

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

Whose hearts are fresh and simple
 Who have faith in God and Nature,
 Who believe, that in all ages
 Every human heart is human,
 That in even savage bosoms
 There are longings, yearnings, strivings,
 For the good they comprehend not,
 That the feeble hands and helpless,
 Groping blindly in the darkness,
 Touch God's right hand in that darkness
 And are lifted up and strengthened;—
 Listen to this simple story,
 To this Song of Hiawatha!
 Ye, who sometimes in your rambles
 Through the green lanes of the country,
 Where the tangled barberry-bushes
 Hang their tufts of crimson berries
 Over stone walls gray with mosses,
 Pause by some neglected graveyard,
 For a while to muse, and ponder
 On a half effaced inscription,
 Written with little skill of song-craft,
 Homely phrases, but each letter
 Full of hope, and yet of heart-break,
 Full of all the tender pathos
 Of the Here and the Hereafter:—
 Stay and read this rude inscription,
 Read this Song of Hiawatha!

THE BLACKFEET.

BY THE REV. J. M'LEAN,

Missionary to the Blackfoot Indians.

THE Indian population of the Dominion of Canada, resident on reservations, numbers eighty-six thousand two hundred and seventy souls.

In 1877, a treaty was made with the Stonies, Sarcees, Bloods, Piegiens and Blackfeet which was called "The Blackfeet Treaty." The number of persons who accepted the terms of the treaty was four thousand three hundred and ninety two. The Blackfoot Nation, which strictly comprises the Bloods, Piegiens and Blackfeet proper, would therefore contain over three thousand five hundred at that time. At the Blackfoot Agency in Montana, United States, there are Bloods, Piegiens and Blackfeet to the number of four thousand five hundred. These statistics are very much below what was given by Catlin and other previous writers as the population of this warlike race. Nothing reliable is known concerning the early history of this people. There still lingers one or two aged men, who are able to relate facts concerning the history of these Indians during the past fifty years. From conversations with the Indians, and those who have spent many years amongst them, I learn that fifty years ago the country east of the Rocky Mountains and south of the Red Deer River was inhabited by various tribes of Indians, and the Blackfeet made their home further north. They made raids upon their Indian neighbours in the southern country for the purpose of stealing horses and securing a few scalps. Being brave and stalwart men, and thoroughly equipped for war by trading with the whites, they drove their weaker brethren across the mountains and made this section of the country their home.

Previous to white settlement in the country, they travelled northward into the forest homes and rolling prairies of the Crees, and southward into Montana, the Indian Tayabeshockup—the country of the mountains—where they gazed upon the mighty Missouri, the "Great Muddy," and engaged in warfare with the Flatheads and Crows. As the buffalo and other kinds of game were abundant in the country, the Indians led a wandering life, locating for a short time in the vicinity of the

rivers, where they could easily obtain wood and water.

Occasional visits to trading posts to dispose of their buffalo robes, and purchase provisions, ammunition and whiskey, were the only seasons they met in friendship with the whites in the country. In 1874, the Mounted Police came into the country, with whom the Blackfeet established friendly relations. When the buffalo disappeared many of the Indians followed them into the region of the Missouri and the Yellowstone, where they remained for nearly two years. The Piegiens, Blackfeet and Stonies settled upon their reserves, but the Sarcees and Bloods were dissatisfied, as their reserves were included in that of the Blackfeet proper. The Bloods received a promise of a reserve on Belly River, to which they removed in October 1880, and the Sarcees were located some time afterwards near Calgary.

The early history of the Blackfoot Nation as to their origin is embodied in their traditions. Lieut.-Col. Butler, in "The Great Lone Land," relates a legend concerning the ancestry of the Bloods, Piegiens and Blackfeet.

"Long years ago, when their great forefathers crossed the mountains of the Setting Sun, and settled along the sources of the Missouri and South Saskatchewan, it came to pass that a chief had three sons: Kenna (Kynā), or The Blood; Peaginou (Pēcūnī), or The Wealth; and a third who was nameless. The first two were great hunters: they brought to their father's lodge rich store of moose and elk meat, and the buffalo fell beneath their unerring arrows; but the third, or nameless one, ever returned empty-handed from the chase, until his brothers mocked him for want of skill. One day the old chief said to this unsuccessful hunter: "My son, you cannot kill the moose, your arrows shun the buffalo, the elk is too fleet for your footsteps, and your brothers mock you because you bring no meat into the lodge; but see! I will make you a mighty hunter, and the old chief took from his lodge-fire a piece of burnt stick, and wetting it, rubbed the feet of his son with the blackened charcoal, and named him Satsiaqua (Sēkēškowō), or The Blackfeet; and evermore Satsiaqua was a mighty hunter, and his arrows flew straight to the buffalo, and his feet moved swift in the chase."

Another legend relating to the great ancestor of the Blackfeet, I gleaned in conversation. This I have called The Legend of the Old Man, as that is the name given to him in the Blackfoot language.

Many moons have passed away since first a mighty giant made his home at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. It was many moons before the white man

"Passed the mountains of the Prairie,
 Passed the land of Crows and Foxes,
 Passed the dwellings of the Blackfeet,
 Came unto the Rocky Mountains."

The lofty mountains gave him shelter, and there he found a congenial resting-place. The bear and buffalo, elk and wild horse, were his companions. He smoked his peace-pipe and was happy, for war was unknown to him. Traces of his existence are still found in his mountain home. On the side of a lofty mountain there's a large slide where the old man came down. Some large rocks lie near, with which he was

accustomed to amuse himself, and the deep ruts in the ground show the marks of the rocks as he rolled them along. As he strode across the plains he slipped and fell, and a large cross of stones mark the spot where he lay. He was copper coloured and differed in this respect from the father of the white man, and it is because of this that his children love to paint themselves, that they may be as their great ancestor. Of gigantic stature and great tenderness of heart,

"The Old Man of the Mountains,
 He, the Manitou of Mountains,
 Opened wide his rocky doorways,
 Opened wide his deep abysses."

The legends and traditions of the Blackfoot Nation are recited in the lodges by the gray-haired sires to the younger members of the tribe.

As these people betake themselves to the toils and triumphs of civilized life, the opportunities for continuing this kind of knowledge will pass away, and the legends unrecorded will rest in an irreclaimable oblivion.

INDIAN CHILDREN AT HOME AND AT SCHOOL.

BY THE REV. A. LANGFORD,

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THE majority of Indian children are allowed to do almost as they please at home. Their parents seldom punish them.

You all know children usually have "tempers of their own," and sometimes when you don't give them what they want, just when they want it, two little hands fly up, and two little feet are set in motion. Well, Indian children act very much like other children. Indeed if you did not see their black heads and dark faces, I don't see how you could tell—from their actions and voices—whether they were Indian or not, for they seemed to act and cry in English.

Now, these crooked little tempers, and naughty dispositions are allowed to develop with the child's growth and years, the parents seldom correcting, but allowing the child to act as it wishes. It reaches manhood, like a neglected tree, with many useless branches, which affect its fruitfulness and mar its beauty. These children usually grow up rebellious, sullen, sulky, disobedient, and unthankful. However, they do not all display ugly tempers and unpleasant countenances. Many of them are very cheerful, and display considerable wit. But, as a rule, they are hard to manage as servants or companions; for they easily get displeased, and then sulk, and will very likely give you some impudent talk. Those, however, who have had a good training in the mission-school, are much more reasonable and faithful. There is nothing to prevent them from becoming clever men and women if they had proper training at home. For this reason they do not make successful teachers; they do not (or will not) enforce discipline.

Should you ask some of these parents why they do not punish their children for wrong-doing, they will tell you they love them, and if they were to whip them they would always feel very sorry for it should the children be taken away from them by death before they grew up. You may think it strange, but children, as a

rule, dictate to their parents. In every matter of business they seem to have as much authority as the parents. Often a parent, when in the trading store, will turn to a child of five or six years old, and ask what he shall next purchase, or of two articles which he should take. Thus the parent assumes no responsibility in compelling the child to submit to his wishes or better judgment, and they grow up with the idea that they know all they should know, and whatever they are to learn afterwards is received as news, and not as being necessary information; hence, in employing them as servants it is a difficult task to train them without giving offence.

Like some white children, they are soon "too big" to attend either day-school or Sunday-school; many of them learn while mere children to smoke tobacco; and once they have killed a deer or trapped some valuable fur, they are men—in their own eyes at least.

My dear young readers, be thankful that you have loving parents who strictly and faithfully teach you the path of duty and safety. We are now mourning over the ungodly lives of many of our young people on these missions. The parents are to blame in most cases. They refuse to correct them while young, and when they grow up to be men and women, as a rule, do not respect their parents, much less reverence them. "We have had fathers of our flesh who corrected us and we gave them reverence." St. Paul, again, says: "Children, obey your parents in all things," etc. But among Indians that precept appears to be read and observed thus: "Parents, obey your children in all things."

There are a few exceptions, however, to this rule, but very few. You will see at once, from what I have written, the necessity of establishing "Homes," "Orphanages," and good day-schools, so that these children may be taught as never will be by their parents who were once pagan, and see no necessity for training and teaching their children. This is not to be wondered at, for people in other parts of the world—even in civilized Canada—who have not had the advantage of good schools, seldom give their children as liberal an education as they should.

Then continue the work and pray for these missions, and schools, and homes, for, be assured, "your labour is not in vain in the Lord." Had we our choice, we could willingly leave this work for others, and become contributors to rather than claimants on the Mission Fund. While we are here, however, we shall try in every possible way to enlighten and elevate these poor people, so as to cheer and encourage you in supporting this glorious cause. I have written too much already, and shall speak of Indian day-schools at another time.

"SAM," said a white man, "you are looking mighty pleasant—you always look pleasant." "It's because I'se happy, boss." "Why, Sam, what have you got to make you happy?" "Boss, I's happy 'cause I's alive."

THE census of missions to be taken next year will, it is said, show an increase of 200,000 native Christians in India, Ceylon, and Burmah for the last ten years—500,000 in all.