

worn trail or on the dry grass of the prairie. At last the welcome lights at Scarlett's came in view, and we gladly availed ourselves of the shelter his house afforded.

Some "Notes" on our Indian missions north of Calgary, and on the work at Edmonton, will appear next month.

## INDIANS ON THE WAR PATH!

BY THE REV. J. DYKE, WINNIPEG.

SUCH was the startling announcement one frequently used to see in large heavy-typed headlines, with double, treble, and even quadruple notes of exclamation. The loud cries of "An Indian Uprising!!" "An Indian Raid!!!" and "Indians on the War Path!!!!" flashed along the fringes of frontier settlement, carrying tearful terror and dreadful dismay among the thinly scattered white populations; causing governments to send out expensive expeditions to tame the dusky warriors of the West, and also to protect the hardy pioneer and his children from miseries worse than death. In this North-West we have had two costly rebellions, both of which have been by Half-breeds, none of whom, so far as we know, ever made a profession of the Protestant faith, nor were under the influence of Protestant missionaries. In the last rebellion the few Indians who took part, did so reluctantly, and were influenced by Half-breeds whose education and whose loyalty to British rule have always been of the weakest and most uncertain kind. Canadians in all the Provinces, but especially in this North-West, owe a debt of deep gratitude to the various Protestant Missionary Societies who have labored so successfully to enlighten the Indian and bring him to Christ. Among such agencies that of our own Church has been eminently successful, not only in gaining the attention and securing the conversion of the Indians, but in developing a degree of civilization in their home life; cultivating industrial habits, and in a number of instances securing from the ranks of the Indians very efficient missionaries, who have proved themselves valiant in the holy war of the cross against sin.

John Sunday, of blessed memory, H. B. Steinhauer, an excellent scholar and a devout worker for God; his two sons, Robert and Egerton Steinhauer, who are now nobly treading in the footsteps of their sainted father, with others who might be mentioned, are examples of what can be done in the work of Christ by Indian agents. In this article we make special mention of two brethren who are fruits of missionary labor in the far North, whose names and characters are unknown in the Church, except to a few mission-

aries and the officers of the Missionary Society, but whose reflections of the life of Christ shine as friendly beacons across the wild waters and waste lands of the far North. We refer to Edward Papanakiss, native assistant missionary at Norway House, and Albert Sinclair, class leader on the same field of work. Both are full-blooded Indians, tall in stature, and proportionately well built. During the recent sessions of the General Board of Missions in Winnipeg, these native brethren being in the city, the writer secured their services at a missionary prayer meeting in Wesley Church. After the opening exercises Edward Papanakiss gave the following address:

"I am the son of an Indian conjuror. My mother was a heathen; but though I was born in such darkness God has done much for me. It is three years since I had the pleasure of speaking to a congregation in this church. Since then many trials have been upon me, but God has always helped me. I serve the Lord, and want to walk in the way of God. I have learned from Scripture that if I walk in the way of God He will crown me with eternal life. Last year we had no missionary at Norway House, but God was there. We had good congregations and Sabbath-school. We also had good prayer-meetings. I want you to pray for me and for our people. I am glad to meet you, and know as I look at you that many of you desire to love Christ. God says, 'Son, daughter, give me thine heart.' Surely when God says this, not one of you will say, 'I have something to keep back; I will not give you my heart!' You desire to give God your heart, not that He may hurt, but that He may save you. The real reason why God wants to save you is that He loves you, and gave His Son Jesus who shed His blood on the cross that you may be a people owned of God. Now I will tell you about myself. Not one of you, in all probability, have lived the kind of life I have lived. You may wonder when I tell you how I have lived. I despised Christ, often denied Him, and trampled the sacred things under my feet. When my heart was touched I came to Jesus with my tears and sorrow, hoping in that way to find peace, but it came not. It was when I repented of my sins and believed on Jesus, that I obtained pardon and found happiness. God has been merciful to me, and through mercy I continue until now. I have but one or two things more to say. I will talk about the butterfly and the bee. As the butterfly goes through the air without any apparent design, so it was that I lived in the days that are past and gone. And as the bee hums his way along and sees a flower where he rests, so I have found a place of rest and peace in Jesus. As that bee does not stop but goes on singing, so I intend to go on singing and enjoying the Lord. The religion of Jesus is blessed! My heart is glad, and I want to serve God all my days. Now, if any of you feel like saying, 'I will pray for you,' lift up your hands. (The entire congregation heartily responded. A forest of hands were uplifted.) May God baptize your hearts with His love and peace. I will not forget to pray for you. I hope to meet you again, and be glad in the peace of God."