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Vol. III, No. 9.]

SHINGWAUK HOME, DECEMBER, 1889.

[NEW SERIES, No. 7.

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Edited by Rev. E. F. Wilson.

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was winter, and we had to cross a big lake on the ice. There was an elk's horn sticking out of the ice. A squaw went and struck the horn with an axe. The elk raised himself from the ice and shook his head. The people were all frightened and ran away. Those that ran toward the north became the Chipewyans, and we who ran toward the south are the 'Soténnâ' or 'Sarcees.'

'The Chipewyans,' said 'Bull's Head,' 'speak our language. It is twenty years since I saw a Chipewyan. We call them 'Tcohtin.' They live up north, beyond the Big River' (probably the Peace River).

'There was a time,' said 'Bull's Head,' 'when there were no lakes. The lakes and rivers were occasioned by the bursting of the belly of the buffalo. It was when the belly of the buffalo burst that the people divided; some went to the north and some to the south. For years and years I have been told that the Creator made all people, and I believe it. I have heard my mother and other old people speak of the days when there were no guns and no horses, when our people had only arrows, and had to hunt the buffalo on foot; that must have been a very long time ago.'

The Sarcees have a tradition similar to that of the Blackfeet about men and women being first made separately, and then being brought together through the action of the mythical being 'Napiw.'

They have also a tradition of the flood, which accords in its main features with that of the Ojibways, Crees, and other Canadian tribes. They say that when the world was flooded there were only one man and one woman left, and these two saved themselves on a raft, on which they also collected animals and birds of all sorts. The man sent a beaver down to dive and it brought up a little mud from the bottom, and this the man moulded in his hands to form a new world. At first the world was so small that a little bird could walk round it, but it kept getting bigger and bigger. 'First,' said the narrator, 'our father took up his abode on it, then there were men, then women, then animals, then birds. Our father then created the rivers, the mountains, the trees, and all the things as we now see them.'

It seems dubious whether the Sarcees are sun-worshippers; but, like the Blackfeet, they call the sun 'our father,' and the earth 'our mother.' They also engage each summer in the 'sun dance.' They depend also for guidance in their actions on signs in the sky and on dreams. They think they know when there is going to be a fight by the appearance of the moon.

The Sarcee Indians are at present all pagans; they appear to have no liking for the white people, and the

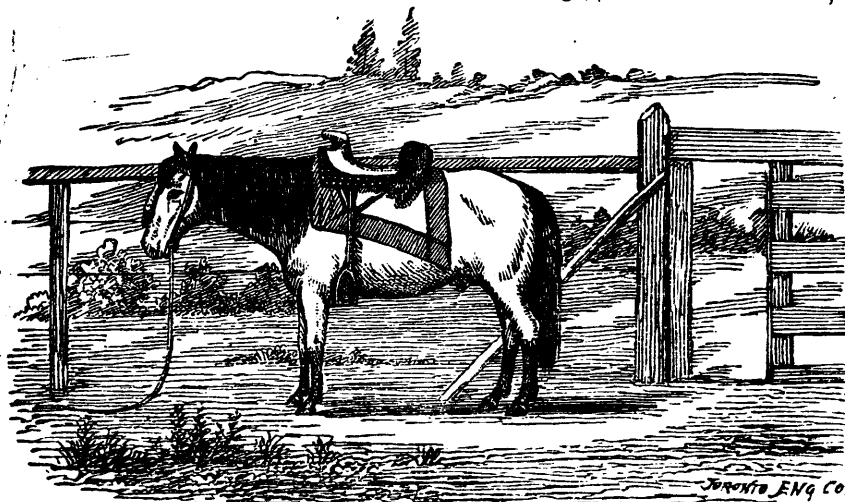
white people seem to have little liking for them, and would gladly deprive them of their lands and drive them away farther into the wilderness, were they permitted to do so. But the paternal Government, as represented by the Indian Department, takes care that they are not imposed upon. There is an Indian Agent stationed on their reserve, who twice a week doles out to them the Government rations, consisting of excellent fresh beef and good flour; and there is also a farm instructor, who has charge of the farming stock and implements, and does what he can to induce these warriors and hunters to farm.

They have also residing among them a missionary of the Church of England, who visits them in their teepees, and does his best to collect their little blanket children to school, giving two Government biscuits to each scholar as a reward for attendance. But the people are evidently averse to all these things, which are being done for their good. Their only idea of the white man seems to be that of a trespassing individual, who has more in his possession than he knows what to do with, and may therefore fairly be preyed upon.

The dress of these people consists, as with other wild Indians, of a breech-clout, a pair of blanket leggings, beaded moccasins, and a blanket thrown loosely, but gracefully, over one or both shoulders. They wear their long black hair in plaits, hanging vertically, one plait on each side of the face, and one or more at the back. Some of them knot their hair on the top of the head; and some, I noticed, wore a colored handkerchief folded and tied round the temples. This, I believe, is one distinguishing mark of the Navajo Indians in New Mexico. Very often the leggings and moccasins are dispensed with, and the man appears to have nothing on except his grey, white or coloured blanket. The women wear an ordinary woman's dress of rough make and material, and short in the skirt, next to the skin, leggings and moccasins, and a blanket round the shoulders. Ornaments are worn by both sexes, but chiefly by the men. They consist of brooches and earrings of steel, necklaces and bracelets made of bright-colored beads, bones, claws, teeth, and brass wire; and finger-rings, also of brass wire, coiled ten or twelve times, and covering the lower joint of the finger. Every finger of each hand is sometimes covered with these rings. Both men and women paint the upper part of the face with ochre or vermilion. The people live in 'teepees'—conical-shaped lodges, made of poles covered with tent cotton, in the summer, and in low log huts, plastered over with mud, in winter. They depend

for their subsistence almost entirely on the rations supplied by Government. They keep numbers of ponies, but seem to make little use of them beyond riding about. They keep no cattle or animals of any kind beyond their ponies and dogs. The latter are savage,

in his left hand, an arrow in his right; the other one has only an arrow. The play is to roll the wheel and deliver the two arrows simultaneously, all aiming at the mark which has been set up. If the wheel falls over on one of the arrows, it counts so many points, accord-



SARCEE PONY.

ing to the number of beads on the wire spoke of the wheel that touches the arrow. Nothing is counted unless the little wheel falls on one of the arrows. The articles for which they play are valued at so many points each. A blanket is worth, perhaps, ten points, a pony fifty, and so on.

Another method by which these people gamble is as follows: Two men squat side by side on the ground, with a blanket over their knees, and they have some small article, such as two or three brass beads

and are said to be descendants of the wolf and the coyote, with which animals they still often breed. They seem to have no manufactures; they make no canoes, baskets, etc., but they know how to prepare the hides and skins of the animals they kill, and they make their own clothing, saddles, bows and arrows, and moccasins. Some of the women do very excellent bead-work. Bridles they do not use; a rope or thong fastened to the pony's lower jaw takes the place of a bridle; their whips are a short stout stick, studded with brass nails, and provided with two leathern thongs as lashes at one end, and a loop for the wrist at the other. Their bows are of cherry-wood, strung with a leathern thong, and their arrows of the Saskatoon willow, winged with feathers, and pointed with scrap-iron, filed to a sharp point. The shaft of the arrow has four shallow grooves down its entire length.

The Sarcees, like most other wild Indians, are inveterate gamblers. They will gamble everything away—ponies, teepees, blankets, leggings, moccasins—till they have nothing left but their breech-clout. Among other things, they use a little hoop or wheel for gambling purposes. A little piece of board, if procurable, or two or three flattened sticks, laid one on the other, are put for a target, at a distance of eighteen or twenty feet from the starting point, and the two players then take their places beside each other; one has the little wheel

tied together, which they pass from one to another under the blanket; and the other side, which also consists of two persons, has to guess in which hand the article is to be found—very much like our children's 'hunt the whistle.'

The Sarcees use also the English playing cards, but it is a game of their own that they play with them. Whoever gets the most cards is the winner.

The Sarcees are polygamous, the men having two, three or four wives. The time of moving camp is generally looked upon as a propitious time for love-making. The camp is in the form of a ring, with the horses picketed in the centre. Early in the morning the young men drive the horses to a swamp or slough to water them. They are thinking, perhaps, of some young squaw whom they wish to approach, but they are ashamed to speak to her. Then, as soon as all is ready for the move, the chief gives the word, and the callers summon the people to start on the march. The chief goes first and leads the way. Now is the opportunity for the bashful young swains; they drop behind the rest and manage to ride alongside the young women of their choice, and to get a few words into their ears. If the young woman approves the offer, she follows her white sister's example by referring the young man to her parents. If the parents consent, mutual presents are exchanged, such as horses, blankets, etc.; the girl

is dressed in her best, and her face painted, and the young man takes her away. A husband can divorce himself from his wife at any time if he pleases, but he has to restore the presents that he received with her, or their equivalent. Girls are often betrothed at ten years of age, and married at fourteen. A betrothed girl may not look in a man's face until after her marriage. A man may not meet his mother-in-law; if he chance to touch her accidentally, he must give her a present.

The Sarcees depend chiefly on magic and witch-craft for recovery from sickness. There are about a dozen so-called 'medicine-men' in the camp, but most of them are *women*. Chief among them is an old squaw named 'Good Lodge.' They are always highly paid for their services, whether the patient recovers or not. A medicine-man when called in to see a sick person will first make a stone red-hot in the fire, then touch the stone with his finger, and with the same finger press various parts of the patient's body, to ascertain the locality and character of the sickness. Then he will suck the place vigorously and keep spitting the disease (so he pretends) from his mouth. This is accompanied by drum beat-

ing and shaking a rattle. The Sarcees do not bleed or cup, but they blister (often quite efficaciously) by applying the end of a burning piece of touchwood to the affected part. They also use the vapor-bath. To do this, a little bower, about three feet high, is made of pliable green sticks, covered over closely with blankets. Several stones are heated red and placed in a small hole in the ground inside the bower; and over these the patient sits in a state of nudity and keeps putting water on the stones, which is supplied to him by an attendant from without. When thoroughly steamed, and almost boiled, he rushes out and plunges into cold water. This treatment sometimes effects a cure, but more often induces bad results and death. The vapor-bath, as above described, is used very extensively by Indians of many of the different tribes;

some, however, omit the plunge into cold water.

When a Sarcee Indian dies, his body is wound up in a blanket and tent cloth, like a mummy, and is deposited on a scaffold about six or eight feet from the ground. The author visited their burial ground in the summer of 1888. It was situated in a 'bluff,' or small copse of fir and poplar trees, covering some two or three acres of ground. Four or five bodies could be seen from one point, and others became visible as we pushed our



SARCEE GRAVES.

way through the tangled underbrush. A little baby's body, wrapped up in cloth, was jammed into the forked branch of a fir tree about five and a-half feet from the ground. The earth was black and boggy and the stench nauseous. Here and there lay the bleached bones and tangled manes of ponies that had been shot when their warrior-owners died—the idea being that the equine spirits would accompany the deceased persons to the other world, and make themselves useful there. Beside each body lay a bundle of earthly goods—blankets, leggings, saddles, etc., also cups, tin pots, kettles, and everything that the spirit of the departed could be supposed to want.

The following story is told about chief 'Bull's Head.'

"On a certain ration-day about eight years ago, a young Indian, not contented with his portion of meat,

threw it on the ground and broke the scales. The chief, instead of stopping the disturbance, joined in it and threw down and smashed a number of other articles. He said 'he would take the part of his young man and shew the white people that he was not afraid of them; if they wanted to arrest him they could send for the mounted police, but it would take a great many of them to arrest him.' The mounted police sent four men to arrest him, but he laughed at them and said, 'I told you if you wanted to take me you must send plenty of men, it is no use to send four, four cannot arrest me.' He was so defiant in his manner that the police withdrew, and in a little time came again twelve in number. Again the chief came out to them and said, 'why do you still send so few men? Twelve men are not enough to arrest me.' The sergeant then put his hand on Bull's Head to arrest him. Bull's Head, at the same moment, gave the war-cry, and in an instant the police were surrounded on all sides by Indians and squaws, all with their bows ready strung, and arrows pointed at them. The police, to avoid bloodshed, withdrew. A large force was sent next morning to the camp, but the Indians had all left and were in hiding. After a little, Bull's Head came forward alone and surrendered himself, and he sent some of his young men to bring the Indian who had begun the disturbance. Bull's Head was detained three days and had a good time feasting at the police headquarters, and the other culprit was locked up for ten days.

GRAMMATICAL NOTES.

The Sarcee language has never, hitherto, been reduced to writing, neither is any European as yet sufficiently acquainted with it to give any very clear idea as to the grammatical structure. The Rev. H. W. Gibbon Stocken, Church of England Missionary, took up his residence among these people in the summer of 1888, and is at present diligently studying their language. To the author, who also visited the Sarcee Reserve in 1888, the language appeared to be a very difficult one to pronounce; he noticed that the people seemed to keep their lips parted while speaking, and that there was a clicking, 'slishing' sound about the language. Mr. A. M. Stephen, of Arizona, notices the same thing about the Navajo tongue in those southern regions, which is one of the same stock. Mr. Stephen has kindly furnished the author with a list of Navajo words to compare with Sarcee. As a whole, the divergence between the two languages seems to be considerable; but it is to be noticed that the negative particle "to" is the same, and is in each case used as a prefix.

The word for man is, in Sarcee, *krattini*; in Navajo, *tin-neh*; water—Sarcee *tuh*, Navajo *tho*; fire—Sarcee *koh*, Navajo *koñ*; star—sarcee *soh*, Navajo *soñ*. These, and some few other words, resemble each other; others are widely different.

The interrogative particle, in Sarcee, appears to be *kilah* or *lah* after the verb.

The plural of the noun appears to be *ika* or *a*. There does not seem to be any distinction made in the plural endings between animate and inanimate objects.

The verb often shows the character of the article spoken of, thus:

Give me water, sa a nik ka.

Give me to drink, sa a nil tcu.

Give me something solid, saga gin nin ni.

Give me something flexible, saga mig gin nin ni.

(Give me something to eat, sa a nil tcu.

The personal pronouns, as in other Indian languages, when used with a verb, appear to be incorporated in the verb—thus: thou seest him, *nai hi yi i*.

VOCABULARY.

Pronounce *a*, as in father; *e*, *è*, as in they, met; *i*, *ï*, as in pique, pick; *o*, *ø* 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; *g*, a guttural *ghr* sound; *h*, as in German *ich*; *ä*, as in fan.

man, krättini.	my father, ittra'.
woman, tsik ka'.	it is good, mäk kunil'i.
boy, tsitta'a.	red, dil'kasse.
house, na's-aga.	white, dil'kraie.
boat (or canoe), trän'nikösi.	black, dil'köshe.
river, tsis'ka.	one, klik kaza (atlika).
water, tuh.	two, äkkiye (äkinnä).
fire, koh.	three, trai'ki (traanah).
tree, it trai'si.	four, didji (dizhna).
horse, is klih.	five, kul'ta'.
dog, klih.	six, kustränni.
fish, klu'kah.	seven, tcis tcidi'.
town, nasäga nitklah.	eight, kläsh didji.
kettle, as'rah.	nine, klik'ku'iga'.
knife, mäš.	ten, ku'nisan'i.
tobacco, ekatcina.	twenty, e käd'de.
day, tcin nis'.	hundred, ku'nisna'nte.
night, it klai'ye.	come here, täš'tiya.
yes, a.	be quick, kus'tin na'.
no, tca.	to-day, di'djin nissa.
I, sin ni'.	to-morrow, i klat'si.
thou, nin ni'.	good morning, (nil).
he, itin'ni.	Indian, tinna ti ätta.

call themselves, tcu tinna. black kettle, āsra dil'koshe.
 my hand, silla. money, dil til'li.
 your hand, nilla. bird, it suga.
 John's hand, John illa. snake, natu'sāgā.
 my knife, si mās'sa. don't be afraid, to'kat sit-
 I walk, ni shelkh. tin nin i.
 thou walkest, ki yelkh. give it to me, saga na'ha.
 he walks, yi yelkh. I am hungry, sit sōga nī'su.
 we walk, yai yelkh. are you sick? na kut'il la'lah.
 they walk, yi yelkh. he is very sick, tiga ma-
 I see him, yis'sī'i. kut'illa.
 thou seest him, yi i. it is cold, kuskas.
 he sees him, yi il la. a hand, sil'la.
 he sees it, yi il la. a father, ittra'.
 if I see him, yissi la ta. a son, misuwagitta.
 thou seest me, siggi inni. I sleep, sisti.
 I see thee, ni yissi'. I shall sleep, (?).
 he sees me, sa i'. I slept, yista.
 do you see him? yi in'a. if I sleep, nista ta.
 he is asleep, sit ti. do not sleep, to'nitta.
 is he asleep? nai issit ti? it is not cold, to'kuskas.
 axe, tcilh. white man, dikakh'a li.
 little axe, tcilh tcitla. two men, aki'nāttina.
 badaxe, tcilh matūk ku klih. three dogs, tra'iki klik'ka.
 big axe, tcilh tcu. four knives, didji mās.
 big tree, ittrai si tcu.

Did John see the horse? John as'rah isklikka yi in'na?
 I will see you to-morrow, iklatsi tuni yis tran ni.
 What is your name? tan ni tcin nis ta?
 Where are you going? us ta ka di si a.
 I do not see you, to nis tūk ku.
 John saw a big canoe, John trānnikōsi tcu yi i.
 I shall not go if I see him, yis il la ta to mi tci tish ra.
 If he goes he will see you, Itini yit si ti ye lata yiltsa.

In drawing up this account of the Sarcee Indians, the author has been obliged to rely on information gathered personally, by himself, from those people, supplemented by valuable notes furnished to him by the Rev. H. W. G. Stocken, the resident missionary.

• "You cheaten like that, when you work for a white man he kick you right out!!" So spake Benjamin Franklin, (not the Philosopher and electrician, who played with his kite so many years ago) but one of our little home boys to his companion, who was helping him scrub the hall, and who thought it was useless to move the trunks etc., and scrub under them.—*North Star*.

THE number of Indians in Alaska is said to be thirty thousand.

Visit to Walpole Island.



HAVE just returned from a week's visit to the Indian Reserves at Sarnia and Walpole Island. The boats that pass down Lake Huron do not run on time at this season of the year. It is, consequently, impossible to know exactly when they will pass, and I had to wait about at the docks on the American side till I was tired before my steamer, the *Campana*, came in. We arrived eventually at Sarnia on Sunday October 20th, where I expected to find the Rev. John Jacobs, Indian missionary, to whom my brother, the Rev. Edward Wilson, had written, saying that I was coming down to collect some children for the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes. I found however that Mr. Jacobs was down at Walpole Island for the Sunday; and in the course of the morning I had a message from him, begging me to come on by Detroit boat the following day. The next day I was at the dock at 7 a.m., but the fog was so thick it was doubtful if the boat would start. I was accosted by a Yankee, asking if I was going down on the "coal." I replied that I preferred the regular steamer, which I found out afterwards was named the *Darius Cole*. At Algonac Mr. Jacobs met me, and canoed me over to Walpole Island. He informed me that a meeting of the Indians was arranged for the same evening at the church, to give me an opportunity of telling them what we were doing at the Shingwauk Home. We spent the afternoon in calling on those Indians who were within walking distance, taking our meals at a farm house, About fifty Indians assembled at the church at 7 p.m. They seemed much interested in hearing what was going on at the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes, of the new buildings completed, etc. I explained to them how the boys spent half their time at school, and the other half at work; how the Services were conducted, and-so-forth. I also amused them by saying that I had been led to think I should have had a teepee to sleep in that night, and expected to have seen, at all events, some of the Indians in blankets, etc.; but what had I seen on my rounds that afternoon? Most of them seemed to be well-to-do farmers, keeping their horses and buggies; their wives and children well dressed, and every evidence of prosperity. How was this accounted for? How Mr. Jacobs had told me that out of 800.

Indians on the Reserve, 400 attended his church; and out of this 400, 100 were communicants. Was not this prosperity the result, then, of their being a God-fearing people and a Christian community? Should they not look forward to the next generation being equally blessed by sending their children where they would be brought up as Christians, and learn to be useful members of society? I finished by giving them some account of my travels in China and elsewhere. The next day we borrowed a "rig,"—which for the benefit of our English readers, I should state, is a buggy and horse—and drove to the opposite side of the Island, where a wedding was to be celebrated. This said wedding had been postponed from the day before on account of my arrival; and as we were invited to the breakfast, I expected that at least ten or a dozen persons would be present. On our arrival at 11 a.m., however, only the bride was in the house, and she was busy cooking. Towards noon the bridegroom and his best man arrived from work in the bush, and we sat down to breakfast alone with them, being waited on by the bride, who was allowed ten minutes for her own breakfast, after we had finished. Our breakfast, I may mention, consisted of roast pork, cabbage, hot bread, thimble-berry jam and tea, and was well appreciated after our cold drive. After breakfast was cleared away, the marriage ceremony took place; but as it was in the Ojibway language, I cannot say that I understood much of it. At the conclusion I was asked to congratulate the newly-married couple, which, as the bride was a rather pretty girl, I did in true English fashion. A quarter of an hour later the bridegroom and best man were off with their team to their work, and the Rev. Mr. Jacobs and I continued our journey, calling at all the farm houses we passed. Everywhere we were well received, at one house receiving a present of wild duck, at another a basket of apples, etc. The Indians on this Reserve live by farming, hunting, and fishing. We returned to Sarnia in the evening, and spent the following day in driving about the Sarnia Reserve, calling on old pupils, finding new ones, etc. At 11 p.m. five children arrived from Walpole Island, *en route* for the Shingwauk Home. It was a business, getting lodgings for them so late at night. However, at 6 p.m. the following day I had them safely on board the good ship *Campana*, and by midday on Saturday we were safely at home. There are now 90 pupils at the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes.

W. W.

Sault Ste. Marie, October 28, 1889.

Fire at Neepigon.

SOME of our old friends will remember how, in the year 1878, Bishop Fauquier, Mr. Wilson, and four Shingwauk boys went on a pioneer trip to Lake Neepigon; how they found there a band of heathen Indians, who had been waiting thirty years for a missionary to come to them; how one of them gave up his son—a bright handsome boy of fourteen—named Negwennena, to return to the Shingwauk Home; how, after three months instruction in Christian truths, Negwennena was baptised by the Bishop, and received his own name of Frederick; how it pleased God that that boy should fall sick and die; and how a Christian Indian village has since been established on the shores of Lake Neepigon, bearing the name NEGWENNENANG, and that the Rev. Robert Renison is the devoted missionary in charge.

Many of our more recent helpers know well the name of Mr. Renison, and are acquainted, through the church papers, with his self-denying labors; and we are sure that they will be deeply grieved to hear of the sad calamity which has befallen his mission. The story must be told in his own words. In a letter dated from Red Rock, October 20th, Mr. Renison writes to Mr. Wilson:

"My Dear Mr. Wilson—You will be sorry to hear that our New Mission House at Negwennenang, with all that we possessed there, is consumed—nothing saved but the stones, some flour, and a few doors and windows. We had arranged to go back again to spend the winter with the Indians, as they have sent a petition to the Bishop, requesting that the Missionary should be permitted to live with them as usual; and so, on the 6th instant, I went up with Joseph and Mugwa, and Oshkapikida, to take up our potatoes and lay up a supply of fish for our dogs, intending, after doing this, to come down for Mrs. Renison. I was only there one week, when all our plans were destroyed. On Thursday morning, the 17th, a strong west wind blew and loosened the stovepipe that projected outside the roof, and disjoined it in the attic. There was nobody in the house but little Georgie, at the time, as I was over at one of the houses. When I came back, George had been awakened with the smoke, and was down stairs, but the flames had made such headway that we had only time to roll out the stove, pull down some doors and windows, throw out a few bags of flour, when the whole burning roof fell in; twenty-one bags of potatoes were roasted in the cellar. Mrs. Renison lost all her most valuable clothing and jewellery.

"When coming down I was so completely burnt out that I had to borrow a cap, a pair of shoes, and a blanket; and an Indian woman took off her own moccasins and gave them to poor little George, who was getting into the canoe in his stockings.



PORTAGING UP THE NEEPIGON.

“The Indians wanted us to go up, and live in the new Church, but Mrs. Renison has not the heart to return, as it would be quite impossible now to get up enough stuff to make us any way comfortable for the winter; and so I suppose we will have to stop here, in the house where you visited us, until some other arrangements can be made. Mrs. Renison would have been at the Mission house, but the canoes were so heavily loaded that there was no room for herself and May when we started, and so we had hoped to come down with an empty canoe, and take her up comfortably; but all our plans are fallen to the ground! You know what a burning means, as you have already passed through the same ordeal. We are grieved at heart that the beautiful, comfortable Mission house is gone. God only knows the worry and anxiety of mind, and hard physical labor that the building of that house entailed; but we hope that God may bring good out of the seeming misfortune. With sad heart, I remain, dear Mr. Wilson,

Yours faithfully,
R. RENISON.”

This letter was read at the next meeting of the “Onward and Upward Club,” at the Shingwauk Home, and it is gratifying to record that so large a sum as \$67.34 was at once subscribed by the members of the Club, and sent, through the Corresponding Secretary, to Mr. Renison. Mr. Renison, in acknowledging the gift (Nov. 4.) says: “Poor old Oshkapikida, the father of ‘the Neepigon boy’ who is buried in your little cemetery, took me into the church the day of our fire and prayed with me; this was his prayer: ‘O Lord, if an Indian kills a pack of fur and a dog eats it, he is not discouraged, he goes out to hunt again and kills another pack; and now, O Lord, the Mission House which was thy gift, is burnt down; the missionary must not be weak-hearted, for thou wilt give him friends to build another new one, for Jesus’ sake. Amen.’”

Medicine Hat.

DONATIONS are earnestly requested towards the New Indian Institution to be built (in connection with the Sault Ste. Marie Homes,) at Medicine Hat, Alberta. About \$1,100 so far is on hand. The land selected for a site has just been surveyed, and negotiations are in progress towards its acquirement for the desired purpose. Mr. Dewdney, on his recent visit to Medicine Hat, was asked: “Will the Government aid the Industrial School which is to be established here?” and replied: “The Government will certainly do all in its power to aid the Institution.” The local residents of Medicine Hat have subscribed \$400 towards the proposed Indian school; this in addition to the \$1,100 already mentioned. It is hoped an earnest effort may be made during the winter to raise the amount to \$5,000, and then, with Government aid, we may hope to begin building in the Spring.

Our Elkhorn Homes.

THE *Brandon Mail*, in its issue of October 24th, says:—

“One of the principal institutions is the Indian or Washakada school, begun by a subscription of \$1,000 from Mr. Rowswell. The Dominion Government aids it to the extent of \$100 for each pupil, and there are at present about 27 pupils from the Blackfeet, Sioux and other tribes. The Church of England, under whose auspices it is established, have also come to the rescue liberally with subscriptions. It is managed in connection with the Shingwauk Home at Sault Ste. Marie, in which the Rev. Mr. Wilson is such an enthusiast. Mr. D. C. Mackenzie was sent up from the Sault Ste. Marie as superintendent. Mrs. Vidal, of Sarnia, Ont., is matron, and Miss Vidal, teacher. The school, all told, consists of four buildings, which cost about \$12,000, and were erected by the Dominion Government. The first building is the Washakada or girls’ home, about 60x40: the next is the superintendent’s quarters and school-room, dining-room and kitchen, 30x40; the third is the boys’ home, embracing their sleeping apartments, and assistant superintendent’s apartments. The fourth is the workshop—containing carpenter’s shop, tin shop and shoe shop. It is the intention to teach the male children all these trades, while the girls are taught sewing and all the other industries of the ordinary household. It is supposed that in time the school may be

made in part self-sustaining, as the product of the shops may be utilized, but at present the waste amounts to more than the cost of the materials. All of the buildings are two stories high, and have, all told, at present, accommodations for eighty children. Under Miss Vidal's tuition, some of the children are now able to read very well, to work arithmetical questions involving fractions, etc. She finds them to take naturally to geography, history, and such branches, but they show more difficulty in managing mathematics and other branches requiring reason. They also take well to music. Those who have been longest in the school are most attached to it and fully appreciate the efforts employed in their behalf. Mr. Mackenzie says he finds the parents very averse to allowing their children to attend the school, and they sometimes have difficulty in getting the children to remain, until there a while, but they soon get attached to it and they are then employed as canvassing agents. They are left for a time with their parents, and so highly do they speak of their treatment that they succeed in inducing other children to leave their parents and attend the school. The work is a laborious one, and may not produce great results for the present, but will of course show to advantage in the next generation.

The Dominion Government has also donated a section of land close by, and on this the art of farming will be taught to the reformed aborigines in time. Mr. Mackenzie, and indeed all connected with the institution, are sparing no pains to make it a success, and they are entitled to the highest mead of praise for the energy they are displaying in what so few would consider "a labor of love."

An old Shingwauk pupil, writing from Elkhorn, says:

"Mr. Mackenzie has been very successful in taming both wild horses and wild children. The black horse which ran wild on the prairie all his life, until last July, is now as tame as an old farm horse that was used on a farm; we catch it on the open prairie, and it follows us as dogs do."

Mr. Mackenzie, in a recent letter, describes his taking the little Sioux boy, Edward, to visit his friends in camp. He says, "The little fellow woke me up next morning trying to get into my tent; the first thing he said was 'eat;' he evidently had not enjoyed his boarding while absent. When he saw the horses being hitched for the homeward trip he danced around shouting Elkhorn! Elkhorn! greatly to the amusement of the Indians. They asked him if he was glad he was going back, and he replied, 'Elkhorn washte, washte'—(Elkhorn is

good, good). Mr. Mackenzie adds: "If we can only keep the children until they get over their first fit of home-sickness, there will be little fear of their running away."

Our Bishop's Testimony.

THE Bishop of Algoma, in his annual report to the Committee of the Colonial and Continental Church Society, says:—

"The Rev. E. F. Wilson still prosecutes his Indian work with unflagging faith and perseverance, undaunted by the many and serious difficulties that bestrew his path. Indeed, discouragement seems only to fan the flame of his zeal, for he has been obeying the command, 'Enlarge the place of thy tent: spare not, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes, for thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left.' Already, preliminary steps have been taken towards sundry improvements in the buildings and internal equipment in the old-established Shingwauk Home, and also the planting of 'branches' in Manitoba and the North-west, the Bishops of Rupertsland and Assiniboia having consented to become patrons of their respective institutions. Mr. Wilson's courage, in undertaking these new ventures of faith, springs from three sources. 1st—He believes that the work he is doing is 'of God,' as firmly as Chinese Gordon believed in the Divine origin of his mission, and in this faith he "laughs at impossibilities, and cries "It must be done." In presence of such a conviction, fears and doubts for him 'take to themselves wings, and fly away.' 2nd—He has, within a short period, paid two visits to the United States, for the purpose of visiting the Government Schools for Indians, at Hampton, Carlisle, and elsewhere, besides inspecting the home life of the 'Five Nation Territory,' and has returned with larger views of the Indian question, and a firmer faith than ever in the possibility of their social, civil, intellectual, and religious development, when the problem is given a fair trial, and dealt with on the common sense principle of adequate machinery and equipment. Quite recently, too, he has received a most gratifying evidence of the soundness of his theory, in the fact that one of his pupils, David Osahgee, has just passed the Civil Service Examination, *with honors*, in Ottawa, and has been appointed to a junior clerkship in the Indian Department. Now it is quite possible that a majority of our Indian pupils may not pass the average line of attainment; some, indeed, may fall far below it—nay, in some cases, as I have seen, they may sink back to the

level little higher than their primitive savagery; but even then, surely the promptings of gratitude for our own blessings, and of obedience to the Saviour's parting command, to say nothing of the obligation lying on us to make some righteous reparation for the wrongs we have done them—all these bind us to the duty of toiling and praying, as well as giving, for their deliverance out of darkness into the knowledge of Him who declares Himself the Light of the World. 3rd—Mr. Wilson has been not a little encouraged by the friendly attitude of the Dominion Government towards his Mission, and is now in expectation, among other grants, of a sum of £1,000, to be expended on the enlargement and internal improvement of the Shingwauk Home."

MY WIFE AND I.

A LITTLE JOURNEY AMONG THE INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued).



"NO, we don't keep overshoes here."

Having thus paved the way, I went back to the waiting-room for my wife. I explained to her all the circumstances in a minute manner.

"WE DONT KEEP OVERSHOES." Then arose various questions, such as follow: Would my wife go to breakfast, or remain where she was? Should I get a pair of my boots out of my valise for her to wear, they might be better than her little kid boots? Should I carry her over? Should I get a man to carry her over? Should I get the loan of a barrow or baggage truck? And then—what about staying? Could my wife put up with the bedroom accommodation, such as I had described to her? And, lastly—Why, oh why, did she not remain at Arkansas City, as I had advised her, and so have avoided all this sad inconvenience?

It was well thus thoroughly to debate the matter before taking action. There was no particular hurry, as six men were at present occupying the little breakfast table at the shanty, and when they were through there would be six more ready to sit down. I thought it best to give my wife a little time to think, so I went over again to the shanty. There I found a second lot of six men consuming the various dainties on the table, and

the first lot, whose hunger was already appeased, smoking and spitting around the stove. The Kickapoo Indian was still crouching in the corner. I asked the elder woman whether breakfast could be provided for my wife and myself after the men were finished. "Oh yes; just come right in as soon as you like, and sit right down." There was something pleasant and cordial about this, so I went back to the waiting-room to get my wife.

"Now, my dear," I said, "your time has come." So my wife resignedly followed me. I had already tracked the way pretty well by this time, and I led my beloved wife by the way where the water and slush was the least deep and where the mud was the thinnest; I showed her how to bend herself down and to crawl under the cattle truck; I led her over the slippery board which crossed the ditch, and round the great puddle in front of the shanty. Then I opened the door and introduced her inside the shanty. My wife was a little surprised. But I did not allow her to remain in the lower apartment. "Follow me up-stairs, beloved," I said to her in a hoarse whisper; and my wife followed me up the stairs. The stairs led to a loft; the wind was whistling and howling through the shingles; in the loft were six beds, and men's garments hanging on nails from the rafters. My wife felt slightly agitated. I led my wife



THROUGH THE MEN'S ROOM.

through the centre of this room beneath the hanging garments; then opened a door on the left, and we stepped into a smaller apartment. In this smaller apartment were two beds; the beds had apparently not been occu-

pieced that night; they had pillows, and were covered with coverlets which once, perhaps, were white. On one side of the room was a big trunk, on the other side was a low shelf with a tin wash-basin and jug, and a bit of yellow soap, and a small smudgy looking-glass. I looked at my wife. My wife looked at me. Then we went down to breakfast. The breakfast was bountiful, but greasy and cold; there was beefsteak lying in some cold gravy, some slices of cold beef not very fresh looking, and some lukewarm vegetables, such as potatoes, tomatoes, sweet potatoes and turnips; there were plates of rolls and cut slices of bread; there was a dish of oatmeal porridge which had already been used a good deal; there was a big glass dish full of applesauce with the apple sticking round its sides and edge; and there were several bottles half filled with rather dirty-looking pickles, soaking in a doubtful liquor. My wife and I each had an icy-cold plate, and a not very clean knife and fork put before us, and my wife was provided with a cup of tea and myself with a cup of coffee. We each ate a little.

About nine o'clock the stage came round. The stage had three seats, four wheels and four horses. Of these, the first were covered with snow, the second were clogged with ice, the third were hanging their heads and hunching their backs, and looking very disinclined to go. The distance to Darlington was thirty-five miles. We thought we would not go. Better the bedroom up-stairs, and the greasy potatoes, and the dirty pickles, than a drive of thirty-five miles in such a vehicle with such animals and in such weather—especially as our warm wraps were left behind in the trunks at Arkansas city.

We spent a day in sketching, reading and napping, part of the time in the shanty, part of the time over at the station. I also amused myself by shovelling the snow off the platform, as there seemed to be nobody else to do it.

In the afternoon, my wife was informed by our genial hostess that a party was expected that evening, and that she had a kind of promised that they should have the bedroom up-stairs, "but that," she continued, "need make no difference to you, as there's two beds in the room." My wife thought she would prefer sitting up down-stairs, or going over to the waiting-room for the night, but our hostess would not hear of it. "As likely as not," she said, "the party won't come; and if they do, why they won't hinder you from getting your night's rest any way."

After supper was cleared away in the evening, my



DOUBTFUL ABOUT GOING TO BED.

wife sat in the kitchen, warming her cold toes at the fire, and I went over to the station to see if our baggage had come. Happily, it had. In the waiting-room I found the Kickapoo Indian, and by dint of signs and the use of a few Ojibway words, managed to get from him quite a nice little vocabulary of Kickapoo words.

And now it was bed-time. That was rather a funny night—that night at Oklahoma. The expected party, happily, did not come, so we had the double-bedded bed-room to ourselves. Still, we had companionship enough all round, our room being separated from the other attics by only a thin partition of unplanned upright boards, with chinks between them. My wife never before knew how much noise seven or eight men could make during their sleeping hours. We had expected our apartment to be an airy one, so were not surprised to find the things blowing about a little; and although we kept on nearly all our things, and covered ourselves up with overcoats, etc., we were not any too warm. It was mortifying, rather, in the morning to find that the little window had been open all night. It was such a small, despicable little object, down near the floor, that we had not noticed it when we went to bed.

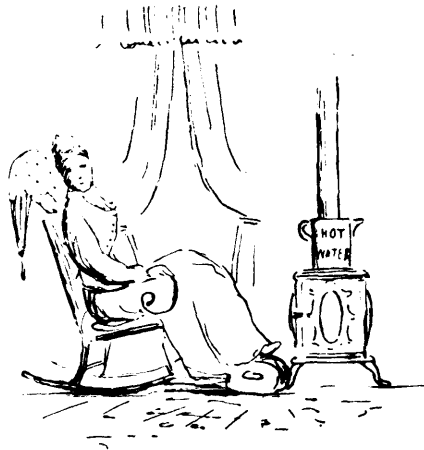
It was Saturday, Nov. 10th, when we left Oklahoma and started by stage to Darlington. There was about three inches of snow on the ground, and an incalculable depth of mud and slush on the road. We started at 8 o'clock in the morning, on the 35-mile journey, and it was 7 o'clock in the evening and dark when we reached our journey's end. The first 15 miles we were drawn by four horses; the last 20 miles by four mules. The four horses trotted one mile in the aggregate, and walked fourteen; the mules ambled two-and-three-quarter miles in the aggregate, and walked seventeen. The scenery consisted of prairie, covered with patches of snow.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, we stopped for dinner at a ranch. A nice clean-looking Scotch woman got the dinner, and served it nicely. Before we started on again my wife went to look at a wild turkey which was hanging up at the back door. There were lots of them, they said, quite close to the house.

CHAPTER X.

CHEYENNES AND ARAPAHOES.

THE arrival at Darlington was a pleasant surprise. My wife had rather dreaded lest the hotel might prove to be one of the same character as that at Oklahoma; but it was not so. Not one of the four mules enjoyed the removal of its collar from its heated neck, and the burying of its nose deep in its feed of oats, more thoroughly and gratefully than did my wife her arrival that night, in a charming little white-curtained bed-room, in the Darlington hotel, with a bright little fire in the stove, and warm water to wash in. And then, down-



HAPPY AT LAST.

stairs, in the supper-room, was a clean table, with clean white cloth, and clean napkins, and clean cups, and clean bright-looking knives and forks and spoons, and a number of very nice things to eat.

The following day was Sunday. We had breakfast at 8.30, and, while so engaged, Mr. Macpherson, the Indian agent, came in and introduced himself. There was no church in the place, and no services were held, excepting only the informal religious exercises which were conducted in the Indian schools. Of Indian Boarding Schools there were three—the Arapahoe school, close at hand; the Mennonite mission school, half a mile off; and the Cheyenne school, about three

miles distant. Mr. Macpherson offered to drive us out to the Cheyenne school. There was a little delay about starting, and Sunday school unfortunately was just over and the children dispersed when we got there. Mr. Manley, the superintendent, took us all through the building to see it, and asked us to come and stay a day or two with him before leaving Darlington. It was a large white frame building, and had accommodation for 110 pupils, but the number just at that time was only a little over 60. In the afternoon I walked over to the Mennonite school. It was a brick structure; had accommodation for 50 pupils, and was full. It was in charge of the Rev. R. H. Voth, a Russian Mennonite. The Mennonites, it should be explained, are Russian dissenters, their service is of a Protestant character, and conducted much in the same way as that of the Methodists. Their avowed reason for leaving Russia is that their religion forbids them to serve in the army; they administer the Holy Communion, and baptize adults only, by sprinkling. The scholars at this School were both the Arapahoes and Cheyennes. One only had been baptized, the rest were heathen; but Mr. Voth believed that a work of grace was going on in many of their hearts. He asked me to come to their service in the evening, and address them, and I said I would. The children at all these Schools are allowed to go to their homes Saturday and Sunday afternoons, but must always be back at the school at night. On my way back to the Agency, I saw a little boy in American dress, perched up behind a blanketed Indian on a pony and riding towards the Institution; evidently a pupil being taken back by his fond parent to school.

In the evening, my wife went with me to the Mennonite school, and we had a very enjoyable little service. The children sang sweetly the well-known hymns 'Rock of Ages' and 'Sweet By-and-by.' Mr. Voth had a large and valuable collection of Indian curiosities, and he shewed them all to us. There were spears and tomahawks, and pipes, and moccasins, and rattles made of gourds, and rattles made of tortoise shells, and awl-cases, and children's little vests ornamented with rows of elk teeth, and great showy head-dresses, adorned with eagle feathers, which extended from the back of the head down to the heels, and babies' cradles, and dolls, and baskets, and curiously-marked buffalo hides, and shields, and arrows, and bows, and quivers; and medicine bags—about \$500 worth in all.

On Monday we visited the Arapahoe school. There were eighty-six pupils—all Arapahoes—under the care of Mr. Cline. The building was a substantial frame

structure painted white. It was ten minutes to four when we entered the large class-room in which all the children were assembled, and school would be dismissed at four, so we waited. The dismissal was worth seeing. The teacher played a lively tune on the piano which stood on the platform, an Indian boy whom she called up stood beside her striking a triangle, and, to the sound of the music, the children all marched out with a quick, lively step—not by the shortest way to the door, but by the longest way possible, stranding backwards and forwards through the long lines of desks, in serpentine fashion, and producing quite a kaleidoscopic effect. After they were all gone we went over the building and saw their comfortable dormitories with iron bedsteads and spring mattresses, and blue check coverlets, also the dining hall, kitchens, etc.



IN AN INDIAN TEEPEE.

My wife had never been inside an Indian teepee, so I thought I would take her to see one. All these Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians live in *teepees*, and they may be seen scattered at varying distances all over the prairie in the neighborhood of the Darlington Agency. They are conical-shaped dwellings, made of a frame-work of sticks, covered with white tent cloth. Formerly, they used to be covered with tanned buffalo hides; but now the buffalo is no more, and tent cloth has to be used instead.

During the winter, these Indians barricade their teepees with a high circular fence of cedar brush, to keep themselves warm. The teepee which we entered had seemingly one occupant only, and that a woman. We crept in at the little entrance and sat down. The sole occupant did not seem to appreciate the visit, and after a few grunts she got up and left. In the centre of the

teepee was a smouldering fire with a black pot standing in the ashes; above, was a hole through which the superabundant smoke made its escape. The floor of the teepee was of earth and clean. Around the inside were beds raised a foot from the floor. There were also various signs of advancing civilization—such as a valise, a granite-ware pot, and a blacking brush. As the lady of the house did not return, we just rested ourselves a little, made our remarks, and left. Just outside was a sweat lodge. A sweat lodge is a little teepee, which an Indian enters to sweat when he feels sick. It is said to be good for almost every kind of complaint. The sweat lodge, like the teepee, is circular, but unlike the teepee, is dome-shaped. It is about nine feet in diameter and about three and a-half feet high, and is made of fifteen or so pliant sticks stuck in the ground, bent over into shape and covered with blankets. When the sweat lodge is required for use a fire is lighted just outside, some stones are made red-hot, and are dumped into a hole which has been dug in the centre of the little bower. The sick Indian then gets inside, removes his clothes and sits over the hot stones. His squaw passes him in a supply of water, and this he sprinkles over the stones. Steam is produced. The Indian becomes par-boiled, and as red as a lobster. Then he rushes out and plunges himself into a river or pond. Sometimes he gets better; sometimes he gets worse—It is generally either kill or cure.

Linguistic Notes.

THE Rev. Father Legoff, Quebec, is preparing a grammar in the Montagnai's dialect.

MR. BATCHELOR, of the C. M. S. Japan Mission, has just completed an *Ainu* Grammar and Dictionary. *Ainu* is the language spoken by the Aborigines (not Japanese) of Japan, and it will be interesting to compare this language with some of our North American Indian dialects.

WE are sorry to record the death of the Rev. Silas Rand, Missionary of the Baptist Church, to the Micmac Indians, in Nova Scotia. He was a linguist of no mean attainments; being well versed in Hebrew, Latin, Greek, and several European tongues. In the course of his life he collected all the legends accepted by the Micmac Indians, translated the Scriptures into their tongue, and prepared a Micmac dictionary.

MR. WILSON has commenced the preparation of a Map of British North America, showing the position of all the different Indian Tribes, the stocks they belong

to, and their original territory, It is a difficult work, and will probably take two or three years to complete, as so much information has to be gathered, and the distances are so great. His plan is to make tracings of the different sections of his map, and send them to local Missionaries, Hudson Bay Factors, and Indian agents, asking them kindly to revise and fill in. The map is undertaken under the direction of the British Association.

Indian Education.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—Commissioner Morgan, of the Indian office, has elaborated a system of education designed to reach all Indian youths of school age, now under the control of the Indian Bureau. It is practically the American public school system adapted to the special requirements of Indians. It contemplates daily, primary or home, grammar and high schools, so related that promotions can be made from grade to grade, and from schools of a low order to those of a higher. It is to be non-partisan and non-sectarian, and the teachers are to be employed and dismissed solely on the basis of efficiency or inefficiency. Industrial features are to receive attention, and pains will be taken to equip students for the practical duties of life. The "Outing System," by which pupils are placed in white families and attend public schools, is to be encouraged wherever practicable, the fullest opportunity to be afforded to any Indian youth who desires to find a home among white people. Stress is laid upon the necessity of co-education and of bringing together in the same boarding schools members of as many different tribes as possible, to generate a feeling of common brotherhood and mutual respect. The scheme contemplates the organization of perhaps twenty-five grammar schools, fifty primary or home schools, and enough day or camp schools to reach all who cannot be brought into boarding-schools. Congress, in the commissioner's annual report, will be asked to make a sufficient appropriation to enable the Indian Office to bring every Indian youth of school age, who can be reached, under proper instruction. In no other way can the Indian problem be solved than by this method of universal education administered in the same spirit that characterizes the administration of public school matters in the various States. Enough has already been accomplished to show that the scheme is entirely feasible. Indian youths now in schools are making excellent progress, and there is a constant demand upon the Indian office for more and better schools.

Averse to the Franchise.

THE Ontario Indians are reported to be averse to the exercise of the franchise; also to the introduction of the system of municipal government among them. The objection to the franchise is based on the belief that they are not Canadians in the complete sense of the word; but allies of the Canadians. They form, it seems, a series of nations living under treaty agreements on friendly terms with their neighbours the whites. This Indian notion is, however, an altogether erroneous one. Indian titles have been recognized, but the quieting of a title is not equivalent to the acknowledgment of separate nationality. The Indian is a subject of the Queen and a citizen of this country. If the franchise is conferred upon him, he has no reason other than that a white can give for rejecting it. The objection to the municipal system would appear to emanate from the chiefs. Under the tribal system the chief is the ruler; under the municipal system the *vox populi* controls. The democratic plan is not liked, though it is difficult to understand why civilized men should oppose it.—*Mail*.

The Life of a Savage.

IT is often said: "Why not leave the savages alone in their primitive state? They only are truly happy." How little do those who thus speak know what that life really is. A savage seldom sleeps well at night. He is in constant fear of attacks from neighboring tribes, as well as the more insidious foes created by his superstitious mind. Ghosts and hobgoblins, those midnight wanderers, cause him much alarm, as their movements are heard in the sighing of the wind, in falling leaves, lizards chirping, or disturbed birds singing. If midnight is the favorite time for spirit movements, there is another hour when he has good cause to fear the first mentioned enemies. It is the uncanny hour between the morning star and the glimmering light of approaching day, the hour of yawning and armstretching, when the awakening pipe is lighted, and the first smoke of the day enjoyed. The following will show what I mean:

Some six years ago, the people of the large district of Saroa came in strong battle array, and in the early morning ascended the Manukolo hills, surrounded the villages, and surprised and killed men, women, and children, from the poor gray-headed sire to the infant in arms. About forty escaped to Kalo, but were soon compelled to leave, as Saroa threatened to burn

Kalo if it harbored the fugitives. They pleaded for peace, but without avail. Saroa said, "Every soul must die." The quarrel began about a pig.

Ah! savage life is not the joyous hilarity some writers depict. It is not always the happy laugh, the feast and the dance. Like life in civilized communities, it is varied and many-sided. There are often seasons when tribes are scattered, hiding in large trees, in caves, and in other villages far away from their homes. Not long ago, inland from Port Moresby, a large hunting party camping in a cave were smoked out by their enemies and all killed but one. Once when travelling inland, I found the Makabili tribe in terrible weather living in the bush, under shelving rocks, among the long grass, in the hollow trees. The people at Port Moresby say now for the first time they all sleep in peace, and that as they can trust the peace of God's Word, they mean to keep to it. This is significant, coming from those who not long since were the most noted pirates, robbers, and murderers along the whole coast of the peninsula.—*Rev. James Chalmers, of New Guinea, in Exchange.*

An Apache Physician.

CARLOS MONTEZUMA, a full-blooded Apache, whose Indian name was Was-sa-jah, was captured as a lad by Pimas, in 1870, and two years later was sold by them to a photographer, who took Montezuma to Chicago and adopted him. Since that time he has lived in the Lake City and continuously attended schools and colleges until last month, when he graduated from a medical college, and the degree of bachelor of science was conferred upon him. He is now a practicing physician. On centennial day he delivered the oration in one of the leading educational institutions in Chicago.—*Ex.*

WE expect to send out with our next issue—January,—a Calendar for 1890, neatly gotten up in colors. Keep a place for it.

Washington's Indian Policy.

IN this the centennial year of Washington's first inauguration as president of the United States of America, it can not be amiss to refer to his policy towards the Indians as publicly and officially expressed in his third annual message to the federal Congress (see Williams' Statesman's Manual, Volume 1, p. 39), dated October 25, 1791, which says:

"That they (the Indians) should experience the benefit of an impartial dispensation of justice. That efficacious provision should be made for inflicting adequate penal-

ties upon all those who, by violating their rights, shall infringe the treaties and endanger the peace of the Union."

Again in his fourth message (p. 44; date, November 6, 1792):

"I cannot dismiss the subject of Indian affairs without again recommending to your consideration the expediency of more adequate provision for giving energy to the laws throughout our interior frontier, and for restraining the commission of outrages upon the Indians, without which all pacific plans must prove nugatory."

Referring in the same message to the troubles with the Creeks and Cherokees, he says:

"To satisfy the complaints of the latter, prosecutions have been instituted for the violences committed upon them, and offensive measures against them prohibited during the recess of Congress."—*Red Man.*

THE Chiriqui Indians, in olden times, inhabited Mt. Chiriqui, in South America, from which you can see both the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. These Indians had their burying ground 2,750 feet above the level of the sea. They had many metal implements and pieces of pottery. In and around the burying ground were enormous stones covered with curious figures and inscriptions. They were very skilful in working metals and especially in plating them. Many gold, bronze and copper ornaments and implements were found in the graves, many of which had been moulded in clay or sand moulds, but no traces of pots to melt the metal in were found.—*Amateur Collector.*

THE number of Indians who can read English is not over twenty-four thousand, it is said, while of those who can read Indian languages there are but about ten thousand.

Clothing for Our Indian Homes.

NOVEMBER.

- MRS. WILSON begs to acknowledge the following boxes of clothing, with many thanks:—
- From St. John's S. S., Strathroy, for Josie—a new and most comfortable outfit.
- Mrs. D. McWilliams and other friends, two boxes of nice clothing, for both boys and girls.
- From St. John's Church, York Mills, (per Mrs. Banks), one uniform dress, boots, quilts, girls' underwear, a few Christmas presents.
- From the Mothers' meeting of St. Matthew's Parish, Quebec, (per Mrs. Bell Irvine), a box of new and warm clothing for the boys and girls of the Indian Homes.
- Mrs. Wilson desires to thank Dr. McCulloch for deducting \$19 from his bill, for attendance on the sick.

Receipts—O.I.H.

FROM OCT. 7TH TO NOV. 2ND.

"ROUGH DIAMOND," \$5; St. John's S.S., York Mills, \$4; St. Matthias' S.S., Montreal, for boy, \$18.75; Visitor, 25c.; Col. Sumner, for Washakada, \$22; Sunday School, Mitchell, for boy, \$6.25; St. George's Missionary Union, Lennoxville, for girl, \$25; St. Stephen's S.S., Toronto, for girl, \$12.50; Boys' Branch W.A., No. 1, Montreal, for boy, \$12.50; the Misses Patterson, \$10; Archibald Duncan, \$5; St. Paul's S.S., Mount Forest, for boy, \$6.25; Visitors, 32c.; St. Charles' S.S., Dereham, \$3.50; St. Paul's S.S., Toronto, for boy, \$56.25; St. James', Carleton Place, for boy, \$18.75; W. A. Catarqui, for organ, \$10; a friend, Toronto, \$1.

Receipts—O.F.C.

OCT. 10TH, 1889.

JOHN A. MAGGRAH, 50c.; Mrs. McNicol, 50c.; Miss Milne Home, 6c.; Col. Sumner, \$1; W. C. Bryant, \$1; G. E. Moberly, 50c.; Mrs. Farrell, \$1; Mrs. G. Morberly, 50c.; W. H. Worden, \$1; Mrs. McWilliams, 50c.; Mrs. Parsons, 50c.; Miss E. Wilgress, 30c.; A. M. Louckes, 50c.; D. Hodgins, 50c.; Mrs. E. Gesner, 50c.; Rev. R. Fothergill, 50c.; A. S. Smith, \$1; Bishop of Niagara, 50c.; A. Inches, 50c.; J. M. Marsh, 50c.; R. V. Rogers, \$1; R. Blake 25c.; Miss M. Hammel, \$1.

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