

## THE LOCUST PLAGUE IN NORTHERN INDIA.

Lieutenant F. Field, of the U. C. Service, Peshawur, sent recently to the *London Graphic*, sketches of the late locust plague in India. Armies of locusts, he says, were sweeping over the northern parts of the Punjab all through the spring of this year. One of our engravings represents a cloud of these insects dropping on to the spring wheat crop. The unfortunate cultivators are endeavoring to frighten them away. But though crops and human beings suffer from these invasions, the insect-eating tribes of birds have a fine time of it, as they greatly enjoy the change of diet. Kites catch the locusts in their claws, and eat them while careering about in mid-air; but crows, which impale the insects on their beaks, have to pitch before they can eat them. Flights of locusts settle occasionally on the railway line, and owing to this cause the trains have more than once been unable to proceed. The wheels of the train crush the insects, and the juice from their bodies prevents the wheels from taking hold of the rails.

## THEN WE ARE BROTHERS!

A deeply interesting book was recently published by the Rev. Egerton R. Young, relating his personal experiences as a missionary among the Cree and Salteaux Indians of the extreme North land of America. Mr. Young, with his estimable wife, spent nine years among them in a state of practical exile from the civilized world, having mail communication but once in six months, and reduced much of the time to the food resources of the country; living, occasionally, for months at a time, on fish, possibly varied by small contributions of wild meat.

Mankind have already shown an appreciation of the heroic element, and Mr. Young and his wife have found a wide appreciation of their self-denial and devotion among a large circle of sympathizers with missionary work in Europe and America.

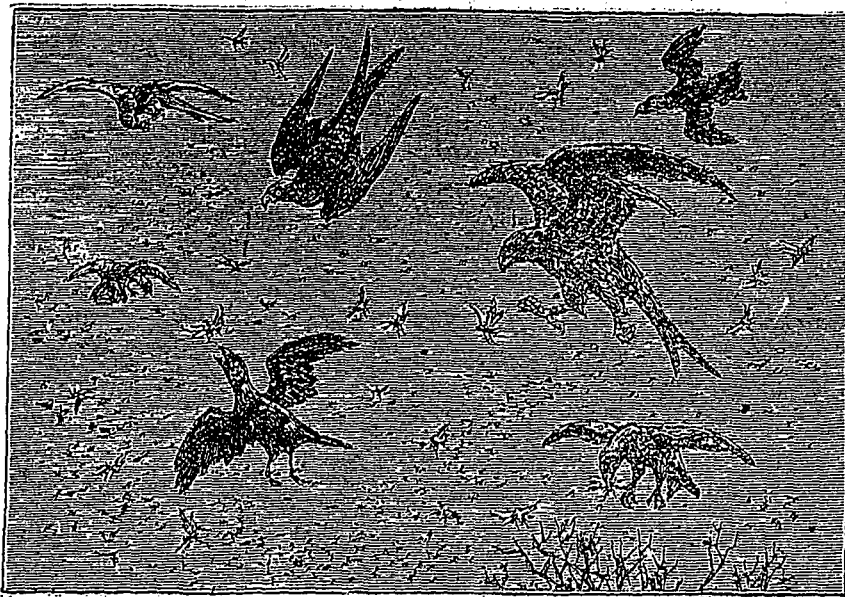
Naturally enough those who have listened to his tender or humorous stories, these traits of the red man, and these triumphs of Divine grace, begged Mr. Young to put these narratives into a more permanent form.

Mr. Young had gone to a tribe which had never heard the Gospel, and summoned them to a council to see if they were disposed to become Christians. The principal chief, according to their unwritten laws of precedence, spoke first. His voice was good and full of pathos. He said:—

"Missionary, I have long lost faith in our old paganism." Then, pointing down to the outer edge of the audience, where some old conjurers and medicine-men were seated, he said:—

"They know I have not cared for our old religion. I have neglected it. And I will tell you, missionary, why I have not believed in our old paganism for a long time. I hear God in the thunder, in the tempest, and in the storm; I see his power

\*"By Canoe and Dog-Train among the Cree and Salteaux Indians." By Egerton R. Young, Missionary.



KITES AND CROWS CATCHING LOCUSTS.

in the lightning that shivers the tree to kindling wood; I see his goodness in giving us the moose, the reindeer, the beaver, and the bear; I see his loving kindness in giving us, when the south winds blow, the ducks and geese; and when the snow and ice melt away, and our lakes and rivers are open again, I see how he fills them with fish. I have watched these things for years, and I see how during every moon of the year he gives us something.

"And so he has arranged it, that if we are only industrious and careful, we can always have something to eat. So, thinking about these things which I had observed, I made up my mind years ago that this Great Spirit, so kind and so watchful and so loving, did not care for the beating of the conjurer's drum, or the shaking of the rattle of the medicine-man."

Then, turning to the missionary, he said, "Missionary, what you have said to-day fills my heart and satisfies all its longings. It is just what I have been expecting to hear about the Great Spirit. I am so glad you have come with this wonderful story. Stay as long as you can, and when you have to go away, do not forget us, but come again as soon as you can."

Many more responded. The last to speak was an old man with grizzly hair. He was a queer, savage-looking man, and spoke in an excited way. He said:—

"Missionary, once my hair was as black as a crow's; now it is getting white. Grey hairs here, and grandchildren in the wigwam, tell that I am getting to be an old man, and yet I never heard such things as you have told us to-day. I am so glad I did not die before I heard this wonderful story. Yet I am getting old. Grey hairs here, and grandchildren yonder, tell the story."

"Stay as long as you can, missionary; tell us much of these things, and when you have to go away, come back soon, for I have grandchildren, and I have grey hairs, and I may not live many winters more. Do come back soon. Missionary, may I say more?"

"Talk on. I am here to listen," said the missionary.

"You said just now 'No tawenan' (our Father)?"

"Yes, I did say 'Our Father.'"

"That is very new and very sweet to us. We never thought of the Great Spirit as our Father. We heard him in the thunder, and saw him in the lightning and tempest and blizzard, and we were afraid. So when you told us of the Great Spirit as Father, that is very beautiful to us."

Lifting up his eyes, after a moment, to the missionary, he said, "May I say more?"

"Yes," he answered, "say on."

"You say 'No tawenan' (Our Father). He is your Father?"

"Yes," said the missionary, "He is my Father."

"Then," he said, while his eyes and voice yearned for the answer, "does it mean he is my Father—poor Indian's Father?"

"Yes, oh yes, he is your Father too," said the missionary.

"Your Father—missionary's Father and Indian's Father too?"

"Yes," said the missionary.

"Then we are brothers?" he shouted.

"Yes, we are brothers," said the missionary.

The excitement in the audience became wonderful. But the old man had not yet finished. He said,

"May I say more?"

"Yes, say on; all that is in your heart," was the reply.

"Well," the Indian resumed, "I do not want to be rude, but it does seem to me that you, my white brother, have been a long time in coming with that great book and its wonderful story, to tell it to your red brothers in the woods."

Among the many incidents recorded in this volume is a thrilling one of Christian Indians volunteering to carry food relief to some white settlers far in the north, shut away from supplies by the prevalence of small-pox. It was a long and perilous journey, with risk of contagion.

The expedition was well conducted by an Indian named Samuel, but though he brought back all his force in good condition, the strain had been too much for him, and, nervously prostrated, he soon died. His death, however, was a happy one. His widow and children were cared for, but after a time removed to a distant settlement, where Mr. Young subsequently found them in great need. Looking at their extreme poverty the following colloquy ensued:

"Nancy, you seem to be very poor: you don't seem to have anything to make you happy and comfortable."

Very quickly came the response, in much more cheerful strains than those of the missionary.

"I have not got much, but I am not unhappy, missionary."

"You, poor creature," he said, "you don't seem to have anything to make you comfortable."

"I have but little," she said, quietly.

"Have you any venison?" "No!"

"Have you any flour?" "No!"

"Have you any tea?" "No!"

"Have you any potatoes?"

When this last question was uttered the poor woman looked up and said, "I have no potatoes, for don't you remember, at the time of the potato planting Samuel took charge of the brigade that went up with provisions to save the poor white people. And Samuel is not here to shoot deer that I may have venison: and Samuel is not here to catch mink and marten and beaver, and other things to exchange for flour and tea."

"What have you got, poor woman?"

"I have got a couple of fish nets."

"What do you do when it is too stormy to visit the nets?"

"Sometimes some of the men from the other houses visit them for me, and bring me fish. Then we sometimes get some by fishing through the ice."

"What about when it is too stormy for any one to go?"

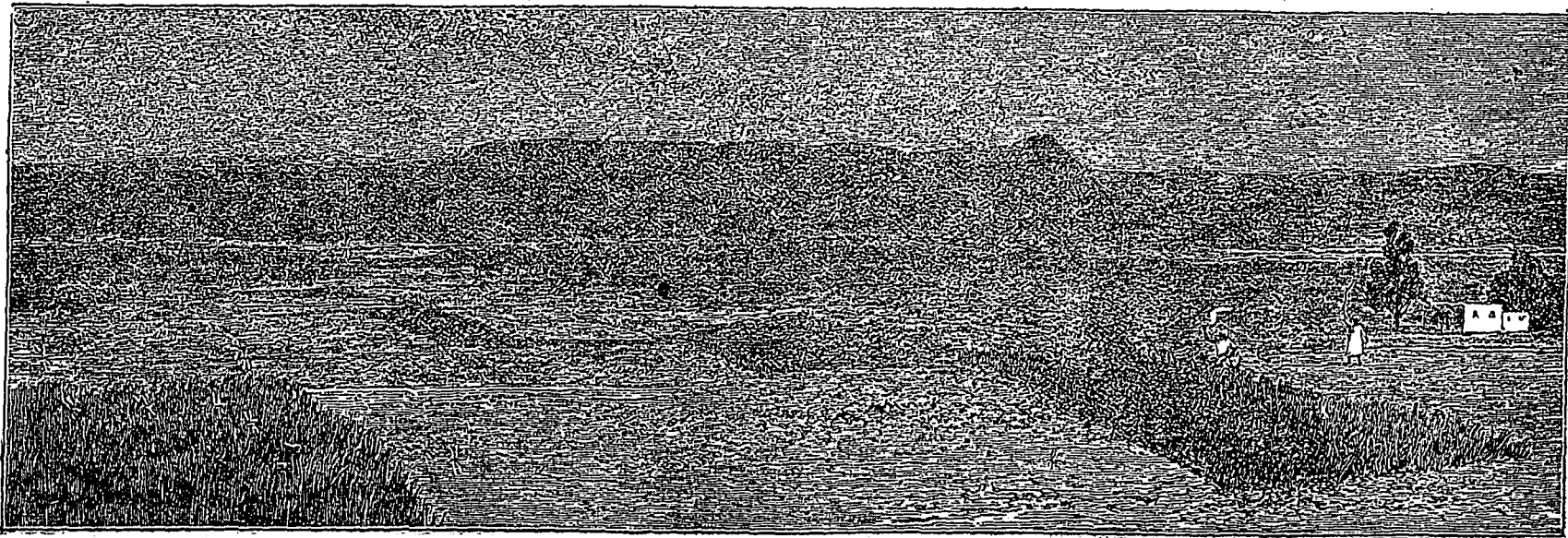
She quietly said, "If we have nothing left we go without."

The missionary hurried out of the room to stifle his emotion, but the woman, suspecting the feelings of his heart, followed him out and said,

"Ayumeoake (Praying master), I do not want you to feel so badly for me; it is true I am very poor; it is true since Samuel died we have often been very hungry, and have often suffered from the bitter cold; but, missionary, you have heard me say that Samuel gave his heart to God, so I have given my heart to God, and he who comforted Samuel and helped him, so that he died happily, is my Saviour; and where Samuel has gone, by-and-by I am going too, and that thought makes me happy all the day long."

Of course, her necessities were relieved by the care and thoughtfulness of the missionary.

We have no room for extracts showing the cost at which this missionary work was done, the long privations, exposure to severe weather, and danger from vindictive heathen tribes; nor can we quote the fascinating stories for young people about the canoe and dog-sledge adventures.—*Friendly Greetings.*



VILLAGERS DRIVING A FLIGHT OF LOCUSTS FROM THE CROPS.