

PIONEER WORK
IN ALGOMA

BY
EDA GREEN

S. P. G.

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PIONEER WORK IN ALGOMA



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THE MOST REV. G. THORNELOE, D.D., D.C.L., ARCHBISHOP OF
ALGOMA AND METROPOLITAN OF THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO

PIONEER WORK
IN
ALGOMA

BY
EDA GREEN

AUTHOR OF
'BY LAKE AND FOREST,' AND 'BORNEO: LAND OF RIVER AND PALM'

ILLUSTRATED

Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts

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NOTE

THERE are few dioceses in the world, the work in which is less known in England, but which have a greater claim upon English Churchmen than has the Diocese of Algoma. The number of English settlers does not compare with the number to be found in those dioceses which include the huge Canadian prairie ; but it is, nevertheless, so large, and the wide area over which they are scattered is so great, that the work which is being done amongst them is of a specially difficult character. A thrill of pleasure passed over all who were acquainted with life and work in Algoma when its Bishop recently refused to accept another bishopric that was offered to him, which would have entailed less arduous work than that which he has nobly accomplished during nearly twenty years. We hope that the present volume will draw the attention of many to the needs and claims of this diocese. It is based upon 'By Lake and Forest,' which was written by F. Awdry and Eda Green and has passed through two editions. Since the last of these was issued many changes have taken place.

S.P.G. EDITORIAL SECRETARY.

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PIONEER WORK IN ALGOMA

CHAPTER I

THE RED MAN

THE Red Indian has always been an object of romance. The Germans who sang out from the trenches 'Show us a Canadian!' were evidently much disappointed when only a khaki 'Princess Pat's' was hoisted up. To the boys and girls who read Fenimore Cooper's tales of canoe and wigwam, of tomahawk and scalp, their owners were very real and interesting persons. Later, Longfellow, in 'Hiawatha,' presented the Indian in a more peaceful but no less attractive guise. Modern youth still finds excitement in donning a head-dress of feathers and in masquerading with bow and arrows, while those who have seen the Red man find a singular appeal in his calm dignity and his patient reserve. The names of the Iroquois, the Mohawk, the Blackfoot, and the Pottawattamies are still familiar, and the places where their fathers wandered and fought have an attraction for us, though most of the land has been taken by the White man, and the whirr and pulse of machinery has invaded the silence of forest and lake.

The Diocese of Algoma, which lies in the very heart of Canada, was for many hundred years the home of the Indian alone. The great lakes Superior and Huron, throughout their length of some eight hundred miles, form the southern boundary of Canada and separate it from the United States; Algoma stretches along the northern shores of these lakes, like a narrow bridge, between the old and settled Eastern Canada, and the new North West.

The Ojibway Indians, an Algonquin tribe, were as much at home on the lakes as in the forests which bordered them. In summer they paddled their birch-bark canoes through the waters; in winter they crossed them from bank to bank on the ice. Consequently, we must remember that their history begins both on the American and Canadian shores of the lakes. Widely separated as they often are, at Sault Ste. Marie the two dominions are barely a mile apart; for there the whole volume of Lake Superior, which is as large as the Black Sea, is narrowed into the 'leap' of the Ste. Marie River, and empties itself into Lake Huron. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that from quite early days this place was held to be of great importance by all—whether Indians, hunters, or politicians. It was certainly the natural meeting-place, accessible without difficulty from all parts of the region.

The Indian was always a dreamer of poetic dreams. We see one in his account of the origin of the Ste. Marie Rapids. He believed that long ago, when the beavers were getting scarce, an Indian warrior built a dam across the narrows to shut in the game. Unfortunately,

he went away to hunt, leaving his wife to watch the dam, and whilst he was absent a mysterious and powerful being, called the Great Uncle of the Ojibways, distracted her from her duties by calling her to help him in a deer hunt. The Great Uncle was far too important to be disobeyed ; so she gave chase, and in her absence the beavers climbed over the dam and escaped, partially destroying the barrier as they went, which accounts for the rocks in the Rapids. But the warrior ' brave ' returning was so angry that he killed his neglectful wife, and threw her body into the flood. When White men visit the Falls they say, ' Listen to the roar of the water ! ' but the Indian hears in the sound the cries of the murdered woman, and sees her tears in the bubbles which rise to the surface.

Kitchi Manito the Mighty is the chief object of the Indian's worship—a vague all-pervading spirit, whose voice is heard as the winds sway the trees, and whose influence is everywhere, protecting as well as terrible. Their creed was not speculative, but dreamy, undefined, shadowy, and weird, like their own never-ending forests and plains, wherein they roved somewhat aimlessly. They thought that after death the spirit passed into a dim region of ' happy hunting-grounds ' ; but from the White man's point of view it was a sad and unsatisfying place, and they did not dwell much upon it. The boys were brought up hardily, and their grown-up life was preceded by a lonely watch and fast of some days' duration in the woods, where they went apart to commune with the Great Spirit, and where, drawn away from earthly things by weakness of body,

they believed certainly that they received heavenly messages.

Many of their superstitions centred round the dead. Some of these were noted by a missionary on a visit he made some years ago. Early one morning he set out to visit a dying boy. He travelled the whole day, and towards nightfall met an Indian who told him he was still ten miles from the village, and that the boy had died and had been buried that morning. The missionary, however, determined to go on, to take the opportunity of speaking to the friends gathered from other camps. The banks of the river along which the Indian guided him were constantly overshadowed by rocks and woods, till, at length, the river broadened into a lagoon—one great expanse of snow, with here and there, frozen in mid-stream, a tree washed down by floods, its branches standing up bare and dark against the whiteness. Towards midnight they reached the cabin, which was full of Indians sitting on the floor. After a supper of fish, the 'Black Coat' spoke to them: he told them of the resurrection hope, and sang with them, 'Jesu, Lover of my Soul.' He then tried to get some rest in a small room partitioned off from the main one, but he was very soon awakened by tremendous shouting and stamping of feet, yelling and whooping, and every one seemed to leave the hut and rush outside as if to attack an invader. Was it a pack of wolves or some harmless deer? Venturing forth, he found an old woman at the door who gave as a reason for the commotion that a large owl had come after the chickens and the Indians were frightening it away. The next morning no further

explanation was forthcoming ; but some time after, in another village, the missionary mentioned the noises, and an intelligent boy cleared up the mystery ; he said that the Indians believe that, within three days of a death and burial, the Evil Spirit comes to the grave in the form of an owl. He shoots out fire from his beak and stands on the grave till the coffin comes up ; then he takes out the heart of the dead man and carries it away. In order to prevent this, the relations keep watch and frighten away the owl before he can do any mischief to the dead.

The Red man's house was a wigwam, and many still live in these. Six to twelve poles, about ten feet high, were stuck into the ground in a circle, and loosely fastened together at the top ; these were covered with hides of animals, or with pieces of birch-bark tied on. A flap of the covering lifted back from the ground on one side formed the entrance, and ventilation was obtained where the poles joined above : this was not much, however, for the smoke from the fire made on the earth in the middle of the tent had to make its way out at the same opening. There was no furniture ; so these wigwams were easily moved, or left, and new ones put up, and the tribe constantly migrated to the hunting-ground where they could best find the game then in season. They were excellent hunters, but improvident as children. So long as they had food they lived royally ; but they made no provision for the winter, and many an Indian has lain down hungry to sleep in the snow and never waked again.

The Red-skin baby is swathed tightly in skins or

other clothes, and laced through embroidered flaps on to a board slung on the mother's back. From the head of this board-cradle an arched piece of wood projects, from which hang beads or toys to keep the papoose amused.

We do not know exactly when the first White man found his way to the shores of Lake Superior; but by 1603 we find a regular fur trade established in those parts, and European hunters on the waters and in the forest, either collecting skins themselves or buying them from the Indians. It was dangerous work in those days, for the two races did not understand each other, and it was easy to offend an Indian mortally without knowing why. The Red men, even now, do not consider it good form to show their feelings, and their grave still faces might look unmoved while they were plotting a terrible revenge for some unintentional insult. But, in spite of its dangers, the fur trade went on and has grown and increased for three centuries.

These first comers were chiefly French, and the village on the Rapids received its present name from Christian Jesuit missionaries. The Indians had called it Baw-a-ting, from the tumbling waters dashing over their stony bed; later, it was named Sault du Gaston, after the son of Henri IV and Marie de Medicis, and in 1668 this was changed to Sault Ste. Marie, because the Fathers—so tradition tells us—wearied and disappointed, were wellnigh losing heart, when the Blessed Virgin Mary appeared to one of them, and was henceforth invoked as the patron saint of this new Mission.



AN INDIAN GROUP, GARDEN RIVER



WIGWAM, SQUAW, AND HUSKY DOG

The Jesuits have always acted as a sort of 'forlorn hope' of Missions. Where others could not think it justifiable to venture, they would go forth to almost certain death, fearless—for death to them meant the much desired crown of martyrdom; and so, hungering for the souls of the Red men, they pressed ever westward, and were most of them murdered sooner or later. But what matter? There was always another Father ready to step into his comrade's place the moment he fell.

In 1641, some of the Algonquins had gone south to their brethren on Lake Huron to celebrate with them the Feast of the Dead—a feast which took place only once in ten or twelve years. Here they met the Jesuits who were working in that district, and in the following year two of the Fathers journeyed the 250 miles to the 'Sault.' Over 2,000 Indians had assembled to greet them; they were only too glad to be doctored and taught, and some of them were admitted at once to Holy Baptism—apparently without due preparation. Then the wonderful Indian summer of late autumn drew on; the trees were rich with every imaginable tint, and the most beautiful effects of mist stole up from the dark earth and its thousand-hued carpet of leaves. Beautiful, but dangerous too, and the Fathers began to sicken from exposure and hardships. Moreover, they had other children waiting elsewhere to be cared for, so they must needs turn a deaf ear to the entreaties that they would not depart. 'Stay with us!' cried one of the 'braves,' stretching out his hands beseechingly, 'Stay with us, and we will embrace you like brothers; we will learn from you the prayer of the French, and will be obedient to

your word.' Not yet, however, could the Fathers stay. They raised a large cross on the river-bank to show that so far the Faith had come, and amid much grief on both sides they stepped into their canoes, and the sound of their paddles died away as they descended the river.

Twenty years went by, and the Fathers came again. They built a tiny chapel, and on its walls Père Jacques Marquette drew pictures of sacred story by which to teach the Indians. Thus, step by step, these were taught and baptised into the Church Militant. They were claimed also as subjects of the King of France. So things went on for a hundred years, till in the middle of the eighteenth century the struggle for supremacy between the French and the English seemed to encircle the globe. In India, Clive foiled the attempts of Dupleix and began, in fact, the Empire of England in the East; the victories of Minden and of Quiberon crippled the aspirations of France in Europe, and in the same year, 1758, the campaign planned by Pitt across the Atlantic, and organised with such consummate skill by Sir Jeffry, afterwards Lord Amherst, put an end to French rule on the new continent, though, indirectly, it caused later the loss of half that continent to the British flag. Wolfe's victory on the heights of Abraham gained Canada for England, but it set the southern colonists free from a dangerous neighbour and led to the independence of the United States.

The change of rule must have perplexed the Indians; they were attached to the French Government, but the English proved to be just and considerate rulers. They were attached, also, to the faith of the French, which the

Fathers had brought them at so great peril : in this they found no change, for their new rulers, just in political matters, took no thought for the souls of their new subjects. Those already won by the Jesuits were left in their care, and those still pagans were left in their paganism. In 1760, the first English clergyman who visited Upper Canada as chaplain to an American regiment wrote : ' I am informed there are no nations bordering upon the five great lakes or the banks of the Ohio or the Mississippi all the way to Louisiana but what are supplied with priests and schoolmasters and have very decent places of worship with every splendid utensil of their religion. How ought we to blush at our coldness and shameful indifference in the propagation of our most excellent religion ! . . . The Indians themselves are not wanting in making very pertinent reflections upon our inattention to these points.'

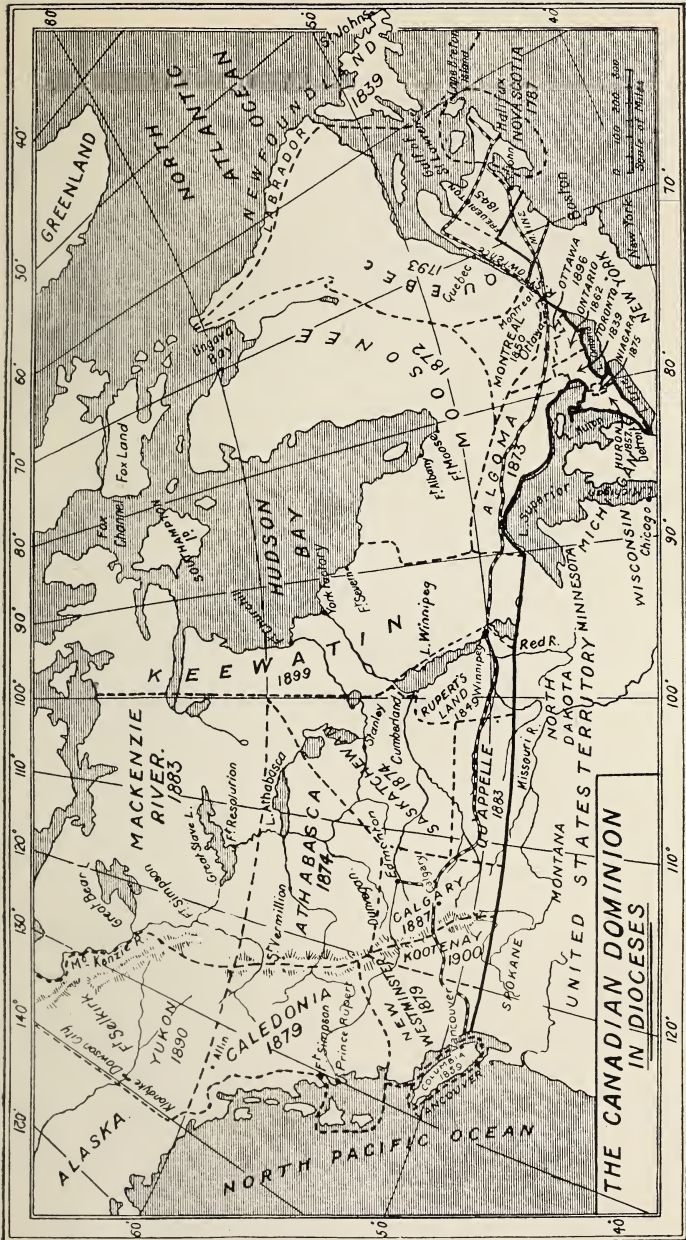
CHAPTER II

THE COMING OF THE WHITE MAN

THE Hudson Bay Company was the pioneer in opening up Canada in early days. The low square forts flying the English flag, and with the mystic trading letters 'H.B.C.,' were planted farther and farther west, and the factors (who were independent rulers in these posts) dealt with the Indians who each season encamped around them.

Over the snow, and beneath the giant fir-trees, the Red men had spent the long winter in trapping the wild animals; the furs of wolf and bear, of mink, ermine, and fox which they had collected were valuable, and the business of exchanging them in barter with the factor was a process not to be hurried over; so the wigwams were set up for the summer, and the squaws and papooses gathered wild berries, while the men parted with their booty for beads or knives, for blankets or fire-arms.

Sault Ste. Marie was for many years the most important post; and in the centre of a group of modern 'works,' the block-house—the small quaint building which was formerly the Hudson Bay powder-magazine—has been preserved. On the edge of civilisation some of these posts remain to this day. No longer a fort, the



**THE CANADIAN DOMINION
IN DIOCESES**

building appears outside to be an ordinary store, serving the village needs, and inside the shelves are filled with all the wares of a general shop ; but if the factor admits you to the upper floor, you find it covered with hundreds of skins—lynx, sable, marten, with many others—and piled up on one side are the special Hudson Bay blankets, made for the Company in England, and sold to the Indians, the white ones for six or eight dollars (twenty-four to thirty-three shillings) a pair, the striped ones for more, and here still the Indians come and camp as they did two hundred years ago.

Besides the Hudson Bay officers a few settlers made their way up the rivers which, for so many centuries, had been the unchallenged fishing-ground of the Indian ; but the ' coming ' of the Englishman to Algoma was not till far on in the nineteenth century. Then some sons of Canadians from the east, and others from the old land, made new homes in the beautiful Muskoka district on the shores of the Georgian Bay, and along the endless chain of lovely lakes and rivers. The richer settlers went farther west, but those without much capital stayed here by the way : the land was covered with forest and it was a hard matter to clear it and to make farming-land, even where any depth of soil covered the rock. The scant resources of the new-comer were often exhausted in putting up his log-house and farm buildings, and he could make only a bare living, without any surplus by which to improve his land ; after some years this got worked out, and so, unsuccessful farmers, if they could, moved on west. Now, as you watch the banks from the small steamers which so

wonderfully thread the winding rivers and skirt the borders of the lakes, you pass many deserted homesteads where enterprising men, with a knowledge how to manage a farm, might buy land with buildings on it very cheaply, and run a fair chance of success in mixed farming or sheep raising. The story of one valley, settled some five-and-twenty years ago, is typical of what may be done.

The woods north of Lake Huron were almost unexplored, save by the trapper. One summer, a man from the home-land found his way some twenty miles 'way back' and discovered an upland valley where, beneath the forest growth, he thought the land seemed good. There he cut down a few trees and put together a rude shack. The forest has no guide-posts; so to lead him to the spot again he cut blazes (*i.e.* marks on the trees) as he made his way out to the shore village where he had left his wife. There was no other way by which the valley could be reached: no road existed, and if it had, they had no horse. Everything—stove, bedding, food, clothes, *chickens*—must be carried on their backs; so they packed up as much as they could manage, and the husband, wife and children, and the man's brother started out. On they plodded through the woods, the children often stumbling and lagging behind. At the top of the steeper hills the men would fasten a cord to a tree and carry it down to one at the bottom for the wife and bairns to steady themselves by. At last, carefully following the blazes, they reached the shack, windowless and chimneyless, hidden in the forest. Many years later the good woman told the story to a

visitor, to whose question 'Didn't you sit down and cry?' her answer came, 'Aye, that I did.' But that would do no good; so, weary and worn out, she bestirred herself to make things as fit as she could. The men cleared some ground; and when winter came, the husband and eldest boy went away to work in one of the saw-mills—with the money they earned they bought fifteen bushels of potatoes to plant. There was a pathetic story of the home-bringing of these. A river had to be crossed; the only available scow—a flat-bottomed boat—leaked a bit, and to keep the potatoes dry they were piled up on the thwarts; the top-hamper was too great—the scow upset and man, boy, and potatoes were all in the water. The humans got themselves out and rescued what they could of the freight, but either the man had been 'done' and given bad seed, or the wetting was fatal; for not one of the potatoes planted came up. Picture the hard winter's work, the careful investment of the earnings, the bringing home, the planting, then the watching and the disappointment! So the struggle went on, more outside work, and clearing the land by bits. Next year some lumber camps were opened within reach where the men could work, and for which the woman could do the washing. There were no shops at which to spend, not even a sweet-shop or a picture-palace for which the children could beg cents; and had there been, life was so real, so earnest, I think she would have treasured just as jealously what she earned, till the bag held enough to buy their second cow. 'Your cow?' 'Nay, it was *our* cow, we had all together.' So by degrees they got on, the sons grew up and could

help, and now the old man has 320 acres well farmed, his brother and two married sons have 160 acres each, and a daughter is the wife of another prosperous farmer. It was hard work, but 'it's dogged as does it,' and there are other valleys close by waiting for settlers as persevering.

An agricultural settler's life is much the same all over the world. An account written some years since by a visitor from England will give an idea of the way in which one part of Algoma struck a new-comer then, and what one part was in those days many others are still. Bishop Sullivan, with the writer and one or two others, went in the Bishop's yacht *Evangeline* from Sault Ste. Marie to Thessalon, about fifty-five miles, and there Sunday was spent. A Cornish settler, who had come out in his youth and lived in the neighbourhood, had asked if the Bishop would go out to his farm and hold a Church of England service in the Methodist chapel which he had built. This man had prospered so well that now he owned 200 acres of land, and, besides the little chapel and his own comfortable house, he had built lumber, grist, and shingle mills. The family was one typical of the kind which does best in colonising. There were five sons and five daughters, all finding plenty to do about the paternal homestead until in time they marry and start households of their own. Such families work hard, have plenty to eat, and are generally healthy because they have no time to be idle.

The homestead was said to be seventeen miles from Thessalon, the road good; the distance proved to be twenty-three miles at least, and as to the condition of

the road—well, opinions differed. On the Tuesday two buggies started, each holding two persons; the Bishop driving the missionary's wife, followed by the visitor driven by the missionary. The second couple had a good view of the first rig, climbing the hills in front with each wheel in a rut two feet deep, and had time to contemplate that they too must follow. 'You told me this road was a good one,' the visitor remarked to the driver as the buggy went splashing down to its axles in a mud-hole the shape of a tea-cup, and recovered itself with a fearful jerk. 'So it is—a beauty!' he said cheerfully. 'It will be rather rough presently when we turn off, but on the whole it is very good all the way.' When she had been longer in Algoma, the Englishwoman quite agreed with the verdict; for, after all, none of the boulders were more than two and a half feet broad, and the wheels were not pulled off as they scraped over large stones sticking up edgeways. But if rough and narrow and apparently dangerous, the road was both beautiful and very varied. At one time it led through open country; then would come a region where the trees had been burnt long ago, and dead trunks, many of them hollow, stood up like tall pinkish-grey columns, out of a wealth of undergrowth. Elder-bushes covered with berries which shone like Christmas holly, dense thickets of raspberry-bushes and of the beautiful willow-herb called fireweed, which always springs up after a forest fire, and great beds of oak and beech-fern in the black wet soil of the very wet ditches—all these were there, besides all sorts of unfamiliar plants. Here and there they came upon a clearing where oats or wheat or peas had

been sown among the ghostly tree-stems and the big stones and the stumps ; but these make ploughing so difficult that a man who has only his own labour to depend on cannot do much of such farming. He must be ready to do whatever needs doing, from building his house, putting up a snake-fence, and milking the cows, to washing his clothes and baking his bread, and this does not leave much time for ploughing amongst impediments. Of these, the stumps are not the least ; they are the short trunks of trees, two to four feet high, which stand up thickly in so many fields. When the settler first cleared his land he cut down the wood, and left the roots to be hauled out when there was time. Readers of Ralph Connor's book 'The Man from Glengarry,' will remember the vivid description given there of a stump-hauling bee : it needs good teams of horses, and often the convenient season is long in coming.

To the new-comer, whose drive we are following, the people seemed to be at once curiously rich and poor. Well off for provisions, for cattle do well ; but there is little money. Such wealth as there is consists in kind rather than in cash, and this is one of the difficulties in Church work.

At last the two buggies reached their journey's end, and their occupants found a warm welcome, and a really beautiful house at the top of a hill with a splendid view from the verandah—a feature as necessary to an Algoma house as are the wire blinds for doors and windows to keep out the summer flies. Like so many houses in the forest, it had been burnt to the ground not long before, but the furniture had been saved ; and with

wood then plentiful and, in this case, capital and labour forthcoming, it was soon well rebuilt.

The service for which they had come was to be held at seven o'clock, and everybody adjourned to the chapel where a good congregation of the workmen and their families were assembled. Of course there was no chancel nor altar, and the Bishop and the clergyman read the shortened evensong from a platform on which stood a reading-desk, an American organ, and two benches for the choir. There were not enough Prayer Books to go round, but the service was very hearty and every one could join in such well-known hymns as 'Jesu, Lover of my Soul.'

But there were other things to be done besides that one service before the party returned. The missionary had come to marry a young couple some distance farther on, and the bridegroom and his father came over to make arrangements. There proved to be no decent road to the place. The weather was too stormy to allow of taking a shorter way across the lake, and the missionary's horse was not fit to go on. 'Well,' said the farmer, 'suppose we send my son home on my horse, which is pretty fresh? He can rest there an hour or two and start off at three in the morning to ride on to the bride's home,' where the wedding was to have been at three in the afternoon. 'She must come over to my house and have the ceremony there'; for the bridegroom's father lived only eight miles away, and the clergyman's horse could manage that, though not the fifty miles he would otherwise have had to do. This visit to a prosperous settler's house has been told

in detail, not because it is unusual, but because it gives a good idea of how the well-to-do live in Canada, and of the difficulties to be overcome in supplying the services and teaching of the Church to the settlers, however much they may wish for them.

New settlements of isolated, or little groups of, farms are springing up all over Algoma. One was visited last year near Nepigon, one of the chief Indian Reserves. A group of farmers, some from the 'north countree,' had taken up new land at Dorion. It was, for our host, the first year—the year of potatoes and a cow. Land was being cleared and oats sown. These are the best crop to begin with as they clean the land ; the question of the choice of seed is important, and one specially successful farmer, who had been a jeweller in Birmingham, sent to England for various kinds of seed to sow in separate patches till he saw which suited the soil and situation best. His fields of clean strong wheat were the recompense of this care, and his thrift had enabled him to tide over the destruction of all his buildings by fire and replace them by better ones within the year.

We stayed in a log-house, the ends of the logs being beautifully dovetailed together, and the rooms of good size and height, on two floors. Stone houses are extremely rare ; the general feeling is that they are much colder than wooden ones, so the earlier houses were of unsquared logs, and now that there are more saw-mills, frame-houses are put up ; in these the square frame-posts have boards nailed on to them to form the walls, and the roof is covered with wooden shingles, long narrow pieces of wood, overlapping like slates. Brick veneer—



A SETTLER'S HOUSE



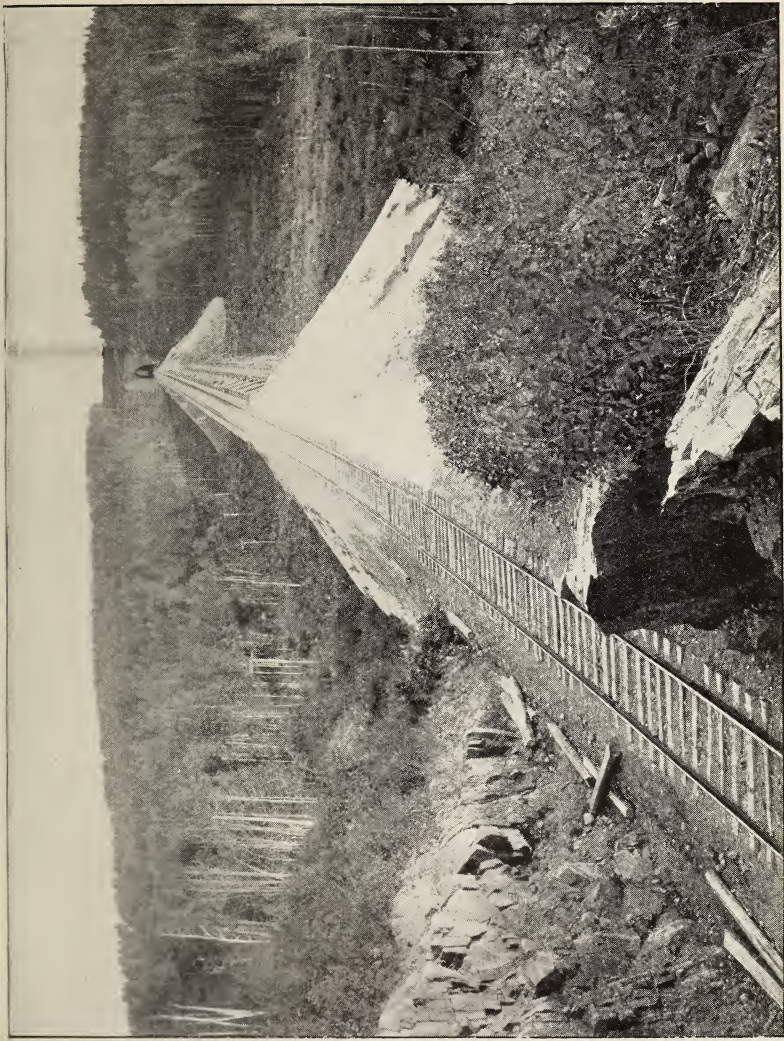
WINTER IN ALGOMA

an outer coating of brick over the wood—may be added as a further advance. The rooms often lead through one to another, sometimes without doors, and the house is of course heated from a stove or from a furnace by hot-water or hot-air pipes. These are carried into each room through holes high up in the walls ; if the heat is from a stove the sharp angles need cleaning, and the pipes are taken down in the summer, and the vacant hole in the wall waits for its winter occupant. There may be open fire-places, for appearance, with a small cosy blaze ; but these are never relied on for heat, and would be very ineffectual. We have known a case where the central heating in a parsonage was badly done, and in illness it proved impossible, even by incessant piling on wood, to get the room above 40° . White River in Algoma is one of the coldest spots in Canada, and it is not uncommon there, or elsewhere, for the thermometer to register 40° or 50° below zero. The verandah often goes round two or three sides of the house and adds very appreciably to the floor space ; in summer, one side may be curtained off and used for sleeping, and all down the residential streets in towns, the verandah, approached by three or four wooden steps, is the place where the family gathers, to rest in rocking-chairs or in hammocks, and exchange remarks with passers by.

In 1881 the stupendous conception was arrived at of building a railway right across the entire continent, to cover the 5,000 miles from Halifax to Vancouver, and to link the Atlantic and Pacific shores, and four years later the Canadian Pacific Railway was completed. This meant very much to Algoma : the line ran through

it for 600 miles, all along which the country would be opened up. On the east, North Bay was the first point. This soon became an important station and is now a town of 11,000 people. Thence the line trended north through very beautiful but quite new districts, and then it bent westwards towards the northern arch of Lake Superior. The difficulties here almost foiled the engineers: huge bluffs of rock came down sheer into the lake and had to be tunnelled through, while in other parts it seemed as if the sandy slopes could never be rendered stable enough to bear the weight of the trains; but the task was accomplished, and now the line sweeps grandly round the bays of the inland sea, piercing through the rock high up, or descending almost to the water's brink. Near the western end of the lake, this iron way forging out into the unknown, founded the towns of Port Arthur and Fort William. At this point traffic water-borne and land-borne could meet, and as years went on these twin cities have become one of the most important centres of the Dominion. It is here that the produce of the West—the fruit and salmon of British Columbia, the wheat of the prairies—is transhipped from the railway cars into the great boats waiting to carry it down the lakes.

The transshipping is done by means of elevators—huge ungainly buildings, each capable of storing millions of bushels of grain. The railway cars shoot this wheat down funnels into the basement; here it is scooped up by an endless succession of iron pockets on an ever-revolving belt, which carries the pockets to the top of the building and empties them out. The wheat is



A SCENE ON THE RAILWAY NEAR LAKE SUPERIOR

often mixed with other seed and has to be cleared. To do this it is passed down, being distributed over frames something like a loom; on this there will be several screens covered with wire nettings of different-shaped mesh. By a very clever arrangement this sifts the grain—flax-seeds passing through one mesh, other seeds through others—till the clean wheat reaches the bottom: then again it is carried up to the top to be stored till the boats come, when a big movable tin tube is placed at the mouth of the bin and turned round till it opens on to the shoot below which the vessel waits. The banks of the river at Fort William and of the shore at Port Arthur are lined with these elevators belonging to various companies, and the total capacity which can be stored in them in the two cities is 42,000,000 bushels. *Grain* elevators, not corn—for in Canada corn means only maize or Indian corn, and is never used in speaking of wheat, oats, or barley.

CHAPTER III

THE YIELD OF FOREST AND ROCK

THE last chapter dealt with the development of farming. Until lately the most widespread industry in Algoma has been that of lumbering. The lakes on which so much travelling is done—in summer by steamers, gasolene launches, or canoes ; in winter by sleighing—are bordered everywhere by thickly wooded hills. Each year the pine and soft-wood trees on these are cut down farther and farther back. Speculators, generally from the States, take up a limit—that is to say, they pay so much for the sole right to cut the timber on a certain area. The wood may prove sound and good and a great pile be made out of it, or a spark may set a fire raging and only bare and whitened trunks may be left with leafless arms outstretched towards heaven, like sentinels along the sky-line, till at last the charred stems rot and fall.

But the speculator hopes for better luck. He engages lumber-men, who go up to the limit in September. Arrived there they pitch a tent to live in until they have cut wood enough to build log-houses : first for the horses, then for the dining-camp, and then for the sleeping-place, in which pole-bunks in tiers form the beds. In this camp the men stay till the winter is over. Morning by

morning they go out in gangs of two or three men, and all day long the sound of the axe rings out on the frosty air, and the thud of the falling trees tells what the axe has done. Each gang is expected to cut down from eighty to a hundred trees a day. When it is too dark to work, the men come back to camp; they are too far away to have communication with any other workers, and night after night they have nothing to do but to sit round the fire and listen to the stories of their mates.

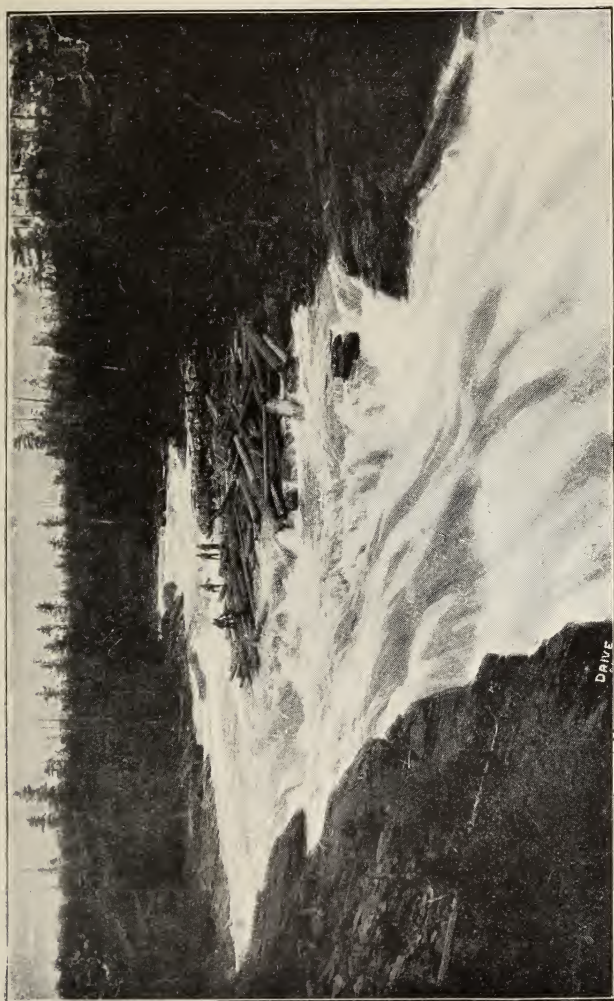
Provisioning these camps is a serious business. There may be 140 horses (averaging a cost of £60 each), for which hay enough to last the whole winter must be secured. Some five hundred barrels of flour must be got; and that with a corresponding amount of butter, figs, prunes, tea, pork, beef, and beans must all be conveyed out to the camp—to say nothing of tobacco, on which the outlay is often larger than on flour. The men earn from £5 to £6 a month and their board, and when they are on the dangerous work of the 'drive,' their wages will reach £8 to £10. The food is good—bread such as only Canada with its granary of splendid flour can produce—and the camp equipment of carefully cleaned tin plates is well kept; but there is a monotony about the same food for six months, and there is a deadening monotony for the soul in the isolation and the absence of all elevating influences.

Before the winter sets in, a wood track is cleared down to the nearest river or lake and rendered smooth enough for it to freeze into a fairly even slope. There is great skill in decking the logs into the loads, tapering towards the top, which are to be hauled down this track

to be piled up on the ice and there await its break up. The logs are branded with the owner's name and then floated down. At a bend in the river or a rocky passage, they get into a jam, and very dangerous is the work of breaking up a jam. With spikes in their shoes the men walk over the wet and slippery logs in mid-stream, dislodging them with a pike-pole from behind any obstacle and setting them free to be carried down again till they reach the lumber-mill.

A Canadian would be supremely contemptuous, and with good reason, at the old-fashioned methods employed in some of our saw-mills. In some country towns in England you may see the bark being hacked off the logs with a hatchet used by hand. A lumber-mill in Canada is a triumph of machinery, worked by the fewest possible men. The logs floated down are stopped by a 'boom' or chain of logs fastened together to bar further passage. From the upper floor of the mill an endless chain goes down to the water; on it at intervals are pairs of huge iron teeth; on to these a log is hitched, and as if by invisible hands trunk after trunk is drawn up. They fall on to a moving platform, 'the carriage,' which rushes to and fro against the teeth of a big saw; each time the plank falls off and the log is moved just the thickness of the plank further forward by the 'nigger,' a big clamp which is worked from a distance by a lever, but which seems to come up from beneath the floor at its own will, stealthily and uncannily, and, having done its work, disappears.

Then the planks are moved on their way by rollers and endless chains till they reach the measuring-place.



A DRIVE OF LOGS

DRIVE

+

11

Here a man sits aloft, watching the planks keenly as they come up the inclined plane : his trained eye knows just which lever to press to cut off the longest length of sound wood, or to cut a plank in two so as to leave out a bit of knotted wood in the middle. So, finally, the planks reach the stack-yard. Here again the workman's skill is shown in keeping the great blocks of alternately laid boards perfectly perpendicular so that as you walk down the avenues no stack overhangs. The furnaces which run the machinery in these mills are fed in great measure by the saw-dust and useless bits of bark. Only the soft woods—such as pine, spruce, tamarack (larch) and balsam—are cut in the camps, because these only will float. The hard woods—maple, birch, and sycamore—would sink and become, as 'deadheads,' a danger in the river ; so the forests of the lighter foliage remain, with the 'soft woods' thinned out.

Most of the paper of the world is now made from wood from the forests of Canada and of Sweden. Spruce-fir, and especially that grown in Canada, is particularly good for making white writing-paper ; this is said to be due to the hard frost which renders the tree completely dormant through the winter, and during the vigorous growth in the short warm summer the wood acquires a peculiar fibrous texture unknown elsewhere.

At Sault Ste. Marie there are two pulp-mills where the wood is boiled down or treated with sulphur, torn and combed and mashed, much as flax is prepared for linen, until it comes out in a continuous white roll, ready to be exported or made into fine paper in another mill. Here were established also an iron foundry, chemical

reduction, caustic soda, chloride of lime and other works, and last, but by no means least, buildings for the manufacture of steel rails. The Canadian railways had imported all their rails from England ; but the iron found round Lake Superior was so good that it was determined to make them on the spot. No place was so suitable as the ' Sault,' where an enormous power is developed from the force of the water rushing down.

As in so many Algoma industries, the capital came from across the border. Americans are very ready to exploit fresh openings, and the lumber limits and mills, mines, and works, are in great measure run by companies of which the shares are held in the States and which are represented only by a manager, whose duty it is to make the most he can for his employers. In many cases the companies deal fairly generously ; but there is too often lacking any personal interest, the local residence of any except workers, and the use to the country of the money earned by these industries, for this goes away in interest to those whose capital finances the concerns.

The ' Sault ' works suffered the fate which so often attaches to industrial organisations—a sudden boom (when the town increased by thousands), a time of failure and closing down, reconstruction and apparent success, to suffer again by the dislocation of trade on the outbreak of war. Still, as in the old days of Indian gatherings, so now, in the ever-developing resources of the Dominion, Sault Ste. Marie must always be important as a highway of commerce. Each nation has its own locks ; on the Canadian side alone three are in operation, and a fourth, 1,300 feet long by 100 feet wide and 51 feet deep, is in

course of construction. Through these comes all the grain traffic from Fort William, and it is estimated that the tonnage passing down in the course of the year exceeds from six to eight times that passing through the Suez Canal. Day and night continuously do the boats give their hoot calling for the opening of the lock gates, and special precautions were taken, directly war was declared in August 1914, to guard these locks from any German attempt to stop the grain getting through.

Farming and lumbering deal with the wealth on the earth's surface, but a richer store has been found in Algoma hidden in the rocks, which for so long seemed to render much of the land unprofitable. The Indians knew there was copper in their land; but they dared not use it, believing it to be under the special guardianship of the Great Spirit. This belief arose from the following legend. Three Indians had been fishing in the lake and had prepared their evening meal in the usual way. They piled up a heap of stones and made them red-hot, and then plunged the red-hot stones, which in this instance were lumps of copper ore, into the cauldron where they had already put the fish. Before the meal was ended one man was seized with sudden illness and died. The other two fled in terror to their canoe and set off for home, but before they reached it another was also dead. The third crawled to the camp of his tribe, dying, and had only just time to tell his story—a tragedy sufficiently terrible to make the Indians leave copper alone in future.

In the early days of copper-mining it seemed almost as though the Indian belief were true. The village of

Coppercliff looked in very truth as if it were under a curse. The copper was piled up into long rows, covered with earth, and then set on fire, so that by long roasting the sulphur might be driven off. The air became filled with sulphur fumes, trees and all vegetation were killed, and the rocks and earth looked blanched and withered. Lately, means have been devised to prevent in some degree the destruction of life, both human and vegetable.

The nickel-mines at Coppercliff should be very valuable. There is only one other known supply of nickel in the world—that in New Caledonia, on French territory. The Mond Nickel Company get their supply at Coppercliff and have lately moved their smelter from Victoria Mines to Coniston, thus creating a new settlement. Besides these minerals some gold, and iron in considerable quantities, had been discovered; but all this became as nothing when a new railway running north from North Bay up the west shore of Lake Temiscaming cut into one of the richest silver-mining regions of the world. Cobalt soon became a boom. In less than a year, 274 separate mining companies were registered—some, of course, worth nothing, but others bringing out most valuable ore; almost all of them, however, financed by syndicates outside Canada. The chief mine is the Coniagas, this name being made up from the chemical symbols of four different minerals *Co* (Cobalt), *Ni* (Nickel), *Ag* (Argentum), *As* (Arsenicum). There is a superstition in some of the mines that if a man begins to sing, or if a woman or a parson goes down, bad luck will come, and the men

generally quit their work ; fortunately this was not the case at the Coniagas, and by the kindness of the manager, who was churchwarden of the English Church, the priest-in-charge and some Englishwomen were allowed to descend the mine. By the light of the small lamp each one carried, the veins of silver could be clearly seen in the walls of the narrow passages which stretched far away underground.

The ore from four different mines is carried across the lake in buckets, running on overhead cables, to the reduction works on the other side. Each mine has special hours for sending its ore, which is put into separate bins. The reduction is a complicated process. The ore is crushed into small pellets, then washed, treated with cyanide in big tanks divided by corrugated iron sheets, then refined in the furnace and run out into ingots.

All round this region, mines are being prospected for. Many places (as Gowganda, Swastika, Elk Lake City) have had booms. Some fail, some will last ; but thousands of miners, prospectors, and storekeepers have been rushing into the district, and many of those who give up the risk of mining are settling as farmers along the new wheat belt which the two new transatlantic railways being built north of the Canadian Pacific are opening up.

CHAPTER IV

HOW THE CHURCH CAME

IN 1793 a bishop was consecrated for Quebec, to relieve the Bishop of Nova Scotia of the charge of the whole of Lower and Upper Canada. This responsibility for the spiritual oversight of the whole Dominion rested on the Bishops of Quebec till 1839, when the see of Toronto was formed for Upper Canada. In 1803 there were only four clergymen in the whole of that district, and in 1838 Bishop Mountain of Quebec wrote as follows to the Government: 'A lamentable proportion of the Church of England population are destitute of any provision for their religious wants, and I state my deliberate belief that the retention of the province as a portion of the British Empire depends more upon the means taken to provide and perpetuate a sufficient establishment of pious and well-qualified clergymen of the Church than upon any other measure whatever within the power of the Government.'

Six years earlier, in 1832, Sir John Colborne, afterwards Lord Seaton, the godly Governor of Upper Canada, had taken thought for the Indians. He sent for Mr. McMurray, a young man of twenty-two then reading for Holy Orders, and told him he was to go to the

Algoma district, and make his headquarters at Sault Ste. Marie. The place was marked on no map, and the Governor could give no instructions how to get there, except that Mr. McMurray had best go to Detroit and then 'ask his way.' This he did, and, being paddled the last part of the way in a canoe, he reached his destination in thirty days. Now it takes eighteen hours. He found the whole country one vast forest, and had to lodge with the agents of the Hudson Bay Company, from whom he received much kindness, in their trading station at the Sault.

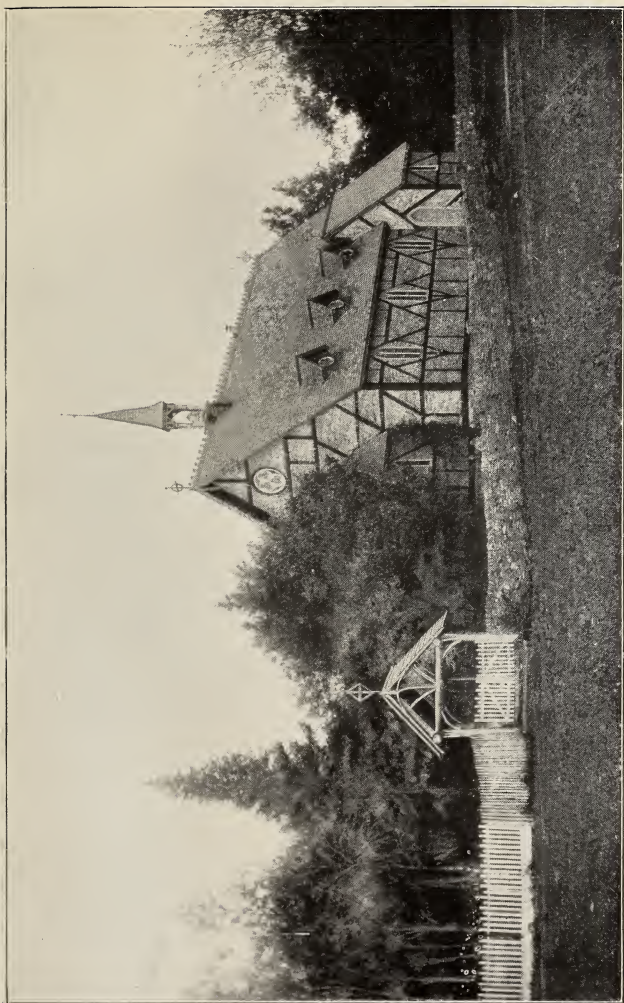
The first thing to be done was to assemble a council of Indians and to tell them of the Governor's thought for them. The old chief Shingwauk, dignified and fluent of speech, first presented the missionary with the pipe of peace as a token of good-will, and then said, 'We desire first to know whether you can give us any assurance that you have been sent by our Great White Father.' The chief and his band of warriors had fought for King George III under General Brock, and had received a large silver medal with the head of an Indian leaning on the King's breast, to denote that the native tribes were borne on the heart of their sovereign. Mr. McMurray had his credentials ready, sealed with the seal of the province; and having compared them with his own medal, and being satisfied, the chief proceeded with his oration, rolling out the long melodious words. Time is nothing to the Indian, he cannot be hurried; one word may contain forty letters and a man's name may be a whole sentence. One chief, for instance, was called 'Eagle with a spread tail, sitting on a stone,'

shortened, however, for common use, into 'Sitting Eagle.'

Before the council met, Mr. McMurray had learnt that the Indians were given to drink, and when they had assembled he said: 'Your Great White Father will be very sorry to hear that his children are given to intoxication; as long as they take the "fire-water" his efforts will be almost useless.' Then the old chief answered with dignity and justice: 'My fathers never knew how to cultivate the land, my fathers never knew how to build mills, my fathers never knew how to extract the devil's broth out of the grain, you make it and bring it to us, and you blame us for drinking it.'

In spite of this protest the Indians were very anxious to have the Mission. Two bands came from a distance of over four hundred miles to be instructed in the Great Spirit's book—their name for the Bible—and to be baptised. A rumour of the teaching had reached them, and they had come to see the 'Black Coat' and to ask him about the Good Tidings. A church was built, and Chief Shingwauk and his two children were amongst those baptised. Some of them were received by the Governor at Toronto, and he gave the chief a flag which might wave over his wigwam every Sunday.

Unfortunately Sir John Colborne's successor withdrew all support and Mr. McMurray had to leave his work. But the disappointed chief did not let go his faith. During the long years when they were left alone, he regularly each Sunday hoisted the Union Jack and assembled the people to read what they could of the Bible and to sing the hymns they had been taught.



BISHOP FAUQUIER MEMORIAL CHAPEL

In 1839 the Rev. F. O'Meara went to live among the Indians, teaching those at the Sault and on the Manitoulin Island. He translated into Ojibway the greater part of the Prayer Book, the New Testament, the Psalms; also a small collection of psalms and hymns. With the help of the Rev. F. Jacobs, he began in 1857 to translate the Old Testament. Of this Mr. Jacobs completed the Pentateuch, Proverbs, and Isaiah, before his death seven years later at Manitowaning.

The Ojibway language is agglutinative, or, as it is sometimes called, polysynthetic, because so many words are joined, or 'glued' together. Kummogok-donattootammocileangaunnonash, ('catechism') must have needed a whole glue-pot!

The Indians of the Sault returned to an old settlement at Garden River; and when Mr. O'Meara could no longer live with them, they bravely resisted the efforts of the Romanists and Nonconformists to win them, and again met together each Sunday to pray the Great Spirit to look with the eye of pity upon them and to send some one to teach them out of the Good Book 'our Black Coats used to speak to us about.'

The Manitoulin is an island about a hundred miles long, almost parallel to, and not far distant from, the north shore of Lake Huron, and the largest island in the world in fresh water. Captain Anderson, a Government agent who had the good of the Indians at heart, saw how they were deteriorating under the influence of advancing civilisation. He determined to try an experiment by removing some of the Ottahwahs and Ojibways (two tribes of the Algonquins) to the Manitoulin,

where they could be watched over. In 1836 Captain Anderson, with the Rev. C. Brough and a schoolmaster, began to form a settlement. They had begun to teach a number of scholars when, as at the Sault, they were stopped by the change of Governors. The next year, however, Captain Anderson was allowed to finish his buildings and he gathered together his helpers again, with a surgeon in addition.

They all arrived in a snow-storm at the end of October, looking forward to warmth and shelter from the terrible weather, and to a good mission-house as the centre for their work through the winter. They found warmth, indeed, but not such as they expected ; as they drew near their journey's end they saw a light through the driving snow—the light of the new mission buildings on fire !

For the present, the missionary could only travel about, winter though it was, trying to make friends with the Indians in their various settlements on the island and on the north shore of the mainland. After four years the Rev. C. Brough was succeeded by Mr. O'Meara. 'It is impossible,' he writes, 'unless one has taken these journeyings, to have a just idea of what they are. It is not the intensity of the cold on the frozen lakes that taxes one most ; it is not the snowdrifts that form the worst part of them : *that* comes when these are past and the missionary has to seat himself on the ground by the wigwam fire ; the filth and vermin which surround him are enough to make him long for the next day's journey, however severe the weather may be.'

In this way some ground was gained ; for in 1842, when the Bishop of Toronto went so far west on a confirmation tour, he found that one of his canoes was manned by Christian Indians from the Manitoulin, for which, like St. Paul, he thanked God and took courage.

His visit was well-timed, as 6,000 of the scattered tribes were just then gathered on the island to receive the clothing and provisions that the Government, which had taken their land, annually dealt out to them. Nothing could exceed the peace and order of the great assembly. Whilst imbued with a certain sense of dignity, as the original possessors of the soil, they were all perfectly docile and civil, and the Bishop was almost overcome with what seemed to him the bright promise of that day. In the midst of this multitude there was a band of Christians with whom he had a hearty service ; over forty Indians were confirmed, and the sound of their deep sonorous voices was very touching. The sight of those faithful few, amidst the thousands of their pagan brethren, made those present feel how much they might do for the future of their race if only they used the grace given them for the glory of God and for the good of their neighbour.

Two years later Mr. O'Meara was able to report that the Indians were beginning to grasp the Christian idea of marriage, that they were anxious to have their children educated and to raise their women from the conditions with which they had hitherto been contented, to give up idolatry and their medicine men. They were also learning to see that the implacable hatred and revenge

which to the Indian were virtues, were not really such at all.

So, though it was a day of small things, the leaven worked in the children of the forest, and all was being made ready for that other day, thirty years later, when the Canadian Church should take upon itself the care of the many Indians and the few settlers who peopled the land of the Algonquins.

This came in 1873, when, the history of S.P.G. tells us, the Bishopric of Toronto, till then extending for 1,100 miles west of that city, was relieved of the northern part of this unwieldy jurisdiction by the creation of the Diocese of Algoma. The district so set apart consisted then principally of Indian Reserves, but now contains a population of nearly 150,000 White people, of whom nine-tenths are emigrants, or descendants of emigrants, from the Mother Country.

We have to remember that when Canada was taken by Great Britain from the French, the only Church existing there was the Roman Catholic. Her priests had ministered to the French settlers, and her Jesuit missionaries had endured unspeakable tortures and death in their labours to convert the Indians. From the French Government the Church had secured very rich endowments, and under the change of flag the undisturbed possession of all her property was guaranteed to her. Much of this consisted of land in Montreal, which, as the city developed, became more and more valuable, so that the Roman Church in Canada has now the power of great wealth, and is able at once to plant a church and priest in new settlements, to

establish her own schools (both for primary and higher education), and to influence the young and the sick by the ministry of her Sisters in convents, schools, and hospitals. Naturally, in Quebec, the vast majority of the population are Romanists ; and with the advantages mentioned above we can hardly wonder that, even in the English-speaking province of Ontario, nearly one quarter of the people belong to them.

Under George III certain waste lands were given as an endowment for the ' Protestant ' Church ; but claims made on these by the Presbyterians and other bodies led to the confiscation of these Clergy Reserves in 1855. The clergy unanimously agreed to commute their life interest. The sum resulting, however, was very small, and so, practically, the Church in Canada has had to provide for the whole of her own needs year by year.

Whilst doing this, Eastern Canada, as we have said, volunteered to support her ' missionary child ' Algoma. In 1873, though the area was vast—800 miles long by 150 miles in width—the population was sparse, and could be reached by a small number of clergy ; but as the country opened up and White settlers flocked in, many of them without capital, to take up free grants of Government land, the task outstripped the powers of the older dioceses. To cope in any degree with the work, it was absolutely essential to have more clergy, and the Bishops of Algoma were compelled to appeal to the great societies of the Mother Church—the Society for Promoting of Christian Knowledge, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and the Colonial and

Continental Church Society. They responded generously and for some time gave over £1,000 a year to the diocese. In 1889 the beginning of further organised help and support was made by founding the Algoma Association, whose workers have always been entirely voluntary, for the object of gathering into unity of prayer and work the scattered links of interest in Algoma which existed in various parts of England. But with all this, and grants from the Domestic and Foreign Mission Board and the Women's Auxiliary in Canada, as the work grew, some £2,000 a year more was required, which the Bishop had to raise as best he could. This amount was by no means always forthcoming, and the task involved an expenditure of time, labour, and anxiety which seriously added to the sum total of his already arduous work.

Something must now be said of the three gifted bishops who have been the chief pastors of Algoma. The first was the Rev. F. D. Fauquier. Born in Malta and educated at Coburg College, he had held two Canadian incumbencies and was therefore accustomed to the climate and the ways of the people when, at the age of fifty-six, he was consecrated at Toronto, on the Feast of St. Simon and St. Jude, as pioneer bishop of the new diocese. In his formal report to the Provincial Synod of 1877, a pathetic passage records his surprise and dismay on finding 'that not only had no provision been made for carrying on mission work in his diocese, but that it was to be his business to collect whatever funds might be required for that purpose.' This work, described by Dr. Sullivan as that of a 'mitred



EAST RAPIDS AND SPLIT ROCK, NEPIGON RIVER

mendicant,' has been ever since the painful lot of the Bishops of Algoma. Until 1870 there had been at Sault Ste. Marie a building used for teaching during the week, and on Sundays as the only place of worship—one Sunday by the Church of England missionary and the next by a Methodist ; but when Bishop Fauquier chose this place, being on the line of the great lakes, as his headquarters, he found a small stone church, now enlarged and used as St. Luke's pro-Cathedral. There were then no railways in the diocese ; in the summer there were a few steamers, but these only put in at the larger places, and to reach his scattered flock the Bishop had unceasingly to walk or drive through the forest, or to journey by canoe, until a small yacht was provided. In this he could visit the shores of Lake Superior ; and in 1878, going up the River Nepigon, after five days' canoeing he came on a band of pagan Indians. With them was a chief who came to the Bishop and said : ' My father's name was Muhnedooshans. He was chief thirty years ago or more, when the chiefs were called together to Sault Ste. Marie that we might make a treaty in view of surrendering our lands to the Queen. The Great White Chief said to my father that he would send us an English " Black Coat " to teach us. So every year my father waited for the English teacher to come. He waited on and on, and at last he died, a pagan. His parting words to us were that we should still wait, and that when the " Black Coat " came we should receive him well, and ask him to open a school for our children to be taught. We now welcome you as the teacher our father told us to look for.' The reproachful pathos of

the chief's lament was set forth in the following lines:—

WAITING

Was it a promise that the White Chief gave
 So many years ago, that he would send
 A teacher to point out the way of life
 And tell the dear old Story of the Cross?
 Was it a promise? So the Red man deemed,
 And yet, not yet! the promise is redeemed.

Through all the changes of those thirty years,
 That promise echoes sadly, calming first
 That bounding pulse of manhood, chastening all
 The joys and triumphs of a savage life.
 Looking from steadfast eyes, whose sorrow dumb
 Mocked the brave words—' Wait : he is sure to come ! '

But is he sure to come? Through blinding tears
 I hear a voice that asks, ' Where is the soul
 I came on earth to save? thy brother's soul?
 The soul that hungered after righteousness?
 Red man and White, I died from sin to free;
 Could none be found to bring that soul to Me? '

' Am I my brother's keeper? ' I would plead,
 But that I dare not; for I know full well
 That glorious gospel was not given to us
 For selfish hoarding, but in solemn trust,
 That by the White man through the expectant world
 The banner of the Cross might be unfurled.

Ere I turn back to my vain selfish life,
 Again I hear that loving pleading Voice—
 ' Is there not joy in heaven o'er one redeemed?
 And these have waited, and have watched so long!
 Work while 'tis called to-day. For work undone,
 There will be time to weep when night is come.'

Peace, vain regret! I leave the wasted past
Beneath the Cross. My loving Lord, than I
More merciful, only let me press on
To speed the message while it yet is day,
And tell the Red man that the night is past
And he they long have looked for comes at last!

Surely the old man, who from no fault of his own died a pagan, will receive the Master's blessing promised to those who hunger and thirst after righteousness!

Bishop Fauquier, always spoken of as the 'saintly,' carried on his work for eight years. He left fourteen clergy where he had found seven, forty-two churches instead of nineteen. There was no residence for the Bishop, but by the munificence of one of his private friends, Bishophurst, a substantial and well-appointed stone building was built as the See House, about a mile from the pro-Cathedral. This is the episcopal residence, though it is more true to say that the Bishop lives on trains, steamers, or canoes, and occasionally visits his home. Bishop Fauquier died very suddenly in Toronto in 1881. He had long known that a heart affection from which he suffered might end thus in a moment, but bravely to the end he bore the heavy burden of his work.

He was succeeded in 1882 by the Rev. Edward Sullivan, the eloquent and popular rector of St. George's, Montreal, who was consecrated on St. Peter's Day, fully realising the sacrifice both of emolument and comparative ease which acceptance of the bishopric involved. The Provincial Synod guaranteed £800 a year as his stipend, and £100 a year for travelling

expenses. Towards the upkeep of the yacht *Evangeline*, S.P.G. contributed £100. By this, by public steamers, over the frozen waters of the Georgian Bay in winter, through the forests in summer, must the Bishop of Algoma ever be travelling.

Yet when he had been elected to the see of the wealthy and attractive Diocese of Huron, Dr. Sullivan telegraphed his refusal in the words, 'Duty to Algoma forbids.' Like Bishop Fauquier, Dr. Sullivan, after twelve years' incessant labour, broke down under the strain. In the hope that he might be able to continue his work he was sent for two or three winters to the Riviera; and there, as well as in England, he endeavoured to obtain help for his diocese, but in 1896 he was compelled to resign and two years later he died—the second bishop who had given his life for Algoma.

During his episcopate the number of churches was almost doubled, and he raised an Episcopal Endowment Fund of £11,000. Besought on all sides by the incoming settlers not to leave them shepherdless, and trusting to his proved power of raising funds, Bishop Sullivan opened many new missions and more than doubled the number of clergy. Owing to his breakdown, he was unable to plead as he intended, and in the course of his two years' illness and absence, a debt amounting to £1,000 accumulated on the Mission Fund.

His successor, consecrated on the Feast of the Epiphany 1897, was the Rev. George Thorneloe, Rector of Sherbrooke, an important parish in the Diocese of Quebec. Born in England, Dr. Thorneloe went out as a boy to Canada with his father, who was a missionary.

'Canadian Men and Women of the Time' says that he had at Bishop's College, Lennoxville, 'an academic career which it is believed has never been surpassed in Canada; took the Mackie Prize for English Essay, the General Nicholls Scholarship in Mathematics, the Mackie Prize a second time, and graduated B.A. with first-class honours, classical honours, the Prince of Wales (King Edward's) medal for classics, and S.P.G. Jubilee Scholar.' At Lennoxville he also led many young men to the ministry, and at Stansted and Sherbrooke proved himself a true spiritual pastor. In an address accompanying the gift of a pectoral cross from his brother clergy they spoke of their knowledge of his devotion and self-sacrifice in the Lord's work, ever spending and being spent; and truly to spend and be spent seems the enduring lot of the Bishops of Algoma.

By the decision of the Synod on the election of Dr. Thorneloe, the whole grant hitherto made to the Bishop was cut off, and the interest of the Endowment Fund, about one half the amount, was henceforward to form the Bishop's stipend.

Three years later, when he was elected coadjutor to the late Archbishop of Ontario, with right of succession to the see, Dr. Thorneloe, like his predecessor, refused to leave the hard work of Algoma for the ease of a well-equipped diocese. Again, in 1909, he withdrew his name the moment he heard he was nominated for election to the Diocese of Toronto. When Archbishop Hamilton resigned the see of Ottawa in 1914, Bishop Thorneloe was three times elected to it by the Synod. After twice refusing, the Bishop, under the pressure,

accepted, and a touching scene took place. The Synod rose *en masse* and sang 'Praise God from Whom all blessings flow,' and after a moment's silence gave three ringing cheers. But the waste places and the scattered sheep of Algoma drew the Bishop's heart with cords of love, and he could not bear the thought of deserting them. The Ottawa Executive Committee, to whom he appealed, refused to listen to his plea to be released : he therefore placed his resignation of Algoma in the hands of the other bishops of the Province, but with a most urgent request from himself and from his clergy that he might be allowed to remain there, to which the bishops acceded. Ottawa is a settled, compact, self-supporting diocese, where there is no difficulty in getting clergy and the Bishop's stipend is £1,000 a year. Yet after eighteen years of the work Bishop Thorneloe insisted on remaining on £500 a year, with the increasing difficulty of getting men, and the never-ending problem of filling vacant places.

Three months later, on St. Peter's Day, 1915, the anniversary of his ordination, the House of Bishops of the Ecclesiastical Province of Ontario, unanimously elected Dr. Thorneloe as their Metropolitan. Algoma therefore has now the honour of being the metropolitan see, and Dr. Thorneloe is the Archbishop of Algoma.

CHAPTER V

INDIAN RESERVES AND SCHOOLS

As we have said, the great western regions belonged to the Indian and the hunter, until the idea came of building a railway right across the continent through the forest primeval.

The children of the forest saw with wonder, first the engineers, then an army of spade-men to level down or up, then the 'ties' (sleepers) laid in order and then, coming to the very end of the track, a car bearing steel rails from the Old World. They watched these being fastened down, and then on, ever on, into the New World across the prairies and the woods, they saw the construction train make its way week by week, pushing to the front the carriage which formed the navvies' barracks. Always farther and farther westward stretched the iron way, with trees towering for miles on either side and Lake Superior—Hiawatha's 'Shining Big Sea Water'—gleaming through the forest, far away.

Past the wigwams of the Algonquin Indian this march of civilisation swept on. Their solitudes became less solitary, log-house after log-house sprang up, and clearing succeeded clearing. The Indian was there

still, but he had no fixed habitation and therefore he did not count. The roving habits which made him in a vague way claim the right to occupy those wide and fertile hills, regardless—because unconscious—of the wealth of possibilities they contained, were quite absurd in the settlers' eyes. It improved the value of the land to clear and till it, and for the Indian there was still plenty of room to wander, to pitch his wigwam and to light his camp fire, even though settler after settler did fell the trees and plough the land at their feet, and though the blue smoke rose from the chimney of a little cabin instead of under the open sky beside the group of wigwams.

Formerly the Indian had been terrible enough in his way to be treated with a sort of respect, but by degrees contempt took the place of fear. The White man was no longer afraid that a savage in plumes and war-paint, with terra-cotta coloured skin and lank black hair, might spring on him from behind any tree, bind him to its trunk, and after slowly roasting him, tear off his scalp. Such things indeed had been, and for each scalp the 'brave' had added another feather to his head-dress; they could not be forgotten, nor perhaps forgiven, but their day was over. Cruel as he was, the Red Indian had originally a pride and dignity of his own. He held his head high and believed in himself. Too often, however, he learnt nothing but evil from the first White men who came, and saw only two reasons why he should make friends with them—they could give him guns and gunpowder, and they could give him 'fire-water.' The sons of the forest

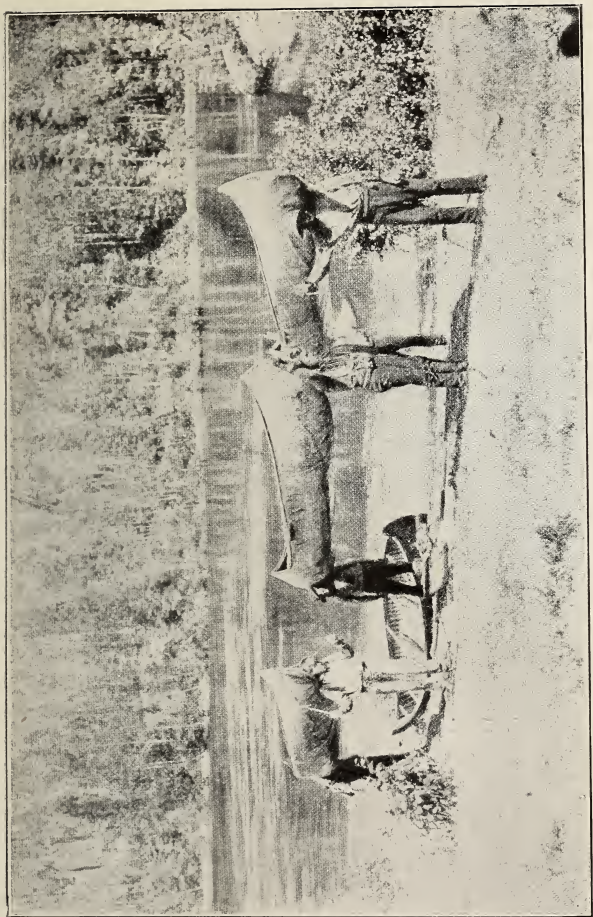
were learning the habits of the bad settlers, not of the good ones; drink was enfeebling their constitutions and so rendering them a prey to epidemics that they were fast dying out. Reserves, as they are called, were established—areas where White men are not allowed to take up the land and where the Indians live after their own manner, under supervision by agents of the Indian Department of the Government. These Reserves are almost all near water, so that the Indians can fish; whilst on the land they grow the maize which is their chief food.

There are a considerable number in the Diocese of Algoma, and it is on these centres that the forces of mission work are best concentrated; but many of them are in the hands of the Roman Catholics. On the mainland the most important are Garden River near Sault Ste. Marie, and Ningwenenang on the beautiful Lake Nepigon. The latter is reached from Lake Superior up the river Nepigon, which is more beautiful even than the lake. It was in this far-western outpost that Bishop Fauquier established the first mission at the request of the chief, and here Mr. Renison lived for many years. He taught and baptised a band of Indians who remained faithful when, on account of his wife's illness, he was obliged to leave them and go down to Port Arthur. He tells how they used to come down the fifty or sixty miles to inquire for her, coming generally on the Saturday and staying for the Wednesday evening service. These journeys were made, of course, in canoes down the river, with several portages—that is to say, unnavigable places, where the canoes had

to be unloaded, and they and the contents carried overland until it was possible to launch them again.

Mrs. Renison was buried in the churchyard at Nepigon Station, and from the reading-desk one Sunday soon afterwards her husband saw three Indians at the grave. With their snow-shoes they scraped the snow off, then with their mittens brushed the little mound quite clear, and kneeling down prayed, with tears streaming from their eyes. They did not wish to disturb the service by coming in; so Oshkopekuhda the chief, and his two companions, sat down quietly in the snow, till Mr. Renison sent some one to fetch the shivering Red men in. They had proved their devotion before by hauling and sawing the planks for the church—regular work which is very distasteful to the roaming native. For many years they were left alone; for no missionary came forward who knew the Indian tongue. Each summer the Bishop and his chaplain visited this faithful band and heard their laments over their dead, whom they had laid in graves without Christian burial and over the infants who had died unbaptised; and each year the Bishop's heart was wrung as he—whom they called the 'Revolving Sun' and 'Menokezhegud,' 'a fine day,' because he brought to them the Gospel light—could only tell them he had no means and no missionary to send them.

In 1900, a layman in the diocese volunteered for this work. He gave up his occupation and sold some land he possessed in order, with the proceeds, to support himself and his family while he read for Holy Orders.



ON THE WAY TO THE WHITE CHUTE

In due time he was ordained deacon and established by the Bishop among the neglected flock. Whilst the Mission was unoccupied Roman Catholic influences had been at work, but the chief and many of his band remained steadfast.

The Bishop told them that he was bringing a missionary who had left his wife and family in order to come to them. 'He has no house to live in here: he cannot live without a shelter when the stormy winds do blow. I want the Indians to work and to help in building a house. I do not ask for money, because I know they have no money. I want the Indians to cut logs for the walls and floor and roof, and I will buy the windows and doors and nails and other things which the Indians cannot make.' He asked them also to help the missionary to go along the shores of the lake to seek out, for Christ, the poor pagans, and to bring him offerings—fish, venison and moose meat which they get in hunting, and maize from their gardens.

Oshkopekuhda first answered for himself, and then the others promised to do what the Bishop asked them. The building of the house was urgent; so the very next day they went out into the bush, and in two days had cut and squared fifty-six logs—a great effort to be made so quickly by the Indians, to whom time is a matter of supreme indifference. A hut, fourteen feet square, was first built; then the church was repaired and the house added to, so that the next summer when Mr. Fuller came down to be ordained priest, he was able to take his wife and children back with him. He laboured there for eight or nine years, absolutely

alone among the Red men, until he was called to the charge of the Indian Schools. There is a weird grandeur in the dreamy woods which stretch far back from Lake Nepigon, interspersed by clusters of smaller lakes and pools, some of which the Indians believe to have mystic qualities, and still here among the forests wander undisturbed the children of the primeval dwellers.

The Garden River Reserve is some twelve miles from Sault Ste. Marie. Here Shingwauk, the old chief who received Mr. McMurray, came to end his days. He was buried near the banks of the St. Mary River, and some years later a church was built on the spot. On the old tombstone is a sketch of a pine-tree (Shingwauk) and the inscription 'Shingwauk, Chief of the Ojibway Nation.' Lately a window to his memory has been put in by Longfellow's daughter. The Indians here are proud to bring their treasures out of many wrappings of paper to show to a stranger—the silver medals of George III, a tiny hand-loom used generations ago, or the pipe of peace, which used to be smoked when warring tribes made peace together. Shingwauk was a great friend of the 'Black Coat,' and he and his son Buhgwujjenene set their hearts on having a big 'Teaching Wigwam'; Buhgwujjenene was a very earnest Christian and gathered his people together for service in his wigwam until at length a missionary came to live among them. The chief got a church and then a schoolhouse built, and he came to England to raise funds for the 'Big Wigwam' his father had wanted. He was received by King Edward VII, then the Prince of



CHIEF SHINGWAUK AND HIS WIFE

Wales, and by Dr. Tait, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and was much gratified by the way he was treated ; but he said : ' The poor are too poor, and the rich are too rich. I want to be with my own people where there are fish in the river and game in the bush, berries on the rocks and sugar in the maple-trees—all free.' At last the ' Teaching House ' was built at Garden River, and called the Shingwauk Home, after the old chief. It was of wood and was opened on September 22, 1873, with fifteen boys and girls as pupils. There were great rejoicings ; but alas ! six days later the Home was burnt to the ground. It was then decided that the next attempt should be more substantial, and in the following year Lord Dufferin laid the foundation of the stone building which bears the same name, and fronts the St. Mary River about two miles from Sault Ste. Marie.

The Wawanosh (White-Swan-gracefully-sailing) Home for girls was originally built some distance away ; but it was found better to have all the children under one roof, and in 1897 a grant by S.P.G. from the Marriott Bequest made it possible to build on to the boys' part a wing for girls.

This has been the only Church of England Home for the Red man's children in Eastern Canada, and it has had representatives from the Ojibways and Delawares, and a few Iroquois, Crees, and Pottawattamies. The girls are taught sewing, house and laundry work, and out of school the boys' time is divided between the farm, and carpentering, tailoring, and shoemaking. The Indian instinct of quick perception is very noticeable in the accurate writing in their copy-books, and the

clever way in which they model in clay from a leaf or flower placed before them. Besides the main block, the hospital, gymnasium, and schoolhouse, there has been provided a most beautiful chapel, built in memory of the first Bishop of Algoma. Passing down a grassy glade, overarched by tall pines, you come to a wooden gateway surmounted by a cross. It is the gate of the little cemetery: here lie the boys who have been cut down by the Indian's scourge, consumption, and here rest Bishop Fauquier and his wife and the native boy whom he found long ago on that first visit to Lake Nepigon and laid his hand upon, baptising him under his own name of Frederick.

Twice a day the pupils assemble for prayers in the chapel, and besides the religious influence thus carefully provided for, the training received in the Home, by the successive sixty to eighty children it can take in, has fitted them to take their place as useful workers and citizens of the Dominion. The Indian Department makes a grant for each child, S.P.C.K. has given scholarships, the Colonial and Continental Church Society an annual grant, and the New England Company occasional help. Special children have been supported by K.M. and the English Algoma Association. After a time of great difficulty, the Home is now recovering and bids fair soon to become independent of outside help except the Government grant.

The Manitoulin Island has several Reserves. At Sucker Creek a cement church has lately been built, to the great joy of an old Indian woman who just lived to see it. One of her sons is ordained and working in a

western diocese, and as long as she could get out Catherine Magrath was never absent from the services in the school-house. A comparison of Mr. O'Meara's account of his travels and the scrupulously clean house of this aged Indian proves what Christianity has done even for the material welfare of her race.

At Sheguiandah a yearly gathering of the Indians is held. Whenever he can arrange it, the Bishop is present and speaks to the people in their own church; they have come from many islands round in their canoes and the building is closely packed with a dusky congregation. After the service an outdoor feast is held, and sports and games end the day.

At the western end of the Manitoulin is a very beautiful Reserve, surrounded by woods, which in summer are carpeted with gorgeous purple flags, scarlet lilies, and wild roses. This Sheshegwaning was a Roman settlement; but some years ago discontent which had been simmering came to a head, and fourteen families sent in a petition that they might be admitted to the Anglican Church. One cause which led to this was the unsatisfactory teaching given to their children in the Roman Catholic school; but a greater reason was the action taken by the Roman authorities in excommunicating parents who sent their boys to the Shingwauk Home, and in refusing to allow the people to read the Bible for themselves. One of them thus expressed their feeling: 'Why does not the priest give us the Bible? It is God's letter. It is just as if I went away from home for a long time and I wrote a letter to my boys telling them what to do on the farm and how to

do it. Then I come home and find they have not done things right, and I learn that they put my letter on the shelf and never read it.'

They had thought it well over and were resolved no longer to remain Romans ; they wished to be received into the Anglican Church, but if this was impossible they would join the Methodists. Fifty of them were received, among whom were eighteen children of school age, for whom a school was opened. Hardly ever did a child miss attendance, and daily at noon, before the school broke up, the little brown children joined in their native tongue in prayer for missions. The school bell gave notice of the moment, and a copy of the prayer was given to the parents so that they too could join in their own homes. Services were held in the school, but the Indians were keenly anxious to have a church apart from the schoolhouse. Eighteen pounds due to the men for work was returned by them as the beginning of a fund ; they gave entertainments in ' White ' villages, and the women made things for sale. By these means they provided £100—a large sum for them—and through the generous help of a lady in England they have now a very well finished cement church. Most of the work was done by the Indians themselves, and almost every one of them was present at the first service, a 7.30 A.M. celebration of the Holy Communion.

These people have suffered much persecution from their Roman neighbours. Among those who came over was the old man who had been chief for many years. Shortly afterwards he was deposed, and a Roman elected

by the vote of the community. The gift of a site for the church was almost stopped also, in the same way; for a gift, even of a man's own ground, on a Reserve, must be confirmed by the general vote. Faithful teaching has been given by the English catechist. Once when he was away, the baby grandchild of the old chief became very ill; the father had to go off some thirty miles for a doctor, but doubting if the child could live till his return, he baptised it himself before he started.

Here, and at other native settlements on the Manitoulin, women do beautiful work, making boxes and other things of birch-bark, delicately embroidered with dyed porcupine quills and edged with a sweet-scented grass.

The Indians are said not to be actually decreasing now in numbers, but the mortality from consumption is very sad. Last year a pathetic scene was witnessed on a little island close to a Hudson Bay store. The Indians had camped there with their furs. In one of the families two children had died in the early summer; the furs had all been exchanged and the time had come to go back to the woods, but another child had sickened. Beneath a tent, with branches of trees propped up to keep off the flies, lay this boy of three years old panting for breath, while the mother, a tall lithe Cree woman, with beautiful features, stood leaning against a tree, watching, as if turned to stone. Within an hour her third child would have gone, and the eldest, a girl of twelve, was already showing signs of the fell disease. The night before, other families, hearing the Bishop was on the mainland, had come across in their canoes

for service, bringing the babies in their papoose cradles which were stood up in the pews, and the sorrowing parents, who could not come, were comforted by the words of consolation and of hope spoken to them by the death-bed of their child.



THE PIPE OF PEACE



PAPOOSE CRADLE

CHAPTER VI

THROUGH THE SNOW

WHAT is the actual work required of Algoma missionaries in winter and summer, among Red men and White ?

To begin with the former, for the last forty years the Rev. Canon Frost has worked among the Indians and interpreted their speech to others till his mind seems to see things almost from an Indian point of view. His little book, bound in imitation of birch-bark, and called 'Sketches of Indian Life,' is full of little vignette word-pictures which throw much light on the subject. In these stories he tells not only what the wigwam and the log-hut are, but how you get to them.

In one chapter, called 'The Stormy Sunday,' he describes how the wind sometimes blows as if it would blow itself away ; there seems a fierce conflict in the air, and a sound as if the elements were trying to rend everything in pieces.

A missionary generally has several different stations to serve at a distance from each other, so he must needs do a great deal of Sunday travelling whether it is fine or not ; but Canon Frost gives an account of one Sunday in his early days which stands out from the rest.

For several days the storm had raged without ceasing, but on the Sunday morning it seemed to have somewhat abated, and he started from the Indian village where he lived, and where he had held the first service of the day. He wanted to cross a long low hill to a band of Indians who lived on a Reserve on the other side of it. On the top of the hill there was a level plain where the forest had been burnt off so clean and short that it seemed like open prairie-land ; there was no shelter there, but you could see before you as you cannot in the forest. As he left his home, an old Indian who was shovelling away the snow from the door of his hut called out to him a warning, ' You can't do it,' but Canon Frost thought he *could* do it because he ought. The love of those Indian souls constrained him and made him hopeful.

He reached the hill without any special difficulty ; there were deep snow-drifts in places, but his pony got him safely through them. There was one place which in autumn was a sort of sticky swamp of clay and dead leaves, specially to be dreaded, and which now was equally conspicuous by its drifts. In the course of the morning the missionary reached a small farm-house, where he left his horse and put on his snow-shoes, for he knew there were worse drifts to come, through which no horse could p'unge. At last he was more than half-way there, and only a mile or so off the descent of the hill. Without his horse he was not obliged to keep to the road, but could make straight on wherever the snow was least difficult. Still it was slow work ; for the snow was ever falling, and the wind blew it confusingly in his face. The cold of the stinging blast was intense,

and yet he had to take off some of his heavy clothing, as it was simply impossible to carry the weight of it against the wind.

At length he reached the Reserve. Here the road ran through the woods and was more sheltered, so the drifts were less, and in due time he arrived at the cabin where the service was to be held. It was so late and so stormy that the Indians had ceased to expect him. However, there were enough huts close by for a good congregation to assemble when his black figure was seen against the universal whiteness. Tired as he was, his experience in that journey had made him all the more able to join heartily in the hymns of thanksgiving, to which the howling storm made a wild accompaniment, and to feel the service a very solemn one, and well worth coming for.

The Indians were very grateful. The old men, Mukkadabin and Sahquabinans, were very much distressed about his journey through the snow, and the woman at whose house the service had been held, whilst making him eat the much-needed dinner she had got ready, sent for her son that he might go back with Canon Frost as far as the farm where he had left his horse.

The storm was still raging when they left the hut, and although on the Reserve they were somewhat sheltered from it, it was fearful on the bare table-land at the top of the hill. However, they reached the farm in safety, and having seen his charge so far, the Indian went home, leaving the missionary with the old couple and a son who lived with them, to wait till the tempest abated.

The old mother was sitting reading her Bible. Canon Frost read to them the lessons for the day, and they joined in evensong. Then came supper, after which they looked out at the weather again. It had ceased snowing and the moon shone brightly, although the wind was so strong that it whirled the drifts about like smoke and made it hard at times to distinguish anything.

It was quite too late now to get back for the evening service near his home, and to venture out was dangerous ; so the farmer and his wife begged their guest to stay the night. He knew, however, that his wife would be anxious about him, and he decided to try and get home by moonlight though it was very heavy work. At last, on the lonely plain, he thought he saw an Indian coming towards him, and the horse seemed to see him too, and shied out of the way. But when he turned to ask the man what was the state of the road ahead there was nobody there.

Probably it was some effect of snow dazzle, for nothing could have been hidden on those white plains ; but the Indians tell many stories of such queer sights, and though the Canon was not afraid of ghosts, the strangeness of the thing made the storm and loneliness seem more dreadful.

As he went on the drifts got larger, and the way was altogether worse than when he came. Then he saw, and heard, a sleigh and horses coming towards him and this time was thankful to find it was not fancy. In the deep snow it took a very long time to pass each other ; but after that, Canon Frost, for a little while, had the advantage of the other's track, though it took only

about a quarter of an hour for the wind to cover it up again.

At last, near midnight, he reached the settlement. 'You never got there,' said the Indian who had warned him, appearing round a corner. 'I did.' 'You never got there with the pony.' 'I did not, but *I got there*, and that is the chief thing.' The Indians had gone to bed and he was glad to follow their example, and he felt that after such a Sunday he should take a calm one as a blessing to be thankful for all the rest of his life.

Such is a specimen of an Algoma missionary's work on land; but there are other experiences when he has to go across the ice to visit his flock.

Once it happened that Canon Frost had to cross the ice to visit an Indian village on the banks of a large river a long way from home. He had travelled safely across a stretch of many miles of ice when he reached a station of the Hudson Bay Company, where the traders entertained him hospitably and set him on the right way.

The road now led through bush, then over an inland lake, then through a rocky region, another lake, another plain, till at last he reached the river where his Indians dwelt. He had never been there before, but they were not all strangers, for some of the people had come to him in his own village to be taught and baptised, and when he reached his journey's end he was cheered to find that one of their number, having learnt the glad tidings himself, had carried them on, and that five others had been brought by him to wish for Holy Baptism.

In the small cabins of that riverside village the

missionary met, talked, and prayed with these children of the wilderness and felt it a joy to worship the true God with them and to minister to their spiritual needs. As the short winter day was ending he bade them good-bye. They pressed him to stay, but he had promised the people at the Hudson Bay post to give them a service; the wife of the manager was an invalid and could not take a long journey to get to church. This was her only chance of service till some clergyman had time to come again, and that might not be for long, the station being far out of the way.

Crossing the small lake and some hills, he came to the large lake as night was closing in and a storm threatening. He lost his bearings and travelled in a circle. The wind increased to a gale, and at last he had to dismount and feel step by step whether the snow beneath that now falling was hard or soft—it took hours, but in this way he was able to find the traces of his own morning track. Once in the woods, the way was not so difficult to find, but it was lonesome and eerie. The lake-ice in frosty weather cracks with explosions like artillery, and the noises at night in the woods sound most unearthly and are quite inexplicable.

On one occasion, when Canon Frost had crossed fifty miles of ice and was far from home, the ice broke and his horse fell through. He managed to get it out; but it was so chilled and strained that it was never of any use again, and its owner had to do his work on foot till such time as he could afford to buy another steed—no easy matter out of a missionary's stipend.

On the two journeys described above there was



MUSKOKA CHURCH



LUMBERMEN AND HORSES

more than enough wind, but another time Bishop Fauquier and Canon Frost would have been thankful for half a gale. The Bishop was crossing to the Manitoulin Island to spend Sunday at one of the Indian Missions. A sailing-boat was to carry them the last ten miles; suddenly, only two miles from shore, the wind dropped. Across the bay they could see the Indians assemble, go into church and come out again after service. Again, in the afternoon, they gathered, hoping the Bishop would be there and wondering at his delay. The boat was too far off for them to see that he was waiting the whole day in vain in the little vessel they watched riding becalmed on the water.

In these days of steamers and gasolene launches there is no fear of being becalmed; but a steamer may break down, or get stuck in the mud, or for some reason may not put in at a particular port where bishop or clergy are waiting for her; and however important the engagement across the water may be, there is nothing to be done but to wait on. Trains once in twenty-four hours, with the possibility of a 'wash out' where the line is carried away, or a collapsed bridge, and boats which may be the day before yesterday's, do not help to the keeping of appointments. Still, these delays are accidental, and the trains, and even more the boats, are far superior to ours. The lake steamers, fresh and clean in their light paint, with dainty single or two-berth cabins, and meals well served, spoil one for the ways of English Channel boats.

Not only in getting to the Indians have the clergy in Algoma to face hardships. The snow is just as

whirling, the drifts just as deep, the ice just as rotten, yes, and the mud in the thaw just as sticky, when White men have to be reached. Constantly have the missionaries to dig their horses out of drifts, to move fallen trees off the road, to cross ranges of hills in a drive of twenty or thirty miles through dark forests dripping overhead with melting snow ; to work themselves on a hand-car down a railway track, to ' board ' a moving train as it passes one of their stations where it is not timed to stop, or to take that most tiring of all exercises, a long walk along the line. Yet year in, year out, the work goes on, and you hear the folk in isolated settlements tell, with a ring of true gratitude in their voice, that they can always count on their parson coming, for no weather makes him fail them.

CHAPTER VII

OUR OWN BROTHERS

WHEN Bishop Fauquier went to take charge of the Algoma Indians the land was supposed to be poor and unfit for settlement, and likely always to remain so. In the last forty years that opinion has been proved to be wrong, and besides 8,000 Red men Archbishop Thorneloe has in his diocese, as we have said, over 150,000 white settlers, of whom 7,000 came in in the year 1913-14. The area is larger than England and Wales, and the Archbishop must be constantly travelling up and down it, strengthening and encouraging the clergy, confirming and exhorting the laity.

There are three large centres : Sault Ste. Marie, Port Arthur, and Fort William, with populations of 19,000, 18,000, and 24,000 respectively. Sault Ste. Marie has St. Luke's pro-Cathedral, St. John's Church, and three missions ; at Port Arthur there is St. John's, with three district churches ; Fort William has three churches, one of which ranks as the largest in the diocese, but is hampered by an appalling debt. At Port Arthur, the beautiful residential city, rising on terraces up the side of a very steep hill, a perfect site, dominating the whole town, has been given, and the congregation hope

to build a really fine church, by degrees, as they have money in hand to pay for it. After these cities come the railway centres and mining towns; Sudbury with 6,000, North Bay with 11,000 people, both junctions for two lines and therefore permanent places. Cobalt, the centre of the silver-mines, has 6,000 people and Haileybury, its pretty residential neighbour, 5,000. At Cobalt a church was built, directly the place began to be, and within a year was self-supporting. At Haileybury the stone church is a monument of the devotion of the first settlers, an old Haileyburian and his brother-in-law who went there in the early days of Algoma. The church was built partly by their own hands and those of other earnest Churchmen—the difference in each man's masonry can almost be traced—and, from the gifts of those who offered willingly unto the Lord, an atmosphere of devotion seems to have rested on the church. Though far too small now for the congregation, one hopes it may never be disused, but that it may be found possible to add on to it.

Then come some twenty-three Missions with a population of from 1,200 to 5,000 occupied in mines, as at Coppercliff; lumber-mills, as at Sturgeon Falls, Blind River, and Little Current; or in providing for the wants of commercial centres. These populations sound good, but we have to consider that only about one-fourth, or less, are Churchpeople. In one parish of 5,000, there are only 225 Churchpeople. Still, in this Province of Ontario, there is, far more than in any other part of Canada, a recovery of the lost sheep. Those who, in days long ago, went out as Churchpeople and



A LUMBER CAMP IN SNOW



A PACK OF LOGS

found no services, are coming back, and the last census showed that whereas the natural increase of population was 15·88 per cent., the increase in Church population was 35·70 per cent., or more than double. This is therefore the most encouraging part of the whole Dominion from a Church point of view.

In the Georgian Bay there are said to be thirty thousand islands, and the beautiful Muskoka lakes are thickly dotted with islands too. These have become a resort for tourists from Eastern Canada and the United States. For two or three months these 'summer-houses' are tenanted, and services ought to be provided; but though part of the population may be wealthy, it is always changing. Many may not be Churchpeople, and tourists very often do not feel enough stake in the country they visit to do more, at any rate, than to give towards the particular mission near them.

The lumber camps are a work apart, and are very difficult to deal with; yet the work calls for special provision—the opportunity is great of drawing these men to worship during the long winters away in the woods. The camps are too far away from ordinary missions, and the difficulty of getting up to them too great for them to be visited regularly by a priest with his own parish to care for. When one *can* go to share the men's quarters, and give them a service in dining-camp or office—it may be late at night, after their day's work—or a celebration for the two or three in the small upper room before daybreak, his welcome is hearty; but there seems no possibility at present of a special mission.

The railways are divided into sections, and at certain distances are divisional points, where engines are changed; a good number are kept in reserve in the round house, and a large staff of railway employés, engineers, conductors, and workmen are always on the spot; these places, too, are permanent and will grow into little towns. Such a one is Schreiber, where a new church has just been built, and Muskoka Station. The men get very good wages and are well able and willing to give towards the support of church or club; but they may be moved away at any moment to another point, and a good Churchman may be replaced by a Roman Catholic or a Dissenter.

In all the mining and industrial centres there is a very large number of foreigners—Russians, Italians, Austrians, Finns. These latter, who belong to the Lutheran Church, come to our clergy for baptisms, marriages, and funerals.

In the diocese there are now sixty-six Missions, with 123 churches, worked by fifty-four clergy and twelve catechists. We have accounted above for thirty-three Missions, the remaining thirty-three are all small, and chiefly farming communities. These form, therefore, half the parishes in the diocese and it is from these there comes a call of great pathos. In nearly all of them the settlers are English. To take one instance, that of the upland valley described in Chapter II. Here the farmer's wife had been brought up in the Rev. J. S. Pollock's parish, St. Alban's, Birmingham. For sixteen years or more after she came to the shack she never saw a clergyman; sometimes the very existence of these scattered

homesteads is not known, and even when it is, it is often impossible to get to them. In this case a priest from a shore village heard of these farmers when he was visiting one of his out-stations : some hay-wagons had brought in their load, and were going back empty, so he got a lift and made his way over the ridge and down to the valley. The old woman could hardly believe her eyes, but she at once began to prepare her kitchen for a service ; the clergyman went to every house within reach to make himself known and to invite them to come, and a more hearty service was seldom held. The feeling that *at last* the old Church had found them out stirred their hearts, and the wish, long treasured but almost dead, that they might have a church, revived. The land was inspected next day, and the best site was thought to be on the land of the brother, right fronting on to the main road. He was not content to give enough for the church, but insisted they should take enough for a churchyard too ; for he said he wanted to be laid in consecrated ground, not in the corner of any field, as is so often the case. Voluntary labour cut down the wood and hauled it to and from the saw-mill, and then built it up ; so, as the good wife told with pride, when the Bishop came to consecrate St. Alban's Church, there was not a penny of debt on it. With loving and reverent care she washes the altar linen and cares for the holy vessels. The little wooden building is small and simple, but careful thought of the old woman and the young catechist had been given to render the sanctuary more dignified. From the ' store,' many miles away, he had brought up some plain brown holland and some crimson

flannel ; out of this he cut some crosses which were fastened on to the holland stretched above the altar ; two iron rods were mounted, and on these neatly made curtains of the holland hung on either side.

All the labour and thought were given that they might have this church, given chiefly in kind, but when it came to the stipend for a missionary their resources failed. The people there, with those in two smaller places miles away, could only promise to give £30 a year, and to send even a catechist the Bishop must add another £60. And now that catechist is needed for a more important group, and no other is available to send, and the church of so many prayers and hopes remains closed and the altar vessels unused, unless perhaps once a year some catechist takes duty for the nearest priest and he can arrange in some way to be got to and from the valley.

These cases could be multiplied many times. In the northern part, newly opened up by the Temiscaming Railway there is a whole district of new settlements, with people pouring in—men of all nationalities, of all classes—old Etonians, old Wykehamists, old 'Varsity men'—the foundations of a new State are being laid ; either of a God-fearing, God-serving people, or of one given over to the worship of 'the almighty dollar.'

Last year, the forest fires, which so often happen, were raging there ; as the trains passed through, the heat was unbearable, and there was fear of the carriages catching fire. One church which it was much desired to see was quite unapproachable by any road, as no horse or rig could have made its way through the smoke ; the clearest way was along the railway line, where, in the



A FIRED FOREST



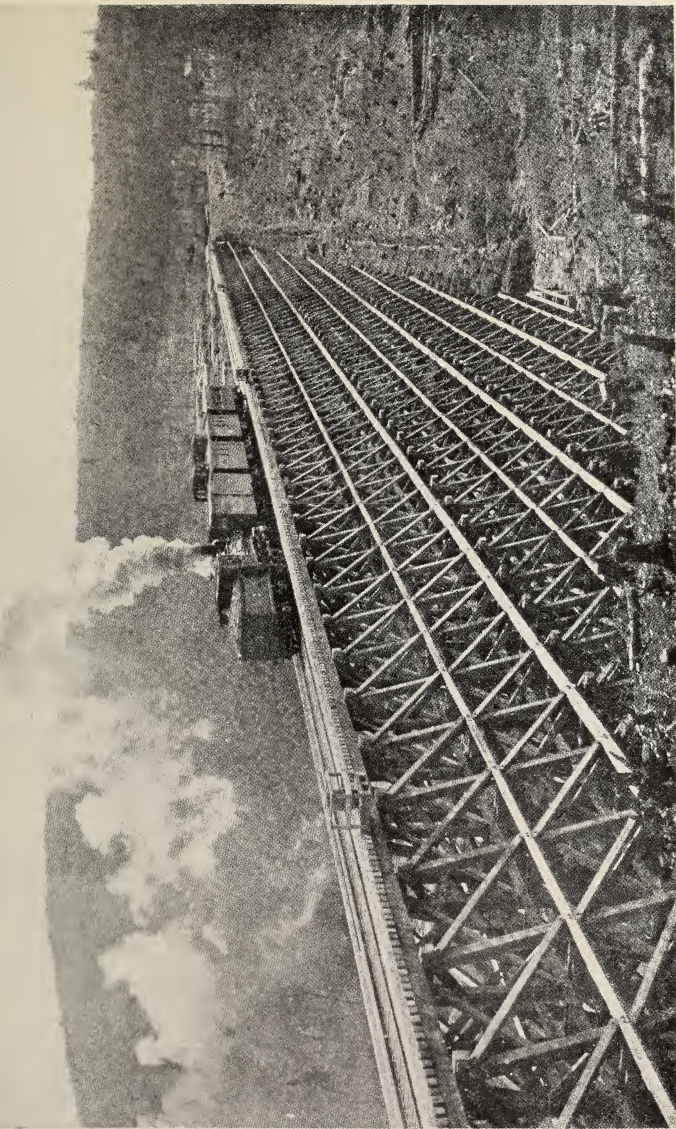
THE ROAD, HAILEYBURY

centre, a funnel of air seemed drawn through which drove off a little of the smoke. The track was a single one with steep embankments down on each side and a nine miles' walk from the last station. The experience of walking along a line partly hidden before or behind by forest or curve, so that you cannot see an approaching train, is not altogether pleasant when the only way of escape is down a shaly precipice ; the unpleasantness is greater when the line crosses a long bridge where there is not even a precipice down which to escape, and through the pall of smoke the eye strains to see whether an iron monster may be bearing down ; it is more unpleasant still for the missionary, returning tired after his Sunday services, who comes out of the lonely darkness, round a bend, into view of a station with its various lights and signals and has to make out whether any of them belong to an oncoming train. Of course he can partly reckon for ' scheduled ' trains, though that is not always possible when they may be hours late ; but freight trains of enormous length may be coming at times unexpected by an unwary public.

In spite of such difficulties this church was reached, the perils of the way being added to--on the one hand, wherever a road crossed the track, by having either to walk on the top of the rail, or risk a broken ankle by trying to balance on the sharp edge of sloping boards which filled up the whole space between and on each side of the rails, its *raison d'être* being to keep off cattle ; and, on the other hand, beguiled by the wondrous colours of the many species of butterflies flitting about. The settlement was very small, only five or six Church

settlers ; one, who, with his father before him, had been a bell-ringer at St. Mary's Cathedral in Edinburgh, coming here, had gathered the people together and regularly read the Sunday services in his own house till they could get a church built, but here again came the question of stipend ; this man was by far the best off of the small community and keenly anxious to do his utmost, but he had only fifty cents. (two shillings and a penny) in cash in the house, and would have no more till his sons came back in three or four months from outside work.

This Temiscaming Railway is penetrating north at the eastern end of the diocese ; other railways are opening up other parts. That which at last joins the Manitoulin Island to the main shore will bring new settlements along it, and an increased population on the island. The Algoma Central passing through some of the most glorious scenery imaginable, as it pierces the cañons close by the rushing stream, or is carried high on perilous-looking trestle-bridges, runs for 400 miles without even a single village. The same is true of the Canadian Northern, which stretches for long distances through country so far quite uninhabited. It is a curious experience to travel on these new lines for hour after hour, through forest and across rivers. The engine seems to stop here and there for its own convenience ; for the solitary man at the tiny wooden building which does duty as a station has no passenger to produce, and no other dwellings are to be seen. Waterfall and Deer Lake are appropriate names, but one wonders what the ghosts of *St. Cloud* or the demons of *Bays-*



BELLEVIEW TRESTLE BRIDGE (ALGOMA CENTRAL RAILWAY)

water would think could they look down on their namesakes in this new and lonely far-off world. Clearly, then, these railways have not been built for the sake of any people along them, nor only for the termini at each end; they have been built knowing that people will follow them; they are sure to come, *and the churches should come too*. One of the important problems is to secure sites for these in suitable places before the price of land goes up, and the diocese should have a fund to expend on such purchases.

Following closely on the development of iron ways is that of excellent ordinary roads. Motors abound—motors built in Canada! for no self-respecting European motor would submit to go up and down the hills, over the stony or corduroy roads, through the lanes and ruts of mud, which these are asked to. Springs and tyres would promptly go on strike and lie down by the way; but even in quite country-places small tradesmen use them for their business, and so it comes that very quickly roads everywhere are being improved, and in some parts there passes through Algoma the fine wide transatlantic motor road which is to run right across to the coast. These roads will of course, in a way, make the work of the clergy easier, though motors are luxuries which only their congregations can afford.

Generally, a missionary has three or four services each Sunday, taking his out-stations in rotation and driving or walking the twenty or thirty miles between them—and yet how many of the flock are perforce left unsheltered! One girl who went out from England to her brother tramped in all directions to find a church,

nine miles one way across snow and ice, sixteen miles another, all in vain. She had taken out a commendatory letter from England ; but her home was far back where parishes have no definite boundaries. At last a clergyman twenty-two miles away heard of her, and his wife asked her to come and stay over the Sunday. Then, for the first time for eight months, she was able to receive the Holy Communion.

The following is a picture of a typical Sunday. A Mission of three stations : the clergyman has perhaps an eight o'clock celebration and ten o'clock matins and sermon at the chief centre where he lives. Directly after a hurried meal he starts off walking to another place twelve miles away. There, in the early afternoon, at the little church high upon a hill-side, overlooking a lovely lake, are gathered a faithful few—very few if the Sunday be wet and stormy—if anyone is there who can play the American organ, well ; if not, the clergyman plays it himself. After hearing of any weals or woes, he goes to a farm-house, may be a mile or so back, for a warm welcome and a hospitable tea, and then sets out again for a seven miles' tramp through lonely woods to the next place for evening service. There is a sick person to be visited—before, if time allows ; if not, after—and it is getting on late into the night before he gets home after a dark walk of another eight miles. Some weeks he will go overnight to one of the out-stations, so as to begin the Sunday there with a celebration, and on occasions he may drive ; but a horse has to be fed, and is an expensive luxury, and if he has no horse of his own, hiring is still more expensive. Farmers have not more horses than they

need ; and when they work hard on six days, the seventh is needed as a day of rest.

The Archbishop speaks of many of his clergy as heroes ; and no less heroic are their wives, for theirs is a very heavy share of the burden. Other women have all the work of their houses and care of their children ; but the clergyman's wife is never free from parochial interruptions as well, besides the strain of being left alone in an isolated house when her husband has to stay away in a far distant part of the parish. Yet wives or sisters the clergy must have—for service is in most places unobtainable and the wages prohibitive—and some one must be there to have a meal cooked, bread baked, and a fire ready, when the missionary has unhitched his horse or comes home cold and stiff from his snowy tramp.

This chapter cannot be ended without the name of the ' Diocesan Tramp,' beloved in every Mission in the diocese, over the whole of which he has tramped on foot. In one he was all but lost in a blizzard, bringing medicine from the distant doctor to a sick man ; in another he had stayed through a long epidemic, nursing the sick and burying the dead ; and so on and on. In every place the name of the good Archdeacon Gillmor is a household word.

CHAPTER VIII

PRESENT CONDITIONS

ONE of the things which most strikes an Englishman on arriving in Canada is the position of the Church. At home, however much indifferentism may be growing, the Church of England is still the Church of the nation. In towns her 'temples' are the finest and the most numerous of those for public worship; in every village the church, often ancient and beautiful, is the centre round which the village gathers. In Canada all is different. From Montreal (where on the principal 'place,' as the French would say, the Roman Catholic Church, built on the model of St. Peter's at Rome, with figures, more than life-size, of our Lord and His twelve apostles standing out against the sky-line, completely overshadows St. George's English Church) to the smallest villages through the country, with very few exceptions, the Roman, Presbyterian, and Methodist Chapels are generally the largest and best equipped, and the Church of England comes fourth.

We said that the Romanists have large endowments by means of which they can advance their work. How comes it that two other bodies have pressed in before our own? Many of the early settlers were Scotch,

and carried to the new land their Bible and kirk government, and the Methodists have drawn their strength partly from the 'Connexion' in the States, and partly from Cornish miners and others. Both of these sects have been trained in their old homes to give of their substance, and not to expect, as the old emigrant did, that it was an Englishman's prerogative to have his church provided free, gratis, for nothing. Is not that what we, from our endowments, have grown to expect? Take a country village of farmers, and farm labourers, with two or three public-houses and a general shop. Would you find them able to build their church, and provide for repairs, lighting and heating (no small matter in a country where the thermometer often registers 20° to 40° below zero), besides paying the whole stipend of their clergyman? Would the vicar and churchwardens of an average agricultural parish in England find the weekly offerings suffice for this? And yet this is what people at home seem to expect from colonists: nay, more, for in Canada there are no squires, no leisured wealthy class, so the money given from the Hall must be left out of the reckoning.

Moreover, as we have said, there is very little *cash*. For months farmers may not know what it is to see a dollar bill; they can exchange their grain at the store for groceries, but can get no money. We have heard of some, even in prosperous districts, who have only had £16 in cash in twelve months.

And who are most of the emigrants? Young men sent out because professions and trades at home were full, shipped off because there was no room for them in

England—given money enough to start with, and sometimes barely that. How much do we expect them, straight away, to give to support their Church? They were not taught to do it here; now they have not the power, even if they care; and too often they think it does not matter if they have no services, and then there is the more need for others to care on their behalf. Do we at home find rough lads, or even polished ones, always zealous and generous pillars of the Church?

It is so easy to say 'Oh! the Church in the Colonies should be self-supporting,' while we sit down and enjoy the benefits of the gifts of our forefathers; benefits, let us remember, in which our emigrants were entitled to share equally with us. Is it not bare justice that where our clergy are provided for us, we should discharge the debt which would otherwise have been ours, by providing ministrations for the people we have crowded out? Shall we let the new lands our race is filling up become practically heathen, and let the flag bearing the triple cross fly over those who make the Cross of Christ of none effect? Or can we, who belong to the historic Church of England, feel proud of ourselves if we let those who go out from among us, baptised, and most of them confirmed, members, be dependent for any spiritual help on Roman Catholics, and non-conforming sects? They may be quite satisfied, and though at first they miss the church bells they soon find it too much trouble to go any distance on Sunday, and either work on that day as all through the week; or, if they rest at all, spend it in lounging about smoking and idling; whilst those who care, and who, by way of not

forsaking the assembling of themselves together, join the nearest Christians in their worship, get attached to those who have provided for them what their own Church has not, and so they and their children are lost to the Church of their fathers.

And if you say they should not be drawn away, listen to Bishop Sullivan, who wrote: 'One of our greatest difficulties lies in the profound ignorance of the majority of our people on all questions of Church history and teaching. They know next to nothing of the Church's distinctive doctrines, and hence are easily open to the inducements offered by other communions to cast in their lot with theirs. The Church in England is largely responsible for this, in leaving her children so unable to give a reason for the faith that is in them.'

The empire of England has not been given to her in order that her sons may make money and let faith and character go to the winds, that they should toil, week in week out, keeping no Lord's Day holy, worshipping only their own 'getting,' and offering no praise to God who gives them all.

Canada is a country of gigantic enterprises, which 'boom' for a time, and then sometimes cease entirely. It is not merely that companies or individuals fail, as they do all the world over, but that the resources and needs of a place are often temporary. The shifting populations thus brought in are difficult to deal with.

For instance, a new railway is started to branch off from an old one. At once a large population collects, with all the requirements of a new town, and in a few months some quiet spot becomes a busy unlovely crowd

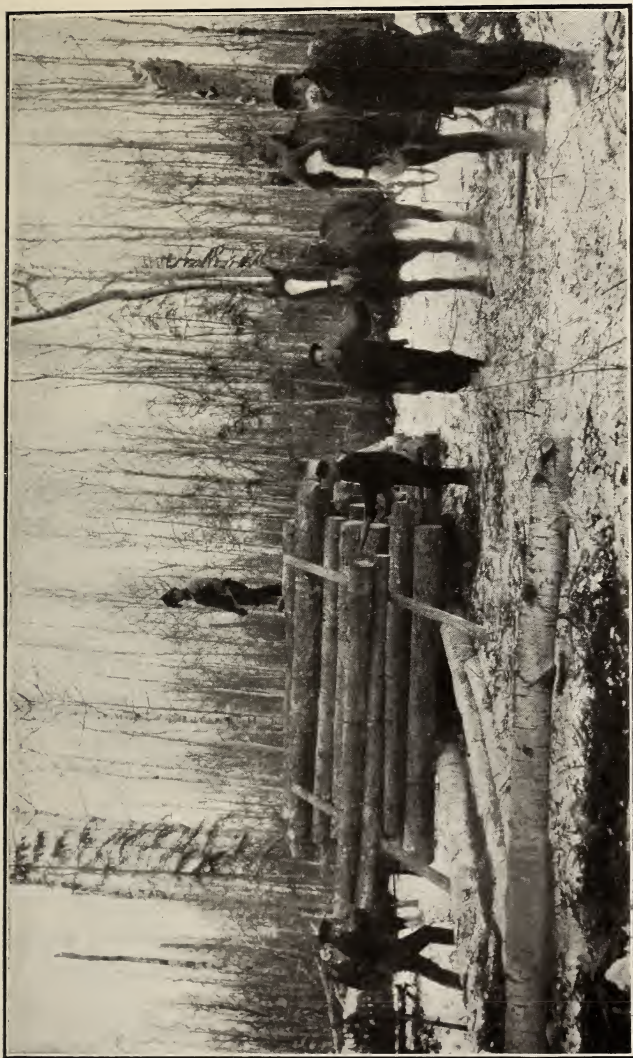
of wooden houses, and galvanized iron sheds, and alas ! drinking and pleasure saloons for the men when off duty. There is no church. Whose business is it to put that up ? that of the Church—which means locally the diocese represented by the Bishop—but the Bishop or his executive have no funds available to build churches to order, and by the time the money is collected for one, and the building accomplished, it may be that the bulk of the population has moved on to some new centre of industrial work. For this reason, in a new place, very small and simple buildings are often put up to be used as churches. If the place goes down, these are sufficient for the remnant left after navvies or miners have departed. If it develops into an important centre, and the people can build a better church, the first room may be useful for a Sunday school.

These, with other very serious problems, faced Bishop Thorneloe when he became the third Chief Pastor of Algoma in 1897. The diocese had absolutely no men of wealth, but a rapidly increasing population of workers in lumbering and other commencing industries and in prospecting for mines ; at least one parish 120 miles long, without a single church, and with only one clergyman to minister to its spiritual needs ; a diocesan debt of £1,000, and increasing at the rate of £400 a year, with interest to be paid thereon ; notice just given by S.P.G. that its grants, one of the few certain sources of income, would be reduced ten per cent. each year : the impossibility for the struggling settlers to raise enough to support their churches, and the Bishop responsible for the payment of the stipends of the clergy, not knowing

from quarter to quarter whether there would be any funds in the Diocesan Treasury with which to meet the claims. Such were a few of the difficulties to be surmounted! But, as we shall see, 'difficulties are the stones out of which God's houses are built.' The Bishop at once resolved not to let the debt grow larger. He began retrenchment by increased economies in the management of the diocese, by doubling up certain missions, and by reducing the grants made to others. He urged the people to the utmost of their power to make up the sums thus withdrawn so that the clergy might not suffer by their small incomes (then generally £120 a year) being diminished. The *Evangeline* was also sold. More railways and steamboats were available than heretofore; consequently the yacht, though a great convenience and rest for the Bishop, was an expense, and could be done without.

The S.P.G. grants of £850 a year had provided for the necessities of fifteen missions, and the reduction of these, in compliance with the Society's policy of withdrawing from older dioceses to help new fields, pressed hardly on Algoma, still only gradually being opened up. To meet this reduction the S.P.C.K. offered to give £1,000 if the Bishop could raise another £9,000 in five years, to be invested as a Clergy Sustentation Fund. It seemed an impossible task, but the offer could not be refused, and the venture was made. When Dr. Sullivan died, it was very generally felt that a memorial of some kind should keep alive the memory of his strenuous episcopate. This Sustentation Fund was chosen as the most suitable object, and thenceforward worked as the Bishop Sullivan

Memorial Sustentation Fund. S.P.G. subsequently generously gave £1,100 and the remaining £7,900 was collected partly in Canada, partly through the English Association. The Archbishop is anxious that the capital of this fund should be still further increased. Meanwhile the settlers responded well to the call for self-support; fifteen missions now receive no help from diocesan funds and are raised to the dignity of rectories according to a rule of the diocese which confers that dignity upon missions as soon as they guarantee £160 per annum for the rector's stipend, together with a house. These fifteen are Sault Ste. Marie (St. Luke's and St. John's), Port Arthur, Fort William (St. Luke's and St. Paul's), Bracebridge, Byng Inlet, Cobalt, Gravenhurst, Haileybury, Huntsville, New Liskeard, North Bay, Parry Sound, Sudbury. Of course the churchwardens who are responsible must have some guarantee, and for this the envelope system is in use. Each householder promises to contribute yearly a certain sum. He then receives so many small envelopes bearing one number: every member of the household puts his offering at each service into the alms-bag enclosed in one of the envelopes. After the evening service the churchwardens enter in a book, against house number one, the sums found in the envelopes with that number. At the end of the year, if the total falls short of the sum promised, householder number one is gently but firmly requested to complete his pledge. As an example of giving, and one not exceptional, one parish, having only thirty-five Church families, gave in one year £300 for Church work, all its members being hard-working people, but endowed with the keen



DECKING LOGS

sense of independence often found in Canada. In 1913-14 the diocese raised £18,180 for Church purposes, and this amount works out at an average of about eighteen shillings a head for every Church member, including children.

Accrued interest on the diocesan debt had in a few years increased it to £1,400. While this liability remained the Bishop could not of course feel justified in entering on new fields, albeit those fields were sorely needing the ministrations of the Church; and it was more than hard to stand by longing, but helpless, to supply them. Preaching at Dr. Thorneloe's consecration, Dr. Sullivan said: 'I speak that whereof I know when I say that the ordinary labour, cares, and anxieties attendant on the episcopal supervision of such a jurisdiction, weighty though they be, are trifles light as air compared with the utter heart-sickness that comes of seeing doors opening for the building up of the Church of Christ, but no means of entering them; fields whitening to harvest and no labourers to gather the golden grain—nay, having strong men, with tears running down their cheeks, begging for the Church's ministrations for themselves and their children, only to receive the chilling reply, "I cannot."'

Formerly Eastern Canada did her share of missionary work through societies; but in 1902, at the General Synod in Montreal, the Canadian Church took the grand step of embodying the societies and making the work that of the whole Church, under the name of 'The Missionary Society of the Canadian Church.' She estimated the amount needed for Home and Foreign

Missions, and apportioned to each diocese its share in these, again, the sum is divided among the parishes, which are expected to raise their allotted quota. This is quite separate from what they give towards local stipend, and in the instance of our 'upland valley,' amounts to £2 5s. a year. The diocese as a whole in 1914 contributed £576 for the M.S.C.C.¹ The Churchwomen of Canada work through the Women's Auxiliary and raise a truly noble sum. Algoma is the only diocese in Eastern Canada which receives a grant from the M.S.C.C., and is also the only one in which the Women's Auxiliary is permitted to work for parochial needs; here the women constantly undertake repairs or improvements to the parsonage houses and in many other ways help local work. This position recognises the great need and serious demands of this Missionary Diocese.

Two years after the above great step was taken by the Canadian Church, it was decided at the Triennial Council of Algoma to ask the Provincial Synod to take the necessary steps to form the Diocese of Algoma into an independent Synod. This petition was laid before the Provincial Synod at Montreal in 1904, and the request was received with much appreciation, as showing the advance in the diocese, and the courage of the Bishop, clergy, and laity in accepting the task of self-government. The change came into effect in 1906. One condition only was made, that the Diocese of Algoma should give a written assurance that it will not cease its efforts to augment its Bishopric

¹ *This assessment for M.S.C.C. varies from year to year.*

Endowment Fund until it yields at least the minimum income of \$3,000 (£600) per annum, agreed to at the time of the setting apart of the Missionary District of Algoma. This condition has not yet been fulfilled.

The Synod consists of the Bishop, clergy, and lay delegates—the latter being male communicants of at least one year's standing, and of the full age of twenty-one years, who shall be elected triennially at the Easter vestry meetings. The management of the Mission Funds is entrusted to the Executive Committee, which consists of the Bishop, six clerical and seven lay members, with the Archdeacon, the Bishop's commissary, and the clerical secretary, as *ex officio* members.

Algoma has suffered much in England from the fact of being included in the Eastern Ecclesiastical Province of the Canadian Church, though on all hands its conditions are acknowledged to be those of Western Canada. For this reason, this diocese was for many years debarred from receiving any help from the large special funds raised by various societies, on the ground that Western Canada meant technically the Province of Rupert's Land. Algoma thus fell between two stools. On the one hand, in being granted her own Synod, she relinquished entirely the old position of 'privileged child of the Canadian Church'; on the other, she was not allowed any share in the Western Canada Funds being poured into the prairie dioceses. This was at last seen to be unjust, and for the last few years S.P.G., in addition to stopping the reduction in its grant for general mission work, has made grants from its Western Canada Fund, as well as for new churches.

In 1914, the Synod decided that in view of the greatly increased cost of living it was imperative that the existing stipends should be raised by £10 a year all round 'if the state of the Mission Fund allows.' As if in response to this venture of faith, came the welcome news that a special grant of £200 a year had been made for this very purpose by S.P.G. Help is also received from S.P.C.K., from the Colonial and Continental Church Society, and the A.W.C.F. has at intervals given two sums of £200; but with the M.S.C.C. grant, and £700 or so a year from the English Association, the Executive Committee is still hampered and bound by lack of funds; (1) from giving stipends equal to those in other dioceses, and (2) from entering into new fields.

As soon as the £10,000 for the Sustentation Fund mentioned above was in hand, the English Association, at the Bishop's request, attacked the debt which he had found burdening the diocese, and cleared it off. They subsequently raised a sum of £600 (to which, later, the Pan-Anglican Committee added £500) to form a Loan Fund for Divinity Students. These grants are repaid by the students after their ordination, so that the Fund is not depleted.

The Superannuation Fund presented the next claim. Several of the clergy had worked for thirty or forty years and should be able to retire, but they have had no possible means of saving out of their very small stipends, and resignation means starvation. By the conditions on which Bishop Sullivan founded the Fund, none of the interest can be used till the capital is £5,000,

and it must reach £10,000 before the whole interest is available. Thanks mainly to the English Association ¹ this Fund has now reached £5,000. To complete the other £5,000 and to ensure a substantial increase for the general fund for stipends are the two pressing financial needs.

In his charge to his first Synod, the Bishop said : ' We are this day face to face with needs and opportunities which lay upon us a tremendous responsibility. The time is critical. On every hand fields are whitening to harvest. Growing settlements along our new lines of railway, in Muskoka, in Parry Sound, in Thunder Bay : pioneers scattered over neglected areas in the Manitoulin Island and on the shores of Lake Huron and the Georgian Bay : crowds of miners and prospectors in the Cobalt silver-mining region, and farmers in the newly settled fertile belt of Northern Temiscaming, multitudes attracted by the phenomenal developments in and around Fort William and Port Arthur : . . . all demand increased attention from the Church. And in addressing ourselves to this work we are confronted by the keen competition of other bodies of Christians threatening to loosen our hold upon our people or even to detach them from the Church of their fathers if we fail to supply adequate ministrations. . . . The representatives of other Christian bodies outnumber ours in almost every field. From the beginning of our history, but especially of late, we have been so hampered by straitness of means, by the burden of debt, by the withdrawal of grants, and by other special hindrances

¹ See p. 91.

of various kinds, that we have utterly failed to keep pace with the country's growth. What we have done, great as it is, is only a fraction of what we might and should have done. And now, when we are setting forth upon our free and responsible career, . . . we should be continually saying to ourselves the future of this diocese under God will be simply what we make it. It is a crisis with us. We are bound to be alive. It is a time for new resolves and a fresh start. The inauguration of self-government should arouse us to apostolic zeal, and fire us with an enthusiasm which would carry all before it, for the extension of God's historic Church, and for the glory of the great Head of that Church, our Lord Jesus Christ. Never again should we justify the reproach that the old Mother Church of England is the last religious body to enter new fields and the slowest to provide for her children. It should be a glowing ambition with each of us, but especially with every clergyman, to bring the influence of the historic Church to bear not merely upon every Churchman, but upon all the floating elements of population and upon every waste fragment of humanity to be found anywhere within the borders of our Dominion. . . . Let us never forget that the soul of Imperialism is the religion of Jesus Christ; that the Church, the Christian Empire—earnest, pure, compact, united, an *imperium in imperio*—alone can give permanent reality to the Civil Empire; and that if we are ever to realise the vision of Revelation and bring not merely all British subjects, but all nations and peoples and languages and tongues into one, it can only be accomplished by our first uniting them into

one grand spiritual empire, under the headship of the one Sovereign Lord and Master—Jesus Christ.'

In these latter days Canada has poured out her sons with both hands to help the Motherland in the War ; one zealous Churchwoman in Algoma gave all her four sons, and only wished she had eight to give, and we read how for us ' the Canadians saved the situation.'

This devotion of the people to the Empire, and the devotion to the diocese of the Archbishop, at the cost of all personal claims, for the sake of building up the kingdom into the headship of the One Lord, makes a double call at present to the Church at home to do all in their power to help to realise the vision.



SOME STATISTICS

POPULATION—White, 150,000.
Red Indian, 8,000.

MISSION STAFF—55 Clergy.
12 Laymen.

CHURCHES—123.

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