

very homelike. The little church seen to the left of the picture was at first a tent on a permanent frame. After two years, an outer coating of lumber replaced the canvas, and a year later the interior was lined with white pine, seats were made, a tower was erected, and in it was hung a bell kindly presented by the Rev. E. F. Wilson, of the Shingwauk Homes. A year after funds were collected for painting the exterior. Within, the walls are adorned with texts in Sioux, gold on a red ground, also some printed in England, and some colored prints of Scripture scenes.

The people for whose benefit this Mission has been established, are called "Sioux." This is a contraction from the old French word "Nadoussiou," or "Enemies," the name given to this most warlike tribe by the French *voyageurs*. Their true name is "Dakota," the "United," or "Friendly People," from the confederation of seven different tribes into one great nation. The first notice we have of them is in the "Relations" of the Jesuit, Father Hennepin, who about the year 1680 was captured and carried off by a marauding band. In 1766 Capt. Carver spent seven months among them, and since that time they have been amongst the best known of the Indian tribes. In spite of much misrepresentation they have proved themselves as a nation deserving, intelligent and progressive, and have earned for themselves the reputation of being the finest type of wild men on this continent. I think they deserve it. Undoubtedly they are far from perfection, and many sins and much outrage and bloodshed lie at their door. But this much is very certain, their conquerors have no right to condemn them. Set over against the sins and atrocities of the Sioux, the broken pledges, the robbery, the injustice, the contempt, cruelty, slow torture, or merciless slaughter, they have experienced at the hands of their conquerors, almost before the council fires, around which eternal peace has been sworn, have died out, and there remains a huge balance in favor of the Sioux. No wonder that when Red Cloud was bidding good bye to friends he should express a hope that if they did not meet again on earth, they might do so in a land "where white men cease to be liars."

When my wife and I arrived amongst the Indians in 1880 we found their condition wretched enough. The buffalo having almost disappeared, this great source of food supply was just being cut off; deer hunting was that season not very good, fishing was a failure owing to long continued floods of the Assiniboine River. The end of the year found them very badly off, the wolf of starvation at the door, some few families living in crowded huts, many in frail cotton tipis. The winter was a very severe one, and to make matters worse a number of wild, reckless Sioux, hungry and almost naked, came in from the western plains. The winter was one we can never forget. Hunger, sickness and death prevailed until our people well

nigh despaired. In the midst of all this our work went on, and was in many ways blessed. The misery of the people gave us the opportunity we sought of showing Christian love and practical sympathy; and I firmly believe that then it was God enabled us to win the confidence of the Sioux to such an extent, that no designs of our opponents could ever after seriously shake it. At length spring came, and with it brighter days. Convinced of the need of some attempt at agriculture and willing to be taught, the people set about the cultivation of their fertile Reserve. It was only a small beginning, but it solved the food problem for the industrious at least. Since then there has been, as a rule, steady progress, and the results of their farming, combined with earnings from neighboring settlers, now keep them in comparative comfort.

The Mission carried on by ourselves until lately has had many tokens of God's blessing. At first, until the language was learnt, all we could do was to attempt to instruct the children. When we could at length hold services, the people showed in many cases great eagerness for knowledge. At first our services were held, in summer, in the open air, in winter in the Mission house. After 1882, when high water compelled the removal of the Mission to higher ground, I was able to erect a strong canvas tent which served as a chapel for two or three years. Then, by the kindness of English friends, we were able to board it in, and the next year it was finished inside with white pine; comfortable seats were made and a tower erected. Here week by week our little flock gathered together, coming often a long distance through deep snow and bitter cold. Children were brought to us for baptism, and some few adults were also enrolled. Many others, while shrinking from baptism, were very regular in their attendance and showed, by changed lives and a readiness to learn, that the words of life were not spoken in vain. Amongst these last was Wabadiska (White Eagle), the chief, a man of about 65 years. He was called away some years ago after great suffering. From the broken mutterings of his delirium it was evident God's words had not fallen on fruitless ground. His faith was, perhaps, but weak, but I believe it was sufficient to obtain for him an entrance into the joys of God's eternal rest. He and many others have been but as little children, yet we cannot forget this—that "of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

THE first Malagasy who ever learned the alphabet, died January, 1883, at the age of 72. He had lived to see 50,000 of his countrymen taught to read, and over 20,000 profess their faith in Christ.

NARAYAN SHESHADRI, who visited the United States some years ago, has been, it is said, the means of bringing one thousand heathen into the Christian fold.