

gradually rising from the lake level. It consists of (in order of construction) mission house, a two-story building of some thirty feet area; the first schoolhouse, a neat, compact little building, to be the lower story of a hospital building; the church, a log building 31 x 24 feet, nave; 14 x 13 feet, chancel, and the recently completed Indian school. This is a strongly constructed log building, of some forty feet area, with kitchen abutting on the rear.

Rising immediately behind the mission is a grassy plateau, commanding a fine view across Buffalo Lake to the bold, heavily wooded ridge that lies between this and Lesser Slave Lake, terminating at "Shaw's Point" at the channel connecting the two lakes. The heavy swamps that more than fringe the lake are the resort of countless ducks, and, at certain seasons in the spring and fall, of large bands of Wavies.

These periodical visits to the missions are generally a very busy time. Much to do and arrange and talk over, and little time to do it.

Our chief business was our Triennial Synod. The illness of Rev. J. G. Brick, and the impossibility for others to leave their missions, deprived us of the presence of four of our little band of clergy. A rather larger number of lay members served to counterbalance the drawback.

The following Sunday a confirmation was held by the bishop, and seven of the older Indian scholars were confirmed. It was something to thank God for to see these seven thus enrolled as full members of our Church, and joining with the older communicants in celebrating our dear Lord's death.

Some two years ago an Indian father took his boy with him for the summer, intending to return him to the school in the fall. He did not do so, and our missionary, Mr. Holmes, visiting Wabiskaw the following winter, found the father almost heart-broken. The little fellow had sickened with fever, very prevalent that winter, and died. Dying, he sang the hymns he had learnt while at school in his own Cree tongue. The father sat and listened, and longed to know more of that Jesus whose love so wonderfully upheld his dying child. Being promised a resident missionary, he sent word that he had cut and got out logs, and was putting up a house for the promised teacher.

Another Indian, weeping as he spoke of his little daughter, told how, just before her spirit passed away, she said, "Father, I am going to pray as I was taught at the mission."

The school is thus already bearing fruit, and proving to the many friends who have taken so kind and practical an interest in it that their interest, gifts, and prayers have not been in its case without fruit.

WHOSOEVER recounts to you the faults of your neighbor will doubtless expose your defects to others.—*Persian*.

A CURIOUS ACCIDENT.

LAST Sunday," said a clergyman to his congregation, "some one put a button in the collection bag. I won't mention names. I will merely say that only one individual in the congregation could have done so, and I will expect the same member, after the service, to replace the button with a coin of the realm." After church a well-to-do but close-fisted individual sought an interview with the clergyman in the vestry. "I—er," he began, hesitatingly, "must apologize for the—er—button incident, which I can assure you was an accident. I happened to have the button in my waistcoat pocket, together with a shilling, and took out the former by mistake. However, sir, here is the shilling." "Thank you," said the clergyman, taking the shilling and gravely handing him the button. "By the by, sir," said the man, "I cannot understand how you should have known that it was I who—er—committed the much-to-be-regretted mistake?" "I didn't know," replied the clergyman. "Didn't know! but you said, sir, that only one individual in the congregation could have done so." "Just so. You see, sir, it is scarcely possible that two individuals could have put one button in the bag, is it now?" said the clergyman, with a bland smile. It was so much easier for the button contributor to say "good-day" than to answer this puzzling question that he made his bow at once.—*Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette*.

If your very best friend went away on a long journey, and asked you, before he started, to do something for him while he was away, would you not do it at once, directly he was gone? Now, our dear Lord Jesus, the best Friend we ever had, has gone away to heaven; but just before He went, He asked His friends on earth to do something for Him. He may very soon be coming back now, and yet, do you know, they have not yet finished doing it, though He asked them years and years ago! What He said was, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," and there is still half the world that knows nothing about Him! So you see we must do all we can to help others to be missionaries, even if we are not big enough yet to go ourselves, because our best Friend has asked us to do so.—*Select*.

WHEN Carey decided to resign the pastorate of his congregation in Leicester and go out to India as a missionary, the following entry is said to have been made on the records: "No business of importance, except that in January our pastor gave us notice that he should leave us in March, having engaged to go on a mission to Bengal, in the East Indies."