

passed already. We are all been very present, except two of the boys have ran away at last Saturday, five days ago. They were caught about eighty miles towards east, and so they got back again. Their trial will come upon them this evening at 7.15 o'clock; judges and jury are by the boys; no white people to be present. The snow is about foot and half deep, also the climate is getting colder now-a-days. I am working at shoemaking all the time. Ananias is getting on very well—healthy and obedient. I will try to obey to all my orders that are set before me, also to the Christianity. We are all happy, and enjoying ourselves. Everything in Shingwauk are getting on very present. We also have a new superintendent; he is very cute of his ways; he's very sharp—always in time. Band is getting on very fairly. The band boys are going to play twice a week at Sault Ste. Marie, in the rink. Good-bye.

Yours truly son,

JOSEPH SAMPSON.

Rev. Mr. Wilson:

DEAR SIR,—How are you get along with your children. We always go to church laughing and talking on the way. Sometimes we fright the horses. When we been in church we always help the people singing. We get along well with our work, and we do the best we can at knitting. Sometimes we help the washing and sometimes we carry the water. Our reader says true:

This is the way
To be happy and gay,
Work while you work
And play while you play.

I am, FLORA BAPTISTE.

Dear Madam:

I am answering your letter. I received it on the 20th of December, but was not going to answer it till after Christmas day and our Christmas tree, and tell you all about it. Oh, I can never be thankful enough to you for paying for the support of me here at school; it does not seem like school at all to me, it is home, for I have been here going on five years, and I am not very big—only 13 years old on the 3rd of this month; also I got your little parcel that you sent me. I was so pleased with it; I got just on Christmas eve, just as Santa Claus was ready to chase us all over the Shingwauk to scare us. He was no bigger than my brother Isaiah, who is 11. Oh, he was so funny-looking, with a big bag of candies over his shoulder and a big branch of balsam over his other shoulder, and with it he

chased us all over, and threw such lots of nuts and candies at us; and, besides, we got a lot in our stockings, and some other things; and the next day was Xmas. In the morning we went to church, and about two o'clock we had dinner in the dining room. The room and the tables we beautifully decorated with evergreens, and we had such a nice hot big dinner, and got pretty cards by our plates; and after we had dinner we had some games. About 5 o'clock we started for home and got here about six. We had our Xmas tree on the 27th. The tree looked beautiful, all lighted up with candles, and nice presents for all on it. I got a pretty dolly, and a work-bag and apron, handkerchief, an album and a nice warm woollen petticoat; and there was a most beautiful doll in a box. It was not hung on the tree at all—it was to be voted for, all ready drest with a sailor suit on and a white tueque on, a knitted jacket and stockings and little white kid slippers on, and two print dresses besides; and I got the vote. Oh, I was so glad, for I like dolls so much. Our matron, Mrs. Seal, is here still, and we are all so fond of her she is so kind to us; and our teacher, Mrs. Bligh, has gone away. She went away on the 1st of November, and is in Toronto. Miss Champion is now our teacher; she is so patient with us, and tries to make our lessons interesting, and explains them when we find it hard to understand. The last examination I got 304 marks out of 350. I do my best at the examinations always. We have just begun school this week. I am now learning reading, spelling and dictation, in the 3rd book; I have not gone in the 4th book. Mr. Wilson is not going to put us in the 4th book unless we want to study for teachers, and my father wants me to be one, so I will study to please him, if it is only for him, as I have no mother. I also like study very much. In the holidays it seems dull without any lessons. I must now close my letter to you. Good-bye. With my best love and wishes to you for a Happy New Year. This text I send Mispah: The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another. I remain, forever, your little friend.

DORA JACOBS.

As we expect a good many visitors to the Home this summer, great pains are being taken in preparing a nice piece of ground near our dock, which will make a capital place for pic-nics. Tables, benches and rustic seats have been put up for the accommodation of visitors. In fact, Mr. Madden and his Indian boys have made it an ideal place for a pic-nic.