

look at the face of their loved Pastor and friend, now stamped in death with the peace of God, made an impressive scene. They truly loved him, and everyone present on that occasion felt united in a silent bond of sympathy, mourning his loss, yet sustained by a living hope of a future meeting when death shall for ever flee away from the face of Him Who is the Resurrection and the Life.

Very pathetic sounded the music of the Indian hymns as they bore his body from the Church and placed it on the simple cart to convey it to the last resting place. The bright sun shone on the unique procession, headed by an Indian carrying a handsome Cross which in the distance glittered like gold. A small band of clergy robed in white immediately preceded the coffin, which itself was covered only with a rich purple pall. Behind followed many Indians, some of them carrying wreaths and crosses sent by loving friends who were unable to be present.

Through the village, and up the steep winding road, went the silent procession to the cemetery, which lies about a mile from the Church, and here on the spot where once stood the Altar of a former Indian Church, he was laid to rest.

Hymns were sung, both in Indian and in English, while all the clergy present and many Indians took a turn in filling up the grave, and the final Collects and Blessing were said by the Reverend Father Clinton.

In this quiet spot we left him, guarded by the silent mountains, near to the homes of those who shared his labors and watched the ever deepening growth of that saintly life. Nor will that heroic life of unselfish devotion ever be forgotten; the seed is sown in many hearts and will bear fruit in due time, and we know that at that Great Day he will see the reward of his labours and receive the crown of one of those of whom it is said: "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

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## Children's Corner.

### Sundays at All Hallows.

This term our Sundays are a great deal different from other terms.

Every Sunday morning at 8 o'clock we have Celebration in our little Chapel. Other years we never used to.

But some times one of the Sisters used to take some of the big girls to Church.