

The next day we were storm-stayed till evening. About 6 p. m. the wind moderated and we made a start for Cedar Lake. The traverse is about twenty miles. The night was cloudy, and when we got well out on the widest part of the lake the wind stiffened once more. We had "much work to come by the boat," viz: to lift the canoe in tow out of the water and lash her up to the iron staunchions of the awning. Our little craft seemed bent on showing us what she could do in the way of pitching and rolling. Her motions were lively, but she always came up the right side. We strained our eyes through the gloom trying to make out the narrow island, a mere gravel bar with a stunted growth of bushes which would offer a shelter from the sea. Once behind this, our little craft lay in deep water within a few yards of the shore, while the waves broke and foamed on the other side of the narrow ridge.

In due time, Grand Rapids at the mouth of the Saskatchewan was reached, Sunday, Sept. 12th, was spent at this Mission. Mr. Lamb is an active and efficient Missionary. He has charge of the school, but undertakes the services on Sunday. As school master and Catechist, he is earning himself a good degree. Sixteen were confirmed and forty were present at Holy Communion. I returned by way of Lake-Winnipegosis. I had the use of a staunch canoe and two of our Indians from Grand Rapids proved themselves able navigators. All our belongings, inclusive of the canoe had to be carried over a mile portage between Cedar Lake and Winnipegosis. Here I parted from Mr. Hines who, as superintending Missionary, host, guide, captain, engineer, and pleasant travelling companion, had spared no pains to make my visit through his district pleasant as well as thorough. Up early, and regardless of weather, he travelled late into the night to enable me to keep the engagements made for me. We were constantly reminded on Lake Winnipegosis, that the Equinox was at hand. Incessant high winds either detained us or rendered travelling somewhat dangerous. It fell to my lot to handle the sail, which was rather ticklish work as our steersman had constantly to swerve either to right or left to avoid the breaking of the waves. Still, to a certain point all went well. Then I found that our men were evidently uncertain as to the whereabouts of our destination "Moose River." This was not pleasant, as our provisions as well as powder and shot were low. Cautiously I elicited the fact that one of them had never been there at all and the other one only as far as a neighboring river overland, in winter. That evening, though we were still seventy miles away, we began our search by working up an inlet. Darkness set in: we heard a noise that made our men think a camp of Indians might be near. It was a moose calling. This was to good an opportunity to be lost, for replenishing our well-nigh exhausted larder. We began to hunt the moose through the reeds. Our canoe crept noiselessly like some wild beast stalking its prey, through the intervening fringes of reeds. One alone remained, judging by the slight sounds the moose made in the water, it could only be a few yards distant. Stealthily we emerged, the flashes from the barrels shone out in the gloom as our bowsman aimed into

a darkness heightened by a heavy back-ground of willow bushes. A splash, and to our chagrin we heard our prospective larder plunge across the strip of shingle and through the bushes. My cartridges were spent. To add to our disappointment there was a sudden splash and rush yet nearer to our right and at least two moose fled to parts unknown. Next day a strong head-wind detained us, lessening our last ten pounds of flour and bringing us no nearer our destination. Such voyages however, have their compensating pleasures, especially to those who delight in nature and love to trace the hand of God in His works. One evening on Lake Winnipegosis lives in my memory. Far out from land we were nearing a solitary islet, consisting of a narrow curved bar of small perfectly white pebbles. The ridge was clothed with a rich growth of bushes and weeds, each plant was flourishing to its utmost capacity. This coral reef (in appearance) with its bright green belt was set in the most brilliant colouring. Sky and water were bathed in the warmest hues of the setting sun. The islet was evidently the metropolis of the pelicans. Their dead lay among the bushes. On our approach, the whole whole population floated out upon the Lake. Their pure white plumage being set off by the crimson-dyed water—a study in color, as well as of bird-life in their chosen haunts.

Three days later we struck an Indian Reserve on Pine Creek. On learning there was a road from there to the railway, now under construction through the Dauphin country. I engaged a wagon and horses from the Chief. Starting after mid-day, his son, a bright lad, undertook to bring us to our destination that evening, a drive of thirty miles, but the road! a springless wagon—a springless seat and fast driving over stumps and stones etc., conspired to leave an ineffaceable memory of that evening also. Two or three times our driver lost the track, but ended our trip by pulling up triumphantly at the station at 1 a.m. This visit to the Saskatchewan Diocese enabled me to gauge a more established and settled order of Indian work than that which we have in the farther North. There are doubtless, elements of weakness not peculiar to this Diocese but pertaining to Indian work generally. One is the lack of that steadfastness and energy in the Indian character, which is needful for the building up of a reliable native pastorate. Another, is the poverty of the Indians as a whole, which renders them to so great an extent, a dependent race. A third is that a love for reading has not been largely cultivated among them. The stability of our work, especially against the encroachments of Rome must consist in the knowledge and love of the scriptures.

I came across bright examples of both men and women who read and love God's Word, but such were not too numerous. On the other hand, one could not but admire their simple faith, their attachment to the Church, their appreciation of the Lord's Supper and their willingness to give according to their ability. As an instance of this, at one service, in default of the necessary coins, two new metal spoons were placed on the plate. In other cases they wrote