

boats, each carrying about four hundred tons cargo, up the mighty Saskatchewan, to relieve those people in their dire necessity there! They will go through the country where hundreds are dying on each side of the river; they must keep in the middle of the river all the way. It is an awful risk; do you think you can get them to do it?

I called them together, and put the matter before them. I said:

"Indians, the white man has not treated you fairly and honorably all through, but here is a grand chance to do a glorious act. The white men, with their wives and children up there will suffer if they don't get supplies. Are you willing to run the risk?"

I picked out one of the class-leaders, and said:

"Samuel, you are to be the guide and leader of the party." He said, "Will you give us a little time to talk it over?" So we left them.

When we went back they said, "Missionary, will you let us have one Sunday more at the church, and give us the sacrament of the Lord's Supper ere we start upon the dangerous journey?"

I said, "Yes," and we had such a memorable Sabbath. It seemed to me as though the men who were going into the jaws of death for the sake of doing a kindly act were there commemorating the death of the Lord Jesus Christ for the last time. We saw them start a day or two after on their long journey. They had to paddle their boats one thousand two hundred miles up the current to this settlement.

After being away about ten weeks they came back in peace and safety, and all well with the exception of the guide, such had been the strain upon him. In spite of all we could do he drooped and died. I was with him when he passed away. It was a beautiful afternoon. There he lay, stretched out on his bed of robes, on some balsam boughs. He was emaciated and wasted away. I saw a change coming over him. His life had been his testi-

mony, but their was a longing in my heart to hear his living voice again, and bending over him I said, "Samuel, this is death, that has come for you; tell your missionary how it is with you, if you can."

His eye brightened, and he caught my question. He lifted up his emaciated arm, he seemed to be holding on to something, and he said:

"Missionary, I am holding on to God; He is my all, my joy and happiness;" and the arm fell nerveless, and my comrade was in a better land.

ANOTHER INCIDENT OF DEEPEST INTEREST.

The same missionary tells:—There was an old Indian, a strange, savage looking fellow; if you met him in the swamp, you would like to have your rifle handy. His hair was braided back and reached to his knees, it was a most wonderful switch, and all his own too. This fellow came and stood before me, and pushing his fingers through his hair as far as its braided condition would allow, he said: "Missionary, once my hair was as black as a crow's wing, now it is getting white. Grey hairs here and grandchildren in the wigwam tell me that I am getting to be an old man. I never heard before such things as you told me to-day. I am so glad I have not died before hearing this wonderful story. Stay as long as you can, and when you have to go away, come back soon, for I have grandchildren; I have grey hairs, and may not live many winters more; come back soon."

Then he turned as though he would go to his place: but he again faced me and said, "Missionary, you said just now 'Our Father.' That is very sweet to us. We never thought of the Great Spirit as Father; we heard Him in the thunder, and saw Him in the lightning and tempest, and were afraid. The Great Spirit Father! That is very beautiful to us."

Then he said, "May I say more?" "Yes say on." "You say our Father—He is your Father?" "Yes." Does it mean He is my Father—poor Indian's Father?" "Yes, your Father." "Your Father, missionary's Father, Indian's Father?"