

condition they were living, with no one to teach them, their children uncared for and growing up in vice and ignorance. The thought came strongly into my mind that I would like to establish a Branch Home in the midst of these wild people. I communicated my idea to the Bishop of Rupert's Land and he warmly favored the scheme. That same autumn I took an Indian boy with me and travelled through the western part of Ontario addressing meetings and trying to interest people in my project. I was not very successful and only received a little money towards my proposed object. The last meeting at which I spoke was held in Owen Sound. At the close of that meeting a gentleman came up to me and said, "Why don't you fire off a few 'red hot shot,' and tell the people what it is that you want and you will soon get the money." I took up the idea. That evening I sat up till long past midnight preparing

MY "RED HOT SHOT."

I prepared it in the shape of a note-sized leaflet, printed in red and black letters, and headed "Red hot Shot." In this leaflet I described briefly the neglected condition of the Indians in the North West and my desire to establish a Branch Home in their midst, and the last clause of the leaflet was worded something in this way: "If any person should feel drawn to give \$1000.00 towards the proposed object, I shall regard it as the leading of providence and at once take steps to erect the Institution."

There was living at that time, at Elkhorn, in Manitoba, a merchant—not a rich man, a man just in ordinary circumstances—but he took great interest in the wild Indians living about him; he always treated them kindly and justly and the Indians had given him the name of "Washakada," which meant "All that is good." One evening this merchant said to his wife, "I wish I could see my way to an Institution being established among these poor Indians. I think if I could see any prospect of an Institution being established I would like to give \$1000.00 towards it." Two or three days later one of my "Red hot Shots" came into that man's hands. *How* it came to him we do not know to the present day. Surely the Lord directed it. He took it and read it, and immediately wrote to me: "If you can see your way to establish an Institution for Indian children in this neighborhood I am prepared to give you a thousand dollars towards it." His letter came to me on Christmas eve, and it seemed like a Christmas box from the Lord. When spring came I went up to Elkhorn, made the acquaintance of this merchant and talked over my plans with him. We had less than \$2000.00 in hand, but we resolved to make a beginning. So we purchased a site in the immediate vicinity of the village of Elkhorn, erected a frame building and