

Tears were flowing from his eyes as he said this. His heart was broken and the light of the truth was beginning to penetrate his soul.

Thus it is that the conversion of one pupil is often followed by the conversion of the whole family. Be encouraged, my dear young friends. Your work that you are doing for Pointe aux-Trembles schools is a great work. It reaches very much further than you dream of. But God knows all about it. He uses your work to bring these French parents to Christ, and to make among them happy Christian homes.

Your Friend
J. W. BOURGEOIN.

OTHER INCIDENTS OF THE WORK.

LAST Session two or three of the pupils were from Roman Catholic homes in Chambly, in the Province of Quebec. They went home in the end of April and took with them the Gospel, and made it known to friends and neighbours. A few weeks since an application came from the people for a Missionary and within the past fortnight a Mission Day School has been opened by the Missionary, with an attendance of about twenty French Roman Catholic boys and girls.

The Pointe aux Trembles Schools are closed during the Summer months. One of the teachers immediately on the close of the Schools in May opened a school in St. Johns, where there never before was a French Protestant School, and already he has upwards of twenty pupils.

In connection with the Rev. R. P. Duclos' Church in the East end of Montreal there is a School building with desks &c. for forty scholars. Such is the desire on the part of many of the people to have their children educated that the School is filled to overflowing, the average attendance in June being fifty. Thus the work progresses among the young.

Our young people can see from these incidents that when they asked to aid the Pointe aux Trembles Schools, it is for a good work.

DEATH OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.

REV. HUGH MACKAY, one of our missionaries in the North West, tells of a small band of Indians that are very degraded. They live in great poverty, no stoves, no chairs, no tables, no beds.

The chief had a long strange name,—Oochapooase. He died last fall. Mr. Mackay says: I visited him several times during his illness, and spoke to him again and again of the way of redemption through Christ.

During my last visit I asked him, "What shall I say to all your kind friends far away, who have been praying for your conversion?" He said, "Tell all my kind friends that this poor chief dies with love in his heart to the Great Spirit. Take my boy," he said, "and educate him in your school. I have not much to leave. I am not able to give you money to pay for his education—only that black horse—I give you that."

It was sad to witness the sorrow of the poor widow. Look at her. She lives in a little Indian village, sheltered from the north wind, and from the storm from the east and west by a forest? It is winter, and as you come near, you see now and then a shower of sparks from the little chimneys as some Indian woman stirs her fire or supplies new fuel.

You enter a humble abode, and upon the ground is seated the poor widow. Soon she begins to cry as if her heart would break.

She is soon able to talk a little about her loss, but before long she gathers her blanket about her and goes out. She follows a well-marked path through the forest and the dark, and the keen frosty air. She comes to a little hill, and on this hill is pitched the old tent, and in the tent is the grave of the Chief. The widow walks about the tent, and you may hear her voice far as she repeats over and over again, full of sadness, the words, "My tent companion—my tent companion."

We pity the poor pagan woman as she weeps for her loved ones—no bright star of hope to light up the gloom for she does not know the Saviour