

—reading of minutes, correspondence, new motions, etc., and then comes the programme for the evening, which generally consists of a song, reading, recitation, dialogue, lecture, and so on. Of course, the great object is to teach the boys how to speak in public, and it certainly is very good practice for them. When the programme is ended, the critic is called upon for his criticism of the evening's performance; and he gives the members, the boys especially, many a valuable hint. There are three grades in the club,—the members of the first wear red badges, the second red and blue, the third red, blue and white;—all have O. U. C. worked on in gold letters. Those who have joined the third grade have a framed certificate given them, and are members for life. About twice in the year the O. U. C. gives an entertainment, open to the public, consisting of music, readings, dialogues, etc. The proceeds either go into the funds of the club, or are used for some special object. Last winter (aided by a collection taken up for the purpose by a friend) they bought the instruments for the Shingwauk brass band, which is a source of great delight to the boys. Many funny little incidents occur during the course of the meetings. Some time ago there was a boy in the Home of the most melancholy disposition possible. He always looked unhappy, no matter what was going on. At one of the meetings, a boy was reciting a piece of poetry, in every verse of which was the line, "There's a good time coming, boys." He got on swimmingly for some time, then he faltered, got red, blurted out "There's a good time coming, boys," and stopped short. But the melancholy boy was equal to the occasion, and amid the profound silence, remarked in his usual doleful tone, "He tell lie, that fellow."

I must not forget to answer Bessie H—'s question, "Are the boys fond of flowers?" Well, it looked very like it the Saturday before Easter Sunday. Of course, the snow was still deep on the ground, and there was not even a green leaf to be found anywhere, but some one at the Home sent away for a few hot-house flowers to sell again to the boys, if they cared to buy them. Little fear of their not buying them. Up the stairs they crowded, all eager to get a look and a sniff at the exquisite roses, lilies, carnations and hyacinths, lying upon their bed of green. Many of the boys had never seen anything like them before, and nearly all had saved their pocket money, so as to be able to buy one. On Easter Sunday there was hardly a person who had not a little bouquet, and they helped to make the chapel look bright and pretty in spite of the lack of more ex-

tensive decorations, which it was quite impossible to get at this time of year.

Please address any communications or questions to be answered in my next letter, to

BARBARA BIRCHBARK,
(Care of Rev. E. F. Wilson.)

Chief Crowfoot.



CHIEF CROWFOOT is a grand old man, one of the finest-looking and most intelligent Indians now living in Canada. He is the head Chief over the Blackfoot nation, and lives in the far west on the prairies, just within sight of the Rocky Mountains.

On account of his behaving well during the rebellion of 1885, the C. P. R. authorities presented him with a framed railway ticket, by wearing which on his breast he would have the right to travel East and West over their line from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In acknowledgement of this courtesy, Chief Crowfoot sent the following reply. It was written in the Blackfoot language, but this is the translation:—



CHIEF CROWFOOT.

FEBRUARY 20, 1886.

Great Chief of the Railway:

I salute you O chief, O great. I am pleased with railway key, opening road free to me. The chains and