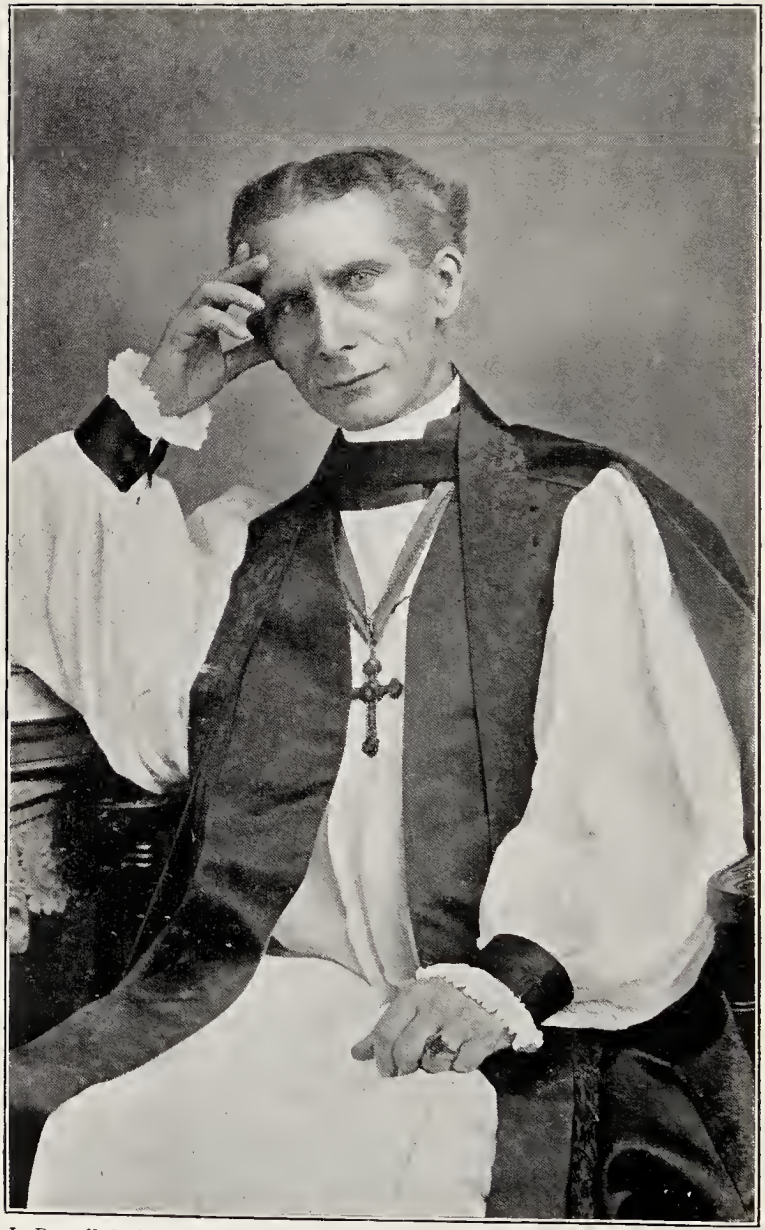

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RIGHT REV. DR. THORNELOE.

(Third Bishop of Algoma.)

BY
LAKE AND FOREST

The Story of Algoma

By

FRANCES AWDRY

Author of "The Isles of the Sea"

AND

EDA GREEN

WITH PREFACE BY
THE LORD BISHOP OF ST. ALBANS

AND WITH
SECOND PREFATORY NOTE

NEW AND REVISED EDITION

1909

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TO

THE LORD BISHOP OF ALGOMA

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ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE

IN the summer of 1901 I spent a day with the Bishop of Algoma on my way from Detroit to stay for ten days with the late Archbishop (Machray) of Rupertsland. Bishop Sullivan had been my guest at Portsea Vicarage, and I was glad to have some slight personal knowledge of a Canadian missionary diocese that has problems of its own. Sault Ste. Marie, on the Canadian side of the straits through which Lake Superior pours its waters into Lake Huron, is the centre of a long straggling diocese that stretches from Fort William on the north shore of Lake Superior some 700 miles south. Its people lie mainly along the shores of two great lakes, Superior and Huron. It is a struggling as well as a straggling diocese, making noble efforts towards independence and self-support, and yet with little means of material wealth. Bright hopes of commercial prosperity connected with American enterprise at Sault Ste.

Marie seemed for the time blighted, though now partially revived. But it will be long before the diocese is able to stand alone either in its European work or in its work among the Indian population. I commend this story to all who have learnt to "think imperially," and can see in the material and spiritual struggles of a colony the shaping of a nation and the growth of the Kingdom of God. I specially hope that Chapter IX. on "Present Conditions" will be studied with a view to practical and continuous support.

EDGAR ALBAN.

Highams, Woodford Green, Essex,
June 1, 1905.

PREFATORY NOTE

THE first edition of this little book met with so kind a reception that in three years it became exhausted and we have been asked to reprint. In venturing again to send forth the *Story of Algoma* its record has been brought up to date and includes accounts of: (1) the synodical organisation of the diocese in 1904; (2) the apparently inevitable closing of the Homes for Indian Children, the teaching wigwam so earnestly desired and worked for by the Chief Shingwauk, after whom they were named; and (3) the great development of new tracts of country in North Temiscaming, owing to the discovery of vast mineral wealth. To this new region thousands of English people are rushing, and towns of considerable size are springing up on every side. What we specially need to bear in mind is that these immigrants are wage-earners only; the dividends resulting from the successful

working of the mines go into the pockets of shareholders outside Canada.

By Lake and Forest deals with a single diocese, the early history of which is indicated by our title. In forest and by lake the Red-man wandered, and "happy is the people who have no history." Our *story*, therefore, is hardly more than a sketch, but to each chapter of the present edition a few questions have been added, and at the end of the book an outline of study aims is given in order to adapt it, in some degree, for any class wishing to work on study circle lines.

F. AWDRY.

E. EDA GREEN.

CHAPTER I

The Land of the Mountain and the Flood

FOR many a long year had the vessels of the white man plied on the great river and the giant lakes which divide Canada from the United States. Toronto was already an important city, and the lovely lake districts near it were settled, if not populous; but to the Indian and the hunter belonged the regions beyond, until, some thirty years ago, the idea was started of building a railway through the forest primeval right across to the Pacific shores.

Very lonely was the work for the pioneers. First went the engineers, then an army of spademen, to level down or up, then the sleepers were put in order, and to the very end of the track laid came a car bearing steel rails from the Old World; quickly these were fastened down, and then on, ever on into the New World, across the prairies or the woods, the construction train made its way week by week, pushing to the front the carriage which formed the navvies' barracks. Al-

ways farther and farther westward stretched the line with great 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 the march of civilisation still swept on: the solitudes became less solitary, log-house after log-house sprang up, and clearing succeeded clearing; for a sort of rude cultivation always follows on the track of the construction train.

The Indian was there still; but the Indian lives everywhere, which is nowhere, and therefore he did not count. If he had had a fixed habitation, the Englishman's sense of fairplay would probably have made him respect the property of the native; but 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 to bring food out of 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 little groups of wigwams.

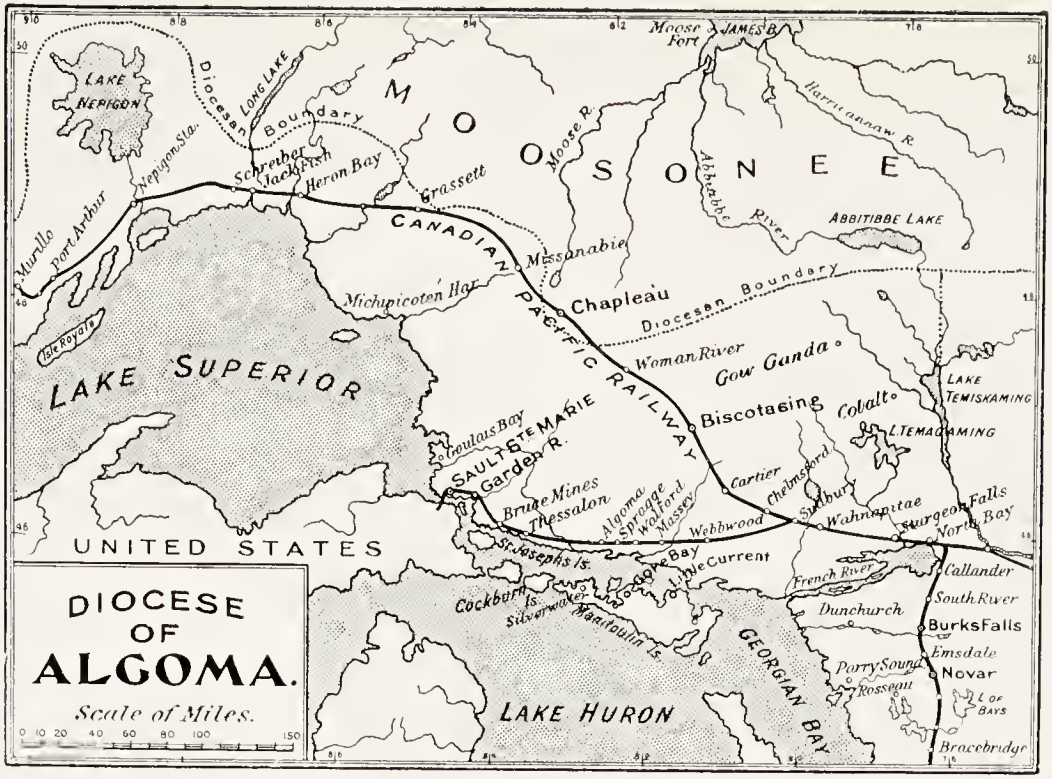
The first cabins were naturally built near the track, for even in the backwoods the settler needs means of communication with the outer world; but when the best land, close to road or rail, was taken up, the next settlers went in behind these advance farms, and others behind them again; and so it came to pass that more and more of the forest fell to the axe, and the native had to restrict his wanderings.

Formerly the Indian was terrible enough in his way to be treated with a sort of inimical respect, but by degrees contempt took the place of fear; and if fear is apt to be cruel to the body, contempt is yet more cruel to the soul. 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, far less, we fear, 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 "firewater." The redeeming features of rugged generosity and fidelity which we find in the character of Bret Harte's navvies showed themselves to their mates, not to the Indians, upon whom they looked down as an inferior race. Pioneers were in many cases only too fond of "firewater" themselves: their seasoned constitutions were inured to it, but the Indian either drank himself to death, or, enfeebled by dissipation, had no strength to resist any epidemic, such as small-pox, which found its way into his dirty and crowded camp. And so, besides the fact that they dispossessed him of his woods, the coming of the early settlers was not for the moral good of the Indian. The tribes died out by thousands and the spirit of the survivors was quenched.

Such is a rough sketch of the land in which it was proposed to found a Missionary diocese to be "the child of the Canadian Church." Settlers were coming fast, faster far than the founders of the diocese realised in that Provincial Synod of 1873. The Jesuits had already been in the field for two hundred years, and for seventy years past the Anglican Church had made spasmodic efforts,



MAP OF ALGOMA.

but still Algoma—the land of the Algonquins—was new ground, and it was primarily as a missionary to the heathen that the first bishop, Dr. Fauquier, went to Sault Ste. Marie thirty-six years ago.

The Algonquin Indians, an Ojibway 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, where Lake Superior (which is almost as large as the Black Sea) empties itself into Lake Huron, the two Dominions are barely a mile apart, and the whole volume of water is narrowed into the "leap" of the Ste. Marie River. We are not surprised, 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 potent 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!" The Indians hear in the sound the cries of the murdered woman, and see 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. Theirs was a dreamy, not a speculative creed, 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 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, weaned from earthly things by weakness of body, they certainly believed that they received heavenly messages.

When missionaries came to teach them they found few doctrinal beliefs to combat, but a great deal of nebulous superstition to be overcome, and much of sloth and its kindred vices rather than more active wickedness. Some virtues were so unknown that no words could be found to represent them.

Many of their superstitions centred round the dead. As an example, though this is anticipating, we may tell of a visit made by one of the missionaries some years ago. He set out early one morning to visit a dying boy. Having travelled the whole day he 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, so that the opportunity of speaking to the friends gathered from other camps might not be missed. The Indian guided him along the river, its banks shadowed by monotonous rocks and woods. At

length the river widened 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 of the Resurrection Hope, and sang with them "Jesus, 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 the mystery was cleared up by an intelligent young native who told him 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.

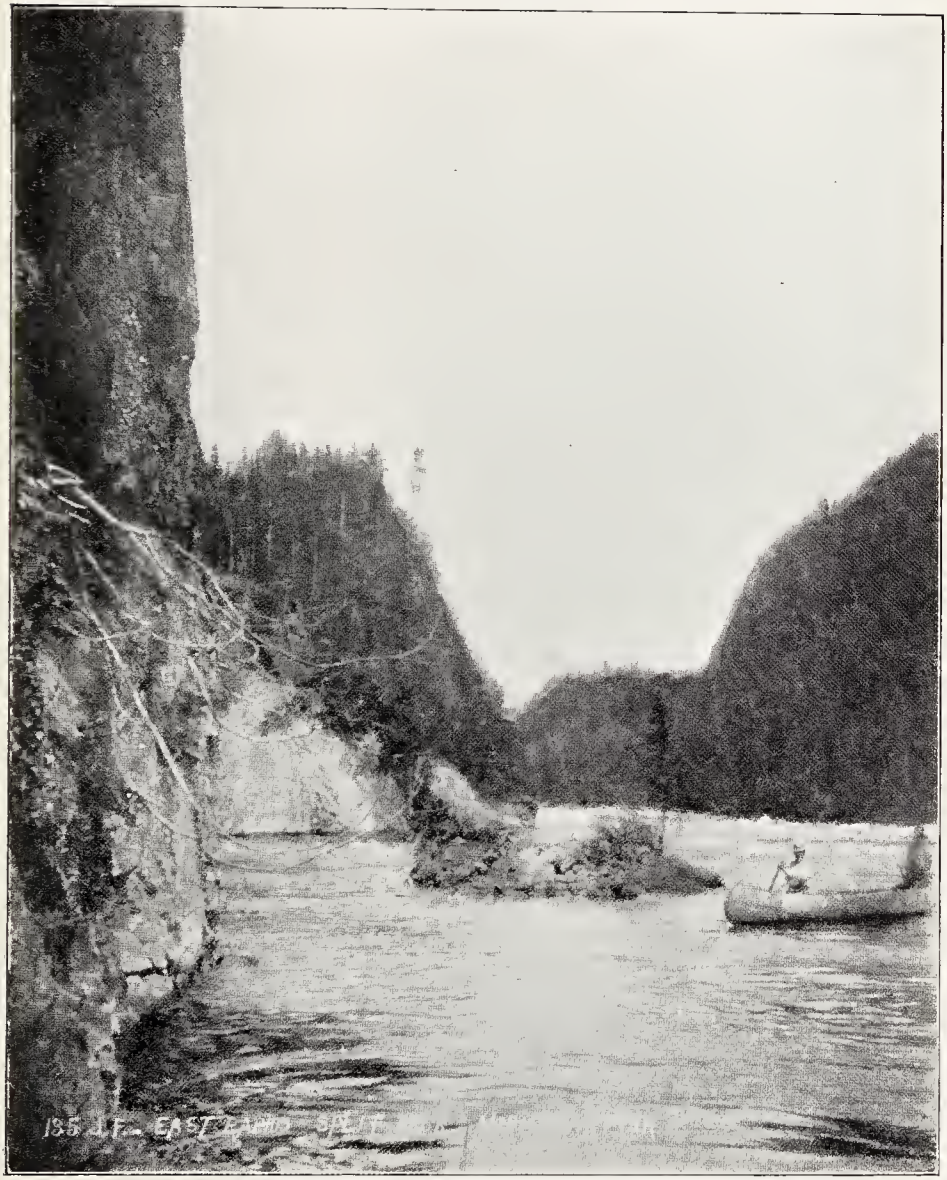
The Red-men used to live in wigwams, and many still do so. Six to twelve poles, some ten feet high, were stuck into the ground round a circle and loosely fastened together at the top: these were covered with hides or with pieces of birch bark tied on. A flap of the covering lifted back on one side from the ground formed the entrance, and ventilation was obtained where the poles joined above, not very much, however, for the smoke from the fire on the earth in the middle of the tent had to find its way out by the same means. These wigwams were easily moved, and the tribe constantly migrated to the hunting-ground on which 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 and many an Indian has lain down hungry to sleep on the ice, and has never waked again.

The red-skin baby is swathed tightly in skins or other clothes and strapped on to a board slung on the mother's back. From the head of this board-cradle an arched piece of wood projects, on

which hang some 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 mortally to offend an Indian without knowing that he would resent your action. The Red-men, even now, do not consider it " good form " to show their feelings; and their grave, still faces might look unmoved whilst 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. First it had been called by the Indians Baw-a-ting, from the tumbling waters dashing over their stony bed; later on it became Sault du Gaston, from the son of Henri IV and Marie de Medici; and in 1668 Sault Ste. Marie; because the Fathers—so tradition tells us—wearied and disappointed, were well-nigh losing heart, when the Blessed Virgin



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EAST RAPIDS AND SPLIT ROCK, NEPIGON RIVER.

Mary appeared to one of them, and was henceforth invoked as the patron saint of this new Mission.

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 that 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 without the preparation which we should think necessary. But 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

carpet of leaves of a thousand hues. Beautiful, but dangerous too; and the Fathers were sickening from exposure and hardships. Moreover, they had other children to be cared for elsewhere: so they had to 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 bank of the river to show that the Faith had come so far, 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 little chapel, and on its walls Père Jacques Marquette drew pictures of Sacred Story by which to teach the Indians. And thus, step by step, these were taught and baptized into the Church militant. They were claimed also as subjects of the king of France. So things lasted 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 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 Jeffrey, 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 they found the English just. They were attached, too, to the Faith of the French, brought to them, at so great peril, by the Fathers; in this they experienced no change, for their new rulers, just in political matters, took no thought for the souls of their new subjects: these were left still to the care of the Jesuits. The first English clergyman who, in 1760, visited Upper Canada as chaplain to an American regiment, wrote: "I am informed that 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 school-

masters, 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." So the French missions went on; and to this day large numbers of the Indians are Roman Catholics, zealously shepherded by their priests and taught by the Sisters.

During the years of French occupation many men had wandered into the woods in search of adventure, or as hunters and traders, and had been lost sight of. Though dead to their world, it by no means followed that they were dead in fact. The forest life had attractions for them; they got absorbed in it; they lived in wigwams like the Indians, and often with them; they married Indian wives, and left a race of gifted and beautiful, but unreliable children, who had neither the chivalrous spirit of France nor the traditional virtues of the Red-man.

In Canadian woods a most irritating insect haunts the places where a forest has been lately burnt, and is therefore called "Bois Brulé," and these children of mixed blood became, after the fashion of the Australian larrikins of the present

day, such a torment that they also were given the name of Bois Brulé.

These difficult elements and conditions had been smouldering in the community for three-quarters of a century, when the first Anglican missionary, Mr. McMurray, went to Sault Ste. Marie in 1831.

QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER I

Aim.—To consider the aborigines of Ontario with reference to that part of the province now the Diocese of Algoma, their superstitions and mode of life.

1. Of what race were the original inhabitants and of what tribe in particular?

2. Does the diocese, by its name, recall any association or connection with Indians in the past?

3. Of what character were the Indians there, and what was their mode of life? Did any part of their attire possess special significance?

4. Mention any features of domestic or tribal life in which women were closely concerned.

5. In what way was this part of the province opened out to civilisation, and were the effects beneficial or otherwise?

6. What river divides Canada from the United States, and at what point is it narrowest?

7. Had the Indians any idea on the subject of life after death, and had they any special customs which were observed at funerals?

8. Who were the first missionaries to the Indians: of what nationality and creed? Relate their experiences and successes.

9. Is anything of interest connected with the name of the town, at the junction of Lakes Superior and Huron?

10. What political changes took place in the middle of the eighteenth century, and was our responsibility thereby affected?

CHAPTER II

The Glad Tidings

IN 1797 a bishop was consecrated for Quebec, to relieve the bishops 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 twenty-five hours. He found the whole country one vast forest; and had to lodge with the agents of the Hudson's 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 the 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

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CHIEF SHINGWAUK AND HIS WIFE.

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, and it is of no use to try to hasten him; 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 he felt he must not pass over the fact in silence. 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 'firewater' 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. Mr. McMurray

was amazed by the hunger for Christian teaching which he found among them. They seemed to him to be crying, as the men of Macedonia cried to St. Paul, "Come over and help us." Two bands came to him 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 baptized. 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 of which they had heard a little. A church was built, and the chief Shingwauk and his two children were amongst those baptized. Some of them were received by the Governor at Toronto, and he gave to 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. The Indians did not understand this change, and it filled them with distrust for the Great White Father, who did not keep his promise. 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. In 1839 we find the Rev. F. O'Meara living and teaching amongst the Indians of the district, sometimes at the "Sault," sometimes on

the Manitoulin Island. He translated into Ojibwa the greater part of the Prayer Book, the New Testament, the Book of Psalms, and 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 Ojibwa language is agglutinative, or, as it is sometimes called, Polysynthetic, because so many words are joined or "glued" together. Kummogokdonattootammoctileaongaununnonash, catechism, must have needed a whole glue-pot!

The Indians of the Sault, who had returned to an old settlement at Garden River, felt themselves rather hardly used when Mr. O'Meara could no longer live with them; but they bravely resisted the efforts of the Romanists and Nonconformists to win them to their views, 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 some hundred miles long, almost parallel to, and not far distant from, the north shore of Lake Huron. Captain Anderson, a government agent, who had the real good of the Indians at heart, saw how they were deteriorat-

ing and dying out under the new influences, and felt that they needed to be saved from themselves. He thought the best plan would be to collect them from all the district round on to one of the northern islands, and chose the Manitoulin ; there they could be looked after and quietly kept in order for their good. The people chosen for this experiment were the Ottahwahs and Ojibwas, two tribes of the Algonquins, speaking dialects sufficiently akin to be able to understand one another, to read from the same books, and to learn from the same sermons, but with somewhat different habits of occupation, which would, it was hoped, prove a mutual advantage in the end. In 1836 Captain Anderson, with the Rev. C. Brough and a schoolmaster, came to the island and began to form a settlement. With some difficulty they got together a promising number of scholars, whom they began to teach, and the walls of their buildings were rising, when, as at the Sault, the change of governors stopped everything. This was most disheartening, not merely because of the time and money wasted, but still more because the Indians would think the White-man "double-tongued." Happily, however, the complete break in the work lasted only a few months, for the next year we find Captain Anderson allowed to finish his buildings, and he once more gathered together his helpers, with a

surgeon in addition to the clergyman and the schoolmaster.

They all arrived in a snow-storm at the end of October, 1837, looking forward to warmth and shelter from the terrible weather and to being able to work through the winter with a good mission house as their home. 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! As it was impossible for white men to camp out during the whole of the bitter Canadian winter, there was nothing for it but to move to a distance. The Indians, unhappily, were prejudiced against the English missionaries by the Roman Catholics, who thought these delays "very odd," and suggested the same to the Indians. All that could be done for the present was for the missionary to 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, so as to show them that he cared enough for their good to endure hardships with them. 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 snow drifts 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. Still happy would he be, and soon would he forget these inconveniences, if in most cases he were received as a welcome guest, and his message listened to with attention." In spite of all he could do, their trust was so shaken that not a tenth of the number who had gathered round the first settlement consented to follow the wandering missionary's teaching.

Nevertheless, some ground had been gained. 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, for 6,000 of the scattered tribes were just then gathered on the island to receive the clothing and provisions which the Government, having taken their land, annually dealt out to them. Notwithstanding their large numbers, nothing could exceed the peace and good order of the 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 delightfully 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.

Mr. O'Meara, no doubt, reaped some of the fruits of Mr. Brough's toil. His labours were much more visibly successful. Two years later he 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 condition of degradation with which they had hitherto been contented, to give up idolatry and their medicine-men. They were learning also to see that murder and drunkenness were wrong, and that the Indian virtues of implacable hatred and revenge were not really virtues 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 herself the care of the many Indians and the few settlers who peopled the land of the Algonquins.

QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER II

Aim.—To consider the efforts which the Church of England made in the early days of the English occupation of Canada.

1. How long was it after English rule began that a Bishop was consecrated for Quebec?

2. What was his name?

3. What territory did his diocese cover?

4. How many dioceses is it divided into, and what are their names?

5. How many English clergymen were at work there seven years later?

6. What English governor first thought of sending a missionary to the Indians?

7. Whom did he send, and what difficulties did he encounter?

8. What chief did he find, and how did he show his willingness to accept the glad tidings, and his steadfastness?

9. How had his tribe proved their loyalty, and what reward had been given them?

10. What reproach did they bring against the English?

RIGHT REV. DR. FAUQUIER.
(First Bishop of Algoma.)

11. Who were the first three missionaries, and who translated the Prayer Book, New Testament and Psalms?

12. On what island did the Bishop of Toronto find a Christian settlement?

13. What proofs of the influence of Christian teaching were shown by the Indians?

CHAPTER III

Bishops

THE history of the S.P.G. tells us that in 1873 the Bishopric of Toronto was relieved of the northern part of its jurisdiction by the creation of the Diocese of Algoma, a district then consisting principally of Indian Reserves, as they are called, but now containing a population of 150,000, of which nine-tenths are emigrants or descendants of emigrants from the mother country.

It needs to be clearly understood that when Canada was taken by Great Britain from the French, the only branch of the 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-half 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 interests; the sum resulting, however, was very small, and so, practically, the Church in Canada has had to provide for all 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 —600 miles long by 150 miles in width—the popula-

tion 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 the Promotion 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, 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.[1] 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

[1] See p. 119.

seriously added to the sum-total of his already arduous work.

Something must now be said of the three singularly 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 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, almost at the western extremity of the huge diocese, 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 Muhnedoosshans. He was chief thirty years ago or more, when the chiefs were called together to Sault Ste. Marie that we might make a treaty about 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:—

Elliott & Fry] [*Photographers.*

RIGHT REV. DR. SULLIVAN.

(Second Bishop of Algoma.)

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 nine. 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 1881 at Toronto. 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 had 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 be ever 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 some £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, however, he was unable to plead as he intended, and in the course of the two years' illness and enforced absence which followed, 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. At Lennoxville College he had led many young men to the ministry; at Stansted and Sherbrooke he had proved himself a true spiritual pastor, and was deeply loved and revered by all who knew him. His brother clergy, immediately after his consecration, presented him with a pectoral cross to be worn as the outward sign and pledge to those to whom he was sent that, in the future as in the past, he would seek to know nothing save Jesus Christ and Him crucified, and would glory in nothing save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. The address with which the gift was accompanied 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 endur-

ing 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. Yet 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, and again in 1909 withdrew his name the moment he heard he was nominated for election to the important Diocese of Toronto.

Very serious problems faced the third Chief Pastor of Algoma. A diocese in size larger than England and Wales; having 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 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 pay-

ment 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 (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 S.P.C.K. offered to give £1,000 if the Bishop could raise another £9,000 in five years, to be in-

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GARDEN RIVER CHURCH.

vested 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 mark 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 interest on this capital sum will not, however, bring in more than half the amount of the original S.P.G. grants when these are finally extinguished.

Meanwhile the settlers are responding nobly to the call for self-support: twelve missions now receive no help whatever 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 provide £160 per annum for the rector's stipend, together with a house. These are: St. Luke's, Sault Ste. Marie; Bracebridge, Port Arthur, St. Luke's, Fort William; St. Paul's, Fort William; Sudbury, North Bay, Huntsville, Gravenhurst, Haileybury, Cobalt and Parry Sound. Of course the church-wardens, 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, we know of one parish, having only thirty-five Church families, which gave in one year £300 for Church work, all its members being hard-working people, but endowed with the keen sense of independence so generally found in Canada. In 1908 the diocese raised £9,680 more than in 1901, and the amount of their contributions works out at about eighteen shillings a head for every Church member.[1] There are now 100 churches, 37 parsonages and several school halls. How difficult, though, it is to attain the independence of complete self-support can be realised only by those who have lived in the

[1] It is only fair to state that this sum includes a particularly fine church erected during 1908 in Fort William.

colonies. We at home, who have grown up under our ancient endowments, find it hard to grasp that in a new country the whole of the funds for stipends of the clergy, as well as for church expenses and for building new churches, have to be provided year by year.

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 new fields were sorely needing the spiritual ministrations of the Church; and it was more than hard to stand by longing, but helpless, to supply them. Could our imagination realise, even a little, the anguish that fills the mind and heart of the faithful overseer of his flock when he sees the sheep whom he longs to gather in, either drifting into sin or indifference, or else turning to the sects because the Church is not ready to give them what they seek, our hearts would surely burn within us and we should never rest until we had done all in our power to supply the means that were wanting.

To return, however, to the debt. As soon as the £10,000 needed for the Sustentation Fund was in hand, the English Association, at the Bishop's request, attacked the debt, and as the first edition of this little book went to press it became, by the blessing of God, a thing of the past.

QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER III

Aim.—To consider the position of the Church as organised for work in the Diocese of Algoma.

1. In what year was the Diocese of Algoma created?
2. Who was the first Bishop?
3. What provision did he find for carrying on his work?
4. Where did he make his See city?
5. Who was the second Bishop?
6. What Endowment Fund did he raise?
7. What religious body in Canada possesses endowments, and why?
8. Who was the third Bishop, and in what year was he consecrated?
9. What Endowment Fund has been raised during his Episcopate?
10. What is the average of giving for each Church person?
11. What system ensures regular offerings?
12. How many parishes are self-supporting, and when do they become so?
13. What societies in England help the work?

THESSALON CHURCH.

ROAD THROUGH BURNT FOREST.

CHAPTER IV

Archdeacons

THE three Bishops of Algoma have been ably seconded in their work by the two clergy who have held the office of Archdeacon ; both were typical missionaries, and did most splendid work in the early pioneer days. The Rev. Thomas Llwyd was ordained by Bishop Fauquier three years after the Diocese of Algoma was formed. He spent his whole ministerial life there, first at Gravenhurst, and then for nineteen years at Huntsville. At one period he served with striking zeal and devotion some thirteen stations in a wide area of newly settled country, never failing in his visiting and ministrations through terrible epidemics of typhoid and scarlet fever. He was for many years Rural Dean of Muskoka, and during Bishop Sullivan's absences from ill-health, Mr. Llwyd was administrator of the diocese. He was one of the first members of the Standing Committee, and chairman of the Committee on Synodical Organisation, and his co-operation helped the

bishops much in shaping the traditions and institutions of the diocese. In 1895 Bishop Sullivan appointed him Archdeacon, and he retained the office until, in 1903, he was called to rest, deeply mourned by his bishop and his brother clergy.

The Rev. Gowan Gillmor came to Algoma during Bishop Sullivan's Episcopate. He worked with whole-souled self-sacrifice in the railway camps during the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Sudbury was then becoming a place of importance, and Mr. Gillmor went to and fro from his station, eighty miles away, to hold regular services there, eventually getting the present commodious church built. He, too, visited his people during various outbreaks of infectious disease, having many dangerous walks across the ice from the north shore to the Manitoulin Island, and seeking out lonely settlers far away on bush farms. One letter from him, published by Bishop Sullivan's wish in the *Algoma Missionary News* in 1889, gives some idea of the difficulties he encountered:

"My Lord,—I have to make report of my visit to Lake Temiscaming in accordance with your directions. I proceeded by a winter road through the bush, cut out last fall from North Bay to the Hudson Bay Fort on that lake, the distance being eighty-five miles. I performed the journey on

foot and alone, and it took me, owing to the extremely difficult nature of the road and the very wet weather, four days and a half. After leaving North Bay some ten miles behind, there is on this route to Lake Temiscaming but one settler, a Frenchman, living on the Jocko River, thirty-one miles from North Bay. I started on Monday, 27th ult., and reached his shanty the same evening, stopping there that night. Next day, owing to the drenching rain and flooded state of the swamps, I only made about twenty miles, and bivouacked for the night in the bush. The next day I likewise could only make about twenty-two miles, but arrived at the southern end of Lake Temiscaming, at a settlement, where I was comfortably put up. The next day I should have reached the Hudson Bay Fort, only some twelve miles up the western side of the lake, but I became entangled in a labyrinth of lumber roads, and lost my way for hours, besides putting on myself miles of travelling in false directions, so that I was obliged to take refuge for that night, the rain descending in increasing floods, in an empty shanty, which providentially I discovered, with wood enough in it for a good fire. The next day, Friday, after some hours' searching, I found the correct trail, and reached the Fort about one p.m., and was most heartily welcomed by Mr. Farr, who

is in charge of that post in employ of the Hudson Bay Company. My journey, if I went fully into detail, would read like a romance, but my object in thus undertaking it was mainly to convince the people to whom your Lordship has sent me that I was in earnest in the work, and was ready to undergo anything for their welfare, and that our Church would extend her arm, and reach her children, and minister to them, no matter how remote the place where they had chosen to settle. I am thankful to say I fully succeeded, and their verdict was entirely in my favour, and they always wound up by saying, 'And because you came in among us in the manner and way you did.'

"Lake Temiscaming extends in length, nearly north and south, some seventy-five miles, and is in parts narrow. It forms the head waters of the Ottawa River, and the boundary between the provinces of Quebec and Ontario. The land in the valleys around this lake is good and fertile. On the Quebec side there are old settlements of French Canadians, ruled and governed by the Roman Catholic priesthood. But they have not as yet obtained much property on the Ontario side, and it is here, around the north-west shores of the lake, that English settlers belonging to the English Church have gone in and taken up the land. They are as yet very few in numbers. I was

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ON THE WAY TO THE WHITE CHUTE.

quite unable, from pressure of time and the distances they live from the Fort, to visit their clearings. But on the next day after my arrival, Saturday, I accompanied Mr. Farr in one of the steamboats to the very head of the lake, and he pointed out to me the places on the Ontario shore and the valleys and bays where they had taken up land. About the centre of this district Mr. Farr has cleared two fine farms for himself, with an excellent house, and is now about to resign his work with the Hudson Bay Company, and confine himself exclusively to farming. He and his wife and family, English Church people, will make their home there, and are keenly interested in the welfare and prosperity of the little community. He gave me a list of the settlers and others of the English Church in that district. . . . I held two services, morning and evening, at the Hudson Bay Fort, on the Sunday after my arrival, June 2, the congregations being in number seventeen and eighteen. They were all that could be collected at short notice, and came by boat and canoe. The services, including the singing of hymns and canticles, with organ played by Mrs. Farr, were most hearty, the responding like claps of thunder; and one poor old man, a Presbyterian, in tears. This man expressed his great regard for me, and said he would prove it if your Lordship

would send me there permanently by giving me $100. I would earnestly recommend that a student be sent there to occupy during the ensuing summer months, and they will provide his board free. Mr. Farr has, in fact, offered to board him at his own house. But such student would have considerable distances to travel in visiting these scattered families, and could only well proceed by canoe or steamboat. It would be well if his tastes lay in the direction of boating and life on the water. I returned in two days by steamboats, train and portages down the Ottawa and Mattawa, quite an easy and luxurious mode, several years in existence, and owned and maintained by the Roman Catholic Church. I shall be ready as often as possible to undertake a similar journey, and would gladly give all the assistance and counsel in my power to a student. The scenery on the lake is very bold and magnificent.

"GOWAN GILLMOR.

"NORTH BAY, *June* 24, 1889."

On the death of Archdeacon Llwyd, Bishop Thorneloe appointed Mr. Gillmor Archdeacon of Algoma. From his beautiful but scattered mission of Rosseau he was always ready to volunteer for difficult or arduous work, and a call to the front was not long in coming.

In 1906 the English Association, impressed with the tremendous amount of work resting on the Bishop, offered to provide £250 a year for three years for the stipend and travelling expenses of an itinerating Archdeacon, whom the Bishop should be able to send to prospect in new centres and to report where missions should be opened, who should be available to take temporary charge of vacant missions, and to encourage the settlers, asking in many places for ministrations, to hope on that their hope might be fulfilled. To this work the Bishop, in January, 1907, appointed the Ven. Gowan Gillmor, who gave up for it his cherished mission of Rosseau. The help to the Bishop has been very great, and it is hoped that English friends will enable this assistance to be continued for two years longer, 1910 and 1911.

In its archdeacons, as in its bishops, to Algoma has been given of the best.

QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER IV

Aim.—To consider some problems of spiritual "prospecting" in Algoma.

1. Who was the first Archdeacon?

2. How many missions were at one time under his charge?

3. Who is the second Archdeacon?

4. What difficulties did he meet with on a journey in the early days of the diocese?

5. What places now centre round the station he visited?

6. How does he now relieve the Bishop?

7. How has this help been made possible?

8. Why is his work of so great importance?

9. What difference does it make whether the Church occupies the new fields "sooner" or "later"?

CHAPTER V

The Red-Men

EARLY in the colonisation of the Dominion it was found that the White and the Red man could not live together. The Sons of the Forest were learning the habits of the bad settlers, not of the good ones, and through leading a life unsuited to them they were fast dying out. To save the remnant, Reserves, as they are called, were constituted. These are areas where White men were not allowed to take up the land, and where the Indians lived after their own manner, under a sort of paternal supervision. By this means they were kept from ways and customs which they knew were bad for them, but which, without restraint, they were too childish to resist. These Reserves are almost all near the water, so that the Indians can fish, as well as cultivate, from which they obtain much necessary food.

It is on these centres that the forces of mission work are best concentrated. There are at least ten of them in the Diocese of Algoma, the most

important being Garden River, near Sault Ste. Marie, Sheguiandah on the Manitoulin Island, 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 baptized 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 on 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 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, tears streaming from their eyes. They did not wish to disturb the service by coming in, so Oshkopekuhda, the

SHINGWAUK AND WAWANOSH HOMES.

chief, and his two companions, sat down in the snow in meditation, 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 their graves without Christian burial, and over the infants who had died unbaptized; 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, and for some months he taught one of the Indian schools, as a help in learning the language. 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 had remained steadfast.

The Bishop told them he was bringing a missionary who had left his wife and family in order to come and live among them. "He has no house to live in here: he cannot live without a shelter of some kind in summer; much less in the winter 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 the 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 if they would help the missionary to go along the shores of the lake to seek out, for Christ, the poor pagans, and if they would 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 also 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 very 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 built, and there for a whole year the

missionary lived alone with the Red-men, absolutely cut off from all intercourse with the outer world. He got the church repaired, and then his house added to, so that the next summer, when he came down to be ordained priest, he was able to take his wife and children back with him. He has now been labouring there for seven years, building up the faithful few, seeking out, first in his birch-bark canoe, and then in a small steam launch given to the Mission by the Women's Auxiliary of Toronto, the pagans scattered in camps far and near. This steam launch is named the *Ellen Mary Williamson*, and was given in memory of the great leader of women who bore that name. 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's River, and some years later a church was built over 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.

Here Canon Frost worked for many years, and the Rev. T. Bird Holland is now doing an excellent work among the Indians. Under his leadership the men have come week by week to give their labour for fencing in the Church property and for other work, and the women come in turns to sweep and dust the church and trim the lamps—all splendid training for the unregulated Indian worker. A floating bridge built entirely by the willing workers among these Indians proves their devotion.

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 Wales, and by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Tait, 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

BISHOP FAUQUIER MEMORIAL CHAPEL.

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 summer of the following year the foundations were laid, by Lord Dufferin, of the stone building which bears the same name, and fronts the St. Mary's 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 the children all 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.

The object of these Homes has been to train the Indian children from an early age, both in mind and body. They have had industrial teaching for half the day, and intellectual teaching for the other half. 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 Pottawatamies. The Indian Department of the Government has made a grant for each child, but beyond this over £1,000 has been needed each year either from direct contributions or out of diocesan funds. S.P.C.K. has been giving twenty scholarships of £10 each, the Colonial and Continental Society an annual grant, and the New England Company occasional help. Various Sunday Schools in Canada, and three Branches of the English Algoma Association, have helped towards the support of special children.

The girls have been taught sewing, house and laundry work; and out of school the boys' time has been divided between the farm and three trades—carpentering, tailoring, and shoemaking. They have at times made their own uniforms and boots, and mended and made the wooden things needed in the Home, besides digging, milking the cows, and doing other ordinary farm work. The Principal, Mr. G. Ley King, who went out from England, and his wife, a niece of Bishop Fauquier, have been untiring in their care for the children. 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, baptizing him under his own name of Frederick.

The training received here by some sixty successive children has been most valuable, for besides the religious training which was carefully provided for, it has fitted them to take their place as useful workers and citizens of the Dominion. Twice a day the pupils were assembled for prayers in the Chapel, and on Sundays the stalwart brown band marched down to the Pro-cathedral, and those who had been confirmed received there the Blessed Sacrament of their Saviour's love.

But alas! the schools seem to be doomed. The Missionary Society of the Canadian Church, rightly or wrongly, has determined to give no help towards this very hopeful form of missionary work, and the Government is disposed to withdraw its grants from such industrial schools and to keep up only the small schools on Reserves, where elementary teaching alone is given, and where the attendance is most irregular. To those who have watched and loved Chief Shingwauk's "Teaching wigwam," it will be a grievous hurt to see the Red-man's children turned away.

To go back for a moment to the Garden River Reserve. The older Indians there seem to live a tranquil and quiet life. They 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 a pipe of peace, carved out of greenish pipe-stone, somewhat the shape of a canoe, finished at one end by a distinctly Assyrian head. A few years ago they came to Mr. Frost, the missionary, who had lived among them for many years, and who speaks their language almost better than his own, and asked him to interpret for them to a visitor from England. Gravely the elders stood round, and rolled out their long, long words; they said they wanted to send thanks to their friends across the big water: that years ago they had lived in wigwams, now they had big wooden houses; years ago they had a very poor church, now they had a nice one. For the teaching and the help sent them they were very grateful, and they would like a message to go to their white friends in England to tell them this, and to say they would try to be worthy of the good things done for them.

The third Reserve on which there is an English Church Mission is at Sheguiandah on the Manitoulin Island. There are many Indians here, and on the islands round, and a gathering held

WIGWAM, SQUAW AND HUSKY DOG.

INDIAN GROUP, GARDEN RIVER.

yearly is often fixed at Sheguiandah. The Bishop is present at this whenever he can so arrange, and speaks to the Indians in their own church. This is on the Reserve, but Sheguiandah has a "white church," too, for outside the Reserve, and at some little distance from it, there is a population of settlers who needed another church. For the gathering the Indians have come from far in their canoes, and the church is closely packed with a dusky congregation. There is, moreover, a social as well as a religious side to the assemblage: the local "magnates" entertain their visitors at a well-laid feast, and then they all join in games and sports.

Here, and at other native settlements on the Manitoulin, the 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.

QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER V

Aim.—To consider the Indian's claim upon us and the response he has made to our help.

1. How was the life of the Red-man changed under conditions of civilisation?
2. What are his lands called?
3. How many Reserves are there in Algoma?
4. At how many has the Church a missionary?

5. How have the children been cared for?
6. What chiefs wanted the "Teaching wigwam" built?
7. When was Chief Shingwauk buried?
8. What name have the Red-men given the Bishop?
9. What proof did they give at Ningwenenang of their desire to have a missionary?
10. What work do the women undertake?
11. Why are we bound to teach the Red-men?

CHAPTER VI

Through the Snow

WHAT is the actual work required of Algoma missionaries in winter and summer amongst Red-men and White? We will begin with the former.

For more than thirty years the Rev. Canon Frost worked among the Indians and interpreted their speech to others till his mind seemed 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 Mr. 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 the mountain to a band of Indians who lived on a Reserve on the other side of it. On the top of the mountain 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 Mr. Frost thought he *could* do it, because he ought. The love of those Indian souls constrained him and made him hopeful.

He reached the mountain 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 con-

spicuous 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 plunge. At last he was more than half-way there, and only a mile or so off the descent of the mountain. Without his horse he need not 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, he was 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, and the others, too, 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 Mr. 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 tableland to the top of the hill. However, they reached the farm in safety, and having seen his charge so far, the Indian went home, leaving Mr. Frost 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. Mr. Frost read aloud to them one of the lessons of the day, and they had a little service together. 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 now quite too late for Mr. Frost to be in time for the evening service near his home, and to venture out was dangerous, so the farmer and his

Peters] [*Photographer.*

DRIVE OF LOGS, SAUBLE RIVER.

family begged him 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. It was very heavy work, and the glare of the light on the snow was very dazzling. 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 his 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 Mr. Frost was not afraid of ghosts the strangeness of the thing made the storm and loneliness seem more dreadful.

He went on and on, and found the drifts larger, and the way altogether worse than when he had crossed the mountain in the morning. Then he saw and heard a sleigh and horses coming towards him, and this time was thankful to find it was not fancy. They took a dreadfully long time passing each other in the deep snow; but after they had passed, Mr. Frost, for a little while, had the advantage of the other's beaten track, though it took only about a quarter of an hour for the snow 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 on the pony?" "I did not, but *I got there*, and that is the chief thing." The Indians had gone to bed, and he did not ring the church bell and get them up again—nay, he was very glad indeed 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 and to hold services.

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

The road now led through the 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 village to be taught and baptized; and when he

reached his journey's end it cheered his heart very much 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, and talked, and prayed with these children of the wilderness, and felt how blessed a thing it was to worship the True God with them and to minister to their spiritual needs.

He bade them good-bye just as the short winter day was ending. They pressed him to stay with them, but he was obliged to refuse, as he had promised the kind people at the Hudson Bay post to give them a service that evening. He was anxious not to disappoint them, for the wife of the manager was an invalid who could not take a long journey to get to church. So this was her only chance of a service till some clergyman had time to come again; and that might not be for long, the station being far out of the way.

After he had got over some of the minor difficulties on his way back, just as night was coming on and a storm was threatening, he came to a small lake. He passed the next portage safely, however, and crossed some hills, but then came the large lake, and across this it was very difficult to find the track. He lost his bearings, and travelled in

a circle. The wind increased to a gale, and it was dreary work wandering round on the snow-covered ice. At last he had to dismount, and with his feet feel step by step whether the snow beneath that now falling was hard or soft. It took hours, but it was possible in this way to find the traces of his own morning footsteps. The distance was not really very great, and once in the woods it was not so difficult to find the way, but it was even more lonesome and eerie. The trees in frosty weather crack with explosions like artillery, and the noises at night in the woods sound most unearthly and are quite inexplicable. At last, however, he reached his destination, and found shelter and welcome.

On this expedition the ice at least did not break, but on others it did. Once when Mr. Frost had crossed fifty miles of ice, and was very many miles from home, his horse fell through into the icy water. It was not drowned, for at last he managed to get it out, but it was so chilled and strained that it was never of any use again, and he had to do most of his work on foot till such time as he could afford to buy another steed—not an easy matter out of a missionary's stipend.

Another very trying experience of these lake and forest journeys is the difficulty of calculating your distance. In consequence, probably, of

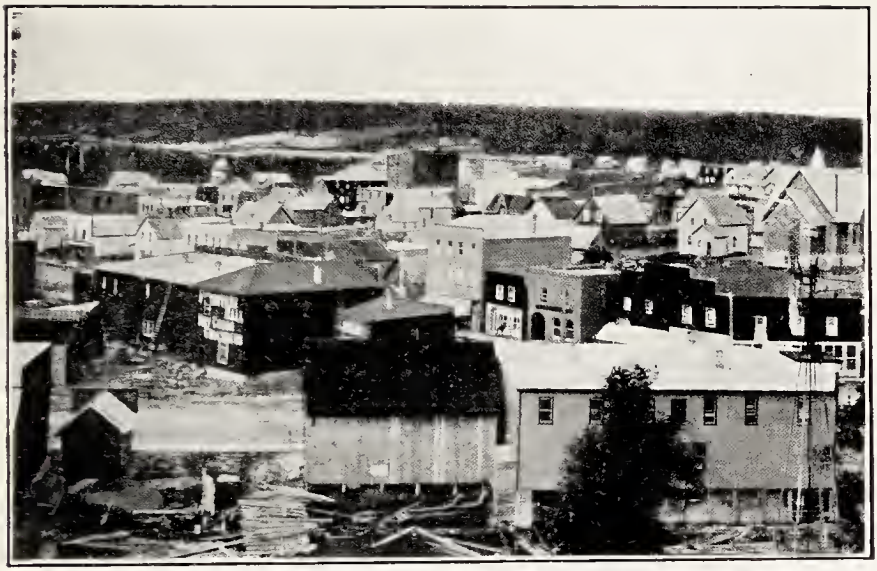
the clear atmosphere, a village by the water side will often seem to get farther away as you approach it. Hindrances in the way may have made you slacken speed, thinking you had not very far to go, and then the distance grows and grows, and it is hard to arrive at a given time for service.

On the two journeys described above there was more than enough wind, but on another occasion Dr. Fauquier and Mr. Frost would have been thankful for half a gale. They were crossing to the Manitoulin Island for the Bishop to spend Sunday at one of the Indian Missions. A sailing boat was to carry them the last ten miles, and gaily they were wafted on, till suddenly, only two miles from shore the wind dropped. Across the bay they could see the Indians assemble, go into church and come out after the 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 the disappointed congregation to see that the friends they waited for the whole day in vain were all the time in the little vessel which they had watched riding becalmed on the water. If only they had guessed it, it would have been so easy to paddle out in their canoes and bring the Bishop ashore.

Sometimes it is the boat, not the wind, which fails. A steamer may break down, 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, 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 at little tables, 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, where the 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, or to walk along the line—most tiring of all exercises. 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



NEW LISKEARD.

COBALT SQUARE.

parson coming, for no weather makes him fail them.

QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER VI

Aim.—To understand some of the practical difficulties in the life of a missionary.

1. How does a missionary travel?

2. Describe various methods (*a*) in summer, (*b*) in winter.

3. What are the trials in winter?

4. What are the trials in summer?

5. What work other than his pastoral work must a missionary be ready to put his hand to?

6. State what qualifications, other than spiritual, you think an Algoma missionary should possess.

7. What trials special to the country will confront his wife?

8. What work must she be prepared to do?

CHAPTER VII

Wealth and Labour

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 thirty years that opinion has been proved to be wrong, and besides 8,000 Red-men, Dr. Thorneloe has in his diocese over 150,000 White settlers.

In the Georgian Bay and the beautiful Muskoka Lakes there are thousands of islands which 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 Church people, 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.

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 a "divisional point." 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 log cabins and galvanised iron sheds, and, alas! drinking and pleasure saloons for the men when off duty. There is no church; and by the time money is collected for one and the building accomplished, the bulk of the population may have 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 becomes useful for a Sunday school.

These uncertain settlements spring up, not only along new lines of railway, but far back into the woods, where the mining prospectors go. Of late years very considerable mineral wealth has been discovered beneath the bare rocky land which made

the early farming so unprofitable. As you tramp through the forest, you come again and again on some digging or shaft in the side of a hill. The growth of this year's vegetation and one or two deserted rough huts show that the prospecting there was useless, but farther on you strike into a good corduroy road, that is, one made of logs of wood laid side by side across it; this is evidence of something to which it must lead, and following it, you presently arrive at a live mine, of gold or iron, perhaps, a log house for the manager, another used as an office, with a sleeping-room above for the clerks, and a men's camp, housing more or less workmen: or you come, as at Michipicoten, to a still more valuable mine, with its own railway of fourteen miles to carry the ore down to the lake, where steamers of the company owning the mine wait to receive it. In the former case the mine may be quickly worked out, in the other, the employés may all for some reason be suddenly changed, or, owing to a company's failure, the mine may be closed down. There is no settled Mission within a hundred and fifty miles from which they can have even occasional services. How are these sheep in the wilderness to be provided for?

Besides iron and gold, nickel and copper are found. The Indians knew that 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 slow 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, however, this has been altered, and means have been devised to prevent the destruction of life, both human and vegetable. The nickel mines

should be very valuable ; there is only one other known supply of nickel in the world, that in New Caledonia, on French territory ; and it is much to be regretted that English capitalists do not come in to work them.

The most widespread industry in Algoma is lumbering. The lakes, on which so much travelling is done, both in summer and winter, are bordered everywhere by thickly wooded hills. Each year the 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 stem rots and falls. 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 their dining camp, and then for their sleeping place, in which log bunks in tiers form the beds. In this camp the men stay till the winter is over. Morning by morning, at day-break, they go out in gangs of two men

and a boy, 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 the 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. The food is good; bread such as you get only in Canada, with its granary of splendid flour, pork and fried beans, eaten off carefully cleaned tin plates. 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.

The cut logs are hauled down a wood track to the nearest lake or river, there to await the break-up of the ice; then, branded with the owner's name, they are 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 long hook from behind any obstacle, and setting them free to be carried down again till they reach the lumber-mill, where they are sawn

into planks and then stacked up in great walls till they can be shipped away.

A Canadian would be supremely contemptuous, and justly so, at the old-fashioned methods employed in some of our saw mills. In England you may see in some country towns 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 hands. The logs floated down to the water 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 stream; 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, which rushes to and fro against the teeth of a big saw, the log being moved each time by a lever just the thickness of the plank; then the planks are moved on their way by rollers and endless chains, measured, and so finally reach the stack-yard.

Most of the paper of the world is now made from wood, from the forests of Sweden and of Canada. At Sault Ste. Marie a large group of works was started some years ago, of which two were pulp mills. Here the wood was boiled down, or treated

BLIND RIVER CHURCH.

with sulphur, torn and combed and mashed much in the way that flax is made into linen, until it came out in a continuous coarse white roll, ready to be exported, and then made up into fine paper. Here were 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 ore found round Lake Superior was so good that it was determined to try to make them on the spot. No place was so suitable as the "Sault," where, on the American shore, some 50,000 horse-power was developed from the force of the water rushing down, and on the Canadian side half as much. The latest developments of science were applied, and this huge collection of various works was established. As in almost all Algoma industries, the capital came from across the water. Americans are very ready to exploit fresh openings, and so it comes that the lumber-limits and mills, mines, and works, are run by companies with shares held in the States, and represented by a manager, whose duty is to make the most he can for his employers. In many cases the companies deal fairly generously. In one place lately, the head of a lumber-mill has built and furnished a church for his people; but

there lacks too often the personal interest, the settled dwelling of any except the workers, and the use, to the country, of the money earned by these industries, for this goes away in interest to those who finance the concerns.

After the enterprise had raised the population of Sault Ste. Marie in two or three years from 5,000 to some 12,000 or 15,000 there came a crisis. The works, the mines which the company owned, the new railway it had made, were all suddenly stopped. Those workers who could leave sought work elsewhere, but much distress resulted. Fresh starts have been made: the Dominion Government ascertained that the steel works could turn out in a given time a certain number of rails of a specified quality, and, to aid this home product, put a protective duty on rails imported. It is hoped that the works may go on and prosper, and that the See city will have no more of these disasters which have been so trying for Church and people. Important as a highway of commerce its locks must always be, for through them comes all the grain of the great North-west; and it is estimated that the tonnage passing down in the course of a year exceeds from six to eight times that passing through the Suez Canal.

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 how one part of Algoma struck a newcomer then; and what our part was in those days, many other parts are still. The writer, Bishop Sullivan and one or two others, went in the Bishop's yacht, the *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 2,000 acres of land, and, besides the little chapel and his own comfortable house, had built lumber, grist, and shingle mills. The family was a typical one, 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 lead a natural life and have no time to be idle.

The homestead was said to be seventeen miles from Thessalon, and 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 nearly to its axle in a mud hole the shape of a teacup, 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 a little longer in Algoma our friend 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 jerked 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 wonderful wealth of undergrowth. Elder bushes covered with berries that shone like our holly-berries at Christmas, dense thickets of raspberry bushes and of the beautiful

willow herb called fireweed, which always spring up after a forest fire, and great beds of oak and beech fern, in the black peat 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 ghastly 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. The stumps are not the least of these impediments ; 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 the 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 ; good teams of horses are needed, and the convenient season therefore is often long in coming.

To the newcomer whose drive we are following, the people seemed to be at once curiously rich and poor. They have plenty to eat, for cattle do well,

and berries very good for food grow wild close to their doors: but there is not much money. Such wealth as there is consists rather in kind than in cash: and this is one of the difficulties in Church work.

At last the two buggies reached their journey's end, and there 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 wood being plentiful, and in this case capital and labour forthcoming, it was soon well rebuilt.

At seven o'clock the service for which they had come was to be held, and everybody adjourned to the Methodist chapel, where a good congregation, chiefly of the workmen and their families, was assembled. Of course there was no chancel nor altar, and the Bishop and clergyman said the service, shortened evensong, from a platform on which stood a reading desk, an American organ, and two benches for the choir. Naturally there were not Prayer books enough 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 partly on purpose 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 a 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. Poor bride! We wonder how she liked the change, and what became of the prepared wedding feast!

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.

Since this chapter was written for the first edition of this book a wondrous change has come. A new railway running north from North Bay up the west coast 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 Bishop at once secured ground, a church was opened at Cobalt in 1906, and is now self-supporting; but all round this region new places are springing up; and Englehart, Latchford and North Cobalt already have their own churches. Thousands of miners, prospectors, storekeepers, are rushing into Larder Lake, Elk Lake City and Gow Ganda; men of all nationalities, of all classes, old Wykehamists, old Etonians, old "Varsity" men. The foundations of a new State are being laid. It rests with us to decide whether those foundations shall be those of a God-fearing, God-serving people, or whether we shall leave this new nation with no "sky-pilot" to lead them above the worship of the god of the mammon of this world; with no one, when the epidemics of typhoid and the sudden accidents so rife in mining camps come, to repeat by their bedside the hymns learnt by their

mother's knee in the old house at home, no one to give them the Holy Eucharist to strengthen their souls for the dark passage, no service of the Church of their fathers to distinguish their burial from that of a dog in the corner of an unconsecrated field.

Listen to what the Bishop said in his charge to his first Synod: "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 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 Do-

minion. . . . 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 vitality 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."

QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER VII

Aim.—To discover what the natural resources and main industries of Algoma are, and how far these and her position in the Dominion give promise of a great future.

1. What are the three principal sources of wealth in Algoma?
2. For which industry did the earliest settlers go?
3. Which is the most widespread?
4. What is much of the wood used for?
5. What are the latest developments, and in which part of the diocese?
6. What sort of men are met with there?
7. What dangers lie in front if we leave them in spiritual neglect?

8. What opportunities are opening up this district as one of great importance?

9. What alone can make the foundation of Empire sure?

10. From whence do most of the settlers come, and why therefore have they a claim on us?

ISLAND, MICHIPICOTEN.

FIRED FOREST.

CHAPTER VIII

Present Conditions

ONE of the things which most strikes an English person 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 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. In Montreal places of worship occupy nearly two sides of Dominion Square, the principal "place" as the French would say. On one side is the Roman Catholic church, by far the first in size and magnificence, built on the model of St. Peter's at Rome, with figures, more than life size, of our Lord and the twelve apostles, standing out against the sky-line. Another side is divided between the Presbyterian kirk and St. George's English church, this being the smaller of the two, and far less imposing than the Methodist

building in a neighbouring street. And so as you go through the country, with some happy exceptions, the Roman, Presbyterian, and Methodist chapels are generally the largest and best equipped, and the Church of England comes in 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 light matter in a country where the thermometer often stands at from 20° to 40° below zero) besides paying the whole stipend of their clergy-

man? Ask the vicar of an average agricultural parish in England how far the weekly offerings would 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 you must take out from your reckoning the money given from the Hall pew. Moreover, 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; even in the Cobalt district we know of farmers who have had only $79 (£15 19s.) in cash in twelve months.

And who are most of the emigrants? Young men sent out because professions and trades at home are full, shipped off because there is no room for them in England; given enough money to start them, 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 ancient historic Church of England feel proud of ourselves if we let those who go out from among us, baptized, and most of them confirmed, members, be dependent for any spiritual help on Roman Catholics and non-conforming sects?

Take an instance of a layman who emigrated from Lancashire with his grown-up family to a farm in the Muskoka district. They were a religious family, and before going out they took care to inquire how near they would find a church. They were told, three miles off. They thought this would do quite well, it was quite as near as they had a right to expect. But alas! when they arrived the "Church" proved to be a Methodist chapel, and they were all communicants of the Church of England. They were not satisfied,

fortunately, and never rested till they had got a church provided for themselves and their neighbours of the same way of thinking. But many people are 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 lie 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.

The State sees to it that her children are educated in secular knowledge. Every settlement in Canada where there are twelve children of school age is provided with a certificated teacher. In a tiny school far away through the forest you may see perhaps four boys and girls out of ten children present in the school, called up for a literature class. The teacher questions them on Goldsmith's "Deserted Village"; and it would be difficult in an English school to equal the answers given.

But the State gives no religious education: that can only be given through the Sunday schools which the clergy organise; and we, who have had the glad tidings, and with whom rests the responsibility of passing them on, either think the message of salvation of so little worth, or have so small care for our brethren and the welfare of our empire, or for the glory of God, that we take no pains to tell it out that the Lord is King, and to see that those far away are kept in the common Faith.

The Diocese of Algoma is larger than England and Wales. The Bishop, like his predecessors,

is constantly travelling up and down it, strengthening and encouraging his clergy, confirming and exhorting the laity. Forty-seven clergy and fifteen lay readers, one at least working voluntarily, are at work in sixty-two spheres of missionary enterprise, many of which are of enormous size, while in addition to these settled workers the Archdeacon travels over the whole diocese, helping the Bishop wherever he may be needed. These devoted workers cover wide areas, seeking out, as we have seen, the Indians, penetrating far back to the mines and lumber-camps, there to share the men's quarters and give them a service in dining camp or office whenever possible: 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. Generally a missionary has three or four services each Sunday, taking his out-stations in rotation, and driving or walking twenty or thirty miles between them; and yet how many are perforce left unshepherded! A letter recently told of a girl who went out from England to her brother. She 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 a Sunday with them. Then for the first time for eight months she was able to receive the Holy Communion. There was no prospect of her being able to do so again until the visit could be repeated.

The wives of Christ's labourers in Algoma are very true help-meets, and bear heroically their heavy share of the burden. Trying as are the journeys for services and visiting, the loneliness of the wife is even more trying, when she is left in an isolated house, absolutely alone or with young children, when her husband is away for some days in a far-distant part of his parish. And 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.

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 Domestic and Foreign

Missions, and apportioned to each diocese its share: in these, again, the sum is divided among the parishes, which are each expected to raise their allotted quota. Algoma has to raise about £500. All special grants from Eastern Canada had ceased, and she received back in 1908 £1,000 for work among the settlers, nothing for Indian work. The churchwomen of Canada work through the "Women's Auxiliary," and raise a truly noble sum. In Algoma several branches of this organisation join together to provide the stipend for a catechist (£60). They also send good bales of clothing for the native and other poor missions.

In 1904, two years after the above great step was taken by the Canadian Church, at the Triennial Council of Algoma, it was decided 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 October, 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 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.

The Synod consists of the bishop, the 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 Executive Committee consists of the Bishop, six clerical and seven lay members representing the five Rural Deaneries, with the Archdeacon, the Bishop's Commissary and the Clerical Secretary as *ex-officio* members, and to this Committee is entrusted the management of the mission funds.

The S.P.G. grant for general mission work continues still, but is lessened by 10 per cent. each year; in 1904 a small special grant was made for the new work, seen to be so urgent. The interest on the Clergy Sustentation Fund raised during the episcopate of Dr. Thorneloe will replace only part of the lapsed grants. The C. and C.C. Society helps in five missions. It has also helped in the Indian schools. This Society renders valuable aid as well by forwarding bales for the diocese free to Liverpool, whence, by the kindness of Messrs. Allan, they are taken free to Montreal, leaving only freight thence to Sault Ste. Marie to be paid. S.P.C.K. gives grants towards building churches, and for the

training of ordination candidates. The Algoma Association has for the last few years sent out about £1,000 a year, the larger part of this having been for the Clergy Sustentation Fund, and for the diocesan debt, which it has now paid off. But the sums coming from these various sources—though without them the work could not be carried on—are none of them very large, and new people are ever coming in, new places far away up rivers and lakes are yearly being opened up.

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 for the 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.'"

Besides this new work there is the Superannuation Fund, for making some provision for clergy worn out in their work, which at present has a capital of only some £1,200, and the Widows' and

Orphans' Fund, from which pensions are given to the wives and children of missionaries whose lives have been sacrificed in their duty. Both these funds need building up. There is also a Candidates' Ordination Fund, for granting loans to men wishing to enter the ministry, but who are unable to bear the expense of their college course. The Bishop could obtain many more men were it in his power to make more loans.

The *Algoma Missionary News*, edited by the Rev. Canon Piercy, and published monthly in Canada, is the official organ of the diocese. The Algoma Association publishes quarterly in England a supplement to the above, giving generally letters from some of the clergy.

The Diocese of Algoma has been the child of many prayers and has had many blessings, notably in those appointed to rule over it, but it has had very hard struggles. A great door and effectual is open now, not a door which will need always to be propped open from the *outside*. Canadians are far too self-respecting to take help for a moment longer than is absolutely necessary, and the Bishop strenuously urges his people on to give even beyond their power. But help is needed at present, help in money for the new centres, for Church extension, for the Indian missions, as well as for the various funds just mentioned, and men are needed

to fill the vacant posts—men in whom the Holy Spirit has kindled the fire of burning love to God and their brethren, and who are willing to spend and be spent in the effort to bring every soul in Algoma to the knowledge and service of the Saviour.

QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER VIII

Aim.—To understand the position of the Church of England in Canada in relation to other religious bodies.

1. What position numerically does the Church of England take in Canada?

2. Give reasons for the position of the three other chief religious bodies.

3. What outgoings have to be met by a Canadian congregation?

4. What difference in the claims to support the Church do English settlers find?

5. Mention one great difficulty met with by settlers anxious to give.

6. What temptation meets many really earnest Churchmen and women?

7. Describe the condition of education.

8. What is the size of the diocese, and how many clergy are working there now?

9. Through what organisation is Home and Foreign Missionary work carried on in Canada?

10. What great step affecting Algoma took place in 1904, and what was the condition attending it?

11. By what English Societies has the diocese been helped, and what funds need special help now?

APPENDIX

SUGGESTIONS FOR ADAPTING *BY LAKE AND FOREST* TO BE USED BY STUDY CIRCLES

CHAPTER I

Study Aim.—To consider the aborigines of Ontario with reference to that part of the Province now the Diocese of Algoma, their superstitions and mode of life.

Assignments

I. Prepare a map of the diocese showing its position in the Dominion.

II. Bring a report of the life led by the Red-man in his native state, his habitation, occupations, etc., and the natural qualities fostered by these conditions.

III. Bring a report of his beliefs and superstitions showing what was the object of his worship and the spirit which dominated his faith.

CHAPTER II

Study Aim.—To consider the efforts which the Church of England made in the early days of the English occupation of Canada.

Assignments

I. Prepare a map showing the extent of the Diocese of Quebec in 1797 and the dioceses now contained therein.

II. Bring a sketch of the work of the earliest missionaries who, in the seventeenth century, took the knowledge of Christ to the Indians.

III. Bring a report of the first attempt made by the Church of England to reach the Indians after they came under English rule, and the present effects of the same.

CHAPTER III

Study Aim.—To consider the position of the Church as organised for work in the Diocese of Algoma.

Assignments

I. Prepare a report of the religious conditions at the time that Canada passed from French to English rule, dealing also with the question of endowments.

II. State what Bishopric had the oversight of the district, now Algoma, from 1839 to 1873, and what step the Canadian Church took in the latter year.

III. Prepare a report on the financial history of the diocese.

IV. Describe the conditions on which a mission attains the dignity of a Rectory, and state how many parishes in the diocese are now self-supporting.

CHAPTER IV

Study Aim.—To consider some problems of spiritual "prospecting" in Algoma.

Assignments

I. Prepare a map of the railway which opened up communications with the East and West and of the water-way communication.

II. Prepare a map of the Temiscaming and Northern Temiscaming districts.

III. Give a sketch of the work of the first Archdeacon, and report on the work of the present one, describing some of the difficulties he meets with.

CHAPTER V

Study Aim.—To consider the Red-man's claim upon us and the response he has made to our help.

Assignments

I. Bring a report of the Indian Missions of our Church in Algoma.

II. Bring a report of the educational work done for the Indians.

III. Bring a report on our responsibility to the Red-men and on the relative claims of White and native missionary work.

IV. Do the Red-men show any signs of devotion to their teachers, and value the teaching of the Gospel?

V. Show how the conditions of the Red-man's life have been changed under English rule.

CHAPTER VI

Study Aim.—To understand some of the practical difficulties in the life of a missionary.

Assignments

I. Bring a report on some of the hardships of a missionary's life, describing as you picture it his daily round.

II. Describe some of the actual dangers which a missionary in Algoma encounters, and the various ways in which he travels.

III. Give your opinion as to the qualities which should be possessed by a missionary there.

CHAPTER VII

Study Aim.—To discover what the natural resources and main industries of Algoma are, and how far

these and her position in the Dominion give promise of a great future.

Assignments

I. Prepare a map showing how the position of certain towns ensures their future as entrepôts of commercial industry.

II. Give a sketch of the three chief employments in the district; (*a*) which is the least remunerative, (*b*) which the most widespread, (*c*) which presents the most urgent call to the Church, and why.

III. Bring a report of the new districts being settled, and show why it is imperative for the stability of the Empire that we should not fail in our responsibility.

CHAPTER VIII

Study Aim.—To understand the position of the Church of England in Canada in relation to other religious bodies.

Assignments

I. Bring a report of the proportionate representation of religious bodies, and state the reasons to which it is due.

II. Compare the financial position of an average English country parish with that of a church congregation in Algoma.

III. In what way do our Church privileges at home affect the support of the Church by emigrants?

IV. Will the step taken in 1906 be likely to strengthen the Church in Algoma?

V. What reasons are there which make a claim on us at home to help her—(*a*) in our privileges, (*b*) in our loyalty, (*c*) in our gratitude, (*d*) in our obedience?

Names of Clergy Working in the Diocese of Algoma, 1909

The Bishop:

THE RIGHT REV. GEORGE THORNELOE, D.D., D.C.L.

The Archdeacon of Algoma:

THE VENERABLE GOWAN GILLMOR.

The Bishop's Commissary:

THE REV. CANON BOYDELL.

ALLMAN, Rev. Canon	Burk's Falls
BALFOUR, Rev. C. W.	Huntsville
BANKS, Rev. A. P.	Gravenhurst
BISHOP, Rev. C. E.	North Bay
BOYDELL, Rev. Canon	Sudbury
BROOKE, Rev. H.	Sault Ste. Marie, St. Luke's
BURT, Rev. Canon	Bracebridge
CALHOUN, Rev. P. W. P.	Thessalon
CHILCOTT, Rev. T. E.	Parry Sound
COWLING, Rev. R. A.	Haileybury
CURLISS, Rev. T. O.	Seguin Falls
DUNN, Rev. H. C.	Port Arthur, St. Michael's
EVANS, Rev. W.	Port Carling
FERRIS, Rev. S. H.	Missanabie and White River
FRANKLAND, Rev. H.	Marksville, St. Joseph's Island
FRENCH, Rev. Canon	Emsdale
FROST, Rev. Canon	Rosseau
FULLER, Rev. P. B.	Ningwenenang
GOLLANDER, Rev. L. E.	Swedish Mission, Port Arthur
GOODCHILD, Rev. J.	(to arrive in August, 1909)
HARPER, Rev. E. J.	Fort William, St. Luke's
HAZLEHURST, Rev. A. W.	Baysville
HEDLEY, Rev. C. W.	Port Arthur

Hincks, Rev. F. H.	Blind River
Holland, Rev. T. Bird	Garden River
Hunter, Rev. W. H.	Korah
Johnson, Rev. W. Hardy	(to arrive in June, 1909)
Johnstone, Rev. D. A.	Byng Inlet
King, Rev. H. G.	Fort William, St. Paul's
Leigh, Rev. J.	Englehart
Lowe, Rev. A. P.	New Liskeard
Machin, Rev. Canon	Beaumaris
Munford, Rev. T. N.	Coppercliff
Oakley, Rev. A. J.	Webbwood
Phillips, Rev. W. E.	Massey
Piercy, Rev. Canon	Sault Ste. Marie, St. John's
Prewer, Rev. G.	Sheguiandah
Rankin, Rev. S. M.	West Fort William
Rowland, Rev. E. M.	Powassan
Simpson, Rev. C.	Little Current
Sinclair, Rev. L.	Aspdin
Spencer, Rev. E. P. S.	Cobalt
Tate, Rev. J.	Gore Bay
Trotter, Rev. L. A.	Sundridge
Waring, Rev. J.	Falkenburg
Weary, Rev. W. S.	Schreiber
Westmacott, Rev. A. G.	(*locum tenens*) Depôt Harbour
Young, Rev. Canon	Manitowaning

Lay Readers:

Mr. R. G. Bartels	Callander
Mr. P. Bull	Sprucedale
Mr. F. W. Collotton (Hon.)	Victoria Mines
Mr. C. E. Emerson	Novar
Mr. J. Graham	Nipissing
Mr. H. Height	Oliver
Mr. C. E. Hewitt	Port Sydney
Mr. H. J. Hawken	Magnetawan
Mr. G. H. Phillips	Uffington
Mr. H. A. Sims	Silver Water
Mr. H. G. Watts	Echo Bay
Mr. P. A. Paris	Parkinson, Dean Lake, etc.
Mr. C. G. D. Longmore	Latchford
Mr. P. Mayes	Elk Lake
Mr. C. Monckton	

Indian School Teachers:

Mr. L. F. HARDYMAN . .	Garden River
Mr. F. W. MAJOR . .	Sheguiandah
Mr. SIMS	Sucker Creek
Mrs. FERRIS. . . .	Missanabie
Miss FERRIS . . .	Spanish River

List of Parishes and Out-Stations

ASPDIN
- Lancelot
- Stanleydale
- Allensville

BAYSVILLE
- Stoneleigh
- Dorset

BEAUMARIS

BLIND RIVER
- Algoma
- Spragge
- Dean Lake
- Spanish
- Cutler

BRACEBRIDGE

BRUCE MINES
- Rydal Bank

BURK'S FALLS

BYNG INLET

COPPERCLIFF

CALLANDER

DEPOT HARBOUR

ECHO BAY
- Sylvan Valley
- Desbarats

ELK LAKE CITY

EMSDALE
- Kearney
- Sand Lake

ENGLEHART
- Haeslip
- Charlton
- Thorneloe

FALKENBURG
- Beatrice
- Ufford

FORT WILLIAM
- St. Luke's
- St. Paul's

FRANKLIN
- Grassmere
- Quinn's

GARDEN RIVER (Indian)

GORE BAY
- Mills
- Kagawong

GOW GANDA

GRAVENHURST

HAILEYBURY
Dawson's Point

HUNTSVILLE

KORAH
Goulais Bay

LATCHFORD
Temagami

LITTLE CURRENT
Sucker Creek
Green Bush

MAGNETAWAN
Dunchurch

MANITOWANING
Hilly Grove
The Slash

MARKSVILLE, ST. JOSEPH'S ISLAND
Jocelyn
Richard's Landing

MASSEY
Walford

MICHIPICOTEN
MISSANABIE and WHITE RIVER

MURILLO
Stanley
Hymers
South Gillies

NEW LISKEARD
Hudson
Harley

NINGWENENANG (Indian)

NIPISSING
Restoule

NORTH BAY

NOVAR
Ravenscliffe
Ilfracombe

PARRY SOUND
Christie Road

PORT ARTHUR
St. James
St. Michael's
St. Ausgarius

PORT CARLING
Gregory
Port Sandfield

PORT SYDNEY
Newholme

POWASSAN
Trout Creek

ROSSEAU
Ullswater
Cardwell
Windermere

SAULT STE. MARIE
St. Luke's
St. John the Evangelist

SCHREIBER
Rossport
Jackfish
Nepigon Station

SEGUIN FALLS
Dufferin Bridge
Broadbent
Orrville

SHEGUIANDAH (White)

SHEGUIANDAH (Indian)
Birch Island
Bidwell

SILVERWATER
Meldrum Bay

SPRUCEDALE
Midlothian

STURGEON FALLS
Cache Bay
Warren

SUDBURY
Cartier
Chelmsford
Wahnapitae

SUNDRIDGE
South River
Eagle Lake

THESSALON

TORRANCE
Mortimer's Point
Bala

UFFINGTON
Purbrook
Oakley

VICTORIA MINES

WEBBWOOD
Nairn Centre
Massey
Walford
Spanish River (Indian)

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Assisting in Branch work.

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