

boy of ten wrote: "I am thankful for all the hard names I have learned in I and II Samuel. I think it was lovely, for we have been stumbling over them so at morning prayers the last three weeks." Katie Sieveright's was, "I thank God for sparing my brother," and John's own was, "I thank God for sparing my life from death."

Our school is very crowded this fall ; we have four new girls and two boys from Birtle. Two boys from Cotes, and ten girls from the Elkhorn school are with us, while their building, which was destroyed by fire, is being rebuilt. I did miss Mrs. McLeod very much, I cannot tell you how kind they have all been to me.

I hope, not only for your good wishes, but also for your prayers, that I may be successful in the work here.

Blessed are the Dead Who Die in the Lord.

FROM MR. ARTHUR.

Lakesend, Ft. Qu'Appelle, Assa., Nov. 2, 1895.

Miss McWilliams has told me of your desire that I write an account of a Sunday's work, and I heartily comply. First let me tell you of a funeral I attended last Tuesday. Annie Stevenson, daughter of my interpreter, and who spent three years in this school, died of consumption. She has been failing all summer but was a very cheerful and hopeful invalid. In our talks she would clearly state her firm hope in a life with Jesus and would smile peacefully when I told her that even through the dark valley He would be beside her. At the early age of thirteen she is gathered home. Her mother said she was willing to part with her though the parting was a sore one. Never have I seen such intense grief—the little children clinging about their father while, with tears streaming down his own cheeks, Mr. Stevenson tried to comfort the little ones telling them that Annie had gone to Jesus.

Our Sabbaths are very different here. Last Sabbath I spent on Pasquah's and at the Mission building. The ford was frozen over, not strong enough to carry a man and two strong to row a boat. I got a door and pushing it ahead of me and putting half my weight on my hands I crawled across on my knees. Rather undignified, but I crossed safely and after a six-mile walk arrived at Pasquah's Camp. I visited some of the houses and then we assembled, nineteen of us, in Benjamin's teepee. Our subject was in Luke 4: 18 where Chris^t declares his mission in the language of Isaiah, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me." The attention is all that could be desired and I am hopeful that beneath that silent ex-