

confronting them as Elijah confronted the priests of Baal; to preach in the streets of the city, as Jonah preached in the streets of Nineveh; to tell them of the wrath to come, as John told men in the wilderness of Judea." The grown-up men and women of heathendom can be dealt with at once, and they ought to be dealt with; and he says that he has never seen more effective work done than in outside preaching and roadside conversations. He has seen frivolous priests reel, and the truth come home to many who were present, and who would not attend the services in the churches. He further says that if missionaries do not do this field-work, then neither will the pupils in their schools ever do it, for a fountain never rises higher than its source.

Along the Line.

KEEWATIN.

Letter from EDWARD EVES, Norway House.

(Concluded from page 191.)

RETURN to my notes and transcribe the following. The pitiful superstition, the thick darkness, the horrible crime, the gaping wounds with no one to tell of the balm, are beyond any words of mine to express. They are in constant dread of the conjurer, and believe in him with all their hearts, with scarcely a single exception. The postmaster said, a few months ago a letter came into his hands addressed, "Chachakwa," and, suspicious of its contents, he opened it and read in substance: "I want you to kill Joseph and Abraham at God's Lake, and I will give you a pair of pants, a shirt and a sash." It is needless to say the letter never reached the conjurer. They believe by his enchantment he has power to kill anybody at any distance. Upon a fence surrounding the grave of one not long laid there to rest, as we were looking at the graves, we saw, suspended by a string, a bit of birch-bark. We opened it and found it contained a little tobacco, intended for the use of the departed. Mr. Linklater told me afterwards that he had the whole work to do in connection with the burying of the dead. The friends draw the body to the fort, and leave it there, and seldom ever look near again. It would not be just to say they have no affection for each other. We never saw people whose affection for each other is warmer, or who sorrow more deeply at the loss of friends. For instance, two weeks before we reached Island Lake, one of the camps was stricken with grief at the loss of two boys. One followed the other in quick succession to the grave, and so deep was the grief of the mother that she could not be consoled. She wept unceasingly until insanity dried her tears, after which she made every attempt to end her life. She was carefully watched for some time, but the fatal opportunity came at last. Toward morning she slept, then her watchers took rest and slept also. Soon the boy awakened, but alas! too late; she had gone. Both man and boy instituted a search, walking a distance apart, so as to cover all the ground. Presently the man saw her sitting beneath a tree, her head partly leaning toward her knees. A few steps closer and a sharp look into the face showed the glare of death in

the eyes; upward his eyes glanced, and the string suspended from a limb of the tree told the fatal tale. Yes, she hanged herself. Ah, had she only known of the loving Saviour, in whose presence her darling boys were much happier than they could be amid the smoke of the camp and the frosts of severe winters, her sorrow could not have been so deep. But how could she learn of Jesus and of the "home beyond the blue"? Her companions knew not the story, and the missionary was far, far away. She had no choice but to sorrow unto death. Ah, my young brethren in the ministry, had it been your lot to calm the sorrows of that bleeding heart, methinks your reward when this short life's toils and glories are over, would have been greater than for the sermons of half a life-time among people so familiar with every phase of Christian thought that you have to toil all week and almost split your brains trying to get something to keep them awake for half an hour on Sunday morning. Only two days before we reached the post already named, more than once the relatives of a poor cripple, who was sick as well as lame, paddled him to the shore at the post and put him on land with nothing to cover his nakedness but the small remnant of an old blanket not large enough to cover a spot all the way around him more than two feet long. This was not want of affection, but a superstitious fear that he might turn cannibal if he did not get better soon. A woman was in our home the other day who was insane a few years ago, and whom the people would have put to death for the same reason had not her husband withheld his consent and the missionary been near to prevent it; and she related an instance of a dear boy who, with the consent of his parents, was knocked on the head with an axe by a man who is now one of our best Christians. Not long ago a man took sick at God's Lake. Worse and worse he grew, until the heavy hand of affliction pressed reason from her throne; in fact, he was delirious. In a moment the superstitious fear was aroused. Crossing the river they built a great fire, returned, bound the sick man hand and foot, conveyed him across the river, and threw him into the fire and fled. In the course of half an hour they stole back to see the remains of destruction, but to their amazement the man was not dead; he had rolled out of the fire, and was existing between death and life, whereupon his own brother immediately took a gun and shot him dead.

Pleading by me for sympathy in behalf of the poor people in darkness, in the face of all this that might easily be multiplied, is totally uncalled for. These facts have each a tongue that will speak red-hot words to the hearts of Christian people. We know a horse will feed comfortably from his manger without a thought or feeling of sympathy while his mate groans and dies at his side; but I cannot believe my brethren at home will do the same. Don't I know they cannot? They are human. Brethren of means and contributors to the missions of Methodism, under God I feel indebted to you for the blessed privilege of visiting this people and telling them the glad news. Your money hired my interpreter and guide; your money bought the bread and meat we ate, and made the canoe we journeyed in, and purchased the clothes that kept us warm. With the apostle to the Ephesian