

pliance with his last request, made known to us by his sons, the once dreaded chief of the Hurons was laid beside his much beloved and lamented Lanoma. A simple gravestone marks their resting-place; it is covered with names now—my aged grandfather and grandmother, my own honoured father and mother, Robin Ross and his good Janet sleep there. There is an inscription which testifies of Him who is the Resurrection and the Life, and who has promised that because He lives His people shall live also. The small churchyard has now become a large cemetery; a handsome country church occupies the site of the log-house where my young days were spent; the sister and

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