

ever after. When she knew the hymns, she always united her praises with the congregation ; and when she did not, she would eagerly look over the Hymn-book, and try to catch the words. During the sermon, I think all who ever watched her must have been struck with her fixed attention and quiet behaviour. She would look up with her fine bright eyes to the Preacher, apparently indifferent to all around. And here I would remark that this is not the common way in which Indians show their interest in what is going forward. When attending their councils, they just look to see who is going to speak, and then cast their eyes down for the rest of the time. Likewise in a place of worship they consider that looking down is a more favourable attitude for attention, and that to fix their eyes on the speaker would be a mark of rudeness. So that in this respect Elizabeth, having been differently taught, was an exception to the general rule.

This dear child was not only good herself, but anxious that other children should be so also. When between three and four years old, she expressed considerable anxiety about a little boy who lived with her parents, and said, "Papa, I wish you would make —— a good boy, so that when he dies he may go up to heaven. Papa, you must punish him if he is not good." At another