

crowned with the success he so richly deserved. He had the satisfaction of seeing a large number of the Indians adopt the "praying religion." (The "praying religion" is the Indian synonym for Christianity.) He established a school, taught their little children, and was the means, in God's hand, of bringing them to the feet of Jesus.

The Ven. Archdeacon was succeeded by the Rev. Henry Stagg, who, in turn, was succeeded by the Rev. George Bruce, a native of the province. Mr. Bruce is the present incumbent. He is now a veteran in the mission field, having labored there for the last thirty years or so, and has done good work, as the present flourishing condition of the mission amply testifies. English is now the language of Fairford. Who shall, in the face of facts like this, understate and disparage Christian influence?

The great "I Am" has declared, "My word shall not return unto me void," and His decrees are immutable. Right here in this district, and among the people I live in the midst of, souls born in darkness have been led into the light of the Gospel of grace, and have left this world of sorrow to enjoy the never-fading glories of the land of eternal day. Thank God, the Indians are gradually rising to a knowledge of higher and better things. Education is advancing them, and, by and by, they will be fitted to take a place side by side with their white brethren.

But it must necessarily take a long time to elevate a nation. These poor people were sunk for centuries and centuries in the profoundest intellectual and mental darkness. And, worse, they were also sunk in moral and spiritual darkness as well. It is only since the Dominion confederation that education has been general among them. When we consider how they were brought up, and the utter lack of anything in their wretched surroundings that can possibly favor or conduce to intellectual development, it is just to them to say that they have progressed surprisingly in the last quarter of a century. They must, at one time, have been an intellectual people. The intricacies of the verbal form in their language, and their symmetry and completeness, point clearly to this. But they had deteriorated sadly, though they are now again being lifted to the position of civilized beings.

Work among the school children is by no means dull. It has its bright side, and is not by any means deficient in the humorous as well. Sometimes funny mistakes are made by the little scholars, which, when they come to understand them, give them as much amusement as they do myself.

But industrial schools are unquestionably the best and quickest means of elevating the Indians. The contrast between those who

have received an industrial training and those who have not has but to be seen to be appreciated.

These little children are sharp, many of them are bright and clever, some, of course, are stupid, but the average Indian child is not, by any means, deficient in capacities; and, if led and trained in early youth, would make intelligent men and women. Those who have enjoyed the benefit of an industrial school training approximate the whites so closely in customs and manners that their racial difference would not be discernible, if complexional distinction did not betray it.

There are on the reserve seventeen children of school age, but I am pleased to say there are thirty-six names on my register (school age is from six to sixteen), being nine more than I could by legal process compel to attend. But there is no trouble to get them to attend. They are punctual, and the parents are anxious that the children should be taught; and I have been given full liberty to use the rod freely, if they are in any way insubordinate.

I conduct two services here on Sunday, and in the summer time I conduct a Sunday-school as well. All are well attended. The Indians attend *en masse*. They listen gladly to the Word. There are no stay-at-homes. I teach school five days in the week, visit, and perform many other duties which can scarcely be specified. The work is hard and the life rough, and, until a few months ago, lonely, but it is comforting to see that my efforts to do them good are appreciated.

I have written you a much longer letter than I had at first intended, but I trust that it may interest you.

And now, praying that He who rules over all may bless your labors and crown them with success during the year we are just entering upon, believe me to be,

Yours very sincerely,

T. H. HOBBS (Teacher).

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## THE COOK AND THE CAPTIVE; OR, ATTALUS THE HOSTAGE.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

### CHAPTER I.—LEO IN HIS KITCHEN.

"EO, Leo, give me a bit of cake." So spoke a boy of about ten years old, wearing a white serge tunic with purple borderings, and a round gold ornament hung round his neck.

"You, Attalus, I thought you were at your studies," returned Leo, a brawny young man, scantily clad in dark wool, who was busy over a stove of tiles, in which were pigeon-holes filled with charcoal. He had just taken out a crisp