

mission in Quebec, also the Rt. Rev. C. P. McIlvaine, Bishop of Ohio, and several other dignitaries of the Church in the United States.

"GLORIA IN ALTISSIMIS DEO."

BY BISHOP RIDLEY, OF CALEDONIA, B.C.



ON Christmas Day, 1891, my Indian churchwarden was with his co-warden and four sidesmen counting out the \$24.50 that had been collected for the sick and needy at the two morning services that day. The organist also, an Indian who plays beautifully, was one of the company. As he was the only one who could work out on paper a sum in arithmetic, he had shown that they could give a dollar and a half to each needy one, and three and a half to the hospital. That settled, away they walked, proud of their errand of mercy. But my warden, espying me as I was leaving the church, hurried up to tell me that my words had (to put his words into plain English) "turned some of the people inside-out;" because C.P. had, after years of silent animosity, come to him at the close of the early communion, and, in the church, in the presence of the whole congregation, had shaken hands with him and wished him a happy Christmas! The Churchwarden was delighted, but omitted to say that two years ago he had, as chief of the Indian Council, consented to a grievous wrong against the now forgiving man.

After the Communion Service, C.P. came to my house to ask me to tell him the age of his daughter Martha. From the baptismal register I found she had just turned twelve, but is a tiny child for those years. His more important reason was to tell my wife that Martha wanted to see her. Then he added that God had spoken to him through the child, but as he saw I had risen from the breakfast table to receive him he would not stay to explain, and apologised for disturbing me.

Later on I called and was shocked to see her as I thought beyond recovery. The previous Tuesday, as I was examining the day school, I had noticed and remarked on the bloodless look of her lips. On Christmas Eve she had declined rapidly, and was put to bed. That evening she placed her arms around her father's neck and coaxingly said: "Nāt, ābi, naknoi wilā wāl guba lthgwaumlthk Jesus," which means: "Darling, my father, hear me about the little child Jesus." Then she repeated the angels song, "Glory to God in the Highest," finishing her beseeching office of reconciliation thus, "we must be happy at Christmas, because it is of heaven, not earth. The little Jesus brought peace. Now, my darling, my father, listen to Jesus, the little child of God, and try to love everyone and hate nobody."

Then the father, groaning as he drew a long breath, hesitated a few moments in silence, but

finally promised, "Nāk dum wālū," or, "My darling I will." Then he hid his face in his darling's raven locks, and there all the unforgetting hardness was melted out of his sad heart.

At the midnight service on New Year's Eve, after I had, at their own request, spoken the names of those who wished to publicly acknowledge God's special mercies to them; I asked, at C.P. the father's request, for the prayers of the congregation on behalf of his sick child.

After the service, one of our two missionary ladies here, Miss Dickenson, the honorary Superintendent of the Indian Girls' Home, flew down to see the sufferer. She remained until four o'clock the New Year's morning and saw the father's darling die. Then, seeing how entirely prostrate the parents were, she performed the last offices for the body, left from our New Year's gift to heaven.

The gentle peacemaker's sweet work was done, and her spirit joined God's dear children who have been called into eternal rest.

At our midnight watch we prayed for her. How we should have thanked God for sparing her! But He would not disappoint the angels waiting beside her bed with the white robe that Jesus Himself prepared for her, nor longer lend to further sickness or sorrow the little Indian Martha that loved to serve, and longed to see Him. She, not I, had been the minister of peace. Her sermon was better than the bishop's and sooner rewarded.

While I am writing, Mrs. Ridley comes in, and, laying her hand on my shoulder, says: "Is it not remarkable! As Miss West and I were fitting Christine with her bridal attire Sarah entered, and asked me to give her some flowers to place on Martha's coffin, which is to be buried at two o'clock to-day."

Christine is a fair half-breed girl we have brought up. Sarah is the daughter of the renowned Legaic, an Indian chief, famous both in war and peace. She is now our assistant school mistress. You know who Martha was, the angels know her better. She is our child peacemaker.

Bright is the sunshine thawing last night's frost. Snow-clad the vast forest full in view, stretching from the opposite shore of this landlocked harbour, to near the mountain's top, treeless there, but decked with virgin loveliness, brighter and whiter than bridal attire. I look out on the lofty pinnacle with ceaseless admiration, on the canopy of over-arching blue with awe, and with profound delight on the whole, perfectly reflected on the still bosom of the sheltered bay, as on a mirror divinely polished, but brighter, whiter, loftier, and with a countenance reflecting yet more perfectly her own Saviour's face than the mirroring sea does the glorious mountains, is the pure spirit of the sweet Indian peacemaker in a home too glorious and entrancing for the eyes of mortals.