

*Monday, 21st.*—Had to leave the letter on Saturday morning, and did not get back to it until now. We have a great deal to be thankful for to-night. Archie is better, and Herbie seems quite a little stronger. Archie has been suffering from an attack of pneumonia. Friday night his temperature ran as high as 105½°. The doctor said his right lung was solid. To-day his temperature has been normal all day, and he looks like him self again. He is a bright little boy of about ten years old. He has only been in the school about six months and I don't think he has been heard speak one word of Indian during his illness, not even when he was not in his right mind.

Herbie has been ill for five or six weeks. The disease took hold of him so suddenly, and made the little fellow look as if he had been suffering for months instead of weeks. Miss Russell and I have had him in our room for four weeks. He nearly always has a bright smile on his face and is so patient. Mr. McLeod asked one day if he loved Jesus. He said he did, and then Mr. McLeod asked did Jesus love him; he said "Yes," but on being asked how he knew, he could not answer, but looked up with a smile, as much as to say he could not tell how, but he knew Jesus loved him. On going into the room one afternoon I found my sister talking with him and he turned round his face and said: "Miss Russell and I talk for heaven." The same evening he said: "When I get to heaven my hand will be all right, and Richard will have his leg on all right." His own little hand was hurt once and one of his knuckles was displaced, and Richard is a little boy that has lost one of his limbs above the knee. Herbie is about six years old. He is Miss Walker's little Herbie. He was only three years old when he came to the school, and when his mother came to see him a short time after, he said she was not his mother and clung to Miss Walker.