

FROM MRS. MOORE.

*Aldina, Jan. 5, 1896.*

The box of magnificent gifts from Toronto and St. Andrew's, Stratford Mission Bands, of such elegant and varied description, arrived safely on December 31st, just in time for our annual entertainment, and we and all our people here desire to send you and all who took part in preparing and sending such a good supply of beautiful presents, etc., our sincere thanks. You may be sure our tree looked magnificent, and the children—a goodly little host—were in perfect glee. I wish some of the dear girls in Toronto who are interested in our little ones here could have seen them on the evening of January 1, 1896.

On the afternoon previous to our entertainment, Mr. Keith, our Agent, who I may say contributed liberally, and secured a good many contributions from the ladies of Duck Lake, and a number of our Indians met at the church to decorate, put up the tree, erect tables, put up a large tent in which to make the tea, and altogether so have things in readiness for the following evening. Mr. Moore, with their approval, having gone to attend an entertainment at Shell River, and both missionary and agent are expected to be at home on the morning of New Year's Day, as all the people, dressed in their most gorgeous attire, with horses and sleighs decorated with all the colors available, go out to call on their friends and to wish them a "Happy New Year." For a week we had all been unusually busy. Mr. Keith had employed a number of the women to cook meat and bake bread, I had made six hundred ginger cookies, two hundred currant buns, and five hundred other cakes of different sorts. Mr. Moore and Mr. Thompson (missionary at Shell River) had made two hundred candy bags, arranged the gifts for the Christmas tree, together with all the other duties which devolve on the missionary. Miss McIntosh, the teacher, had gone home for her Christmas vacation, but had previously prepared the children to recite, sing, etc. The Sunday School children had been busy reviewing the year's Golden Texts, as a prize was to be given to the one who could repeat most correctly all the texts they had had in Sunday School during the year.

But New Year's morning came, and oh what a storm! The snow had blown up against one of the outside doors, completely closing it; a small stack of hay near the stable was almost all blown away; the tent which had been erected the previous day was blown down; and it was bitterly cold, so we had no callers that morning. The storm kept up, but the evening brought most of our people, men, women and children, but especially children, to the church and schoolhouse; tea was served in the schoolhouse—quite a number came from the Nebo settlement, a distance of twelve miles. A number of children from that settlement have attended our Sabbath Schools; they are not Indians nor yet are they purely white, but