

GREAT privations are felt sometimes in the cold regions of Selkirk and Mackenzie River. Rev. Wm. Spendlove on one occasion tasted nothing but water for five days. Mrs. Bompas (the bishop's wife) and Mrs. Spendlove "never actually went longer than twodays quite without something," but that something was a stray fish caught by themselves, and of a kind not considered good for food. Our prayers and exertions might at least be that our missionaries may not suffer the pangs of hunger. Yet there are missionaries at home who suffer—not from hunger, it may be, but from hard work and contact with disease. A writer in *Church Bells* thus speaks of an instance of this kind: "I know a case where a vicar—a comparatively young man—was killed by his labors in one of the most difficult and poverty-stricken of London parishes after a few years' residence and work. At the grave where he was laid to rest stood three of his curates, who had nobly borne with him the burden and heat of the day. One was lame, one was all but blind, and the third was voiceless. In the case of each of these young priests, their affliction had been brought on by their unremitting toil.

### LAC SEUL MISSION.—GOOD FRIDAY AND EASTER.\*

BY REV. W. A. HURMAN, B.D.

**L**AC SEUL, or Lonely Lake, is an extensive, irregular shaped expanse of water, in the English River watershed, about 250 miles northeast from Winnipeg. The whole country about it is a wilderness of rocky hills, lakes, rivers, and forests of pine, spruce, birch, and poplar. It is best reached from Wabigoon, on the C.P.R. From this point we started on Tuesday, March 28th, our party consisting of the Rev. T. H. Pritchard, missionary in charge; Dr. Hanson, Medical Superintendent of Indian Reserves for the district; the writer and two men. The doctor was kindly making a special trip to see a much respected Indian at Frenchman's Head, who had sent an urgent request for help in his sickness. Our conveyances were two dog sleds, each drawn by four dogs, for the doctor and myself. The rest of the party walked on snowshoes.

The Rev. G. Prewer, of Wabigoon, kindly assisted us in our preparations. At 3 p.m. we started, and at 5.30 p.m. found ourselves at Sandy Lake. Here we made our camp in the snow, and after supper and prayers lay down for a little rest until 1 a.m., when we started across the lake. Simon, one of our men, who was dragging a small sled, had become snow blind

and had to be left behind until he could travel. It was blowing hard, and the drifting snow hid the faint track so that we lost our way for a time, but on reaching the other shore we soon found our portage over the steep, rocky hill, where we found the doctor, who had also gone astray, waiting for us. As we travelled on, camping twice for food, the day got warmer, blinding snow storms came on at intervals, and the soft snow gave way beneath us, so that travelling became difficult. However, by dint of perseverance we reached Frenchman's Head, the first of the Indian houses, just at sunset. We were all tired, and glad to seek shelter, in a little house kindly placed at our disposal by Mark, the sick man. Here a big fire in the mud fireplace soon made things cheerful, and we were quite ready for supper and bed. Before resting, the doctor did all he could for the sick man, and we were much pleased to note his careful anxiety to relieve him if possible. It continued to thaw through the night, and next morning it was at first doubtful if we could travel. However, at 11 a.m. we said good-bye to the doctor, and in company with Simon, who had turned up early in the morning, we started—Simon breaking a new road through the deep snow, in which our dogs followed as best they could. The road lay over lakes and portages affording many pretty bits of scenery. Stopping only to eat a biscuit in the middle of the afternoon, it was evening before we reached the mission, both Mr. Pritchard and his dogs quite weary with their struggle through the snow. The mission is pleasantly situated on the north shore of the lake, and looks very pretty with its background of pine. There is a fairly good house with its little garden carefully fenced, and the white-painted church with its belfry is a striking feature in the landscape. To the west is the Hudson's Bay post, and on the south side of the lake are the Indians' houses. The reserve is a large one, and the Indians (Ojibways) number about 500. Frenchman's Head, already referred to, is part of the reserve. We have a mission there with schoolhouse, and a church is now being built. Unfortunately our catechist there, Mr. Wood, was badly frozen on the lake at Christmas, and the work is therefore temporarily suspended. The reserve has lately lost its excellent chief, Cromarty, who was always on the side of "Christianity and progress." We hope as good a man may be elected to succeed him.

The first resident missionary here, the Rev. J. Irvine, opened the work about 1882. He was succeeded by the Rev. J. G. Anderson, now at St. Peter's, who was followed by the Rev. T. H. Pritchard, now in charge. The work has been one of much difficulty owing to the distance over which the Indians are scattered, even in summer, when they are most on the reserve. In the winter they are much away hunting over an immense area, and only coming in occasion-

\*This article has been crowded out from time to time, and now appears rather late in the day, but it is hoped it will be none the less interesting.—Ed.