

characterized by good taste, and harmony of proportion. The church, as a specimen of architecture, would do credit to any one, and has been faithfully sketched by our artist, Mr. Stanley. The massive timbers supporting the altar were from larch trees five feet in diameter, and were raised to their place by the Indians, with the aid simply of a pulley and a rope.

They have a large, cultivated field, of some two hundred acres, and a prairie of from two to three thousand acres. They own a hundred pigs, eight yokes of oxen, twenty cows, and a liberal proportion of horses, mules and young animals.

The Indians have learned to plough, sow, till the soil generally, milk cows (with both hands) and do all the duties incident to a farm. They are, some of them, expert wood cutters; and I saw at work, getting in the harvest, some thirty or forty Indians. They are thinking of cutting out a good trail to St. Mary's valley, over the *Cœur d'Alene* mountains (on the route passed over by me). They need agricultural implements and seed.

Of the condition of these Indians when Father Joset arrived among them a writer says: "The tribe of Indians called *Cœur d'Alene*, or 'Heart of an Awl,' was, in early times, one of the most savage. Their nature, strong and bold, gave birth, under the influence of superstitious principles and corrupt morals, to a people fierce and wholly given up to actions the most abominable." Governor Stevens's report shows what marvels had been accomplished by Father Joset and his faithful assistants in the ten years of their residence among them. It is enough to say that never have these Indians retrograded from the high standard to which they were raised by the brave and zealous missionary. Of this noble man and his work, a writer in the *Catholic Sentinel* says:

He came to the Rocky mountains a young man fresh from his study, in the prime of life and full of energy. From the day of his arrival he threw his whole soul and life into the work. For him the winter seems to have lost its frosty rigor and summer its heat. He braved the inclemency of the seasons. He has been seen to take long journeys in the extreme cold, and continue it in defiance of the biting breath of the north wind. He has had to make frequent excursions which occupied him day and night, and distances of fifty, sixty, and even two hundred miles, and this through woods and swamps, for there were few roads in those days. It were vain to attempt a computation of the magnitude of good, wrought among the Indians, for God by this veteran missionary. No one can count the souls that have been enlightened, comforted, helped and saved by his assistance. But he had always a strong predilection for the *Cœur d'Alenes*. It is at their old mission, situated on the right bank of the river *Cœur d'Alene*, that Father Joset for the better portion of his life has dwelt among his dear friends and spiritual children, the *Cœur d'Alenes*. It is here in the graveyard a stone's throw from the church, lie many of his flock. There is something so touching about it all. Here near the church which their hands helped to rear, they rest in their last sleep. Here come to pray the children of the departed ones, and their childish voices recite the prayers which were taught them by Father Joset, and which were so often repeated in the same church by their ancestors almost half a century ago.

Father Joset is proud of his Indians, and justly so. Hear again the writer quoted above: "The tribe, which a few years

back made up a race of people the most ferocious and superstitious, is now an example for Catholics throughout these regions. Their quiet life and their morals strike with admiration the very enemies of the church! Who, when they reflect upon what these Indians have been and what they now are, can not feel in the depths of their souls the conviction of the truth of the Catholic faith. Here they behold a people formerly accustomed to wander through the forests after the manner of wild beasts, slaves to the most foolish superstitions and to the most degraded habits, now under the benign influence of religion, living a life virtuous and peaceful. A people who might indeed be destroyed, but could never be subjugated by force of arms, now submitting with childlike simplicity to the guidance of a few missionaries, at the least sign of whose will they are ready to check their rising passions and regulate their lives." Long may these good Indians continue to hear their beloved father's word, to practice his precepts, to be the faithful imitators of his virtues, and like him do all things for the greater glory of God.

There are still to be found some of these old Catholic missions carrying on their noble work among the Indians where the encroachments of white settlements have not driven the natives from their ancestral homes, though none of the original Protestant missions remain; yet none show so plainly the life work of one devoted soul as this mission of St. Joseph.

MORNING AT THE COUNTY JAIL.

ON the last page is an engraving of a scene in the city jail that will be familiar to those whose duties have brought them in contact with that institution at so early an hour. The miscellaneous assortment of guests that were rounded up for the wedding feast, as related in the bible, from the highways and byways, could not hold a candle to the congress of nations that is assembled every morning in the jails of every city in the country, and the breakfast scene in the Portland "skookum house," as shown in the sketch, finds its counterpart in every like house of detention. There is no aristocracy of race or color. The man who enjoys the hospitality of the police department must be willing to do so on equal terms with all kinds of humanity raked in by the drag net of the force. If he does not like to do so, he should have been careful that the pressing invitation of the officers need not have been given. It is probable that he may not relish his first repast within the confines of the whitewashed walls, but the food is clean and wholesome, though some of the attractive forms of service to which he has been accustomed may be lacking, and he comes, in time, to consider it at least worthy of his attention if not hearty patronage.

It is estimated that the sawmills in the Blue mountains will consume 30,000,000 feet of logs this year. There are now eleven mills at work cutting about 200,000 feet of lumber per day, and two others will be put in early in the spring. The first logging railway of that region will also be built.