

making, for which she has good ideas, so that she may be able to make a living for herself, and be less apt then to return to tepee life.

We have four boys, from fourteen to eighteen years of age, who have been with us all winter. One of these lads is anxious to go to the Industrial School in Birtle, that he may learn carpentering. It has been arranged for him to go, but the other three are not willing to leave. They say they are going to work on farms in the summer. The Indians are, as a rule, very easily offended, and so very suspicious that one has always to be on her guard. Often we are perplexed to know what we have done to offend. It is hard to train an Indian child the way he should go, and keep from offending the parents. The parents teach the children to tell tales, consequently, everything done or heard at school is reported; indeed not only the children tell all, the grown up Indian is as ready to tell how many were at school, what lesson he had, what kind of a dinner, even what the teacher says to every little one is reported. If correctly told it would not be so bad, but their knowledge of our language being imperfect, a false idea is often taken. But in spite of many difficulties and much that is unpleasant, there is a bright side to look at, and there is pleasure enough to cover all that is hard to bear. You get very much attached to the children in a short time, and when you have won the confidence of the children you are liked by the parents. Then we must watch so as not to offend again. I wish I could describe a visit to the tepees which I took yesterday. A number of the school children are ill—two little girls dying—one with consumption. The look and smile from the little wasted face paid for the long hard walk we had to reach the tepee; but the misery of the surroundings and want of comfort that these poor little sick children have to live in is heartrending. You can understand, then, that it is a pleasure to relieve these little ones if only for a short time, and by giving them clean clothing and something to eat, we can cheer them a little. Little Annie held in her small feeble hands one of the picture books sent from Owen Sound. She seemed afraid the book would be taken from her. We are often asked by friends if the clothing and picture books sent from Ontario are appreciated. They are, and the boxes of clothing are eagerly looked for. Topsy is taken as interpreter when we visit through the week at the tepees; although only a child and bashful, yet she is very useful, and if she grows up improving, she will be a great help in the work. The Indians and squaws all have a warm greeting for Topsy, and