

A friend told me before I knew that Western life, "It's like a small drizzling rain wetting a man to the skin. Its *ennui* will soak into your soul." I don't agree with him now I know Western life, although at that time my friend's remark made me dread Western travel. If you, Reader, are as agreeably surprised as I was, we, as you close this volume, shall part good friends.

Should my poor thoughts awaken a nobler thrill of sympathy within you, and give you but a passing interest in that busy frontier, and that wild Indian world, so far distant yet close to our own, now that Steamers plough the strong waves of the Atlantic, and the Iron Road stretches onward to Indian Territory, my time will not have been vainly spent, the arrow will have flown to the target's heart.

To my Ecclesiastical Friends I would suggest the importance of giving some kind of recommendation to families leaving their parishes to the Clergy of the Country and district whither they are going. Many who are good Christians in Europe recede totally from their faith abroad, and in the heterogeneous mass of society they find on the frontier of the New World lead faithless and loveless lives.

And yet a kind word, or a friendly interest, might have made all so different.

I have to thank the great Indian missionary, the Rev. P. J. De Smet, S.J., for many of my notes on Indian life.