

how little he knew of the hidden good lying all around him! How small his faith in the converting power of God when he lay down beneath the juniper and prayed that he might die! But God knew, and would shortly marshal the forces of existing good and overthrow the wickedness of high places. God knows how effectually invisible causes will produce visible results, and we, who cannot see the end from the beginning, must content ourselves with the belief that in spiritual, as in temporal affairs, "The things which are seen" are not always "made of things which do appear."

Before coming to this Mission, I had read much of the hardness of the Saulteaux heart, and of the viciousness of their heathen practices. They were always represented to me as a generation of vipers, wholly given to idolatry, joined to their idols. I entertained the popular feeling against them, and did not suppose that much positive good was likely to be accomplished suddenly, however much of evil might be presently prevented. It seems that the Master-worker proposed differently, and I feel quite enough humbled to give Him all the glory.

Some few days ago, an old man, with raven locks and a poisoned face, came in to see me. I had often seen him before, and supposed that he was to plead poverty and crave charity as such; but to my surprise and delight he began to talk about spiritual matters. And this is the sum of what he said:—

"I have lived many years and have spent them all in sin. I have served the devil, and that faithfully. I have practised every form of wickedness known to me. In witchcraft I was chief of all the people about here. In conjuring and in medicine work I have long led the van. My pagan countrymen look up to me as the priest of their tribe. Many a time I have extolled the gods in their hearing and urged the claims of our idols upon them. They follow me as I follow the devil; but," and here he drew a long

breath, "I want to put evil from me now and learn wisdom ere I die. My children and my wife are baptized. They go their way and I go mine, but my heart tells me that I alone am wrong. Long have I listened to Scriptural teaching, the truth dawns upon my soul and I am anxious to be saved after the gospel fashion. It seems my only hope. Perhaps the Indians will follow me in right-doing as they have in sin. At any rate I will try, by help divine, to set them a good example, and I will offer to God whatever influence I can command. I come, humbly trusting in Jesus' merits, hoping that through God's great mercy I may at last attain unto everlasting life," and then looking up at me he said, "Now! you have heard my story, will you baptize me to-morrow?" With all my heart, I replied, and proceeded to speak sure words of encouragement, as seemed necessary. So old "Sowinas," or South Wind, as his name implies, was on the 4th of Feb., 1877, baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and since that time his outward deportment has wholly changed. God grant that the conversion may extend to even the thoughts and intent of the work.

I mention this circumstance at length, because I regard it as a gleam of that dawn which yet shall ripen into day. Sowinas has in some notable instances hindered my work hitherto, and now, with him on the side of right and God over all, surely the cause of truth must go forward.

I have made several long trips to outposts this winter, and have been well encouraged and blessed in so doing. Congregations, ranging from twenty-five to one hundred and thirty, have listened gladly and reverently to the word of God. Thirty adults, and as many children, have been baptized during the year. Ten have been added to the Church, and others are, I verily believe, pressing into the kingdom of God.

Part of my circuit is overrun with small-pox. The safety of the un-