

and darkness set in. At one point our host informed us that by daylight there was a fine *distant* view of the Mission and surrounding country. I assured him that for us, just then *distance* would lend no enchantment to the view. Thoroughly tired we reached the Mission about mid-night. Morning service, with Confirmation, followed by Holy Communion was at half past ten. Members of the congregation could be seen arriving quite an hour in advance, most of them in wagons or on horseback on account of the distance.

From fifteen to twenty were confirmed, three or four being adults. There were forty-eight communicants. Part of the following week was employed in visiting the houses and tents. I administered Holy Communion to five aged or infirm persons. Mr. Taylor, who has only recently been ordained, gives promise of being a most useful missionary. From an almost life-long contact with Indians, he has a very thorough knowledge of their character, and possesses the patience and sympathy so necessary in dealing with them. It was a pretty sight on that fine July Sunday to watch the scattered groups sitting under the shade of trees near the margin of the Lake, boiling their kettles and waiting for the afternoon service. The Chief, the Schoolmaster and Councillors dined with us at the Mission. Afternoon service was at 2 P. M. It was thoroughly congregational, the hymns were heartily sung, and we made use of Archdeacon Hunter's Cree Prayer Book. The fine old Christian Chief Star Blanket has a good successor in his son "Kameyowstootin," a very quiet man who attends Church regularly and is a steady upholder of his Pastor. A deeply interesting incident occurred next day. A bigoted heathen, an old man came to see me. Mr. Taylor and I had a long and solemn conversation with him. We urged upon him the fact that while, in mercy and long suffering, God bore with the times of heathen ignorance, yet, on the arrival of the Gospel, there must needs be a change, and that now He "Commandeth all men everywhere to repent," Acts 17:30. On the following Sunday, I was pleased to see the old man a diligent listener at church. This Reserve is a desirable location, having good arable land, haylands and a clear-water Lake.

From Sandy Lake we drove to Prince Albert, which is larger and more advanced in modern buildings than I expected. By name familiar to me ever since I came to the country twenty-two years ago I saw it for the first time as we approached the northern bank of the Saskatchewan about 10 P. M. Its extended frontage along the river of about two miles of stores, residences, mills etc., lit up by electric light was quite imposing.

For the first four days we were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Traill. The former was in charge of the H. B. Co. Post at Vermilion during our residence there and they were helpers in every good work.

On leaving these kind friends we stayed at Emmanuel College where we were most hospitably entertained by Archdeacon Mackay. The Indian Industrial School which is carried on here was in vacation and had only

just commenced term work as we left, for which the buildings were being cleaned and prepared. The healthy and intelligent appearance of the pupils spoke well for the management and training which they enjoy. The singing, both at prayers and in St. Mary's Church under Mr. Gale's supervision was very pleasing.

During our stay here we renewed many old acquaintances, residents in early days, either in Winnipeg or at St. Andrews.

On August 10th. I resumed my Mission tour. No one can equal an old stager as a travelling companion—Archdeacon Mackay excelled in this respect. As we lumbered through the Main St. of Prince Albert, our waggon was gradually filled up with all essentials for an extended journey. Having crossed the ferry, we, like true "old timers" boiled our kettle on the opposite bank before making a start for Montreal Lake.

On the second day, breakfast and an hour's chat with our host and hostess, the Rev. G. S. and Mrs. Winter at Sturgeon Lake made a pleasant break in our journey.

But for previous experiences in the far North, I might have concluded that a rougher road could not possibly offer itself to four waggon wheels and through their medium to the sensitive structure of the human frame than that of the closing stages of our journey to Montreal Lake. The Archdeacon hardly seemed to relish a depreciating comparison I tried to draw between its capacity in this respect and that of our Lesser Slave Lake Road. It struck me that he was rather proud than otherwise of this entrance into his large district as a clear evidence that missionary work does not fall in the *soft* places of the earth.

The little group of houses and tents gathered around the School-Church and Mission House was reached on Friday.

EVANS' Gold Cure for Drunkenness. Testimonial (No. 93.)

Mr. Geo. Muirman Writes a Strong Letter of Endorsement, After Twenty Months Have Elapsed Since Leaving the Evans' Institute.

WINNIPEG, Feb., 25, 1898.

To the Evans' Gold Cure Institute, 52 Adelaide Street.

GENTLEMEN:—In the full enjoyment of my new and happy life, I gladly take this means of letting the people of Winnipeg know what a soul saving institution is in their midst, and what a grand work it is doing for victims of intemperance. It is now over twenty months since I left your institute, cured of all need or desire for stimulants which has been the one bane of my existence for years. When I began the treatment, I was a complete, nervous and physical wreck from drink, and my life was despaired of by my physician, who advised your treatment, and the wonderful change in me is simply miraculous. I gained over twenty pounds after leaving you, and have continued feeling better than since many years. My appetite is good, and sleep comes naturally, and leaves me refreshed and rested. Surely, I cannot say too much for the Evan's Cure. I am now a regular attendant at Westminster Church, and Rev. Mr. Puhlado knows my case well. Your cure has proved a moral help as well as physical cure, and I believe the Gold Cure is in perfect harmony with Christianity. I will always be glad to answer any letters regarding my case that may be sent me.

Most Gratefully,

GEO. MUIRMAN,

{(With Rodgers Bros. & Co.) 387 Pacific Avenue.