

and at seven o'clock we come and study our Catechism and Psalms and Hymns. Dear friends, we are still remembering you all, and we hope you are still praying that we may become good girls. Nothing more to say at present.

NORTH-WEST.

WHITEWOOD P.O., ASSA, ROUND LAKE, Dec. 23, 1890.

MRS. MCKAY,—I was made glad by the kind letter you sent me. Your words of welcome and encouragement and prayer are still in my heart. I am glad to take a humble part in the work in which the W.F.M.S. is engaged. I have so much to write about that many letters might be filled, but a few broken paragraphs may be of more interest than long letters. I feel very much my responsibility. How different from what it was last winter; then a thoughtless girl at G. A. College, now a married woman; then my lessons my only care, now so many things to look after. The tables for fifty, the kitchen, the laundry, the beds, the mending and darning, and cutting out little garments, and teaching little hands the use of the needle, rolling pin or wash-board, and scrubbing-brush and what not.

We have now about forty children attending the school. The largest number that ever attended the Round Lake school. We expect the number still to increase. We pay at present only \$8 a month for hired help in the house, the most of the work being done by the girls attending the school.

There was a poor Indian boy brought in the other day; the poor little fellow is deformed in the back, can't use his feet, only creeps like a baby. Only a little cotton rag for a shirt, nothing on his feet, no cap, no mitts, and the day very cold. You would pity him, and he seemed so happy when he was dressed and taken to the school-room.

We are having delightful weather, no snow, bright sun, the moan of autumn still heard in the withered grass. The lake is covered over with smooth ice. It is pretty to see the children out at play. The skates and toboggans and little sleighs and ice boats are all in use. You would say: What a happy family!

I have been out on several occasions with Mr. McKay among the reserves. My last trip was west eighty miles; spent the night