

delightful if we only were returning via B. C., that I might see you again.

Miss Moody would be charmed with the wealth of roses we have here.

With love and all good wishes.

Sincerely yours,

M. HOSKIN.

Soquel, Santa Cruz County,
California. Jan. 12th., 1900.

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 “In the midst of life we are
 in death.”
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A SAD text at first sight, for our Easter-tide Magazine, but surely not so in reality, when we remember that “through the grave and gate of death we pass to our joyful Resurrection.”

These words of my text came home with startling power, to the members of our usually happy household, on the morning of Friday, Feb. 9th., when the sad tidings reached us of the awfully sudden death of our dear old friend, Miss Emily Crease, of Lytton, who had been caught round a curve by a freight train, and almost instantaneously killed. She had been to the Mission House about 5:30, and was evidently on her way to evensong as she was found lying close to a little trail leading down from the railway track to the Indian Church. Surely she took part in a better evensong than she had anticipated.

The tidings of an accident spread like wild-fire in the town, and in a few minutes Mr. Bastin, the Mission priest, and two or three more of Miss Crease's friends were by her side; she just opened her eyes when the former spoke to her, and then closed them again for ever on this world. She was at once carried

to her own little cottage, where she had left ready the preparations for her evening meal; there she was lying, when I saw her at night, looking most calm and peaceful.

Miss Crease had spent part of the Christmas holidays with us, and on January 23rd., the evening before our children returned to school, I saw her off by the train, cheerful and bright as usual, carrying with her one or two little comforts for her house, with which she was much pleased. We had some little foreboding that we might not see her again, and I think she must have felt it too; she had been, of late, so strangely drowsy and had spoken of it to me when out walking. When leaving our house, on the day of her return to Lytton, she accidentally omitted to wish the Sister Superior good bye; Sister laughingly said, “Miss Crease, are not you going to say Good Bye to me?” her reply was, “Dear Sister, I have been saying good bye to you in my heart all day long.”

We received a very kind invitation from Mrs. Stevenson, of Lytton, to stay at her house for the funeral. The Sister Superior could not get away as the Spring Term had so recently commenced, so I went up on Friday evening's train. Sir Henry and Mr. Arthur Crease, our friend's brother and nephew, who had been telegraphed for from Victoria, being also on the train.

The coffin was carried at midnight into the little chapel belonging to the white population of Lytton and watched all night by loving hearts, and at 7:45 on Saturday morning there was a Celebration of the Holy Communion, she, who had been a worshipper there, lying in our midst. The dear face was grand in its majestic calmness.

At 2 o'clock, we all assembled