

the way, no bales of clothing are gratuitously distributed here. It is felt to be in the very best interest of the Indians to discourage everything which savors of charity and to encourage them in every possible way to become self-supporting and hence self-respecting. Many there are on the right trail for which we thank God and take courage.

Five standards are represented in the school, the fourth and fifth have a good knowledge of English. This is evidenced by their enjoyment of the school library. A pretty book-case stands at one end of the room, containing one hundred well bound volumes, not one of which has been donated. A cabinet filled with manufactured articles which have done duty at three annual fairs in connection with the school is not without interest. It contains woollen stockings, mittens, wristlets, sashes, mufflers, hoods, baby jackets, dainty crochet collars, neatly made child's dress, work and laundry bags, patchwork blocks of several original designs, embroidered moose skin moccasins, birch bark basket, drawing, writing exercise books, etc.

In competition with the white children of several public schools, these Indian children won two years ago,



"Sweethearts always" Saskatchewan Indian s

first prize in both senior and junior classes in penmanship and second in drawing.

Last year they were awarded eight prizes out of a possible twelve for exhibits of school work, including the special prize of a silver mug offered for the most neatly kept exercise book.

Surely the time has come when the white children must needs reckon with the little Indians.

The school windows are filled with plants, they belong to the pupils and how they delight in watering, tending, and watching them grow—the best one will be awarded a prize at the annual fair.

The walls are decorated with well framed pictures, many of which are prize drawings by the pupils.

Six papers and magazines are received, one of which is the Church Juvenile. Through reading this the children have become very much interested in the little famine orphans of China, and last year they earned and sent to Bishop White fifteen dollars to help to buy the rice for the "little Chinas" as they so quaintly expressed it.

We have a dining hall where the children daily receive a substantial mid-day meal prepared by the older girls in turn, hence opportunity is given for lessons in domestic science, and by the way the money earned in this way is being put to practical use—three pupils have purchased sewing machines, whilst a fourth has fitted up a bedroom. Two of the ex-pupils have won laurels in domestic service.

It is a delight to watch the pupils sitting around the long table generously

supplied with soup, meat, vegetables, bread, tea, puddings, etc. "O Lord, bless the Department for giving Indian children good dinners," a little girl was heard to say.

In order to encourage agriculture we have a school garden, each child has his plot—the vegetables will be on exhibition at the annual fair.

Our baby organ is ever a source of delight and interest to the children.

It is an inspiration to hear their sweet young voices, blending in their favorite song:

Beautiful Angels are guarding us ever,
Sent by our Saviour above,
Beckoning earnestly t'wards the bright river

Sweet guiding Angels of love,
Guarding us ever as onward we struggle
Over life's ocean so broad,
Vigils they're keeping thro' joy and thro' trouble,

Beautiful Angels of God.

May the beautiful angels about whom they sing keep these dusky children of the prairie pure and holy, and as they grow to manhood and womanhood may their knowled increase in the ways of truth and righteousness, proper hygienic ways of living and may they develop those characteristics which go to make up good citizenship. Oh, it is a glorious work—helping, developing, strengthening our weaker brethren. Surely, we can say in the language of St. Paul: "In due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

Another feature of the work which is most interesting as well as most important consists of district work on the reserve, dispensary calls and an occasional patient in the hospital tent

Very great is the need, and wide is the scope for fully trained, graduate nurses on Indian reserves. These reservations are usually situated far from towns and doctors. Much suffering can be relieved, numberless minor accidents and illnesses cared for which if not intelligently treated would eventually develop into something serious and possibly prove fatal.

As we watch our Indian mother press closely to her breast a precious, dusky flower, as we look into the limpid brown eyes, and recall the time we thought they would soon close forever, when we remember how the flickering spark of life was fanned back to health and strength, there comes the sweet,

sweet thought in the language of our Guild of St. Barnabas motto: "I tended him; God healed him."

He left this saying for us: "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Thus in His sick and sorrowful do we Behold and love our Master Christ.

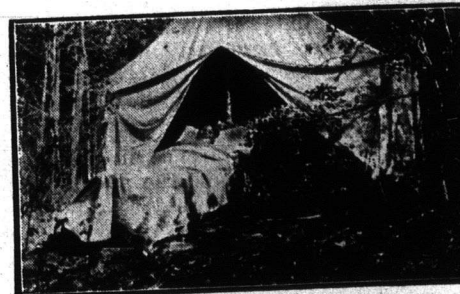
And such a sweetness is there in this ministry,

That all the pleasures of the world seem poor.

An employee of a survey party met with a painful accident in the vicinity of the reserve and came to the dispensary for treatment.

"I don't know how you can stand this here Injun bizness," said he. "She may be O. K. in theory, but when a feller comes down to the real thing ain't the romance all smashed to smithereens?"

Now, this is a question which is often asked me, though perhaps in different language. Well—it all depends upon the individual, his temperament, his view of things.



A patient taking the sun b th

Nothing is all good, nothing is all bad; everything is so so. If one is inclined to be pessimistic, surely there is room enough and opportunity enough on an Indian reservation to see the dark clouds and long, rough, hard trail. One can easily open the door of his heart to the guests Disappointment, Discouragement, Discontent and is it worth while? They are ever lurking at the gate. Yet, on the other hand, if one is inclined to be optimistic there is opportunity on an Indian reserve to see the blue sky and glorious sunshine. Always remember people generally find what they look for.

Again—we should never be forgetful of the solemn fact that we are soldiers on active duty in the service of the King of Kings—how high and great the privilege, and that He is ever with us,

all sufficient, caring for us, loving us, whispering words of comfort when we are sad and lonely, yea, pitying us in His great compassion when our hearts are troubled. Noting our every want, watching our footsteps and blessing us with His approving smile when we try to follow Him. Oh, are there not moments when we feel like Peter, when he found his boat filled with fishes? Full of a sense of our own unworthiness, and of God's great power and love.

Go labor on—spend and be spent
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went,
Should not the servant tread it still?

Go labor on; 'tis not for nought
Thy earthly loss, is Heavenly gain,
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not
The Master praises; what are men?

Caught the Train

In a little village in the Ozarks, says the Kansas City Star, a guest at the hotel wished to catch the early morning train, and asked to be called at three-thirty. Having no alarm-clock and no clerk, the landlord sat up all night to make sure of arousing him in time.

The hotel-keeper found it rather hard to keep awake, but at three-thirty promptly he knocked at the guest's door. "Get up!" he said in a surly tone. "It's three-thirty."

The guest turned over and grunted in sleepy laziness. "Oh, I guess I'll let that train go, and sleep till seven," he said.

"No, ye won't, either!" shouted the landlord, and emphasized his remarks by shooting three or four shots into the floor of the hallway from the revolver with which he had guarded the hotel. "I sat up all night to get you up on time, and you're a-going to get up or I'll know the reason why!"

There was an ample persuasiveness about the way he said it, and the guest got up and caught his train.

Burns. A friend rallied him on his friendship and patronage of the half-witted. "You don't understand the matter," he said. "They are poets; they have all the madness of the Muse. All they want is the inspiration—a mere trifle."