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VOL. II.

SHINGWAUK HOME, JANUARY, 1889.

No. 10.

## OUR FOREST CHILDREN

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF  
INDIAN EDUCATION AND CIVILIZATION.

**COPIES SENT GRATIS**

TO THOSE WHO WILL INTEREST THEMSELVES IN THE WORK.

### Mr. Wilson's Trip to the States.

IT is Saturday afternoon, Oct. 20th, 1888. The pupils of Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes are gathered in the large school-room of the Shingwauk Home—the boys, about fifty in number, in their dark blue serge sailor jackets and scarlet sashes, and the twenty-two girls in dresses of similar material with white collars and white muslin aprons. Our teachers and a few friends are present. On the wall hangs a large map of North America, covered with large numbers and dotted over with little black crosses. The Bishop and myself occupy the platform. The object of the gathering is to bid farewell to myself and wife ere we start on our long journey of 7,000 miles, through the States, which is to occupy about eight weeks. At the Bishop's request I explain the map on the wall. It is an Indian map, and its object is to shew the location of all the Indian tribes still existent in Canada and in the United States. The figures denote the number of Indians in each State of the United States and in each Province of Canada. The crosses indicate institutions for training Indian children: one hundred and nine in the States, but as yet only ten in Canada. After giving these particulars, I point to a dotted line on the map which marks our intended tour. It leads first to Ottawa, where I hope to obtain letters to the authorities at

Washington, which will aid me on my way; thence we proceed to Kingston, cross the St. Lawrence to the United States, and take train to Philadelphia to visit the Lincoln Institute; thence into Pennsylvania to visit the great Carlisle School, with its six hundred pupils; thence to Washington to visit the Smithsonian Institution, and to confer with members of the Bureau of Ethnology and others interested in the Indians; thence to Chillicotte in Ohio to visit the ancient Indian mounds, of which so much has been said and written; thence to St. Louis; thence southwest into Indian Territory to visit the Cherokees and other civilized tribes, who are said to have their own Legislative Assembly, their own judges, lawyers, and other public officials, and to support their schools and other public institutions entirely out of their own funds without any help from Government; thence west through Indian Territory to visit the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, and other wilder tribes; then into New Mexico and Arizona to see the Pueblo, Moki and Zuni Indians, who build miniature cities, the houses one above another in a succession of terraces, and who are supposed to be a remnant of the ancient Aztecs; to see also the Navajoes, who have immense flocks of sheep and goats and weave on looms of their own construction the most beautiful and valuable blankets; then from there north to Denver in Colorado; then to the Genoa School in Nebraska; then through Omaha and Des Moines to St. Paul in Minnesota; and thence home.

After I had finished this explanation of my map, the Bishop spoke a few kind words, saying with what

interest the travellers would be followed in their journeys, and how much those who remained behind would be pleased to hear the tale of their adventures on their return. The proceedings then closed with the National Anthem, and three cheers for the Queen.

## OTTAWA.

We reached Ottawa early on Tuesday morning, and were the guests of our kind friends, Major and Mrs. Tilton. A great part of the morning and a portion of the afternoon were taken up in talking over measures for the improvement of the Indians with those in authority at the Indian Department, and pressing my claims for increased help towards the support of my work, both at the Shingwauk and in the North-west. I also obtained letters, as I had hoped, to the authorities in Washington. In the evening there was a well attended meeting at St. George's school, at which the Bishop of Ontario kindly presided, and I was afforded an opportunity of telling about my work and of my intended tour in the States.

## KINGSTON.

At Kingston our friends, the Rev. B. Buxton and Mrs. Smith, kindly entertained us at their house, and invited a number of ladies and gentlemen, interested in our Indian work, to meet us at an evening meeting in their drawing-room.

## NEW YORK.

We found we could take in New York on our way to Philadelphia without extra expense, so did so. It was pleasant to meet our good friend, Dr. Wilson, again, who has long taken an interest in our work. We took lunch with him and two of his co-helpers in the great clergy house, which was built at a cost of \$250,000 by the munificence of a single parishioner. We were sorry to miss Mr. and Mrs. Rainsford, who were both away from the city.

## PHILADELPHIA.

Mr. Hugg, the Superintendent of the Lincoln Institution, met us at the door and welcomed us in, and we had a room upstairs adjoining the Indian girls' dormitories. It was amusing to hear their quaint English talk, just like our girls talk at the Wawanosh. After supper and evening prayer, I told them all about our work in Canada, and read to them the letters which I had brought with me from the boys and girls of the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes. I also showed them some of my photographs and sketches. There are one hundred and one girls and ninety-nine boys at this Institution. The boys' department being some little distance off, we had not time to visit it. The next morning I was very busy taking down words and sentences in the various Indian languages represented


by pupils of various tribes who were at the Institution. The languages that I procured were the Ottawa, Mohawk, Winnebago, and Wichita—all of them very different one from the other.

## CARLISLE.

We reached the great Carlisle School, with its six hundred Indian pupils, representing forty different tribes, on Saturday, Oct. 27th. Capt. and Mrs. Pratt received us most cordially, and we were guests at their house during the time of our stay. In the evening there was an entertainment given by the pupils, at which we were present. There were songs and recitations, charades acted, and speeches in English by some of the elder boys. They all did exceedingly well, and did credit to the careful and useful training which they received at the school.

(To be continued.)

## A True Story.

HEN Aunt Martha, an inexperienced girl, first went among the Indians in far off Nebraska, her heart was so full of pity for the women and children and young girls, and she had such a longing to do something for the poor things, that she gave them almost every thing they asked her for.

The Indian women soon learned this, and often came asking for sugar and coffee and molasses and bread and sometimes money, which Aunt Martha gladly gave, thinking that she was doing great good in that way.

One cold winter's day a poor old Indian woman stood before the kitchen door.

There was a bag of potatoes by the door, placed there temporarily before taking into the cellar.

The Indian woman was hungry, and as she stood shivering in the cold, noticed the bag. Knowing at once what was in the bag, she said in a beseeching way, "Eets, kit-e-ko gi" it to me," in half Pawnee and half English, which interpreted would be "Potatoes, may be give it to me."

"How many?" asked Aunt Martha.

"Usk, pitk, towit, sketix," (one, two, three, four), she cried, holding out her long, bony hand, which looked more like a chicken's foot up-side down than a human hand. Yes, and the bare arm had as little flesh on it as the scaly leg of a chicken, and it was as brown in color.

Not being convenient that morning for Aunt Martha to invite the forlorn creature into the house, to get rid of her, and at the same time cheer the heart and stomach of the suffering mortal, she gave her three of the largest potatoes in the bag.

The woman snatched them as eagerly as would a hungry hound a piece of raw meat. She hid them in her blanket and went off.

It is the fashion for an Indian woman to tie her blanket around the waist, then when she gathers the top of it loosely around her head and shoulders, there is a nice big space left around the body for a pocket.

They pile all sorts of things in there—bread, meat, wild turnips—anything they may wish to carry. So this woman put the potatoes in her blanket-pocket and went off, while Aunt Martha shut the door and resumed her morning duties.

Presently on going to the door again to shake the dust-cloth, Aunt Martha saw another Indian woman coming towards the house. She called out hurriedly when she saw the door was going to shut, "Eets, kit-e-ko gi' it to me."

"Oh, my," whispered Aunt Martha to herself, but to the woman, who was by this time quite near and holding out her arm pitifully, she said, "Good morning, my friend. How many potatoes do you want?"

"Heap," said the woman. "Me pappoose sick. No good eat."

Aunt Martha hadn't the heart to refuse, so she gave her two large potatoes, and the woman said gratefully, "O-ches! O-ches! Now-a-dee! (Dear! Dear! Thank you), and trotted on, mumbling other words of praise.

Hardly two minutes had passed when another came stalking through the kitchen without leave or license, and without knocking before entering. She came on into the sitting-room where Aunt Martha was busy sweeping.

"Eets, kit-e-ko gi' it to me," she said.

"No, no!" said Aunt Martha, shaking her head and trying to frown. "Have no eets."

"Yes! Me see! Heap! Kit-e-ko gi' it to me. Four sleeps me no eat. Me heap hungum." (Hungry.)

"Poor soul!" thought Aunt Martha. "She shall have a couple," and so led the way to the back door, fished out two big potatoes and gave them to her, thinking as before she would get rid of the Indian in this way.

In five minutes there were three more sickly-looking, half-frozen beings at the door, and they seemed ten times more hungry than the others. They begged so hard that Aunt Martha gave each one a potato. They were not very thankful for so small a gift, but were hardly out of sight when four more came around the corner, and Aunt Martha felt that she was getting into a box.

"Eets, kit-e-ko gi' it to me," they called.

Aunt Martha could do nothing but stand and look at them, she was so surprised. She had to smile at

the way she was getting rid of them. The Indians thought that she was smiling because she was going to give them potatoes, and they began to call her good woman.

"You heap good," they said. "Eets, kit-e-ko gi' it to me."

As the bag was there in sight, she could not say, "No more eets." She could not make them understand that she had no more for *them*, so she hastily and without another word grabbed a few and threw them one at a time to the women until all were supplied with two or more eets, as they called them.

After giving the last potato she thought she could possibly spare, and in the very act of tossing it, she glanced up and saw what she thought was an object moving in the distance.

"An Indian woman, as sure as anything, and coming towards the house. What in the world shall I do?" she whispered. "Yes, there is another, and another, three, six, ten; where do they all come from?"

It seemed as though the whole village had gone potato-crazy, and thought that Aunt Martha was made of them.

She was not made of them, however, and had only one small bag of them, and this was half gone, but on and on the Indians came, thicker and faster, until, worried out and distressed, she turned her back upon them and rushed into the house.

They surrounded the house and stood by the dozen gazing in the window. Some stuck their heads in the door and called out, "Eets, kit-e-ko gi' it to me," when almost frantic Aunt Martha flew upstairs out of sight and out of hearing of the dear people she wanted so much to help.

The anxious cook, seeing that the potatoes were fast disappearing, hid the few that were left in a box in the cellar, and the Indians soon took their departure.

Aunt Martha learned her first lesson that day, that she could do more good in some other way than by feeding potatoes to the Indians, whom she afterwards found out generally had enough to eat.

#### Jottings.

WEATHER very mild at the Soo; no sleighing.

So far we have got through the winter without any serious illness in either of the Homes.

REV. E. F. AND MRS. WILSON returned home on the 14th. Mr. Wilson has collected much valuable information about the different Indian tribes, and an immense number of interesting Indian curiosities, during his tour through the United States.

### Peace Principles Put to the Proof.

(From the American Note-book of Stanley Pumphrey.)

AN experience which has ranged over eleven years, and which has brought the Society of Friends in contact with about thirty different tribes of North American Indians, in every shade of semi-civilization and barbarism, has abundantly illustrated the power of love and justice in influencing even the most untutored minds; and there have not been wanting striking illustrations of the Divine Blessing on the faithful carrying out of peace principles in times of difficulty and danger.

In 1873 James M. Haworth, a member of the Friends' Society, was appointed by the American Government to the charge of the Kiowas and Comanches, two wild and warlike tribes located near the northern line of Texas. To the inhabitants of that large cattle-raising State these Indians gave great trouble by their frequent raids. So irresistible was the temptation to cross the border and drive off the cattle that Satanta, one of their chiefs, confessed his entire inability to control the young men, and told "the great Father at Washington" that the readiest way to save trouble would be "to move Texas farther off!" Satanta shortly succumbed to the temptation himself, and he and his companion, Big Tree, were, for certain depredations and other misdeeds clearly proved against them, sent prisoners to Florida. The chiefs were powerful fellows with much natural intelligence, and were popular with their tribe, and their release was clamorously demanded of the agent. The Government, wishing to conciliate the Indians, gave them to expect that their desire should be granted, but difficulties were raised by the authorities in Texas and the chiefs were still held prisoners.

(To be continued.)

### An Appeal.

WE are greatly in need of clothing for the Indian boys of the Home. Socks, mits, sashes, uniforms, tuques, etc., are particularly wanted. Will not some kind friends take pity on us and form working parties for our benefit this winter? We will gladly furnish all particulars as to size, etc.

### Clothing for Indian Homes.

OCTOBER.

- From St. John's S.S., York Mills, per Mrs. Osler, girls' and boys' clothing and boots; a nice quilt from Miss Osler's Bible class.
- From St. Thomas S.S., Montreal, per Mrs. Lindsay, a nice complete outfit for Fanny Jacobs.
- From George Johnson, Walpole Island, one barrel of potatoes.

From St. Paul's S.S., Quebec, per Mrs. Taylor, a beautiful box of clothing for Charlotte Knaggs, and cake from Rev. Canon Richardson; quilt and boys' clothing.

DECEMBER.

- Mrs. Wilson begs to acknowledge the following boxes of clothing with many thanks:
- Box for Indian girl from the "Whatsoever Club," St. Stephen, N.B., containing a beautiful supply of clothing; also gifts for Christmas and a large piece of factory cotton.
- From St. John's S.S., Strathroy, Ont., per Mrs. Lenfesty, a box containing a complete outfit for boy, and some apples.
- From Havelock, Ont., per Mrs. Bustard, a nice box of clothing; also a quilt for Mrs. Wilson.
- From the St. Peter's Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary, Quebec, per Miss Maggie Borland, two barrels of nice clothing.
- From Miss Harding, London, Ont., a box containing beautiful supply of Christmas presents for boys and girls.
- From Berthier en Haut, per Mrs. McWilliams, box containing a complete outfit for boy.
- From All Saints' Church, Drummondville, and from Christ Church, Niagara Falls, per Miss Ingles, a large parcel of clothing for Girls' Home; also a quilt from the Sewing Society of St. John's Church, Stainford.

### Receipts—Indian Homes.

ST. CHARLES S.S. Dersham, \$5.00; Ladies' Class, Emmanuel Church, London, \$7.43; Frank Guild, \$25.00; Holy Trinity S.S., Lucan, \$10.00; Christ's Church S.S., Deer Park, \$12.50; T. W. Patterson, \$5.00; Advent S.S., Ridgetown, \$10.00; Jno. Summers, \$10.00; St. James', Wilmot Township, \$5.00; Mrs. Sarah Gibbins, £100; St. Peter's Guild, Sherbrooke, \$18.75; "Two Friends," per Mrs. Robertson, Corresponding Secretary St. Stephen's W. A. Toronto, \$7.00; St. John's, St. Thomas, \$25.00; Church Redeemer, Toronto, \$18.75; St. Martin's, Montreal, \$12.50.

### Receipts—Our Forest Children.

MRS. OSLER, 30c.; Mrs. Richardson, 50c.; R. B. Street, 15c.; Miss Reed, 25c.; Miss L. Besaw, 25c.; Miss E. Wood, 25c.; Mrs. McWilliams, 80c.; Miss E. L. Wallilite, 30c.; Mrs. Gibb, \$1.00; G. H. Hale, \$1.00; Wm. Blake, \$1.00; Mrs. Miller, \$1.00.

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