

full of flowers, and all was radiant with light."

After I gave him the sacrament, he only lived ten days. I was laid up with the rheumatic fever at the time of his death. On Wednesday morning they sent me word that he was dying. I sent my interpreter over at once, to be with him till I could come. I then got out of bed, and wrapped and muffled myself up, and started to see him; but met my interpreter, who said that he was dead before he got there. My first thoughts were: another light has been taken away, but his consistent life still shines in the memory of those who knew him. "He, being dead, yet speaketh."

There are two others brought very low by sickness: a young woman, in the bloom of life, has the quick consumption, and her stay with us cannot be long. She is fully resigned to the Lord's will concerning her. She did not wait till sickness came before beginning to serve the Lord; but after she was confined to her bed, she earnestly sought for a deeper work in her heart. The Lord has granted her desire, and now she waits the Master's call, longing to be at rest.

The other sick one was named after John Wesley, when baptized, and is now near the brink of the river, waiting to cross over. I have just been in to see him; he says his soul is all right with God, and he wants to keep very close to Jesus, or to have Jesus very close to him, even to the end.

I must now fully explain to you the reason why our people did not get away to their Reserve at Fisher River last summer, as they had fully intended.

Their plan was to start at once after they received their annuities from Government, which were to have been given them last July. But the Commissioner did not get here as soon as they expected. About the time they were looking for him, John Oseememow, one of our people, wrote a letter, advising the Chief to send his councillors to Fisher's River, to

examine the land, as he believed the place proposed for the Reserve to be unfit for settlement; and that the Indians would be better off where they were than at Fisher River.

They had a council, and at once sent two men, James Cochrane and Charles Papasekwanape, two councillors, to examine the proposed Reserve. They were detained by contrary winds, and they did not get back for four weeks.

During this time, the Commissioner came and gave them their gifts, only a short time after they had started to examine the place.

When the men returned, they brought back a glowing account of the place. After they had dwelt long and elaborately in describing the advantages and good qualities of the Reserve, they emphatically wound up by saying, "that place is so good we can't tell you how good it is."

Of course, they were then very sorry that they had not gone at once, after the treaty-money, etc. was received, as they intended doing. But it was then too late in the season to think of starting to winter there; so they are compelled to remain where they are till the coming spring.

I sent George Garrioch to Cross Lake, last August. In the Treaty, the Government promised to give them a teacher, when they asked for one, and they did this when their annuities were given them last August. I have not made any definite arrangement as to what he is to have for his services, only it is understood that he is to get \$300 a year.

In my last, I referred to an incident which happened last July, which I now copy from my journal.

Saturday, 29th July. Got Willie Moar to go over with us to the Fort. On our way back, we stopped at Robison's Point, where there was an Indian going through with some of his conjuring performances. We left Miss Batty in the skiff, and Willie Moar and I went ashore, to see what was up. I went into the tent, where the noise was, and there was a conjurer with his rattler (a fruit can, with a stick perpendicularly through it for