

time, then she would get homesick, and nothing but "go home" would keep her from crying, she would beg so hard to be taken home "just till to-morrow." Knowing what homesickness is, we could not refuse to let her go. The mother sent for us a few hours after Jennie died, and asked us to do just what we would have done if Jennie had died at the school. The parents requested a Christian burial. An interesting funeral service was conducted by Mr. Wright, in the Indian church. The parents of the child and a number of their friends were present; all behaved nicely. The mother's feelings gave way when we sang, in Sioux, "Around the Throne of God in Heaven"; she had often heard her little girl sing these words, but it seemed a different hymn to her, when sung over the lifeless body of her child. We were pleased to learn that during the time between Jennie's death and burial, three of the Indians went each evening to the child's home, and read from their Bible, prayed and sang the hymns the little one had learned at the school.

The Sabbath services have been held regularly during the winter, only twice we were kept away by snow storms. We owe our thanks to Mrs. McKay for the use of her pony and cutter, for if we had been obliged to walk to the tepees, I think we would have missed many meetings. The average attendance at these services has been about thirty. It is indeed a comfort to meet in a church of our own, it is always clean and warm. A few of the Indians told us they were lonely, and missed the service on the two afternoons we were obliged to stay at home. Soon we will have to think of making a summer church. During the winter, or for six months the Indians live three miles from where the summer is spent. We think of getting canvass and having it sewed up and ready for the first move. The tent or church tepee, we had last summer is worn out, it was only cotton, but lasted two years. We will have to make a new one. A few of the children go with us to the tepees on Sabbath afternoons, the others prefer to attend the Sabbath school in the Portage.

We are often at a loss for an evening's amusement. We cannot ask anything from the children in the shape of work. After the supper dishes are put away, if knitting seems play, they will knit for an hour; often they find their own amusement. Sometimes all games, or anything we try falls flat. One stormy evening we were wondering what we could do to amuse and keep ten children quiet, when one of the little boys came and asked if he might iron the clothes, we answered yes, little thinking that he would do more than try, but he went to work and did not stop