

The following incident may tend to quicken the zeal of friends of the Gospel. The Rev. Alexander Garrett is the gifted Principal of the Indian Mission at Victoria, and makes visits periodically to the tribes around. In a letter, dated March 4, 1864, he thus writes:—

“At Cowitchen rather a singular scene occurred. One Sunday I went, as usual, to the chief’s house to hold service. I met the priest at the door. I asked him if he were come to have a service. He replied in the negative. I then saw him in earnest conversation with the chief, and they left together, while I entered the house. I saw in a moment that some influence had been exerted against me: no one seemed glad to see me: there was a constraint and unpleasantness about everybody. The boy who usually rang the bell was tired; the woman who used to spread the mats could not find them; the various chiefs who habitually took their places near me held aloof; and altogether the matter looked very ugly. I of course was alone.

“I at length succeeded in overcoming the indolence of the bell-ringer, and got him out, to give, however, but a very feeble summons and an uncertain sound. When he left with the bell, every man in the house went out, leaving me alone with a few old women, who appeared too stupid to understand what was going on. I then debated what to do. To go out and see what they were about might betray fear, and to remain inside was at least unpleasant. However, I resolved on remaining, and quietly sat down on a bench to await the issue. Presently little boys came running in to look at me and stand at a safe distance. I by degrees overcame their fear, and presently was surrounded by a very fair Sunday-school class. Ere long the men began to muster in force—old and young took their places, not upon the mats to hear my sermon, but round the fire in comical style. What was coming of course I could not say, as all were silent. I continued teaching my boys. Presently the men began to talk. They discussed the question among themselves as to whether they would hear me or not. The assembly was divided. Many urged strongly my immediate expulsion; many as strongly urged reverent attention. to my words. ‘Judge,’ said one young man, ‘what he has to say: if it is good, and according to the heart of God, hear him; if not, tell him to go.’ I now thought it time to dismiss my class, which, I must confess, for the last few minutes had very little of my real attention.

“I accordingly stood up, and asked them whether they wished to hear the Word of God. This opened the controversy. I now saw that I had many friends, and many opposed to me. For those friends I still thank God. One violent orator vehemently opposed their listening to anything I had to say. ‘There was a priest at Comiakén, they could go and hear him if they pleased, and they could stay at home if they pleased; and they did not want to be interfered with.’ Another as violently opposed him, saying many things about the priest—the time he had been there, the money he had received, the ignorance which still prevailed, and so on. At this juncture the old chief returned. His son (my bell-ringer) had but recently shot another Indian, and the father had been allowed by Government to settle

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