

Under the head of Missionary "Various" the following occurs in a note book :—

"Small carpenterings of all kinds after school hours. Gardening, looking after sheep, and butchering the same in due season (*i. e.* when there is nothing left for it to eat) in the most artistic and skilfully finished style.

The inspection of provisions and stores, and precautions to be taken for the proper preservation of the same, the salting and curing of fish, the chopping of fire wood, if the Indian boy is away at the fishing or partridge hunting.

*In doors.*—The kneading of the dough for bread once a week (a somewhat laborious process, some think, when there are additional hungry mouths to feed) and the keeping of the stoves alight all that night to prevent the dough from freezing.

The washing up of the "things" after meals, if the Indian girl has too much family to "wash up" or mend instead, (for Mrs. Loft-house has a sprained thumb and suffers from rheumatism, and so, at times perforce, allows some help to be afforded her). The fires (some of them) have to be laid at night to be lit first thing in the morning

Partially to sum up, the missionary is an excellent first-class housemaid, kitchen maid, cook, baker, laundry maid, carpenter, wood cutter, locksmith, builder, teacher, storekeeper, trader, (unprofitably!) preacher, sailor, traveller; (snow-shoer, canoeman), tailor, housekeeper, linguist (in Cree, Chipweyan and Eskimo) hunter, organist, doctor, and general gentleman adventurer! etc., etc.

His wife more than equals him in all that does not entail more manly physical force, and adds to these innumerable gentler offices.

The missionary's field is indeed a wide and varied one. It is a hard one. It is a hard life and a hard climate to live in.

They went for a pic-nic some years ago one fine summer morning. By afternoon a northwest gale rose and though the party fought hard they could not get back across the great river to the fort. It snowed and hailed and rained and froze and they had to camp all night in a little light shelter tent that blew down every now and then, without fire, and no bedding and few wraps, on the sopping and deadly cold ground, without food. Next day about noon they managed to struggle home, after many hours' rowing, coated all over with ice.