

are two general missionaries employed by the Board. These cost the Board about \$800 more."

Our Indian Work In The North West.

LONE WOLF'S APPEAL.

When the Great Spirit created the world, He divided it into two great seasons—one warm and the other cold. The warm season brings life and light; the grass springs up, the birds sing, there is growth and development to fruit and joy and gladness. The cold season brings death and desolation; the grass dies, the trees are bare, the fruits are gone, the animals become weak and poor, the very water turns hard; there is no growth, no joy, no gladness.

You Christian white people are like the summer; you have life and warmth and heat; you have flowers and fruit and growth and knowledge. The poor wild Indians are like the winter; we have no growth, no knowledge, no joy, no gladness. Won't you share your summer with us? Won't you help us with the light and life, that we may have joy and knowledge. H. M. Echo.

St. Peter's reserve—where our missionary, Henry Prince works—is eight miles wide and twelve miles long, and is on each side of the Red River.

The Crees of St. Peter's are well advanced in civilization, living in fairly good houses. They number 1400, and have 900 cattle, beside ponies. Chief

Ashan and four Councillors manage the affairs of the people in much the same way as in white communities, having monthly meetings. The Chief and Councillors are elected by ballot triennially. No rations are given out, but treaty money is paid. The Indians are generally intelligent and make their living by farming mostly. They raise cattle, pigs, sheep and poultry, and are well supplied with implements.

An Indian's Gift to Christ.

In a portion of the Southern territory from which the red man has now been driven, I once attended a protracted meeting held in the wild forest. The theme on which the preacher dwelt, and which he illustrated with surpassing beauty and grandeur, was "Christ and Him crucified." He spoke of the Good Shepherd who came into the world to seek and to save the lost. He told how this Saviour met the rude buffetings of the heartless soldiers. He drew a picture of Gethsemane, and the unbefriended stranger who wept there. He pointed to Him as He hung bleeding upon the cross.

The congregation wept. Soon there was a slight movement in the assembly, and a tall son of the forest with tears on his red cheeks, approached the pulpit and said: "Did Jesus die for me—die for poor Indian? Me have no lands to give to Jesus, the white man take them away. Me give him my dog and my rifle." The minister told him