

AN APPEAL.

THE Indians of Frenchman's Head, Lac Seul District, for a long time past, have been very much in need of a church. The Church Missionary Society has promised us a small grant, which, owing to the difficulty in importing material for building, will be far from enough to complete a substantial edifice. Some kind friends have promised windows and a door, and yet, we need more. Now, dear readers, can you not do something to advance the Lord's cause? you cannot all be missionaries to the Indians, but you can contribute something which will enable them to worship the true God. Can you not give something towards the help of our church? Can you not deny yourselves some little luxury for One who gave His life for us? Ponder this over in your minds. Commit it to the Lord in prayer, and ask Him to bless your contributions.

Contributions will be thankfully received by the Venerable Archdeacon Phair, or by myself,

GEO. PREWER,
Lay Missionary.

FRENCHMAN'S HEAD,
H. B. Co.'y, WABIGOON,
VIA BARCLAY P.O., ONT.

ST. PETER'S RESERVE,
DIOCESE OF RUPERT'S LAND

WE rejoice greatly over the good news of progress and life in this Mission, as shown in the following:

"The Indians of St. Peter's Reserve have been showing how thankful they are for the religious principles they enjoy, by turning out nobly in response to the request that a comfortable parsonage was required for their clergy man.

"In the early Spring, twelve teams with their drivers, and eight or ten men additional, set out for the 'pines,' about twelve or thirteen miles distant, camped out one night, and returned the following evening with all the material necessary for a good tamarac foundation and posts, cut the required length, and squared. Two or three days later, another company consisting of eleven teams, with two or three spare men, set out for a place four miles distant, and returned the same evening with all the logs wanted for a house 33 x 26 feet. After the snow had disappeared, and that nice, warm spell of weather set in the people appointed a day for the building to commence. Thirty-three men with axes, saws, etc., turned out the first day, twenty-six on the second, and at the close of the second day, the walls of the building were standing. Is this example not worthy of imitation? They also hauled in material for the foundation of a

new chapel, which they intend to put up during the summer."

The Rev. J. G. Anderson, in charge of the Mission, tells us that he is greatly in need of the following:—

1. A Bible and Prayer-Book for reading desk use.
2. Bibles and Prayer-Books for the use of his people.
3. Sunday-school library books.

We trust our friends will come forward to his help. He deserves and requires all we can give him.

Address him Dynevor P.O., Man.

A WEEK AMONG THE PEIGANS.

HAVING spent a week on the Peigan Reservation, I think, perhaps, some of the things I saw and heard there, might prove interesting to some of your readers. Being the guest of the Church of England Missionary and his wife, I had a good opportunity of seeing many of the Indians, as well as of learning something of their customs and habits.

The Peigan Reserve is an extent of land, about fifteen miles north and south, and rather less east and west. It is twelve miles from the town of Macleod, on the "Old Man's River," and between twenty and thirty miles from the Rockies. It is all good grazing and farming country. The drive from Macleod is uninteresting indeed, as is the prairie generally. After leaving Macleod, not a single house do we see until we reach the Reserve, but once there, we find "habitations" (a white would hardly call them houses), in abundance. The first abode is that of "The man who takes the Gun last," or "Gun-last," as he is commonly called. Our approach is proclaimed by the barking of dogs, while six or eight of these noisy brutes rush out of one of the shacks or cabins. They are followed by a tall, fine-looking Indian, Gun-last himself; dressed not in the loose blanket, but in trousers and blanket coat, with a cow-boy hat on his head, in which he wears an eagle's feather. Gun-last is a rich man. He owns a large herd of cattle and quite a little band of horses. Besides the shack in which he lives, and which he has built himself, he has other buildings, all made of logs and plastered with mud. He understands a little English, but will not deign to speak a word. The missionary who was driving me, pulled up his horses and spoke a few words to the Indians, Gun-last and his two sons, who attend the Indian school. Two or three miles further on we push, without seeing a human being, cross the Old Man's River, up a steep hill and down again, and