

**Letters from Indian Pupils.**

FROM A PUPIL AT THE MOUNT ELGIN, IND. INSTITUTE,  
MUNCEY TOWN.

I will try to write a short composition about this place. It is called Mount Elgin Industrial Institution. First thing I shall say is about farming, because I am one of the farmers, and I like that best, better than any other work. I will leave this for a little while. I will tell you something first. First time I came here it was in 4th of September 1884, A. D. I was very lazy, because I never worked when I was home but just play, play, play day after day. So when I came I was here about two or three weeks, then Mr. William W. Shepherd told me to go in the Shoe Shop and be shoemaker. So I went and I was very glad. When I got there I thought that was very easy work, but afterwards I found out that it is not very easy work always sitting down and sewing, hammering, fixing the old shoes, and I am always watching how am I going to sew. So I got tired of it, and I was very glad when I got out of it too, and now to-day I am one of the farmers. The reason I like to be farmer is because I will be always working outside and be working with the team every day, and sow all kinds of grain such as wheat, oats, peas, and barley. And plant some corn, potatoes, cabbage, turnips and carrots, and raise some cattle, and then sell them all for hundreds of dollars; and then when I would get the money I would buy some more land, and some farmer's implements to work with. And while I am here Mr. Shepherd always gives me a team to work with when I am going to work, so as to know how to get started after I'll leave here. And we are doing lots of work in one day, I suppose it would take a man about a week or more to do the same work, as much as we can do in one day. First thing we do in morning is to clean the horses. There are eight horses for working and two for driving, and we always clean them first thing in morning, and then when we get that done we would get ready for our breakfast, and we get up at five o'clock in morning, but on Sundays we get up at six o'clock a. m. And after we get our breakfast we would get ready to go to church, and after we would have our dinner we have our Sunday School in our school room, &c.

My name is NOAH WILLIAMS,  
From Oneida Reserve.

**A Letter from an Apache Girl in New Mexico.**

BAMONA INDIAN SCHOOL, N. M.

Sante Fe, N. M., March 30, 1889.

DEAR MR. WILSON :

You want to know all about our people so you can put it in a book. They are making farms and they are building houses for themselves so they can live as the white people do. They come to see us very often, and bring the boys bows and arrows. We are all writing letters this morning and I am writing to you. I wrote to your children a long time ago and they have not answered it yet—I answered when they wrote to me. Wilson is well—you know the little boy you gave your name to. I would like to see your children and you too. We get letters from our people, they don't know anything about our dear Saviour Jesus. This is all for this time.

Your friend,  
MARY WOOD.

**Clippings.**

A SCHOOL boy at Sitka came to his teacher one day, saying, "Please ma'am, I cannot get my lesson; it is broke off." A portion of a leaf had been torn out of his book.—*North Star.*

A TEACHER at Hampton, Va., recently asked one of the Indian pupils what lbs. stood for. "Elbows, I guess," was the unexpected reply.

RED CLOUD, a keen, shrewd chief, once said in parting with some white friends, "I hope to meet you again, if not on earth, beyond the grave—in a land where white men cease to be liars."—*Word Carrier.*

A PRECOCIOUS Winnebago, who stands high in geography, was recently asked by his teacher where Africa was located. He promptly answered "All over the United States."—*Pipe of Peace.*

A GIRL said to her companion, "If an Indian lives in a wigwam in the summer, what would he live in, in the winter?" "I should think," she adroitly replied, "that he would want to live in a warnwig."—*Indian Helper.*

THE boys were weeding a neglected patch of carrots. One, who possibly thought there would be more fun in going fishing, quoted the parable of the tares, and argued that it would be more in accord with Scripture to allow the weeds to grow until harvest time.—*Word Carrier.*

THE only permanent and telling force in Indian progress has been one which is independent of the Government. The life-long labors of men like Bishops Whipple and Hare, the Rev. Messrs. Williamson and Riggs and scores of others, including many of the Catholic faith, and not a few noble women, have laid the foundation of all that is hopeful in the Indian of our country.—*Ex.*

THE Bishop of Athabasca writing from Vermillion, Athabasca, says:—"The Indians among whom we are laboring are Beavers, the aborigines of this country; the Wood Crees, who seem to have gradually penetrated from further south, the Chippewyans and Slave Indians to the east and north. The Beaver, Chippewyan, and Slave languages are more or less akin, the Cree is the same as that spoken to the south of the Sackatchewan but not so pure. We possess two good churches, that