

looking over my letters I came across your letter, which I had mislaid in some way. I am indeed very sorry. We were so glad to get your large bale last winter, which came just in time to help us when we were in great need. Although we had to pay at the rate of \$3 per 100 lbs, from Rat Portage, we did not mind it. We got the things, and we were glad to get them. We gave out the clothing from time to time as we saw one in need, and I can assure you in every case they were gratefully received. One of our old Christian women, who got one of your hoods, was so pleased, that no sooner had she got it in her hand than it was on her head. Her face was all smiles. I believe she has worn the hood ever since. It does for Sunday as well as for weekdays. Yes, it seems to do for a hot day, as well as for a cold day, for I see her still wearing the hood, it does not matter how hot a day it is. Some of the clothing I took to Hungry Hall Reserve, 40 miles from here. Six or seven children have been enabled to go to a whiteschool, by your clothing, which I gave them. The parents of these children were working for some white people, at a village 12 miles from their home, and were living there with their families, the children were not able to go to school, having no clothes, finally, I happened to come along, on one of my missionary visits, having some two sacks full of my Rockwood W.A. clothing, and other clothing I had before. Children more pleased you never saw, words could not express how grateful the parents were. The next time I went down I visited the said white school, and was very pleased to see my children, as I call them, sitting side by side with the white children. The teacher, who was a nice Christian young lady, said she liked them very much, they behaved well, and were getting on splendidly with their lessons. As I was visiting that afternoon at one of the homes of these children, as I was about leaving the house, a girl of about eleven or twelve followed me to my sleigh, and addressed me in English, "Please sir, will you give me a book." "What kind of a book do you want my child?" I asked. "A prayer book," she said, and when I handed her the book of Common prayer, in her own language, she preferred an English one, as she said she could now read English better than Ojibway (Indian). Surely these are things of great thankfulness to our Heavenly Father. He only knows how much good your charitable works of love do, and He will reward every drop of cold water given in His name. I am sorry to tell you that we have had quite a lot of sickness in our house, this spring, which had a great deal to do with my being so long in writing you. I had the sad misfortune of losing my mother, who came out last year to stay with us. She died on the 21st of April. In conclusion, may I ask you to convey my very sincere thanks to the members of your W. A. Branch. Mrs. Johnson joins me in wishing you, and all, every blessing."

Letters to the Junior Branches of Chippewa, Merriton, Grimsby—