

view; yet the manner in which the whole had been arranged, and the style in which they were rendered, were very noteworthy, and shows how much pains had been bestowed upon them in this department by those who had taught them little beside. It was humiliating to think that our Church, which had so long been in the field, and might have taught these poor heathen a purer faith and a more acceptable form of worship, has done so little, and left them to the undisputed sway of a foreign power.

"After the service was over I made my present and offered a short address. It was warmly received and had its effect. The chief said it was the few words that I spoke to him when he first saw me some months ago that had led him to think, and had left him dissatisfied with his previous teaching. He was winning all his tribe over to entertain his new views, and they were one and all crying to us, and saying, 'Come over and help us.'

"One thing is certain, I have not sought them, but they me; and who am I, that I should fight against God?"

In May, 1868, the Bishop paid a visit to the Thompson district. His feelings on this occasion must have been very different from what he had experienced in that visit related above, eight years before. Then he had mourned over the impotence of his efforts and the fruitlessness of his work. Now he had occasion to thank God for eminent success. Here is his account of his welcome by a people who on his last visit did not own his authority as their Bishop, or, indeed, really understand enough about religion to be counted Christians of any kind:—

"About three miles from Lytton we perceived before us a great cloud of dust, caused by many horsemen, who turned out to be the chiefs and leading men of various Indian tribes, who were come out to meet me. They had intended to come further, but I was earlier than they expected. The cavalcade was headed by the Rev. J. B. Good, and was very picturesque. The chiefs were decked in all their colours and grotesque array. Some had leathern suits curiously worked. There were head-dresses of fox-tails and trappings of red and blue, and pouches and belts of beadwork and embroidery. The first operation was that of shaking hands. Then there was the wildest scene. The horses were neighing and kicking and running away, and the fantastically-dressed men were rushing about after their steeds, or holding them as they plunged