

resembled a chariot, but was very beautiful, and that he had never seen anything like it. Several days after we received letters with the news of the demise of the Brother, which had occurred some four hundred miles from St. Ignatius. By comparing dates, we were forced to the conclusion that the good Indian had known more than any of us, and had his news brought to him by some means faster than Uncle Sam's mail. To every appearance the Master of the Vineyard had been repaying his faithful servant's many and toilsome tramps through these mountains by giving good Brother Magri a glorious chariot ride through the skies.

THERE ARE AT ST. IGNATIUS

two flourishing schools for Indian children, one for boys conducted by the Fathers, the other for girls under charge of the Sisters of Providence, from Montreal. Those good and noble Sisters have been at the Mission since 1864. They came all the way from Walla on horseback across the rugged Cœur d'Alene Mountains, camping out like the sturdy pioneer in search of gold, and they have been hard at work ever since improving the condition of the children of the forest. They train the hands not less than the heads of their Indian pupils, adding to the branches of a plain English education, practical gardening, varied manual labor and all kinds of house hold industries. And while some of their pupils are skillful in all the mysteries of the needle and can handle a hoe or even an axe with dexterity, they can also write a letter that is a model of spelling, penmanship and accuracy. I do not know how many of our girls could do the same. But, then, we train our daughters' feet.

E. PALLADINO, S. J.

*(To be continued.)*