

ally for necessaries from the fort. This practically closes the school in the winter, and greatly interferes with the directly spiritual work of the mission. The food problem is a very serious one, and greatly affects the work. Often the Indians are in a starving condition, and have to be relieved as far as the missionary has power.

Good Friday opened dark and dismal; snow, turning to rain, came on, and the snow, waist deep in the woods, gave way beneath the feet and made walking very difficult. This affected the attendance somewhat, but by 9 o'clock Indians on snowshoes were seen crossing the lake, and by the time for morning service some 25 adults with several children were assembled in the neat church. There were also several persons connected with the post, and Mr. Evans, our catechist and teacher at Opuskang, about forty miles westward, who had tramped on snowshoes from his lonely post to be present at the services.

The service in Indian was read by the Rev. T. H. Pritchard, and the sermon preached by the writer was very ably interpreted by Mr. Mackenzie, a retired H. B. Co.'s officer. The singing, led by a melodeon, was surprisingly hearty at this and all other services, and the solemnity of the occasion was fully appreciated by all present. I may remark in passing that very suitable seats in the church have been made and are occupied by different Indian families, an example which might well be followed elsewhere. In the afternoon, which was very stormy, we had an English service. The next day was taken up in seeing individuals, and in conference with the whole of them regarding the claims of the Industrial School.

Very early on Easter morning Indians began to arrive. Some had tramped for two days through the woods to be present, and one party walked thirty miles through the night to be in time for the services of what they call "The Great Praying Day." It was a pretty sight to see them coming from every direction, even the sick and infirm being brought on dog or hand sleds. At the services forty adults and twenty children were present, all neatly clad; mothers with little babies strapped to the curious native cradles, old men bent with age, and a goodly number of "young men and maidens" met to "praise the name of the Lord." Before the full service the intending communicants were gathered in the church for a short address by myself on the meaning and privileges of the Holy Communion. This was interpreted by Dorcas, one of the native converts, who has been of great service to the different missionaries. The service was all in Indian, except such prayers as were taken by myself, and the sermon. The latter was, of course, the great event in all minds, and was interpreted by Mr. Mackenzie. The attention and reverence of the Indians was all

that could be desired, and the familiar Easter hymns in Indian were sung wonderfully well. Sixteen Indians joined us at the Lord's table, and seemed thoroughly to appreciate its blessed significance. Before the offertory was taken I noticed several fathers passing money to their children, a proof that Indians can be taught to give to God's work. The offertory, \$6.50, was given to the Clergy Widows and Orphans' Fund.

After the service all present went to the mission house for dinner, some bringing their own food—bread and venison—and kettles for making the indispensable tea; while others were regaled on soup, potatoes, and tea given by the missionary. An English service was held in the afternoon, and the Indians started on their long tramp through the deep, yielding snow. So ended a very happy Easter day, fraught, we trust, with much blessing to these simple children of the forest.

Easter Monday was spent in seeing individual Indians and in meeting the council respecting the Industrial School. Tuesday was so very wet and stormy that nothing could be done. Early the next morning I started homeward drawn by four dogs, and having two young men each drawing a sled containing food for ourselves, and dogs to beat a track through the soft snow. I may mention that the dogs are only fed a full meal at night, their portion being one fish and about a quart of mush made of cornmeal and grease. After a hard day's travel we camped at six o'clock amongst lovely pines—and after supper and prayers, sheltered by a snow bank and with a grand fire of pine for warmth and light, we were soon sound asleep on our beds of fragrant pine. At midnight I roused the men, and after what they called a "cup of tea," really a substantial meal of lake trout, etc., we were soon on our way again. The moon shone brightly, and the rocky woods through which we passed, with every branch and twig of pine, birch, and willow outlined with newly fallen snow, were like enchanted gardens. Unhappily no kind genii had removed stumps or overhanging trees, so that our dreams were several times rudely dispelled as, despite the driver's skill, at a sharp turn in the narrow path some obstruction brought us to a sudden halt.

Out on the beautiful Lake Minitaki travelling was better, and just at sunrise we were at the top of Sandy Lake portage, from which the view, always a fine one, was supremely beautiful, with the bright blue sky overhead, and forests, hills, and lakes bathed in the soft light of the early sunshine. By eight o'clock we had made eighteen miles, and were not sorry to camp for breakfast. After a rest we made our way to Wabigoon camp early in the afternoon—having covered about sixty miles the previous morning.

The next day was spent with the Rev. G. Prewer at Wabigoon mission, and at night, after a tramp of six miles through a heavy snow