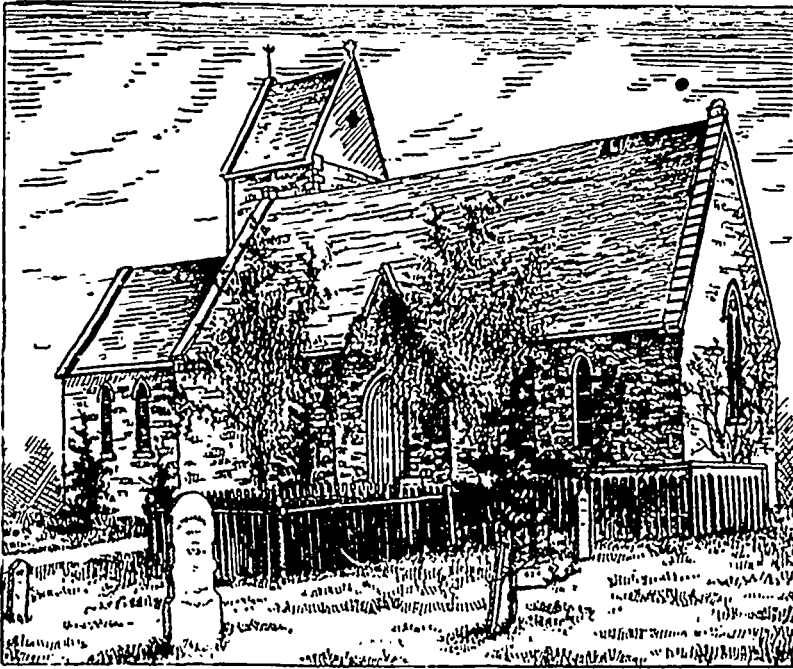




ST. JAMES' CHURCH, ORILLIA, ONT.

Read. It was due chiefly to the energy and persevering efforts of Dr. Read that the building of the present stone church was successfully carried out. The tower has never been finished according to the original plan, various causes having prevented it. Dr. Read was followed in 1802 by Rev. A. Stewart, the present Incumbent.

During the last twenty-five years Orillia has become a good sized town, and the pressing necessity for a larger building as a church is apparent to all. Orillia is situated on two lakes, at the entrance into the Muskoka district, and the country round is in a high state of cultivation.

THE INDIAN FAIR.

By Miss Fanny Simpson, Hamilton, Ont.

THE progress of the Indians in the art of agriculture is a matter of consequence in the eyes of those who feel an interest in the welfare of the brave, aboriginal tribes, the heirs of whose landed possessions the British races on this continent are evidently destined to be.

The fate of the Indian mainly depends on the answer given to the simple question, Can he farm? It has been argued that the Indian is a hunter, a trapper and a fisherman, and a good soldier too after his own fashion, that he is endowed with the skill, courage and craft necessary for these callings, but that he is destitute of the patient industry indispensable for a farmer. There is a great deal of truth in all this. So long as an Indian can hunt, shoot, fish or even fight he will not settle down to the peaceful cultivation of the soil. But the law

of necessity, and the instinct of self-preservation applies with equal force to the Saxon, the Celt and the Indian, and the best proof of this lies in the fact that the Six Nation Indians have to-day achieved a measure of success in husbandry which would have surprised a Mohawk of the seventeenth century.

In the month of October, 1887, I had an opportunity of seeing with my own eyes what the Indians could do in the arts of civilization. I was staying with some friends in the township of Onondaga, and as the more important operations of the season were accomplished, and there was nothing very pressing on hand, the idea of visiting the Indian Fair was suggested by one of the family,

and immediately acted upon. Accordingly the horses were hitched up and we drove along the banks of the Grand River through the town of Middleport to the little ferry which at this point separates the domains of the white man and the red. Here it became manifest that something unusual was afloat on the still waters of Indian society. I stood on board the ferry next to a robust squaw in her gala clothes. She wore a serviceable blue petticoat just short enough to show her elaborately beaded gaiters, and over this a polonaise of yellow brocade and a tartan shawl in which green predominated. A white bonnet adorned with a plume of pink feathers, and a necklace of amber beads completed the toilette of this gorgeous belle. We crossed the ferry, got into the democrat again, and as I was informed that we were then on Indian territory I looked round for something new but could not see anything to realize the accounts of Indian life published by the missionary societies in England, although I heard afterwards that if we could have left the road and driven promiscuously across the country we might have seen a camp fire and a genuine wigwam. The scenery on the Indian reserve did not differ in any material degree from that on the other side of the Grand River, except that in the former case the houses were of a somewhat fragile character, and the fences generally made on the "skew jee" principle, but still the land had been tilled, and Mother Earth had brought forth her fruits and they had been duly harvested by the native children of the soil. Presently we overtook a couple of Indian teams and my attention was drawn to the difference between the Indian horses