

flock more precious than used to browse upon the mission meadows.

The padre need hardly have told us that the mission church was built by unskilled men. That was self-evident. One could almost realize that it was constructed by soldiery, it is all, inside and out, drawn up severely at "attention." No curves, no grace, barrack-like; and everything solid as though defying the devil and all his hosts, earthly foes included. It is a true church militant, its doors iron-bound, thick as prison gates, its floors of yard-square bricks defying the mine. Well, as the padre said, it was comforting to think that, in the event of attack, such solid walls were ready to offer a sanctuary that perhaps the altar itself could not.

We entered the church. Talk about the Time machine and its frequent foolish fancies! It was a hundred years difference to cross that threshold. Out of the warm sunlight and springing flowers of to-day, we passed into the cold, subdued gloom of antiquity. The interior of the church is simple in the extreme and not to be compared with the ordinary prosperous parish church of Canadian farm districts. The beautiful white and gold interior of the Chicoutimi church rises in fancy before me as I write. There, as here, swart Indians form the flock, there, as here, is simplicity and Arcadian life, far from ambition and over-work; but there His Holiness himself would not have his taste offended; while here—well, Christ was born in a stable and cradled in a manger, so why should men be critics!

While I was thinking all these things among the rough benches and white-washed walls, Diogenes, my companion, as usual, was trying to make friends with the saints, of whom there were many in wood and oil upon the altar and walls. I caught him making faces at St. Francis d'Assisi, who, in ludicrous attitude, like a Jew peddler praising his wares, seemed Svengalizing birds; having, for the first time, as I told Diogenes, a goose among his flock. This drew our attention to