

during the summer months, doing their work so satisfactorily as to be wanted back summer after summer. There comes to my mind as I write a boy who is now spending his fourth season on the same farm; beginning by doing chores, now working his four horses, taking his place with the other men on the farm.

Upon reaching the age of fourteen years pupils are expected to be transferred from the boarding to the industrial school, where, in addition to the training already received, they are taught in the different trades. One half of each day is spent in the school-room, the remaining half on the farm, in the shop, the kitchen, the sewing-room, the laundry, or doing general housework.

All expenses in connection with these institutions are borne by the Dominion Government; that for buildings and equipment by special grant, and the amount required for maintenance and salaries by an annual per capita allowance. The only school of this class in connection with our Church is situated near the town of Regina. It was opened nine years ago, and during that time 159 boys and 120 girls have been enrolled. At present, the number on the roll is 130, all receiving instruction in different lines, from a staff of ten instructors.

At the age of eighteen years pupils are supposed to have completed their course, and are discharged. Five boys received their honorable discharge from the Regina School last April, three of whom are at present in the employ of farmers at average wages. Of the graduates of former years a number are employed as farm servants, interpreters, or as domestics; others are living in well kept and comfortable homes on the Reserve, while some have proved disappointing.

In all our schools, prominence is given to the formation of proper habits and the strengthening of character. Individuality, self-reliance, the principles of the Golden Rule, are the main factors in the proper solution of the Indian problem.

The religious interest in the school is always encouraging. There are thirty communicants amongst the pupils. Their religious life finds expression in contributions to the famine fund, mission work at home and abroad, and other claims that present themselves.

What Drink Did for One Man.

"It was in the beautiful bar-room of the Tabor Grand in Denver," said Eli Perkins. "A group of handsome young men were laughing and drinking, when a poor, tottering tramp pushed open the door, and with sad eyes, looked at them appealingly.

"Come in, Senator, and drown your cares in the flowing bowl!" they said, jeeringly.

"I will come in, thank you," he said, "for I am cold and hungry."

"Take this brandy, Senator," they said, mockingly, "and drink to our health."

"After swallowing the liquor the tramp gazed at them for an instant, and then, with a dignity and eloquence that showed how far he had fallen in the social scale, he began to speak:

"Gentlemen," he said sadly, "I wish you well. You and I complete a picture of life. I was, alas! a Senator. My bloated face was once young and handsome as yours. This shambling figure once walked as proud as yours. I, too, once had a home, and friends and position. I had a wife as beautiful as an artist's dream, and I dropped the priceless pearl of honor and respect in the wine cup, and, Cleopatra-like, saw it dissolve and quaffed it down. I had children as sweet and lovely as the flowers of spring, and I saw them fade and die under the curse of a drunken father.

"I had a home where love lit the flame upon the altar and ministered before it, and I put out the holy fire, and darkness and desolation reigned in its stead. I had aspirations and ambitions that soared as high as the morning star, and I broke and bruised their beautiful wings, and at last strangled them, that I might be tortured with their cries no more. To-day I am a husband without a wife, a father without a child, a tramp without a home to call his own, a man in whom every good impulse is dead—all, all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink.

"Young gentlemen," he said, as he passed out into the darkness, "whichever way you go—whether you follow your mothers', wives' and children's prayers, and enjoy their love on earth and dwell with them in heaven, or whether you become a saddened soul, forever lost, like me, I—I wish you well!"

"I shall never forget that sad picture," continued the humorist. "It was wit and humor ending in pathos. Tears dimmed the eyes of the youth as they watched a despairing soul disappearing in the darkness."

Learning to Howl.

It is an old Spanish proverb, "He who lives with wolves will soon learn to howl." He who lives with faults of his friends, and counts them over, and sorts them and weighs them and measures them, will soon have equally grave ones of his own, which his friends will be sure to see, and which will make him positively unable to cure them. There is nothing that so deteriorates character as this undue looking after faults and blemishes in others while we are blind to our own.

There is only one way, after all, to reform the world; not by learning to howl at its faults, or to bark at its mistakes, but by first beginning the work of reformation with ourselves. We come back inevitably to the old truth, so often stated, "In order to make the best of others, we must first make the best of ourselves."—Sel.