

had killed five. Before we slept we had prayers. I read the 34th Psalm in Cree and asked one man to lead us in prayer. This he did in such an earnest way and expressing so well our needs, and his confidence in Him who supplies our needs, that my heart was touched. Here was a poor Indian in the woods, and yet I could say from my heart "My brother." They gave us some deer meat before we slept. I then wrapped myself in my rabbit-skin blanket and lay down to rest upon the branches. Here we were, men and women, all sleeping in one room, and no one to think it strange, so accustomed are these people to that kind of thing. Next morning we were up at daylight and soon started off. Of course we always found time for family prayers before we start. This day we travelled the length of the lake and at noon entered the woods. Here we put on our snowshoes. Nightfall found us far away from our former sleeping-place; this night we slept in the snow outside. It was a very cold night, but I slept fairly well. Next morning we were on our way before daybreak, and at half-past three we were at a house on this lake. Here lives an old woman and her daughter. They set their nets and cut wood—in fact, do everything for themselves. The old lady is a crack shot and can bring down the geese right and left on the wing. I believe she is a good Christian and the daughter also. I gave them some bread and tea, as we are once again on Oxford Lake and in the midst of dire poverty. Next day at 2 p.m. we are here; 150 miles over lake and river and through woods in three and one-half days is good travelling, I think.

My mission includes God's Lake and Island Lake. My people are scattered over more than 500 miles square, and here I am almost at one side; many of them I have never seen yet. Last Sunday I spent at God's Lake. Two days' walking took us there and a day and a night brought us back again. I found almost all the people away from home. No food had been found, so they were compelled to scatter. "They were hungry," said those who remained. In scarcely any house was food for one day to be found. These people are dreadfully poor, and listened eagerly to my plan of settling them on Lake Winnipeg. I went to their homes at their request, and for the first time talked to and with them in their own tongue. This was a great pleasure to me and also to them, for they love their language. I have not yet spent three years among these people, yet I know enough to dispense with my interpreter, perhaps in ten years more I may fully master the language. Most of the God's Lake people live away to the east, and many are yet heathens as they have never heard a missionary. The same is true of our Island Lake people. They are in dreadful want of food for mind, soul and body. I was talking about prospects for a better living on Lake Winnipeg. They replied, "Our souls are hungry, too; we want you to tell them that."

My plan of migration is, I believe, God-given. The people will go out if we help them. The greatest difficulty lies in the slowness of the Church's machinery in moving. People are crying out retreat when we are on the eve of a great victory. I am going into Winnipeg—a journey of over 500 miles—on foot to further this scheme. You shall hear from me when I get there; I shall carry this letter with me and post it there. I may appeal to the Leaguers to help me help these poor people move. In the meantime I shall be pleased to receive the first instalment of letters from every League in your district, and the more questions contained in them the more answers you shall

get. Trusting that God's blessing shall rest upon His cause among you and real revivals everywhere occur,

I remain,

Yours for Jesus,

FRED G. STEVENS.

P.S.—Please make my special work here a subject of special, urgent, fervent prayer that God may bless us in this crisis in our work.—Yours, FRED G. S.

Address—Rev. Fred G. Stevens, Oxford House, c/o H. B. Co., Winnipeg.

A Letter From Toronto Central District Missionary.

JUNE 13TH, 1898.

MY DEAR FELLOW-WORKERS,—Since our last communication to you changes have occurred that were wholly unexpected. During our stay in Victoria awaiting the session of the British Columbia Conference I was taken ill, which compelled me to take my bed. While in this condition I met with unbounded kindness from many of our Methodist brethren, as well as several of the doctors of Victoria. In consultation the doctors there decided that three or four months' absolute rest was necessary to prevent a complete breakdown of my health and permanent cessation of my life-work. My nervous system had become so overwrought as to seriously affect the heart. I was very reluctant about taking such a step, but it being clear that I was not in a fit state to take my work at River's Inlet this summer, and at the urgent request of the President and other brethren of the British Columbia Conference, led me to see the wisdom of their advice, upon which I have acted. It was the more easy for me to do this when Dr. Pope, of British Columbia, a former colleague of mine, very kindly offered to take my work for this summer. He is already, I believe, at River's Inlet, where he will have the care of from four to five thousand persons.

Mrs. Jackson and I arrived in Toronto a few weeks ago. The length of the journey, together with my previous illness, did not improve my condition, so we thought it best to say nothing of our arrival as absolute quiet was necessary. If in taking this course of ensuring quiet and rest we have made an error in not giving more definite official information of our whereabouts, or have caused injury to anyone's feelings, we deeply regret the same, for it is indeed hard to know what is best at such a time to do, with so much advice coming with best intentions from so many different quarters. In consultation with two of our best city specialists, they confirmed the wisdom of the course which we had under advice taken. I am taking regular treatment, and hope by the early fall to be able to return to our interesting work at Bella Bella.

We shall be kept posted as to the state of the work, both from Dr. Pope and the Bella Bella's, and thus keep you informed as to the nature of the work as well as the success attained.

May we ask that in your prayers God may grant to me complete restoration to health, in order that we may be permitted to resume our work among those for whom Christ died.

Yours in His name,

J. A. JACKSON.

Read "The Syrian Coast," by H. P. Tristman, D.D., in the July *Methodist Magazine*.