

in a tree set up for the purpose, plucked the leaves from it, giving them to the persons about him as tokens of good luck, was carried to a tent near by, then to an open place where a buffalo was tied, and lifted a sword and struck the animal, which was dispatched by the others around, then there was a scramble to dip their hands in the blood of the poor victim. This ended the affair, and was the signal for the booming of cannon, volleys of musketry, and fireworks, which lasted for about three quarters of an hour. The last part of the affair, namely, the killing of the buffalo, seems to have no connection with the victory of Ram over Rawan; but is an invention of the Brahmins to commemorate the slaying by Ram of some demons.

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FROM REV. HUGH MCKAY.

THE following are extracts from a letter written by Rev. Hugh McKay, and dated Broadview, N.W.T., June 13 :

You will pardon me for writing without ink, as I have none and am twenty miles from town. I often think of my old home in Manitowaning and wonder how you are all getting along. \* \* I am feeling very well and have had good health this summer. During the past two weeks I have been camping. Left Okanase, in the Riding Mountain, to visit the Indian reserve west of Broadview. We had a very pleasant drive, travelling perhaps twenty or thirty miles a day and then camping for the night; the second night brought us to Birtle and we camped on the banks of a beautiful river, the hills covered with bush. It was a delightful evening and we sat long enjoying the beauties of nature, and as I lay down to sleep in my tent I heard, for the first time in the North-West, the sweet notes of the whip-poor-will. That song was familiar to me, and I was in thought once more a member of an unbroken family. But only for a moment; for the spell was soon broken and I found myself a pilgrim from home. But the mind went out to the future and I thought of the re-union at the Father's House; gathering home from the strife and conflict; from the sorrows and disappointments; the war-worn soldier and the weary traveller wending homeward together. We camped on Saturday night on the banks of Qu'Appelle River and spent the Sabbath among a tribe of pagan Indians and had much speaking. The story of the cross was new to them; they had never heard it before. The Indians here are still arrayed in their wild dress; their hair long, faces painted and wearing blankets. They treated us kindly and seemed anxious to hear us. There are two large reserves here where we purpose opening a mission, and school if possible. This is where the disturbance was in the spring; I do not think it was the fault of the Indians. I am busy studying the Cree language and hope soon to be able to preach in it \* \* Any letter addressed to Broadview P.O., N.W.T., will find me.

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