

mas treat We thank the giver very much for the delicious articles. The nice warm quilt and the two cans of apples, that Mrs. Beamass so kindly sent, are most acceptable. I am sorry that I am not able to present the boots she sent to the particular person for whom she intended them, she is not staying here now, but will be glad to have them in the summer when she returns. We thankfully acknowledge Mrs. Pratt's and Mrs. Duke's gifts of tea and coffee. I suppose the dear Sunday School girls, who are so kind hearted as to contribute that thick blanket, would like to know who received it. The person to whom I wish to give it lives 60 or 70 miles away, at Matgwakuma. She is a good old woman, 8 or ten years older than Queen Victoria, I shall send you her photo, her name is Clara Jones, given to her by the late bishop Holden, who baptized her more than 40 years ago. She is very fond of her hymn book and prayer book, which are printed in Ojibway. The blanket will actually prove a great boon to her. She had to make a nice robe of rabbit skin, when they were plentiful, but since the failure of rabbits, she felt the want of her robe on a cold night. The rabbit failure is a serious loss to the poor Indians, they depended on them for food in winter, and made their skins into robes, which were a great comfort in the wigwam on a winter night when it is 50° below zero. I sincerely hope that our Heavenly Father will see fit to send this valuable little animal to our people again. The dolls, candies and toys, I understand, are the gifts of three little girls, given with a desire to cheer the hearts of some little girls in my Mission. A little Cree girl will get a doll. There are some half-cast children, a few white, and about a hundred Ojibway children in my Mission; I do not see many of the latter in the winter time, but in the summer I visit all and give each child a present—you see I require 130 presents, so that all may receive something, I could hardly give anything only the good people send things every year, which helps on the work. We think of having a Christmas tree for our Sunday School, but I fear it will be a very humble affair, unless the good old Santa Claus happens to come this way in time and takes pity on us. If I knew just where to address him, I would write a short begging letter on behalf of our tree. I thank every member of the Kemptville Woman's Auxiliary for the fine large bale they have sent in order to help on my Mission."