

Extracts from Letter of Miss Walker.

Sept. 16, 1889.

It is just one year to-day since I commenced work in the Mission School. . . . I have enjoyed this summer's work very much. We have had an interesting class, and our average attendance was better than ever before, as we hope it always will be as the work advances. We dread the Fall term though, as most of our pupils get work with the farmers, and our attendance for September and October is sure to be small. Some of the boys are getting five and six shillings a day, and the men from eight to twelve shillings. We are pleased to see an interest taken in making a decent living, and must not grumble if our boys are not with us when they can get work. . . .

How very sad Mrs. MacMurchy's death seems to us. She will be very much missed. . . . I wished that some of the W.F.M.S. ladies from Toronto would take a trip to the North-West this summer when there were so many special excursions. It would be a pleasure to us to have some of you visit our schools. We visited for a few days this vacation with Miss Maclaren of Birtle. They have a nice school, and one could easily become very fond of the work. The Cree Indians are in every way superior to the Sioux, but, for all, we have some fine fellows in our band. I couldn't help yesterday (Sabbath) thinking of my first Sabbath afternoon among the Indians, and noticing the change in the year. It was out of the question to think of asking any of the Indians to take part in the service, and on the first Sabbath several of the Indians dropped into the church tent after pagan worship. One of these Indians read the lesson yesterday from his own Bible, the others all joining in the service. Pagan worship has not been held this summer, and we have had as many as fifty at the Christian service. Then we have also had a prayer meeting on Thursday evenings during the warm months. There is a talk among the band of building a church for the winter near the winter huts. It seems almost too good to be true, but I do hope it may be so. One cannot help feeling that the work is not in vain when we see ignorant and rough Indians and poor tired squaws coming so regularly to each service, and when we hear their voices so earnestly raised in singing "Jesus Loves even me," we do feel repaid for any feeble effort.