

tell beforehand when these sights would occur. They also think that monkeys, lizards, snakes and crocodiles are devils, and when I told them that such was not the case they seemed astonished. The school was prospering very well until the Indians began to cart firewood to the Roman Catholic Industrial School, Fort Qu'Appelle, when the priests, nuns and halfbreeds began to try to get my Indians to send all the children attending my school to the Roman Catholic Industrial School. I was puzzled at first to know what was the matter with my Indians, but soon I became painfully aware of the agencies at work, to render our school a failure, but the Lord has helped us, and the school has been kept together, and I thank God for it. To His name be all the glory. Some of my Indians have been baptized by the priest, and that while they consider themselves Christians, they behave themselves worse than their pagan brethren; this brings Christianity into contempt, and renders my work very difficult indeed. We all know what the Roman Catholic Church has been in the past, and what she is now, but dare not show herself openly, therefore we know what to expect. I am sure that in order to hold our position here we shall have a great struggle, but we can rest assured in this that we are battling for God and the right. The stock of clothing sent was so good and varied that I cannot thank the kind sisters who sent them, enough, and as I have not time to write them all the thanks I want to send, I will say what the little girl said when she received a far more beautiful present than she had ever expected, "It is just too splendid." Although the gift was so grand and useful, you will perhaps be surprised when I tell you that I had some difficulty in getting the Indians to take the clothing; but this problem was solved, when I found out what agencies were at work. It appears that the Indians had been told not to take the things, as I suppose some evil would befall them, and secondly, that because some of the clothes were patched, they were clothes of dead men, which I had written to have sent for them. Indians are very superstitious and therefore thought, I suppose, that I meant to bring some evil upon them. After a long talk, and weary waiting, I got them to take the new clothes, but not the others. What I failed to do, the cold weather has done, viz., brought them to a thankful state of mind, *re* the old clothing. And I am glad to be able to state that I have given nearly all warm clothing for the winter. It was most amusing to see the puzzled look, when I brought the quilts to distribute. On all sides I could hear *Kakwi? Kakwi?* What is it? What is it? and when I explained that they were what the (*Moncas*), white people used instead of (*Akoopwuck*)