

The number of patients is increasing, both those who come for daily treatment and those who remain in the hospital. Although it is only 6.30 a.m., from the verandah I see several women coming, carrying their babies in their own fashion. The baby sits on the mother's side, its little legs clasping her body, and the mother's arm surrounding it. Many of the women may be seen carrying their babies and at the same time bearing a waterpot on her head. It is a strange sight to one not accustomed to it, to see the large company of women and children who daily crowd into our large waiting-room. There is no furniture, except two boxes, which contain bedding, and a couple of benches on which we sit during the devotional exercises each morning. The floor of the room is stone, and on this the women sit, either "tailor fashion" or on their heels, the little babies sitting between the mothers' legs. Some of them are bright little things, but many of them are so stupid and emaciated from the use of opium that their eyes when open have a dull, heavy look, and their little heads fall forward or backward, as the case may be.

During the singing, prayer and exposition of the truth some of the women show very little interest; but how different when dispensing begins. Each tries to get first, and there is no small amount of loud talk in the matter. How our hearts long to see the day when they will be as anxious to crowd around the Great Physician, and receive through Him the forgiveness of their sins.

NORTH-WEST INDIANS.

The Mission School Touches the Pagan Home.

FROM MISS M'LAREN.

Mission School, Birtle, July 1, 1892.

I need hardly say how pleased we were to receive your letter with its kind wishes and encouragement. Our school during the past year has continued to prosper, the accommodation proving