

worked at the fine bead-work which must adorn the whole front of the moss-bag. By a strange intuitive skill she has traced the flowers and leaves and delicate little tendrils, the whole presenting a marvellously artistic appearance, both in form and in well-combined colours. Then must the moss be fetched to completely line the bag, and to form both bed and wrapping for the little one. For miles into the woods will the Indian women hie to pick the soft moss which is only to be met with in certain localities. They will hang it out on bush and shrub to dry for weeks before it is wanted, and then trudge back again to bring it home, in cloths or blankets swung on their often already-burdened shoulders. Then comes the picking and cleaning process, and thawing the now frozen moss before their camp fires. Every leaf and twig must be removed, that nothing may hurt the little baby limbs. And now all is prepared; the sweet downy substance is spread out as pillow for the baby head, and both couch and covering for the rest of the body. Then the bag is laced up tight, making its small tenant as warm and cozy as