

of 830 pounds. We had bright moon-light, so got on nicely, notwithstanding, the Indian pony that I had hitched up with mine, several times inclined to baulk, a trick to which the native ponies are given, mine being well trained, and always to be relied on, helped to set all things right. For several reasons, we find it better to bring in the clothing, if we can manage it, without the knowledge of the Indians. We get time to sort properly, and can make a good selection for each individual case. After making a fire and getting warmed, all our packages were brought in and piled up in the front room, until Monday morning, when they were placed in our store-room and opened. As we piled them away our hearts went out in gratitude to our Heavenly Father who had inclined the hearts of so many kind friends to labor so lovingly for His poor and needy ones. We send our sincere thanks to the ladies of the Winnipeg Presbyterial, who supplied so bountifully for our women and children, we will have warm jackets and skirts for all, the warm underclothing is especially prized. The children look so nice and comfortable, their happy faces would do anyone good, they are learning to take care of their clothes. One poor little fellow came to school to-day with his thin cotton pants. I asked why he had not on his new warm ones. "Oh, he had put them away for Sunday." They have got to the stage that they all want a Sunday suit, and through the kindness of the Winnipeg Presbyterial we will be able to give them all one.

Jack White Hawke, the lame man, is well. He has not yet an artificial limb. He has done all the work he possibly could, is most industrious; his garden turned out well. Little Chief and his wife are working very well and doing nicely, they are a very worthy old couple. I should have said I have not yet received the Dundee box, will send receipt as soon as I get it.

AN INDIAN GIRL PREACHER.

"Progress" has the following little story about a tiny Indian girl named Frances Breaks-a-man's-skull as told by her father: One day the little girl got her mother's Dakota hymn-book and said, "father, let us have prayers." He and his wife sat down, and she stood up in front of them. He said they wanted to laugh, but she was so small they were afraid she would not understand and would think they were laughing at religion, so they kept still. First she sang a hymn and then said she was going to talk to them a little while. She said, "My friends, if you have any bad words in your mouth to say to anybody, don't say them, but take them out and throw them into the fire and burn them up." Then she said, "Let us pray," and the prayer was this:—Great Spirit have mercy upon us. Amen. And so ended Frances' little service.