

I thank you and all your fellow members for such a valuable and handsome gift, they will all be so useful to me in my large and widely scattered district. I like the little Font especially; on three or four occasions lately I have been obliged to use an ordinary sugar or butter dish, so am really very pleased with such a nice little Font as you have sent me. I am so glad you have also sent such a very nice strong case to carry them about in. I have at present four different centres of services which I hope soon to be able to increase. Please pray for me and the work, that God's Name may be glorified and His Kingdom come in His own glorious time, in this corner of His vineyard.

With kind regards, very gratefully yours,

STANLEY J. STOCKEN.

Extracts from letter from Mrs. Malcolm Scott, Vermilion, Diocese of Athabasca, August 17th, 1896.

DEAR MADAM—Your very kind letter of May 20th and the bonnie barrel, all safe and sound, reached here the end of July. Some Indians going up to Lesser Slave Lake gave me an early opportunity of replying, ordinarily it would be December or March ere a letter can go out. I should like very much to thank each kind contributor to our (I may surely now call it) yearly barrel—we depend upon it, for it always comes as regularly as our Miss. Leaves bale. I really cannot tell you in words how acceptable it is. When it was opened the pretty beaded and other articles looked so bright, that we exclaimed "how pretty, Oh! how pretty." The delicacies are most acceptable, many thanks for them and all the other articles marked for our personal use. But for Romish opposition here, the word from God would have freer course in the hearts of the people. Our school is closed for the summer months, three Beaver Indian children remain. I hope we may have a goodly number this coming winter. Our crops this year are very abundant—I am so thankful, for it is difficult to provide for all sometimes; last winter we were 25 at every meal, with from two or three to perhaps twenty meals for Indians dropping in, and all hungry. The Indians come three or four days tramp, and they must be fed and warmed before they are taught. They listen willingly, we can but pray that the good seed may grow and multiply. My husband is on furlough this summer, I had almost hoped to accompany him, but the distance to railroad is too great to travel in one season. I had a severe illness last September, and was confined to the house till April. I am fairly well now. Unlike your winter, ours was intensely cold, and what is unusual, very windy. December, January, and part of February we were in the sixties, it seemed as if we really must congeal, and one had to keep a roaring fire day and night, it made us long for coal—wood burns so quickly

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