

minute in heaven will make up for all I have suffered on earth." The same evening that he died, he said that he saw many of his dear friends who had gone before, mentioning them by name (some being members of his own family) and that they appeared to be very happy to make him a visit.

I visited him frequently, and always found his mind stayed on God. I was with him a half an hour before he died, and when I left him, although I knew him to be passing away, I did not suppose the end so very near. He then endeavoured to refer to a passage of Scripture as indicative of his happy experience, but was unable to make us understand, when he touchingly, by means of a great effort, said once and again, "What does the Bible say?" The "rod" and the "staff" of his God were his comfort and stay in the dark valley.

Our dear young friend Miss Sander-son (the Mission Teacher at Hiawatha) was with us on the Saturday preceding his death. She visited him with me; after conversing a little, and singing a hymn, he gave her an Indian name, which he said belonged to a faithful Christian Indian woman whom he buried forty years ago. The name "Wah-sa-yah-quah," he said, meant light coming nearer, nearer, nearer. "Did you ever see, when you were on the lake," he said, "the light coming nearer, nearer, nearer? that is Wah-sa-yah-quah."

A year ago, this New Year, he gave his own name (Sha-wun-dais) to our little boy. He then explained the meaning of the name to be, that sultry heat which the sun gives out in summer just before a fertilizing rain. He then put his hand on the child's head and prayed that the Spirit of God might so warm his heart with heavenly fire that he might be the instrument of warming others with the same holy fire.

About two months ago, he lost by death an infant grandson of a few months. It was touching at the funeral to see the tears of the good old saint falling on the coffin of the infant

of days. On the following Sabbath in class meeting his mind went back with strong emotion to his early manhood before he became a Christian, when he buried two little boys of his own. These children had been buried in Indian costume (their best) and in pagan fashion.

He told us that when his mind first became exercised concerning the Christian religion, some one, who ought to have known better, distressed him greatly by declaring that these children could not go to heaven inasmuch as they were not baptized and died in paganism. This troubled him greatly, and he said that being the case, he could not embrace the Christian religion, as he must go where his children went. At this season, a Roman Catholic woman, whose heart was better than her creed, assured him that they were safe in Jesus, and her faith comforted him somewhat. Still, he could not rest, till one night he dreamed that he saw his two boys come down a shining way from what looked to him like a door in the sky, and stand before him. They were clad in shining white garments, and when he asked them what had become of their Indian clothing, they told him that when they entered their new home, these white robes had been given instead. He then asked where they now lived; they pointed to the shining way and asked if he saw a door at the further end, saying, that door was the entrance to their beautiful and happy home.

They then appeared to converse with each other in this manner: "Shall we take father with us this time?" "No, father must stay here longer." "Shall we take mother?" "No, mother must stay longer, too." "What then? Shall we take our little sister?" (at this time he had only a little infant daughter living), "Yes, we will take our little sister." They then disappeared up the shining way, and within a few minutes the baby-daughter died. The death of the child sealed the truth of the dream to his mind, as a vision graciously granted by God, and from that hour