

Sahguj says "O. K., sig. A. S., 7"—which means all right, followed by his signature and the number of words in the sentence. Finding it to be all right, I respond "O. K., sig. E. F. W." Then I give him my answer, "No, not to-day; all keep at work." After "O. K." again on both sides, and signature, I say, "G. N." (good night), and Sahguj responds "G. N." That means, I am leaving the key;—we always say, "good night" on the telegraph for this—whatever time it may be.

It is lunch time. The mail bag has just been brought in and is lying on the floor by my arm chair. Myself and family are busy at the table. A knock at the door. "See who it is," I say to one of my olive branches. "It is Joe, father." "Well, Joe, what is it?" "Please can you come at once, Kiyoshk, his bone come right out." I step outside the door and close it after me. "What do you mean, Joe?" "Kiyoshk, his bone come right out; he got hurt pretty bad; come right out his shoulder." I go down with him to the office and find the little fellow, Kiyoshk, sitting on the edge of a chair, shedding tears, moaning piteously, and holding up his left arm with his right hand. "How did he get hurt?" I ask. "On the truck; the truck ran off the track and the boys fell off." Two or three boys have followed me in, and a pack of little chaps are peering in with their black eyes through the half open door. "Well, Joe, you can go to your work," I say. (Joe is a bootmaker) "and please tell Arthur to come and help me." Then I take little Kiyoshk into my private office, and very carefully and gently we remove his coat, which happily is a loose one. Then I try a pair of scissors, and the little fellow (he is ten years old) screams when he sees them; thinks that I am going to cut his arm off. But I re-assured him with a few words in Indian, and in a few moments I have ripped his shirt sleeve from wrist to neck, and also his under-vest. Now the mischief is visible—he has dislocated his shoulder, the ball of the arm bone being down in the armpit, instead of in its socket. I call in the services of Mr. Dowler to help hold the child, and Abram to help pull the arm. In a little while I have the little fellow adjusted; a long roller towel with a slit in it for the injured arm is passed round his chest and tied to the door handle. Mr. Dowler holds the little chap; Abram and Arthur pull steadily at the arm in the opposite direction, and I stand behind ready to slip it into place. We all speak kindly to the little fellow, and tell him to be brave. "Now then, boys, pull—very steadily, —but whatever you do don't slack up unless I tell you." The boys did their part well—the little fellow behaves bravely, and we are all glad to hear the click as the ball of the bone once more slips into the socket. I bandage his arm to his side, and send him over to the hospital to Miss Pigot's care. My horse is waiting, and I have to rush the remainder of my lunch, glance hastily through my letters, and then off to Wawanosh. Such and such like is our daily life at the Shingwauk.

WHY AM I NOT A CHRISTIAN?

Is it because I am afraid of ridicule? "Who-soever shall be ashamed of Me and my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed."

Is it because of the inconsistencies of professing Christians? "Every man shall give an account of himself to God."

Am I not willing to give up all to Christ? "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Am I afraid that I shall not be accepted? "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

Is it for fear I am too great a sinner? "The blood of Jesus Christ, His son, cleanse us from all sin."

Is it because I fear I shall not "hold out?" "He hath begun a good work in you, will perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ."

Am I thinking I will do as well as I can, and that God ought to be satisfied with that? "Who-soever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point he is guilty of all."

Is it because I am postponing the matter without any definite reason? "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

THE MARTYRS OF UGANDA.

THE painful intelligence of the massacre of the native Christians in Uganda, by King Mwanga, who murdered the excellent and devoted Bishop Hannington, has been confirmed by later accounts. The first victim was speared to death, partly by the king himself; another was hacked to pieces, and another was clubbed to death; but the greater part of the victims, after being tortured in various ways, were burned. Some of these martyrs died confessing their faith, and exhorting their executioners to repent of sin and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.

After the massacre the head executioner reported to the king that he had never killed men who showed such fortitude and endurance, and that they had prayed to God in the fire. The wicked persecutor replied: "God did not rescue them from my power." More native Christians are in hiding than those who have been put to death; but a number of these are specially marked for fire if they can be found, and the tyrannical and cruel king seems determined that all who have become Christians shall suffer, with the exception of a very few who are exceedingly useful to him as artisans. Some of the martyred ones could have escaped, but they preferred to seal their testimony with their blood. A number of those who have fled could not be persuaded to escape until after the missionaries had said that it was right to do so, and that even St. Paul, when persecuted in one place, escaped to another.

Even while the fierce persecution was raging in