

many of our Eastern cities, lakes and rivers: Ontario, Niagara, Erie, Oswego, Saratoga, Ottawa, Cataract, Ticonderoga, just as western tribes have served the west: Winnipeg, Manitoba, Kamloops, Saskatchewan, Saskatoon, Kootenay, Okanagan. We get such words as chocolate, tomato, coffee, cocoa, quinine, tapoca, while the original tribes of the West Indies have also added to the Anglo-Saxon tongue: cannibal, canoe, hammock, hurricane, maize, potato and tobacco. Besides, in every case



INDIAN NAVIGATION, NAAS RIVER

where the word indicates a useful food product or drug, our obligations to the red man are likewise greatly increased for the article as well as the name. How many lives have been saved by the timely use of quinine and cocaine!

Nor must we forget the services rendered to our country by the Indian guide and pilot. To the former we must give credit for access to many almost impenetrable regions, while the Indian trail in many places has been the forerunner of the railroad and other highways of traffic. Then to the pilot, by means of whose skill and knowledge we navigate our rivers and our rapids, we are greatly indebted. All have heard of the proverbial red man who "walks circumspectly." He has cultivated through the centuries the great and useful power of observing accurately and without appearing to observe at all. As a matter of fact he does not look this way and that, like a wolf on the march. He has to pass over a difficult trail but once, or down a dangerous rapid, before he is able to guide or pilot others in safety.

Enough has been said to indicate the ignorance of the Indian in the realm of religion. To say nothing of the country which is ours by conquest but his by birthright, nor of the other numerous obligations we have briefly mentioned, how anxious we ought to be, for his sake, to give him further light and a greater impetus to higher and diviner things. Wherever conscientious efforts have been made to Christianize him a marvelous transformation is very noticeable. Mention was made of ceremonial cannibalism. William Duncan tells us that when he landed among the Tsimshians, where Port Simpson now stands, he actually saw them tearing human flesh with their teeth as each of four men, in nude condition, rushed down the open street with the quarter of a victim who was slain for the purpose. To-day they are "clothed and in their right mind," actually "sitting at the feet of Jesus," the Christ who has wrought the transformation. And what a transformation in less than half a century!

Vernon, B.C.

Her Unanswered Prayers

AT twenty-five Martha Bates found herself, after many heart-sickening delays, the teacher in charge of the little Pine Islands school.

It was not such a position as she had dreamed of in her earlier, more girlish days. Then it was with a college professorship, or later, with a medical diploma that her dreams had had to do. Because, however, of delicate health these dreams had been only dreams, and advanced scholarship a thing to be thought of with useless regret. She really was thankful for the little school. It meant bread and butter to her; but, more than that, it would give her a chance to try to help other girls and boys to acquire what she had failed to have.

She was stronger now than she had been, yet she realized that her strength must be husbanded and improved upon. Accordingly, she began a course of study by mail with a noted instructor of physical culture, passing the instruction along to her own pupils. Much of her time must be spent in out-door life, and she induced many of the boys and girls to follow her example in taking long walks, during which she led them in observing plant and bird life, and awakened in some a strong desire to study.

The young people of the village welcomed her advent, for new faces were not of everyday occurrence, and the strangers

who sometimes came were not often as companionable as the tall, slender teacher. Gradually the young fellows of the little town also began to accept the hospitality which Miss Bates' boarding mistress was glad to extend to the young people. The gatherings were simple in character, but there was good-fellowship and fun and music, with now and then modest refreshments, and the young men enjoyed the companionship which their parents had been slow to provide.

And then one day, after three years of faithful work with her boys and girls, there came into her life, as comes into the lives of most women, a new interest. A "supply" at the village church seeing her had been attracted, and had come again and again to the town that he might see and know more of the bright-faced teacher. It was the old, old story, which is unfailingly new.

She told him that she was not fitted for the position of a pastor's wife in the city church to which he had recently been called. But the young clergyman felt no hesitation in transplanting his "flower of the world," and, half-reluctantly, she prepared to leave her school, with all that the life there meant to her.

On the evening preceding her departure, her friends prepared an impromptu reception for her. There was no pretence of formality, for no one had thought of coming save as an individual to tell her what she had done for Pine Islands.

"My girls would have left home long ago," one mother said, grasping the teacher's softer hands in hers, "they were so disappointed with life."

"My boy is keen to go away," smiled the physician of the town. "I never thought he'd care for study, but Miss Bates has inspired him with a thirst after knowledge. We've much to be grateful to you for."

A little apart from the rest sat a woman whose sad face was a contrast to the others. To her Miss Bates hastened.

"I don't know what will become of my boys," she said, her voice breaking. "They were all heading straight toward the drink that killed their father until you—"

As if in answer to the cry of their mother, the four boys, young fellows from seventeen to twenty-two, entered the room, walking rapidly to the corner where the two women sat. The oldest boy spoke:

"We didn't mean to make this a scene, Miss Bates, mother, but—we wanted to show how much we appreciate



INDIAN BEAR HUNTERS—HOW THEY CARRY BIG GAME

what you've done for us, Miss Bates—and so—we decided to let you carry our temperance pledge with you. We make the promise to you and to mother."

When the teacher knelt, an hour later, in her little room, she thanked God for what He had permitted her to do. "Because Thou didst not grant my petition years ago, when I prayed for health and education, I thank Thee, else 'lean-ness of soul' might be mine to-night."—*Youth's Companion.*