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Vol. IV., No. 4.]

SHINGWAUK HOME, JULY, 1890.

[NEW SERIES, NO. 14.

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Edited by Rev. E. F. Wilson.

JNO. RUTHERFORD, PRINTER AND PUBLISHER,  
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# OUR FOREST CHILDREN,

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF INDIAN EDUCATION AND CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV., No. 4.]

SHINGWAUK HOME, JULY, 1890.

[NEW SERIES, No. 14.]

## Letter to the Sunday Schools.

**M**Y DEAR CHILDREN,—I had hoped to be able to have given you a very bright account of the way in which the loyal inmates of the Homes kept the Queen's Birthday; but, unfortunately, the weather was far from what it might have been, as it rained off and on during the whole day. However, by 8 a.m. the Union Jack was flying, the drive was decorated from the gate to the house with small flags, the boys were all in uniform, the team had been sent to the Wawanosh for the girls, and the band was playing "God Save the Queen," just in front of the house. At about 10 a.m. the girls with their matron arrived, and from ten to eleven was spent in packing baskets, etc. At eleven all the boys and girls had lunch, and a little before one o'clock they all collected, formed a long procession (all carrying flags) and marched off with the band at their head. The picnic ground was hardly two miles away, but several teams took all the baskets and the small children. A large party went in the sail boat. The ground had been nicely prepared on Friday, as we had intended at first to have the picnic on the 24th, but the death of a little Indian girl on the 23rd, necessitated its being postponed till the 26th. However, the ground had been nicely cleared, and tables and benches put up. Of course the usual routine of games, races, etc., followed. Tea was to have been laid at 4.30, and, of course, just at that time it began to rain. Three times did the energetic members of the party try to set the tables, and three times had they all to retreat in haste and seek shelter under waterproofs and umbrellas. However, the sun did come out at last, and though the pies were rather squashed, owing to the fact that they and several small children had all been put under the tables together for shelter from the rain, still every one managed to have a very good tea. Then it began to cloud over again, and the baskets were packed with remarkable haste, and the children were hustled into the waggons, and everybody set out for home, where they arrived in a very short space of time, looking rather damp, but all in very good spirits.

It has been such a late spring here, as everywhere,

that the weather is not fit as yet for many out-door amusements. However, base ball is already in full swing; the players wore their new suits for the first time on the 26th, and they really looked exceedingly nice, "quite like English boys," as some one remarked. The band, too, is a great attraction, and on Wednesday afternoons (when it plays for an hour) the bandstand is generally surrounded by an admiring circle. I think an account is given elsewhere in this paper of the death of Josephine Sampson. It was particularly sad, for she was such a nice gentle girl, and a favorite with all. She had only been a short time in the Home, but was getting on very nicely. The day before she died she told some one that her only trouble was that she "couldn't say her prayers."

There has been a good deal of illness in the Homes this year, and several pupils have been obliged to leave on account of ill health. We hope the holidays will set them up. Of course nearly all are looking forward anxiously to the summer vacation, but some of them have declared their intention of staying here, if they can, in preference to going home.

Please address questions, etc., to be answered in this letter, to

BARBARA BIRCHBARK,  
(Care of Rev. E. F. Wilson.)

## Indian Children's Letters.

Elkhorn, Manitoba, May 19th, 1890:

**D**EAR MR. WILSON:

I was so pleased, I saw Mr. J. W. Tims, gone home in blackfeet reserve. He says I see you again about August. Don't know you, Mr. Wilson, come up there. I very like it your homes. Tell me, please, when you are going to build the Homes at Medicine Hat. I think like it Medicine Hat. When you are come here, blackfeet boys. Good-bye, Mr. Wilson,

DANIEL.

[This letter was written by a little boy who has only been a short time in the Home, and could not speak a word of English when he came.]

*From a 17-year-old Pottowatami, four years at school:*

MY DEAR MOTHER,—The Christmas holidays have

passed already. We are all been very present, except two of the boys have ran away at last Saturday, five days ago. They were caught about eighty miles towards east, and so they got back again. Their trial will come upon them this evening at 7.15 o'clock; judges and jury are by the boys; no white people to be present. The snow is about foot and half deep, also the climate is getting colder now-a-days. I am working at shoemaking all the time. Ananias is getting on very well—healthy and obedient. I will try to obey to all my orders that are set before me, also to the Christianity. We are all happy, and enjoying ourselves. Everything in Shingwauk are getting on very present. We also have a new superintendent; he is very cute of his ways; he's very sharp—always in time. Band is getting on very fairly. The band boys are going to play twice a week at Sault Ste. Marie, in the rink. Good-bye.

Yours truly son,

JOSEPH SAMPSON.

*Rev. Mr. Wilson:*

DEAR SIR,—How are you get along with your children. We always go to church laughing and talking on the way. Sometimes we fright the horses. When we been in church we always help the people singing. We get along well with our work, and we do the best we can at knitting. Sometimes we help the washing and sometimes we carry the water. Our reader says true:

This is the way  
To be happy and gay,  
Work while you work  
And play while you play.

I am, FLORA BAPTISTE.

*Dear Madam:*

I am answering your letter. I received it on the 20th of December, but was not going to answer it till after Christmas day and our Christmas tree, and tell you all about it. Oh, I can never be thankful enough to you for paying for the support of me here at school; it does not seem like school at all to me, it is home, for I have been here going on five years, and I am not very big—only 13 years old on the 3rd of this month; also I got your little parcel that you sent me. I was so pleased with it; I got just on Christmas eve, just as Santa Claus was ready to chase us all over the Shingwauk to scare us. He was no bigger than my brother Isaiah, who is 11. Oh, he was so funny-looking, with a big bag of candies over his shoulder and a big branch of balsam over his other shoulder, and with it he

chased us all over, and threw such lots of nuts and candies at us; and, besides, we got a lot in our stockings, and some other things; and the next day was Xmas. In the morning we went to church, and about two o'clock we had dinner in the dining room. The room and the tables we beautifully decorated with evergreens, and we had such a nice hot big dinner, and got pretty cards by our plates; and after we had dinner we had some games. About 5 o'clock we started for home and got here about six. We had our Xmas tree on the 27th. The tree looked beautiful, all lighted up with candles, and nice presents for all on it. I got a pretty dolly, and a work-bag and apron, handkerchief, an album and a nice warm woollen petticoat; and there was a most beautiful doll in a box. It was not hung on the tree at all—it was to be voted for, all ready drest with a sailor suit on and a white tueque on, a knitted jacket and stockings and little white kid slippers on, and two print dresses besides; and I got the vote. Oh, I was so glad, for I like dolls so much. Our matron, Mrs. Seal, is here still, and we are all so fond of her she is so kind to us; and our teacher, Mrs. Bligh, has gone away. She went away on the 1st of November, and is in Toronto. Miss Champion is now our teacher; she is so patient with us, and tries to make our lessons interesting, and explains them when we find it hard to understand. The last examination I got 304 marks out of 350. I do my best at the examinations always. We have just begun school this week. I am now learning reading, spelling and dictation, in the 3rd book; I have not gone in the 4th book. Mr. Wilson is not going to put us in the 4th book unless we want to study for teachers, and my father wants me to be one, so I will study to please him, if it is only for him, as I have no mother. I also like study very much. In the holidays it seems dull without any lessons. I must now close my letter to you. Good-bye. With my best love and wishes to you for a Happy New Year. This text I send Mispah: The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another. I remain, forever, your little friend.

DORA JACOBS.

As we expect a good many visitors to the Home this summer, great pains are being taken in preparing a nice piece of ground near our dock, which will make a capital place for pic-nics. Tables, benches and rustic seats have been put up for the accommodation of visitors. In fact, Mr. Madden and his Indian boys have made it an ideal place for a pic-nic.

## The "Canadian Indian"—Our New Magazine.

WE have great pleasure in announcing that a new first-class magazine, to be called the "Canadian Indian," will make its appearance on October 1st next, under the joint editorship of Rev. E. F. Wilson, and Mr. H. B. Small of Ottawa. The latter gentleman, whose writings on Canadian subjects in the British press, and whose works on Canada and its industries have been widely circulated, has secured the promise of contributions from the pens of several leading men. The auspices therefore under which the literary venture is launched are superior to many such enterprises; and if our friends interested in the Indian and his history will only afford pecuniary aid, the success of the work will be guaranteed. We hope to give fuller details next month. Meanwhile all persons desirous of becoming members of the Indian Research and Aid Society will kindly forward their \$2 subscription to either Rev. E. F. Wilson, Sault Ste. Marie, or to Mr. W. L. Marler, Treasurer, Merchants' Bank, Ottawa. Mr. H. B. Small, of the latter city, has kindly offered to answer any inquiries or give any information by mail, to parties requesting any particulars.

## Obituary.

WE are deeply grieved to have to record the death of another of our pupils, due to that terrible scourge of the Indian, consumption. On the 25th of May, Josephine Sampson was laid in the little cemetery behind the Home. She had been failing rapidly for a month, and on Friday, the 23rd, her spirit returned to Him who gave it. She was about fifteen years old, and had been at the Home for nearly a year. Her kind and loving disposition endeared her to all her companions, and when the time came for the last farewell, it was very evident that many of the girls felt that they had lost a true friend.

The Bishop read the burial service. Four of the elder boys acted as pall-bearers and carried the coffin from the hospital to the chapel gate, where they were met by the Bishop, who preceded them into the church. The coffin was covered with wild flowers—loving tributes from loving hearts. After the first part of the service, a hymn and a short address, the body was reverently borne to the little graveyard and laid in the earth, while the beautiful words of hope and comfort fell from the Bishop's lips. Communicants then returned to the chapel, where the sacrament was administered.

At the time of writing this, two children, a boy and a girl, lie dangerously ill; but we hope that with God's providence and good nursing, they may recover. Miss Pigot remains firm at her bedside post, indefatigable in her zeal and unselfish devotion.

## Bishop Whipple's Testimony.

DARK as the history is, there is a brighter side. No missions to the heathen have been more blessed than those among the Indians. Thousands, who were once wild, painted savages, finding their greatest joy in deeds of war, are now the disciples of the Prince of Peace. There are Indian churches, with Indian congregations, in which Indian clergy are telling the story of God's love in Jesus Christ our Saviour. Where once was only heard the medicine-drum and the song of the scalp-dance, there is now the bell calling Christians to prayer, and songs of praise and words of prayer go up to heaven. The Christian's home, though only a log-cabin, has taken the place of the wigwam; and the poor, degraded Indian woman has been changed to the Christian wife and mother. With justice, personal rights, and the protection of law, the Gospel will do for our Red brothers what it has done for other races—give to them homes, manhood and freedom.—*Century of Dishonor.*

## Jottings.

WE are expecting Mr. Wilson to return from England in the early part of this month.

OUR laundress, who has been ill for the last two or three weeks, is, we are happy to say, able to return to her work.

THE Queen's birthday was celebrated on the 26th, but owing to bad weather, etc., the general enthusiasm was somewhat dampened.

THE town debentures have been sold for a good price, and it has cheered up several business people, as they hope it will give a fresh impetus to trade.

THE Duke and Duchess of Connaught, when passing through Manitoba, stopped for short time at Elkhorn, and expressed themselves as greatly pleased with the appearance of the Indian Homes there.

ON being told that he was going to cross the ocean with Mr. Wilson, little Zosie remarked, "I guess I had better take some marbles to play with when I am inside the whale." Evidently he had heard of Jonah.

## Two Little Indian Boys.

THE accompanying picture represents two little Indian boys from the Shingwauk Home, who last month accompanied the Rev. E. F. Wilson on a tour through Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, and have now gone with him for a few weeks' visit to England. The eldest boy is named William Soney.

He is 12 years old, and is a Pottawatami, from Walpole Island. He has been only 2 years and a-half at the Shingwauk, and when he first came could only read a very little and knew not more than a word or two of English. Now he has made such good progress that he can read in the Third Book. He writes an excellent hand, has advanc'd in arithmetic as far as reduction and compound multiplication, and also learns English grammar and geography. His Indian name is Pah-tah-se-wah, which means "Coming this Way." The little boy is named



TWO LITTLE INDIAN BOYS.

Zosie Dosum, he is about 8 years old, and is an Ojebway Indian, from the north shore of Lake Superior. When he first came to the Shingwauk, a year and a-half ago, he was a regular little wild Indian, living in a birchbark wigwam, and knew nothing about the English language or A B C. His Indian name is Ah-ne-me-keens, meaning "Little Thunder." The two little boys are arrayed in the costume of the wild Sioux and Blackfeet Indians in the North-west, and they think it great fun going through their part of the performance at the meetings. When they first appear on the plat-

form they are in the uniform worn at the institution, consisting of a dark blue navy serge jacket, trimmed with scarlet, ending in a tight band at the waist, around which pass two folds of a netted scarlet sash, the ends of which are tied and fall at the side; the trowsers also are of dark serge. Both the boys repeat texts of Scripture from memory, and know where to find them in their Bibles. The elder boy sings very nicely and gives

one or two hymns at each meeting; then they repeat a dialogue, the elder boy asking the younger one where he comes from, etc. In reply to the question, "How do you like being at the Shingwauk?" he answers, with some emphasis, "First-rate." Then Soney says to Zosie, "Say this in our language, Zosie, 'I like coming here very much,'" and Zosie replies, "Ah-peche ne minwandumomaunduhpe ke-pe-ezhahyaun." Later on in the proceedings the two boys dress up—as shown in the picture—and by reciting another dialogue explain to the audience the mean-

ing of their various articles of apparel and accoutrements. The rattle in Zosie's hand comes from Indian Territory. It was made by the Cheyenne Indians, and when anyone is sick the medicine man rattles it all day and all night to make him get well. "What's that stick in your hand studded with brass nails and two leathern thongs attached to it?" is asked of Soney, the elder boy. "That is the kind of whip the prairie Indians use when they ride their ponies," answers Soney, "it is said they use the lash for their ponies and the stick for their wives." The little boys then finish up

with a war dance, accompanied by drum, rattle, and a weird kind of song, to the great amusement of the audience.

Mr. Wilson is very anxious to build a new institution for Indian children at Medicine Hat, out in the far west. He is trying to raise \$5,000 for this purpose, of which he has already about \$1,500 in hand. Those who want to know more about his work, should send ten cents to Miss W. L. Wilson, Shingwauk, Sault Ste. Marie, for his newly published pamphlet, "Our Indians in a New Light."—*Canadian Church Magazine*.

#### Indian Tribes—Paper No. 14.

##### THE NEZ PERCES INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.



**B**OUNDED on the north, south, and east by snow-topped mountains, and on the west by shining waters; holding in its rocky passes the sources of six great rivers; bearing on its slopes and plains measureless forests of pine and cedar, and spruce; its meadows gardens of summer bloom and fruit, the treasure houses of fertility,

—lies Oregon, the original home and hunting ground of the Nez Perces Indians.

When Lewis and Clarke made their memorable journey across the American continent in 1804-1806, they found living in that region not less than from twenty to thirty thousand Indians, and of all the tribes they met with the Nez Perces were the richest, the noblest, and the most gentle. All writers on Indian History agree on this point—that there was something peculiarly noble about the mien and character of these people who from being a powerful race, many thousands in number a century ago, are now reduced to a few hundreds.

Their name—*Nez Perces* (pierced noses), given to them in a careless way by early French explorers, is a decided misnomer, as they do not and never have, so far as known, pierced the septum of the nose for the purpose of hanging an ornament; although neighboring tribes, such as the Yakimas and Kliketats, have done so. They call themselves *Numepo*, and by Lewis and Clarke they were called *Chopunnish*. Early in the present century they were estimated to number 8,000;

in 1836, when a mission was established among them, there were about 4,000; in 1851 they were reduced to 1800; and now they number only about 1320—1200 of whom are in Idaho, and 120 in Washington Territory.

The Nez Perces belong to the Shahaptian stock, to which pertain also the Yakamas, Umatillas, Wallawallas, Palouses, Kliketats, and Cayuses. Bancroft calls the Nez Perces, the Shahaptins proper, and describes them as a fine-looking people, spare in flesh, but muscular and symmetrical, with well-formed limbs and small, well-made hands and feet.

A most interesting story is told of the circumstances under which these people first received Christian teaching. In the year 1832, four Nez Perces Indians, having heard from a trapper of the white man's God, and of the book that told of the Great Spirit, resolved to cross the continent from west to east and ascertain for themselves whether the things they had been told were true. Two of these were old men, and had met and seen William Clarke; the other two were young men. No more romantic incident can be found in Northwestern history than this of these four Nez Perces Indians, travelling thousands of miles in search of the Book, looking for the white man's Deity. Nor were their hopes disappointed. Two missionaries—the Revs. Mr. Lee and Mr. Spalding, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, responded to the call, and with their wives crossed the rugged wilds and wildernesses of the Rocky Mountains on horse-back, and entered zealously upon the work of teaching these wild but interesting people the great truths of Christianity, and training them in the white man's ways. It is sad to have to note that of the party of four Nez Perces Indians who went on this expedition to the east in quest of teachers, only one lived to return. A few years after this a traveller, chancing to pass through the country of the Nez Perces Indians, records how strong a hold Christianity had already taken upon this people. Overtaken by night he camped with an Indian family, and was hospitably entertained. "The woman" he says, "presented a dish of meat to her husband and one to myself. Then there was a pause. The Indian bowed his head and prayed to God. A wandering savage in Oregon calling on the name of Jesus Christ! After prayer he gave meat to his children and passed the dish to his wife. \* \* The exceeding weariness of a long day's travel admonished me to seek rest. I had slumbered I know not how long, when a strain of music awoke me. The Indian family

was engaged in its evening devotions. They were singing a hymn in the Nez Perces language. Having finished, they all knelt and bowed their faces on the buffalo robe, and the man prayed long and fervently. Then they sung another hymn and lay down to sleep."

The earliest mention of the Nez Perces in the official records of the Indian Bureau at Washington is in the year 1843. In that year an agent was sent out to investigate the condition of the Oregon tribes. He reported that the Nez Perces were inhabiting a beautiful grazing district, unsurpassed for water privileges, climate, and health; that they were a noble, industrious people, and had missionaries doing good work among them. An aged chief, 90 years of age, addressed the Government agent thus:—"I am the oldest chief of the tribe. I was the head chief when your brothers Lewis and Clarke visited us. I showed them my numerous wounds received in battle with the Snake Indians. They told me it was not good; it was better to be at Peace; they gave me a flag of truce; I held it up high. I have never fought since then. I can say no more; I am quickly tired; my voice and my limbs tremble; I am glad I lived to see you; I shall soon be still and quiet in death."

Had this poor old chief known all the wrong and injustice that was about to be done to the remnant of his people, he would perhaps have scarcely spoken so calmly and contentedly. From this time forward treaties were made by the United States Government with the Oregon Indians only to be broken. White people from the east discovered that Oregon was a fair country to dwell in, and they came pressing in in hordes; rumours went forth that Oregon was a rich mining country, and prospective miners came in by the thousand. The ancient claims of the Indians were disregarded. Might claimed right. The weaker race had to give way before the more powerful. The Oregon tribes maddened into frenzy, rose in rebellion against the invaders—all but the Nez Perces. The Nez Perces would not join the so-called rebels. They believed that justice would in the end be done to them, and so they waited and patiently bore all the oppression and the insult heaped upon them. "Join us in war against the whites," cried the other hostile tribes, "or we will wipe you out." But they remained firm. In the year 1858 they sided with the United States against the hostile Indians, but they received but a poor reward for their allegiance. A treaty of friendship was made with them, but it was not kept. When Colonel Wright asked these Indians what they wanted, their reply was worthy of a

noble race—'Peace, ploughs and schools.' It was in 1861 that the mining craze set in. Ten thousand miners rushed into the Nez Perces country, prospecting for gold. To attempt to restrain them was like trying to restrain the whirlwind. The Nez Perces looked on with dismay. That they did not resist this onslaught upon their territory was marvellous, and could only be explained by the power of a truly Christian spirit. Even their chief lawyer, who had always set them the example of peace, and had acted apologist for any failure of the Government, began now to show signs of distrust. Disaffection commenced to shew itself. Still open hostilities were deferred. In 1870, after keeping them waiting for seven years, a reservation was at length surveyed by the Government and secured to them by treaty. About this time the noted Chief Joseph came into prominence. He was a man who had a mind of his own, and was not afraid to speak it. He was the chief over a small band of heath Indians of the Nez Perces tribe, occupying the Wallowa Valley. Do you want schools? he was asked by the Indian Commissioner. "No, we do not want schools," was his laconic response; and the reason he gave was that if they had schools they would have churches, and then when they had churches they would be taught to quarrel about God." "We do not want to quarrel about God," added the chief; "we may quarrel with men sometimes about things on this earth, but we Indians never quarrel about God." Neither did Chief Joseph desire a reservation for his band. "I ask nothing of the President," he said, "I am able to take care of myself." The refusal of this chief to confine himself and his people within the bounds of a reserve in the Wallowa Valley, led to a memorable war. It occurred in the year 1877. The length of the raid, the march of the troops, and the tact displayed by Chief Joseph, form one of the most extraordinary chapters in the long history of Indian outbreaks. Chief Joseph and his band had been ordered by the United States authorities to move from the land where they had located themselves to the Reserve set apart for them. His young men wanted to resist, but the chief said "No,—rather than have war I will give up my country." So they proceeded to move. All might have passed off quietly, but it happened that a storm arose which raised the river so high that they could not get their cattle across. Indian guards were left behind with the cattle; these were attacked by white men, and the cattle stolen. Then the young men could no longer be restrained, warfare began, and lasted over two months. It was a masterly campaign



on the part of the Indians. They were followed by General Howard; they had General Cook on their right, and General Miles in front, but they were not once hemmed in. At length, after a retreat of 1300 miles, Joseph, with his men, women and children, offered to surrender on the express condition that he and his people should be returned to Idaho, to live on the Reserve with the other Nez Perces who had not joined in the rebellion. General Miles pledged the faith of the Government to this end, and Joseph laid down his arms. But General Miles was over-ruled; Chief Joseph and his people were taken to Fort Leavenworth, in Kansas, and confined for seven months on a low island between a lagoon and a river; their horses, 1100 in number, were all taken from them; sickness broke out among them, and in a few months, more than a quarter of their entire number were dead. From Kansas, they were removed to Indian Territory, and remained there a period of six years, at the end of which time there were but twenty-five of the old warriors left. But Chief Joseph himself survived, and has now been permitted with the small remnant of his followers that is left, to return to the neighborhood of his old home among the mountains of Washington Territory. This band, which kept three detachments of United States troops at bay for a period of two months is now reduced to about 120 souls. Chief Joseph never blamed General Miles for not keeping to the terms of surrender. "If General Miles could have done so, I believe he would have kept his word," he said. He spoke scornfully, however, of General Howard, the other officer who took part in his capture. "Who are you," he said to him, "that you ask me to talk, and then tell me I shan't talk? Are you the Great Spirit? Did you make the world?"

As already noted, the Nez Perces, from the time they first accepted Christianity, appear to have been a remarkably religious people. At present they have four Presbyterian and one Roman Catholic Church established in their midst. There are eight native and five white missionaries. 574 of the people are Protestants and 400 Roman Catholic. Much of the Protestant work has been due to the Misses McBeth, who are said to have done a wonderful work among these people during the past sixteen years. Nor should we forget the name of the Rev. Dr. Whitman, who, with his family, fell during the Indian Massacre in 1847. Miss Fletcher, who visited the Reserve in 1889, gives a graphic account of a Sunday she spent among them. "It was interesting," she says, "to watch the people

coming over the mountain trails on their horses, the women with bright silk kerchiefs on their heads and touches of color about their costume and saddle-blankets; little children hanging limp on their mothers' arms, and others of two or three years old perched up behind on the horses' back, keeping tight hold of the maternal waist. As they arrived at the church they all gathered under the pine trees and left their ponies tied in the shade, the men talking sedately in groups by themselves, the women sitting on the church steps. At the sound of the bell all entered, the women first, then the men, each occupying separate sides of the church."

Another traveller relates how, camped at the side of a creek with an Indian family, he noticed the great anxiety of the parents, because two little boys of the party, aged seven and three, had loitered behind on their ponies and it was already night-fall; but half-an-hour later, true to the sagacity of their race, they cantered up, having struck the brook within 300 yards of their parents' camp. The pride of the parents at this feat, he says, was very perceptible. The little fellow of three was lashed to the saddle of his pony, as is the custom of these Indians.

Lewis and Clarke, in 1806, found these people very hospitable; "they set before us," say they, "buffalo meat, dried salmon, berries, and several kinds of roots, \* \* \* the people were living in a village; some of the dwellings were long and oblong, and capable of housing about thirty people. \* \* \* When we approached the village, most of the women and children fled into the woods, but the men received us without any apprehension."

The houses of these people used to be made of poles covered over with rush matting or buffalo hides. Some of the tents were conical, some oblong. Where several families occupied one dwelling, each family always had its own fire. One of these 'long houses' is said by Lewis and Clark to have been 156 feet long and 15 feet wide; others were from 20 to 70 feet long; they were kept very clean and were free from vermin. The dress of the Nez Perces Indians consisted of a rude frock or shirt made of the dressed skin of the deer, antelope, or mountain sheep, leggings reaching half way up the thigh, a waist belt, and breech-cloth, and moccasins. Men's frocks reached half way to the knees, women's to the ankles. All their garments were profusely decorated with leather fringes, feathers, shells, and porcupine quills. They also wore buffalo robes as blankets or mantles. Their staple food was salmon

and buffalo meat. They ate also roots and berries. Among the former was a root called *quamash*, something like an onion; it was eaten either in its natural state or boiled and made into a cake which they called *pasheco*. They had also a root like a parsnip, called *ithwa*, which they ground into fine meal. The Nez Perces were formerly great hunters—the game on which they relied being the deer, elk, mountain sheep, and the buffalo. To get the latter they would cross the mountains once or twice a year, to the buffalo plains between the Yellowstone and the Missouri. On their farms they grow corn, potatoes, tomatoes, green peas, etc., and they have a large number of horses and cattle. The houses in which they now dwell are constructed either of logs or lumber. The Nez Perces, in common with most Indian tribes, employ the sweat bath as a remedy for certain diseases. They have a peculiar custom for overcoming the spirit of fatigue and acquiring the power of endurance, namely, by thrusting a willow stick down the throat into the stomach, taking a succession of hot and cold baths, and fasting. A desperate case of consumption among them was once cured by killing a dog each day for thirty-two days, ripping it open, and placing the patient's legs in the warm intestines, and administering some barks at the same time.

The Nez Perces are a moral people, prostitution being almost unknown among them. Few of them ever had more than two wives. Both men and women had the power to dissolve the marriage tie. Children, as soon as weaned, were named after some animal. It was usual for the mother to give away presents on the birth of a child. Like other tribes they had medicine men, who were supposed to have power to cause or to remove disease. The office was hereditary and was held by both men and women.

The Nez Perces believed that, after death, the wicked, after expiating their crimes by a longer or shorter sojourn in the land of desolation, were admitted to the abode of bliss. They believed also in a purgatory for the living, and that the beavers were men condemned to atone for their sins before they could resume the human form. Grief at the death of a relative was manifested by cutting the hair and smearing the face with black; they also cut the flesh and gave way to frantic cries. If a chief died, there were dances and prayers for three days.

No books that we know of have been printed in the Nez Perces language, but two M.S. vocabularies, and

parts of a M.S. grammar are in the possession of the Bureau of Ethnology, Washington.

## VOCABULARY.

man, ha'mä.  
 woman, a'yät.  
 boy, hats wält.  
 house, änit.  
 boat, li-esh.  
 river,  
 water, küsh.  
 fire, a'lä.  
 tree, ta'u-lik.  
 horse, shë-këm.  
 dog, tsiköm' käl.  
 fish, tcu-wi'yäm.  
 town, tau-ya'ni-kësh.  
 kettle, ka'au-ka'au.  
 knife, wälts.  
 tobacco, tuh.  
 day, le-he-ën'.  
 night, tse'-ka-tin.  
 yes,  
 no,  
 I, In.  
 thou, im.  
 he, ipi.  
 my father, nin-pist'.  
 it is good,  
 red, ëlpilpt.  
 white, hai-hai.  
 black, tsi mäh tsi mäh.  
 one, näks.  
 two, li pit'  
 three, mi ta't.  
 four, pi'lëpt.  
 five, pahüt.  
 six, o'hwi-la'ks.  
 seven, o'hwi-n'ëpt.  
 eight, o'hwi-m'i tat.  
 nine, kü-tsi.  
 ten, pü-timpt.  
 twenty, lë hëp' tit.  
 hundred, pü tëp' tit.  
 come here,  
 be quick,  
 to-day, ta-kü'ts.  
 to-morrow, wat-tis'k.  
 good morning,  
 Indian, ël pilpt tito'ken.

white man, showä-'po.  
 God, Akä'm ki'niku.  
 Devil,  
 heaven,  
 the,  
 a hand,  
 my hand, einim eipshush.  
 your hand, einim eipshush.  
 John's hand, J. eipnim eipshush.  
 my knife, einim wälts.  
 axe, wau-ya'-näs.  
 little axe,  
 bad axe,  
 big axe,  
 big tree,  
 black kettle,  
 money, shi tùm ya'täsh-kë'tsui.  
 bird, paio'-paio'.  
 snake, paiyo'-ü-ës.  
 I walk, ein eipski'-kek-sä'.  
 thou walkest, eim eipski'-kek-sä'.  
 he walks, eipi hi-eipski'-këksä'.  
 we walk,  
 they walk,  
 he is asleep,  
 is he asleep.  
 if I sleep.  
 I sleep,  
 I slept,  
 I shall sleep.  
 he does not sleep,  
 we two sleep,  
 we sleep (excl.),  
 we sleep (incl.),  
 do not sleep,  
 don't be afraid,  
 give it to me.  
 I am hungry, ein ha yë'k-tshä.  
 are you sick?  
 he is very sick.  
 it is cold, hi-its-we'sh-hi wesh.

it is not cold,	do you see him?
he is a man, eipi hiweshä'	I do not see you,
ha'mä.	two men, lipi't ha'häm.
it is a house, hiwe'sh änit.	three dogs, mita't tsi-ko'm-
i see him,	käl.
thou seest him,	four knives, pi'lëpt wälts.
he sees him,	did John see the horse?
he sees it,	I will see you to-morrow,
if I see him,	John saw a big canoe,
thou seest me,	I shall not go if I see him,
I see thee,	if he goes he will see you,
he sees me,	what is your name?
I see myself,	where are you going?
we see each other,	

◆

### MY WIFE AND I.

A LITTLE JOURNEY AMONG THE INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.

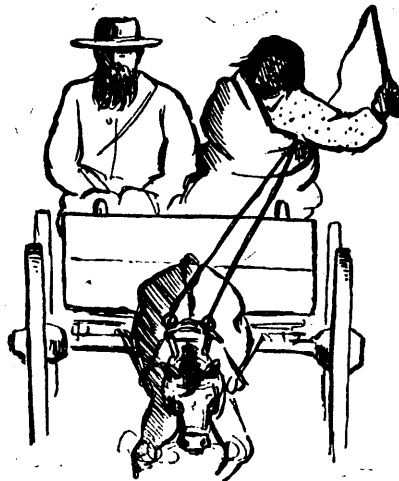
#### CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued).

I AM wondering what will be the first signs of morning. They are as follows: It is barely dawn. Suddenly the door bursts open, a puff of cold air rushes in, and an Indian wrapped up closely in a dark blanket plunges into the room, puffing and blowing and evidently meaning us to understand that it is a pretty cold morning outside. He threads his way through the bundled-up sleepers to the fire-place, and I hear him putting on wood, splitting up some little pieces for kindling, and striking a match; then the ceiling is lighted up with a ruddy glow and I can discern his dark figure crouching over the fire. None of the sleepers take the smallest notice of the man's entry. In a little time the door opens again and two more blanketed figures come in. And now there are three of them squatting round the fire; and still the sleepers do not waken. At last, however, there is a movement. It is the man in the middle of the floor near to me. He turns himself over, the dark blankets which are over him rise like a hippopotamus coming to the surface in some African river; he sits up with his face towards his pillow, the mound of dark blankets falls back around him. He is naked. He draws a shirt over his head, arranges his nether garments, wraps a dark blanket around him, rises and departs. Two of the other men squatting by the fire rise also and depart. Now, think I, perhaps I also had better be getting up. So I collect my garments, array myself, put on my overcoat, and leaving all the other blanketed bundles

still coiled on the floor, I follow the first riser's example and go out into the fresh frosty air. My fellow-lodgers, I found, had been eight in number—the Governor (whose name was Diégo), his two wives, three children, the old sick man (who was his father) and another man—a visitor.

I wanted to see what the Pueblo town was like by daylight. I paced the outside walls and found them to be 110 paces one way and 120 paces the other way; the total population, I ascertained on enquiry, was 102. Beyond the town were fruit orchards and corrals for the cattle and burros. The corrals were very roughly constructed out of material the easiest to get, namely, the stems of scrub cedar trees, such as are found all around; the branches are trimmed off, and the crooked irregular stems are planted upright in the ground, close to each other, stockade fashion, without any regard to thickness or length. The corrals were small, mere yards, with eight or ten burros or cattle in each, and corn stalks supplied to them for fodder. While I was wandering about, Santiago joined me. I asked him if there was an "estufa," that is a sacred building or council-house, where the sacred fire is always kept burning, and he said yes, but that I could not see it as it was kept locked. When I went into the governor's house again I found the governor kneeling on the floor cutting some strips of meat off the carcass of a sheep with the butcher knife which I had used the evening before. The sheep was a horned one, and was lying in the spot where my mattress had been. I began to feel an appetite for breakfast. Breakfast, however, was a little late that morning. When it came, it consisted of a saucerful of mutton cubes, broiled with onions, a cup, a pot of coffee and a half-ream of paper; this time, however, it was blue wrapping-paper, instead of yellow. This blue paper, I found out, is made out of blue corn, and is much prized. It seemed to me about as tasteless as the yellow. I had no knife for breakfast. Somehow or other I did not feel very hungry, and I was troubled a little with headache. The governor said that he would not permit me to ride to Santa Fé on a burro, but would himself drive me in his waggon. It was very kind of him. I thought I should like riding in a waggon better than riding on a burro. I had, indeed, been feeling a little doubtful about riding that long seven miles, up hill and down hill, on a little donkey, with an Indian walking behind whacking him; it would have been rather tiring and tedious; so when the governor took me by the sleeve and drew me towards the corral near his house, and pointed to his

waggon and said "Poge," I expressed unbounded thanks. I knew that "Po-ge" meant Santa Fé, and I understood by his signs that he meant to take me in that waggon to "Poge." So at 10 o'clock we started



DRIVING TO SANTA FÉ.

off—myself and the governor—in the governor's conveyance. The governor had a hat, but he kept it under his feet. He had leggings and moccasins, and his upper part was covered with an old brown overcoat and a dark blue blanket. The pony was a very small one, and had a depressed eye and a hog back; it was of a chestnut color, with three white feet; it probably did not weigh more than 300 lbs. live weight. The harness was good and strong, a present, as the governor explained to me, from a 'bueno Americano;' but the attachment to the rig was very doubtful, and, at any moment, the pony, if it had any spirit at all, might have gone away and left us. The whipple-tree had no bolt attaching it to the cross-bar of the shafts, but was tied with three materials—a piece of old wire in the middle, an old leather strap on one side, and a twist of horse-hair on the other. And the cross-bar to which these were attached was not the original one, but was a rough stick cut out of the bush and fastened to the shafts with wire. The governor and myself had quite an animated talk on the road. He knew two English words—"good" and "no good," and quite a lot of Mexican. I knew about fifteen or twenty Tesuque words, which I had learned the night before, and I guessed at the Mexican. I concluded our conversation just before getting to Santa Fé by putting my hand on his arm and telling him he was my good friend (*mio bueno Amico*) and had treated me well and I should always remember him with respect, and he said—*Si, si, si, si*—and expressed the same sentiments in regard to myself. Then I gave him a dollar and his dinner at the hotel, and we parted.

#### CHAPTER XVII—ALBUQUERQUE.

ALBUQUERQUE is pronounced Albyukirky. Albu-

querque was about as unattractive a place to me as Santa Fé was attractive. But then I have no taste for a rushing, bustling American town—and especially a young town.

I arrived at Albuquerque at 4 p.m., Nov. 23rd. My object in going there was to see the great Government school for Indian children, of which Mr. Peter Evans was the head. A hack driver wanted \$4 to drive me out to the school—a distance of three miles. I thought this just a little too much, so said I would go to the hotel. The hack driver reduced his terms to \$3. I offered \$2. He refused; so I got on a 'bus and drove to the San Felipe hotel. From the hotel I telephoned to a livery stable, asking what they wanted to drive me out to the school. The answer came, \$2. So I engaged, and in a little while was driving in a high-wheeled buggy, behind a fast horse, along the sandy road which led out of the town towards the Government school. Although the town was American, the roads outside the town were anything but American; they were thoroughly Mexican. Mexican thoroughfares, whether inside a hotel or in the town streets or out in the country, seem to be always in a tangle. If you want to reach a given point, you have to start generally in an opposite direction, and go around everybody's little field by little side roads and lanes, before you can reach your destination. It was a marvel how my driver, who was a boy from the East, managed to steer his not very manageable horse through the many twists and turns and provoking little passages—often with a wicked-looking barbed-wire fence on either side. We drove through a little hamlet of flat-roofed Mexican houses, with orchards and vineyards attached, and then in a few minutes more reached the school. It was not an attractive-looking building, but it was big. We stopped at the front steps, and I asked an Indian boy at the door for Mr. Evans. He directed me to a house near by, and I walked over and knocked at the door. It is always pleasant to meet with a kind welcome in a strange place. "Oh yes, this is Mr. Evans'. Are you the gentleman from Canada? Why, Mr. Evans has been into town twice after you, and he has walked up again this evening; but come in. We have rather a small house, as you see, but we have a room ready for you." The speaker was Mrs. Evans, and two little children were clinging to her side, looking up wistfully at the new arrival. In a little while my baggage had been brought in, the driver paid, and a nice little supper made ready for me. While I was partaking of it, Mr. Evans arrived in, sat down, and joined me. After

supper we went over to the school. The pupils were all gathered for roll call and singing before going to bed. The room was too crowded and rather stuffy. There were 170 pupils in residence at the time of my visit, of whom 37 only were girls, and all the rest boys. The girls, Mr. Evans said, were difficult to get, otherwise there would be a larger proportion. The tribes represented were Pueblos, Navajoes, Papagoes, Pimas, Apaches, and several others; they came chiefly from Arizona. The teachers were in part Roman Catholics and in part Protestants, the consequence of which was that religious teaching, with the exception of singing a few gospel hymns, was dropped almost out of sight, which, I thought, was to be deplored. The pupils, however, were allowed to attend the various places of worship in town on Sundays, and they had Sunday School. Mr. Evans introduced me to the teachers and pupils, and I said a few words. At the roll call the pupils responded either "English" or "present." "English" meant that they had passed a whole day without having had resort to their mother tongue; "present," admitted that they had erred from the right path and had spoken to some comrade in Apache or Papago, or some other forbidden language. At the conclusion of the roll call they were called off to bed, not marching to the sound of music, as at the Eastern schools, but by companies, under their respective captains. There were six of these companies—A, B, C, D, E and F. At the order, "Company A, form company," all the boys of that set filed out from the desks where they were seated and formed a line facing the platform. The Indian captain then took his place in front of them and gave his orders. "Dress by the right, mark time—right face—by the right, quick march!" And so they marched off to bed.

(To be continued.)

#### A Jesuit Father's Testimony

AS long ago as 1724, the Jesuit Father, Lafitau, wrote of the Indians, and stated that to his own experience he added that of Father Garnier, who had lived sixty years among them: "They are possessed," says he, "of sound judgment, lively imagination, ready conception, and wonderful memory. All the tribes retain at least some trace of an ancient religion, handed down to them from their ancestors, and a form of government. They reflect justly upon their affairs, and better than the mass of the people among ourselves. They prosecute their ends by sure means; they evince a degree of coolness and composure which would exceed

our patience; they never permit themselves to indulge in passion, but always, from a sense of honor and greatness of soul, appear masters of themselves. They are high-minded and proud; possess a courage equal to every trial, an intrepid valor, the most heroic constancy under torments, and an equanimity which neither misfortunes nor reverse can shake. Toward each other they behave with a natural politeness and attention, entertaining a high respect for the aged and a consideration for their equals, which appears scarcely reconcilable with that freedom and independence of which they are so jealous. They make few professions of kindness, but yet are affable and generous. Toward strangers and the unfortunate they exercise a degree of hospitality and charity which might put the inhabitants of Europe to the blush."—*A Century of Dishonor.*

#### White Men's Cruelty to Indians.

IN Captain Bonneville's narrative of five years spent in the Rocky Mountains, are many instances of cruel outrages committed by whites and Indians.

"One morning one of his trappers, discovering that his traps had been carried off in the night, took a horrid oath that he would kill the first Indian he should meet, innocent or guilty. As he was returning with his comrades to camp, he beheld two unfortunate Root Diggers seated on the bank, fishing; advancing upon them, he levelled his rifle, shot one on the spot, and flung his bleeding body into the stream.


"A short time afterward, when this party of trappers were about to cross Ogden's River, a great number of Shoshokies, or Root Diggers, were posted on the opposite bank, when they imagined they were there with hostile intent; they advanced upon them, levelled their rifles, and killed twenty-five of them on the spot. The rest fled to a short distance, then halted and turned about, howling and whining like wolves, and uttering most piteous wailings. The trappers chased them in every direction. The poor wretches made no defence, but fled in terror; nor does it appear, from the accounts of the boasted victors, that a weapon had been wielded by the Indians throughout the affair.

"There seemed to be an emulation among these trappers which could inflict the greatest outrages on the natives. They chased them at full speed, lassoed them like cattle, and dragged them till they were dead.

"At one time, when some horses had been stolen by the Riccarees, this same party of trappers took two Ricaree Indians prisoners, and declared that unless the tribe restored every horse that had been stolen, these

two Indians, who had strayed into the trappers' camp, without any knowledge of the crime committed, should be burnt to death. To give force to their threat, a pyre of logs and fagots was heaped up and kindled into blaze. The Riccarees released one horse and then another; but, finding that nothing but the relinquishment of all their spoils would purchase the lives of the captives, they abandoned them to their fate, moving off with many parting words and howlings, when the prisoners were dragged to the blazing pyre, and burnt to death in sight of retreating comrades."

#### The Indian Homes of Rev. E. F. Wilson.

 ON Monday evening, Rev. E. F. Wilson gave, in Trinity church, an account of the origin of the Homes for Indian children, which are under his direction. They are four in number. Two are on the shore of Lake Huron, at Sault Ste. Marie, and are separated by a distance of nine hundred miles from the other two, which are in Manitoba, at a place called Elkhorn, two hundred miles west of Winnipeg, almost under the shadow of the Rockies. Shingwauk, the oldest of the four, is at Sault Ste. Marie. It may almost be said to be the result of an inspiration. The aged chief from whom it derives its name, was engaged one day, about twenty years ago, in cutting birchwood in the forest. He mused upon that phenomenon which must incessantly press upon the mind of a thoughtful Redman—the steady decadence of his race and the prospect of their complete disappearance, in no long time, from the face of the earth. We can fancy—no, we of the pale face tribes cannot fancy the unspeakable sadness which filled the soul of Shingwauk. As the sun declined, and the task of the day drew toward completion, the chief had resolved what to do. He recognized that the source of the white man's superiority consisted in his education—in his capacity for mental and manual work. He would try and secure such education for his people. He had at the time only four dollars wherewith to accomplish a journey, and yet, thus meagrely supplied, he decided to make his way to Sarnia. Thither he desired to go, because stationed there was the Rev. Mr. Wilson, then laboring as a missionary to the Indians in that neighborhood. Reaching his destination, he found Mr. Wilson, and communicated to him his views. It was arranged that he and the missionary should visit the principal cities of the Dominion, and endeavor to raise the funds necessary to erect a "big teaching wigwam," where Indian boys might learn English, be taught the Gospel, and receive in-

struction in farming, carpentering and other trades.

The plan was carried out. Shingwauk and Mr. Wilson travelled from city to city. Meetings were held, the chieftain addressed them in the powerful and pathetic eloquence which marks his race. Mr. Wilson interpreted his burning words into English. The result was disappointing. Three hundred dollars were raised. How strange the apathy of the paleface toward the red man! The hunting grounds of Shingwauk and his ancestry had become the white man's fields; where smoke used to curl from the wigwams of the Ottawas, stand now the houses of the Canadian Parliament. The rivers and lakes that were theirs had become ours, and, by the strange process known among Europeans as claiming in the name of the sovereign, the red man had been utterly dispossessed of his forefather's lands. It seemed as if the request of Shingwauk, that even after so long a time some reparation might be made to the rightful owners, ought to have met with a generous response. It might have been expected that even more than the needed funds would have been forthcoming. The surprise of Shingwauk was only equalled by his sadness. And surely it was strange and sad at once. On one occasion the collection taken up amounted to only eighteen dollars. It was unspeakably depressing. Had it not been for a perseverance that seems almost inspired, the chief and his interpreter would have abandoned the task. The idea was suggested that an effort should be made in England. Shingwauk was too aged to undertake the voyage. His brother, also a chief, was deputed to go in his stead. And so, clad in the garb of his race and decorated with the insignia of his station, the brother of Shingwauk set sail with Mr. Wilson. In England they were successful in raising about \$4,000. Returning home, Mr. Wilson at once began the erection of an Indian home at Sault Ste. Marie, and called it, when completed, the "Shingwauk Home." It stood six days, and then, fire having broken out during Saturday night, it was reduced on Sunday morning to a heap of ashes. The inmates barely escaped with their lives. A telegram was sent to England. "Shingwauk Home destroyed by fire. No lives lost." With a sick wife and a dying child, Mr. Wilson had to journey 300 miles to reach a place of shelter. Those who had contributed the original fund in England had been deeply impressed with the serious importance of the work. They actually remitted to Mr. Wilson a larger sum than had been given at first. And now, instead of a wooden structure, one of stone was built. It has

been standing for sixteen years. Sixty Indian boys here received religious and secular instruction.

One who has been two years in the Home, was with Mr. Wilson in Halifax. To explain the work that is being done, Willie Soney (for that is his name) sang hymns and repeated verses of scripture, and told what he and his associates do every day in the "Shingwauk." Few can hear the sturdy little man of the woods sing "Rock of Ages," without being deeply touched in their hearts, and being led to thank God most fervently, that out of the mouth of such his praise should be perfected. And when one recollects that the singer is only one of 400 children who have received, or are receiving, Christian education in Mr. Wilson's Homes, what a stirring appeal is made to Christian hearts! Verily, the red man, like the Macedonian in the vision of the great apostle, is calling in tones of irresistible earnestness, "come over and help us."

The house at Elkhorn has a history quite as singular as that of the "Shingwauk." Indeed, if any events may be more directly ascribed to divine intervention than others, if ever in these latter periods of the church's existence, her laborers receive such immediate direction as that which guided her founders, most certainly all this may justly be said of the Indian home enterprise. The solitary chieftain, plying his axe in the birchwood forest, receives, as he sadly bethinks him of the coming disaster of his race, a suggestion as to a mode of averting that disaster. There seems no way of carrying out the project, yet a way is opened. The means are not at hand—they are sought and not found—yet again they are sought and now the needed supplies are given. It is the very soul of poetry that is embodied in the history of the work. It is poetry of the loftiest kind. It is boundless intensity of effort; it is passionate faith in final success. The struggle is one in which the vanquished will not yield, and strangely becomes, through his faith and hope, far more than conqueror on earth's sternest battlefield.

The origin of the Elkhorn home was this. Mr. Wilson addressed a meeting in a city of Ontario. He told of his desire to found a home for the Indians living far to the westward of the lakes. If he had 1,000 dollars he could erect enough of the necessary building to begin the work. One of his hearers was deeply interested. At the close of the meeting he said to Mr. Wilson: "Why don't you fire off some red hot shot?" That night, ere sleep closed his eyes, Mr. Wilson had moulded the shot and heated it to redness, with the fire of a feeling the most intense. "Red hot shot," as

it was headed, was a pamphlet setting forth the imperative needs and claims of the Indians. Copies were distributed. They flew like thistle-down far and wide, on the wings of the wind.

A merchant of moderate means lived at that time, in the little far-away town of Elkhorn. He knew not of the Rev. Mr. Wilson. Mr. Wilson knew nothing of him. One day he observed to his wife that he would like to give \$1,000 to establish a school for the education of Indian children. Not long after this a copy of "Red hot shot," in some mysterious manner, found its way to the merchant's hands. He wrote to the author, and offered the needed \$1,000. The Elkhorn home thus took its rise.

Such is a very brief account of the profoundly interesting work carried on by Mr. Wilson under circumstances oftentimes of the most discouraging character—yet crowned at length with the most remarkable success because he would believe and would persevere. It remains to be said that the Canadian government has recognized the political as well as the christian character of the work, and contributes an annual grant towards its maintenance. Yet that is quite insufficient to meet the necessary expenses. These amount to \$15,000 per annum, or \$300 per week. A fifth home is in contemplation. It is for the utterly uncivilized and utterly uncared-for Indians of the great North-West territories, tribes that still wear blankets and feathers and paint themselves. Fifteen hundred dollars have been gathered toward this enterprise. May there not be in Halifax or elsewhere some christian merchant whose means perhaps are ampler than those of the generous giver at Elkhorn, and whose heart may be filled with as strong conviction as his that "it is more blessed to give than to receive?"

M. MAURY.

#### Objections to Corporal Punishment.

THE very idea of corporal punishment of little children seems to have been peculiarly obnoxious to the native North American. In the "Relation de Nouvelle France," published in 1633, there is a curious story of an incident which took place at Quebec. A party of Indians, watching a French drummer-boy beat his drum, pressed more closely around him than he liked, and he struck one of the Indians in the face with his drum-stick so sharply that the blow drew blood. The Indians, much offended, went to the interpreter and demanded apologies and a present, according to their custom. "No!" said the interpreter, "our custom is to punish the offender; we will punish the boy

in your presence." When the Indians saw the child stripped for the flogging they began immediately to beg for his pardon; but as the soldiers continued their preparations for whipping the lad, one of the Indians suddenly stripped himself and threw his robe over the boy, crying out, "Scourge me, if you choose, but do not strike the boy!" The good Father Le Jeune, who tells this story, adds that this unwillingness of the Indians to see any child chastised, "will probably occasion trouble to us in the design we have to instruct their youth."—*Halkett's Notes.*

#### Marriage Among the Navajoes.

THE following interesting description of Navajo marriage rites has been kindly contributed by Mr. A. M. Stephen, of Keam's Canon, Arizona:

Polygamy is very general, a few men have four or five wives, quite a number have three, but two may be said to be the polygamous custom. It is difficult to estimate, but I think considerably over half of the male adults are polygamists. Girls are betrothed at a very early age, but as a rule the marriageable age may be set from twelve to sixteen. The *typical marriage*, between two young persons, is arranged by their families, the elder brother of the bride's mother setting the value of the presents (purchase?) demanded, ranging from five to fifteen or twenty horses. On the night set for the marriage, both families with their friends meet at the huts of the bride's family. Much feasting and singing obtains, and the bride's family make return presents to the bridegroom's—but not, of course, to the same amount. The bride pours water from a gourd upon the hands of the bridegroom, while he washes them; and then he performs a like office for her. They then sit down to eat of a dish of cornmeal porridge, which has been set between them. The surface of the porridge is sprinkled with sacred blue pollen (by the bride's uncle)—he dipping with the two fore-fingers of his right hand in certain specified spots, and she following him. The elders give them much good advice and the marriage is complete. Divorce customs are very loose, and among the younger people infidelity is very common.

#### Prices Paid by White Men for Scalps.

IN the wars between France and England and the colonies, their Indian allies were entitled to a premium for every scalp of any enemy. In the war preceding 1703, the Government of Massachusetts gave twelve pounds for every Indian scalp. In 1722,

it was augmented to one hundred pounds—a sum sufficient to purchase a considerable extent of American land. On the 25th of February, 1745, an act was passed by the American colonial legislature, entitled, 'An Act for giving a reward for scalps.'—*Sketches of the History, Manners and Customs of the North American Indians*, by James Buchanan, 1824.

"There was a constant rivalry between the Government of Great Britain, France and the United States, as to which of them should secure the services of the barbarians to scalp their white enemies, while each in turn was the loudest to denounce the shocking barbarities of such tribes as they failed to secure in their own service; and the civilized world, aghast at these horrid recitals, ignores the fact that nearly every important massacre in the history of North America was organized and directed by agents of some one of these Governments."—*Gale, Upper Mississippi.*

#### Navajo Dress.

MR. A. M. STEPHEN, of Keam's Canon, Arizona, thus describes the dress of the Navajo Indians living in those parts:—The Typical dress is almost obliterated since the advent of the trader; but they still wear the hair all drawn to the back of the head and done up into a compact club or cue (of hour-glass shape), which rests at the nape of the neck. A red silk sash is worn as a turban, decorated with feather plumes and silver ornaments. Sometimes a piece of cloth, or other material, is used as a turban, and straw or felt hats are common. Large silver ear rings, and heavy necklaces of red coral, thin discs of white shell, turquoise, and globular silver beads and other silver ornaments of their own production. A loose sack, or short shirt of bright colored calico and loose breeches of the same material. Silver waist belts, consisting of large heavy discs of silver strung upon leather, are worn both by men and women. Leggings of buckskin, secured with garters woven of bright colored threads. Low moccasins of buckskin, soled with raw hide. The breech-cloth is universally worn, viz:—a narrow piece of calico drawn between the legs, with the ends drawn through a string tied around the waist. There is little or no difference between summer and winter costume, and they constantly wear a heavy woollen blanket as a mantle.

Fire arms have displaced the bow and arrow, although formerly they were an essential part of everyday costume. A curious relic of the habitual use of the discarded weapon alone survives in the fashion of



still wearing the decorated leather wrist-guard as an ornament.

Like the men, most of the women commonly wear dresses of material obtained from the traders; but, differing from the men, every woman is provided with her typical dress to be worn on all ceremonial occasions. The hair is dressed exactly the same as the men's, but no head gear is ever worn. The ears are pierced, but they never wear ornaments in them. Necklaces similar to those of the men and numerous silver bracelets, bangles and finger rings. The dress is a heavy, dark blue, woollen tunic with scarlet borders, confined round the waist with a long, woven girdle, over which the silver belt is buckled. It consists merely of two pieces of the required size, sewed with yarn at the sides, from the lower hem to the waist, and the upper corners tied together, and silver ornaments fastened there. The younger women now generally wear a calico shirt under this rough dress. The moccasin is shaped just like the men's, but, fastened (sewed) to the back part of the upper is the half of a large buckskin, which is wrapped around the leg in regular folds from ankle to knee, and fastened upon the outside of the leg with a row of silver buttons. The women also wear a blanket as a mantle, but it is lighter, and of brighter colored wool and more elaborate in design than those worn by the men.

The children are dressed in miniature of the adult costume.

#### Navajo Dwellings.

(BY A. M. STEPHEN.)

THE most primitive forms of artificial human dwelling is still in use, *i.e.* the wind break, a rude enclosure of tree boughs, but there is no tradition extant that they ever occupied caves, or skin lodges.

They have two distinct types of dwellings; the Keh ci" (the summer place) and Keh Hai (winter place), the summer shade and the winter hut. The former are temporary shelters of tree boughs set round in a circle, a conveniently spreading cedar or piñon being often utilised to form a roof for the enclosure. Other rude structures are common; slender scaffolds surrounded with boughs in foliage, and low sheds of tree limbs leaning upon a straight pole resting upon forked uprights. There are six distinct forms of summer shelter, and six of the winter hut recognized.

The doorways of all permanent dwellings and ceremonial structures invariably face the East.

The typical dwelling is the hogan, a conical structure

of tree limbs. Three stout timbers, forked, and thrust securely together, form the apex, and the butt ends spread apart from the base, one pointing to the South, one to the West, and the other to the North. Two straight timbers are laid upon the East side, their smaller ends resting near the apex, the butts spreading about three feet apart, and two forked uprights, supporting a horizontal stick, about four feet from the ground, are set there to form the doorway, great care being taken to have it face directly to the East.

Stout poles are set around between these main timbers, the smaller ends leaning upon the forked apex. Straight boughs rest upon the door lintel and a stick laid across the two main timbers of the doorway. This cross piece is about three feet below the apex (which space becomes the smoke exit), and the doorway thus projects from the East side of the hogan like a dormer window. Cedar bark is laid over the poles, and the whole structure deeply covered with earth. There is no prescribed size for a hogan, but the average inside dimensions are about seven feet high at apex, and fourteen feet diameter.

Each hut, soon after erection, is dedicated with feast and ceremony, (the main timbers rubbed with cornmeal, &c.,) and "House Songs," this to ward off "disease spirits," "bad dreams," and all other malign influences.

#### Catlin, on the Origin of the Indian.

THE American Indians are as distinct from all the other races of the earth, as the other races of the earth are distinct from each other, and, both in North and South and Central America, exhibit but one great original family type, with only the local changes which difference of climate and different modes of life wrought upon it. I believe they were created on the ground on which they have been found, and that the date of their creation is the same as that of the human species on other parts of the globe. This belief is founded on reason, supported by the traditions of the Indians, and a strong and unavoidable intuitive disbelief that all the races of man, of different colors, have descended from one pair of ancestors, involving, from necessity, the crime of incest, after the holy institution of marriage, as a means of peopling the earth; and the inconceivable plan of the whole surface of the earth teeming with luxuries, "created for man's use," vegetating and decaying for tens of thousands of years, until wandering man, from one point, and from one pair, by accident, arrives there to use them.

AMONG the various tribes, elk teeth are used as ornaments more than those of any other animal. Some believe that they possess a peculiar charm and ward off danger and sickness.

### NOTICE.

THE Rev. F. H. Almon, rector of Trinity Church, Halifax, N.S., has kindly consented to receive and forward to the Rev. E. F. Wilson, subscriptions for his Indian Homes.

### Died.

May 23rd, 1890, at the Wawanosh Home, JOSEPHINE SAMPSON, aged 15 years.

June 3rd, at the Shingwauk Hospital, EDWARD, aged 10 years.

### Clothing for Our Indian Homes.

MRS. WILSON begs to acknowledge with many thanks the following clothing and gifts to the Indian Homes of Sault Ste. Marie:

Mrs. Greer's little girl, a dress and apron for the Wawanosh.

From Niagara working party, per Miss M. H. Beaven, two boxes full of excellent clothing for boys and girls, 247 articles, some pieces of tweed and cotton. Also presents for Mrs. Wilson and family, from several kind friends.

### Receipts—O.I.H.

FROM MAY 5TH TO JUNE 8TH, 1890.

CAVAN, Millbrook, St. Thomas, \$5.35; Ditto, Trinity, \$6.34; Ida, \$8.88; Baillieboro, \$7.21; Lindsay S.S., \$7.73; Diocesan Branch, W.A., \$6.05; Lintsay, St. Paul, \$5; Lindsay S.S., (for Wawanosh) \$7.73; W.A.M.A., Aylmer, \$10; St. Peter's S.S., Toronto, for boy, \$37.75; Mrs. Griffiths, Smith's Falls, \$5; St. Paul's S.S., Toronto, \$37.75; Geo. Harding, Sandy Beach, P.Q., \$5; Trinity Church, St. John, N.B., \$104.51; St. John's Church, St. John, \$35.25; St. Luke's Church S.S., St. John, \$9.71; Junior Branch of St. Paul's W.A., St. John, \$50; Rothesay, \$25; Trinity Church, Stephen, N.B., for girl, \$13.09; Mrs. Gibbs, Como, P.Q., for Organ Fund, \$5; Rev. L. G. A. Roberts, \$1; Mrs. Moody, Yarmouth, special for books for Sahguy, \$10; Mr. Vietz, Digby, N.S., \$5; St. Mary's, St. John, N.B., \$2.60; St. Mary's S.S., Easter Offering, Summerside, P. E.I., \$16.52; Port Dover, for boy, \$11; Trinity Church, Halifax, N.S., \$18.32; A Friend, per Mr. Mellor, Halifax, N.S., \$1; Mr. Thomas Richie, \$10; Mrs. Evans, Montreal, \$50; Mr. W. E. Boyd, \$45; Miss Davy, \$1; Mr. Payne, special for Prizes at Pic-nic, \$2; Miss J. Carruthers, \$5; Miss Henrietta Little, Yarmouth, N.S., \$1.40; Windsor, for boy, \$12.50; Miss Murray, Chippawa, \$5; H. B., Toronto, \$45; Per Warden of St. Stephen's Church, Montreal, for boy, \$25, and Mrs. Farrell, \$1; R. Throsby, \$1; Anon., \$1; W.A., Scott, \$1; Church of Ascension S.S., Hamilton, for boy, \$75; Port Colborne Lenten Boxes, \$2; Trinity Church S.S., St. John, N.B., \$37.50. Also the following per Rev. E. F. Wilson:—Miss Gilpin, \$1; Anon., 75c.; Collection, Weymouth, N.S., \$16.70; Holy Trinity, Yarmouth, three collections, \$87.39; Digby, N.S., Collection, \$3.62; Two Sisters, St. John, N.B., \$10; Mr. Frost's Class, St. Mary's, St. John, N.B., \$2.40; Mrs. Armstrong, \$3; Collection, Richmond, P.Q., \$13; Collection, Waterloo, P.Q., \$11.71; Collection, Trinity, Montreal, \$10; W.A., Quebec, \$6.50; Collection, Levis, \$7.45; Collection, Quebec, \$44.18.

### Receipts—O.F.C.

MAY 10TH, 1890.

REV. K. L. JONES, \$1; Miss F. Rutson, 50c.; Chief Solomon Loft, \$1; H. Hall, 50c.; J. C. Truax, 50c.; Mrs. K. Noyes, 50c.; Miss Walker, 50c.; Mrs. Roach, 50c.; Mrs. Bristol, \$1; Mrs. Osler, \$1; G. E. Moberly, 50c.; A. Robinson, \$1; Mrs. Medley, \$1; W. H. Robinson, 50c.; E. M. Chadwick, 50c.; Mrs. Baumgrass, 50c.; H. Hale, \$1; Mrs. Elkington, 50c.; Mrs. Gibb, 50c.; R. G. McKay, 50c.; A. H. DeMill, 50c.; W. W. Turnbull, 50c.; Mr. A. Boulter, 50c.; The Bishop of Toronto, \$11.66; A. Brown, 20c.; J. H. Coldwell, 50c.; R. W. Crookshank, \$2; Dr. Hodgins, 50c.; Miss M. K. Gove, 50c.; Assistant Indian Commissioner, \$1; Miss B. Billing, \$1; Mrs. Seal, \$1; L. K. Wilson, \$1; Rev. T. Davis, \$1; Ojijatekha, 50c.; Mrs. Boyd, 50c.; Miss Beaven, \$2; G. A. Field, \$1; C. W. Nicols, 50c.; Mrs. G. M. Campbell, \$1, J. Burton, 50c.; W. A. Scott, 50c.; Miss Baird, \$1; Miss M. A. Yarker, \$1; Mrs. Sanborn, 50c.; Miss Champion, \$1; Miss Sadlier, \$1.05; Miss Peebles, \$1.

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