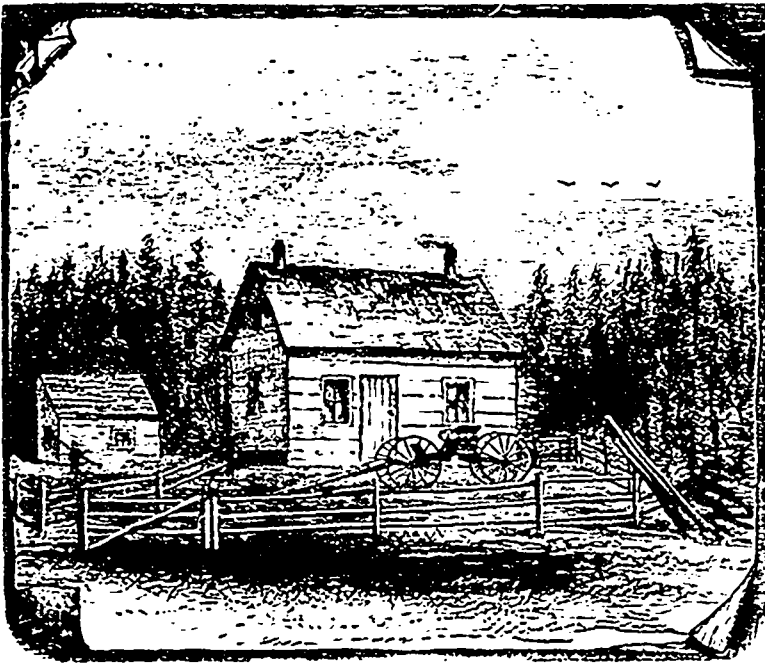




THE MISSION HOUSE.

The influenza found us out even in this isolated mission, yet we have much to be thankful for, as not a single death occurred, though every house was visited. The school had to be closed for a short time, both the teacher and myself being laid up. Fortunately, before Easter arrived, this cloud had rolled away, and the services, which had for a time been but poorly attended, were again good. On Good Friday and Easter Sunday the congregations were good. It was very touching to see one poor Indian brought by his family a distance of four miles, and on a cold day, to join in the Easter services. So weak was he that a bed had to be made for him on the floor near the stove. I fully expect this will be the last time he will partake of the Holy Communion with us during public worship.

On coming to the parish I found several confirmed persons who had not yet taken their first communion, and Easter day, much to my joy, and, I trust, their soul's health and God's glory, I saw them remaining. Truly this was a day of great rejoicing, for Christ had risen and was reigning in the hearts of these people.

Hitherto this mission has been known as the La Corne Indian Mission; at the Easter meeting it was named St. Stephen's Parish.

ST. PETER'S PARISH.

Joining St. Stephen's Parish on the west side, and about seven miles from the mission house, lies the Pahonan settlement, composed,

with the exception of one man, of half-breeds who have left off taking the treaty payments from the government, and are now trying to gain a living by farming. Most of these new settlers are very little removed in their habits from their neighbors on the reserve. They nearly all can speak English, or understand it, yet among themselves the Cree Indian language is spoken.

The first service I held in this mission was in a house about 18 by 20. There was only one man who did any responding. The rest of the congregation, to show how much they appreciated my presence, turned their backs to me, and, when standing, would put one foot on the form. The children's greatest delight seemed

to be to get out of the building and find out who could get nearest to the windows and make the loudest noise, while the infants inside seemed to have come to a mutual agreement to drown my voice. I shall not soon forget that service.

I called a public meeting of the Church members soon after, when I spoke about Church work generally. At this meeting it was decided to form the settlement into a parish, to be known by the name of St. Peter's Parish. The minister's warden very kindly made an offer of two acres of land for church site and graveyard. It will, no doubt, be some time before the people will be able to erect a church, being far too poor, in many cases, even to procure sufficient food and clothing for themselves during the long winter months. The poor people are having a hard time of it on starting as farmers, after being trappers and hunters, but I look forward to the days of better things in this parish, for the people are willing to be taught, and are loyal to the Church. It is in a parish like this, and with people of this kind, that one cannot help wishing to spend and be spent.

ST. DAVID'S AND HOLY TRINITY PARISHES.

These are the same parishes that I formed and visited as itinerant missionary. A day school has been kept in the former during the summer months for the past three years, and I am now glad to say that the people in Holy Trinity Parish have secured a teacher for the summer months also. Last winter the snow