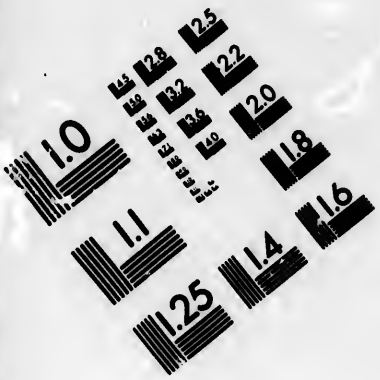

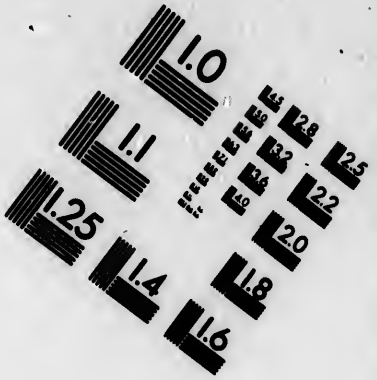

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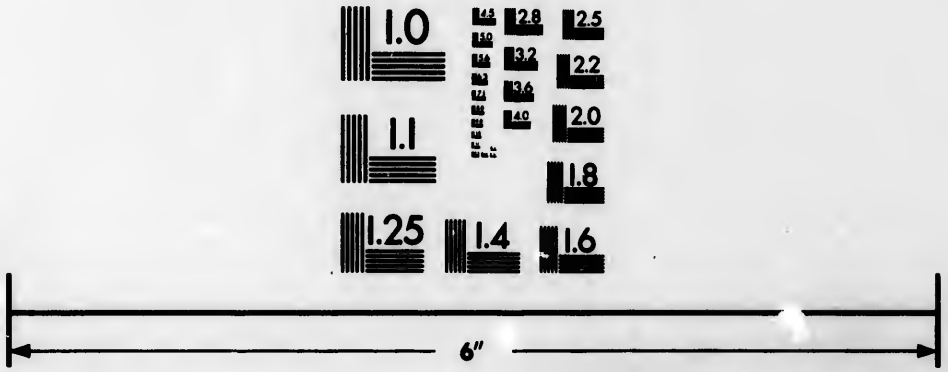

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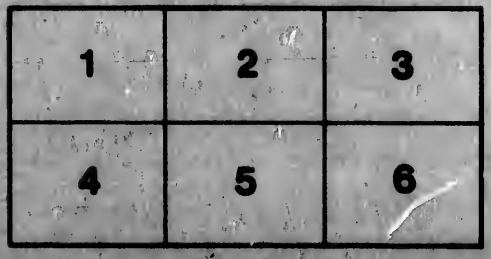

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THE

NORTH-WEST-AMERICA MISSION.

At the Quarterly Meeting in the village of ——, in March 1856, the Rev. Joseph Goodwin stated that he purposed to give lectures on the subject of the North-West-America Mission of the Church Missionary Society, rather than to have the subject in the usual conversational way.

Hitherto (he began) our conversations have referred to the proceedings of the Church Missionary Society in dense populations, and chiefly in tropical countries, with the exception of New Zealand. We have taken you to India — that beautiful, rich, and fruitful region, where the population is so great, that the numbers in the valley of the Ganges alone exceed the whole people of North and South America. We have visited the teeming multitudes in Western Africa, and have seen the glowing sun and rich vegetation of India and Africa, producing abundance of food for the inhabitants. We now turn to a totally different scene—to the cold and icy regions of that vast space of our globe to the North-west of Canada, contained between the North Pacific and the North Atlantic Oceans, where, in some parts, for seven or eight months of the year the ground is covered with deep snow; where the frost reaches down to

a depth of fifteen feet below the ground; where the rivers and lakes become frozen masses; and where a poor, scanty, starving population of Red Indians, the remnants of "the sons of the mighty," wander as hunters of wild animals, to secure their hides and furs for the comfort and luxury of our favoured land of England, and other European countries.

This immense region, part of which is called Rupert's Land, is under the control of a great English company, the Hudson's Bay Company, who employ the poor Indians in trapping the wild animals, for their skins and furs. Here, in almost endless wastes, the traveller may wander over hundreds and thousands of miles without seeing a single town or village. Indeed, there is scarcely anything worthy of the name in the whole territory; and at intervals only are there found a few poor Indian families in their miserable tents, perishing with cold and hunger.* The stations of the Hudson's Bay Company, are very scattered, and simply consist of a rough fence enclosing a factory and a few houses, for the officers of the Company to carry on the fur trade with the natives. We cannot do better than describe the country as it has been done by Mr. R. M. Ballantyne, long a resident in that region. "Imagine an immense tract of country, many hundred miles long, and many hundred broad, covered with dense forests, expanded lakes, broad rivers, and mighty mountains, and all in a state of primeval simplicity, undefaced by the axe of civilizing man, and untenanted, save by some roving hordes of Red Indians,

* See last page.

and myriads of wild animals: and imagine amid this wilderness a number of small squares, each enclosing half-a-dozen wooden houses, and a dozen men; and between any two of these establishments, a space of forest or of plains from fifty to three hundred miles in length—and you will have a pretty correct idea of the Hudson's Bay Company's territories, and of the number and of the distance between the forts. It is as if in the whole of England and Scotland there were three hamlets, one in the north of Scotland, one in the south-east corner of England, and one at the Land's End, with altogether a population of thirty men, six or seven women, and a few children."

As the interest in the work of Missions increased in England, Christian people became anxious that an effort should be made for the spiritual benefit, as well as the civilization, of the poor Red Indians; for the Gospel is the real remedy for man's miseries in every land, and for every tribe of people. Amongst those who felt most for the poor Indians was the Rev. John West, who was at this time (in the year 1820) appointed the first chaplain to the Hudson's Bay Company, at the Red River settlement; and as he had been previously an active friend of the Church Missionary Society, he offered to establish schools for the Indians in his vicinity. For that purpose a sum of 100*l.* was placed, by the Committee of the Church Missionary Society, at Mr. West's disposal. His first Journal contained much that was interesting, and encouraging to future efforts. The population at Red River contained but few native Indians. The people there were English, Orkney, and Scotch settlers,

and half-breeds, and it was amongst them that the work first began; for, though something had been done in the way of education by the Hudson's Bay Company, great was the ignorance and irreligion that existed. Mr. West's labours were, however, blessed amongst them. Those who were willing to learn were instructed; and a school was opened for the young people, which promised some encouragement. But it was over the *Native* Indians his heart yearned; and his first effort for them was, to try and entreat some of the parents to give up their children to him to train and educate, with the hope of eventually forming a school for these poor children of the plains and forests. Mr. West's difficulties were very great in persuading any of the Indians to send their children to him—they could not understand his objects; but, after patient endeavours, he at length obtained three boys; the friends of one boy saying, "As Mr. West had been sent by *the Great Spirit*, they could refuse him nothing." The Committee of the Church Missionary Society were now determined to make a beginning, and to take up their first Station at the Red River Settlement; and the Rev. D. T. Jones was appointed to go out as the Missionary. Mr. West returned to England in 1823, but before leaving the country he had the happiness of baptizing four of these boys; of seeing a small wooden church erected, with a schoolroom and both fairly attended; and some real conversions to God amongst the people; so that by the time Mr. Jones arrived, in 1823, the first difficulties had been partially overcome.

The congregation and school went on favourably, and in 1825 another church was built,

about five miles higher up the river. At both churches Mr. Jones had services on the Lord's-day and during the week, passing from one to the other over these trackless wastes—frequently toiling through melting snow—to carry on his work and labour of love. This continued for two long years.

Mr. West and Mr. Jones were sustained in their work by the promises of a faithful God that His word shall not return to Him void—and this promise was graciously fulfilled by the decided conversion of several Indians. Of the four baptized boys, one has lived to be successively a schoolmaster, a catechist, an ordained Missionary, and a translator of God's holy word into his native language, the Cree. His Christian name is Henry Budd, and we shall have occasion to mention him frequently as we proceed in our account of this mission. Some of the other boys, and converted Indians, finished their course with joy, and entered into the presence of their Lord.

In the year 1825, Mr. Jones had the joy of welcoming to Red River the Rev. William Cockran and his wife: and none but those who know it by experience, can comprehend the comfort of having a fellow-labourer in a field so desolate, so extensive, and so full of interest. In the winter of 1825, the people suffered very much; first from famine, as from some cause not known, the buffalo hunting failed, so that the hunters returned to the settlement without the usual supplies. They were reduced to great misery from want of food, and indeed had eaten their dogs, and coats, and leather coverings. In the following spring, so great a flood followed the breaking up of the ice on the river, from the

unusual quantity of snow that had fallen, that the whole country was covered with water for many weeks. The inhabitants were driven to take refuge in the neighbouring hills, nine or ten miles distant, for their houses were carried away by the mighty torrents. The Mission family and Indian boys, and a few strangers, sought safety on a wooden platform near the church; but, the flood still rising, they were obliged also, after three days, to procure boats and row over fields and plains to the Snake Indian hills. There they got tents erected, and remained a month, suffering great privations; for it was not until the 12th of June that they could return to the settlement, where only three houses were left standing, one of them being the Missionaries' dwelling. The upper church had suffered less than any other building: the one at Image Plains had not escaped so well.

The inundation having occurred at the time when the crops should have been sown, prolonged their trials from want of sufficient food for another year; as there was not time, in the short summer of these regions, for the crops to ripen. The uncertainty of the supplies by the hunting parties had determined Mr. Cockran to try and cultivate more ground; and this he was obliged to do with his own hands, not only from the ignorance of the Indians, but also from want of means to feed a labourer. He taught the Indian boys to help him, but through all that year, and until the harvest of 1827, they were reduced to great difficulties, hardly getting food enough to preserve life. But, in the midst of these heavy trials, they were cheered by seeing some fruit of their labours in two native Indians. One was an aged woman of the Saskatchewun

tribe, who came to live with her daughter at Red River, who was married to a half-breed man, and they had both become Christians. The mother long resisted all their efforts to teach her to know the true God and put away her heathenism; but at length the work of the Holy Spirit was seen in her heart—she sent for the Missionary to come and teach her, and she was, though at the eleventh hour, brought to Christ. The other was a man called "the Cask:" he had heard something about the Gospel at Norway House, and came to settle at Red River that he might get further instruction; and both he and his wife lived to show, by their lives, that they had not been taught in vain the truths of the blessed Gospel.

In 1829, Mr. Cockran and his family settled some thirteen miles higher up the river, at a place called "The Grand Rapids," where there appeared to be great openings for usefulness, and Mr. Jones continued his labours at the Upper Settlement. Mr. Cockran saw that, not only for their temporal but spiritual improvement, the people must be reclaimed from their wild and wandering habits. While, therefore, taking every opportunity of proclaiming to them the Gospel, he sought also to turn their minds to agriculture; and, in order that he might teach these people the use of the various implements of husbandry, he took a large piece of land near his own house into cultivation. Many must have been the wearying days of toil spent in this way, for the Indians were indolent and awkward in the use of the spade and hoe, and to use the sickle was a great trouble, as they were constantly cutting their fingers: what they did best was guiding the plough, as, from the quickness

of eye they had acquired in shooting arrows, their furrows were always straight; and in the course of *seven* years there was a gradual improvement in the people here. A good-sized schoolroom was erected for the children, which also served at first as a place of public worship; but, in 1831, a church was, with much effort, built, and Mr. Cockran was cheered by the regularity of the people's attendance. He thus wrote to the Committee—"In England," he says, "it is a frequent and painful remark, 'So many at market, and so few at church!' but here it is the reverse. On week-days you may travel for miles and not see a creature; but on Sundays, as the time of service draws near, the track is covered with old, and young, and middle-aged, pressing forward to worship God in the congregation. It never comes into their minds that a slight cold, or a soaking rain, or a violent snow-storm, or a piercing frost, are any reasons to keep them from public worship."* Before the stoves are lighted in the churches in Rupert's Land, the walls are coated with sparkling frost. It may be remarked, also, that during their short summer the heat is equally extreme.

Notwithstanding the success that Mr. Cockran and Mr. Jones met with, they both felt that the only way effectually to benefit these Indians was to try to form a settlement consisting *exclusively of Indians.* From the low state to which they had sunk, and their savage habits of life, this presented great difficulties. Mr. Cockran's mind, however, is one that is stimulated by difficulties. He therefore set to work to accomplish this scheme, and fixed upon a tract of country, called the "Indian

* See Frontispiece.

reserves," * belonging to the Saulteaux tribe. The first thing was to get the consent of the chief of that tribe—Pigwys. This was not easy, as the Indians are very jealous of any encroachments on their lands: and the only hope of success arose from making him see that it would be for his own interest to cultivate the land, build houses, &c. Mr. Cockran found the chief living in a miserable tent made of birch-rind and grass, filled with smoke from a small fire in the centre; with five naked children, and the eldest daughter making soup of haws and water! This proved to be a somewhat favourable opportunity, for in conversation with the chief he confessed the autumn had been a very unsuccessful one, that food was very scarce, and that he was *three hundred rats* in debt! † Still his prejudice against the white man's religion was very great, as also that of his tribe, so that Mr. Cockran could make no impression. Another winter of great hardships followed; after which the half-starved Indians seemed more disposed to listen to Mr. Cockran's advice, and he then determined to go amongst them.

There was a place called Netley Creek, to which the Indians resorted in summer. Mr. Cockran went there, where he found that Pigwys had pitched his tent, with his conjurer,

* These reserves are lands that Pigwys retained for himself and his people, for the sake of the maple trees that grow there, from which sugar is obtained. See the Map for Sugar Point, or Mapleton.

† That is, he owed this debt to the Hudson's Bay Company, who make advances to the Indians before their hunting begins, which they repay in skins. A beaver's skin is the measurement or standard; and a certain number of rats' skins made up a beaver's skin—about ten rats' skins for one beaver's skin.

surrounded by his people. Mr. Cockran was rather afraid of the influence of this conjurer, as it was the time of their annual feast and incantations; but, feeling the great importance of the work, he determined to make a decided effort at once, and with two of his servants, and a yoke of oxen, he pitched his leathern tent beside that of Pigwys. There were about two hundred Indians in the encampment, but he could only prevail upon seven to attempt cultivation: and these were not to be depended upon, for, with their native indolence, if the weather were wet they would not leave their tents, and if it were fine they would set off on a fishing expedition. In spite of all obstacles, Mr. Cockran persevered day after day, clearing the ground and sowing seed, and at the same time taking every opportunity to teach them something of divine truth. On the Saturdays he went back to his own flock at the Grand Rapids, where his soul was refreshed by his Sunday services, and on Monday he returned to Netley Creek and his hard work amongst the poor Indians. Three huts were built, and Mr. Cockran awaited in great anxiety the time of the first harvest. The season was not a favourable one, and the conjurers, or medicine men, did all in their power to keep the Indians from reaping when ripe, the little corn they had sown. Some of them at once consumed it in their feasts, but Pigwys and two others reserved theirs for winter use; and so greatly was their comfort increased by it, that the next year there were fourteen cultivators of the soil. Circumstances then led Mr. Cockran to fix upon a locality at a little below the Sugar Point, and two miles nearer the Grand Rapids, as the place best suited

for the permanent settlement; and thus at length, in 1833, the "Indian village," being fairly commenced, it became henceforward the point to which the Missionary's attention was especially directed, and Mr. Cockran began to reap some fruit of all his toil.

A house was built for the chief Pigwys, in which he took up his abode; then a school, on the principle of our modern ragged-schools, for the Indian children, who could only be compared to the wildest birds of the forest put into a cage! A wise and kind schoolmaster being found, who, while instructing them, allowed them also to go out to fish and hunt when they wished, brought them by degrees to like being taught. The crops of the first year were good, and a great step toward improvement was made by the erection of a flour-mill, so that they learnt to make bread. Great was the excitement on the day the mill was first used: they could hardly believe that the nice meal which came out of it was the produce of their own industry. At the end of two years and a-half, there were twenty-three little white-washed cottages, each with its stack of wheat and barley, and patch of cultivated ground. In connection with some of the cottages were pigs and cows; and though it was but a speck in the wilderness, yet was it cause for great thankfulness, when we remember that these people had hitherto only been accustomed to the cruelties of war, and to hunting.

A weekly service for instruction was begun, and subsequently one on the Sunday afternoon: more was impossible, as Mr. Cockran had still his own people at the Grand Rapids to look after, and his Sunday services there morn-

ing and evening. In a few months, however, he had the pleasure of seeing some of them become interested in the subject of religion, and eventually three or four were baptized; so that in the year 1835, when the number of attendants had increased to 100, the hope of another church opened upon them—the congregation at the Grand Rapids offering very kind and liberal help. Mr. Cockran began the building with his own hands, and then the Indians consented to help also; so that this church was finished and opened in January 1837. Few who were present could be unmoved at the sight of two hundred of these once half-naked savages, now clothed, and in their right mind, joining in the responses, listening to the sermon, and singing with well-tuned voices the praises of God. Well might good Mr. Cockran's heart overflow with gratitude. There was one present that day, whom Mr. Cockran hoped would have been a helper with him in everything good and useful. This was one of the sons of the chief Pigwys: he had been brought up in the school, and his heart had been opened to receive the truths of the Gospel. He had been baptized, and was living with Mr. Cockran, in order that he might learn more of the Scriptures, for his anxious desire was to impart a knowledge of the Saviour to his countrymen. He was always willing to assist Mr. Cockran in any way, often in spite of the ridicule of his companions, and gave many other proofs of his heart being given to God. Just at this time, however, he was taken ill, and died, to the great regret of his kind friend. His earthly remains rest in the little churchyard of the Indian vil-

lage. A noted conjurer at this time, also, after a great struggle, put himself under Christian instruction and was baptized, the baptism of three of his children having previously taken place.

The chief, Pigwys, had for some time been showing, by his conduct, that a great change was going on in his mind—his son's death had affected him very much, and though his heathen friends came about him, telling him it was a punishment for forsaking the religion of his fathers, he would not listen to them, but said he had given his heart to the new religion, and wished to be baptized. This was deferred, as it was some time before Mr. Cockran felt sure that he had quite given up his besetting sin of drinking freely, though as a habit he had overcome it. By the grace of God this chain was at last broken, and it was a joyful day when he, in February 1838, was admitted outwardly into the fold of Christ's church. In August of that year Pigwys sent a calumet of peace to the Church Missionary Society, and a letter, to tell them "not to forget him and his people, and to send another praying-master to help Mr. Cockran." In 1840, we find him getting together as many of his people of the Saulteaux tribe as he could, exhorting them to attend to the message of salvation, to come to church themselves, and send their children to school.

As we do not purpose to return to an account of the Indian Settlement in future lectures, it may be as well to finish what we have to say about it at present, and to state that the Committee in London responded to an appeal for a Missionary expressly for the Indians. And to show how the work progressed, we cannot do

better than quote the words of the Bishop of Montreal, who came up to this infant settlement, a distance of 1800 miles, in an open canoe, in 1844, and spent seventeen days in strict examination of the people.

"It was about nine o'clock, and within half an hour of the time for divine worship. The sight that greeted us was one that can never be forgotten by me, and the recollection will always be coupled with feelings of devout thankfulness to God, and warm appreciation of the blessings conferred by the Church Missionary Society. After travelling for above a month through an inhospitable wilderness, and meeting, at intervals, with such specimens of the heathen savage as I have described, we came at once, and without any intermediate gradations in the aspect of things, upon the establishment formed on the low margin of the river for the same race of people in their Christian state; and on the morning of the Lord's own blessed day we saw them already gathering round their pastor, who was before his door, the children collecting in the same manner, with their books in their hands. All were decently clothed from head to foot, and their was a repose and steadiness in their deportment, the seeming indication of a high and controlling influence on their characters and hearts. Around were their humble dwellings, with the commencement of their farms; cattle were grazing in the meadows; the modest parsonage, with its garden, and the simple but decent church, with the school-house as its appendage, forming the leading objects in the picture, and carrying on the face of them the promise of blessing. We were amply repaid for all the toils and exposure of the night. My

chaplain naturally felt as I did; and my servant, an Englishman, to whom everything in the journey was new, told me afterwards that he could hardly restrain his tears. Nor was it a worthless testimony that was rendered by one of our old *voyageurs*, a French-Canadian Roman-Catholic, when, addressing my servant, he said, 'There are *your* Christian Indians: it would be well if all the whites were as good as they are.'

"We were greeted by Mr. Smithurst at the water's edge; and having refreshed ourselves under his roof, we proceeded to church. There were, perhaps, two hundred and fifty present, all Indians; and nothing can be more reverential and solemn than the demeanour and bearing of these people in public worship. Their costume has a hybrid kind of character, partly European and partly Indian. The women for the most part, still wear the blanket, or else a piece of dark cloth thrown over the head, with the hair parted smoothly on the forehead. All wear mocassins, as do the Missionaries, and almost all the Europeans in the colony. . . .

"After the evening service, the church was shut up by an old Indian, acting as a sort of sexton, who had formerly been a noted sorcerer or *medicine* man. The day altogether was one of extraordinary interest; and if the scenes which it presented could have been witnessed by friends of the Society at home, they would have needed no further appeal to ensure their liberal support. . .

"I must not, however, be understood to mean, that, in all the pleasing pictures I have given, the old Adam does not anywhere lurk in disguise, nor to express an unqualified hope

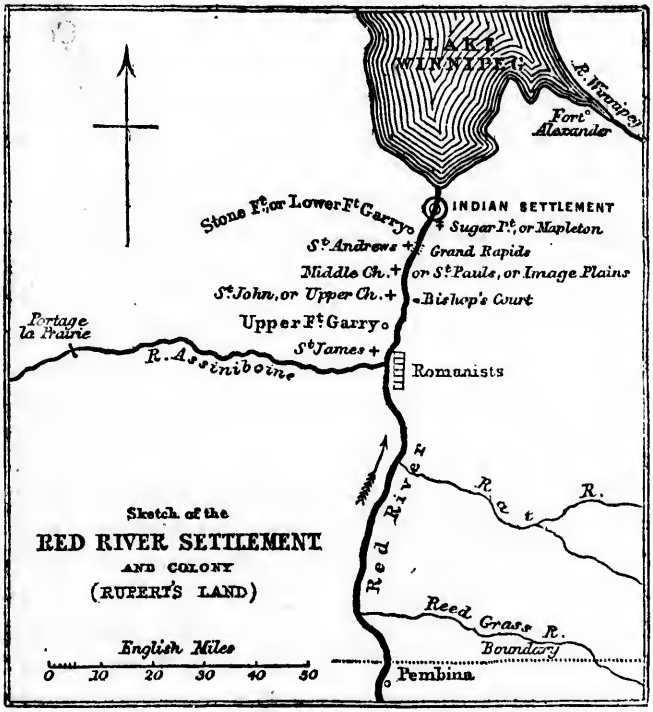
that among those who now re-enrolled themselves as soldiers of the Cross there will not be instances of mortifying inconsistency, perhaps of unhappy defection: the Indians have strong passions, and are often thrown into circumstances unfavourable to holiness: but, allowing for the necessary intermixture of tares with the wheat, I believe that the congregations at the Red River may be called exemplary; and that the Church has taken root in the colony, with the fairest prospect of a continuance and increase of blessed fruits of a practical kind."

In the year 1854, ten years after the visit of the Bishop of Montreal, so great had been the progress of the holy work, that the settlement had extended along the left bank of the river, in an almost unbroken line, to a distance of some six miles; and much of the forest on the opposite bank had yielded to the efforts of the industrious converted Indians. A second grist-mill had been erected, not, as in the former case, at the partial expense of the Church Missionary Society, but at the entire cost of the natives themselves. Moreover, the original church, which had been built of wood, had given place to one of stone, of a greatly-increased size. The houses, too, were all of a far more substantial and superior kind: the people who inhabited them had lost, to a great extent, the depressed appearance which once they wore. In this thinly-peopled country, it was pleasing to see no fewer than 473 settled around the Mission-station, reaping the blessed fruits of our Missionary labours, in the enjoyment of comfortable houses, happy firesides, and within reach of the house of God. Nor were they inattentive worshippers, as the fervour of their devotions indicated, especially

on occasion of the administration of the Lord's Supper, when upwards of 220 met together around the table of the Lord. There one might and still may often see the streaming eye and the moving lips, telling thus tacitly of a hidden emotion of the heart, known to HIM "to whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid." Not only are they devout in the great congregation, but they are no less so in their private homes, where it is no unusual thing to witness the inmates of the lonely cottage bending at domestic worship, while the father pours out his simple, earnest prayers to a Covenant God in Christ. Nor is it less satisfactory to hear, as we frequently do from the Missionaries, of the resigned and peaceful manner in which many of them meet death—yea, even triumphantly, rejoicing in the full assurance of a hope full of immortality. The converts also gave proof of that sure result of having received the grace of God, by their deep interest in the spiritual welfare of those around them. One we have already named as having been ordained to preach the Gospel. Another native youth, named James Settee, trained in the Mission-school, has followed in his footsteps. Thus both Budd and Settee, as ordained Missionaries, are preaching the glad tidings of peace and love to their own countrymen: besides which many are employed as Native Catechists and Teachers. Pigwys is still alive, and we lately heard of him as having accompanied the Bishop of Rupert's Land, Dr. Anderson, from the Indian settlement to Manitoba (now called Fairford), a distance of 300 miles, where the old chief addressed the Indians of his own tribe, the Saulteaux, in a most affecting and touching manner, on the vital points of Christian doctrine and practice.

We purpose to return to this subject at our next Lecture, and intend to point out to you the expansive nature of the work, which has radiated from the Red River settlement to six or seven distant places, where similar labours are going on.

Thus God, in His all-wise and benevolent dealings with our fallen race, has made use of the instrumentality of this Society to gather from amongst a people so low in the scale of humanity—so outcast, and so undervalued—a people to His own glory.



T. C. Johns, Printer, New-street-square, Fleet-street. E.C.

THE

NORTH-WEST AMERICA MISSION.

No. II.

At the Quarterly Meeting (for June 1856) of the Church Missionary Association, in the village of ——, the Rev. Joseph Goodwin resumed the subject of the Mission in Rupert's Land, continued from the last lecture, as follows—

I trust that you will all remember the remarks made in our last lecture (see pages 3, 4, and 5, in Tract No. 17) on the peculiarity of Missionary work in the cold and desolate regions of North-West America. I must again refer to the Map (see page 24) in order that we may observe how the work has expanded. In our last lecture we confined ourselves to the Red-River Station: we now wish you to observe the map, and look for the following places, where the Church Missionary Society has Stations at present—

1. White-dog, or Islington.
2. Manitoba, or Fairford.
3. Fort Pelly.
4. Cumberland.
5. Nepowewin.
6. English River.

Then go to the borders of the great Hudson's Bay, and observe—

7. York, with its out-stations of Churchill, Severn, &c.

8. Moose Fort, with its out-stations of Albany, Kinoogoomisee, &c.
9. Fort George.

We will endeavour to trace some part of the progress of the work at these stations, although it is impossible, in so short a space as we have allotted for a lecture, to enter very fully into details. A glance at the Map will, however, show, that God has so blessed the efforts of the Society, that it has brought the Gospel of love and peace to bear upon many places which sat in darkness and the region of death.

You will remember that I told you of the two Red Indians, Messrs. Budd and Settee, who had been stirred up by the Spirit of God, and finally set apart and ordained, to carry the Gospel to their heathen countrymen.

We will go back in Mr. Budd's history to the year 1841, when he was sent (as a Catechist) to commence a station amongst the Swampy Cree Indians on the Saskatchewan River, in the neighbourhood of Cumberland-house, one of the trading posts of the Hudson's-Bay Company (see the Map). The whole country was uninviting, and a difficulty arose as to the best location, which was at length fixed at a place called, by the English, *the Pas.* There the message of peace and love told on his countrymen; for, though some opposed, others listened with attention, and received the truth in the love of it; and so rapid was the spread of the Gospel, that in two years, when a Missionary (Mr. Smithurst) went to visit that place and people, Mr. Budd was able to present a large number of candidates for Christian baptism: of these the Missionary could conscientiously admit 75 — a great number in a

population so thin and scattered. Two years afterwards, the Rev. J. Hunter was sent there by the Society, and found additional candidates, many of whom he baptized.

While this was going on at Cumberland, the work was also taking root elsewhere, particularly at Manitoba (since called Fairford, see the map) where the Rev. Abraham Cowley commenced his labour of love in 1842. He found the Indians here to be very different from those he had left at Red River: they belong to the Ojibwa or Saulteaux, a very hardened and difficult tribe to deal with. Many were their objections to the message and the messenger. "Your words will interfere with our hunting"—"Your coming is like the lighting down of a strange bird." And one noted conjurer frowned upon every attempt to reach his countrymen, being convinced that his craft was in danger; while scenes of savage life were continually before the Missionary. On one occasion a scalp had been brought from the plains, and he then witnessed their heathenish delight in the fall of an enemy. It appears that a party of warriors had slain a Sioux Indian in battle, and had brought away a portion of the skin of the head, with the hair upon it, as a trophy of victory. This was sent round amongst the Indians, who, as they received it in turn, erected it on a pole, and danced around it, to their war-song, in the wildest glee. The Missionary had also to see continually their dread of each other, and especially of their Medicine-man, from constant fear of poison which, if it did not take away life, would render it a burden by loading it with fearful maladies to the end of their days. The Missionary found it most difficult to obtain

a patient hearing. When invited to attend the means of grace, a message has been returned, that if *the black coat* would pay for the time, they would attend; and when induced to assemble, by dint of great perseverance, they would, instead of listening, talk over their own matters, as they do in their own tents, light and smoke their pipes, and fill the place with their filthy odours. To reprove them would only drive them away, and all had to be borne in faith and hope that the word which God had sent should not return unto Him void, but that it should accomplish that which He pleased, and prosper in the thing whereunto He had sent it.

While Mr. Cowley was thus seeking to preach the Gospel to the adults, efforts were made to induce the Indians to allow their children to be taught day by day by Mrs. Cowley; but as soon as some learnt the first elements of reading, the parents removed them away. The Missionary tried to remedy this by endeavouring to get the entire charge of the children from their friends, in order to form a kind of boarding-school; but, although he offered to feed, and clothe, and take every care of the children, the parents refused to give them up. One said, "Our teaching is better than yours: we teach them to hunt, and when they are able to kill, the skins will bring them something; but we do not see any benefit from your teaching." Another said, speaking of the Missionary, "He wants to get children, and cannot get them. I really pity him: what does he want to do with them?" He was told that he wished to get the children to educate them, and make them wise, like the clerks of the Hudson's-Bay Company, that he might teach them the knowledge of the

Almighty God, and the way to heaven, &c.; "but," said he, "I hear that every thing is afraid of those who have learnt to pray"—meaning that, by praying, they would lose the art and power of conjuring, and, on this account, he could not give his children. For a year and a half efforts were quietly and perseveringly made for obtaining children, when it happened that an Indian lost his wife by death, leaving seven children, who, finding it difficult to sustain them, was induced to place two of them in the Missionary school, where they learned to read quickly, and to speak English: they also acquired a good knowledge of domestic matters. This made so great an impression that many Indians gladly placed their children under instruction: the school rapidly increased in numbers; and it has flourished ever since: the children have ever been found intelligent, and have been quick in attaining the knowledge of the true God and of His Son Jesus Christ. It was no small difficulty for Mr. Cowley to maintain these children—to feed, clothe, and educate them, which had to be done by incessant hunting, fishing, and farming; also in begging for food and clothing in the Red-River Colony. As soon as the difficulties of Mr. Cowley and of other stations were known in England, Ladies' Working Parties laboured effectively for him and his brother Missionaries; and for many years past most valuable assistance has been regularly sent, year by year, in the way of warm and strong clothing, to all our stations in those desolate regions of Rupert's Land: and we would press upon our ladies the active continuance of these benevolent labours.

We rejoice to say, that many precious souls

amongst these poor wild Indian children have been brought to Christ. The maxim of the world is, First civilize, and then bring the Gospel to bear upon the heathen; but the condition of the Red Indians at our Missionary Stations, as well as elsewhere, show that this is a false maxim. As soon as the Gospel comes, as the power of God unto salvation, all things become new; and instead of the miserable Indian wigwam, we now see at Fairford, Manitoba, a series of decent cottages, a mill, a school-house, church, cultivated grounds, and the evidences of civilized Christianity.*

A branch station was established near the Hudson's-Bay Company's Station, called Fort Pelly (see the map): there a Native Catechist has long laboured amidst trials, privations, and difficulties, yet not without success. The Indians are found in greater numbers, and are approached with greater ease, than in the woody parts of the countries; but alas! men and means are wanting to go, enter in, and possess the land in this district. Yet the Catechist, Charles Pratt (who is an Indian) gives most encouraging accounts of the readiness of his countrymen to listen to the Gospel in these extensive prairies.

To proceed. Descending the romantic river Assiniboine, on which Fort Pelly Station is situated, in about eight or ten days, we come upon another Station of the Hudson's-Bay Company, called *Portage la Prairie*. The history of some of the people that have taken up

* See the Frontispiece—The Wilderness turned into a pleasant dwelling-place.

their residence here is very interesting. They come from the banks of the Red River, where, at one spot, they seemed to have almost overgrown their resources. They are chiefly half-breeds (that is, European fathers and Indian mothers). Their attraction to Portage la Prairie was, that the land was free, timber plentiful, grass and pasturage abundant, and a lake abounding with fish. Many were, therefore, induced to remove from their crowded locality on the Red River to this new and promising place. Happily, these people had long enjoyed the privilege of Gospel ministrations, and not a few were true members of the church, which is the body of Christ. Unwilling to abandon the means of grace, they applied to our old and laborious Missionary, the Rev. William Cockran, to aid them. They were too poor to maintain a Minister; but they hoped that Mr. Cockran, or some old Missionary, would take up the Portage as an out-station, and visit them as frequently as possible. Mr. Cockran visited the place from time to time—his indefatigable labours were crowned with ultimate success—the field became ripe for the harvest—a neat church raised its head amidst the sturdy oaks, inviting the people around to hear the Gospel—a house was prepared for a Missionary, and a mill to grind the corn for the people—a school opened for the children—and the blessed work of evangelization proceeded. One old Indian woman was brought to know the Lord Jesus, but she was soon afterwards called by death to enter into that rest that remaineth for the people of God: she died while a Missionary happened to be at Portage la Prairie, and her remains were buried by him, with the service of our Church, translated into their own Indian tongue, to the

amazement and edification of the poor ignorant Indians.

Eastward from the Red River there is a place called the Wanpissimoo, or White-dog, now called Islington on the Map, and described by some as a naturally lovely spot. Here many Indians are found, and it was thought desirable to fix upon it as a Station for proclaiming the Gospel of the grace of God; and a Native Clergyman is now stationed there, where some genuine conversions have taken place.

We have now to glance at some other Stations, and will refer to the English River (see the Map), to which Station the Rev. R. Hunt removed from Lac-la-Ronge in 1853, as more eligible, being on the boundary between Indian tribes, called the Crees and the Chepewyans. While retaining his hold of the former, amongst whom his labours had commenced, Mr. Hunt is at the same time enabled to extend a helping hand to the northern tribe, who are anxious for instruction. In this extremely trying climate, with very scanty supplies, and a fickle race of Indians, our Missionary has had to struggle with great difficulties. To form some idea of the intense cold (the spirit thermometer often showing seventy degrees of frost) Mr. Hunt says, that in their house, which is far from substantial, and in a room with a great fire, "the water froze in our glasses so quickly, that we broke the ice again and again in order to drink. If the plates are not taken hot from the fire, any thing put upon them in a semi-fluid state congeals. The knives and forks, also, must be put to the fire, before they can be used with comfort." Again, in his journal,

Jan. 22nd., he speaks of a "young calf frozen to death in the cow-house." Whether Mr. Hunt will be able to continue his labours in so difficult a sphere is doubtful. He finds that the winter is so long and rigid, and the soil so sterile, that to rear potatos or food of any kind is very precarious: the supplies of fish are uncertain, and the Indians discouraged. Still, he has seen many come under the influence of Divine truth, and has spiritual encouragements.

We will now introduce you to an acquaintance with the Stations that are on the shores of Hudson's Bay. This great bay (part of which is seen on the Map) is 900 miles long, by 600 at its greatest breadth, with a surrounding coast of 3000 miles, of a rocky, rugged character. For a few months in the year it is open to a navigation encompassed with many dangers, arising from shoals, rocks, and drifting ice-bergs; but the severity of the climate closes the bay for the rest of the year by fields of ice. It is on the shores of James' Bay, at the southern extremity of Hudson's Bay, that the Church Missionary Society has two Stations— Moose Fort, and Fort George; and another Station higher up, on the west side of the great Hudson's Bay, called York. This latter place is the principal dépôt of the northern department of the Hudson's-Bay Company, whence all the supplies for trade are issued, and all the returns collected and shipped for England. The summer is short; the three seasons of spring, summer, and autumn, being contracted within the four months, June, July, August, and September: the heat during the summer is extreme, and flies and mosquitos prevail in millions. The

winter sets in rapidly in September, and from October until the next April the thermometer seldom rises to the freezing point: it often falls from thirty to forty-nine degrees below zero of Fahrenheit.

At this dépôt the permanent establishment of the Hudson's-Bay Company is large; besides which, brigades of boats are constantly arriving during the summer months. To the Indians in that direction, it is the grand meeting-place or market: they come hither to trade, bringing the furs they have gathered, with which to obtain supplies for themselves and their families—as capotes, blankets, caps, files, knives, flints, &c., with powder and shot. It is, therefore, a post affording great opportunities of usefulness, and the presence of an experienced and discreet Missionary. Such a Missionary, the Rev. W. Mason, through the good providence of God, commenced his labours at this post in 1854.

Moose Fort or Factory (see the Map) is about 700 miles distant from Montreal, in Canada East. It is the principal dépôt of the Hudson's-Bay Company on the southern shores of this great bay, and therefore, like York Fort, central to much usefulness. Connected with this post are numerous Stations, whither the Missionary, the Rev. J. Horden, pays periodical visits—such as Albany, to the north-west; Brunswick House, on the Moose River, in a south-western direction; Kinoogoomisee, more remote, in a southerly direction, &c. Truly, our Missionaries in these regions require earnest zeal, a strong mind, a cheerful disposition, and a robust constitution. Yet to one who loves souls, and desires the advance-

ment of his Master's glory, nothing can be more affecting, more deeply interesting, than the anxiety of these poor wanderers of the plain and forest for instruction. True, they see the Missionary but for a few days, and that after a long interval; but they are hungry for the bread he breaks to them, and eagerly do they feed upon the word of life. Earnestly do they strive to master the syllabic characters, that they may be able to read for themselves the word of God; and when the teacher is gone, have still left with them portions of that blessed book, out of which the Holy Spirit teaches those who, deprived of other means, use this the more earnestly. Mr. Horden has a lithographic press for the syllabic characters, which has been most valuable. Great is the amazement of the poor Indians in seeing this printing-press at work, multiplying copies of portions of the word of God, hymns and prayers, for their use. Mr. Horden states in one of his journals as follows—"I had intended to be absent from Moose for a considerable period this summer, but as yet have been prevented from taking more than one journey, which was made to Rupert's House. This, by the mercy of God, I am enabled to consider the most successful I have yet made, and which has convinced me more fully than ever that the syllabic system is that best calculated for the poor roving natives of this country: for although this summer was the first time I ever saw most of them, yet before I left, three-fourths of the Indians could read their book intelligently."

Mr. Horden has been enabled to print many portions of the Scriptures, and, in addition, about 1600 copies of books, in three dialects—Prayer-

book and Watts' Catechism, in the *Cree*, as spoken at Moose; Watts' Catechism, in the *dialect of Big River*, and a small portion of the Prayer-book, with some Hymns, in the *Saulteaux*. We will close this account of Mr. Horden's labours with an account of his visit to one of his out-stations, Rupert's House, in June 1854—

"*June* 9—We started at 7 a. m. Before us, as far as the eye could reach, lay an immense field of broken ice, but which, in most places, was firmly packed together. We entertained hopes of going through it, and thereby avoiding that most disagreeable rapid in the River. We consequently paddled about in all directions, north, south, and east, wherever we saw open water. About noon, however, we perceived that we could go no further, and, having arrived at the entrance of the Swampy Portage, we put ashore and commenced our tramp. A little before sunset we arrived at a spot which was tolerably dry; but in fact we had no reason to complain, never sinking above our knees in mud and water. We intended to remain here for the night; but, considering that it would be better to pass the worst of our journey to-night, I spoke to my companions to that effect: they agreed to it, and set off in single file. I had not walked an hour before I was in a state of profuse perspiration, for the walking was horrible, sinking at every step to the knees, and sometimes much deeper than that. About 10 p.m. three of us were left behind, the rest going forward to make a fire, and get things as comfortable as possible, by the time I arrived at the place where we were to put up for the night. Shortly after, we reached a place which had been rendered dry by piles of willows being laid

upon it, sat down for nearly an hour. Here I had an opportunity of conversing with one of my people upon the love of God as exemplified in the gift of His only-begotten Son: the poor fellow seemed quite amazed, listening with avidity. We then went on, and joined our companions at 11 p. m., and, being thoroughly soaked to the waist, we rejoiced to find a fine fire blazing. After supper and thanking God for his assistance, we retired to rest, to rise again at half-past three, a.m."

We turn now to Fort George, in James' Bay (see the map).

The circumstances of this station are very different from those of Moose Factory: the opportunities for usefulness are comparatively few, and the difficulties arising from scarcity of provisions, very great indeed. At Moose Factory there is a considerable number of persons, the Hudson's-Bay Company's servants and Indians, who have their home there, and present, on the whole, something of a permanent and settled material on which the Missionary may work; but at Fort George the state of things is the reverse of this. The Company's servants are few, and during the winter season but few Indians remain about the post. Our Missionary, the Rev. E. A. Watkins, in his journal for Lord's-day, January 15th, 1854, mentions how cheered he had been by having so many as eighteen individuals to form his congregation, the attendance of Indians on the previous Lord's-day consisting of four only; an occurrence by no means rare during the long winter, when these poor wanderers are scattered in search of furs and provisions.

In commencing this station hopes were entertained that considerable opportunities would be presented of doing good to the Esquimaux. These, we regret to say, have not been realized. Mr. Watkins mentions, that during a residence of seventeen months he had not seen more than thirteen individuals of that race, inclusive of children. He had hoped to have been enabled, in the beginning of the year, to have proceeded northward to the post of Little Whale River, where a considerable number of Esquimaux are accustomed, at that season, to assemble. Such however, was the dearth of provisions at Fort George, that the master of that post was unable to furnish him with the supplies that were necessary, and the journey was of necessity given up.

An Esquimaux youth, named Peter, resides with Mr. Watkins, and is continually under his instruction, in the hope that he may prove an instrument of good to his countrymen. We introduce a few paragraphs from Mr. Watkins's journal.

"*Jan.* 30, 1854—In the latter part of the morning I instructed the Esquimaux Peter in English, reading the Bible which I had given him. When he has read a verse in English I read the same in Esquimaux, by which plan we are both assisted. He is much delighted, after having read a passage, which he understands ver imperfectly, to see the same translated into his own language, and to find that the meaning, which I have explained to him, is now clearly expressed in his native tongue.

"*March* 30—While visiting an Indian, Peter Cox, this morning at his tent, which he put up last night, after returning from hunting, I was

looking at his few books in the syllabic character, and found that he had written something on the inside of the cover of one which I gave to him about twelve months ago. Upon examination, I found it to be a prayer, which he said he wrote several months before he was baptized, which took place last November. The literal translation is as follows—'Our Father, help us. God, teach us Thy word. Be favourable to us when we ask for any thing which is good. I am a great sinner in having done wrong. Jesus, hear us, when we ask that we may live good lives. Make us to live a good life.' Considering that this was written by a poor heathen, who had received but very little instruction at that time in the truths of Christianity, I think it affords a delightful evidence of the working of God's Holy Spirit upon his heart, convincing of sin, and giving a hungering and thirsting after righteousness.

"*June* 2, 1854—This morning three Indian women and three or four children arrived at the Fort, bringing geese which had been shot by a party of Indians who are now staying at a Bay a few miles distant. Ascertaining from them that, including children, the number of persons encamped at the Bay amounted to about forty, I thought that a very favourable opportunity was presented for the prosecution of Missionary work amongst them, and determined upon returning with the women in the afternoon. We commenced crossing our noble river at three o'clock, and in due time landed upon the opposite bank, amidst immense blocks of ice, which still remain as evidences of the power of the winter's frost, although the river has opened more than a week since. At seven o'clock we reached the canoe

which had been left by the Indians in the morning, after having had a very tedious walk of somewhat more than three hours. Finding the canoe too small to convey all the party across the Bay, some of us waited behind till another could be forwarded for our accommodation. The time was not, however, unprofitably spent, as it afforded me the opportunity of speaking of the love of the Saviour to a poor inland Indian woman, who had come to the coast a few weeks earlier than usual. I found that she could remember the sweet text, 'God so loved the world,' &c., which she had learnt from me last summer. I 'began at the same Scripture,' and preached unto her Jesus, as the only 'name under heaven whereby we must be saved.' She remembered, also, the answer in Watts's Catechism—'I have too often sinned against God, and deserved His anger'—which seemed peculiarly appropriate, as calling for remarks on the universality of sin, and its fearful consequences. She was deeply attentive to me whilst speaking, as well as I could with the imperfect knowledge of the language which I at present possess. Having with me a few of the printed copies of Watts's Catechism, I gave her one, and read some parts, accompanying them with a few remarks. The canoe at length arriving from the opposite side of the Bay, I was glad to take my seat, and accomplish the remaining part of the journey. We arrived amongst the Indians at about nine o'clock, and, having saluted some of them, I felt thankful to enter my own tent; and after partaking of supper, and joining in prayer with my Eskimo youth and some others who accompanied me, I was quite willing to prepare for rest.

"*June* 3—After breakfast I went to one of the Indian tents, with the hope of imparting religious instruction to its inmates, amounting in all to twenty-two. Seating myself amongst them, I said that my object in coming to pay the visit was to speak about God and His Son Jesus, being very anxious that they might be happy, both in the present world and in that which lies beyond the grave. Having mentioned my intention of remaining a few days to instruct them in reading and in religious truths, an old man, as spokesman of the company, expressed their pleasure at seeing me, and their wish to know more of what I could teach them. After a few more remarks, I commenced teaching the syllabic characters used for writing the Indian language, in which I drilled my class for a considerable time. Afterwards, I distributed amongst them a few copies of Watts's Catechism, which were printed by my brother Missionary at Moose, and gave them instruction in that excellent little manual, making remarks of a practical character as we proceeded. Afterwards copied down the names of a variety of articles in the tent, in order to assist me in acquiring the Cree; for although I am now able, with some hesitation and stammering, to speak a little on religious subjects, yet a great deal remains to be acquired before I shall be in possession of a full knowledge of the language. Having spent an hour and a half with my attentive congregation, I left them, wishing to visit their neighbours in the adjoining tent, whom I found to number nineteen individuals. With them I passed the same length of time in a similar manner. Having dined, I again went to the first tent which I visited in the morning,

intending to divide the afternoon between the two parties; but very soon after I had commenced, those from the other tent began to join our number, so that I had a congregation of somewhat more than thirty individuals around me. Having drilled them in the syllabic characters till they appeared tired, I read and commented upon Psalm xxv.; after which we knelt down and sought the blessing of God on the efforts made for the spiritual benefit of these poor people. Remaining afterwards to copy down a number of words in Cree, I consumed about two hours and a half in the tent; after which I much enjoyed a walk, being cramped with sitting so long, Indian-like, upon the ground.

"*June* 15.—The class of Indians this afternoon numbered about twenty-five, the women and some of the youths having returned. After the English service this evening, I was informed that some inland Indians, who had arrived in the afternoon, whilst I was instructing those who are already here, have brought the mournful intelligence of the death through starvation of nine of their companions, all of whom were living together in one tent! Those who related the sad news had visited the deserted tent, and found near to it the dead bodies of two women, which they wrapped up in the tenting, and buried in the snow, the ground being frozen too hard to allow of their digging graves. Being overcome by a superstitious fear, they could not look for the others who were missing, but there is no probability of their being still alive. Guns, kettles, snow-shoes, and the various articles of Indian necessity, were lying about, whilst rabbit snares, which were seen near the tent, and a

fish-hook left in the water under the ice, were proofs of the efforts made by the poor creatures to obtain food. There was a small quantity of gunpowder left, but the shot being all consumed, its place was supplied by small pebbles, which the starving family had been necessitated to use, in the hope of killing a few birds. This family, together with the others of whom we were informed a few days since, make the number of seventeen individuals belonging to this Fort who have died through starvation during the course of the past winter! The subsistence of the Indians in this part of the country is at all times very precarious; but at certain seasons of the year many of them are reduced to the most pitiable extremities. Even my own family, at such times, is so badly supplied with meat, that we do not know for two days together what food we can eat, although we have an abundance of ammunition at command for procuring wild fowl, if any could be obtained. The Indians must necessarily be in a much worse position, as they are too poor to purchase a large supply of powder and shot, and are of course entirely destitute of grain, of which, through the goodness of God, I have always a stock on hand. Their resources are so slight, that, with a very few exceptions, the whole produce of their year's hunt does not enable them to obtain more than one article of clothing for each member of their respective families: in many instances, indeed, they cannot even do this. Such being their destitute condition, we cannot feel sufficiently grateful to those Christian friends who have so kindly supplied us with warm and valuable garments, for distribution amongst these distressed creatures.

"*June* 18: *Lord's-day*—My Indian service this morning was attended by about forty-five individuals, several having arrived last night. The schoolroom being unpleasantly small for such a number, we held service this afternoon in the Company's fur store, which has been kindly placed at my disposal, at considerable inconvenience to the postmaster. Though it presents an appearance very unlike a church, being half full of packing-cases, furs, guns, kettles, blankets, and various articles for trade, yet it is now sanctified by the offering up of prayer and praise.

"*June* 19—After having given an hour's instruction to the Esquimaux youth, the remainder of the morning was spent as usual at the tents of the Indians. Mrs. Watkins, who accompanied me, supplied all the women and girls with thimbles and a few needles and pins, which had been kindly presented by Christian friends in England. We selected a large number of those of each sex who were the most destitute of clothing, and had afterwards the pleasure of distributing to them many of the valuable garments which have been placed at our disposal by the liberality of Christians in our native land. The goods were received last October, but we have reserved a considerable part of them for the benefit of these inland Indians, who visit the Fort only at this season of the year. The pleasure which some of the miserable creatures manifested was very great; but we think it did not surpass that which we ourselves experienced in bestowing such suitable clothing on those who were all but entirely destitute of any protection from the inclemencies of our severe climate. We could not but regret that the friends who con-

tributed, and, in many instances, made these garments, should be denied the gratification of themselves bestowing them on the poor Indians.

"*June* 28.—An inland Indian and his wife, who had tea in my kitchen this afternoon, afterwards very much interested me by their evident desire to obtain spiritual blessings in their souls. As they expect to leave the Fort to-morrow morning, I addressed to them a few words of parting counsel, when I was much delighted to see the earnestness which each of them manifested on the subject of religion. They expressed their constant desire to know more of God, and to be with Him, but spoke of their sin as being very great, and as causing them to fear God would not love them. They also seemed much distressed because they could not remember any prayers; but I endeavoured to comfort their minds by the assurance that God knew their hearts, and would be pleased with their earnest wishes to love Him and obey His commandments. I said, too, that God would hear short prayers, mentioning several, such as, 'God have mercy on me!' 'Jesus, save me!' 'Take away sin from my heart!' 'Keep me from hell!' 'Take me to heaven!' This seemed much to encourage them, and they said they would say such prayers every day."

What could sustain a Missionary under such discouragements, but a sense of the value of an immortal soul—more valuable than the whole world? And to toil, so as to be instrumental in saving one of these poor, ignorant, perishing Esquimaux or Red Indians, is, in reality, a more honorable and useful life, than legislating for the temporal well-being of kingdoms.

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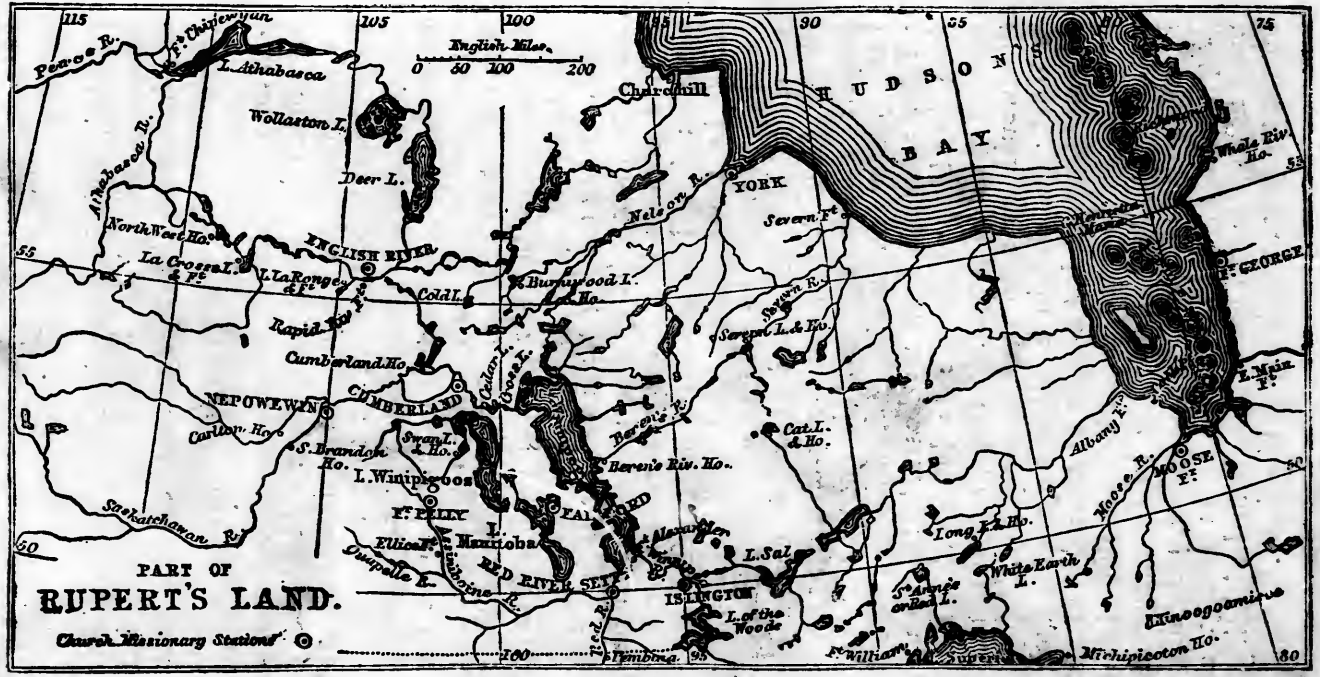
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