

when you go to clean him out. He will come out and talk to you a few minutes, and you will wonder how you came to make such fools of yourselves and you will sneak away like whipped dogs."

After describing in vivid pictures the tragic scenes of death which resulted from the outbreak and the assistance which he himself gave the surgeons in binding up the wounds, until his hand was poisoned with blood poison, he adds:—

"My heart was full of the awful massacre which had made 300 miles of our western border one track of blood. I drew up a simple petition to the President, stating the causes of the outbreak, the desolation of the border, the suffering of the people, which we believed had come out of our wretched Indian system. I showed it to one of my brethren, who said he hoped I would not bring up political questions to vex the Church. My heart was full, and I weary and sick. I could not keep back my tears. Good Bishop Alonzo Potter came to me, and when I told him of my trouble he said, 'My brother, I honor you for your efforts for the helpless; the petition is right, and I will secure the signatures of the Bishops,' which he did, and to his death there was no better friend to the Indians than Bishop Potter, and the great-hearted William Welsh."

This shows how earnestly the good bishop has contended for the Indians under his charge. He has braved, as he continues to do to-day, every danger, both political and ecclesiastical, for the benefit of those men and women under his charge for the simple reason that he believes they are men and women and therefore have souls to be saved. May the bishop be still spared many years to carry on his truly missionary work in the same spirit in which he has already long and faithfully labored.

THE MERCHANT AND THE MISSIONARY.

By F. C. IRELAND, TORONTO, ONT.

IT WAS in 1866, a few days before Christmas that a missionary laboring among the people scattered over the hills and amid the dales of the Laurentian range in the Rural Deanery of St. Andrew's, Diocese of Montreal, went to Lachute, a village some fifteen miles from his home, to make purchases for his family at Christmas tide.

The day turned out very stormy, the snow drifted with wild fury, blocking up the roads so they became almost impassable for both man and beast.

The country merchant, to whose store the missionary drove his weary horse for the first time and in the midst of so severe a storm, was a total stranger to him except that he had heard of him among his people, many of whom traded at his store. The missionary made his purchases in a carefully select manner, and when through was advised by the merchant not to attempt the return

journey in the storm, but to remain with him over night, and gave him a hearty welcome to his home. He soon found himself comfortably enjoying the society of the merchant's family circle. Everything was pleasing in the cozy house, and as his hostess excused herself to attend preparations for an early supper the missionary glanced at a well stocked library, and was rather surprised to find some valuable theological works from Church of England authors, such as Pearson on the Creed, Butler's Analogy, Harne's Introduction, beside the sermons of John Wesley, Clarke's Commentary and many other such works. His reveries in the library were sooner at an end than he expected, as the bell rang for tea, and the merchant and his family enjoyed the interesting conversation, while the missionary enjoyed the ample provisions for which his appetite was keen from the day's travel and exercise. The long winter's evening was pleasantly spent, and when the time came for evening devotions the missionary read a chapter in the Bible, after which he engaged in prayer. The reading was very impressive. It seemed as if God was speaking to them. At the close of the reading there was a pause, when in a most reverent manner "Let us pray" was said by the missionary as all knelt down. The solemnly reverent and earnest manner in which he addressed the Almighty, and the use of such appropriate language, caused the merchant and his wife to feel that they were in the presence of a man of God. Before going any further in this sketch, it must be remarked that the merchant was a Methodist of considerable standing and influence. He had not been very favorably impressed with the Church of England, but now he realized in the prayer he had just heard something that made him ashamed of the style of prayers he had been accustomed to. He also remembered the prayers of his father who had been brought up in the Church of England, though for half a century had been a Methodist local preacher of such repute that people were constantly speaking of the excellency of his prayers and sermons. The next morning the same devotional exercises were repeated. The missionary first insisted that the merchant should be "priest in his own house," but this office he could not persuade him to fill while he was there.

Not a word was said by the missionary in reference to sectarian usages or views. There was an undefinable and unostentatious dignity about the missionary, but every gesture, word and action was pleasant and winsome. On his departure, the merchant and his wife urged him to repeat his visits as frequently as circumstances would permit. Never except on one occasion some months after the first call was there a word exchanged in reference to the merits or demerits of Church, sect or denomination, till on one occasion the merchant's wife said as he was going away after a very pleasant visit, "If you were a Methodist how much more delighted we should be." His reply was "If you were a Churchwoman how much