

vals as she went. Before he could overtake her, the girl had reached her home, a cottage in the suburbs, into which she entered. The doctor followed close upon her heels, and summoning her father and mother, directed them immediately to send for the priest, as their daughter had not many hours to live. The distracted parents having learned the profession of their visitor, immediately acceded to his request. The child was put to bed in extreme afright, having been told what was about to befall her. The nearest padre was brought, and everything was arranged to smoothe the journey of her soul through the passes of purgatory. The doctor plied his skill to the utmost, but in vain. In less than 24 hours the girl was dead. As up to that time the young Indian had always enjoyed excellent health, the doctor's prognostication was regarded as an evidence of great and mysterious skill. The fame of it soon spread through Manilla, and a few hours the newly-arrived physician was beleaguered with patients, and in a fair way of accumulating a fortune. In the midst of all this, some one had the curiosity to ask the doctor how he could possi-

bly have predicted the death of the girl, seeing that she had been in perfect health a few hours before. "Predict it," replied the doctor, "why sir, I saw her spit blood enough to have killed her half a dozen times." "Blood! how did you know it was blood?" "How! from the color; how else?" "But every one spits red in Manilla." The doctor, who had already observed this fact, and was laboring under some uneasiness regarding it, refused to make any further confession at the time; but he had said enough to elucidate the mystery. The thing soon spread throughout the city, and it became clear to every one that what the new *medico* had taken for blood was nothing else than the red juice of the buyo, and that the poor girl had died from the fear of death caused by his prediction. His patients now fled from him as speedily as they had congregated; and to avoid the ridicule that awaited him, as well as the indignation of the friends of the deceased girl, our doctor was fain to escape from Manilla, and return to Spain in the same ship that had brought him out.—*The Seven Sisters of Sleep. By M. C. Cooke.*

Missionary Department.

HOLIDAYS AT NORWAY HOUSE AND ROSSVILLE.

The voice of the Ojebway telling of the good things done for his people has often reached you. The Cree must now speak; for we, like them, owe the Great Spirit a large credit. The Os-ke-us-ke-wuk, or the new years, we love to see, and yet we have had our fears, for this is the time when the Company give their men their regale, and too often some of our people have joined them in drinking the fire water. You will be glad to hear that they have not done so this year. When our great friend, Mr. Evans, first established this Mission, our old men put away this sin; since that, some of them set a bad example to our young people; we hope they will now obey their Missionary, and do so no more.

Christmas was a happy day; our

church was very beautiful. The Chief Factor's son and the school master made two mottos from the words of the angels, viz.: "Glory to God in the highest; peace on earth," &c. Our young men and women did the rest of the work. The evergreens, wreaths, mottos, and different coloured flowers looked very fine and beautiful, and made us think of that happy land where it is always spring. In the forenoon, at half-past ten, we all met to hear the word of God. In the evening we again met to speak, and sing, and pray; the gentlemen and people of the Fort united with us. Our watch-night was a solemn time; the church was very full; almost every one from Norway House united with us in this midnight service. We felt that the