

Roman Catholic priests are here, so there is close watching and sharp fighting going on. Honour to whom it belongs. I think some of it to those soldiers in the field. Dr. Mackay needs to control and direct and think for them. We need to pray for and support them.

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MR. J. A. LAUDER.

ELPHINSTONE P.O., July 16, 1887.

Your letter of 22nd June to Mr. Flett arrived in due course, but Mr. Flett was at the General Assembly, Regina, and a great many Western Reserves with the delegates—then home for a day or two and off again to attack old Piapot, the biggest heathen of the western plains. I think he will let him and his tribe see the folly of running after strange gods. No one is so good at arguing and convincing Indians as Mr. Flett. So he asked me to write for him, as he had no time, besides he is not fond of the pen.

I am glad so much interest is being taken in the Indian Missions at last—and by so many people. I had the Government Inspector at Okanase just before the end of the Session, June 30. Then Mr. Flett and Dr. Wardrop came up in the beginning of July, and I am glad that when they went away they both said Okanase Mission and school were the best they had been at in the country, and showed the greatest amount of improvement, etc. Altogether it was very gratifying. At present the school is shut up, and will be so till 15th August.

Next week I am going over to see Mr. Burgess among the Sioux, and see if I can't learn something useful from him.

I am so glad to see how well our Indians here are likely to be, for I assure you, without your help, I think things would very soon all fall away, especially in regard to the schools; in fact it's hard to keep them going even with all the help we get.

I am quite surprised to see in your letter what a large sum has been collected and hope it may be a great benefit to the cause for which it has been gathered.

It is quite refreshing to have inspectors and ministers coming among us, and giving us a little encouragement to try and do better. Life out here is very monotonous, especially on an Indian Reserve, where, as a rule, very few white faces are seen.

Though Mr. Flett is gone, the best Indian—George Bone—on the Reserve is having a prayer meeting in the school-house every Sunday—quite encouraging.

Mrs. Flett is well, and has gone with Mr. Flett this time.