

OUR FOREST CHILDREN,

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF INDIAN EDUCATION AND CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV., No. 4.]

SHINGWAUK HOME, JULY, 1890.

[NEW SERIES, No. 14.]

Letter to the Sunday Schools.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—I had hoped to be able to have given you a very bright account of the way in which the loyal inmates of the Homes kept the Queen's Birthday; but, unfortunately, the weather was far from what it might have been, as it rained off and on during the whole day. However, by 8 a.m. the Union Jack was flying, the drive was decorated from the gate to the house with small flags, the boys were all in uniform, the team had been sent to the Wawanosh for the girls, and the band was playing "God Save the Queen," just in front of the house. At about 10 a.m. the girls with their matron arrived, and from ten to eleven was spent in packing baskets, etc. At eleven all the boys and girls had lunch, and a little before one o'clock they all collected, formed a long procession (all carrying flags) and marched off with the band at their head. The picnic ground was hardly two miles away, but several teams took all the baskets and the small children. A large party went in the sail boat. The ground had been nicely prepared on Friday, as we had intended at first to have the picnic on the 24th, but the death of a little Indian girl on the 23rd, necessitated its being postponed till the 26th. However, the ground had been nicely cleared, and tables and benches put up. Of course the usual routine of games, races, etc., followed. Tea was to have been laid at 4.30, and, of course, just at that time it began to rain. Three times did the energetic members of the party try to set the tables, and three times had they all to retreat in haste and seek shelter under waterproofs and umbrellas. However, the sun did come out at last, and though the pies were rather squashed, owing to the fact that they and several small children had all been put under the tables together for shelter from the rain, still every one managed to have a very good tea. Then it began to cloud over again, and the baskets were packed with remarkable haste, and the children were hustled into the waggons, and everybody set out for home, where they arrived in a very short space of time, looking rather damp, but all in very good spirits.

It has been such a late spring here, as everywhere,

that the weather is not fit as yet for many out-door amusements. However, base ball is already in full swing; the players wore their new suits for the first time on the 26th, and they really looked exceedingly nice, "quite like English boys," as some one remarked. The band, too, is a great attraction, and on Wednesday afternoons (when it plays for an hour) the bandstand is generally surrounded by an admiring circle. I think an account is given elsewhere in this paper of the death of Josephine Sampson. It was particularly sad, for she was such a nice gentle girl, and a favorite with all. She had only been a short time in the Home, but was getting on very nicely. The day before she died she told some one that her only trouble was that she "couldn't say her prayers."

There has been a good deal of illness in the Homes this year, and several pupils have been obliged to leave on account of ill health. We hope the holidays will set them up. Of course nearly all are looking forward anxiously to the summer vacation, but some of them have declared their intention of staying here, if they can, in preference to going home.

Please address questions, etc., to be answered in this letter, to

BARBARA BIRCHBARK,
(Care of Rev. E. F. Wilson.)

Indian Children's Letters.

Elkhorn, Manitoba, May 19th, 1890:

DEAR MR. WILSON:

I was so pleased, I saw Mr. J. W. Tims, gone home in blackfeet reserve. He says I see you again about August. Don't know you, Mr. Wilson, come up there. I very like it your homes. Tell me, please, when you are going to build the Homes at Medicine Hat. I think like it Medicine Hat. When you are come here, blackfeet boys. Good-bye, Mr. Wilson,

DANIEL.

[This letter was written by a little boy who has only been a short time in the Home, and could not speak a word of English when he came.]

From a 17-year-old Pottowatami, four years at school:

MY DEAR MOTHER,—The Christmas holidays have