

center, 1892. Of this historic Church, it is only necessary here to state that it was built of stone, and apparently for defence as well as for worship. After the final departure of the Mohawks from the country, the Church was used as a stable, and plum and hazel-trees grew thickly about it. It was in this condition in 1820, when it was demolished to make way for the Erie Canal.

The Communion Plate given by Queen Anne to the Mohawk's Chapel consisted of six pieces of solid silver, two Patens, two Chalices, one Flagon, and one Alms-Dish, each piece bearing the inscription: "The Gift of Her Majesty, Queen Anne, by the Grace of God, Queen of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, of Her Majesty's Plantations in North America, Queen of Her Indian Chapel of the Mohawks." The inscription on the plate bears no date, but the silversmith's Hall-mark for 1711—Britannia and the lion's head erased, used from March, 1696, to June, 1730. The large Bible contains the words "To Her Majesty's Church of the Mohawks, 1712." Of this plate one Chalice and Paten are in use at the Mohawk Church, Bay of Quinte, and the remaining pieces at the Mohawk Church at the Grand River, where the Indians have lived for the past century.

The cause of the emigration of these Indians to Canada can be briefly told. Loyal to the British, they were naturally regarded with suspicion and dislike by the Whigs of the Revolutionary period. As the war progressed, the Indian Missionary, the Rev. John Stuart, was imprisoned on account of his loyalty to the King, and the little Mohawk Church, which the heathen Indians had once profaned by using as a slaughter house, was, by these civilized and enlightened white Christians, turned into a drinking house—a cask of rum being hoisted into the Reading Desk and the Holy Table used as a sideboard for cups and decanters.

The care bestowed on the Indians had begun to bear fruit. They became deeply attached to the Church, and Mr. Stuart reported to the S.P.G. that he had known firm to walk as far as sixty miles to communicate on Christmas Day. The time had now arrived when their mettle was to be severely tried. Hearing that a band

of Whigs, armed with authority to dispossess them of their lands, was moving towards Fort Hunter, they hastened home from their hunting-grounds, and although their own dwellings were blazing around them on their arrival, their first care was to fly to the Church and secure the precious Altar vessels, which they hastily wrapped in the fair linen and the heavy Altar-cloth, and carried into the depths of the forest, where they were buried safely in the earth. Then they returned, and leaving their own dwellings to the flames, they formed themselves into a body-guard round their revered Pastor and his family. The training of these hardy sons of the forest was beginning to tell. With scarcely a sigh of regret as they took a last look on the lands owned by their forefathers from time immemorial, they solemnly turned their faces towards Canada, henceforth the home of their race.

These men were the descendants of those terrible Iroquois, who, a century and a half before, had puzzled the best officers of Louis XIV., and for years checked effectually the growing civilization of New France. And, as we would expect, they met their expulsion with that calm indifference the world loves to see in those who move in a losing cause. They had staked their all in their firm loyalty to their king and country; they had lost all except their independent spirit—the birthright of their race, of which no enemy could despoil them. The expulsion of the Mohawks from the homes and graves of their fathers—this expatriation of a brave race, the tigers of America, the Romans of the Western World, as they have been called—was a theme on which the tuneful singer of the exquisite Hiawatha might have sung as touching a lay as even the matchless Evangeline.

When thus hurried away from their home, with no time to prepare for such a flight, Mrs. Stuart bore in her arms a young infant, and owing to ill-health, was unable to provide for it its natural food. Then an Indian woman, wife of the celebrated Captain Jack, at once weaned her own baby-girl, and took the white child to her arms, and nursed him back to health. Years afterwards, when this boy grew to manhood, and was known as the