

Christian Messenger.

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"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

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Religious.

For the Christian Messenger.

OUR FOREIGN MISSION.

No. 6.

Craving your indulgence for a little further, having already, I fear, encroached too largely upon your space and patience, allow me to recur to that feature of the subject, disputed by "Luke" in the *Messenger* of Feb. 23rd.

His article pleased me, inasmuch as it evinced a disposition to carry forward the discussion of a subject, in which I not only feel a deep personal interest, but which I consider as closely identified with the very life, the religious interests and prospects of our people. Viewing the subject in this light, let it not be considered strange, if I should wish to press my thoughts to an earnest consideration; not yet if I should prefer the rather to be silent, if thereby those who are more competent, would discuss the subject.

I feared in attempting to do service to this glorious cause, that my weakness and blunderings might only mar the work; and and thus it would almost appear in the "beloved physician's" dissection of my article No. 2.

In his first objection however, the case stands as a mere difference of opinion. I think that our people, in the very nature of things, could not be as well informed of the labors and success of our Missionaries laboring in connection with, and under the direction of the American Missionary Union and making their reports to them, as they could occupying a distinct field, managing their Mission, and having their reports through their own Board. "Luke" seems to think it questionable. A mere difference of opinion, between which our readers must decide.

His second objection exposes my weakness, confirming my fears. I intended to make the Presbyterian mission, illustrate and strengthen the position, that we would do more to evangelize the heathen, by having like them, a suitable independent Mission. Not that the "success" of our efforts would be greater; but that our efforts would be greater, and whatever the obscurity of expression, my mind still clearly perceives strength from the illustration to our argument.

A re-perusal of my second article, keeping the idea of doing more as the aim of the argument, will, I think, rectify the mistake occasioned by my lack of perspicuity.

I am obliged to my brother for the additional, and forcible illustration of our "Independent College." I would probably have used the illustration had I thought of it. How much more have the Baptists of these provinces done for Collegiate education, than they would have done, had "the responsibility" of Acadia College never rested upon them.

The last objection to my article, is oblivious of the conditions of No. 3. "Is there a field suitable to our circumstances, open to us?" Besides it does not follow that because an army would be more efficient in divisions than in a body, therefore the division should be subdivided, and they divided again. In the sentiments advanced, I am happy to be assured that I have not been solitary. The opinions of the acting members of the Foreign Missionary Board with the venerable Secretary, have, I think, in main, found utterance in my articles.

An esteemed brother in New Brunswick in a private letter, writes:—"I see by the *Messenger* that you are on the right track—advocating an Independent Foreign Mission. I think with proper management, our contributions might be doubled if not quadrupled. If we had an Independent Mission the churches would feel more responsibility, and would take greater interest. If we did more for Foreign Missions, the Home field, too, would be better cared for." Aye and every other religious interest.

The Rev. George Armstrong, in writing to the *Visitor*, to introduce and commend

my articles as a substitute for the service he had been requested by the Foreign Missionary Board, and had intended and desired to render to the cause (expressing at the same time preference for a "Union of all the British Provinces of North America in this holy enterprise") says, "My own conviction is that a separate, distinct Mission, sustained, directed and controlled, by our own churches, is the best method for us to employ in our efforts to evangelize the Heathen. I am convinced that our people are coming rapidly to view the subject in the same light. Not that they are unwilling to co-operate directly with the American Baptist Missionary Union, but they regard an Independent Mission, as better adapted to awaken deep interest in the work, arouse and call forth more largely the energies and liberality of our people; and induce greater consecration to Christ and the cause of truth and holiness in the world."

So let the people, after due deliberation, and kindly and prayerful discussion say, Amen.

Having now performed the agreeable task assigned me,—though with infinite disproportion to the greatness of the subject,—I leave the consideration of these articles with your readers—their object with God.

W. H. PORTER.

Pine Grove, March, 1870.

For the Christian Messenger.

ONTARIO CORRESPONDENCE.

THE RED RIVER TROUBLES. THE END NOT YET. RIEL'S LAST WHIM. THE INDIANS OF ONTARIO AND QUEBEC. CIVILIZATION OF THE SIX NATIONS, &c.

I suppose you in the East are scarcely following the strange and complicated course of events in the Winnipeg country with the same degree of wondering interest that we in Ontario cannot but manifest. All ordinary calculations and prognostications are constantly put at fault by some new and startling phase. But a few days since and we were all reassured. The restoration of order and law seemed near. Negotiations were progressing with the concurrence of even Messrs. Riel and O'Donoghue, the twin authors of the revolution and dictators of the new Republic in miniature. Professional croakers, were quieting down, *ex post facto* prophets subsiding and frightened wise acres and peace-at-any-price men ceasing to protest in advance against any energetic measures being even thought of for asserting the right of British Canadians to freedom of thought and speech in British territory, or delivering them from the bastille into which they have been thrown at the whim of a designing Jesuit or a conceited "draper's assistant," when lo! like a thunder clap comes the "latest intelligence" that the moon has changed and Governor McTavish himself with several other prominent men have incurred the displeasure of *Mons. Le President* and are in durance vile. We wait in mute astonishment for the next turn of the wheel. Meanwhile Mr. Donald Smith, the Government agent is using soft words and making liberal promises and Bishop Tache is hurrying, we hope, to the scene of action.

Amidst much that is unpleasant in conjunction with this Red River affair there is one feature that is pleasant to us as Canadians and British subjects. It is the loyal and friendly spirit that seems to animate the Indian tribes in those regions. It is gratifying, and especially so in the light of contrast with the dreadful outrages and retaliatory massacres occurring on the other side of the line, to find the poor Indian still clinging with grateful fondness to his faith in British honour and fair play. May Canada on the lesson well. When the North West country becomes really a part of the Dominion, as it must ere long, treaties will have to be made with wandering tribes—variously estimated at, I think, from 20,000 to 40,000—of that vast region The whole force of public sentiment and especially of Christian sentiment should

be brought to bear, by platform, press and pulpit, upon the Government of the day, induce them to exercise every care not only in making just and liberal treaties but in appointing upright and honorable men, instead of unscrupulous, greedy adventurers as agent in carrying out the provisions of those treaties. It is in the latter respect—the want of principle in the men charged with carrying out treaty obligations,—that the United States Government has confessedly failed; and therein clearly lies our chief danger.

While I am upon this subject I cannot refrain from alluding to a very interesting report recently made to the U. S. Govt. and at their own instance, by their consul at Hamilton, upon the condition and treatment of the Indians of Canada. I have mislaid the paper containing the report but some of the facts elicited are pleasing. The degree of civilization attained by some of the tribes is far in advance of what is generally supposed, and the general belief that they are diminishing in numbers, or rapidly dying out, is shown to be contrary to fact. Some of the tribes, those most civilized and enjoying the benefits of medical science and skill, are increasing. The report bears favourable testimony to the good treatment of the Indians in Canada and its influences upon the Indian character. From a recent lecture before the Canadian Institute in Toronto, by Prof. Wilson, I learn that there are at present in Ontario about 4000 settled and 10000 unsettled Indians and in Quebec about 5000 settled and 5000 unsettled, making a total in the two provinces of about 24000. On the other hand I perceive by a statement that should be reliable, that the census of 1861 shews but 8,500 altogether in Upper Canada. The discrepancy is too great to be accounted for by any natural rate of increase. Without attempting to decide the question of accuracy I may observe that the "Six Nation" Indians are undoubtedly the most civilized in Ontario and probably upon the continent. They are resident upon a reserve first purchased for them, I believe, by George III about the close of the last century, upon the Grand River. Missions are supported amongst these by several denominations. The Church of England has built a fine church and is doing much for the moral and spiritual welfare of these interesting tribes. They have tolerably well conducted schools, and in most respects have adopted civilized habits. One of the English Missionaries with whom I fell in a short time since, related some affecting anecdotes illustrative of the fact that the memories of these people are just as tenacious of kindness as of injuries. Gratitude seems a no less powerful passion with them than revenge. One poor woman in the depth of her poverty treasured up the memory of a little act of kindness for two years, and at last found means to transmit to her benefactor a tangible expression of gratitude in the shape of some elegant mats, adorned in the best style of Indian ornamentation.

The period appointed by the Home Mission Convention for the advocacy of the claims of Home Missions and the taking of collections and subscriptions for this object has come and gone. So this matter is, possibly better managed with us than with you, a sketch of the mode of procedure may not be uninteresting. The Convention in session appoints Committees of from five to ten ministering and lay brethren for each of the two or more districts into which each association is divided. It is the duty of these committees to arrange for public platform meetings, during the appointed week, at each important station in the several districts and to secure the presence of a number of speakers whose work it is to present the wants and claims of the fields and to stir up the pure minds of the brethren by way of remembrance of their obligations to the cause and the Master. Simultaneously collectors appointed by the churches themselves, or by auxiliary societies if such exist,—call upon the members at their homes. The result is that few are suffered either to forget their obligations, and responsibilities in respect to sending the gospel to every corner of their

own land, or to be deprived of the privilege of contributing. The results are generally encouraging and a large work is being done year by year.

J. E. W.

LETTER FROM THE REV. A. R. R. CRAWLEY.

P. & O. Com. S. S. "MONGOLIA,"
January 17th 1870.

My dear *Messenger*,

We left Aden on Saturday the 15th about 6 P. M. and are now about 400 miles on our way to Point de Galle, Ceylon.

Aden is a broken, jagged, desolate assemblage of lava heaps,—some a thousand feet above the level of the sea—without a tree, or shrub, or blade of grass, or any green thing to redeem it from the appearance of utter barrenness. It rains here about once in three years. It becomes, therefore, an interesting question,—whence comes the water to support life in the two or three thousand people—soldiers, officers, and coolies, who are so unhappy as to be obliged to live in Aden? There is a number of large tanks, about five miles from the settlement, so situated among the hills that they receive enough of the triennial rains to fill them up. These tanks, I was told, are two thousand years old, and were, when the British took possession of Aden, choked with the rubbish of centuries: They have been cleaned out, and floored and walled with brick and chunam. My own impression, from a personal inspection of these tanks, is that art had nothing at all to do with their original formation. I was led to this conclusion by observing that, in many of them, there is no regularity of shape, which is just such as might be expected from the gradual wear of water on rock of a soft formation. Art however, has taken the hint from Nature, and improved upon the original suggestion,—and the result is, an accumulation of some millions of gallons of water once every three years. All the tanks were exhausted when I saw them—none of them containing a single drop of water. There must be, therefore, some other resource for water besides the tanks. I have been somewhat doubtfully informed that there are wells on the other side of the harbour of Aden, but that water from them is procurable only when the drawers of it can be protected by the guns of a man-of-war, from the savage Somalies who resent the visits to the wells as a degradation. The chief dependence of the Adenites is upon the steam-condensers, by which the sea water is made drinkable. I went to see one of these machines, and was told that it condensed 8000 gallons in six hours.

As soon as the steamer anchored in the harbour of Aden, the water became alive with Arabs, Somalies, and other natives of Africa and Arabia, all vociferating loudly, and offering for the smallest silver coin to perform prodigies in the way of diving. Throw a three-penny piece into the crowd of woolly heads, and down they would go, plunging and wriggling under the water—a tangle of monstrous tadpoles, and at last, when one began to think they would never reappear, they would be discovered far down in the clear water, one after the other, coming to the surface perfectly motionless, sent up by the buoyancy of the water. And then the one who had first reached the silver piece, would hold it triumphantly on high. They never by any chance fail to secure the money, and almost always before it reaches the bottom.

I should have said a word about the passage down the Red Sea. The two places of interest there are Mocha and the island of Perim. Mocha gives its name to the best coffee in the world,—and is famous for nothing else. Perim is the Gibraltar of the Red Sea, and like that celebrated fortress, is in the hands of Great Britain. The story of the way in which it came into British possession is amusing. Sensible of the advantages of the island in a military point of view, the French