

the other six months on reindeer and muskrats, gulls and owls, anything we can get, sometimes glad to have two meals a day. I have been in your penitentiaries—not unwillingly—and I have seen the food provided for the worst criminals. My wife and I would have been glad to have had anything approaching what you give to your murderers and house-breakers. I have been for three days without a mouthful. To go on with my story. This man and his son came down to fish, and they made splendid fisheries, put up the whitefish on a staging where the foxes and wolves could not reach them, and one night the father said, “My son, we leave to-morrow morning early; put the book of heaven in your pack; we go back one hundred and forty miles to our distant hunting-ground to join the mother and the others in the wigwam home.” So the young man put his Bible in his pack that they might take it home. Later on, along came an uncle and said to the young man, “Nephew, lend me the book of heaven that I may read a little; I have loaned mine.” So the pack was opened and the Bible was taken out, and the man read for a time and then threw the Bible back among the blankets and went out. The next morning the father and son started very early on their homeward journey. They strapped on their snowshoes and walked seventy miles, dug a hole in the snow at night, where they cooked some rabbits, and had prayers and lay down and slept. The next morning bright and early after prayers they pushed on and made seventy miles more and reached home. That night the father said to his son, “Give me the book of heaven that the mother and the rest may read the Word and have prayers.” As the son opened the pack, he said, “Uncle asked for the book two nights ago and it was not put back.” The father was disappointed, but said little. The next morning he rose early, put a few cooked rabbits in his pack and away he started. He walked that day seventy miles and reached the camp where he and his son had stopped two nights before. The next day he had made the other seventy miles and reached the lake and found his Bible in his brother’s wigwam. The next morning he started again, and walking in the two days one hundred and forty miles, was back home once more. That Indian walked on snowshoes two hundred and eighty miles through the wild forest of the Northwest to regain his copy of the Word of God! Would we do that much to regain our Bibles? O the power of the Gospel! It can go down very low and reach men deeply sunken in sin and can save them grandly, and make them devout students and great lovers of the Blessed Book.

The worst class we had were the conjurers and medicine men. Some of these men hated us, and often used to put our lives in jeopardy because they knew that if we succeeded it was the end of their reign. But the Gospel reached even some of them.

These northern Indians are hunters. They roam over a vast country in search of game, and the missionary must follow them. My mission-field was about five hundred and fifty miles long and three hundred wide,