

them as well as us, &c. Ilcochan and Sacher, my own Indian, interpreted—that is, explained, my Chinooh. Both at times were excited, and seemed to enter fully into the subject. Sacher especially took up one of the sins I had named—drunkenness, and reminded them of the consequences. I dismissed them after a touching and interesting scene, A short time after we heard a loud noise at the Indian village. It was Ilcochan. His loud and clear voice brought echoes from the mountains; we could see his figure on rising ground, and distinctly heard him repeating what I had said. * * * * *

Our talk was long; the evening grew darker, the fire blazed brighter. Ilcochan became very excited. He stood up and, with great vehemence and gesticulation, reiterated my words in Quayome. The scene was striking. My companions returned. As they approached they felt a slight alarm; they thought there was trouble, and were much relieved to see me sitting in the midst of the circle watching Ilcochan. I was deeply interested—indeed, affected, to see the evident impressions upon these poor Indians.

At an evening meeting the Bishop brought forward the subject of the education of their children:—

I enquired how many children there were in the tribe. It was difficult to make them understand; at length they appeared to catch my meaning. Two young men started up, came forward, and offered to go. I supposed they were going to count the children. Presently they came back—there was a difficulty. Instantly every one shouted to put them on their mettle, and not see difficulty. They conferred, and then darted off into the darkness.

In a little time from all quarters approached more Indians. As they came on the ground they took their seats in rows. I perceived every one had a child. I discovered, to my dismay, they had misunderstood me, and had been bringing the children themselves instead of the number. It was past ten o'clock, and all these poor things had been pulled out of bed; most were naked—some in their cradles.

In the midst of my last talk an Indian woman brought a lighted mould candle and set it down near me.

We concluded by singing the Evening Hymn. A devotional and deep impression sat upon each and all, most striking to witness. Reluctantly they took their leave one by one. Every one shook hands; every little child was brought, and held out its little hand.

CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH IN COLUMBIA..

(From a Correspondent of the New York Church Journal.)

Thursday, the 13th of September, was the day fixed for the consecration of St. John's Church, Victoria—the iron church sent out from England. A cordial invitation having been extended to the Clergy in Oregon and Washington to attend, the Rev. Mr. Kendig and myself, the only representatives of the Church on Puget Sound, availed ourselves of the kind invitation, and took a vacation from our own duties. We