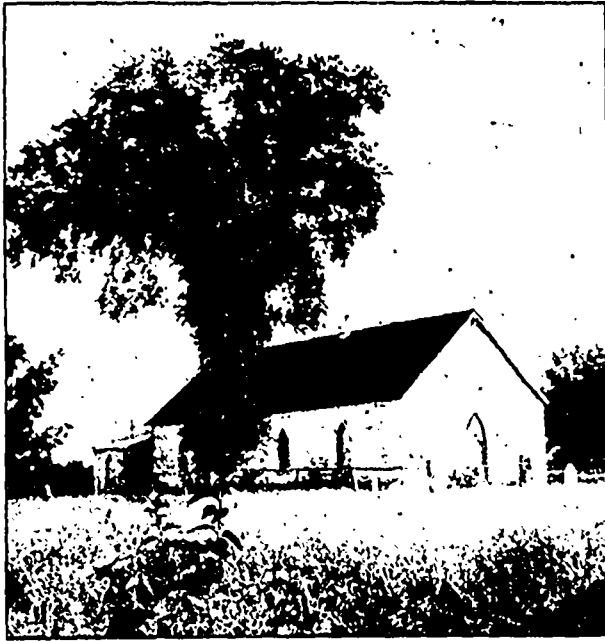




ST. PETERS CHURCH, RED RIVER RESERVE.

parsonage and other attractive features of the landscape, the background being a range of low hills, together with some trees of the poplar and elm varieties, which beautify the country along the river from one end of the reserve to the other. The other view, which was gotten from a point near the church, brings one of these trees, a fine, stately, and wide-spreading elm, into lively prominence, giving the impression to a stranger that the scene is some spot in the more highly favored, because well-treed, Province of Ontario, instead of a place in that western region of the Dominion commonly imagined to be treeless by reason of its name, the Prairie Province. An attractive sight perpetuated by the camera was the sail-boat of one of the chiefs gracefully pursuing its course towards Lake Winnipeg, and showing by its shape and actions very creditable skill on the part of its dusky builder. The ferry-scow used in transporting men, animals, and vehicles from one side of the river to the other seemed a subject worthy of an exposure of a plate. The picture shows very clearly how ingenuity sometimes takes the place of engineering without one tithe of the expense. I may mention that the scow is kept in its direct course across the stream by means of a wire rope reaching from one bank to the other, and passing over or through a pulley attached to the scow's side. The motion of this primitive kind of craft is produced by the master steadily pulling at the wire rope. As a sample of an average Indian house, I took aim at the habitation of a family named Johnson. This, like nearly all other dwellings, was very neatly constructed of squared logs, and

was made as white as the purest white-wash could make it. The furniture within was simple, but sufficient for comfort; and the mistress was cleanly and tidily attired.

Having obtained these valuable materials for use in future missionary talks, I bade good-bye to my kind entertainer, duly impressed by the thought that the work accomplished by the church on St. Peter's reserve may justly be reckoned among the most satisfactory results of evangelizing operations. If any reader is skeptical as to the benefit of missions, I would advise him to pay a visit, if possible, to this Red River Indian settlement, and then go among the aborigines that have not come under the influence of the Christian religion. I think that the contrast he will observe will be sufficient to make him henceforth a warm and liberal supporter of some well-established missionary society.

A sight I witnessed 260 miles farther west gives point to the last statement. At Broadview, a missionary station, of which I had temporary charge four years previous to the present tour, I was noting the improvements of both a civic and an ecclesiastical nature which the lapse of time had brought about in the village, when there met me a human creature whose facial expression can best be likened to that of a mummy, and whose general appearance betokened the lowest degree of degradation. This proved to be "Old Auntie," a well-known squaw belonging to the tribes recently placed on the Broadview reserve a few miles distant. She was a sample of what paganism does in the way of caring for the aged and infirm. Left by her heathen relatives to wander about in quest of bones and remnants of meat at the village butcher shop, and fragments of food at the doors of the kitchens of the charitable residents, and allowed to wear upon her person clothing of a horribly ragged and filthy kind, and upon her head only nature's covering in a condition of perpetually unkempt disorder, she seemed to be not very far removed from a mere animal. The sight, while sufficient to create the most profound disgust, could not fail to arouse in any Christian heart the most sincere pity and sorrow. Here was a human being whose steps were verging upon the grave, and who, nevertheless, was a stranger to everything that is allied to spiritual purity, holiness, and beauty. Contrast her condition with that of the average woman on St. Peter's Red River reserve. Who will say that missions are a failure? I may add that the age of this old pagan was a matter of uncertainty, but was guessed to be not far from one hundred, she having a daughter living whose years were said to number eighty. The day being unfavorable for photo-