

Our Indian Department.

Edited by Rev. W. A. Burman, B.D., Principal of the Rupert's Land Indian Industrial School, St. Paul's, Manitoba. Missionaries having items of interest regarding the Indian will kindly forward them to Mr. Burman.



In our April number we gave some interesting extracts from letters of the Rev. T. H. and Mrs. Canham, C. M. S. missionaries on the Upper Yukon. At Tununa, lower down the river, the Rev. J. W. Ellington is at work. He writes in *Missionary Leaves* concerning his work and people:—

Late in September (1888) nearly all the Indians of the Fort Reliance Band, came down the river on rafts. On these "stick boats" might be seen dried salmon, fresh dried meat, the veritable skin-house, etc. This portable house has for its framework a number of curved sticks made of birch, and the covering consists of deer's hide. A hole in the centre of the house seems as a chimney, and it is banked up with snow all round. Most of David's and Charlie's tribes camped 60 miles below me in their hunting grounds. Before Christmas one hundred had gathered near the mission. On Sundays they attended the services, the room was filled, the people were devout and hearty, and they sang lustily.

The Loocheu tribes (i. e., Peel River, Le Pierre's House, Rampart House, Fort Yukon, Hunkwitchen, Trotsakwitchin) will sing by the hour in their camps, translations of such grand old hymns as "My God, my Father, while I stray;" "Lo, He comes;" "Just as I am, without one plea;" "There is a fountain filled with blood;" "Thine for ever, God of Love;" and many others which have been translated by the Bishop and Archdeacon. Truly has our dear, noble and apostolic Bishop caught the Indian's love of song.

"Then Loucheux voices tune their hymn,
'Mid dreary winter's twilight dim,
On Yukon's bank ascends afar,
From feeble band, the voice of prayer."

BISHOP BOMPAS.

I have frequently been cheered with the testimony of white men to *our* Indians. Several have said, "These are good Indians." Upon another occasion two whites in their cabins told me that some of the young Indians, when they came to see them, would say, "Do you (savez) Jesus, book?" I am very much pleased with Joseph, the Christian leader: he is consistent, and anxious for teaching. The people speak affectionately of him. While he was at the Post I taught him a *little* nearly every day. I expect to baptize his baby son on my return. Joseph told me some time ago, "Before the Indians had heard any minister they were very foolish, but after they had heard the Gospel through Archdeacon McDonald, they were very frightened."

Truly, indeed, "the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." It is my privilege to see its power among the tribes of this corner of the earth. To the Lord be all the glory.

In our March number reference was made to the arduous journeys of various missionaries bringing children into the Rupert's Land Indian Industrial School. One of these, the Rev. G. Bruce, of the Fairford C.M.S. Mission on Lake Manitoba, has kindly furnished us with some notes of his travels on that occasion. These we give below with but slight alteration:—

"Jan. 10th, 1890.—Left the mission at 10 a.m., having two spans of horses; one sleigh covered over with heavy ducking, with seats arranged on each side, and a stove in the centre. In this we stowed our live cargo of six boys. The day and wind being favorable we travelled till we reached a shanty at sundown, where stabling for our horses and accommodation for ourselves were kindly given us. Hardly had half an hour passed when another party with six spans of horses arrived. No accommodation could be had, and after an hour's rest they were compelled to push on to the next houses—at Fairford, 17 miles away.

Saturday 11th.—Started early in the morning, having Lake Manitoba to cross. We carried a supply of firewood in the event of a storm springing up or being delayed by snow-blocked roads, or no trail at all. I then had to get on my snowshoes and walk before the horses for six hours before we reached the first solitary island. Here, in haste, we scraped away the snow, built a fire, then when tea was made, each person stood or squatted, tinpot in hand, round the welcome fire and snatched a hurried meal. It was so cold that the horses soon became impatient, and we discovered that one had such sore and swollen shoulders that he could draw no longer. Fortunately we had a spare horse, though young and unbroken; however, he behaved very well. We next reached an