

off his gun in hopes that his father would hear the report and come to him; but, alas, he was out of hearing. When morning arrived John took his horse and started in search, but the drifting snow had left no trace. He searched in all directions until night, when he came to the conclusion that his father, not being able to find the camp, had started for home; consequently he came home to see, but when he came into the house there was no father there; so he and his brother David and some others started back in haste, searched again, and found that he had been seen by some half-breeds who were cutting up buffalo out on the plains, on Tuesday afternoon. We suppose he was snow-blind and could not see. His body was found by a half-breed who was driving to where he had killed a buffalo, on Saturday, 5th inst. When found he looked as though, all hope of life being gone, he had laid down, stretched out, folded his arms, closed his eyes, yielded up the ghost, and the spirit of a dear one had calmly and peacefully passed away from earth to be with God.

The following is a loving tribute from a brother missionary to his memory:

DEATH OF REV. GEO. McDUGALL.

BY THE REV. E. LANGFORD,

Methodist Missionary at Norcoy House, N. W. T.

Cold was the night and clear the sky,
While homeward bound he looked on high,
And saw the star which pointed out
The place he sought,
Where sure he thought
To rest him for the night.

He spurs his horse, but soon to find
The heavy trains are left behind;
How quickly, out of sight and sound!
Where now is he?
We soon shall see
No traces can be found.

When to the camp his friends draw near,
"No traces of his footprints here!"
"What! where! can he have missed his way?"
"Haste thee, torch, gun,
And faster run,
Call from the highest hills."

In vain they searched, in vain they cried,
He had lost his way on the prairie wide;
Sad was that night, but sadder still,
When days had passed,
And all at last
Had given up hope of life.

Is he then lost, who oft had trod,
Those hills and plains o'er snow and sod?
Lost! who pointed others homeward?
Yes, lost is he,
Though strange it be,
Who was himself a guide.

Search, search for the remains at least,
Of one so brave, but now at rest,
A hero on the field of strife;
The Spirit's sword—
The written Word,
He wielded as for life.

With unrelenting zeal and care
Some search here, and others there,
Nor do they stop till they have found
The place of rest,
Where angels blest—
His corpse upon the ground.

He was a man who'd never yield
To trifles on the mission held;
He was firm, kind, courteous, frugal,
And still we trace,
Smiles on his face,
The corpse of George McDougall.

As this number of PLEASANT HOURS is devoted specially to Indian missions we have quoted largely from Long-fellow's greatest poem, his beautiful Song of Hiawatha. These extracts scattered through this paper, if read consecutively, will give one a good idea of this fine Indian epic.

METHODIST MISSIONS IN LABRADOR.

LETTER FROM THE REV. H. C. HATCHER,
RED BAY, LABRADOR.

WINTER TRAVEL.

THE long Labrador winter is past, the snow is over but not all gone; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voices of our hardy fishermen are beginning to be heard on the coast.

The winter was unusually severe, and ice formed early. Snow also came in abundance, and with the hard frosts travelling was beautiful after Christmas. Our mode of travelling here in the winter is somewhat the same as that of our brethren in the North-West. We have a comatick made of wood, about seven feet by two, the runners of which are shod with iron, or whale-bone. On this we place our luggage, and ride ourselves. To this comatick, made fast by rope or deer-skin traces, we have from six to a dozen dogs, who sometimes dash along at an incredible speed. Sometimes it is over the ponds or along valleys we go. At other times it is over hill and dale, when we often have to be very careful how we descend the hills. The steeper the descent, the better pleased seem to be the dogs, and consequently the faster they go. Many a time, in spite of holding on hard, have I found myself landed serenely among the snow-drifts, or rolling down hill, and have been glad to quickly join dogs, and perhaps driver, some little distance on. By two simple words, "La," and "Rutter," the driver can turn the head dog to the right or left; the other dogs, of course, play "follow the leader." Thus, in winter time, besides on snow-shoes, we visit the outlying settlements and preach the glorious gospel of the blessed God.

REVIVAL.

At Red Bay, in the month of November, we were blessed with some manifestations of the divine favour. God's people were quickened, and about a dozen penitents were found anxiously enquiring, "What must I do to be saved?" Half of these since have been admitted as members of the Church, while others are still in classes on trial. It was a "season of grace and sweet delight" long to be remembered. We pray that in every place on this ice-bound coast, the melting fire of Jesus' love may be felt.

SUDDEN DEATH—SUDDEN GLORY.

Death as usual was busy among us, smiting down our loved ones. Our sister was drowned through a hole in the ice. But a few hours before, I met the class of which she was a member, when she testified of her love for the Redeemer, and heartily joined with us in singing part of that glorious hymn commencing, "O Thou, to whose all-searching sight." At my request she had also, with another sister, engaged in prayer at the close of the meeting. As I was called up in the night for advice (for here the minister must be doctor as well as everything else), I thought, as I felt the lifeless hands and gazed on the pallid face, what need there was to be always ready, and how good it was for me, as her pastor, to be able to say:

"Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus, go!"

WITHOUT HOPE.

Shortly before Christmas I was

called to visit another woman, at a distance, who was in a dying state. As I proscinded, seemingly in vain, for body and soul, I felt how terribly sad yet sorrowfully true these words were:

"Oh, dark! dark! dark! I still must say,
Amid the blaze of gospel day."

Such are the contrasts in the experience of the Methodist missionary. What need for thanksgiving to God, by those who have had many privileges and are saved. Yes, and what need to let the lamp of truth be sent everywhere "to give light and to save life." Thank God, the Church begins to shake itself from the dust and to arise to duty.

THE MISSION BOAT "EVANGELIST."

No doubt many of those who so nobly collected for a mission boat for Labrador will be glad to know that she was used last summer for the first time. By the help of the boat I was enabled to visit many places to the north and west of Red Bay, and preach "the unsearchable riches of Christ." She is wrightly named the *Evangelist*, as she is given for evangelistic purposes. In a week or so I hope to have her afloat again, and, when manned, to visit the coast this summer. When I think of the thousands of souls along the coast for the fishing season, who need the bread of life, I ask, "What is one among so many? or, in the words of an apostle, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' Nevertheless we labour and pray, 'Thy kingdom come.'

DEATH ON SHIPBOARD.

A few vessels have arrived. One put in here last Saturday with death on board. Tuesday another came with death there also, the person being a poor woman who had passed away two days before. She was a child of God, and, according to the testimony of those who journeyed with her, she affectionately bade her children and husband farewell, testifying her happiness in Christ, and when speech failed her, waved her hand in holy triumph. All this amid the rocking of the vessel. Thank God, the religion of Jesus fits for death and makes a downy pillow anywhere. Yesterday we laid her in the place for non-residents in our graveyard, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life. They told me one of her dying utterances was, "Tell Mr. Hatcher I am going to be with Jesus."

MORE WORKERS NEEDED.

Thus our hardy fisher-folk come from their homes and sanctuaries in Newfoundland and elsewhere to this coast, and your missionary strives to "point to the all-atoning blood" and cry, "God so loved the world." Oh, for more men and means! Some Sunday-school papers were sent me last year, and I was enabled thus to scatter now and then a *Sunbeam* and a few PLEASANT HOURS. Many thanks to Dr. Withrow, for I presume he was the sender.

"Ready the fields before us lie,
For harvest ripe and white;
We hail the dawn which heralds day,
Passed is the long dark night.
The laborer's hand will gather sheaves—
Increasing, more and more,
In souls washed whiter than the snows
Of frozen Labrador."

THE pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the greatest art in life is to have as many of them as possible.

DEATH OF MINNEHAHA.

IN the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests that watched her,

With the famine and the fever,
She was lying, the beloved,
She the dying Minnehaha.
"Look!" she said, "I see my father
Standing lonely at his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam,
In the land of the Decotahs!
"No my child!" said old Nokomis,
"Tis the smoke that waves and beckons!"
"Ah!" she said, "the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness;
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumbered branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing,
"Wahonomin! Wahonomin!
Would that I had perished for you,
Would that I were dead as you are!"
And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis, slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him;
And his bursting heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moaned and shuddered,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.
Then they buried Minnehaha;
In the snow a grave they made her,
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlock;
Clothed her in her richest garments,
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,
Covered her with snow, like ermine;
Thus they buried Minnehaha.

And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled,
For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessed.
From his doorway Hiawatha
Saw it burning in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlock;
From his sleepless bed uprising,
Sood and watched it at the doorway,
That it might not be extinguished,
Might not leave her in the darkness.
"Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you!
Come not back again to labour,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the famine and the fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed
To the kingdom of Ponemah!
To the Land of the Hereafter!"

TWO KINDS OF GIRLS.

THERE are two kinds of girls,
says the *Home Visitor*:

One is the kind that appears best abroad—the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, etc., and whose chief delight is in such things. The other is the kind that appears best at home—the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining-room, sick-room, and all the precincts of home.

They differ widely in character. One is often a torment at home, the other a blessing; one is a moth consuming everything about her, the other is a sunbeam, inspiring light and gladness all around her pathway.

To which of these classes do you belong?

EVERY thing can be imitated by hypocrisy but humility and love united. The humblest star twinkles most in the darkest night. The more rare love and humility are united, the more radiant when they meet.—*Lavater*.

"WHEN a fellow is too lazy to work," says Sam Slick, "he paints his name over the door and calls it a tavern, and makes the whole neighbourhood as lazy as himself."