

"It was in the very depth of winter when they took this long, dreary, and really dangerous journey, the thermometer standing below zero at the time, many of them scantily clad, having with them only a very insufficient supply of food."

Let us now hear from the lips of Mr. Good himself the account of their arrival:—

"*March 2, 1867.*—This afternoon an Indian messenger came to announce the approach of a large body of natives from Lytton and neighbouring parts, walking in single file, and headed by Sashiatan, a chief of great repute and influence, and once a warrior noted for his prowess and cruelty. He and his friends had made this toilsome and exposed pilgrimage for the express purpose of obtaining an interview with me, enjoying a Sunday service under our direction, and inviting me to Lytton, where I am promised a huge gathering of all the Indians belonging to the Thompson tribe who can possibly be got together. They all gathered round the church steps with heads uncovered, whilst I made their acquaintance, and ascertained their wishes in coming to me. It was a bitter cold day, but their anxiety to be taught seemed to render them oblivious of external discomforts; and I could not help feeling that here a door is being opened, and how important it would be not to neglect our opportunity.

"On dismissing them for the night, I secretly determined to procure a small present of tobacco and pipes for the chief and his friends, for it was a most bitter cold night. About six I started off with my *patlatch* for the Indian village, and on reaching it found that my unexpected visitors had all been housed in one of the underground dwelling-places which are used only during the winter season. You descend these by a notched pole in the centre of the mound, and at the time of my visit the Thompson Indians had finished their humble evening meal, and were in the act of commencing their vespers before retiring for the night. The house was quite full, and intensely warm, while the scene upon which I gazed was one of deep interest, which affected me to sadness and tears. The worshippers were evidently in earnest, and were offering to God the best they possessed, led by their chief, whose hands, a few years ago, were red with the blood of the slain. The name of the Holy Virgin was most constantly invoked, and the whole prayers seemed faulty enough in a scriptural point of