

knowing with George Herbert, that
 "When Thou dost favour any action,
 It runnes, it flies,
 All things concur to give it a perfection."

Now, as the household of God's children increases here, it will be detrimental to the growth of at least one side of their nature, that we shall never be able to gather together as one family for worship, but some must be shut out, or else a school-room, or other room devoted to secular uses must be utilized.

The present Chapel was intended to hold 40, therefore it will obviously not be able to hold *many* more than the 69 who are now, at times, crowded into it!

Do you want to know what our vision of the Chapel looked like? Just like the Chapel of Netley Abbey would look, if it were restored; just the same beautiful proportions, and those exquisitely graceful columns and arches, so satisfying in their almost super-human perfectness.

You think that is "aiming at a star"? Well, so do we—perhaps; but—there *is* plenty of stone in the mountains to build it with, and, like that great Sculptor, we "see the Angel" in that mass of stone ever before our eyes!

I suppose the Services in our present little Chapel are unique in many ways, where the conquering and the conquered races sing antiphonally, where one sings in the closing words of the Sunday Vesper Psalms "The Lord shall increase you more and more," and the other race responds "Ye are the blessed of the Lord, Who made Heaven and earth." What a world of pathos there seems in the words, true, as yet, of so many of their forefathers, as the children's voices, their descendants, sing "the dead

praise not Thee, O Lord," and then both races sing together in full chorus "but *we* will praise the Lord from this time forth* for evermore," and they join with one voice in the Gloria.

ALTHEA MOODY.

Among Our Indians.

THE rather unexpected death of the old man, whose illness was incidentally mentioned in our Michaelmas Number, was the occasion of a second visit to Spuzzum. The train service having been changed for the summer months, we were able to leave Yale at noon on Wednesday and return by three the following day.

Although Sam had been ailing for some time, his death was in a manner very sudden. A relation, who lived with him, had gone up the mountain after some cattle, and a neighbour, on kindly looking in to light his fire, found the old man had received his summons "home" during the night. A message was immediately sent to his daughter at the School, and we were fortunately able to get her off on a freight train in time for the funeral, which, in Mr. Small's absence, Mr. Croucher kindly took.

My little party, following some hours later on the passenger train, arrived too late for the funeral, but we hurried to the ranche, only stopping once on the way to visit "Catlea", one of the most faithful of Christians, who, although blind, and too infirm now to go beyond the threshold of her own door, walked fourteen miles, only three years ago, to receive her Christmas Communion in the School Chapel, with the rest of her neighbors and kinsfolk.

We found Catlea busily and