

the work comes easier. I think I wrote you that I had a two weeks' visit in Winnipeg; well, after coming home we paid a long-promised visit to Mr. McKay in his bachelor establishment. It is about twenty miles from here, and in one of the loveliest spots I have seen in the North-West. Besides ourselves and a little girl whom we took with us, and Jim, there were Mr. McKay and his "Man Friday" (a young Indian interpreter), and Mr. and Mrs. Flett, a half-breed missionary and his wife, who have done a world of good among the Indians north of Brandon. As Mr. McKay has only three rooms in his house, we had to pack in at nights, but there was no difficulty in the day-time, as there was plenty of room outside, and we availed ourselves of it in preference to the house. I don't think I ever enjoyed anything so much. I could fill a letter with our adventures, but will leave them until I see you. I must tell you about a Sunday service, however, as some of the ladies who have been working for the Indians may like to hear about it. Mr. McKay and Mr. Flett intended holding service in the house of a half-breed named Geddie, but as it was a lovely day, they concluded to hold an open-air meeting. So a place was chosen in the centre of a little grove of poplar (bluffs they are called here), and the Indians began to assemble. In the centre of the space there was a box covered with a white cloth, which answered the purpose of a communion table, and seated round on the grass was the congregation—about fifty, I think—Indians, squaws and half-breeds, with three farm instructors, Mr. McKay, Stratton and myself, representing the white population. Stratton offered a prayer in English, and we sang the hundredth psalm; then Donald, the young Indian interpreter, read the account of the birth of Christ in English, and Mr. McKay followed with prayer. Then they sang "There is a fountain filled with blood," in Cree, Mrs. Flett leading. Then Mr. Flett preached in Cree, French and English, a most eloquent sermon. He did not give us much English, but one had only to watch the dusky faces light up, as he spoke in their native Cree, to know how eloquent he was. After the sermon they sang "When I survey the wondrous cross," in Cree, and then we partook of the Communion together, fifteen in all; eight Indians, four half-breeds and