

among the laborers ; and this, by the Grace of God, shall always be the spirit in which this little monthly periodical, OUR FOREST CHILDREN, shall be carried on. Its columns shall be open to all who are engaged, like ourselves, in the good work, to tell of their doings and their wants, and to make any appeal for assistance that they see fit.

Mr. Burman's School.

AS noticed in our last number, the Bishop of Rupert's Land is, with the assistance of the Indian Department and the Church Missionary Society, erecting a large institution for Indian children in St. Paul's Parish, a few miles north of Winnipeg. We notice in one of the church papers that the contract has been let to Messrs. Madden & Bruce, of Winnipeg ; that the buildings are to be of white brick, and are to cost \$19,000.

We have also received a rough plan, showing shape of the buildings and full details as to how they are to be constructed, from our friend, Mr. Burman, and in the June number we hope to find space to give his letter in full. In the meantime we bespeak for him every encouragement and assistance in the great work, which, led by God, he has undertaken.

Not many miles from Winnipeg is the old established C. M. S. Indian Mission of St. Peter's, for many years in charge of the late Ven. Archdeacon Cowley. There are 1,200 Indians in that mission, and all of them nominally are members of the Church of England.

THE Sitka *North Star* says of one of their Indian girls : "A girl who had served in the kitchen a short time and was learning to bake bread, was told to turn the bread pan around. She took the bread out of the oven and turned it up-side down on top of the stove.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "SIOUX"—The French traders gave the name "Nadouessioux," meaning "Enemies" to the most warlike and powerful of the Indian tribes of the Northwest. From this word comes the word "Sioux."

Their own name for themselves was "Dakota," "many in one," from the fact of their uniting so many bands in one tribe.

AN Alaska Indian, sentenced to prison for 99 years for murder, interrupted the Judge by asking if the Government was going to keep him alive long enough to serve the whole term, or would they let him out when he died.

"YES," said a Kentuckian, who had been in the Far West, "Indians are powerful fond of whisky. Let 'em once get the taste of whisky an' they'll give up every thing for it. An old chief out in Western Dakota offered me a pony, saddle, bridle, blanket, and I don't know what else, for a pint of whisky I had with me." "And you wouldn't give it to him?" "Not much. That was the last pint I had left. But it shows how fond Indians are of whisky."—[*N. Y. Sun.*]

SITTING BULL once told General Miles, the famous Indian fighter, that there was "not one white man who loved an Indian"; and in that pathetic sentence lies the secret and the solution of the Indian problem.

Indian Politics.

ALTHOUGH Indians generally do not understand much about politics, they seem to have absorbed the idea that there are two parties striving for control of the government, and that at the recent presidential election a President was elected from the opposite party to the one in power; and past experience leads them to expect that present government employees will soon be replaced by others, and this expected change is just now uppermost in their thoughts, the kind of employees sent them being to them a matter of great importance. One man in describing the kind of an Agent they did not want, said "some time back we had an Agent that all the time do this way," assuming a very listless attitude with his eyes closed and hands hanging by his sides for an instant, then pointing to his breast with one finger, without making any other motion, he said "he just breathed a little." Another old man, while riding along through a very beautiful little prairie, surrounded with pines and firs, whitened with frost and glistening in the rays of the sun which had just broken through a rift in the heavy lowering clouds, which had all the morning seemed to threaten a violent winter storm, seemed impressed with the beauty of the surroundings ; and suddenly remarked, "Long time ago we did not know who made the world, but now we have found out about God and that he made the world ; but some white men don't know that, but are just like wild Indians used to be. That Agent he is that way ; he say 'Don't believe that foolishness ; God didn't make the world. There is no God.' We don't like that. Since we found out about God we get along pretty well. We don't fight ; no one steal ; we have good houses, and plenty to eat, and plenty of clothes, and we want to learn more. We want some one can learn us more. Then we get along better."—*The Indian's Friend.*

MR. WILSON hopes to visit the Indian Reserves at Cape Croker, Christian Island, Parry Island and Harvey's Inlet, about the end of May.