

Indian village was a picture of domestic peace—no whiskey, no noise, no rudeness. There was good humor, smiling on their faces, and there was the laugh that was musical, because it was the echo of mirth. Who are the savages ! ourselves or the Indians ?

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LETTER FROM MGR CLUT, COADJUTOR TO THE VICAR APOSTOLIC  
OF MCKENZIE RIVER.

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Providence Bishopric, May 22nd 1877.

REVEREND MOTHER,

Your excellent letter of Nov. 11th. arrived here on the 16th. of march last, and afforded me extreme pleasure. I regret very much, Rev. Mother, that the bad state of your health has deprived your daughters of the McKenzie of the happiness of seeing you. It is true, one must be strong and robust to execute a like voyage, and it could not be done hurriedly. A general Superioress could not easily exile herself during more than a year in a desert country, where it would be so difficult for her to correspond with her numerous daughters. This reason, together with the bad state of your health, has deprived us of the visit we so much desired. On the 3rd of May we solemnly celebrated the patronal feast of your congregation. I said mass for all your numerous family. I did not fail to have a special memento for you, Rev. Mother, asking health and all the other graces of which you are in need, to fulfil worthily your important charge.

You congratulate me, Rev. Mother, on my good health ; and happy am I to tell you that it improves daily. The most laborious work and journeys, which lasted almost all the winter, far from having altered my health, fortified it more and more. In the beginning of the winter I had made a lumber yard eight or ten miles from here :