

sent it as far as I know, and see they all try all they can do for the Master. They read well, sing well, attend Church well; as for the heart I can't tell. I hope dear Mrs. you will make out this letter, I was never to a school; the best I am is Indian, I read it well, write it well, keep Church twice every Sunday in the wilderness. I will be off to-morrow for the same place to winter with the poor Indians. I am getting old now, 64 years of age, and I find it hard now to go about seeing Indians. God bless to Him.

*From Miss Tims, St. Peter's Mission, Hay River, Mackenzie River Diocese, February 1st.*

Yours was the first letter that came to me by Government mail, not H.B.Co., Inspector Rutledge, of the N.W. police, acting as mail carrier. He goes on to Fort Simpson, and returning in about three weeks will take some letters back for me. Two Indians have come of their own accord and asked us to take their children, it shows their growing confidence in us, as they are professidly Roman Catholic, also a Mr. Nagle has asked us to take his wife to live here for the rest of the winter, while he goes to Edmonton. We are dreadfully crowded, but felt that the Master had sent us the work, and we dared not refuse. Will you pray that we may be able to show a "more excellent way." Roman Catholicism is our great enemy, and it will be good to make friends with Mr. and Mrs. Nagle, both Roman Catholic. I have not been very well lately, not getting enough exercise I fancy. After teaching school and attending the sewing, it is dark, and if you have any regard to your good name in this country you will stay in the house after dark. Sometimes during the winter I have wondered whether we are here as Missionaries to white men, or Indians, we have come into contact with so many of the former passing through to the Yukon. There are a number at Hay River now. We have from ten to fifteen white people at prayers every evening. We are so glad to have them, and pray that some seed may fall upon good ground. We got the kitchen finished, at least Mr. Marsh finished it after he came home, we had the boards planed and ready for him, but alas, our family is now so large we had to make it into bed-rooms instead of using it for a kitchen. We are now a family of twenty-one. I was rather amused when you asked me if the house was built. In this country, building a house is a matter of years not months. This year we hope to get the roof on the main building, and the first floor finished, you can form no idea of the amount of work it takes to build a house here. I may be mistaken, but if the Dioceses had invested in a portable sawing machine before beginning the building here and at Fort Simpson, they would have saved the price in labour. Since white men have begun to enter this country in such numbers the price of native labour has gone up, indeed you have to pay twice what the work is worth. It will take 300 logs for our house,