

woman of 18 and 4 children were baptized. The remaining part of the family namely, an old woman of 75 "Kebuk" and his wife will (D.V.) be baptized in the spring in our little church and then we hope to have quite a nice congregation.

In conclusion let me add that poor old Wesqua who returned with us to the Mission has not yet recovered from the fatigue of the journey, the last day's travelling in particular for her was very trying. We had to cross an arm of the lake about 15 miles in breadth, and then there was a piercing north wind which was too much for an old woman of 80 whose entire clothing consisted of nothing more than an old canvass bag rent in two and rolled around her legs for leggings, her skirts made out of blue calico did not reach much below her knees, and then a piece of an old blanket thrown over her head and shoulders was all that she had to save her from the sharp piercing wind which blows at intervals across the Neepigon Lake. When she arrived the blood had almost ceased to circulate, her eyes were watery, her hands benumbed and she was indeed in a most pitiable condition. Half a teaspoonful of pain killer in a cup of warm water was all the stimulant we had to give. She revived and after eating a hearty supper of bread and tea was soon herself again.

Let me ask some of my christian friends to whom "the lines have fallen in pleasant places" to remember the poor Indians at Neepigon. Old cast off clothing even of an inferior quality, will be thankfully received and gratefully acknowledged; and let those who cannot assist us in a pecuniary point of view at least remember us in their prayers.

A Winter trip to St. Joseph's Island.

To the Editor of the Algoma Missionary News.

I think that some of your readers may be interested, in an account of a visit paid by Rev. G.B. Cooke, to the missions of Bruce Mines and St. Joseph's Island.

He left home on Thursday morning Feb. 19th, and after

a drive of nearly fifty miles, he arrived at the Mines after dark. On the road he had called at the houses of some of the settlers who belong to the church of England. They regretted very much, the loss of the church services, which they have not had, since the Rev. Mr. Renison was taken from them and sent to the Indian Mission in the wilds of Lake Neepigon.

On Friday morning Mr. Cooke and Mr. Berry, the clergyman of the Mines, crossed over the ice to Hilton on St. Joseph's Island, where they were just in time to catch Mr. Beer, who was starting out in search of a young school mistress who had, in a fit of lunacy, strayed away from her boarding house, and whose tracks had been seen on the snow on the lake.

Mr. Beer asked the clergymen to excuse him, and he would be back as soon as possible. Mr. Cooke then went to the missionary's house and Mr. Berry returned to the Mines.

We will here follow Mr. Beer in his trip after the young lady. He took, in his sleigh with him the brother of the girl, and started up the ice, towards some islands, five or six miles off, in the neighborhood of which the tracks had been seen, but more than thirty hours had passed since the girl was first missed, and there had been both wind and snow and so the tracks were obliterated except in the sheltered places under the lee of the shore. After reaching the islands the seekers soon came across the track and knew by the zig zag course that they were following the path the wanderer had taken, soon they found a spot where she had sat down to rest and then a mile or so they found her imprint in the snow, where she had reclined at full length on the sloping bank of an island. They then followed her with the utmost difficulty to the north shore. At times, for a hundred yards or more not a sign of her track could be seen, and it was followed by feeling with hands and feet for the harder snow which her feet had pressed. After awhile they came to a spot where she had rested for a long while, and here Mr. Beer says, he felt sure they should find her frozen body. She had started in the night with only two pair of stockings on, and no boots and very thinly clad also, and she had walked through wet slush, for eight or ten miles; and the seekers felt sure she had gone to this secluded spot to rest and would be found frozen, but no, she seemed to have stood for some hours, and then started for a shanty about three miles off which the daylight had now made visible. The two then followed her to this place, and found that she had been there, and had only left about an hour before. Both her feet were frozen and she was utterly exhausted. The people had fed her and rested her and tried to detain her, and when she would not stay they gave her another pair of socks. About four o'clock the brother found her in another settlers house about ten or twelve miles from home, and taking her in the sleigh they returned to Hilton arriving about nine o'clock at night after a very hard day's work. The girl was badly frozen but will recover. Mr. Beer found Mr. Cooke at his house and soon forgot in the comforts of home the hardships and dangers of the day. The danger being the risk he ran of drowning his horse by breaking through some bad spots in the ice.

On Sunday Mr. Cooke took the morning service at Hilton while the resident missionary went to his outstation at Temby Bay and Cascaws. In the afternoon Mr. Cooke address-