

limb that kicked the skull ; moving in the path like the tall pine in the morning winds, he enjoyed his forest freedom. The white man came with the Gospel and his arts, and our fathers, like a hunter in the lake at midnight, his canoe upset and his torch in the waters, found themselves in darkness. Glory, glory, glory rose on our midnight waters. Jesus of Righteousness, Jesus our Saviour, came to our help. Now, from the Rock we stand on, yonder are the plains of Canaan, yonder are the woods of Paradise, and the winds blowing off those shores smell of the sweet flowers planted there, and of the Rose of Sharon. We see and feel the happiness of heaven, and we sing—

*Jesus, ishpeeming, kaheshod,  
Mee suh awh apane-noyon,  
Nexahbundon kahneeshod,  
Kuhya neen kaneezhabyon.*

“ Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,  
He v hom I fix my hopes upon ;  
His track I see, and I'll pursue  
The narrow way till Him I view.”

Mrs. Brooking is the mother of our women. We kneel at our Lord's table ; and as He blesses us, we praise Him, and pray for the good Misses C. as we look at the cups we drink from. The leaf is falling, and the cold wind is blowing, the birds leaving our woods for the sunny south tell us that the winter is coming. We look on our children running to school, warm and happy : they are happy, and we are happy. The little boy shows us his jack-knife, and the little girl her thimble and scissors ; and we tell them not to lose them, and think of the good Mrs. H. far away in England, where a great and a good lady lives called Queen Victoria. We learn them these names, and we tell them how happy the children in England are where these ladies live, and that the

way to be happy, as Mr. Brooking tells us, is to pray to Jesus and to God, to read and learn from the Bible the way to heaven.

Dear sisters, ask some of your little children to send some of their little books, after they have read them, that tell of the good boys and girls, to their little brethren and sisters on the shores of Rice-Lake, that they may learn to think and be like the happy children of happy England.

The Spirit of the sun-lit sky, and the driving tempest, the Spirit that folds his wings over the Christian when he prays, dear sisters, be with you, and your grateful Indian brethren and sisters on the shores of our sweet lake.

*Pachekokahlaugh, James M' Cree,  
Interpreter.*

*Chief George Podash, otherwise  
Keckeneleesh.*

*Chief John Crowe, Class-Leader,  
otherwise  
Minwah-ben-wash-kinkg.*

### A FACT.

While travelling the P—— circuit in 18—, we organized a Sunday school, and sent for a five dollar library for one of the country societies. After the school had got into operation, one of the books, called the “Germes of Thought,” fell into the hands of one of the strongest Universalists of that country. His attention was arrested, the spirit of God applied the truth, and that man, once so strong in his infidelity, found no rest till he came forward in public, and, falling upon his knees, asked the people of God to pray for him. E. W. CADWELL.

*Western Christian Advocate.*

Example is philosophy in action.