



VOL. I.

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### Little Pine's Journal.

THE WRITER IS THE CHIEF WHOSE APPEAL IN 1871 SUGGESTED THE SHINGWAUK HOME.

*(Continued from page 14).*

WE hoped he had come to stop with us altogether, but he said No, he could not promise to do that; he was only travelling from place to place among the Indians, so he could not stay long. He would remain with us for two weeks. We were again sorry when we heard this. We felt perplexed and did not know what to do. While this Black-coat was with us, we talked to him frequently; and tried to learn all we could from him as to what was to become of our church and people. He told us he was willing himself to come and live with us but had no power to make any promise without permission from the great chiefs in the old country. Thus things went on for many days. This Black-coat said that he intended to go up the Great Chippeway Lake (Lake Superior), and visit all the heathen Indians there during the summer; but as he had found us without a teacher, he had now changed his mind, and would stay among us for two months. After that he said he must return to his children at Ahmujewuhnoong (Sarnia). At length the time drew near for him to leave us. Rasp-

berry moon had already risen, and was now fifteen days old (July 15th), and Wilson said he must go at once, for the Great Black-coat in Pakkatequayaug—that is "The place where the river divides into two forks," as the Indians term the Canadian City of London—had summoned all the Black-coats together to meet in council, and elect a new Great Black-coat to be their teacher and chief.\* The reason of this was that the Great Black-coat is now an old man, and often ill, and he feels the care of the churches press heavy on him and desires another Great Black-coat to help him.

One day while I was working in the bush, preparing bark troughs for next year's sugarmaking, many thoughts were in my breast. I was thinking of my people, and of our religion, and about our having lost our Black-coat, who for so many years had been a father to us. I recalled to my mind the time when I accompanied my

\* The election of a coadjutor to the late Bishop of Huron.

father, the old chief "Shingwaukonce," to Toronto, forty years ago: when we were all pagans, and had only just heard for the first time of the Christian religion. Our object in going to Toronto at that time was to enquire of the Great White Chief, Colborne, what we should do about religion. We had been visited by several different Black-coats, and their teaching seemed to be different one from another. The French Black-coat (R. C. Priest) wanted us to worship God his way; the English Black-coat wanted us to follow his religion; and there was another Black-coat who took the people and dipped them right into the water, and he wanted us all to join him. We did not know what to do. So my father called a council, and it was settled that several of our chiefs should go to the big town and enquire of the Great White Chief what we ought to do about religion. We went in canoes as far as Penetanguishene, and then we landed and walked the rest of the way. The Great White Chief received us kindly, and we told him what we had come for. He replied to us in these words. "Your great father, King George, and all his great people in the far country across the sea, follow the English religion (the Church of England). I am a member of this Church. I think it right that you Chippeways, who love the English nation, and have fought under the English flag, should belong to the Church of England." We were much impressed by the Great Chief's words. We returned to our home at Ketegaunesebe, (Garden River,) near to where the great lake of the Chippeways flows into the lower lakes, by Pah wah-ting, (the rapids of Sault Ste. Marie); and the great chief sent us a missionary, Nashikawah-wahsung, or "The

lone lightning," (Mr. McMurray\*), to teach us the Christian religion and to baptize us in the Christian faith. This Black-coat, McMurray, remained many years amongst us. He taught us out of the good book, about the Great Spirit and His Son Jesus Christ, who died, and now lives in Heaven; and of all that Jesus did in his great love for men; and that he loved his red children, and died to save us; as well as the white men; and we loved our teacher well. He took Ogenebugokwa, one of our nation, for his wife; and for this we loved him still more, for we felt that he had now indeed become one of us. For many years he laboured among us as our father, and when he left, another Black-coat took his place (Rev. Mr. Anderson). Then Tatebawa (Dr. O'Meara) used to visit us, and teach us; he was very active and zealous, and could speak our language just like one of ourselves. We called him Tatebawa because we often saw him walking fast along the shore with the good book under his arm.

\* The Rev. Dr. McMurray, now rector of Niagara, Ontario. When he undertook the care of the mission at Sault Ste. Marie there was no clergyman nearer than Detroit on the one hand, and Toronto on the other; so that hundreds of miles of forest and wilderness intervened between him and the nearest Christian settlements. Hence, when his Indian converts appreciated his mission as the first messenger of Christ to bring them the light of the gospel, in their remote solitude at the entrance of the great lake, they named him Nashikawahwahsung, or The Lone Lightning.

## The Rev. E. F. Wilson's Tour Through Canada.

(Continued from page 13.)

ON Monday the 18th, we ran out nine miles by train to Rothsay and back, and while there, held a meeting in the Rev. F. Partridge's school-room. There was quite a large attendance of Sunday-school children and their elders, and great interest seemed to be evinced. A promise was readily made to subscribe \$10 per annum to the Wawanosh Home.

On our return to St. John we were met at the station by Mrs. Peters and her daughter the latter had a bag of marbles, a ball and a many-bladed knife for each of our boys—so kind of them to make such nice presents—and only a few hours more and their house and everything would be

swept away from them!

On Tuesday the 19th, we got early breakfast, and then, accompanied by Mr. Dowling, took train to Fredericton. We were to be the guests of the Lieut-Governor, and were met at the station by his carriage. The Bishop and a large party of clergy and others came to lunch at two p. m., and at four o'clock in the afternoon was a Sunday-school gathering in the school-house, the model was exhibited and I gave an address. After this there was a very pleasing little ceremony at Government House. At Mrs. Tilley's invitation a number of young girls, members of her Sunday-school class, had met together

week after week at Government House and made a variety of articles for sale, then—shortly before our arrival—a bazaar had been held, and the large sum realized of \$300. This sum was presented to me by one of the little girls when they were all assembled in the drawing-room, and is to be applied to the building fund of the Wawanosh Home. The most successful meeting of any that we have held took place in the large Temperance Hall. The Hall was crowded, Bishop Medley took the chair, and among the audience were the Governor and Mrs. Tilley, and of the clergy, the Revs. Alexander, Dowling, Roberts, and Carr. Mrs. Tilley has kindly consented to become one of the patronesses of our Girl's Home. The following day, Wednesday, I called on the Bishop and Mrs. Medley, and we spent an hour and a half very pleasantly in examining every part of their beautiful cathedral—the *one* church gem in Canada—and in examining many old curiosities and treasures, an old chair of Henry VIII's time, some relics of Abyssinia, &c. &c., which the Bishop had accumulated. The Bishop set to work in his own way to satisfy himself what our boys were good for, and put them through the Apostle's creed in private. I am glad to say that the result of the examination was satisfactory.

The afternoon of this day, June 26th, we bade farewell to our Fredericton friends and took the cars back to St. John. About half an hour before we arrived we received word that a fearful fire was raging, and as we drew near the fated city we found that the report was only too true. The whole city seemed to be in a blaze, the fire appearing to extend fully two miles, even at that early hour, about 6 p. m. Leaving the two boys at Mr. Dowling's house, Mr. Dowling and myself started to cross the harbor to try and render some assistance to our friends. We could not take the ferry for the landing stage was on fire, so we hailed a fishing-smack, and got landed in Portland. We walked around to the back of the fire; all the principal part of the city was in flames, including Prince William Street, King Street, Queen Square, the New Post Office, the Bank of New Brunswick, and Trinity Church. We met Mr. Brigstocke, the rector of Trinity, on the street; his house and church were both burnt. We also saw several other people whom we knew. All were in wild confusion, and dray loads of furniture, boxes, dry goods, &c., dashing along the street. Hundreds of people, old and young, heavily laden and hustling each other along, fire engines at every corner, squares,

burying-grounds, and other open places, crowded with a motley throng of people with piles of baggage, tables, chairs, pianos, carpets, glass shades, pictures, cows, sofas, all in the utmost confusion.

We made our way round at the back of the fire, to Mrs. Peters house, where we had been on Saturday; they were all packed up ready to fly, but could not get a team. The flames were fast advancing upon them. The gas works were close by, and it was expected they would blow up every minute. The younger children were sent off with their nurse and perambulator, and Mr. Dowling asked Mr. and Mrs. Peters to come with us to Carleton, but they were unwilling to leave, and so we had to bid good bye and return the way we came. The fire had greatly advanced, several new streets had been seized by the flames; the large bell tower at the head of King Street was on fire, and we saw the three bells fall one by one. We staid till after midnight, doing what little we could to help, and then returned to Carleton by the Suspension Bridge, bringing several refugees with us. The following day, Thursday, we drove to the station in St. John by way of the suspension bridge. The city was still on fire and enveloped in smoke. Happily, however the station was just outside the burnt district, so we bade adieu to our friends and started once more for the west. After travelling all day, we stopped for the night at a pretty country place called Miramichi, and were glad to find a Church of England edifice and a resident clergyman, the Rev. H. Barber, who had been only a short time out from England. He received us very kindly and we had tea at his house. Next morning we left Miramichi at 4.40 a.m. to continue our long journey of 1094 miles to Toronto. We did not stop at all in Quebec, but at Montreal there was a couple of hours to spare, and we ran up to see Mrs. Simpson, and had breakfast with her. At length after almost incessant travelling for three days and two nights, we arrived in Toronto at 11.30 p.m. Saturday night. As it was so late, we went to the Queen's for the night, and early on Sunday morning, before many people were about, took a cab to Mr. Howard's on Carleton Street, where we had received word we were to stay. This was a busy Sunday. At 9.30 a.m. I addressed St. Peter's Sunday school; they have been supporting hitherto the half of John Rodd, but now wish to take the whole of him. Then I preached in St. Peter's at the morning service, and we dined with the Rev. S. Boddy, who was at one time a clergyman in Islington. At 3 p.m. I attended a children's service

at Holy Trinity, and addressed the children, my address being followed by a few kind heartfelt words from the Rev. J. S. Pearson. From Holy Trinity we hurried to St. George's, and found Mr. Cayley in the act of informing his Sunday-school that owing to the fire in St. John we had been unable to reach Toronto in time, and so .....&c. Our arrival turned the course of the proceedings and I gave them a missionary address and introduced the two boys. In the evening I preached again to a crowded congregation at All Saints'. All these Sunday schools have long assisted our institution. Holy Trinity supports Isaac Naudee; St. George's and All Saints' were both supporting girls, but now give their contributions to our building fund until the new Home for Indian girls is opened.

On Monday we became the guests of Rev. A. Williams and had a well attended meeting in his school-house in the evening. His Sunday-school has hitherto been supporting Charlie jointly with St. Paul's, but now we hope they will each take a separate boy. Tuesday evening we had a capital meeting in Rev. A. J. Broughall's schoolroom (St. Stephen's). His children have been supporting Sophy "Hole in the Sky." Great interest for our work was evinced at the meeting. Mr. Cumberland gave a capital address and hoped that some day he would see Indian boys driving the locomotives on his railways. Mr. Givins, our Secretary-treasurer, accompanied us to all our meetings in Toronto, and spoke very warmly of our work, which he could the better do on account of his having been present when Lord Dufferin laid the foundation-stone of our institution. That night we slept at Mr. Broughall's and the next day, Wednesday, we were to run out to Burlington in the Niagara Diocese to meet a large Sunday-school gathering of some nineteen Sunday-schools. The weather was propitious and everything passed off exceedingly well. Bishop Fuller occupied the chair, the platform having been erected in a large tent, and the singing was led by a brass band. The Rev. Rural Dean Worrell who had been chiefly instrumental in getting up the gathering, thought that his rural deanery could undertake the support of two children in our institution. We slept at the Rev. P. L. Spencer's, and the following morning returned to Toronto. The same evening there was a meeting in Mr. Givins' schoolroom (St. Paul's,) and Charlie was exhibited to the assembled children as their promising protege. Friday night we had a meeting in the church of the Redeemer; the Rev. S. Jones, at whose house we were staying, presided,

and there was a very fair attendance. This school had been supporting the half of John Rodd, but St. Peter's having undertaken the whole of that boy, I proposed to give them Joseph Sahgejewh ("A Young Man Coming out at the Top of a Mountain,") instead. On Saturday morning we left Toronto Diocese and arrived in Hamilton. We were met at the station by the Rev. Geo. A. Bull, and driven out to his house at Barton about three miles off. Here an afternoon garden-party had been arranged and it passed off very pleasantly; there must have been 150 children and people present, and I gave my address in the open air and exhibited the model. Miss Dora Bull acts as our secretary here, and she has procured for us quite a number of subscribers to our little Algoma paper. We slept at Mr. Bull's, and the next morning, Sunday, he drove us into Hamilton, where arrangements had already been made for services. In the morning I preached at the Church of Ascension, Rev. J. Hebden's church, and took up a collection—about \$100—for the St. John sufferers. At 4 p. m. there was a union Sunday-school service at St. Thomas', which was well attended, and in the evening I preached at St. Thomas'. St. Thomas' Sunday-school—Rev. J. B. Richardson—is supporting a boy in our school named Joseph Ahzhahwushquahpenashe, and Mr. Hebden's school promises us about \$100 per annum towards the Girl's Home General fund. We slept Sunday night at Mr. Street's, and the following day went on to Grimsby. At this place we arrived, unfortunately, for the tail-end only of a picnic which had been gotten up in our honor. We were very sorry for the good things we had missed and very sorry for the good people who were disappointed at our non-arrival; it was a mistake and could not be helped, so we just made the best of it, and the model was brought out and I gave my address. Grimsby is a beautiful place, the village set in a casket of deep-green foliage, the church and churchyard English-like and quite ancient, with some graves even of the 17th century. The Rev. Canon Reade was our host, and we passed a pleasant evening in his old-fashioned house and drank of his wine—the pure juice of his own grapes. At 9 a. m. on Tuesday, July 3rd., we were off again on our travels, not very far this time, only a few miles, westward to St. Catharine's. The Rev. H. Holland, the rector at St. George's kindly met us at the station and took us up to his house, and after an early dinner we started with him to keep an appointment at Port Dalhousie. This place was about three miles off, on the

Welland Canal and a diminutive steamboat took us there. There was a nice little meeting of school-children who listened very attentively to all I had to tell them. We got back to St. Catherine's in time for the evening meeting at St. George's school-room. Six years ago this very month, the old chief "Little Pine" had stood on that same platform with his crooked stick in his left hand, and his right hand upraised while he pleaded pathetically and earnestly for his people, and urged the necessity of a "big teaching wigwam" at Garden River. I reminded the audience of this circumstance, and tried to show how wonderfully and mysteriously God had led us and had gradually opened our way for us ever since. At that time we were begging for money in the old-fashioned way, I had been taught now not to depend on begging and taking up collections; God had destroyed *my* work and had built up *His own* work upon its ruins.

The next day, July 4th, we started early in a democrat to Niagara. We were now in the Niagara district, the great fruit district of Canada, strawberries, cherries, grapes, apples, plums, peaches, all in the greatest abundance, orchards everywhere, rich luxuriant vines trailing over trellis-work, gardens of the greatest richness, the earth fairly teeming with plenty. What a contrast to poor Algoma, where we can grow neither apple nor plum and cannot even ripen tomatoes. Nothing delights our boys more than to sit up in a cherry tree and eat cherries *ad libitum*—such a delicious novelty—and then to be summoned in for a tea off strawberries and cream! No meeting had been arranged for us in Niagara, owing to an unfortunate misunderstanding in the correspondence, but we visited about among the people and found many friends to thank for the kindness they had already shewn in helping us. Niagara has a boy—Johnny Daniel—and they also send us quantities of clothing. We dined with Mr. J. W. Ball, the churchwarden, who has long been interested in our work, and in the evening we met Archdeacon McMurray, who had only just returned from Toronto. He received us warmly, and showed us over his old church, whose walls received many an American bullet in the war of 1812, and some of the flat gravestones bear the marks of the axes where they cut up pork for the troops. Dr. McMurray, it should be remembered was the first missionary at Sault Ste. Marie, more than forty years ago. He has very kindly given us an organ for the institution. From Niagara, at 6 p. m. we pro-

ceeded by train to Drummondville. A select party of ladies and gentlemen, about 50 in number, were gathered to meet us at the house of our excellent secretary-treasurer, the Rev. T. H. Bartlett. The model was placed on exhibition in the drawing-room, and after we had been regaled with a cup of tea, a hymn was sung and I gave my address. The falls of Niagara were scarcely more than a stone's throw from the house, and the following morning as soon as breakfast was over we went to pay them a visit. Grand and impressive as was the sight, I fear that our boys, boylike, were more taken up with a couple of bears in their cages than with that enormous mass of water surging over the rocks, and tumbling 200 feet into the boiling basin of white foam below. We went over Mr. Barnett's Museum which contains a splendid collection of rare and valuable articles: a mummy in better state of preservation than any in the British museum, beautifully stuffed birds and animals of every description, a comparative collection of birds' windpipes, insects, butterflies, human figures, idols, winged bulls, coins, skeletons, ridiculous enormities, live wolves, buffaloes, such and such like are to be found in Mr. Barnett's wonderful collection. He did us the great honor of personally conducting us through the rooms and explaining to us his treasures, and ended by presenting the boys with his photograph.

At 2 p. m. Mr. McLeod called, and we drove with him to his church in Chippewa; we had a little service and my address in the church first, and then a capitally arranged picnic in an adjoining meadow. The children marched in procession and sang a hymn, and all passed off most nicely. From Chippewa we drove on a few miles further to Clinton—where there was another church and another address to be given. Mr. Fessenden, the clergyman, opened with a short service, then the model was placed on view and I gave the history as usual of our institution. After this, Mr. McLeod kindly drove us back to Drummondville for the night.

On Friday the 6th we arrived in Brantford and had a meeting in the evening in the Rev. R. H. Starr's schoolroom. The Rev. A. Nelles was present and gave a short address commending our work. This Sunday-school has long supported a girl in our Home. The following day we walked out to visit the Mohawk Institution, supported by the New England Company; this institution has been, I believe, nearly thirty years in existence, and they have at present thirty-eight boys and forty-two

girls. It was strange how shy our boys seemed of the young Mohawks, though making friends so readily with white boys. Mohawks and Ojebways were hereditary enemies, and in days gone by, used to delight in scalping one another.

Saturday evening we arrived in Woodstock, and became the guests of our warm friend and secretary-treasurer Mr. Beard. Mr. Beard was evidently determined that I should not be idle while passing through the Huron Diocese. First thing Sunday morning, July 8th, I addressed the crowded Sunday-school and showed the model and told them all about their boy, "Blue Sky," then I preached in St. Paul's church. And in the afternoon took advantage of the one through train which runs on Sunday, to reach another place, Ingersoll, about ten miles distant. Immediately on my arrival I was hurried to the school and found the Sunday-school children all gathered together in large numbers to hear me and see my boys. Twenty dollars per annum has been their subscription to our work, and they are determined to keep this on, and perhaps do a little more. We slept Sunday night at the Rev. J. P. Hincks, after attending evening service and preaching in his church. By Monday noon we had arrived in London, and at 5 p. m. there was a large gathering of the Sunday-schools in St. Paul's church. There were present of the clergy the Revs. Gemley, Tilley, Smith, Richardson, and DeLorn, and short addresses were given besides my own. St. Paul's Sunday school has been supporting Adam Kiyoshk the first boy that entered our institution; he has been learning carpentering. On Tuesday we reached Exeter, and came in for another picnic, gotten up specially for us, the attendance was large and all passed off very nicely. That same evening we

arrived in Clinton where a meeting was held in the evening, the Rev. Dr. Wall presiding. Both these places promise us \$10 per annum to the general support of the Girls' Home. The following day, Wednesday July 11th., was to end our work. We arrived in Kincardine, and a meeting was held in the evening in Rev. G. C. Mackenzie's schoolroom, the attendance was large and great interest was manifested, so that we have been left with a pleasant recollection of our last meeting. We left the model of the Home in Mr. McKenzie's charge, so that any other Sunday-schools that had not yet seen it might send for it or pass it on from one to another. From Kincardine we went next day to Southampton, where we visited some Indians on the Saugeen Reserve, and from thence took steamboat on the shore of Lake Huron back to Sault Ste. Marie. We have travelled 4103 miles, have stopped at thirty-five towns and cities distributed over eight dioceses, have addressed about 5500 people at meetings, and about 6700 Sunday-school children, besides sermons in churches. Although making it my principle not to receive collections, I nevertheless had handed to me on my way:—

For Girls' Home Bldng. Fund...	\$ 990 59
For the Shingwauk Home.....	226 54
Towards travelling expenses....	13 00
ALG. MIS. NEWS subscriptions...	5 30

Total—\$1235 43

We have to thank our many friends for their great liberality and hospitality in receiving us to their houses or paying our expenses at the hotels. We thank also Mr. Brydges for the free pass he gave us from Riviere du Loup to Halifax and back through St. John, and the G. T. R. and G. W. R. for half fare tickets.

## The Wawanosh Home.

IT is intended [D. V.] to open the wing of the Wawanosh Home, which has just been erected, with about ten girls, in October; Madame Capelle, the Lady Superintendent, being already on the spot and anxious to enter upon her work, and many Indian girls being prepared to enter as pupils, it seems to the committee that it will be more satisfactory to our helpers, and especially to those Sunday-schools which are paying for the support of Indian girls, that we should delay no longer in making a commence-

ment. Still the Committee cannot but feel that they must act cautiously in opening up and carrying on so important a work, and they cannot hide their eyes from the fact that not more than half of the required sum for the general support of the Home year by year has as yet been guaranteed, so that by opening in October they will probably have to draw largely on the Building Fund to meet the current expenses. It must also be understood clearly that fully \$2000 is still required in order to complete and furnish the

main building.

We trust our friends will make an increased effort this next winter to make up what is required for building, and that many more promises of \$10 per annum from country Sunday-schools may come in so as to make up the required annual sum of \$1000.

Below we give a list of the lots not yet taken up:—

**LOTS NOT YET TAKEN UP.**

Lot 6, Joists and sills.....	\$ 154 00
“ 8, Inch boards.....	83 00
“ 9, Flooring .....	75 00
“ 10, “ .....	62 50
“ 13, Shingles .....	72 00
“ 14, 27 Doors .....	70 00
“ 15, window sashes .....	30 00

“ 16, Doors and window frames .....	106 00
“ 17, Glass, putty, hardwr	44 00
“ 19, Plastering.....	375 00
“ 20, Painting .....	120 00
“ 22, Fencing.....	100 00
“ 24, Verandah .....	100 00
“ 26, Mattresses.....	45 00
“ 28, Bed linen, &c.,.....	100 00
“ 29, Blankets .....	97 50
“ 31, Cook stove .....	45 00
“ 32, Laundry stove.....	35 00
“ 33, 4 stoves.....	45 00
“ 35, Furniture, for Lady Supt's rooms.....	200 00
“ 36, Furntre. for schlm.	30 00
“ 28, Tinware & crockery	50 00
“ 43, Frnitre. for Indry.	25 00
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	\$2064 00

**A Few of Our Difficulties.**

**P**ERHAPS some of the children who contribute their money on Sundays to the support of our Shingwauk Home think that provided sufficient money comes to us we can have no anxiety or trouble in carrying on the work of our institution. It is, I think, generally known that both our Homes—the Shingwauk Home for boys, and the Wawanosh Home for Girls—are supported almost entirely by voluntary contributions—that for the support of a boy or girl in our institution we have to depend on the cents or half dimes which, Sunday after Sunday, children scattered over thousands of miles drop into the collecting bag at their respective Sunday-schools.

Of course this is, humanly speaking, rather an uncertain way of providing for the wants of our numerous family; still we have been enabled thus far to trust in God, and God has supplied our wants, and where some whom we were leaning upon have failed, others have been raised up to take their places, so that we may truly say we have had on the whole very little anxiety on this point.

But we have difficulties in other ways. The Indians are a very trying people to deal with. We hear it often said “Oh you can do nothing with the Indians! Give them flour and pork and tobacco, and they will listen to you, but try and improve them and raise them up to a better position and your efforts will be all fruitless.” Sometimes we have been tempted to feel that those remarks, made by people who dislike

and despise the Indians are but too true, and that it seems almost a hopeless task to try and break them of their old instincts inherited from their fathers, and to make them care for a civilized and respectable life. It requires very great patience in dealing with them, and a kind but firm hand in treating them. At a school for white boys, if a boy runs away to his home, his father will probably punish him and send him straight back; but not so with the Indians. In most cases it is the boy himself who is left to decide whether he will go back to school or not, sometimes he has even to induce his parents to let him go. Many of the old people are even quite averse to their children being educated, they think it unfits them for hunting and fishing. And so the boys when they come first to us, come generally as independent young braves, with very independent ideas, if they like to lie down and go to sleep, instead of working, of course they will do so, and as to running when the bell rings, why that is quite a new thing to them altogether. So the first breaking in is generally rather a trying time. We want to gain their confidence and love, and at the same time we have to be firm and insist on obedience to rules. Well the year passes round and the summer holidays come, and all the boys are sent off to their homes for about six weeks; the parents have to send us money to pay the homeward passage, and we give each a free return ticket, so that they are at no expense in returning to us. The end of the holidays

and the period for the boys to return to us is again a time of some anxiety, for the reason that—as matters now stand—we are entirely dependent on each boy's caprice whether he will return or not, it is just the question of each, "Shall I be my own master, and run where I will about the bush; or shall I return to the Shingwauk Home to be under rules and regulations and to be scolded or punished if I don't obey?" It is really rather a wonder, looking at it in this way, that we get any boys back at all. There is no one at their backs, no one to urge them to go, their parents for the most part supremely indifferent as to whether they return or not. We really feel it to be an encouragement that so large a proportion of our boys have of their own accord, punctual to the day, returned to us. Still we cannot hide from ourselves the fact that a certain proportion—perhaps one fourth of the whole number—either do not come back on time or perhaps do not come at all. No word is sent, no letter of explanation, no word of thanks for the education, board and clothing which they have received, no offer to send back the institution clothing, no notice taken of our printed rules (copies of which are supplied to the boys) that if any pupil is to leave at midsummer, three months notice must be given by the parents, and clothing sent for them to go home in; but simply *non sunt*.

We feel this rather hard, and the result often is, on the other hand, that the Sunday-school which was supporting that boy, hearing of his non-return sees fit to withdraw its subscription, and to take no further interest in our work.

We cannot hide from our eyes the fact that other institutions have been tried and failed. Some have been given up altogether, others have been reduced to a low ebb and have risen again. That there is very great difficulty in coping with the question "How can the Indians be raised up from their present low degraded state and be made good Canadian citizens?"

certainly cannot be denied.

But because we have difficulties we do not on that account intend to give in. By God's grace we will endeavor to cope with them. Of this we are persuaded, for one thing: that the Indian boy is thoroughly capable of receiving instruction, that he has brains as good as a white boy, that he is naturally tractable, and that, if kindly and justly treated, very much may be done with him. We believe further that he is fully capable of fulfilling his duties at a future day, in the highest and most honorable positions the country has to offer.

We however think that this indisposition on the part of Indian parents to have their children properly educated is a thing that ought to engage the attention of the Indian Department. Great good has been done to the Indians, by a bold and decided step lately taken by the Department in procuring legislation whereby white people are forbidden, under severe penalties, not only to sell but even to give liquor to Indians. The preventing the use of fire-water by the Indians has been a great benefit to them. Might they not be further benefitted if some wise laws were enacted requiring the attendance of their children at school during a certain age. It seems to us that something in this way ought to be done if the Industrial School system is to prove a success.

In the meantime we would ask our friends belonging to the Sunday-schools not to let their interest in our cause flag, if sometimes the accounts of their proteges are not so encouraging as they would wish, but remember that whatever is discouraging to them is ten times more so to us, and we want them to join with us earnestly and faithfully in seeking the best good of these poor Indian children, and not to judge the work accomplished till we see hopeful young Indians mingling everywhere with the Canadian populace, and filling some of the best positions in the land.

## ALCOMA MISSIONARY NEWS

AND

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