

# HAPPY DAYS

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## MARJORIE'S INDIAN.

BY MARGHARITA.

There he sat, looking at her with huge, wide-open, black eyes, when Marjorie first noticed him. He was a rather small boy, with skin as brown as a nut, straight black hair, and the broad nose and mouth so characteristic of the Indian. A pair of low leather moccasins covered his feet, the tops of them almost meeting a pair of velveteen trousers, far too long for him. On top of all was a tunic, which was beginning to show very plainly that boys are quite capable of outgrowing their clothes. There was nothing crafty in his appearance, and he looked her straight in the face without a trace of fear in his eyes.

Marjorie knew at once that he must belong to an Indian family, who had lately camped near the village, to be ready for the spring fishing. After she had assigned the work for the morning, she took the register, and went down to his seat.

She gave him a bright and kindly greeting, and then said :

"Now, we will have to get your name. What is it ?"

"Eh ?"

"What is your name ?"

"Jake."

"Jake what ?"

"Eh ?"

"Jake what ? What other name have you besides Jake ?"

"I dunno," and Jake he remained from that time on.

Presently Jake's class was called up and he soon proved that Indians have brains as well as white boys.

Jake was vastly amused over some of the things he saw. Once in the course of the afternoon almost perfect stillness, save the

hum of pencils, reigned over the room. Turning half round in his seat, he fixed his eyes on some little girls across the aisle. Suddenly he burst into a loud peal of laughter.

"Why, Jake !" said his teacher, "what

Bible, selecting the Scripture reading for the morning.

"I wonder if Jake ever heard the story of Jesus ?"

That morning she read, slowly and carefully, the story of Christ's birth, and on each succeeding morning, followed the history of his life. It seemed to have a strange fascination for the boy. While the reading was going on, he would listen with wide-open, wondering eyes. One morning, Marjorie read a passage in the Old Testament, and in the evening he came to her and said :

"Is there 'uthin' else 'bout him ?"

"About whom ?" Marjorie looked up in surprise.

"Him ! him you read about, and him you talk to."

"Oh !" It was clear to Marjorie now, and with a thrill of joy she told the sweet old story to the child, who drank in every word and explanation, as she had never seen any one do before.

The next day Jake was not at school, nor did he come on any succeeding day. Marjorie inquired of all the children, but could gain no information about him.

A day or so later, she heard that the old camp was deserted, and could only come to the conclusion that Jake had left that part of the country.

April and May had both passed, when one evening, as she was closing up for the night, Marjorie noticed an Indian coming towards the

school. Upon reaching her he stopped and said :

"Jake, he very bad. He want you."

"I will go with you at once. As soon

as I have taken my books into the house."

She easily prevailed on one of the girls



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are you laughing at ? You must not do that."

Another peal of laughter was the only answer she got, however.

Next morning a sudden inspiration came to her, as she turned over the leaves of the

school. Upon reaching her he stopped and said :

"Jake, he very bad. He want you."

"I will go with you at once. As soon

as I have taken my books into the house."

She easily prevailed on one of the girls