

soldier this week. It's awful hard to think of good things, when you want to do bad ones."

"You thought of them when you resisted the temptation to tell a story," said Mrs. Morris, looking lovingly down into the flushed face.

"That was my cotta," he answered simply.

"Your cotta?" in a puzzled tone.

"Why, yes, mamma, don't you remember? It was my armor of light. I wanted to say 'no' terribly; but somehow or other I couldn't tell a lie when I had my cotta and cassock on - but I don't see how I can ever stand being put out of the choir."

It was a very hard trial for Harry, but he stood it like a man, and Mrs. Morris saw with joy how deeply the Advent lessons had been deeply impressed upon his mind.

"Hurrah!" cried Fred Pierson, a week or two later. "Hurrah!" throwing up his cap, for Mr. Alison had just told Harry that he might sing again on Christmas day:—*New York Churchman*.

IN MEMORIAM: WALTER G. LYON.

"Here is the patience and the faith of the Saints."

KLONDYKE has claimed many victims from the ranks of those who have gone thither in search for gold. Another victim whose name is at the head of this paper, was bound to Klondyke in search of precious souls. Mr. Lyon was an experienced pioneer Missionary; he had been among the earliest who worked in the Diocese of Qu'Appelle, and when the spiritual needs of the remote Klondyke, in the Diocese of Selkirk, hitherto the almost undisturbed home of wandering tribes of Indians, was made known, he volunteered to go. The Society felt that the Canadian Church was bound to take up the work within its own borders, but to save time and to encourage the Church, it made a grant of £200, on which Mr. Lyon started. This sum, supplemented by an insignificant sum from Canada, did but suffice to buy the needful stores and to pay for their freight, and Mr. Lyon generously spent his own money in addition. We followed him with prayers and interest, and from time to time heard of him on his road. In May he wrote to us from the top of the Chilcoot Pass; he was ministering to the Canadian Mounted Police, who had been his friends in Assiniboia. He had left behind him many dangerous rapids and canyons, and had reached Lake Le Barge, when he met his end on the Festival of St. John the Baptist, Midsummer Day.

The Bishop of Selkirk writes to the *The Gospel Missionary*:—"It seems impossible for me to make comment on this occurrence, be-



"May I have the prayers of
the members of the Society for
my very arduous mission -
With kind regards,
Very sincerely yours,
Walter G. Lyon"

cause we can only all feel alike about it, that the dispensation is most inscrutable. We can only fall back on the trite saying that what we know now we shall know hereafter.

"I became dumb and opened not my mouth because Thou didst it."

From other sources we learn that Mr. Lyon's body was recovered by the Mounted Police and buried on the banks of Lake Le Barge. The Bishop adds that Mr. Lyon had "secured golden opinions from those who had been in communication with him at Lake Bennett and elsewhere on his way. Several have spoken to me expressing in the warmest terms their pleasure in holding intercourse with him, and their opinion that he was a most valuable and active missionary, and highly fitted for his intended position in the country."

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