

down round the mission, and give up their wandering, like the Garden River Indians?

Some of the Indians here are indeed all that I could fairly expect them to be. They are seldom absent from the mission, and when they are compelled to go they are sure to be back in time for the Sunday services. I have prevailed upon some of them this spring to sow good gardens of potatoes, so that scarcity of food may not compel them to leave next winter. Of the whole number connected with the mission eleven were absent through the whole winter, viz: M. and his family; of the rest O. and his family, six in all, were absent for three months, while Osh., and family, eight in all, were absent at intervals, sometimes for two and three weeks at a time. At present there are only two families at the mission, and they will be busy for a time fixing their little gardens, making canoes, etc., and then they all leave for the summer, some perhaps to be employed by fishermen along the Neepigon river, and will not return again before the last week in August or the first in September. I know that it is a terrible restraint for these poor children of the forest to live together in their quiet homes at the mission for three months at a time. I find also that with these poor Indians, as with many white people, "familiarity breeds contempt," they actually get tired of the church and school after two or three months constant teaching, and I suppose it does them good to go back into the wild bush to breathe the air of freedom, and to live under the birch bark for a time. From what I now know of Negwenenang and its surroundings, I conclude the mission for some time at least must cease to grow numerically. The pagans whom I visited have not the least inclination to join our little band. I have offered them cooking stoves, if they will come and build houses at the mission, seed potatoes for their gardens, and then, when these inducements failed, I offered to take some of their children and feed, clothe, and educate them, but they only laughed and said, "Kahween tah-waazhewe bussenoon," ("this cannot be.")

Although there have been many things to discourage us, one event at least has more than repaid for the toil, and anxiety, and expense that the mission has entailed, namely the christian life and death of Elizabeth, O's former wife. She had been ailing for many months, and "fell asleep" on the first day of May, trusting in the finished work of Jesus. I visited her almost every day, and was with her when she died. She did not go to heaven in a mist. She was not troubled with doubts and fears. For many months previous she had that full assurance of salvation which simple faith in Christ will give. On the day of her death she called O's family around her dying bed; her last words were, (in Indian of course) "I have already seen the golden gate of the heavenly city; I soon shall enter there. If you live good holy lives I shall see you again. Don't be angry. Don't speak hard words. Honor God. Honor His religion. Christ is good. Religion is good." A few minutes later, and her spirit passed away. We are not always permitted to see the fruits of our labor, and so I now give thanks to my Heavenly Father that

he has granted me the privilege of knowing that I have been the instrument in his hands of leading that one soul to Christ, and if even now the Lord should call me from hence to eternity, I can rejoice to think that the work at Negwenenang has not been a failure.

As regards the work among the navvies here, I may say that at present it is very light. The bridge is completed, and trains run at intervals from Port Arthur to Montreal, and yet I find something to do. There are about twenty children to be taught, and three or four families of whites to be looked after.

M's son left the mission last March and went to Port Arthur to work. He never told me that he was going, and asked no counsel. The result was that he fell in with some drunken fellows, they broke into a store in the middle of the night, and stole some whiskey and other things. They were all caught at the Landing except J. He escaped through the bush, and got as far as Neepigon, but was pursued by a constable, and caught after an interval of eight days. He is now in gaol awaiting his trial, and I know not how it may end. His father is in great grief. At present he is stopping with me, waiting to know what punishment J. will receive.

Concerning Shahbobeon, the sick man, he is still at the mission and mending slowly. He received with gratitude all the food and kindness we could give, but does not want "the bread of life." The missionary's food and clothing are good enough, but he has no relish for the pure gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

And now, my dear bishop, I have laid before you as honestly and as faithfully as I can the encouragements and discouragements connected with the little mission of Negwenenang, and as a father and a friend of mine I appeal to you for counsel and advice. At present I am greatly perplexed, I know not what to do. I shall make no suggestions. God forbid that I should presumptuously mark out my own path. I commit my ways and my perplexities, first, to my Heavenly Father, and then to you, and by doing this I feel assured that my path shall be made plain—that my eyes shall be opened, and that I shall hear a voice saying "this is the way, walk in it." My health has been gradually giving way, and this is why I made the change."

"With united kind regards, &c., &c.,

"R. RENISON."

The above letter speaks for itself. Among its other characteristics it is impossible not to be struck with its perfect honesty and straightforwardness of statement. Facts are given just as they are, without a particle of coloring. The picture is true to the life. The light is there, but so are the shadows. There is no attempt to intensify the one, or tone or soften down the other, and we are sure our readers will feel that the hand that has drawn the sketch has been that of a "true" man. But further, the missionary is *trustful* as well as *true*. His way seems hedged up. He is not quite sure that he is called to continue in a field so limited in area, and yet so abundant in discouragements, but he is quite content to wait, and having