



WINNOWING RICE WITH A FANNING MILL.
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or amuse one's self with anticipating the pilot's choice of channels amid "bars" and shallows, than to be creeping under the banks and round the sand bars, and thrusting one's craft up the "schneis" in an incessant struggle up stream. However, this was in store for us in due course.

At Little Red River we found the Rev. M. Scott, our missionary at St. Luke's, Vermilion, awaiting our arrival, having come down to visit the Indians there and in the neighborhood.

On Sunday, besides the usual service in the steamer's cabin, we held a Cree service at the tents.

The tents were pitched on the brow of a limestone cliff overlooking the broad river with its opposite fringe of pines, and, beyond, the bold range of the Cariboo mountains, indicating vast tracts, the hunting grounds of these men and women who, with their children, sat around us.

One's heart was lifted up in earnest prayer for them that the Word of God, read and explained to them in their own tongue, and the beautiful prayers of our liturgy known and used by several of them, may increase in them the knowledge and love of God, and beget in their hearts an earnest desire to serve Him, not with their lips only, but also in their lives. We found the woman here who, a few years before, when starvation threatened her family, though then but partially instructed, spent a night in

the intense cold of January, while the others slept, in prayer to God to supply their want.

The deer had not come, and they had put a net through the ice in one of the deep mountain lakes in the Cariboos. It was, however, a bad time, as the mountain trout do not generally move much at that time of year, and they were too weakened by hunger to be able to reach the nearest trading post. The following morning, with her girl, she went as usual to visit the net which had hitherto been empty. They took six fish that morning, and, what was more, as she told our missionary at her next visit to the mission, they never failed from that time in catching just enough to supply their needs until more moderate weather opened other sources of food for them. She herself never questioned its being other than an answer to prayer. Certain it is, from that time she became an earnest seeker after truth.

Neatly dressed, superior in her bearing to the women around her, one felt that her quiet influence was telling on those about her.

The following day I baptized a young girl, daughter of a Cree woman, who, with her two older daughters, had been baptized the previous winter by Mr. Scott. The woman just alluded to stood sponsor, and we felt that she would prove a true godmother, and that the young girl would profit by her influence.