

ing accounts are given sometimes of the Indian children already tamed being used as a means for recapturing the wild ones who attempt to make their escape. It reminds one of the tame elephants that are used to assist in capturing the wild monsters of their own species. The following account quoted in Mr. Wilson's paper from the *Hampton Institute Report* gives some idea of the effect that the first brush with civilization has upon the youthful Indian :—

"The question often asked by visitors is 'How do you capture your pupils?' To answer this we must go back to the beginning of things and explain that every year, or oftener, some one connected with the school goes West to escort to their homes a party of returning Indians. His first duty is to see that they are provided with employment in good homes, the next to visit those previously returned, to encourage those who are engaged in good works and help up those who may have fallen. During these few days he is 'capturing' his Indians. Of the large number who apply to come East with him he selects those who seem most promising, after a consultation with the agent, physician and missionary. The captor and captives then start toward the rising sun. The arrival at Hampton is an event for all concerned, marked by joy over the meeting of old friends, and disappointment that some longed for one is not in the band. After the inner man has been sufficiently refreshed, the outer man is consigned to the civilizing influences of soap and hot water and the cruel shears, which represent the first step in the white man's road. Into this and further mysteries, of wardrobe, bed-room, dining-room, office, work and school, he is faithfully initiated by his Indian friends, who are indeed true friends at this time of need. Never in his life has he known anything like discipline, as we understand the word. He has slept when he felt like it, dined when he pleased—though perhaps not on what he pleased—and within certain limits followed the dictates of his own sweet will. He knew he was coming to a land of laws, but his imagination could never conceive of such a multiplicity of rules as he now finds thrown about him; bells seem to be ringing all the time, and the best thing he can do is to follow his friendly leader. He is to room with this friend and be under his guidance; and with him he goes to meals, to prayers in the chapel, and later to the boys' own evening prayers, conducted by themselves just before retiring. Prayers are hardly over before a bell rings, and all scatter to their rooms; he is tired, and so throws himself on the bed, but there is no rest there yet; his friend makes him get up, make a change of garments, that seems a great waste of time, and get into the bed. There is no doubt in his mind about this last performance. Trying to sleep with the blankets over his feet and lying so loosely along the edge that air can come under, and, worse than all, with his head uncovered, is too much; he will submit to a great deal that he can-

not understand, but this is glaringly an imposition. He takes his blanket, wraps it, envelope fashion, about his head and body, and lies down in comfort; and the friend, remembering how he felt himself about such things once upon a time, leaves him in peace. He is hardly fallen asleep, he thinks, when a bell rings, and his friend plunges out of bed in the darkness and tells him that it is half past five and he must get up. Now comes the proof of the utter folly of taking off clothes at night and having all the bother of putting them on again in the morning, as well as having so much clothing on a bed to pull off and put on again. He is hardly ready before the cry of 'fall in' resounds through the building, and eighty pairs of heavy shoes go tearing down stairs and out into the chilly air, to bring their wearers into line before marching over to breakfast hall. If it happens to be one of the 'bean mornings' of the week, the Indian dining-room sees few vacant chairs, and the hot corn-bread and beans are duly appreciated. Thus fortified for another day's work, our friend is escorted back to the wigwam and instructed in the art of making beds, sweeping, dusting, blacking shoes, and whatever is necessary to make him pass with credit the inspection of room and person to follow; for this is a military school, and like a good soldier, he must be on time and in order. He is soon assigned to some Company and with it must appear at morning inspection, march to meals, drill once a week, take his part in the weekly Battalion drill, perform in his turn the general guard and police duty of the place, besides subjecting himself to military discipline in general, with its punishments and its rewards."

Though the missionary Homes are not military still the pupils are at once placed under a regime of discipline entirely foreign to their wild habits in the forest. But soon they learn the value of this discipline and show by their actions that they appreciate it.

As one illustration, out of many, of the success that has attended Mr. Wilson's labors, we are told in the magazine of the Colonial and Continental Church Society of Waubegsezi, one of his boys, about 19 years of age, whom he sent last year at his own expense, to Trinity College School at Port Hope, to reap the benefit of an unfinished term belonging to his own son. People laughed at the idea as a silly chimera. What could a wild Indian hope to do against the competition of a lot of sharp, intelligent white boys? Well the "wild Indian" set to work and before long the superior "white boys" found him a formidable rival. His writing was of the best in the school; of the different subjects taught, the master reports, in the paper before me, "good," "very good," "satisfactory," &c.; and as the upshot of the whole, the Indian Department in Ottawa wrote to Mr. Wilson offering to admit Waubegsezi as a third-class clerk, at a salary of \$400 a year, with the promise of an annual increase of \$50 should his work prove satisfactory. This one fact speaks volumes as to