

I think that this state of affairs (which is a fair sample of the state of affairs generally on the Reserve) is very gratifying as an evidence that the work on the Mission field here has been blessed, that light is gradually displacing darkness, that the dawn of a better day is breaking.

Gratitude for the Quantity of Goods Sent.

PIAPOT'S RESERVE, Dec. 5, 1887.

MISS ROSE.—It is so good in you to remember us desolate ones in this waste howling wilderness, cut off from all the delights of Christian civilization.

And I see by the leaflet you remember all the far-away workers. I am most glad to see that Miss Mackay received the \$100 prize given by Government for the best conducted Indian school. It will encourage her in her work of faith and labour of love; and I doubt not, she needs some encouragement if her Indians are in any way like my poor ones. The School Inspector spoke highly of her to me while he was visiting my school.

The contributions are all in from the Hamilton Presbytery. I found a number of letters scattered through the bales, all of which we answered unless some have been overlooked.

The Mission Bands are working so nobly, so untiringly. I herewith have the honour of acknowledging princely gifts from the Erskine Church Mission Band, Hamilton; Happy Workers' Mission Band, Dundas; Willing Workers, First Presbyterian Church, St. Catharines; "Lend-a-hand," Haynes Ave., St. Catharines, the last-named having sent a valuable box of tea. Any one living among Piapot's Indians can hardly over-estimate the value of a box of tea. A cup of strong tea, with sugar in it, and a slice of bread and butter, will elicit more genuine gratitude from one of my people than a good dress, or handsome overcoat. Not that they are not fed enough; they have abundance of flour and bacon—good flour, excellent bacon. But they do not cook properly. I have toiled teaching them the art of bread-making. Many make excellent bread, but it is all set, raised, kneaded and baked in the Mission kitchen; so you can understand leavened bread is rather scarce among 380 souls. Butter they have not; sugar they have not. What do they do with their money? you will ask. Well, it is hard to say. At the last payment of annuities the Instructor and myself used all our influence to persuade them to purchase some useful articles, the season of