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Re-Incarnation.

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A CHILD, he played as other children do,
Mourned not the old, nor reckoned not the new.

A man, he strove with dogma and with creed
To solve the problem of the spirit's need.

Then old age came and made him as a child,
With earth and God and all things reconciled.

Chicago, Ill.

In a Presbyterian Mission.

I MET a lady the other day who is a mission-school worker among the Indians of our North-West. She told me some of her experiences with the Indian children. The little things, she said, are very affectionate, quick to recognize and like those who like them, but quite ungovernable where kindness is absent in the one in command. On first entering the school her feeling of repugnance to coming into personal contact with the children was very strong, but this wore off sooner than she expected, and it was not long before she became quite attached to her pupils. One little boy, a baby of about three years, soon enlisted her sympathies. He was a forlorn little chap in a way, for all the other children despised him and took no pains to conceal the fact, partly, it was supposed, because his mother had signed papers that made him the property of the school, and partly because he had no acknowledged father. He was an independent little fellow, however, and used to toddle around and amuse himself so sedately and good-naturedly that he soon found a friend in his teacher. It was part of her work to watch the little girls as they washed the dishes after each meal, and when seated in the kitchen for this purpose, Thomson, as he was called, would come and stand before her and gaze into her face. She talked to him as often as she could, telling him he was a "good boy" whenever there was the least reason for encouraging words. He had a sober little face, with big brown eyes, and rarely smiled in response to her remarks, but now and again would lean an elbow on her knee, and look into her face for five minutes at a time. He seemed conscious of a difference between the races, as indeed, did all the children, for they never attempted any familiarities with their teachers such as white children use towards those who are kind to them. One day the quiet desertion of the little fellow touched her, and she said to him, "Thomson, if you will go and get your face washed I will kiss you." He went at once and held his face up unflinchingly to be lathered and scrubbed by one of the elder girls who was not too careful to keep the strong brown soap suds out of his eyes. Then, the operation over, he came hesitatingly toward my friend, with hanging head, a dubious finger in his mouth, and one or two shy upward glances to see if "teacher" was going to keep her promise. She did, and Thomson went back to his play quietly, but quite happy. After that he had an honoured place at the teacher's side at table, in order, as she said, that the rest of the children might be led to perceive his "native worth."

Unless, as in Thomson's case, there were reasons for dislike, the children, as a rule, had strong feelings of friendship

for one another. My friend had not been long in the school before she found out which little girl was "chum," or intimate friend, to which. One of the little girls, however, had no "chum." She was sly and hateful, and none of them would have anything to do with her. She was a pretty child, and quite an actress in her way. One night she refused to go to sleep quietly. The teacher in charge commanded and punished, but without making any difference in her behaviour, except that when she struck she would clasp her hands upon her heart, throw her head back, and gasp as if she were being strangled. My friend was called in to help, and she also reasoned with the girl, and then punished her, but without effect. It seemed as if nothing would have an effect. Yet discipline had to be maintained, for there was a roomful of small folk looking on. As a last resource my friend lowered her voice to its most serious tone and said, "Car'line, if you go on in this way you can not be God's little girl, you will become Satan's little girl, and you know what that means. It means that when you die you will go to a dreadful place, and burn, and burn, and burn." These last words were said in a most impressive fashion, and Car'line's eyes grew big at the sound of them, but she quietly laid her head down on her pillow, and there was no more trouble in the dormitory that night.

"But," I said, "did you really say that to the child?"

"Yes," she answered, "you do not realize how few and simple their ideas are, and how very plain and evident your every statement must be to be understood. They have a strong belief in a great spirit and an evil one, so it is possible to influence them to do right in this way; they are very irresponsible people, though, and very superstitious. One thing they believe in unquestionably is the power of "love medicine" to drive a young girl wildly out of her head for a few days, and make her entirely subject to the will of the man who forces her to swallow the medicine. One of the elder girls gave us a good deal of trouble on account of her belief in the medicine and her fear that a young brave of notably evil character was going to carry her off and make her take the medicine. It was well known that the brave admired the girl, and also that he had been seen near the school frequently. One night the children awoke screaming and declared that they heard this brave creeping round the building. We teachers had a somewhat unpleasant few hours of it, knowing that the children's sense of hearing was so much keener than our own, and knowing, also, that it would not be difficult for any able-bodied man to break into the dormitories. A good deal, however, may have been due to the children's vivid imaginations, and more to their excitability, for, as it proved, nothing happened that night.

"I cannot but believe," she continued, "we are doing some good. From time to time we notice slight improvements in the children, and that helps to keep us hopeful. Besides, there is always the conviction that honest, earnest work can never be entirely fruitless.

"If you have friends in the work, though," she concluded, "write to them, write to them often. You can have no idea what a help and cheer letters can be, for it is sometimes very lonesome away out there."—Exchange.