

Indian Mission. I arrived at the File Hills on September 15th, 1886, and found my Indian friends encamped near the Agency Buildings, in order to receive their annual allowance of *treaty money*. I had, therefore, an opportunity of seeing them all at the same time, and studying their habits and peculiarities. I (through the interpreter) asked them about sending their children to school, and the answer I received was this, that they did not want a school, and that if they sent their children to school, they would be conferring a favour on the Government. I was told by the interpreter that they had met in council, and had resolved not to have a school on the reserves. You will, therefore, be able to judge what my feelings were at that time, but I was not discouraged because my trust was in the *Lord of Hosts*, and I prayed to God to open up a way for me, which He, in His infinite mercy and goodness, saw fit to do. I had to wait about three weeks before the school-house, which had been damaged during the war, was put into proper repair. I then attempted to get scholars, but they did not come for a time; at last, after praying to God, begging the natives, and trying to show them that our Church was their friend, I succeeded in getting one pupil, a poor, dirty, ragged little fellow, who seemed to think that some terrible calamity was going to happen, and therefore, he stood trembling from head to foot, while his eyes seemed starting from their sockets with fear. I gave him a hard biscuit and some tea, which he seemed to relish very much, and then I suppose his feelings could stand the strain no longer; he rushed out of the school-house, exclaiming, *Kee-way, was-ki-e-can-nitche!* (I am going to the house, brother!) This was my first day at teaching Indians. The next day I got four boys, and the same fear seemed to possess them, so I tried to find out the cause, which I succeeded in doing, and which is as follows: The children had been told that white men delighted in punishing them, and that a teacher was one of the worst men in this respect; you will, therefore see what a task I had before me in trying to make them believe I was their friend and brother, and the usual salutation I got from a new scholar was striking his or her hand on the body, and exclaiming: *Na moia, tapis cooh* (you will not whip us like this). Having been assured that I did not intend to whip them, they would come into school and sit down near the door, but if I only took up a piece of firewood to put into the stove, they would rush out at the door, and then I would have to coax them in again; but that feeling has died out, and now they come without fear, and some of them are beginning to take a great interest in their work, but the majority come only because they