

I am at liberty to go about overseeing other work. Miss McLeod is working wonders in her department. We are delighted with the progress the girls are making in cooking, baking, starching and ironing, etc.

We have thirty-four pupils in all, seventeen girls and seventeen boys. The youngest is a dear little girl of four, Susette Blackbird. They are from the Okanase Reserve. We had been trying for some time to get possession of the little one, as she has not one of the most careful of mothers. When Prof. Hart was here last summer he told Jacob that he was going away to Mr. Flett's to get his little sister. Jacob replied "that baby not Indian girl at all, she little down-town girl, pretty, long hair." And sure enough she had pretty, fair hair, but it had to be cut off. Mr. Gilmour brought her to the school in February and she begins to talk English very nicely already. We were much amused the first few days she was here to see her going about looking behind doors and peeping under tables, saying, "An-ta se-seep" (where is the duck—her mother's Indian name). You will pardon me writing so much about Susette, but she is the *baby*; this is my only apology.

We are adding a new industry to the work carried on in the school. A small dairy is being built, and I am going to teach the girls to make butter. The milk-house is built of logs, brought and put up by the Indians themselves. The furnishings are to be of the old-fashioned kind, I mean milk pans, dash churn, butter bowl and ladle, etc., rather than the more modern cans, revolving churn, butter worker, etc. The former is within reach of almost any Indian family, while the latter is rather too expensive. We have, as you already know, four cows of our own and we are asking the parents to bring some of theirs and have the butter made at the school. We have had very little sickness during the winter, scarcely a cold, and now only a few cases of sore eyes and mild cases of scrofula.

The children are doing very well, indeed, in the school-room. Mr. Frew has kept up his weekly service for them, and Mr. Gilmour has classes two evenings in the week, one for Bible study and one for temperance, physiology, drilling, etc. During the winter months he took them to the rink two evenings, and, of course, Wednesday is always prayer meeting, so the time is pretty well taken up.

You and Mrs. Jeffrey will be anxious to hear about the little namesakes. Jean Harvie has grown to be a fine little girl, but we are all so sorry about Andrew; he died two weeks ago after a very short illness.

Mr. McArthur has been much encouraged in his work lately. He had four additions to his communion roll and several marriages. I was present at a double marriage in the church yesterday, Isaac Thunder, whose wife died last winter, and Mrs. David, President of the W.F.M.S., and Henry