

The people are anxious to get away to hunt. They have been waiting for suitable weather.

The girls' sleeping apartment of last year and the kitchen form one room, which answers as kitchen, dining-room, and a spot (I won't call it a sitting-room) for the girls to stay in. We have a few less difficulties than formerly. Mr. Raley bought a good cook-stove, dishes, wash-tubs, and other necessary articles. When we opened the Home, the bales with bedding had not arrived. So much as we disliked it, the children had to bring their own. We bought a web of cotton and made hay mattresses.

The boys and girls came, as a year ago, some in a filthy condition, and nearly all destitute of underwear; in fact, some had not decent outer garments. By degrees, we have gotten them quite clean and suitably clad.

We need a matron so much, someone who can devote her whole time to the children.

Our running expenses exceed last year's, as we have more inmates. We are working still on the "faith" plain. We are deeply grateful to those friends and auxiliaries who have sent us money, bales of clothing, bedding material, and furnishings of various kinds. It is by these we are able to clothe the children. Mr. Raley will be glad to acknowledge in the *Guardian* or *OUTLOOK* all donations of money.

I trust I have given such information as will awaken a further interest in our Home work, and such as will satisfy the requests of those who have asked for a second letter to the *OUTLOOK*.

Muncey Indian Mission.

IT will interest the ladies of the Supply Committee to know that their efforts have been successful, and that through them the spirit of benevolence has been most wonderfully manifested in connection with the work of the Woman's Missionary Society.

We are glad to report the many proofs of self-denying love in the supplies we have received of warm clothing, home comforts, boots, shoes, books, papers, cards, candies and toys, sent in boxes or bales from the auxiliaries at Little Lake, Old Windham, Tilsonburg, Centennial Church (London), Port Dover, Frankford, Sydenham St. (Kingston), Little Wood, Walkerton, Nile, Newcastle, Stony Creek, Port Hope, Talbotville and Dunganon.

To give the value—well, we cannot do this. The Master knows the value and will reward each dear worker for her offering to His poor Indian children—though, we believe, we must have received over \$250 worth. To separate and prepare the gifts for our people was a work of love, and many a blessing was asked for the donors.

Our Indian women—members of the Woman's Missionary Society—came to the parsonage and helped to foot stockings, enlarge garments, etc., etc., ending each day with prayer and thanksgiving to our kind, Heavenly Father for His many and various gifts.

It may be asked by some, what is the cause of so much poverty among our Indians, and what income have they to depend upon for a living?

They are poor in many cases because they are old and feeble. Others are poor because they have never learned how to make money out of the land they own.

They are Indians, born to hunt not to farm. Now their game is driven away by the advance of a higher civilization, and life to them is a continuous struggle for existence.

The Chippewas have a small annuity from the Government—some \$3.00 to \$5.00 per head. But the Munceys do not get this; what they raise on their land is vegetables, and in some cases a little wheat, in value perhaps amounting to \$50 a year for each family. This is about all they have to live upon. A few of them have firewood on their land, but this they can't cut without a permit from Ottawa.

Now, when we think of the many little things needed in a family, not including meat, drink, nor clothing of any kind, such as medicine, liniments, etc., etc., what can be left out of \$50 to live upon, to say nothing about clothes or shoes. Poor, dear Indians, they need our sympathy and help. As a rule, they do not beg. Amasa Wood, of St. Thomas, has been the best friend our Indians ever had. A month ago, he sent us 400 pounds of flour and 150 pounds

of pork, to be given to the most needy ones. We inquired of an Indian brother what he and his family had to eat. There were seven in the family, and the mother sick. His reply was, "All we have to eat is some Indian corn"—this with not a word of complaint. Right glad were we to be able to supply them from good Mr. Wood's store, with pork and flour.

We take this opportunity to thank very heartily Mr. Wood for his help, and also for \$5.00 to buy presents for the Sunday School.

I would like to convey to the ladies who have so kindly helped the Indians, this thought, that it is not only helping them to temporal comforts, but it is teaching them spiritually. It is teaching them the beautiful spirit of Jesus more perfectly, who gave himself a sacrifice for us.

Will all the ladies please remember our two tribes at the throne of grace, for they are very dark yet; that is, as we understand the religion of Jesus.

Very gratefully yours,
For Jesus' sake,
E. M. MASON.

Margaret Wilmott's Easter Offering.

IT was the afternoon of the March meeting of one of the London auxiliaries, and a goodly number were assembled. Just before the meeting closed Mrs. Morton, the young president, arose and said: "You know, our next meeting will be held the week preceding Easter. I have been thinking a great deal of the suggestion made by the Board to the different auxiliaries in regard to the holding of an Easter thank-offering service—thinking too, of the many women and girls to whom this approaching Easter season brings no throb of grateful joy, on account of the Saviour who so freely gave His life a ransom for them, because they know nothing about Him. Shall we not evidence the genuineness of our thankfulness for a knowledge of a Saviour's dying love, for birth in a Christian land, for sanctuary and home privileges by bringing to our next meeting a voluntary thank-offering? If so, be the offering what it may, let it come laden with our prayers that God may use it in whatever way He chooses in bringing souls now in heathen darkness into the light." That was all she said, but the flush on the fair face bespoke the effort it had cost, and the dainty snowdrops that nestled in a fold of her dress swayed and quivered long after the wearer had resumed her seat.

Simple words, but they came with that power which prayed-over words always carry, and each one present instinctively realized in them a message direct from God. One after another arose and in solemn tones voiced a desire to co-operate with their president in carrying out her suggestion; and when a motion in regard to it was finally put to the meeting, there was not found a dissenting voice. Then they sang, as if to fasten the thought of how much they really owed Him,

"I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou mightst ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
I gave, I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given for me?"

Among the many who crowded around the President for some parting word, was a stately-looking girl, Margaret Wilmott by name, whose calm, pale face gave no evidence of the inward conflict which was now being waged in her soul. She held out her hand to Mrs. Morton as she said—and the carefully modulated voice did not betray her emotion—"Thank you for what you have said, but I wish you had not asked us to sing that last piece; it was almost more than I could bear;" and before Mrs. Morton could reply Margaret left the room with hurried step, nor did she slacken her pace until she had reached her own little room. Hastily laying aside her hat and wrap and ungloving her hands, she threw herself in a low rocker by the window to think. An Easter thank-offering! What can I give? I have nothing, nothing that would be at all commensurate for the blessings I receive! How paltry an offering of a few dollars, if there is nothing behind it? Then, as if in