

the ice has left its traces in broken trees and ploughed-up banks in a way that makes us exceedingly thankful that the first break did not come at our bank, where the damage to property would have been terrible. Then a narrow channel opened down past our shore, and a bewildering, ceaseless procession of ice boulders came jostling and bumping down it at a great pace until it jammed just below the Factory. The water was at this time not many yards from our gate its rise had come very suddenly, the whole promontory of Mansey being submerged whilst we watched; it was a most curious experience, seeing mountains made and land disappear in that rapid fashion. The first rise came on a Saturday, and all the servants' families gathered their necessities and departed at once to make sure of a refuge in the sheds, forge, and other available shelters "below," so that the Bishop's house and a few Indian dwellings were the only ones still occupied at this end of the island. But after five days of anxious waiting and watching, night and day, the ice forced for itself a way at the back of the island, and we awoke on the Thursday morning to find the broad river all sparkle and life in the sunshine for a mile and a half across from our windows.

Then did Dame Nature bestir herself to make up for lost time; she most assuredly gave all her children a *tremendous* washing, and then brought out her most effective winds and swept the whole place from north and south, east and west, thus rapidly clearing up the universal swamps, after which the adornment was accomplished as if by a fairy's wand, and we were picking violets in the bush exactly a fortnight after the opening of the river, and these were rapidly followed by primulas and a very pretty little orchis that the children call "Lady's Slipper," some of which Janie Turner brought as an offering to the Mission folk, planted in a tiny tin pail she had received off the Christmas tree; her mother, poor Rose, was very ill at the time of the flood alarm, and quite unfit for her move. Mrs. Newnham was so glad to make her a cup of good cocoa from time to time from the essence so kindly sent to the Mission by Messrs. Cadbury, a very acceptable contribution to our stores. The Bishop and Mrs. Newnham have long felt that Robbie, being a steady, good boy, and brought up under the prayerful influence of such a mother, might become in time one of the sorely-needed Mission workers in this diocese, his familiarity with Indian from childhood being an immense advantage to him. He is just fifteen years of age, as is also George Spence, who speaks the Brunswick House dialect as easily as English, and can understand a fair amount of Cree. Robbie's parents were only too pleased at such a prospect, although so distant a one, and