

To the E litior—When I closed the last letter His Lordship was to leave for the next Indian mission. It was by land to South Bay, by way of Wikwemikongsing. I will not attempt to describe the journey—it was too rough. Such roads, such huge rocks I never drove over! It was Monday morning; the rain fell slowly, but in spite of all this the Indians were in good numbers. The buggy had been prepared some time previous, canopied and decorated with all the showy colors and the good taste of which the Indian is capable. The driver was a jolly good fellow, but too easily led. He allowed his neighbor to send us on a new road—that is to say over an open space in the wood where the stumps were cut kind of low. However he managed a team well, and landed us safe at Wikwemikongsing. We were met by the whole populace, and received with military honors. High Mass was immediately sung by one of the most active and I am sure one of the oldest missionary priests in the world—eighty-six years of age and fifty-four years of missionary life. Then followed the confirmation of eight children.

Here we changed horses to continue our journey to South Bay. The change of horses by no means made the journey easier. But to make bad worse, when leaving the village I was presented with a flag by the chief, a big, burly fellow whom, notwithstanding my unwillingness to bear it, I dare not refuse. We were followed by the *elite* of the village to South Bay, where we arrived late in the afternoon. While the children were examined and prepared, the two villages organized a foot ball match. The game was interesting and well played even scientifically. After the Mass and confirmation of twenty three children the next morning we retraced our steps over the much-dreaded road to Wikwemikong.

The next morning we set out by boat to West Bay. Sailing north we rounded Ignatius Pt., west of William Island. Then north by north-west to Burnt Island, through the O'Connor pass, escaping Casey Island; then south by west, passing Goat Island, Strawberry Island and Little Current, to Best Bay. What fun it is to ride on board of the Santa Maria! It is the personal property of the Rev. Father Paquin, S. J., and suitably named after the great Santa Maria. It is as dear to the Indians of Manitowin as the Santa Maria was to the Cubans. It brings the glad tidings of Christ crucified to these poor and much degraded Indians.

We arrived at West Bay early in the evening on Wednesday. His Lordship gave confirmation to twenty-two children the following day, after which we set out for Shisbigwaning. This is a desolate, crumbling village, the most backward of all the missions. Here His Lordship again gave confirmation on Friday morning and immediately set sail for Algoma, to catch the train for Garden River. Garden River is among the best, if not the best, of the Indian missions. It is a town of five or six hundred inhabitants, and nicely situated on the banks of the Garden River. It possesses a fine church and a school which it is hoped will bring the children to some knowledge of the nineteenth century; although it is extremely difficult for a day school to handle with success Indian children. They need the discipline of a boarding school to rid them of their rude and crude habits and to implant in them habits of foresight and industry.

After High Mass on Sunday forty children were confirmed who were carefully prepared by their zealous pastor, Father Artus. Then His Lordship took the train to Sault Ste. Marie, where he left me till he would return from the North Shore missions. So you will permit me to say a word on the Soo as I have found it.

I would say first that after a storm comes a calm. The Orangemen just concluded their demonstrations on Monday. What a difference in the air of Sault Ste Marie this week and last. Last week the whistling of fifes, the beating of drums, the flying of banners and the tramp of feet hurrying on to do honor to the celebration of the Battle of the Boyne, disturbed the air and brought into the town that turmoil which is so contrary to the reign of God. But on the contrary this week—that peace which affirms in us the reign of God; that peace which disposes us for divine communications; that peace which is so necessary to discern the movements of God; that peace which is a strong aid against temptations; that peace by which we know ourselves; in a word, that true interior peace which is so necessary to all reigns in Sault Ste. Marie. Truly one who has been in the town the closing part of last week, and compare it with the closing of this, can say to the people, God visits this week, the devil last. Why is this? Because it is the week of First Communion and confirmation for the children and adults. The children, possessing that peace which I spoke of above and full of that joy which is good and laudable, which is so necessary and useful to man—that joy which God wishes us to have and the saints possessed—approached the Holy Table and received the important sacrament of confirmation.

His Lordship begins from here his return tour, visiting missions on his way home, where he will arrive early in August. Assist.

N. B.
An account of Bishop O'Connor's (Bishop of Peterborough) visit to Wikwemikong and Missions, Garden River, Sault Ste Marie, July, 1896.

- 1837.

1897. -

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

WIKWEMIKONG, JUNE 22, 1897

— FIRE WORKS. —

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List of Pieces fired from the Dock.

- 190. Roman Candles.
 - 78. Sky Rockets.
 - 36. Large Pin-wheels.
 - 12. Catharine Wheels.
 - 12. Flower Pots.
 - 3. Miniature Batteries.
 - 12. Jubilee Wheels.
 - 12. Triangle Wheels.
 - 12. Vesuvius Fountains.
 - 12. Crimson Batteries.
 - 3. Star Mines.
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Manager. — Chief William Kinoshameg
with the assistance of a committee. + +