

and see how nearly it comes to that Copy; and thus living, day by day, the "new leaf" will be written fairly and well.

There is another thing about this writing, viz : that to do it well, one must learn when young. You never saw a good writer that waited until grown up before he began to learn. And if we would have life's leaves fairly penned, we must begin in youth.

Yet again, if careless habits of writing are formed in youth, these careless writers will likely continue all through life. And if the "new leaves" that boys and girls now turn over, are written with little care to follow the Great Copy, the leaves of these same people when they are men and women, will almost certainly be carelessly written also. Their lives will not be good lives.

Then what a pleasant thing it is to look back over a clean well written page when it is finished; and how gladsome, when the term is ended and the book written through, to have it clean and well written to be handed around on examination day.

And what a pleasant thing to look back with thankfulness and not with shame over the old leaf of an old year when it is ended; and what a gladsome thing when all the leaves of life are filled, and the Great Examination day comes, and the copy "books are opened," what a gladsome thing it will be, although our book will be far from what we would like it to be, to hear our Great Teacher then say; "Well done, good and faithful."

How pleasant, too, it then will be to have others there, young and old, from the New Hebrides and Trinidad, from India and Honan and Formosa, and from our own North West, with fair clean life leaves instead of the dark blots and sins of heathenism, and hear the Great Teacher say "well done" to them, and to feel that we have had a part, by our gifts to missions, in helping to bring them there.

And more gladsome still in the bright life beyond, to have, not our leaves but our endless life roll, written just like the Copy with goodness, and gladness, and peace, for "we shall be like Him," when we shall see Him as He is.

THREE INDIAN PUPILS DROWNED.

A SAD STORY FROM THE NORTH-WEST.



ONE of our mission schools among the Indians of the North-West is at a place called Birtle. Here for the past three years a school has been carried on in a rented room, but a fine new building, erected with money given by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, has just been completed and would accommodate about forty pupils, and the prospects of the school were very bright. But soon they were shadowed by a very sad event, the drowning of three Indian boys who were pupils.

Mr. George G. McLaren, the principal, was absent at the time. He had gone to an Indian reserve near by to get some more pupils for the school. His sister, Miss McLaren, and Miss McLeod, her assistant, from Parkdale, Ont., were present, and the teachers as well as the poor parents feel the loss very much for the school is like a big family. Miss McLaren, in a letter to Prof. Baird, tells the sad story as follows:

"Thank you so much for your kind sympathetic letter. It is too true, though we cannot realize it yet. Three were drowned and a fourth was restored only after a great deal of work.

The townspeople had been skating for two weeks or more, but George (the principal) had never taken the children down to the river. The warm rain and sun of Thursday had made the ice very unsafe, though several were out on Friday.

George started for the Lizard Point a little after two on Saturday afternoon, the boys going out to the fence with him. His last words to them were not to go near the river.

They had been with him all forenoon, and, I suppose, feeling lonely, soon wandered in that direction.

Miss McLeod, the girls, and six of the boys, were out at the stable filling the beds with hay; I was upstairs arranging them as they were brought in.

Before long the cry was raised 'the boys are in the river.' I heard it, ran down, got a rope,