

## AN OLD VALENTINE.

If, my love thy pity meeting,  
Thy doleful sigh, the happy sign  
Of a bosom that is beating  
Too ambitious hope!—with mine;

May the wandering breezes leaving,  
Sully, slowly leaving thee,  
Wait the sigh that thou art leaving  
Through the lightning gloom to me.

Then I'll stray to dewy bowers  
In aesthetic habit dressed,  
And I'll curl the blushing flowers  
That my lady's feet have pressed;

And, my pulses beating firmer  
At the news the Zephyr brings,  
I will hasten, sweet, to murmur  
Other idiotic things.

F. B. G. 1884

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

## RAMBLING NOTES ON BURMAH.

(CONTINUED).

It is a noble form of religion, is the Buddhists, Christian-like in its moral teachings, and in its ceremonial, closely resembling Catholicism. It has made of the Burman, and his alter ego the Japanese, the most hospitable, pleasant mannered people in the Eastern world. So much does it approach to Christianity that it is hard to convert the Burmese. "Our religion same like yours, what for changee," they tell me, said the Roman Catholic Bishop of Mandalay. He was a Frenchman, but had spent years amongst them, and presided over a small congregation in that city, mostly descendants of Christian Hindoos, who, years ago, had been brought as captives into Burmah. "We can make no headway amongst them, and just for that reason." Nor do I believe that other missionaries have been more successful. And now a word as to missionaries in the East.

Suppose we are travelling in the Mofussil, up country, in India. We reach a station where a few Europeans are located, lost amidst the seething native population; a judge, say; an assistant collector; an inspector of police; a revenue survey officer, a few members of the D. P. W.; and a doctor. "Whose house is that? we ask, that fine one rising from the trees," as we enter the station. "Missionary Sahib," is invariably the answer. Partaking of all the comforts an Eastern life affords, mixing freely in the society of the place, in the company of a wife, consigned to him, perhaps, from Europe, like a bale of goods, by his soul-saving society, drawing good pay, and using the liberal funds at his disposal to attract with four-anna bait the starving Catechumen, disguising the bitter pill of Christianity in the gilded coating of gratuitous education—rather a shabby simile—the Missionary leads a not unpleasant life, varied by an occasional visit to Europe, where the much suffering (?) man is petted and feasted, and becomes the chief hero of many a tea-light.

That there are brands saved from the burning, as he would probably term it, I have no doubt; neither do I doubt that there are many zealous, good men amongst them. But, after all, is not a whole Hindoo better than a half Christian? If in India, yourselves, you would not tolerate a Christian servant in your house, and for this reason, that Ramaswamy or Hindoo Khan will not touch liquor for one thing, his religion forbids it, but our regenerated domestics will, and like it. Besides your Hindoo or Mussulman servant has a caste or a position to forfeit, your Christian, by the mere fact of his conversion, becomes an outcast and a pariah, if he were any better before it.

Amongst caste men, it is rare to find a Christian, and no wonder. Thrust forth from the family circle, put under a ban, deserted by wife and children often, deprived of all social standing, the converted Hindoo gets in exchange for the gaudy ceremonial of Siva or Vishnu the cold, ill-comprehended dogmas of the foreigner's doctrine. Is it strange that he clings to or returns to the faith of his fathers which is bound up with every phase of his public and domestic existence? This, certainly, applies more to India than to Burmah, where caste, luckily, is unknown. And here, let me add, that the attractive worship of the Catholic Church, appealing, as it does, to the senses of the Oriental, draws more converts than other forms of Christianity, and this is aided considerably by the different manner in which her missions are conducted.

The Roman Catholic Church, on her Foreign Missions, has not at her disposal the vast sums contributed by Exeter Hall and the various Protestant Societies, towards Christianizing the Eastern nations. And a pity it is to me so much money should go abroad, for have we not the heathen and savage in our midst, who need the missionary as much as the mild Hindoo or our friend the vivacious Burman.

At the Artillery station, where I passed four pleasant years, near Madras, there lived a venerable Irish priest, named Forde, who had spent forty years of his life in India, without once visiting his native country. As chaplain to the troops, he drew a salary of some 300 rupees a month, about the equivalent of a subaltern's pay, and just sufficient for a European to live decently upon with economy. Out of his 300 rupees, Father Forde was allowed 70 by his Bishop, the balance going to support other missionaries in the diocese. Missionaries living, some of them out in the jungle, clothed, fed, and housed like the natives, sharing with them all the privations and miseries of their existence. Is it to be wondered at that such men make converts?

Another instance. At the Jesuit School of Vanguard, in Paris, lately closed by order of Gambetta and his so-called liberal crew, we had as teacher, when I was a student, a young priest, named P——d, who had been a

soldier. A fine, handsome, and large-hearted fellow he was, whose brains would have commanded a high position in the world, whose eloquence would have adorned the pulpits of Notre Dame or St. Roque, fit compère of Peros Felix and Ravignan, a prodigy in fact, in our boyish eyes. We all looked forward to a brilliant career for him in the church. A few years ago, passing through Shanghai, on my way home from India, I visited the Jesuit College and Observatory in those parts. The Jesuits have been many years established in China as astronomers. To my surprise and delight, I found that my old friend and teacher, P——d, was in the neighborhood. You will expect to hear, perhaps, that he was a professor in the college, a 'shining light' in the observatory, at least a teacher in the native school. Not at all. With shaven-head and plaited pig-tail, clad in the thick cotton hose and silk jacket of the Chinaman, he was laboring some hundred miles away, in the jungle, living as a native amongst the natives, far from all intercourse with Europeans, his life in his hand, and not knowing the moment he would have to pay forfeit with it, for his zeal and his audacity in the cause of his master. Now, that is what I call a missionary. Not that the Catholic Church has a monopoly of such heroes. On the return voyage from Burmah to India, we picked up at Masulipatam, a Protestant Missionary, with a wife and children. He was in the last stage of disease, hectic and hollow-checked, used up by fever and dysentery, and hard work in the Burmese swamps, for you can call them nothing better. I became acquainted with him, and tried to serve him professionally, though he too, knew something of medicine, most of these men do, and it contributes to their success, such as it is, with the natives. I found he had come from Nova Scotia, sent out by the Society. He told me of all the hard work and privations he had gone through, the outcome of which would soon be an obscure grave in India. But he was patient and uncomplaining; and the only thing I heard him long for, was the taste of a good Annapolis apple. He thought it would do him good. Poor fellow, I believe he died shortly after.

(To be continued.)

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

## THE NORTH-WEST INDIANS.

I.

The Indian problem in the North-West appears to be now presenting itself in an aspect somewhat different from that of the past. The influx of population, and the spanning of the great stretch of wild domain, from the Lakes to the Rockies, by the C.P.R., and its projected feeders has thrown us into the very midst of a race who have always considered themselves (and rightfully too) the owners of the soil, and free to roam hundreds and thousands of miles without molestation, with no restraining hand to check their going and coming, but the over-powering forces of nature.

The Hudson Bay Co. were hailed by the Indians at first with suspicion, but afterwards with feelings of delight, when they saw what great advantages of trading these pioneers held out to them, more especially when the new comers conformed somewhat to their mode of living and intermarried with them. It is only since the land has been taken out of the Company's hands, and civilization has made its stride westwardly, that we hear of any trouble of importance springing up; and it is rather curious to think what would have been the future of these people if the Company held possession through all time, as in the days of old. Extinction of some kind would have been the outcome, either a gradual dying out through disease and a diminution in the birth-rate, or absorption, probably a combination of both. It is astonishing to note the progress that this absorption process has already made in the land; and we note as many varieties of mixed blood here as in the West Indies. Even some of the best families throughout the country have a tinge of savage blood coursing through their veins, much to their credit, or rather gain, for when removed to the side of the white, it seems to give a quickening and executive force to the intellectual faculties. When not so far removed, the most marked traits of each seem to come prominently forward.

The Metis or half-breed always stood between the two races in time of necessity, and always will; and it is through their influence alone in the future, that we will have to depend on our continued friendliness with the Indians. It is difficult to state how many more cases of bloodshed we would have chronicled, if they had stood silently by in the last rebellion. Messrs. Towanlock and Delaney, with others, no doubt, owe their lives to this sympathy of blood.

The Hudson Bay Company's officials are seldom molested or injured in any way when trouble occurs, for the simple reason that the Indians have received so many favors from the Company, are trusted with goods on credit, to be returned in the shape of furs, etc.; and from a long intercourse, thoroughly understood each other, and their freedom is not interfered with. In fact, to a great extent, they have been treated as children, which has spoiled them for the more rigid and exacting treatment they are now receiving. Though most of these officials are Scotch, and naturally stern, it would be difficult to find any amongst them who are in anyway harsh or exacting.

The buffalo and the red man seem curiously related in their past and present history. Both have had their ordained period of existence, and the curtain is now falling sadly over this dissolving scene of the immutable law of the survival of the fittest. One of the prominent actors has already almost disappeared. Last year, a small herd of buffalo were roaming in the valley of Missouri. They have been exterminated; and the only remnant left, are a few individuals in the vicinity of the Penitentiary, at Stony Mountain, about 28 miles from Winnipeg, closely watched and protected; whilst within the walls of the same building, a common prisoner, is one of the finest specimens of the type of a North American Indian, Chief Pound-maker. Both dependent upon the free will of a new comer for their existence. Curious fated change of circumstance, indeed.