

mounds with the low head-stones, more than a century old, and the tall, stately elms, the finest in Plainfield, droop their shadows over the groups who gather in the church yard at the close of the First-day service.

A VISIT TO THOMAS ASYLUM.

[A home for the Orphan and Destitute Indian Children, located at Cattaraugus Indian Reservation].

In company with Phebe C. Wright one bright morning, we started out to visit the Indians. Our friends at Orchard Park gave us the necessary information to reach the reservation. We took the train to North Collins, and then hired a conveyance to take us in the afternoon to the Asylum.

After a short drive in the country we reached the Indian Reservation. Before us now lay a beautiful valley divided into fields of corn, grain and green pasture, with an occasional piece of timber, through which flowed a stream of water. We then followed the Indian trail, many times fearing we would be upset, as the roads were badly gullied. We were told the Indians are poor road makers.

We passed several Indian homes; they looked comfortable, some of the houses were painted, and a few were log cabins. The men were busy gathering grain. After riding two or three miles and passing two school houses, a church and the Indian fair grounds, we arrived at the Asylum. A beautiful lawn first attracted our attention, the grass was closely cut and we saw flower beds and a fountain playing in front.

We were cordially welcomed by the matron. After registering our names and looking at a number of dolls and little bead baskets, all made by the Indian girls to sell to visitors, our attention was called to a picture of Philip E. Thomas, of Baltimore, one of the most active Friends in the founding of the institution; the property has since been passed over to the State, and each reservation has the privilege of sending a limited number of children to the Asylum.

We were shown the sewing room, where little girls from eight to twelve years old were industriously sewing, one was making a pair of stockings in a knitting machine. We passed on to the store room where the children's clothes were kept. Imagine our surprise to see nice worsted dresses made neatly by girls from eight to twelve years old; we also saw their winter cloaks they had made, and hats they had trimmed. We were told the girls made all the boys' clothes, one of the older girls superintending the work. They do not discharge any of the children until they are over sixteen years of age; they are then encouraged to remain in the reservations and teach and help civilize the other Indians by mingling with them.

The Indian girls also do all the cooking, washing and general housework. The rooms all look very neat, and the children looked very clean and well-dressed.

There are 125 acres to the farm. The Indian boys do the work under the direction of the superintendent. They have a good garden, take care of the stock; they have a large dairy, also a workshop, where they are taught the use of carpenters' tools and how to paint.

The grounds looked in neat order. Back of the building was a grove where the small children were playing and swinging. Beyond the grove was a fish pond, and a row boat fastened to the shore.

We were very much entertained by 30 little boys and girls six to seven years old speaking in concert, their voices were harsh and shrill, and it was difficult to understand them. We afterwards heard a few of the older girls play on the piano, they also sang very sweetly.

As we saw the poor orphan children so happy and enjoying the comforts of a good home, I could not help wishing more little children might have the advantages they enjoy.

The matron told us it was a rare case to see an intoxicated Indian on the reservation.