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without the sanction of the laws of the land to war-
rant 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 success-
fully attached by a person or society of persons re-
presenting more faithfully the original proprietors
of chapels, schools, manse, &c. It is simply a ques-
tion 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 regard-
ed 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 draw-
ing 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 plac-
ed 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 par-
take 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 Commu-
nion 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 constant-
ly 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 Com-
munion 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 Sac-
rament, 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 con-
secrate 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 devilry" 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 Shing-
wauk 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 up-
on 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 affec-
tionate 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 In-
dian language must give up a button for each offence
to the boy who has detected him. What the but-
tons 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, Can-
ada. The river alluded to is the Ste. Marie river,
the great highway between lakes Huron and Super-
ior. The "Mr. Wilson" mentioned by the Indian
boy is the Rev. E. F. Wilson, who founded the in-
stitution in 1878. He is the son of the late Bishop
Wilson of Calcutta, and has inherited the mis-
sionary 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 in-
terest to their wild brethren on the Manitoulin Is-
lands and the north shores of Lakes Huron and
Superior. Their condition was as good as the pater-
nal 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 abso-
lute 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 be-
came 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 in-
stitution 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 power-
ful 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 in-
stitution. 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 deter-
mine 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. There-
fore 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 carry-
ing on the work, but had an abundance of patience
to meet them with. He discovered that a joint board-
ing 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 keep-
ing 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 expect-
ed 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 acces-
sories to their children's truancy and desertion, al-
though the boys were allowed to go home at Christ-
mas 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 pres-
sure 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 In-
dian character best prophesied complete failure in-