

The Canadian Indian.

INDIAN boys can do naughty tricks sometimes. At one of the American Institutions a newly arrived boy was given a red pepper out of a pickle jar by his comrades, and they told him that if he wanted to become a white man he must eat white man's food—they told him to eat it down quick and it would make him "smart." It did make the poor boy *smart*, and indeed nearly strangled him; he thought that he was poisoned and going to die, but he got all right again after a little while, and has been too smart to touch white man's pickles again since.

THE ladies were very much pleased with the behaviour of the two little Indian boys from the Shingwauk Home, who, in company with Mr. Wilson, visited their houses last spring. One visiting from Ottawa, says:—"Willie Soney, after receiving some little gifts, went at once to his satchel, without saying a word, and taking out a little basket of his own manufacture, handed it to me, saying, 'Do you want this?' Of course I was much pleased, and a little while later he went again to his bag, took out another basket of a different shape and holding it up with the other one said, 'Which you like best, this or that?' I thought it very nice of him. We were filled with admiration at their thoughtfulness and politeness.

WHILE distributing Sunday School papers among some children, I gave away a copy with an illustration of the raising of Lazarus. On my departure a boy came running after me, stating that the paper was bad, because it had the picture of a ghost on it, and he could not keep it.—*McLean*.

A LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.—A little Hydah girl, in Alaska, had a love for the beautiful scenery around her home. She would sit for hours looking at the mountains, sky, and water. At one scene of unusual beauty she exclaimed, with her hands on her breast and her face all aglow, "O, my heart gave a great shake!" One of her teachers told her to sketch the scene at sunset. She sat for a while gazing over the shining deep, and then said, "I can't draw glory." Perhaps the little Indian maiden will some day be an artist or a poet, able to express to others the beauty she sees in works of Nature.—*North Star*.

RECORDING INDIAN SONGS.—The phonograph has been brought into requisition to preserve the literature of the more civilized of our Indians. Mr. J. Walter Fewkes is at Zuni, and has induced several Indians high up in the secret societies and famed for their knowledge of the sacred chants, to recite in presence of a phonograph. Luckily, they have no fear of the instrument, although in all probability they do not understand it. It is easy to get them to recite secular songs, but very hard to persuade them to give the chants peculiar to certain festivals. They object that by singing at the wrong season the crops will suffer. Mr. Fewkes reports to the *American Naturalist* that he is in hopes of obtaining from Haluta, the Indian who recites the ritual which Mr. Cushing has paraphrased and published in part, a full record for the instrument. This ritual con-