

his friends around him and told them that when he died he went straight to the *white man's heaven*. Were they glad to see him? No! They asked him what business he had there, and then they kicked him out. So he came back to this world." Upon that idle tale Billy builds the belief that white men will not have Indians in their heaven, and therefore it is useless of them to become Christians. Poor Billy! how deeply in earnest he was while telling us this story. His whole frame quivered with intense excitement. His kindness had made our hearts very tender, and now his blind ignorance caused a deep and sympathetic love to fill our breasts. Mr. McKay showed him plainly how impossible it is that the man could have been dead. Billy seemed to be somewhat satisfied with Mr. McKay's argument, and expressed himself in that way. Just at that moment his wife spoke and said: "Well, if you are going to be a Christian you will have to go alone, I will not go with you." In a few minutes she spoke again, but this time to Mr. McKay. She said: "I will become a Christian if you will give me a horse and cart." Mr. McKay looked at her for a moment and then said: "You poor, foolish woman. If you were to come to my house very hungry, and I were to set upon the table many nice things for you to eat, and you were to say, 'I will eat something if you give me a horse and cart first,' what would I think of you? Here I am offering you the best of things, and you refuse to take them unless you get a horse and cart first. Oh! you poor, blind woman, your eyes are shut." She seemed quite struck with the idea and laughed pleasantly to herself about it.

We next visited the old chief's tent. He and his wife have had a very heavy sorrow this summer. One of their daughters, a fine young woman, died under very sorrowful circumstances. The poor bereaved mother had not seen us since her daughter's death until now, and as she came out to greet us she could not speak, so great was her emotion. Her sorrow was indeed sad to see. Then we prayed that she, like many mothers in the Christian Province of Ontario, might have a blessed assurance of a beautiful reunion beyond the grave. How grand, how appropriate it is that you women of Canada, you who know so much of "the peace that passeth all understanding," should do so much to send the light and peace to poor sorrowing mothers such as this.