



GOVERNMENT SUPPLIES FOR BLACKFEET INDIANS.

THE NORTH-WEST INDIANS.

THE Rev. F. F. Wilson, of Sault Ste. Marie, furnishes us through the Christmas number of his excellent magazine, called *Our Forest Children*, with a couple of illustrations regarding the Indians of the North-West and some interesting information regarding them.

The Blackfeet Indians living in the far North-west, not far from the Rocky Mountains, live in their cotton-covered teepees, wear their hair in long plaits, paint their faces, cover the body with a blanket or a blanket-coat over the naked skin, wear leggings ornamented with beads and long dangling strips on their legs, moccasins on their feet; adorn their fingers, wrists, necks and ears with ornaments of brass, beads, bones, shell and claws, and wear feathers on their heads. Such is their condition at the present time; by day they stalk about their camp, by night they drum and dance; twice a week they receive the Government rations—a pound of beef and a pound of flour per day to every individual. A few of them make a little attempt at farming; but it is very little. A few of their children go very irregularly to the mission schools. A few people gather occasionally in the school house for Sunday worship, or come to-

gether under Christian auspices for a pow-wow or a tea-meeting. Just the thin edge only of Christianity has been introduced thus far; but we may hope that the time is not far distant when the truth will prevail and these people will accept generally the invitation of the Gospel.

Referring to some of the strange customs that exist among the Indians regarding the burial of their dead, Mr. Wilson says:—"With nearly all the tribes it seems to be a custom to kill a horse or cattle at the death of a chief or person of note, the idea being that the animals so killed will accompany their owners to the spirit world. A death teepee is a horrible place to enter. We saw one last summer when visiting the Sarcee Indians, near Calgary, in the North-west. Riding across the prairie with a young Englishman, who had spent several years in the neighborhood, we came upon a little copse of fir and poplar trees, two or three acres in extent. We suspected it was a burial ground, and dismounting from our horses, entered it. No sooner had we done so than we found ourselves in the midst of graves, the bodies wound up in blankets and tent cloth like mummies and deposited on scaffolds from six to eight feet from the ground. Four or five of these bodies could be seen from one point, and others became visible as we pushed our way through the underbrush. A little