

the "Post," receiving from the manager as much as would save them from utter starvation.

"Kebuk" for this is the pagan's name was very glad to see us, a large fire was quickly made, snow melted, pork fried and soon the Missionary, Guide and pagan were enjoying a hearty meal.

About two years ago and upon two different occasions I had visited this pagan and family. I tried to preach Christ to them the Saviour of all men. I must confess that after twice travelling a distance of 80 miles through the dense bush, that I was a little discouraged and depressed in spirits to find that the invitation was refused, and full and free salvation through the precious blood of Jesus rejected.

And now for the third time the Missionary and pagan again meet face to face. He knows full well the errand on which I have come. The suspense for me was great, as we sat for a few minutes in silence around the blazing fire I prayed to my father in secret to enlighten his understanding and give him grace and wisdom to receive the Gospel message and enter the fold of the "Good Shepherd."

"Owh suh kadabwayandung kuhya kabaptizooind tahbemahjeah, owh duhyabwendusig tahnahneboomah." (He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be condemned.) The once proud pagan now kneels in prayer; he receives Christ rejoicingly; accepts, this time, the Gospel invitation. "Proceed on your journey," said he "go to my wigwam, baptize all my children, and next spring when navigation opens, I will go to the mission and myself and wife will be baptized in the church at Negwinenang, this is my wish I will build a house on the mission ground and am very anxious that my children should be properly instructed." After bidding us a friendly "boozhoo" he proceeded on his journey to the Neepigon Post and we hastened toward the wigwam from which we were still ten miles distant.

At about 3 p.m. we reached Muskrat Lake which is about 4 miles long and $1\frac{1}{2}$ broad, on the opposite shore we saw the pagan's daughter fishing for pike with hook and line under the ice. When she first noticed us approaching, she quickly hastened away soon disappeared in the bush, entered the wigwam and apprized them of our coming.

When we arrived we found 8 pagans including two old women one 80 and the other 75 years old, one girl of 18 and 4 children varying from 12 to two years. After many friendly "boozhoos" and hearty expressions of welcome, the Missionary and Guide seated on shingob branches were resting their wearied limbs beside a pleasant blazing fire, whilst the two old women smoking their pipes and preparing rabbits and pike for dinner, were heard to say "pooch tah pukedawaugpoochtah-kadishkhuskenawug" (they must be very hungry and so must have a hearty meal.) After dinner the Indian New Testament was introduced, the simple gospel truth laid down and expounded; some of Christ's beautiful invitations read. I tried to prove to them from God's own word that pagans as well as white people need a Saviour, and that all have sinned and come short of the glory of God; that there is one way only by which they could be saved, namely by entering the fold of the good Shepherd, that Jesus Christ himself is the door, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved but he that believeth not shall be damned."

It appears that nearly two months ago these nine pagans had unanimously agreed to become christians and join our mission at Negwinenang. The seed sown two years ago was not sown in vain, the bread cast upon the waters is found after many days, God's word will not return to Him void. One of the old pagan women, 80 years old, with only one eye, determines to return with the Missionary a distance of 40 miles through the dense bush, and over frozen lakes, to be instructed at the Mission and prepared for baptism. A young