

built in a great measure by Mr. Sanders himself. He has also done a vast amount of hard work in other ways—portaging supplies, felling and hewing logs, sawing boards for mission buildings, and travelling seven or eight hundred miles every winter on snowshoes, and the same distance by canoe in summer. During the last three years he has baptised 64 children and 2 adults, while his people have contributed about \$105 annually for church work. The work is supported entirely by the Church Missionary Society in England, and the Canadian Government does little or nothing to help the people of this part of the Dominion. We earnestly commend Mr. Sanders and his work to the goodwill and sympathy of our readers.

The Ven. Archdeacon Phair, of Diocese of Ruperts' Land, made a long journey in March on a visitation of the C. M. S. stations, lying round Lake Winnipeg. The places visited are named as follows: Jack Head, Loon Straits, Hole River, Bad Throat River, Black River, Fort Alexander and Brokenhead River. Leaving Winnipeg on March 19th, Archdeacon Phair went first to St. Peter's Reserve where he visited several people. Amongst others was an old man whose confidence in his Saviour was quite touching. "If I wanted to, I can see no where to doubt Him. He has it all arranged so well that I am satisfied and content." To the Archdeacon he said, "Preach much to the Indians, and you will be well rewarded. The Big Book is not half told to them, and it is the only thing for the Indians."

A good work has lately been going on amongst these people, many hearts have been touched, and many careless ones aroused. There is great need of an efficient lay helper to assist in the work in this very large mission.

Leaving St. Peter's with horses and sleighs, the Archdeacon proceeded northward along the west shore of Lake Winnipeg, holding a service for settlers here and there, and partaking of their hospitality. Sunday was spent in the Icelandic settlement of Gimli, where service was held in the morning, at which there was a good congregation. By the 25th, Humbug Bay was reached, so called from a deep and treacherous swamp. Here deep snow with water on the ice underneath was encountered, and there was much difficulty in getting out of this place of evil omen. The next night was spent in a tiny shanty, occupied by a large family, and lighted only by a malodorous fish oil lamp, and daylight was very welcome. Bull head was reached on the 27th, and from there the party crossed the lake to Dog Head. Here no hay could be found, and next day it was found necessary to go on to Berry Island, where it was reported forage could be found. Here for a day they were storm-bound by a terrible gale which made travel on the ice impossible, and when next day a start was made with dogs for Jack Head, they had not gone many miles before the Indian driver declared he was likely to freeze, and they had to turn back, reach-

ing the house only just in time to escape another furious storm. Starting again early on Sunday morning Jack Head was reached just in time for service. In the afternoon there were several baptisms. The people are a mere handful, only 79, and of these only 11 are Christians. Mr. Dennet, the catechist here, was very ill, and one of the Archdeacon's objects in making the journey was to bring him in to Selkirk for treatment. This was safely managed in spite of the very unfavorable season.

There seems to be much need of earnest work being continued here, as the presence of several medicine men would seem to indicate that it is one of the strongholds of heathenism.

The dogs made a fair trip back to Berry Island. Thence Mr. Dennett was sent on in the horse-sleigh, while the Archdeacon took dogs to Loon Straits. On the way in the horses fell through the ice and Mr. Dennett and his party had a narrow escape. After an hour's hard work the horses were rescued from their perilous position, and after a hard trip Selkirk was reached in safety.

Several services were held and much visiting done at Loon Straits, but the increasing thaw made it impossible to stay long. The dogs could now only travel at night on the frozen crust. One day while waiting in the woods for sunset, an Indian joined the party. In response to a talk on spiritual matters, he informed the Archdeacon that "all religion is too much for a man." Some day he might accept the Christian faith, but just now he could not leave his people. Hole River was reached late at night, and after trying in vain to find room in several already overcrowded houses, it was found necessary to go on to the school-house where sleeping room was found. Here again, without catechist or teacher, things spiritual are at a very low ebb.

Much exhausted the Archdeacon reached Black River late on Easter Eve. Clothing, mocassins and baggage were all alike soaked with snow water, and eyes had suffered from the intense glare of the sun on the snow. The dog-drivers' remedy for this was a plaster of tea leaves on each eye when going to bed. The Easter service was well attended, and a number partook of the Holy Communion.

Starting early next morning the weakest ice was crossed before the sun had undone the work of the frosty night. Fort Alexander was reached early, and some of Mr. Owens' people were visited. Amongst them was the old chief, whom the Archdeacon has known for 20 years. Once more—probably for the last time—the two friends knelt together in prayer and then parted with very solemn feelings in each heart.

Next day the homeward journey was resumed—settlers and Indians were visited here and there; in one place the Holy Communion was administered. And at last very weary, but with the consciousness of having done blessed and useful work, the Archdeacon reached the town of Selkirk.

There is still much work to be done for God round the shores of the great Lake Winnipeg. Who will help in doing it?