

nothing of it, but if they knew the difficulty of freighting, and the chance way in which letters are sent out and arrive in, they would not wonder that we have occasional slips in the matter."

*From Mrs. Spendlove, Fort Norman, July 4th, to Mrs. English.*

I was so pleased to receive your letter two days ago, thank you for all the kind expressions it contains, and thank you most sincerely for bringing my letter before your Huron Woman's Auxiliary. We shall be most grateful to receive a bale of clothing for our poor Indians. I know it is difficult to get money to pay the freight, but rather than be without your bales, and the useful clothing they contain, we would bear the expense from Edmonton. Some of our poor old Indians are almost naked, and poor mothers are constantly asking me for something to cover their little children. Many a poor mother travelling through the woods, is expecting a little stranger for which she has no covering but a rabbit skin. No bale reached us last year from England, so I have had to give away what I could spare of my own clothing. I am never at a loss to turn old things into new, but I cannot make something out of nothing. This year has been full of trials and blessings. A dear little baby girl was born to us in September, and while she lived she was such a comfort to us, but she died in January. It was a most touching sight to see the savage Red Indian weep at her little grave as we sang "Safe in the arms of Jesus." We have been very busy but God has blessed our work. Our medical work has been much blessed. My husband has been building a nice church for the Indians, he having to be his own architect, carpenter, etc., with only native help, inferior workmen and tools, and scarcity of food. We have about 30 communicants here now, and hope ere long others will join us."

*From Mrs. Stringer, Eskimo Camp, between Herschell Island and Peel River, May 31st, 1898, to Mrs. Newton, Strathroy.*

"I am sure you would be amused if you could see me now, seated on some willows with my feet to the fire, and my portfolio on my knee, in our Eskimo Camp. It is my first experience of actually living with the Eskimo, it is rather a strange one, and I am glad it does not last always; I am afraid I would have a broken back ere long. They never think of sitting anywhere but on the floor; in fact