

I am sadly hindered in my work, because I have not a fair chance to acquire the language. I cannot get any works on the Cree language. My dear sister, if your society can help me in this matter, I shall be glad. I ought to have a Cree grammar, dictionary and New Testament. If you can get them, kindly let me know. I have got them to work a little, by working with them myself. We have dug a beautiful well, and God seemed to bless our labours, because we struck a beautiful spring at about seven feet, and this supplies all the families in the vicinity with pure, sparkling water; and I am glad to be able to state that we have not much sickness on the reserve. In morals, I see the dawn of improvement, because I find they do not like me to hear them speaking in an evil manner. Mine is not a boarding school, but I wish it were, because I am convinced, by my experience here and in other lands, that you can do more good in one year at a boarding school than you can in six with a day school. Dear sisters, help on the boarding school system among the Indians. There are about sixty-seven children on the four reserves, but only about twenty-eight of these can attend the present school. I have taken the first step toward Christianizing the children, viz., by giving them Christian names. I have had a difficult task. They all answer to their names, and the parents are beginning to call them by the same names. I have also got names for some of the older ones that I am best acquainted with. I am trying to teach them to be frugal, by example as well as precept. Sometimes I get them at the school-house and show them how to cook, and try to impress upon them the necessity of regulating their consumption of food. At present it is a feast and then a fast. I have not had one pound of butcher's meat since I entered upon my duties, and I content myself with rabbits, etc. For nearly three weeks I had nothing but biscuits and bacon, so that you will see a missionary's life is not plain sailing and comfort. I have no house, but live in the attic of the school-house. My dear sister, your letter is like cold waters to a thirsty soul, and I feel all the stronger for having it. I wish I could come down and tell you more about it, but that is impossible. I forgot to tell you that sometimes the poor children come to school blue with the cold. In conclusion, I must say I feel deeply grateful to you all for your prayers, kindly expressions, and interest. May God bless you.