



We were also much interested in the very quick way in which they shot at the target in the drawing room; the solicitude Soney showed when he lost an arrow and his polite manner of asking us if we had found it later. My little niece, was filled with admiration of their thoughtfulness and politeness."

There were a number of meetings going on in Ottawa while we were there. It was the great annual gathering of the Board of Domestic and Foreign Missions, and five Bishops and a number of other Church dignitaries had assembled from various parts of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. There was a reception given by the Women's Auxiliary in St. James Hall; there were several meetings of the Mission Board, and an evening missionary meeting at St. John's church; also our own special meeting at the City Hall to inaugurate the "Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society." At all or nearly all of these meetings, the two little Indian boys had to figure, and they also went with me several times to the Indian Department office, also to Rideau Hall, and to several private houses at which I visited. The chief ordeal through which they had to pass was, I think, their having to appear before a young ladies' school. This was on the very next morning after our arrival.

There were a number of young ladies who had been actively engaged for some time working for and making their contributions towards the support of an Indian girl in our Homes, and

all these young ladies were on the "qui vive" to see the two Indian boys, Soney and Zosie. So lessons were laid aside and both teachers and young ladies were all in a state of smiling expectancy when, at half past nine in the morning, we were ushered into their sanctum. I said just a few introductory words, thanking the young ladies for their help, and then introduced my "two blushing boys." "This elder one," I said, "is Willie Soney, he is a Pottawatomie boy from Walpole Island, has been with us several years, and can talk English nicely.

And then I drew little Zosie up, and twisting my fingers round his short black forelock and giving it a little jerk, which had the effect of making his chin go up and his eyes go down, I said, "this is Zosie Dosum," at which the young ladies tittered, and those behind peered round those in front to get a good view of the comical looking little Indian in his dark blue garibaldi jacket, and red sash, and dark trousers, and red socks, standing with his feet close together, his arms hanging down on either side of him, his mouth a little open and his dark little face looking about as comfortable in my grasp as if it had been fixed in position by some second-class photographer. "This is Zosie Dosum," I said, "he is an Ojibway Indian from the shore of Lake Superior. He is about eight years old and has only been a year and a half at our Shingwauk Home." Zosie was looking as grave as a judge all the time I was saying this, wondering, evidently, whatever the young ladies were going to do to him. Then I shook his head just a little and said, "When he first came to us he was a regular little wild Indian." Zosie's parted lips now came together, his mouth widened, dimples showed on his cheeks, his dark eyes lifted shyly, sparkled, and next moment he was in a broad grin, and all the young ladies were tittering again and whispering their comments one to another. "Yes, he was a regular little wild Indian," I said, "and did not know anything at all. He used to throw stones at the other boys (Soney and Zosie both laughed at this, and the young ladies liberally reciprocated their smiles). If you gave him a book he held it upside down, but now he has made very fair progress, is able to read and spell easy words and can talk English also quite fairly, as you will soon have the opportunity of seeing. His Indian name is *Ahnemekeens*, which means 'Little Thunder.'" Soney and Zosie both laughed out then and there were broad smiles exchanged by nearly all the young ladies present. And now I said, "I am going to ask Soney to talk to Zosie and ask him a few questions and we will see whether Zosie can answer.

#### DIALOGUE.

SON.—"Zosie!"

ZOS.—"Hello!"

SON.—"I am going to ask you all about