

and that Mr. Wright and I have been chosen to take charge of the work.

We have been here for over two weeks now, and are busy getting acquainted with the Indians. We have not had time to unpack our boxes or get our house in order yet, we have so many Indian callers. We had seventeen visitors to-day. When half a dozen of them get crowded into our little kitchen and start smoking their kine ka-inck, we are almost forced to go outside for a breath of fresh air. Poor little baby feels it more than any of us. The Indian women have taken a great fancy to him, and whenever they get a chance, tuck him under their dirty old blankets. I try to keep him out of their sight as much as possible, but the house is so small that this cannot always be managed.

The Indians are very poor and miserable. We were out to visit some of them last week, and I saw more misery among them in one day than I saw all the time I was at the Crowstand. Some of the poor things have hardly enough on to cover their shivering bodies. One poor old woman came a long way for help to-day; she was dressed in an old print dress and part of a shawl. She fairly hugged the stove when she came in and could not talk to us until she had taken two cups of hot tea.

We expect the Interpreter here in a couple of weeks. Then he and Mr. Wright will have services on the Reserve. By the amount of offerings hanging out for the Spirits, we think that it will be very hard to get the Indians to listen to the Gospel, but we have only to wait, and pray that their hearts may be opened to receive the blessed truths. Please remember us and our band of Indians in your prayers.