

remaining unsettled, they determined to establish a permanent mission at some central point on Puget Sound. The Reverend Fathers Chirouse and Durieu accordingly fixed the mission at the mouth of the Snohomish river, at a locality now known as Priest's Point, on the Tulalip reservation, about the year 1858. In a letter dated Snohomish mission, February 15, 1860, addressed to a Father of his order, Father Chirouse gives the following interesting account of his mission :

"What a change, my very dear Father, has been operated in two years among these poor savages, who up to that time had, perhaps, been the most corrupt of all the Indians of America. * * * There are now but few polygamists here and there, and these are ashamed to appear among people of good principles. The greater portion of the gamblers have renounced their impositions and have brought to us their games, which we preserve with the instruments of magic and sorcery, as permanent witnesses of their promises to God. More than nine hundred young men have enrolled themselves in our Temperance Society, and all of them have promised to pay two dollars for the poor and to submit to twenty stripes of the whip if they should again taste intoxicating liquors. Formerly the whisky-sellers made fortunes, but now they are obliged to leave the country for want of occupation. In the two years that have just elapsed, there have been fewer murders committed by reason of drunkenness in the whole of the Puget Sound country, than there were formerly in two months at a single point on the Bay. Formerly nearly all the Indians prostituted their wives and daughters to the whites; to-day all of the two thousand Christians have, generally, a horror of this abominable commerce. Formerly the name of Jesus Christ was hardly known among these poor tribes: since eighteen years a great number had been baptized in their cradles by the first missionaries who visited the country—now each village is surmounted and protected by a long mission cross, which reminds the inhabitants of what they are and what they owe to their Saviour. Upon the sea-shore, in the forest, and even up to the gates of the newly-born cities of the Americans, we see assemblies of poor Indians who say their prayers aloud and sing without fear of the world the praises of the Great Chief on high, of the Blessed Virgin, and of the Angels and the Saints. Formerly the children trembled with fear at the mere mention of the sorcerers; now they make them the objects of their jest. Formerly war decimated these