

pukeda rose and said, "I wish you to take my son with you, to be educated at your school. I love him indeed very much, my spirit clings to him. I shall be very sad when he is gone, but I want him to be taught, and I will try and control my feelings until he returns to me next summer.

And so the next morning, when we started on our homeward journey, Oshkahpukeda's son had become one of our party.

His name was Wingwinenna, and such a bright, intelligent-looking lad, apparently between 13 and 14 years of age. He at once adapted himself cheerfully to his new circumstances, and assisted our boys in their work, and in a few days he knew the alphabet thoroughly, and was spelling and pronouncing short words, though he did not know A from B when we first found him.

Such a dear, good boy he proved, and every one who knew him at the Shingwauk Home loved him,—so gentle in his ways, so quiet and polite in manner, so pleased at any little attention, and so quaint in his efforts to talk English.

The Bishop took a great fancy to him,—became his godfather, and baptized him in his own name, Frederick, on the 27th of October. Although the time was so short since he had had the opportunity of receiving their teaching, he had nevertheless a very fair knowledge of