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Of the total Indian population of Canada (124,589), according to the latest figures to which we had access, about 4000 are connected with the Presbyterian Mission at eleven different stations. There are seven ordained missionaries, carrying on the work on nineteen reserves. These are assisted by nine teachers, besides other helpers, whose services are valuable as matrons, interpreters, and assistant teachers. In 1890 there were 187 Indian communicants, of whom 24 were added during the year, and 68 infants and 31 adults were baptized. 222 pupils were enrolled in the industrial schools, with an average attendance of 154. The total expenditure for the year \$10,391,533.

In the territory of Alaska, purchased from Russia by the United States in 1867, containing an area of 580,000 square miles, with a population at that time of 29,000 souls, there are at present 30,178 Indians, comprising about three-fourths of the present population. Nearly all of these are pagan. A few missions have been established among them, the Presbyterian Church being the foremost in this field. Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., with the help of Mrs A. R. McFarland, opened a mission and school for girls at Fort Wrangel in 1877. "The work was peculiarly trying, but the missionaries stayed at their post, organizing later a place of refuge for young girls and a day school of sixty pupils." In 1878 a mission was founded at Sitka by Rev. J. G. Brady, who also opened a school in the same place. In 1884 the boarding-school numbered 53 and day school 175. A school was also opened among the Chilcat Indians in 1880 by Mrs. S. Dickinson, and soon after another was established at Hoonyah. The Moravians have two prosperous missions in Alaska, and the Swedish Mission Union have missions at St. Michael and Yakutat with five missionaries. One of the most striking examples in the world of the beneficial results of Christian Missions is the settlement of 1000 model citizens at Metlakahla, Annette Island, Alaska, where, under the leadership of Mr. William Duncan, in ten years a Christianized, civilized, most useful self-supporting community of Tsimshian Indians has developed out of a tribe of ferocious savages (*Missionary Review of the World*, July 1898, p. 513)—a veritable oasis in that bleak and cold land of pagan idolaters and modern mammon-worshippers.

REV. CHARLES L. THOMPSON, D.D., New York, now read the following Paper on

HOME MISSIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.

I am to speak on the Importance and Results of Home Mission

work in this country, including missions among the North American Indians. I can only sketch the outlines of this large theme. Yourself must fill up the picture of the development of the religious life of the United States, for this is Home Missions. For to-night the brief and simple privilege is ours, devoutly recognizing our religious inheritance and its potency in shaping a young nation, to trace the marks and results of that shaping.

There have been four great stages of Home Mission life in the United States. There was first the colonial period. Among the early records of the New England Colonists is the account of their purpose and endeavor to proclaim the gospel to the tribes about them. This fact cannot be obscured by the further fact that self-defence soon forced them to a hostile attitude. Many of the preachers whose labors illumine the first years of our history were first of all missionaries. The names of Eliot, Sergeant, and Brainerd, of Makemie and the Tennants, are synonyms for the missionary spirit. True, the missionary work of those days was limited and sporadic. It could not be otherwise. The physical conditions of life in the wilderness, the distances to be traversed, the isolation and the lack of all power of organization, at once put severe limitations on missionary labors, and lifted those that were thus performed into commanding heroism. Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, recently uttered this great truth by saying in substance that in these days of glorifying our young heroes of Manila and Santiago, we must not forget our missionaries who from the first displayed a like heroic courage.

These early generations accomplished little in the way of organizing and building churches. The statistics from Maryland and Long Island in these days of large figures appear insignificant enough, but their noble spirit, their self-sacrifice and daring, have been the helpers of all the generations since. All subsequent times may well take pattern from the lone missionary horseman of the New England woods or the Virginia wilderness. His presence was a passing benediction. His example an unfailling inspiration.

To this service was consecrated the best scholarship as well as the devoutest spirit of those times. The first part of the nineteenth century is redolent with missionary zeal in New York. Education and religion went hand in hand in the missionary development of the empire state—presidents of Bowdoin, Yale, Union, and graduates of Princeton and other colleges, took personal share in the heroic service.

The second great Home Mission period may be designated as the

Trans-Allegheny period. It was at the end of the last century, and the beginning of this, that from New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and the Carolines, there was a marked westward-moving of people and from each State on its own parallels. Thus from New York there was a line of emigration to northern Ohio, peopling the western reserve, giving a Christian stamp to the new communities which remains to this day.

From Pennsylvania over the mountains the settlers pressed into central and southern Ohio, while Kentucky was largely developed by immigration across the Blue Ridge. And wherever the settler went, there went the missionary. Thus, in the founding of Cincinnati, it is recorded that the Christian congregation which became the first Presbyterian church worshipped God sitting on split logs for pews, and holding a rifle in one hand and a bible in the other. The man with a rifle and a bible was not confined to the Queen City. Such a figure might well be emblematic of the opening of an empire. Cast in bronze he might well stand at the gateway of each new State.

The Trans-Mississippi is the third great period of our national and religious development. It dates from the middle of the century. It meant the Christian occupation of the States of the prairies and the plains—that vast territory reaching from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains. Some of the heroes of that great march are yet living to look with astonishment on what fifty years have wrought, during which a dozen great states have filled with people and become commanding factors in the national life. What grander service is permitted to any one man than that, for example, of Timothy Hill, who witnessed the organization and growth of three hundred churches in Kansas and the Indian Territory? What a monument for the grave of one mortal man! Within that central territory there are now 2,000 Presbyterian churches, and all organized in the latter half of this century. It may be doubted whether the history of the Christian Church anywhere shows such rapid and substantial progress as marks the recent development of these central states.

The Trans-Rocky Mountain period is the last step in the march of the Church across the Continent. It began in a few centres like San Francisco and Portland forty or more years ago; but its triumphs are but of yesterday. From San Diego to the top of Puget Sound there is a line of churches that are lighthouses along the dark coast, every one of which had a Home Missionary origin, and almost all within a quarter of a century.

There is one church in one of those cities which was once a Home

Mission Church, and still, in its youth, has, through the liberality of some of its members, been a helper of every Presbyterian church organized in that State, and sent out its benefactions for missions and Christian education in sums that aggregate many hundreds of thousands of dollars. Thus, there and all over the west, the cup of cold water has become a fountain of blessing, making deserts rejoice and blossom as the rose.

The nation, indeed, is not yet evangelized. There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed. But the stamp of its destiny is on it. It shall be a Christian nation. So says the inheritance of the old centuries. So said the constitution signed in the cabin of the Mayflower. So say the gospel signal lights that from Key West to Point Barrow lead on the way of gospel triumph.¹

Let us now turn to one particular and most dramatic phase of our Home Mission work, that, viz., among the American Indians.² Some of the earliest, as certainly some of the bravest, missionary efforts were directed toward the natives. It was not only the Jesuits who in Canadian and New York forests imperilled their lives for the privilege of carrying the gospel to savages. Protestant missionaries in New England, New York, and Pennsylvania were foremost in such

¹ A few figures will give an exhibit of the work of Home Missions now conducted by the branch of the Church which I have the honor to represent.

We have 1380 missionaries under the care of the Board. During the past year there have been 11,683 additions, with a total membership of 74,832. 281 Sunday Schools have been organized. Altogether there are 1825 Sunday Schools, with a membership of 114,963. There are 1456 church edifices, of the value of \$2,838,571; and during the past year 47 churches have been organized.

The receipts for the fiscal year, closing April 1st, from all sources, are \$856,906,59.

In addition to the above there are 732 missionaries in Synods carrying on their own Home Mission work.

² The people who take possession here drive out the nation which erst held the land. History may furnish us parallels to the fact. It is to be doubted whether there is any parallel to the dignified pathos of the tragedy. The advance has been now by arms and now by statecraft, but equally irresistible. The retreat has been under protest—as dignified as it was solemn. That thin straggling line of retreat reaches now from the Indian Territory and the Dakotas to the western slope of the Continent. The Government atones feebly for the violated faith of the past and the steady pressure of the present by here and there an Indian school. But the fiat has gone forth, the world has come in on their homestead; and they are vagabonds on the face of the earth.

To the Church of Christ, powerless to give them a foothold on earth, is given the final duty to point them above the last white peak of the Nevadas to a laud where faith never is forfeited and citizenship never is disowned.

perilous labors. The blot on our national escutcheon is not removed by such missionary enterprise. But it at least throws a dash of light across the dark page.

I have stood recently on two historic spots within which is comprised the story of our relations to the Indians. A few days ago I stood by the side of the monument in the Indian burying-ground in Stockbridge, Mass. On the rough granite shaft are these words of dedication, "In memory of the Stockbridge Indians—the friends of our fathers." A few months ago I was at the grave of Spaulding, on the banks of the Snake River in Idaho; Spaulding who, with the martyred Whitman, was the apostle of the Nez Perce Indians. From the graves of the Stockbridges to the grave of Spaulding, what a story waiting the judgment day.

Early in the eighteenth century John Sergeant of Newark, N.J., and a tutor in Yale College, felt called to work for the Indians. He began among the Stockbridges, first at Housatonic, and then at Stockbridge, which became their home. These Indians were of a superior race. They were friends of the white man—in circumstances where such friendship cost.

Sergeant's life and work were not without fruit. The Indian Church at Stockbridge revealed the Indian's capacity for civilized and Christian life. But to move on has from the first been the Indian's fate. The march of events began early, and every onward step of events has meant an outward step for the Indian. The white man's cry, "Onward, the country is too straight for us," began in 1780. The pressure of population closed round the Stockbridges on their beautiful Housatonic. New York offered them an asylum, and picking up what could readily be carried, leaving behind them what could not be carried, they moved on. But their rest was brief. In 1818 the evils of living among the whites had become intolerable. A tract of land was provided for them in Ohio, near the Indiana line. So into that wilderness they fled—a band of Christian Indians seeking refuge from nominally Christian whites. Swiftly again came the order to move. This time to the severe climate and unbroken wilderness of Wisconsin. So they pitched their tents on the shores of Green Bay, where yet lingered the traditions of the Jesuits, who a century earlier had trodden those wilds. "Means will now be used," so says the chronicler of that time, "to obtain from Congress a law excluding spirituous liquors and white heathen from Green Bay." How biting would be the satire of such a law. But it never came. The white heathen pressed in. The order came again, "Move on."

It was the last move. The weary, heart-broken column divided. Some went to Minnesota, some to Missouri, near Fort Leavenworth, where the unsuited climate soon dug their graves. Where are the Stockbridges, the friends of our fathers, the special children of John Sergeant? A little remnant remains in Wisconsin—a few who have survived the storm of extirpation and who are keeping their faith in God and the old-time loyalty of their ancestors on the banks of the Housatonic. This fateful pushing westward of the Stockbridge Indian illustrates all too well the general course of our national policy in this regard, while their own fortitude and Christian character reveals the possibility of the Indian nature and the faithful missionary labors bestowed upon them.

Thoughts like these flung their gloom upon me as I stood by the Indian monument at Stockbridge. And what were the thoughts awakened by the grave of Spaulding on the banks of Snake River? Meeting recently with Nez Perce Indians on their own reservation, a wonderful story of man's wrong and the gospel's power rose up in memory. About sixty-five years ago, four Nez Perce Indians—as if divinely impelled—crossed mountains and deserts in quest of the white man's book. After weary and perilous wanderings they found themselves in St. Louis, and this was their cry, "Show us the white man's book." They fell into the hands of Roman Catholics, who showed them churches, and altars, and robes, and candles, but the book they did not get—that for which their spirits yearned they were not shown. They fell into the hands of politicians, who showed them public buildings, and took them to the theatre, but the book they found not. Two old men died—the young men, discouraged, went away toward the sunset, sad and weary, as they had come.

The story touched the heart of a godly physician in New York State. His name was Marcus Whitman. It should be carved in yonder capitol with the names of others who have been saviors of their country. He dared the wilderness and the savage; he found the homes of the Nez Percés, and he found an empire there about to slip from our hands. He performed the well-nigh incredible feat of a winter ride over the mountains and through the snow from the banks of the Columbia to the banks of the Potomac that he might plead with the Government the value of that North-West territory, and rouse them to secure it ere it slipped from their hands. They sneered at his arguments. Webster would not give a snap of his fingers for the whole of it, but at last they so far yielded as to agree if he would do the impossible thing of taking a wagon train over

the Rockies they would stretch out a hand to retain the territory. He did it. That wagon train was the precursor of the half-dozen transcontinental lines that now reach the coast. But more than that, Whitman and Spaulding were the vanguard of that missionary army that moves to-day for the occupation of that land for Jesus Christ. When I looked on the grave of Spaulding, and thought of the Walla Walla Valley, just beyond where is the monument to Whitman—above all when I met our noble Nez Perce ministers and elders, with hearts like old prophets beating for the peace of Jerusalem—I echoed again the words of Senator Hoar, "There is no heroism like that of the missionaries of Christ."

The Stockbridge Indians were the friends of the whites. It is the common sentiment of the West that the only good Indian is a dead Indian. It is said they are openly hostile or covertly treacherous. For whatever truth there is in such statements the American people have themselves to thank. Time works its slow and sure revenge, and one of them is that our treatment of the Indian is being visited on our own heads. They were our friends. They became our enemies, but not until, step by step, we had forced them from one reservation to another, till their broad lands had passed from them forever, and they, in steadily vanishing numbers, were passing from human sight. And the marvel of history will be—not that their former friendship had ceased, but that there remained in them anywhere enough respect for our institutions to incline them to citizenship—enough regard for our Christian profession to be willing to accept our Gospel.

By our recent purchase of the immense territory of Alaska thirty thousand Indians who have not inherited a sense of wrong, and who are therefore more accessible to the Gospel, have become part of the home mission field of the Christian Church. Our own Church has accepted her full share of that responsibility. Ten Presbyterian missionaries are laboring among the Indians of Alaska, and Christian schools, partly or wholly under our control, are leading hundreds of Indian boys and girls into the ways of Christian civilization. And they have capacity for it. Several years ago a Metlakatka boy, having received primary education in an Alaskan school, came to the States for thorough training. He spent four years at Marietta College, three years in Lane Seminary, took a special course in law in the University of Michigan, and then returned a trained and cultured Christian minister, to devote his life to his own people. Some years ago a Thlinket Indian girl, having received primary

schooling in Alaska, came to an eastern seminary, graduated, and then, a trained and cultured Christian woman, went back to Alaska to devote her life to her people. Such examples attest at once the Indian's capacity and the power of the Christian education we are trying to give them.

What now in general has been the extent and what the results of our work among the Indians?

The Board of Home Missions has its largest Indian work among the following:—The Dakota Sioux, 23 churches; among the nations of the Indian territory, about 30 churches; among the New York Indians, 6 churches; among the Nez Percés, 5 churches; among the Pimas and Papagoes, 2 churches; and in Alaska, 10 churches. We have also among the Indians, 18 schools, 88 teachers, and 1418 pupils. Among the Alaskans we have 11 schools, 28 teachers, and 634 pupils, making in all 29 schools with over 2000 pupils.

The total annual expense of our Indian work is about \$100,000. Such is our mission field. Behold now we are on the dividing ridge of the centuries. We regard with gratitude to God the heritage of our Church. We thank Him for its beginning, its progress, and its bountiful present. We praise Him for the faith of our fathers as they set foot upon this ground and claimed it for the Master. We praise Him for the truth they guarded for us and have handed to us, for the saintly lives they lived, and for their steadfast and heroic labors. We accept reverently the responsibilities of our place, and pray God to make us worthy to enter into their labors, and to push forward unto the second century the Church they planted so gloriously at the beginning of the first.

Somehow Heaven seems wonderfully confederate with the faith and labors of the Church. The little boat of our enterprise has been taken up by the majestic stream of a manifest Divine purpose. Who can tell what even one generation may now do by the threefold cord of Divine truth, life and organization, to draw this round world upward to the feet of Christ. There is no Moses to look out upon this land of promise and see what yet shall be. But what picture, think you, will be spread before those who a century from to-day will gather to lift their Ebenezer of praise? A land blooming from the lakes to the Gulf, as the Garden of the Lord in the world's last civilization and in the beauty of the highest form of Christian life! A government imbued with the principles of Christian faith and a population reverent before the name of God! Streams of Christian knowledge flashing from Christian schools on a thousand hills. A

hundred great universities justifying the ways of God to man in an unchallenged Christian science. Everywhere Christian institutions of mercy under whose protecting shadow the halt and lame may wait for the coming of the Lord. While out from every harbor of this happy people the commerce of the world will push unto the seas; the merchant become a missionary, swinging gospel lights from every mast.

Then will be justified our position among the nations and our inheritance of the truth. Then, perhaps, the long dream of the ages will be fulfilled—the Lord will come to take possession of His own. The four-square city of our God, the new Jerusalem, the mother of us all—shall be with men and gather her children home. Along her lifted walls Christian life shall walk, the incarnation of the beauty of holiness. Within her sacred shadow a universal brotherhood shall attest how sufficient unto all helpfulness is that highest of all organisms, the Church of Jesus Christ.

The Rev. ROBERT JOHNSTON, D.D., London, Canada, now read the following Paper on

THE IMPORTANCE AND RESULTS OF HOME MISSION WORK IN CANADA.

In speaking of the Home Mission Work of our Canadian Church, it will be necessary to define the field of our operations and the character of the work accomplished. The necessity of such definition was impressed upon me but recently, while attending a great Convention at one of the religious centres of this continent. Upon a wall of the partition there hung from day to day a map, indicating, by a variety of colors, the need of the world for the Gospel; imagine my astonishment to find it declaring, in unblushing whiteness, that the whole of Canada, with the exception of a narrow strip of territory bordering on the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence, was uninhabited territory!

I could have forgiven the ignorance of the designer had he colored our rich and populous provinces in an inky blackness and called us "heathen," or even declared us "unexplored," but "uninhabited territory" created an amazement that lingered long on the borderland between indignation and amusement. Sparse our population may be in many parts, and for years must continue so, but in this good land which the Canadian Church is called upon to go up and possess for Christ, four thousand miles across, there is,