



THE INDIAN SCHOOLS AT GLEICHEN, N.-W.T.

gons and few horses used, the streets are generally in good order for walking. In olden times all the principal Japanese towns had castles, the walls and moats of which still remain, though most of the castles themselves were destroyed during the war which took place at the time of the Restoration in 1868. One of the largest of these castles was that of Nagoya, which still stands and is in a good state of preservation. Japanese buildings even, such as the castles mentioned, are almost invariably made of wood and plaster, and the wood being seldom painted soon presents a very dull appearance. Buildings of more than two stories are very rare and but few attain even to that modest height. On this account there is nothing imposing about a Japanese city, one street looks just like another, and one has to go about in different directions for some time in order to get an idea of the size of a place. The front shutters of Japanese shops are entirely removed during the hours of business, but no effort is made to display the goods they contain, and unless one knows exactly what he wants and can ask for it, shopping is no easy business. The residences of merchants are invariably behind their shops, and all the better class houses are hidden from view by the poor ones which line both sides of the street in front of them.

The Japanese being fond of certain kinds of out-door recreation, parks and groves are numerous, and on fine days, especially at the cherry blossom season, they are alive with children and picnic parties. Every grove, no matter how small, has its Shinto shrine, and near by there is generally to be found a Buddhist temple. Truly "the high places and images and groves on every high hill and under every green tree" furnish abundant evidence that the people are "wholly given to idolatry."

"GENERAL" BOOTH is telling us of "Darkest England," Stanley is telling us of "Darkest Africa;" some are even speaking of "Darkest Canada." What does it all mean? It means that there is a loud call for missionaries all over the world, missionaries at home, missionaries abroad. When will church people be aroused to the crying needs of the hour?

A TRIP THROUGH OUR MISSION FIELDS.

BY MRS. WILLOUGHBY CUMMINGS.

IV.—SASKATCHEWAN AND CALGARY.

PART I.

COULD anyone ever forget the first time he was among the heathen? It does not seem possible to

realize what heathenism is until one has been in the midst of it, and seen the degradation of womanhood, the uncleanness and wretchedness, all of which we know would vanish before the cleansing power of the precious Blood, which was shed for these poor creatures, as well as for us.

How vividly every incident of our first visit in the diocese of Calgary comes before my eyes. The drive in the early morning over rolling prairies from Gleichen with our old friend, Rev. J. W. Tims, to the mission house on the Blackfeet Reserve; the meeting next day with Miss Brown, who for nearly three years had been our very own missionary; the long prairie drives to visit the Indians gathered for the Sun Dances and the drives home again in the late twilight; the wierd dances, the visits to the tepees, the feasts to the Indians, and so much that was strange and amusing, but over and above all, the feeling of intense sadness, when one realized that all these poor creatures, many of them so handsome and intelligent in appearance, were heathens. I say again, one cannot realize all that word means until one has been among them. It made one have a fellow-feeling with Mrs. Pickett, when she put a cent into her mission box, because she wasn't born a Jap.

In this diocese of Calgary are situated the two largest Reserves of heathen Indians in North America.

I asked Mr. Tims why it was that the Indians much farther north, almost within the Arctic Circle are so much more christianized and civilized than are these Blackfeet. He told me that it was because all traffic, before the days of the C.P.R. used to be by way of the Saskatchewan River northward, and that missionary effort had been in the same direction, so that until about ten years ago the only white men with whom these Indians came in contact, were unprincipled traders, chiefly from the United States, who cheated them, gave them what has proved to be their greatest enemy—whiskey—and taught them many other vices.

When the Indians came into treaty with the government, however, matters were changed for the better, and with the help of the mounted police, these traders and whiskey sellers have become few and far between, and slowly but