

allied (by language) to the Hottentots, and are almost extinct. Most nearly allied to them are the Bushmen or Bajesmans, who have nothing in common with Kafirs or negroes. They rank with natives of Australia as the lowest existing type of man; are small of stature, with dirty yellow skins, and repulsive countenances; cheek bones large and prominent, eyes deep-set, nose small and depressed, and are most unattractive in appearance. They do not possess cattle and have no animals, nor any knowledge of agriculture, but live by hunting and plunder; eat raw flesh, and when that fails, mice, grubs, and vermin. They are armed with knives, small bows and poisoned arrows. Very little missionary work has been done among them, and indeed, all these tribes are greatly in need of the light of the pure Gospel of Christ.

THE NORTH AND NORTH-WEST.



THE Rev. W. A. Burman furnishes us with the following facts regarding the work in the north:

Archdeacon Winter, of York Factory, arrived in Winnipeg about the end of July, after a three weeks' journey by boat. He came by way of Nelson River, Norway House, and Lake Winnipeg.

He is proceeding to England with his family, and will remain there until next year. It is six years since his last visit, when he returned to York by the Hudson Bay ship, and was shipwrecked not far from his mission.

The Archdeacon gives very encouraging accounts of the spiritual life and progress of his people.

Temporally, they are very poorly off, and each year the food problem becomes more serious. Hunting and fishing, and occasional employment as boatmen, etc., are their only means of support. Cultivation of the soil is out of the question, owing to the character of the soil and the excessively long winters. The whole site of the factory and mission premises is said to be a sort of causeway—ten or twelve acres having been covered with a thick layer of willows, over which soil was placed. This makes it drier than the surrounding swampy land.

York Factory is in the Diocese of Moosonee, on the west side of Hudson's Bay. So great are the distances and the difficulties of travel, that we believe the Archdeacon has only twice seen his Bishop in eleven years. Almost directly across Hudson's Bay from York is St. George, in the same Diocese. Here the Rev. J. Peck is labouring; and as another illustration of the difficulties of travel, we may mention that a reply to a letter sent from York to Fort George took nearly eighteen weeks to reach the former place, and that after the missionaries at either

point had been labouring five or six years in the same Diocese, they met for the first time at a missionary meeting in England. The following is an extract from one of the Archdeacon's letters:

"Another of our long winters is almost over. I cannot say 'quite,' for at the present moment the ground is covered with a fresh heavy blanket of snow. We have had a few spring days with warm sunshine; and that, together with a continuous soft south wind, has caused the winter snow to thaw considerably. Doubtless in a month from now both ice and snow will have disappeared from these quarters. But in the bay and sheltered spots there will be ice all the summer. It was somewhat of a relief to see the ice break up in the river on the 23rd or 24th (May), after having been frozen up since last October; and now we have a flowing, though rather muddy river, within a hundred yards of our house. There is always some apprehension before the ice moves, as the water may rise and flood our house. Two years ago the ice came towering up over the bank of the river, and tearing up the ground; but this year there was scarcely any sensation, a thing we rather regret, not that we wish to see any damage done. During the past winter very few Indians have visited the station. One young couple walked no less than a hundred miles to get their little one baptized. At Christmas, about eight or ten men came in, but that was chiefly to trade, owing to scarcity of food among the families. They had determined to return almost immediately; but when I spoke to them they were content to leave their dear ones in God's hands for a few hours longer, in order to attend the service at least on Christmas day. That was not enough. After consulting with each other—and especially with one of their number, a kind of chief—they determined to wait and attend the evening service, and set off early the following morning. The man (the chief) came to me with a curious question. He began in a humble, subdued tone, and as he proceeded he warmed up and became most profuse in his words. And the drift of it was this. Some of the Indians have an idea that there are different (three, I think) stages of happiness in the next world, according to the state in which the people die physically. Thus they imagine that a person who has been lingering for a long time and has been emaciated, will not be fit company for those who have passed away, either suddenly, or without being much reduced. They have evidently been discussing this question, owing to the lingering illness of this man's sister and an aunt, who were seized with influenza last fall and have not yet recovered from its effects. Both are lying in the tent in an almost helpless state, and are not expected to walk again. The poor man appeared greatly distressed at such a thought that his sister should not have the