

to visit a young woman, a Kitsalass (the people of the Rapids on Skeena river), dying of consumption; her husband, an affectionate nurse for four months, and most patient, seldom leaving her. I read Ps. xxv. 18, "Look upon my affliction and my pain, and forgive me all my sins;" then a short prayer, all around her kneeling. From my note-book I copy the conversation which followed, noted down at the time. "Do you remember what I said to you from God's Word?" She felt she was going to leave the world; she was always thinking of Jesus and crying unto Him. "Have you any fear of death?" "No! because I love Jesus." We replied, "He first loved us!" The husband then spoke. He had been praying three times a day. They did not know anything of their sinfulness before this affliction. "I was greatly troubled at the thought of my wife leaving me, but my heart is satisfied now, my heart is strong now, because the Saviour has had mercy on us. He has shown us the way, and though it is very hard, yet I know it will be for her gain."

Previous to this interview, her great desire had been to return to her own people, but now she asked to be buried with the Christians at Metlakahla. She hesitated before this to ask to be baptized; she had it on her heart to ask, but now she felt her time was short, and she wished to be numbered amongst the people of God. Baptism was then administered to her, in the simple words of our Lord, "Go ye, therefore, and make Christians of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." As a proof of her humility, she asked to be baptized in her heathen name ("Lukaloosh"), not being worthy of a white woman's name, which is always given.

After two days I visited her again, and found her much weaker, breathing with difficulty. During a sleepless night she exclaimed, "I know where I am going, it is no longer darkness; Jesus is with me." These last words were frequently repeated. In the morning her husband came to say, "she was fast departing, her heart beating faintly." He was comforted by repeating his wife's last words, "Jesus is with me."

Fine weather having now set in, I invited all the village to a feast. Two guns were fired to recall the absentees, who were at their daily work. Tables were soon spread on the green in front of the Church, each guest bringing cups and spoons. Coffee and biscuit was provided in abundance. Before they were seated, all assembled on the steps of the Church, and were photographed by