

to Prince Albert, where her husband met her and where it was found that typhoid fever had laid hold upon her. Her twelve days of illness were passed in the house of Miss Baker, herself an Indian missionary. The Rev. W. M. Rochester and Mrs. Rochester and other friends were, like Miss Baker, kindness itself, but human help was vain and last Friday (the 5th inst.) death brought release: her body was laid to rest in the soil that twenty-five years ago was consecrated to the work of our Church among the Indians of the Saskatchewan. Dr. Nichol, of Brantford, father of the bereaved missionary, arrived in time to stand beside the open grave and now accompanies his son back to Ontario.

Testimonies come from many quarters to show that brief as was the career of Mrs. Nichol, it had already been fruitful from the beginning. She was a genuine missionary. Her household being small, and allowing her leisure, she gave herself ungrudgingly to the advancement of the temporal and spiritual welfare of the Indian women and children on the reserve, and so enrolled herself among that band of self-denying workers for Christ to whom the church pays no salary, but who do scarcely less than their husbands for the establishment of the kingdom of God in the hearts of the children of the prairies. And how the women and children loved her! How they crowded round her in sewing class and Sunday school to see and to hear! And how heart-breaking was the grief when they learned that they could see her face no more! An eye witness says that old men among these Indians, who have passed into a proverb for stolidity, broke down and wept when the news came that told them of their loss. Her gentle dignity, her Christian sympathy, and her unworldly giving of herself in deeds of love and charity, only begin now to be seen in their true light. Her message was soon spoken, but its echo will live long in the hearts of those who heard it.

Loved daughter, sister, friend: we saw awhile

Thy meek-eyed modesty which loved the shade,

Thy faithfulness which knew nor change nor guile,

Thy heart like incense on God's altar laid.

But He whose spirit breathes the air divine,

That gives to souls their loveliness and grace,

Soonest embowers pure, faithful souls like thine,

In His own Paradise, their blissful place.

WILLING TO BE GUIDED.

Mr. Geo. J. Wellbourn, of the Stoney Plain, writes on the 8th of August:

We are trying to teach the parents to make men and women of themselves, by encouraging them in their work and by discouraging begging, and the results are very satisfactory. That they are anxious and willing to be taught what is right we have had a number of practical proofs.