

among others, might be confirmed. Had I known that he was so soon to die, and that in his last illness he would not be sufficiently conscious to partake intelligently of the sacred feast, I would not have turned the dear boy back. Too often do we, perhaps unwittingly, act the part of the disciples who hindered the little children in their approach to Jesus.

On Sunday evening, April 27th, Frederick came in for a little talk with me after service. He seemed very earnest and spoke very nicely of his trust in the Saviour. I said to him (in Indian) "I want you to get quite well, Frederick, before you go home; perhaps your father will be angry with me if he sees you sick." He looked up in my face to see if I meant what I said, and, seeing me smile, replied: "No; I am sure he will not be angry. He entrusted me to you. My grandfather said, before he died, that we were to wait for an English teacher to come, and that when he came we must listen to him and do what he told us. That is why my father gave me up to you."

The following Sunday, May 4th, the poor boy was suffering greatly: he had been two or three days in bed with what appeared to be rheumatic headache, with impaired vision and peevishness. In the evening he wanted to get up and come down to the service in the school-room, and I allowed him to do so, but