

She was capable of making four miles per hour, but her captain told that in her better days she could attain a speed of six miles per hour, provided she was going in the direction of a current and with a stiff prairie breeze to give her assistance. They had three hundred miles of water to cover before they got to their destination, which was accomplished, by making fast time, in a little less than six days. The crew and passengers were of the roughest type as might be expected, but they formed an ideal assembly for the pioneer spiritual operations of our missionary.

On Saturday evening a strong head wind began to blow which was to Mr. McLean a good omen as he was looking forward to a day of earnest effort among the men on the Sabbath. The wind kept up during the Lord's Day so that it was necessary to remain at anchor. A service was held on board which was appreciated very much by many of the men. A few of them were from the Island of Lewis and were at home with the missionary, who could converse with them in the language of Eden; much to their delight. At Bull Head the vessel had to call for wood and Mr. McLean went ashore and visited the four families that inhabit this dreary region. He held a short service in one of the huts which was much liked by the whites of the place. It was the first meeting of the kind they had had for eight years and the Scotchmen in the

audience, rough though they be, were greatly moved by the truth once so familiar to them in the days of their innocence in bonnie Scotland. Although the missionary had only four hours of a stay at this place the people were thankful for the help they had received from him and the new impetus they got in trying to live above their surroundings and attain to a knowledge of God. It is hard for us, under favourable circumstances, to realize the condition of these few families removed some one hundred and twenty miles from the nearest Post Office.

A fresh start was made and after many hours sailing the destination was reached. Grand Rapids is situated at the mouth of the large Saskatchewan River, and is the headquarters of an American fish company which has assumed a Canadian name, and which operates very extensively in these waters. The only permanent residents are the Hudson Bay Company's Factor and an individual who professes the Episcopalian faith. During the fishing season the population of the place is made up of Indians and half-breeds. Their families are large owing, no doubt, to the treaty bonus which our Government in charity gives to each member of the family. This has encouraged polygamy and kidnapping and fostered the jealous spirit which is only too characteristic of the Indian. The principal, in fact, almost the only article of food used here is fish. They eat it for