

service in the little log church, on which many of them have bestowed much personal labour.

Many of the settlers come out with very little money, and they have to undergo great hardships in making for themselves a home in the trackless forest. Each tree has to be cut down, chopped into lengths, and burnt; and then it is perhaps years before the root remaining in the ground can be extracted, to allow the free use of the plough.

My husband's duties on Sundays were of a very varied description. He began by milking two cows. At eight o'clock he started for the first mission station, six miles off, called Hoodstown. First a lake had to be crossed; then several miles of bush—some of which consisted of smouldering logs, which had to be climbed over; then another lake was reached, across which he had to paddle his own canoe for a distance of seven miles. These canoes need the greatest care. My husband made me a bed of ferns in the stern, and told me not to move an inch if I wished to get safely to the other side.

He reached the little mission church at half-past ten, and had a hearty service, the people starting the chants themselves, as there was no harmonium. These settlers had built the church themselves, and were in consequence very proud of it. The service over, he retraced his steps; dinner at half-past two, and at three o'clock, service at what might be called the mother church, to which settlers came from many miles round.

The next station to be reached for evening service was ten miles off, near Round Lake.

After crossing our own lake we landed on the left bank, and followed an Indian trail through the bush. It is very difficult otherwise to find your way through the tangled brushwood, and if you once lose the track you are almost sure to go round and round in a circle. The Indians "blaze" a path by cutting with an axe the barks of the large trees, and by bending the tops of smaller bushes. Occasionally you meet with their deserted wigwams in some very lonely spot; and in