

has a history. When I first went out there with my dogs in the woods, visiting them, her husband was an old conjurer, a very wicked man. He would not let her come to the house of God, and in the summer time when I went in my canoe he kept her away. I thank God for a voice with which I could send ringing out into the distance the story of God's love, and so while I had a company of a few hundred Indians there on the ground, I knew that in that clump of balsams on the bank of the river, pretending to be making a moccasin or dressing a deer-skin were the wives or daughters or sisters of some of the intensely wicked people who would not allow them in the company to which I was preaching, and so I would preach for those yonder. One day this old fellow caught his wife out in the outskirts listening, and I learned afterward that he took her and beat her cruelly, and then made withes with which he tied her to a tree. The hunters had gone away. They used to come to my meetings, but, the instant I left, away they scattered to their hunting-grounds, and only a few families were left in the village. These were all so afraid of this terrible old conjurer that they dared not untie his wife. Yonder in the wigwam was her little baby girl a few months old, in the hammock. By and by it woke up and began to cry. It wanted mother's care and mother's nursing. But she was tied there to the tree, and the child cried louder and louder, until by and by its shrieks so affected the mother that she struggled free at last, and she rushed for her child, not to nurse it, but to run down to the river, and take it by the heels and dash its brains out against a rock and throw the quivering body into the rushing river. As the child was swept away some Indian women heard her wailing out, "Oh, that my mother had done that to me when I was a poor little baby-girl like you, to save me from the life I am living!" Her husband died after awhile, and so there was no impediment in the way, and she came to Christ; but in her heart is the memory of that murder. Oh, if she only knew that there was a river of oblivion into which she could plunge and wipe out the memory of the past, she would go to the ends of the earth to bathe in such a place!

But look, the chapel doors are thrown open. Ah! there is a sight that brings a lump to my throat and tears to my eyes. Two great Indians, men twenty-eight or thirty years of age, with their hands have made a chair and over their two hands and shoulders there is a blanket thrown, and seated on that chair, with her arms around their stalwart necks, the poor old invalid mother is being carried to the house of God by her own sons. Another brother goes ahead down the aisle. We have no backs to our plain seats, so he folds up a blanket very nicely and puts it down as a soft cushion, and the other sons come along and mother is seated upon it, and one of the big fellows sits down beside her and puts his strong arm around her and she lays her head against his manly breast. Ah! there comes a dimness in my eyes and a lump in my throat as I see that, and I thank God for the transformation. The mother burned to