

serve. If our friends will only inquire the number of Indians on the different Reservations they will find that some have been receiving more clothing than was necessary. I do not desire to be personal, but I do sincerely ask our dear friends to look at the number of Indians found on some of the Reserves. How anxious I am that our boys should receive some good clothing for Christmas. Some 200 shirts alone are needed. As to the girl's dresses, patterns will be gladly sent. What of the old widows? Last year we could not supply one in ten, whilst the old men fell very short of coats and shirts. Whilst we are not anxious to be termed distributors of old rags we are delighted to receive partly worn coats and trousers, hats or gloves, for our men and boys. I can assure you the old men treasure the partly worn overcoats, and as soon as the cold weather is over these coats are laid by carefully for the future. Will not our lady friends earnestly endeavor to find for us some such useful articles? But pardon me if I say, let all carriage be paid. It is hard for the poor missionary when he goes to get the bale to find three or four dollars due on them. We can not afford to pay it. We can scarcely make both ends meet. In fact some of us at the close of the year find the balance on the wrong side.

We do sincerely thank our kind friends for past help, and earnestly ask them to read over a second time our wants, and may the Lord incline the hearts of many to assist us in our work, for the temporal and spiritual wants of the poor Blood Indians.

Thanking you for inserting this

Believe me ever

Your brother in Christ Jesus,


SAMUEL TRIVETT.

P. S.—Let all goods be addressed to Rev. Samuel Trivett, Lethbridge via Dunmore, per C. P. Railway.

MY LIFE AMONG THE INDIANS.

BY BISHOP WHIPPLE IN THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

(Concluded.)

URELY an Indian mother's heart is like a white mother's heart. In several wigwams I saw a little bundle ornamented with strips of bead work. The bereaved mother had taken the things which belonged to her dead child and made a bundle and ornamented it; and this she carried for a year in memory of her child. They believe that the departed spirit lingers by the grave, and offerings of bread are often placed beside it. I once saw an old man sitting on the bank of the upper Mississippi. I called him, and said: "Friend, come and dine with me." After dinner I said: "I have plenty of provisions. I shall be in the Indian country a week longer. If you will go with me I will feed you, and when we part I will give you all the

stores I have left." He said: "You have a kind heart. I thank you. My old wife is sleeping in a grave yonder. I cannot go away from her, for she will be lonesome."

I held my first Indian Council at Gull Lake. The Lord Bishop of Rochester said to me: "An Indian Council has all the dignity of the House of Lords, with this difference—that the House of Lords never listen; the Indians always do." The speaker rises, shakes hands with the principal men in the audience, drops his blanket from his right shoulder, leaving his arm free for gestures, and in a simple, straightforward manner presents his subject, enforcing his argument by many illustrations drawn from nature and daily life. They never interrupt a speaker. The last words of every speech are, "I have done."

In these early visits I heard many stories to make my cheeks blush for shame. The Ojibways justly claimed arrears of more than \$50,000 under old treaties, which had never been paid. They sold some of the most beautiful land in Minnesota for one cent and a half an acre, under the promise that it should become the home of a friendly body of Indians, who would be a protection against their enemies, the Dakotahs. The treaty was made, and the country was immediately opened for white settlement. The Dakotahs had sold 800,000 acres of their reservation upon the plea that they needed more money for civilization. They waited four years and never received one penny; it was all taken for claims. This, and the withholding of their annuities for two months, precipitated that awful massacre of 1862 in which 800 of our citizens were slain. It is not easy to answer these overtrue charges of robbery, or even to condemn the Indian for his sins.

On a visit to the Dakotah mission a scalp dance was held near the mission house. I was indignant. I went to Wabasha, the head chief, and said: "Wabasha, you asked me for a missionary and teacher. I gave them to you. I visit you, and the first sight is this brutal scalp-dance. I knew the Chippeway whom your young men have murdered; he had a wife and children; his wife is crying for her husband; his children are asking for their father. Wabasha, the Great Spirit hears his children. He is angry. Some day he will ask Wabasha, 'Where is your red brother?' The old chief smiled, drew his pipe from his mouth, blew a cloud of smoke upward, and said: "White man go to war with his own brother in the same country; kill more men than Wabasha can count in all his life. Great Spirit smiles; says, 'Good white man; he has my book; I love him very much; I have a good place for him by and by.' The Indian is a wild man; he has no Great Spirit book; he kills one man; has a scalp-dance; Great Spirit is mad and says, 'Bad Indian; I will put him in a bad place by and by.' Wabasha don't believe it."