


been satisfactorily settled; and it is these people, together with Indians of various tribes who have tried farming and failed and who find the fish in the rivers dying and the buffaloes diminishing—that are now rising in rebellion. The Indians of the North-West are divided into five great families, viz the Algonquins, the Sioux, (or Assiniboines), the Blackfeet, the Chippeways, and the Esquimaux. Each of these families is divided into tribes, and each tribe into bands. They all speak different tongues or dialects, of which the Chippeway or Ojibway is probably the original or parent language. Of the Algonquin family are the Crees, Saulteaux (so called from their having been found first at Sault Ste. Marie) and the Muskegons. These, with the Sioux (or stoneys) and the Ojibways number probably about 24,000. Of the Blackfeet, whose domain is further south, perhaps about 1,600 men could take the field. All seem more or less disaffected. The Government has taken steps to teach them farming, and spent considerable money in sending them farm instructors and supplying them with seed, cattle, and implements: but the Indians do not take to farming, and those few who have set to work industriously see their crops cut off by drought or summer frosts: they are discontented and many of them starving, their old means of support being cut off by the incoming and settling of the land by white immigrants. Hence many of them seem ready to join the halfbreeds in their present rising. With the halfbreeds the cause of grievance is somewhat different. Their aspirations are higher. They would like to have the country to themselves under their own Government, and are jealous at the incoming of the whites. These halfbreeds are many of them descendants of noble French families who a century and a half ago were engaged in the great North West fur trade, and intermarried with the Indians. There still exist among them such names as Le Camarade de Mandeville, de Saint Georges, de Laporte, de Lepinai and others. We trust that true justice may be done to both these halfbreed families and also to the Indians whose original claim to the soil we cannot deny, and that all further bloodshed may be avoided. England having taken possession of the land must now hold it with a firm hand, and enforce the observance of her laws, but at the same time it is to be hoped that the rights of all will be observed whether Indian or white, protestant or Roman Catholic.

### MISSIONARY TRIP TO COCKBURN ISLAND.

N the eighth of last October your correspondent accompanied the Bishop of Algoma on his visit to Cockburn Island. When we arrived we found the people were without religious services of any kind. During the summer there had been a Presbyterian Student for a few months, but he had left and so until next summer the people expected to have no religious services whatever. Under those circumstances your correspondent, with the sanction of the Bishop, promised to visit them once through the winter.

Accordingly on Thursday January 22nd I left my house on St. Joseph's Island and went to Bruce Mines and thence to Thessalon, a journey of about twenty six miles. Here I spent the night under the hospitable roof of Mr. Hugh Jackson. I was to wait for the company of the mail carrier and some others who were to start across the next morning.

Early on Friday we were all astir. The mail carrier I could see well knew the danger of the trip. He was careful to see that his axe was in the cutter also a rope to pull any unfortunate horse out of the ice if it should happen to get in. The carrier too was very anxious about the weather and said if it was at all thick he would not venture.

Shortly after day-light we started, although it was snowing a little, fortunately it soon cleared off, and the day came out clear and bright and not excessively cold.

The mail carrier led the way with his horse and cutter. I was next with another horse and cutter. After me came the bailiff with his cutter, and after him came a double team.

We got along famously; after getting about a couple of miles from the land, where the snow was a little heavy, we struck the glare ice, where it had been the open lake a few days previously. We trotted along quite pleasantly for a mile or two, when we came to the first crack in the ice. Charlie the mail carrier, got out and selected a spot for crossing which looked good and drove his horse across, but it broke down under him, and the horse came near getting in. I was going to follow when he shouted for me to cross a little higher up which I did and got over safe. The bailiff's heart failed him, so he got out and walked over and called Charlie to drive his horse across for him, then came the double team. We all got over without mishap.

During the trip we crossed several cracks, but had no trouble at any of them, and altogether had a very successful trip down.

The people of the island imagined the Fenians were coming to take them when they saw so imposing a cavalcade as ours. Such a sight is very rare to the people of Cockburn Island.

On Saturday morning the mail carrier and bailiff returned, and at the very first crack the Bailiff's horse got in and was very nearly lost. Before they got the poor beast out he was so benumbed as to be unable to stand, and the cutter was very badly smashed. It was not until Saturday that they got back to Thessalon. They had to go ashore for repairs and stopped overnight at a settler's house.

Meantime I had been busy visiting a few of the people and preparing for Sunday service. On Saturday night I gave a Magic Lantern Entertainment, the proceeds to go towards a fund for building a church in my mission. On Sunday a large congregation gathered in the school house and we had a very pleasant service. There was one great drawback, there was no responding. The few church people present were so unaccustomed to service that they appeared afraid to take their part in the prayers. The Missionary's work consisted of visiting some of the people, baptizing five children