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Where we find our boys.

PAPER II.

WHEN we first came to live at Garden River in the autumn of 1871, there was among our congregation, one noticeably respectable couple who came regularly to church with their two children and an infant in arms. The man's name was Meneseno (a warrior) a younger brother of the old "Chief Little Pine," and his wife whose face seemed always smiling and good tempered and who was one of the best singers in the congregation, was named Eliza. Every one knew Eliza, she was such a clean, neat woman, due no doubt to the training she had received in her youth under Dr. O'Meara at Manitouwauning. She used to do our washing and sometimes took needle-work, and was always a welcome visitor at the parsonage. Her little family consisted of Benjamin, the hero of our story at that time a stout little fellow of five years old, with a head of thick black hair like a bear-skin, Esther his sister, about two years younger, and Frankie, the baby. Their house was always neat and clean, the floor well scrubbed, and a clock ticking on a shelf on the wall.

But a sad day was coming upon the little household. Meneseno was away far back in the Bush hunting beaver. He had killed

three and was on the home tack, thinking how much pleased his wife would be with the result of his hunting expedition, for all Indians are fond of beaver-meat. Little did he think, as he neared his home, what sad things, were going on within the halls of his humble dwelling. It was Friday evening and a cottage-reading was going on at Ogemahqua's house, when suddenly a young Indian came in at the door and startled every one by announcing that Eliza Shingwauk was dying. Books were immediately closed, the meeting ended, and one and all started for the unfortunate woman's house, about a mile distant. The Indian youth had brought a sleigh, and so we drove with him and were the first to arrive on the spot. No one was in the house but a sister who was crouching in one corner of the floor, and the three little children lying asleep; and on another part of the floor, propped against the wall, but her head fallen to one side, was Eliza—she was dead. We administered a stimulant, but it was too late, no effort was made to swallow, and the lips fell apart. Her death being so sudden, we thought it right to hold an inquest, but as nothing could be adduced to prove that her death had been caused improperly, a verdict was given