

hardships these missionaries have to encounter, and the trials and difficulties surrounding their efforts at evangelization :

The Indians in this scattered district are « the wildest red men in this Province, » but they are friendly to the whites, thanks to the Mission Fathers, who are indefatigable toilers in the vineyard of the Lord. What these men suffer and endure for the sake of the savage is almost incredible. Attending sick calls in a parish the size of Ireland is no child's play. When one of the fathers in the month of April or May attends a call by the Columbia lakes, or in some place more remote, he carries with him a few pounds of potatoes, and plants three or four in each place where he may hope to find a dinner in harvest when he returns on the path of duty. Fish-hooks and lines are very useful to these men ; they are often compelled to fish for a dinner, and find it or fast. When they return to the Mission it is not to rest, but to work, picking potatoes, cooking, ploughing. They are the only men I ever saw who could enjoy the pleasure produced by working eighteen hours a day. Their influence over the Indian tribes is not at all surprising. I attended mass on the 2d of November, All Soul's day. In the centre of the chapel there was an empty coffin covered with black cloth and decorated with a white cross ; twenty candles were lighted and placed round the coffin, and outside this circle the Indians on their knees prayed with the priest for the souls of the dead. Mass over, the whole tribes, male and female, followed the priest to the grave-yard. He was preceded by the chief bearing a crucifix, and two Indian boys bearing lighted candles. They marched all round the graves singing the litanies. I did not understand a word of their language, but it electrified me. I followed the procession to see the sport and to laugh at the performance ; but when I saw that crowd of savage men halt before the cross in the wilderness and kneel to pray, I took off my hat and knelt down with them and prayed in earnest ; and I can tell you that praying in earnest was something new to me and beautiful. It was a solemn scene. They returned in silence to the village, the chief leading and followed by the priest and the procession. At night the