

### An Indian Burial.

One October evening the interpreter came up sorrowfully to tell us that old Elizabeth, one of the faithful Indian Communicants, had passed away suddenly to her rest.

Elizabeth had been gradually getting more feeble year by year, and was able now only to walk very short distances, being chiefly confined to the house.

On Sunday she was taken ill, and those around her saw that the end was coming very rapidly.

A very large number of her descendants had come to the burial on Wednesday. On approaching the Indian ranche the place seemed full of men and women sitting about with a few little children and babies, and some boys and young men. The house was lined with friends sitting about on the floor or on the few chairs. Amongst them were some whom we had not seen for many years.

The coffin was in the little lean-to at the back, very nicely covered with flowers and autumn leaves, and a candle burning at the head.

One quite old woman pointed to it and said, sadly, "My mother." There were a row of old women sitting there, daughters of Elizabeth, younger women, her grand-daughters, and a number of great-grandchildren.

When her age was asked, the answer was that she must have been nearly a hundred years old.

Soon Mr. Croucher came, and, after prayers, the procession wended its way through the glorious October sunshine to the last resting place in the little Indian burial ground close at hand.

Every preparation had been reverently and carefully made, the solemn, beautiful service proceeded, and one more tired body was laid to rest, waiting for the dawn of the Resurrection Day.

A more beautiful earthly resting place could hardly be conceived. Right under the overshadowing mountains, the stern ruggedness of whose weather-beaten crags was softened by the blue haze, and made brilliant with the gorgeous autumn tints, which appeared to leap like living flames from crevice to crevice of the moss-grown rocks, with the broad waters of the Fraser making a continuous undercurrent of melody.

Across the river, over the flood of turbid foaming waters, which rush tumultuously from their long imprisonment between the rocky walls of the Fraser Canon, past the "Lady Franklin Rock," that memento of heroic devotion to the memory of a husband who had "departed to the realms of Light," and whose earthly resting place was never found, lies another quiet little Indian grave-yard, whose tall white cross rises amongst the deep purple shadows of the enfolding hills.