

ment of romance is not without its influence on others besides the colonist. With how different an eye do the annual May gatherings at Exeter Hall and elsewhere, look on a Missionary from some far away South Sea Island or African Kraal, and on a "City Missionary" from the deserts of St. Giles' or Whitechapel! It is hard to believe that the word *Missionary* can be the same in both cases. This may perhaps help to open the eyes of some English philanthropists, to causes which render their self-denying exertions nearly fruitless. The Church of England annually spends, on the Missions in Rupert's Land alone, between £6,000 and £7,000; and in a recent report it is shewn, that besides what is contributed by the Society for the propagation of the Gospel, the Church Missionary Society has expended about £50,000 upon Missionary operations in the Hudson's Bay Territories, in addition to funds contributed by the great Fur Company for the ministrations of religion. The present Bishop of Rupert's Land is a devoted and indefatigable missionary; but the fruits of all this cost and labour, so far as the natives are concerned, seem to be wonderfully small. Perhaps some part of the cause of this is revealed in the pertinent question which occurs in the "Red River Explorations' Report," printed by order of the Canadian Parliament in 1858:—"Can the ministrations of the Church in the English tongue, to orderly resident congregations of European Canadians, or half-breed origin, be Missionary labour, in the sense in which that highest of all duties is understood by those who seek to spread the truths of Christianity among a most degraded and barbarous heathen race?" "On two Sundays during my stay," says Professor Hind, in the same report, "at the time when Divine Service was being celebrated in all the churches of the settlement the heathen Indians held their dog feasts and medicine dances on the open plain. In one instance, five dogs were slaughtered, cooked, and devoured; in another instance, three;—the evil spirit was invoked, the conjuror's arts used to inspire his savage spectators with awe, and all the revolting ceremonies belonging to the most degraded heathen superstition practised, within a mile and-a-half of the spot where the stones are now gathered for the Bishop of Rupert's Land's Cathedral."

We are reluctant to believe that the fate which has hitherto befallen the Red Indian is the inevitable doom of the thousands that still survive. Civilization has elevated tribes as savage, and seemingly even more degraded; and christianity has achieved triumphs not less