

is really something wonderful. Miss Scott feels quite proud of it, as one of them, Rebecca Friday, is her namesake.

Mr. Whyte was quite encouraged by a meeting recently held by the Indians to discuss ways and means for finishing a church, the walls of which are already up. Instead of trying to shirk the work, as is customary among them, they all expressed a willingness to do what they could by way of labour on the building and drawing material to it. Mr. Whyte stood with me in the hall and made me acquainted with each Indian as he passed into the meeting room. They don't all look alike; there is a variety of expression.

I have started a class on Saturday afternoons for adults, to teach them to read, spell and write. As it is only two weeks old I cannot tell how it is going to succeed, but the first lessons have been very encouraging. The class consists of four women and two men, and I hope to have more after a while. One of the men has astonished me very much. He did not know the alphabet two weeks ago, and can now read the first nine verses in the first chapter of St. John. Of course he doesn't read it very fluently, and has to stop to spell several of the words, but still I think it is wonderful, considering the time he has been studying. His whole ambition seems to be to learn to read. It is a very encouraging sign.

Of late Mr. Whyte has had to make more trips to the reserve than usual, as there has been considerable sickness on it. Within the last three weeks there have been three deaths. One a boy, about sixteen years old. He was a pupil of this school, but has been at home sick since the first months of the new year. He died in the faith of Christ. The other two were children.

Lately three of our girls, Janem, Betsy and Daisy have professed to have accepted of Jesus as their Saviour. We are all very much rejoiced over it, and our earnest prayer is that they