



The Algoma Missionary News



The Official Organ
of the
Diocese of Algoma

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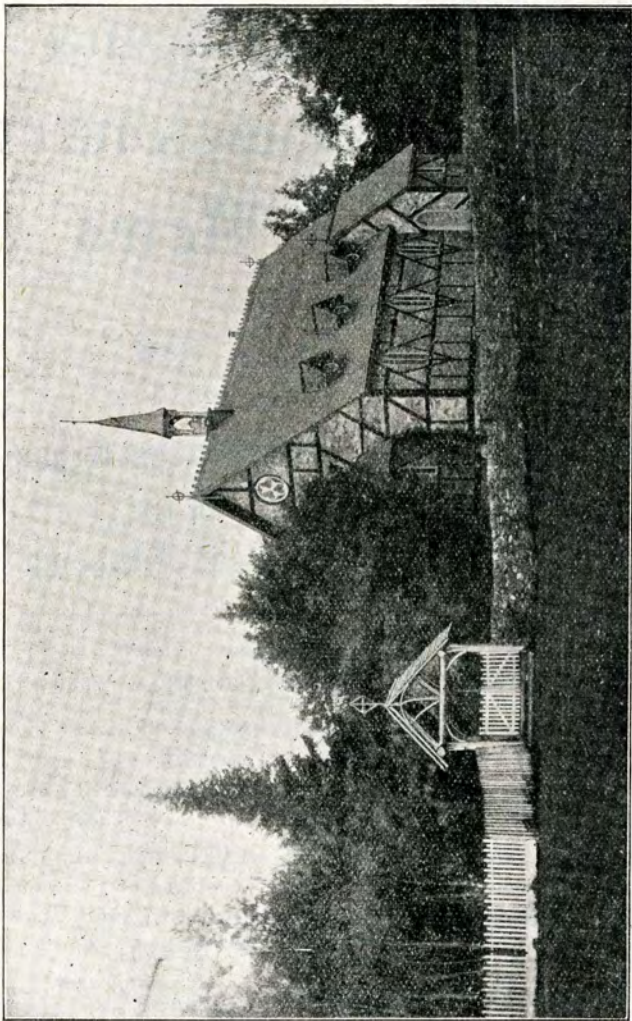
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THE BISHOP FAUQUIER MEMORIAL CHAPEL.



The Algoma Missionary News

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The Evening Star

The sun had gone down in the distant west,
To lighten the lands afar,
When on me there shone, like an angel friend,
The beautiful evening star.

And many an evening its silver rays,
Did brighten the sky afar,
And with me, it lingered, a welcome guest,
The beautiful evening star.

One night, however, I found it had fled
From the darkened sky afar,
No more to be seen as my faithful friend,
The beautiful evening star.

A long time had passed, when at dawn of day,
Behold in the east afar,
It appeared again like a diamond bright,
A beautiful morning star.

May we learn from this, that a loved one gone
Away from this earth afar,
Shall return at dawn of eternal day,
Like a beautiful morning star.

REV. LAWRENCE SINCLAIR.

Huntsville, Ontario.



THE BISHOP FAUQUIER MEMORIAL CHAPEL

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Friday, July 31st, 1874 was a gala day at Sault Ste. Marie, for on that day the little village was visited by the Earl of Dufferin Governor-General of Canada, who was enjoying a trip to the upper lakes at the time, and had promised to stop off at the Sault to lay the corner stone of the Shingwauk Home.

Great preparations had been made at the site of the home, arches erected, flagpoles put up and flags hoisted, and a splendid luncheon prepared in the carpenter shop, which was the first of the buildings to be erected.

At 1 p.m. the steamer Chicora, which had been chartered by the vice-regal party, drew up at the Sault dock. His Excellency, on landing was welcomed by the leading citizens, who presented him with a loyal address, to which he made a suitable reply. During the proceedings a salute was fired by a company of volunteers.

After some introductions, the Governor General and Lady Dufferin embarked for the Shingwauk Home. They were followed by quite a fleet of other boats, and in due time all were landed at the newly made Shingwauk dock. Here they were welcomed by the Rev. E. F. Wilson, the founder of the new home, and for years its principal. In the absence of the Bishop. Mr. Wilson escorted the vice-regal party to the site of the new building. A short service was held, conducted by the two visiting clergymen, during which the stone was laid by His Excellency, who afterwards gave a short address, expressing his deep interest in the welfare of the Indians of this country, and wishing every success to the work of the institution then being founded.

Mr. Wilson expressed the grateful thanks of all connected with the work for the honour His Excellency and Lady Dufferin had conferred upon them by their visit, and then all repaired for luncheon to the carpenter shop, which had been tastefully decorated with flowers and scarlet bunting. The ladies of the Sault had been most liberal in providing the luncheon, and were highly complimented by the Governor General.

All events passed off most agreeably, and there were many hearty cheers as the little steamboat crossed the river under a salute, taking the governor and his party to the American Sault.

Twenty men were at work on the foundations of the new home the day after the visit, and the work went forward as rapidly as possible. The building was ready for occupation the following summer and was formally opened on August 2, 1875, by the Bishops of Huron and Algoma.

THE COMMEMORATION

The anniversary was quietly observed at the Shingwauk Home on the 31st July. A celebration of Holy Communion was held in the Bishop Fauquier Memorial Chapel at 10 o'clock, at which the Ven. Archdeacon Gillmor was celebrant, assisted by the Rev. B. P. Fuller, Principal of the Home.

Following the service there was a meeting on the lawn. Addresses were given by the Principal, the Archdeacon, and Mr. W. J. Thompson. Mr. Michael Lacelle, a former Shingwauk pupil, paid an earnest tribute to the training given at the Home. The Rev. F. W. Colloton read the account given in Mr. Wilson's book, "Missionary Work among the Ojebway Indians," of the laying of the corner stone, together with the speech of the Governor General on that occasion, which recalled in a vivid manner the events of fifty years ago. One of the very pleasant features of the gathering was the presence of Mr. Frank Bennetts, a resident of the Sault, who had been present at the ceremony half a century ago.

At the close of the meeting refreshments were served by the Home staff, assisted by some of the older girls who are pupils in the Home.

Throughout the commemoration there was a note of thanksgiving for the work of the past, and of confidence that with God's blessing the united Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes will continue their beneficent work for the Indian race for many years to come.

BISHOP WHITE IN MUSKOKA

Among the distinguished visitors who have spent some part of the summer in Muskoka is the Right Rev. W. C. White, D. D., Bishop of the Missionary Diocese of Honan, China. Dr. and Mrs. White have been sojourning at Cartwright Cottage on Fairy Lake, near Huntsville. The Rev. L. Sinclair writes interestingly of a visit paid to the Bishop, who gave him an account of the work in his Diocese, work for which the Canadian Church is responsible. On his return to Honan Bishop White hopes to ordain at least six native candidates to the Diaconate. His great desire is to create a native ministry, and he looks forward to being the last "foreign" bishop in the diocese. We trust the Bishop and Mrs. White may gain much benefit from their rest and recreation in Algoma.

The Rev. A. P. Banks has returned to the Diocese after an absence of some years spent in the service of the American Church. Mr. Banks has had charge of a parish in the Virgin Islands, part of the Missionary district of Porto Rico. He entered upon his duties as Rector of Byng Inlet on the 15th of August. Mr. Banks will receive a hearty welcome from many old friends on his return to the Diocese.



Confirmation Class, Shingwauk & Wawanosh Homes, April 16, 1924.—Courtesy of 'The Living Message.'

THE LESSONS OF SILENCE

A Paper Read at a Deanery Meeting held at Sault Ste. Marie, May 21st, 1924, by the Rev. John Tate, of Thessalon

Some years ago I was visiting a friend at his vicarage house in a quiet country village in Oxfordshire. It was quite a small village, within a rural neighborhood.

It was delightful to wander around his garden and shrubberies, to contemplate the large variety of trees of the forest, and other trees and flowers, natives of many lands, planted there by an incumbent before him. It was pleasant to look up from these to the drifting clouds crossing the sky, and to draw a lesson therefrom—passing clouds upon the eternal blue; and again to have one's thought brought back within the range of material objects and limited time by the presence of a dominating piece of masonry, the church tower; and to hear the measure of time chimed upon the church bells.

This was delightful and pleasant, I say; but there was something yet beyond, this was not the end of the quietism of the day. I rambled upon the path and strayed upon the lawn; and then through the wicket gate, under an immense tree-hedge of yews, into the churchyard, and yet further.

Stepping quietly within the open door of the church, I saw my friend was seated there alone, book in hand, in one of the pews toward the front of the nave. I paused, standing at the back. Presently he turned, stood up, and without hurry walked toward me. I begged him to pardon my intrusion, and would not have him take it as an interruption. "It is nice to sit in the quiet of the church," he said, "but come, let us walk around." He led me into the graveyard, and to a little white marble headstone; then he asked me to read, and to note the last words, words ending with a hyphen. It was a memorial to the little daughter of a late Vicar, his predecessor, who, I believe, had lived to about her twelfth year without seeing light. She was blind. The last words upon that stone were the words she cried in ecstasy within her dying moments: "I see, I see -."

What did she see? She who never saw on earth—what now? To what were these last words hyphenated? What the vision which brought forth that joyful cry?

Look at the grading of thought in that simple tale, my brethren. First, the contemplation of nature under culture, in that tiny but charming Garden of Eden; and then, the spiritual incentive which turns a man and minister into the quiet of the House of God, where generations before him had loved and served and worshipped. But our thought ascends yet higher. Browning somewhere sings: "Nothing walks with aimless feet." Not with aimless

feet then did I wander into the church that day. Led to the seeing of a man and minister in blessed retirement—I myself at that time a layman—and again led by him (or through him) in his thought to see what might be seen beyond the hyphenated ending of an uplifting epitaph—a lovely idyll among the tombs, a living word from among the graves.

“I see. I see - .” Is not that the end and purpose of what we call a “retreat”—to look upon things not seen, not seen except with the eye of a soul born to immortality? Earth is beautiful, and fellowship is lovely; but neither is yet the summit nor the end of our outlook and rest. To see the King in His beauty, and to rest in the Lord, and to draw other souls thitherward, this is the holding fast the strong hold of our profession and trust to the end of our pilgrimage. That this faith may not be submerged, nor the end defeated, shall we not endeavour to use well the hallowed blessings of quiet, making the occasions more frequent; for is it not true that, even to us, “the world is too much with us?”

And what then of those whose ways seem entirely in the world? “Ye are the light of the world. A city set on an hill cannot be hid.” Therefore we should oft seek in quiet our replenishing from the true Light, the Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

We enter games, giving the glad heart to our fellows. We have a sense of humour; in subordinate things a saving sense it is. But for those with whom we play, with whom we jest, we have a yet deeper concern, the concern of Him who in His great eucharistic prayer set forth the indispensable concern of all your life, “to know Thee the only God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.”

We all know something of solitary goings apart in the upward yearning of our soul, which knows that nothing can revive the parched field upon which we labour but the presence and power of God—even as Thomas A. Kenmpis, in “Retreat,” sets his soul’s desire before us thus: “Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth. Let not Moses speak to me, nor any of the prophets, but do Thou rather speak. They indeed sound forth words, but they cannot give the Spirit and Life. They speak marvellous well, but if Thou be silent they cannot inflame the heart.”

In spacious silences then we should seek Him, under His questionings examining ourselves as to causes of offence, hindrances of vision, darkenings of understanding, our ineptitudes and inquietudes; and again also our contemplations of labour, labour hindered till He gives the word, till we give our obedience, and the stone is rolled away.

On that day when I stepped quietly into the church, it was then discovered there were two of a mind to be seekers in quiet among things hallowed and suggestive. Apart for a while these two were, and yet one in mind and will. The remembrance of

that hour is, at least to one of them, as a treasure possessed—precious as a radiance upon a sometimes troubled past—a happy fellowship through all the years of four decades not yet broken, maintained chiefly in silence and far apart.

Such replenishing thoughts come to me while I am alone. Thus, and that not alone, do I life up my soul. In the parsonage houses of this Diocese, in other houses within the same limits, in thousands of hearts, here and elsewhere, ascends the incense of souls seeking the Father's token of acceptance. It is cheering, it is reassuring, it is strengthening; I like to think upon it, far more so than to spend thought critically upon manners and methods in other fields. Not the field, but the Spirit upon the field, is what first concerns us.

Happily we meet today as citizen clergy to tell of our affairs as other folk tell of theirs. But with a difference. For citizen clergy have heard a call to tell of a citizenship—another and a better—truly the free gift of God, yet only made certain by man's acceptance, his devoted self-surrender to rules of citizenship, by which love answers love, by which mind responds to mind, by which will is joined to will. It is well, brethren, to meet with one another. Highest seal of commission and renewal of commission, has fallen upon men together with one accord in one place. Mighty endowments went forth from such a place, through Jerusalem, in all Judaea and Samaria, and with intent and promise to reach the uttermost parts of the earth.

I have spoken of silences, indicating, amongst other things, leadings to penitence. And now I quote on this matter words helpful—as they seem to me—from Canon Hepher, Missioner of the Diocese of Winchester, in his delightful volume on "The Fruits of Silence":

"Penitence is no sad sunset; rather it is the dawn of a new day, and its true intent is towards the future rather than of the past. Penitence does not linger, mourning over the day that cannot be recalled; but rather, with St. Paul, forgetting the things which are behind, it reaches forward to those things which are before. Nor is abiding penitence an everlasting Miserere, but an eternal hymn of praise: Unto Him that loved us and washed us from sin, unto Him be the glory for ever. Amen.

"That, so far as I know it, is the true spirit which you will meet in the Silence. Nor does this Silence minister to the plague of self-consciousness and morbid introspection. On the contrary, it is the sovereign remedy for such ills. What escape is there, I ask, from self-consciousness save God-consciousness. The miserable miasma of self-consciousness is nothing else than nature's protest against our failure to achieve that for which we were created, namely, consciousness of God. I have spoken of the Silence as a deep retiring into the inner recesses of our being; and so it is. But in that inmost chamber of life we find not self, but

God. The Father which seeth in secret is there found. It is only on the surface of life that we need fear to be obsessed with self and tyrannized over by the morbid consciousness of self. Not the least gift of the Silence is the power which, if perseveringly pursued, it gives of escape from self; and not only from self, but from slavery to the worries, anxieties and moods that constitute, unless we find release from them, so dangerous an element in life, and are so common a source of our feebleness and failure."

Thus ending with the words of the Missioner, I respectfully submit this little contribution to the value of Retreats, and mainly of retreats into silence.

AN INTERNATIONAL CLERICUS

Llewellyn Beach, St. Joseph's Island, the charming summer home of a number of American Churchmen, including several Bishops and other clergy, was the scene of a very happy clerical gathering recently. On Tuesday, August 19th, His Grace the Archbishop, accompanied by ten of the clergy of the See City and surrounding missions, motored to the Beach; and together with two of the brethren from the neighboring Diocese of Marquette, we were received with true American hospitality and royally entertained by Bishop Griswold of Chicago and the other members of the summer colony.

The occasion was the first of what it is hoped will be an annual gathering of a like international character, to be held in turn at the Beach, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, and Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. It was due to the suggestion of the Rev. Richard Haines of St. Joseph's Island, whose previous experience of the summer clericus in Muskoka had convinced him of the value of such meetings of local and visiting clergy. The suggestion, made by him first to the clergy present at the last deanery meeting held at the Sault, and afterwards to the summer residents at Llewellyn Beach, was enthusiastically taken up on both sides, and the recent happy gathering was the result.

On our arrival at the Beach we were immediately seized upon and carried off to the various summer homes where we were to be entertained during our short stay. Rain having rendered the proposed bonfire on the beach impossible, nearly everyone gathered in the large living room of Bishop Maxon's cottage, where the evening was passed with songs, stories and speeches, all in the happiest vein. His Grace the Archbishop gave some account of his visit to England; but was reminded by Bishop Griswold, on behalf of himself and the other young folks present, that it was not complete without a description of the Queen's Dolls' House at Wembley, which His Grace gave in a manner which delighted

young and old alike.

On Wednesday morning there was a celebration of Holy Communion in the Chapel of the Intercession. The Archbishop celebrated, assisted by Bishop Maxon of Tennessee. Later in the morning there was a meeting of the clergy, under the chairmanship of the Rural Deal of Algoma, the Rev. C. W. Balfour. The Rev. B. P. Fuller spoke of missionary and educational work among the Indians, and the Archdeacon gave one of his delightful talks, recalling missionary experiences of forty years ago, especially the humorous ones. Dean DeWitt, of the Western Theological Seminary, Chicago, at the request of the chairman, led a conference on Preaching; and was followed by Bishop Maxon who spoke on the same subject, illustrating it out of a wide experience not only in the ministry but in other walks of life. These two addresses were most helpful and suggestive. A few words from Mr. Haines closed the meeting.

At one o'clock we repaired to the home of Mrs. Warner, where twenty-one clergy and three laymen sat down to a truly wonderful "spread," prepared and served by the ladies of the Beach. After doing full justice to the good things provided we enjoyed speeches from Bishop Griswold, the Archbishop, the Archdeacon, and Mr. Haines. At the close Mr. Mortimer Matthews of Cincinnati spoke on "the Llewellyn Beach idea," which was, he said, "to bring the Church to the seashore," where those who were seeking rest and refreshment during the summer might still enjoy their spiritual privileges, and, like the Apostles of old, might meet their Risen Lord on the beach. In a day when the tendency is to leave religion at home during vacation, it is refreshing to find a summer community where the church is the centre of its life, the bond which unites its members together in happy companionship, where the Holy Communion is celebrated daily, and where Divine Service is an indispensable part of the Lord's own day.

In the evening an immense bonfire illuminated the Beach, and songs new and old—from "Annie Laurie" to "It ain't goin' to rain no more"—were sung by the whole community.

On Thursday morning there was again an early celebration, taken by Bishop Griswold, assisted by the Archdeacon. The order of service was that of the American Prayer Book, with its beautiful and impressive prayer of Consecration; and it was a great privilege to us of the Canadian Church to take part in this service so familiar in its words yet so different in arrangement from our own.

During the morning we took leave of our kind hosts and hostesses and returned to our homes, having been helped and inspired by our contact with our American friends, and with a better knowledge of, and a deeper regard for, our sister Church in the United States.

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M. S. C. C. Apportionment—Sturgeon Falls, \$21.00.

Diocesan Expense Fund—Port Arthur Missions, \$25.00; Powassan, \$26.05.

Gravenhurst Chaplaincy—Diocese of Ottawa, \$50.00.

Widows and Orphans Fund—Rev. Canon Allman, 1923, \$5.00.

Special Purposes

Gurney Memorial House.—Anon. £200 (\$881.14).

Archbishop's Discretion—Miss Swayne, Clifton, Bristol, \$150.00; Algoma W. A., \$50.00.

For Stoles—Algoma W. A., \$50.00.

Mission Boat—Algoma W. A., \$125.00.

Jewish Missions—Gravenhurst, \$5.00.

OVERHEARD IN AN ORCHARD

Said the Robin to the Sparrow:

"I should really like to know

Why these anxious human beings

Rush about and worry so."

Said the Sparrow to the Robin:

"Friend, I think that it must be

That they have no Heavenly Father

Such as cares for you and me."

—Elizabeth Cheney

PERSONAL NOTES

The Rev. P. B. de Lom, who has been on leave of absence for over a year, proposes to sail for Canada the latter part of September, and to return to his work in Algoma. Mr. de Lom has been in Edinburgh since April, having temporary charge of St. Peter's church in that city, also of the mission church at Gilmer-ton, in both of which his work has been greatly appreciated. We shall welcome Mr. de Lom back to Algoma very heartily, and trust that his sojourn in the Old Land has been beneficial in every way.

The Rev. C. W. Hedley, M.A., Rector of the Church of the Transfiguration, Toronto, has been paying a visit to his old diocese, having exchanged duty for a month or so with the Rev. Canon Burt, Rector of Parry Sound.

Mr. F. E. Jewell, a student of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, is working in the Mission of Nipissing and Restoule for the summer.

The Indian Mission of Missanabie has sustained a great loss in the removal of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Finlayson to the West. Mr. Finlayson was the agent of the Hudson's Bay Company and a warden of the church. Previous to their departure the local branch of the Woman's Auxiliary presented Mrs. Finlayson with a life membership in appreciation of her zeal and faithfulness in the work of the Auxiliary.

The staff of the Shingwauk Home, the Rev. F. W. Colloton and family and the Rev. R. H. Fleming and family have in turn enjoyed short vacations at "Adanac Cottage," Thessalon, kindly placed by the owner, Mr. Andrews of Detroit, at the disposal of the clergy and mission workers of the diocese for a considerable part of the summer. All were delighted with the spot, and passed many an informal vote of thanks to Mr. Andrews for his generous thoughtfulness.

You are disappointed. Do remember, if you lose heart about your work, that none of it is lost: that the good of every good deed remains, and breeds, and works on forever; and that all that fails and is lost is the outside shell of the thing, which perhaps might have been better done; but better or worse has nothing to do with the real spiritual good which you have done for men's hearts.—Charles Kingsley.