

without the sanction of the laws of the land to warrant them in retaining their property. Sects can change as much as they like, in creed and otherwise, but in doing so they lose title to their inheritance; unless they take the precaution to obtain an Act of Parliament, their proprietary rights can be successfully attached by a person or society of persons representing more faithfully the original proprietors of chapels, schools, manse, &c. It is simply a question of identity or heirship.

Sunday School Lesson.

14th Sunday after Trinity. August 30, 1891.

HOLY COMMUNION—PRAYER OF HUMBLE ACCESS
AND PRAYER OF CONSECRATION.

The portion of the Communion Service which has already been treated of in our lessons is to be regarded as a preparation for the Prayer of Consecration, which brings us as close to God and the mysteries of the world unseen as is possible during our earthly life. No one can know God as he is (Heb. ii. 20) and approach Him, without a feeling of reverent awe and deep humility. This sentiment expressed by the centurion. (St. Luke vii. 6). We have the same in the hymn, "I am not worthy, Holy Lord." It is what every devout communicant will sincerely echo in this part of the service. No more fitting words could be found for the lips of a penitent sinner drawing near to receive God's highest blessings than those which compose the "Prayer of Humble Access." "We are not worthy so much as to gather up the crumbs under Thy table." (Comp. St. Matt. xv. 27.) But we cannot refuse the loving invitation of a merciful God. We therefore pray that we may "so eat," etc., (that is with faith and penitence) "that our sinful bodies may be cleansed" etc., and "that we may evermore" etc., (St. John vi. 56).

THE PRAYER OF CONSECRATION.

After the alms were presented the priest placed upon the Holy Table *Bread and Wine*. These are called the "Holy Elements." They have already been offered to God; they are now to be made still more sacred, as the means by which we are to partake of the Body and Blood of Christ. This is the meaning and object of the *Prayer of Consecration*. In this Prayer we have

1. *A solemn remembrance of Christ's sacrifice.* The death of Christ is the central fact of the Gospel. On the Cross He offered Himself for us. It was the only sacrifice that could save us (Acts iv. 12). A "sacrifice" is an offering ("oblation") of one life for another; a *satisfaction* is the payment in full of a debt. The *sacrifice*, etc., was full, because nothing can be added to it; perfect because Christ had finished His work.

2. *The meaning of institution.* The Holy Communion is a memorial of Christ's death (1 Cor. xi. 26), the way He has Himself given us of pleading His death before the Father. His faithful disciples are constantly to do this "until His coming again."

3. *The words of Consecration.* Note that what is now done is the same thing, accompanied by the same words, that our Lord did when the Holy Communion was first administered by Him (St. Matt. xxvi. 26, 27). He takes the bread, blesses it, breaks it. He takes the cup, blesses it, and gives it to His disciples. So does God's priest do by the authority God has given him to do in the name of Christ. We do not question how these "creatures" (created things) become to us who receive them in faith the Body and Blood of Christ. It is enough for us that He has said "This is My Body" and "This is My Blood." We bow before Him who is present in His own Sacrament, and pray with all our earnestness that we may receive Him into our humbled and believing hearts.

While none but a priest of God's Church may consecrate the Holy Elements, or administer the Holy Communion, the congregation are to say "Amen" at the end of the Consecration prayer, and thus to take their part in the solemn act. (The priesthood of the whole Church, and therefore of the laity, is taught in 1 St. Pet. ii. 5, 25.)

Family Reading.

Wild Indian Boys.—How they are Turned into Educated Gentlemen.

BY SYDNEY REID.

A great institution that stands in the wilderness between Lakes Huron and Superior—The boys don't like it at first, but they soon get over that—Lots of fun in the dusky youngsters, but "no pure deviltry" and no quarrelling and fighting.

"Gimme you mutton!"

The speaker of these extraordinary words was a little Indian boy aged probably twelve years. He was clad in a uniform of strong serviceable gray cloth consisting of a neat fitting tunic, tipped at the shoulders and cuffs and throat with red, and a well cut pair of trousers with a small red stripe in them; on his head was a jaunty black cap with a strong glazed peak; on his feet were a pair of well made shoes highly polished.

A ruddy glow shone through his copper coloured cheek, his face and form were plump, his teeth were dazzlingly white, his eye was bright, intelligent and full of mischief, his hair was cut short and smartly brushed. Taken on the whole, he was such a boy as no white parent would have been ashamed to own.

The person spoken to was another Indian boy of about the same age, but of very different appearance. His head looked as if it had been recently shaved, and though his face, hands and neck showed evident signs of scrubbing, there were areas of surface in them where years of neglect and rolling in the dirt of his native wigwam had worn grime in so well that it appeared to have become a part of the skin. His clothes were good, but he wore them horribly, one end of his collar was loose, his tie had strayed from its moorings, one trouser leg was turned up and the other was turned down. Besides, his eye was wild and roving and full of suspicion. Anybody familiar with the people to whom he belonged, the Chippewas of the upper great lakes, could tell at a glance that he was a "wild Indian" just suffering from his first contact with civilization.

Again the bright looking uniformed boy said "Gimme you mutton."

The wild Indian looked hastily around and saw that he had been backed into an angle of stone wall, from which he could not escape without facing his persecutor. He looked at him sullenly therefore, and said in a low voice:

"Wah, ish!"

"O-o-o," said the other, "dat two times you talk it Injun, gimme two mutton."

This time the wild Indian braced up to face the music. Looking at his opponent defiantly, he shook his head and said emphatically, "No, sah!"

"Oh no! Look out! me bulla slong. Trow you down bulla hawd!"

The wild Indian half turned his back, curled his lip, and said with as good an imitation of contempt as he could muster, "isha!"

In a moment the uniformed boy had seized him and thrown him on his back. In another moment he had inserted his hand in the wild Indian's trouser pocket and drawn forth a handful of buttons. From these he selected three. The others he gave back to his prostrate antagonist, saying, "you talk it Injun tree times, gimme tree mutton, Mr. Wilson I say it."

Then he put the three buttons in his own vest pocket, arose with dignity, and sauntered away whistling a melody from Pinafore. The other boy got up from the ground slowly, looking cross and puzzled, and walked down to the bank of a great river that flowed near by. There he stood silent, cross and lonely, watching the white sailed boats and the busy tugs and steamers.

The scene which I have endeavoured to describe above took place in the playground of the Shingwauk Home, an institution designed to take all the wild Chippewa boys it can get and turn them into civilized and educated men. A stranger looking upon the scene would have thought he had witnessed a piece of hazing, but in that he would have been greatly mistaken. The Indian boys have very little "pure cussedness" in them. They don't haze or bully or fight, but are very good-natured and affectionate with each other, though they are none the less manly on that account. The uniformed boy was merely enforcing a rule of the institution, which prescribes that any pupil caught talking in the Indian language must give up a button for each offence to the boy who has detected him. What the buttons are good for will appear later on in this article.

The Home is a big stone building situated about three miles from the town of Sault Ste. Marie, Canada. The river alluded to is the Ste. Marie river, the great highway between lakes Huron and Superior. The "Mr. Wilson" mentioned by the Indian boy is the Rev. E. F. Wilson, who founded the institution in 1878. He is the son of the late Bishop Wilson of Calcutta, and has inherited the missionary instinct. He came to Sault Ste. Marie from England in 1870, and was greatly interested in the Chippewa Indians, whom he found living on the reserve at Garden River, ten miles from Sault Ste. Marie. It did not take him long to extend his interest to their wild brethren on the Manitoulin Islands and the north shores of Lakes Huron and Superior. Their condition was as good as the paternal government of Canada could make it, but they were, taken on the whole, a lazy, worthless set, who took kindly only to the vices of civilization, and held its virtues of industry and providence in absolute contempt. They lived miserably, earning pre-

carious subsistences by picking berries, cutting wood, making maple syrup and sugar and catching fish. Some seasons they had plenty of food, and were reckless and wasteful. Other seasons they got so close to the verge of starvation that they had to eat their ponies and dogs. Mr. Wilson went among the Indians at Garden River, and learned their language. Then he wrote and printed a Chippewa English dictionary, and translated for his dusky flock the New Testament and a large number of hymns. The more he studied the question of how to benefit these people, the more convinced he became that the boys must be taken away when young, and kept in a training school where they would get an ordinary English education, and where they could also learn trades and be fitted to go out in the world and earn their living like white men. No such institution as this existed, and he therefore determined to create it. He got old Chief Shingwauk (Little Pine), and took him over to England to tell the folks there what was wanted. The Chief, who was the leading Indian of the Garden River Reserve, was very weak in his English, but he could make powerful speeches in Chippewa, and Mr. Wilson could translate them. Mr. Wilson had plenty of friends in London, and these rallied round him at the big meetings held there, and soon the project was assured financial success. Large donations were made to the building fund, and many individuals undertook to support one or more boys in the contemplated institution. With plenty of money in his pocket, Mr. Wilson went back with Chief Shingwauk to Garden River. He told the Indians there what he wanted to do, and asked them to help. They were enthusiastic and worked hard at getting out logs and timber for a big house, which was finished very soon. It was called the Shingwauk Home for Indian boys and girls. Hardly had it been built when it was burnt with everything in it. Mr. Wilson's friends came to the front again, and their liberality made him determine to build in stone this time. He did, and the great building which now bears the name of the Shingwauk Home is the result of his work. Short as was the period of its existence at Garden River, it was long enough to convince Mr. Wilson that it was necessary for the success of his institution that it should be located at a distance away from the Reserve, for the parent Indians came to it each day in troops, and boys were constant in truancy. Therefore he bought 100 acres of land just three miles away from the village of Sault Ste. Marie, and built upon that. He found plenty of difficulties in carrying on the work, but had an abundance of patience to meet them with. He discovered that a joint boarding school for Indian boys and girls wouldn't work, so he built the Wawanosh Home for Indian girls, situated four miles away from the Shingwauk Home. He found next that he had great difficulty in keeping his boys, so he introduced the uniform spoken of, taking good care to confer it on the youngsters as a mark of special favour and distinction, and he also made the parents of his boys sign agreements by which they conditioned to leave their youngsters in the Shingwauk Home for five years.

The last stipulation was by no means an easy one to obtain. Indian parents are very fond of their children and let them do pretty much as they like, and they could not stand the agonizing appeals the boys set up when they found that they were expected to be clean, orderly and studious. It needed all the eloquence of which Mr. Wilson was capable in Chippewa, and all the aid that Chief Shingwauk and his subordinate, Chief Buhkwujjenene, could give him to keep the parents' courage screwed up to such a pitch as would prevent them from becoming accessories to their children's truancy and desertion, although the boys were allowed to go home at Christmas and midsummer for holidays that corresponded in duration with those which the children in Toronto schools enjoy.

The lives of the Indian boys in the wigwams of their parents were endless holidays. Fishing and hunting and making sugar were lucrative sources of amusement, and these were their only forms of work. Nothing with them, in their wigwam lives, was too important to postpone, or entirely neglect, if it suited their whims. They were as free to enjoy the sunshine as the birds and squirrels; they were as free to plunge in the river and dive or swim about, or romp and splash, as the ducks and fish are; they were as free to rove the woods in search of sweet nuts and berries and other sylvan dainties, as the rabbits. They did as they liked every day and all day long.

Surely every boy and man can sympathise with them in their sorrow when the Shingwauk Home was opened; and they were forced to go to it under pressure from the chiefs and missionaries. The change was sudden and perplexing. All was routine, system, order and cleanliness; there were lessons to learn and tasks to perform. The Home at first seemed a very dismal place, and if ever a man needed patience and tact Mr. Wilson needed it then in keeping his pupils. The white people of Sault Ste. Marie who knew Indian character best prophesied complete failure in-