

interest the travellers would be followed in their journeys, and how much those who remained behind would be pleased to hear the tale of their adventures on their return. The proceedings then closed with the National Anthem, and three cheers for the Queen.

OTTAWA.

We reached Ottawa early on Tuesday morning, and were the guests of our kind friends, Major and Mrs. Tilton. A great part of the morning and a portion of the afternoon were taken up in talking over measures for the improvement of the Indians with those in authority at the Indian Department, and pressing my claims for increased help towards the support of my work, both at the Shingwauk and in the North-west. I also obtained letters, as I had hoped, to the authorities in Washington. In the evening there was a well attended meeting at St. George's school, at which the Bishop of Ontario kindly presided, and I was afforded an opportunity of telling about my work and of my intended tour in the States.

KINGSTON.

At Kingston our friends, the Rev. B. Buxton and Mrs. Smith, kindly entertained us at their house, and invited a number of ladies and gentlemen, interested in our Indian work, to meet us at an evening meeting in their drawing-room.

NEW YORK.

We found we could take in New York on our way to Philadelphia without extra expense, so did so. It was pleasant to meet our good friend, Dr. Wilson, again, who has long taken an interest in our work. We took lunch with him and two of his co-helpers in the great clergy house, which was built at a cost of \$250,000 by the munificence of a single parishioner. We were sorry to miss Mr. and Mrs. Rainsford, who were both away from the city.

PHILADELPHIA.

Mr. Hugg, the Superintendent of the Lincoln Institution, met us at the door and welcomed us in, and we had a room upstairs adjoining the Indian girls' dormitories. It was amusing to hear their quaint English talk, just like our girls talk at the Wawanosh. After supper and evening prayer, I told them all about our work in Canada, and read to them the letters which I had brought with me from the boys and girls of the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes. I also showed them some of my photographs and sketches. There are one hundred and one girls and ninety-nine boys at this Institution. The boys' department being some little distance off, we had not time to visit it. The next morning I was very busy taking down words and sentences in the various Indian languages represented


by pupils of various tribes who were at the Institution. The languages that I procured were the Ottawa, Mohawk, Winnebago, and Wichita—all of them very different one from the other.

CARLISLE.

We reached the great Carlisle School, with its six hundred Indian pupils, representing forty different tribes, on Saturday, Oct. 27th. Capt. and Mrs. Pratt received us most cordially, and we were guests at their house during the time of our stay. In the evening there was an entertainment given by the pupils, at which we were present. There were songs and recitations, charades acted, and speeches in English by some of the elder boys. They all did exceedingly well, and did credit to the careful and useful training which they received at the school.

(To be continued.)

A True Story.

HEN Aunt Martha, an inexperienced girl, first went among the Indians in far off Nebraska, her heart was so full of pity for the women and children and young girls, and she had such a longing to do something for the poor things, that she gave them almost every thing they asked her for.

The Indian women soon learned this, and often came asking for sugar and coffee and molasses and bread and sometimes money, which Aunt Martha gladly gave, thinking that she was doing great good in that way.

One cold winter's day a poor old Indian woman stood before the kitchen door.

There was a bag of potatoes by the door, placed there temporarily before taking into the cellar.

The Indian woman was hungry, and as she stood shivering in the cold, noticed the bag. Knowing at once what was in the bag, she said in a beseeching way, "Eets, kit-e-ko gi" it to me," in half Pawnee and half English, which interpreted would be "Potatoes, may be give it to me."

"How many?" asked Aunt Martha.

"Usk, pitk, towit, sketix," (one, two, three, four), she cried, holding out her long, bony hand, which looked more like a chicken's foot up-side down than a human hand. Yes, and the bare arm had as little flesh on it as the scaly leg of a chicken, and it was as brown in color.

Not being convenient that morning for Aunt Martha to invite the forlorn creature into the house, to get rid of her, and at the same time cheer the heart and stomach of the suffering mortal, she gave her three of the largest potatoes in the bag.