

or less unscrupulous traders, and its business is altered to meet the demands of settlers.

The Indians, meanwhile, are crowded together on their Reserves, their occupation gone, and sometimes dependent on the Government grant of four or five dollars a year for subsistence. In this condition the evil effects of ignorance and superstition are much more powerfully felt than under the old order. Illicit liquor selling seems to flourish in many localities, gambling becomes a curse, and the old heathen customs, such as dances and pow-wows, have more than ever a demoralizing tendency. Disease is also frequently prevalent, and is very fatal, especially consumption.

Where the Indian has been subjected to Christian influence and training, and has made some advance in character before the country is finally overrun by a white population, he is of course much better fitted to take part in a civilization like ours, and to resist its temptations. He must at best begin at the very bottom, and the class with whom he comes in contact do not furnish him with a very lofty example. On the other hand, the tales told by many of our missionaries show that the standard of Christian manhood which the Indian can attain in a short time is a very lofty one, and in this lies our hope for him and for the future citizens of our common country, his descendants.

E. M. BURWASH.

### A Saulteaux Chieftainess.

REV. E. R. YOUNG

AFTER we had been in our new mission for some time and the work was going on blessedly, the tribes of Indians around heard about the white man and his wife who had come among the Saulteaux, and they came often to see us. One day there marched into our little home a great, big Indian woman, quite different in style from the ordinary Indian woman. These women are the most modest, timid and retiring people you ever saw. But here was one who came in with her head up, and looking at us as though she was sizing us up. Her actions were different from the other women. This, we learned after, was because of her position. She was a Chieftainess. Her father was a great chief, and her husband had been a great chief, and when he died she ruled her people. She was a clever woman. She lived far in the interior, and she had heard of the paleface and his wife, who, with their wonderful Book, had come to live down there among the Saulteaux. She did not believe what she heard, and had actually come many days' journey to find out whether what she had heard from the hunters about the Book and the Great Spirit was true. I found that of all the inquirers that I ever had, she was the most insatiable in her curiosity and in her desire to learn. She would talk morning, noon and night. Nor could we seem to satisfy her curiosity. She stayed with us about two weeks. Before she went away, I said to her, "Now you are going back home, and I want to say some things to you. Christians keep one day in seven, which is God's day. We do not attend to worldly matters on that day, but we worship God. I want you to be a Christian in everything, so you must keep this Sabbath day. I am going to give you this big sheet of paper to help you." I gave her a big sheet of foolscap and a long pencil, and said: "When you get home begin and make six small marks | | | | | |. Those are your days in which to hunt and fish. Attend to your matters with the tribe, your duties as chieftainess on

these six days; and then for the seventh day make a big mark —, and leave the gun and the rifle quiet in the wigwam. No hunting or fishing on that day. Work hard on Saturday to get enough food for the Sunday. On that day think about the Great Spirit, and pray to your loving Father who sees you wherever you are." When she pleaded with me to come and preach to her tribe, I said, "When the Eagle Moon is filling out, listen for the ringing of the missionary's sleigh bells; then I will go and see you."

My programme of work was so great that six months had passed away before I could visit her people. When the Eagle Moon came I harnessed my dogs and took my guide and dog-drivers, and away we went. It took us twelve or fourteen days to get there. We often had to travel altogether by night on account of the dazzling rays of the sun on the snow, which caused snow-blindness, a very painful disease. We journeyed on amid many dangers and adventures, but at last we reached our destination. The last six miles we had to cross a frozen lake. As we dashed out of the forest, there, on the other shore, was her village. Sharp eyes were on the look out for us. We were not more than half-way across before they detected our coming, and had dinner prepared when we arrived. You never saw a woman so happy as was the Chieftainess, she exclaimed, among many things, "Oh, to think the man with the Book has come to my people." "Oh, missionary I want you to see how I have tried to keep the record of the praying day." Out of the bosom of her dress she drew a greasy, dirty paper, which I hardly recognized as the clean one I had given her. With much interest I looked it over, and found that during all those six months she had kept the record faithfully. Here it was, the right day for all those six months. Of course I was very much delighted. She said some days a boy would come in and say, "There is a fine reindeer out in the valley, I am sure you can shoot it." But I said, "No, no, it is the praying day, and I cannot shoot on the praying day." But I think of the Great Spirit my Father, and try and pray and talk to Him and have Him talk to me. She was so happy as I said kind and encouraging words to her.

We had a service in the afternoon that lasted until supper-time, and another in the evening that lasted until midnight. God has now given us that people for Christ. Every one of them professes to love Him, and there is not a conjurer or a medicine man among them.—*Northfield Echoes.*

### Pagan Indian Practices.

THE Government will be asked to interfere to prevent barbarous practices which still survive among the pagan Indians of the West. Mgr. Pascal, vicar apostolic of the Saskatchewan, who is here, proposes to make a formal presentation in the matter. He says that some of the tribes in his diocese are very ferocious and bloodthirsty. They engage in a war dance twice a year, during which time the performers are tortured most cruelly. Ropes are tied around the feet, and then the body fastened to branches of trees, the head almost touching the ground, while they are cut and beaten by their fellow-companions. This dance lasts six days, during which time the performers are given very little food. Several die from the effects of the terrible torture. In spite of this Mgr. Pascal declares that the addition of a few more missionaries would result in Christianity being quickly introduced to the fiercest tribes of the West.—*Mail and Empire, Dec. 10th, 1886.*