

couragement to the faithful missionary, and no small part of his present reward to witness the transforming and sustaining power of the Gospel among the aborigines in all states and conditions of life. See that young man dying of a painful, lingering disease, and hear him singing praises to God and testifying of a Saviour's love. Look at that married woman, young yet in life, but now on her dying bed with her second child, only a few months old, lying near to her. When in health the mother was never absent from Sunday and week-day services of the church, though she had to walk a long distance, and often had to carry a child along with her. In her dying state she is happy in the prospect of her departure to be with Christ, but casting a wistful glance to her sleeping child, she said: "I should be perfectly content if I could take my little boy along with me." "Can you not," I asked, "leave him with confidence to the care of that Saviour who died for you to bless and protect?" Smiling with renewed hope and trust, she replied: "Kagato," (yes, truly), and departed in peace. The last time we saw the motherless boy, he was acting as a monitor in the Shingwauk Home.

Again, come to look upon that old man, Wabuhnoosa—once a pagan, but for many years he has been a sincere and consistent Christian. He is now sick unto death, and lying on a straw mattress spread on the floor of his wigwam. There is a death-like hue on his swarthy and emaciated countenance, and his once stalwart frame has almost wasted away, yet he is happy for he has peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, and his face in its emaciation is beaming with heavenly hope. It is near the holy season of Christmas, which the Indians so delight to celebrate, and in a reply to an expression on their part that he would not be present at our Christmas services, he smiled, and raising his attenuated arm, and pointing with his long, thin forefinger to heaven said: "I shall spend a happier Christmas there;" and he did. But time and space forbid further particulars of this interesting character as results of our missionary work, and as proofs of the sustaining power of vital Christianity among the Indians under the most trying circumstances, and for the same reason it will be impossible for me to give even a brief account of my various missionary journeys. But I cannot omit to mention one winter journey, chiefly on the ice, which, though it was only "one sun," as the Indians say, or could be accomplished in one day, the distance being about thirty miles, yet turning out to be one of the severest journey I ever undertook. It was to visit an old man of very unsettled and nomadic habits, whose home, if he had any, was at Garden River, but who had gone away for some months and pitched his "moving tent" of birch bark on the shore of Lake Huron. He had been the last of the Garden River Band of Indians to abandon paganism, and I had the unspeakable satisfaction of admitting him into the Christian Church by holy baptism. Having heard incidentally from another wandering Indian that the old man was dangerously ill, I set out, in company with a fine young Indian, to visit him. My companion carried on his back my valise, containing two days' rations, books and communion service, and I carried strapped on my back, a pair of blankets. I knew, of course, our direction, and my guide knew the locality, which was on the American side, but not the exact spot; and an isolated wigwam is sometimes hard to find as a cunning bird's nest. We travelled more than half the distance to a neck of land before stopping, except to slack our thirst with the pure lake water, which temptingly presented itself through the crack in the ice. We took something to eat, then crossed the point of land into Hay Lake, and crossing that in its southern extremity, we proceeded down a channel between an island and the mainland. The ice there, owing to springs and a rapid current, was dangerous. It gave way under me and I sank into the water, but by a superhuman effort I sprang out

on to firmer ice. My clothes, however, were drenched, and I had no change whatever along with me; in consequence, and through the intense cold, I was soon encased in ice, which greatly impeded my progress. We looked anxiously ahead, but no appearance of a wigwam was visible. The sunset and night came on; then we made for the mainland, intending to cross another point and hoping to discover the desired wigwam, but we could see nothing except the weird trees, the fallen and fast falling snow, and hear nothing but the violent wind and the screeching of the owls. The snow here being between two and three feet deep, and not having snow-shoes, I found it utterly impossible to travel any further in my already exhausted state. We made a fire, dried our clothes as well as we could, and then partook of some food. Having no kettle to make tea, we made and sucked snow-balls as a substitute, then spent the night in the snow. We did not discover the wigwam of the old man until noon of the following day. We were received with much gratitude by the inmates of the wigwam, who were poor as well as sick, having scarcely anything to eat but Indian cornmeal. The old man was indeed ill, his old wife nearly blind, and their married daughter and son-in-law, who was a "French half-breed," were indolent and untidy. We remained, in much discomfort until the following morning, and ministered to their spiritual necessities and also to their temporal wants as far as we could from our supply of sugar and tea, and our sense of discomfort almost vanished at the manifestation of so much joy and gratitude which our visit called forth. We reached home on Saturday evening, but, having been exposed to the glaring sun all day, I suffered fearful pain from "snow-blindness." I officiated, however, in church on the morrow, but suffered afterwards from a violent cold which settled on my chest. My doctor (Mrs. Chance) at once applied a blister, and that, with God's blessing, relieved me.

St Joseph's Island.

The people of this island have been entertained by quite a number of concerts this winter. The Methodists and Presbyterians have both given entertainments, and we the Church of England have not been behind them.

About Christmas we had a Christmas Tree at Jocelyn, with presents for the Sunday School children. The children had a most enjoyable time, and it would have made your heart glad to have watched one poor little orphan girl when she received her little wax doll. She was sitting quite quietly and apparently indifferent to what was going on, when suddenly her name was called and the doll held out to her. It was most affecting to see the change in the appearance of the poor child. Her joy was extreme. She had never dreamed of being the possessor of so beautiful a doll. She kissed it, she caressed it and touched its eyes, and nose, and hair and then kissed it again. It was payment for all our trouble to see the pleasure we gave that poor little orphan.

Besides the Christmas Tree at Jocelyn we had an entertainment for the Sunday school at Hilton. This realised for us some fourteen dollars for church purposes.

Next we had a concert at Richard's Landing, to raise a small sum towards the new church we propose to build in that part of the mission. We spent a very pleasant evening. Everybody seemed to enjoy themselves, and the sum of twenty-four dollars remained to be put towards the church fund.

There is to be still another concert at Hilton which we hope will turn out a success.

These entertainments make some amusement for the people and enable us to spend the period of our isolation from the rest of the world with less monotony and greater sociability;