

time has not yet arrived however. So our school is composed largely of little ones, and *that is what we want*. The average attendance for the last three months—May, June, July—has been twelve, the greater number of these children. Our hope lies in these little ones. Among their first English words they learn to lisp the precious name of Jesus, and to sing of His love for them. May the Good Shepherd gather these lambs into His fold! The smallest are taught English words and sentences from objects and pictures. They amuse themselves the greater part of the time, not forgetting to whisper occasionally "Missa Best, bread please." The larger ones are making very fair progress in their studies, but if my time were not so much divided between kitchen and school-room, I think there would be an improvement in both discipline and progress in studies. One alone works at a great disadvantage.

Death removed one of our brightest boys about two weeks ago. He was one of the first pupils in this school. You may remember "David," one of our finest Indians. This boy was his son. He was about twelve years of age, and understood English though he seldom spoke it. He was confined to his bed for more than a week. A night or two before he died, as I was sitting by his bed—a mattress with some blankets thrown upon it—in the tent, we were talking of the school and of the world beyond, to which I saw he was fast hastening, I asked him if he still loved Jesus. Too weak to talk, he turned, and his dark eyes grew bright as he whispered, "Yes." "And would you like Jesus to come soon and take you home, Chaski?" Again he quickly answered "Yes." His mother told me amid her sobs that he had asked to sit up a couple of days before he died, and sang over again the hymns he had learned at school, especially "There is a Happy Land, far, far away." We gave Chaski a Christian burial, the first that has ever taken place among our Indians. The Presbyterian minister conducted the service in the tepee, and we followed our boy to his last resting place on the banks of a stream shaded by trees, on the outskirts of the town. If I were with you I could tell you more about it; how tenderly those great rough men assisted in placing flowers on the coffin, and the many silent tokens of sympathy for the bereaved ones, but time will not allow this. I believe God in His mercy has blessed this affliction to the parents at least, and I know they are looking forward to seeing their child in a better land, however indistinct their ideas may be regarding it. I cannot tell you anything new about Louisa, Wenona, Topsey and Mary Ann, our four steady little boarders, only that they are improving.