

He said, if I would give him something to wear, he would forever give up his conjuring. I did not know what he meant; I thought he wanted some kind of a trinket, which would act as a charm to keep off the evil spirits, and so I asked him what he wanted. He then said he wanted clothing, and that if I would give him something he would never conjure again.

Though contrary to my principles in one sense, but not in another—for I consider that the service of God should be chosen out of pure love to God and a desire to serve him, without any temporal inducement, whatever,—but if a servant of Satan can be enticed from his service, I have no objections to give such servants a reward for their unfaithfulness to Satan.

Well, I told him I would do so, and took him at his word. So I took off the coat I had on, and gave it to him. This he accepted very gladly, and we shook hands over the bargain; and, what is unusual, we “both made the best of the bargain.” He, as having escaped from a galling, and what must be a most painful performance; and I, as having, in some measure, crippled one of Satan’s most active servants.

When an Indian makes a promise, and shakes hands over it, you may depend on that promise being sacredly kept. So I left him, and came home coatless, but amply repaid for the horrid sight I had witnessed and passed through, by a consciousness of having gained a victory on Satan’s ground.

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*From the Rev. O. GERMAIN, Oxford House.*

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DURING the last summer we have received twenty-nine in all from the ranks of Paganism. There is, as far as I can judge, a deep and earnest feeling in many hearts, which I trust will become still more earnest and deep.

I had a pleasant trip to Island Lake (150 miles), and have just returned. I was very much cheered and pleased to find that much of the seed scattered two years ago had taken deep root, and will, I believe, bring forth fruit. This was my third and most profitable visit. Eleven adults and several children were baptized, and several marriages consecrated. We have now about fifty members there altogether. They are very ignorant, but are anxious to know the way of truth; and are trying to know and to do all the will of God.

Their language is a mixture of Salteaux and Cree, so that I had previously employed, as interpreter, a young man who knew that peculiar dialect. I had intended to do the same this year; and, as he was a H. B. Co.’s servant, had, before starting, asked and obtained permission to employ him as usual. I had seen him but a short time before in pretty good health. You may judge of my sur-

prise and sorrow when, on landing, I was told that he had just been buried. He was a kind, good young man, greatly beloved by the Indians, and, I hope, obtained an entrance into the “rest” which remaineth to the people of God.” “Johnny,” as the Indians always called him, during the past year or two had been trying, so far as he could, to tell his Indian friends how to be good. Surely he will not lose his reward.

But we were left without an interpreter; and what were we to do? Return home without striking a blow? No, we must not do that; we must do something. I had a man with me who had previously lived at Island Lake, and, therefore, knew the language; he also knew the Cree. So Joseph and I set to work. I would speak as well as I could for fifteen or twenty minutes, and then he would repeat the substance of it to the people.

I am glad to be able to say, that I shall not require the services of an interpreter any more, so the grant for that purpose may be discontinued from the first day of July of this year. I am far from being thoroughly master of the language, but I think I shall be able to make myself understood.