

at sea and beating against a strong westerly wind, but we did not reach Clayoquot till April 21, at 9 A. M. Sitakenin and half a dozen of his Indians came out to meet us at sea. We went on board of his canoe and he took us to the chief's house, where two new Indian mats were laid on the floor, forming a path to the end of the lodge, where boxes and trunks covered with fine mats were prepared to be used by us as seats and footstools. His Lordship addressed the Indians on the usual topics, then I baptized ninety-three children, after which we went to our schooner which was at anchor off Captain Stubb's Island, Warren's store (Chut-chut tuts).

April 22.—We went early in the morning to the camp (Echo-chist), Village Island, where we had met the Indians the day before. Strange to say, the Indians seemed quite indifferent and His Lordship concluded to leave them, not, however, before giving them a good scolding. Then we went to the schooner about noon and preparations were at once made to continue our voyage. After sailing a short distance we got on the sand bank off "Opéssat," but as the tide was rising, we got off about 1.30 P. M. Then with a light breeze we took the direction of "Ahousat," but about 3 P. M. we saw a canoe in the distance. The Clayoquot chief and six young men! They wanted us to return. The Bishop at first refused, but their request was so earnest and their promise of taking us to Ahousat the next day so favorable, that His Lordship at last concluded to return. The Indians who came to fetch us had only just then arrived in the schooner from Ucluliat, where they had seen us for a few minutes two days previously. They had tried to meet us at their own home, but were doubly disappointed to find us gone and to hear that their friends had not shown more zeal and had failed to learn the canticles and songs now repeated by every tribe which we had visited.

At 6 P. M. we were at work again at

"Echo-chist," and we were happy that at 10.30 P. M. the Indians at last allowed us to lie down and take some rest. This was my first night in an Indian camp; and in the morning my memory was clear on all the events of that night. I had heard the crying of Indian children, and the coaxing and singing of their mothers to get them to sleep again. An old couple had a row in the middle of the night; over a dozen big dogs, supposed to sleep, were constantly awake, growled, barked, fought, yelled, ran in and out of the dwelling, got in trouble with the cats, and would not stop their uproar, except after twenty times "Sieka," uttered by a sleepless savage, followed by a piece of fire-wood, again accompanied by a new yelling and barking. Over half a dozen roosters were sleeping on the loft cross-piece of the house, and, with their usual pride, as if they were making daylight come and the sun rise, would stop their crowing chorus, only to recommence again a few minutes later. All this time the Bishop thought I was fast asleep alongside of him under one blanket, but I knew that he was not, for he was continually turning about. Now and then he would give a quick but well determined scratch on his lower limbs, and in the morning he told me that all the cause of his troubles had been the Indian's friends the "fleas."

April 23.—At 5.30 our Indian crew was ready; six stalwart young men, headed by the chief of the tribe. It was a beautiful morning, the sun rising in all his glory. The Indians struck up our songs and paddled with courage and happiness over the calm waters of Clayoquot Sound.

At 10 o'clock we arrived at the foot of the Catface mountains. Here was the Ahousat tribe, in expectation of our coming, increased by the arrival of all the Keltsemats, ready and prepared to receive us. Four Indians stood on the beach, and were a deputation sent by the Indians, who were already in the chief's house, to show us into the lodge. Mats