

She repeated her prayer as usual, "Now I lay me, etc.," and this you will be pleased to learn, no matter how ill or weak, she never neglected to do. With her pagan surroundings it was most touching. Her father would sometimes remark, "He did not know whether that was good or not." The mother would always say, "Oh yes, now pray." After prayer she would often lie and sing away in her native tongue, in a low voice, the hymns she so much loved. We know you will all give thanks with us that the little she had learned so helped to brighten her little life. We bade her good night. As she heard me closing the door, she again called out, good night Miss Baker." We had scarcely been home half an hour when we were startled by the loud report of a gun. Not remembering that this is a pagan custom when a spirit is passing to another world, we at the time felt quite alarmed. Then a woman came rushing in crying and wringing her hands, saying "Mary is dead." Miss Cameron and I ran over, and, oh! how sad the scene. A few brands in the fire-place cast a lurid glare over the room. The father was seated on the floor hugging his dead child, swaying himself in a most frantic manner and wailing most piteously. His darling was covered with blood, and there was a large pool of blood on the floor. After we left she had fallen asleep, awoke coughing, and must have ruptured a blood vessel. The mother, in the most bitter anguish, in all haste, was busy gathering up all the little belonging of her dear child. These were tied in a bundle and placed beside her, and buried with her. They seem to believe all material objects have a spirit, and when thus disposed of these spirits go to the spirit land to be of service to their owner. The neighbours who had assembled were seated on the floor, and in their highest notes kept up a most heart-rending wailing. The unearthliness of the scene cannot be described. We went round trying to quiet them, but at first our voice could not be heard. We could only lift our thoughts in silent prayer, "Lord be Thou our helper." Gradually they listened to us, and ere long we were so thankful; the weird wailing was changed to subdued weeping, especially in the case of the poor mother. For nearly an hour the father could not be prevailed upon to lay the child down, but in the most vehement manner kept addressing himself to the inhabitants of the spirit world, imploring them to look this way and say the spirit of his child was coming, as nearly as we could gather. When you take in the isolation of the place, and the darkness of the night, we need scarcely say it was a scene better imagined than described. After seeing the earthly remains of our little pet properly cared for, we went home, taking Anna Was'te Wi and Katie Wi Ite with us.

For the benefit of the Mission Bands, who so generously contribute to the Christmas trees, we will mention that the doll Mary received at Christmas, and which was always such a source of pleasure to her during her sickness, and which had been kept with the greatest care, had to be laid on her heart, and buried with her. The next morning Miss Cameron went to town and brought up a plain coffin. A council was held and a site selected for a burying ground. Before the burial we succeeded in getting all but the father to listen quietly to a few passages of Scripture and a brief prayer. He, poor man, kept up his wierd address to the spirits; however, when he returned from the grave we were at the house, and he listened very quietly and attentively to all we said.

And now that is all over we have been contrasting the present with the past, and are thankful to see the effects of a silent influence working among them. Since the first outburst we have had very little wailing, formerly, it would have been continued for several days after a death. The