

The father and mother at the same time brought all the presents they had received while travelling—money, trinkets, etc., etc., and deposited them in the coffin. But they were unwilling to leave the child's body among strangers, and wanted to take it home with them to America, Learning that this would be impossible, they asked to have it conveyed to Newcastle and interred in the Friend's burying ground, where, they said, they believed it would be well cared for and guarded. So it was conveyed to Newcastle, and was received with the greatest kindness by Mrs. Richardson (Rev. E. F. Wilson's aunt), and other kind friends, who attended to its burial in the Society's beautiful cemetery. The little coffin was of polished mahogany. It was opened at Newcastle, and a cast taken of the child's face. The child was dressed in an English white robe and cap, and had no ornaments 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 its 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.

A YOUNG AFRICAN HERO.

IN Central Africa, a few years ago, some boys were roasted to death by order of the king because they were Christians. Yet in spite of this, a boy of about sixteen was brave enough to wish to become a Christian.

He came to the missionary, and said in his own language:

"My friend, I wish to be baptised."

"Do you know what you are asking?" said the missionary in surprise.

"I know, my friend."

"But if you say that you are a Christian, they will kill you!"

"I know, my friend."

"But if they ask you if you are a Christian, will you tell a lie, and say, 'No'?"

Bravely and firmly came the boy's answer: "I shall confess, my friend."

A little talk followed, in which he showed clearly that he understood what it was to be a Christian, so the missionary baptised him by the name of Samweli, which is the same as our Samuel.

The king found him so useful that he employed him to collect the taxes which are paid in cowries.*

One day, when he was away on this business, the king again got angry with the Christians, and ordered that all the leading ones should be killed. Thirty were at once seized and roasted to death. Samweli's name was found upon the list. As he came back, he heard of the death that was waiting for him. That night, when it was quite dark, the missionary was awaked by a low knocking at the door. It was Samweli and his friends, come to know what he should do.

* Cowries are little shells in Africa, which are used instead of money.