

voice choked in tears.

"Not that," he answered. "He became not a monk but a priest, who gave his whole heart to Indian missions."

"Ah dear God," cried Collette, piously folding her hands. "Oh, that I could only see him once, I would die happy."

"Collette!" called the priest, in a voice that was filled with the feelings of his gushing, happy heart.

Astonished, surprised, she raised her eyes to his, and, pulling away the tear-stained handkerchief which covered his face, she exclaimed, in the fullness of her joy: "Eduard! Is it really you to whom I speak? Great God! What love! What happiness! Oh, how thankful I am!" Then she fell back, exhausted, upon her bed. Eduard, fearing that the sudden emotion had broken the silver threads of life that held her fast, quickly called to Nightstar and other Indian women for help, but before long her eyes opened again and, placing Angela's hand in her own, she said, in loving tones "Angela, my child! Here is your father."

"Calm yourself, Collette," said the priest. "You must not be stirred up anew." And then taking the child to his arms he kissed her and, raising his eyes heavenward, gave her his priestly blessing.

The priest did not leave the sick bed in those last moments and administered "the Bread of Angels," for the end was rapidly drawing near. After she had finished her prayers a smile of peace flew over her whole face and she said: "Eduard, that I have seen thee again has been to me the sweetest consolation. I die in peace, for I know that you are happy, consecrated to God. But grant me one wish. Have mercy on these poor Pawnee children! Take them into your heart. They have been so good to me. Oh, I am sure you will care for these, my red children, just as much as you will for your own child—for our own Angela. Promise me!"

"Yes," answered Father Harrison. "I promise it with all my heart. Your wish shall be fulfilled and these children of the wilderness will not be abandoned. I offered my life for them, years ago."

"And you, my Angela," continued the dying mother, "you my dear child—you are a child of the mission. Never forget in all your life these words! With heart and soul, ever look after the welfare of these poor wild children."

"Yes, mother!" answered the sobbing child. "I will never forget their kindness to us."

"Mother!" interrupted Nightstar as she made her way slowly to the bed, "Mother, I ask you in the name of your red children, that you will bless us again before you go to meet the Great Spirit."

Father Harrison then rose and said: "Let as many Indians enter the wigwam as possible—the rest may kneel down outside."

The Indians came quietly and knelt down. "Faithful Collette," answered Eduard, as he lifted his crucifix into her hands, "Nightstar and I will support you—grant the wish of your pleading people!"

The priest held her trembling hands as she made the sign of the cross with the wooden crucifix. This was her last movement. Weak and exhausted, she sank back. The missionary raised his eyes to heaven and, just as he had finished his blessing, her soul had flown homewards, into the arms of its Creator.

All wept except Angela; her heart was so oppressed that an outburst of tears would have done her a world of good. For the first few days she ate little, but her tender heart-wounds soon healed under the kind words of comfort, which daily fell from the lips of Father Harrison, who found sweet consolation in prayer and praised God in his priestly heart for His tender mercy.

When the burial was over, Father Harrison rudely constructed a cross out of birchwood, and gently placed