

To our readers who may not be posted in the Cree language of the far north we give the English translation of the verse :

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

This hymn, one verse of which we give, was the first one translated into the Cree. It is a universal favourite, and is frequently heard, not only in the public religious services and at the family devotions, but often the forest stillness is broken by its cheering notes. Mr. Evans printed in syllabic characters his first copies of it on birch bark, as he had no paper.

But how did it get out here so far away in the wilderness? And who was the sweet singer? These were questions now in the mind of Oowikapun as he stood still in the trail, uncertain what to do, but strangely thrilled by the song, which had so quickly carried him back to the tent of the loving Christian Memotas.