

warfare; and according to their custom they built their houses of logs and mud, and staked out their land side by side, thus avoiding the dangers to which the isolated settler was at that time exposed. Here they farm, and fish, and hunt.

The older people have very tender recollections of the late Bishop David Anderson of Rupert's Land, and many a time I have heard them speak in a deeply touching manner of his devotedness and his good works. With him, too, is commonly coupled "Mr. Cochrane." It certainly speaks volumes for the earnestness and thoroughness of those Church pioneers that even after years and years of separation from Church privileges these poor people show such devotion and faithfulness to their spiritual mother. At present the settlement is part of the Beaver Lake Mission-field, but the great distance and the long stretch of rarely-traveled road in winter practically cut it off from the beginning of November to the beginning of May. For many years it was visited by the Rev. Canon Newton, of Edmonton, as part of his huge Mission, and it was my privilege to accompany this venerable missionary there in the summer of 1895, and to witness to some degree the place he holds in the affections of the people.

Our services are held in the house of one of the elder men, Mr. Joseph Howse. There are two storeys consisting of one large room each, without curtains or partitions. In one end is a large open chimney built of mud and willows, on either side being beds. The walls are specially decorated for "Church" with boughs of poplar, and a large table opposite the one door of the house is covered with a white cloth. The congregation numbers about forty—men, women, and children. On one side are the men and boys, while on the other are the women and the children (of whom there are a great many). The service has no peculiarities, the responses being well and heartily said, but the hymns are sung in Cree, for the women are the chief singers, and some of them have no English. Sometimes, too, the sermon is interpreted into Cree, sentence by sentence, but this is growing out of favor. We occasionally have the presence of an Indian or two, distinguishable only by their long plaited hair and perhaps a shade darker skin. The babies are very good and rarely cry, looking very solemn with their large black eyes out of their "moss-bags," leather or cloth cases lined with pine-moss into which they are securely laced. Outside are curs innumerable of high and low degree, and "Cayuses" (or Indian ponies), with saddles of bead work, and tied to the primitive fence of the north-west. At the close of the service (Mattins and Celebration), there is hurried but

hearty hand-shaking, and earnest wishes for the speedy return of the "minister." The missionary's buckboard is at the door, and in a minute he is driving along the dusty river-road underneath the grateful shade of the larger trees, *en route* for Fort Victoria, where Evensong is to be said at 3 o'clock.

The Lopstick folks are very poor in this word's gear, and they are not faultless; but these monthly visits to their secluded settlement bring very pleasant memories.

I may say that two of the people, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, are on the way to being centenarians, both being considerably over ninety. Yet the old man walks to church quite actively, although his wife is bed-ridden. I think it was on my last trip to the settlement that Mr. Anderson said to me: "I tell Mr. Dean (the Methodist missionary at Fort Victoria) that he is breaking the Tenth Commandment in coming among us Lopstick people. We are Church of England people, sir, and he covets us. Sir, it was in the Church of England that I first saw the light of the Gospel, and I want to die in the Church of England."

Surely these poor half-breeds, who have only a bare existence, and who by their faithfulness through many years have shown their love for their Church, have a claim upon their wealthier brethren, both as regards the spiritual welfare of the elder people, and the spiritual and intellectual welfare of the children, who are without any educational advantage whatever.

The settlement takes its name from the presence of a Lopstick in its vicinity years ago—that is to say, a tree whose top has been cut or *lopped* off as a memorial of some event in the private or public annals of the Indian people.

One of these events is thus related by Mr. Connell:

A RUN FOR LIFE.

"One day, many years ago, a solitary Cree came on foot to one of the Hudson Bay Company's forts. Shortly after his arrival a party of mounted Blackfeet arrived, and discovering the presence of one of the hostile tribe, loudly demanded that he should be given up to them to be tortured and scalped. The trader in command, however, was anxious to save the life of the Cree, while he was at the same time afraid to refuse his surrender, as the Blackfeet were numerous and well armed, and their whole band had been admitted within the stockade. After much discussion a compromise was agreed to; the factor engaged to keep the Cree in safe custody for one month, at the expiry of which time the Blackfeet were to return, the prisoner was to be given a hundred yards' start on