

look at their table, look at their bed, look at their dwelling, look at their prospects for support, poor old Canadian women. After visiting all the homes we invited all to have tea with us. About twenty in all had a good supper with us. It would do you good to see how they enjoyed the beef and the pork, bread, tea and sugar.

Finding no place at this camp where we would like to spread our robes, we drove on to the next encampment, where we arrived at 9 o'clock. We found a little stable where we could put our ponies, and after making them comfortable for the night we made some calls. We found a house that was rather inviting, clean floor recently scrubbed, whitewashed walls, bright and clean stove, lamp, etc. In this little house we spent the night, and in the morning gathered all in the camp for breakfast, about forty, and they did all eat and were satisfied, and after breakfast had an opportunity of speaking of Him who is the bread of life. We drive from this camp to Billie's Camp; you remember where Billie had his tent, there is a little village there now, about forty in the village. We visited all the homes. In one house we met two families; on the one side there was neatness and order, on the other side confusion; on the one side, a neat bed enclosed with curtains, little sofa, cupboard, clean dishes, etc.; on the other side, bedding, food, untanned hides, harness, dirty pots and dishes all mixed. In another home, saw an old woman helpless. I told her I had just received a letter from Mr. McNeil, who had been farm instructor for several years here, and who is now at Fort McLeod. She was glad to hear of him and asked how is his wife and his little ones. I replied, they are all well, and here is a dollar he has sent to you so that you shall have tea and sugar for Christmas. The old woman took the dollar, and the little old chin began to quiver and her lips trembled as if attempting to speak, and the big tears gathered in her eye and rolled down the withered cheek. I went out to make some other calls before she could find her tongue.

I would like to tell you of all we saw in those poor homes and all about our dinner with forty invited guests, but I would weary you. After seeing all satisfied, we drove to Kewistahaw's. Do you remember the little hill and congregation, the chief and his chief men and all the poor sad looking people? Do you remember how they watched you when you began to shake hands, wondering if you would shake hands with them, if they would be so happy as to feel your hand on their head? I am sure the picture is still in your mind. Well, these are the people we invited to eat with us. I might fill several pages giving you an account of that Christmas afternoon dinner, but I shall not weary you; about 100 in all enjoyed the dinner. but I would like also to give you an account of two other dinners we had with the Indians. One at Goose Lake and another with Sheshep's