

the wolf must have had the lad, but in God's providence he reached home in safety. A little afterward the wolf was killed, and here was its silver fur resting in front of the fireplace. Everything suggested some new question, and that led to some new story. At last I had to leave for my service, and then home by a long row across the lake. But before we parted I got a promise that Mr. Young would come to England and tell the people "at home" the story of his Mission.

I felt that he could do for us a work that needed to be done, and that few could do, in renewing the popular interest in foreign missionary enterprise. I had hoped that the Missionary Society might have utilised him for deputation work, and have sent him through the country on this errand. This hope, however, has not been fulfilled. But not the less service has been rendered by Mr. and Mrs. Young, as they have gone from place to place interesting and thrilling tens of thousands by the records of their great success and of God's blessing amongst the Indians.

It is said that "men who make history do not write it." Years amongst the dog-trains and birch canoes do not afford much room for practising the art of writing, especially when six months had to intervene before receiving any communication from the "world of letters." If Mr. Young's written narrative has not the force and charm of his spoken addresses, is it not true of everything that is worth hearing when it loses the voice of