

children, helpless and poor. In another a man and his two wives, all helpless. In another, an old woman blind and helpless.

We go to the third band and we find many who are poor, but four old women who are helpless ; they can do nothing for themselves and they crave help from us. There is also a family; the husband is sick, and will not live long. Consumption is doing its work. He has been interpreter for the Agent, but what will his family do when the father is gone ? The oldest boy is also consumptive, and also the oldest girl ; there are other two girls and two boys, a family that will soon pass away.

But I fear you are weary, and I must stop. Before doing so, however, let us visit the fourth and last band, about thirty miles from our Mission. We leave the Mission early Sabbath morning, and a drive of twenty miles takes us to the house of Nepapenasi. Here we find a comfortable house, two rooms, bedstead, chairs, tables, pictures of the Queen and the Prince of Wales on the wall, also other pictures ; comfort, cleanliness, order. "Go in and warm yourselves, and take my ponies to complete your journey." We go in and meet with kindness, get a cup of tea, and in a few minutes the fresh ponies are ready. We go on seven miles, and come to the house of Mr. Cobourn, a farm instructor. Here he is with his young wife and child, living among the Indians, and I trust is as a missionary among them. We have a little meeting at his house, and then go out about a mile where we meet with a houseful of Indians ; talked with them, and after the meeting find the following: Rosie's grandmother, Penepekesic's father and mother, Muskago and family, wife and three children. He is consumptive. Penepekesic's brother and family, wife and seven children. The father is sick and unable to work.

From here we drive down into the valley, and five miles brings us to a number of homes along the lake shore.

We enter one home. We find fourteen in the home, the father and mother and two sons and two daughters. One son and daughter married, and have little families ; the old man blind, so also the son that is married, the daughter's husband sick. There is also an old woman, Oh ! how old ; I asked her how old she was, and she said, "I am sure I am more than two hundred years." (The Indians count the summer for one year, and the for winter another.) The poor old withered creature, no bed to lie upon, only a blanket and the hard floor.