

at work have been so satisfactory that arrangements have been made for opening one for eighty pupils from the various reserves in Manitoba. The institution will be near Winnipeg, and under the control of the Bishop of Rupert's Land, by whom the undersigned has been appointed as the first Principal.

It is proposed to teach the boys farming and different industries, and the girls such things as are likely to fit them for domestic service and civilized life. Above all, it will be the aim of the managers to make the school a real Christian home to which all may look back as a place of spiritual awakening and Divine blessing.

Contributions of money, clothing or other gifts in aid of this important work will be thankfully received and acknowledged by the undersigned.

It is especially hoped that Sunday Schools and branches of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society may be led by God to sympathise with and assist this effort.

Any enquiries will be gladly answered by the undersigned, to whom all communications may be addressed.

Earnestly praying that God may bless this work of His, and raise up many fellow-workers with Him, I remain, dear friends,

Yours, in the Master's service,

WM. A. BURMAN, B. D.

Sioux Mission, Griswold, Manitoba.

DAY BY DAY AT THE SHINGWAUK.

FROM "OUR FOREST CHILDREN."

THE school bell has just struck nine; the morning children have trooped into the school and taken their places; morning workers are at their various employments; Mr. Dowler is in the accountant's office, making a set of labels for the boys' lockers. I am in my private office, deep in pen, ink, paper and thoughts. A knock at the door: "Come in." A pencil note folded and dog-eared is handed me by an Indian boy. "Mr. Dowler he sent it." I scribble the answer on the back and the boy takes it back. Another knock at the door. This time the farm man. "Please sir, can you give me an order for the things you wanted up town?" I take my order book and scratch off the order with a blue chalk pencil and hand it to him. Two sewing machines are whirring in the next room, that apartment being class room and tailor shop in one. "Francis," I call—directly there comes a pause in the whirring. Francis knocks and opens the door. "You had better put a little more wood on the fire, please, Francis." Francis gets the wood and makes the fire up. Rather a heavy thump at the door this time, and Mr. Dowler appears. "This is P's account, Mr. Wilson, if you have time to settle it." "I am very busy just now, Mr. Dowler, but if you will leave it, I will send him the money up town, either

to-day or to-morrow." "Very well. And excuse me, but H. wants an order for some small bolts, and Mrs. M. wanted some rolled oatmeal. Shall I give the order?" "Yes, please, for the bolts, but I will see about the oatmeal this afternoon when I go to the Wawanosh." "Thank you, and when you have time would you look at Riley's work in the Dormitory? I don't know whether it will suit you." "All right, Mr. Dowler, I will be up there at noon."

"Amos!" I call. No answer. The machines are whirring. "Amos!"—Amos knocks and opens the door. "Please take this note to Miss Pigot for me, and wait for an answer."

In a little while Amos returns. "Miss Pigot, she says she is very much obliged to you, and she tell me to tell you his medicine all gone, Sharpe." "All right, Amos."

About 11 o'clock I make the medicine and take it over to the hospital. "Well, Miss Pigot, how are your boys to-day?" "Oh, I think they are pretty well; Johnson has a little headache and feels rather chilly, so I made the fire up. Do you think it would hurt Sharpe to get up to-day?" "Well, Sharpe, how are you?" I say, rubbing his black hair with my hand. Sharpe grins all over and says, "First rate." He has been sick nearly two months and is only just getting well. "Do you think you could knock me down yet?" I ask. "I guess so." "Well, Miss Pigot, I think he might get up for a little, but you must keep him warm, the wind is chilly outside." "Oh yes, I will keep him warm; he shall run no risk of taking a chill. Is he to keep on with his quinine?" "Yes, please."

From the hospital I cross the wide stretch of land between our front road and the river. We are having it levelled and graded, and six or seven men and two teams are hard at work. After a few words with these men, I cross to the carpenter shop, then to the weaver where dyeing is going on; then to the boot shop; then back again to my office. It is time to copy the letters and put them up for the mail. I have barely done this when the 12 o'clock bell rings, and Abram, the mail-carrier, a boy about 17, knocks at the door. He has the mail bag in his hand, the letters and packets are poured in, the bag locked, and off Abram goes on the pony 'Fly.' Then I turn again to my papers and pens. Tick-tick-tick—tick-tick-tick—tick-tick-tick—tick-tick-tick. The initiated know that this means "S H, S H,"—the telegraph call for my office. The instrument is on a shelf just at my back, and I twist round on my screw-chair and respond, tick-tick, tick-tick, tick-tick, tick-tick—tick-tick-tick-tick,—which means "I, I, I,—S H"—that is—"I, I, I am here in my office waiting to hear what you have to say." The telegram delivers itself—From Albert Sahguy, Captain's room, to Mr. Wilson. "Please, is there to be inspection to-day?" I repeat the question to show that I understand it—which is the best way for amateurs.