

mostly Yarmouth men, going up in a body like a great school, to hear their former rector. His old servant headed the procession, marching before them to show them the way; by no means an unnecessary precaution over roads with mud above the ankle. The church is now put up and is full to overflowing; so full, that the funds for another are being raised by subscription. The bishop has got nearly a thousand pounds towards it, including Mr. Quong-Hing's fifteen: by no means an unpromising beginning, even for a more settled society. We shall next hear of the Indians subscribing—if, indeed, they have not done so already—under the gentle persuasion of their white fathers. Dr. Hills is sanguine about the Indians, and other authors speak of them as useful servants, sometimes honest (only to their employer), and always servicable and ingenious. They are hospitable when at home, and teachable when dwelling among the whites, courageous and intelligent, good-looking, with fine aquiline features, and, as guides, huntsmen, and fishermen, invaluable. They are notorious for their great power of locality: give an Indian a pencil and a sheet of paper and he will draw you a map of any country he may have passed through. Great gamblers, they are also great traders, and not easily taken in. In fact, they have all kinds of capabilities for civilisation, not omitting their love of strong drinks and finery—round hats and voluminous crinoline being common adjuncts now to red ochre and wampum—while other kindred vices, such as swearing and the like, attest their aptness of imitation, and their delight in the white man's ways. The men are universally employed, and get from ten to twelve shillings a week.

In a more recent letter of the bishop, he gives some very interesting particulars of a visit to an Indian village where Ilicoan, a chief known for his magnificent voice, took immense interest in what was said, and afterwards repeated it again to the people; the bishop hearing his loud clear voice explaining to the listening tribe all that their Father had told them in the morning. In the evening there was another meeting, which Dr. Hills must give in his own words: "Towards dusk, Indians began again to assemble. My two companions were gone to some distance, and I was alone with the Indians, who came up one after the other unobserved, except now and then when a greater glare from the fire revealed more faces. The Indian is stealthy in his movements. Amongst others who had come and taken a more prominent place, but wrapped this time in a blanket, was Ilicoan. I took my seat on a fallen tree in front of him; there was now a large gathering. I stood up and commenced devotions. Our talk was long; the evening grew darker; the fire blazed brighter. Ilicoan 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 Ilicoan. I was deeply interested, indeed, affected, to see the evident impression on these poor Indians. I was also eager to note the pantomime of gesture with which Ilicoan sought to move the spirits of his people."

During this visit the bishop asked how many children there were in the tribe. Two young men consulted together, then started off on the errand, Dr. Hills supposed, of counting the children; but presently, after a little more hesitation and consulting and evident perplexity, they returned, bringing back with them a crowd of Indians, each of whom held a child. The poor little dusky naked creatures had been dragged up out of bed to show themselves to the White Father who cared so much about them. What a picturesque, what a strange, presentation! When the bishop went away, every man and woman shook hands with him, and even the little copper-coloured papooses were brought to him to tender their tiny hands.

The bishop's latest expedition was to Barclay Sound, on the west coast, a bay of about twelve miles in width and twelve in depth, studded with several small islands; at the head of Barclay is a canal extending twenty miles; at the head of this canal is another bay about two miles in diameter. A London firm, James Thompson and Co., have already established a new settlement here for getting spars and timber out of the forest. This colony consists of forty persons, among whom are two "ladies"—all women here, the bishop remarks, claiming that title. Near the bay is the river Clecstachmitt. The banks of this river are lined with trees, rich grass, plants, &c. Noble trees cover the banks—Douglas pines from one to two hundred and fifty feet in height. The river swarms with all kinds of wild-fowl, ducks, geese, and salmon. A great many salmon are killed by the Indians for winter use; they stand up in the canoe, and either knock the fish on the head, or spear them. The Indians are a fine race. The women make oil, and cook, and make mats. Instead of boiling their food over the fire, they get square wooden boxes, in which they put the articles to be cooked; then they add water, which is made to boil by dropping red-hot stones into it. The lake Clecoot is five or six miles wide, and twenty-five miles in length. An Indian who had committed some crime was taken on board the Grappler, which happened to be cruising off the coast, and ordered to be flogged. His friends, who were on board, drew their knives, and seemed to meditate a rescue; and the wife of the captured Indian began to upbraid her husband for want of spirit. "Why don't you fight? Fight for the honour of your race and be a man! Die rather than be disgraced!" The aggrieved white man at last begged the Indian off; three chiefs then came forward with seal-skins as an atonement for the injury committed by their countryman. The tribes near Barclay Sound are almost the only tribes that have not imitated the vices of Europeans. Drunkenness is unknown here.