

tures. We think we perceive them all to be descended from the same stock, notwithstanding the prodigious diversity of their languages. In the portrait drawn by Volney, of the Canadian Indians, we recognize the tribes scattered over the savannahs of the Apure and the Carony. The same style of features exists in both Americas."

We are struck at the likeness between the sexes; the feminine aspect of the men natural in itself, and increased by their beardlessness. In all, we recognize "the square head, with low but broad forehead, the back of the head flattened, full face and powerful jaws, cheek bones prominent; lips full; eyes dark and deeply set; the hair long, not absolutely straight, but wavy, something like a horse's mane, and like that of a glossy hue; little or no beard, where it does appear carefully eradicated with tweezers; colour of the skin reddish or copper, height of the men about the average, but looking taller from their erect posture and slender frame, the women rather shorter, and more inclined to obesity, but many of them with symmetrical figure and pleasing countenance; hands and feet of both men and women, small. If Cuvier's triple division of the human family be adopted, with Caucasian, Ethiopian and Mongolian, the Red Man will come under the last, being, in common with ourselves, descended from Japhet, to whom "enlargement" was promised, and whose descendants were to be scattered most extensively over the field of the world. They thus appeal to us as peculiarly "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh." In the hearts of the brethren of other denominations, their melting Macedonian cry, woke responsive echoes. Episcopalian and Wesleyan missionaries, in sleds and on snow-shoes, have out-stripped our most adventurous explorers. The wigwams of the bleak Hudson's Bay, and the fertile Saskatchewan, are becoming dwellings of the righteous, whence emanates the melody of joy and praise. On the wilds of the distant Youcan, are gathering its roving tribes, to hear the story of the Cross. "The inhabitants of the rock sing; they shout from the top of the mountains." But multitudes yet sit in darkness. They are groping for that door of hope which has been flung open to us. They are feeling after God, if haply they may find Him. Their feet tremble on the dark mountains, and as they sink every day into the bottomless abyss, the fearful wail of the lost ones breaks dolefully on our ears. Shall we continue "dull of hearing?"

"Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny."

That be far from us. This day is to us a day of good tidings. If we "hold our peace, we do not well." In the "poor Red Man" let us see the man of Macedonia re-produced, beckoning to us beseechingly, crying, "Come over and help us." Need we not as a church to cry, "Deliver us from blood-guiltiness?" Is not the voice of that brother's blood, entering into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth already? "We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us and we would not hear." Let us go and tell him of the great and good Spirit, who, unlike his own Gezha Manito, "neither slumbers nor sleeps." Let us seek to rescue him from the Matche Manito, that great spirit of evil of whom he stands constantly in dread. Let us send him the true "Medicine Man," to assure him that "there is a balm in Gilead, and a Physician there."

"Light for the forest child,"
An exile though he be,
From the haunts where the sun of his childhood smiled,
And the country of the free;
Pour the hope of Heaven o'er his desert wild,
For what home on earth hath he?

R. F. B.