

other chiefs, paid a visit to Sault St. Marie, to arrange with the great white chief (Sir John Robinson) about the sale of their lands. The great white chief at that time promised to send them an English teacher. And so these poor people had waited on year after year. Muhnedooshans had died a pagan, but his dying exhortation was, that they should still wait on, and that whenever the promised English teacher arrived, they were to receive him, and listen to him, and ask him to establish a Missionary among them.

Led in a remarkable way by God's special providence, we arrived at Chief's Bay, on Lake Neepigon, on the 12th. of August, 1878. The people were for the most part scattered for summer fishing, but we found a few wigwams on the shore, two or three men, and some women and children. Among the men was one named Oshkahpukeda, a son of the old chief, Muhnedooshans.

We read the Bible to, and talked with these simple inquiring people. They received us as their deceased chief had told them to do. They believed that the Great Spirit had sent us to them, and trustingly and confidently they looked to us as though we had been with them many months, instead of only a few hours. When we were preparing to return to our camp for the night, preparatory to an early start the next morning, Oshkah-