

I found it hard to break away from them. Many of them were in tears, who seldom wept before. Coming to my beloved Sandy last, I put my arm around his neck and kissed him as there he stood, weeping as though his heart would break. With a "God bless you all," I sprang into the boat, which was quickly pushed off from the shore, and then the long journey to the land of the Saulteaux was begun.

After some of the usual incidents of travel I reached Beren's River, and was most enthusiastically received by the Indians. The man who had said, "Our eyes were dim from long watching," now said that they were dim with tears of joy that he had lived to see the day when a Missionary of their own lived among them. As I was to leave before the lake froze up, every day was precious. I pitched a canvas tent, and in it lived for several weeks. All assembled once every week-day for religious worship, and then, when that was over, the Missionary and men took off their coats and went to work. The spot for the Mission was decided upon, and then acre after acre of the forest from this place, and also from where each Indian had decided to build, was rapidly being cleared of the forest trees. We held three services every Lord's day, and saw that the school for the children was faithfully kept up.

Getting everything in good shape, and leaving Martin Papanekis, a devout and trusty Christian Indian from the Norway House Mission, in charge, I started in a birch canoe, with Big Tom as principal canoe-man, for Red River.

Of our adventures and dangers I need not write, although there were several on that long journey in such a frail craft. One complete upset chilled me most thoroughly, as the water was about down to freezing point. At one place, where we tried to push on all night, we were tantalised by some most brilliant "Will-o'-the-wisp" lights, which our experienced Indians thought were decoy signals put out by wicked Indians to bewilder or injure us. Canoe travelling on this great lake is risky business. The storms come up with surprising rapidity, and the waves rise up like those of the ocean. However, we had a good canoe, and Big Tom was in charge; and He Who holds the winds and the waves in His fists was our Father and our Friend.