

shewn by the Church. Beyond the aid given by Sunday schools towards the support of individual Indian children, very little comes to us from the Church in Canada, and English subscriptions just remain the same as they were fifteen years ago, although our work is threefold what it was at that time.

I am beginning to feel that this, now widely extended work among the Indians, is not the work for an individual. The burden is too great for one pair of shoulders to bear. My aim all along has been to try and stir up the Church in Canada, to do more for her native population whom God has placed at her own door. It seems to me a wrong idea that is promulgated in this country by our mission board, that the Indians do not come under the head of "Foreign Missions," because they are within the country; and thus, money contributed for Foreign missions is all sent away to English missionary societies for general distribution, instead of being applied towards the evangelization and christian training of our own heathen. The Presbyterians, the Methodists, and the Roman Catholics, are shewing ever-increasing activity in the Indian work. Our Church alone stands still. The work among the Indians has been left hitherto almost entirely to the English missionary societies, and now that those societies are gradually (and I think wisely) withdrawing their help, our Indians will be left uncared for and unprovided for, left to drift away to other religious communities, unless our Church rises to her duty, and sets vigorously to work to do what it is only too plainly her duty to do.

I wish the white people loved the Indians more. I wish they would take more real interest in both their temporal and spiritual welfare. They are a dear lovable people. With all their faults, with all their slowness, with all their strange characteristics, they are still a dear lovable people, as those who have lived long amongst them can testify. I only wish that some of our bishops and leading clergy could have witnessed the affecting interview that took place recently between the aged and venerable Archdeacon McMurray and some of the old people who had known him sixty years ago at Sault Ste. Marie. Nearly a hundred Indians, men, women and children, from Garden River, ten miles distant, flocked to see him, when they heard that he was at the Shingwauk Home. One old woman, who arrived late, and came into our chapel in the evening, after the others were gone, took his offered hand, at first hesitatingly, and turning to me, said in Indian, "I was told that William McMurray was here." "Yes," I said, "that is William McMurray." Then the old creature clasped his hand in both of hers, and falling on her knees covered it with her tears and kisses. I thought, as I witnessed this affecting scene, surely life is worth living if only to gain such love and affection, even from a poor despised Indian.

AFRICAN REMINISCENCES.

By W. P. BIRCH, TORONTO.

(Concluded).



MAKING Mr. Bar with me, I visited the city of Brass, about thirty or forty miles up the river. The chiefs received me with open arms, at each house I had to imbibe at least a quart of tombo, the subacid juice of a species of palm, a very good drink for a hot climate. It is not intoxicating, but after making about a dozen calls I found myself pretty full, and had to go and lie by for a while, until I had room for more visiting. At each house I was asked if I preferred sour or sweet tombo. By Mr. Bar's advice I took it sour; and glad I was that I did so, for shortly afterwards I came upon a party of old hags, sitting around a dug-out tub full of tombo. They were all chewing sugar cane and spitting the juice into the tombo to sweeten it. I did not hanker after sweet tombo after seeing this. At one chief's house I accepted his invitation to stay to dinner. We had palm oil chop, a kind of stew made of fish or meat, with herbs and palm oil, the whole being hotly seasoned with pepper.

I was hungry, and just about finishing a good dinner, when I fished up from the bottom of the pot a small mysterious looking skull. I let it drop at once, asking no questions for conscience sake. I never knew whether it was the skull of a monkey or a black baby; it would have done for either. Anyway, I found I had eaten enough palm oil chop for that day. The Brass River community consists of king, chiefs, and boys, as the common people are called. The king is elected by the chiefs, and is deposed so soon as he shows any signs of having outlived his usefulness. On the death of a chief, the rest proceed to choose his successor, always the ablest man in the deceased's household, frequently a slave. In this way the king and his council always consist of the ablest men in the tribe.

The majority of the people are slaves, most of them having been bought in the interior when young.

An old chief told me that if it were not for the practice of buying young people of both sexes in the interior, and bringing them to the coast, the population would soon die out.

The people were grossly ignorant and superstitious, living in constant dread of a mysterious being called Ju Ju, who had to be propitiated with human sacrifices. A boy and girl were annually sacrificed to Ju Ju, at the mouth of the Brass River, by cutting their throats, and throwing them into the river from a canoe, in order to bring good luck to the palm oil trade.

In Bonny, Ju Ju annually demanded a bride. A young girl was chosen, and with much ceremony led to the river's edge at low water, made fast to a post fixed in the river for that purpose,