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Letter to the Sunday Schools.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—The holidays have commenced at last, and nearly all the boys and girls have gone home. The schools broke up on Friday, the 27th of June. At 3 o'clock on the afternoon of that day every one assembled in the school-room. The Bishop of Algoma, who had kindly consented to give away the prizes, first addressed the boys; this was followed by one or two addresses from other gentlemen who were present. The Indian chief Buhkuzyjenene, who had come up from Garden River for the occasion, made a very animated speech. The Bishop then gave away the prizes, after which "God save the Queen" was sung very heartily. At 6 p.m. all the boys and girls had a splendid tea, laid out under the trees, and late in the evening the girls returned to the Wawanosh. Some of them left for home that night, but the greater part had to wait till next day. I remember one funny little occurrence in connection with Friday. Louisa S., a little girl seven or eight years of age, is the proud possessor of a very diminutive parasol, which she carries about with her on every possible occasion. Friday being a very hot day, of course this young woman arrived with her parasol. But when the time came for the girls to go home and they all assembled in front of the house, the blazing sun had disappeared and the moon was slowly rising in its stead. I suppose Louisa had never been up so late before in her life, at any rate directly she got outside the house she put up her parasol and began to look for the sun. She always did this, for unless she got her parasol directly between herself and the sun, it was too small to be of any use. Well, she stared about for a minute or two, and at last asked in a tone of intense astonishment, "Where ever is the sun?" The girl addressed (an elder sister, I think) answered in a rather shocked voice, "Lou-i-sa, stupid, the sun has gone, it's the moon now." "Well, I must keep the moon off me, then," was the ready retort, and tilting her parasol to exactly the right angle, away she went. How we all laughed! To see this ridiculous little mite trotting calmly down the avenue, with a tiny fringed parasol protecting her from the moonlight, was very funny.

One of the little Islands in front of the Home has now become quite a popular resort. A rustic wooden bridge has been built to connect it with the mainland, and it has been nicely cleared—that is to say a good deal of the thick underbrush has been cleared away, and delightful little paths made, twisting and winding in different directions. At every turn one is confronted by a sign-board pointing to "Readers' Retreat," "Bay View," "Shingwauk View," etc.

The 1st of July passed off without very much demonstration on the part of the boys here. It was a very rainy day, and out-door sports were out of the question. Just before prize-giving day, the "Buckskin Base Ball Club" played a club from the American Sault, and beat them, amid much rejoicing on the part of their school-fellows. The band has had to be given up, as some of the best players have gone home. Those that are left were greatly disappointed at not being able to play in the Sault on Dominion Day, as they were asked to do.

Please address any questions to be answered in these letters, to

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Indian Ingratitude.

(1) IN some Indian languages there is not a single expression for "I am grateful to you," but they will say, "You have a good heart." For all favors received, they expect to give as much in return. When this principle is applied to them in their relation to the white people, they accept without thanks and do not expect to pay again, as they think that the white people have received in land more than they can ever repay in gifts to their red brethren. Hence it savors of ingratitude to us, who do not expect anything in return, to see them accept benefits without a word of thanks.
—MacLean.

(2) Among the Indians of the Pacific coast, there exists a festival known as "Potlach." It is a Chinook word, meaning "to give," from the fact that the chief object is to make a distribution of gifts to friends. A chief desiring honor, or an Indian wishing to obtain a good name for himself, will call the people of his own