

*Tidings*, was built and equipped, and now is speeding over the mighty Pacific, carrying the knowledge of Christ to distant tribes.

Crosby, Tate, Green, and many others, are striving to plant missions among the tribes along the coast and in the interior, that they may teach the Indians how to support themselves honestly and well, and enjoy the purity and blessedness of the Gospel of peace.

Tens of thousands during the past thirty years have heard with joy the wondrous story of the life of Christ, and been constrained by its influence to forsake their customs, and follow the nobler teachings of the Prince of Peace.

Longer would we linger on these joyous scenes, listening to the testimonies of medicine-men, chiefs, old women and children, who have felt the power of religious truth, and bowed with joy before the cross. The mighty hosts who have, during the past fifty years, heard with joy the truth preached in the lodges and wigwams scattered throughout the Dominion, are sufficient testimony to the value of missionary labor. The tomahawks and plumed feathers have been laid aside, the war-paint is seen no longer, and the wild war-whoop has been silenced forever in the lodges and camps of the red men, whose hearts have been touched by the Man of Nazareth. Only when the final day has come and all the ransomed have returned to the home of God, shall the wondrous news be fully told of the races and tribes of red men who, in simplicity of heart and life, followed the teachings of the Great Spirit in this Canada of ours.