

One boy has read through the first part of the first book in two months. I send you some examples of their writing. They have not finished their first copy-book yet.

You shall also see some specimens of the little girls' sewing. I would like to send you specimens of their housework and cooking, but I can't.

Last week they have been busy in their spare hours making up dresses for themselves. Last night we had a party, and they wore those dresses; they looked so pretty and were so happy. We sang a number of Cree and English hymns. I am sure you would have enjoyed hearing them sing, "I am so glad that Jesus loves me." The little boys were nicely clad, and all enjoyed themselves so much.

These are the children who have been neglected; these are the lambs that have been left in the cold and in the storm to perish. Are they worth seeking after? Is there anything that is Godlike about them? Have they souls that can never die? Are they to be hunted and shot down like wild beasts?

ROUND LAKE, N. W. T., BROADVIEW P. O.

Feb. 1st, 1886.

The little boy to whom you sent the suit of clothes is the best clad now in the whole band. I can't tell you how much he was delighted on receiving such a gift. He very soon threw away the old rags he had about him (scarcely enough to make a good mop), and he went about among the tents showing his new clothes, saying "I am almost a white boy." This little boy was ill for some time in the spring—illness caused by exposure in the cold winter—but as the weather grew warm he recovered. I frequently saw him, and gave him some medicine and clothing, and we soon became friends.

The boy wishes much to come to our school, but the old chief, who is a leader in dark paganism, is afraid to let him come. The poor old chief still prays to the north wind and to the thunder. He thinks he is able to see a little light in his heathen worship, and thinks it would not be wise to give away that in which he sees a little light and take that which is all dark to him.