

OUR FOREST CHILDREN,


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[NEW SERIES, NO. 12.

Missionary Experiences.

 NE bitterly cold night in the late autumn, I remember passing in a little boarded shanty at Kettle Point. I was nearly perished in the morning, and was glad to get inside David Sabpah's comfortable log house; a huge fire was blazing on the hearth, and the Indian women all busy, some with their pots and frying-pans, boiling potatoes and baking cakes, others dressing and cleaning the children. Mrs. Ahbettuhwahnugwod gave me a chair, and down I sat by the blazing fire, and gazed with a feeling of happy contentment into the yellow flames. The scene was certainly a novel one. In a dark corner by the chimney sat a dirty old couple on the couch where they had been passing the night; they were visitors from Muncy Town, and were staying a few nights only at Kettle Point. The old woman lighted up her pipe, and whiffed away with her eyes half shut; after enjoying it for about twenty minutes or so, her old husband thought she had had enough, and taking it from her put it into his own mouth and had his whiff. When he had done, he restored it again to his wife. Underneath another old bedstead were a couple of large dogs, which occasionally let their voices be heard in a dispute; some of the stones on one side of the fireplace had broken away, making a little window through which the dogs could reach the fire, and it was amusing to see how they put their noses and paws through the opening and warmed themselves just like human beings. Down in another corner sat an antiquated old woman enveloped in a blanket, and in vain endeavoring to comfort a little fat boy of about ten months old, who was crying. Finding that she could not content him, she at length got up, and taking off her blanket, put one end of it around the baby's shoulders, tucked the ends under its arms, and then, with one sweep placed baby and blanket together on her back, and with one or two pulls once more got the blanket wrapped completely round her, and the little fat boy snugly ensconced between her shoulders; then she marched off to give him an airing.


The bigger children were set to clean themselves, a



MORNING ABLUTIONS.

tin bowl of water being given them in turns. I was wondering whether my turn would come, when Mrs. Ahbettuhwahnugwod, having once more filled the bowl, addressed me with the words, "Maund, uhpee," which, in polite English, would mean, "Here you are!" "Ah meegwach ahpeche"—"thank you kindly,"—said I, and forthwith began my ablutions, while the children stood around me in wonderment.

Letter to the Sunday Schools.

 Y DEAR CHILDREN,—I want to try and make this letter rather more interesting to the boys than the last, which had certainly more about girls in it than anything else. I can hardly do better than tell you something about our "Onward and Upward Club," as nothing much has ever been said about it in this magazine. The club was first started in March, 1887; when Mr. Wilson returned from a visit to the Indian school at Carlisle, Penn., where a similar club was in existence. The pupils took great interest in it, and Mr. Wilson thought it would be very nice to have one for the pupils of the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes, and any white persons who cared to join it. There are 105 members' names on the books, but of course, many of these have left the place, and there are not more than 65 members really attending the meetings. Mr. Wilson is the president; all the other officers are elected every seventh week,—very often some Indian boy that writes a nice clear hand is elected as secretary, and with a little help generally does very nicely. The weekly meetings are held every Friday evening at 8 o'clock, in the dining hall; they generally last about an hour and a half. Of course, all the business has to be got through with first,