

and betaking himself to the Cape at the pastor's solicitations, assisted in making the plans and held himself in readiness for every kind of service until the work was completed.

It was not long after this that Father Cadot contemplated the erection of a church at Honey Harbor, trusting in the same forces for the realization of his project. Once more Mr. Eldridge had consented to mobilize the energies and resources of the native Red Men in the prosecution of this good work, but before a beginning could be made, the call of the Great Master came and Mr. Eldridge was confined to bed with an illness which was to end only in death.

What I have now to reveal in connection with this subject is perhaps still unknown to the members of his family. In the year 1904 Mr. Eldridge told me of his dreams for the future. He was then in his sixty-seventh year, his long continued success in farming had assured him a competence, his sons and daughters he would soon have placed in a position to make their own way, and he would retire. But where? Not to the neighboring town, among his many long-tried friends, not to the city with its ever-recurring interest and pastimes, but to a residence he