us together in the wigwam, and pray with and for us, several times a day, whether our father was at home or not. I remember well, at this moment, the language of

her prayers.

"She was taken sick in the winter of 1829, and was confined to her bed, most of the time, for three months; her disease was consumption. During these three months, she enjoyed much religion; there was not a day, in which she did not speak of Jesus and his promises with the greatest confidence and delight.

"When she grew worse, she called for the class leaders to pray with her. She said to her mother, whom she supposed would die first, because her hair was white, 'you will still live, but I am going to die, and will see Jesus

first; soon, however, you will follow me.'

"The spirit of my dear mother took its flight on the 27th day of February, 1830. Just before her death, she prayed with her children; and advised us to be good Christians, to love Jesus, and to meet her in heaven. She then sung her favorite hymn,

"Je sus ish pe ming kah e zhod."
"Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone."

"This was the first hymn she had ever heard or learned; and it is on this account that I introduce and sing this sweet hymn whenever I lecture 'On the origin, history, traditions, migration, and customs of the Ojebwa nation." We all knelt again by her bed side, and while clapping her hands, and endeavoring to shout for joy, she swooned away in death. The last words which she feebly uttered, were, 'Jesus, Jesus.' Her spirit then fled, her lips were cold, and those warm hands that had so often and so faithfully administered comfort and relief, were now stiff. I looked around the wigwam; my father, sister, and brother sat near me, wringing their hands; they were filled with bitter grief, and appeared inconsolable. I then began to understand and appreciate fully her kindness and love.-Who, who can, or will, take the place of a mother? Who will pray for us when we are sick or in distress? Her body was consigned to the grave without any parade. No