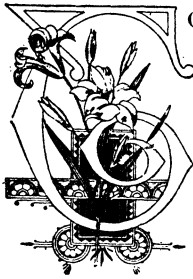




## LIFE AT MOOSE FORT.



O our many kind Friends, known and unknown, let me first confess that I began this paper trying to disguise names and personalities so as to make them unrecognisable to dwellers in Moose, but, after a page or two, I gave this up in despair, and, if you have patience to wade through the whole, you will have a true picture of folk and life as we find them here, which will, we hope, help to increase your prayerful sympathy with your brethren in far-off Moosonee.

Let me, then, introduce you to a pretty little native, Maggie by name. Her age must be about eleven years at the time our story opens, but age is not much considered in these parts, and hardly any of the children, even quite big ones, can tell how old they are; if you are sufficiently curious on the subject, you can look up their names in the Baptismal Register, and guess at the date of their birth from that. Greater accuracy seems impossible, owing to their habits of life and thought; time makes little impression on them, except as it brings round the season of rabbits, fish, potatoes, etc.; not unlike our old countrywoman, by the way, whose son had gone to sea "two year come kidney-bean time." Some Indians brought in a fine baby to be baptised this April; the mother said it was born early in February, the father thought it was much later. They had spent the winter in their lonely wigwam miles off in the bush, just keeping the Sundays as they came round according to their marked Mission Calendar, but otherwise taking no note of days and weeks!

But to return to Maggie, as we meet her this bright September evening, coming down with her little tin pail or, as it is called here, kettle of milk, which she has just fetched from the Company's dairy,