



Parliament Buildings.  
OTTAWA.

the library, and the old books were replaced by an entirely new set.

Under the school-rooms are three large stores, bringing in a fair rent, which will eventually form a good endowment.

According to the Synod Reports, St. John's has 430 families.

The rector has good reason to feel proud of this parish, which has thus risen by steady, onward steps to the fine position which it occupies to-day. Everything has been laid upon a good, solid foundation, and further improvements will no doubt be added in time. Mr. Pollard is Rural Dean of Prescott and Russell, and is an active member of the Board of Management of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada.

#### THE INDIAN'S TREASURE.



ROUGH hut of birch-bark, a couch of dry fern leaves, and on the couch the fine, well-made figure of a tall red Indian.

Such was the sight that met the eye of a missionary as he came to a "clearing" in Upper Canada, a few days' journey from Lake Winnipeg. Hollow cheeks, a racking cough, and wasted flesh showed his visitor that the red man's days were numbered. By his side, on the rough blankets that covered him, lay a small, well-worn Bible.

Eagerly he greeted the servant of God, and taking up the Bible in his long, skeleton fingers, he said:

"Missionary, I sent for you, to tell you my dying wish. You gave me this Bible long ago: it is my treasure, my best and dearest earthly friend. All I know of the Great and Good God, my Saviour, I have learnt from this Book—His Book."

He paused to recover breath, for he was very weak, then he continued:

"White man, thank God that you gave me that Bible. Fourteen moons ago I crossed Lake Winnipeg to go to see my sister. Across thick bits of forest and by torrent streams I went, but I longed to tell her the good news I had learnt from this Book. For several moons I stayed with her, and read to her of all the Book told; then I set off to retrace my steps."

Again he was interrupted by the hollow cough, but again he went on:

"But as I journeyed on, I suddenly discovered that I had lost my treasure, my Bible. For nine weary days I searched for it in vain. At length I found it, and I felt that I had indeed met with a beloved, long-lost friend, and I vowed that I would never part with it again, and that when I died, it should be buried with me. But now, Missionary, hear me. For nine moons I have had this curious cough, and seven moons ago even my beautiful light bark canoe began to feel a heavy burden to carry, and weaker and weaker have I grown. Now I know that I have not many hours to live, and that I must die away from my own tribe, but what matters it? I go to Christ!"

He sank back exhausted, but after a long pause he added:

"Missionary, take this Book that I love so