

I was truly thankful for the "first fruits" among them, and hope it is but the precursory dropping of a plentiful shower.

THE INDIAN SORCERER REBUKED.

February 7th.—Our Indian service was cheering and refreshing. On coming away, and passing by a house of an old defunct chief, named Nito-ees, I heard the well-known sounds of necromancy, or "Clay-cla-won-ok," as they term it; and on entering the house I found a wicked old Indian doctor going on with his devilry over the body of the poor decrepid and bed-ridden chief, who was supposed to be in a dying state. I know not how it was, but I "felt pressed in spirit" and terribly rebuked the whole company, exposing the folly and wickedness of their proceedings, which brought everything to a dead lock: and I left them staring at one another, and muttering, but evidently scared. The old chief trembled and presented a most piteous appearance. Those of the tribe who had been with me at service felt glad in their hearts at what I had done; but they stand in great fear of these medicine men, believing they can strike them dead. They seemed to expect some terrible thing would happen to me on account of my temerity. Sooner or later, however, darkness must flee before the light of truth.

HEALING THE SICK.

February 23d.—Went through the Indian village to-day and prescribed for some sick. At one time the Indians were afraid to receive our medicine—now they gladly do so. Accustomed as we are to note every little incident, personal or other, which may mark a transition in their habits and morals for the better, it is remarkable how great that change, in the aggregate, has been since my first arrival four years ago. And why then not look for and expect still greater in time to come?

RETURN FROM A PATLATCH.

March 19th.—Our Indians have all returned from the great Cowitchen gathering, and seem, like the rest assembled, to have conducted themselves with unusual sobriety and quietness. No quarrelling, rows, nor drunkenness. This is certainly gratifying. They all, I believe, also were careful to observe the outward obligations of the Lord's Day.

CATECHUMEN CLASS.

March 24th.—My class of catechumens met to-night for their final examination and (D.V.) they will all be gathered into the fold of Christ on Easter Day.

Good Friday.—It was delightful to witness the quiet and decorum which reigned throughout the town and Indian village to-day. It seemed almost, to me, to wear a more peaceful aspect than is usual on Sundays even, and afforded a happy contrast to the painful disregard for its memory and claims on our attention we were compelled to witness a year ago.