

They will help anyone if they ask him. If an Indian boy meets a dog or sees a bird, he will surely pick a stone up or a stick to strike it. Not many white boys are cruel, but very few. The boys that are cruel are the boys that have not been trained in their ways. White people teach their children well before they are big; but some white parents do not teach their children to do what is right, so they are unkind and they do bad things. God made the animals and all things. He says in the Holy Bible to be kind to the animals, and we and everybody ought to be kind to the animals, because they are dumb; they cannot speak or talk as we do.

Wawanosh.

The following letter, together with a gift, was presented to Mrs. Bridge, the laundress, on the occasion of her leaving.

DEAR MRS. BRIDGE:—

We, the laundry girls, have heard with much regret that you are going to leave us. We wish, before you say farewell, to present you with some little token of our regard and esteem, and at the same time to wish you in your new home all prosperity and happiness.

Signed:

HANNAH GRAY,	CAROLINE WALKER,
CAROLINE ANTHONY,	BELLA MATHEWS,
NANCY HENRY,	MARY KADAH,
JULIA KABAYAH.	

NOTE.—Mrs. Bridge came out from England with Mr. Wilson, in 1872, and had been nearly 16 years in his employ. She has now bought a lot, and built a house for herself, in the Sault.

Mr. McKenzie Writes from Eikhorn.

WEECHAHWAJU (Lone man), came here the other day to take his two boys away; said the Indians that passed by here told him that they were being very badly treated. He had a long talk with the boys (his two), then came to me and said he was very well pleased with what he saw and heard, and asked me if he could take one of the boys to see his folks; (he said before leaving that he had a daughter that he was going to put in school soon, but would wait until he saw the school (Roman Catholic) at QuAppelle, he has a son there). I told him he could take the boy for two or three days; he was back the morning of the third day and brought his daughter with him. I made an appointment with him for Tuesday first, at his reserve; he is the head man of the bands.

Letter from an Indian Pupil.

McDougall Orphanage, Alberta, Oct. 31, 1888.
REV. MR. WILSON:

Dear Sir,—Mr. Younans tells me to write a letter for you. We are learning how to do farm work this summer. I learn how to make an A fence, a mile of fence, but on the hill we can't get along quickly. I want to talk about our turnips and potatoes. We have not any turnips, but we had a few potatoes and they got froze. But our oats are getting along fine; when we bring in our oats we get 17 loads. We had 11 chickens, 6 roosters, 95 pullets and one hen. We have 4 milking cows and 2 calves to feed. We have one cat; first when I bring is wild, but now she is tame and now she catch mice. We can't go to school because the school is far from our house, about three miles away, so we can't go to school; but we go to school at Sunday. I am

GEORGE G. MCLEAN.

An Indian in Office.

THE Indian Affairs Department now employs as a clerk, Mr. David Osagee, a full-blooded member of the Chippewas, of Walpole Island. Osagee is in the accountant's branch, and at the recent Civil Service examinations passed high up. He got special mention in book-keeping.—*Toronto Mail.*

From skeletons found in South Carolina it is certain that there used to be a race of men in this country who stood from 8 to 11 feet high, and who could step over a common rail fence. They must have been "the sons of the giants."—*Indian Helper.*

AMONG recent exchanges and publications received, are:—The *Miskwinnene* (Red man), published by the Massinagan Co., Chicago. The *North Star*, published at the Indian School, Sitka, Alaska. The *Friend of Missions*, published by the Society of Friends, England. The *Indians' Friend*, published by the Women's National Indian Association, Philadelphia.

THE Indians feel a real and true affection for their children. A father had placed his little girl at school, but she soon ran away, and appeared at home. She was carried back, but at once repeated the offence, and this time her father whipped her. After the punishment was inflicted, however, the thought of it so rankled in his heart that he sought the school with a pony, as a propitiatory offering to the child.—*Ex.*