

As we intended, if possible, to reach Stanley on the Churchill River the following Sunday week, we had to arrange for the Confirmation to be held the next morning. According to our usual custom on arriving at a Mission Station, we had evening Service. On this occasion it was held by the dim light of candles. Men, women and children including babies were present. The earnestness and interest of the congregation needed no outward stimulus. They took their part in the responses, joined heartily in hymns, listened attentively to the sermon. Next morning after Prayers, with address, I confirmed twenty. That afternoon we bid adieu to this interesting Mission which is under the care of the Rev. T. Clarke.

A good sized birch bark canoe had been provided by Mr. McDonald, the H. B. Co's officer at Lac la Rouge.

Our bowsman was the Chief of the Stanley Indians. He is a large strongly built swarthy man and reminds me of Hugh, one of Dickens' characters, in Barnaby Rudge. Only instead of the boisterous hilarity of that personage, his is the quiet demeanour of a Christian man. He and his fellow Indian did not consider it sufficient merely to convey their ministers from point to point, but were also present at every service, showing an undiminished interest throughout.

One might contrast their conduct with that of many coachmen, who, after driving their masters to church tie up their horses and remain outside. One of this class while driving the late Archbishop Benson, informed the latter that he had frequently rebuked his fellow-coachmen for doing so, and had pointed to himself as an example. "I tells 'em," said he, "look at me, I allus goes to church and what am I the worse for it?" a remark which caused the Archbishop considerable amusement.

Travellers in the North generally like to lighten the weariness of the journey by a good humoured banter. A lovely cloudless night greeted us at our first camp on the shores of the Montreal Lake. I put up my tent, Archdeacon Mackay threw his down on the ground and made his bed upon it.

After a few remarks on either side with regard to this arrangement, I said "the morning will prove who is the wiser man." The Archdeacon was quite willing to abide by the morrow's verdict. About 1. A. M. I was awakened by a regular down pour and sundry sounds of hurrying to and fro reached my ears. Needless to say I was convulsed with suppressed laughter. Next day I claimed wisdom's wreath and the Archdeacon did not challenge my right to it. In the evening we reached Montreal River. The descent from this point to Lac la Rouge must be a heavy one as the river presents an almost unbroken series of rapids. These afforded full scope for the skill in poling of our guide and bowsman. Now shooting ahead with the full force of the current, again checking the canoe's progress in mid-rapid, now holding her up altogether, pushing back, turning right or left amid the swirl and rush of water where lurked stones—contact with which would inevitably rend our frail birch-bark,

thus after two or three days of this sort of excitement, we reached what might have been the land of the "lotus-eaters" our progress being made difficult by masses of water lilies.

Lac la Rouge though not a large sheet of water is one of the finest of our Northern Lakes. It is very deep and the picturesque rocky islands which stud its surface rise sheer out of the clear depths.

My son who is a good swimmer found excellent diving places from 15 to 20 feet above the water. We much enjoyed the warm hospitality accorded us by Mr. and Mrs. S. McDonald at the H. B. Co's Post. On the following morning furnished with two smaller canoes instead of the large one we had previously used, we started across the Lake.

The Indians at Little Hills gave us a hearty welcome. A congregation attentive to hear the Word of Life gathered together on the evening of our arrival, I confirmed ten on the following morning. The small School-Church was filled to its utmost capacity. Little Hills is an out-station to Stanley. Both are in charge of Rev. Roderick McLennan formerly of St Andrews who graduated from St. John's College, Winnipeg. Stanley is no longer as regards trade, the important point it used to be in the old days, when it was on the main road to the North. The H. B. Co's Post is not even occupied nor does the fishery in the immediate neighbourhood warrant any large resident population. In missionary work, however, it continues to be the Metropolis of a very wide district.

(To be continued.)

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