

STORIES OF OUR N. W. INDIAN WORK

BY REV. J. M'ARTHUR.

BEULAH, Manitoba, Nov. 1892.



T the heathen Indian dances here, it is customary for the braves in turn to relate their past exploits, and, to prove that they are still brave, they will throw away or give away something that they possess, and the greater the value of what is thus given away, the more brave is the giver supposed to be. If a man gives away a horse he is supposed to be more than an ordinary brave, but if he gives away his wife he is considered to be extraordinarily brave.

At these dances last winter two of the principal leaders each put away his wife. One of the woman who was thus put away, went back to her home shortly afterwards and broke everything in the house she could lay her hands on except the stove. After that, the brave Indian who put her away, took her back again.

Seeing the folly of their heathen practices after this trouble, he and his wife came for the first time to church, and he especially has been coming somewhat regularly ever since. (His name is Shunkahoo, meaning "howling dog.") After a few days the other Indian, whose name is Sioux Jack, took back his wife and they have lived peacefully together ever since then. Sioux Jack made some profession of Christianity a number of years ago, but wandered back to his old ways. During the past summer he has been led, I believe, to consider seriously his spiritual condition.

At a general gathering of the Indians on this reserve last summer Sioux Jack made a speech in which he reviewed Mission work on the reserve from the beginning. He called their attention to what the Presbyterian Church had done for them and concluded by saying, "We have taken the Queen to be our chief, let us take the Queen's God to be our God." For a few years back he has been suffering a little from a gun shot wound received accidentally in a drinking carousal with other Indians more than thirty years ago.

For the last three months he has been very ill and is not now expected to live but a very short time. He gives good evidence as far as we can see, that he has come to realize his sinful condition by nature and practice, and that he is now exercising saving faith in the Saviour.

In my last visit to him he said, "I know

that I have been a very bad man. I loved what was bad and hated what was good. I am like a pig in the mud, dirty all over, but I believe that the blood of Jesus can cleanse me and I am looking to Him for that cleansing. When you are not here I think about what you have been saying, and I tell it to those here with me." Then taking the Bible in his hand, he said, "I read the Bible for myself," then quoted some of the comforting passages he had been reading.—*Leaflet.*

LETTER FROM MISS SINCLAIR.

OUR SCHOOL WORK IN INDIA.

INDORE, Oct. 20, 1892.

NOTHING I can tell you will let you see these bright, eager, loveable, little girls as they really are. One of the most encouraging features of this work is that we are able to keep the children so long. While many come and go yet there are not a few who have been regular pupils both at the day and Sunday school during the whole four years I have been in India. Who can say what may be the fruit of this seed sowing in their young hearts? Some there are among them who do not hesitate to say that they love Jesus and want to be His followers.

The Hindoos have a custom of writing the name of their particular god at the beginning of letters, &c.

One wee bairn, a solemn, sweet faced child of four years, came to school a short time ago, and after having made friends with her and procured slate and pencil, I found she could write the first four letters of the alphabet and "Shri Ganesh" the name of a god!! I suppose it is not possible to get the children into school before they have been taught of the gods that are no gods, for I have often seen mothers take the hands of a little baby and clasp them in the attitude of worship to the gods, in the same way that a Christian mother would teach a little child to fold its hands and hush the evening prayer.

Hinduism was ahead of Christianity in this case, but a few days later, I was paying my weekly visit to a woman in the city, whose niece is one of my pupils. There's a baby between two and three years of age in the house. She and I are very good friends, and that day she sat on my knee and repeated the First Commandment and a shortened form of the second, and I thought that if the Truth were not abiding in the heart of my little pupil, she would not have carried the teaching to the baby. Such things encourage one to withhold not the hand from sowing the seed.—*Leaflet.*