doing this the apathy seems to be growing worse and worse. For the lack of other material, we have occupied our pages lately with "Old Recollections" of the Diocese, and clippings from other papers; but this cannot keep on. If the clergy do not care for the paper, it is useless to publish it. We now give notice that we do not guarantee to issue the paper monthly unless material sufficient is put into our hands. We are sorry to say this, but are forced to do so. Out of 800 inches of matter since the beginning of the year, 239 inches only were Diocesan; in June, 3 inches out of 80; in July, 10 inches out of 160.

#### Memoir of Bishop Fauquiere.

BY MISS PIGOT.

(Continued from July Number).

**M**RS. FAUQUIERE had done what she could, and on Friday, the 4th of November, 1881, at Mount Vernon, New York, was released from her long years of suffering in her 57th year. A loss indeed to her husband, her friends, and the many recipients of her kindness and wise counsel, but a gain to her. She is gone to be with Him, whom absent she loved, whom not having seen she adored. Great as the blow was, Bishop Fauquiere felt that however he himself might suffer in his now lonely home, his duty still called him to continue his labors, and his plans for the following winter were laid out. His health had failed much, and at times he had hardly been able to get through his duties. During the last summer, at one Mission he had been so utterly exhausted by pain that, after the service, he was scarcely able, even with the clergyman's assistance, to walk to his lodgings; yet, the next day he preached three times. On Advent Sunday, three days before his death, on some friends remarking it was a pity that, feeling so ill, he should come out in such stormy weather, he said: "This is

my place; I could not remain at home if I could possibly get to the House of God." In his sermon he urged his hearers to "be ready," for they knew not the day nor the hour when the Son of Man might come. After burying Mrs. Fauquiere in New York, the Bishop, accompanied by his niece, went to Drummondville, and then to Toronto, arriving there on the 6th of December. As he felt very ill on the journey, his niece advised him to see a medical man, which he promised to do; but, feeling better next morning, the doctor was not sent for. He spent part of the morning of the 7th in writing, and a portion of the last letter he wrote (to Mr. Wilson) may again be copied: "I have been too long in acknowledging your kind letter, but a severe bilious cold, accompanied by dyspepsia, etc., from which I have not altogether recovered, has made me feel altogether unequal to letter writing. I arrived here last night, and hope to be well enough to leave on Friday for Bracebridge. The sad void which my dear wife's departure hence has made seems to grow wider and deeper, and it seems difficult to settle down to work as of old. Although I was obliged to be so often away from her, there was always a something for me to look forward to on my return, which now there cannot be; and I fear that a feeling, closely akin to selfishness, though I trust not murmuring or repining, is growing on me. I must try to realize more fully than I have done in the past what a blessing her presence for more than thirty years has been. How true it is, that we seldom appreciate our blessings and privileges till they are taken from us." Soon after writing this, Bishop Fauquiere was in the hall putting on his coat to go out to lunch at the Rev. J. Cayley's, when he was heard to fall. Those who ran to his assistance found he had raised himself against a hall chair, and was sitting resting his head on his hand, but, with a deep groan, he fell forward on the floor. Dr. Temple was sent for, but life was extinct. He was in his 65th year. The sad event caused great grief throughout the Diocese. Bishop Fauquiere's remains were preserved in a vault in St. James' Cemetery, Toronto, until the opening of navigation in the spring, rendered it possible to convey both his body and Mrs. Fauquiere's to Sault Ste. Marie, as it was their wish to be buried in the little cemetery belonging to the Shingwauk Home, which Bishop Fauquiere himself had consecrated. The cemetery is a lovely little spot in the partly-cleared bush at the back of the Home, on a ridge of land sloping down to a small lake, on the opposite side of which rise the firs and pines of the "everlasting woods;" while the shore of the lake is covered with the beautiful flowers which grow wild in Canada. The ALGOMA MISSIONARY NEWS tells us that the remains of our late Bishop and his beloved wife, Mrs. Fauquiere, arrived at Sault Ste. Marie by steamer on Sunday, May 21st, 1882, in charge of Messrs. Arnold and Fritz Fauquiere. A rustic catafalque of fir branches and black drapery had been erected at the Shingwauk Home, on the site of the memorial chapel, and thither the bodies were conveyed immediately on their arrival;

two Indian boys being stationed as mutes. Over the catafalque, in white letters on black ground, the words, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," and on either side the significant words, "Rest," "Peace;" above was a Union Jack, folded and looped with crape. The funeral was on the following day, May 22nd, at 3 p.m. Nearly all the leading people from the village and country round about attended, irrespective of denomination, and among the sixteen pall bearers were Presbyterians, Methodists, Roman Catholics, besides members of the Church of England. The clergy went first in their surplices, then the Indian boys, two and two, with black scarves; the little Indian boy, Jackson, who had been supported by the late Bishop Fauquiere, carrying a black banner with the words, "He rests from his labors;" then came the hearse bearing the late Bishop's remains, with four horses, all draped, and eight pall bearers; the public mourners on foot, two and two; then the Wawanosh girls, one of them, Susan Rodd, bearing a black banner with the words, "She is not dead, but sleepeth;" then the hearse, drawn by two horses, and attended by eight pall-bearers; then members of the family, and other mourners—a long, mournful procession. Thus they proceeded to the little cemetery, a little behind the Shingwauk Home. A vault had been prepared, and the two coffins were laid within it, side by side, with the flowers which had been placed upon them, and the latter part of the burial service read. The banners, which the Indian children carried, were left on the grave. Thus, the good, kind-hearted, noble, self-sacrificing Bishop, the first Bishop of this wild missionary Diocese, and his poor afflicted, yet earnest-working wife, both of whom had hearts large enough to love both the white settlers and the Indians, and who labored so earnestly for their welfare during the latter part of their lives, are now laid side by side in the little Indian cemetery, to await the glorious, joyful resurrection, when the Saviour of mankind shall return in glory, when the Bridegroom shall come to claim his Bride.

Now, writing in 1888, a marble monument covers the vault, and a few more of the Indian children lie around the good Bishop. William Sahgucheway, whose death took place but a few days before the funeral of Bishop Fauquiere and his wife; and close to the grave of Frederick, Bishop Fauquiere's beloved godson, rest Louis and Beaconsfield, from the north of Lake Superior; and recently has been added to the number, David Etukitsen, a Blackfoot boy, who, by God's mercy, had been baptized the afternoon before he died. Now, too, on the spot where the bodies rested, stands the Fauquiere Memorial Chapel, built in the style which in England is known as "half-timbered," that is, the oaken beams are set in pallirus, filled in with rough stone-work. The high-pitched roof is surmounted by a little bell turret, containing a sweet-toned bell; a lychgate of oak and cedar leads from the road, and the chapel, which is approached by a flight of six steps, is fitted up with polished oak, and ornamented with texts and scroll-work in oak, and,

when filled with its congregation of Indian boys and girls, is a sight which would have rejoiced the heart of the good man to whose memory and the glory of God, it has been erected.

#### Jottings.

GARDEN RIVER Indian Mission is without a missionary.

THE Rev. F. C. Berry expects shortly to leave Bruce Mines.

THE Rev. E. F. Wilson arrived home from his N.W. trip, July 1st.

TORONTO is the only Diocese that takes copies of the A.M.N. in bulk and distributes them in a systematic way.

THE Bishop expects to leave England on his return voyage, August 3rd. He will visit Muskoka before going to the Sault.

#### Diocese of Algoma.

(From *Evangelical Churchman*.)

The Treasurer has to acknowledge the following contributions: Missionaries' Stipend Fund, Willing Workers, St. James' Church, Orillia, per Miss C. Stewart, \$18.50; John Gault, Esq., Montreal, \$45; Rev. Mr. Rexford's Bible Class, Montreal, \$25; Rev. G. M. Wrong's Bible Class, Church of Redeemer, Toronto, \$40. *Nepigon Mission Fund*, St. James' Cathedral, P.M.A., per Mrs. Strachan, \$15. *Parry Sound District Mission*, Rev. C. C. Kemp, \$5. *Widows' and Orphans' Fund*, Mrs. Murphy, per Mrs. Moss, \$4; Miss Mucklebury, per Mrs. Moss, \$1.13.

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