

yards apart from each other. Fifty yards distant may be seen the ruts in the ground made by him as he played at the game of marbles with these massive rocks. As he strode across the plains he slipped and fell, and a large cross made of stones exists, marking the spot where he lay. He was copper-colored, and differed in this respect from the Great Father of the white man.

Desirous of following the footsteps of their father, the Indians love to paint themselves. The old man has thus left monuments of his existence and power; and his name is still retained in connection with one of the rivers of the great North-west. Many moons ago he passed away to the happy hunting-ground, where he awaits the coming of his children. The grey-haired sires of the Blackfeet camps love to rehearse the notable deeds and noble life of the Old Man. When they reach the spirit land, they hope to learn from him something concerning the country he came from, and know more concerning his valor and strength, part of which he has in his great love bequeathed to his children who honour his memory and rejoice in his name.

SAMSON SING.

Fort WacLeod, June, 1882.

OUR INDIAN SCHOOLS.

SOME people ask me if our Mission Schools are really doing any good among the Indian children? Let me tell them about four of my scholars who died during my stay in Alderville.

The first was Tommy Franklin, a bright little fellow of nine, whose regular attendance at day and Sunday-school gave us great hope for his future. He retained a strong attachment to Miss Lottie Barret, a former teacher, and when dying, told his mother that he heard her singing with the angels. Miss Brooking, his gentle and faithful Sunday-school teacher, was also very dear to him, and from her lips, in both text and song, he learned many sweet lessons about Jesus. His conscience became very tender during the study of the little Catechism. One day while reciting the 4th Sec., he seemed to feel very badly; when I said, "What ails my little man to-day?" he laid his head on my shoulder and sobbed out, "Oh, I'm afraid Jesus won't love me!" "What makes you think that, Tommy?" I asked. "Cause I told a lie," he said, still sobbing as if his heart would break. I talked to him about Jesus, and how glad he is to forgive little children and help them to be good, and then we prayed together, and he seemed greatly comforted. Always after this, the question, "Tommy, do you think the dear Lord Jesus would like you to do that?" would bring a grave sweet look into the bright black eyes and stop any further

waywardness. Towards the close of his last illness, which was long and severe, his face took on an unearthly beauty. The love-light of heaven seemed shining through his soft dark eyes whenever I spoke to him of the Saviour. A day or two before he died he called out, "Mammy, don't you see the angels? Oh, they are lovely! Why I feel the wind from their wings on my cheek," and the little wasted face fairly shone as he gazed upon the beautiful wings invisible to our duller sense.

Then there was Hetty Black, who died of consumption last fall, at the age of fifteen. She had studied her Catechism and Bible lessons diligently, and in this way had gained several of Mrs. Brooking's beautiful prizes, one of which was a Bible which she valued very highly. I visited her often towards the last, and always found her gentle and patient, and glad to talk about Jesus. She spoke frequently of the many kindnesses she had received from Mrs. Brooking, and her special friend Lucy, and also from Miss Jacques. As long as she was able to sit up, even in bed, she was busy with patchwork or knitting, both of which she had learned to do very neatly. One day I asked her how she got through the long weary nights when her cough was troublesome. Her face grew wonderfully bright as she answered between her gasps for breath, "When my cough's bad I pray to Jesus, and then I feel better; He stays by me and helps me all the time." A day or two before she died, I said, "Almost home, Hetty, ain't you?" "Oh, yes, she replied, I'll soon be there!" and her large beautiful eyes shone with a light that was not of earth. Then something impelled me to say, "If you see my dear father, Hetty, will you give him my love and tell him I am coming?" I'll never forget the radiant look on her pale thin face as she said, "Oh, I'll be sure to tell him how you are helping us here and that you'll come by-and-by!"

The next who went away was Mary Ann Bigwind, a child of nine. She was very shy and did not come to school regularly, but she loved the hymns the other little ones had learned, and during the last few days of her life she talked about Jesus and heaven to all around her with the wisdom of a woman. The room, to her, seemed full of beautiful beings waiting to carry her spirit home.

Just a week passed away and then we buried another of my "brown lambs," dear little Joe Simpson. He died very suddenly, but his sweet temper and loving ways his tender conscience and uniform obedience needed no dying words to show that he belonged to the Saviour's fold.

Hoping some one may be convinced that "our work of faith and labor of love is not in vain."

MILLIE B. SANDERSON.