

ROUND LAKE SCHOOL.

AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE NORTH-WEST.
LETTER FROM REV. HUGH MACKAY.

A FEW of the children had a bad cough ; but they are better now, with the exception of one poor sickly boy who is at his home now and not expected to live.

We have at present 25 treaty children. What can we do for Indians whose children have been taken to Qu'Appelle school? Two weeks ago those Indians went to that school and asked for their children. They were refused. One of the boys ran away but was overtaken. The priest fought for the boy, and the parents fought for their child. Three against one were too many.

But renewing the attack with the assistance of some half breeds, the priest at last succeeded in dragging the boy back to school, and the parents returned to the Reserve, the woman with a sore throat, and the man with anger and rage in his heart. When will that boy forget this rough treatment, and forgive the priest for hurting his mother? When will that kind of mission work awake in those dark hearts, kind feelings for the white man, and longings for the religion which he teaches? We feel it much that those children have been snatched from us, and that there seems to be no law by which we can recover our loss.

In regard to our mission work, I can only tell you that we are pushing on. We are to have our Communion on the first Sabbath in March. I have visited Yellow Calf twice since the first of the year. The meetings seem to be interesting, they give good attention, but there are none who have taken a stand for Christ.

Last Saturday I left home in the morning, visited eight Indian homes, spent the night in an Indian house. The filth, vermin and smoke, lead us more than ever to pity the poor Indian. Fourteen of us slept in the same room, one young fellow far gone with scrofula, five dirty little children. The food they eat, and their bedding, thrown together, no regard for cleanliness. We lay down to sleep, suffocated with heat and an impure at-

mosphere. We awake in the night chilled, we gather our blankets about us, and still we are cold, glad when the day returned.

We had, however, two interesting meetings in this house—one in the evening, which continued until ten, and one at eight in the morning, continuing two hours. They spoke freely of their own religion, and many of them speak against it. I contrasted the light of the Gospel with dark paganism, and commended Christ. They all seem deeply interested, and wished me to come soon again. I promised to meet with them next Sabbath, and now I pray that He, who in the days of his flesh opened dark eyes, may lead this benighted people into the glorious light of the Gospel.

After saying good bye we drove north, called at an Indian house where there was a sick little girl, aged about five. She has been ill during the year, she has lost her sight and is helpless. She was upon a little bed as I entered, her eyes as if fixed, and as if she took notice of nothing. I took her hand in mine and stroked her pretty little brow, and I asked, "Do you know who is come;" she answered with a smile, "McKay." She may not be living as I write this, if not, I know she shall be gathered by the Great Shepherd.

We then drove north; had a meeting at Sheshep's and were invited to come again. We then followed the valley down a few miles, and in the dim twilight and by the hearth of an Indian home, we proclaimed Jesus and His love.

Another night from home, and returning by the Agency and Kewistahan's. Here I found a few of our children wishing to return. Some were tucked in the little sleigh, then a drive of twelve miles after sunset. The drive was pleasant. At times we broke the stillness of the lonesome prairie by singing a hymn. The light voices did not sound bad as we sang such hymns as "My Saviour's Praises I Will Sing," "Far, Far Away," etc. Then we looked up to the starry firmament and spoke long about that beautiful object lesson, and we got home about eight o'clock, all seemed to be so happy.

HUGH MACKAY.