

and Sarah Enoch, Jean's father and mother. It was quite an event. I reached the church at the hour appointed—three p.m.—and was surprised to find at least a dozen buggies standing about, and several waggons. Going inside we found every seat occupied, and Mr. McArthur, with three brother ministers beside him, opening the services by singing the hymn (at least the tune, it was in Sioux), "Oh, take me as I am." After singing, prayer and reading, the contracting parties were brought forward by Mr. McArthur and given seats facing the people. Mr. Huntsman, one of the ministers, a neighbouring schoolteacher, another of the ladies present, and myself, took our places beside them, and, after a few earnest words from each of the ministers, the ceremony was concluded. "What a Friend we have in Jesus" was sung very heartily in English. Prayer and the benediction brought to a close one of the most impressive services I ever attended. The bride's dresses were neither handsome nor fashionable, but they were neat and suitable. I made Mrs. Enoch's from some of the school material and would have made Mrs. Thunder's had I heard of it in time. I think the ladies will approve of this; I am sure they would had they seen how nicely Sarah looked. The presents were neither costly nor numerous, but there were some and they were useful. Mr. Markle, our agent, had just returned from a trip and could not possibly be present but he sent each of the brides a broom, dustpan, scrubbing-brush, box of soap and—he told me, after I returned—a package of tobacco. Along with these was a nice letter beginning "My Dear Children" and wishing them all good things, telling them how pleased he was at the step they were taking and giving them much good fatherly advice. In conclusion he said, in case "they should misunderstand the use of the presents he had sent, they were to be used in keeping their houses neat and tidy and not in the way some white women used them." We drove home in the evening rejoicing with the missionary in his joy, and feeling "that we had seen wonderful things this day." This surely is to be one of our bright days!

I have not been in Ontario since you were here, scarcely away from the school. My brother was down in the winter on business, and will shortly make his home there. I do not even expect to be down this summer.

Everything is moving on nicely. Birtle is looking its best, several good new buildings going up. The school grounds are being improved, trees planted, gardens getting into better shape, etc. And now I hope you will be able to cull something from this that will be of interest to those who are "holding up our hands." And in our great anxiety for these children may we be most anxious that they get the "the one