

"Physically and mentally I regard this tribe of Indians as superior to any in North America. They are wonderfully clever at all kinds of industries, and there is nothing of the proverbial Indian slowness about them. They are in no way lazy, and are skillful, quick workers. They are adept silversmiths, and their work is both artistic and unique. The Navajo blankets are celebrated, and no tourist feels quite contented to leave our territory without one.

"The work of civilizing and evangelizing the Indians is very gradual. It is a mistake to think one can transform an Indian into an American in one generation. Mere education without moral training, based on religious training, is, according to the opinions of those who know Indian character, worse than useless. The Indians need continual attention, and unless closely watched fall back into superstition. The education of the Indians requires unlimited patience, and his evangelization both patience and prayer.

"I would say nothing disparaging about the people among whom I work, but it is an error to suppose an Indian can be personally hurried into civilization and christianity. The schools teach the common English branches and moral instruction, which is of the utmost importance in the upbuilding of character in the Indian, as well as other children. They have much to contend with in being hampered by traditions and inherited prejudice, but education and religion will in time do for the Indians what it did for the pagan nations of old.

"The religious work among the Mexicans is also extending, and the Catholic churches throughout the territory are in good active working condition. There are 120,000 Mexicans in the territory, and the field for Christian work is large.

THE GOLDEN SILENCE.

"Sweet speech is merely silver,
While silence is pure gold,"
This is the truest proverb
That ever yet was told,
For the superficial glamour
Of thought through speaking flows
But the soul of deep emotion
Sweet silence only knows.
Oh, far from the world's wild clamor
My spirit longs to be
When the spell of the Golden Silence
Is falling over me.

Great is the speaker's power
And grand his thoughts may be,
But the spell of the Golden Silence
Has sweeter charms for me.
Oh, dear is the spell of silence
Unto the dreamer's soul,
When thoughts no words may utter
Across his spirit roll,
Oh, far from the world's loud voice
My spirit yearns to be
When the spell of the Golden Silence
Is falling over me.

Sweet is the twilight hour
When daylight dreaming dies,
The magic of its power
Upon my spirit lies;
Sweet is the sound of music
That falls upon the ear,
And the sound of voices singing
Is ever yet more dear.
But, oh, they are all discordance
And afar I long to be
When the spell of the Golden Silence
Is stealing over me.

As when in some great cathedral
The soul in silence prays,
Afar from the outward noises,
The world and its wicked ways.
And there before Christ's Altar
We seem to speak to Him
Who dwells within His Temple
In its shadows deep and dim.
Oh, far from the world's loud clamor
My soul delights to be
When the spell of such Golden Silence
Falls brooding over me.

Michael Whelan.

The bread of the stranger, like the bread of the wicked, is bitter to the taste.