

a shadow with nursing and watching, and her grief was very sad to see when Peter was taken from her. The neighbours showed much sympathy with her, and respect for his Christian life; the coffin was taken to the little schoolhouse, and lay there until the funeral, which was attended by a number of Indians.

When the first shock of her loss was over, indeed within a few days of Peter's death, Harriet had to face the question of how to support her children. She is young, clean, and most willing to work and anxious to please, so Mrs. N. gladly engaged her to come to the Mission House every week to do the laundry and scrubbing, and most satisfactorily has she done her work the whole winter through. She has a most pathetic, pale face, with large liquid brown eyes; the Mission babies grew very friendly with her, and she loved to see them pattering round. It would be, perhaps, less confusing to our far-away readers if Harriet's story were here continued up to the date of writing. As the winter wore on she filled up her spare days by going off snaring rabbits or catching fish for food, but this was stopped by the illness of her only little boy, Jimmie. It seemed as if he would very soon follow his father, and Harriet was heart-broken. She had moved into a little cabin with her three children, sharing it with blind old Harriet; it stood just beyond the Mission field, so that she still kept on her work for us, leaving her Maggie to take care of poor little Jim, and running back herself every hour or so to see that all was right. The Bishop and Mrs. N. used to visit him, taking him bright pictures, and singing hymns to him and the old woman, and the doctor was most kind to them, but it seemed a hopeless case. For a week or more he lay there scarcely living, unable to swallow anything but occasional sips of water. The mother's face was pitiful; yet she could say, with the tears in her eyes, that God is good, and that what He did would surely be right. Do you wonder that her faith was rewarded, and that, to everyone's amazement, little Jimmie revived? first taking milk and light things, sent by the Mission folk and the doctor, and presently we heard he was "eating all the time, and never got enough"—birds, rabbits, anything that was sent him! From that time he made steady progress, until one Sunday in April Harriet sailed into church with her boy beside her, almost bursting with thankfulness, and looking, as one remarked, "as proud as a peacock with two tails!" Her face had brightened, and she was continually singing over her work. She said to Mrs. N., with a beaming face, "That's prayers, ma'am, I'm sure that's prayers!"

Towards the end of October, school opened for the winter; about forty at English school every morning, with the Rev. I. J.