

like a whip, and in his hands he carried a round tambourine looking drum, painted with Indian devices, and a drum stick. The little boy Zosie was less elaborately got up but looked more funny; his head seemed to be almost entirely enveloped in an immense fur cap made of a common fox skin, with an eagle feather in it; at the back of the cap was the fox's brush, ornamented with some strings of beads and colored ribbons and this was brought round so as to dangle over his left shoulder. The little fellow's body, with the exception of his right arm, was enveloped in a blanket which reached nearly to the ground and almost hid his moccasins, and suspended to his right side by a strap over the left shoulder was a composite looking quiver containing both bow and arrows, and made of a lynx skin with all its legs, tail, etc. hanging as ornamental appendages. The only other adornment was a large necklace made of brass wire, white beads and elk's teeth, which compassed the little fellow's neck. He looked very funny, his little brown nozzle and half opened mouth only just shewing below the fox skin cap, and his little body almost lost in the spotted skin quiver from which fore and aft poked out the painted bow and the feathered arrows, and in his right hand he held an Indian gourd-shaped rattle to which two red feathers were attached. The little fellows at length took up their positions again before their fair audience, and then Soney, grasping the folds of his blankets with his left hand and extending his right, with the whip looking club hanging from the wrist, in in the direction of Zosie exclaimed, "That's a grand cap you have Zosie." To this Zosie replied in a matter of fact sort of way, "Yes, isn't it, what is it made of?" Soney, evidently amused at his little companion's funny appearance, gave way to a little laugh before he replied, "Why, fox's skin to be sure, look at its tail?" Zosie then felt for the end of the fox's tail (it terminated in a short string of beads and a tuft of ribbons), and taking hold of it held it out at full length, grinning from ear to ear, and turning completely round once so that all might see and be convinced that it was indeed a fox's brush.

Zos.—"Are'n't these nice necklaces?"

SON.—"The Blackfeet Indians made those."

Zos.—"Have they black feet?"

SON.—"Oh, nonsense, they used to wear black moccasins, so they were called Blackfeet."

Zos.—"Where do they live?"

SON.—"On the prairie, some in the North-West Territory, and some in the State of Montana."

Zos.—"Have you been in their country?"

SON.—"No, but Mr. Wilson has, it's along journey, nearly to the Rocky Mountains."

Zos.—"Is there a boys' Home there?"

SON.—"Not yet, but there will be one at Medicine Hat."

Zos.—"What's this quiver made of?"

SON.—"That's a lynx skin, the Cheyenne Indians made that, and the bow and arrows."

Zos.—"Where do they live?"

SON.—"A long way off in Indian Territory."

Zos.—"Indian Territory, where's that?"

SON.—"Down South, in the States."

Zos.—"This is a funny thing."

SON.—"That's a rattle, the Cheyenne Indians made that, and this drum, too."

Zos.—"What's it made of?"

SON.—"It's made of a dried gourd, covered with leather, with little stones inside."

Zos.—"It sounds nice, doesn't it?" (Rattling it).

SON.—"Yes, and my drum sounds nice, too." (Beating it).

Zos.—"What are they for?"

SON.—"To make music when they dance."

Zos.—"Shall we dance?"

SON.—"Suppose we do." (And they danced).

Such was the dialogue which the two boys gave before this, their first audience, and it was repeated many times subsequently.

OUR PARISHES AND CHURCHES.

No. 70—ST. JAMES' CHURCH, ST. MARY'S.



HE name most prominently associated with the history of the Church of England in St. Mary's in the early days, is that of Rev. Mr. Brough, afterwards Ven. Archdeacon of Huron Diocese.

In his early life, a missionary in the Manitoulin Islands, Mr. Brough was well accustomed to trials and hardships, and was never so happy as when forcing his way through the woods to bring the Gospel tidings to some benighted settlement. From London, his headquarters after he retired from the missionary field, he would sally forth with horse or on foot as the circumstances required. As early as 1843 Mr. Brough is known to have visited St. Mary's, on which occasion he preached in the little mill which has since developed into an extensive establishment, owned by Messrs. Carter, Son & Co. Mr. Brough had no particular time set for his visits and always came without a moment's warning. On his arrival in the village the word was passed around and the congregation was soon in readiness. The opportunities of hearing the Gospel were few and were prized in proportion. How long Mr. Brough continued his visits here we are unable to say, but it was not until after a number of years that the English church in St. Mary's was supplied with a regular incumbent. Mr. Brough has long since gone to his reward. In company with other religious bodies of the town, the Church of England made use of the little stone school, at