

camp in preparation for the "Sun dance," which will begin in about two weeks. We kept overtaking and passing parties of them, women and men, astride on their ponies with baggage behind them, on the "travoie," and babies packed in among the baggage, dogs also with "travoies" carrying smaller loads. It was a very picturesque sight, the white, scarlet and various colored blankets of the people, and the gay trappings of the ponies, all following one another in single file—children, dogs and foals trotting alongside. We found Crowfoot at home and very pleasant; I presented him with six plugs of tobacco, and we stayed about an hour talking. I told him I did not want any more children this year, but next year I should want twenty. He spoke very sensibly; he said you cannot expect to do much with us old people, we are like unwilling horses that have to be pulled along by a bridle and whipped to make go; but by and by it will be different—our children who are rising up will listen to you; when we old people are dead and gone you will have no further difficulty in getting the Blackfeet to adopt white man's ways and to send their children to school. Mr. Tims spoke to him for a long time about the Christian religion and Crowfoot listened very attentively, though several other men in the tent spoke impatiently, and some went out. Crowfoot is very graceful in manner, and has finely cut features and delicately formed hands. Mr. Tims offered to pray and Crowfoot ordered all the people to their knees, but only a few obeyed. He himself knelt, and ejaculated his approval once or twice. After the prayer I asked if I might speak a few words to him. I spoke of the love and purity of the Saviour, and narrated the story of the woman who was a sinner washing His feet with her tears. He listened very attentively.

On reaching Gleichen again the angry uncle of Etukitsin, who had threatened Mr. Tims, arrived on the scene. Mr. Tims seemed rather doubtful what he had come about, and asked if I would see him; of course, I said yes, and went into the back kitchen, he put his hand under his blanket and drew out a beautifully beaded bag and presented to me, saying, "I wish to give this to you that you may know that Etukitsin's relations have no ill-feeling towards you; show it to your friends when you get home and tell them so." Then turning to Mr. Tims he said, "I hope you will not think any more of what I said when Etukitsin died; I did not mean you any harm." It is really wonderful and a cause of great thankfulness that God has so turned the hearts of the people to us. Appikokia's mother has also given me a couple of bracelets. Two more boys have asked me to take them back with

me, one, named Thomas, was very anxious to go, but I have said I would not take any this year. One is so exactly like Paul, a boy now in the Shingwauk Home, that I have named him Paul, and every one calls him that now, and I have taught him how to write it. Paul took me to his teepee to see his father and mother and I had a long talk with them. I can make myself understood very fairly without an interpreter, and have also picked up forty-eight signs of the sign language, which are very useful. Mr. Tims is very pleased with James, the other Blackfoot boy, who had been at the Shingwauk a year, and who returned to his parents with Mr. Wilson, and thinks him very much improved. He was so pleased to see he had his own Bible and some of the texts marked. He thinks he has learned to read and spell very well for so short a time, and he is reading a chapter in Genesis with him every day.

The Difference Between a Squirrel and a Fish.

By Elijah Crow, Sioux boy, aged 10, one and a half years at school:—The squirrel is a little animal, but the fish he lives under the water. The squirrel is a smart fellow; he can run faster than fish; but the fish can go fast under the water. Fish is good to eat and squirrel is good to eat too. One time I kill it fish and I was very glad.

By Frank Maggrah, Ottawa boy, aged 12:—Squirrel is good to eat, and she is fine looking, and she eat nuts off the trees, and she live in the bush, and she clame in the trees, and the fish live in the water and she eat the little fishes, and she good to eat; and sometimes she will jump out of the water, and we kill it with spears and we catch with hooks.

By Peter Stone, Ojibway, aged 10:—The fish is good to eat; the fish lives under the water; the fish is fast swimming. If anybody puts a line and hook the fish will come and bite it, and when he bite the hook the boy will pull the line up quick and the fish will catch. The squirrel is very smart; sometimes he will run into the high tree, and then he will make a noise as soon as he get good place to hide, where he think he can't see him anybody.

By Pascoe Hill, Ojibway, aged 11:—The squirrel clam on the trees, and sometimes the boys he don't no what place he gon, and he lost he, and the squirrel get save, and sometimes the boys kill the squirrel with bow and arrow and stone. The fish is good swimming, and the fish is good to eat, and the man put his net in the water in the evening and in the morning he get the fish if he catch him.