

St. Margaret's—Rev. C. Lord, Apsley, bale; St. Philip's—Rev. D. Johnson, Temistimingué, balé.

In the last LEAFLET I spoke of Mother Hubbard shapes for dresses and pinafores. I have since found that this should be for dresses only. Pinafores should be perfectly plain, being less trouble to iron. It seems late to speak of summer work, but I must mention that the members of one Branch at their opening meeting brought some articles suitable for the matron of the Home they were sending to, and in another Branch several members agreed to bring a pair of factory sheets each to their first meeting. Mr. Hardyman at the Blackfoot Home, has been appointed lay reader by the Bishop, and asked if we could send him a surplice. A lady in Cobourg has kindly undertaken to send him one, for which I know he will be very grateful. Before the next LEAFLET appears many children's hearts will have been gladdened by the toys, candies, &c, sent by our Junior Branches and others for the Christmas trees. In the appeals for these the clergymen speak strongly of the encouragement these are to the children, who often have to come such distances to Sunday school, and who have so few pleasures. Surely they speak both to those who send as well as those who receive of the great Christmas gift to us all, and of the One who spared not His own but freely gave Him up for us all. May our Christmas be the happier for kindly deeds and loving gifts to those less favored than ourselves.

FANNIE H. BANKS, Dorcas Sec.-Treas.

*From Mrs. Stocken, Blackfoot Reserve, to the members of the W.A.*

As I know from experience in Mission work that any details of manners and customs, etc., are always acceptable to workers at home, I make no apology for the following, which are the impressions of a new comer among the Indians. I should like to say first of all, that before my marriage last summer, I had worked for some 4½ years in Japan, and therefore heathenism is no new thing to me, but these people are degraded and steeped in superstition in a way which passes even the most superstitious of the Japanese. I am going to pre-suppose that the people to whom this letter will be read know about as much as I did, before my marriage, about the Indians. I think I had largely pictured them in feathers and paint, as almost savage, this is not quite correct. The encampment in summer time is quite picturesque from outside, the little round tents pitched about the plain at the owner's will and pleasure. Many of them are gaily adorned with figures of animals or conventional designs drawn in a sort of red paint. The 10 or 12 tent poles meet at the top where a flap of tent cloth is left hanging loose to allow the smoke to escape. Droves of horses stand grazing about, or are driven to the river at stated times in the day to be watered. The picturesqueness diminishes as you near the camp, and find bones of animals, little heaps of ashes and other filth