

keep them from starvation, and which with all their ingenuity is among the few things they cannot make themselves—the shot and ammunition—the “Tatkle” (soap), the request for which following upon my friendly admonition as to cleanliness can hardly be refused. The needles and thimbles, thread and scissors, beads and, who would think, a packet of “Judson’s dyes,” which they use largely in the tinting of the porcupine quills. The men, too, have their special purchases to make, for which they come to barter a few deers’ tongues or a bladder of fine moose or bears’ grease, or, greatest of delicacies, a moose nose or choice beaver tail. In case of sickness I have always found the Indians kind and sympathetic—they soon find out when anything is the matter and come into my room, being far above the conventionalities of knocking at the door. There they will gather round in solemn conclave, each one giving her opinion on the nature of my complaint, and the probabilities of life or death. On one occasion, at our mission on Slave Lake we had been rather short of provisions and I was also indisposed—my door was suddenly opened, and there appeared a worthy half breed woman with her son, a big child of some months old, hoisted on her back, and a kettle of some steaming fluid on her arm; the latter proved to be soup of her own concoction which she presented to me in triumph, feeling confident that it was the very thing to do me good. My husband had his life saved on one occasion by a faithful Indian. I had committed the Bishop especially to his care, when starting one day to visit some distant camps, and I received the nicely worded reply, “Are we not men—is he not our Bishop?” And when the Bishop fell back from his party and did not appear for some time after, the men began to feel anxious about him and brave Natset volunteered to turn back in search of him; he retraced his steps for some miles and then came upon “his Bishop” standing on the track powerless to move backwards or forwards—one arm already frozen and in so helpless a condition from cramps which had seized him, that but a few minutes more must have ended his life!

The shady sides of our mission work in the Northwest are. 1st, the great distance from the old country with the consequent long interval between our letters. This interval, however, has been lessened of late years, and will doubtless be still more so as the country is opened up. We can now get English letters at Fort Simpson, three or four times in the year. The third steamer, built for the far north takes its first trip from Athabasca Landing this summer, and we may congratulate ourselves that the terrible sufferings we endured last year at this time in the open boats with the merciless rays of the tropical sun beating down upon us, while rapid after rapid had to be faced and struggled through, are never likely to be repeated. Our Indians migratory habits are another difficulty in our way. The Indians are born hunters. The chase is their passion as it is really

their only means of living. The boy of eight or ten years will make his bow and arrow to shoot snow birds, and the youth who hopes to win favor with his lady love must plead—not his broad acres or invested gold, but the number of moose deer, or bears he has killed—so must they ever follow the prey wherever it may lead them, and the missionary must follow them through the tangled woods or dreary plains, and learn to pitch his tent with them, and to partake of their fare and fall in with their ways and habits if he hopes to win their confidence and obtain any influence over them. It is true the Indians do muster at the forts from time to time, when they come to bring their furs to the Hudson Bay Co., and at such times our little churches are well filled and our mission schools have some few additional scholars, but is hard work to get the children to attend regularly. Yet amid all such discouragements there come now and again little gleams of light to cheer and comfort us—some wanderer drawn to the fold, some erring one laying down his burden of sin and infirmity, and seeking peace where alone it may be found. The Tukudth Indians, especially, give us much comfort and encouragement. The Bishop has no happier seasons than those he spends among them. It was among them that Mr. Sim, the best and noblest of our mission staff laid down his life four years ago—working on to the last with failing strength and scanty provisions, but with faith undimmed and courage undaunted. May we not as we think of him and mourn his loss for ourselves and for the work he did so well feel that one such life and death as his should bid us press on, “though faint yet pursuing.”

## OUR PARISHES AND CHURCHES.

No 26—ST. JAMES', ORILLIA, DIOCESE OF TORONTO.

HE present church was built in 1857, when Dr. Read, now rector of Grimsby was the Incumbent. The building used as a church, previous to that time, had been erected about the year 1832, as a school house for the Indians. On their removal to Rama it was purchased and fitted up as a church. It was far from being an ecclesiastical building in appearance, but internally it was decent and comfortable, and in those times the Church people were glad to get it.

The first resident missionary at Orillia was Rev. John McIntyre, who came in 1841. Previous to that time, occasional visits were paid by travelling missionaries, who held services wherever a suitable room could be had. Also, for a time, Rev. C. C. Brough, afterwards Archdeacon in the Diocese of Huron, held service occasionally in Orillia, and later, Rev. F. A. O'Meara. Both these clergymen used that school house before it was purchased by the congregation, and fitted up as a church. Mr. McIntyre was succeeded in 1849 by Rev. George Bourne, and, after his death in 1853 by Rev. Dr.