

brook to bring up from their cool, damp hiding-places, glistening bunches of maidenhair, and to give the final touches to the bride's bouquet of beautiful white trilliums and starry fruit blossom.

Here must be a little interlude, to describe some of the marvellous beauty of that early April morning. Imagine the dark, grand mountains losing some of their sternness, and almost smiling under the first suggestion of that tender "crown of verdure" spring was weaving round them, their deepest recesses mysteriously half-concealed by a veil of the most intense blue haze, forming an exquisite background for the masses of snowy fruit trees all around us, with daffodils, tulips, hyacinths, and other spring flowers gleaming like jewels amidst a setting of deep, restful, dewy grass in the foreground; and upon it all, a flood of brilliant sunshine, lighting up each little delicate leaf, and flower-petal, and intensifying the dark purple shadows in the Canyon.

In the midst of all this beauty moved little groups of our old people, coming very early to meet their Risen Lord, "As the Light of Light descended from the realms of endless day."

In the dignified ancient music of the Church's Communion Service they too raised their voices, giving the very best they had to offer, and we may be sure that if the Alleluias were not always quite in tune, yet they were acceptable to that Same Lord, Who is adored by Cherubim and Seraphim "As with ceaseless voice they cry, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Lord most High."

There were 16 Indian Communicants. More would gladly have come, but some were prevented by

illness, and others by the death of a little child.

At the close of the Service, after the Easter Hymn had been sung, and the sound of the last Alleluia had died away, we left the kneeling Indians making their Thanksgiving, while we led the bride away to make some necessary changes in her attire. (The bridegroom is not yet confirmed, or the order of the services would have been reversed, as the Prayer Book directs.)

One who was present at the services for the first time this Easter, was much struck by the force of the living parable as, coming from the "dim religious light" of the Chapel, with its rows of dusky worshippers, kneeling silently, one suddenly walked into the brightness and light of the brilliant spring sunshine, and into the midst of our 30 Indian children, all with bright, eager, expectant faces, looking like spring flowers themselves, clad in pale pink, and decked with cherry blossom, a striking illustration of the change that had passed upon their young lives, as they were brought out of darkness into light.

Very quickly the greater number were marshalled, into Chapel, but space was so limited that though we had carefully found resting-places for all the mothers and babies in the Chapel passage, which acts the part of Ante-Chapel on these occasions, still no nook or corner could be found in Chapel where the rest of the children could be placed, there only remained the "aisle" if so, one may correctly call the minute causeway still left in the centre of the Chapel, after repeated encroachments of seats on each side! However necessity suggests many expedients, and we could not shut the children out for such a mere detail as want of space,