

And when he stood in the depths of the northern forest, in the haunts of the Ojibways, the red man told him of the same heart feeling. That red man was his brother, and it was the same the world over. The next great principle was that there was for this suffering humanity a real Christ—a Saviour. And he sometimes feared that in our divided Christianity the questions on which we wrangled were not the questions which lie nearest the heart. The great questions were—and he felt that there could be none working in uncertainty, doubt, and despair regarding them in this Godly city—"Is there any revelation? Is there a guide? Is there a God?" Those were the questions which touched everyone in his humanity. The Gospel of Jesus Christ was not merely a philosophy, not a dogma, but the story of a parson; and wherever the heart was touched with this story the spirit and power of Jesus Christ went straight home. To no nation had God given such a mission as he had to the Anglo-Saxon race. Why? This was a wonderful continent stretching between two oceans, and God had given it from the north to the south, from the east to the west to this race—this peculiar race that would never lose its identity. On this continent, he believed, the Anglo-Saxon race would be more powerful, for good or for evil, than any people had been at any time on earth. And, in making the power one for good and not for evil, a great deal devolved on the Church, with its open Bible and its Apostle's Creed, which was simple enough to be understood by a child, and was the stay and staff of the scholar. What was the Church trying to do in the West? He was afraid Canadians sometimes thought his countrymen boastful people, but he could say although he lived sometime in the West he did not think a Western man ever dreamt of or understood the great problem God was working out in this land. Whilst staying with a noble family in England, he had been asked to locate his home. An atlas was produced, but he could not do it in the atlas produced, though it was a good one thirty years previously. For instance, at St. Paul's at the foot of Lake Michigan, where twenty years ago there had been only 400 people there were now more than 40,000, and in the North-Western territory alone there were 10,000,000 people. Were these to be won or lost to the Gospel of Christ? He could assure the citizens of the Dominion that their territories were filling up even more rapidly than those of the North-west in the early days of emigration, and that along the sunny valley of the North-west might now be heard the tramp of those who were emigrating to Manitoba. There were three things to be done in connection with spreading the gospel. In the first place, was the establishment of Christian schools. He learned a lesson in the establishing of Christian schools on one occasion where he was lost on the prairies with the thermometer at thirty-two degrees below zero. In the stage coach with him was a Roman Catholic priest. He alluded to the misfortune of being lost, and said that He supposed he (his Lordship) did not see the fruit he would like to see from his labours. He admitted that he did not. "Ah," said the priest, "we take care of the children; and if we take care of the children they will take care of the nation." Never did a sermon go to his heart as that remark did, and he could say that in three months afterwards he laid the foundation stone of a school. (Applause.) He knew that although it might take twenty men like him to bring that work up to the water level, if the foundation was laid in faith God would find the men who would put on the top stone with rejoicing. The next work was sending missionaries to the border to look after the sheep who went away from the fold. In this connection he referred to the danger of the missionary work in the West, and said that a debt of gratitude was owing to James Lloyd Breck and Bishop Anderson, of Rupert's Land, who with two others pitched his tent as a missionary at the head of the waters of the Mississippi, near the site of the city of St. Paul. In one year these missionaries walked 5,000 miles preaching the gospel to the border people. He was thankful that their mantle had fallen on others—clergymen who preferred work in the North-West to all the wealth that was ever gathered round a Bishop's

See. Having visited the noble University of Toronto to-day it reminded him of an incident which occurred to him in England. He was passing a magnificent pile of buildings, and he asked a workman who was engaged near by who built them. "William of Malmesbury," was the ready reply. "In what King's reign was that," he asked. The man did not know. Thus was it seen that the man who had linked his name to Christ's would live forever, while the memory even of a King perished. Eighteen years had passed since he was sent as a Bishop to Minnesota. He was then young and hopeful, and the words of Bishop Hilbert, who laid his hands upon him, "Go seek the outcast," rang in his ears, and he thought it meant the red man. When he spoke of going to the Indians he was told that they were a perishing race. He, however, made a vow that God, being his helper, he would never turn back from the heathen on the border. He went to Minnesota. The noble Bishop Anderson, of Rupert's Land, was present at his first Diocesan Convention. At that Convention the night was black and cheerless, but the good Bishop gave him hope. He related to him his sending of a clergyman to visit a dying Indian. The clergyman went, prayed with him, and administered the Communion. After that the Indian said he had one great thing to ask the Great Spirit, and that he must ask it on his knees. The missionary told him that if he was lifted up he would die; but he persisted, and when he was lifted up he said, "Jesus that died for me, I give you my boy; make him Thy servant to tell my people of Thy love." He smiled and said, "He has heard my prayer." He was dead. The boy was a little one of ten years old then, to-day he was one of the noblest ministers for Christ, and when he preached of the love of Jesus he made him (His Lordship) weep like a little child. He would not allude to the dark side of this question of missionary work; but he would urge his hearers when the great tide of immigration came—and it would come—not to forget, in the noble words of the Governor-General, "our Indian fellow-subjects." During the earlier years of his missionary work the result was not what he desired; but now he felt that God was lifting the cloud that at first seemed to hover over him. Such an incident as this told of the result of the missionary labours:—One of the things it was desirable that the Indian should be induced to dispense with was the scalp lock which he wore in defiance of his enemies. And the moment the scalp lock was cut off he would never go again on the war-path. He had seen Indians trembling under the scissors which were removing this lock, who would not have trembled at approaching death. One day an Indian who was considered a great warrior, and who never went into the enemies' camp without bringing a scalp, went to a minister and offered to be baptized. As was the custom, before being baptized he had to submit to the removal of this scalp lock. After baptism he was going home, and on the way was met by a number of Indians, who laughed and hooted at him. "Yesterday," they said, "you were a leader of our people, and to-day there is not a boy who will not laugh at you." The warrior was broken hearted; he went home, sat down, and began to cry like a child. His wife observing, knew the reason, and said to him, "Yesterday there was not a man who would dare to call you coward; cannot you be as brave for Him who died for you as you were when you went to kill the Sioux." That advice had the desired effect. His Lordship then asked his hearers if they were aware that the North American Indian was the only heathen who was not an idolator. He believed in the Great Spirit as well as we do; he believed in a future life, and the cry to exterminate such a people was a disgrace to humanity and an insult to God. If a white person were to visit an Indian church he would not perhaps understand one word of the singing except the word Jesus, which was the same in every language, and yet those hymns in the Indian tongue were just as sweet as any that were offered up in the cathedral close at hand. He reminded his hearers that Canada had the noblest missionary jurisdiction in the world, and regarding the Bishops who had charge of that jurisdiction, including Bishop Horden, of Moore Factory, Bishop Burpas, whose home was within the Arctic circle, and who had

never complained of his isolation, the Bishop of Saskatchewan, who resided at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and the Bishop of Rupert's Land, than whom has no grander prelate existed. The stories of the North Western Missionaries would read like the deeds of faith in the Early Church. He remembered fourteen years ago meeting a young Englishman, every inch a man, who was going to Rupert's Land wherever the Bishop should send him. He often thought of this Macdonald afterwards, and, on meeting the Bishop, asked him how often he could see him or hear from him. "Well," said the Bishop, "there is but one mail a year to him, and if you leave Winnipeg early in the spring of the year, we can reach him about the beginning of October!" This missionary had for ten years been travelling for nine months every year on snow shoes and three months in a birch canoe, and when at last he (Dr. Whipple) did meet him again, Macdonald was going to England to get an Indian translation of the Bible printed for his hundreds of converts. (Loud applause.) The Bishop thought the time was now rapidly approaching when the people of the United States would demand that justice should be done to the Red Man. He would give his hearers one incident as to popular government. One very dark day, years ago, when his diocese was one track of blood, he had called at Washington at the Indian Bureau. Secretary Stanton had said to him, "We know the Indian question is a disgrace to us; but till the heart of the people is touched, and there is a demand for it, the Government will do nothing, when that demand arises, the Indian will be saved." That moment the speaker believed was at hand and when he looked on his audience and thought of what each might do for Christ, he entreated them not to forget him in their prayers, nor his brother Bishop Hare. It was a working-day world, and if any man gave himself up to the work, God would find him the way. Let them then pray for both in their distant dioceses to give them strong hearts. They also would pray for those who had welcomed them that night, and he trusted that whensoever the Master called them whether at midnight, at cock-crowing. He should find them working, waiting waiting. (Loud and continued cheering.)

After a collection had been taking up and another hymn sung,

Hon. G. W. Allan was next introduced. He said he thought he would be consulting the wishes of the audience if he refrained from making a speech after what had been spoken that evening. He thought he uttered the sentiments of all when he said that they had heard two very masterly addresses, and they should offer the gentlemen their sincere thanks for the great obligations they had been placed under. He alluded to the manner in which the Christian missions among the savages were being carried on, and said that they should all lend a helping hand to them and assist in the creditable work that was in progress. They heard the cries of distress all about them, and should do all in their power to help the suffering. He believed that not only should clergymen but laymen exert themselves in assisting these missions, which would in the end accomplish a great work. On behalf of the laymen present he proposed a vote of gratitude to the distinguished prelates who had spoken.

Prof. Wilson said he felt gratified to be present as a representative of the laymen. While they were welcoming the gentlemen they should not forget the great work they had done in the interests of Christianity. Bishop Whipple was not a stranger in the country, being known as the champion of the downtrodden Indian; as the great wave of emigration passed westward, thousands of red men would be gathered in the west, and it was their duty to civilize all these people. He had mixed greatly with the Indians, and knew that they were intelligent and capable of culture, and they should do something more than civilize them, that they might die. He thought that they should be absorbed into the Anglo Saxon race, which was once as savage as they, until they were civilized.

His Lordship then put the resolution, which was carried amid enthusiastic applause.

After the singing of a hymn and the pronouncing of the benediction, the Assembly dispersed.