

should be noted that an attendance register had been kept by this lad, Edward, and was in due time handed to the Bishop, showing the attendance of each Indian at service, Sunday by Sunday, throughout the year.

TWO NOTABLE DAYS.

Saturday was spent in visiting the fishing nets in the bay, one of their chief means of livelihood, and in distributing the contents of our bales of clothing. Each Indian received something appro-

with a red muller around his head, though it was an exceedingly warm day; a third wearing a pair of corduroy breeches and a blue Tam O'Shanter—all exhibiting an expression of intense satisfaction.

These people deserve to be ministered to. They are so grateful. Would that there were more of them to look after. Yet, few as they are, we have incurred a responsibility towards them by bringing them out of the darkness of heathenism into the light of the Gospel.

WHO WILL GO?

But the case in respect to numbers is not quite hopeless. The mission even yet may grow. The host of pagans wandering in these wilds may yet be induced to throw in their lot with us. Certainly no finer site for a settlement exists than at Negwenenang. The land is good, the bay is full of fish, the place is healthy, and the scenery is magnificent. As the game fails more and more the Indians must seek their living from the soil and



East Rapids, Split Rock, Nepigon River.

priate, and made profound demonstrations of gratitude. The things this year were all good, and will be of the greatest value to them during the coming winter's cold. The occasion was one not soon to be forgotten. The old chief, Oshkopikeda (about 70), spare and worn with hardships, standing in front of us, the men grouped around him, the women behind them with the children, all adorned with gifts of clothing which had just been presented to them, and which it is their custom immediately to don—one with a gay shirt over all his other clothing; another

Shall we desert them now? For thirty or forty years, at the beginning, they waited for us to come. They will wait for years yet in loving trust, fully believing that, when we can, we will do the right thing by them. Shall we betray such trust? Many a mission less deserving, whose people have not half the zeal or faith of these poor Indians, receives for its support large grants of money from year to year. This mission remains still without a missionary. Is the Indian deemed less worth saving than the white man?

from the waters. Here the missionary would find abundant opportunity. Still there are many hindrances. What is needed is the right sort of missionary. He should be a truly earnest man with the love of God burning in his heart like a flame; not selfish, not thinking of his own earthly advancement, but eager, at any cost to himself, to win these benighted souls to God and goodness. Sad tales are told of the terrible moral and social condition of the Nepigon pagans. If a third part be true their need is, indeed, grievous.