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ciple were carried out in our families it would mean that when a mother saw her little child, in its anxiety to pluck the flower from the trailing vine, leaning over and about to fall from the window to the pavement below, she should say, "That is the tendency; the child losing its balance and falling obeys the law of gravitation; that law is supreme and universal, and therefore I must let it fall." But God had given man muscular forces, by means of which he could grapple with that law of gravitation, and in the same way were forces given to grapple with the question of non-successful people. Who were the non-successful people? There were those who were sent into the world with disease, and those on whom disease had come while they were in the full tide of their success, which had laid them low and prevented them from ever again taking part in the great rush of business life with which they once kept pace. Then there was the numerous class who fell behind in the race of life because of orphanage and widowhood. Then came the idiotic and the insane. And then that larger class still, the constitutionally inefficient class—(laughter)—people who were full of love, joy, peace, long suffering, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance and charity; and yet they lacked that quality of effrontery or good judgment, or that hardness of heart which enabled people to over-reach their brethren, and in consequence could not manage to make their way in life. (Applause.) They sprung up in the noblest and sweetest of families. Then there was a large class of children who came into this world and drew out of the hearts of their parents and friends powers of love and charity of the highest quality, and died before they were seven years old. They never returned one iota of what was expended on them, and "what glorious non-successes these little ones were." (Applause.) Then there was the great race of men, the Malays and the negroes, four millions of whom were in the United States. There were also the Indians—90,000 in Canada, 300,000 in the United States. One had only to review the case of the Indians to come to the conclusion that these poor people were being thrown off as mud was thrown off from the revolving wheels of a passing chariot in the street. Men were not meant to throw in their power with the earthquake, the whirlwind, and the thunder-storm, and say in the crash and rattle of the storm, "I care not for you; take care of yourself, and get out of the way as well as you can." No, what was wanted was the better philosophy of Franklin, who tapped the thunder-cloud and made his kite a sluice for its wrath, so that human nature could sit peaceful and unharmed in the crash and rattle of the storm. The philosophy that was wanted was the philosophy which learned the laws of combustion and prevented fire from burning out our houses, while we made it bake our bread. (Applause.) An intelligent philosophy which instead of bowing servilely to the dictum of the philosopher who said, "You cannot by prayer make water run up hill," immediately went to work, invented a syphon or a pump, and made the water run up hill. What was wanted was not the love of mere enthusiasm of success, but the love of Him who proved himself able to meet the desires of all nations, because He did not love the enthusiasm of success, but, as some one had well written, the enthusiasm of humanity. (Applause.) What was wanted was life, enthusiasm, humanity—the humanity of the Master who spoke so kindly to the woman at Jacob's well, and who pitied the woman whom many now-a-days would crush. The Twelve Apostles, were they gentler men? No, they were rough men who never would make their fortune as the world goes, and when He took their case in hand they said things which made the ears of the world tingle now. The thief on the cross would never have been a successful member of the body; he had plundered, but he was now in Paradise; and the beggar Lazarus, who crouched under the frown of the rich man, was also in Paradise. What did all that mean? It meant that these facts were mountain tops in the Saviour's life, and when the disciples came to Him flushed with success, and asked who should be greatest in the kingdom of heaven—because they looked for a worldly kingdom—what did He say? Never did He pile argument upon argument, rebuke upon rebuke, as He did then. He took a little child and

set it up amongst them, and said he that would humble himself as a little child should be greatest in the kingdom of Heaven. Then He went driving on—so to speak—saying that whoever offended one of the little ones, it were better for him that a millstone were placed about his neck and he were cast into the middle of the sea. The Saviour then showed what He meant by the little ones. He did not mean people little of stature or in years; but those of little success—as the world would say. And, he said, the Son of Man had come to save the lost, and there would be no sequence in the argument unless he meant by these little ones, the unsuccessful people in their temporal lives. And He wound up with this: "For it is not the will of your Father which is in Heaven that one of these little ones should perish." To his (his Lordship's) mind the Indians were little ones and non-successful people—inefficient—"constitutionally inefficient"—people, if that phrase would suit better. But the question was, were they not people with human blood in their veins? Were they not creatures for whom Christ died? His Lordship proposed to illustrate one point in this connection, viz.: that whatever an Indian might lack he had the essential attributes of a man. If he were to ask for some attribute in which he was supposed to be lacking, some one might reply, "natural affection," "love of parents, love of children, love of brothers and sisters." In answering this point he would draw illustrations from the tribes among which he laboured. He referred to the Sioux, probably the wildest on the continent. Sitting Bull, Red Cloud, and Spotted Tail were among them. Concerning these Sioux, nothing was more striking to him than their natural affection. The man and wife might be seen going to the grave of a child for six months or a year after its interment rehearsing the virtues of the deceased, and rending the air with their wailing. He would never forget seeing, only a short time ago, an old man and his wife in the grave yard mourning in their *lulululu*—he knew not what else to call it—or *alulululu*, *alulululu*. He felt how deeply that man and woman felt the loss of their child. But what about conscience? Had an Indian a conscience? Some years ago he went to see the Indians in one part of his diocese, and when in a tent Red Cloud came up to him and said, "My friend, you are white and I am red; there is one sky over us all, one God can see all, and let there be no lies told here to-day." (Applause and laughter.) There was a world of significance in that. No lies were to be told between man and man; it was the same thought that was expressed by the Apostle, "Lie not one to another, for ye are members one of another." Was there not conscience in that? Some one else might say, "How about sense of God?" Had an Indian sense of God? Now one characteristic of the Indian life was what was called by some superstition. What was superstition but religion a little bit twisted? (Laughter.) Was it to be supposed that when people left this earth and knew eternal truths as they were, that they would, on beholding the glory of the creation they would, on beholding the glory of the creation say, "Oh, I knew it all before?" Not at all. Then we did not know all, and were not our ideas a little twisted? We were superstitious, and it was just the same with the Indians. In this connection he related an incident that occurred to him among the Lower Brule Indians. The chief asked him if he was a praying man? His Lordship replied in the affirmative. The Indian then said, "We Indians have no paper from God, but we pray to God, and when we have something that we think would please Him, like a skin, we ask Him to take it." What struck him (His Lordship) in this, was first the courtesy of the old chief, and secondly, his sense of God. Another incident he gave was, that while visiting the tents of the hostile Sioux, just after they had returned from a warlike expedition, he was sitting down among them, and one Indian, taking his pipe, putting it into his mouth and emitting the smoke, said, "I smoke to God." It was one of the most touching, simple things he had ever beheld in his life. He thought then, and he still felt, that never from Hebrew altar did incense rise more significant of the aspirations of a poor sinning soul than did the smoke from that poor Indian's pipe on the plains of the North-West. Then again, some might say, "Had the Indian the power of reflection, reason?" Had the Indian

thought? He had, but not as the white man, because his thought was the result of training and education. But he had the germ which, under cultivation, would blossom and bring forth fruit. He pointed out that in teaching the Indians they treated them as if they had the ordinary powers of reflection. He found that, practically, when he said to an Indian, "You think one way; I think another; here are my reasons; go and think about them, and come back to-morrow," in nine cases out of ten the Indian would come back and say, "You were right, I was wrong."

An instance of the power of an Indian to reason came over his mind as follows: An Indian desired him to baptise his grandson. He objected on the ground that the parents were not Christians. After a little while the old man said, "I have noticed that the old antelopes about here are very wild and fleet, and our young men can only hunt the young ones down; they do so, and soon the old ones comes nosing around to find the young ones, and the young men can take the old ones. Now, if you can catch these little ones, perhaps you will soon catch the older ones." He baptized the child, and six months after he (his Lordship) was confirming a number in that part of his diocese, and he was told by one who was present, "You caught the little antelope, because you baptized him, you have now the old ones, and you have lain your hands on them." Did not all that show that the Indian had powers of reflection? Some people again said, "How about sentiment?" He called sentiment the result of a good conscience, the aroma which rises from a noble nature, and which made a man do a thing not because it was right, but because his training would not allow him to do other than was right. In that of course there was the result of education and training. The Pawnees and Sioux had been from time immemorable enemies. On one occasion the Sioux attacked the Pawnees, killing many old and young, and resorting to such barbarities as pinning little babies to their mothers' hearts. One Sioux among them was about to cleave a little boy's skull, when suddenly, he dropped his tomahawk, and clasped the boy to his breast, and carried him away to a place of safety. When asked why he did it, he said when he looked into the eyes of the child he could not help thinking of his own little ones at home. His Lordship impressed on his hearers the remembrance of the large number of these Indians who wanted help. In his diocese he assembled every Sunday, for ten or fifteen years, men who had been the wildest in the West. He had Dakotas and Sioux who had been raised up to be ministers to their own brethren. (Applause.) Dakota boys presided at the organ. (Applause.) Dakota boys composed the surplined choirs. Some Indians travelled a fifteen day's journey to be present at the Church Convocations. He had boarding schools for boys and girls attended by those who had been in their time the most wolfish. He believed that God was calling over all the Indian tribes. He believed human nature very much like strata. The calling of man was not to get into his brother's place; it was to learn to fill his own place well. (Applause.) And if the negro and the Indian were got to fill their places properly there would be an evidence that we were moving, not by brute force, but by the mind of God himself. (Applause.)

The hymn "Greenland's Icy Mountains" was then sung.

The Right Rev. Bishop Whipple was then introduced. He was received with loud applause. He said he had no tale to tell of hardships, for the happiest life God ever gave any man was that of a missionary of the Church of God. There never was a man who from the depth of his heart could say "Our Father," that was unwilling to look around and find a brother whom he could lead to the Lamb of God. There were two great facts in connection with this missionary question. The first was that this is a world of sin, sorrow, and death, and there were hard trials for every home. Long years ago he stood in the cabin of a slave that had been stolen from Africa. He looked around him and saw his strange fetish charms and asked what they meant. The slave told him of his poor heart and how he was reaching out to find help. That slave was his brother.