

and as we sing we lift our hearts in earnest prayer for a blessing to attend our meeting and our work.

After the hymn is finished Mr. McKay speaks for a short time to our red brothers and sisters, telling them the meaning of Thanksgiving Day and asking all to lift their hearts in praise to our God for all his tender mercies and loving kindnesses. He also says "I am very sorry to think that though I have so often pleaded with you to believe on Jesus Christ our Saviour, yet some of you are still holding on to your paganism."

As soon as Mr. McKay sits down, old Chief O-chap-ow-ace springs nimbly to his feet, comes heartily up to Mr. McKay, holds out his hand and they clasp as brothers. After a few minutes' silence, the Chief, in an intensely earnest tone, gives vent to his heart's deepest feelings in words something like the following:—"Mr. McKay, I am very thankful for this fine building—the schoolhouse. We all trust you entirely now. At first when you came amongst us we were told you were the poor Indian's friend, but we did not entirely believe it. But now we can no longer doubt. I am thankful because you love us, and the Saviour loves us and I love the Saviour. I have been blamed for telling my people to keep their children from your school, but I never said it. I want the children to come to school." And again the hands meet in a loving clasp, and our old friend sits down. Our hearts are full and our eyes are dim, for the child-like earnestness of the old Chief is quite touching.

Soon after this Chief Ke-wis-ta-how, who has been ailing for some days, rises very slowly to his feet, comes to Mr. McKay, grasps his hand warmly, and says:—"Mr. McKay, we all trust you entirely. If you have clothing to give away do not forget the old people and those who are not able to work. I am now an old man. I trust a little in the God "Thunder" and in "the God of the North," but my chief trust is in the great God above us. I want the children to get education. I want them to learn from that book (pointing to the Bible on the desk). I want them to learn about the Saviour," and with another hearty shake of Mr. McKay's hand he sits down.

The clothing is now distributed, and soon after we all leave the schoolroom, the Indians going to the basement to sleep, the boys and girls to their various sleeping rooms, and Mr. and Mrs. McKay and myself to the dining room and parlour to see that all