

as the Bishop's wife turns to the next with, "Now, Jane, what have you brought me to-night? I'm badly in need of fresh food, for there is just nothing to give my family now." So Jane opens her handkerchief, and displays the beautiful fish, which are then weighed, and the price calculated. "And what are you wanting for it?" is the next question. Sugar and a little tea are the objects of her desire this time, and a small amount of each is weighed out, and tied up in separate corners of the fish-carrying handkerchief; if she had happened to want the much-prized "grease" it would have been tied up in the same way, for baskets we have none. On being asked what her husband was about, Jane replied that he was better, and was "going off" next day to look for geese and ducks, down to the marsh being the best place for such a hunt, so she was told not to forget the Mission House on any account, if he were successful, for this was still the season of scarcity, no fresh meat to be had of any kind, and hardly any birds come in.

The milk was skimmed next, and the waiting kettles filled up and carried away for the sick at this end of the settlement, and the audience was closed for that evening, only to be reopened before 8 a.m. next morning, when more girls and kettles arrived. Then some little dainty was often saved from the breakfast table—a cup of good coffee, or some such thing—to be sent to Rose, a delicate woman, wife to one of the Company's servants. She is just a beautiful woman, her earnest, loving, Christ-like spirit just shining out in her face, always ready to do a kindly act for any one in need. She is loved and respected by all, and is able to speak many a warning or helpful word for her Master's sake. She is now a great sufferer, and the Mission folk feel it a joy to add to her few comforts in any way, so one of Jane's fish was nicely cooked and sent round for her next morning, and when her little Janey was asked if mother was able to take it, she put her head shyly on one side, saying, "She eat half of it; she put by half for her dinner!" (but one cannot give in writing the funny little upward intonation so general here, nor the quaint pronunciation). Janey is a sweet little child, but, as the only girl, slightly spoilt. Her mother always keeps her most beautifully clean and nicely dressed, and her brother Jim takes her to and from school, and cares for her in the most fatherly way; Robbie, the bigger boy, is devoted almost exclusively to his mother, on whom he waits with a woman's care, and richly she deserves it. It is hard to tell you what Rose is; in fact, she is one of those whose influence for good will never be known until the secrets of all hearts are revealed. She acted as interpreter when Mrs. N. first held her class