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A LARGE INDIAN FAMILY.



ABOUT forty children, what a family! Let me tell you about it.

In the North West the Indian children in our school do not live at home and attend school as you do. Those who do attend our schools usually live at the school. It is necessary to get them away from their filthy, dirty camps to train them into better habits, and what are called industrial schools are set up, where the children are taken, fed, clothed and taught to work, in the house, on the farm, or at trades, as well as to read and pray.

The Government helps to support these schools which the Churches are trying to carry on among the Indians, but we need to supply them many things.

Read what Miss McLaren, one of our missionary teachers at Birtle, says in a letter to a friend, on the big family of which she has charge.

"About forty children, an equal number of boys and girls, and ranging from six to sixteen years of age. Let me tell you about one or two of them and then what they need.

"One boy has been with us ever since the school opened, and has made wonderful progress. He has spent the forenoon of every school-day in the printing office in town, for about a year, and has done quite as well as a white boy.

Four of our boys were sent to Regina in Sept. Two right from the school and two who had been here off and on. One of these, from the school, had been apprenticed to a shoemaker in the town, working as the printer did, five forenoons in the week.

Since going to Regina, he has been tried at general work (farming) but it was a failure, he was set to shoemaking, and the result is so satisfactory, that a pair of boots of his own making is being sent to the "World's Fair."

One little girl is the brightest wee mite I ever knew. She has been here nearly two years and speaks English pretty well. Yesterday, at dinner, one of the boys was teasing her about her black eyes, (they are the darkest). She replied, "They are just the two black eyes that God gave me."

To day, one of them, called her a "little monkey." "There are no monkeys here, just children."

She has got as far as, "What is sin?" in the catechism, and when she stands up and says, "Sin is any want of conformity unto, or transgression of, the law of God," I just have to laugh, the words seem bigger than she is herself.

"Ralph?" Well, he is here and just the dearest little fellow, and he is growing in goodness as well as beauty and is just as bright and clean as can be, and the hardest boy. 60 degrees below zero never frightens him. He is off up the hill with his little sleigh, never thinking of the cold.

The white people are growing jealous of my children, they are better singers and have their Sunday School lessons up better than their's, and this year at the Christmas tree, they eclipsed them altogether. They sang Tennyson's "Sweet and Low", and some children's Christmas Carols, which brought down the house.

Mr. Frew, our minister, has a service specially for them in the school room, every