

very hard pull against a steady head-wind, and could only make two miles an hour, so that it was a little after three o'clock when we reached Pic River, and having run the boat on to the sandy shore, carried up our things and prepared our camp. Here as at Neepigon and Pugwash, miserable dirty looking Indians came groping around our camp like dogs and lay or squatted on the grass watching every movement as the boys fixed up our tents and cooked the things for supper. Indians do not beg vociferously and impudently like Italians and Arabs; but in the most patient and abject manner; they simply lie down and eye you; they eye your flour bag; they eye your pork; they eye your frying pan, your hissing pots, your plate, your cup, the movement of your hand as you convey food to your mouth, just like dogs. If you give, they take without saying Thank you. If you don't give, they will in time slink away; but will probably come again when the next meal is on. Two old men lay and watched us at supper to-night—one had a

horribly distorted face and scrofulous eyes; the other long shaggy wolfish looking hair; it was not very pleasant.

Aug. 21st.—There does not seem much opening for us at this place. There are some 150 Indians who come here for their annual pay, and spend the remainder of their time in wandering about hunting and fishing. Of this number, not more than one third are here at present, and all these appear to be Roman Catholics, though they say that fully half their tribe are still pagans. Several whom we visited told us that they were baptized by an English Blackcoat (whether Ch. of England or Methodist) some ten years ago, but as nothing had since been done for them, they had now become Roman Catholics. We had intended to gather the people together to address them, during the day; but the men were all away, and not being back at night-fall, we gave it up. There is a R. C. log church in process of building, which was commenced last summer.

(To be Continued.)

On the Canada Pacific.

BY MRS M'LEOD MAINGY.

ON the morning of New Year's Day, 1878, we had about twenty Indian visitors. Having heard beforehand that it was the custom for the Indians to go round making visits among their white friends on this day, some preparation had been made, and we were quite ready to receive our guests by the time we saw them coming up the road.

Such a strange assembly!

I should have liked a photograph of the scene in our kitchen that cold morning. Men, women and children all looked smiling and happy. There were some dear little bright-eyed babies among them—it is beautiful to see the squaws so fond of their children, so pleased to have them noticed.

The most important person among our friends was a tall, fine looking Indian named John, who spoke English very well and was immensely proud of his accomplishment.

He came in first, saying, "Happy New Year! Happy New Year!" very heartily, and shaking hands with us all in the most cordial manner. His wife is a tall woman with a sweet expression of countenance. They were both comfortably dressed, and their little boy, about two years old, wore a warm woollen frock, fur cap, red "cloud" mittens, and handsome beaded moccasins.

John seemed to be very proud of his boy and I saw him, when they were going away, tying on the cloud and pulling on the mittens, as tenderly as any father would have done.

Our guests sat down, some on chairs, some on boxes, some on the floor, and prepared to enjoy themselves. We were already on friendly terms, as many of them had been coming to the station with fish and game, during the autumn, but we could not do much in the way of conversation, as at this time there was only one of our party who knew more than a few Indian words. Since then the Rev. Mr. Wilson, with the kindest thoughtfulness, sent us an Indian dictionary, the study of which was a very great pleasure and interest to us, during the winter, and the poor people seemed to be so pleased at our efforts to speak to them in their own language.

On the occasion of the New Years visit John was the chief spokesman, the rest only laughed and ate and drank to their heart's content.

It was something like a Sunday school picnic, there were three of us busy handing round ham, bread and butter, plates full of stewed apples with plenty of sugar, and unlimited cups of hot tea.

It was fully two hours before they left