

belonging to Mr. McArthur's flock but now living at Pipestone. The little one was named Abel.

We then informed the Indians that the ladies in the East had sent them clothing and appointed the day for distribution. Professor Baird said we would have to make it a law that those who wanted blankets must promise to build beds for themselves. This was taken as a great joke at first, but at length some sort of promise was given. "Shunkawhasti" gave a speech in reply, in which in the name of all the Indians he asked us to thank the ladies for their kind gifts. This man, though not a Christian, has been a good friend to the mission, and he expressed his determination still to do all in his power to help John Thunder. As to building a bedstead, he said he was old and would be afraid to sleep so high up, he might tumble out on the floor. Mr. Baird said if he made it low down he would not have far to fall. This was great fun for the rest, as they thought the Professor had fairly cornered "Shunkawhasti."

As to what John is doing on the reserve, I will answer your questions as you put them. 1. Two children have been sent to Regina school since John was placed on the reserve. 2. John does no regular teaching; he does what he can to interest the parents in the big school at Regina, and tries to get them to send their children there, at the same time he gives simple lessons in the Scriptures and he has found the picture rolls very helpful. 3. John can speak English well; he reports that one Indian has made a profession of faith in Christ. The coming of Jesse Wakopa from Mr. McArthur's reserve will be a great help to John. Evidently he is a good Christian man, and his example will help John's preaching much.

During the past year there has been some sickness among the Indians, and some that you saw when here have gone into the other world. Owatana, the young man who made such a flowery speech in your hearing, has passed away. Peter Hunter had great hopes of him becoming a Christian; I do not know what was the state of his mind when he died. I visited him once or twice during his sickness, but he had little English and I had no Sioux, so I could not help him much; he was very grateful, however, for the quilts that made his death-bed a little softer. I sent him at different times cod-liver oil and a little wine, and he was very grateful and would have liked to say something to me, but we had no interpreter at the time, and Owatana had to go without being able to say what he wished, and what I wished so much to hear. We can only hope that Peter's words, as he unfolded to him the light of God, had not been spoken in vain.