

Taylor in charge, and teaching the senior division ; the twenty-two juniors, starting from about five years of age, being woman's work. The many inconveniences of the draughty old shanty have been described elsewhere. The teaching is gratis to the people. The Hudson's Bay Company send a load of firewood, and a fatigue party of schoolboys is sent out to split a supply and pack it in the school porch whenever that receptacle is empty. The elder girls sweep the floor before school opens, so there is only the expense of an occasional scrub to add to that of materials provided. The school is occupied in the afternoon by the Indians, and the Bishop gave his attention to teaching the elder ones, whilst bringing on teachers for the rest. Our friend Fred Mark, not being strong enough to go off hunting, taught regularly the whole season, and the juniors were under a bright young Indian widow, Laura, until, rabbits becoming very plentiful, she could keep her children better by going off snaring. A native man set himself to learn Cree, and so won a place, also, on the staff. Of this part of the work there is not much to tell, except that it is great drudgery, and the atmosphere appalling. The Indian odour is simply awful if you go into the room after they have dispersed some time. The more forward ones learn a little English, and in this way Mark Chechoo, son of the factory cook, worked his way up this year into the English school.

Fred Mark is a very intelligent, respectable looking man, and yet you would think a very funny schoolmaster, if you could see him in bad weather, his old *capot* tied round the waist with the usual parti-coloured scarf, the hood drawn well over his head and a long rough willow stick in his hand. He is anxious his eldest boy, Jimmie, should grow up as English as possible, so he was admitted into the baby division in the morning, and was very comic. He sits pretty quiet, blinking his beady eyes round, watching everything that goes on ; his little bullet head having the hair cut very short, except for a thin black tuft that always hangs straight over the said beads. His cousin Maggie kept an eye on him and coached him in the words of the children's songs at home, and as that was his favourite part of school-work, he did well in it. The other children were all good to him and seemed quite proud of his progress. It was fun to watch him when a tune had become familiar, his white teeth gleaming, a rapt expression in the black beads, and the little fellow just singing with all his might. "Jimmie *does* sing hard," the others exclaimed admiringly ; and Maggie chimed in, "He do like singing, he's that way purposely" (purposely=naturally). "Singing's *fine*," sputtered out a lazy little monkey, who will hardly try to do