

here were the poor children of the forest gathered out of the wilderness of sin and wickedness into the garden of the Lord. Poor people, they were a simple-hearted group, and our hearts went out to them. Alas! that we can do so little for them! Alas! that they should be so few! Away in those vast forests across the lake roam others who need to be gathered in as these have been. Who is to do the work?

That night we had a service, and every soul in the place except one old man of 100 years, who could not walk out, was present. It was a hearty, touching service. How glad they were, these poor people, to see us, and to join with us in the worship of God!

After the service there was a "pow-wow" or conference at the house of Chief Oshkopida, who told us the story of the opening of the Mission—a story of faith, and hope, and love, telling of forty years of waiting from the time of the "Robertson treaty," for the promised Missionary to teach them the religion of their Great White Mother, *i.e.*, the Queen; of the arrival of Bishop Fauquier on his first visit; and of the eventual appointment to the Mission of the Rev. Robert Renison; and closing with a strong assertion of his people's loyalty to the Queen and the Church, and a statement of their sore need of a successor to Mr. Renison to console and cheer them in their conflict with their spiritual enemies. But what can we do? Where are the means, and where is the man?

It was late when we lay down for the night under our tent, with the Union Jack flying over us. But we awoke thoroughly refreshed next day, and were soon busy with the duties of our visitation. There were three candidates for Confirmation. They had to be carefully catechized. Then there was the solemn service, including the Rite of Confirmation administered to three young people, and the Holy Communion. The Indians throughout were most reverent and devout.

The services were followed by a feast and games. At one point in the proceedings the chief, gathering the band together and disposing them around the Bishop according to traditional custom, gave the chief pastor an Indian name. This he did in a flowery speech, and by laying his hands on the Bishop's head. The name chosen for the Bishop is as significant as it is unpronounceable—*Mezatawagezheshkung* meaning "the revolving sun," since it is the Bishop's duty to go about continually, diffusing the light of Heaven. The name of *Weduhkogawenene* was given in like manner to the Bishop's son. It means "the man who helps," and was no doubt intended, as it was taken, to be a great compliment.

War dances and the distribution of clothing concluded the ceremonies.

At 7.30 in the evening, as the shades of night

were falling, our tent was struck, hearty "hojhoos" were said, and amid the good wishes and kind words of the assembled band we set out over a dark and heavy sea on our way homewards.

And after three days' delightful journeying we found ourselves again at Nepigon station, whence we had set out a week before."

Should not this story make us in the Diocese of Quebec resolve that the means for carrying on Domestic Missions shall not be so scarce.

LABORERS TOGETHER WITH GOD.

When the Lord invites us into the kingdom it means work. If the kingdom is a vineyard, we are to gather the grapes; if it is a sea, we are to catch the fish; or if it is a harvest field, ours is the duty to reap. It means work, work, and there is always more than enough to weary us all. The Christian who can find nothing to do does not understand his calling, for he is called to find something to do, and then to do it. Our labor market is never over-stocked, and never will be. A man applying for a job was told by the manager that there was not enough work for those already employed. "Well, Colonel," he replied, "that oughtn't to bother you, for the little I'd do wouldn't make no difference." Many seem to enter the Church with the idea that the others are already doing all that is needful, and they are not expected to make any difference. Such is not the case. If there is no work in sight, the Christian's duty is to make work for himself, that he may show himself a true son of his divine Creator.—*The Lookout*.

THE MASSACRE IN SIERRA LEONE.

(From *The Spirit of Missions*, N.Y.)



THE sad news of the terrible massacre of the missionaries at Shaingay and Rotufunk at the hands of bloodthirsty and enraged savages has been made known widely by the public press.

We are now able to publish the particulars. Last October, the society known as the United Brethren in Christ, whose headquarters are at Dayton, Ohio, sent forth a missionary band of thirteen persons to labor in the wilds of Sierra Leone, on the west coast of Africa. On their arrival the missionaries took up their designated posts of duty in the heart of the colony and at once began the preaching of the Gospel among the natives. They found, however, certain conditions existing in that section of the country that not only caused a barrier to their progress, but also endangered the lives of the missionaries