

common affairs. I noticed several that morning in the beautiful dormitory of the Mission, shinning under the polishing just received, and I felt that if ever my wife and I have the happiness to enjoy a tin wedding, I will thank some friend to remember a granite wash bowl and pitcher.

At about nine in the morning, the real objects (the Indians) for which the Mission was established commenced to appear from all directions. From every hill and valley, in every style and way; appareled in all the colors of the rainbow, came the Indians, old and young, large and small, from the beautiful "papoose" to the bowed, broken and wrinkled warrior of savage days, and long before the hour of Mass the little Mission's yards were full.

Father Isidore was in his glory as he wended his way among the huge and ugly "bucks" in his cassock, with a happy smile, a hearty shake, and a jolly word for all, he seemed in the seventh heaven and entirely ignorant of the fact that he was neglecting me for the time being.

Nor were the sisters much more mindful of us while they sallied out among the squaws, took them by the hand, took up their Indian babies to fondle, they were apparently as delighted and happy to see them as though they were the handsomest women and the sweetest children on the face of the globe.

The Indians fully appreciate such treatment (and no thanks to them, any one would) the profound respect they showed to the Father and their anxious efforts to behave in a manner to please the Sisters is a sufficient reward for the missionaries.

In due time the Mass-bell rung, and let me say right here, that what little I do know was learned principally in the Christian Brother's School; now with them, order of the highest grade is required in church, but even their order slightly exceeds that which was

observed by these savage children of the forest after they had entered that beautiful little chapel for service.

Father Ricklin is a good speaker; his sermon on Prayer was very able; and it is regretted that the Government does not furnish interpreters in order that such valuable lectures, only understood now by a few, could be heard and understood by the entire tribes.

After Mass the priest invited the different chiefs to go forward to the altar and pray. I have often heard that it was amusing to hear the Indians pray, and it may be for some, but it was not so to me. One by one they came forward standing directly in front of the altar with their eyes riveted on the statue of the Savior exposing His Sacred Heart; in a low, deep voice each began his prayer. Of course, I could not understand the words, but the short convulsive breathing of the huge fellows; the uneasy lifting and replacing the moccasined feet; the utter disregard of the position of body; the beads of perspiration that stood out upon their dark skin—all attested the sincerity of their petitions.—To behold these wild and untutored warriors of the forests, ignorant of all historic proofs of a living God, supplicating the Great Spirit of their Indian belief to bless them and their loved ones may be *amusing* to some, to me it was grand and sublime.

After Mass came prayers and some beautiful singing by the sisters; then all had dinner. No matter how many, all were served; and after mingling together until the Western sun gives notice of approaching evening, all depart save the regular pupils.

There is an old adage that "God helps those that help themselves," its truth has been verified in Father Isidore's work among these blanket Indians.

How well I remember when I first met the good Father about three years