

Pend d'Oreilles and Kootenais have all since entered without, perhaps, a single exception the Lord's fold. They are good Christians, and the largest portion of them greatly advanced in civilization, as is plainly shown by the U. S. Agents in their official reports to the Government. Their Christian virtue, as well as their friendliness towards the white people were likewise put to a severe test, as in the case of the Flatheads, when the Nez Perces, stained with blood, rich with plunder, and breathing vengeance against the whites, were passing through Montana. Runners came, and tempting offers were made, as well as savage threats. But all to no purpose. In the history of our ceaseless Indian wars never was, to my knowledge, nor ever likely will be, the instance of one being brought about by Indians trained by the Catholic Church.

WHILE THE WRITER OF THIS SKETCH

was staying at St. Ignatius, an old Indian, by name Quiquiltzo, a man intensely pious, and who would give you the distance between two places by the number of Rosaries he was in the habit of saying in going from one to another, was fishing one day at Flathead Lake, when, of a sudden he saw something that seemed, as he said, to take his breath, his very soul from him. He dropped his line, and away he started for the Mission. On entering the room he said abruptly to the writer: "I saw Sinze Chitass." This was the Indian name of good Brother Vincent Magri, a favorite with the Indians at St. Ignatius, where he had lived a number of years, but who was then stationed among the Cœur d'Alene Indians in Idaho. "I saw him," continued the Indian, raising his eyes to the sky, "riding in a most beautiful thing." The only description he could give was that it