

More than half of them are avowed infidels. We have no religious service of any kind. It is a terrible place to bring up a family amid such influences and with such Sabbaths as we have. Can you not send us a preacher for at least an occasional service. We are poor and cannot do much, but if you can promise us an occasional service, I will go right home and we will get out logs and timber and put up a place for worship at once. If you cannot give us any help I fear some of us will have to sell out and move away, for we cannot bring up our families there."

"You shall have some service" said Dr. Robertson. The man departed full of thankfulness and joy. A missionary was sent. It is indeed a hard place, but it is for just such places that the gospel was given.

In this connection we feel like mentioning an incident that we had first heard, not from Dr. Robertson, but from another, and which on inquiring of the doctor, was said to be true. It is given to show that the missionary requires the wisdom of the serpent as well as the harmlessness of the dove, and that it is sometimes wisdom to answer a fool according to his folly.

When visiting a new mining town in the mountains, he met in a tavern a man, who, without addressing him directly, tried to terrify or shock him by his profanity. Without any provocation the demon that was in the poor fellow seemed to get excited by the presence of a minister, as did the demon of old at the presence of Christ, and he poured out in a steady stream the most horrible combinations of blasphemy.

Knowing that reason or remonstrance would be but casting pearls before swine, would gratify the swearer and make him, if such were possible, the more profane, Dr. Robertson kept silent until there was a lull in the storm, and then said quietly, "Why man, if I couldn't swear better than that I wouldn't attempt it."

The ludicrous situation, a minister taking him on that tack, surprised the man into silence, turned against him the ready laugh of the rough bystanders, and he slunk quietly away, and afterwards acknowledged to the Doctor that he had done it to annoy him, said that he had been better trained, expressed his shame and regret, and went to hear him preach.

An incident of a few years past, of which we risk the telling, shows that in some places the missionary required good physical, as well as mental and spiritual, qualifications. In one place both good and evil elements were strongly accentuated. A missionary was sent. He held no compromise with the many forms of evil that were rampant. Light made darkness writhe.

One evening as he was nearing home, he was met on the outskirts of the town by five men who stopped him and told him that he must leave the place within twenty-four hours or suffer an alternative which was too disgusting to

be mentioned here. He tried to reason with them but in vain. They were gradually closing around him and growing more threatening. At length one exclaimed, "No more talk. Leave or take your medicine."

Meantime, while reasoning with them, he had been gradually shifting his position until he had got his back to a wall, and to this final demand, he said, "No I shall not leave. You may do your worst. But before you begin I give you warning that I am going to defend myself."

One of the roughs made a rush, but before he realized it, lay stunned and prostrate. Two others sprang forward, but fell as quickly as they sprang. The other two not daring to come within reach of those powerful arms and fists, made off.

But their noise had attracted others. A crowd gathered, and learning the facts, were indignant beyond measure, and the following day the miscreants were sentenced to the heaviest penalty allowed by the law.

Next Sabbath the Church was thronged. Every tough who was free was there. The minister had suddenly acquired a new dignity in their eyes. They realized that they had a man as well as a minister. He had no more trouble of that kind. There is now a large and flourishing congregation.

As showing the benefit of the Manse Fund, he gave an incident, which he said might be many times multiplied in the experience of North West missionaries and their wives.

The house is still. The thermometer forty below. Sabbath morning comes. The missionary drives eight miles, and preaches; several miles further and preaches again, and a third service farther on. He is pretty well exhausted, vitality is low and he cannot well withstand the cold. He reaches home half benumbed. The wife has managed to keep herself from freezing, but not from the cold. She has as good a fire as possible and tea is ready. He gets thawed out a little, and stables his horse. The evening meal is eaten, but there is no comfortable evening rest for the house cannot be made comfortable. They retire. The fire goes out, and all that is not living freezes solid before morning.

There are instances in the case of both men and women where health has been sacrificed and life shortened from such insufficient protection from the North-West winters.

Thanks to the Manse Fund the missionary can now go to many a place where formerly he could not for want of a place to live, and at many a station where he and his wife bravely held the fort, the pepper box shell in which the unequal struggle with king frost was carried on, is replaced by a small but comfortable house, and they can carry on in safety, and in some measure of comfort, the all important work of cementing the foundations of society in this new land.