

Home, where he had everything that skillful nursing and affectionate care could do for him, and he appeared to be progressing favourably until the day of the "crisis," when some adverse symptoms appeared. The doctors, however, held out good hope that he would pull through. But it was not to be. Shortly before midnight he said, "I think I will go to sleep now," and he turned round and settled himself down, and was soon fast asleep. But in a few minutes' time, Sister Frances and Nurse Brodrick noticed a change in the breathing, and almost before they could get to the bedside, he had breathed his last, and his brave and loving spirit had taken its flight.

Funeral Services were held in St. James' Church, with the full ritual that he loved carried out with reverence and deep feeling. They were attended by the Clergy and a large number of his friends on the Coast. Afterwards, his body was taken to Lytton and placed before the Altar in the Indian Church. There he lay in his own Church, among his own people, and they came up one by one to take a last look at the beloved face of their Pastor and friend.

The lines of care and hardship had all passed away, and there was left a face of youthful beauty, dignified and spiritualized like a cameo of a younger Dante. It was most touching to see the Indians as the fruit of his teaching confessing the Faith of Christendom in their own language, and taking their part with intelligence and deep reverence in the Divine Liturgy of the Church. At the Burial Office, the Church was filled to its greatest capacity with white people, Indians, and the boys of the Industrial School; and the whole congregation followed in long procession to the grave, which was just where the Altar of the first Church in Lytton had stood. Here the loved remains