



AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

He died in London in 1829.

It is impossible to say how far Bishop Stanser would have justified his appointment to so onerous a task as that of presiding over the enormous Diocese of Nova Scotia, had his health been preserved. But it is only fair to suppose that the same ability and judgment which he displayed as Rector of St. Paul's would have characterized him in the discharge of his episcopal duties, and that in these, no less than in the minor sphere, he would have won the esteem and affection of all those with whom he was brought in contact. Bishop Stanser's daughter was married to Archdeacon Best, Rector of Fredericton, some members of whose family are still living in England.

"Do you see this?" said a Brahmin to a missionary who had been speaking of Jesus, and he held up a long bunch of hair at the back of his head, "Do you see this? It is getting white now, is it not? It was as black as a crow's wig once; and, sir, it has grown white with waiting for the words of the Gospel which you preach."

Of all the men on this planet, one man in every four is a Chinaman. A million a month in China are dying without God. A thousand million new graves every hundred years.

THERE are no Protestant missionaries in Beloochistan, Afghanistan, in the French possessions of Anam and Tonquin, or in Siberia and the adjoining countries under Russian rule.

## THE AMERICAN INDIAN.

BY MISS WEAGANT.



AT this time when much interest is being expressed in the condition of the Indian tribes of our North-West Territories, it has been suggested that some account of mission work among kindred tribes in the neighboring Republic would be interesting and useful to our missionary societies, showing what could be done, what had been done, and what might be expected as the result of labor in their behalf.

Not long ago I spent two years as a missionary in Dakota, and from personal observation and from conversation with many other missionaries, the condition of the Indians there would appear to be very similar to that of those in our new territories. They have been, suddenly and totally, deprived of the chase, almost the only means of making a livelihood with which they were acquainted. They have also, to a very great extent, been deprived of that large liberty to roam, and pitch their tents as the mood of the moment inclined them. They find themselves surrounded and hemmed in by a civilization of which there is no mention in their previous habits or their traditions of the past, of which, until now, they have felt no need, and from which there is no escape. They must walk in the white man's path or perish. Can any of us realize what this means?—what it means to turn, as it were, in a moment, from all the ideas, customs and