

work. Third—what do we need in the way of clothing furnishing, etc.? This is rather a hard question to answer; hitherto the W.A. have kept us abundantly supplied with clothes and quilts. In fact, I may as well say here and now as well as later on, that without their aid *we could not have carried on this work*, and I fully appreciate their glorious help in this glorious work. To say that we *need anything* would perhaps be saying what is not true. *Ever since we began this work we have never been in want or need.* In deed and in truth He hath made good His word to us in all things. Whenever clothes or shoes, or the meal barrel, or the store-house would need replenishing, we were sure a bale from the W.A. was close at hand, or else our quarter's salary would be due, or my good trusty rifle would find game, or an Indian would come in with fish, or something always was supplied as we needed it—indeed it was our faith that was running low and needed replenishing oftener than our stores. I had eighteen days of travelling just before Good Friday, visiting Round Sand Lake, and other places, meeting and talking to Indians, ranchers, etc. etc., about the "old, old story." Glad to find when I got home for a Sunday, that Miss Phillips and all her charge were well and happy; for see, when I am away, I leave her all alone with at least 17 children, and not a man or a boy to do any work for them; she has entire charge and amply fills the position—never a worry crosses my mind when I am away. Saturday morning two sermons to get ready, one in Cree, one in English, and so many different things to look after—this one to give medicine to, that one to give some charity to, another wants to sell me a load of wood, etc. etc. Miss Phillips has the cooking and all the bathing of the children, and the changing of clothes, and the thousand and one things. Ah, we are glad when the Saturday night rest comes Sunday a *busy day*. Two pressing messages for me to go to visit my most northerly station, Island Lake, 35 miles away. Monday, every second one is mail day. I must write and get ready for starting away early on Tuesday morning. Up till near one o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, a few hours sleep and away with the same man as went to Round Sand Lake with me, surely if he can stand all that travelling, and think nothing of it, so as to get a few furs from the Indians, I can stand it, so as to have a chance to tell of the love of Christ. I wish to explain here, that the Indians are always scattered about hunting in the winter, and we have to set certain days in which the trader or Missionary can meet them, and must never miss an appointment, so we try to make the one appointment suit all parties.

(To be continued.)

### An Memoriam.

The sad news of the death of the Bishop of Qu'Appelle will be heard with much sorrow by His Lordship's many friends in the W.A. During the Missions held in various places last winter he came very near and greatly helped many who were seeking to live a spiritual life. God be with Mrs. Burn.