

was at the shanty of the telegraph operator, where I asked to be allowed to leave the family Bibles for the night, as I was going to hold services in the camp. The answer I got from the operator was, "You cannot leave them here; I have no good opinion of you." To which I said, "I do not ever remember seeing you before." He said, "Oh, yes you have, and for spite you reported me to the Postmaster-General." He had been postmaster at a few miles from this place, on which occasion I got him to register a letter addressed to my wife at the Soo, and on returning from my trip some 100 miles further, found that the letter had not been delivered, nor yet any tidings concerning it. I then wrote to the Postmaster-General at Ottawa and received a courteous reply with the letter, and I suppose the man lost his situation. And this is why he had, as he said, no good opinion of me.

The incidents recorded here will help to show the good accomplished by this Mission over a large part of this Canada of ours. The accompanying photo was requested by the news editor of The Evening Journal, Ottawa. But if I could show the first photo taken some twenty years ago by the photographer at the Soo, the change time has wrought would be very apparent. He said, I have the photos of all the minister of the Soo, and I want yours. So I consented and appeared in the regimentals of my office, which were two flour bags with books,

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