

You think it is a mere accident that that old Christian knows so much about the Bible. Why, he was studying his Bible when you were reading your primer. He got strong by running the Christian race. In fifty Sol'ferinos he learned how to fight. In a shipwreck he learned how to swim. It was by pounding at the anvil of trouble he became swarthy. Then when this Christian goes on and gets across all these other rivers of difficulty, there is the river of death still. To some it seems a dreadful river to cross, but here is the Christian coming. His priest, the Lord Jesus Christ, with bruised feet, goes right ahead of him. His breath grows shorter and shorter, and his last breath is gone as he touches the wave. But then all the billows toss their plumes, and begin to sing, "O, death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory?"

The time will come when we will cast off these sandals which we must wear because there are so many sharp places on the road of life, and with unsandaled feet we will step on the soft bed of the river. Then with one foot in the bed of the river, with the other we will spring up the bank, and that will be heaven."—*The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*

### THE MISSISSAGA INDIANS.

BY HERBERT G. PAULL.



AM asked by the children, "Where is Alnwick, and who are the Mississaga Indians?"

First, then, Alnwick is the Indian preserve situated thirty miles north of Colborne, in the beautiful County of Northumberland near the head of Rice Lake, and not very far from another Indian reserve and village called Hiawatha on the opposite side, on the shore of Rice Lake.

Is it not strange that the Indians who were once the only inhabitants, and, therefore, owners of this continent, should now be left out in the cold, and the white men own the land of their fathers, while they are compelled to be contented with a few "reserves" that the Government from time to time allots them? The size of Alnwick reserve is 3,600 acres. The Alnwick band of Mississaga Indians used to reside on the shores and islands of the Bay of Quinte. There were two tribes then, but they moved to Alnwick and became one. A band of the Mississaga Indians used to reside at Port Credit of which I told you before. There are many other tribes of Mississaga Indians scattered throughout Ontario; the Mississaga Indians, therefore, may be generally understood as being the bands who reside principally in the Ontario peninsula.

You want to know why the Indians moved from the Bay of Quinte and the islands that they learned to love.

Well, I must tell you the Indians like best to be alone; they do not like to be overlooked by the white men, any more than you would like to be watched by the Chinamen; and when they discovered that by and by a railway possibly would bring the inquisitive white people too near them, they received a proposal from the Govern-

ment to cede this land to the Government of Canada, and the Government would give them some other land, and would sell the balance of their land on the shores of the Bay of Quinte, and give them their share of the money. Of course the Indians thought this offer an excellent one, and they made a treaty in the year 1836 with the Government to that effect. Then the Government built them cottages, and a council hall, and a church, and they moved to their new home contented.

You want to know what they did with all the money they received from the sale of their land. This money as it is received is kept by the Government, and held in trust. It amounts to nearly \$100,000, and this fund is increasing, for all the land is not sold yet, and twice a year every Indian man, woman, and child receives at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum. Last year every Indian received twice \$9 16, so you see for a family of ten or so this amounts to a rather neat thing, the Indians are very well pleased. The beauty of this arrangement is this: if all the Indians by any means whatever died except one, this one who remained would have a nice little fortune; on the other hand, if the Indians should rapidly increase, and by their increase should require extensive expenditure, their income would be trifling. At any rate they are in splendid spirits, and as Chief Mitchell Chubb informed me, they have no possible grievance, and no fault to find with the Government in any respect. The Government has kept the treaty of 1836 faithfully and well, and every particular is observed as well to-day as the day it was signed, forty-six years ago.

I will tell you what the village of Alnwick is like, and what sort of a country surrounds it. Northumberland, you can easily find it in your atlas, is one of the most beautiful of the counties of Ontario, rolling land full of splendid farms, some of them a great way above the level of the lake, and somewhere near the highest part of the county the reserve is situated. The village consists of one street of about thirty houses; on the right hand side is the Methodist church and near is the new Council Hall, a large, substantial red brick building, of which the Indians are very proud. The old Council Hall was falling down, and the Indians thought they could afford a new one, so they requested the Government to take some of their money and appropriate it for the erection of a more substantial building.

Next to the Council Hall is the residence of the Rev. Mr. Jackes the missionary, whose house is a large antiquated looking place, old fashioned but comfortable enough to look at, though sadly in need of repair. How would you like to be a missionary? You would have to put up with a great deal that you would not enjoy, and forego many comforts which you and I, I am afraid, would grumble to miss. A missionary's life is a very hard one sometimes.

On the other side of the street there are quite a number of little farm houses, some log cabins, and some clap-boarded cottages, all owned and inhabited by the Indians, and down near the corner on the way to Warkworth is the house of Chief Mitchell Chubb, where in the quiet of the Sabbath evenings his little daughter plays

the organ—think of that girl—and she has an idea that an organ is not half grand enough, she wants a piano, so Mr. Chubb is going to purchase a piano for her.

I remember a story of one of these Indians, so interesting and so sad that I must tell it you:

Years ago there lived, on one of the islands belonging to the ancient tribe of Mississagas, an old man and his son. The father's name was Great Eagle, and the son's was White Eagle. What a good time the little fellow had to be sure! I wish I knew all the things he knew; I am sure he could tell me a thousand things about the fish, and the water, and the trees, and the grasses, and the herbs, and the sky, and the weather, and a hundred other things that you and I never heard of. He was a beautiful dark-haired boy full of fun, always laughing and singing with the birds, and then he was so good natured and so kind, why I am sure he would lend you his canoe, and if you were thirsty he would gladly have given you the half of the old skull, which his father gave him, to drink out of, if you had been living then, but this was many years ago. That old skull belonged to his father's foe, whom he slew and took the scalp off. Yes, and he would have given you some of his bear's claws, and probably he would have shown you a trick or two in catching fish through the ice.

And then he had such a pretty wigwam with a hole in the top for the smoke to get out through; it was covered with skins and birch bark, and altogether it looked very pretty and picturesque, looking at it from an Indian point of view. I must not forget to tell you, although I am sorry to say it, his father had hung up inside his wigwam several ghastly scalps, some of them very old, and one or two almost bleeding; so you see, this old Indian and his son had never heard of the wonderful love of our blessed Master.

You and I cannot live on this beautiful earth forever, neither can an Indian Chief, and at last the time came when Great Eagle received a summons from the Great Spirit to go to the "happy hunting ground," and he had to bid farewell to his little boy one autumn evening when the glorious old maple trees were blushing scarlet, and the warm mists of the Indian summer began to make the tired earth ready for the winter covering of ice and snow.

Oh, I am sure you would have cried to see the old man without the knowledge of Christ's love, without a ray of hope of heaven and an eternity of bliss, dying with no one to cheer him, none beside him but his little ignorant, wondering, crying child. There comes to me a picture of him now as he lay on his heap of skins, his withered dark-skinned face turned toward his son, his hand grasping his bow and arrows, and around his neck a necklace of human teeth. The door of the tent is thrown aside, and the streaming light of the golden sun pours a flood of radiance through the mist upon the emaciated features of the dying chief. Outside, the brown leaves of the oak are falling lazily from the weary limbs, and the silver poplars rustle a sad music, a low monotonous dirge as a requiem for the old red man. The waters of the bay are calm and smooth as a mill pond, and so! a long way off is a boat becalmed, lying so still with a white, white sail looming

like a little cloud, whose is it? Indian canoes never have white canvas sails. Never mind, neither Great Eagle nor White Eagle know about it, their attention is wholly engrossed with the awful stranger who is to take the old Chief to the "happy hunting-ground" of his fathers. White Eagle puts his hand on his father's forehead for it shines strangely, and great glistening beads stand out in bold relief on the wrinkled brow; it is wet with the cold and clammy sweat of death.

"Father!" said the lad in Indian tongue, dismayed.

"My son."

"Alas for White Eagle!"

"The Great Spirit shall lead you to the pleasant places."

"And you!"

"When I am cold, lay me where the waters of the bay roll in from the lake. Raise me high on a litter of pine, and put resin underneath and above, cover me with oak leaves, heap them up high, and when the moon begins to rise and shine like a ball of flame, put a torch underneath and when the blaze is high Great Eagle shall reach the happy hunting-ground in peace."

It took a long time for the dying chief to say all this, and when he had finished he waved his hand, and speechless, pointed to his parched tongue for water. White Eagle hastily left the wigwam, and proceeded to the bay, as quickly returned with a refreshing draught; but swift as he ran, Death, the great destroyer, came faster, and the soul of the heathen red man had left its tenement of clay.

Oh, the death of the heathen and the godless, as compared with the exultant triumph of the Christian's departure. Well may the strong in Christ say, "O grave where is thy victory, O death where is thy sting?"

### HOUSE AND HOME.

WHAT'S a house? You may buy it, or build it, or rent.

It may be a mansion, a cottage, a tent; its furniture costly, or humble and mean. High walls may surround it, or meadows of green;

Tall servants in livery stand in the hall, Or but one little maiden may wait on you all.

The tables may groan with rich viands and rare,

Or potatoes and bread be its costliest fare. The inmates may glitter in purple and gold,

Or their raiment be homely and tattered and old.

'Tis a house, and no more, which vile money may buy;

It may ring with a laugh or but echo a sigh.

But a home must be warmed with the embers of love,

Which none from its hearthstone may ever remove,

And be lighted at eve with a heart-kindled smile,

Which a breast, though in sorrow, of woe may beguile.

A home must be home, for no words can express it;

Unless you have known it you never can guess it.

'Tis in vain to describe what it means to a heart

Which can live out its life on the bubbles of art.

It may be a palace, it may be a cot;

It matters not which and it matters not what.

'Tis a dwelling perfumed with the incense of love,

A beautiful type of the home that's above.