

side of six months. They said that Mr. Wilson was a visionary who had been reading Fenimore Cooper's novels, and had swallowed his misconception of the Noble Red Man. They had a good deal of fun at the expense of Mr. Wilson during the first six months of the Shingwauk Home's existence. It had to struggle, and its struggles could be made ludicrous to minds which did not see the import of the work attempted.

Only one man held the institution on its feet, and his was a hard battle. English interest had to be kept alive, Canadian interest had to be stirred up, discontented boys had to be reconciled, chief and parents had to be kept in line. It took more tact and diplomacy to do this than Bismark needs in managing the German Empire. Mr. Wilson was all patience, helpfulness, charity, kindness, love and care to them. He saw the port for which he was steering with wonderful clearness, and he clung to the helm with still more tenacity. He wanted to win confidence and love that he might mould the characters of his boys, and he has done it.

No obstacles turned this man aside for a moment, no difficulties daunted him. He first conquered himself, and then everything else that intervened to prevent his accomplishment of the work to which he had devoted his life. It is safe to say that that work is a complete success. The Shingwauk Home is now an institution that takes wild and lazy young Chippewa Indians who cannot speak a word of English, and turns them out at the end of five years gentlemanly and civilized young men, skilled in reading, writing and arithmetic, able to keep accounts, and well up in the mysteries of some trade.

I conducted the printing office at the institution for three years, and have the kindest remembrance of the boys who worked for me. They were easy to manage, quick to learn, patient, industrious and cheerful. Printers will understand how quickly they advanced when I declare that Joseph Kahgaug, aged eighteen, in a year and a half could set long primer type at the rate of 1000 ems per hour, and that Wm. Sahgucheway, aged nineteen, made almost as much progress in nine months. They read difficult manuscript easily and their proofs were remarkably clean. They obeyed faithfully, and though as full of fun as any boys I ever met, they never joked while at their work. They would do as much work if left alone as they would if any one in authority was watching them, and they were not by any means mere automatons, for they had plenty of typographical taste in job work. I never saw two boys of higher promise learning a trade. I had other younger Indian boys working for me, and found them compare very favorably with white boys as far as industry, obedience, intelligence, honesty and truthfulness go, and I know that the tailor, the blacksmith, the shoemaker, the tinsmith and the farmer also found their boys clever, hardworking and steady.

I have often had reason to admire the tact, wisdom and foresight with which the Home is governed. No boy is ever whipped or slapped. Mr. Wilson is full of stratagems that serve his purpose much better than violence. I think the manner in which he gets over the tendency of new boys to talk Indian is peculiarly clever. Every Saturday afternoon he gives out a certain number of buttons to the boys. A new boy who knows very little English gets twenty button one who is a little more advanced gets ten, and another five, and so on till it comes to the boys who have been at the Home for a year and more. They get no buttons at all. During the week that ensues the boys watch each other closely, and if one catches another speaking in Indian he is privileged to demand a button from him. At the end of the week the buttons are presented to Mr. Wilson by each boy in turn. He gives five nuts for every button. Among white boys this practice might give rise to quarrels and ill feeling and tale-bearing, but it certainly does not in the Shingwauk Home. The youngsters get a great deal of fun out of it, and make it a matter of the keenest competition without ever losing their temper.

The new boys who come to the institution now are not lonely long. They find the atmosphere pleasant and they are allowed plenty of liberty till they become used to the place. The officers of the school are young Indian men; goodnatured; hardworking and studious, but full of life and fun; very zealous for the welfare of Mr. Wilson and the school, but very tender of the younger boys. I am proud to say I know some of them intimately. John and Joseph Esquiman, Joseph Kahgaug and William Sahgucheway have all held the position of captain of the school. They are really noble fellows; I never heard of one of them doing anything that a man should be ashamed of. I saw them under all circumstances for three years, and if they had had any meanness in them I would have certainly found it out. Wm. Sahgucheway had a face that was bright as sunshine. There was no namby-pamby about him at all; he was brave and athletic, a splendid hand at all kinds of sports, yet possessing one of the kindest and sweetest of dispositions. William is dead now; he contracted a heavy cold and went to join his little brother Elijah, of whom he was very fond.

These Indian boys are extremely susceptible to lung troubles, and consumption is astonishingly prevalent among them. This is very largely due to their own and their parents' carelessness and ignorance. In the sugar camps, for instance, they tramp about all day in snow and slush knee deep; at night they lie down on a bed of spruce boughs in their wet clothes. They neglect colds and coughs till it is too late to treat them successfully. All missionaries who go among them should be healers of the bodies as well as of the souls. Mr. Wilson studied as physician and surgeon at a celebrated London hospital (St. Bartholemew's) before he entered the ministry, and his medical learning serves him excellently now. He has an extensive free practice among the Indians on the Garden River Reserve, as well as among his own boys. This fact of course greatly increases his prestige and influence. It would do some of those people who say that the only good Indian is a dead one, a great deal of good to pay a visit to the Shingwauk Home, unless they preferred to cling to their prejudices in defiance of facts. They would find that the 80 boys who are now being educated in the institution are a very promising set, and that the scores who have graduated and are now out in the great world of the white man, have passed from promise to performance, and fine performance at that. Adam Kiyoshk, the first boy who came to the institution, is working at his trade of carpenter in Sarnia, Canada, and getting good pay; Joseph Esquiman is school teacher and catechist under the Rev. R. Renison at the Neepigon mission; William Riley (half breed) is a school teacher at Henvey's Inlet, Manitoulin Island; Edward Jackson (half breed) is working at his trade of carpenter in Wallaceburg, Canada, and doing well; John Esquiman has become a missionary and a good one; Charlie McGrath is earning good wages on a farm near Toronto; Ben Shingwauk has studied medicine with excellent results, and is able to treat all ordinary cases with perfect confidence, and there is plenty of other good fruit borne by the institution which has made the Indian Department of the Canadian Government look upon it with a very favourable eye.

But the Shingwauk Home is not alone a place of work and study. The boys learn a great many forms of innocent amusement there, which they have introduced into the dull, stupid lives of their parental wigwams. They learn to play chess, draughts and dominoes, and they learn to sing part songs and to play the piano and organ and other musical instruments. They have also learned cricket and baseball, and the use of horizontal and parallel bars, and jumping, high and broad, have been added to their list of sports. They were already adepts at running, swimming, wrestling, hunting and fishing, so that they are now pretty well on a par with white boys, so far as fun is concerned. Cross tag, pullaway, leap frog, foot-and-a-half, have also been introduced with great success, and the boys have acquired considerable knowledge of lacrosse, which was not a Chippewa game. The larger boys at the Home are drilled twice a week, and can manoeuvre like a crack military company, and they have a fire brigade which can fly up the ladders and over the ridgepole of the Home in a way that would make parental hair curl. All feast days are kept with great vim, notably Christmas, the Queen's Birthday and Gug Fawkes Day (5th November). Among the amusements of special occasions are charades and Punch and Judy.

Boys are taken into the Shingwauk Home when they are eight or nine years of age, and put out again when they are thirteen or fourteen. They are then able to enter a trade as second or third year apprentices, and though white men were at first astonished and startled at the notion of employing Indian mechanics, experiments in that direction have resulted so well that prejudice is fast breaking down. So far as age goes there are many exceptions to the above rule; bright boys of fifteen and sixteen are not infrequently taken.

The Canadian District of Algoma, in the middle of which the Shingwauk Home stands, is an immense area of wilderness, which comprises all the land on the north shores of Lakes Huron and Superior, and stretches away to the Arctic Ocean. It also includes the Manitoulin Islands and those islands adjacent to them. In all the territory, there are not more than twenty thousand people, of whom ten thousand are Indians, six thousand whites, and four thousand French half-breeds. Three thousand of these Indians are gathered upon Reserves, the principal of which, Garden River, is situated twelve miles east of the village of Sault Ste. Marie, Canada. The other natives are what are called wild Indians. They roam about in bands and live by means of hunting and fishing, selling the furs of the animals which they kill at the posts of the Hudson Bay traders. These wild Indians are almost all pagans, but they are not bigoted, and an energetic missionary with a boat load of potatoes, pork and flour has very little difficulty in persuading them to submit to Christian baptism. They receive the rite with stoical equanimity, take all the pork, potatoes and flour they can get, and then relapse into pagan-

ism again. If the missionary does not happen to possess any flour, or pork or potatoes, the old men will nevertheless receive him courteously, as a rule, and discuss the relative merits of paganism and Christianity with a great deal of shrewdness. There is nothing savage about these Indians. Crime is very rare among them, and murder an unheard of thing; they are a quiet, sad-eyed, hopeless lot of unambitious wanderers, whose only care and object in life is to get enough to eat. They manage this easily in the summer time, when wild fruits, and berries, and fish, and game, and birds are plentiful, but in the winter time famines are common, and then the sufferings of these poor people are fearful. Sometimes they are reduced to awful straits, and there was one case of cannibalism six years ago, in which an Indian woman eat one of her children.

Taking these Indians, who are of the Chippewa or Ojibbeway tribe, on the whole, they are not by any means bad, even in their wild state. Their wigwams are foul smelling and filthy, but they are open to the stranger, and so long as they have any food left, they will divide it with any one who is hungry. They have no curses or oaths in their language, and the worst they can say of a person whom they dislike is to compare him to "Kookoosh," the pig, which they hold in great contempt in spite of their love for pork, or to say that he is "ish," which is a general name for everything unclean, though why people who live as they do should be prejudiced against uncleanness is inexplicable.

On the other hand, the minds of these pagans are in a very bad state. The medicine men stuff their heads with all kinds of fearful beliefs in devils and ghosts and other supernatural beings, among whom "Mitchie Manitou" the great evil spirit, and "Wyn-degooshug," a race of cannibalistic giants who eat Indians whom they catch alone in the woods, are the principal figures. They also believe in witchcraft and the evil eye, and so are kept in a pretty uncomfortable situation mentally, much to the profit of the medicine men. Their religion consists in worshipping "Kache Manitou," whose children they humbly claim to be. They hope for a blissful and easy future life in the Happy Hunting Ground.

As many of these pagans as can afford it are polygamists, and this is one great reason why it is hard work to make true converts to Christianity.

The Indians on the reservations are Christians, about one-third Protestants and two-thirds Roman Catholics, for the Jesuits were first in the field. They retain, on the sly, some of their superstitious beliefs in the evil eye and witchcraft and so forth, but they are not so terror-ridden as their roving brethren, by any means, and they go to church frequently, sing hymns, listen attentively to all that is said, marry only one wife, and live, morally, much better lives than they did previous to their conversion, beside which their physical condition is greatly improved, as they have good warm log houses erected on the reserve by the government. The idea of the Shingwauk Home is to give the rising generation a still greater boost up the hill of civilization, and I think it is doing that.

Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.

WALKING IN LIGHT.

Suppose you were going a long walk across country (not by straight high road), what would be more necessary than anything else to help you to get on?

Why surely, light.

Yes, that is quite true. Suppose it was evening, and getting dark, what a risk there would be of stumbling up against something you couldn't see—a rail or a bank, for instance; or, worse still, you might slip into a hole or a ditch, which would be very disagreeable. And in some parts of the country there are swamps or bogs, and you want a good light to see them clearly, for the black, marshy ground doesn't show when it's getting dark, and you may very easily find yourself over your ankles in mud.

Nobody can choose his way, or pick his way, as it is called, without light, because then things, like the rail, or ditch or the bog, look what they really are. You can then avoid them as easily as possible, for light makes all the difference in the world.

Have you ever gone through a long tunnel when you were in the train? I dare say you recollect how dark it was, and also how pleasant it was suddenly to dash out into the light again. And after those few dark minutes, you can remember how particularly clear everything looked.

For it is a tremendous change, going from darkness into light. I will tell you what is something like it—the change when a heathen person becomes a Christian. For then what happens?