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THE CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE

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No. 51.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

No. 51—THE MISSIONS OF THE UPPER OTTAWA.

By THE EDITOR.

IN No. 6 of this magazine (December, 1886) a brief account was given of the "Upper Ottawa Associate Mission," together with an illustration of some of the buildings connected with it. Since then the work has continued steadily to increase until new ground has

been opened and a second mission established. A reference to the financial statement of this mission for 1887-1889, being the final statement before its subdivision into two missions, will show that a work of no ordinary kind has been done there. The receipts during that space of time, both outside of and within the mission amounted to \$4,410 46, a large portion of which was spent upon the erection of buildings needed in the prosecution of its work. The establishment and remarkable growth of this mission is due to the energy and perseverance of Rev. Rural Dean Bliss, some account of whom will no doubt be acceptable to the readers of this magazine.

Charles Vaughan Forster Bliss, was born in Harvey, Albert County, New Brunswick, on 12th of May, 1853, his father being then travelling missionary in that portion of the Diocese of Fredericton. Subsequently his father was appointed to the Rectory of Sussex, King's County, and it was at the King's County Grammar School that he received his primary education. His father was a pioneer missionary who, from exposure and hardship, suffered early in life loss of voice, and had to

retire from active clerical work for several years. In 1867 he removed to Ottawa, where his son's education was continued at a private school. In 1872 young Bliss entered the Government service as Private Secretary to Sir Leonard Tilley, then a Cabinet Minister, and this office he held till a change of administration. Under the Mackenzie Government he held a similar position, being appointed Private Secretary to the Hon. Isaac Burpee, Minister of Customs. During these years he worked in outlying districts about Ottawa as

Lay Reader. In 1876 Mr. Bliss published "The Clerical Guide," which went through three editions, and was only discontinued because it involved financial loss. He continued in the Government Service for ten years, resigning in March, 1882, in order to devote himself entirely to Church and missionary work. He was ordained deacon on Advent Sunday, 1881, in St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, by the Lord Bishop of Ontario, and priest on St. Mark's Day, 1883, in St. Alban's Church, Ottawa, by the same bishop.

Mission work on the Upper Ottawa had been long in contempla-

tion by the bishop, but he had no one to send. It was a *terra incognita* to all but shantymen, and little information could be obtained about it. It was two hundred miles from Ottawa, and one hundred from the nearest parish or mission. The Mission Board had been petitioned to aid in opening the district, and for three years they voted a grant, but it was never taken up, the bishop being unable to supply the missionary. In March, 1882, Mr. Bliss offered himself to the bishop for that mission field and was at once appointed, leaving almost immediately, and holding the first Church



REV. C. V. FORSTER BLISS,
Upper Ottawa Missionary and Rural Dean, Diocese of Ontario.

service in this wild and picturesque country on the 18th of April, 1882. What a huge undertaking for a young missionary just admitted to Deacon's Orders! A parish with an area of 2,500 square miles, and a scattered population of 8,000 souls of all shades of belief, aye, and unbelief,—“one hundred miles of forest and plain, of scattered homes and lumber settlements—a tolerable field of work for the most earnest laborer.” To plant the Church of God in this wilderness was his commission. Taking in a rapid survey of the district he found fourteen townships having scattered settlements and desirous of the ministrations of the Church—an ample field of work truly. He established his headquarters at Mattawa, a hundred miles further west than any point at which service had ever been held. Beyond him there was no Church missionary nearer than Port Arthur in Algoma Diocese, nearly seven hundred miles distant. It was virgin soil,—no congregations, no churches, nothing but some scattered settlers known to claim the Church as their spiritual mother. He began his work at Mattawa. Services were held in a shed for several months. Other services were opened at points east and west, in distances of from twenty to ninety miles from Mattawa. Travelling was effected by means of the half finished railway, on gravel trains, box cars, etc., sometimes by canoe, other times on foot, just as circumstances required. Accommodation was of the humblest description. Night after night would be spent resting on a bench, in a box car, or in one of the half finished stations, or in a log cabin. Services were held in shanties, railway work shops, or in the open air.

Here is a specimen of a Sunday service in mid-winter in this wild mission given by Mr. Bliss himself:—“Leaving Mattawa by train at two o'clock in the morning, our destination is reached in an hour, when the missionary, wrapped in his fur coat, lies down on one of the benches in the railway waiting-room and sleeps (and that, too, quite soundly) until about seven o'clock, when, getting up, he walks three miles into the bush and breakfasts at the home of one of the settlers. Thus refreshed, he continues his walk another three miles, arriving at S. Margaret's Church, where he finds the churchwarden (quite a dignitary) has arrived, and is lighting the fire. He is reminded on entering, that there has been, since his former visit, a heavy fall of snow, and his first work before the fire makes itself felt, is to go up to the altar and remove a quantity of snow, that will find its way in through almost imperceptible chinks in the wall. Sometimes there is as much as two or three pailfuls. By this time a congregation of thirty or forty has gathered. Morning service over, he goes off to the nearest shanty for dinner, and returns for evensong, having about the same number of congregation. He concludes the day with a return walk of about six miles to the station, where he has to remain till midnight for the train, which, if in time, will land him back at Mattawa, and *bed*—for which he is quite ready—

at one o'clock in the morning.”

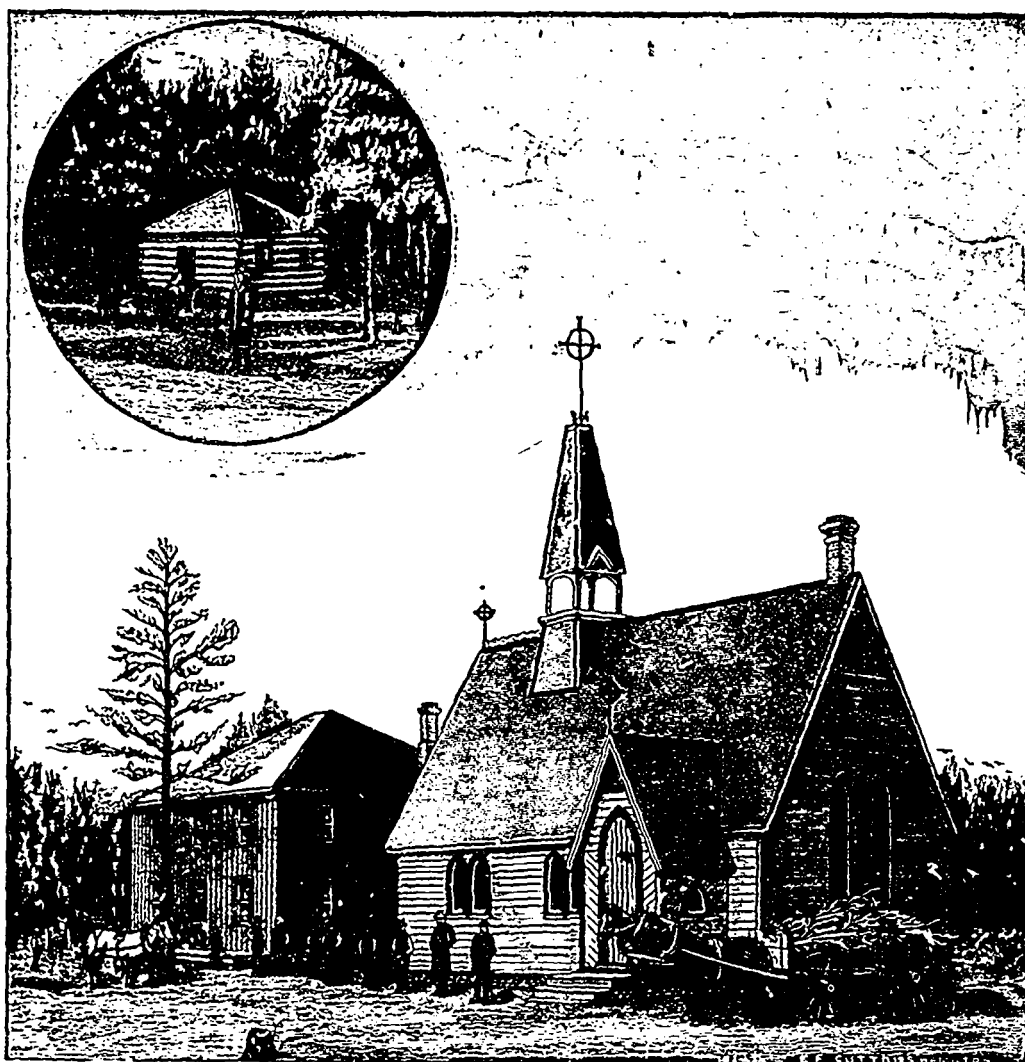
Mr. Bliss early associated with himself in the work lay readers, whom he got in England, none being available in Canada for such work, though he advertised for them in the Church papers. These were the early days of the work. It is different now. The visible result of nearly eight years missionary labor is as follows:—

In 1882 : Nothing. Now : Eight congregations, six churches, two parsonages or Mission houses, over two hundred baptisms, one hundred and fifty communicants, ninety confirmed during three visits from our Bishop. In prosecuting this work Mr. Bliss has personally collected and expended nearly \$12,000. All the properties with but one exception are free of debt and deeded to the Bishop. On the diocesan clergy list there are now four priests and two deacons, who served their probation in this mission as lay readers.

But the work became too arduous for one clergyman to supervise, and the stations too numerous, so in 1888, the Bishop, on Mr. Bliss' urgent representations, decided to sub-divide it, and form two missions, thus enabling each priest from these two centres to branch out still further and open work which could not be touched from but one centre, the distances being too great. In September, 1889, this was accomplished, and one of the lay readers was ordained, and at the request of Mr. Bliss appointed to the Mattawa section, having assigned him eight townships and five congregations. With characteristic self-denial Mr. Bliss then removed to the new centre at Petawawa, where he is beginning over again and opening up new work over six townships. He built a Mission House here last year and has now five congregations established, for two of which he has churches. His intention is to open service at every public school centre, and then to build churches wherever they may be deemed necessary. The prospects for the Church are very bright and Mr. Bliss assures us that he has felt much encouraged since taking up his residence in his new yet wilder district. He had worked from Mattawa for two years, but a distance of 90 miles rendered it a difficult task and, of course, it has been much more satisfactory since he went there to live. The Bishop of the Diocese, Dr. Lewis, Bishop of Ontario, has expressed very great satisfaction with this work, and last July was pleased to mark his recognition and approval by appointing Mr. Bliss Rural Dean of the District.

One chief obstacle that had to be overcome in getting the Mission divided was the want of funds, the Mission Board not being able to increase their grant. After considerable effort the people themselves were induced to increase their subscriptions, and Mr. Bliss resigned half of the Mission Board grant to the new mission, and this in the end will probably prove best for all.

With the sub-division the name “Upper Ottawa Mission” has, of course, been abandoned, the two Missions taking their name from the places where the missionaries in charge reside.



ALL SAINTS' CHURCH AND PETAWAWA MISSION HOUSE,
THE FORMER ERECTED IN 1888, THE LATTER 1889.

THE LOWER YOUCON, ALASKA.

IN a paper recently read before a branch of the Woman's Auxiliary, Diocese of Huron, Mrs. F. G. Newton, of Bayfield, thus spoke of missionary work in a portion of Alaska:—"I should like to say a word on the special field for which we have been working, viz, the Tenana Mission, Lower Youcon River, Alaska, occupied by the Rev. T. H. Canham, who is one of the most devoted missionaries in the world. We chose this remote field for two reasons: first, on account of personal friendship, and second, because those missionaries who are nearest us are best supplied, while those farthest away, who need it most, get almost nothing. Mr. Canham goes from place to place establishing new missions. The summer be-

fore last he made a journey of nearly 2,000 miles down the mighty Youcon River. He began his canoe voyage by meeting no one in 800 miles. Then he met many bands of wandering Tukudh Indians, who gave him a most hearty welcome. Of this tribe some 2,000 are now Christians, this number being one-half of the Christians in the whole of the Mackenzie River Diocese. They are well disposed, and have always been loyal to England. Rev. E. Sim, another C. M. S. missionary, who was also a dear friend of my husband, gave to these Indians the provisions which were sent to himself and died from starvation in consequence. Mr. Canham went to him when he was dying, and remained there for some time doing a grand work. The Indians are very eager to hear him, even staying without food, and half starved, to hear the

Gospel. They also go to him for stores, but although their wants are few and simple the supply is not nearly equal to the demand. The Bishop of Mackenzie River Diocese, the Right Rev. W. C. Bompas, who since his consecration in 1874 has worked amongst these Indians, living in their huts and sharing their scanty fare, without a single holiday, thus writes of them :—

In Arctic regions hearts are found
That with the love of Christ abound ;
That joy the whole day long to pore
O'er lesson book of sacred lore ;
That gladly leave the reindeer chase
To meet the messenger of grace ;
And humbly learn in frozen air
To trust a Heavenly Father's care ;
Do not these exiles put to shame
Some who disgrace the Christian name
In lands that centuries ago
The Word of Truth were taught to know ?

In a letter which I had recently from Mrs. Bompas there was enclosed among others a long one from Mrs. Canham, written in August last, a few extracts from which may be interesting, giving some idea of the difficulties under which missionaries labor. She says, "We were a good deal knocked about at first ; for a month we had to put up with a bed in one corner of the public room in the trader's house." This trader and his wife, who could speak only Russian, had six children and "the Indians coming in and out all day," she says, "we never had a moment to ourselves. Then the Alaska Commercial Company gave us one of their outhouses for a year, charging \$75 for it ; such a wretched, tumble-down old place, yet we got through the winter without even a cold, so loving and good is our Heavenly Father in His care of us. Our house consisted of two rooms, one we use as bed-room, store and other purposes, the other, our sitting room, has to do for holding prayers, school, cooking, eating and receiving the Indians in. We are never alone. Mr. Frederickson writes that he thinks of sending us two of his little girls to educate. I cannot refuse to take them or they will be handed over to the priests, but it is no easy matter, circumstanced as we are, to add to our household just now, but I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content. We have many blessings and many mercies, and God, even our own God, is ever with us to bless us and cheer us under all our difficulties." . . . "The people were very rude and noisy at first, and there was no reverence at all observed during service. The men came in with their hats, pipes in mouth, and kept up a conversation whenever there was a pause ; women shrieking at their children, and giving them a severe cuff every now and then. I am thankful to say there is a decided change for the better ; they only want to be taught and they will improve." . . . "We have a school of an average from 25 to 30 scholars, but we have been wretchedly off for school material, having only three slates, a few reading and copy books. Mr.

Canham had to chalk the alphabet on a piece of blackened canvas. They are trying to get a house and school house built (a church is quite beyond them), but so great are the difficulties they have them only half completed. Mrs. Canham says she would be glad to get a bell, a small harmonium, a book with simple tunes, etc., but she adds "Do not think I shall expect any of these things for a long time. I know something of the difficulty there is in raising money for any charitable object, no matter how excellent it may be." There are several other interesting items in the letter, but time and space prevent giving more.

We thought until lately that we were alone in working for this mission, but I read a day or two ago that the Woman's Auxiliary at Sherbrooke, Quebec, have undertaken to pay the expense of educating a young Indian to be placed with Mr. and Mrs. Canham, to be called George Sherbrooke.

This is thought the easiest and most effectual way of civilizing and Christianizing the Indians, namely teaching the children while their natures are soft and plastic, as you can make more impression in one minute on soft clay, than you can in an hour on hard brick.

The customs and beliefs of these Indians are very strange. The Esquimaux, who are found chiefly in Alaska and along the Arctic Sea, live in round, mound-like houses, with one door and without windows or ventilation. They consider whale-blubber a great delicacy, and are clad in furs, except when they can get the clothing of civilization, which they are not slow to adopt.

The medicine man is a great institution among the Indians. He has to go through a most sickening ordeal before he is a full-fledged doctor, among other things eat the flesh of several dogs raw and bleeding. If any one dies from an accident it is caused by an evil spirit, and they have numerous charms and orgies to drive these evil spirits away.

But while we are amused and wonder at these strange doings, we must not forget that we owe a debt to the Indian. We must remember that in by-gone days the Indians claimed their birth-right. They roamed free and unrestrained over these vast acres we now call our own without a thought of an intruder.

But the white man came and wrested their hunting grounds and their homes from them, and ever since has been driving them farther and farther back over the prairies and into the dark recesses of the forest.

And what have we done for them in return ? We have taught them to drink whiskey—"fire-water," as they call it. We have taught them other vices too. But we are thankful to say we have taught them some Christianity, and for this we have been richly repaid ; for during the Northwest rebellion of 1885, all the Christian Indians were loyal and "true as steel!"

Have we not then cause for encouragement ? and shall we not awake to greater zeal and earnest-



THE MOSQUE OF OMAR, JERUSALEM.

ness, being filled and thrilled with the holy purpose to teach these Indians to know Christ; that if we have taken their lands and territories from them, we may lead them to secure a better portion, "an inheritance, incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

THE MODERN JERUSALEM.

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER IN THE *Advance*.

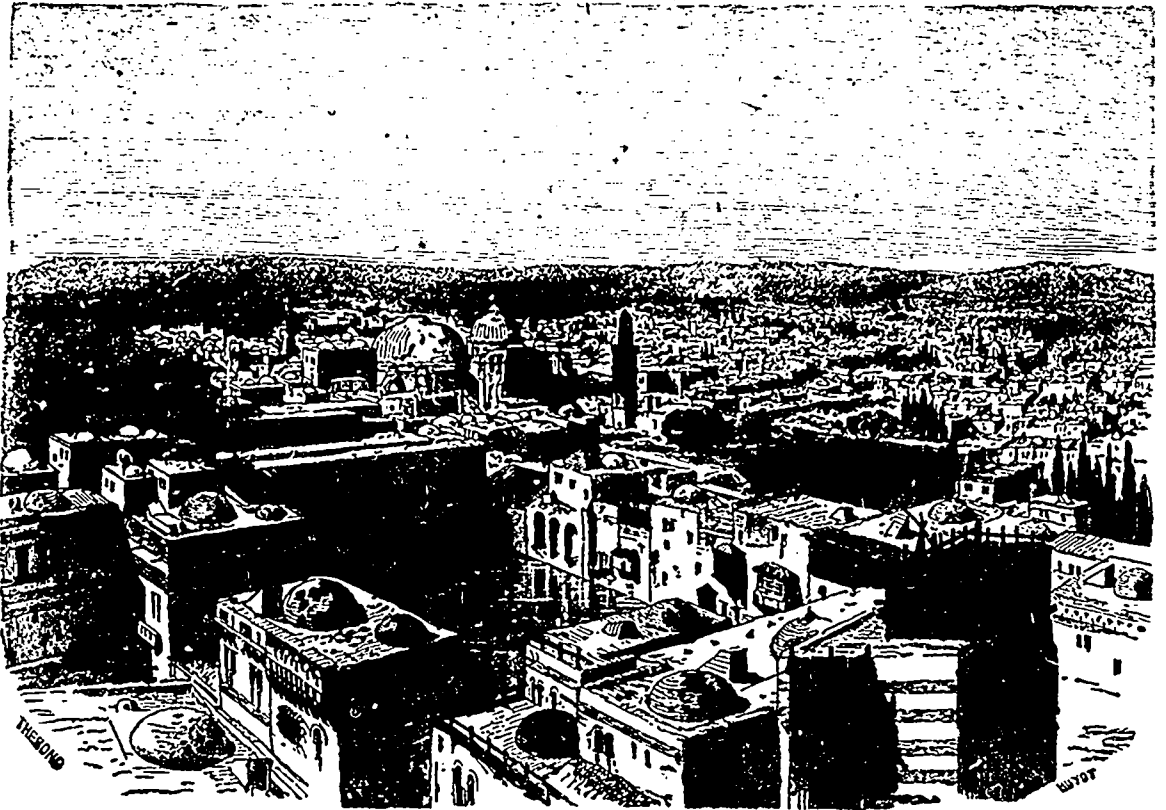
THIRTY thousand out of the forty thousand people of Jerusalem are Hebrews, and the Israelites bid fair to again become the predominant people in Palestine. The Turkish Government, which has for ages prohibited them from living longer than three weeks at a time in the Holy Land, is, under the influence of the foreign governments, relaxing its restrictions, and at present they are coming in by the hundreds. They are engaging in business, and they now control a great part of the trade of Jerusalem. Some of them feel that the day when the prophecy of the Bible that they shall again inhabit their land shall be fulfilled is at hand, and one curious tribe from Southern Arabia claims to have received a revelation that they must leave their desert country and come back to Palestine. They have lived in Yemen, Arabia, for the past 2,500 years. They are of the

tribe of Gad, and they left Palestine 700 years before Christ was born. They are bringing with them many valuable old documents which prove their origin, and not a few of them are engaged in agriculture near Jerusalem. A half century ago there were only thirty-two Israelite families in all Jerusalem, and the number in Palestine was only 3,000. Now there are nearly 50,000 in the Holy Land, and three-fourths of the population of Jerusalem are made up of them.

A curious people they are. They are nearer the type which existed here in the past, and they have a prescribed dress, and their appearance is like that of no other people of the Orient. The boys and men wear long, coat-like gowns which reach, without belts, from the neck to the feet, and which show other gowns beneath them at the front. Their heads are covered with cloth or velvet caps, bordered with long brown fur which stands straight out, forming a wide fringe about their heads. None shave, and all who can wear beards. They never cut their hair in front of the ears, and I have seen boys with the whole of the rest of the head shaved and these two locks left. They have hair of all colors, from black and white to a fiery red, and there are many among them with beards of silvery whiteness. Jerusalem is to the elderly

Israelite of Europe what Benares is to the Hindoo. He hopes to come here to die, and I am told that many of them here believe that if they die in other lands they will be dragged under the earth through the globe from whence they are laid until they come out upon the Mount of Olives. The side of this mountain is covered with tombstones, and soil from it is sent to Hebrews in many parts of the world in order that it may be put into their coffins at burial.

There are 150 synagogues in Jerusalem, but these as a rule are small, and they are not so fine as the other churches of the city. The service is different from that which is observed in America, and the women worship in a different room from the men. I was in Jerusalem at the time of the Passover, and I was told the feast is now celebrated much the same as it was in the days of the past, save that a piece of burnt bone now takes the place of the lamb. At this time they turned out in holiday attire, and I was surprised to see rich gowns of velvet and silk, of blue, yellow and green, on some of the men whom I had seen before in little more than rags. I attended the synagogues on the following day, and found them all full. The rabbis were gorgeously clad, and I have seldom seen more devout congregations. The men were all reading Hebrew out loud, and in the rooms adjoining I found women talking over the Scriptures or listening to the elder women among



THE POOL OF HEZEKIAH, JERUSALEM.

them who were reading. The rabbis of Jerusalem are not engaged in business. Some of them act as judges, and in quarrels the suits are always settled by them. The chief rabbi is now more than ninety years old. He is a very intelligent and bright old man, and is highly respected in Jerusalem.

One of the greatest sights of Jerusalem is the wailing place where every Friday certain sects meet on the outside of the walls of the Mosque of Omar, which occupies the site of Solomon's temple, and with their heads bent against the stones, sorrow over the loss of Jerusalem, and pray God to give the land back to his chosen people. This custom has been observed since the days of the Middle Ages, and it is one of the saddest of sights. I visited it last week. In a narrow alley surrounded by miserable houses—on stone flags which have been worn with the bare feet of thousands of devoted Israelites—against a wall of great blocks of marble which reached for fifty or more feet above them, a long line of men in long gowns and of women with shawls over their heads stood with their heads bowed, praying and weeping. Many of the men had white beards, and the long curly locks which fell down in front of their ears were of silver. Others were just in their prime,

and I could not but wonder when I saw the forms of these at times almost convulsed with emotion. Each had a well-thumbed Hebrew Bible in his hand, and from time to time the party broke out into a kind of a chant, an old gray-haired man acting as leader, and the rest coming in on the refrain. The chant was in a strange tongue, but as translated it is as follows:

Leader—For the palace that lies desolate:

Response—We sit in solitude and mourn.

Leader—For the walls that are destroyed:

Response—We sit in solitude and mourn.

Leader—For our Majesty that is departed:

Response—We sit in solitude and mourn.

Leader—For our great men who lie dead:

Response—We sit in solitude and mourn.

Leader—For our priests who have stumbled:

Response—We sit in solitude and mourn.

Leader—For our kings who have despised him:

Response—We sit in solitude and mourn.

The effect of this chant cannot be appreciated without hearing it. The old men, the weeping women who kiss the stones of the wall that separates them from what was once the site of Solomon's temple, and which is even now the holiest spot on the earth to the Hebrew, the genuine feeling expressed by all, and the faith that they show

in thus coming here, week after week and year after year, is wonderfully impressive. It is indeed one of the strange sights of this strangest of cities. A nation is mourned for, and other chants which they utter contain expressions such as the following: "We pray thee have mercy on Zion; gather the children of Jerusalem together; may the kingdom soon return to Zion; comfort those who mourn over Jerusalem; may peace and joy abide with Zion, and the branch of Jesse spring up at Jerusalem."

CHILD LIFE IN THE CHURCH.*

IT has been well said by a modern divine that "the world has tried every possible recipe for its ills, save one, and that is no longer new, even the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

Mankind is bound to find out that what Christ said is true,—that there is no help for it but spiritual help, and that even the problem of man's earthly being is at the root, not merely a financial problem, nor an educational problem, but that it is first and last a religious problem, with its starting point in the golden rule "Do unto others as ye would they should do to you." No man has obeyed, or ever will obey consistently, that rule, except from religious motives, and the only sufficient religious motive wherein to meet the dangers and difficulties of the 19th century, is the motive Christ presented for the similar conditions of civilization when ancient paganism was waning. All other systems have been tried and found wanting. But there ever stands over and against them all in quiet and eternal protest the religion of "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and forever." There are many agencies at work to promote love to God and love to man, and from these we shall now single out just one branch of service, which is perfumed with sweetness and light, full of present usefulness and future hope—that of "child life in the Church." The past centuries have almost overlooked the invaluable help of children in the building of the temple of God, valuable, not so much in the actual money raised, though that is proved to be very considerable also—but that an early dedication of their gifts and talents of time; opportunity and money launches them on the voyage of life, freighted with the eternal riches. Having learnt the principle and habit of giving freely and generously of that which has cost them *something*, they will naturally become in future years the supporters of missions, and standard-bearers in the service of God. There is, however, needed a close and earnest training for this youthful soldier. Let us not imagine that the signing of the cross on his brow is all that is needed in order that he should conquer the world for Christ. No, he must be taught and led, his heart must be

touched, his affections captivated, his faith strengthened, his knowledge deepened and widened, and all his powers trained in view of a hoped for end.

Do we expect our boys in college to attain to excellence in science and art without discipline and effort, and apart from skilled teachers and professors? Do we not give them a particular training, and expect therefrom a certain result? Why then should we be surprised if boys who are left a prey to every wandering influence should fall into fatal indifference for want of systematic training in the spirit and work of Christ? "As we sow so shall we reap." These little ones are offered to God in baptism, with prayer, supplication and thanksgiving. The Heavenly Father admits them into His family, and their new position in His household now calls for a special training. It is as if God said at each individual baptism "take this child and nurse it for me." And so the parents are in God's stead, and their words and looks help to mould the young soul for eternity. The tremendous responsibility rests with the parents to train their child in obedience, thus leading up to his following the commandments of God; they must inculcate principles of truth, honor and generosity; of love to God, which develops into love to all His creatures, and the duty of self sacrifice, which is the essence of all true love; this with prayer for the beloved one is the first and surest method of success from the beginning to the end of life. This is the Christian soldier's drill, which, faithfully carried out, must result in devotion to God and zeal for His service. May we not hope that we have here in our own diocese young hearts bright with hope, well trained and ready to take up the Cross of Christ when we are called to lay it down? Yes, there is here a little army of girls and boys who have started in the race; God grant that they may continue to the end.

I shall now review the work carried on especially in Ottawa, without referring to what is being done in the other cities of the diocese.

The report of 1889 of the "Children's Church Missionary Guild," which had its commencement about the year 1885, and of which there are now eight branches in this diocese, all working in co-operation with the Woman's Auxiliary, shows that there were last year about 250 children devoting their spare time and energies in the missionary work of the Church; and that the sum of not less than \$500 was, that year alone, devoted by them to Mission work, to which the boys have contributed largely. Then the Ministering Children's League, organized about 1887, by Lady Meath, has already in Ottawa three branches, those of Christ Church, St. George's and Billing's Bridge. As the main object of this league is to induce the children of *all* denominations to bind themselves to do each day, at least one act of kindness to others, we hope to see all the churches in our cities forming an active branch of their own, thus

*A Paper read at the fourth annual meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Diocese of Ontario, by Mrs. Harrison, of Ottawa.

promoting the fulfilment of our Lord's Prayer, "Thy Kingdom come," and all uniting with the children of Jerusalem in crying "Hosanna to the son of David, blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord." These branches of the league have undertaken mostly to work for the Children's Hospital, and Home, and other especial objects, and are doing it with a will.

The boys, amongst other industries, have shoveled snow, and given the proceeds. They make twine nets for cot beds, and they paste fire and bed screens. One little crippled boy, feeling the sadness of being shut in from childhood's joyful play, cut toy bricks of wood and papered and painted them for the amusement of other little fellows, deprived like himself of outdoor enjoyment. The children of Billing's Bridge, of whom there are over 50, brought each a new laid egg for the hospital on Easter Sunday. They get up a little concert amongst themselves once a year, the proceeds of which go to the Sunday School and other objects. There is yet another little band of about twenty, meeting monthly at Primrose Hill, who are learning from a faithful follower of her Lord the fundamental principles underlying the great missionary work. To this end they have taken up the three greatest missionary agencies, when and where the work originated, and whence are derived the vast resources which have been used so wisely in spreading abroad the marvellous light of the Gospel. The children are deeply interested, and prove it by little deeds of self-sacrifice. Their hearts have been drawn out more especially to the Indians of our great Dominion. May we not hope that at a future day, some of that little band may hear and answer the cry "Come over and help us."

Now from what we can gather it would appear that all these helps towards grafting the principles of the golden rule on the wild stock of nature, seem to have had their birth, so far as this diocese is concerned, in Ottawa. But the child life of the Church is still incomplete while we see so many of our bright boys growing out of their place in the Sunday School, and too often drifting into worldliness and agnosticism. This appears to be somewhat the result of not inculcating upon them, as upon the girls, that it is their solemn duty to give out now to others that which they have so freely received. This period of boy life seems to be the broken link that binds him to his church.


The girl generally assumes her place as a teacher of others, and thus the seed sown becomes part of her inner life. "He that watereth shall be watered." The young lad on the contrary, seems to think that now his Sunday afternoons may be devoted to amusement, in one of its many forms. Now our boys ought to be the staff of the Church and her pride and joy. Are they generally so? We ask this question especially of the mothers, for theirs has been more privately and particularly the happy privilege to lead them prayerfully in the path of life. We feel that the ma-

jority of men who take the side of God and goodness come to their decision in the early days when the heart is still freed and the conscience sensitive. As the gardener carefully trains the young plants, and jealously guards the tender buds from harm, knowing full well that in these dwell the hope and promise of the future, so should the men and women of the Church count as *priceless treasure*, the youth of to-day, who must so soon go forth in their turn to assume their responsibilities as men and women, and use every agency at their command to develop in them not only love to God and man, but also love to their Church. Their missionary knowledge may be stimulated and their brave young hearts fired with love to its holy cause by the heroic self devotion of the noble ones of earth, of whom they hear and read. We believe with Miss Emery that "that those who have sat among his boys with Pateson, and sailed beneath the southern cross with Selwyn, and walked the African deserts with Hannington, will not fail to care for the work of God in the north and south, east and west, in all that world beloved of God so much that for it He gave His only begotten Son."

Let us train our children so that, through all their youthful memories and their manhood and womanhood's fruition, may run the silver thread of love and devotion that binds them to the Holy Apostolic Church, the Church of their forefathers.

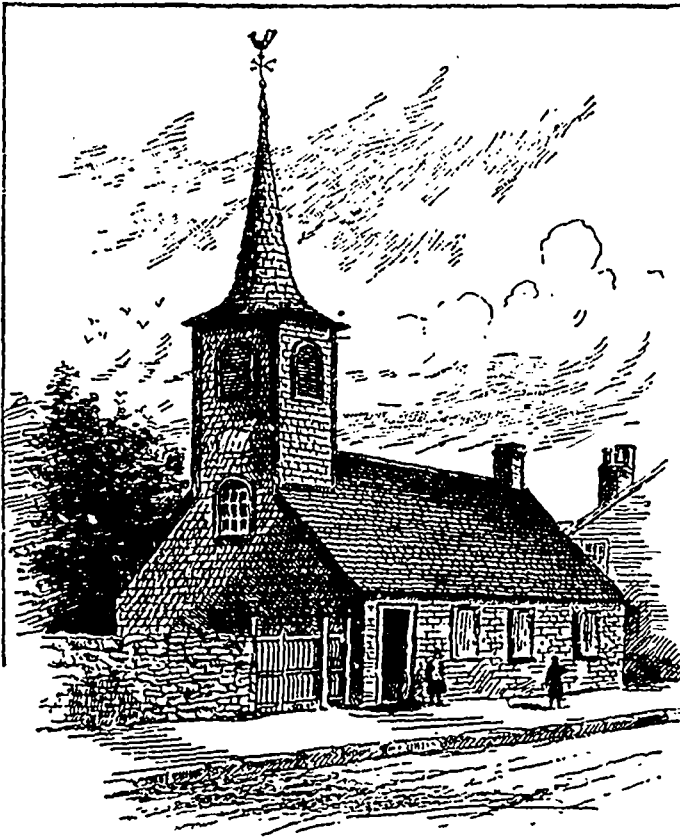
OUR PARISHES AND CHURCHES.

No. 50—THE ORIGINAL ST. GEORGE'S, HALIFAX.

N one of the principal streets of Halifax may be seen a small, weather-beaten building of ecclesiastical appearance, shingled from top to bottom, as is the custom still in Nova Scotia frequently to build, the walls being shingled as well as the roof—and this building has a history attached to it well worth preserving. Its crowning glory is to be seen in four figures proudly displayed upon the front, and indicating its age of over a century and a quarter.

The Rev. Canon Patridge, D.D., the present Rector of St. George's Parish, has written an interesting account of it, which has been published in Vol. VI. of "Collections of the Nova Scotia Historical Society," and from it we draw our information, presenting at the same time an illustration as it now appears.

It was originally built by and for the Protestant Germans, of whom large numbers came to join the infant colony founded under Cornwallis in the year 1749. Their privations and trials were even greater than those which usually fall to the lot of early settlers. Even on the way out many died and others landed mourning, but as they felt their way to better things one of their earliest thoughts was the necessity of having a place of worship. There seems to have been a thoroughly good understanding in those days between the Church of



THE ORIGINAL ST. GEORGE'S, HALIFAX.

England and the Lutherans. The two dwelt together in brotherly love, and each endeavored to promote the welfare of the other.

The parish church of Halifax was St. Paul's, and good Dr. Breynton, a full account of whom has already been given in this MAGAZINE, was its Rector, but he did all in his power to assist his German fellow Christians to procure for themselves a church. It is most creditable to these German families that one of their earliest efforts at improvement was directed toward the erection of a house of worship. They had been brought here by promises which those principally concerned in the immigration must have known could not for a considerable period be fulfilled. They had been landed in a foreign country whose climate was most severe, and whose language they did not understand. They had received a bare subsistence, doled out by grudging hands for the first year or two after their arrival, and had been compelled, however their wives and families might suffer from want of proper dwellings, to work out every penny of their passage money.

They were set down in the midst of woods,

with little knowledge of woodcraft, to hew out for themselves a log hut and to clear enough land to give them a scanty living by the sweat of their brow. But their brave and sturdy spirits rose superior to every trial and triumphed over all hardships. With resolute determination they began their work, and while they provided for their own needs they did not forget that they were the servants of God. The humble little edifice which they succeeded in erecting was opened for divine service about Whitsuntide in the year 1758, by the English Chaplain to the troops, the Rev. Mr. Slater.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was from time to time administered to the German congregation in their new church by Dr. Breynton, who appears to have been accompanied on almost every occasion by Mr. Wood. The reason of this may have been that Mr. Wood, who appears to have had a linguistic faculty, and had made himself acquainted with the Indian vernacular, that he might officiate in their own language to the Micmacs, might conduct the service in German: Dr. Breynton usually preached, and the texts of his discourses are duly recorded, with the significant comment:—"The sermon was preached in *English*." "N.B.—In the English language."

For each such visit the people made him a pecuniary recompense which always appears on the books as "a present to the preacher," or "a present to Rev. Dr. Breynton."

Dr. Partridge eloquently speaks of this little edifice as follows:—

"Very great interest naturally attaches to this venerable church, which stands in our midst, a monument to the simplicity and piety of the German settlers. Strong and carefully built, at the intersection of two important streets, amidst their constant din and turmoil, the spire of old St. George's points the thoughts to Heaven. Surmounted by the cock, the "wakeful bird of Peter," which always presents its head to the breeze and symbolizes the attitude of watchful care with which the Christian awaits the attacks of his spiritual foes, its quaint form and picturesque outline carry us back to a period when solidity was studied more than symmetry, and the useful more regarded than the ornamental. The church has several times been repaired, and loving and reverent hands have, within very

recent years, renewed the interior at considerable expense.*

As we stand within the humble walls of the building which served for half a century for the simple worship of these forefathers of our Church of St. George, our minds are carried back to early days. The little log hut, (for it was little better when purchased for its sacred purpose), surrounded by the uncleared forest, from which might be heard, at any moment, the war-whoop of the Indian, and liable to have its service of praise and prayer exchanged for the rattle of musket or the ring of sword, is a symbol in its sturdy strength, of the manly integrity and unassuming worth of those who worshipped in it. The sound of the guttural psalm still lingers in fancy's ear; the "large congregation" pressing round the Lord's Board to receive their spiritual food at the hands of a foreigner, and yet a friend and minister of God, still pass before the eye; while through the building resounds the eloquent tongue of the faithful ambassador proclaiming in no uncertain tones the unsearchable riches of Christ. Dimly conscious as yet of his meaning, yet catching in the very intensity of their eagerness the encouragement or the consolation for which their spirit thirsted, the earnest listeners drink in the pure water from the wells of salvation, and go forth in the strength of the Lord God to carry into their daily life the lesson so faithfully impressed upon them. Their bodies lie at rest around the church they loved so well; but their spirit still lives to work for God, under altered circumstances, with unabated zeal. Let us honor their memory and imitate their steadfastness; and as we pass the building with its century and a quarter of age sitting lightly yet upon it, let our heads be bared and a simple prayer be raised on high that our duties to God and man may be as thoroughly and unaffectedly performed as theirs were."

In after years it seems to have been abandoned by the Germans and to have become the property of St. George's parish, by whom it was used as a School House. On the erection of the present St. George's Church (the "Round Church"), but little use was found for it, but it has been allowed to stand as a pleasing little monument of bygone days.

THE advance of humanity towards righteousness is due, not to tyrants, but to martyrs.

A DEVOUT thought, a pious desire, a holy purpose is better than a great estate or an earthly kingdom. In eternity it will amount to more to have given a cup of cold water, with right motives, to an humble servant of God than to have been flattered by a whole generation.

*The escutcheon of Otto Leonard Lochman (from whom Lockman street takes its name) still hangs in the little church. He was a major in the free service, but had originally been a surgeon. He came with Governor Cornwallis. He died at the age of seventy-two years, and was buried beneath the church in which he had so long worshipped. His burial place shows him to have been a man of considerable distinction.

Our Indian Department.

Edited by Rev. W. A. Burman, B.D., Principal of the Rupert's Land Indian Industrial School, St. Paul's, Manitoba. Missionaries having items of interest regarding the Indians will kindly forward them to Mr. Burman.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

The Bishop of Athabasca, the Right Rev. R. Young, D. D., is paying a flying visit to England. The journey in from Fort Chipewyan, the Bishop's headquarters, was long and difficult. In crossing Lake Athabasca ice was encountered and very bad weather. The Bishop reports the work of his Diocese as going on very well. He hopes to be back in Winnipeg in time for the Provincial Synod which meets early in August.

ONE of the most interesting missions is that at Fort George on the East Coast of Hudson's Bay. The people here are mostly Esquimaux. Amongst these almost savage people the Rev. J. and Mrs. Peck have for years been laboring. God has given them much encouragement, and there has been a great change in the lives of many Esquimaux. Wild, superstitious, vindictive more than the Indian tribes of the north, they too have been conquered, by the old yet ever powerful story of God's redeeming love. Mr. Peck, whom it was the editor's privilege to meet years ago on his departure from England by the Hudson's Bay Co.'s ship, is a man of wonderful energy and power. Physically strong, accustomed from early boyhood to battling with the dangers of the sea—with much knowledge of men, gained while acting as a Scripture reader to seamen, and filled with abounding zeal and love, he has amply justified his selection for his work by the Church Missionary Society. Able to build and sail his own boat, a thoroughly practical man, it is no wonder he is highly prized by both his Bishop and the Esquimaux. He has translated and printed several portions of the Bible and Prayer Book into Esquimaux, using a modification of the Syllabic characters, first invented by Evans, a Methodist missionary at Norway House; and since largely used amongst Indians. Those of our readers who have access to the publications of the Smithsonian Institution, will find a very interesting *fac simile* of the characters used, and an account of the works translated in a Bibliography of the Esquimaux language published by the Institution.

We have been led to make this reference to Mr. Peck's work, by having seen an appeal for aid to assist him in training Esquimaux boys. It is a worthy object, and is so likely to be productive of the highest good that I hope it may be laid upon the hearts of God's people to give it their full and prayerful support. Letters to Mr. Peck can be sent via Moose Factory, N. E. Territory.

THE Rev. J. G. Anderson, who was last year appointed to the charge of the C. M. S. Mission at

Lac Seul Reservation, has, at the request of the Bishop of Rupert's Land, consented to take charge of the St. Peter's Mission at the mouth of the Red River. This has been rendered necessary by the resignation of the Rev. B. MacKenzie. This mission is probably the most important in the Northwest, and with its large population involves a vast amount of labor. Mr. Anderson has done good service already in the mission field, and we are full of hope that with the prayers and support of his many friends he may be a power for good amongst the Indians of St. Peter's. His place at Lac Seul is to be filled by the Rev. T. Pritchard, a former student of St. John's College, Winnipeg.

Mr. Coates, of the same college, is taking charge of the Rainy River group of missions, in which he is to be assisted by Mr. John Magrah, a former "Shingwauk Home" boy.

THE writer has just returned from a visit to St. Peter's Reserve, where services were held on Sunday, July 8th. It was in the midst of the treaty payment, when numbers of Indians receiving their annuity from the Government were met together. Morning service was held in St. Peter's Church, a large stone building, built I believe by the late Archdeacon Cochrane. Last year the Indians, assisted by a few friends, added a new stone chancel, at a cost of some \$800, besides a great amount of voluntary labor. The church will now seat several hundreds, and on the occasion referred to, was almost full. The service was entirely in English, the singing very hearty, and there were no less than 94 communicants at the Lord's Table. Amongst other friends worshipping with the Indians were Mrs. Cummings and Miss Paterson, of Toronto, who, as representatives of the Woman's Auxiliary, visited the Reserve with the writer. After luncheon under the hospitable roof of Mrs. Cowley, widow of the late Rev. Archdeacon Cowley, afternoon service was held in a little chapel on the west side of the Red River. The little building was packed, and the service a most hearty one, and one could not help feeling that much good and useful work of past laborers had been amply rewarded by God. Spite of many seeming discouragements there is evidence of the work of God's grace in many hearts amongst the sixteen hundred souls belonging to St. Peter's.

In the evening the ladies mentioned were present during part of an open air service in Cree, held by a native catechist on the Treaty Ground, at which a very large number of persons were present. The fact that in spite of so many other attractions, such a number of persons could be brought together is in itself very encouraging. The next day was spent by me in visiting the new treaty ground at the north end of the Reserve known as Netley Creek. Here all sorts and conditions of men were met. Traders, both Jew and Christian, exhibited their wares, cheap prints, gaudy handkerchiefs, Brummagein jewellery—

more substantial clothing and blaw'ets, with tin-ware and cooking utensils. Indians, some too far advanced almost to deserve that name, with others yet far behind as regards their advance toward the level of the white man, were camped in tents of cotton or birch bark, waiting their turn for payment, and meantime enjoying their annual meeting with friends from afar. There was much merriment, good natured jesting, with more sober enjoyment, but I am glad to be able to record that a careful outlook failed to show me a single instance of drunkenness. While much of the improvement in this respect must be attributed to the vigilance of the kind and courteous Indian agent, Mr. A. Muckle, much is also due to the growth of the people themselves in godliness and sobriety. For these things we thank God and take courage. There has also been a great advance in temporal things. After a lapse of nearly ten years I again saw the reserve in summer, and was pleased to see how much improvement had been made in houses, farms, and the increase of stock. Here at least the Indian problem is in a fair way of being solved.

NEAR the south-east corner of James Bay, is the C. M. S. station of Rupert's House. In a letter of January last the young missionary in charge, writes of his people:—"Some of our Indians are very poor. They have a hard time this winter, and have great difficulty in getting food, as the birds and animals, on which they live, are very scarce; and are therefore supported by the Hudson's Bay Company, from whom they very often receive flour, oatmeal, etc. All the Indians were in during the summer, except one party, of whom we have heard very sad accounts. Only two survived out of the whole party; some of them died of starvation, and were eaten by their surviving friends. The two who survived were a woman and a boy, and who came in just before Christmas to tell the sad story. My wife was ill during the early part of the summer, but is now quite well and strong. I had to take her to the doctor at Moose for medical advice. The journey occupied two weeks, and I again returned with two Indians in a canoe. Some of the Indians here are yet rather careless about spiritual things, although many are now well acquainted with the good old story of Jesus and His love. Some of the Inlanders are very attentive; and although they stay here only a few weeks, it appears that during their absence they do not forget the instruction they receive while they are here. It is rather difficult to persuade them to keep the Sabbath. Sabbath-breaking seems to be their besetting sin, and not until they are truly converted to Christianity will they keep God's commandments. When any come in during the winter from their hunting grounds, I often ask them, 'Do you keep the Sabbath?' The answer is generally, 'I try to keep it, but as food is so scarce I have to

hunt on Sundays as on other days.' I trust there may be a change in some of them in a few years."

RECENT additions and alterations to the Rupert's Land School makes it possible to increase the number of children to 70. These additional children are now being gathered in, and help is urgently solicited by the Principal.

THE Editor has just received the following from Rev. G. Holmes, of Lesser Slave Lake, Peace River District, dated August 11th, 1890:—

Our work at Lesser Slave Lake is making slow, but I think gradual and sure progress. We meet with a great many things to try and discourage, partly from the Indians themselves, and partly from the continued bitter opposition of the Romish priests; but thank God we have had very many loving tokens of the Holy Spirit's presence and power among us. Since January, 1890, we have received into our church by baptism four children and one adult. The latter was a bright young woman and a convert from Romanism. It was at her own earnest request that I baptized her, that she might, as she said be rid of all that belonged to that Church.

Our Cree services have been well attended, both by our own Church members, as well as by Roman Catholics, the latter often outnumbering the former, but to my knowledge no direct conversions have taken place. Our new church, in process of erection, is now near its completion, and we hope to open it about the 1st of November next. The Indians are looking forward to that season with very much interest, and I trust ere long it will be filled with sincere and earnest worshippers. To brighten and enliven our services we shall need a good organ, which, at present, I do not see any way of securing, owing to the lack of funds, unless some kind Christian friend, or friends, come forward and furnish the House of God, with what would serve as a substitute for their own voices, as well as an ornament which would tend very much to brighten its outward appearance, and also make our services more attractive to the Indians, who are themselves very fond of music.

Our school has made very fair progress under Mr. Burton's tuition, and, in spite of the bribes and threats of the priests, we had twenty-six names on the roll. Some of our scholars are now reading and writing dictation from the Fourth Canadian Reader, and getting on equally well in other branches of their studies. We have also been able, in the providence of God, to open a mission and school at Whitefish Lake, an outpost between 36 and 40 miles from Lesser Slave Lake, where Mr. Robinson, who came out from England rather more than two years ago has acted as catechist and teacher, and I am thankful to say that he has won the good will and affections of the Indians.

During last winter, having Mr. Burton as teacher,

I was more free to visit and travel, in which work I met with very much encouragement. For the prosecution of my travels I found it necessary to purchase a train of dogs, which cost me \$60 apart from the harness and sleigh. The harness cost \$15 and the sleigh \$7. The former was given me by Mr. Tate, and the latter by Mr. Hamilton, officers of the H. B. C., and former students of St. John's College, Winnipeg.

My first journey was to Whitefish Lake, where I took out a supply of provisions for Mr. Robinson in the early part of December. On my arrival I found him hard at work in the effort of making his cold, log shanty, which he and Mr. Burton had put up in the fall, a little more comfortable. The building was only 18 feet by 15 feet, built of green poplar logs, and without any floor except a few poles squared on one side laid down to raise him from the cold frozen ground. Although he had been without bread for ten days he did not complain, and would not have told me had I not made inquiries. During these ten days he was entirely dependent upon fish, which were a very scarce article at Whitefish Lake last winter. While I was there he related to me the following incident: "One day," said he, "I found myself with half a whitefish to meet the demands of a good appetite, and knew not where to look for the next meal, but I believed that the Master would in some way supply my need, and while I was meditating in stepped an old feeble woman, about eighty years of age. She had in her hand a stick of ten fine fish, which she put down at my feet, saying, 'I've brought you some fish.' I showed her," said he, "my half fish, and told her that she had brought me a timely gift, and without saying anything or asking me for any return for what she had already brought, she returned and appeared again in about an hour's time with other two sticks of fish (20), bringing at the same time a load of wood with her dogs and sleigh. For all this she did not ask me for a cent." What cannot God do? Here he sends to feed his needy servant, not the "ravens," but an old and feeble woman, and a Roman Catholic too. The Lord is continually fulfilling his gracious promise "I am with you always, even to the end of the world." I stayed over Sunday with Mr. Robinson, and spent a most blessed season among the Indians. It was a bitter cold day—about 45° below zero—which made it almost unbearable in our shanty, consequently we were compelled to seek another house in which to hold our Cree service. Our old friend, who had supplied Mr. Robinson's wants, cheerfully lent her dwelling for that purpose and was, I noticed, one of the most attentive hearers of the Word. Owing to the failure of the fall fishery, on which the Indians are almost entirely dependent for the winter, most of them had, as it were, to flee for their lives, and come over to Lesser Slave Lake, where there is always an abundance of fish.

(To be continued.)

Young People's Department.

INDIAN "MEDICINE MEN."

BY REV. W. A. BURMAN.

THE Indian medicine man is the representative of a class of men to be found among almost all heathen races, and especially amongst the more degraded. He combines within himself the powers of a seer, wizard, physician and counsellor. As such he is usually a man of great influence and importance in his own little community. He seems to supply, and his particular calling depends upon a felt want, which is almost universal. That craving is for a mediator or intercessor—one who, because of superior wisdom or goodness, or power, is able to stand between the ordinary man and the "Great Unseen," by which he feels himself environed.

The accompanying picture is a portrait of one of these men among the Dakota or Sioux Indians of our Northwest. His name, pronounced Shunkamakomani, means "dog walking on the ground." The sticks before him are his crutches. Three or four years ago, while acting as guide on the western plains, his horse tripped and fell at a badger hole, and rolling upon him, crushed his hip, and crippled him for life. Though suffering a good deal at times he manages with the assistance of his wife to get about and make a scanty living by preparing and selling medical preparations to Indians, and occasionally to settlers. His remedies are chiefly prepared from herbs, of which he has a very respectable knowledge, and some are undoubtedly of value. His curious head-dress consists of two buffalo horns, attached to a cap of buffalo skin. In one hand he holds a fan, probably the wing of an eagle or "wavy," in the other the unfailing Indian pipe. The feathers attached to his cap denote that he has been a war-

rior of note, and the numerous trinkets are made of shells, claws and beads, such as Indians delight in. When I visited him last fall I found him living in a miserable dark tent hidden away in a clump of willows, in a most wretched condition. Yet poor as he is he has adopted two tiny orphan children, a proof only that even he, ignorant and heathen as he is, has yet within his heart some measure of the precious grace of charity.

There is much that is both interesting and instructive in the position, character and work of the medicine men among the Indian tribes, and many writers have gone more or less fully into the subject. Few, however, have seemingly thor-

oughly understood it, partly no doubt because of the disinclination of the Indians to converse on the subject. In a brief article the matter cannot be thoroughly discussed, but the following notes may interest our readers.

The medicine men are not as a rule isolated and independent dabblers in the "black art," but are members of an exclusive organization of a semi-religious and mystic character. In the case of a tribe widely scattered it is usual to have an annual gathering at least, at which the various rites of the society are performed, and new members initiated. This is usually held

by our western Indians in the spring. A large tent is prepared, with a sort of passage leading to it, and made usually of canvas stretched on poles. At the entrance are stationed guards, decked out in gaudy attire with clubs, spears and other weapons, to keep out all non-members. Large quantities of food are prepared, the leading members prepare themselves by fasting and a series of rude baths in the "mitipi," or sweating-tent, as the Sioux call it, while those to be initiated as new members fast and sleep alone in the woods for several days and nights. At the appointed time the proceedings commence with a great amount of singing, to the accompan-



AN INDIAN MEDICINE MAN.

iment of drums, rattles and whistles. The old members of the "Medicine Circle" then march round within the enclosure, each decked out and painted according to fancy, and carrying a bag of charms, with hands outstretched. These bags are made of the skins of the animal, bird or reptile, which are held sacred by the individual members. I have seen them made of skins of foxes, otter, mink, marten, skunk, owls and snakes used for this purpose. During the dance some stand on either side while others march round with that stately step which is considered the perfection of dancing among Indians. At almost every round some one of the dancers strikes one of those standing about, with his "bag," at the same time hissing in a peculiar manner. This is called "Shooting the Spirit" into the person struck. He or she at once falls down as though in a fit, and after some few seconds of writhing about, generally in silence, the person gets up and joins in the dance.

Meantime the candidates for admission have been put through some secret ceremonies in the "mysterious tent." They now come out, scantily clad and painted in the most fantastic fashion, and take part in the dance. After a time they are escorted to the further end, where the leaders sit, silent and mysterious. A crowd gathers about them, while they are covered with blankets, and after various incantations are suddenly pushed over. Then it is discovered that the "spirit" has been "shot" into them. To prove this the ceremony is repeated, when by a jugglers trick, the chief man pretends to extract a sacred shell from the chest of the novitiates. After this they are initiated by degrees into the mysteries of the black art, and of medicine in its proper sense. They are then full fledged "doctors."

In another article we shall try to give some information about their manner of work, their knowledge of medicine, and their position among the people.

"NOT GOOD ENOUGH."

"HATTIE," said Margie one Sunday afternoon at the close of their Bible reading, "I've something to tell you. You know in a few weeks the bishop is coming here, and there is to be a confirmation in our church. Well, I am going to be confirmed."

"Are you?" asked Hattie, with deep interest.

"Yes. And, oh, Hattie, I wish you would be too!"

"I'm not fit," said Hattie. "I'm not good enough."

"That's just what I said to mother," returned Margie. "And she said, 'When will you be, Margie?' And then when I didn't answer, she told me to think over her question, and tell her that night."

"Well, what did you tell her?"

"I thought about it all that day," replied Margie,

"and the longer I thought, the harder it seemed to decide when I should be good enough. At last I made up my mind that it wouldn't be till I had more love to God, and that wouldn't come till I was older."

"That's just what I think, Margie. But what did your mother say then?"

"She said, 'Margie, when you came into this world did you love me first, or did I love you first?' 'You did, of course, mother.' 'Yes,' she said; 'you didn't have any love in your little heart for me at all when you first came. But I didn't mind that. I took you just as you were, and began to love you and take care of you; and I said to myself, By and by she will love me, just as soon as she finds out how much I love her. And very soon the love came. That is just the way God is doing with you, Margie.' And then mother told me to think that over."

"Oh, but I never heard of God doing that way!" said Hattie.

"Yes, mother said so, Hattie. And she told me to read the next morning the fourth chapter of the First Epistle of St. John, from the seventh verse, and see if I couldn't find at least two messages from Him about it. So I did, and found these two verses," and Margie turned to the Bible and read: "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us. * * * We love Him because He first loved us."

"Margie, you don't suppose that means that He will love us—love me, for instance, first, before I love Him?"

"Yes."

"It looks like it," said Hattie, thoughtfully. "I don't see how the words can mean anything else."

"No, nor I either," said Margie. "You see, Hattie, as soon as I began to find out, when I was a little baby, that mother loved me I began to love her, and mother says I must learn to love God in the same way."

"But, Margie, I don't feel that God loves me. How can I love Him when I don't feel that He loves me?"

"Mother told me," said Margie, "that I couldn't feel his love till I first believed it. She said, 'Believe Him first, Margie, when He tells you He loves you, and by and by the feeling will come.' And it does Hattie! the feeling does come!"

"It's a very hard thing to believe that He loves me, Margie. I'm so bad."


"Oh, so am I, Hattie, but still He says He does. And mother says we must just let Him begin to love us first, and by and by our love will come, just like the little baby's, you know."

Hattie walked home that afternoon with her mind full of what Margie had told her. It all seemed so new and strange to her. And yet, too, it seemed so plain. Margie's words, "We must just let Him begin to love us first," came to her again and again. How easy that sounded. Why shouldn't she "just let Him" love her, and be

glad that He did? "I will!" she said to herself, "I will! I'm not fit for Him to love, but I don't know how to make myself any better!" And, just as she was, little Hattie put herself into her Saviour's outstretched, loving arms.

Many were the sweet and happy hours the two little girls enjoyed after this in each other's company. Together they attended the confirmation lectures. Together they went to their kind pastor's study, who carefully instructed them, privately as well as publicly, in "all things that a Christian ought to know and believe to his soul's health." "Tender lambs they are," said the good man to Hattie's mother when she expressed fears that they were too young to realize fully the solemnity of the sacred rite, "tender lambs they are; but if ever any one accepted and delighted in the love of the Good Shepherd, they do. Many a lesson might we older ones learn from them!"—*Parish Visitor.*

BERT AND THE BÉES.

 ONE day, about noon, Bert had three buckets of water to bring from the spring. They were pretty big buckets, and the spring was at the foot of the hill. The weather was getting warm, too. He tugged away at one bucket and got it up; then he lay down on the back porch to rest.

"Hello, Bert! sun's not down yet," said his father coming into dinner from corn planting.

"I wish I were a big man," said lazy Bert, "and didn't have to carry water."

"But you would have to plant corn and sow wheat, and cut, and reap, and thresh, and grind," laughed his father.

"I don't mean to work when I'm big," grumbled Bert.

"Then you'll be a drone," said his father.

"What is a drone?" asked the little boy.

"A bee that won't work, and don't you know that the bees always sting their drones to death and push their bodies out of the hives!"

The farmer went off to wash for dinner, and Bert dropped asleep on the steps and dreamed that the bees were stinging his hands and face. He started up and found that the sun was shining down hotly on him, stinging his face and hands sure enough.

He hurried down to the spring and finished his job by the time the horn blew for dinner. "Father," he asked, while he cooled his soup, "What makes the bees kill their drones?"

"God taught them," answered his father; "and one way or another God makes all lazy people uncomfortable. Doing with our might what our hands find to do is the best rule for us all to live by."

Children are the milestones set along the road, reminding us of the distance we have gone on the journey of life.

MY LITTLE MAN.

I know a little man whose face is brown with tan,
But through it shines the spirit that makes the boy a man;
A spirit strong and sturdy, a will to win the way;
It does me good to look at him and watch him day by day.

He tells me that his mother is poor and sews for bread;
"She's such a dear good mother!" the little fellow said,
And then his eyes shone brighter—God bless the little man!
And he added: "Cause I love her I help her all I can."

Ah! that's the thing to do, boys, to prove the love you bear
To the mother who has kept you in long and loving care;
Make all her burdens lighter; help her every way you can
To pay the debt you owe her, as does my little man.

THE CONSECRATED WILL.

Laid on Thine altar, O my Lord Divine,
Accept my gift this day, for Jesus' sake;
I have no jewels to adorn Thy shrine,
Nor any world famed sacrifice to make;
But here I bring within my trembling hand
This will of mine—a thing that seemeth small,
And only Thou, sweet Lord, canst understand
How, when I yield Thee this, I yield mine all.

Hidden therein, Thy searching eye can see
Struggles of passion, visions of delight,
All that I love or am, or hope to be—
Deep loves, fond hopes and longings infinite.
It hath been wet with tears and dimmed with sighs,
Clenched in my grasp till beauty it hath none.
Now from Thy footstool where it vanquished lies,
The prayer ascendeth, "May Thy will be done."

Take it, O Father, ere my courage fail,
And merge it so in Thine own will that e'en
If in some desperate hour my cries prevail
And Thou give back my gift, it may have been
So changed, so purified, so fair had grown,
So one with Thee—so filled with peace divine,
I may not know or feel it as mine own.
But gaining back my will may find it Thine.

"Don't go without a bridle, boys," my grandfather would often say.

Do you think we were all coachmen? No such thing. If he heard one swearing or speaking foolishly, "That man has lost his bridle," he would say.

Without a bridle the tongue, though a little member, "boasteth great things." It is "an unruly evil, full of deadly poison." Put a bridle on, and it is one of the best servants the body and soul have. "I will keep my mouth with a bridle," said King David; and who can do better than follow his example?

THE more people do the more they can do; he who does nothing renders himself incapable of doing anything; whilst we are executing one work we are preparing ourselves for undertaking another.

KEEP your store of smiles and your kindest thoughts for home; give to the world only those which are to spare.

TURNED OUT TO DIE.

FROM THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.



TURNED out to die ! The faithful horse
 You mounted twenty years ago,
 A laughing boy, and galloped fast
 Amid the whirling flakes of snow.
 A better friend man never had
 Than Dobbin with the gentle eye ;
 But now a stranger's in his stall,
 For you have turned him out to die !

How oft he drew the heavy wain
 To market o'er the winding road;
 And homeward, cheerily again
Pulled back of winter's stores a load.
 And oft bedecked with ribbons gay,
 To fairs beneath the autumn sky,
 He drew a crowd of girls and boys,—
 To be at last turned out to die !

Have you forgot the stormy night
 When little Ned was taken ill ?
 The way to help was long and dark,
 Skirting the spectre-haunted hill.
 Old Dobbin failed you not that time,
 Though lightning cut the inky sky ;
 He bore you to the doctor's door—
 And now he's been turned out to die !

And when your father breathing low,
 Committed all things to your care,
 He said " be kind to Dobbin gray,
 The good old horse has done his share."
 He never shirked before the plough,
 But drew it steadily, and why ?
 He loved you all, and never thought
 That he would be turned out to die !

O, shame ! call back the trusted friend,
 And shelter from the biting blast
 The good old horse that served you well
 In happy times forever past.
 What if, when age has bleached your hair,
 Your children without tear or sigh,
 Shall say, " You've served us long enough,
 Father, we turn you out to die !"

One touch of nature it is said,
 Doth make the whole world kin, and now
 Call homeward from the meadows bare
 The old companion of the plough ;
 Give Dobbin true the warmest stall—
 The one he graced in years gone by—
 He's been a noble friend to you ;
 Beneath the old roof let him die !

IN one of my early journeys, writes Dr. Moffatt, I came, with my companions, to a heathen village on the banks of the Orange River. We had travelled far, and were very hungry, thirsty and fatigued ; but the people of the village rather roughly directed us to halt at a distance. We asked for water, but they would not supply it. I offered the three or four buttons left on my jacket for a drink of milk, but was refused. We had the prospect of another hungry night at a distance from water, though within sight of the river.

When twilight came on, a woman approached from the height beyond which the village lay. She bore on her head a bundle of wood, and had a vessel of milk in her hand. The latter, without opening her lips, she handed to us, laid down the

wood, and returned to the village. A second time she approached, with a cooking vessel on her head, a leg of mutton in one hand, and a vessel of water in the other. She sat down without saying a word, prepared the fire, and put on the meal. We asked her again and again who she was. She remained silent, until we affectionately entreated her to give a reason for such unlooked for kindness to strangers. Then the tears rolled down her sable cheeks, and she replied :

" I love Him whose you are, and surely it is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in His name. My heart is full, therefore I cannot speak the joy which I feel in seeing you in this out-of-the-world place."

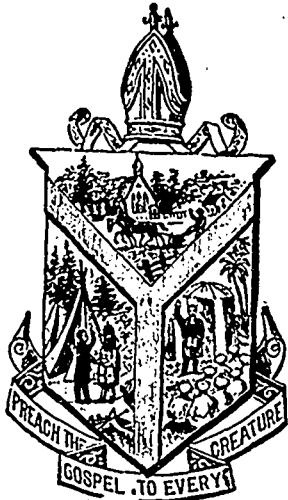
On learning a little later of her history, and that she was a solitary light burning in a dark place, I asked how she kept up the light of God in the entire absence of the communion of saints. She drew from her bosom a copy of the Dutch New Testament, which she had received from a missionary some years before. " This," she said, " is the fountain whence I drink ; this the oil that makes my lamp burn."

I looked on the precious relic, printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the reader may conceive my joy while we mingled prayers and sympathies together at the throne of the heavenly Father.

A GLOOMY picture of the result of commercial intermingling is given by Joseph Thomson, the African explorer. He speaks from personal experience, and his testimony is entitled to respect and credence. He says that the efforts of the missionaries are practically nullified by the rapid demoralization of the natives produced by importations of gin and guns by Western merchants. He holds that the slave trade is far less injurious than are the evils wrought by intoxicating liquors. He sees no hope of preventing Africa from sinking still deeper in the scale of savagery and degradation, even through the united action of the so-called Christian nations in keeping from her the body and soul-destroying agencies which this trade has introduced so extensively among her degraded populations. This is another of the many appeals made to Christendom. When will the cry of the Dark Continent be heeded, Send us the Gospel, not rum—the school and the church, not the weapons of warfare ?

THE Porte is contemplating sending to those regions in Africa inhabited by Mussulmans a mission of about a dozen Arabian Professors, learned in the faith of Islam, to report upon the condition of the people of that creed and their present religious outlook. It is thought necessary to distribute these teachers for the universal instruction of the natives of the tenets of the Moslem creed. The mission is expected to start after the month of Ramadan.

Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society
OF THE
Church of England in Canada



All persons who are members of the Church of England in Canada are members of this Society. See Canon XIX, Provincial Synod.

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The next meeting of the Board of Management is appointed to be held in Kingston, Ont., on Wednesday, Oct. 8th, 1890. In By-law No. 5 (printed) "September" has been changed to "October."

The Canadian Church Magazine

AND MISSION NEWS.

A Monthly (illustrated) Magazine published by the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada.

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REV. CHAS. H. MOCKRIDGE, D.D., Editor and Manager, 11 Ann St., Toronto, Ont. Money orders should be made out "Carlton street, Toronto."

NO. 51. SEPTEMBER. 1890.

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The figures after your name on the label indicate the number of the magazine up to which you are paid.

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	1887	1888.	1889.	1890.	1891.
January.....	7	19	31	43	55
February.....	8	20	32	44	56
March.....	9	21	33	45	57
April.....	10	22	34	46	58
May.....	11	23	35	47	59
June.....	12	24	36	48	60
July.....	13	25	37	49	61
August.....	14	26	38	50	62
September.....	15	27	39	51	63
October.....	16	28	40	52	64
November.....	17	29	41	53	65
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If in arrears kindly remit to us. Hundreds neglecting this keep us out of hundreds of dollars—a serious matter to us.

BACK NUMBERS.

We are now in a position to supply back numbers of the CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE AND MISSION NEWS from its first number. Vol. I., July, '86—Dec., '87 (18 numbers) \$1.50. Vol. II., 1888, \$1.00. Vol. III., 1889, \$1.00. When bound these make handsome volumes. Handsome covers in blue cloth may be had for these volumes for fifty cents each by applying to the Editor. If by mail, send 5 cents additional for each volume to cover postage. These three volumes contain portraits of all the Bishops of British North America, past and present.

NOTES.

THE Editor requests that all communications be addressed to him at 11 Ann st., Toronto, Ont., and that all money orders be made out "Carlton st., Toronto."

MRS. CUMMINGS and Miss Paterson have had a most successful tour, visiting the Indian mission stations of the Northwest and British Columbia. We hope to give some account of their journey and discoveries before long. One result of their visit has been that an effort is to be made at once to establish branches of the Woman's Auxiliary in British Columbia.

We have had during the present summer a visit from Rev. J. Hines, who for many years has been a missionary in the Northwest. He says that though many things have been published regarding the work of the Methodists among the Indians, the fact is that the bulk of the real work is being done by the Church of England. In all the vast territory embraced by the Dioceses of Mackenzie River, Athabasca, Moosonee and Saskatchewan, the Methodists have not a single station, and the Presbyterians have but one. It is true this is but work among the Indians, but it is God's work nevertheless, and we may be thankful that, largely due to the Church Missionary Society of England, our beloved Church is foremost in prosecuting it.

THE result of the conference lately held in Winnipeg among representative men from nearly all the dioceses of the Dominion will no doubt be that a General Synod for the Church in British North America will be established, retaining however the present Provincial and Diocesan Synod system. Though many would like to see less legislation in the Church, and think that we could very well do without the Provincial and considerably modify even the Diocesan Synods, still the almost certain prospect that Churchmen from the Atlantic to the Pacific will ere long meet together in the interests of our grand old Church, must be a subject of much congratulation and joy. No doubt the scope and bounds of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society will then be enlarged to embrace all the dioceses of the Dominion,—a consummation most devoutly to be wished.

IN Tampa, Florida, there is a colony of 4,000 Cubans, among whom no word of the Gospel is spoken in their own language. Very few of them speak English.

THE China Inland Mission has established in China sixteen opium refuges, three hospitals and five dispensaries. Their churches number sixty-six and chapels 110.

THE expression of reverence in public worship has much to do with the feeling of the worshippers, and with the impressions of the service. The habit of bowing the head in silent prayer on entering the church prepares one to enter heartily into the spirit of public prayer and praise. It suggests also the presence of God, and the reverent recognition of it by His children. In most Episcopal churches this is usual. It should not be less so in churches of other denominations. A few words counselling this habit by pastors, teachers in Sunday Schools, and parents, would secure its observance. Indeed, its appropriateness is so evident that we have known an instance where a single worshipper, who had been trained to it, became a habitual attendant at a church where no one had thought of it, and the example, with no word spoken about it, was soon generally followed. Let each one who enters God's temple show that he meets his Father there.—*The Congregationalist*.

THE emigration of Syrians to foreign lands continues. Between ten and fifteen thousand of them from the pashalic of Mount Lebanon alone have taken out passports during the last few years, going mostly to the United States, to Brazil and Buenos Ayres.

IN the Mysore country, India, the people believe that the gods will be angry if a child is born in or near a human habitation. The mother and little child must remain in the field or forest twenty-one days, and no one will come to bring even a cup of water until the child is several days old. Even the faith of heathenism is cruel.

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY MISSION, OMOKSENE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR AND BRETHREN IN CHRIST
JESUS:—

As the autumn comes on I have once again ventured to appeal to the generous readers of the CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE, and to lay before them some account of our work and our wants. Of the former let me say we thank God for having spared us for another year to labor for Him, and pray that the fruits of our labor may be seen in the years to come. Since I last wrote to the MAGAZINE a new school has been opened some twenty-two miles from here, and good progress has been made in the short time the school has been held. We have now two schools with teachers whose salaries have been paid by the Church Missionary Society. We would like to have at least two more Boys' Schools, but before these can be opened we must receive the promise of \$250 for each teacher, and \$250 for a small house. It rests with Canada whether these schools shall be opened or not. Our bishop has partly promised one of our chiefs that a school

shall be opened in his camp, but before this can be done we need some of our churches in the east to guarantee to pay \$250 per annum towards the teachers' salary and an additional \$250 the first year to provide a small house.

Then comes our Indian Girls' Home, for which I have been pleading for two years. I am thankful to say I have at last commenced it in faith, trusting that now it has been commenced our friends will assist us with the funds. A building 68 feet by 25 is now in course of erection, and \$250 more is needed by the end of September to pay for the walls and roof of the building, including flooring joists. Then I have to purchase the windows and doors and lumber to complete the inside of the building and floor the rooms. Nearly the whole of the work after the walls are up and roof on I shall do myself. Our Indians are very anxious we should open the Home before the winter sets in, and I earnestly ask our Christian friends to come to our aid. The lady to assist my dear wife is ready to come, and I hope to be able by the end of September to write to our H ron friends, and say we are ready for our sister in Christ to join us in the blessed work of training our Indian sisters for Jesus. The girls are very anxious to come to us. Dear brothers and sisters in Christ help me to pay off the bills due the end of September, and send me funds to complete the building. Lumber and all kinds of material are very high here. I myself will do the work or nearly all after the walls are up. Surely your Christian readers will give me material for the work. Let me not have to delay the work till another year. What will the poor Indian women say when they see the building roofed, and yet not fit to take them in? I do sincerely thank those dear friends who in the past have helped us with funds. Again I plead to them and others to come to our help. Then I ask to be permitted to plead for clothing for our poor people. During the past winter hundreds of needy ones were denied even one garment. They are very poorly clad now, and all the crops on the Reservation this year are a failure. I don't think there will be fifty dollars worth of grain and potatoes for sale from the whole of our 2,300 Indians. What will they do for clothing? They will come to us when the cold weather closes on them and ask us again to help them? What dear friends is to be our reply? Unless we receive far more this year than we did last our Indians must suffer before the spring. One thing I do ask you to bear in mind is the number of Indians on this reserve. There is only one Indian Reservation in the whole of Canada which anything like approaches us in number, that is the Blackfeet under Mr. Tims, where there are about 1,900, then comes the Piegiens, about 800. The other Reservations vary from 80 to 400. I am afraid in the past, from what I have heard, that our friends have not looked at the numbers, but rather that each Reservation should receive equal help irrespective of the numbers on the Re-

serve. If our friends will only inquire the number of Indians on the different Reservations they will find that some have been receiving more clothing than was necessary. I do not desire to be personal, but I do sincerely ask our dear friends to look at the number of Indians found on some of the Reserves. How anxious I am that our boys should receive some good clothing for Christmas. Some 200 shirts alone are needed. As to the girl's dresses, patterns will be gladly sent. What of the old widows? Last year we could not supply one in ten, whilst the old men fell very short of coats and shirts. Whilst we are not anxious to be termed distributors of old rags we are delighted to receive partly worn coats and trousers, hats or gloves, for our men and boys. I can assure you the old men treasure the partly worn overcoats, and as soon as the cold weather is over these coats are laid by carefully for the future. Will not our lady friends earnestly endeavor to find for us some such useful articles? But pardon me if I say, let all carriage be paid. It is hard for the poor missionary when he goes to get the bale to find three or four dollars due on them. We can not afford to pay it. We can scarcely make both ends meet. In fact some of us at the close of the year find the balance on the wrong side.

We do sincerely thank our kind friends for past help, and earnestly ask them to read over a second time our wants, and may the Lord incline the hearts of many to assist us in our work, for the temporal and spiritual wants of the poor Blood Indians.

Thanking you for inserting this

Believe me ever

Your brother in Christ Jesus,

SAMUEL TRIVETT.

P. S.—Let all goods be addressed to Rev. Samuel Trivett, Lethbridge via Dunmore, per C. P. Railway.

MY LIFE AMONG THE INDIANS.

BY BISHOP WHIPPLE IN THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

(Concluded.)

SURELY an Indian mother's heart is like a white mother's heart. In several wigwams I saw a little bundle ornamented with strips of bead work. The bereaved mother had taken the things which belonged to her dead child and made a bundle and ornamented it; and this she carried for a year in memory of her child. They believe that the departed spirit lingers by the grave, and offerings of bread are often placed beside it. I once saw an old man sitting on the bank of the upper Mississippi. I called him, and said: "Friend, come and dine with me." After dinner I said: "I have plenty of provisions. I shall be in the Indian country a week longer. If you will go with me I will feed you, and when we part I will give you all the

stores I have left." He said: "You have a kind heart. I thank you. My old wife is sleeping in a grave yonder. I cannot go away from her, for she will be lonesome."

I held my first Indian Council at Gull Lake. The Lord Bishop of Rochester said to me: "An Indian Council has all the dignity of the House of Lords, with this difference—that the House of Lords never listen; the Indians always do." The speaker rises, shakes hands with the principal men in the audience, drops his blanket from his right shoulder, leaving his arm free for gestures, and in a simple, straightforward manner presents his subject, enforcing his argument by many illustrations drawn from nature and daily life. They never interrupt a speaker. The last words of every speech are, "I have done."

In these early visits I heard many stories to make my cheeks blush for shame. The Ojibways justly claimed arrears of more than \$50,000 under old treaties, which had never been paid. They sold some of the most beautiful land in Minnesota for one cent and a half an acre, under the promise that it should become the home of a friendly body of Indians, who would be a protection against their enemies, the Dacotahs. The treaty was made, and the country was immediately opened for white settlement. The Dacotahs had sold 800,000 acres of their reservation upon the plea that they needed more money for civilization. They waited four years and never received one penny; it was all taken for claims. This, and the withholding of their annuities for two months, precipitated that awful massacre of 1862 in which 800 of our citizens were slain. It is not easy to answer these overtrue charges of robbery, or even to condemn the Indian for his sins.

On a visit to the Dacotah mission a scalp dance was held near the mission house. I was indignant. I went to Wabasha, the head chief, and said: "Wabasha, you asked me for a missionary and teacher. I gave them to you. I visit you, and the first sight is this brutal scalp-dance. I knew the Chippeway whom your young men have murdered; he had a wife and children; his wife is crying for her husband; his children are asking for their father. Wabasha, the Great Spirit hears his children. He is angry. Some day he will ask Wabasha, 'Where is your red brother?' The old chief smiled, drew his pipe from his mouth, blew a cloud of smoke upward, and said: "White man go to war with his own brother in the same country; kill more men than Wabasha can count in all his life. Great Spirit smiles; says, 'Good white man; he has my book; I love him very much; I have a good place for him by and by.' The Indian is a wild man; he has no Great Spirit book; he kills one man; has a scalp-dance; Great Spirit is mad and says, 'Bad Indian; I will put him in a bad place by and by.' Wabasha don't believe it."

The Indian has a keen appreciation of humor, and is like a child in his mirthfulness. No orator can see the weak points of his adversary's armor or silence a foolish speaker more quickly.

Old Shah-ban-skong, the head chief of Mille Lac, brought all his warriors to defend Fort Ripley in 1862. The Secretary of the Interior, and the Governor and Legislature of Minnesota, promised these Indians that for this act of bravery they should have the special care of the government and never be removed. A few years later, a special agent was sent from Washington to ask the Ojibways to cede their lands and remove to a country north of Leech Lake. The agent asked my help. I said: "I know that country. I have camped on it. It is the most worthless strip of land in Minnesota. The Indians are not fools. Don't attempt this folly. You will surely come to grief." He called the Indians to Council, and said: "My red brothers, your great father has heard how you have been wronged. He said 'I will send them an honest man.' He looked in the North, the South, the East and the West. When he saw me, he said, 'This is the honest man whom I will send to my red children.' Brothers, look at me! The winds of fifty-five years have blown over my head and silvered it over with gray, and in all that time I have never done wrong to any man. As your friend, I ask you to sign this treaty."

Old Shah bah-skong sprang to his feet and said: "My friend, look at me! The winds of more than fifty winters have blown over my head and silvered it over with gray; but they have not blown my brains away."

That council was ended.

An agent who had won the distinction of a militia general desired to impress the Indians. Dressed in uniform, with chapeau and sword, he said: "Your great father thinks that one reason why he has had so much trouble among the Indians is that he has always sent to them civilians. This time he said, 'These red men are warriors; I will send to them a warrior,' and he sent me." An old chief arose, drew a long breath and said: "I have heard ever since I was a boy, that white men had their great warriors. I have always wanted to see one. I have looked at him, and I am now ready to die."

Since that first visit, after I had made a visitation in the white field, I went in the Indian country and travelled each year from 500 to 1,500 miles on foot or in a birch-bark canoe, going from village to village, to hear their tale of sorrow, and with a brother's heart and hand to try to help them.

At first we saw very little fruit. The work seemed hopeless. The Indian medicine men, who made gain of their people, were our bitter foes. Old Shah-da-yence, the leading medicine-man of the nation, was my Alexander Copper-smith. A Christian Indian died in the triumphs of faith. His last words were to ask friends to follow him to the other home. The next day all

the medicine-men disappeared. They were gone a month. One day they came back with blackened faces (Indian mourning) and in rags. The people asked what it meant. The medicine men said: "It is too awful to tell." After much persuasion they revealed the awful secret. They said: "We travelled far in the forest and held a fast. The Great Spirit showed us the other world. We saw this Christian Indian wandering alone. He told us that when he died he went to white man's heaven and asked admission. The angel at the gate said: 'Who are you?' He said: 'A Christian Ojibway.' The angel shook his head and said: 'This is a white man's heaven. No Ojibway has ever come here. There are happy hunting grounds for the Ojibways. You must go there.' He travelled until he came to the red man's heaven, and asked admission. The angel at the gate asked him: 'Who are you?' He answered: 'A Christian Ojibway.' The angel shook his head and said: 'The Ojibways are medicine-men. If you are a Christian you must go to the other heaven.' The poor man would have to wander alone forever."

Old Shah-da-yence had a great desire to have his son educated, and we brought him, with other Indian children, to Faribault. At wayside inns the border people would gather about the wagon and say: "Wonder what he is going to do with these Injun children." "Perhaps he thinks he can make Christians out of them." "It can't be did." "You might as well tame a weasel." Four of these boys became ministers of the church. The old medicine-man learned from his son to believe in Jesus Christ, and I have never known any man whose whole life was more thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Christ. In his old age I have known him to walk to Red Lake, seventy miles, to tell his people of the love which filled his heart.

In those early days my visits to Washington were oft repeated stories of blighted hopes. I found President Lincoln a willing listener. I told him the story of the massacre of 1862, when 300 miles of our border was one track of blood. As I repeated the story of specific acts of dishonesty, the President said: "Did you ever hear of the Southern man who brought monkeys to pick cotton? They were quick; their long, slim fingers would pull out the cotton faster than negroes; but he found it took two overseers to watch one monkey. This Indian business needs ten honest men to watch one Indian agent."

From the martyred President I received the highest compliment ever paid to me. He said to a friend: "As I listened to Bishop Whipple's story of robbery and shame, I felt it to my boots," and rising to full height, he said: "If I live, this accursed system shall be reformed." He would have done it.

Secretary Stanton said to General Halleck: "What does Bishop Whipple want? If he came here to tell us that our Indian system is a sink of iniquity, tell him we all know it. Tell him the

United States Government never redresses a wrong until the people demand it. When he reaches the heart of the people, the Indians will be saved."

As I recall those early days, there come to me many sweet memories of the heroism of my Indian friends. All that sheds light on the days when I was walking on my heart is the story of Indian bravery. Other Day, Taopi, Wabasha, Good Thunder, Simon Anagmani, Lorenzo Laurence, Wah-hau-ca-ma-za, and many others were heroes as the world measures heroes. Taopi carried to his grave a certificate saying, "Taopi, a wounded man is entitled to the lasting gratitude of the United States for having, with other Christian Indians, rescued 200 white women and children during the Sioux war." He died of a broken heart. His last words to me were: "The Great Spirit has called me to go on the last journey. I am not afraid, for Jesus is with me, and I shall not be lonesome on the road." Dear old Good Thunder, chief of scouts, is living at Birch Cooley. He came to his old home and bought eighty acres of land. He said to me: "I have come back to my old home. I cannot live without a 'tipi wakon,' where I can worship the Great Spirit. If you will give my people a church, I will give you twenty acres of land." No guest is more welcome in my home than this Christian chief.

Generals Terry, Miles, Stanley, and Custer have again and again borne tribute to the fidelity of these scouts. After General Custer returned from the Black Hills, he wrote to the Rev. Mr. Hinman: "I cannot allow these scouts to return to their homes without bearing testimony to their fidelity. I not only say they have proved good soldiers; I doubt if any village can show thirty men of more exemplary character. Among many pleasant incidents I recall one Sunday in camp when suddenly I heard the familiar tune, 'Rock of Ages.' Knowing that cavalymen were not noted for hymn-singing, I followed the sound and found that the sons of men who roamed over these prairies in barbarous wildness were engaged in the worship of God."

To Emmegahbowh, Bad Boy, Shah-bah-skong, and other faithful souls we owe the protection of our northern frontier. Many of them have gone before to the land, as Red Cloud once said, "where it is hoped white men tell no lies."

In the hopes which come to me at eventide there are none sweeter than that in our Father's home we shall meet many of these men of the trembling eye and wandering foot, to whom we were permitted to give a brother's sympathy, a brother's love and a brother's prayers.

A FRENCH missionary in Tunis says that the most shameless drunkenness reigns among all classes of Mussulman society there, notwithstanding the Koran prohibits the use of wine to the followers of Mohammed.

Woman's Auxiliary Department.

"The love of Christ constraineth us."

Communications relating to this Department should be addressed Mrs. Tilton, 251 Cooper Street, Ottawa.

THE season for active service has come round again. Already the Diocesan Secretaries are arranging for their winter's work. May the Lord bless all the workers, and keep each one true and faithful!

MRS CUMMINGS and Miss Paterson of Toronto Diocese, are having a very profitable tour in the Northwest.

ALGOMA.

Miss Alice C. Day, from West Hadlow, England, has been making His Lordship the Bishop of Algoma and Miss Sullivan a visit in Sault Ste. Marie. Miss Day is much interested in the Diocese of Algoma, having labored to contribute to its funds for nine years; she has also formed in England an association for prayer and work in behalf of this Missionary Diocese. The idea of the association is to link together all those (in England) who are already working for Algoma, and to invite to join the ranks any who are not pledged in other mission work, or who feel that their sympathies to the great societies will be quickened and increased by also taking part in the work of aiding one especial portion of the Mission field.

Miss Day intends visiting as many missions in Algoma Diocese as her time in this country will admit of, and thereby carry back to her fellow-workers in England much valuable information of the great needs and requirements of our self-denying missionaries. Miss Day passed through Montreal and Ottawa on the first of June. Several members of the Auxiliary had the pleasure of meeting her.

"Prayer and work are twin sisters dwelling together in the household of Faith, whose hands and hearts and voices make sweetest harmony. Prayer and work are the 'Jachin' and 'Boaz' which stand in the porch of every consecrated life, giving it stability and strength, and making it a temple holy to the Lord's Prayer, lends wings to the work and speeds it on its way, blessing and hallowing its difficulties and disappointments, and for God's children converting into a labor of love, what for all others can only be an indwelling drudgery. Work gives hands and feet to Prayer, and sends it on errands of love and tenderness, such as the Master's servants delight to execute in His name and on His behalf."—E. ALGOMA.

RUPERT'S LAND.

Miss Milledge, W. A. Secretary, writes: I have met with very little success in some appeals we have lately made respecting the Mission work in this diocese,—a consequence, not of coldness or

indifference, but of inability. When we think of the scattered population, and in most cases, the very inefficient help the ladies are able to procure, numbers of them doing their own work, and already having as much in hand as can be managed properly, with regard to Church work, it is not surprising that they do not seem anxious to undertake any new work. However, it is a good thing to bring the matter before the different dioceses (in this Ecclesiastical Province), and no doubt, in the course of time, they will see their way clear to making a beginning.

Lately we received two very beautiful sets of Communion linen from the Church of the Ascension Branch, Hamilton. They have been sent to two new churches in the country, much in need of furnishings of every kind—one at Oak Lake, Rev. Charles Quinney, and the other to Russell, Rev. H. M. Drummond. We have received letters of grateful acknowledgment.

A bale of clothing has been received from the Kingston Branch of the Auxiliary, which proves most acceptable.

We cannot thank our kind eastern friends sufficiently for their deep interest in the welfare of our beloved Church in the Northwest.

CALGARY.

Mrs. Pinkham writes that she is much interested in the progress of the Woman's Auxiliary in Winnipeg (having been a member for some time before leaving that city). The Church women of Calgary have just started a branch of the Girl's Friendly Society, and are about organizing a branch of the Ministering Children's League. These are only, as yet, parochial organizations, and Calgary, small as it is, with its obligations arising from its being a self-supporting parish, has to do what it can for the diocese, and meet special claims that are from time to time brought forward. As to the Indian women, they, in most instances, cannot do any domestic work, and the most intelligent are only just beginning to make bread and butter.

QU' APPELLE.

Mrs. Boyce, of the Qu' Appelle Diocese, in a letter to the Secretary of the Rupert's Land Diocese, says:—"This diocese is as yet very young and poor, having been all along greatly handicapped by failure of crops, etc. Most of the parishes of the diocese have some parochial institution for Woman's work, being known either as a Woman's Guild or Ladies' Aid Society. We see to Church debts, building, furnishing, etc., though we have to obtain aid from other sources as well. We are just trying to arouse interest in our Indian Missions, chiefly in undertaking the patronage of a child. Perhaps by and by when our prospects are brighter, we shall have a branch of the Woman's Auxiliary in this Diocese. We should now make

some effort towards the formation of a Branch, had we any assurance of some response, however feeble.

ZENANA WORK.

The secretary writes:—

Miss Ling's visit may, I trust, result in much blessing. She returned to England with a very happy impression of her stay in Canada.

It is a great matter of thankfulness that good Bishop Baldwin has consented to act as referee for the parent committee in case any of our young Canadian sisters desire to offer themselves for missionary work.

We have all been deeply interested in the visit of the first Chinese Christian lady, Mrs. Alcock, to this country. She came to plead for English Christian women to go out and teach her countrywomen. She had hoped to remain longer in England, but receiving not very good news of her husband's health she started off at a few days notice, taking with her as the first fruits of the response to her appeal, Miss Mead, a young English lady, who bravely made up her mind to leave her home on so short a notice. To avoid the Red Sea they had gone via the Canadian Pacific Railway.

I longed to be able to let some of our Canadian friends know, but there was not time, as we had only two days' notice, and besides they were not going to stop anywhere *en route*. (Mrs. Alcock passed through Canada in bond.) A party of friends took leave of our Chinese Christian sister at Easton Station in London. We gathered in the compartment of the railway carriage, while the Rev. G. Tonge, our Clerical Secretary read Ps. 121, and commended the travellers in prayer to God, after which the hymn, "May the Grace of Christ our Saviour," was sung. We all entered in a very real way into the "union in Christ Jesus," whether English, Chinese, Indian or any other nation.

Much prayer is asked that many, many more laborers may be sent forth into the great harvest fields, whether in India, China, or other parts of the earth.

Extract from a letter written by a native laborer in Calcutta:—

"Lately I have felt very sad. My mind seems ill. The longer I stay with my relations the more sad, and in a way depressed do I become. Daily when praying, comes into my mind, that not another soul in this house, kneels to the Creator and Saviour. I cannot tell how it pains me, and then I think of their last end. Truly, my heart is cast down, when I think of these, my dear relations, but I thank the dear Saviour, that His peace at this time specially is my comfort. He seems to have fired me with the desire to pray for my loved ones. I earnestly beg you not to forget my relations in your prayers, especially my father. I think from his state of health he will not live long. His mind is very restless. He is

trusting to many earthly props for comfort, which again and again disappoint him, so that I begin to hope the Lord will reveal Himself to him, and teach him who is the true peace giving friend, and will you pray for my anxious heart, that the Lord may increase my faith?"

Books and Periodicals Dept.

A Select Library of Nicene and Post Nicene Fathers of the Christian Church. Second Series. Volume I. Eusebius. New York: The Christian Literature Company. Oxford and London, Parker & Company.

When some years ago the Christian Literature Company was organized in Buffalo great promise was given regarding books to be produced by them for the benefit of those interested in Patristic and other early Christian writings. And it must be confessed that the Company so far has fulfilled its promise. The Ante Nicene Library, speedily improved after the first two or three volumes, makes a set of charming books for the library of any clergyman. And the same may be said of the Post Nicene Fathers. Encouraged by former successes the same Company are now producing a second series of Nicene and Post Nicene Fathers, the first volume of which lies before us. It is translated into English with Prolegomena and Explanatory Notes, under the editorial supervision of Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Church History in the Union Theological Seminary, New York, and Henry Wace, D.D., Principal of King's College, London. It contains the "Church History," "Life of Constantine the Great" and "Oration in Praise of Constantine," of Eusebius, together with a carefully arranged Index for ready reference on all questions, persons and places, touched upon by the author. A good Index is always of great value to a work of this kind. The book is handsome in appearance and beautifully printed. There are scholars who have old ponderous tomes, written in contracted characters of the original Greek or Latin, in which early Christian literature has come down to us, and happy are they if they have time to pour over them and from them extract their meaning, but in these days of hurry and high pressure, it will be found a luxury for the busy and for those not readily conversant with ancient tongues to have such works upon their shelves as those published by the Christian Literature Company. They are in keeping with the "labor saving" machines of the day, and are to be commended as worthy of all attention on the part of those who wish to know the views of the ancients regarding our Holy Faith.

New England Magazine, Boston, 36 Bromfield st.

It is surprising the number of illustrations that are now-a-days sometimes put into a magazine. The August number of the "New England Magazine" is stocked throughout with a surprising number of them. It is the Grand Army Number,

and gives a most interesting account of the Grand Army of the Republic. Other articles, together with stories, poems, etc., make up a fine collection of choice reading.

Newbery House Magazine. Griffith, Farran, Okeden & Welsh, London, England.

As usual this magazine is full of interesting and valuable matter of a miscellaneous as well as churchly nature.

The Churchman: New York, M. M. Mallory & Co., 37 Lafayette Place, New York. A weekly Church paper, now in its 45th year of publication and well known as one of the best Church periodicals in existence. Subscription, \$3.50 a year, for clergymen, \$5.

Santa Claus. 1,113 Market st., Philadelphia, is full of interest each month. The editors evidently know how to please children, and not only that, but to instruct them. A bound volume of *Santa Claus* will form a grand book for young people.

The Missionary Review of the World: We find this periodical always most useful in giving missionary information, and suggesting thought for missionary subjects. It is now favorably recognized in England, and is becoming an acknowledged authority on missionary subjects. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, 18 and 20 Astor Place, New York, \$2.50 per year; 25 cents per single number.

The Magazine of Christian Literature: The Christian Literature Co., New York. A useful periodical, especially for clergymen, who from its pages may cull information upon the great questions of the day, both within and without the Church of England. It also contains each month an instalment of a "Concise Dictionary of Religious Knowledge." The articles are eclectic,—gathered from leading Magazines, Reviews and religious periodicals.

The Youth's Companion: Boston, Mass; \$1.75 a year. Full of stories of adventure and interest for young people, and well worth the price of subscription.

Germania. A. W. Spannoofd, of Manchester, New Hampshire, publishes an interesting periodical for the study of the German language. Each number contains valuable assistance in that direction. This magazine has so prospered that the subscription price has been reduced from three to two dollars.

Biblia. New York and Meriden, Conn., contains every month much useful Biblical information.