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Vol. III, No. 10.]

SHINGWAUK HOME, JANUARY, 1890.

[NEW SERIES, No. 8.

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Edited by Rev. E. F. Wilson.

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OUR FOREST CHILDREN,

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF INDIAN EDUCATION AND CIVILIZATION.

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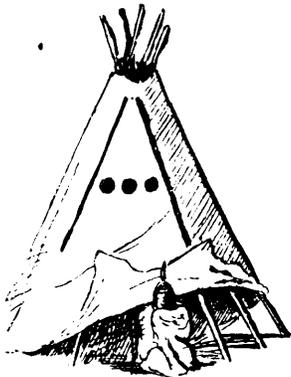
SHINGWAUK HOME, JANUARY, 1890.

[NEW SERIES, No. 8.

Indian Tribes—Paper No. 8.

THE NAVAJO INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.



WANDERING nomadic tribe, possessors of immense flocks of sheep and goats, artificers in silver work, clever weavers, an intelligent but untamed people—such are the Navajo Indians of New Mexico and Arizona.

The name Navajo (pronounced Nāvahoe) was evidently given to them

by the Spaniards. By their neighbors, the Apaches, they are called "Yūtahkah;" and they call themselves "Tinneh."

They belong to the great Tinneh or Athabaskan stock, the chief tribes of which are to be found in the great Canadian North-West between the Rocky Mountains on the West and Hudson Bay to the East, and extending as far northward as the regions occupied by the Eskimos. It seems strange that a people living so far South as New Mexico should be allied to a people in the far North, especially when we take into account that numerous tribes of entirely distinct stocks intervene between their countries and that of the Northerners; but the fact remains undisputed; their name is the same, their language is evidently of the same stock, and they themselves have a tradition that they came originally from the North, following the course of the Rocky Mountains southward. They are aware also that they still have relatives up in the North country.

The other tribes belonging to the Tinneh stock, to which the Navajo Indians are related, are in the South, the Apaches and Arivaipas, and in the North—quite 1200 miles apart—the Chipewyans, Beavers, Sarcees, Tukudhs, Tacullies, Thikenies and Slavés. The Navajo Indians, according to last Government Reports, now number 18,000 souls, and they occupy an immense territory, lying in New Mexico, Arizona and Utah, 120

miles north and south, and 180 miles east and west, the greater portion being broken by high mountain ranges. Their live stock consists of a quarter of a million of horses, 3500 cattle, 800,000 sheep, 300,000 goats, 500 burros (donkeys), and 300 mules. Their horses are a source of very little income or usefulness, but are regarded by them as their basis of wealth, the Indian who owns the greatest number of horses being considered the wealthiest. They rarely sell or dispose of them except from actual necessity, or by way of trade for beads, arms and ammunition. They also purchase their wives with them, and have done so from time immemorial. The Navajos do very little at present in the way of farming; they cultivate a little Indian corn and wheat and raise a few melons and pumpkins. In cultivating corn they select a sandy soil that will require no breaking, and with a hoe make a deep hole in rows about two feet apart, dropping 12 to 15 grains in each hill. As the corn grows they never cultivate it except to hoe out the weeds between the rows. Their wheat they sow in drills made with a sharp-pointed stick, and they harvest it with a knife. The majority of the people depend on their cattle and sheep for their living. In the course of a year they will sell from 800,000 to 1,000,000 pounds of wool, besides weaving a large quantity into blankets.

The Navajoes have the reputation of being great thieves, and delight in making raids on the cattle of their white neighbors. They are of a wild, roaming disposition, and it is seldom that more than two-thirds of their number can be persuaded to remain on their Reservation. Among themselves they are a good natured, jovial set. Hardly an hour passes but an universal laugh or a rousing chorus is indulged in. Very few Navajo children go to school, but those who do evince great aptitude in learning. Their quick perception is remarkable. A person totally unfamiliar with a single word of their language can readily carry on a conversation with them, no matter how awkward may be the system of pantomime he employs to convey his thoughts, while the Indian's graceful responses cannot be easily misunderstood. The members of this tribe evince at all ages an insatiable thirst for the English language. They will at all times cease their

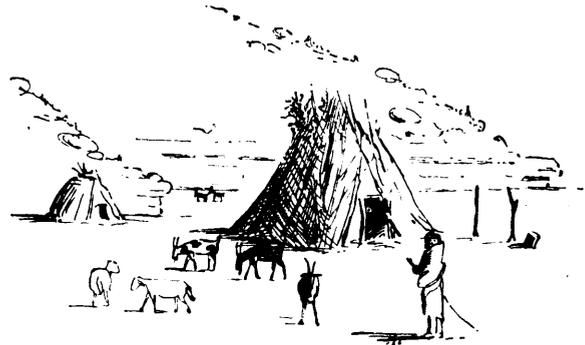
work if a white person will teach them his names for familiar objects, and are delighted if their tutor will ask for similar instruction in their own tongue. The Navajoes are a robust, hardy set of people; they pride themselves in their utter disregard of cold; the young men delight to run foot races over the snow in winter time in a perfectly nude state. It is a universal custom among Navajo mothers to plunge their new born infant into the nearest stream on the very day of its birth and to repeat the operation daily for many months. It is done simply to inure the infant to hardships which cold might inflict in after life. The presence of ice on the water does not by any means cause a postponement of this ceremony, unless it may be for such time only as is required to make an opening sufficiently large to permit of the immersion.

It is sad to think that these people, so many thousands in number, are still allowed to remain comparatively untaught and uncared for as regards their spiritual interests. In a list of "Sixty-six Indian Tribes still without Missionaries," published by "The Women's National Indian Association," in November, 1886, appears the tribe of Navajoes, 18,000 in number. They have at present a Government Indian School with an average attendance of from 30 to 40, but beyond this, little seems to be done.

As regards their own creed, they say that they came originally out of the earth. The place where they came out they call Hadji'nai. Some of their traditions say it was in the mountains of Southern Utah, others, in the North-west. Men and women they say, were made together, but afterwards separated—the women crossing to the further bank of a broad river. After many years they besought the men to take them back. In the underworld were floods forcing the people to escape through the roof, which was effected by means of a reed called *tlo'-ka*. The six sacred mountains of the region in which they now live, they say, were produced by earth brought up by the first man from the underworld. The beaver, badger, mole and swan are looked upon as sacred creatures, and figure largely in their myths. The earth is not a solid, but a cubical shell, inclosing four others, and perhaps many more successive shells. The persons who existed on one of these spheres in earlier times were all genii or deities; animals had, however, been created; they were made from clay. The deities came together and built the first hut; it was made in the form of a cone, and its shape is still preserved in the Navajo "hogan." The sun they say, is the reflection from an immense shield on the arm of a man

who is continually riding a white horse in the heavens. Night comes on when the rider returns to his starting point after having reached the end of the earth. When the reverse side of the shield is seen it is the moon. Anything that they hold in superstitious dread, they call "chindy." A tree struck by lightning is "chindy," and they will freeze rather than use the wood to light a fire. A bear's dead body is "chindy" and must not be touched.

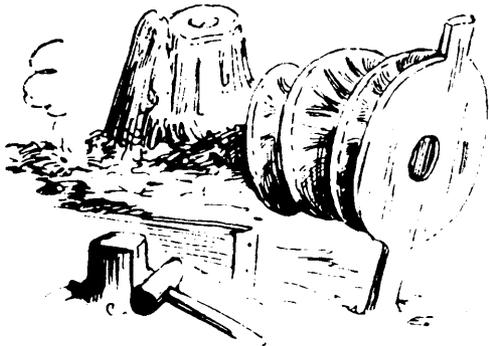
The Navajo native dwelling is of very rough construction, and bears the name of "*hogan*" (pronounced *hohran*). It is a beehive-shaped or conical structure, of sticks, turf and earth. At a distance it looks like a mere heap of rubbish; but on nearer approach one sees that there is some method in its construction. The author en-



NAVAJO "HOGAN."

tered one of them on his recent visit to New Mexico, and made the following notes: The interior was about 5 feet 6 inches in height, and about 10 feet in diameter; two upright cedar posts, each with a crook at the top and a cross piece between them resting on the crooks, formed the main support of the building; two other pairs of posts with cross-beams resting on them, but rather lower, were on either side of the first pair. "These six posts with their three cross pieces formed the skeleton or frame work over which the hogan was built; sticks and brush laid flat on the top of the frame formed the roof, split cedar and piñon logs placed upright and leaning inward against the central frame work, formed the sides; then the whole was covered up with brush, corn stalks, stones and dirt. The floor was of mud; a fire was made in the centre, and the smoke escaped through a square hole in the roof. It seemed strange that such a clean intelligent people as the Navajoes should live in such hovels, and especially so when their persons, and even the bridles and trappings of their horses, are literally loaded with costly silver ornaments.

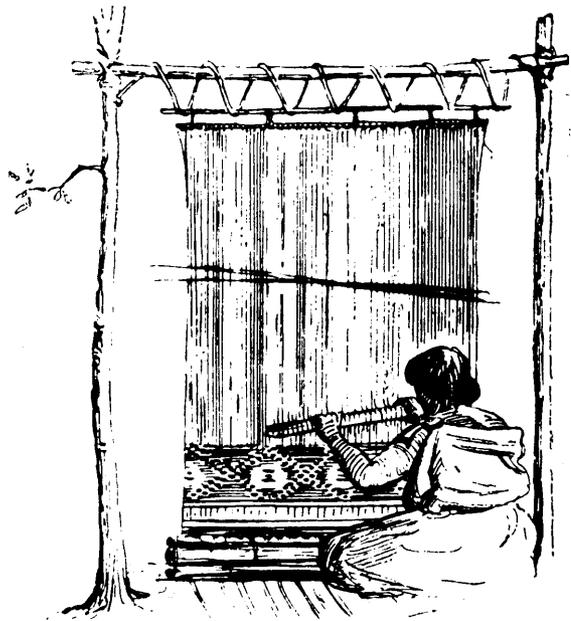
These silver ornaments they make themselves Many of the men are silversmiths, and have their forge, anvil.



SILVERSMITH'S TOOLS.

bellows, crucibles and tools—all of their own construction. The bellows is a tube or bag of goatskin, as shewn in the illustration, about twelve inches long and ten inches in diameter, tied at one end to its nozzle, and nailed at the other end to a circular disk of wood, in which is the valve. Their crucibles are made of clay, and have three-cornered edges and rounded bottoms, being about two inches in every dimension; they cannot be used more than three or four times before falling to pieces. Their moulds they cut in soft sandstone, with a home-made chisel. Each mould is cut approximately in the shape of the article which is to be wrought out of the ingot cast in it, and it is greased with suet before the metal is poured in. For fuel they use charcoal made from dry juniper. Among the silver articles made are earrings, bracelets, necklaces, finger rings, brooches, discs 3 or 4 inches in diameter, with which to adorn their leathern waist bands, ornaments for the bridles of their horses, &c. If a visitor wants a silver article as a keepsake, he gives the Navajo silversmith two silver dollars—one of the dollars to be made into whatever article may be desired, the other to pay for the workmanship. The Navajoes place no value on gold, all their ornaments are made of silver. Some of the belts they wear are worth \$35, and a horse's bridle is often ornamented to the extent of \$25—some even up to \$50. The rage for jewelery is strong in both sexes. It is not an unusual sight to see their arms literally covered with bracelets of brass and silver, their breasts vainly endeavoring to palpitate under a load of shell ornaments, turquoises and silver buttons, while from the waistband dangle an innumerable number of diminutive silver bells. The dress of the men consists of a calico shirt, full baggy calico trousers, leggings and

moccasins; and a distinctive feature of this tribe is the red or otherwise colored bandana handkerchief tied round the head just above the eyebrows. Then there is also the inevitable blanket—winter and summer—about the shoulders. The women also wear calico dresses and blankets. The blankets are made by themselves, on looms of their own construction. This tribe stands first of all Indian tribes in the art of weaving; indeed there are few civilized people that could produce an article superior to a well-made Navajo blanket. Some of these blankets are of immense size and will sell for as much as \$100. The ordinary price is from \$7 to \$12. They are of such close texture that they will hold water. The method of weaving is as follows: Two posts are set firmly in the ground (or a post and a young tree will do)—about 6 feet apart. To these are lashed two cross-pieces—one at the top and one at the bottom, to form the frame. A few inches below the upper cross-piece is the "yarn beam," connected with it by a spiral rope which can be tightened as required; and attached to the lower cross-piece is the "cloth beam," as we should call it, but the cloth is never wound around it. In the illustration may be seen the



NATIVE LOOM.

"heald rod" across the upper part of the frame; the healds on the rod are attached to alternate threads of the warp and serve when drawn forward to open the lower shed; the other rod which has no healds on it keeps the upper shed open. Below these rods held

horizontally in the woman's hand, is the "batten" with which she thumps down the yarn into its place. The weaver uses no shuttle. The yarn is wound on a slender twig or splinter and passed through the threads of the warp—a few inches at a time—with the fingers. The wool is settled into place with a wooden fork, and then thumped down with the batten. The woman sits on the ground while working, and has her work brought down to her as it advances. This is done by loosening the spiral rope at the top, drawing the web down and sowing a fold of it to the cloth-beam. In all new blankets the marks of this sewing are to be seen. The blankets are made in many intricate patterns, and very bright colors are usually employed. They provide for the most part their own dyes. Brilliant red is made of *bayeta*, brought from Mexico. Black they make from the twigs and leaves of the aromatic *sumac* and piñon gum; yellow from the flowering tops of *Bigelovia graveolens*, boiled down to a decoction; indigo is imported. It is generally allowed that the art of weaving among the Navajoes is of aboriginal origin; it is quite possible, though not certain, that the Pueblo Indians were the original inventors; whether this be so or not, the Navajoes at the present time excel all other Indians in weaving.

To make a moccasin or shoe, a Navajo Indian makes use of three materials, viz., buckskin for the uppers, raw-hide for the sole, and sheep or goat sinews for sewing. His tools are simply an awl and a knife. He first pounds his raw-hide with a stone on a smooth rock and scrapes the hair off, and then buries it in moist earth for 3 or 4 days, to make it soft and pliable; then he sets his foot on it on the ground and cuts out the sole about $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch or so larger than the size of his foot all round; then, after greasing it and holding it before the fire, he turns up the edges all round, fits on the buckskin for the upper part, and sews it with sinew. A silver button on either side is the only ornament. Formerly they used to ornament their shoes with beads and colored porcupine quills, but not now.

Marriage, with the Navajoes, is simply a bargain and sale. Formerly the marriage ceremony consisted in the bride and bridegroom eating together from a small bowl of mush and anointing each other's faces; but this is not now often done. The bargain is made between the youngman and the parents of the maiden, and so many ponies given for her. But few of the Navajoes have two wives, and none have more than three. When a man dies his wife is his sole heir; and when the wife dies her parents are her heirs. A man must

never see or be seen by his mother-in-law, or they will both have sore eyes—perhaps lose them—or even die. Formerly an unfaithful wife was mutilated by having the end of her nose, her nipples, or her tongue cut off.

Wizards and Shamanism prevail among these people. Much of the latter is highly poetic and not immoral in its character. The Navajoes are born gamblers. A common game among them is one played with a hoop and poles, called "na-a-jonj;" another is 'Hunt the Shoe,'—"keh-ci-dje"—in which four or eight moccasins are filled with earth and a small stone concealed in one of them. They also use Spanish *monte* cards, and play Spanish games. When a person dies, the body is left wherever it may happen to be, and covered up with a heap of stones and brush; if in a hogan, the hogan is closed up, and the place is abandoned, as the belief is that the devil comes to the place of death and remains where a dead body is. Wild animals often get the bodies, and it is generally easy to find skulls and bones around an old camping ground. Sometimes a sick person is left in some lone spot, protected by brush, to die. Dr. Menard relates finding a living person, so well enclosed with brush that wild animals could not get in; the person had been left to die, but was revived by a cup of coffee and eventually recovered.

GRAMMATICAL NOTES.

The letters *f*, *v*, and *r* are omitted from the alphabet. Sounds peculiar to the language are slishing cheek sounds, between *t*, *ch*, and *l*, and a guttural *ghr* sound. Distinction is made between animate and inanimate objects; an animate adjective must be used with an animate noun. The personal pronoun when used with the verb, is incorporated in it. There is a dual form of the verb, e.g., *yi-tash*, we two walk. There are causative and reflexive forms of the verb. The plural of the noun is indicated by the verb or adverb. A verb may be made to indicate the character of the object spoken of, thus: Give it to me (something solid), sha-a-na-a; (something long or rigid), sha-an'-tin; (something pliable, sha-an'le. The particle *ni*, affixed to a noun, implies that it is past or dead. The sentence "The man came home and put his new gun in his lodge" would, in Navajo, take the following order: Man his lodge returned to his gun new his hut inside put it.

VOCABULARY.

Pronounce *a*, as in father; *e*, *è*, as in they, met; *i*, *ï*, as in pique, pick; *o*, *ò*, as in note, not; *u*, as in rule; *ä*, *ü*, as in but; *ai*, as in aisle; *au*, as in bough, now; *tc*, as in church; *dj*, as in judge; *j*, as in *jamais* (Fr.),

pleasure; â, as in law; ĝ, a guttural *ghr* sound; ĥ, as in German *ich*; ä, as in fan.

man, tin neh. my hand, shĥ la.
 woman, äs tsū ni. your hand, nĥ la.
 boy, ish keh'. John's hand, J. bĥla.
 house, hut, hogan. my knife, shi pesh.
 boat (or canoe), tsinna élsĥ I walk, I shalh.
 da sa a ⁿ. thou walkest, ni nalĥ.
 river, t'ho in lin ⁿ. he walks, i kalĥ.
 water, t'ho. we walk, i tash.
 fire, ko ⁿ. they walk, djo kalĥ.
 tree, tsĥn'ta. I see him, hwish-i.
 horse, hli ⁿ. thou seest him, nih' in ĥi.
 dog, hle-tca'ⁿ ai. he sees him, djo i na' yo ti.
 fish, thlo. he sees it, yo i'.
 town, kĥn to'hai yu i. if I see him, a'yilĥ sa'da ⁿ.
 kettle, pe'sĥ si sa. thou seest me, shi nih i'.
 knife, pesh. I see thee, nish i nilĥ i'.
 tobacco, na'tho. he sees me, sho' i.
 day, dji. I see myself, a'desh ti.
 night, kle. we see each other, a'ĥi ĥt i.
 yes, au. do you see him? da yĥnih i?
 no, to'ta. he is asleep, a'djil hush.
 I, shĥh. is he asleep? da'djil hush?
 thou, nĥh. axe, tse'nĥsh.
 he, biĥ. little axe, tse'nĥsh hai iya'ji.
 my father, shi je. bad axe, tse'nĥsh to'de nil.
 it is good, ya' te hisĥ. big axe, tse'nĥsh tso.
 red, tli tci'. big tree, tsĥn tso.
 white, tlä ka' i. black kettle, pétsitsa tlĥ jin.
 black, tli jin'. money, pe'so.
 one a'tĥ lai. bird, tsi'di.
 two, nā'ki. snake, tlish.
 three, ta. don't be afraid, a'to nūn il
 four, ti ⁿ. ts'ĥi dĥ.
 five, ish tkla. give it to me, sha a'n ä a.
 six, as ta'ⁿ. I am hungry, dĥtcĥn shilth ke
 seven, sūs tsĥt'. are you sick? da'nĥs tsa ish?
 eight, seb pi'. he is very sick. da-ai'-gĥsi
 nine, nas tai'. da'dĥtsa.
 ten, nes na'. it is cold, déz kâz.
 twenty, na'tin. a hand, hū'la.
 hundred, ne'z natin. a father, hū'je.
 come here, kwe sha'ni na. a son, hū gye.
 be quick, da ha'kwo. the,
 to-day, tis dji. I sleep, äsh hush.
 to-morrow, yi ska'ⁿ go. I slept, ilĥ haj.
 good morning, hade'la. I shall sleep, i'desh hush.
 Indian, tinneh. if I sleep, äsh hush da ⁿ.
 call themselves, tinneh. he does not sleep, to'il hush da.

we two sleep, ni ĥi'tū il God, Melika'no biye (Amer-
 gwush. ican's gods).

we sleep (excl.), da'il gwush. Devil, Tcindi (s. as ghost).

we sleep (incl.), dani ltso da'heaven,
 il gwush. white man, melika'no

do not sleep, da to'il hūsh i. (Americano).

it is not cold, to dez kâz. two men, na'ki tinneh.

he is a man, tin ne'h la ⁿ. three dogs, ta hle tcan ai.

it is a house, kin la ⁿ. four knives, ti ⁿ pesh.

Did John see the horse? John hli ⁿ i shĥnĥ?

I will see you to-morrow, yi skan'go nih des tsĥlĥ.

What is your name? Dai nih'li gi?

Where are you going? Ha'go tin ni ya?

I do not see you, Nih a'-to nis tse'ta.

John saw a big canoe, John tsin na elĥ-da-sa-a
 djo-i'-yo-i'.

I shall not go if I see him, Hwilĥ-sa'-da ⁿ to-de-shalh-da.

If he goes he will see you, A koj deya'gonilth dolth selth.

Catlin's Testimony to Indian Character.

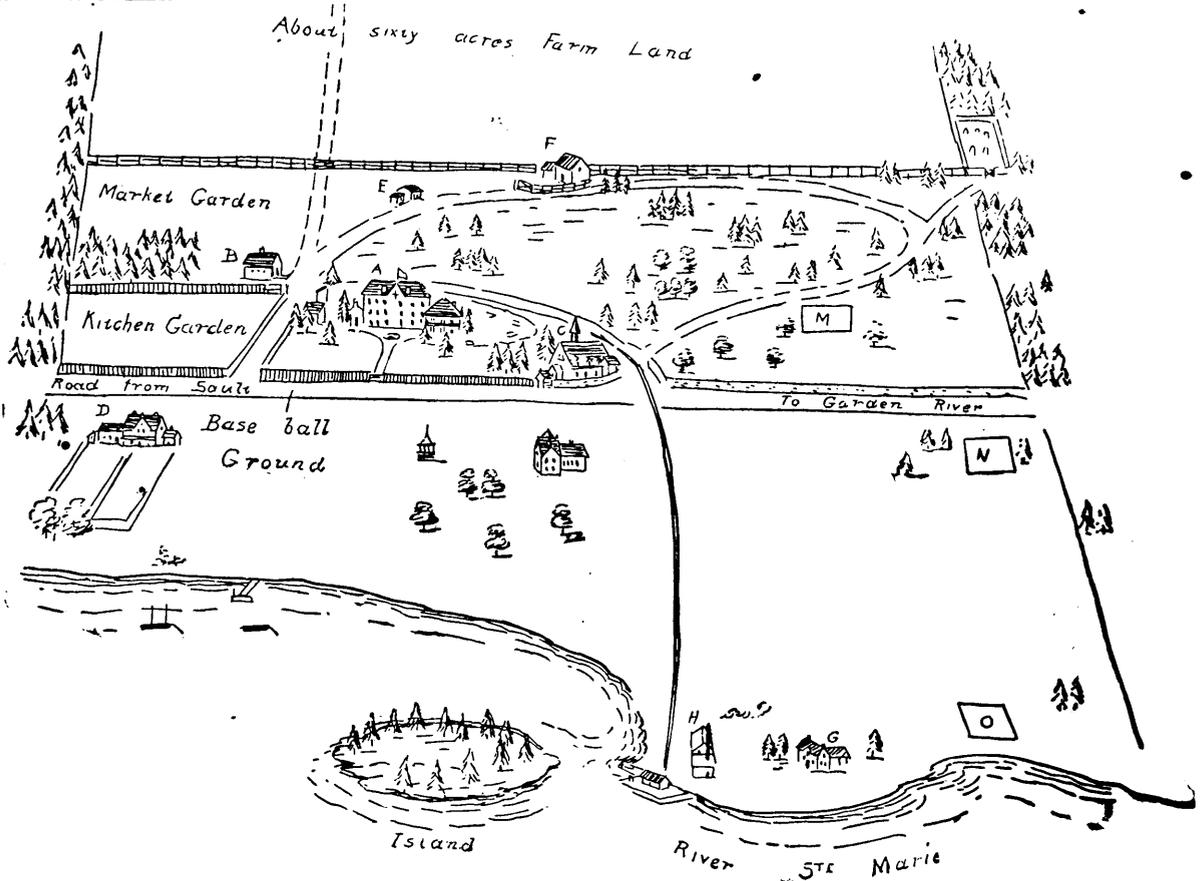
“**F**EARLESSLY assert to the world, and I defy contradiction, that the North American Indian is everywhere in his native state a highly moral and religious being, endowed by his Maker with an intuitive knowledge of some great Author of his being and the universe—in dread of whose displeasure he constantly lives with the apprehension before him of a future state, when he expects to be rewarded or punished according to the merits he has gained or forfeited in this world.

“I never saw any other people who spend so much of their lives in humbling themselves before and worshipping the Great Spirit as these tribes do, nor any whom I would not as soon suspect of insincerity and hypocrisy.

“Self-denial and self-torture, and almost self-immolation, are continual modes of appealing to the Great Spirit for His countenance and forgiveness.

“To each other I have found these people kind and honorable, and endowed with every feeling of parental, filial, and conjugal affection that is met with in more enlightened communities.”

RUPERT'S LAND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.—The buildings were handed over by the contractor on the 28th November, and are now being furnished as rapidly as possible under the Rev. Dr. Burman's superintendence. It is expected that all will be in readiness for the reception of pupils towards the close of the month.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SHINGWAUK.

Our Indian Homes.

THE above cut gives a bird's-eye view of Our Indian Homes at Sault Ste. Marie, as they are, and as they are to be. The explanation is as follows: *A*—The present Shingwauk Home (stone), built 1874; *B*—The Stables; *C*—The Chapel (stone), built 1883; *D*—The Hospital (stone), built 18—, with frame cottage for ladies attached; *E*—Farm-man's cottage (frame); *F*—Barn and Cattle Sheds (frame); *G*—Foreman of Factory's Cottage (stone)—1889; *H*—Sash, Door, and Furniture Factory (frame)—1889; *I*—the Band Stand; *K*—“The Industrial” (stone), where shoemaking, tailoring, weaving, &c., are taught—a part of the building is used temporarily as a dormitory, to take the overflow from the Shingwauk; *L*—the Cemetery; *M*—proposed site of new “Central Building”—to cost about \$10,000—to have dining hall, kitchens, and officers' quarters on ground floor, and school-rooms above; *N*—proposed site of new Wawanosh Home (the old one, which is at the inconvenient distance of three miles, to be sold); *O*—proposed site of new Laundry. When

all these buildings are completed, there will be accommodation for 150 pupils, and girls and boys will all go to the Central Building for meals and school.

In connection with all this work which is before us, we would like to remind our friends that the grants we get from the Government are only intended as *grants in aid*, and the more support we can get from outside for individual pupils, the more we are enabled to do with the Government grant in the way of repairs and improvements, and keeping everything in nice order. We wish many of our friends could visit our Shingwauk Home and see all the improvements we have been making. Early this spring we had the entire front space of land between our Institution and the river, which was formerly a wilderness of rocks and hillocks and hollows, nicely graded and sown with grass. The wet summer has made the grass grow, and now this fine open grassy slope has become quite a pleasure resort. A number of baseball matches have been played on it by our “Buckskins” and other clubs that have come to play us. Then there is our Brass Band, which

plays in our ornamental and gaily painted band-stand, and the visitors sit about on the rustic seats under the trees and listen to it. On one side of this extensive play ground is our Hospital, built of stone, and on the other side is another stone building nearly completed, which will be used for workshops—such as tailoring, shoemaking, weaving, and perhaps harness making. A little to the east of this is a tramway laid with iron rails on which a truck runs down a distance of 400 yards to our steamboat dock, and on which are brought up our supply of water and all things coming by boat. Close to the dock is our new factory for the manufacture of furniture of all kinds, and especially, we hope, Church furniture, if we can get orders. Engine, boiler, and machinery are already in place and in working order. Close to the factory is our carpenter's cottage, built also of stone. Then, in addition to all this, we have our Homes at Elkhorn in full working order. Now, it must be obvious that to keep up all this extensive work considerable expense must be involved, and it is also but too obvious to ourselves that the Government grants fall very far short of covering our expenses—that our funds have shown a serious deficit at the end of each year for a long time past, and that our expenses come crowding in upon us generally faster than we are able to meet them. We trust, therefore, that none of our friends will desert us just at this critical time when we are making a great effort to extend and increase our work. If only the money is placed in our hands we hope ere long to build at least two new substantial buildings, as shewn in engraving on page 118, here at Sault Ste. Marie, build them not by employing outsiders, but *build them ourselves and make the furniture ourselves*, and so provide accommodation for about 150 (one hundred and fifty) Indian children.

In the Shadows.

 CANOE SONG, composed by a young Mohawk lady, Miss Pauline Johnson. Taken from the London *Athenæum*.

I am sailing to the leeward,
Where the current runs to seaward
Soft and slow,
Where the sleeping river grasses
Brush my paddle, as it passes
To and fro.
On the shore the heat is shaking,
All the golden sands awaking
In the cove;
And the quaint sandpiper, winging
O'er the shallows, ceases singing
When I move.

On the water's idle pillow
Sleeps the overhanging willow,
Green and cool;
Where the rushes lift their burnished
Oval heads from out the tarnished
Emerald pool.

Where the very water slumbers,
Water lillies grow in numbers,
Pure and pale;
All the morning they have rested,
Amber crowned, and pearly crested—
Fair and frail.

Here, impossible romances,
Indefinable sweet fancies,
Cluster round;
But they do not mar the sweetness
Of this still September fleetness
With a sound.

I can scarce discern the meeting
Of the shore and stream retreating,
So remote;
For the laggard river, dozing,
Only wakes from its reposing
Where I float.

Where the river mists are rising,
All the foliage baptizing
With their spray;
There the sun gleams far and faintly,
With a shadow soft and saintly
In its ray.

And the perfume of some burning
Far-off brushwood, ever turning
To exhale;
All its smoky fragrance, dying,
In the arms of evening lying,
Where I sail.

My canoe is growing lazy,
In the atmosphere so hazy,
While I dream;
Half in slumber I am guiding
Eastward, indistinctly gliding
Down the stream.

Shingwauk Boys' Letters.

From an 18-year old Pottawatami.

My dear friends: School commenced on the 19th of August. There are about 60 boys in our Home. About half of the scholars went home for their summer holidays, but they all come back except two boys not arrived yet. Quite a number of new boys arrived in our school. The name of our base-ball club is "Buckskin Baseball Club." We have won two matches this summer. One team is called West Korah B.B.C. We had the first match with them. We Indian boys

made 26 runs and the White boys made 22 runs. The second match we had was with the "Maple Leaf." We made 5 runs, Whites made 3 runs. But we are going to have other two matches on the 7th of September next, and one in about four or five weeks time. I am working at shoemaking for more than a year. I have made some coarse shoes. I shall leave the Institution next summer because my time will be completed for five years. I thank you for being kind and helping us to get along.

I remain, yours respectfully,

JOSEPH SAMPSON.

From a new boy who had been at day school before coming.

My dear Uncle: I will write a few lines to you this afternoon. To explain how I am getting along here. I think Shingwauk Home is a very good place, everything is good and nice. We have a brass band. I often think of you. I hope I will see you all next summer. I will try to live right and study hard at my lessons while I am here. JOHNNY W. MONAGUE.

From an 18-year old Ottawa.

Dear father: I am writing to you to let you know that I am quite well. I was very sorry to hear that Mary had a sour leg. I hope she is getting better. I can read Indian letter just as well as English letter, so you can write to me in Indian if you like. I am at school half day and work half day at my trade shoemaking. I am in upper third class at present. Everything is going on well in the Shingwauk Except P— is in the jail yet—Shingwauk jail, and I am the jailer. I will not tell you what he done as you know all about it. I must now close my letter. I am, your dear son, MATTHEW SAMPSON.

From a 17-year old Ojibway.

Dear Cousin: I now write a few lines to you this morning. We are all well so I hope you are the same. It is a very nice place here. We have now a very level ground for playing base-ball on. It was levelled this summer. We going to play in the Sault Ste. Marie base-ball on Saturday afternoon against with the white people. I hope we will beat them. And also we have a good brass band here, and 11 is in the band, and we have a band stand near the play-ground. We had Chief Brant hear at the opening. He give us a speech telling us to study hard while we have the chance.

Good by to you, I am,

JOHN SOLOMON.

WASHAKADA HOME, ELKHORN, Oct. 2, 1889.

DEAR REV. E. F. WILSON,—I hope you are all quite well. I have a Good times in the school. Boys and we all time racing and jumping, and one of the girls are sick, and she got up at first of Oct., and Governor-General past first of Oct. at ten clock in the morning. I am trying to get along in the school, and three boys ran away to Bearlah. We going to have thanksgiving day on Sunday. I am in hurry to get down for Breakfast, and I am quite well at present time, and I hope that God Will Bless us in our daily lives, and I must close my letter. I send my Love to all. I am you truly friend, THOMAS CROMARTY.

The Negwenang Mission,

UNDER THE CARE OF THE REV. R. RENISON.

THIS Indian Mission on Lake Neepigon, claims a peculiar interest from the circumstances of its establishment. In the summer of 1878 Bishop Fauquier and the Rev. E. F. Wilson penetrated as far as the shores of Lake Neepigon, nearly 100 miles north of Lake Superior. They were eagerly met by the chief, from whom they heard the following account: "About 30 years previously all the Indian chiefs were summoned to the Sault Ste. Marie, to meet the great white chief, Sir John Robinson, about a treaty for their lands. While at the Sault a promise was made to chief Muhnedoshans that an English teacher should be sent to Lake Neepigon; year after year they had waited and no one came, and Muhnedoshans died a pagan, but like Simeon of old 'still waiting for the consolation.' His dying words to his son were: 'when an English teacher did come they were to receive him, listen to him, and ask him to establish a mission among them.' The long-looked-for blessing came at last, and the



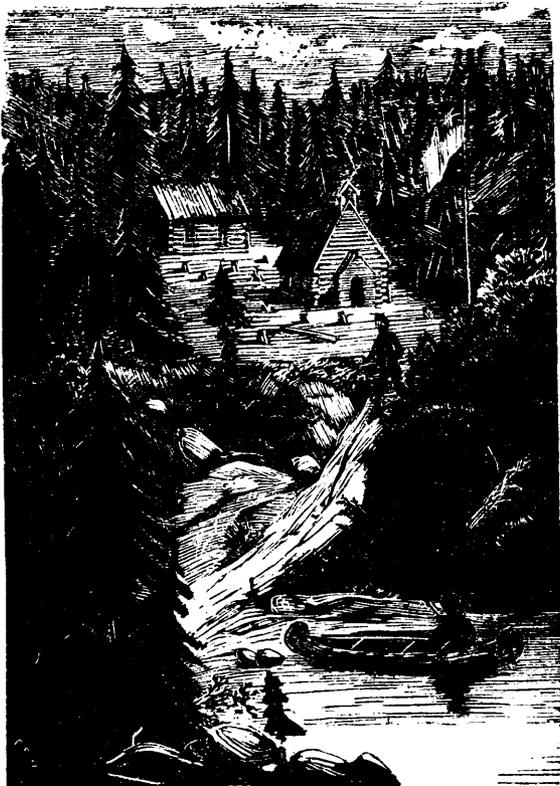
INDIAN CAMP AT NEEPIGON.

Bishop and Mr. Wilson found an open door and a prepared people, who believed the Great Spirit had sent them. They were eager listeners to the first sound of the Gospel message now preached to them. On Mr. Wilson's return to the Sault he was accompanied by a grandson of the old chief, whose father was desirous he should be instructed, and in time return to them as a teacher. The boy was good and gentle, and learnt very quickly. About three months after his admission to the Shingwauk Home, he was baptized by the name of Frederick, the Bishop standing godfather. Even at that time he had a fair knowledge of scripture, and gave evidence that he was taught by the Holy Spirit, and had learned to love his Saviour. Rapid consumption soon developed itself and proved fatal, after a short illness. The Indian boy Frederick sleeps in the picturesque little cemetery of the Home, very near the tomb of Bishop Fauquier, one of the many sheafs harvested by the earnest labours of the first Bishop of Algoma. Not unnaturally, the Indians dreaded sending other boys to the Home, and again urged the establishment of a mission among themselves; a teacher was sent to them, and a missionary visited them as often as possible. A site for church and school was chosen,

and in August, 1879, the mission was fairly begun." Let us pass on from 1879 to June 1886, and quote from notes—of a visit from Algoma's second Bishop and Mrs. Sullivan. "Sunday, June 20th, was a day of deep and solemn interest. The bell of the little Mission Church rang at 10 o'clock, the Indians took their places very quietly and reverently. The Bishop read the service in Indian and then preached, Mr. Renison interpreting. All the adults but two remained to the Holy Communion, and never did the words—'In remembrance that Christ died for thee,' sound so world-embracing as when I saw one dark hand after another put forth to receive the outward and visible sign of the Bread of Life. After service I noticed the people still standing about the Church; on enquiring why they did not go home to dinner, was told that they had no dinners to go home to—there was not a fish in the village; again, as often before, they had to fall back upon the mission stores.

"Presently two Indians emerged from the Mission House, bearing an immense dish, with tea, pork, flour, etc., enough for present need. In the afternoon, Sunday School was held, the children showed remarkable proficiency, considering the time they had been under instruction. At 4 p.m., a second service was held, marked by the same earnest attention. In the evening, one of the Indians, deputed by the others, came to the Bishop's tent to ask the 'Big Black Coat' if it would be wrong for them to take up their nets over night, would the Great Spirit be angry? The Bishop replied, 'if they had food enough it would not be right, but the Great Spirit did not wish His children to be hungry on His Holy day, therefore they might go and take up nets.' Very soon the canoes were seen gliding towards the fishing stations."

An interval of eighteen months brings us to Christmas, 1887. We quote from the letter of the Rev. R. Renison, the devoted and indefatigable missionary, at Negwenenang. He writes: "I have never seen any little flock more zealous about their church than these poor Indians. We had a service on Christmas eve and on Christmas day; the services were very hearty. The children sang the 'Te Deum' in English, and 'Happy Day.' After the communion, the offerings laid upon the table, in money and furs, amounted to \$15, and this from these poor people who cannot afford such common articles of food as flour and pork; some gave not a tenth only, but literally all they had. One Indian who had neither tea for his family or twine sufficient to set his net for two months previous, had kept



THE FIRST MISSION BUILDINGS AT NEEPIGON.

a new dollar bill, his only one, and gave it willingly to the Lord. One woman, who had nothing to give, begged Mrs. Renison to give her 75 cents, which she would repay in work; a few days after, her husband brought a beaver skin worth about \$2,00, saying 'the old woman's offering was not enough, you will find a beaver's skin upon the Holy Table, I have given it to the Lord.'" Mr. Renison describes the little church as in a very delapidated condition. "The winds blow through the walls, the snow melts through the ceiling, the large box stove is broken. Sunday, January 8th, the church was so bitterly cold several had to leave during the service, their hands, feet and ears being nearly frozen; I gathered the rest around the stove and in the evening held the service in our own dining room."

February 27th, Mr. Renison writes of a sad event, which yet had a silver lining, in the bright testimony of the young Indian's dying words. "John Mishael had, from the commencement of the mission, given his heart to God, and lived a holy and consistent life. In his first prayer, with the simplicity of a child, he asked God to "write his name in the Book of Life." January 12th, he and some others left the mission on a hunting expedition. While cutting a tree, his axe slipped and cut his leg. At first the wound seemed trifling, but soon a vein gave way, and he bled to death. Some of his last words were, "I am not afraid to die, my sins are all forgiven; if one of my sins were not pardoned I would be afraid;" he sent a message to the Indians to prepare to meet him, he could not come back to them; he bid them love the school, the prayers, the minister, "don't speak evil of one another; good-bye father, mother, don't cry, I have already seen the Heavenly City, I am about to enter now." And so he passed away. Thus, after long waiting, salvation *had* come to these forest children. Had it come earlier how many such might have been gathered in.

EDITOR'S NOTE :—It will be remembered that in our last number we mentioned the sad burning of Mr. Renison's new Mission House. The new church is now nearly completed.

ONE of our girls was punished by being placed on a very elevated seat on the top of the table, from which pinnacle she could be seen by everybody. On being asked if she wouldn't be ashamed if visitors happened to come in, she replied, "Oh no, they will only see a high-toned Indian.—*Pipe of Peace.*"

What Bishop Whipple Says.

OUR Indian wars are needless and wicked. The North American Indian is the noblest type of a heathen man on the earth. He recognizes a Great Spirit; he believes in immortality; he has a quick intellect; he is a clear thinker, he is brave and fearless, and, until betrayed, he is true to his plighted faith; he has a passionate love for his children, and counts it joy to die for his people. Our most terrible wars have been with the most noble types of the Indians, and with men who had been the white man's friend. Nicolet said the Sioux were the finest type of wild men he had ever seen. Old traders say that it used to be the boast of the Sioux that they had never taken the life of a white man.—*Century of Dishonor.*

MY WIFE AND I.

A LITTLE JOURNEY AMONG THE INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued).

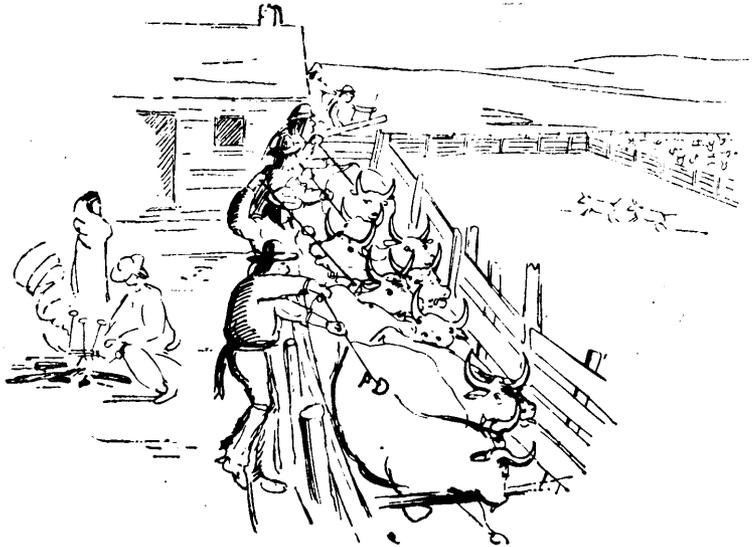
FROM Mr. Macpherson, the agent, I ascertained that there were 2,200 Cheyennes on the reserve, and 1200 Arapahoes. They own four and a quarter million acres of land, of which about 5000 acres are now under cultivation. Last year they raised 50,000 bushels of corn, 3,000 bushels of oats, 1,500 bushels of wheat. They receive an annuity of \$30,000 per annum in consideration of lands ceded; this sum is divided up and paid to the heads of families. It is only four years since these people have settled down to an agricultural life, and they have five farm instructors who teach and help them. The Arapahoes have been settled down longer than the Cheyennes, but the Cheyennes are improving the fastest. The people still wear blankets and moccasins, but the men seem all to have adopted American-made trousers in the place of leggings and bare thighs. A good many of them were weaving hats. Most of them had long black hair plaited on either side of the face. The blankets of the men and dresses of the women were generally of a dark color, often a dark blue-black with a white stripe or edge, but some of them wore scarlet or other bright colors. We noticed that notwithstanding the cold weather, a good many of the men had nothing but a white sheet wrapped about their shoulders. This, we were told, was with them a very favorite dress; and we ascertained that they were worn mainly by parents who had children being edu-

cated at the government schools, that the sheets were brought to them by the pupils as little mementoes of their school life; and we learned also that the matrons at these schools were in a constant state of distraction on account of the disappearance of those articles from the children's beds.

The Indian women admired my wife's mousey-brown cloak; they patted and stroked it, and appeared quite willing to 'swop' with her for some of their own clothing, but no bargain was concluded. About thirty native police are employed by the agent to keep order on the Reserve. They receive from \$8 to \$10 a month, and a uniform coat with metal buttons, and have the word POLICE in English on the front of their hats. The In-

dian police make no trouble about arresting an offender, whether he be an Indian or a White man; they are armed with revolvers and Winchesters, and if the culprit resists arrest, he is apt to be knocked down by the policeman with the stock of his gun. The native police are very useful in getting the children to school, and obliging them to come back after a holiday, if they shew any inclination to remain away.

We kept our appointment with Mr. Manley, and paid another visit to the Cheyenne school. Mr. Manley very kindly gave up his bedroom to us, as his wife was away. A number of boys and girls were on the school steps when we arrived, and helped to carry up our things. At 7 o'clock they all assembled in the school-room, and I addressed them, read the letter from my Ojibway pupils, and showed them my sketches and photographs. The pupils repeated the Lord's Prayer and the 23rd Psalm in English, and sang several hymns. They were dismissed with a lively tune on the piano, accompanied by the triangle, just as at the Arapahoe school. I had told the pupils that I had already four Indian names, and some of the boys thought they would give me another, so they conferred on me the euphonious title of *Dosimiats*, that being the Cheyenne rendering of 'Long Beard.' The pupils had all had English names given them, although they were still heathen. Among them were John Bull, Tom Blue, and Gipsy Bell. In their studies they were taken as far as English grammar and vulgar fractions. Mr. Manley spoke strongly of the importance of combining religious instruction with secular teaching. At some of the schools



BRANDING CATTLE.

he said, religion is entirely ignored; men are placed at the head of them who have no care for religion; one school even has an infidel at its head.

CHAPTER XI.—BRANDING AND SHOOTING.

I had never seen cattle branded, and Mr. Macpherson said that he was expecting his meat contractors to deliver him 400 head of cattle—all of which would be weighed and branded; so on Tuesday morning I drove out with Mr. M—— to the scene of action, about three miles from the agency.

The Indians of this agency, in addition to what they may make by farming, receive a dole of meat, flour and groceries from the Government. One ox, weighing 800 or 900 lbs. live weight, is issued to every fifty individuals every second week, and they shoot it, cut it up, and consume it.

As we drove along in Mr. Macpherson's waggonette with two well-groomed, lively horses, we kept passing little groups of Indians—some on foot, some in waggonettes, but most of them riding on ponies, and all going the same way as we were. The country around the agency is all prairie land. The agency itself, although rejoicing in the rather pretentious name of Darlington, is a mere hamlet, consisting of a dozen or so frame buildings and a big red brick place where the rations are kept, and whence they are issued bi-weekly to the Indians. The only other large building in the village is the Arapahoe school. The Indians on the road looked very picturesque in their various-colored costumes, and riding their brown, bay, white, chestnut,

cream-colored and piebald ponies. Cream-colored, by-the-by, is called 'buck-skin' in this country, and it certainly is about the same color as newly tanned buck-skin. All the Indians had Mexican saddles on their ponies, with high pommel in front, and big wooden stirrups, and each carried a lasso.

There was quite a little crowd gathered at the branding place when we arrived. The little log house which we entered contained a Fairbanks' scales, and had a log fireplace on one side. Outside was the platform scale on which the cattle would stand to be weighed, ten or eleven of them at a time. A long, narrow drive, about four feet wide, led up to the scale, the other end of it opening into the enclosure where the cattle were penned. After being weighed they would be introduced into a narrow shoot not more than two and a-half feet wide where they would be branded, and then they would be let out into another enclosure.

A couple of Indians drove up with a load of wood and proceeded to make a fire close to the shoot; then they took down their branding irons from the waggon and put them in the fire to heat. There were twelve of these irons, the handles three feet long, and the stamp (which was I. D., Indian Department) about six inches square. While the irons were heating I went to look around. There were two large pens, each about a hundred yards square, one of them full of cattle, the other one empty, ready to receive the animals after they were branded. The fences round the pens were nailed, with six horizontal boards, and were about six feet high. I climbed up on one of them to look at the cattle. Most of them were Texans with long spreading horns, but a little of the Durham blood had been introduced among them. In color, they were chiefly buff-colored, also brown, white, black, and spotted. They were all fresh from the ranch and very wild. No one would dare go in among them on foot. And now the Irons were ready; the Indian agent, the captain from the Fort, and the beef contractor had taken their places at the scales, with note-books in their hands. Two cowboys on horseback, with their wide brimmed hats and their Mexican saddles and whips, trotted round to the entrance gate of the pen and rode into the middle of the herd. Separating about a hundred from the rest, they drove them into the narrow passage leading to the scales and closed a gate upon them. This passage was about two hundred yards long and five wide, and had a bend in it. One of the horsemen remained in the large pen, the other one worked his way through the crowd of frightened cattle in the narrow passage till he got nearly

to the end, then he separated ten of the foremost ones, got them in front of his horse, and, shaking some stones in an empty lobster-can for a rattle, and shouting at the top of his voice, he rushed them up full pelt till they came to a sudden halt, all in a heap, right on the platform scale. Two men were there standing on the outside ready to thrust a wooden bar behind the tail of the last victim that entered and so prevent their egress, and another man was overhead with a stick ready to beat them into subjection and prevent them from injuring each other by overcrowding,

Then we heard the click of the weights as they were adjusted inside the little house, and then the words eight-two-fifty, and the agent and the contractor each entered in his note-book the figures 8250 as the live weight of the first batch of ten cattle. As soon as they were weighed, wooden bars were removed from the opposite end of the scale to that by which they had entered. Sticks were brought into play, tails twisted, and the poor creatures made a rush for liberty into the narrow two and a-half-foot-wide shoot; but this was a trap, they could go no further, there was a dead block; some were down on their knees, some right down under the others; one had his leg through the wooden bars; another, his long horn caught between two boards and his neck twisted so that he could not move; another was making a deliberate attempt to turn and go back, got half round and then stuck hopelessly. Then all at once down came half-a-dozen red-hot irons on their backs, and the poor things scinged and shook, and heaved and jerked, but could not get away, and there went up a curling blue smoke to heaven, and there was a strong odor of singed hair and burnt skin; and then their tormentors rubbed the brand mark with a flat stick to see if the burn was deep enough, and if it was not they burned it again. "It ought to look just like sole leather," said one, "if it looks that way why then its all right."

I was surprised that there was no lowing or bellowing. Scarcely a sound came from any of the herd either before, during, or after the operation.

As soon as the first lot was branded, a bar was removed in front of the first one, sticks were used again and tails twisted, and the poor creatures were freed from their most uncomfortable positions into which they had been forced in the shoot, and bounded off, their tails in the air, into the less confined area of an open pen.

They were all kept in this pen until the whole operation was concluded, and then they were driven off by the Indians to an immense pasture about twenty-five

miles long, enclosed by four strands of barbed-wire fencing.

It took from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. to get through with the branding. In the afternoon we went to see the stores issued. The building for this purpose was a large brick one, the upper flat being occupied by the Indian Department offices, and the lower part used as a storehouse. There was quite a crowd of women and children outside, clad in their scarlet or white blankets, and many-colored shawls; they had all brought bags into which to put their supplies. They went in at one door, passed along a narrow passage, received what they wanted, and out again at another. There was one great bin full of flour, another full of white beans, another full of coffee, and another full of salt. There was also a wide dresser covered with sides of bacon, and scales to weigh it with.

We wanted to see how the beef was killed. The regular beef issue would not be till the next week, but Mr. Macpherson said he would have a beast killed for our special benefit. So we drove out with him on the prairie to where the cattle were feeding; a number of Indians on their ponies assembled, and one of them, an old man named "Sleeping Wolf" was deputed to perform the operation. "Sleeping Wolf" was a particularly ugly old man with a pock-marked face, a big nose and small piggy eyes. He had on a grey shirt, blue army trousers, moccasins, and a buffalo robe over his shoulders, two long plaits of black hair fell one on each side of his face, and another down his back; he rode a ridiculous-looking little cream-colored pony with dark mane and tail; and he was armed with a Remington rifle. At a little distance from us, a long-horned, buff-colored Texan ox was quietly grazing together with several other cattle, wholly unconscious of the fate which was soon to befall it. The word was given, and "Sleeping Wolf" cocked his gun, whipped up his pony and started for the fray. The ox raised its head, sniffed the air, looked for a moment at the ugly Indian, and then bounded off at a brisk trot. That ox was too much for the little cream-colored pony; he soon distanced him, and the space gradually widened between the pursued and the pursuer. Other Indians were following in the wake of "Sleeping Wolf," and, seeing how things were going, one of them leaped from his pony—a Roman-nose piebald—and handed its rein to "Sleeping Wolf." The Roman-nosed piebald was a better chaser than the little cream-color, and, with this new mount, "Sleeping Wolf" was soon head to head with his victim, and delivered a bullet in its side. The animal



SHOOTING BEEF.

staggered, but still kept bravely on, and seemed about to distance once more its ugly pursuer; but he came up with it again, and his next bullet evidently struck the poor creature's heart, for it came to a sudden halt, sank upon its knees, and in a few seconds more rolled over on the prairie. In a moment the Indians were all around it like hungry wolves, leaped from their ponies, sharpened up their knives, and set to work skinning it and cutting it up. In fifteen minutes more it was all over, joints of beef were hung to their saddles, and offal and entrails tied up in their blankets—not one morsel of that buff-colored Texan ox was left on the field, only a little red pool of blood. I made two sketches—one of the shooting, and another of the Indians cutting up the meat.

There was a prairie dog town close to the agency. The little prairie dogs come up out of their holes, and sit up and bark at the passers by, and then skip in again out of sight. These prairie dogs always have prairie owls as their friends and companions; and there are generally also rattlesnakes. The rattlesnakes are not exactly friends, as they eat the prairie dogs. A boy at the Mennonite school was, not long ago, killed by a rattlesnake. The snake was in a hay-stack close to the school, and the boy did not see it until it struck him. The child lived in great agony for forty-eight hours, and then died. Some of the other boys killed the snake, and Mr. Voth still preserves its rattle.

We had now completed our visit to the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians, and it was time to return to Oklahoma, whence we would again take the train northward.

The road had dried up and was better on the return journey, so we got along faster.

We reached Oklahoma at 8 p.m. We would not go to the shanty again, but remained in the station till the train came at 9.

Our next destination was Ponca.

(To be continued).

Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society.**1—WHY NEEDED.**

Because at present no such society exists; because it is desirable that Indian relics, traditions, folklore, etc., be collected and preserved, while yet it is possible to gather them; because the Indians are "the wards of the nation," and it is the duty of the Canadian people to take a kindly interest in their welfare; because all efforts made hitherto for the benefit of the Indians have been isolated in their character—each church working on its own lines and the Indian Department on its line, and the general public knows but little either of what the churches or the Government is doing; because our neighbors in the States have two or three well-organized societies, having the above objects in view, already successfully in operation, and we in Canada have none

2—PROPOSED PLAN.

(a) The society to consist of a President, Vice-President, Council of not less than ten persons, Secretary, Treasurer and members.

(b) A monthly journal or periodical to be published under the auspices of the society; the journal to give general information of missions and educational work among the Indians (irrespective of denomination) and also to have papers of an ethnological, philological and archæological character.

(c) Members to pay an annual fee of two dollars, payable in advance on the first of January in each year, and to be entitled to one copy each of the monthly journal.

(d) An annual meeting of the society, of which notice shall be given by the Secretary, to be held at such time and place as the Council shall appoint.

3—AIM AND OBJECT.

To bring the cause of the Indians more prominently before the Canadian public, the Christian churches working hand in hand together, hearing about (through the journal and meetings) and taking an interest in each other's work. Each church can still follow its own lines in caring for its own church members among the Indians and educating their children; but it is believed that great benefit will accrue from this united effort, at which the proposed society aims, and that it will become a power for good (as have similar societies in the States) in restraining injustice and improving the condition of the Indians, and will lead to a deeper and more earnest interest in their welfare.

Any archæological specimens collected by the mem-

bers of the society will be deposited with the Canadian Institute, Toronto.

The following persons have subscribed their names to become members of the society so soon as it is set on foot, provided it is conducted on the lines and in the spirit herewith set forth:—

SIR DANIEL WILSON University of Toronto.
 HON. G. W. ALLAN Speaker of the Senate.
 CHARLES CARPMAEL Observatory, Toronto.
 PROF. WM. MACLAREN Knox College, Toronto.
 PROF. J. GALBRAITH School of Practical Science.
 DR. W. H. ELLIS " " "
 PROVOST BODY Trinity College, Toronto.
 PROF. JONES Dean of Trinity College, Toronto.
 REV. J. D. CAYLEY, M.A. St. George's Rectory.
 DAVID BOYLE Canadian Institute.
 T. B. BROWNING Vice-President Canadian Institute.
 REV. JOHN POTTS, D.D. Toronto.
 REV. A. SUTHERLAND Methodist Mission Rooms, Toronto.
 REV. GEO. M. GRANT, D.D. Queen's University, Kingston.
 JAMES BAIN, JR. Chief Librarian, Public Library.
 HORATIO HALE Clinton, Ontario.
 REV. EDWARD F. WILSON Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario.
 C. H. HIRSCHFELDER American Vice-Consul, Toronto.
 N. W. HOYLES Toronto.
 A. F. CHAMBERLAIN Canadian Institute.
 J. C. HAMILTON Barrister. Barrister.
 P. DUMOULIN Bank of Montreal, Toronto.
 OJJJATEKHA (Mohawk) Toronto.

"I cordially endorse Mr. Wilson's scheme for the formation of an Indian Research and Aid Society."—ARTHUR TORONTO.

"Though my engagements do not allow me to become a member of the Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society, I have no doubt but its objects are desirable, and it has my good wishes for its success."—GOLDWIN SMITH.

A Meeting will be called for the Election of President and Officers as soon as a goodly number of members have enrolled their names. Those who canvas for members will please, after getting as many names as possible, forward this paper either to the Rev. E. F. WILSON, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., or to DAVID BOYLE, Canadian Institute, Toronto.

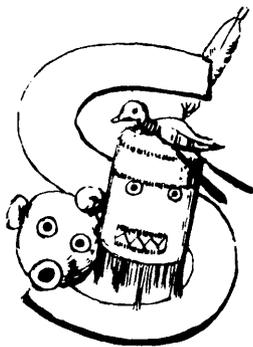
A Very Old Kettle.

THERE are many theories as to the origin of the Indian race in America, but nothing but speculation can be given on this subject. But we believe there must have been people living in this country before those tribes who were driven out by the Ottawas and Chippewas, who were much more advanced in art and in civilization, for many evidences of their work have been discovered. About two hundred and fifty years ago, We-me-gen-de-bay, one of our noted chiefs, discovered while hunting in the wilderness a great copper kettle, which was partly in the ground. The roots of trees had grown around it and over it, and

when it was taken up it appeared as if it had never been used, but seemed to be just as it came from the maker, as there was yet a round bright spot in the centre of the bottom of it. This kettle was large enough to cook a whole deer or bear in it. For a long time the Indians kept it as a sacred relic. They did not keep it near their premises, but securely hidden in a place most unfrequented by any human being. They did not use it for anything except for great feasts. Their idea with regard to this kettle was that it was made by some deity who presided over the country where it was found, and that the copper mine must be very close by where the kettle was discovered. One peculiarity of its manufacture was that it had no iron rim around it, nor bail for hanging while in use, as kettles are usually made, but the edge of the upper part was much thicker than the rest and was turned out square about three-fourths of an inch, as if made to rest on some support while in use. When the Indians came to be civilized in Grand Traverse country, they began to use this "Manitou-au-kick?" as they called it, in common to boil the sugar sap in it, instead of cooking bear for the feast. And while I was yet in the government blacksmith shop at the Old Mission in Grand Traverse, they brought this magical kettle to our shop with an order to put an iron rim and bail on it so that it could be hanged in boiling sugar, and I did the work of fixing the kettle according to the order.

BLACKBIRD.

Kind Testimony.



PEAKING of "Our Forest Children," Mr. A. F. Chamberlain, of the Canadian Institute, writes:—

"All students of the American Indian and all friends of the race, could not do better than become subscribers to 'Our Forest Children,' published by Rev. E. F. Wilson,

at Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. This magazine differs from almost all publications devoted to the interests of the Indian in that it brings the reader into direct contact with the red race. Moreover the pages are not filled with the discussion of political and metaphysical topics entirely foreign to the Indian mind; but with just such subjects and sketches as go right home to the red man, and such as he can read and appreciate. The contributions of Rev. Mr. Wilson himself are of great value

ethnologically, and add not a little to the general interest of the magazine."

Dr. Franz Boas, of Clark University, Worcester, Massachusetts, writes:—

"I believe the principles which you apply for the purpose of elevating the Indians as a race, morally and socially, are certainly about the only ones that promise success, as all endeavors to influence grown-up people, to tear them from their old-accustomed associations, are almost sure to fail. Therefore I heartily wish that your periodical, 'Our Forest Children,' may be successful in its object to interest the public in your endeavors. The contents of your paper are highly interesting, and the terse descriptions of Indian tribes and of Indian life make it as well of value to scientists, as they help to give the reader an adequate idea of the magnitude of the philanthropic work you have undertaken."

WITH our next number we will commence a series of letters from "Barbara Birchbark" to our young Sunday School helpers.

Clothing for Our Indian Homes.

NOVEMBER.

- FROM the Lennoxville Branch W. A., per Miss I. Roe, a barrel containing an outfit for Caroline Anthony, also a few articles for boys.
- From the Ladies' Aid Society, Niagara Falls South, per Mrs. Bull, a bale containing two quilts, girls' and boys' clothing, 12 yds. factory, and some Xmas presents from Children's Guild.
- From Mrs. Clench's Sewing Class, St. Catharines, a parcel containing a quilt, dress, underwear, etc.
- From the St. Paul's Branch of the W. A., Quebec, per Miss Taylor, a barrel containing boys' and girls' clothing.
- From the "King's Daughters," Quebec, per Miss Fry, a box containing clothing for boys and girls.
- Express parcel containing new outfit for Indian girl, from "Girls' Friendly Aid Society," per Rev. R. Lindsay, Montreal.
- From W. A., Trinity Church, Quebec, per Mrs. Copeman, a box of clothing for boys and girls, also a large supply of hats.
- A bale sent by Mrs. Tippet, with contributions from the following friends:—Mrs. Beek, Miss Gregory, Mrs. Thompson.
- From the Havelock Branch of the W. A., per Mrs. Bustard, a box of clothing for boys and girls, also three nice warm quilts.
- From Deer Park, express parcel containing new outfit for Indian girl.

Receipts—O.I.H.

FROM NOV. 2, TO DEC. 9, 1889.

St. George's S. S., Owen Sound, for girl, \$15.60; St. Paul's Miss. Society, Halifax, for boy, \$37.50; St. Paul's Miss. Society, Halifax, for girl, \$37.50; St. Paul's Miss. Society, Halifax, for Shingwauk building, \$33.88; Lindsay S. S., \$9.79; St. George W. A., \$7.78; St. George Dio. Board W. A., \$17.22; Mission Band, Parkdale, \$12.00 (for Wawanosh); (for Shingwauk), Lindsay S. S., \$9.79; Parkdale Miss. Band, \$12.00; Weston S. S., \$10.98; St. Mark's, Parkdale, for boy, \$9.00; St. John's, London Tp., \$14.53; Miss Sterns, \$10.00; Digby S. S., Nova Scotia, \$5.00; St. Luke's, Halifax, for girl, \$34.00; St. Matthew's Quebec, for boy, \$50; St. Peter's M. G., Sherbrooke,

for girl, \$18.75; St. James' S.S., Wilmot, \$5.27; St. George's, New Hamburg, \$5.55; St. James' S.S., Perth, for boy, \$37.50; W.A.M.A., Sarnia, \$10.00; W.A.M.A., St. Jude's, Brantford, \$10.00; Trinity Church S.S., Halifax, \$2.47; A special Thank-offering from "M.," \$5.00; S.S. Wingham, \$5.35; Christ Ch. S.S., New Liverpool, \$6.00; Port Rowan, Ont., and Market Rasin, England, for boy, \$20.00; J. Noale, Newboro, \$5.00; Mrs. B. Lett, Newboro, \$5.00; Evangelical Churchman, for boy, \$75.00; Trinity S.S., St. Thomas, \$6.25; St. Paul's S.S., Uxbridge, \$9.37; Miss G. Elliott, Newboro, \$3.50; All Saints' S.S., Windsor, for boy, \$10.00; G. H. Rowsell, for boy, \$37.50; Church Redeemer S.S., Toronto, for boy, \$18.75; Miss K. Hackett, \$5.00; S.S. Coll., Stanstead, P.Q., \$4.51; St. George's S.S., Kingston, for girl, \$12.50; Mrs. Forbes, Liverpool, N.S., for girl, \$34.00; Strathroy, S.S., Ont., \$6.25.

Receipts—O.F.C.

NOVEMBER, 9TH, 1889.

Dr. McMurray, 50c.; Miss Sterns, 50c.; H. N. Wilson, \$1; Mrs. Munro, \$1; W. Crawford, \$1; S. Fox, 50c.; T. Fox, 10c.; Mrs. Fellowes, \$2; Miss McLeod, 50c.; Mrs. Robinson, 50c.; D. Macgregor, \$1; J. B. Lash, \$1; Rev. P. L. Spencer, \$1; Miss T. Moore, 50c.; Miss E. Wood, \$5; Miss T. A. Tisdale, 50c.; Miss Prichard, 75c.; Rev. D. D. Kirkley, 25c.; Rev. R. Huntingdon, \$1; Rev. V. Rowe, 50c.; Miss Eppis, 50c.; Selby Gillum, 50c.; Mrs. J. T. Stokes, 50c.; Rev. Francis Willis, jr., 50c.; J. M. Bukheart, 50c.; Rev. John Kemp, 50c.

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A. S. GATCHETT, in the *American Antiquarian*, says:—"OUR FOREST CHILDREN' is in quarto and contains illustrations, some of a burlesque kind. It is edited on sound principles, as it introduces the readers into the real condition and peculiarities of the Indians, which must be understood by the educators thoroughly before they can think of educating or improving their cinnamon-colored pupils. Mr. Wilson presents to his readers travels among the Indians, ethnographic and even linguistic articles, interesting correspondence and other sound reading matter."

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