

had come over them *in every respect*; and to hear them tell in their own forcible and eloquent way of what God had done for their souls, would have filled any earnest mind with gladness, and stopped the mouth of the loudest scoffer. Gambling, theft, drinking, and other vicious practices, once so common, are now rare amongst them, and practised only by those who are outcasts from the camp. Sunday is a day of happy rest and holy worship. For the last two years none of our Indians have been guilty of any known serious crime."

The Rev. D. Holmes, long a colleague of Mr. Good, has been removed from Yale to Cowichan; but he thus describes winter in the mountains:—

"The long tedious winter in Yale makes it very difficult for a Missionary to get about from place to place; but many Indians constantly winter there, so that when the cold is intense, and the snow deep, our chapel is frequented by a goodly number.

"*Saturday, January 18th.*—I swept out St. John's Church, afterwards walked through snow three feet deep to the graveyard, and buried poor Oney. At 3 P.M. twenty-one Indians from Qui-yome came to see me, and to attend the services on the morrow. Poor creatures! they were wet and weary, having walked twenty-five miles through snow. At 4 P.M. Humsennà (Chief Spuz-zum) and two others came to pay their respects. Such is the routine of daily work when itinerancy is impracticable."

The following passage shows the anxiety of the Indians for Christian rites, and it seems a strange contrast to read of these people, barely reclaimed from savagery, availing themselves of the electric telegraph to send for Christian pastors:—

"After Mr. Holmes's departure from Yale, that Mission was left without a resident clergyman—the Rev. Mr. Good giving monthly visits from Lytton. November 3rd the Bishop received a telegram from the daughter of an Indian chief, one of our Christian Indians at Yale: 'My father about dying; he wants minister to come up.' And on the following day another telegram: 'My father, Utsapahmot, died 12.30 this morning; will you send minister to bury him? Answer.' The desire unhappily could not be complied with. The good old chief had been a most consistent adherent of the Mission. It was his delight to have under his care the Indian Mission chapel at Yale, whose frequent services he never failed to attend. Mr. Good saw him a few days before his death, and found him in a most pleasing state of mind. At the last he gathered his people round him, spoke to them of the good that had been brought to him and his tribe by Mr. Holmes in particular, the Bishop, and Mr. Good; and exhorted them to be steadfast in their attention to the Christian instruction that was given, and attendance at the services of the Church. These farewell