

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE

shock she had sustained. The Indians heard with extreme satisfaction that their friend and Bishop had once expressed a wish to be buried among them. Two of them came and offered to dig his grave, adding, "You no pay me." In the Indian cemetery, therefore, beautifully situated less than a mile from Carcross, was the grave made ready. The mountains, clad with their dark pine-woods, looked down grave and solemn on the Indians' burial-ground. There were not many graves, but they were well and carefully kept and tended, for they were all friends who lay there, and we knew the life and history of each one. Below the cemetery were the waters of the lake, in summer ever studded with swift canoes, or white man's row-boats, or the steamer *Gleamer* and smaller vessels. But on this day there was no movement on the lake. All vessels had their flags half-mast high, and deferred their sailing that their captains and men might attend the funeral. It took place at five o'clock. On account of the distance, only two of the Bishop's clergy were able to take part in the solemn service, Mr. O'Meara, of Conrad, and Mr. Cody, of Whitehorse.

"The little church of St. Saviour's was now filled with all the white population of Carcross and all the Indians who had come to do honour to the great man who had fallen in their midst. The two hymns chosen from the Hymnal Companion were most appropriate. One, 'For all the Saints,' telling of the triumph of the saints of God after earth's hard fight; the other, 'Jesus lives,' breathing forth the blessed hope of victory over the grave and a glorious resurrection. The service was conducted by Bishop Stringer, assisted by the two clergymen; and then the dear Bishop's body was lifted into a boat waiting at the foot of the bank, and rowed by two natives over water as smooth as glass to the cemetery. Three white men and three Indians carried the body from the shore to the grave; and after the beautiful service had been read,