

The Advent of the Scott Act.

From the night has been and dreary,
 Stars of hope but dimly shone;
 Eyes, with vigils long, were weary
 Watching for the coming dawn.
 But the gloom has now been broken,
 For the word of light is spoken,
 And the morning star gives token
 [Of the sun.

In the night were husbands drunken,
 Brawling, staggering in the street,
 Wives with pallid cheeks and sunken,
 Waiting, feared their coming feet.
 But the morning cheers their sadness,
 For the cup of death and madness
 Yields to one of social gladness,
 Clear and sweet.

In the night were mothers sighing
 With an aching heart and head;
 In the night were children crying,
 Helpless, cold, and wanting bread;
 But their cries have reached to heaven,
 And their fetters shall be riven,
 Tears shall cease and songs be given
 Them instead.

In the night were men who feasted
 At the cost of woe untold—
 Lived upon the lives they blasted—
 Parasites of basest mould.
 Now a fairer day is breaking,
 And the walls of sin is shaking,
 Wrong is losing—right is taking
 Firmer hold.

In the night were mortals calling,
 Who had lost their pathway there,
 Shrieks were heard from spirits falling
 Down the steep of dark despair.
 But to them came aid availing,
 From the men who heard their wailing,
 And who offered strong, prevailing,
 Forwent prayer.

In the night was heard the death-bell,
 With its iron tongue of pain,
 Telling out the doleful death-knell
 Of the souls that rum had slain!
 But the joy bells now are ringing,
 And the hosts above are singing,
 For the hand of God is bringing
 In His reign!

S. NELSON McADOO.

Farmersville, Ont.

Glikkikan.

BY REV. JOHN M. LEAN, M. A., FORT
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GLIKIKAN was a famous Delaware Indian. He was a dignified war captain, who had gained many friends by his illustrious victories over his Indian foes. His fame, however, rested not altogether on his bravery and success as a warrior, for he was also the speaker in the council of Kas-kas-kunkes, and the leading counsellor of his tribe. He was shrewd and intelligent. As an orator he excelled. Often times before his assembled countrymen has he stood denouncing wrong and proclaiming justice to the oppressed. Such was the power of his intellect, and so great was his command of language, that when the Jesuits sought to convert his countrymen they were compelled to desist, being unable to withstand the influence of his arguments and eloquence among his people. Frederick Post, a Moravian missionary, had to give up his mission also on account of Glikkikan's opposition. In 1769 he visited the Indian missionaries on the Allegheny, determined to frustrate their efforts in striving to save the souls of the Indians. Accompanied by several members of his tribe, who had implicit confidence in his abilities, and were already rejoicing in the anticipated victory of heathenism over Christianity, he set out on his journey. His speech was well prepared. The various arguments were properly arranged, and some of the language to be used was memorized. They reached the mission settlement and found a native assistant, named

The converted Indian had a passion for saving the souls of the red men. He set forth before his guests and then began in the style and phraseology peculiar to Indian speakers to relate the wonders of God's creation, the fall of man, the sinfulness of man's heart, the inability of man to save himself, and the gift and glory of the atoning sacrifice of Christ. The missionary corroborated the statements of the native preacher. Glikkikan listened, his fine speech had fled from his memory, and he was convinced that the Christian religion was the true one.

Instead of the glowing vindication of heathenism he humbly said, "I have nothing to say; I believe your words." He was a conscientious man; and while convinced that the native religion of the Indians was right, opposed with strong determination the efforts of the missionaries to convert his people. When the truth of God reached his heart he gave up the contest and sought earnestly the way of peace. He returned to his people repentant. His glory as the champion of heathenism had gone, and his followers were now without a leader to guide them in their efforts against the Christian religion. In a short time he returned to the mission to say that he had embraced Christianity, and he then made an offer to the missionary, in the name of the head chief, to come and settle amongst them, and that a piece of land had been set apart for the use of the mission. This request had been sent before by some members of the tribe, but being opposed to the religion of Christ, they had failed to deliver their message. Glikkikan sat and listened to the gospel preached by the missionary, and the Spirit touched his heart. The proud Indian war captain bowed his head and wept. His sighs were changed to songs, and from being the persecuting Saul in his tribe he became the devoted Paul. The teachers of righteousness went and settled among his people, and many were led to devote their lives to God.

Glikkikan was persecuted by the heathen section of his people. The head chief bitterly reproached him. He said, "And have you gone to the Christian teachers from our very council? What do you want of them? Do you hope to get a white skin? Not so much as one of your feet will turn white; how then can your whole skin be changed? Were you not a brave man? Were you not an honourable counsellor? Did you not sit at my side in this house, with a blanket before you and a pile of wampum-belts on it, and help me direct the affairs of our nation? And now you despise all this? You think you have found something better. Wait! In good time you will discover how miserably you have been deceived." In a Christian spirit Glikkikan replied, "You are right. I have joined the brethren. Where they go, I will go; where they lodge, I will lodge. Nothing shall separate me from them. This people shall be my people, and their God my God." The missionaries in their labours amongst the Delaware Indians had to contend against the strong opposition of heathen priests, some of whom believed that they were possessors of the true religion, and they alone could grant salvation to men. These Indian preachers taught that sin must be purged out of the body by vomiting, and many obeying them were thereby ruining their health.

Glikkikan now became intensely interested for the salvation of men. He stood up in defence of the Christian religion in the grand council of the Delawares. He accompanied the missionaries on expeditions to the Shawanese, Wyandots, and other Indian tribes. He was instant in season in preaching to his fellow-chiefs and men of influence among the Indians. Once, when falsely accused, he was taken prisoner, bound and about to be killed. Boldly he stood up before his captors, who were afraid of him when they remembered his former glory in war, and with true Christian dignity he said, "There was a time when I would never have yielded myself prisoner to any man; but that was the time when I lived in heathenish darkness and knew not God. Now that I am converted to Him, I suffer willingly for Christ's sake." Nothing was too great for him to do for Christ. Genuine piety adorned his life, and noble, Christian courage made his name a power in the Indian councils and in the lodges of the people.

The country was plunged in deep distress by an Indian war—Indians and whites had been unmercifully slain. The Christian Indians were blamed with the others. A party of militia set out for the Christian Indian villages with the resolve to slay every Indian. The Indians heard of this, but they relied upon their innocence for their safety. They worked at their grain, and were thus engaged when the troops arrived. The militia professed great friendship for the Indians, and told them that they had come to take them to a place of safety. They enjoyed the hospitality of the Indians. A day was set for killing the entire community. The day before the cruel deed was committed the young soldiers sported with the Indian youth. Evening came, and friend and foe lay peacefully side by side. The hour arrived and the Indians were bound. They were laughed at for asserting their innocence. Their last hours were spent in prayer and praise. The men were taken to one large house and the women to another. There they were slain, and their scalps taken by the militia as trophies of their disgraceful victory. The militia returned with ninety-six scalps. The facts of a story proclaim the innocence of these Christian Indians. Glikkikan was amongst the number. Trusting in God he found at last a resting-place where all are equal as sons and daughters of the Almighty Father.

Letter from Bella-Bella, B. C.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—With the permission of the editor I will try to give you a sketch of our work here through your very excellent paper. Bella-Bella is situated on Campbell's Island, over 400 miles north of Victoria, and faces M. Laughlin's Bay, through which the steamers run in their course north and south. It contains between two and three hundred inhabitants, all Indians except the missionary's family, including our teacher and one trader. A clam cannery has been built lately about a mile from the village, at which there are some white men. Formerly over a dozen families occupied the same house, and cooked by the same fire. This was built on the ground in the middle of the building, the smoke escaping through a hole in the roof directly over the fire. These houses were about fifty feet square, but

very small. The sleeping apartments, arranged on each side of the room, reminded me very much of the bins in a granary. Now the people are building new houses with proper fireplaces and chimneys, and soon we expect the old ones will disappear.

The people live principally by hunting and fishing. They travel in canoes, in which they carry their food and bedding along with them. When hungry they go ashore, make a fire, cook their food, one dish at a time, and eat. At night they put up the sail of their canoe for a tent and sleep under it. In fine weather they generally anchor and make their bed in the canoe. The greater part of the work done by your missionary on the coast has been done in this way.

Now, you would like to know what has been done in leading the people to Jesus. When Mr. Crosby, whom you all know, came here to establish this mission about six years ago, a man then named Jack (when baptized he was called Arthur Eppstone), who had heard the Gospel in Victoria, coming up took hold of him with both hands and said, "Oh, Mr. Crosby, I'm so glad you have come; I'm so glad you have come. I told the people that God was going to send us a missionary, but they only laughed at me." Then he took a Bible out of his pocket and showed it to the missionary, who asked him, "What did you do with the Bible, Jack?" "I took it up the mountain side into the woods," he replied, "and I would open it and look at it and think it was God's book, and look up and it made my heart warm."

A number can read the Bible now, and some understand a little of what they read. They are taking deep interest in studying the English under our teacher, Miss Reinhart, who shows excellent tact and a knowledge of human nature that can only come from experience.

About Christmas last year I commenced taking the children separately on Sabbath afternoon in the mission house, and giving them instruction in the truths of the Bible. They attended regularly when at home and paid good attention. Each Sunday I reviewed the work of the previous one and found they understood and remembered a great deal of what I had taught them. One Sunday, there being only five at home, and my interpreter being absent, I asked them to go into the service and I would give them their papers afterwards, but they were unwilling to leave, and one boy offered to interpret for me. Miss Reinhart takes them now and teaches them the same lessons that so many of you are studying. One of our little girls died last month. She told her parents not to weep for her, that she was going to be with Jesus.

All this is so different from the time when the people used to eat dogs at their heathen feasts, and others submit to have mouthfuls of flesh torn from their arms by their chief. I have counted fourteen such marks on one arm. But let us with them thank God that the times of such darkness are past at Bella-Bella. But my letter is becoming too long. I want you all to pray that God may pour out His Spirit. Somebody told me of some of my young friends who always pray for 'Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler,' and it helped more than anything else they could have given us. Pray on. Wishing you all a Happy New Year, I am still your friend,
 R. J. CUYLER.