

forced entrances into the Bishop's boat house or destroyed his cherished potato vault by sliding down from its summit !

The hunters brought in many fine furs and enormous bundles of rabbit skins, on the contents of which they had been feasting all winter. It was wonderful how few troubles were reported after these months. One poor young couple had lost their baby, and it was dreadful to hear that the only way to give it burial—the ground all round being as hard as a rock—was for the parents to break up the earth inside their tent, where it was thawed by their own camp fires ! But the most pitiful tale was that of poor Tom Parrs, who had been brought up by Peter and Harriet Kacheche. Rev. I. J. Taylor had married him to a girl named Flora last autumn, and they had spent the whole winter together in the woods ; when the water opened, they started up a rather dangerous branch of the river to fetch some furs from a *câche* they had made, preparatory to returning to Moose. Coming to a fallen tree across their course, Flora, who was paddling at the bow, got the canoe under safely, but was unable to keep the bow straight whilst her husband followed, the canoe was upset, they both held on to it, and were swept rapidly down stream ; but the icy water benumbed them, and they could not maintain their hold. Poor Tom did not even know when his wife let go ; but when he gave up exhausted, he found he could touch bottom, and so reached the bank. He made his way back to their last camping ground, and there dried himself at the still burning embers of their last fire ! Some passing Indians noticed his fire and found him in a half-dazed condition, and brought him on to Moose. The news was carried to the Bishop, and he hurried at once to the bank, to speak what comfort he could to poor Tom, who was sitting on some logs, sobbing, with friends standing sadly about him, whilst the sound of wailing was heard from neighbouring tents. It was a sorrowful event, and the body has not been recovered, so she could not even have Christian burial.

As a sequence of the return of the Indians the Bishop has begun again the summer work—daily evening Indian service, day schools, all his visiting amongst the tents (resulting, horror of horrors ! in occasional *most* unwelcome visitors in the Mission House !), and the English Sewing Class has now to be given up that all our attention may be devoted to the many Indian girls whose only chance of learning is through the summer.

The usual contributions towards the church were asked for when the congregation was once more full, that they might have an opportunity of giving before they had taken from the shop the full value of their fur harvest, for Indians are most improvident, they find