

2 or 3 points on the way, and if the package is unweildy it must naturally come to grief. This great rush to the Klondyke will, we hope, open a better route, so many are daily going down this river before this we have only seen a canoe now and then, and the H.B. Co's. boats, once a year, when the year's supplies are brought in. We can get very little help, workers are scarce. Mr. Scott has to plough, reap, make hay, etc., this with the winter tripping and general mission work is too much for him; he has been very strong, but now fails now, and has asked the Bishop to be removed. Bishop Young writes he will come by steamer, then we shall know his decision. Our daughter, Lucy, not yet 19, has now to do all the house work, cooking, washing, etc. I am become incapable, can hardly move across the room, sometimes not out of my bed; my hands, too, are cramped and too weak even for writing, the children are willing but so wild. Mary, a Beaver girl, has been with us 9 years; she is almost blind and full of bad sores, she helps a little, poor child, she is so slow and very stubborn, as all the Beavers are. Alice is a bright, motherly girl of 3; Johnnie, a half idiot, about 4; Peter Pall, a half-breed, nearly 4, his mother died when he was 5 months old and he has been in Mrs. Warwick's care, now she is in England so we have no child. These little ones will probably be left with us a few years and if they grow to be of use the parents will take them. Mary has only been allowed to remain because her father thinks she would do better if she was with him and indeed I think so too. Can you imagine the scramble we live in, and how glad we are of anything we can wear that is quite ready to put on, for there seems to be almost no time for sewing. Our usual fare for school and Indians is, barley bread, potatoes, perhaps turnips, if the season is not too dry, and beans. Sometimes we get a little Moose meat, which is a very nice change, but very little other game. Hardy vegetables and flowers grow well here we make time to attend to them. Raspberries, strawberries, and massascatrominas are sometimes plentiful. St. Matthew's, Quebec, has sent us a very nice bale for the last 7 or 8 years, I think we could hardly get on without it; always some delicacies. I am writing now in a dress sent from there. I am sure the different Branches of the W.A. do not half realize the help and comfort they give to the missionaries to whom they send so much of their loving labors, only men