

ments on it except a Victoria medal and a few strings of wampum. Shon-ta-yi-ga sent word to his friends that it was the custom of his people to cut patterns of human hands, scalping knives, arrows, etc., in wood, and to bury them with a child in order to record its father's exploits ; but as he could not do this, he sent, instead, a sheet of brown paper, with rude drawings, in colors, of articles that would have been enclosed. They showed that he had fought in nineteen battles, and there were impressions of four human hands, and outlines of six scalping knives, three arrows, and two or three scalps. This picture is still kept by Mrs. Richardson ; and the two little Indian boys from the Shingwauk Home, who went to England with Mr. Wilson, in the spring of 1890, saw the picture, and also the cast of the baby's face.

The following lines were written shortly after the baby's death, by J. O. Murray :—

"I may not lay its body here,"
The Indian father said ;
As, with its mother, tear for tear,
He wept upon the little bier
Of his dear infant dead.

He was a tall and stalwart man,
A man of iron frame,
A warrior of his native clan,
A plumed and painted Indian,
Of proud imposing name.

And yet he bore a father's heart,
Though bold it were and wild ;
And tender pain did through it dart
As he beheld the last pulse start
That quivered in his child.

He summoned up the memory
Of all its baby wiles,
Of all the carols of its glee,
And all its tricks of infancy,
And all its sunny smiles.

Then came the fresher memories
Of the disease that crept
Upon it, and by slow degrees

Crushed its young feeble energies ;
And then he bowed and wept.

He bore its cold and lifeless form
About in fond embrace,
As if its frozen veins might warm
Upon his bounding heart ; his storm
Of sighs its breath replace.

"I dare not lay it here," he said,
"But 'mong those Southern Friends,
Who on the Red man kindness shed,
My babe shall lay its little head ;
And peace and calm shall come instead
Of grief my heart that rends."

And so the Indian infant lies,
Far from its fatherland,
Beneath the sun of English skies,
Whither its parents' thoughts and sighs
Are sent from strand to strand.

And o'er it poplar branches wave,
And White men's children lie
All round the child of that wild 'Brave' ;
And the Great Spirit o'er its grave
Looks down with love from high.

MY WIFE AND I.

A LITTLE JOURNEY AMONG THE INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.

CHAPTER XIX.—ZUNI—*continued.*

THERE were to be dances again in the evening, and I wanted to go to them, but every one seemed to think the roads were too bad, and dreaded the idea of going out. These other people had not got goat-skins as I had. However, at length I persuaded Mr. L. to accom-