

NORTH-WEST INDIANS.

Suffer the Little Children to come unto Me.

FROM MISS GILLESPIE.

Crowstond School, Nov. 6, 1895.

My letter will not be so joyful a one as I would wish it to be, as recently the death angel came into our midst and soared away with one of our precious little lambs. We were all loath to part with our little Willie and he was one of my Kindergarten class, too—but who can describe the sore hearts of the parents? His father is Mr. McVicar—you remember him? He is a graduate from Winnipeg University. Mr. McVicar is Mr. Whyte's interpreter and lives in that little log house close by the school, where John Friday lived when you were here. They had only two children, Willie, about eight years old, and little Tola. It was hard indeed for them to part with their only boy. But our Father saw best to take him to himself and although their hearts are bleeding, they are submissive to the chastening hand. Willie was sick for a number of weeks and for some time past death was evident to us all; but his father still cherished a hope until within a few hours before the last. It was on Sunday evening that death set in; but after the first bad attack he seemed to revive very much and his father said he thought he was all-right for that night at least; so we left and went to our beds; but after midnight Mr. Whyte and Miss Carson were aroused by the grandmother, and by the time Miss Carson reached the hall-door she was met by Mr. McVicar who told her that "Willie is no more." The funeral was a sad one. We were all mourners and each felt the loss a personal one, as little Willie had endeared himself to us all. It was with difficulty Mr. Whyte preached the sermon, and feelingly directed the parents to the only source of comfort. Mr. and Mrs. McVicar are for the present stopping at her father's, until they, as Mr. McVicar said, "get over it a little."

After they left the girls took great pleasure in going over and cleaning up the house for them so that on their return the place would not have the sad look of the funeral day about it. They white-washed the house and left everything looking quite bright and cheerful.

With this one exception the children have all been having very good health so far, and I am very well satisfied with their progress in the school-room. At the end of this month I intend to promote Betsy to the third book and five from primer II, to the second book.

We had quite a novel baptism at church a few Sundays ago. When Mr. Whyte was receiving the promises from the parents, they did not give him a silent nod of the head, or a formal "I do," but the father in a very sociable manner expressed his willingness to do what was required