

us to make the trial. We read the charming poem of Hiawatha, painting in bright Indian colors the religion of that ancient race. Besides being a beautiful poem, it should excite our admiration as it was written in behalf of that much wronged people who have been almost annihilated by Christian civilization,

"O why does the white man follow my path
Like the hound on the tiger's track."

"Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Listen to this simple story,
To this song of Hiawatha."

Did they listen? Yes, through courtesy, but upon the whole the scheme failed.

There are occasional episodes connected with the Olio. More than once this winter some of the members experienced the delightful sensations of an upset. One load got stuck away up north, and the occupants had to floander out as best they might through snow drifts four feet deep. The same load—what shall I call it? the ill-fated, or all favored Coldstream load—had the inconvenient pleasure of again rolling in the "beautiful snow."

There are often strangers happening in our midst, and they frequently take part in the programme. One Olio this winter was honored by the presence of two widely known elocutionists—Mittie Frairie and Aggie Knox.

The half-yearly meeting Olio of this winter was perhaps the largest one we have thus far had. The number was estimated at about 140. Members of the Yarmouth and Arkona societies assisted us in the programme, and the audience included strangers from hundreds of miles away.

At the last meeting of this season, we presented Jennie Woodward, known in the unwritten annals of the Olio as Jennie Marsh, with a Bible, as some tangible memento of those many cherished ties we were now about to sever, to be, in times of despondency in her distant home, a token of consolation, fraught with the assurance that she still possesses faithful friends and a loving God.

CHAPTER IX.

1883-84.

Another serial poem is begun—Scott's "Lady of the Lake." Undaunted by the fate of "Hiawatha" the venture is again attempted. They agree with Fitz-James—the hero of their poem—that,

"If a way be dangerous known
The danger's self is lure alone."

What was the result? We dare not charge it this time to the incompetency of the undertakers. But nevertheless it failed. The poem is yet unfinished, and is likely to be until the careless many will take