

poor old withered creature weeping at the early grave of her child; there was no romance in her appearance or actions as her shrivelled face contracted under her emotion, and she beat her breast with those hard fleshless hands--but in every word there was the ring of truth, in every action feeling which none of us could doubt.

Here, in the wild woods amidst the ruins of a deserted Indian village, "one touch of nature" had appeared to show that the same feelings can exist under the roofless skeleton of an Indian hut, as we find in the gilded halls of civilization, and as we passed on towards our boat, we could still hear her lament "Nica Papoose! Nica Papoose! Hyas Klosh tum-tum!" (My own child! My own good hearted child!) and as if remembering her loss once more, sank on the grave with one long wail, "Halo Papoose!" ("I have no child now!") While speaking to us she kept pointing constantly upwards, as if to express a conviction that it was there her child had gone. Some day perhaps, the mother and daughter may meet again.

On the way back through the village, we met a girl of about eighteen, evidently either English or German, on addressing her in English she only smiled, but apparently did not understand a word of what we said. There was nothing of the Indian about her except the language she spoke, and we all felt sure that some sorrowing settler had lamented the loss of her as a child years ago, when she was probably stolen by these her now adopted people.

Outside the Island of Vancouver are several deep inlets, such as Barkley Sound, Clayoquot Sound, and others, all these are thickly populated with Indians, but as yet there are