



REV. J. W. D. GRAY, DD.,  
Rector Trinity Church, St. John, N. B., 1840-1867.

No baptism for your children; no shelter for them from the knowledge and power of evil; no sense of the sacredness of marriage; no knowledge of the Saviour's love and priceless sacrifice; no hope in death; no faith in any life beyond the grave? And yet in view of such facts as these, is it possible—is it conceivable that the English Church in Canada has not, as yet, sent one man to any Mission field at home or abroad? Are you aware how far other religious bodies have eclipsed us in this? how the Presbyterians have some fifty missionaries at work, and they and the Methodists have given nobly of their substance, and their subscriptions are yearly on the increase? People are often asking me, What can we do to help you? Alas, too often, their inquiries end in their sending out to us a few bales of clothing, books and pictures. Am I ungrateful in thus alluding to their kind gifts? Ah, no indeed. Most acceptable are they,—most eagerly looked for,—most gladly received with our yearly supplies. You should see the dear dark faces and sparkling eyes peering over the opening of a mission bale. What delight, what ecstasy, it calls forth. How well they have learnt to value the warm shirt and knitted stocking, the cuffs and comforters, jerseys and helmet caps, the bars of soap and knots of fish twine. These are most valuable gifts which we missionaries are far too poor to be able to purchase to any large amount ourselves. The arrival of these bales forms one of the most pleasant episodes in our monotonous existence; but you see these have to do only with the bodies of our poor Indians, and they and we ask for more than these. We want men; true, large-hearted, earnest men. It is something to have begun to raise subscriptions as you have done at

last I am glad to hear,—something to have awakened to the conviction that although Algoma might fairly lay the first claim to your interest and generosity, yet that Mackenzie River and Athabasca and Saskatchewan and Moosonee, aye, and India, Africa and Japan and Melanesia, have all their hungry souls longing for your crumbs,—their little ones stumbling upon the dark mountains for you to seek and reclaim. We want men for our Mission,—the labourers are so sadly few. Canada could so well spare us a few of her noble, highly-gifted sons. In England, when we seek for loyalty and devotion, we instinctively look to Canada. In the war in the Soudan the Canadians and Australians were pictured and described in most thrilling verses which roused the admiration and touched the heart of every Englishman as “our boys,” upon whose help we might rely, and upon whose valour we could so surely depend in the face of whatever enemy we had to encounter. Yes, and it was to no white man the skilful steering of our vessels was entrusted in that sad and disastrous war, but to the Canadian boatmen to the dear Indians, numbers of whom were had over from Manitoba for the purpose of safely guiding the British boats through the wild, perilous rapids of the African rivers. Such men to fight—such pilots to guide are needed for our church no less than they were for our fleets and armies. It is indeed a noble, manly work in which we are engaged, and I assure you should be undertaken only by men of first rate character and acquirement; men of judgment and discretion, who flinch not from hard and rough living; who, above all things, are incapable of despising an Indian. Do you ever realize, my good Canadian friends, that you owe these very Indians a work of reparation? You have driven them from this land which was theirs! Little by little they have had to recede before the giant strides of civilization, before the impetuous, defiant tread of the “True Manola” (white man). How quickly it has all been done. Less than a hundred years ago the first white child born in the country was baptized in Quebec, and now, where are the Indians? Yes, you have invaded their country, cut down their woods and proud, trackless forests (and thereby cut off their food supplies); moose and deer and buffalo have been slowly driven off; the latter nearly exterminated. And where you have lived among the Indians, has not the result been too often evil? The love of the fire water is but one of many temptations which the white man has thrown in the red man's way. Where have our little Indian children learnt all the bad words which they utter, in French and English, most frequently, poor lambs, in utter ignorance of their meaning, but from the white man? And whence the number of half breeds among us and in the far North? Come they of honourable marriage? I fear not.

And now I must talk to you a little about “Our Indians,” by which I mean all those included in the Diocese of Mackenzie River, which, in its