

paration for August, besides frequently assisting her in condensing letters and items for its pages generally, also for giving in condensed form (the result of "interviewing" your Editor) an epitome of the story of her travels *via* Algoma to Winnipeg. Should space permit this will be inserted by request in whole or in part in this or a coming issue. We would call attention to the two new advertiaements on our cover, viz., those of Huron Divinity College, and of the new Boys' School under its auspices, the latter to prove in some sort, it is hoped, as a feeder for the former. The fact that a second young missionary has gone forth from its walls to the mission fields of the North West, in this case especially trained for the work therein, will give, perhaps, special point to our allusion. None who knew and honored that brave young soldier of the Cross so early called to his reward, Rev. F. Davis, son of Judge Davis, whose death our pages record, will readily forget the earnestness of purpose which made him satisfied with nothing less than work in a distinctly missionary diocese, and so Rupert's Land has had them both. The following is from the Rev. J. Graham, to the Principal of Huron College, on arriving at his destination: "Dear Mr. Miller, When we arrived here all the Indians came to the boat and greeted us with a hearty handshake, seemingly pleased to have a missionary among them. The Roman Catholic priest was here before us, and had his tent pitched beside the school, but when Mr. Pritchard, of Lac Seul, heard this he came over and opened the school and has held Morning and Evening Service every day till the present time. I may say here that Mr. Pritchard was in a state of semi-starvation when we arrived. The church is being pushed to completion and is entirely in the hands of the Indians; the C.M.S. having given all the help it is disposed to give; funds to complete it are badly needed, without them it will be impossible to proceed. I trust London will show its missionary spirit by helping us out of this difficulty. One of my needs is a practical medical treatise, as a doctor visits us once a year, leaving medicines for the missionary to administer to the Indians, which is really one of our best ways of getting hold of them. I had a magic lantern given me, but not many slides, some more would be very acceptable, gospel scenes preferred. Good warm clothing is always in demand, some poor children coming to school with no other garment but a scanty old shirt. But I will now tell you of some of the encouragements. There have been a number of baptisms, and forty have come over from the Roman Catholic Church, there is now scarcely one resident Romanist on this Reserve, the priest is going away to-morrow. Archdeacon Phair left me on Saturday, and this morning Mr. Pritchard left me, and I am here *alone*, with not a creature that can speak English, nor can I speak Indian, so we must interpret thoughts and needs by signs. My cabin is right on the shore of Lost Lake. I have no chair, and I really don't know how to make one, but must try. I am afraid Christi-