

white for the harvest, and the officers and servants of the Hudson's Bay Company gave him their countenance and support.

The Indians far to the north have no land to cultivate, and live by hunting and fishing. They are often subject to great privation. The aged are a burden. He heard a strange story. A son and two daughters said to an aged woman: "Mother, the time has come for you to die." She said, "Let me smoke my pipe." She did smoke, and then the children put a bow-string about her neck and strangled her to death. No wonder the missionary's heart sank within him. "Can these dry bones live?" Can these, who are like brute beasts, become members of Christ, out of whom shall flow rivers of living water? In times of great dearth these men had been guilty of cannibalism.

At the missionary's first visit to this degraded tribe he asked if there was any present who had killed his parent, or any who had eaten human flesh. Who can imagine his horror when a number raised their hands!

But, nothing daunted, he worked and prayed, and wept and prayed. Hard hearts were

softened, the image of Christ was seen on these sometime heathen faces, and large numbers of these wandering children of our Father were brought into the fold of Christ.

The missionaries of the north have perfected a syllabic alphabet, where a letter represents a syllable. It is very simple, and an intelligent Indian can learn to read in a week. It was absolutely necessary that these poor Christians should be carefully taught, and every spare moment of time was devoted to copying for them the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Ten Commandments, and sentences of the Gospel

which would help and comfort these poor souls when on their long hunts. Few Christians are as careful as they to keep "the praying day." These pieces of paper were treasures to the Indian, and were often the means of leading others to "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

The bishop had translated the Gospels into the sign language and sent them to England to be printed. The next year he waited with an eager heart for the precious books. At last the ship was announced, and he went to receive the

treasure. A number of large, heavy boxes were landed. He opened one, and it was full of cast iron. His heart sank within him. "My books have been sent to some other mission, and I have received their machinery."

He opened his letters. They told him: "You had forgotten that while we could have your books printed in the syllabic characters, there is no one in England who could correct the proof; we have therefore sent you a printing-press and a font of type."

Strange to say, the good bishop had never seen a printing-press. He had the boxes removed to his

office, put up curtains to the windows, and made his first venture as a printer. After repeated trials the press was put together, a case was made and each kind of type put by itself. Then the Lord's prayer was set up, and with a beating heart laid on the press, the roller inked, the sheet struck off—it was perfect; again and again he printed sheet after sheet.

For days the Indians had seen the bishop go from the office to the house and house to the office absorbed in thought, with lines of anxiety on his face, speaking to no one, and they looked on him with awe, as on one who had become



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