

humanity of whatever color or speech. And the language of the heart expresses itself in the face and the tones of the voice. Chan Sui's countenance fairly beamed, it was radiant with joy. He is Carrie's husband. And the others also exhibited deep feeling. It was to me a small Pentecost.

INDIAN WORK.

FROM MISS CLARKE.

COQUALEETZA HOME,
CHILLIWACK, B.C., *Feb. 4th, 1893.*

Your card of Jan. 18th to hand about a week ago. I am sorry to have disappointed your expectations, and to have been denied the privilege of bringing our work before the public through the medium of the LEAFLET and *Outlook*, but I have found the time so fully occupied and the work so exhausting, that it has been all but impossible to devote a moment for this work.

We are at present battling with and enduring a terrific storm of wind, snow, and frost, which has lasted, with but little abatement, for more than a week, and is still in progress. The thermometer has gone as low as sixteen below zero, but it is somewhat warmer now. The boys watch the thermometer very closely, and have several times come to us with the intelligence that it was "up to zero." This "co'd snap" will make a very appreciable difference in the amount of our bill for fuel this year. We used to enjoy the cold in the East, but for British Columbia cold weather I have no admiration. The high winds sweeping down upon us through the mountain-gaps pierce through everything. However, we are much better off than many, and are accordingly thankful for the many good things provided us. The boys and girls appear to be thoroughly grateful for their blessings, and frequently speak of "the poor little children" without good homes, warm clothing, and wholesome food, such as they have.

The Christmas holidays proved a season of genuine enjoy-