

as the sail was hoisted, and we saw them glide away before the favouring gale. Precious Nelly we never saw again. So terrible was the heat, and so miserable were the accommodations in that little open boat, without deck or awning or cabin, that the child sickened and died.

As we have referred to this sad event in an earlier chapter, we need not dwell upon it here. What the poor mother felt and suffered as, sick herself, she saw her beautiful child attacked by brain fever, and then droop and die amidst surroundings so sad and trying, can be realised by but few. God knows all about it. As mentioned, the venerable Archdeacon Cowley's sympathy did much to raise up Mrs. Young's crushed spirits and dry her bitter tears.

I remained at Norway House until Brothers Ruttan and German arrived; and then, after having spent a Sabbath with them, and seen Mr. Ruttan and his noble young wife cheerfully and hopefully entered upon their blessed work among the people, to whom I had become very much attached, I started off for Beren's River. Sandy Harte, the Nelson River lad, went with me as far as my first camping place, and spent the night with me. We read the sacred Word together, and then, after singing a Hymn, we bowed in prayer. We lay down together, but we had so much to say, that hours passed away ere we slept.

Early the next morning we were aroused from our slumbers by the cry of "Fair wind," and so no time must be lost. I was very much surprised to find that during the night some scores of Indians had come on in their canoes from the Mission, although it was many miles away, to shake hands with their Missionary once more, and say a final "Farewell."

After a hasty breakfast we assembled on the shore for prayers. We sang in Cree a favourite hymn

"Jesus, my All, to heaven is gone,
He Whom I fix my hopes upon.
His path I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till Him I view."

We closed by singing the Doxology, and then, after prayers, I sadly said "Good-bye," and shook hands again with them all.