

son once more, and how anxiously he was looking forward to the Spring, when he hoped to see him again. The Bishop also kindly wrote to him in reply to his little letter, exhorting him to "try and live as God tells us to do in the Book which he has given to us; and concludes with the earnest hope, that when he died, he might go to that happy place where the Saviour Jesus Christ is preparing to receive all who truly love him." "Good-bye, my dear boy," added the Bishop. "May God bless you, and make you good." This letter Frederick fondly treasured to the day of his death, and often expressed his desire to see the Bishop again.

On Sunday, March 30th, Frederick was at Church in the Sault with the other boys. There was an administration of the Holy Communion after the Service, and the boys who had been confirmed, remained to partake. Frederick remained with them, and innocently came up with the rest to kneel at the rails. I was very sorry to turn him back, but whispered to him a hurried explanation in Indian that only those who were confirmed were about to take the Sacrament, and he quietly withdrew to his seat. Afterwards, I explained it to him, and a day or two subsequently, wrote to the Bishop, asking him to arrange, if possible, to hold Confirmation before the boys dispersed for the holidays, so that Frederick,