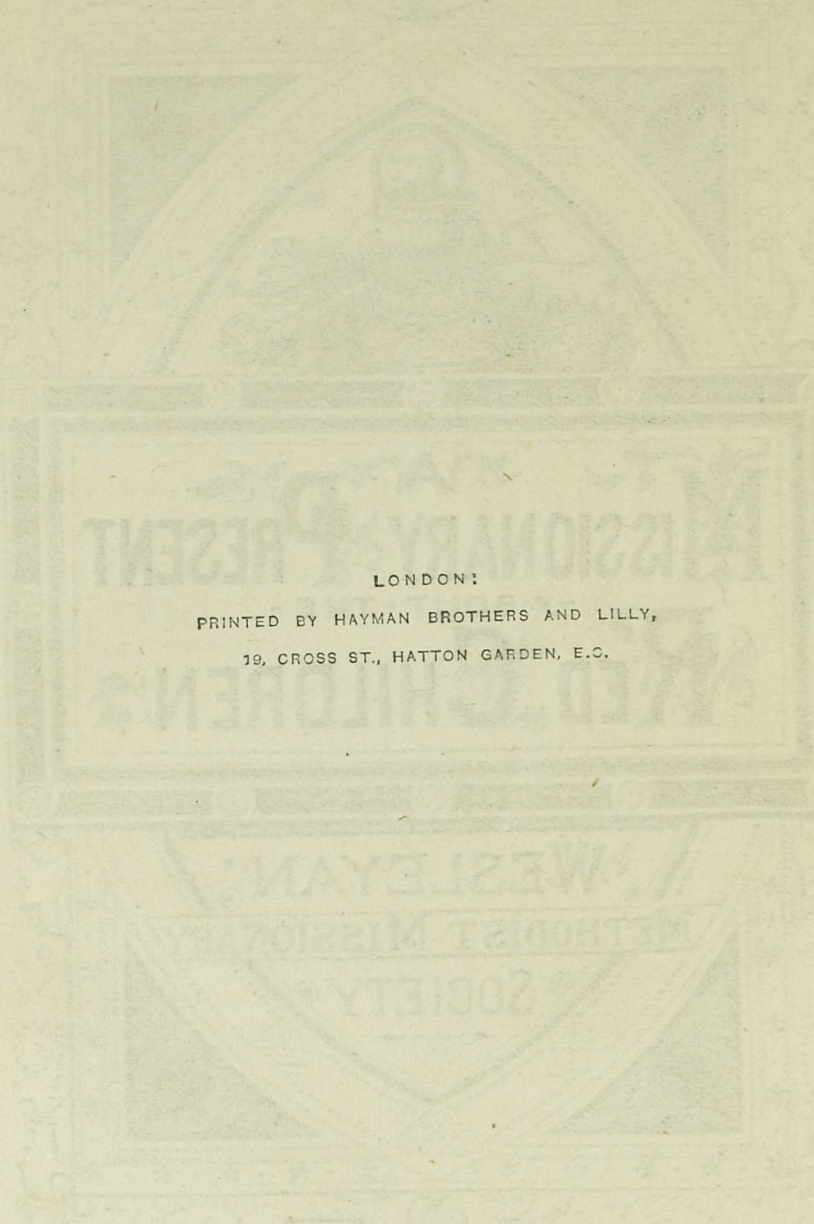


A
MISSIONARY PRESENT
• ABOUT THE •
RED CHILDREN

WESLEYAN
METHODIST MISSIONARY
SOCIETY

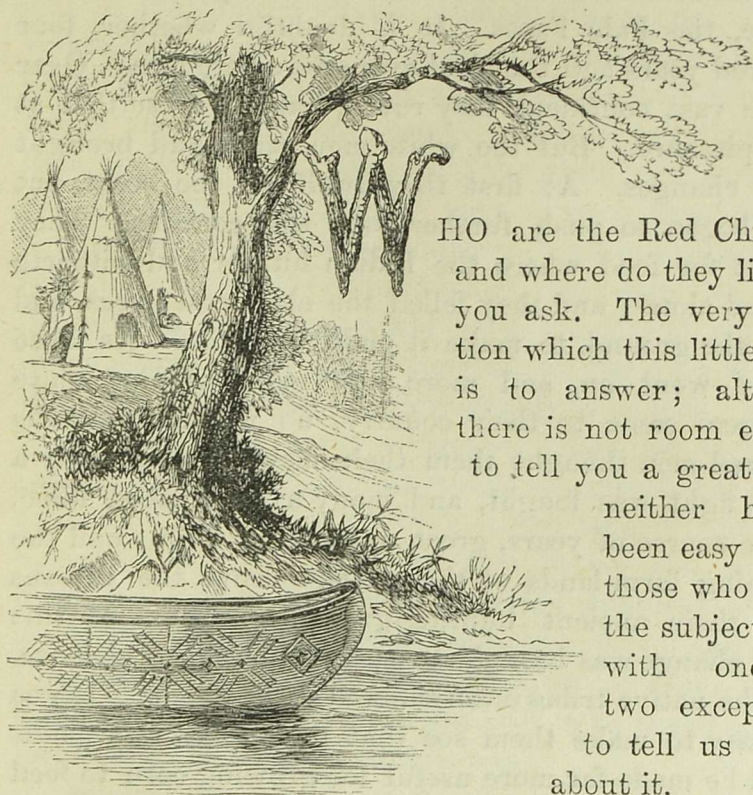


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ABOUT THE RED CHILDREN.



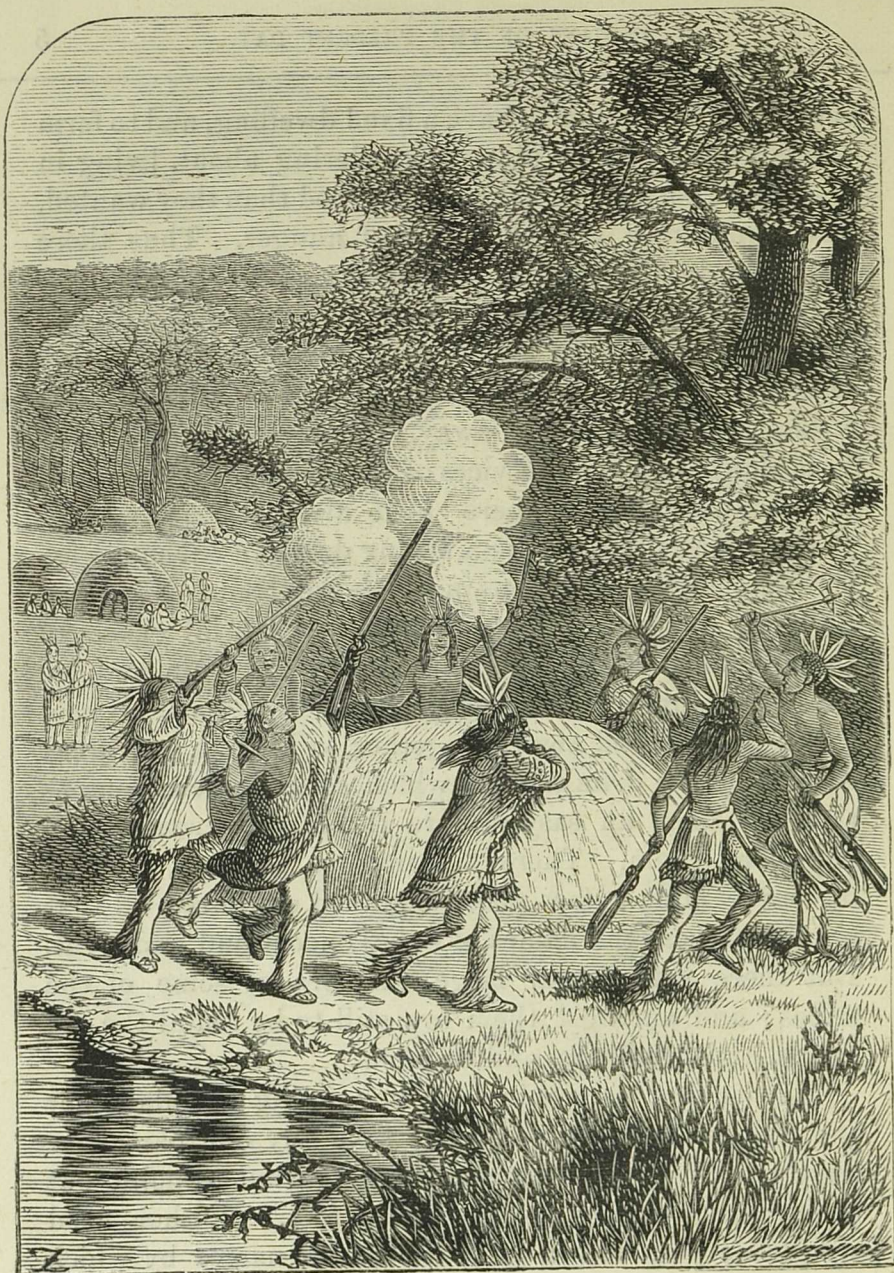
HO are the Red Children,
and where do they live?—
you ask. The very ques-
tion which this little book
is to answer; although
there is not room enough
to tell you a great deal;
neither has it
been easy to get
those who know
the subject best,
with one or
two exceptions,
to tell us much
about it.

The people, about whom you are now to read, are found in different parts of North America, from the cold regions by the Arctic Sea nearly down to the sunny shores of the Gulf of Mexico. They are divided into

many tribes, which differ from one another in appearance, dress, and habits, but are all so far similar as to show that they belong to one great race. Although varying in depth of shade, their skin is of a fine reddish brown, much like the colour of clean, bright copper. Hence they are known as the Red Men ; and they call us white people, the Pale Faces. It is doubtful whether, four hundred years ago, they had ever seen a pale face. Over all the vast continent they roved, hunted or settled at their pleasure. But the white men came, and brought great changes. At first they dwelt on the coast, but soon began to push further into the country. They sought for food where the Indian hunter had hitherto roamed alone ; and they felled the old forest trees, and tilled the ground, to make it yield its fruits. As these things went on, and more and more of the white strangers came to their country, no wonder that the wild red men thought them their enemies ; and many a fierce fight was fought, and many a cruel deed done. In the course of years, great cities were built ; and the widening farm-lands of the settlers drove the Indians from their ancient hunting-grounds. Much of this great change was brought to pass with needless violence, and the native tribes often suffered great wrong. It was not easy to make them see that their great rich plains could be made far more useful for growing corn to feed multitudes, than if they were left to the buffalo and the deer. So they called the pale-faces their foes ; and some tribes treat them as such to this day. But many have, in the course of time, learned a wiser way. They have found

out that it was better to have a fixed dwelling, and to farm the land, than to be always wandering about, living in frail tents, sometimes having more food than they wanted, and sometimes almost dying of hunger. Thus there are now, in the British possessions of North America, and in the United States, Indian towns and villages, where the people are becoming more and more like their white neighbours in dress and customs, and their old habits are fast passing away. Sad to tell, they have been quick to learn the vices of the white men, especially drunkenness. And there have always been wicked persons ready to give them strong drink in exchange for the precious furs and skins in which they trade. Nowhere, perhaps, in the whole world have the fearful effects of intemperance been more terrible, or the ruin and destruction caused by them more plainly to be seen. Whole tribes have passed away altogether, killed out, to a great extent, by the drunkenness which so enfeebled them, as to make them an easy prey to those who wronged and oppressed them. There are now to be seen, up and down the land, a few poor, degraded creatures, all that are left to bear the names of tribes once proud and great. But there yet remain large numbers of some of the tribes; and amongst them are still to be found the old forms, and dwellings, and customs.

In writing something for our young friends about the red children, we shall not take any one particular tribe as our subject, except when we want to point out something specially interesting in any. Neither need we puzzle you with a long list of the names by which



SALUTING A BABY.

they are known, such as, The Crees, Ojibeways, Cherokees, Chickasaws, Chocktaws, Kickapoos, Crows, Flat-heads and Black-feet :—these will do just for specimens.

It is not easy to get to know much about the private life of the Indians ; and we cannot describe so exactly as we should like, all that happens when a baby is born amongst them, and all that happens to the baby, and the child, and the youth, up to the time of becoming man or woman. One scene has been described to us thus. Just about sunset, eight armed warriors peeped out of the bush, and, raising a strange and terrible shout called the war-whoop, suddenly ran out of the forest towards the river-side, where stood a small tent covered with the bark of birch-trees. Surrounding this tent they raised the war-whoop once more and fired off their guns. Then they ran to one of the wigwams, or large tents, and there danced until dried fish was given them to eat. You would hardly guess the meaning of all this. In that little hut by the river, a baby-boy had just been born ; and the war-cry, and the firing, and the dancing, with which the little fellow's first moments of life were surrounded, were to make him grow up strong, and brave and warlike.

If we would take a peep at the *papoose*—for so they call a baby—we should see a little red creature, not pinky-red, but the colour of a fresh-scoured copper pan, or a new penny, when pennies were made of copper. All who know anything about these Indians agree in saying their babies are very good babies ; for they but

seldom cry. You will say, very likely, that this is because they are well nursed. No doubt that is a most important thing; and many a baby gets scolded because its nurse is too stupid or too careless to understand it; so it does all a baby can do to show its displeasure; it cries and screams. Now, I am not going to say that the red mother, or *squaw*, is the best nurse in the world; but she must have the credit of knowing how to keep her baby quiet.

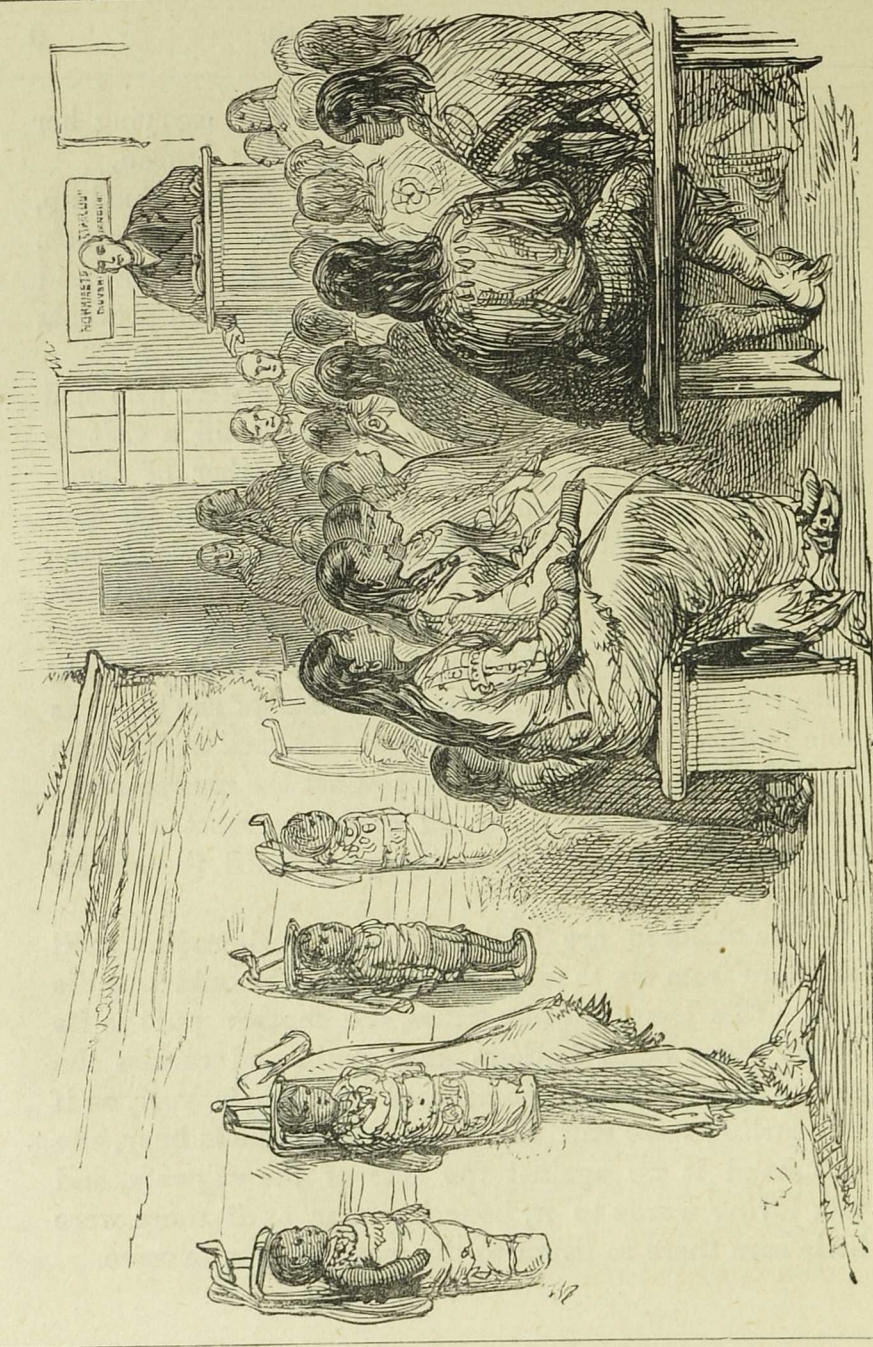
You know very well what a cradle is; but an Indian cradle would astonish you. It is a flat board. On this board the child is placed on its back, and fastened to it by a broad band, which is often gaily embroidered with beads and strips of coloured porcupine quills, arranged in pretty patterns. A little wooden arch at the lower end of the board supports the baby's feet, which are bandaged to it to make them grow straight. If it be a boy, his feet are trained to grow with the toes pointing outwards; if a girl, with them turned in. Over the little one's head is another bow or hoop of wood; and from it are hung little things, such as mud-turtle claws, duck-bills, and bright thimbles, to amuse the child, and charms to keep it from the dangers and diseases of infancy. The baby is surrounded and packed in with nice soft moss, and warm rabbit-skins; and the cradle is complete! When the mother travels,—and she has often to make long journeys—or when she goes to work—and she has to work very hard—she slings her baby at her back, and carries it by a long broad band, often made very ornamental, and passing across her forehead.

If you have ever seen a Scotch fish-wife carrying her basket of fish, you will know exactly what I mean.

While the woman is at work, her baby is stood up, leaning against something, or hung to a tree-branch. This last plan is a very good one, as a touch now and then keeps the little thing gently swinging, and prevents it getting fretful, or sends it off to sleep.

Not very long ago, an English Minister, who had never before been among the Indians, paid a visit to one of the churches where a large number of them, who were Christians, used to worship. Before his congregation came together, he could not help wondering what a long row of pegs in the wall were meant for. Presently the people who had been called together, not by a bell, but by the blowing of a horn, came flocking into the church. Then he saw the use of the pegs, as one mother after another took from her back the baby on its little board, and hung it up against the church-wall! and there the babies hung, all of a row, most of them fast asleep, and the rest pretty quiet, until the service was over.

The children are kept on their board-cradles until they are from six to eight months old. Should one die before this time, in some tribes, the mother puts in its empty place black feathers and quills, and carries the cradle about with her, sometimes for a whole year, as if her darling were still there; and when she is busy, she will stand it up against the side of the wigwam, and talk loving words to it, hour by hour, as if there were little ears there to listen to the mother's gentle voice.



BABIES IN CHURCH.

In one tribe, the cradle, instead of being a flat board, is hollow like a little boat or canoe. Should a baby die, it is left where it was, and the little case is set afloat on a sacred lake or pool, instead of being buried. Indeed burying is not common. Generally the Indians place their dead in a canoe upon a high stage in the forest. They wrap them in skins, and set beside them provisions, and such things as they needed when alive.

A Missionary, who preached for some years amongst the Indians, and learned to love them well, gives this very touching description of what he saw on a journey.

THE CHILD'S GRAVE.

THE canoe was put to the shore without any reason that the Missionary could see, and the principal boatman, who bore the name of Hughey Hestor, landed, and moved onward through the woods, the Missionary accompanying him. At length they came to a small open space, where four trees seemed as if they had been bound together, for more than a foot from the ground, by bark and logs and grass, forming a sort of couch; and fastened to the trees were trinkets such as a child might own. Here the Indian stood motionless and silent for a while, and his eyes filled with tears. At length his trembling voice told, that within that square mass there lay the body of a little daughter, buried a few months before. The father had evidently loved her much. Near the grave, above ground as it was, there stood a pile of wood, such as might be found outside a



MESSENGERS TO THE SPIRIT LAND.

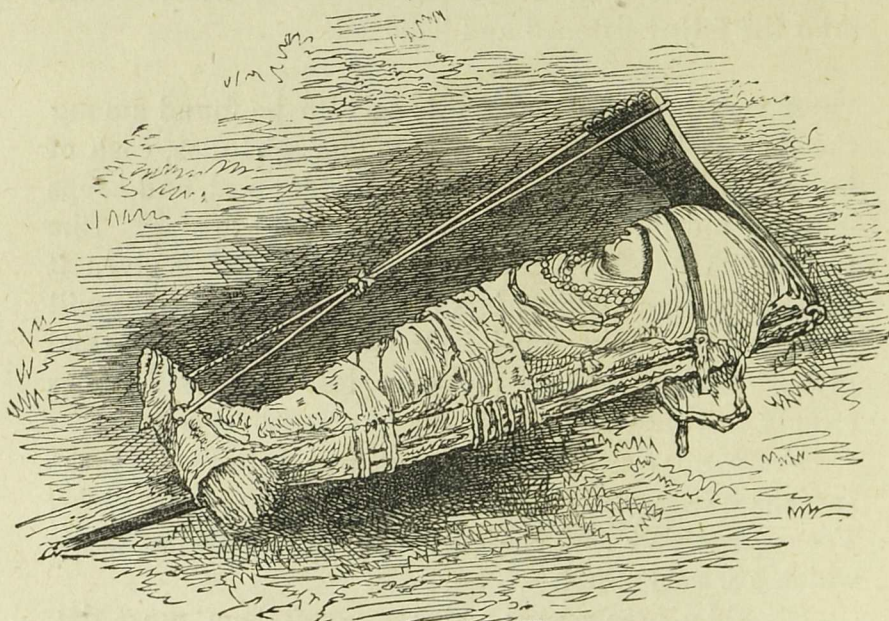
tent for fuel; and the Missionary asked his canoe-man about its use. He was told, that, in the cold winter-time, the child might need fire for its comfort. The child-spirit was somehow to be warmed by the wood without its being burned. Of course the Christian teacher explained to his half-taught friend, that his precious one had passed beyond all the wants of earth to that better land where are no more winter-chills. And the father listened and believed.

A very beautiful custom is said to be found among the Seneca Indians. When a young girl dies, each of her companions gets, if possible, a young bird, and keeps it caged until it begins to try to fly and to sing. She then takes it to her friend's grave, and having given it many a kiss and caress, lets it fly, believing that it will not stay its flight until it reach the spirit-land, and give its load of love to the dear lost one. Sometimes twenty or thirty such birds are let loose over a grave.

From all these accounts you will believe that the Indians have much warm affection. And you are right. Yet superstition and custom make them do some deeds which are very cruel.

Should a squaw have twins, one of them must die. A Missionary tells an instance that he knew well. A certain woman's daughter was married, and lived at home with her parents for a time. She had two pretty little babes born on the same day, who might have grown up happily to love each other, and to do good in the world. But it was against the old Indian ideas

to let both live. So the grandmother killed one. There is no doubt that she found the task hard; for she was not naturally a cruel woman: and the Missionary, who knew her well, but was far away at the time, knows that she was a long time in making up her mind as to which of the little creatures should die. But the deed was done at last, and she who did it felt a sorrow of heart because of it as long as she lived.



FLAT-HEAD CRADLE.

Well, we have got into very sad and dark subjects. Yes, dear young friends. There are many and great miseries amongst those who do not know God. And it is well that you should understand something of these—though we cannot tell you all—that you may be more

earnest than ever in praying and working for these people, that they may learn the Gospel which guarded *your* cradle and has shed light and love on the path of your childhood.

We have not yet quite done with the *papoose*. You have heard, no doubt, of the strange custom followed by



A FLAT-HEAD INDIAN.

certain Indian tribes of altering the shape of the children's heads. Let us now tell you a little more about it as it is practised by the Chinooks or Flat-heads.

In the picture you see a Chinook *papoose* in its cradle. You will notice, that the board above its head is fastened by a string to the foot of the cradle. Now remember that the skull of a baby is very tender and easily bent. Well, this board is made to press gently on the forehead at first; but the string is made a little tighter every day; and thus the board is brought down closer and closer until it touches the baby's nose. In about two months the process is complete, and the shape of the head altered for life, there being a straight line from the crown of the head to the tip of the nose, as you see in this picture of a full-grown Chinook. You will say that this is very cruel to the poor little *papoose*. It is certainly a very barbarous custom; but the child does not suffer. The pressure is increased so gradually that it is not felt; and, strange to say, the baby is scarcely ever heard to cry unless the string should be loosened for a little while.

After the little one is removed from its cradle, it is left to roll about and grow. The mother carries it now at her back or side in the fold of her robe or blanket. After this the red children get very little care or attention, and suffer a good many hardships. They are generally very healthy; but if sickness come, they have no one to give advice how to treat them; and the medicine-man of the tribe can do nothing but dance about the sufferer, and utter horrible sounds, and increase its misery, under pretence of charming away the disease.

The dreadful custom, too, is found here, of forsaking the aged and feeble, and of putting an end to those

whose sickness seems to be beyond cure. Even after the use of the gun has caused the bow to be of little value, it has been known that a bow was kept in the hut for a special purpose. A little girl of four years old, in eating fish, got a bone fixed in her throat, and none of her friends could remove it: so her own father and mother took her over the river in a canoe, put the bowstring round the neck of their gasping child, let it tighten, and she breathed no more!

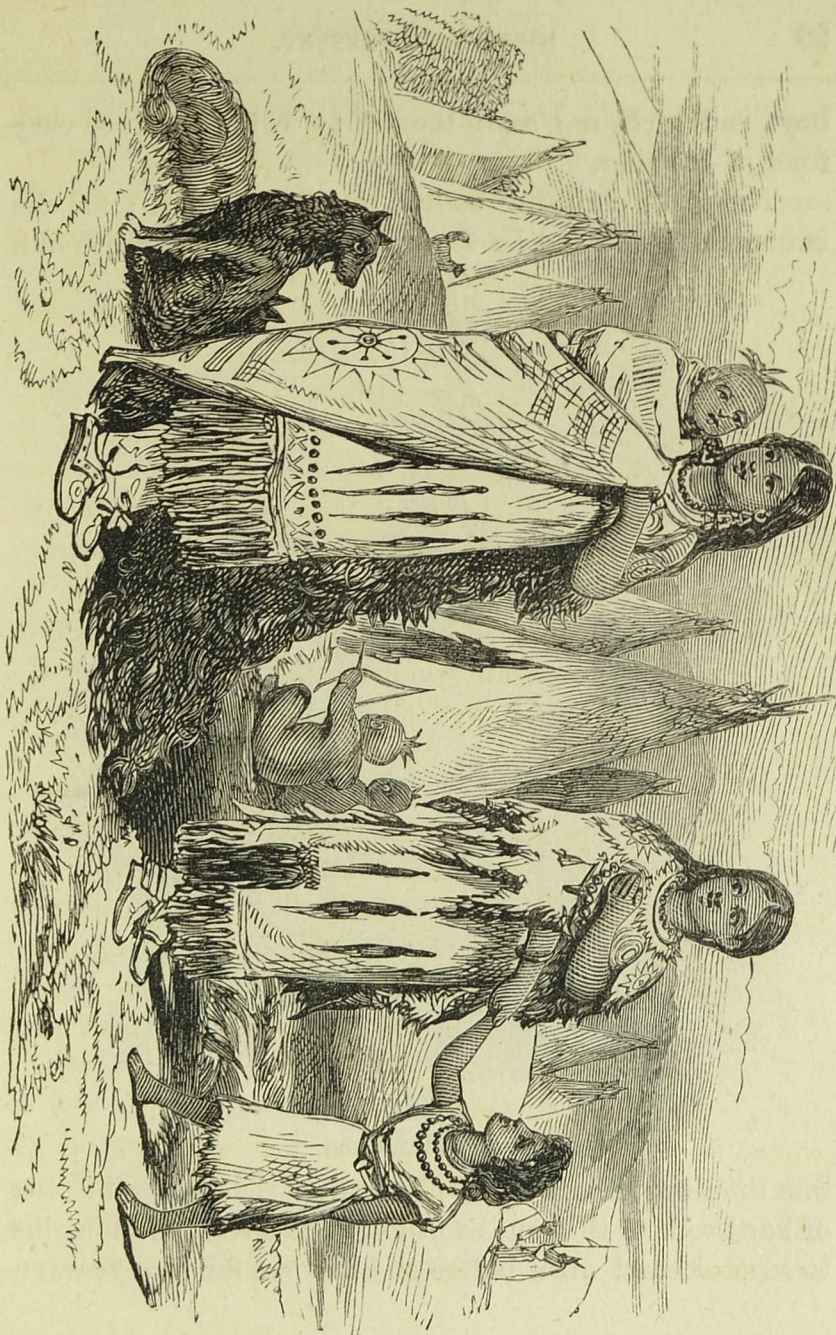
The Indians seem to give names to their children soon after they are born. Sometimes, however, they get a new name when they are grown up, because of some great event or exploit. The giving of the name to an infant is accompanied by many strange, superstitious ceremonies; and the names given are often very strange too. In some cases the name refers to something peculiar in the child. Thus one man was called *Mole-in-the-forehead*. Here are a few names for you to choose from. Thunder-spirit, Red-thunder, Long-knife, White-buffalo, Smoke, The Black-rock, Dog, Snapping-turtle, Little-bear, Turkey-cock, Beaver, Eagle-ribs. And now for some girls' names, some of which are quite poetical. Midday-sun, Sweet-scented-grass, The Pure-fountain, The Bending-willow, The Crystal-stone, She-who-strikes-many.

For the first three or four years of their life, the red children, in the warm plains, wear no clothes at all. After that, they begin to put on a sort of shirt. Formerly all the Indian clothes were made of the skins of different animals. Now, in many of the tribes, cloth

and blankets have been introduced ; but in some the old style of dress is still kept up. The grown-up people, especially the great chiefs, get themselves up very grandly. The Crow Indians have splendid hair, and a chief in full dress has been seen to march proudly along with his shining black tresses dragging on the ground behind him. The people are very clever in preparing skins so as to make them beautifully soft, and in colouring them, generally blue, green, or red. If the fur is not left on, the skin-dress is ornamented with various patterns, some painted, and others embroidered with strips of porcupine-quill and beads. The edges are often fringed with long locks of buffalo hair. In great warriors' dresses, the fringe is made of locks torn from the heads of their slain enemies. Feathers also form an important part of the toilet, especially of the men. The children's clothes, of course, are not so grand ; but they are made after the same style. Here is a picture of some chief's children, and a young wife carrying her baby. The shoes are made of skin like the rest of the dress, and the soles are soft and thin like the upper part.

The little girls are not provided with nice toys and amusements, but are left to make games and playthings for themselves. One favourite employment is the making of little wigwams, or dolls' houses, but without the dolls. As they get older, they are very soon put to work, fetching water, hoeing the ground, digging up roots, learning to cure and dress skins, which is very hard labour, and then to make them into garments and ornament them, which is much nicer work. All children,

A CHIEF'S FAMILY,



boys and girls, are early taught to swim, and are very fond of bathing.

The girl's child-life comes to an early close; for she is generally married by the time she is twelve years old.



INDIAN WIGWAM.

She then becomes a *squaw*; and after that her life is one of hard toil, so that she soon loses her beauty, and begins to look old and worn before she has got far into years.

The boys are trained when very young to use the bow, and to trap game. They are also taught to endure weariness and pain without complaining.

One who had often witnessed it, thus describes a scene among the Mandans:—"During the pleasant mornings of the summer, the little boys between the age of seven and fifteen are called out, to the number of several hundreds; and, being divided into two companies, each of which is headed by some experienced warrior, who leads them on as a teacher, they are led out into the prairie (open plain) at sunrise, when this curious discipline is regularly taught them. Their bodies are naked, and each one has a little bow in his left hand, and a number of arrows made of large spears of grass, which are harmless in their effect. Each one has also a little belt or girdle around his waist, in which he carries a knife made of a piece of wood, and equally harmless. On the tops of their heads are loosely fixed small tufts of grass, which answer as scalps, and in this plight they follow the dictates of their experienced leaders, who lead them through the clever movements of Indian warfare—of feints, retreats, attacks,—and at last to a general fight. Many manœuvres are gone through, and eventually they are brought up face to face, within fifteen or twenty feet of each other, with their leaders at their head urging them on. Their bows are bent upon each other and their arrows flying, whilst they are dodging and fending them off. If anyone is struck by an arrow on any vital part of his body, he is obliged to fall as if he were killed, and his adversary rushes up to

him, sets his foot upon him, and, snatching from his belt his wooden knife, grasps hold of his victim's scalp-lock of grass, and pretending to make a gash with his knife, twitches it off and puts it into his belt, and then enters again into the ranks and front of the battle." Thus the boys are trained from the beginning to love war and be familiar with deeds of violence.

Some of you may have heard or read of the Rev. Peter Jones, an Indian Missionary of our Society, who died about sixteen years ago. His mother's name was Tuhbenahneequay, daughter of an Ojibeway Chief. It is interesting to hear an Indian describe his own boyhood; and thus he writes :—

"When I was young, a grand feast was made for the purpose of giving me an Indian name, and of dedicating me to the guardian care of some particular god, according to the Indian fashion. I was then named Kah-ke-na-quo-na-by, which means "Sacred-waving-feathers," and refers to feathers plucked from the eagle, the sacred bird. By this name I was dedicated to the thunder-god; the eagle being considered by the Indians the representative of the god of thunder. At this feast I was presented with a war-club and a bunch of eagles' feathers, which I was to keep as a memorial of my dedication, the club denoting the power, and the feathers the flight of the god of thunder. I long since lost both, and consequently became powerless and wingless!

"Although quite young, I recollect accompanying a large hunting party to the Genesee River, state of New

York. At this time there were no inhabitants where the beautiful city of Rochester now stands. Our party killed a number of bears; and I had the *pleasure* of attending a sacred bear-oil feast, at which each guest had to drink about a gill of what was not any more palatable than castor-oil.

"Sometime after this I was present at a dog-feast. The animal was killed, the hair singed off, and the carcass cooked, and dealt out to all the company: after that a portion was laid on the fire as a burnt-offering. I recollect also, being present on one occasion when a number of birch-bark canoes were on their way to York, now Toronto, and a black dog was offered as a sacrifice to the god of waters, in order that there might be smooth water and fair winds. A stone was tied around the neck of the animal, and then he was thrown into the lake. Besides the above, I have attended the following religious feasts, viz., sturgeon, salmon, deer, wild-goose, offerings to the dead, &c., &c.

"At a very early age I was taught to handle the bow and arrow, with which I used to kill small game. As I grew older, I became very fond of the gun, and was considered a great hunter. I was also thought expert at using the canoe, and the spear, and frequently brought home a large supply of fish.

"When I was about the age of nine years, my mother gave me away to an Indian Chief, who had lately lost a son of my name, and I became as one of his children."



AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

After suffering many things, this Indian boy was fetched home again by his mother; he heard and believed the Gospel, and, being converted, sought to do good to others. He became the first Native Wesleyan Missionary of Canada, and, having been the means of turning many of his own people to righteousness, died greatly honoured and beloved, at fifty-four years of age.

It is impossible here to describe fully the religion of the Indian tribes. They believe in one supreme God, whom they call the Great Spirit. They acknowledge, too, a Great Spirit who is evil, as well as one who is good. They have, besides, "gods many." In air, earth, wind, thunder, fire, water—in each they worship a god, and in many animals as well they believe that a god or powerful spirit sometimes dwells, who must be made favourable by sacrifices and by various ceremonies. Thus everything about them is looked at superstitiously.

Their most marked object of superstitious use is what is called their *medicine*. You must not think the word means what you understand by it. As applied to the religion of the Indian it means *mystery*; and, as it is chiefly practised by those who act as doctors, it has got the name of *medicine* from foreigners; but almost every tribe has its own name for it. Anything wonderful, that they cannot understand, is thus named. Everyone is believed to have his own particular *medicine*; that is, there is some object which will bring him good luck, and has a great power over his safety and welfare. The

important thing, then, is for each one to find out what his own *medicine* is.

A boy, at about fourteen years of age, sets to work, as they say, to "form his medicine." He disappears, sometimes for four or five days, from his father's wigwam, and hides himself in some lonely place, where he throws himself upon the ground, and lies there, crying to the Great Spirit. During all the time of his absence he tastes no food. Falling asleep with weariness and faintness, he dreams; and whatever bird, or beast, or reptile he may dream about, that is his *medicine*. And there he waits until the dream comes. Then he returns home, and tells the result, and, having had food, sets out again with bow, or spear, or traps, or gun, to get the creature of which he has dreamed. He comes back with his prize, such as an otter, a beaver, a weasel, a sparrow, a magpie, a musk-rat, a racoon, an eagle, a hawk, a polecat, a snake, a frog or toad, a mole, a mouse, or it may be even as big as a wolf. The skin of the creature thus obtained is prepared whole, loosely stuffed with soft grass or moss, and sewn up carefully, never to be opened again. When he has ornamented this bag according to his taste, it thenceforward becomes his companion everywhere. He wears it beneath his clothes, if it be small, or openly if it be of larger size. No offer that you can make, will lead him to part with that precious thing; for, in his belief, his whole fortune depends upon it. He keeps it jealously to the end of his days, and, when he dies, it is buried with him to accompany him to the beautiful hunting-grounds which

he hopes for in some other world. When an Indian learns to trust in Christ for salvation, the last thing he gives up is his *medicine-bag*; and if he part with that, it is a good proof that "old things have passed away."

Think of that boy, in the solitude and danger of the forest, lying night and day without food on the bare



BOYS FISHING THROUGH ICE.

ground, crying his vain prayers to the Great Spirit. Would you not like to go and tell him a better way; to say to him, that the Great Spirit has spoken in love to men, and has sent His own Son to be their Saviour? What a new thought for the Indian's mind, so dark and troubled with superstitious fears, that the great God Himself will be

his friend and daily guardian, and that he speaks thus from heaven: "Wilt thou not at this time cry unto Me, My Father, Thou art the guide of my youth?"

The Indians often have very hard times of want and hunger. This is especially the case in the North. In winter, the mother goes out every two or three days, and brings home rabbits from the snares, and the father comes from hunting with a deer which he has shot, or a beaver, or only some partridges. The children themselves go to the holes which have been dug through the thick ice, and there wait patiently in the cold to catch the fish that come to the open places. But in the spring the fish won't be caught thus, and there is no snow to show where the rabbits run, and the deer and partridges are away further north, and it is not yet time for the wild geese and ducks to arrive from warmer countries. Then comes the season of want, and the people suffer terribly, especially the children. Peter Jones thus describes their distress at such times. He says:—"We were obliged to cut down hickory trees; we then peeled off the bark and cut out chips, which were boiled in order to extract the sweet juice; this we drank and derived much nourishment from it. At other times we were compelled to boil and eat a certain kind of moss called *wauquog*, taken from the pine tree."

Here is a true story of Indian superstition and cruelty.

THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER'S LITTLE SLAVE.

AMONGST the Chinooks or Flat-heads, of whom you have just heard, in times not long gone by, wars prevailed;

and, when the men were killed, the children were often kept alive for slaves. One little captive girl was thus given to the daughter of a chief. Presently the little mistress died, and was wrapt up in a canoe, and placed upon a raised stage, in the way which has already been described to you. But it was thought, that as she had wanted a slave to attend her in this world, so she would need one in the other life to which she had gone. So the little slave-girl was strangled and laid by her side. But the dark deed had not been perfectly done; and, after awhile, thought and feeling came back to the poor child who had already suffered so much from war and bondage, and she was able to get out of her intended coffin. But she had nowhere to go for safety or help, and must starve if she remained there. At last she made up her mind to return to the people who had tried to murder her, and tell them of a vision or dream, which she had either seen or invented. She said she had seen her mistress in the spirit-world, who had told her that her services were not wanted there, and that she might go back. But she was not believed. They took her back to the burial-place; and this time the work of death was completely done.

Before closing, something must be said about the good work of Christian teaching among the Indians. Until within the last few years, none of the children learned to read, for the very good reason that there was nothing for them to read. The chief difficulty in writing the language was the great length of the words.

Thus, in the Cree language the word for sin is, *mul-che-pe-mah-te-se-win-e-nah-nah*. It was given to Mr. Evans, a Methodist Missionary, to remove this difficulty by inventing a sort of alphabet, the signs of which stand for syllables instead of single letters. Thus 7 is *ma*, 11 *me*, 111 *mo*, 1111 *mu*, and so on, other changes being made by dots and small lines. Another Methodist Missionary made a printing-press for himself, cast types, and scraped soot out of his chimney to make printing-ink. Thus the new mode of writing the language got into use, and was generally confessed to be a great boon to the Indians. At first there were no books or slates, and the earliest lessons in reading and writing were on the mud of the river-banks and sand of the sea-shore, as the Missionary went on his long journeys. It was amusing to see his scholars, with their tin pans filled with wet sand made smooth, learning to make the letters with a pointed stick, then smoothening the surface and beginning again.

About a fortnight was often enough to teach a set of pupils, made up of old men, women, and children. Then came new joys and benefits. Letters could be written to distant friends, and letters were received. But the best of all was this, that a way was found for reading the Word of God, which devoted men translated into the Indian languages, together with Christian hymns, and useful books.

In Canada proper the Wesleyan Missions have been very successful amongst the Indians, many of whom have become earnest and faithful Christians. Other

Missions have also been at work on behalf of these tribes, with very good results. We have now Manual Labour Schools, and Industrial Farms, where the young Indian is trained in everything likely to be useful to him and others—not merely how to use the spade, the hoe, the rake, the plough, but to make them for himself.

Now let me close this little account by giving you a scene in contrast with those already presented to you. It was thus described by a very old Minister still living, as he told of his first visit to an Indian Christian service some years ago, in the neighbourhood of Rice Lake. "Being invited, while on a visit to one of our Circuits, which had an Indian Mission within its limits, to give them a Sabbath evening service and administer the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to the Members of Society, I consented, without the least idea of what would follow, or what the real results of our labour, among the heathen had been. Imagine my surprise, when I found myself on a beautiful Sabbath evening, in the fall of the year, conducted to a place prepared with care for the occasion, in the depths of a pine-forest. Seats had been prepared on the trunks of felled trees, and a rude pulpit provided; and here a large and attentive assembly of red men and women were waiting to hear the Word. It was a solemn and impressive time; but what followed was to me, far more so. The Sacramental Elements were prepared and set forth with due care and order, and this service was commenced. But who shall describe the circumstances? The shades of night had fallen: the lofty columns of the forest glades

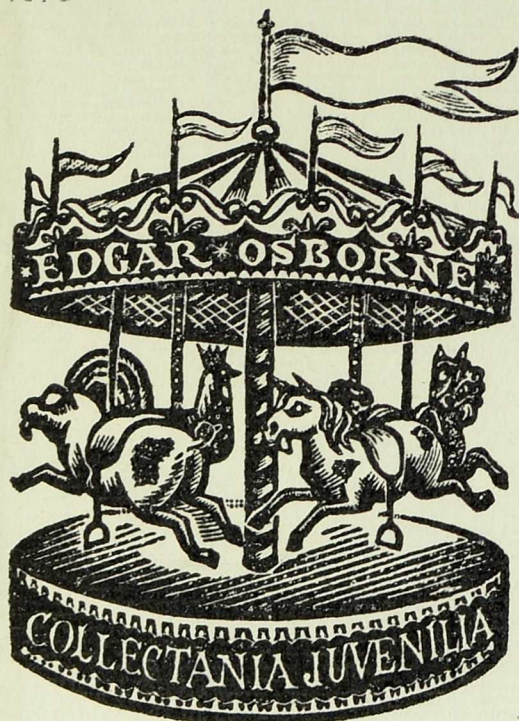
just visible, like the vistas of some vast cathedral: and, to light up the solemn scene, every second man held a blazing pine-knot in his hand, with a plentiful supply of the fuel near. And thus to *two hundred* converted Indians I administered the Sacrament of the Supper under the pressure of feelings I can never forget; while, at the close,

“ ‘The grand old aisles of the forest rang
With anthems of the frée.’ ”

We should like to have given you some information about our Mission-work amongst the Red People. But, although we have written to Canada several times for it, we have not been able to get what we wanted. We hope, however, to be able to tell you more, before very long, in the pages of the *Juvenile Offering*. Until then, dear young friends and helpers, once more, FAREWELL.



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III

