

Indian house where shelter for the party and horses was secured at a cost of \$1.50.

Sunday 12th—Rose early, had prayers and breakfast, and then had to leave, as there was no hay for the horses. We travelled fifteen weary hours, with only one hour's rest, and at 9 o'clock reached a sheltering roof. This was rather a long Sabbath day's journey, and after prayers, I was right glad to get under my robe for the night's rest. Next day we started before sunrise, and having now a road we made better progress, while the indications of our approach to civilized parts made the weary leg carry a light heart. That night was spent in a bitterly cold shanty, where we got very little sleep.

Tuesday 14th.—Started early as usual, following the road to which we had been directed, but which to our annoyance led us only into the heart of a thick wood. We therefore had to retrace our steps the six miles we had struggled over, and had to make a fresh start with only the footprints of a single man to guide us. We travelled till late, and reached our camping place very worn and hungry. Next day we travelled from a little after sunrise to sunset without resting, combining dinner and supper in one meal. We then lay down to rest, hoping the next day would see the end of our journey.

On the seventh and last day we travelled five miles before sunrise, the morning being bitterly cold. At 1 o'clock we were very glad to reach Kildonan and, after changing horses, I was soon able to turn over five out of six of my charges to Mr. Burman. The sixth boy, being unwell, turned back after we had got about 40 miles on the way."

On the return journey Mr. Bruce used dogs most of the way, but had to walk a great deal on snowshoes owing to the deep snow and stormy weather. On the way he visited several different Indian camps and isolated settlements. Here is a specimen of one day's work:—

"Rose at 3 a.m.; put the letters on a tombstone; finishing my work by sunrise. After prayers and breakfast, I had to go 3 miles to baptise a child; then 5 miles in an opposite direction to baptise another. I had service there, then called on a sick woman, read and prayed with the family. The day was now far spent, and I had to hasten on to the Reserve to get some fish for my dogs, and it was very late at night before we arrived at the chief's house, where we slept."

Mr. Bruce is one of our most faithful and successful missionaries. At his isolated post on the Fairford River, which drains Lake Manitoba into Lake Winnipeg, he has given the best of his life to his beloved people. Not only has he faithfully ministered to, and trained them, in spiritual things. He has also given much time and labor to the day school, the pupils of which have made surprising progress in all subjects usually taught in rural schools. His work altogether has been greatly blessed, and we should be glad to know that friends of Indian missions are trying to help

him in his work amongst almost 1,000 Crees scattered along the Fairford River and Lake Manitoba.

The Rev. J. W. Tims, of the C.M.S. Blackfoot Mission, Diocese of Calgary, has just returned to his interesting and important work, after spending nearly a year in England. While there he was engaged in passing through the press his grammar and dictionary of the Blackfoot language, which has been printed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. We believe this is the first attempt to reduce to writing, or rather to print, the Blackfoot language. In this work, which has won high praise from competent authorities, Mr. Tims has done credit to himself and valuable service to the cause of missions. The book is printed in Roman character. Mr. Tims was trained at the C.M.S. College, Islington, and was sent out in 1883. His station is at Blackfoot Crossing, Province of Alberta. The Blackfeet are, it is said, so called from their black moccasins. They are divided into three bands, Blackfeet, Pie-gans and Sarcees. The Blackfeet proper, under the chiefs Crowfoot and Old Sun, number 1,817. Amongst these wild, restless people Mr. Tims labored for years seemingly without success. At last, however, a ray of light came and the good seed took root, and Mr. Tims was privileged to admit several into the Church by baptism. His school has been a success, and the work of Miss Brown there is well known to our readers.

Arrangements are being made for pushing the work among the Crees of Touchwood Hills, in the Diocese Qu'Appelle, with greater efficiency than in the past. The Rev. G. Cook, who has been living some miles away from the centre of the Reserve, will now be enabled to live there. Archdeacon Phair, Superintendent of the C. M. S. Missions, visited the mission early this year and gives encouraging accounts of the people. Many are Christians, and all seem well disposed toward the Church.

In our next issue we hope to give a list of the different mission stations in the Northwest, and to begin a series of short notes on the history and work of each.

The *North American Review* for April contains the first of a series of articles on the mission work of the American Church, from the pen of the Rev. Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, entitled "My Life Among the Indians." The good bishop, who has justly earned the title of "The Apostle to the Red Man," has done noble work and suffered much for his beloved Indians, and we heartily commend his article to the attention of our readers. Nothing could be more touching and beautiful, or could better breathe forth the true spirit of this aged servant of God than his closing words,— "In the hopes which come to me at eventide there are none sweeter than that in our Father's home we shall meet many of these men of the trembling eye and wandering foot, to whom we were permitted to give a brother's sympathy, a brother's love and a brother's prayers."