

THE ORNAMENT OF A MEEK AND QUIET SPIRIT.

The Rev. Egerton R. Young, the well-known Methodist Missionary to the Indians of Lake Winnipeg, has been revisiting after several years' absence in the East, the scenes of his early labors at Norway House. He brings back at least one good story which may well have a place here. While preparing for his western trip many friends of Indian missions intrusted him with supplies of clothing to be distributed among the people of his former mission. Among these articles was a black coat donated by a clerical brother which was bestowed by Mr. Young on a worthy old Indian who stood in evident need of such a garment. The missionary's visit culminated in a Sunday service and to this came the old Indian clad, not in his best coat, but in the tattered, greasy, and altogether disreputable capote which it had been intended to replace. "Why," said the missionary, "have you not come in the coat I gave you? Do you not know that you should show respect to God's house by coming to it as decently dressed as you can? I am displeased with you." "Oh, missionary, do not be cross with me," said the old man. "The coat you gave me is a very fine one; I am proud of it, and I thank you for it. But it is too fine to wear all the time. I take it out every day and put it on for awhile and think how clever the men must be who can make clothes so fine and so smooth and that fit so well." And here he stroked and caressed shoulders and breast and arms as he remembered the superlativeness of the coat he had left at home. "But," said he, "I come to the church to-day to hear you read from the Book and tell us the way of God, and if I had on my fine coat I would be thinking of it all the time. We grow accustomed to these new things gradually so that our attention is not engrossed by them. I put on my fine coat in my house for awhile each day, and I think by next Sunday I will be able to wear it to the church without being hindered by it from attending to the service."

Mr. Young found the Indians of his former mission standing true to their faith and living simple God-fearing lives such as put to shame much of our more pretentious Christianity. The mention of the name of this eloquent missionary gives us an opportunity of commending his book as one of the best missionary narratives extant for a Sunday School library. Its name is "By Canoe and Dog-train among the Salteaux Indians." It abounds in stories such as delight the hearts of young people, and it is withal the narrative of a mission that has been conspicuously blessed of God.

The Rev. Hugh McKay has gone to Toronto to the Pan-Presbyterian Council where he is to present the case of North-Western Indian Missions. He takes with him a little Indian girl—who speaks English fluently—a fruit of his work.