

ing of our arrival it was too late to do anything, but at 10 the next morning we started on a two mile tramp along the track, and over, what was to weak nerves, an alarmingly long trestle-bridge, to the Indian ranche.

On arriving there we directed Silas (whose name is rendered Cider, by the Indians) to ring a hand bell and summon the congregation to Church. In a few minutes they came trooping up, the children shy and inquisitive, the old women as usual very genial, the young ones rather sedate, and the old men, what pen can describe those shame-faced old men, trying hard withal to assume a "don't care" expression, and even to swagger a little. There were no young men present, "work on the line" took them out for the day.

After Morning Prayer in Indian, lead by the Church Chief supported by the "Watchman," we proceeded with the help of two pupils who had accompanied us, to address the people. At the end of a short instruction we invited the old men to talk to us as "friend to friend," and tell us why they were neglecting to obey the late Bishop's command, observed faithfully for so many years, of assembling in Yale three times a year, that is at Christmas, at Easter and at All Saints', for instruction, for communion and for social intercourse with us and with neighbouring Indians. We said we feared that what held them back from fulfilling this duty was the consciousness of evil doing and of evil thinking, and we wanted them to tell us all about it. After a little hesitation, and a few remarks quite beside the mark, one old fellow naively said "Tell us how much you know and we will say if it is true."

I cannot report on the confabulation which followed, because that would not be fair to our "tillicums" suffice it to say that at the end of two hours we arrived at some sort of understanding of the temptations backslidings, falls, lukewarmness, want of perseverance, and above all, childish ignorance of this primitive congregation of Christians. Then we did our little best as fellow-Christians, with more knowledge and greater privileges to help and encourage, teach and reprove, exhort to repentance and amendment, and finally invite them to take up the duty they had neglected and to come with their wives and families to the Sisters' Chapel at Yale for their Eucharist on Ascension Day, when if it was possible Archdeacon Pentreath had promised, as Bishop's Commissary to meet and speak to them in the Bishop's name.

At two o'clock we dispersed for food and a little rest. Miss Moody was taken to see a very feeble old man, whom she found doubled up with cramp, which he graphically described as an evil spirit inside of him. The room in which he lay was devoid of all furniture except a stove in which fortunately a fire was burning, so Miss Moody with a readiness of resource born of experience in the "Wild West," took off the stove lid, wrapped it in rags, and applied it to the sufferer; the heat brought almost instant relief and effectually exorcised the evil spirit.

At three the congregation re-assembled, and while Miss Moody held up and explained a series of sacred pictures, I talked to the young women.

By and by we said "bring out all your sick and we will try and find some medicine for them." They