



ZOSIE INQUIRES WITHIN.

so Soney and Zosie were well prepared with texts from the Bible and stood out before those Sunday-school gatherings and repeated them quite readily without hesitation—taking turns in doing so—and when asked where the texts were taken from, Soney could generally tell the chapter and verse correctly, and Zosie too sometimes.

On Monday we had an afternoon drawing-room meeting at a kind friend's house on Sherbrooke Street, and in the evening a grand meeting at the Montreal Synod Hall; the chair was taken by the bishop and the place was crowded. The boys thus far had done well, they had shown no signs of balking, were always up to time when wanted to take part in the meetings, with bright happy looking faces, had not grown sleepy or cross at the late gatherings, even though pretty well worked all through the day—had proved themselves on the whole to be good boys. The reception we had met with too had been eminently satisfactory on every occasion. We had had crowded meetings, bishops and other dignitaries had shown themselves glad and ready to preside at or take part in our meetings, even the Board of Domestic and Foreign Missions, which had hitherto shown itself so little favourable to our Indian work, seemed inclined to unbend and to show a little, just a little, kindness and sympathy and to recognize the practical good which our efforts might in time lead to. Since leaving home we had addressed the Women's auxiliary in Ottawa, the young ladies' school already alluded to, the Board of Domestic and Foreign Missions in solemn state assembled, a missionary meeting in St. John's church, at which four bishops and several other great dignitaries were present.

We had been favoured with interviews with Mr. Dewdney, Minister of the Interior, Mr. Vankoughnet, Deputy Superintendent of Indian Affairs, Sanford Fleming, Dr. Dawson and other noted men, and had also been enabled to set on foot and launch on apparently smooth water, with every hope for a fair initial sail, the "Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society"—all this in Ottawa. And since our arrival in Montreal we had had two drawing-room meetings and one public meeting, preached twice to city congregations, and addressed two of the largest Sunday schools; also had addressed a meeting of Montreal clergy at the Synod Hall, and paid several important visits to prominent persons. Everything under God's blessing had thus far gone well. It was not money that I was in quest of so much as sympathy in and appreciation of the work already accomplished during the past sixteen years that our homes for Indian children had been in operation, and I could not but feel that from this point of view the results of our trip thus far had proved eminently satisfactory. And now the thought came to me, is it not a pity to confine our tour to Canada and to so short a period as five weeks? God's favour being with us, and these two boys all in trim and proving themselves suited for the work marked out for them, would it not be well to cross the Atlantic and plead our cause in England as well as in Canada? These thoughts came to me just after I had left Montreal, while on the way to our next point, Farnham, in the Province of Quebec. I lay awake that night thinking the idea over. We had had a capital little meeting at the Farnham church hall, and the rectory being a small one, my two boys had been taken off for the night by the rector's churchwarden to his own house while I remained at the rectory. We were to make an early start next morning; the train leaving the station sharp at six, it seemed unnecessary to arouse two families at so unconscionable an hour, so it was arranged that Mr. Churchwarden should give us all breakfast at 5.30, and the two boys would run over before that time and conduct me to his house. I had a little alarm clock in my own room which was set for 5 a.m., and at that hour I got up and dressed; ten minutes later I heard the feet of the two boys on the wooden sidewalk outside the garden gate, and quietly opening the hall door, which was close to my bed-room, I beckoned to them not to make a noise and told them to wait for me. As soon as I was ready I took my valise and closing the hall door gently joined the two boys and we started for Mr. Churchwarden's house. Indians, like dogs, find their way about not by noticing objects above their heads, as it seems to me white people do, but simply by looking at the ground; certainly they never seem to lose themselves either on the prairie or in the bush however far they may wander. These two