

for him to do but to take his hat and retire. And this question which the young skeptic could not answer, is a question to which human science makes no reply. Here are the facts plain to all. Successive generations must have a beginning, and that beginning must have a cause. We are told that by minute variations, through millions of ages, all these things are changed and brought about. But how many millions of ages can you fool around with a hen's egg, to turn it into a chicken and a hen? Three weeks is all the time you can have for your "evolution," and when you have accomplished this wonderful transformation, instead of its going on and developing into a swan or an eagle, or a being of some superior class, the new hen simply lays another egg, and takes you back to just where you started. The problem is still unsolved. There have been many plans of creation devised, but none of them will work without a God.

DIOCESE OF SASKATCHEWAN.

ONION LAKE MISSION.

Notes of a visit to the Island and Loon Lake Indians



R. J. R. MATHESON, Lay Missionary now in charge of the C.M.S. Missions at Onion Lake, recently returned from a four days' visit to the Island and Loon Lake Indians in company with old John Hope. He met with considerable encouragement, both in his intercourse with those already baptized and also with the heathen Indians. The encouragement from the latter is, however, that derived from manly, outspoken, and consistent opposition. For, in Indian work, there is nothing more refreshing than to meet with those who have a sincere attachment to their present beliefs, and will openly defend them; for they thus so open their own mind as that, by God's help, we know just how to meet and present the truth as it is in Jesus to them. Nothing so dispirits a missionary as to have an apparently respectful hearing for that which he may think well to say; but yet to be asked no questions, nor get any answer to his own interrogations. It is the opposite of this apathy which is found at Island Lake, and which inspires confidence that those Indians, when once they do become Christians, will be so in reality, and will be a power for good, as those who are already baptized are seeking to become. But while we confidently look for this change, yet it will take place in the Lord's own time, and we must not be impatient.

Mr. Matheson's experience is bearing this out thoroughly. The evening before he returned to Onion Lake he drove up to a group of tents; but, after loosing out the horses, expecting to

be entertained there, and waiting more than a quarter of an hour to be asked into some tent, he began to prepare to depart again, as no one came out to welcome him. But at length, after a little further delay, he was very hospitably received into one of the tents and stayed there through the night. But even here he was plainly told that he was not expected to talk religion. They declared plainly that the Indians had one religion and the white men another; that each was suitable to its own people; and that they did not want to be disturbed in their old beliefs which they considered the best and meant to stand by. Now, such talk was just what our brother Matheson wanted, and he quickly replied that what he himself just wanted right away was the best religion, that if they would teach him their religion he would be glad, and if it turned out to be the best and quickest way of getting to heaven, better than his own, he would embrace it gladly. As might be expected, the Indians did not expect quite such a turn to the conversation, and were not eager to discuss their own faith further; but it gave our brother an opportunity he wanted in order to speak of the love of God, not only as to this life, but, through Jesus, as to the life to come. They would not, however, let him have worship in their tent that night; but in the morning, before he left he urged earnestly for morning prayer and they consented. In the morning also, those of the tents into which Mr. Matheson had not been invited to enter, came with a kind of an apology saying that they did not think the minister would condescend to come into their tents. Opening the Scriptures at the tenth of Luke, our brother felt helped, and spoke of the receiving and rejecting of the messengers of Christ. He also told them, in allusion to their not at first receiving him, that he was not a God, but a man like themselves; that he did not belong to those who taught that their ministers were Gods upon earth, but that he was just like one of themselves,—could kill a moose, catch fish, or hunt, or do anything else just like the Indians, in fact he was their own countryman, and could not see why one religion (let it be the best, of course, whether theirs or his), should not do for both. Of course this very much softened down their manner.

Our brother, Mr. Matheson, left these Indians feeling encouraged, although apparently but little direct teaching had been possible.

Yet the good seed has been and is being sown amongst them; and theirs is the honest heart which, being watered by the preventing grace of the Holy Ghost, will bring forth in due time a rich harvest of spiritual fruit, of ministerial joy, and of eternal glory to the Divine Lord of the Harvest. One such visit as this has been far more encouraging than a dozen which are only characterized by the placid consent of inertia.