

body found to take us where we had to go. As a rule, the Indians that wanted the priest to visit them had to come for him to such a place at the appointed time, and when he would be through with them, at the end of the visit, the Indians of the next place were to be there to take him to their camp. It was impossible to act otherwise in the old times, as there were no roads through the country and no way of travelling except with the help of the Indians. Yet sometimes, often even, the reverse was made. So it was at Skwa, the Indians preferred having the bishop come by steamboat, as it was just as handy, and engaged to take him to the next place at the end of the visit. As the current is pretty strong, and the bishop would like to travel as quick as possible, it required ten to twelve Indians to man the canoe. The chief or captain asked the Indians who were willing to accompany the bishop. Some six or seven offered themselves right away: then there was a deep silence. The captain then asked the others calling them by their names. One could not go because he was engaged for the morrow. And so another, etc. They had a little talk over the question between themselves, and at last the required number was found.

Next morning, after breakfast the Indians assembled to bid us good-bye. A general shaking of hands took place, our luggage was taken to the canoe, a Chinook canoe, built by coast Indians, and which cost at that time about seventy-five dollars. It was large enough to carry twenty persons or more. We were seated side by side, towards the middle of the canoe, and the men sat also two by two, one half ahead and one half behind us. The usual "All aboard" was said, and the canoe left the shore. The paddlers intoned the "Hymn of the Canoe":

Oulálo ei Mari
Thithel Siam le Tans,
Ei kwas hwilémétawh
Tatlémalh mésteyouh.

Blessed Virgin Mary,
Thou the Mother of God,
We pray Thee to listen
To us poor creatures.

We arrived at Cheam towards noon. Soon the whole band was gathered on a line to welcome the bishop. After noon, after having taken a walk around to examine the camp and the surroundings, and first of all their neat little church, and the bell that was then standing on a primitive platform outside, at a little distance from the chapel, the "tintin man" or bell-ringer soon came and rang for the first meeting, and all were soon assembled in the chief's house. They were also preparing for their first communion as in the former camp we visited. But while at Skwa the bishop had to make them learn the prayers of preparation in his own presence, by endless repetitions, here we found that they had already learned the prayers by themselves, and the bishop began to give them the hymn or canticle which accompanies the prayers. He wanted them first to repeat the words alone without singing. Here I wondered at the manner in which the thing was conducted. The bishop had only to say the words to the chief Alexis, and Alexis himself conducted the repeating, and kept the Indians busy at it, so that the bishop had only to give him the new verses every now and then. It is often a tiresome task for the missionary to make the Indians learn something by oral repetition. In most of places, he has to rouse and sustain their attention, and at the moment they are left alone, they fall in their usual apathy. It was not the same with Alexis. So it did not take long for his people to learn the hymn that was taught them. "To be continued."