

to-day, and His little lambs, as well as the grown-up sheep, may be found all over the world—not only in bright, happy England (ah! I hope He has a great many there!), but also in India, China, Japan, under the hot sun in Africa, and right up against the ice and snow in cold North America. Would you not like to see some of these little far-away lambs? Perhaps you would think them very funny-looking, for some of them are black, and some brown, and some yellow; but if you could see right down beneath their skins you would find that their *souls* are beautiful and white because they have been washed in the blood of Jesus.

I hope to tell you each month some stories about these little lambs. When you go to bed to-night, and say that beautiful prayer beginning, "Our Father, which art in heaven," will you think of those who live far away in heathen lands, and pray for them? E. W.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

[From the Ramsden sermon preached by Bishop Whipple at Cambridge, England. Whit-sun, 1897. S.P.G.]

WHEN I was consecrated Bishop of Minnesota, our Indian Missions seemed hopeless. The Indians had sunk to a depth of degradation which their heathen fathers had not known. They hated white men. Friends advised me not to undertake Indian Missions. I carried it where I take all troubles, and I promised the Saviour that, He helping me, I would never turn my back on the heathen at my door. For three years we worked hopefully, and then came the awful massacre of 1862. Our western border was a track of blood. Eight hundred of our citizens slept in nameless graves. Our Mission-houses and Indian churches were destroyed, but when we heard from the Indian country we were overpaid; the Christian Indians of the Presbyterian and our Church Missions had saved two hundred white women and children from death. We began work again. There are now more Christian Indians in Minnesota than there were white communicants of the Church when I became a bishop. We have seven Indian clergymen and ten Indian churches. One incident I mention to show how God's blessing follows loving work. At my first visit to the Dacotah Indians, Wa-kean-washté, Good Thunder, told me that he had a little daughter whom he wanted to be educated like a white woman. I took the child to my home and placed her in our Indian school; she was baptized and named after our gentle poetess, Lydia Sigourney; she became ill; I wrote to Good Thunder, and when he told his Indian friends of Lydia's illness they said: "It is all your fault; you

gave your child to the white man, and he placed her in a school with the children of the Ojibways, who are our enemies; they have poisoned her; she will die." Poor Good Thunder came to my home and sadly told me what the Indians had said. When Lydia heard the story she said: "Father, there are no enemies among Christ's children; the Ojibway girls love me as I love them; they bring me flowers and berries every day. We are sisters, father; we love Jesus." Wa-kean-washté desired to take his child home, and, knowing the prejudice against Indians, I wrote this letter: "To all white people,—Wa-kean-washté is taking his child home to die; she is a lamb of Jesus; will you be kind to her for His sake, Who said, 'Inasmuch as you did it to the least of these, you did it unto Me'?" and signed my name. When I met Good Thunder, he told me with deep feeling how kind white people were to his child. I was permitted to be present at Lydia's death; she told her sorrowing father that she was going to the home of her Saviour, and asked him to become a Christian and meet her there. It won the father to Christ. "A little child shall lead them." Little did I think that this child's death was to make of an heathen man a Christian hero. When the outbreak of 1862 came, he was the protector of helpless women and children. When the savage leader boasted that the English in Canada would join in war on the whites, Wa-kean-washté would say, "Why do you not tell the truth? Tell them the English are ruled by a Christian woman, and that she would not touch one of your bloody hands with her little finger." They cried "Shoot him!" He replied: "Shoot me; you cannot make me tell a lie."

I have known many brave disciples, but none whom I love more than old Wa-kean-washté, who was the first Dacotah baptized into the Church of our Lord.

"He who has seen only the daylight knows nothing of that heaven of stars which all night long hangs overhead its lamps of gold. When death has dusted off this body from me, who will dream for me the new powers I shall possess? It were vain to try. Time shall reveal it all."

In the seventy-three years of its existence the American School Union has founded 100,000 schools, from which 6,000 churches have sprung. Last year it started 1,800 Sunday-schools, and during that time 108 churches developed from schools which previously had been opened. The greater part of this work is being done in Minnesota, the Dakotas, Montana, Idaho, Texas, Kansas, Indian Territory, Oklahoma and the mountain regions of the Virginias, Tennessee, the Carolinas, and Georgia.