

LETTER FROM MRS. NICHOL.

THOUGH a few months old, this letter, reprinted from the *Leaflet*, will have a melancholy interest, in view of Mrs. Nichol's death which has since taken place. It is her last published letter.—Ed.

MISTAWASIS RESERVE, N. W. T.,
January 30, 1892.

After the distribution of the clothing we visited a number of the homes and found the women busy at knitting and sewing. This was an agreeable change; on our previous visits we had observed them idly smoking. The girls are learning to sew fast. One result of this interest manifested by the girls in sewing and knitting is an increased interest by their mothers in the work of their homes.

All attending the sewing class attend the Sabbath school where it is our aim to teach not alone cleanliness of body but cleanliness of heart. Our friends in the East will be surprised to learn that we have but one class. In this our scholars range from three years old to forty. The married women who attend take as great delight in receiving their tickets and papers as do the younger children. The majority of the scholars give great attention while being taught, and a number of them are receiving prizes for learning the first five commandments.

A few months ago our mission was the happy recipient of a fine bell, the gift of Messrs. J. D. Anderson and Robert Kilgour, of St. James Square Church, Toronto. It is rung for day school and Sabbath services, and has been the means of bringing about greater punctuality in those who desired to be on time but could not, owing to their dependence on the sun for their time-piece.

Our old chief had always desired to see a bell on this Reserve, and Mr. Nichol asked him if he would like to be the first to ring it, which he gladly consented to do. When it was erected we sent for the chief, and before ringing it he offered up thanks to God for all His goodness.

Our chief is growing very feeble, and we enjoy calling to see him, for he always has many kind things to say about the ladies in the East. If we could understand the Cree language better, he could relate many interesting things in connection with his own life.

Mr. McVicar, successor to Miss C. B. McKay, is conducting a Bible class each Sabbath in this church for young men. There is great reason for encouragement in the attendance at the church services. Although the population of this Reserve is but one hundred and sixty, it is no uncommon thing to see one hundred in attendance. Besides these, some attend from the adjoining Reserves, coming a distance of from ten to eighteen miles.

On the first Sabbath of November was celebrated the first communion for two years, and

seventeen new members were received, three on certificate and fourteen on profession, which with the thirty-three on the roll before makes the present membership fifty. Of the addition three were councillors of the tribe. We have much cause to thank our Heavenly Father for the measure of success He has already given us, and for the good health in which He has kept us. Pray that we may be owned and blessed by the Master, and that our work may be to His glory.

LETTER FROM MARGARET O'HARA, M.D.

INDORE, June 23, 1892.

IT is just six months to-day since we arrived in Bombay, and since then Miss McWilliams and I have reason to be thankful to God for His tender mercies and loving-kindness; for, although the season has been very hot, we have been well.

It was very sad to see Miss Harris leaving almost as soon as we arrived, how much sadder for her parents to receive the news of her death ere the journey was accomplished; but how exceedingly blessed for her who has gone to be with Jesus. Our love and sympathy go out to the family, and our prayers ascend to our Father that He will comfort and sustain the lonely ones.

During the hot season, Dr. Oliver, Miss McWilliams and I were the representatives in Indore. Mr. Wilkie returned two weeks ago, looking much better for the holiday; and college, school and mission work in general bespeak his presence. In two days more we hope to welcome the remainder of the party.

The number of patients is increasing, both those who come for daily treatment and those who remain in the hospital. Although it is only 6.30 a.m., from the verandah I see several women coming, carrying their babies in their own fashion. The baby sits on the mother's side, its little legs clasping her body, and the mother's arm surrounding it. Many of the women may be seen carrying their babies and at the same time bearing a waterpot on her head. It is a strange sight to one not accustomed to it, to see the large company of women and children who daily crowd into our waiting room. There is no furniture, except two boxes, which contain bedding, and a couple of benches on which we sit during the devotional exercises each morning. The floor of the room is stone, and on this the women sit, either "tailor fashion" or on their heels, the little babies sitting between the mother's legs. Some of them are bright little things, but many of them are so stupid and emaciated from the use of opium that their eyes when open, have a dull heavy look, and their little heads fall forward or backward, as the case may be.

During the singing, prayer and exposition of the truth some of the women show very little interest; but how different when dispensing begins. Each tries to get first, and there is no small amount of loud talk in the matter. How our hearts long to see the day when they will be as anxious to crowd around the Great Physician, and receive through Him the forgiveness of their sins.—*Monthly Leaflet*.