

other hired girl for, when she has those Indian girls? Well, I will tell you? These girls have never been in the habit of working until they came here, and cannot be expected to work all the time; they would become disgusted and tired, consequently would leave. So we cannot urge them to do much. They also have their studies to go through, which takes them a great part of their time. Of course, we do not want them to think that we only brought them here to do our work for us, for as yet they cannot see that the work is caused by having so many. Perhaps they will see through it by and by. We cannot say that we have had many conversions this past winter, but many are enquiring the way. If they hear the name of Jesus, I find that they are all attention, listening for what may be said about Him. At night they all kneel down together and repeat the Lord's Prayer. We have some delightful times singing; they can all sing, and most of the children can play on the organ.

Mr. McKay takes great pains in teaching them, and they are very fond of him. Our school is closed for the holidays. Mr. McKay is away on a missionary trip, and gets very little time either to rest or write. Through the mercy of our Heavenly Father we are all spared, although some have been ill the past winter. We found the box of medicine such a help. I must tell you of one of our little girls whom we call Minnie, she was very sick for a long time, but so good, not a bit of trouble. Sometimes when the other children would be singing and playing, I would hold her on my knee; she would lay her head on my bosom and lie so still, for her breathing became very laborious, if she moved around much, but as soon as the others would start that hymn we all love, "When He cometh to make up His Jewels," dear little Minnie's voice would strike in so weak, but so sweetly, it seemed as if her whole soul was in her eyes while she sang "His loved and His own." One day I said to her, "Would my Minnie like to get well again, or would she rather go to Jesus?" Her answer was, "I would rather go to Jesus; I do not care to get well, I would rather go to that beautiful home you have been telling us about." My little darling, she is living yet; but I fear we may lose her when the leaves begin to fall; but I feel sure her simple faith will be recorded in heaven, and she will be one of Christ's jewels, by and by, in a better world than this.

I must stop or else you will become weary. Thanking you all for past kindness, not forgetting the ladies who so kindly remembered unworthy me, in sending me so many things last winter to make me comfortable, and also for our fine bell; we are very much pleased with it.