

MISS ROSE, PIAPOT'S RESERVE.

PRESBYTERIAN MISSION, Dec. 4, 1886.

MY DEAR MRS. HARVIE,—There are so many things to say in this letter, I fear I will forget some of them. With regard to clothing—two excellent bales from Ayr, well assorted and carefully packed. Two large bales from Lindsay Presbytery, in many parcels, seemingly from a number of Auxiliaries, all good—excellent.

From Toronto—1 barrel of books, papers and pictures. I beg to acknowledge, with thanks, the elegant book, "Ben Hur," which my dear mother and I have read with delight. The pictures I put in the school-room, and many an old Indian man and woman spend hours looking at them with wonder and admiration. This barrel of books was a good investment. The Lord bless the dear young people of the East. The goods came in to me in one load—are piled in the school-room. The Indians, who generally cart them from Regina, perhaps twenty or thirty Indians, all around me at once, clamouring for food and clothing, etc., etc.; all is confusion. The Instructor and helper came over and opened up down stairs, and carried all up the stairs for me. They are left in piles for me to sort. It is by no means easy to be explicit about the clothing. The clothing was all given out, except the webs, before I saw the shipping bills. Of course you cannot understand the work and worry all this entails, to sort all into order, to know when, where and how to give, to feed, to teach, to cook, to keep fires, to do everything at once, and then to be asked to be "explicit."

I would need a private secretary. I have at this moment, lying by me unanswered, thirty letters, all wishing for missionary news; and I love to write, but can only do so much. So my dear Mrs. Harvie, and dear ladies all, you will pardon me if I fail in details. There are, while I write, ten Indians talking to me, each one wanting something. Yes—No. 1 wants mitts; No. 2 wants clothing for his papoose; 3, pants; 4, coat; 5, a blanket; 6, medicine; 7, a rope; 8, biscuit; 9, tea; 10, a warm cap. I do not pretend to hear, but write on. They say: "she is not understand." I pray to be guided each step of the way, and go on, not knowing.

The women are very degraded, more so than the men. Have they further to fall?

The poor old women are very grateful for the clothing, and sending the clothing is a good, good work. And the Master does own and bless, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me." This is my comfort, day by day.