

without a wetting. The great danger of the rivers is their swiftness and the changing of the fords in time of flood.

For the first time since I came out here, I was unwell for a day or two at this place. On Saturday afternoon I was prostrated with high fever, but plenty of quinine and a rest enabled me to hold service next day. Afterwards I rode back a dozen miles to a place where I had arranged for service on the way down. Fort Kip it is called on the maps, but only the charred remains of the whiskey-traders' fort is to be seen, though some bleaching skulls in the brush near by still bear witness to the work done. Notice of service had not been given as promised, and I had several miles of riding across the river, and by a bridle path halfway up its precipitous banks before a congregation was gathered. Here let me say a good word for the cow-boy. When I went to one camp and asked the men if they would come to service they consented with the readiest alacrity, and only regretted that some companions had just gone who would have come too. During the service at which nine were present, the greatest attention was given even though many things happened which would have distracted an ordinary congregation. Afterwards I could have enjoyed the hospitality of half-a-dozen, and was made to promise visits next time I passed. The earnest attention of these rough fellows, their gentlemanly conduct, and the kindheartedness and courtesy they manifested make it evident that even the most maligned of men are not wholly bad.

During this month of fine weather I made about thirty visits, and travelled 248 miles. The average distance I have ridden each month for the last half year is over two hundred miles. Travelling is usually pleasant, but I do not find it romantic to have to ride a score of miles soaked and benumbed by cold rain: nor does it give me a desire for arctic exploration to have ten consecutive days of riding through deep snow when the sun cannot make the temperature warmer than 10° below zero, and when at night it is as cold as 52° below; the desire quite evaporates after the experience of sleeping under the stars when the cold is between 30° and 40° below zero. It is not all fun and fine weather here.

W. P. MCKENZIE.

Fort McLeod, N. W. T., December, 1884.

MANITOULIN ISLAND MISSIONS.

THE Indians called Manitoulin after their god, the great and mighty Manitou. To most minds it is yet recalled with visions of the Indian pony and the wigwam. But the fast-decaying Red man could not find a secure home, even on the lonely shores of this island, protected as it is by the wild waves of a great lake. Ruthlessly his hunting grounds were occupied by the pale faces, who carried many contrivances of agriculture and commerce to the Grand Manitoulin.

Three students from Knox College found a summer home on the island. An account of the mission work of the entire island, with its twenty-three Presbyterian stations, is, in such a short paper as this, quite impossible, therefore we must satisfy ourselves with a view of the work accomplished in the village and neighborhood of Little Current.