

added to it was the clearness of the water, through which they could see heaps of the bones of beings who had perished before.

The Master of Life had, however, decreed to let them pass, for the thoughts and acts of neither of them had been bad. But they saw, many others struggling and sinking in the waves. Old men and young men, males and females, of all ages and ranks were there: some passed and some sunk. It was only the little children, whose canocs seemed to meet no waves. At length every difficulty was gone, as in a moment, and they both leaped out on the happy island. They felt that the very air was food. It strengthened and nourished them. They wandered together over the blissful fields, where everything was formed to please the eye and the ear. There were no tempests; there was no ice, nor chilly winds; no one shivered for the want of warm clothes; no one suffered for hunger; no one mourned for the dead. They saw no graves. They heard of no wars. Animals ran freely about, but there was no blood spilled in hunting them, for the air itself nourished them. Gladly would the young warrior have remained there for ever, but he was obliged to go back for his body. He did not see the Master of Life, but heard his voice, as if it were a soft breeze. "Go back," said this voice, "to the land from whence you came. Your time has not come. The duties for which I made you, and which you are to perform, are not yet finished. Return to your people, and accomplish the acts of a good man. You will be the ruler of your tribe for many days. The rules you will observe will be told you by my messenger, who keeps the gate. When he surrenders back your body, he will tell you what to do. Listen to him, and you shall afterwards rejoice in the spirit which you have followed, but whom you must now leave behind. She is accepted, and will be ever here, as young and as happy as she was when I first called her from the land of snows."

When this voice ceased, the narrator awoke. It was the fancy work of a dream, and he was still in the bitter land of snows and hunger, death and tears.

FROM BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The following letter from Rev. Mr. Roberts, now a missionary in British Columbia, is interesting and encouraging:

Kuper Island, Chemainus P.O., B. C.

MY DEAR EDITOR:

A short time ago a friend sent me a copy of your paper, THE INDIAN, with which I was very much pleased. I wish to subscribe for it from its first issue.

It is a credit to the Indians of the Grand River to have so excellent paper edited by one of themselves, and I trust it will go far to increase the intelligence for which they are already noted.

Both Mrs. Roberts and myself will look forward to its arrival here with an eager anticipation of the pleasure we shall have in reading news of our friends, the Six Nations, Chippewas and Delawares. It will remind us of many happy days we spent among you all.

In this Province we have abundance of fishing, shooting, camping and boating. We have 3 boats and a small yacht. In the latter we oc-

asionally take long voyages up and down and across the Gulf of Georgia. About a year and a half ago I went with my son Percy and 2 English friends, as far north as Fort Rupert, which is near the north end of Vancouver Island. It was a most delightful trip. It occupied more than a month. We sailed altogether about 700 miles, crossing the Gulf twice and passing through groups of wooded islands, and having the snow-capped mountains of the mainland constantly in view. There are a great many Indians in this Province, those who live on the coast are chiefly fishermen. A few years ago they were very wild and lawless, but now they are becoming civilized and industrious. In the summer season they earn good wages at the salmon fisheries on the Fraser River or elsewhere. Many of them are also employed in saw mills, on farms, steamboats, etc. Indeed, the Indians of this Province can easily obtain a "good living" and, if they were economical and saving, they might in a short time, be comparatively rich."

Yours, very sincerely,

ROBERT JAMES ROBERTS.

THE SCUGOG INDIANS.

SCUGOG AGENCY, ONTARIO.

The Indians belonging to this band are now in a better position to work their own land than ever before. This is owing to the Department having this year supplied them with good horses, harness, waggons, and other necessaries for farm work, and although the Indians did not get their horses until late in the season, I must say the work so far has been encouraging. They have a nice crop of oats, the largest crop of corn and potatoes ever raised on the reserve, and have also summer fallowed nearly all their land, having ploughed it a second and a greater part of it a third time, putting it in really excellent order for next year's crop. The trouble existing for years, of the Indians renting their lands to the whites is now an evil of the past, as not a single acre has been worked by outsiders this season. The general health of the band is good, there being one death and two births in the last twelve months, the band now numbers forty-four (44) an increase of one over last year. I am sorry to report that school matters remain at a standstill, as I find it is impossible to persuade any of the children to attend the school which adjoins the reserve. The fishing in Scugog Lake this year has been unusually good, the Indians finding it a never-failing source of food supply; besides catching large numbers of fish for sale. I am glad to report that the use of intoxicants among the Indians is decreasing, but there are two or three Indians who continue to baffle all efforts to prevent them obtaining liquor, as they manage some way or other to get it every time they go to any of the neighboring villages. I am now working strenuously to catch the parties who procure the liquor for them.

GEORGE B. McDERMOT,
Indian Agent.

Dakota gets its name from the northern Sioux Indians, that being their pronunciation of Lacota, meaning a Sioux.

INDIAN RELICS.

As soon as it became known that Withrow Avenue had been the site of an old Indian cemetery, Messrs. Vandermissen and Boyle, of the Canadian Institute, took immediate steps to secure all that could be had for the Archæological Museum. On Friday Mr. Boyle engaged men to explore the site thoroughly and with so much success that the following objects have been added to the collection:—12 skulls, several perfect femurs and tibias, 1 stone tomahawk, 3 chisels, 1 knife, perforated at one end, 1 barbed arrow-head and a number of small pieces of pottery. It is a great pity that the parsimoniousness of the Provincial Government prevents the Institute from making such a collection as it will speedily be impossible to form at any cost.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB, IN BELLEVILLE.

TO THE EDITOR:—

Kindly allow me to say to your readers that the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Belleville, is open to the deaf children of the Province and every deaf mute child in Ontario, whether the parents are poor or rich, may share in the many advantages the Institution affords, such as tuition, board, care, etc.

There are many parents of such children who do not know of this place, and persons who will inform them of what the Province has so generously provided for their children will confer a lasting obligation.

Uneducated; a deaf mute child has no knowledge of language; is isolated, as it were, from the rest of mankind; is irresponsible and in many cases dangerous to the community; life is a blank without a ray of hope to illuminate the future. With an education such as may be had here, all this is changed and the mute is enabled to take his or her place as respectable members of society and law abiding citizens and learn of the glorious life beyond. Over 700 mute children have been entered upon our books and the large majority of them spread over the Province bear testimony to the good work already accomplished. We have a full staff of capable, devoted teachers in the literary and industrial departments. We are doing all we can for those afflicted in this way and we are anxious to do whatever work of this kind there is to do. There will be room for all who can come in September next, and in the meantime it will give me pleasure to supply application papers and necessary information to any one who may apply.

Yours faithfully,

R. MATHISON,
SUPERINTENDENT.

Belleville, July 1st, 1886.

Read the advertisement of the Commercial College of Kentucky University, which received the highest honor at the World's Exposition for book-keeping and general business education. Hon. J. Geo. Hodgins, Minister of Education to the Exposition from Canada, was one of the distinguished jury that rendered this decision.

This College is situated in the beautiful and healthful city of Lexington, Ky., the capital of the renowned "Blue Grass Region." See another column for advertisement and write for circular.