

A VISIT TO THE MOHAWK CHURCH AND INSTITUTE.

The Church above designated is the oldest Episcopal church in Ontario, unconnected with the Church of Rome. It was erected by the British Government for the benefit of the Indians, at the instance of the late celebrated chief Thayendanegea (Joseph Brant). This chief was one, who, when British supremacy in this region was imperilled, contributed to "shed brooks of blood, on behalf of the English nation." His remains are interred in the church-yard. The church itself is a simple wooden structure; the interior of which is of more interest than the exterior.

As we approached the edifice, a troop of stalwart and swarthy youths—the sons of Indians on the neighbouring reserve—were wending their way from the Mohawk Institute, towards it. They took up their position on the left side of the church, on entering, and a corresponding party of girls placed themselves on the opposite side. This ancient custom of the separation of the sexes obtained with the other members of the congregation. Some of the latter put in an appearance during the reading of the first, and some during that of the second lesson—a degree of unpunctuality which probably would not have obtained, had a theatre or a market been in question. With the exception of the pupils at the Institute, the church is not now frequented by Indians—as they have a church more conveniently situated for their use. Opposite the entrance, one is confronted by three large boards, suspended above the communion table, whereon are recorded the Ten Commandments, the Lords' Prayer and the Apostles' Creed, in the Indian tongue. A dove, surrounded with most substantial rays, hovers above the Commandments, and cherubic faces, accompanied by dislocated wings, look on with more complacency than could have been expected under circumstances so distressing.

The service is conducted in English. The hymn-books have the English and the Indian translations on opposite pages. The Royal Arms of the time of Queen Anne, are suspended above the door, in a brilliancy of gilt, which would outshine the newest gingerbread horse we remember to have seen. By far the most interesting objects connected with this church are a Bible, and a Communion-service of silver, which were presented by the aforementioned "Good Queen." The service is emblazoned with the Royal Arms, and bears the following inscription:—"The gift of Her Majesty Anne, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, and of her Plantations in North America, Queen; to Her Indian Chappel of the Mohawks."

Among the many ties—the silent forces which bind the hearts of the various races of the Dominion to Great Britain, must be reckoned the relation of that Association, styled the New England Company, to the Indians. The name "Company" is apt to mislead, inasmuch as it is suggestive both of the possession and acquisition of dollars alone. The Company was incorporated in the 14th Charles II. (A.D. 1642), and was "established for the purpose of civilizing the Indians—advancing the Christian Religion among them, and imparting a good education, combined with all kinds of useful industrial training to the youth of both sexes of the Six Nation and other tribes of Indians." The Company's aim is to impart such an education as shall qualify its pupils to act as teachers among their own people, and at the same time to instruct them in the arts and practices of civilized nations; hence they have established the "Institute" referred to at the head of this notice. The Company began (as did the majority of Canadians,) with wooden shanties, and have now developed into a substantial three-storey house, capable of accommodating ninety pupils, and their staff of teachers—two of the latter are certificated. The "Institute" is surrounded by a farm of about three hundred acres; which, among other advantages, affords an opportunity for giving the boys instruction in practical farming, including the care of stock. Among the accomplishments of the girls,

sewing, knitting, washing and domestic work (not fancy work), occupy a prominent place. Among those who received their education at this institution and are now discharging their several duties in life, are a physician, a missionary, the present schoolmaster of the institution (who holds a first-class certificate from the Normal School at Toronto), a surveyor (at present professionally engaged in Manitoba), two interpreters to missionaries, a prosperous storekeeper (who vends his wares in the heart of the Indian reserve, hard by), most of the teachers on the reserve, and many who are farming from one to three hundred acres. Some of the latter possess abundance of stock and machinery. The property of the New England Company (including the Institute), has had the advantage of the supervision of a gentleman, who appeared to us to be exceptionally qualified to discharge the widely varying duties of his position. He is evidently a skilful administrator, and a good disciplinarian; possessed, moreover, of a vein of originality, refreshing to behold. One of his plans is to maintain what we may term a voluntary confessional, in relation to the rules of the Institute. Strange to say, the sons of Adam relieve their consciences frankly after this fashion; which, alas! is more than can be said for the daughters of Eve. Another fact which we take to be as rare as it is gratifying to learn, is the practice, on the part of the Superintendent, of keeping a record of the pupils (and doubtless more or less watching them), for four years subsequent to their leaving school. We visited the pupils during school hours, and can testify to their reading well, and answering questions fairly. They have been taught to sing with taste and feeling, so that there was not a trace of the nasal and mechanical drawl, so characteristic of the generality of schools. We must not omit to mention that the whole of the clothes of the pupils, (which are supplied by the Company,) are made by the girls, and both their own and those of the boys appeared to us to be excellently chosen. Evidences of skill on the part of the pupils were not lacking; we observed beautiful models of a plough and harrow, a huge bouquet of wax flowers, and some fairly executed drawings. The Indians have had but too many bad instructors from Great Britain, as one of themselves observed "they cannot swear in Indian—they must do that in English." We regard the Mohawk Institute, therefore, with the greater satisfaction, and sincerely desire that the aim of its founders and present promoters, may be carried out to the full. It will accomplish a work, nothing short of a miracle, if it succeed in teaching the Indians (to say nothing of their neighbours), that "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree the village smithy stands;
The smith a mighty man is he, with large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms are strong as iron bands.
His hair is crisp, and black and long, his face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat, he earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face, for he owes not any man.
Week in, week out, from morn till night, you can hear his bellows blow.
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge, with measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell, when the evening sun is low.
And children coming home from school look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge, and hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly, like chaff from a threshing floor.
He goes on Sunday to the church, and sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach, he hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir, and it makes his heart rejoice.
It sounds to him like her mother's voice, singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more, now in the grave she lies;
And with his rough hard hand he wipes a tear out of his eyes.
Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing, onward thro' life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun, each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done, has earned a night's repose.
Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend, for the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped each burning deed and thought.
LONGFELLOW.