

time here, if they do get a bit shabby it does not matter, and fashion accomodates itself to whatever we may have. We need for our people, old people and children, things strong and warm, pieces of print for aprons, pinafores, etc. We were so surprised to find a glass jar of pineapple not broken after coming such a rough, long journey. The tapioca is much enjoyed. We have two cows, Daisie and Rosie, so have milk and butter, kill our own beef, have two pigs and some fowls, two skunks and a wolf have made sad havoc amongst them, they have all three been killed. We make candles and soap; if the beef animal is fat, soap and cadles are plentiful.

Mr. Scott is away now on a long trip to Cree camps, one which he hopes to find has hitherto been too far to reach. They all in this camp are heathen. In the winter of 1888 thirteen in this camp died of starvation, the one woman who survived had eaten part of her own sister. She afterwards somehow got to the Mission almost naked and in bitter cold, 68 below zero. She spent two years with us, learnt quickly, is now at Lesser Slave Lake. We liked her very much. She spent many nights weeping over the past. She has a little boy at the Slave Lake School, he was born here. This is the third trip Mr. Scott has made this winter. the snow is not deep yet, and we have only had about 45 degrees yet, so travelling has been comparatively easy. Mr. Scott has a little sled drawn by our good doggie Boxer carrying a blanket, frying pan, axe, kettle and provisions, poor dog he gets to think he ought always to keep at his masters heels, and will slip off to church if not shut up. We have 12 children this winter. My daughter is our only help. The oldest girl about 11 years, is almost blind; she has been here 8 years and but for that would be a good helper. Two little Beavers, about 4 years, are the youngest, they are cousins, a boy and girl. The children are willing and do all they can to help. They learn as readily as any ordinary children, and have committed to memory large portions of scripture, this they will never quite forget. We teach them English only, those who come from the camps occasionally learn syllabics. Mr. Warwick takes Mr. Scott's duties during his absence. Mrs. Warwick's baby is enveloped in the white fur jacket and cap, they are too big for this winter, but will be just the right size for another season. She goes out in them every day, her mother feels she is quite safe from cold in them; she has opened the back of the cap and it makes a famous bonnet. We have received so many gifts from your Branch. The route by which our freight comes is a very rough one, viz. R.R. to Edmonton then over a rough portage on waggons 60 or 70 miles to Athabasca Landing, on open boats to an island, on cars or carts over the island to head of rapids, on open boats over 60 miles boiling rapids, on a steamer to Chippewayan, again on a steamer up the Peace River to Red River, on men's shoulders over a rocky portage about 1 mile, on open boats again up to Vermilion, the distance in all about 1200 miles.