

He put his idols away, he buried his bad medicines in a quaking bog, he married his aged consort, the companion of his life, hand in hand with her he approached the table of the Lord. Night after night he comes to learn from my lips the sweetly simple yet expressive prayer of Christ, "Our Father, which art in Heaven, hallowed by Thy name." Oh that many more were as eager as he to renounce the hidden things of dishonesty and seek for purity of heart.

I grieve over my ignorance of the

language. It is an impassable gulf between me and the people. Without grammar, dictionary, or other books, in Saulteaux, one cannot hope to acquire it unless by mixing with the people in their wigwam homes. and this, considering other duties will always prove impracticable. I hope my successor will be able to cross this Rubicon and win his spurs in fields beyond. Satisfied am I that if he does it will be the surest and speediest way of dealing the death blow to Paganism and of subduing all to Christ.

*From the same.*

In August last every one was taken by surprise by the arrival of the intelligence that thirty families were to leave Norway House for Fisher River in the following month. Several efforts had been made to bring about the exodus in years preceding, but small pox and royal proclamations and other hindrances had rendered them abortive. Now, it appeared, a *bona fide* venture was to be made.

September opened wildly. High winds lashed the lake into a seething waste of foaming waters. Heavy rains drenched the forests and overflowed the muskegs. Unusual cold made the days unpleasant and the nights dismal. Delayed by births, deaths, adverse fortune, and failing provisions, the little fleet made unsatisfactory progress. It was no small relief to our personal fears when the tidings of their approach were brought us. On they came. Three large boats contained the baggage, the dogs, the children, and the women. Ten skiffs for fishing purposes followed hard after, and twelve birch-canoes brought up the rear. It was Wednesday, their day of prayer; and before landing at the village, to avoid distractions, they put ashore on an island and unitedly thanked God for bringing them thus far in safety. Delays followed their arrival and we improved the time by breaking to them the bread of life. They were charged to go up to

the possession of their promised land in the name of Israel's God, and counselled to fall not out by the way. When they went they vowed that their first concern in their new homes should be for the service and worship of God.

After many days and much toiling in rowing their eyes beheld afar the land they had long sought. At the river-mouth a general assembly was called, and with united voice they gave

"Glory to the Lord of Hosts from whom all glories are."

They blessed the arm that had brought them safe through all the watery way. They adored the mercy that had permitted them to reach the land of dreams and hopes, and promises and prayers. Then they rose and scattered in search of their several claims, feeling confident of Heaven's benediction. Thus began the Swampy-Cree settlement at Fisher River. Devoutly is it to be wished and prayed for, that the rising generations may walk with willing feet in the footsteps of their pilgrim fathers.

When the frosts of approaching winter had become sharp and frequent a surveying party, on their way to Fisher River, dropped into our harbour in search of a guide. Failing in their object they appealed to us, and, considering the object aimed at—the survey of the Reserve,—we deemed it a proper time to select the