

people standing at the entrances of the alleys where they lived, and women leaning out of bedroom windows in the background. After prayer, my host gave out his text which was a sentence he had casually heard in passing through the streets, "All we poor miserable people live in St. Mary's parish." Why were they miserable? How could they find relief? These were his two divisions, and he wound up by telling them of the house to be opened for their benefit that very evening, and invited them to a housewarming. Another brief and telling prayer concluded this primitive service, and then we went off to the house in question. Eleven of our audience followed us, who were most clearly of the poorest and wretchedest class, four or five being men. We read the Bible with them and talked with them one by one, and then we commended them to the care of Him who came to call not the righteous but sinners to repentance.

"That is the way," said my friend, as we returned home with thankful hearts, "That is the way my houses are filled and then my churches; some of these people will be communicants before a year is passed."

To change the scene—I was toiling up an interminable hill in Devonshire one day, when I met one of our curates on horseback, with a large bag of books in front of him in the saddle. He told me that the parish covered, I don't remember how many square miles, and that he was carrying the books to leave at outlying farm houses, because it was impossible for the farmers and their men to reach the church except in fine weather. He had collected the books accordingly from sympathising friends, and used to leave them in convenient centres and change them from time to time. In the farmers' kitchens these books were the attraction which brought together old and young to read the word of God and join in common prayer, and then there was the book full of telling sermons, recounting stories of missionary heroism, to furnish them with serious thought and profitable conversation on the day of rest.

I remember on another occasion listening with admiration to the account of work carried on from court to court in a seaport town. This time it was work by a young layman, then one of our Lay Assistants, but to-day the Incumbent of an admirably worked London district. He told us how he toiled on for months without meeting with any great encouragement until the November rains befriended him. The people had been accustomed to shut their doors when they saw him coming, and even the children, plentiful as rabbits, scuttled away into their holes as soon as he appeared. But at last the rain melted their hearts, and when they saw him standing bareheaded in the court and half drowned under the downpour, a woman beckoned him in, and showed him where to stand in a corner of the kitchen. Every room in the house contained at least one family, and in a few minutes there was not even standing room in the kitchen or on the staircase, the very windows had

to be opened that the men might lean in and listen. Opportunities such as these are golden indeed, and the effects they leave behind are frequently permanent. Sidney Smith imagined that the most horrible fate would be to be preached to death by mad curates, but the waifs and outcasts of the streets have never run the risk of such a fate, they are not case-hardened; they are most ready to receive impressions, and by the grace of God such impressions are often indelible. The old paths of Gospel preaching, prayer and praise, are those which lead to the city of God, but new methods of bringing out the old story are frequently owned and blessed, as many can testify.

MISSIONS IN THE FAR NORTH-WEST.

BY MRS. BOMPAS, OF MACKENZIE RIVER.

(Concluded.)

 F the intellectual capacities of the Indians one can hardly speak as a whole—they vary greatly in the different tribes. The Crees and Tukudth Indians are of a very high order of intellect; the Chippaweyans and Slaves taken as a whole are rather less gifted; but they all have the wondrous power of observation and quickness of sight and hearing, all which helps them in the acquisition of knowledge. They are on the whole a fine promising race with much that is noble and loveable in them. They are intensely proud and fiercely independent—most intolerant of any injustice or oppression. They are quite willing to welcome the white man and to dwell with him on equal terms of friendliness and mutual obligation. They will work for him and never forget a benefit rendered them (although strange to say they have no word expressing "thank you" in their language excepting one coined from the French "Marsi Cho," i. e. big thanks to you)—but they will treasure up the remembrance of any benefit until occasion offers, and then an Indian's gratitude will find expression in deeds if not in words. They come to us with the detail of all their wants, sorrows and anxieties. Jenning Loudheux is in love with Cotraga, daughter of Bethomo, he comes to us to ask us to plead his cause with the cross old mother, who is deaf to all his own persuasions. Beye is off to his distant camping grounds, and begs for medicine *in case of sickness*. (A "sore heart" is one of the most frequent symptoms for which we are asked to prescribe, strong applications of peppermint and rhubarb seem the surest remedy for this complaint.) One poor woman has broken her collar bone and we must set it, which we did successfully, but not without vehement abuse for the pain unwittingly inflicted during the process! Our mission store is not without its daily applicants from our poor neighbors. Their wants are usually of a very modest description, but even these we are not always able to satisfy. The fish, which will