

Salmon Bay, the proposed location of the station. Securing therefore the use of a small rude cabin, which had been previously used as a "try-house" by fishermen engaged in the cod-liver oil trade, I made it my residence, store-house, school-room and depository. Here the children of the settlement, and occasionally, for a few days at a time, those of other settlements, would gather for instruction in reading, writing, &c. The wind, the weather, the busy fisheries which engross the entire time of the people during the brief period of the northern summer, as well as my own absences and other duties materially interfered with the progress and the success of the school. Still some good was done, for a few ignorant children learned to read. But the *Sabbath-School* was never neglected or omitted, and those simple exercises which attracted "the little ones" to the little hut upon the sea-side rocks each returning Sabbath morning, have more of hope and promise to me than any other means of grace. And the collections of shells, rocks and flowers which they often sent me from their island-homes, as the only expression they were able to make of their gratitude and love, touchingly shows the vantage-ground gained for doing good among them, and the hopefulness of the work. Unused to all discipline, and generally unable to study lessons, those children are chiefly influenced and instructed by stories, pictures and hymns. They remember the story—they carefully preserve the picture paper—they readily catch the words and air of the sacred song. And I doubt not the single hymn, "*I want to be an angel*," taught to some, and by them to others, and sent on written or printed cards up and down the coast, will be heard in many lonely cabins this long, cold winter—cabins too, on whose humble, unplastered, unplanned walls little fingers have pinned or pasted the *Child's Paper*, and the *Well-Spring*.

The religious service usually holden on Sabbath afternoon, in the largest room the settlement afforded, was generally attended by most of the inhabitants and by sailors. The great difficulty was and will be till the completion of the mission-house, the want of a place large enough to accommodate the resident people, and the many sailors who would be glad to attend. As the Bible was read at these meetings, and its message simply explained to the hearers—as their wants were spread before God in prayer—especially as the "*Seamen's Hymns*" were read and (occasionally) sung, the closest attention would be given—an indication which would have encouraged, had it not been followed by the fact of lives still spent in sin, the message still disregarded, the Saviour still unaccepted. In addition to these influences of the reading-book, the Sabbath School and the religious service put forth at Salmon Bay and at neighboring places which I was able to visit, much time and labor was spent in the systematic disposal and distribution of books and tracts, both among landmen and seamen. Nearly all the families that could and would read the Bible, had been previously supplied with it—still several copies both in English and in French were disposed of the present year. Besides the distribution of reading matter among those whom I met personally, packages containing suitable books, tracts, cards, hymns and papers and usually including a primer, were sent to a large number of places and families entirely beyond the reach of any other influence.

Many of these packages are doubtless completing their journeys by Kamootik this winter, but all will, I am sure, reach their distant destinations and will throw a flood of light over the hundreds of souls in those scattered houses. This fact, while it gladdens christian hearts, should