

PAM.
N. AMER.

THE CHURCH AND THE INDIANS.

OFFICE OF THE INDIAN COMMISSION,
PROT. EPISCOPAL CHURCH, 30 BIBLE HOUSE, N. Y

FRUITS OF CHRISTIAN WORK AMONG THE CHIPPEWAS.

A LETTER FROM THE REV. MR. GILFILLAN.

THE Letter, herewith presented, will be read with grateful satisfaction by all who take an interest in our Church's efforts to Christianize the Red man, and especially will this be the case on the part of those who, for years past, have been sustaining Enmegahbowh's devoted labors by prayers and offerings. As yet, the name of the writer of the Letter is not so much a household word in the Church as that of the Indian Presbyter, with whom he has within the last few months become a fellow-worker. But, the character of the man, and his qualifications for his new field of labor, may be inferred from testimony of him, furnished by a brother Clergyman and by his Bishop.

Bishop Whipple, in writing of the work at White Earth, says: "The Rev. Joseph A. Gilfillan has taken charge of the Mission, and will be a faithful helper to Enmegahbowh. For prudence, zeal, piety and practical knowledge of business, I do not know one better fitted for Mission work."

The Rev. Dr. Knickerbacker (of Minneapolis, Minn.), in giving an account to Bishop W. of a recent visit which he had been making at the Reservation, thus refers to Mr. Gilfillan: "Mr. Gilfillan is throwing himself heartily into the work of learning their language and fitting himself for his duties. I do not believe there could be found a better man for the work, in the American Church. His faith, his simplicity, his humility and devotion, are beautiful to see, and remind one of primitive faith and love. All speak in the highest terms of him."

WHITE EARTH RESERVATION, *November, 1873.*

DEAR SIR: Having now been living for a short time among the Indians at White Earth Reservation, Minnesota, I will try, in answer to your request, to give you some view of them and of their religious and material progress. They are settled, as you know, as a farming community, on a tract of country extending for some miles on either side of the Indian Agency as a centre.

THEIR RELIGIOUS CONDITION.

To speak first of their religious condition. I am satisfied, from what I see, that the Gospel has seized hold of these Red men, in its power, and has

penetrated to the bottom of their hearts. To state some evidence of this. There is their attendance upon Divine Service. They evidently love to go to Church. Enmegahbowh's church, holding perhaps three hundred, is filled (sometimes crammed) Sunday after Sunday. It is doubtful whether the members of any white congregation in the land are as regular Church-goers, in rain and shine, in cold and heat, as they; and the fact that they are scattered over a district many miles in extent, makes this the more remarkable.

IN CHURCH.

Their conduct in Church shows the utmost devoutness and fervency of spirit. They are always very attentive, orderly and quiet; they join in the responses with evident interest; they kneel in the prayers. Their whole deportment is serious and attentive, as becomes men in the presence of the Most High. They know the responses by heart; these have become as it were a part of themselves. They are very fond of singing and join with the greatest heartiness in that part of the worship.

A few Sundays ago, a Congregational Minister from Chicago was present during Morning Service. In the afternoon, he made a brief address in another place to some white children, and in the course of it he said he had that day been truly surprised by what he had seen; that he would go home with far different ideas about Indians than he had ever yet entertained; and that what touched him most of all was their singing.

When one thinks of what these men were a few years ago, and then sees what they are now, the change is indeed amazing.

Very many of this Indian congregation remain in Summer about the church, from the close of the Morning Service till that which is held at five o'clock in the afternoon. Their homes are too far away; so they tarry near the church, and usually without anything to eat. Sometimes Enmegahbowh takes them out a little flour—there are many heavy drains upon him—and they bake cakes of it under the trees to appease their hunger.

IN THE FAMILY.

I may mention one other fact—many of them have *family prayers* in their own houses every morning and evening. Family prayers in an Indian household! Then the Millenium is indeed almost come. I believe they all pray in private; the chiefs and others in their speeches incidentally speak of their constantly doing so, and asking grace and strength every day.

They often assemble at the church of their own accord, on a week evening, with or without their Pastor, and pray such parts of the Church prayers as they can remember, and sing hymns. Their favorite hymn—the one they sing oftenest—is “Come, HOLY SPIRIT, Heavenly Dove.” They are also very fond of “Nearer, my GOD, to Thee,” and many other of our most familiar airs.

One will ask what is their idea of sin. I think their sense of sin is very

keen and deep. The HOLY GHOST has indeed convicted them of sin. Witness the fervency and earnestness with which they repeat such parts of the Litany as *Jehovah, Jawenimaishinam—LORD, have mercy upon us*—and single them out and return to them, as most suitable to their case ; and then, again, hear one of the Chiefs speaking for the rest, (in an informal conversation with the Bishop), avow their determination to live to God's glory for the future, while professing themselves sensible of their deep unworthiness in the past.

IN THE HOUSE OF DEATH.

On the occasion of the first death that occurred after taking up my residence here, I went to the house. It was after dark, and I was surprised and deeply touched by what I saw. The body was decently laid out in the whitest of linen ; the house was filled with Indians ; and they were engaged—how? In singing their familiar Chippewa hymns, of hope, and faith, and love, in the house of death. There was a gravity on every face. In the intervals between the hymns, silence reigned. The father and mother sat there, composed and tranquil. As the hymns rose, ever and anon, they seemed songs of triumph over death ; they seemed to say, “ This is the victory that overcometh the world—not only the world but death—even our faith.” I never saw anything more becoming in a house of mourning. I find since that this is a general custom with them ; that whenever a death occurs, the chief singer of the Church goes with his Chippewa Prayer Book to the house, and the friends and neighbors assemble, and thus calm their sorrow and raise their hope.

THEIR FREEDOM FROM THE VICIES OF THE WHITES.

These people live free from the vices that stain most white communities. *They drink no whiskey* ; there is not a drop on the Reservation. *They swear no oath* ; to their credit be it said, their language does not contain one, cannot express one. *They do not steal*. Although there is no police or law here, everything is perfectly safe ; you will never hear of any one losing anything ; no doors are fastened ; no goods are brought in at night. *They observe the LORD's Day well* ; no work is done on that day. I remember riding in a stage with some lumbermen, more than a year ago, when I had no idea it would ever be my lot to be an Indian Missionary, and hearing them talk of the Indians whom they had employed as laborers. One man said, “ they were as good men on the drive as he had ever hired, but they had one bad fault ; when Sunday came, they dropped their cant-dogs and wouldn't do another stroke of work till it was past, no matter what the emergency, because they had promised Bishop Whipple not to.” If there was not principle here, where shall we find it ?

CONTRASTS.

They are really more tender-hearted, and susceptible to Divine Truth, than most white people. The common notion of Indians is that they are

a sort of ferocious, blood-thirsty Captain Jacks ; with conscience left out. But observation, among the Chippewas at least, leads to an opposite conclusion. They are impressible ; prone to believe what those tell them in whom they have confidence ; and, when once they do profess to obey, more tractable than any other people ; ready to follow implicitly whatever directions are given them. Indians naturally confide in white people and trust in them, and it is only after a long experience of their treachery that they learn to repay it double. Their confidence in the white man has to be repeatedly shocked before the bond between them is finally broken. Any one living among them can see how they look up to those who are over them ; how implicitly they believe what such tell them. They are in reality a simple-hearted, guileless people. Moreover, they have no scientific theories to oppose to the Truth, and are therefore peculiarly open to its reception. Their hearts are not half so hard as theirs are who have seared their consciences by deliberate rejection of the Truth, and who are living steeped in the daily practice of sin.

Since my Ordination, Providence has thrown my lot, as a Missionary, on the Northern Pacific Railroad, and I am certain that the hearts of the Indians of this Reservation are more tender and susceptible, more readily the subjects of Divine grace, than are those of the majority of the men who dwell beside that highway. It is true the Indians lack the energy, the resistless determination, which characterizes those men ; they could not so develop a country ; they would never build the Northern Pacific Railroad to Puget Sound. But, if they have less force, they are happily less stained with vice ; they commit no such crimes as these sturdy pioneers do, and think nothing of. There is none of the drinking, the swearing, the open defiance of God. Take for instance the lumbermen of Minnesota, whose every other word is most likely an oath or something foul, who can hardly be induced to enter a place of worship ; the Indian's moral condition is high, his heart is tender, compared with theirs.

I remember hearing a workman, of high intelligence, on the Northern Pacific Railroad laugh at the idea of making anything out of such material as Indians. My answer was that there was more man about them, take them man by man, than there was in the average of men on the Northern Pacific Railroad—and he was forced to admit that it was true.

Another circumstance is worth attention. Those who come and live among the Indians become much attached to them. Whatever prejudices they bring are soon dispelled ; they find them a simple-hearted people, with traits in some respects resembling children. No doubt there are some bad Indians among them—murderers perhaps—just as there are among white people ; but they are the rare exceptions. “An Indian has the same feelings as any other man ; treat him well, and he will treat you well”——this is the experience of those who have lived among them longest and know them best. When driven by repeated outrages into rebellion, they do not

discriminate, as we would, between the innocent and guilty; but, according to their Indian notions, they make war on the whole offending tribe—man, woman and child. The Chippewa Indians, though deeply wronged and plundered in the past, have borne it all, and never lifted their hand against the Government nor against the whites.

MATERIAL PROGRESS.

And now to speak of the material progress of the White Earth Indians. This is most satisfactory and keeps pace with their religious improvement. Nearly all of them live in comfortable log houses, built mostly by their own labor. The productive labor on the Reservation has increased thirty-three per cent. the last year. The past summer, they had 490 acres in cultivation, and they have 120 more broken for the coming year. They raised 100 acres of wheat, averaging twenty bushels to the acre. Some of the chiefs had as much as two hundred bushels of wheat, and the farmer told me he never saw any men so eager to save every grain as they. They had 70 acres of oats, averaging forty bushels to the acre; 30 acres of corn; 40 of rutabagas, averaging three hundred bushels to the acre. They raised ten thousand bushels of potatoes, and put up six hundred tons of hay. There were about one hundred good gardens, of the ordinary vegetables.

Now, all this was done, be it remembered, by people without farming implements, and, for the most part, without cattle to work properly their lands. Most of them have not yet even a cow, nor any kind of stock whatever. During the Summer, Bishop Whipple and some friends bought a number of cows and presented one each to some of the most deserving families who had none. This will help to introduce stock on the Reservation. Would that his example might be followed by others, next Summer. It is hard to make brick without straw; hard to tell the Indians to farm, and give them neither stock nor implements to farm with. It is the universal testimony of the *employés* that the Indians have worked well the past Summer, and that, too, in the face of the discouragement of having had every green thing destroyed the previous Summer by grasshoppers. God has blessed their efforts this year with bountiful crops, though—as a slight shade to that—three hundred tons of their hay was burned a few weeks ago by the fire that swept with resistless force over the prairie, and they will have much difficulty in wintering their stock.

THEIR DESIRE TO LEARN.

They are most anxious to learn, and very quick in learning, the various trades and mechanical arts. There was a sawmill run by Indians alone, last Summer, with, I believe, the exception of one white man, and the sawyer told me he had never seen men work better or quicker. An Indian is serving his apprenticeship to the shoemaker's trade, another to the miller's, another to the carpenter's, another to the blacksmith's.

The testimony of all who have to do with them is that they are very quick to learn. They have worked well and steadily during the last year. Indians with their ox teams, given them by the Government or by the bounty of individuals, do all the hauling of goods from the Railroad, and receive their regular pay for it. It is a pleasant sight to see a Red man *haw* and *gee* his yoke of cattle as well as the most expert white teamster could. They boast, too, with honest pride, that their cattle are in as fine condition now as when they got them a year or two ago—such good care have they taken of them. I hear of a number of Indians who have *died from working too hard*, because the muscles of their arms and shoulders were comparatively undeveloped by their previous mode of life, and hence they were not able at first to do the work with the same facility that white men could. Many of them, indeed, instead of being told to work, need to be told not to work so hard as to injure themselves. I know an Indian here with only one arm, who supported himself and family last Winter by chopping cord-wood with his remaining hand. The sawyer told me that in mid-winter this man came to him and asked him to advance a little flour till Spring. "I know," said he, "that you work hard for your money, and therefore have no right to give it away; but," he added, bursting into tears, "my family are starving, and I have nothing to give them, and if you lend me this flour I will surely repay you." He did give him a few dollars' worth, and the man by little instalments paid it all up in the Spring, as he could earn the money by chopping. He was one of those mentioned to the Bishop, last Fall, as worthy to receive a cow, because he was very poor, in fact had nothing. Some of the Chiefs present, whom the Bishop had taken into counsel with him, demurred, saying that the cow had better be given to his brother-in-law, because he with his one arm could not cut hay for her, nor take care of her. But the Bishop, when he heard of his one arm, immediately put down his name; "for," said he, "that is just the sort of a man for whom, if I give him a cow, Providence will make a way to take care of her." So, a short time afterwards, the poor fellow drove home his cow in triumph. He wears the clerical coat of some portly Rector in the East, and makes a very august figure chopping wood.

PROUD OF THEIR IMPROVEMENT.

The Indians are very proud of the progress they have made. They are never tired of contrasting themselves with what they were a few years ago, and the way they live now with the way they did then. The Chiefs often stand up and harangue them: "Do you remember when there was no church here, when none of these houses were here, when you lived in a wigwam?"—and so on to great length. They also contrast themselves, with great complacency, with the wild or blanket Chippewas who have not yet adopted the habits of Civilization. They say: "One has only to look at us, and then at one of those wild Indians, to see what a difference." And truly the difference is great. Christianity has modified and mellowed them; yes,

it has changed the very expression of their faces. The head Chief gave utterance to their feeling, when at the late payment he said in Council, that, as he looked down at himself and saw his nice pants, and how comfortably he was clothed, and compared all this with the dress he used to wear, he felt proud of himself, of how well he appeared, and the nice figure he made. Said he, taking up a handful of clay, "I was raised like that; every night I lay down in that, and got up out of it in the morning; and knew no better."

The Indians were never so full of hope as now. This good crop has greatly encouraged them. They now say they see their way plain; they see light and are following straight to it. The white *employés* here declare that they can see these Indians rising, as it seems to them, every day; they show more independence, more thrift, make greater provision of comforts in their homes in the way of tables, chairs, beds, etc. I could go on narrating interesting facts about these people, but I must stop.

CANDIDATES FOR THE MINISTRY.

Since coming here, my time has been occupied in training three young men for the Ministry, and in studying the language. The young men are from twenty-two to twenty-six years of age, are married, and have families of two or three children each. Their names are, Ka-da-wa-bi-de—"He that has a want in his teeth"—who is baptized by the name of Fred Smith; Ba-bi-nap—"Snow just beginning to fall"—who is named Peter Parker; and Ka-kag-e-wi-gun—"Crow feather"—whose baptismal name is Milton Lightner. They spend several hours with me every day; they know a little English, and one of them can read quite well. I am exceedingly pleased with these young men, and with their fitness for their holy office. All of them (and this is true especially of the one first named), are in their deportment models of what Candidates for Holy Orders ought to be.

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

I may mention a circumstance about Fred Smith. A little time ago, before I came here, he was employed by a party of white surveyors. One of these was a swearing man, and Fred, after standing it for a while, took his man aside; told him that he was trying himself to live a Christian life; that he was deeply grieved by what he heard this man say; that, unless the man stopped swearing, he would have to give up his situation in the party and return home. The feelings of the man at being thus reproved by an Indian may be imagined. But this was just like Fred Smith: he is conscientious; very devout; always grave and sober in his deportment; extremely modest; anxious to learn, and quick to learn; a gentleman under all circumstances, and as well in his feelings as in his actions. I have seen several successive classes of students in the Theological Seminary, and I never saw a member of one of these classes, who seemed to me to be more nearly the model of what a Candidate for Orders should be than Fred Smith; and the other two are but little behind him.

THE HOPE OF THE CHIPPEWA NATION.

These three young men are the hope of the Chippewa Nation : one of them I have heard called " the best boy on this Reservation," and I believe it. If these young men are trained for the Ministry, it is our hope that they will all be future Enmegahbowhs, to take his place when he shall have finished his noble work and been gathered to his rest. One of these young men is supported by a scholarship from the Indian Committee of the Board of Missions. The other two, Fred Smith and Peter Parker, have just received grants from the Society for the Increase of the Ministry. In Peter Parker's case, however, they have been able to allow him but two hundred dollars per annum, and have promised *that* only till January ; and two hundred dollars per annum will not suffice to support himself, wife and two children while he is studying. I wish that some of your readers could do something for him, as he is a most excellent young man, and would be a valuable addition to the ranks of the Ministry.

Fred Smith and Peter Parker were studying for a considerable period before they received any aid. They were of course obliged to give up the work by which they had been accustomed to support their families, and were in consequence reduced for a time to much distress. One of the Candidates told me one day, in his broken English, that Fred Smith was very poor ; he had been promised a support, and had got nothing ; had only a very little flour in the house, no pork. A few days after, Fred Smith himself came to me to borrow five dollars, stating that he had gone in debt at the store till he was ashamed to ask any more, but that his children were crying for food—as he said these words, the heart of the father made his lip quiver and the tears to flow down his cheeks—and he had nothing to give them. Fortunately a Fifty dollar Draft from the Bishop soon after brought relief. But when at one time a shortness of breath, a pallid and sunken cheek, and a failure of strength, appeared in Fred, I feared that by a quick consumption—induced by insufficient food—the American Church and the Chippewa Nation would be deprived of this most promising of all our Candidates. He is, I am glad to say, well now ; but I do hope that the small amount of money necessary to support and educate these three young men, will not be lacking. Other bands of the Chippewas are even now coming and settling on this Reservation : the services of all these young men will be needed for their Evangelization.

THE CHIPPEWA LANGUAGE.

Besides training these young men, I am engaged in studying the Chippewa language. It is a most difficult language, totally unlike, in its construction, any civilized tongue. I am satisfied I could learn any modern language in half the time. It is almost impossible to get a Grammar, but, fortunately by accident I discovered one. The language is all verb—nouns, adverbs, numerals, and almost all parts of speech, are turned into verbs and conjugated. The verb is very highly inflected ; the Greek verb is not

a circumstance to it. The inflections of the regular verb *Wabama*—"I see him"—must reach, I should think, some eight hundred different forms, and there must be a hundred participles: I have not had time to count the exact number. How such a simple people ever came to construct such a highly inflected language is a mystery to me. It is, however, a very beautiful language, when spoken; there is an absence of all harsh or guttural sounds; it has a liquid flow and is very euphonious.

I was able, some time ago, when conducting Public Worship in the necessary absence of Enmegahbowh, to repeat the Creed and Lord's Prayer in Chippewa, at which I felt very glad, as I had not then been here two months.

OTHER INDIANS COMING TO THE RESERVATION.

I have already alluded to the fact, and it is pleasing to know, that several of the Chippewa bands are about settling at White Earth, where alone they can be civilized and Christianized.

The Otter Tail Band—nearly four hundred in number—are ready to come here and settle, as soon as the necessary appropriation can be obtained from Congress to feed them for the first few months. The Pembina Band, numbering about the same, are in part settling here this Fall. Seventy-five of the Gull Lakers (among whom that earnest servant of God, Dr. Breck, commenced the work twenty years ago), have just arrived within the last few days. This is all working for their good and ours. So long as they remain scattered among the Whites, they are being destroyed, and nothing can be done for them; but on the Reservation they can be saved.

SUCCESS OF THE WORK AMONG THE INDIANS.

The success of the Christian work which our Church is carrying on among the Red men furnishes a very interesting theme, and, as a fact, is generally conceded. Without going into the subject at any length, I may state that this success seems to me to be due, under God, to certain characteristics of our religious system, peculiarly adapted to meet the wants of the Indian. Take, for example, that form of sound words, which comprises the Articles of our belief as Christians. We give to our Indian converts a Creed, and in doing this we commit to their embrace the centre and sum of Religion. All truth necessary to be known and believed, is contained in or suggested by that simple Formula. And then, again, our Liturgy is remarkably suited to their needs. It puts into their mouths the words of penitence and of praise. In a little while these become to them familiar words—become in fact part of their thought, their being. The Indian's nature is not one that can take hold of a cold abstraction, a sentiment merely: he wants something objective and tangible, that he can cling to; and this he finds preëminently in our Liturgy.

APPREHENSIONS.

We hope there will not be much suffering for want of food on the Reservation this Winter; but clothing is very much needed. Enmegahbowh says,

in his own expressive way : "They just hate to look at many of the Indians during the winter ; they hate to see them, because they are so thinly clad in the bitter cold weather, and they have nothing to relieve them with." Women's clothing they can get in some way, it does not cost so much ; but *men's and boys' second-hand clothing*, he says, is most urgently needed, to prevent great suffering. Oh, that some of the good ladies in the East could see the poor creatures shivering in this cold Winter, where the very lakes are frozen up for six months of the year ! That such could realize how they suffer here, day and night, for lack of sufficient clothing ! They would then make the easy effort of securing from their husbands, brothers, and fathers, the cast-off clothing which is useless to them, but that would prove invaluable here. How many lives could thus be saved here ! How many would then go through the Winter in comfort, that must now pass it in misery !

Hoping that GOD may put it into their hearts to send to Enmegahbowh, for distribution among his people, this so much needed supply, and liberally in other ways to sustain him in the good work he is doing for his Indian brethren, I am,

One of your Missionaries among the Chippewas,

J. A. GILFILLAN.

LETTER FROM ENMEGAHBOWH.

THE foregoing Letter had just been put in type, when the one which follows (from our Indian Presbyterian at White Earth), was sent to our office by the friend to whom it was addressed. In some respects it supplements Mr. Gilfillan's Letter ; in others, it furnishes fresh and interesting information. Coming as it does from the Native Christian Minister among the Chippewas, the fruits of whose work form in large part the theme of Mr. Gilfillan's interesting Communication, we take great pleasure in giving it to our readers in connection with his Letter.

We add a single thought. We ask each Christian man or woman who may read these two Letters, Shall not the same rule be impartially applied by us to the professed followers of a common MASTER, no matter whether they are found among the Red race or the White ? And shall not this Rule be the one which our LORD Himself lays down—*By their fruits ye shall know them* ? And then once more we ask—Measured by this standard, do not the "fruits" which the Indian disciples of JESUS are bringing forth give evidence of a very real and blessed Christian work wrought in their hearts ?

WHITE EARTH RESERVATION, Nov. 18, 1873.

DEAR FRIENDS : Since we saw you in your City, quite a change has taken place with us and among my countrymen. My people have become true, earnest and devoted men and women.

Almost a year since, our fine church was enlarged, and yet it is altogether too small; and now there is a prospect of building a larger church next Summer by our good Bishop.

A fine Hospital has been erected near our church, which is a great blessing to my people; a Hospital which was most needed to the people, where the sick will be properly taken care of. Had we had a proper place to take care of our sick ones, many lives would have been saved.

I think my people shall not be in want in the way of provisions during the coming hard and severe Winter. Most of my people have raised considerable quantity of various kinds of grain and vegetables, such as wheat, potatoes, oats, turnips and corn. Chief Wright has raised thirty-seven bushels of onions. This I considered is pretty good for new beginners, or the raw hands. Chief E. A. Washburn raised over two hundred bushels of wheat. Chief Twing raised one hundred and sixty bushels of wheat; Chief Tuttle raised two hundred bushels. All the wheat raised here has been threshed and cleaned, and we have the very best grist-mill belonging to us. The Chiefs and others who have raised wheat this year are much encouraged, and say they will work harder next year to raise more wheat, and sell the flour. So we are beginning to live and learn in the ways of the palefaces.

If the sharp whites do not take advantage of us and take away our land and country, I do not see why we cannot become independent and self-supporting people in the future. Christianity has taught us these things; the Religion of the GREAT SPIRIT has led us to see the beauty of those things, and to make provision in the future, of both temporal and spiritual things. This is the secret and beauty of the Christian Religion. The eyes, ears, minds and hearts are enlarged more and more for the glory of God.

The prospect before us is encouraging. Our heathen brethren are beginning to see the effects of Christianity upon these people, and have called upon us again and again for Missionary to go among them. I and my wife visited the Turtle Mountain Bands of Indians, or the home of the poor unsuccessful Missionary hunter. These are the Bands who have asked for Missionary for the last three or four years. An old heathen Chief who was here last Winter, travelled four hundred miles, and on his way to our settlement came near being perished in the snow for want of food. He reached our home nearly starved and naked. His story was most touching—how his people were ready to receive the Gospel and become like these people. He said, "We want some one to come among us, and tell us about JESUS." He said, "If no Missionary promise to us, and no prospect of Missionary going to our country, I shall go home blind with tears in my eyes, for I shall cry all the way towards home." I told him, "My friend, if the GREAT SPIRIT spare my health, I will go and pay you a short visit, if that will do you any good and your people. He turned towards me and said, "My friend, the GREAT SPIRIT will give you health. Then, my friend," he said, "I shall go home with a light heart, and shall hasten to go back and bear the good news to my people that you are coming to see us,"

On last September, we did pay them a visit, and before we reached to their homes, we met them coming to Pembina—one hundred miles this side their homes. There were twenty-nine wigwams. The first man we met before reaching to their wigwams was the son of a Chief that I baptized three years ago. After shaking hands with us, he turned and ran back to bear the news to his father that we have arrived. No sooner was this done, and the old Chief and his wife and children made their appearance, and among them was the poor Missionary hunter, and met us. I felt very deeply for them. I only wished that I could come and remain with them for few months; but I do hope arrangement will be made on next Summer to have me come and remain with them one or two months. I only wish this because I see that they are earnest and ready to embrace the Christian Religion. If our Church is slow and backward in sending a Missionary among them, I fear that others may force themselves there. But the Indians said, again and again, that they do not want any other but the Bishop's Missionary. Go among the Indians, wild and civilized, and in their Councils they talk about the Bishop. They love him: no wonder they do; it is his instrumentality that has brought about this great change among us.

Among the Turtle Mountain Bands I have held Services out in the open air, baptized four adults and four children. And here I found thirty-two Christian Indians I baptized three years ago. Do you ask, "Have they been faithful? Have they remembered their sacred vows?" Hear the testimony of the wild Chiefs about them: "As soon as the sun is up in the morning, all these Christian Indians began to talk to the GREAT SPIRIT; and in the evening, all began to sing and talk to the GREAT SPIRIT; and when the religious Day (Sabbath) comes, all assemble in one wigwam, or in the Summer under the shade of the trees; and have never omitted morning and evening prayers; and on the religious Day have their public talking and singing." The heathen Chief then turns towards me and said, "Can you say that you care not about these poor praying Indians? For three years they have not seen a Missionary nor any one to tell them about JESUS, and yet these have been truly faithful in the midst of us." I considered this truly remarkable—to be so faithful in the midst of their heathen brethren. The heathen Chiefs said that for three years these have never omitted a prayer. They were indeed objects of pity. Out of my own stipend I bought one hundred yards of calico for them.

A few families of them have arrived here, and a few more are expected. These we must take care of, feed and clothe, this Winter. We have 730, of wild Bands, just arrived, who are willing to follow with these Indians. The Bishop has already promised to build a small chapel for them. We shall have plenty of work to do this Winter, and we do hope and pray that our Eastern friends will remember us in the way of clothing for the really destitute ones.

Truly your brother in CHRIST,

J. J. ENNEGAHBOWH.