

heroes of two-and-a-half centuries ago to gain such influence over a savage tribe?

i. The missionaries lived as nearly as possible the life of Indians and treated them as brothers.

ii. Converts were not made to change the outward circumstances of their lives more than morality required; they were not made into Frenchmen as well as into Christians.

iii. The priests did not hasten adult baptisms to swell the returns to the Society, but thoroughly proved those admitted to the Sacrament.

It is interesting to note that these three points are now being dwelt upon by a well-known canon of the English Church, as those on which reform is needed before our Church can be a great Missionary power in the world.

WORK IN ALGOMA.

By REV. FREDERICK FROST, MISSIONARY.

It sometimes happens that the work of the missionary is rendered very pleasant, when weather and roads and modes of travel are good and convenient, and comfortable stopping places are found, and then on the other hand it is very trying when one is caught in "a pitiless pelting storm," and the road gets blocked up with snow, so that the horse can scarcely pull the empty sleigh, and the snow and sleet beat in one's face and eyes. Or when travelling on the ice a thaw sets in and the ice is covered with water to the depth of several inches and is rendered unsafe because of soft thawing weather, and, as sometimes happens, a freezing wind starts up before a place of shelter is reached and robes and sleigh and horse and missionary are covered with ice. In this case the travelling becomes exceedingly laborious for, a thin sheet of ice is formed over the surface water above the original ice, and yet it will bear neither horse nor sleigh, the horse toils along, breaking through at every step, the sleigh cuts down, ploughs through and finally stops, the horse unable to pull it further. Sometimes, too, night finds the missionary at a very poor cabin, where the inmates, though hospitable, can offer him nothing but the floor to lie upon, and this sometimes not extra clean, for no one was expected, and he lays down his robes to make a bed to sleep on. Yet in this poor place he has an opportunity to preach the Gospel. The experience connected with the journey I am writing about was pleasant in the extreme. Everything was lovely. The roads were good, the weather pleasant, the ice none too strong, yet with only about an inch of snow upon it, made the travelling easy and pleasant for both horse and man. The weather, too, was calm and pleasant with about ten degrees of frost. The first place where service was held was a Hudson Bay post. The gentleman in charge, his family and servant, together with the rest of the servants of the Company, formed the congregation. A short service and a sermon, followed by the

evening hymn, formed the religious exercises of the evening.

The next morning I was on my way to an Indian village where some of our friends were visited and notice given of a service for the following evening. The roads were good, the weather very pleasant and warm. The hemlock and pine trees were magnificent, the wreaths of snow glistening on their dark foliage. Even the barren rocks looked beautiful in the sunshine, and the small islets in the lakes covered as they were with fir trees showed out prettily amid the snowy expanse.

The Indian village is situated on the steep banks of a river, and on the surface of the river my road lay. Some Frenchmen had taken up land on the bank of the river and built cottages at intervals on their lots. I called at some Indian cabins farther down and gave notice of service on the following day. Then following the course of the river I visited some English people and read and prayed with them, and then towards evening pulled up at a place where I intended to stay the night and preach. My host and hostess were members of our Church. We held service in the evening and I preached a sermon on the Epiphany, and after service we had singing until bed time. The next day I took a long drive farther on to visit an Indian family living at the mouth of the river. The road was not so good as usual, in fact, it was bad, the snow was not sufficiently deep to cover the roots and stumps and stones and logs. The sleigh went bumping over them in a most uncomfortable way. I preached at noon in the house of my Indian friends, then obeying an invitation to dinner at a farm house, I pushed on to keep my appointment with the Indians. It was now evening. There were weddings, baptisms, divine service and a magic lantern lecture with Scripture views. With regard to the marriages, the ladies in the case were two Indian damsels, who were baptized some two or three years ago. The bridegrooms were two Indian dandies who were still heathen. I explained to them the doctrine of Christianity, and after teaching them for an hour or so they consented to be baptized. They told me they did not drink and would try and follow the teaching of the Saviour and come to hear the missionary every opportunity they had. After the baptism came the marriage service, but the damsels seemed loth to stand up. They got over their *sham* reluctance and the ceremony proceeded smoothly till it came to the production of the rings. Then they told me they were sorry but they had no rings. At length, however, two silver ones were found which answered very well in one case, but the other I could not get over the second joint of the finger, nor could the bridegroom, so it had to stay there short of its proper goal. The service was in Indian, but neither could read and it seemed of course very tedious to them, at least I suppose it did.

After marriage service came divine service and the baptism of an old man about seventy years of