

The whole party was introduced in turn to Chief Pi-a-pot, Mr. Flett acting as interpreter. He is not very prepossessing in appearance, though tall and athletic and about sixty years of age. His dress consisted of a blanket and a narrow piece of embroidered cloth reaching almost to the knees and suspended from a belt around his waist. This is all the covering worn by all the members of his band. He was put in good humour by a liberal gift of tobacco, and talked freely. When told that that day was being celebrated as the Queen's Jubilee, he said, "She was getting young while he was getting old," that "his hair was getting white by his coming in contact with the white man," and that "for thirteen years he had been living in peace, but before that he had killed many in his wars with the Blackfeet, Crows and Peguins." He showed the mark of a bullet which had gone through his thigh, and the spot where one had entered his breast. He divided the tobacco with his counsellors, three in number, and more advanced in years than himself. The Government built a house for him, but he will not live in it, preferring his tepee or tent. We were then shown over such part of the Reserve which is under cultivation. There were some fields of wheat, potatoes and turnips. Oxen are supplied to the land by the Government, but there is much difficulty experienced in getting the Indians to work, yet progress is being made in this direction. Mr. McKinnon, the instructor, related that last year he only succeeded in getting two of the band to plough, while this year thirteen of them have engaged in that "drudgery," for an Indian thinks he is degraded if he performs any manual labour; all such being left to the women. All of this band are still heathen. The Presbyterian Church, in addition to Miss Rose as teacher, has also a young minister permanently located among them. He was with another band of the same tribe, the Crees, last summer, and consequently can now speak to them in their own tongue. Two little girls, accompanied by Miss Rose at the organ, sang in Cree, "Rock of Ages."

The Canada Presbyterian Church has thirteen reserves under its care, at each of which there is a teacher or minister or both. The Methodist Church and the Church of England are also exerting themselves on behalf of the poor Indian, and it is to be hoped that before long all of them will come to know Christ and Him crucified; indeed, when we consider the shortness of time since the Churches turned their efforts to the Indians of the North-West, it is marvellous the progress Christianity has made among them. Most of the chiefs with their bands have embraced the Christian faith.

The Government, too, are doing all they possibly can to ameliorate their condition. Each man, woman and child of Pi-a-pot's band, consisting of about 450 souls, receives one and a half pound of beef and a half pound of flour daily. From what I saw of Mr. Reid, the Deputy Commissioner of Indian affairs, I cannot but believe that he will see to it that justice and right is done to his wards—the Indians. The Indian problem is a hard one to solve, but with a paternal Government and devoted missionaries there is everything to hope for.

Manitoba and the North-West Territories is emphatically a great country. The soil is all that could be desired. I saw some of the finest and largest fields of wheat it is possible to imagine at Carberry. People who have resided in the country from thirteen to five years say they prefer it to Ontario. Farming is easy, and in Manitoba spring and autumn frosts are no severer than they were in Ontario at its first settlement. What then, it is asked, is it that retards the settlement of that rich and beautiful land? We answer three things:

1. The monopoly of the C. P. R. Company. This makes lumber for building between \$45 and \$50 per thousand, and from 15 to 20 cents on every bushel of wheat taken out of the country.

2. The land locked up by the C. P. R. Company, the Hudson's Bay Company, and that held for schools. Because of this settlers are widely apart, unable to support schools, and are compelled to experience the desolation of isolation.

3. And as the result of the last, until settlers locate in little colonies, with a homestead on every half section, no permanent progress can be made toward filling the country with an energetic and industrious population.

THE TRUE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS.

Crossing the Atlantic Ocean the outlook in a vessel descried in the distant horizon a dim dark speck. The use of the perspective brought within the range of the gazer's vision the dismantled hull of a shipwrecked vessel. The ship's course was immediately altered, and she bore down in the direction of the hapless bark. When near enough a boat was lowered and manned, and the wreck boarded. After searching around what at first sight seemed to be an utter solitude and desolation, the seamen found a man huddled up in a corner in a state of extreme exhaustion, consequent on want and exposure. Ministering to his necessities as best they could, they tenderly raised him up in their arms, and were about to convey him to their ship where all that might be required could be furnished. While doing so, they perceived from sighs which he made that he wished to speak to them. Bending down to catch the scarcely audible whisper that issued from his pale lips, they made out the words, "Another man." Renewing their search they did, to their great joy, find "another man" in a condition similar to that in which they had found his sympathizing shipmate. Saved himself, his immediate desire was that his associate too should be saved. Rescued from a terrible fate himself, he feared lest another should be left to perish. The thought of abandoning him to a lingering death would have haunted him to his dying day, had he not summoned up all the energy left to him in the endeavour to avert so dreadful a calamity. This is the true spirit of the Gospel. Ourselves the recipients of divine mercy, we wish that not only our own kith and kin, but all of human kind, should taste its sweetness. The renewed heart embraces within the comprehensive and compassionate range of its ardent desire, all of every race and tribe and tongue, and rejoices in the assurance and in the anticipation that "Jesus will reign where'er the sun does his successive journeys run." "The field" of Christian effort and enterprise is "the world"—every part that human beings inhabit—the spacious continent and the sea-girt isle—the snow-clad North and the sunny South—the desert wastes and the fertile plains—the storm-girded mountain ranges and the secluded vales. Wherever men reside the messenger of Salvation must penetrate. Where sin has gone the offer of Salvation must follow. To the extent the disease has spread the knowledge of the remedy must be diffused. Side by side with the footprints of the destroyer must be planted the feet of them that publish salvation. Every creature under heaven who has a soul to be saved must hear the ever glad sound of the Gospel. It is a Cain-like, not a Christ-like, spirit that prompts the sullen, soulless inquiry, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Soon as she had partaken of the living water, which the Lord had given her, the woman of Samaria hastened with eager steps and glowing heart to impart the gift of knowledge to her friends and neighbours. Himself found of Him, Andrew finds his brother Simon, and brings him to Jesus. Arrested by the risen Redeemer in his career of persecution, Paul straightway preaches the Gospel he had sought to destroy. Christian instinct and conviction—gratitude to God for mercies received and promised—regard for their Lord's authority—fidelity to their high trust—zeal for the glory of God—compassion for perishing souls—all urge Christians to effort, to self-denial, to self-sacrifice. It was a noble impulse that constrained a poor youth to drop into the collection plate sent round at a missionary meeting a slip of paper with the word "myself" inscribed upon it. Than this no greater, no nobler, no more valuable or acceptable contribution could have been made. This given, nothing else will be withheld. This withheld nothing is given. When Lydia's heart was opened to attend to and receive the truth, her house was open to entertain, and her hand to minister to the necessities of Christ's servants.

All, indeed, cannot preach, and are not expected to preach the Gospel at home or abroad. All are not required to leave home and friends, and go out into distant and dark fields of missionary labour. But what we cannot accomplish personally, we can achieve through the instrumentality of others. Carey, the first missionary of the Baptist denomination in England, said, "That if Christian friends at home would hold on to the end of the rope, he would descend into the deep and dreary dungeons of heathenism." Though, I say, we cannot go ourselves, we

can, by our believing intercessions and tender sympathy and loving gifts, sustain and cheer those who have gone, and encourage and strengthen those who are willing to go far hence to fertilize and gladden "the wilderness and the solitary place," and cause the "desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose."

How long and lasting a blessing the wider diffusion of such a spirit throughout the Churches of Christ would bring down from on high it is impossible to overestimate. The long pent up fountains of liberality would be unsealed, discordant elements would be brought into fusion, disorganized forces would be marshalled, and the scattered rays of faith and love and zeal made to converge and concentrate with the burning intensity of focal power on the work of winning souls to Christ. J. B. D.

A MORAVIAN MISSION.

A small brotherhood of Moravian missionaries had been stationed for some years at Lahoul, on the borders of Thibet, and about a hundred miles from Simla, where the Governor-General of India (Lord Lawrence) was then residing. Their isolated position, their extreme poverty, and their self-denying labours among a semi-barbarous people were known only to a few; and when one of Sir John Lawrence's staff told him how they were accustomed to work in the fields as common peasants, to manufacture their own paper, to make their own clothes, and expressed a wish that one of the body might be invited for a few days to "Peterhoff," the Governor-General's house at Simla, a cordial assent was given, and an invitation was sent out by special messenger.

The missionary selected by the brethren walked the whole distance. His dress was a coarse suit of brown camel's hair cloth, which had been woven in the village and cut out and sewed by the brotherhood. He had no shoes, only sandals made of hemp and coarse string, and his whole baggage consisted of a portable coffee-pot in one pocket and his Bible in the other.

In the course of conversation Sir John elicited that the greatest hardship, next after the severe cold, which the missionaries had to endure, was the want of medicine and their inability to carry on the work of translating the Bible during the long six months of winter, since they had no lamps nor candles. A stock of quinine and other medicines was at once obtained from the Government dispensary, and a large quantity of half-burnt wax candles, amounting to several thousand pieces, which had been accumulating in the store room of the Government House, was ordered to be melted down in the bazaar and formed into candles of a convenient size. These were the self-appropriated perquisites of a well-paid native servant who, having no missionary proclivities, was indignant at the use to which the fragments were converted.

But the grateful thanks of the missionary, as he departed, with his precious burden strapped on a mule's back, and his last beaming words of joy, "You have given us life and health," have never been forgotten by those who wished him God-speed as he passed out of their sight.

The story has never been told till now, but it will doubtless, through the missionary press, some day reach that little band of devoted workers in their far off solitary station, and as they hold up their translation of St. John's Gospel roughly lithographed on the coarse paper made by their own hands, they will be reminded of an episode in the life of the man at whom the fashionable world of Simla may have thought fit to sneer as the "Puritan" Governor-General of India, but whom they will always remember with love and gratitude.—*Life of Lord Lawrence.*

FOURTEEN thousand openly-professed Protestants belong to the sixty Protestant organizations in Spain. It is just eighteen years since the first Protestant chapel was opened in Madrid.

THE Georgia Legislature passed a Bill lately placing a tax of \$10,000 upon every dealer in domestic wines and other intoxicants, who deals therein to the exclusion of foreign wines, alcoholic and malt liquors. The necessity for the Bill arose from the fact that the law under which 118 of the 137 counties in Georgia became "dry" permits the sale of domestic wine. Under this law the State has been filled with wine rooms, which sold the vilest compounds of wine and whiskey.