

MISS WIGHT.

PORTAGE-LA-PRAIRIE, September 8, 1887.

I again thank you for your kind and encouraging letter. Your letters contain much of counsel and encouragement, so you can understand one reason why I like to write. Our school is increasing in numbers now as fruit-gathering, harvesting, etc., have almost come to an end for the present year. The Indians here have earned considerable money during the past summer, but I am afraid they have kept very, very little of it for their support during a long and severe winter now approaching. We have known mothers and children to spend most of a day in gathering wild strawberries, all of which they took to town and traded for oranges, which, of course, were soon oranges no longer. In like manner many of them spend their money. Some of those who work best are very liberal with their earnings, and share unsparingly with the indolent. We were pleased to notice that David purchased for himself a very nice suit of clothes which he wore only on special occasions. But while the clothes were yet good he divided them with one more indolent, thus encouraging him in his indolence. In a letter to you from Mr. Robertson of Eromanga, which we read in the "Leaflet," he says:—"The natives are kind in their way, some of them especially so, but they are very ungrateful (except for the time being) and easily offended, unreasonable, careless, dirty and indolent." How exactly this description describes the character of our Indians.

During the months of July and August our school was very small, but as we said before, it is now increasing. Our girls are learning to sew, knit, bake, etc. It is highly amusing to listen to their attempts at talking English (for they always talk English now when talking to me), but of course, though sensible to the ridiculous we must suppress even a smile in their presence, thus allowing them to feel that they have not expressed themselves improperly. Topsy's English vocabulary is fast increasing. She is learning to sing, read, do little household duties and write although her attempts at writing are more amusing than encouraging. But we try to view the future with a hope that she may yet write to you in the words of a missionary.

A delightful summer has just gone to be with the past, and with it doubtless many an immortal soul has gone to its eternal habitation. Can we estimate the value of an immortal soul, especially if that soul has passed through that "portion of eternity which is called time," having accepted of the good things of this life only, and can recall the terrible words: "Son, remember."