

MISSIONARY PAPER

BY THE

Bishop Seabury Mission.

Number Twenty-Four.



EPIPHANY, 1863.

FARIBAULT, MINNESOTA.

AN APPEAL FOR THE RED MAN.

"What have I now done? Is there not a cause?"—1 Samuel: 17 c. 29 v.

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AN APPEAL FOR THE RED MAN.

There are times when the Christian laborer has the right to ask for the sympathy, the prayers and the co-operation of all good men; for this reason I ask the calm attention of my fellow citizens to an appeal in behalf of one of the most wretched races of heathen men on the earth. I do not make this plea simply for a heathen race—I plead for every interest which is dear to my heart. The fair fame of the State, the blessing of God upon the nation, the protection of peaceful citizens from savage violence, the welfare of our children, and the prosperity of the Church of CHRIST are bound up in our settlement of this Indian question. It is too late to shrink from responsibility. The fearful issues are upon us, and as we settle them justly or unjustly, we shall receive the blessing or the curse of Almighty God.

It is not a pleasant task to make an appeal, where excited public feeling may arouse unkind suspicions and unjust accusations. Few men love more than myself the approval of their fellow citizens, and none desire more the affection of those among whom they labor. I dare not be silent; I fear less the reproaches of the people than the anger of God.

The nation has heard of the most fearful Indian massacre in history, but those who live remote from the border can have no idea of the awful horrors which have accompanied the desolation of two hundred miles of the fairest country on the earth. Many of these victims of savage ferocity, were my friends. They had mingled their voices with mine in prayer; they had given to me such hospitality as can only be found in the log cabin of the frontier. It fills my heart with grief, and blinds my eyes with tears whenever I think of their nameless graves. It is because I love them, and would save others from their fate, that I ask that the people shall lay the blame of this great crime where it belongs, and rise up with one voice to demand the reform of an atrocious Indian system, which has always garnered for us the same fruit of anguish and blood.

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There is not a man in America who ever gave an hour's calm reflection to this subject, who does not know that our Indian system is an organized system of robbery, and has been for years a disgrace to the nation. It has left savage men without governmental control; it has looked on unconcerned at every crime against the law of God and man; it has fostered savage life by wasting thousands of dollars in the purchase of paint, beads, scalping knives, and tomahawks; it has fostered a system of trade which robbed the thrifty and virtuous to pay the debts of the indolent and vicious; it has squandered the funds for civilization and schools, it has connived at theft; it has winked at murder; and at last, after dragging the savage down to a brutishness unknown to his fathers, it has brought a harvest of blood to our own door.

It was under this Indian system that the fierce, warlike Sioux were fitted and trained to be the actors in this bloody drama; and the same causes are to-day, slowly but surely, preparing the way for a Chippewa war. There is not to-day, an old citizen of Minnesota who will not shrug his shoulders as he speaks of the dishonesty which accompanied the purchase of the lands of the Sioux. It left in savage minds a deep sense of injustice. There followed ten years of savage life, unchecked by law, and uninfluenced by good example. They were taught by white men that lying was no disgrace, adultery no sin, and theft no crime. Their hunting grounds were gone, the onward march of civilization crowded them on every side. Their only possible hope of being saved from starvation was the fidelity with which a great nation fulfilled its plighted faith, which before God and man it had pledged to its heathen wards. The people here on the border, and the rulers at Washington know how that faith has been broken. The constant irritations of such a system would in time have secured an Indian Massacre. It was hastened and precipitated by the sale of nearly 800,000 acres of land, for which they never received one farthing, for it was all absorbed in claims. Then came the story, (and it was true) that half of their annuity money had also been taken for claims. They waited two months, mad, exasperated, hungry—the agent utterly powerless to undo the wrong committed at Washington—and they resolved on savage vengeance. For every dollar of which they have been defrauded we shall pay ten dollars in the cost of this war. It has been so for fifty years, it will be so again. Gods retributive justice always has compelled a people to reap exactly what they have permitted to be sown. In the Chippewa country there was the same

wretched policy, and if possible, ten fold more of wrong. They had seen an innocent woman die by the brutal violence of white men. They knew that fictitious amounts were certified to, and dead men's names placed on the pay rolls. They saw disease and death holding a carnival in every Indian village, and they knew that much of their sorrow was a cup of degradation which we had given them to drink. They have always been our friends, and hoping against hope, have waited for the tardy justice of white men. Last fall a crafty leader sought to use these elements of discontent to excite an Indian outbreak, and had it not been that there was a Christian Indian Clergyman, and faithful Indian friends to give us warning, there would have been another devastated border. That Indian Clergyman lost his all by his fidelity. His eldest son, then sick, died in consequence of that night journey, another child is lying at the point of death, and his wife is broken hearted with grief and care. His Indian friends were many of them also sufferers from the anger of their savage people, but they felt overpaid by having saved their white friends from death. The Indian Commissioner, the Secretary of the Interior, the Clerk of the Department, all knew these facts, and pledged these men in the name of their Great Father, ample reward and protection for their fidelity, and that the leaders in this attempted insurrection should be punished. The Legislature of the State also sent a Commission to the Indian country, and they made pledges in a solemn treaty, that all past wrongs should be redressed. Has any such commission been appointed? any examination been made? any effort made to redress these wrongs? The Indian Chiefs say that the Government has rewarded the wrong-doer, whom they can prove had made a treaty with Little Crow, and they also say that the reason of this reward is that he knew too much of the past robberies of his own people. They warn us that the Government is teaching their young men that they will be losers to follow the advice of good Chiefs, and that we will surely secure a bolder outbreak and massacre. They complain that no discrimination is ever made between the good and the bad Indian, that no law punishes the one or protects the other, that no efforts are made to redress their wrongs, that no help is offered them to become like white men, that we are crowding them into their graves, and that however much they desire peace, the time is coming when we shall compel them to a choice of deaths. After months of waiting for the fulfilment of these pledges, these Indians have received at the hands of their agent,¹ a treaty, which they are urged to

sign at once. The alternative is peaceable or forcible removal. This treaty provides that they shall relinquish all their reservations, many of which are valuable, and receive as payment therefor a tract of country, much of it so poor that it is absolutely valueless. Any white man who has traveled over that country knows that these Indians cannot live on that proposed reservation without they are aided far beyond the provisions of this treaty. It has filled the friendly Indians with sorrow, and the bad with anger. A Chief who did as much as any man to prevent a Chippewa war, said in the council that he thought that their Great Father would never have asked Indians to give up their homes, who had lived in peace with the white man, and been so faithful to them. He said that no confidence can be placed in white men's words, for they have again and again made promises which they have broken. He said before you came to us, we had plenty and were happy, but since we sold you our land we are growing poorer and poorer every day. If you will take away our annuities you may do so, we cannot leave our Country; we love the place where good braves and chiefs closed their eyes; we love our country as much as you love your great city at Washington, named after your great chief; we cannot leave it." This feeling that our faith has been broken is common among the Chippewas. During the last Summer I visited the Indians at Red Lake, After the services, the head chief came to me and said "You have spoken good words to us; you are the servant of the Great Spirit. I want you to go and see my people's gardens, and then I will ask your advice." I took the Chiefs pony, and rode four miles through corn-fields, every acre of which was cultivated with the hoe. I ate new corn and new potatoes from these gardens, the first week in August. My interpreter counted twenty-nine sacks of last years corn in one lodge, and we hardly found a lodge without plenty of old corn. On my return the Chief said, "You have seen my people; they have plenty; they are not hungry; our Great Father is about to send a Commissioner here to buy our land; I have noticed that whenever Indians sell their lands to their Great Father, they always perish. I should be sorry to have my people become like the Indians at Crow Wing. Will the Bishop tell me all he has in his head" Never did my cheeks mantle as they did then with shame. What could I say? If I told him what I knew, no treaty could have been made, and I could not afford to have the Government accuse me of preventing the making of an Indian treaty. I simply said, "I am a Spiritual Chief; I have

no right to say one word about treaties; I can advise you what to do when you do sell your land. Select your home, not for its game, but as a place where you can live as white men, by labor. Take your pay, not in paint, beads, and hatchets, but in implements of labor. Try to become like white men; embrace the white man's religion; the Great Spirit will bless you, and you will save your people."

Recently I received a message from an old Chief, it was a story he told his young men—"a very nice and pretty bird of all colors, came and sang beside our village—a voice said 'listen not to him, pay no heed to his song, look not on his colors'—he went away. He came again with finer colors and sweeter songs, and he continued to do so until we heard him, and he led us away to die. The bird is the *big knives*, his songs are his fair words, and lying promises, his colors are the paints, the beads and goods he gives for our country—woe to us, for the day we hear the 'big knives' words we go to our graves."

Our Indian Clergyman writes to me—"Do dear Bishop, do all you can for my dying people, to-day if we had never seen the white man we would be a hundred times better off, our only hope is in you, if you fail we shall perish; that the good Bishop may yet be the means of doing much good to our oppressed people; in private and public, we make our devotions. We have remembered him at the throne of grace, and may he as our spiritual parent live many days, and be the means of the salvation of our people." Can I hear the cry of this wretched people and be silent? Can I see these wrongs and not speak out? I should be ashamed of my manhood, if I dared to be silent; I should be recreant to my awful trust as shepherd of souls!

I shall be told it is too late to reform. It is never too late to redress wrong. It will cost time, labor and money. This course of injustice will provoke a Chippewa war, and our people can imagine what that war will be, when savage foes have wildernesses hiding places, filled with lakes, swamps, and thickets, 300 miles long, and 300 miles broad. Such a war we tried in Florida. After long years, of wasted treasure and precious lives sacrificed, we may hunt them out. But the most expensive justice, would be a thousand fold cheaper. The chiefs among the Chippewas desire peace. they dread a war more than we do. This whole question can be settled whenever good men can say to them, your people shall be cared for, honestly and faithfully; but mere promises will not answer. On my recent visit they plead with me for hours and

asked me to write their old friend Wabah Manomin (Senator Rice) to come and settle all these questions. But they say truly an unjust treaty will never be approved by the Indians it must lead to war. The people, who have no interest in the gains of this wicked system, are desirous for such reform; but the agitations, the threats of public speakers, the retaliatory measures offered in the legislature, are all read by half bloods on the border and repeated with exaggeration to Indians and they are like goads to drive them to madness.

There are questions pressing upon us more grave than the hanging of a few hundred Indian prisoners. They concern a nation's broken faith, and the reform of a crying evil. Deeply as our people feel on the question of slavery, they may see here on the border a system which in curses to body and soul, in the loss of manhood, home, and Heaven, has worked out a degradation to red men, which slavery never has done for the African race.

For openly asking this reform I have been accused of sympathy with savage crimes. The story was sent out on the wings of the wind that my absence from my diocese was to secure pardon for savage murderers, when the truth was that I visited Washington at the request of the Governor to secure protection for our defenceless people, and I delayed my return, simply to secure relief for our poor homeless sufferers.—I have no desire to condemn individuals. There have been Indian traders and Indian agents who have desired to do their duty, but they were utterly powerless. The blame of the Sioux massacre does not lie at the agent's door. The same system which has destroyed Indian Missions has fettered them. I submit to every man the question whether the time has not come, for a nation to hear the cry of wrong, if not for the sake of the heathen, for the sake of the memory of our friends whose bones are bleaching on our prairies. I should feel less sad at this history of sorrow, if I did not see that in Canada there has never been an Indian massacre, or an Indian war. They are not compelled as we, to remove the Indians or live in terror? They spend a hundredth part in preventing that we spend in suppressing Indian outbreaks. Their missions are prospered and ours are blasted—they live in peace, and we live in perpetual strife.

More than a year ago I felt that we were living over a slumbering volcano, I felt sure that the day was at hand when it would burst forth, I plead with all the earnestness of a man pleading for his home, and I believe if my prayer had been heard there would be no widowed wives, nor orphaned chil-

dren, no blackened homes from this savage war. Last fall I sent another petition to our Chief Magistrate signed by all of our northern Bishops and many of the first clergy and laity in the nation :

To his Excellency the President of the United States :

SIR:—We respectfully call your attention to the recent Indian outbreak which has desolated one of the fairest portions of our country, as demanding the careful examination of the Government.

The history of our relations with the Indian tribes of North America, shows that after they enter into treaty stipulations with the United States a rapid deterioration always takes place. They become degraded, liable to savage outbreaks often incited to war, until at last the wretched remnant perish from the face of the earth.

It is believed that much of this record has been the result of fundamental errors in the policy of the Government, which thwarts its kind intentions towards this hopeless race.—We therefore respectfully call your attention to the following suggestions :

First, That it is impolitic for our Government to treat a heathen community living within our borders as an independent nation, but that they ought to be regarded as our wards. So far as we know, the English Government has never had an Indian war in Canada; while we have seldom passed a year without one.

Second, That it is dangerous to ourselves and to them to leave these Indian tribes without a Government, not subject to our own laws, and where every corrupt influence of the border, must inevitably foster a spirit of revenge leading to murder and war.

Third, That the solemn responsibility of the case of a heathen race, requires that the Agent and servants of the Government, who have them in charge, shall be men of eminent fitness, and in no case should such officers be regarded as a reward for political service.

Fourth, That every feeling of honor and of justice demands that the Indian funds which we hold from them as a trust, shall be carefully expended under some well devised system which will encourage their efforts towards civilization.

Fifth, That the present system of Indian trade is mischievous and demoralizing, and ought to be so amended as to protect the Indian and wholly to prevent the possibility

of the sale of the patrimony of the tribe to satisfy individual debts.

Sixth, That it is believed that the history of our dealings with the Indians has been marked by gross acts of injustice, and robbery, such as could not be prevented under the present system of management, and that these wrongs have often proved the prolific cause of war and bloodshed. It is due to these helpless red men that these evils shall be redressed, and without this we cannot hope for the blessing of Almighty God, in our efforts to secure permanent peace and tranquility on our western border.

We feel that these results cannot be secured without much careful thought, and therefore request you to take such steps as may be necessary to appoint a commission of men of high character, who have no political ends to subserve, to whom may be referred this whole question, in order that they may devise a more perfect system for the administration of Indian affairs, which shall redress these wrongs, preserve the honor of the Government, and call down upon us the blessings of God.

H. B. WHIPPLE,
Bishop of Minnesota.

T. H. CLARK,
Bishop of Rhode Island.

JACKSON KEMPER,
Bishop of Wisconsin.

C. S. HAWKS,
Bishop of Missouri.

GEORGE BURGESS,
Bishop of Maine.

HENRY J. WHITEHOUSE,
Bishop of Illinois.

ALONZO POTTER,
Bishop of Pennsylvania.

CARLTON CHASE,
Bishop of New Hampshire.

ALFRED LEE,
Bishop of Delaware.

CHARLES P. McILVAINE,
Bishop of Ohio.

B. B. SMITH,
Bishop of Kentucky.

MANTOR EASTBURN,
Bishop of Massachusetts.

HORATIO POTTER,
Bishop of New York.

G. T. BEDELL,
Assistant Bishop of Ohio.

S. P. PARKER,
Rector of St. Paul's Church, Stockton.

GEO. C. SHATTUCK,
Deputy from Massachusetts.

ANDREW OLIVER,
Rec. Immanuel Ch, Bellows Falls, Vt.

J. L. CLARK,
Rec. St. John's Ch. Waterbury, Conn.

M. SCHUYLER,
Rector of Christ Church, St. Louis.

T. WILCOXON,
Missionary in Minnesota.

R. S. ADAMS,
Rec. St. Andrew's Ch. Brooklyn, N. Y.

FRANCIS CHASE,
Rec. St. Andrew's Ch., Hopkinton, N. H.

ALEX. BURGESS,
Rec. St. Luke's Ch, Portland, Maine.

JOHN W. ANDREWS,
of Ohio

ERASTUS BURR,
of Ohio.

WM. WELSH,
of Philadelphia.

MURRAY HOFFMAN,
New York.

ISAAC ATWATER,
Ass. Justice Supreme Court, Minn.

JOS. C. TALBOT,
Missionary Bishop of North West.

WM. BACON STEVENS,
Assistant Bishop of Pennsylvania.

HENRY W. LEE,
Bishop of Diocese of Iowa.

GEORGE UPFOLD,
Bishop of Indiana.

NICHOLAS HOPPIN,
Rector Christ Ch., Cambridge, Mass.

JOHN E. WARREN,
St Paul.

E. T. WILDER,
Red Wing, Minnesota.

L. BRADISH,
New York.

SAMUEL B. RUGGLE,
New York.

FRED. S. WINSTON,
New York.

I am sick at heart; I fear the words of one of our statesmen to me were true: "Bishop every word you say of this Indian system is true; the nation knows it. It is useless; you will not be heard. Your faith is only like that of the man that stood on the bank of the river waiting for the water to run by, that he might cross over dry shod." All I have to say is that if a nation trembling on the brink of anarchy and ruin is so dead that it will not hear a plea to redress wrongs which the whole people admit call for reform, God in mercy pity us and our children.

H. B. WHIPPLE,
BISHOP OF MINNESOTA.

Since the Bishop prepared the foregoing paper, I have received the following letter from Mr. George Bunga of Leech Lake. I would state that Mr. Bunga is a mixed blood of African and Chippewa descent, and from my personal knowledge of him for many years past, I know him to be entirely reliable in his statements, and from a residence in the country described by him, I can bear witness to the truth of them.

J. LLOYD BRECK.

LEECH LAKE, January 28th, 1863.

TO REV. J. LLOYD BRECK—*Reverend Sir*: Knowing your feelings, and that of the Bishop, for the red men, I thought I would write you and let you know what was going on in Indian matters in this part of the country. Nothing that we could say could prevail on the Red Lake Indians to get them to go to Washington to make a treaty; they had it so firmly in their minds that once they got there, they would have to accept of what was offered them. They said they were willing to meet any one at the Grand Forks next Summer, and there sell their lands. Most of the annuity chiefs have got back from the Agency where they were called to sign a treaty that had been dictated and left by Judge Usher. They did not sign it. The purport of the treaty was, that all the Mississippi bands would abandon their Reserves, and settle on a tract of country lying between this and Cass, and Winnepeg lakes. The Judge must have got the idea from maps, or some person that wanted to have something to say and did not care what he said, or probably some one had an axe of his own to grind, and after ground, would not care what became of the Indians, or the whites that may be living with them. The idea is ridiculous to us who know the country. The most of it is swamps, marshes, or the kind of country that produces the small, black, low pine. There are only a few small lakes, but there is no fish or rice in them. The Government land at Cass lake is nothing but this yellow pine and sand, and the whole of that country is destitute of any kind of game, and even rabbits are but few. It is true, at this lake there is a fair way for them to get along, and their children after them, and in such a kind of country, with one tenth of the money that the Government has already spent for them, would induce them, little by little, and would

hope to become another people, and their children would be enabled to mingle among the civilized world. I am led to believe why their chances to benefit the Indians, and to agree with the wishes of the Government are not acted on, is because that persons are sent, and too often they are men who pay no attention, for the reason they are afraid they would not come within their jurisdiction and of course would be no benefit to their pockets, and some of them would be against anything of the kind if it did not suit them. Few persons are so well acquainted with the Chippewas and their former country as myself, for I have lived with almost every band from Sault St. Mary to this, and am well acquainted with all their lakes and rivers from the Lakes Superior to Michigan, and I honestly say that I don't know of a lake or river that abounds in fish as the Red Lake, and Red Lake River, and from thence up the Thieving River. From the first time I became acquainted with these rivers it seemed to me it was designed by the Great Spirit for the home of the Indians. There is every thing to make them content. Plenty of good land, (part prairie) and fish right at their doors. The objection I see, that there is not so many maple trees as could be wished for, but perhaps some could be found in the interior. Rev. Sir, it looks to me that we have got to a crisis that has not been known in this country. The Indians are very much dissatisfied, and the whites below won't have the Indians about them any more, and we all feel that something has got to be done. There is some Government land, but it is and has always been occupied by these Indians as their sugar-camp. At the time of their treaty of 1855 they were given to understand that they might use it, and the whites would not want it for one hundred years to come. Knowing the country as I do, I am aware that there is not five sugar-camps within two day's travel of this lake that was belonging to the Lecch Lake Indians, and if the lower Indians are moved on their lands, they will have to occupy those sugar-camps, and thence would come the strife among themselves and dissatisfaction against the whites and perhaps the cause of more trouble. Of late years these Indians have had as hard times for want of food in the Summer as they have in the Winter; the only difference is the warm weather, and berries and roots. There is not one-half the fish caught now that there was at the time you resided at this lake; in fact, we know that it can't be otherwise when we know that every day there is from three to four hundred nets in the water, and from eight hundred to one thousand Indians living by them. Rev. Sir, how

can it be expected that Indians can live in such a country as I have described, which I defy any one to say to the contrary. It is to be supposed that they will hear of the kind of country that they are required to settle on, and it is my poor opinion that they will never go unless the soldiers drive and keep them there. Even if they went there they can't get an existence without they rob and plunder the whites, and thence perhaps the beginning of the extermination of these Indians. Pardon me if I say here, that if the Government is induced to move and keep these Indians, what will be the cost. I am to be pitied for writing as I do; would it not be more satisfactory to the government, and thousands of dollars cheaper to move them at once, to a suitable country, and where they would be out of the way of the whites.

I wrote to Senator Rice a few days ago, and stated to him about the Red Lake Country, but was not so particular in defining as here, for I don't see how the Indians can be friends to the whites in such a state of affairs. Another question, who is the person that can straighten out things and make the path smooth? Such a man is now wanted. Of late the Indians have been so mixed up that now they have no confidence in the Government or its officers. I presume the bad health of Senator Rice would not allow him to come to this wild country, for I candidly believe he is the only man that can make a removal of the Indians satisfactory to them, for it must be taken into consideration that it is ten times more difficult to move Indians than it is to make a treaty to buy their lands. Senator Rice has this in favor more than any one else that could be sent by the Government. Every trader and half-breed or any person of influence are his friends, and that is a good deal in removing Indians; and these people have always told them that he was the friend of the Indian, and would do everything in justice that lay in his power for them. The cry is, I wish WabeManomin would come to us once more. They have that respect for him that in their smoking and camp-fires it is seldom but that they speak of him. My sincere wish is that the Indian Department at Washington only knew what a suitable country there was vacant for the permanent home of the Chippewas. It appears to me it would be adopted, for it is of no use to the whites, and it would agree with one of the great wishes of the Government by placing the Indian where he would not be in the way of the white population, and with some care on the part of the Government, the ruination of all Indians, (fire-water) could be kept from him.

Reverend Sir, what I have written is strictly true, and how proud I would be if I saw some person, (disinterested and some sympathy and justice to the Indians) to be here at the opening of the lakes, say the 25th of April, and see the country that I have here written about; I feel confident that my opinion would be the opinion of all who wished for the existence of the Chippewas some years longer. I write of this country because I know that there is no other part of the former Chippewa country that they can be moved to and live.

Rev. Sir, knowing how hard the Bishop works for the welfare of the Indian, I beg of you to show him this, my poor opinion as regard the removal of the Indians. I ought to have said too, that the Otter Tail band was ordered by Judge Usher to come on their Reserves at this lake. So they will have to get a share of these Sugar Camps, for you are aware that a Chippewa without fish, or the means to make sugar, would be as strange to him as a white man without a shirt.

Your Unworthy Servant,
G. BUNGA.

BISHOP SEABURY MISSION.—Incorporated May 22nd, 1860. TRUSTEES—Rt. Rev. H. B. Whipple, D. D., Rev. J. Lloyd Breck, D. D., Rev. S. W. Manney, Rev. E. G. Gear, Rev. D. B. Knickerbocker, Rev. E. P. Gray, Hon. H. T. Welles, Hon. E. T. Wilder, Gen. N. J. T. Dany, Rev. E. R. Welles, and C. W. Woolley, Esq.

OFFICERS—Rt. Rev. H. B. Whipple, *President*; Rev. J. Lloyd Breck, *Secretary and Correspondent*; Rev. S. W. Manney, *Treasurer*.

DIVINITY DEPARTMENT.—Rt. Rev. H. B. Whipple, D. D., Professor of Pastoral Theology and Pulpit Eloquence; Rev. S. W. Manney, A. M., Professor of Systematic Divinity and Acting Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Exegesis; Rev. J. Lloyd Breck, D. D., Professor of Biblical Literature and the Book of Common Prayer.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL.—Rev. J. Lloyd Breck, Rector; Rev. Geo. C. Tanner, A. M., Professor of Mathematics and Languages; Mr. Hubbell, Teacher.

ANDREWS' HALL.—Miss Susan Phelps, Matron; Miss Annie Bull, Assistant and Teacher.

ST. COLUMBA MISSION.—(Chippewa)—Rev. E. Steele Peake

in charge; Rev. J. Johnson Enmegahbowh, Deacon.
 DACOTA MISSION.—Rev. S. Dutton Hinman, Missionary;
 Mrs. Hinman and Miss Emily J. West, Teachers.

KINDS OF CLOTHING NEEDED FOR THE BISHOP SEABURY MISSION.

The clothing most needed by this Mission is for girls between the ages of fourteen and eighteen years, and for boys between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one years. A small portion for children a few years younger, of both sexes, could be used profitably, and would be acceptable. Bedding of all kinds, such as sheets, pillow-cases, blankets, quilts, comfortables, also towels would be very acceptable, and are much needed. Materials for clothing and bedding may also be sent.

FORM OF A BEQUEST TO THE BISHOP SEABURY MISSION.

I give and bequeath to the "BISHOP SEABURY MISSION," an Institution incorporated under the laws of Minnesota, for the spreading of the Gospel, the instruction of youth, and the education of young men for the sacred Ministry, the sum of _____, to be applied to the general purposes of said Mission, or to the endowment of a Professorship or Scholarship in the Theological Department of the same.

N. B. Mr. E. M. DUNCAN, No. 762 Broadway, N. Y., will receive and transmit moneys or material designed for this Mission. Also, JAMES M. AERTSEN, Esq., Philadelphia, Pa., J. K. SASS, Esq., Charleston, S. C., and REV. J. A. MERRICK, Paris, Ky., kindly consent to act as agents.

Boxes and parcels designed for the Mission, should be addressed Rev. J. Lloyd Breck, "Bishop Seabury Mission—care of North & Carll, Hastings, Minnesota, and sent by Merchants' Dispatch or Freight Lines. To pack, when practicable, in *barrels*, will save transportation expense.

Theological works for the Divinity Department, as well as books in general for the Library of the Mission, are highly acceptable. Remittances of money by mail, should be in the form of a bank order on New York or Philadelphia. A deposit with any bank in the country will readily obtain a draft to order on these cities.

P R A Y E R .

Grant, O LORD JESUS, I pray Thee, that the love of Thee may make me ever ready and zealous to every good work, that I be not slothful in my service. Make me to seek with ardent desire, and to promote as far as possible the salvation of all men; and grant that I may be zealous for thine honor, and be wholly spent in promoting Thy glory and the advancement of Thy Kingdom. *Amen.*

