

FROM PANTRY TO FRONT-PORCH

CLEAR THROUGH THE HOUSE THERE ARE A HUNDRED USES FOR

Old Dutch Cleanser



Many Uses and Full Directions on Large Sifter Can 10c

where we were sitting around the stove, was needed as a sleeping apartment for the party who had arrived late in the afternoon after a 100-mile drive, the Catechist of Montreal Lake Reserve bringing his boy and girl to be admitted to school. Thus the girls had to go off to bed somewhat earlier than usual.

So it not being late, and our work all over, we were inclined to linger over our milk, as conversation, with our venerable old friend turned on "Things Indian," as he rested after his busy labours of the day, as carpenter-in-chief to the household. For he would supply us with many a useful shelf and corner and cupboard and have all in order ere the new Principal and his wife arrive. Indeed, he hopes to spend some four months with us.

THE LEGEND.

"Do you know the Legend of Medicine Hat," he asked at length. We were only too eager for the story, and it ran something like this:—

"A young brave of the Blackfoot tribe, whose suit was not accepted by the parents of the damsel of his choice, carried her off, and in a lonely spot, under a bank made by a landslide, they dwelt together in great happiness. But one evening as he sat on the bank in the moonlight, and his wife lay sleeping within the tepé, a visitor from the spirit world appeared out from the bank where he was sitting enjoying the quiet of the summer evening. The spirit told him that in three days he should die, unless within that time he could present a human sacrifice in his stead. But if he did so, the cap, or Medicine-hat, which the spirit wore should be his, and he should thus become the bravest warrior, the fleetest runner, and the most successful hunter, and one of the greatest of Medicine men!

"The young brave became sad at the words of the spirit. For what human being was there in all that lone place save his wife and himself, and he would not, nay, could not, offer her as a sacrifice in his stead.

"Next night the spirit again appeared to him from out of the bank, to remind him there were but two more days for him to live.

"He wavered. Yes, he would do it. But no, at the sight of her lying there slumbering peacefully in the moonlight within the tepé, his heart failed him, and he could not do the terrible deed.

"A third night the spirit appeared from the bank. 'Only one more day for him to live if the human sacrifice were not forthcoming at the appointed time!' The temptation of what otherwise could be his was almost too much, and he crept up to her in her unconscious slumber. No, he could not, and his hand dropped again to his side. Better to die himself. And strangely silent he seemed to her to be all next day, as he contemplated what that night would bring forth. No help seemed there in all the world for him, as he moodily scanned the landscape, as far as

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eye could reach. But joy! what was that silhouetted against the setting sun? Surely a horse and its rider!

THE ENEMY.

He crouched as they approached and with unerring aim, the arrow sped to its resting place in the bosom of the stranger, and the horse fled riderless. It was one of the sworn foes of his tribe, one of the Snake Indians, and just at the appointed hour he laid his sacrifice upon the bank, as for the fourth and last time the spirit appeared to claim his victim. It was enough and they vanished. But upon the spot where he disappeared, lay the "Medicine Hat," and by its possession, the young brave became the greatest of all his tribe."

The story ended the listening group broke up, and filling our array of bedroom jugs with hot water from the kitchen on our way up, soon the whole household was wrapt in slumber, not to be disturbed till the dressing bell rouses us at 7.15 a.m. to take up the duties of another busy day. Folks at a distance think about our isolation! Little time have we to dwell on such matters, when there is a lively household of nearly 60 to get piloted by one and another of the half-dozen staff through the busy day. Small wonder we're always ready when bedtime comes!

We were so interested to learn from the Archdeacon in one of our evening chats, that the spot on which this schoolhouse stands (and he himself began its building 7 or 8 years ago) was long ago (for we have no heathen now), once the spot where they gathered for their medicine men conjuring ceremonies, and still is known by that old name among the older Indians.

So on the very spot where they gathered for heathen song and ceremony, now are heard the voices of their children's children, all dedicated to the service of God in their Baptism uplifted constantly in prayer and

paise to their Father—God in Heaven.

These children love their Bibles, and all, so soon as they can follow English reading, which is within a few months of their arrival in school, possess one of their own, and this with their English Prayer and Hymn Books (for they love singing and quickly pick up tunes), are their most treasured possessions. Few white children have such a detailed knowledge of their Bible as these dusky children of the North, and our prayer is, that they may have it as truly in their hearts as in their heads. It is a deep pleasure to teach them of the things of God, their simple faith, unhurt with contact with white men (for we are far away north from settlers) is so genuine and we trust they may long be left so.

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