

wonder that I said "Oh dear me, when shall I commence to teach you house work?" But she is learning well and is good natured, so does not mind if I do laugh a little sometimes when she is working.

We have two young Christian Indians, Peter Hunter and John Thunder, from Beulah, spending a few days at the school, also an elder, "Sioux Ben." These two young men first named are noble evidences of the transforming power of the gospel of Jesus, and it is inspiring to listen to their songs of praise to Him who took them out of heathen darkness. Sioux Ben also seems an earnest worker for the Lord.

A Trip to Anglin Lake, North-West.

REV. G. H. LAIRD.—Let me first tell you of a trip Mr. McVicar and I made to Anglin Lake. At this point some seven families of our people live during the greater part of the year, and as they are forty miles away, so far we have not seen very much of them. As neither of us knew the way we had to take an Indian boy along with us as guide. We had heard that the road was very rough, as most of it is through a wooded country; but the first half of it agreeably disappointed our expectations, and when we stopped at noon for lunch we were pleased to have got so far with so few windfalls and ditches to cross. However, the other half amply made up in roughness. When we had gone a few miles after dinner, Mr. McVicar's sleigh broke, and he was compelled to leave it and make the rest of the journey on horseback. We reached our destination about eight o'clock in the evening, and found the Indians looking for us and ready to give us a very hearty welcome. Of course we had provided ourselves with bed and board before starting; so after getting our horses put away for the night, and a good warm before an open fire in one of their houses, we set to work to get ourselves a cup of tea. With the floor for a table on which to spread our repast, and a bundle of bedding for a seat on which to rest, we made a very comfortable meal. We did not feel like talking much with them that evening, so after worship we spread our blankets and retired to rest. Next morning (Sabbath) I took a short walk, and could see traces here and there of their superstitious belief—bits of cotton tied up on poles, as offerings to particular spirits, and one or two sacred birds perched up.