

strife; but work and pray, and know that where we are blind God can make a way.

To your infant Church is committed the work of laying the foundations of schools, hospitals, churches and houses of mercy. In these new fields a bishop's life is one of deferred hopes. He must lay the foundation in faith, and build with prayers and tears. It may be that he is only chosen of God to lay the corner stone; but God will find another to complete it. There is no failure in work for God. Was it a failure when the good Bishop of Quebec came here through pathless forests to visit a few scattered missions in the wilderness? Was the life of good Bishop Anderson a failure, when through long years he did an apostle's work in these northern solitudes? Was it a failure when the dying Indian gave his son, Henry Budd, to God, whose name has nerved many to deeds of faith? Was it a failure when you sent McDonald to preach Christ on the Yucas river, in the wilderness of the arctic circle? There is no branch of the Church that has had greater rewards for heroic faith.

Brethren of the laity, as the grave grows nearer there may come to your heart a longing to do something which cannot die. The only work which lives for eternity is work for God. There are some of you whose names are connected with the history of this land. You may do for it what other noble hearts did for England, and found work for God which will live for ever.

There is another work which is very dear to my own heart: I mean work for the Red men. I know all that any man can tell me of the darkness of heathenism. I know how pitifully helpless these wild races are before the advancing waves of civilization. I admit that it may be the will of God that they shall pass away from the face of the earth;—but I also know that Christ died for them, and that He commands us to carry to them the messages of the Gospel.

In the earlier years of your missionary work, the self-interest of the Hudson Bay Company made the white man the protector and friend of the Indian. There was little for the Indian to fear from the isolated trader in furs. To a certain extent they were the patrons of the missions. All this is changed. The new life which is sending to you, by tens of thousands, an increasing population, will crowd the Indian until it becomes a choice of deaths. Unless you give the Indian a home for the wigwam, implements of husbandry for the chase, and schools and churches for his heathen dances and grand medicine; unless you give him something to live for, there may come to you, as there has often come to us, a time when the wail of massacre shall be heard throughout your desolated country. The problem is yours to solve—and it can only be solved by the lessons of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. There are no pictures among these Indians as dark as that drawn by the pen of divine inspiration in the first chapter of Romans. They are not as degraded as the people of Crete. The past ought to be the