

brought into the agency thus, with all that was earthly of Sitting Bull regarded as slightly as though he had never arrogantly taken the first place in following that same trail when he was living.

Speaking of the dead reminds me that out of the death of the hostiles who fell with Sitting Bull, there sprang the foundation

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of a Christian mission in that settlement on the Grand River. The Indians killed had been allowed to lie unburied. The policemen had no time to bury them and if they had, it is to be doubted that they would have taken the trouble, for, although they were excellent policemen and good soldiers, they were still Indians and it was no part of their creed to bury the dead of the enemy. The camp was deserted, the men who survived the fight having betaken themselves out of the way to the south.

Mr. Riggs after the fashion of the frontier missionary who does that thing which he finds to his hand, assisted by a few Indians who accompanied him, performed the Christian duty of burying the dead. He made a common grave for the seven ghost dancers and put them away decently. There was practically no Christianity in the camp before that day, but the Indians, when they returned, were so impressed by the charitable act, and the further fact that their friends and relatives had been buried by this particular minister of a particular church -- the Congregational -- that they embraced the faith offered them by him and a very considerable mission was established -- all going to show that works, as well as faith, appeal strongly to the red man from a missionary point of view.

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