

Happy death of an Indian Woman.

PIAPOT'S RESERVE, NOV. 18, 1888.

MISS ROSE.—The goods are all in, and not too soon. I have not written to any of the ladies, as, strange to say, we failed to find a single address. Where we found a manse, there was no post office address; to where a name of a town was found, there was attached no other name. This was unusual. There was a valuable personal gift to me from one Mrs. John Watson, no post office address. I would love to thank her through you. The attendance at school this term has been better than ever before. We have four boarders and will take more as soon as possible. I could get twenty now, if we were authorized to take them.* I cannot provide for any more at present, as flour costs \$4.00 per 100 lbs. laid down, and other things are expensive. We give dinner every day to from twenty-five to thirty natives, and their capacity is wonderful to see. Much of our success at present may be traced to the lengthened illness of a very intelligent Indian woman, who, though two years ago she could not tell when a book was upside down, took such delight in hearing God's Word that she knew much of the Gospel according to St. John by heart, and would recite quite perfectly the 3rd, 11th and 14th chapters in Cree. She died last night, glad in the faith, exhorting all about her to learn about Jesus. She gave me her three children. But we cannot take boys very well at present, and I spoke to Mr. Moore to take the boys in his school. The clothing is ample; we provide shoes. Two pair of slippers were very suitable; the other shoes sent were too small, but will be very useful in the future, I hope. Little Kate put on a pair of the slippers. I taught her to say "Thank you, good ladies in the East;" so the little sprite calls the slippers "Thank you, good ladies in the East." The boy, Joseph, of whom I wrote, has left the Reserve, but one, named Samson Wolfe, will come in for the favours sent to Joseph. Samson is a good clever boy, very kind to babies, and a good boy at play, and laughing is his great delight. If I should come to find any address among the goods, I shall be happy to write at once to the person's address.

So you see God is smiling upon us at last. We are glad.

NOTE.—The Supplies for Miss Rose were sent from the Presbyterian Societies of Chatham, and Lanark and Renfrew.

* This permission has been given by N.-W. Committee.