

After leaving this reserve and driving perhaps 8 miles, we came to the camp of Ke-wis-ta-haw (Hover About), chief of the next tribe. We had dinner with him. He was willing that a school should be started in his reserve. He spoke of his young people and lamented their ignorance, saying they cared for nothing but eating. He said further that the Governor visited his camp and promised a school, and others visited him promising other things, but their promises were never fulfilled, they were all lies, and his ears were now so blocked up with hearing lies that he could hear no more.

We next came to the third reserve where the Catholics have been doing a little work. We came to the spot where we first camped after coming from Riding Mountain (Okanase). Here we spent the Sabbath and here we are still visiting. We had two services. In the morning the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered, six united with us in commemorating the death and love of our blessed Master. In the afternoon the chief of this tribe met with his people, and had a talk. The chief's name is Oo-sâ-oo-pê-sê-kê (Yellow Calf). We found some good speakers among this tribe. They are very anxious that they should have a school and that their children should be educated. One said, we would like to send our children to school, but they are naked, and how can they go in winter? Another said, we shall build them a large house and they shall stay there. Another spoke about the injury they were doing themselves in trying to keep the children from being educated. Another said, let us try and help these men all we can, we know they come to do us good.

It would be a long letter to give you even an outline of all that was said. There were two chiefs at the meeting, that is, Yellow Calf and Hover About, and representatives from the three west reserves. The meeting was very encouraging, and seems to open up a large field of labor.

In the evening we had another service, Mr. Flett preaching in Indian and I in English. A large number of the Indians were gathered, some of whom came more than 10 miles; a good number came into the house, some stood at the door, others listened at the windows,—no doubt some of them hearing for the first time the preaching of the Gospel. These Indians are superstitious and still worship unknown gods. As I am writing this letter, I look out and see fires built on the hill to strange gods, and I hear the sad and