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Vol. III, No. 6.]

SHINGWAUK HOME, SEPTEMBER, 1889.

[NEW SERIES, No. 4.

## CONTENTS

	PAGE.		PAGE.
The Indian Tribes—Paper No. 4. . . . .	49	My Wife and I . . . . .	59
Missionary Experiences in the Peace River District	54	Opening of the Washakada Home, Elkhorn. .	62
Literature Ready . . . . .	55	Medicine Hat . . . . .	63
Extracts from Examination Papers . . . . .	55	Clothing for Indian Homes . . . . .	63
Letter to Indian Agents . . . . .	55	Receipts—O.I.H... . . . . .	64
The Mound Builders . . . . .	56	Receipts—O.F.C... . . . . .	64
Shingwauk Chips . . . . .	57	Advertisements . . . . .	64
First Fruits from the Blackfeet . . . . .	58		

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.

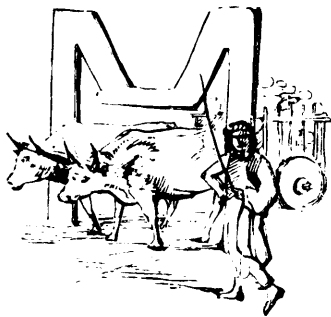
Vol. III, No. 6.]

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## Indian Tribes—Paper No. 4.

### THE PUEBLO INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.



MORE than eighty years before the Pilgrim Fathers, in the memorable *Mayflower*, landed on the shores of America, a Franciscan friar, Marco de Niza, traversing the vast expanse of desert between the city of New Mexico and the Gila River, discovered, to his surprise, that the natives of the country were living in towns and houses, and were far more civilized in their hearts than any of the Indians the Spaniards had yet encountered. He found them skilled in the manufacture of cloth fabrics, made from the cotton which they cultivated, and also in the manufacture of pottery. Their villages or towns, built on the most elevated and defensible spots, were regularly laid out in streets and public squares, after the manner of European cities, and below in the valleys were their well-cultivated and irrigated fields.

It has been generally thought that these Pueblo Indians (so named by the Spaniards because they lived in Pueblos or villages) must be the descendants of the ancient Aztecs, the ruins of whose cities are found in Mexico and central America; but recent investigations tend rather to disprove this theory, there being little if any affinity between the languages spoken by the modern Pueblo Indians and that of those ancient people. Nevertheless the Pueblos have, without doubt, occupied their present possessions for a great many generations; there are written records still in existence dating back as far as the year 1656, and they still hold patents given them by the Spanish Government. In their mode of living and their style of dwelling they differ very materially from any other North American Tribe. They are not and never have been nomadic in their habits. They have always dwelt in

towns and villages, and have always cultivated the soil. Their towns consist in one or more squares, each enclosed by three or four buildings or blocks of from 300 to 400 feet in length, and about 150 feet in width at the base, and from two to five storeys each of eight or nine feet in height. The storeys rise in terraces one above another, and the houses are approached by ladders placed against the walls. The general appearance of a Pueblo town from the outside is that of a fort or citadel. There are no doors in the outside walls. One or more narrow streets may lead from the exterior to the centre square or court of the town, then ladders have to be mounted and trap-doors in the roofs passed through in order to reach the interior of the dwellings. The material used for building is the reddish-colored adobe mud which abounds in the region; bricks 20 inches long, 10 inches wide, and 4 or 5 inches thick are made of this mud, dried in the sun, and of these the houses are built, adobe mud being used in the place of mortar.

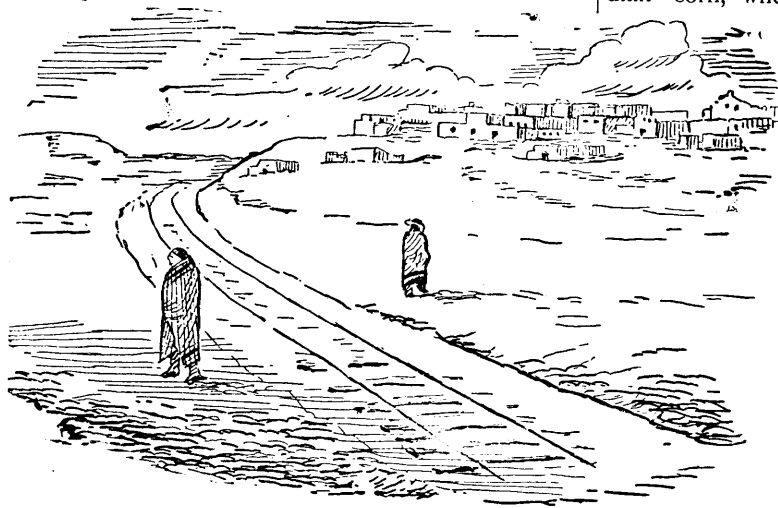
There are twenty-six of these Pueblo villages now in existence, scattered throughout New Mexico and Arizona. The style of building their houses is very much the same throughout; their mode of living and their manner of dress is also similar at all the villages, but it seems strange that in *language* they differ from one another very materially. At the present time (1889) there are 12,000 Pueblo Indians, and they speak *six* distinct languages, divided into a number of minor dialects. They may be classified as follows:

- 1.—*The Queres language*. This is spoken in varying dialects by the inhabitants of the Santo Domingo, San Felipe, Santa Ana, Silla, Laguna, Pojuate, Acoma, and Cochiti; 8 villages, numbering about 4100 inhabitants.
- 2.—*The Tegua language*; spoken by the inhabitants of San Juan, Santa Clara, San Ildefonso, Pojuate, Nambe, Tesuque; 6 villages, numbering about 950 inhabitants.
- 3.—*The Picoris language*; spoken by the inhabitants of Taos, Picoris, Zandia, and Isleta; 4 villages, with 2850 inhabitants.
- 4.—*The Jemez language*; spoken at Jemez and old Pecos; 2 villages, with 400 inhabitants.

5.—*The Zuni language*; spoken at Zuni only; 1500 inhabitants.

6.—*The Moki language*; spoken at the 7 villages of the Moki Indians; 2200 inhabitants. (This language belongs to a distinct linguistic stock).

Of the above-named Pueblo tribes, we shall, in the present paper, treat only of four, viz: the *Laguna* and *Acoma* of the Queres stock; the *Tesuque* of the Tegu stock, and the *Isleta* of the Picoris stock. We select these four because we have personally visited their villages or come in contact with members of the tribe, and, we believe, that what is said of them will apply in a general manner to the occupants of the other villages. At a future time we shall hope to take up the Zuni and the Moki Indians, giving each of those tribes a separate paper.



LAGUNA.

The *Pueblo of Laguna* is quite easy of access, a station of the Atlantic and Pacific Railway, being within bowshot of the village. The sketch accompanying this article was taken by the author in November, 1888, and gives a fair idea of the place. The large building high up on the right with two little windows is the Roman Catholic church; it was erected 100 years ago, is 150 feet long and 30 feet wide. Most of the people are professedly Roman Catholics, but there is also a Presbyterian Mission, under the Rev. Dr. Menaul.

This gentleman has translated a considerable portion of the scriptures into the Laguna dialect. The path leading up the rocky declivity to the town is worn into a gutter by the bare or moccasined feet of the Laguna Indians, shewing for how many generations back they must have occupied their present location; the women in their bright dresses and with their gaily painted

waterpots poised on their heads look very picturesque, wending their way in single file to the stream in quest of water. Laguna has a population of about 1200, but the people are distributed in several villages all within a radius of 12 miles. Their present Governor, whose portrait is here given, is a fine-looking, mild-featured man, named Santiago. They own 200,000 acres of land, and have 1500 acres under cultivation; they grow Indian corn, wheat, onions,



GOVERNOR OF LAGUNA.

beans, pepper, melons, squashes, pears, peaches, apples and grapes; they irrigate their land, bringing the water from the San Jose River; they have also 2000 head of cattle and 30,000 sheep.

*Acoma* is chiefly remarkable for being situated on a high and almost inaccessible cliff, 250 feet in height on one side, and 600 feet high on the other. An Indian girl of this place who had been several years a pupil at the Carlisle School in Pennsylvania, thus describes it: "It stands right in the middle of the mountains; it is shaped like a round table; the houses are like dishes on the table,

and the ladders like knives and forks; if there were no ladders the people could not get into their houses, they have to climb up the ladder in order to get to the door. They have no gardens up there. All the wood they use they bring from the mountains, nine or ten miles, on donkeys' backs. The wind has drifted up the sand, and the poor creatures have to climb the sand. All the water has to be brought up; girls of my age carry the water."

*Isleta* is situated like Laguna, close to the line of railway; it has a population of about 1000 people, and they are nearly all of them Roman Catholics. The Governor, of whom we give a sketch as he appeared striding past us, is named Santa Jiron. The houses we visited were beautifully kept, especially one belonging to a matronly dame, by name Marcelina Padilla. She shewed us all her rooms—four or five of them—

GOVERNOR  
OF ISLETA.

with snow-white walls and clean adobe floors. In one was a bedstead of American manufacture; in another, three large casks of native wine made from her own grapes; in another, a binful of wheat, stores of apples, Indian corn, chillis, raisins, &c. The church was a large, plain adobe structure with two bell towers.

*Tesuque* is about eight miles from the renowned old town of Santa Fe. It has only about 100 inhabitants, and the name of its Governor is Diego. This was the first Pueblo village that we visited when on a tour through New Mexico, and we remained all night at the place, enjoying the hospitality of the Governor. For supper they gave us broiled goat meat, thin wafer bread made from Indian corn, and coffee. The bread was like crisp paper and broke to pieces when touched. We slept that night on a mattress on the floor of the Governor's house, and the next morning the Governor drove us back to town in his rather delapidated waggon, drawn by a diminutive pony.

To give now a little general idea of these Pueblo Indians. From the earliest times on record they have always had an organized system of government. Each village selects its own governor, frames its own laws, and acts independently of the others. The governor and council are elected annually by the people. All affairs of importance are discussed at the *estufa*. The *estufa*, one or more of which are attached to each Pueblo, is generally a circular building sunk partly in the ground, and often 30 feet in height; in former times the sacred fire was kept burning within, and was never allowed to go out. All laws and messages from the Council Chamber are announced to the inhabitants by the "town crier."

These Indians are remarkably temperate both in eating and smoking: drunkenness is very seldom seen among them; the women also are notably chaste and well behaved. A Pueblo Indian never smokes a pipe, but they roll up little cigarettes of tobacco in a shred of Indian corn husk, and smoke that. The Pueblo is social, pleasant in his manner, hospitable to strangers, quick witted, and is remarkable for his personal cleanliness and the neatness of his dwelling. He brings up his children in the paths of honesty and industry. The dress of both sexes is pleasing and picturesque. The men wear cotton shirts, either white or light-colored, pantaloons, moccasins, a colored blanket thrown gracefully round the shoulders and a red bandana hanker-

chief encircling the brow and confining their bushy black locks. Often they have necklaces about their necks and heavy silver earrings in their ears. The

PUEBLO WOMEN'S  
COSTUME.

women wear a light-colored cotton dress reaching to the knees; over this a home-made dress of darker and heavier material, looped at the top of one shoulder and confined at the waist by a broad band or belt; this dress is not so long as the cotton one, so shews a narrow fringe of the latter at the bottom. The legs from the knees to the ankles are bound round and round with many folds of buckskin, and on their feet they wear moccasins. The accompanying sketch will give an idea as to how they look. Their hair is "banged" in the front and tied in a knot behind, and on their backs hangs a loose scarlet or pink scarf like a clergyman's hood. In cold weather they wear also a shawl or blanket over the head and shoulders.

The principal manufactures of these people are articles of pottery, blankets and silver ornaments. The pottery consists of bowls, dishes, cups, large 5-gallon jars, and grotesque looking figures. Some of the things are red, some white, some black. The light-colored articles are painted with all manner of strange devices, and the baking is done in their little dome shaped ovens. The material used in the manufacture is a dark bluish clayey shale found in layers, generally near the tops of the mesas or mountain ridges. The clay is mixed with water and kneaded like dough to a proper consistency, and is then mixed with a certain proportion of crushed volcanic lava, which renders it porous and prevents it cracking when exposed to heat. No potter's wheel, model, or measuring instrument of any kind is used in the manufacture of the pottery. The moulding is all done by hand guided by the eye, and it is performed only by the women. After being dried in the sun, the vessels are painted over with a white solution, then decorated and baked.

The Pueblo Indians weave their blankets on native-made looms, from their own sheep. The loom consists of two upright poles, five or six feet apart, a cross piece along the top, about eight feet from the ground; and another strong piece at the bottom. On this rudely-constructed frame the strings for the warp are stretched vertically. The woman sits on the ground, begins her

work at the bottom and works upward, passing her woools through the strings of the warp with her fingers, and thumping them into place with a flat stick which is passed in and out through the strings. It is wonderful what beautiful, closely-woven, vari-colored blankets are turned out on these looms. No less rude in construction are the bellows, anvil, and tools used by the silver smith, and yet very chaste and beautiful articles are produced. You give the Pueblo silver smith a silver dollar for material, and another silver dollar to pay for the workmanship, and he will turn you out almost any style of article you may desire, from a finger ring or button to the top of a pepper-castor.

These Pueblo Indians are sun-worshippers, in their heathen state. Their word for God is the same as their word for sun. They have also a god of fire, a god of water and other minor deities, and they believe in witchcraft and devils. They say that originally they lived below the surface of the earth in a great cave. They have a curious legend about *Montezuma*. Montezuma, they say, was born at Teguaya (Taos, one of the Pueblo villages). He was born of a virgin. There was a great famine at the time. The Great Spirit gave the virgin three pinon nuts. She ate one of them and conceived and bore Montezuma. In his early days Montezuma was a vagabond. At the death of the Cacique, or high priest, lots were drawn who should

succeed him. The lot fell upon Montezuma. The people derided him, but he rose to the occasion. He promised them great success in hunting, and it came true; again he promised them a great rain and an abundant harvest, and this also came true. The Great Spirit bade Montezuma make a long journey to the South. A beautiful Zuni maiden, named Melinche, was given him for a bride. A great eagle, with wings outspread, bore them away. They have never since returned. But the Pueblo Indians still look toward the South for the return of Montezuma and his bride, and listen for the flapping of the wings of the great eagle.

## GRAMMATICAL NOTES.

In the *Queres* language, spoken at Laguna, Acoma and six other villages, the accent is almost invariably on the first syllable and the words are usually short. Possessive pronouns are affixed.

In the *Tegua* language there are a number of long words. Tesuque words are mostly monosyllabic. None of the six mentioned Pueblo languages are cognate; they have no affinity among themselves, nor with any other stock, except the Moki, which belongs to the Shoshoni group. The *f* and *v* sound which are wanting in nearly all other Indian languages are present in some of the Pueblo dialects.

## —VOCABULARY—

	LAGUNA.	TESUQUE.	ISLETA.
man,	.....hate thi	....se	....se'nide
woman,	.....ku i yowh	....kui'	....hyu ra' de
boy,	.....mu tcet za	....enuke'	....ua u'de
house,	.....atein ne	....teh' wa	....nat <sup>tu</sup>
boat,	.....ka nu a	....kohe'	....ladě
river,	.....tcin na	....o pi'me	....ela
water,	.....tsi tths	....p'o	....p'a
fire,	.....ha'h kani	....fa	....fe
tree,	.....man sa'nna	....teh	....teh
horse,	.....ka wa' hiw	....kwāh ye	....kane'c
dog,	.....tia	....tse	....uru'e
fish,	.....kash	....pah	....pu wi'de
town,	.....ka kate	....owine	....lauwi'
kettle,	.....komasawatc	....owi'	....kaffa te'h <sup>ra</sup>
knife,	.....hi i shki	....ts'iyo	....shi ē
tobacco,	.....ha mi	....sah	....ta ba'k <sup>ko</sup>
day,	.....tsash tia'	....	....tū
night,	.....no hyā	....te i' ri	....no' we
yes,	.....ha'o	....han	....a a
no,	.....tsa	....yo	....'n dah
I,	.....hin	....na	....na
thou,	.....hish imi	....o-o	....i
he,	.....wa	....nese	....iu

	LAGUNA.	TESUQUE.	ISLETA.
my father,	..... sanash <sup>tie</sup>	.... nawi tara'	.... hiu kai i'
it is good,	..... tawa tsa	.... h'i wondi	.... ku <sup>m</sup>
red,	..... kuh gǎn <sup>ni</sup>	.... to	.... pe' <sup>mayi</sup>
white,	..... stcamots	.... tsai i	.... pa <sup>tui</sup>
black,	..... mistcits	.... hen di	.... fo' <sup>nu</sup>
one,	..... ishkā	.... wi i	.... wima
two,	..... tui	.... widyi	.... wi <sup>thi</sup>
threc,	..... tcām <sup>mi</sup>	.... podyi	.... pa' tcu
four,	..... tca <sup>na</sup>	.... yono	.... w'i an <sup>i</sup>
five,	..... tah <sup>ma</sup>	.... pano	.... pando
six,	..... stcis	.... si	.... mah <sup>li'</sup>
seven,	..... mai tyānā	.... tse	.... shu
eight,	..... ko'h komishi	.... ka'ri	.... w'iri
nine,	..... mah yu' kā	.... hwenō	.... ho' a
ten,	..... k'atz	.... tā ā	.... tiri heh
twenty,	..... tue katz	.... wè tā ā	.... wi ti
hundred,	..... katsi wa katz	.... tā gin tā	.... tiu tati
come here,	..... tu'ai ima	.... o ka vi	.... ha ī'
be quick,	..... trona shiā	.... a yu'n gi	.... ma pi
to-day,	..... wai	.... wi' ye ta'	.... ya'n tu
to-morrow,	..... na tcā mā	.... tandi	.... tu'n dā
good morning,	..... ku ātsinā	.... no sengi ta'mo	.... ko' pi <sup>wan</sup>
Indian,	..... hōnnō	.... te' wa	.... ta' idi
call themselves,	..... ka'u a kammi	....	
my hand,	..... se māsh tcin	....	in man ré i
your hand,	..... ska mash tcin	....	ika man ré i
John's hand,	..... J. kmash tcin	....	J. iu o réi
my knife,	..... sa ashe hishka	....	in shi we' i
I walk,	..... se ni ush tceya	....	teli wa m'ie
thou walkest,	..... hish ka ni ush tceya	....	yati wa me
he walks,	..... k ni ush tceya	....	weta watí' wa mi
I see him,	..... sin katce	....	imowa'
thou seest him,	..... hishu' katce	.... u àri na a'rh	.... ivé mo ān
he sees him,	..... ku katcani <sup>ku</sup>	....	ihí' waki hí' mo ān
he sees it,	..... ku katce	....	
if I see him,	..... mash ke siu katca nu	....	
thou seest me,	..... kui katcanik	....	ihí waki bēmowan
I see thee,	..... shrau o katce	....	nahi mowān
he sees me,	..... shko katcanik	....	
I see myself,	..... sau o katcanik	....	
we see each other,	..... sau o katcanik o yānate...	....	
do you see him?	..... atro' katci?	.... oyari ha yari	....
he is asleep,	..... tsi i pai i	.... oyo'ku	.... tciā pi u'
Is he asleep?	..... ate pai?	.... hange oyo'ku?	.... node tciā pi u
axe,	..... okh pawan	.... ku wi'	.... tci a' ko
little axe,	..... okh pawan lushkesh	.... hinyai kuwí'	.... 'irlati tciako
bad axe,	..... okh pawan rām tse	.... hiwup'i kuwí'	.... ni u' adi tciako waku'
big axe,	..... okh pawan ta unsets	.... he hanyuwi kuwí'	.... 'il la tciako
big tree,	..... mansanna ta unsets	.... he hanyuwi teh	....
money,	..... sa wā kā	.... tci a	.... kwigo
bird,	..... kai i ta nish	.... tsi re	.... naka'm <sup>o</sup>
snake,	..... shoh we	.... pan yu	.... pil <sup>wilyi</sup>
don't be afraid,	..... pash kopots	....	ko' apa tc'í a
give it to me,	..... ko tcini	.... dima' ha i	.... pe'n wi <sup>eri</sup>
I am hungry,	..... tsia ni āsh tcu	.... na ho'n	.... te hun pi' wa
are you sick?	..... ati a tsi wās sā	.... ti wu he'	.... tapi ā hǎ' pi wa
it is cold,	..... kai ish tai a	.... nat i'	.... nashí' <sup>am</sup>
two men,	..... tui hatc se	....	wi <sup>thi</sup> sénide
three dogs,	..... tcām <sup>mi</sup> tia	....	patci wapi
four knives,	..... tcana hishka	....	w'ian shi <sup>e</sup>

Did John see the horse? A John tío' katce kawà hiu.  
I will see you to-morrow, nio katce sha o'ma na tčã mã.  
what is your name? ko a a' shã' ?

where are you going? ha' ikã sha' niu tski ?

I do not see you, tsatsi sha o' ki tcanu.

John saw a big canoe, John kio' katci teitcinish kano'h wa.

I shall not go if I see him, tsatsi tsonyashko'no sio'katcano

If he goes he will see you, tsoko'no niu' katce ko'h tromã'.

The following books and papers have been referred to in the above account of the Pueblo Indians: Bancroft's Native Races, Vols. I. and III; Ecce Montezuma; Races of Mankind; The *Red Man* (Carlisle); The Bureau of Ethnology Report (Washington); The Indian Bureau Report (Washington); The Indian Helper (Carlisle); The Geological Survey Report (Washington). Special thanks also are due to Mr. Pradt, of Laguna, for information given while on visit to that place, to Santiago, an Indian of Santa Clara, and to Manwel Nujan, a pupil at the Albuquerque Indian School.

#### Missionary Experiences in the Peace River District.

BY REV. A. C. GARRIOCH.

I WILL proceed to give an account of the journey to Vermilion, whither I went last summer, accompanied by Mrs. Garrioch and our little son, to attend the first synod held in the new Athabasca Diocese. We travelled on a raft, and left at 7 A.M. Saturday, June 30. In constructing the raft I studied to make it large enough to be safe, yet small enough to be manageable. It consisted of nine logs, pointed at one end, and fastened together with cross-sticks pinned to every log. About half the raft was occupied by a sort of tent; while the other half was taken up with an open fire, two small oars in position, a trunk, some kettles, and a small supply of fuel. Over all we hoisted the Union Jack with C.M.S. stitched thereon. Then we weighed anchor. Mr. Peter Gun gave us a shove, and we were afloat on the great Ponchegea. The river was at a high stage, and we were hardly comfortably seated before we were rapidly passing the Hudson Bay Fort. Our little craft acted well, always keeping mid-stream, and we reached the Peace River landing at 7 P.M., where we found Mr. Holmes standing ready to help us to land. We spent the next day quietly at the depot, as it was Sunday. Mr. Tait, who represented the Hudson Bay Company at this place, readily gave us the use of his quarters for the purpose of united worship, both morning and evening.

On Monday morning Mr. Holmes and I enlarged our raft by the addition of two more logs, and we resumed our journey. To lose no time we divided our nights into two watches, of which Mr. Holmes took the one and I the other; and thus we travelled on, stopping only for a few minutes each day to replenish our stock of fuel. The current being very swift, we several times missed opportunities of speaking to people whom we saw on the way.

On the evening of July 5th, we sighted Fort Vermilion, and as we approached, the banks were gradually fringed with spectators, among whom we soon recognised the Bishop and Mr. Trail, the officer in charge of the Company's post. We landed here, and after partaking of Mr. Trail's hospitality, went on to the mission.

Vermilion, which has always been an important trading-post, begins to assume the appearance of a farming settlement; and its several groups of houses standing on the river banks, and pleasantly arresting the traveller's notice, bear legible signs of energy and aptitude in making the best of the surroundings. Among the new features that arrested my attention in the Unjuga Mission group of houses was the Bishop's residence, standing between Mr. Scott's house and the church. It is a neat but unpretentious building; it is also solid, though built of spruce; and given to hospitality, though far from finished.

The Cathedral service, usual and proper, preceded actual business, and was in this instance so arranged that each ordained missionary should do his share in officiating; and I trust we all remembered that to officiate properly is one thing, to worship God in spirit and in truth another. After service we repaired to the Bishop's, where about twenty guests sat down to a lordly repast, and then we returned to the church, and the business of the Synod commenced.

We commenced our homeward journey on Wednesday, July 11th; but the day was so rainy that by the time we had reached the Hudson Bay post we were thankful to accept Mr. Trail's kind invitation to spend the night there. Next afternoon we took leave of our worthy host and hostess, and resumed our journey. We travelled in two dug-outs, of which the smaller one was navigated by Mr. Holmes and one man; and the larger one, containing my family and outfit, by myself and two men. Early next morning we commenced our journey in real earnest. We propelled our dug-outs by means of paddle, pole, or tow-line. Our trip was not altogether unpleasant, though mosquitos were so bad



on the river that we found it necessary to carry a smoke in the canoe. Partly owing to the heavy cargo of the larger canoe, which lengthened out our journey by at least one day, and partly owing to our excellent appetites, engendered of healthy, bodily exercise, our stock of provisions ran short; and this, too, notwithstanding that we had started with a full supply, and had shot twelve geese on the way. The day before we reached the Peace River landing we breakfasted on a small bannock, dined on corn-starch soup, and supped on pancake made from the compound shakings of our flour-bag. We made an early start next morning, hoping to have breakfast at the landing, but it was nearly noon when we reached there; and, to make matters worse, we found the depot locked and Mr. Tait away. English pluck was again up to the mark, and not many minutes after our arrival Mr. Holmes was mounted on a sturdy nag, and with our hearty wishes for his speedy success, he started in hot pursuit of the much-wished-for Mr. Tait. Some Indians, camped about the place, were kind enough to bring us a few berries—a good thing for little Frank, who was beginning to express his disapproval of the prolonged fast. Mr. Holmes and Mr. Tait made their appearance a little before sunset, and our hunger soon had to look for other quarters. Next day we had to bid farewell to our old travelling companion, Mr. Holmes, and the day following with our Indian fellow-travellers, who returned to Vermilion. They did their duty by us, and Mr. Holmes and I tried to do them good—they in helping us forward to temporary houses, we in directing their minds to an abiding home above. At the landing I had to hire a new crew to take us on to this place. They did their best, and lost no time; and although several times we were almost upset, thanks to a merciful Providence we arrived here in safety on the first of August.

#### Literature Ready.

THE new leaflets of the Association embrace reports of missionary work, of Indian home building, of Indian legislation the past year, of the mission station at Omaha Agency, Nebraska, and a new leaflet entitled, "How to organize an Indian Association," and designed for state use. All these are needed for an intelligent understanding of the activities of the society and should be read by every member, and a supply kept for those who are desired as new members.

Send in your subscriptions for OUR FOREST CHILDREN.

#### Extracts from Examination Papers.

##### GEOGRAPHY.

I—Where and what are Sahama, Ecuador, Horn, Santiago?  
*Arthur*—Sahama is a volcano on the Andes on the West of Bolivia; Ecuador is country on the Pacific Coast South of U. S. Columbia; Horn is a cape on South; Santiago chief town in Cuba.  
*Joe Sampson*—Sahama is a volcano mountain on the West part of South America; Ecuador is a republic state in South America; Horn is a cape on the South point of South America; Santiago is a town in Cuba and another in Dominica.  
*Abram*—Sahama is one of the highest peaks of the Andes; Ecuador is one of the countries in South America on the West Coast; Horn is a cape the most Southern point of South America; Santiago is a town.

##### ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

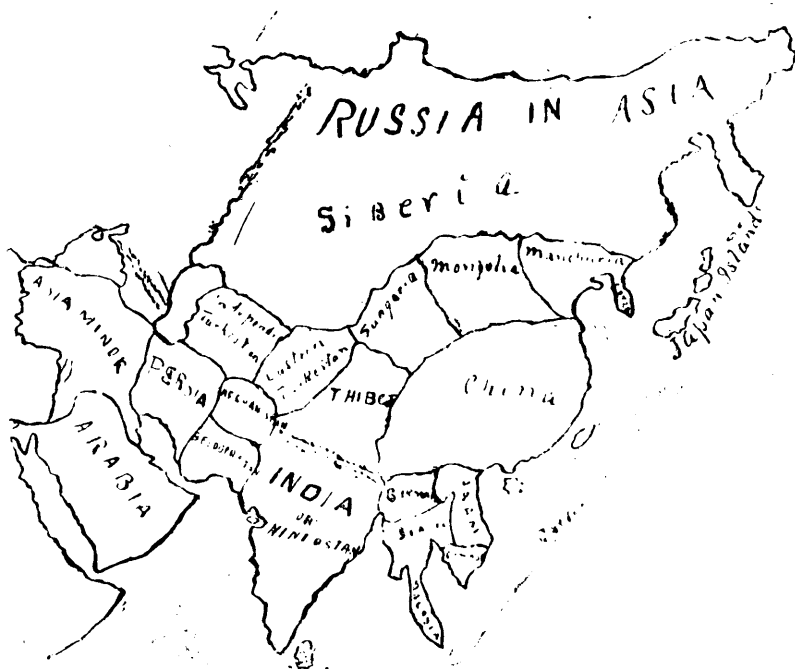
I—How is the possessive plural distinguished from the possessive singular? give examples. *Sahguy*—The possessive singular is formed by adding the apostrophe and s to the subject form, but the possessive plural (that is regular plural) is formed by adding merely apostrophe after the s. There are some irregular plurals as man, plural is men; these are formed same as the possessive singular. (a) The boy's coat is dry; (b) the boys' coats are dry; (c) the men's hands are white. *Joseph*—The possessive plural that have their plural in s, apostrophe is written after the s, as "The boys' books were left on the table." When the subject does not end in s, the apostrophe is written thus 's, as "The men's cattle were killed. The possessive singular is formed by writing apostrophe before the s, as "The boy's book was lost."

#### Letter to Indian Agents.

*The following circular letter has been sent to the Indian Agents throughout the American Republic.*

"I am directed by the President to inform you that the office to which you are appointed is considered one of far more than ordinary importance, both for the interests of the government and of the Indians who will be brought under your charge and direction; that sobriety and integrity must mark the conduct of yourself and every one connected or associated directly or indirectly with the agency under your charge; that an improved condition in the affairs of the agency will be expected in a reasonable time, both as to methods of doing business, and as to the condition of the Indians; that the education and proper training of the Indian children and the agricultural and other industrial pursuits of the adult Indians, must receive your constant and careful attention, to the end that they may be advanced in the ways of civilization, and to the condition of self-support; and that your commission will be held with the express understanding that you will use your utmost endeavors to further these objects and purposes."

Two ladies in Philadelphia, recently gave \$100,000 for Roman Catholic schools among the Indians. John Jacob Astor has placed \$25,000 at the disposal of Bishop Hare for enlarging the Episcopal schools among the Dakotans. When, oh when, will those who have the means, take up the cause of the Indians on British soil.



OUTLINE MAP OF ASIA, DRAWN FROM MEMORY BY A SHINGWAUK BOY.

### The Mound Builders.

(From "Our Brother in Red")



It has been ascertained with a good degree of certainty that many of the mounds lying in this region have been in existence as much as two thousand years; and this perhaps does not measure the entire length of their past duration. They are found invariably in the vicinity of running water, and generally in a slightly place above high-water mark. And if we are to assume that they mark the vicinity of the place where these dead men abode when living, we are bound to give them the credit of much taste in the selection of a home.

The mound from which the remains of which I am soon to speak were taken, was located near the banks of the Wapsipinicon, a small tributary of the Big Cedar river, in Chickasaw county, Iowa. It was circular in form, about four feet in height above the natural surface of the earth, and as much as fifty feet in horizontal diameter. At the present time it lies within the limits of a cultivated farm, where it has been subjected, for more than twenty years, to the rasping desecrations of the white man's plough. Until the ex-

perienced eye of Prof. Webster fell upon it, its real character was unsuspected.

The structure of the interior of this mound, as disclosed by the excavation, was as follows:

First came a superincumbent mass of rich natural soil, about three feet in depth. The removal of this exposed the surface of what might be called a rude variety of masonry. This consisted of a mixture of red clay, ashes, charcoal and pebbles, and was of about the solidity of old water-soaked brick. The clay used in this structure was obviously imported from a distance, as no bank is known in that vicinity from which it could have been taken. Near at hand however was found the remains of

an old kiln where the ashes and charcoal were prepared for the occasion. The pebbly sand used was doubtless taken from the channel of the creek which was near at hand. This artificial mass bore unmistakable signs of having been pestled down with great force, the purpose doubtless being to give it a consistency sufficiently dense to arrest the percolation of water. And the mechanical success of this effort can well be imagined when we reflect that after a subteraneous repose here for thousand years, comparatively little dampness seemed to pervade the interior of the tomb. Further exploration showed that this brick-work extended downward to the depth of from three to four feet below the surface of the ground, showing that the builders, before beginning to lay down this masonry, had made a proportional excavation with a view to a suitable foundation. The work required to remove this artificial structure was hard and slow, sorely trying the edge of tools as well as the patience of the one who wielded them. The fact that perseverance had reached the central region of the heap, was first revealed by the leaping forth to view, under the stroke of the pick, of a lump of earthy matter resembling a human vertebra. It was too frail to be handled except with the greatest care; and as the moisture left it by evaporation in the open air, it crumbled to dust and disappeared.

Admonished by this event to greater caution, the work thence proceeded with the use of lighter implements (mostly the fingers and jack-knife), until all that remained of three human bodies were exposed to plain view in the open air and under the broad light of a noon day sun. The great care with which the work had been conducted left the skeletons, after the job was completed, sleeping in precisely the same attitude that had been impressed upon them by the hands of the undertaker. This was regarded as a propitious result; because it gave the observer just as distinct an idea of a burial scene among that mysterious people, as if he had been actually present, a thousand years ago, and witnessed the operation. The lower limbs were in a squat position, the forearms being brought up against the breast so as to bring the hands in contact just under the chin; the bodies however were prone upon their faces, much reminding one of the attitude of an oriental devotee in the act of worship. It was only the most solid portions of the skeletons that could withstand the dissolving influence of the open air. The ribs, vertebrae, sternum, with most of the pelvis, were claimed by the dust as its own and it successfully defied the art of man to rescue them from dissolution. The stem-bones of the extremities, together with the under-jaw and the bones of the face, were all that could be preserved; and some of these had become so permeated with earthy matter that they had almost lost the properties of animal tissue.

But the points of most interest and those which have reference to the conformation of the skeletons. They were of the male sex, and considerably below the average stature of man. The bones of the extremities were proportionally short and uncommonly stocky, indicating great strength of body. The processes marking the points of muscular attachment were exceedingly prominent—a fact which, though a matter of little significance to the non-professional eye, is nevertheless, to scientists, a matter of much interest, as showing a cardinal feature of distinction between the human and quadrupedal skeleton. The posterior wall of the skulls was wanting. The frontal bone, with the upper and lower jaws was in place and furnished a most interesting study in anthropological science. In the first place, the under jaws were remarkably protruding, bringing the chin out in front in great prominence, the under incisors embracing the upper ones. The angles of the under jaw bones, were remarkably obtuse, one of them embracing but little less than one hundred degrees, or more. Prof. Webster, who is a man of quite broad features,

applying the bone to his own face, said "see here; it takes in my whole chin, flesh and all, and has some room to spare." The nasal projection was sound and solid, and very prominently marked. But the most singular, (indeed thrilling,) modification of the human features, was shown in the conformation of the frontal bone. The forehead began retreating abruptly from the brow at an angle full as low as that which makes the features of a Newfoundland dog. The brain cavity, which seemed to be of average capacity, jetted out behind and lay at an apparently uncomfortable distance from the eyes. The teeth were nearly all in place and entirely sound; in one jaw, they evinced unmistakable signs of extreme age. The crown of the molars was reduced by attrition to a level with the gums, and the grinding surface was as smooth as the face of dressed marble. Another peculiarity about the teeth was noticeable. We know the roots of the jaw teeth are generally forked and branching. But in the jaws of these prehistoric creatures, these same teeth were, with singular uniformity, characterized by one single root in which the several prongs were plainly indicated but not developed.

#### Shingwauk Chips.

DURING July 143 persons registered in the Shingwauk Visitors' Book. There were numerous pic-nic parties on the grounds besides.

THE Shingwauk now possesses a herd of twelve cows.

THE Gardener has taken in about \$56.00 for Strawberries in July, and the Farm \$140.00 for Milk since June 1st.

THE Carpenter's Cottage is completed; and the Band Stand all but a few finishing touches. The roof of the New Factory is ready for shingling.

THE boys are kept busy gathering small stones (and large ones) off the grounds.

THE Matron, the School Master and the Bootmaker's rooms, and the Ladies' Cottage have been papered and renovated.

THE School will re-open on the 19th inst. (D.V.), and the Base Ball players are (I do not doubt) looking forward to the return match with West Kora.

MR. WILSON left for his tour in the N.W. on July 11th, and is expected home towards the end of August.

Applications for admission to our various Homes have been pouring in, and we shall be compelled to refuse many of them unless our funds be largely augmented.

REMINDERS have been sent to supporters who are in arrears.

THE Brass Band have been badly broken up by the holidays, but with the valuable assistance of our genial carpenter and builder, Mr. Madder, formerly of Thamesville, a "scratch" band has been got together, which may be heard several times a week discoursing very creditable music.

GILBERT came back on the 31st ult., from his home at Lac Seule (said he was tired of doing nothing).

MISS PIGOT is spending her holidays about the Nepigon and Lac Seule Regions, and Mrs. Bligh ditto in Toronto.

MR. MCCALLUM, our popular and successful school master, will return from Carleton Place a few days before the re-opening of school.

THE Hon. Alexander Morris of Toronto, ex-Governor of Man. and the N.W. Territories, registered as a visitor at the Shingwauk.

WE were deeply grieved, to hear of the death of Thomas Johnson of Walpole Island, one of our old pupils. He died on the 30th of July, at 6 o'clock in the morning, in his father's house. He was an only child. His father wrote us that "two days before his death he said he was very thankful that he went to Shingwauk, and learned the way of salvation; and was pleased how the boys were taught to follow our Lord."

#### First Fruits from the Blackfeet.

*The following is an extract from the Rev. J. W. Tims' letter which appeared in the C.M.S. "Missionary Gleaner."*

BLACKFOOT RESERVE, June 5th.

Mr. Wilson came up last week and brought James Edward Appikokia with him. He has now taken up his residence with me again with a view to working as a teacher amongst a distant camp of Indians after he



THE TWO BLACKFEET BOYS.

has received more instruction. He is now about nineteen or twenty years of age, tall and strong. He is very quiet and gentlemanly in behaviour, and there is every appearance of our religion having taken deep root in his heart. Time, of course, will enable us to judge better of him, but at present we cannot feel too thankful that God has done this much for him. He sat with me last Sunday afternoon reading St Matthew in English, and I interpreted words that he did not know. I said to him, "James, do you believe that Jesus died to save sinners?" And he said "Yes." I then said, "Do you believe that Jesus died for you?" And he answered, "Yes, I believe it." He has learned the trade of a

carpenter with Mr. Wilson, and we find him very useful already about the mission.

J. W. TIMS.

[Since this letter was written, James Appikokia has married, and he recently wrote the following quaint little letter to Mr. Wilson. The accompanying cut was kindly loaned by the C.C.C.S., and represents the two Blackfeet boys].

My Dear Mr. Wilson—

February 2nd, 1889.

I think summer make me house, and my wife very good if come see you, and give me something, and J. W. Tims me still house and work. If come, very much good, and me sleep my brother house and no sleep Tims house. Love you loves and me love my horses. I like you see me, and me work every day. Remember Jesus who died to save us. I am your friend who loves you.

JAMES APIKOKIA.

### MY WIFE AND I.

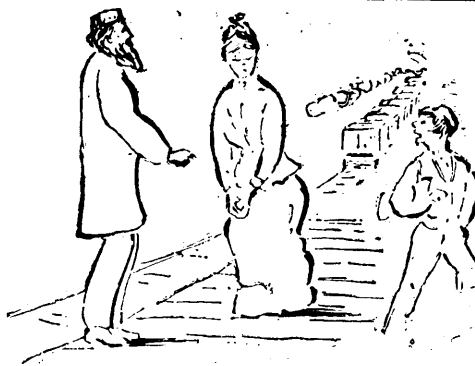
A LITTLE JOURNEY AMONG THE INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.

#### CHAPTER V.—THE OHIO MOUNDS.

OUR next destination was Chillicothe, in the State of Ohio. We left Washington at 3 P.M. by the Baltimore and Ohio R.R., and stopped for supper about 7 P.M. at Cumberland.

That supper at Cumberland was a failure. First of all: It was expensive. It cost us more than if we had been contented, like some of the other passengers, to be served on board the train. Secondly: The contingent expenses were considerable. The contingent expenses included the cost of a bed-room at the hotel, for half the night, and paying the second time or a Pullman for the remainder of the night; also, telegraphing the following telegram: "Left in Pullman two bags, one bundle, two umbrellas, one coat, one hat, one cloak; put all off at Chillicothe." It has been remarked already that the United States is a very noisy place. The young men and boys are very fond of drumming and torch-light processions, especially at election times—and election times occur more frequently in America than in other countries. A torch-light procession and drumming were going on out in the Station while my wife and I were having our supper in the Railway restaurant at Cumberland. Exuberant noises filled the air. No whistle of engine, no warning bell, no shout of 'all on board,' could be heard amid the din; and so we 'got left.'



"WE GOT LEFT."

Our being left entirely disarranged the next part of our programme. We had expected to reach Chillicothe in Ohio at 4.30 a.m., Nov. 2; we had expected it would be a fine day; we had intended to have breakfast at 7, and then to hire a buggy and spend a long morning visiting the ancient mounds, which we had been told were thick in that neighborhood. As it was we reached Chillicothe at 1.20 p.m. As it was, it was a wet afternoon. As it was, we went in a covered buggy, with waterproof cloaks and umbrellas, to look for the mounds—but could not find them. We drove eight miles out. We interrogated every passer by, and enquired at nearly every house, but we could hear nothing of the mounds—the mounds appeared to be a myth.



LOOKING FOR THE MOUNDS

What were these Indian mounds which we were in search of? I must explain. In various parts of the United States, and even as far north as the borders of Canada, there exist mounds of earth, covering as is supposed the ancient dwellings of an ancient people. There are about two hundred of these mounds altogether, and many of them have been already explored, and skeletons, pottery, and trinkets found beneath them. It is generally allowed that they must cover ruins of very great age, for none of the Indians now living know anything about the people who formerly inhabited them, nor have they any tradition to explain who they were.

The mounds which we went in search of the after-

noon of our arrival at Chillicothe were those known by the name of "the High Bank Works," and were said to be situated in the Scioto valley, seven or eight miles South of the town. And a few miles North of the town we had been told were the "Hopeton Works," and beyond that the "Cedar Bank."

The Mound builders are supposed to have come originally from the Rio Grande and the San Juan valley in New Mexico, and gradually to have worked their way northward; but this was long before the Spanish occupation, as the present site of the mounds was unoccupied at the time of European discovery.

In the Scioto valley are seven mound villages, all within twelve miles of each other—four on the east, and three on the west side of the river. Of these the most noted is the High Bank, which we tried to see, but failed to find. The works cover some two or three hundred acres of ground. In one part is a circle about 950 feet in diameter, enclosed by a bank four or five feet high. Connected with this circle by a neck is an irregular octagon, formed of seven banks each about 450 feet long and 50 feet wide at the base, and about 12 feet high. At varying distances are other circles of smaller dimensions, and connecting walls. The theory is that these banks were built as fortifications, wooden dwellings, which have since decayed, being placed on their summits, and ladders on the outside leading up to the dwellings. The walls of the houses, it is conjectured, were made of wooden slabs sloping upward at the same angle as the bank, and perhaps covered with earth, as it is still the custom of certain tribes, as the Mandans and Minitarees, to do. Mr. Lewis H. Morgan, of Rochester, N.Y., who has made a thorough study of the subject, tells us that "the Mound builders worked native copper, cultivated maize and other plants, manufactured pottery and stone implements, and also manufactured textile fabrics of cotton or flax, remains of such material having been found wrapped around copper chisels."

Such, then, were the mounds of which we had heard and read so much, and to see which we had purposely come to Ohio. It was disappointing to us, after a long uncomfortable drive through drenching rain, to have to go back to our hotel at Chillicothe, without having had so far as we were aware even a glimmer of them. The fact probably was that we were driving over them without our knowing it, and the country people about seemed to be quite innocent as to their existence. Yes, it was the High Bank, they said, but as to Indian mounds, they had never heard anything about them.

Evidently it mattered very little to these country folk whether or not the land on which their homesteads stood had Indian bones and trinkets buried beneath it, so long as it was good and fertile, and would yield them a good crop of Indian corn or wheat.

The next day we again hired a horse and buggy, and again drove out a considerable distance from the town—not this time to the south, but to the north, toward Hopetown; and again we made every possible enquiry of every possible person, at every possible place. A man driving his waggon into town with a large load of yellow Indian corn, solemnly averred that he had been living within ten minutes walk of that spot for a considerable number of years, that he had been in the habit of driving his team on that road nearly every day of the week, but that he had never yet, so far as he knew, seen an Indian mound.

However, our search was not entirely fruitless. We got on the scent at last. There was a little boy getting over a fence inside a farm gate. I thought I would try that little boy as a last resource. "Do you know anything about any Indian mounds about here?" I asked him. The boy opened his mouth a little and looked at me. I saw he didn't know about them, so I asked him "Is any one at home at the house?" "Yes, he said; go 'round to the back door, they won't hear you this side of the house." So I went round to the back door, and there I found a man in his shirt sleeves, in the kitchen. That man was intelligent. He had heard of the Indian mounds. If I would come with him across the cattle yard he could point one out to me. "See there, a little to the left of that old log house, you see there's corn there standing in shocks, and beyond that there's a field of standing corn, well there's an Indian mound between the two fields, and there's some trees growing on it." "Can we drive to it?" I asked. "No, you'd better to hitch your horse here, and go through the orchard and across that field, and then you will see the place right ahead of you." So I thanked the man for his information, brought the horse and buggy inside the enclosure, got my wife down, took my sketch book, and we started off. We went through the orchard as directed, lifted aside an old rickety gate, crossed a dreadfully muddy lane between two snake fences, and then traversed a wide muddy field, with pigs grubbing up the stubble, and geese dabbling in the puddles. At the end of this field I had to hoist my wife over a snake fence, then we plodded along through some water, and at length we arrived at the mound. It was a matter for regret that neither of us were deeply versed in sci-

entific study. If the man at the farm house had not told us that this was an Indian mound, we would probably have felt a little skeptical as to its actually being one,—it didn't look just as we thought it ought to. It had had potatoes grown on it, and there were several old stumps of trees sticking out of its sides and top; it didn't seem to be any particular shape. I sat on a stump and made a sketch of it, while my wife paddled around through the puddles looking for things, I suppose, but I don't know what. As my wife had been very slow coming through the pig field, I suggested that she should start on the return trip while I finished my sketch. I was a little sorry afterwards that I did so.

Fruit is very cheap in Chillicothe. Apples were selling at from five to ten cents a bushel on the street, grapes for three cents a pound. On this ground my wife thought, I suppose, that there could be no great sin in robbing an orchard, so seeing on her way back to the buggy, a particularly large, rosy, tempting-looking apple hanging from a branch just over her head, \*she took it and ate it, and gave afterwards to her husband, and he did eat.

On our way back to town we had the good fortune to see one more veritable mound. It was just at the back of a little cottage near the roadside; "Yes," said the woman who occupied the cottage, "that there's an Indian mound; there was one of those men, professor of something, poking around there and found lots of Indian relics, bones and arrow-heads, and brass things, and I don't know what not; he was to have given us some of the things for the privilege, but he didn't do it." This mound had had some potatoes and Indian corn grown on it, and had a pig-sty on one side of it, containing three pigs.

#### CHAPTER VI.—TRAVELLING, TRAVELLING.

We must needs pass through Cincinnati. We had no desire to stop in Cincinnati, as we do not care for cities, and there are no Indians in Cincinnati. I had, however, a little business to transact in the place, which would occupy me about twenty-five minutes. I wanted to see the head manager of the Pulman sleeping cars, and apply for the refund of that ticket which I had paid twice for. My wife also had a little business in Cincinnati. She wanted to get supper. It was 5.30 P.M. when we arrived. I said to my wife, "My dear, remain here and read a book while I go up town; in a little time I will rejoin you and will take you to supper in

the Railway Dining Room." Then I went up town. I had been directed to the corner of Ninth and Plum streets as the place where I should find the Pulman sleeping car office situated. "Is this the corner of Ninth and Plum streets?" I enquired. "Yes," was the reply. I then examined the four corners of Ninth and Plum streets. On one corner was a bank closed but lighted; on another corner was a druggist's shop lighted and open; on another corner was a saloon brilliantly lighted and open; on the fourth corner was a tailor shop closed and dark. I was not going to give it up. I saw on the bank door a notice that the bank was closed, but that business messages might be left in the basement. So I descended to the basement. The basement was only partially lighted; it appeared to be occupied by India rubber tubing and large casks; there were also two men standing by a stove. I accosted one of the men. "I am in search of the head man of the sleeping cars, and was told that their office was at the corner of Ninth and Plum streets, can you kindly direct me?" One of the men believed that there was a Railway Company Office over the bank, and said that there were stairs leading up to it from Ninth street. I found a large door ajar at one side of the bank, and a flight of stone steps within; up these steps I went, and up another flight—the hall was dimly lighted. On one door was written 'Dentist,' in large letters, on another 'Insurance Office.' The stairs still went up so I ascended higher, not, however, without some misgiving, lest I might find the big door at the foot of the stairway closed for the night when I descended. On this upper flat there was only a tiny jet of gas burning, the hall-way was dark and nothing could be seen, so I came down again. The dentist was going into his office to lock up for the night as I descended. I accosted him and from him learned that the sleeping-car office was at the end of the passage through the dentist's room; this was satisfactory, and the end too appeared satisfactory, for the genial clerk, sitting in his chair, assured me that if I would put in a written application for the money to be refunded me, stating my case and giving my address, it would certainly be satisfactorily arranged. A sad incident occurred while I was away up town attending to this little business. My wife had been a little nervous at being left alone, and had made me promise most solemnly that I would not be late for the train. My wife had only been alone about five minutes when the black porter came up to where she was sitting and informed her that the Pulman car in which she sat was about to be shunted, and that in consequence it would be quite impossible for her husband to rejoin her until the train was re-made and ready to start for St. Louis. This was sad. It quite upset all the previous arrangements.

(To be continued).

\* NOTE—My wife declares that the apple was on the ground, but we will leave this an open question.

**Opening of the Washakada Home, Elkhorn.**

THE Elkhorn Homes were publicly opened on Tuesday, August 6th, by the Most Rev. The Bishop of Ruperts' Land, Metropolitan, assisted by Mr. Forget, the assistant Indian Commissioner. The day was fine, and a large concourse of people assembled, several of them having come from a distance by the early morning train. Among those present were the Rev. Mr. Sargent, from Mossomin; the Rev. Mr. Quinney, from Oak Lake; the Rev. Mr. Roy, from Oak River; the Rev. Mr. Stephenson, of Elkhorn; Dr. Rolston; Councillor Cushing, &c., &c. At 10 a.m. the guests assembled in the Dining Hall; thence at half-past ten, led by the Rev. E. F. Wilson, the Chief Manager, they proceeded to the schoolroom, which had been prettily decorated and festooned for the occasion. Here the pupils, 22 in number, were all assembled and stood at their desks, each with a flag; the boys in their navy serge uniforms, trimmed with scarlet, bright brass buttons, and scarlet sashes round their waists; the girls also in blue serge dresses, trimmed with red, and pretty muslin collars and pinafores, all looking very neat and attractive. After a hymn, the reading of a portion of Scripture and prayer, the Bishop, as chairman, addressed the meeting, expressing the pleasure that it gave him to be present and to see the school buildings so nicely completed and the pupils assembled before him. He was sorry, he said, to miss one well-known face, that of Mr. Geo. H. Rowswell, who had been so great a benefactor to the Institution, and who now on account of illness had been obliged to go away to a warmer climate. The Bishop had been twenty-six years in the country, and so knew well the condition in which the Indians had been in days gone by; he rejoiced to see so much being done for their improvement, civilization, and instruction in Christian truths; he was persuaded that Institutions such as this were the one thing needed in order to accomplish this great work. The Rev. E. F. Wilson then, at the Bishop's request, gave a brief history of the origin and progress of the work. He expressed his regret at the absence of the Indian Commissioner, who it was hoped would have been present, and read a letter from him which stated that an unusual press of business at the last moment had hindered him from coming. Mr. Wilson spoke of the difficulties and encouragements which had attended his work during the last twenty-one years; he alluded to the burning of the first Shingwauk Home, six days after its completion, to the difficulties attending the erection of the Wawanosh Home; to the munificent gift of \$1000 from Mr. Rowswell towards

the erection of the Elkhorn Homes, and to the admittance of one of his pupils to a clerkship in the Indian Department at Ottawa. Mr. Forget, the assistant Indian Commissioner, also expressed his deep regret at the absence of the Commissioner, whom he assured the audience took the deepest interest in the progress of this Institution; he congratulated Mr. Wilson on the efficiency of his staff, he could see by their faces that they were well suited for their work, and would take no ordinary interest in their little Indian charges; there were difficulties he knew well in the establishment and carrying on of these Indian Institutions; it was very difficult to make the Indians appreciate these efforts that were made for their benefit, or to allow their children to be taken away from them to be educated; he felt sure, however, that these Homes, as soon as they were well known by the Indians, would secure their confidence, and that there would be no difficulty in keeping them well filled with pupils.

The Rev. Mr. Sanders said that he was glad to see on the fence in front of the Institution the word 'Home,' which implied that these little Indian children were to be taken in, and cared for and loved, beside being educated. Short speeches followed by Dr. Rolston, Councillor Cushing, Mr. Mackenzie—the local superintendent,—and Sioux Ben, an Indian from the neighborhood; and then the Bishop invited all who liked to do so to accompany him on a tour of inspection through the buildings. The central building, it was found, comprised superintendent's sitting room and office, dining hall, kitchens, school-room, back school-room, superintendent's bed-room, and sick room. On arriving back in the school-room, the Bishop pronounced the Central Building open. Then the party proceeded to the Washakada Girls' Home, examined the laundry, ironing-room, bath-room, ladies' sitting-room, girls' dormitories, and lastly the sewing-room, where Miss Vidal and her girls were found busy sewing. The Bishop pronounced the Washakada Home open, and then the party proceeded on to the Kasota Boys' Home, the other side of the Central. Here, on the ground floor, were bootmaker's shop, with bootmaker and two Indian boys busy at work, the assistant masters' room, the laundry, bath-rooms, clothing store, and boys' recreation room, and up-stairs, the boys' dormitories, and a spare room which Mr. Wilson occupies on the occasion of his visits. Standing in the recreation room, the Bishop pronounced the Kasota Home open. Then all the party went out in the garden in front of the Central building, the children gathered along the verandah facing the Bishop,



and the Bishop raising his hand said "In the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, I declare these Homes for Indian children to be now open." Then followed God Save the Queen, and cheering; and a few minutes later, luncheon was announced in the dining hall. Quite a sumptuous repast had been served, and all seemed well-pleased with their reception. White people, Indian visitors, and Indian pupils all came in for their share; and then, when that was over, seventeen teams stood at the door, and a long procession of well-filled vehicles escorted by a number of Indians on their ponies, drove four miles out to visit the farm land, 640 acres in extent, which has been secured for the use of the Indian Homes. So soon as funds will admit of it, a house will be built on the farm land for a farm man and wife, and the boys will be sent out, five or six at a time, to do the farm work and stay at the farm three or four weeks at a time; this will be a nice change for them, and make them all the more inclined for school work when they return. After playing Base-ball and other games for an hour or two, the large party returned to Elkhorn, all well-satisfied and pleased with their day's enjoyment.

The present staff at the Washakada Home consists of Mr. C. D. Mackenzie, local superintendent; Mrs. Vidal, matron; Miss Vidal, school teacher; Mr. J. A. Maggrah, assistant teacher; Miss Riddle, matron's assistant; Mr. Hambly, shoemaker. There are sixteen boys and six girls, and twelve or fifteen more pupils are expected shortly.

MR. and MRS. DEWDNEY beg to acknowledge, with sincere thanks, the invitation extended to them by the Rev. E. F. Wilson and staff, to be present at the opening of the Indian Homes, at Elkhorn, on Tuesday, the 6th August, and to express their great regret that it has been out of their power to accept the invitation. They also beg to return thanks for the programme so kindly enclosed, and to express the hope that the occasion will prove a very pleasant one in every sense.

OTTAWA, 3rd August, 1889.

COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE, REGINA }  
August 5th, 1889. }

DEAR MR. WILSON,—I have to express sincere regret at my inability to attend the opening ceremonies of the Elkhorn Institution with which you have so closely allied yourself. Nevertheless let me hope that the success which has attended your efforts in connection with Institutions of a kindred nature, may be equalled in this; and that your fondest hopes may be realized, is the wish of yours very faithfully,

HAYTER REED.

REV. E. F. WILSON, Elkhorn.

### Medicine Hat.

MR. WILSON has paid another visit this summer to Medicine Hat, with a view to making arrangements for the erection of an Indian Institution at that place.

After looking well over the land adjoining the town, he selected a spot which appeared to be in every way well adapted for the purpose; it is a tri-angular piece of ground, about 15 acres in extent, having high gravelly hills at the back, the river Saskatchewan in front; and on the other side the C. P. R. railway track. The soil is excellent, and the water in the river clear and good. Crops on a neighboring farm looked very flourishing; and if only the land can be secured at a reasonable rate, probably no better spot could be found for an Indian Institution. The townspeople of Medicine Hat, on hearing of the prospect of an Institution being built, at once took the matter up in a practical manner, and in a short time had filled a subscription list to the amount of \$400. Mr. Wilson has already a little over \$1,000 on hand, and if further help comes in, he hopes to begin at once and put up one of the intended buildings. He has good hopes of receiving a Government grant towards these projected Homes, in the spring.

QU'APPELLE, N.W.T., July 31st, 1889.

DEAR MR. WILSON,—I am glad to hear that you have definitely decided to commence a school for Indian, in this Diocese, in connection with your schools at Sault Ste. Marie. It seems to me that there are many advantages in having several schools in different parts of the country under one central organization. All the experience gained in the earlier schools can be made use of at once, in subsequent institutions of the same kind. Besides which Funds for their support are more easily obtained by one effort on a large scale than by several small ones. Of course I don't mean that your schools ought to swallow up all others, or prevent others being established. There is plenty of room for many schools, and a large variety of methods of working. Our Church has not yet at all adequately realized her responsibility in this matter, I speak especially, of course, of this Dioceses, and I regret to have to acknowledge it; but the claims of the settlers, who seemed to be our first care, were so great, and our Funds so small for the work to be done, that we have not been able to grapple with the work among the native population as I feel we ought to have done.

I therefore welcome most heartily and thankfully the independent work that you are proposing to commence. Medicine Hat, the site you have chosen, seems to be a place excellently suited for the work, being within reach of several large Reserves, though not too near them, and having an abundant water supply.

Trusting that you may have every success in raising the money required soon, believe me yours sincerely

ADELBERT,  
Bishop of Qu'Appelle.

### Clothing for Our Indian Homes.

SAULT STE. MARIE, JULY, 1889.

Mrs. Wilson begs to acknowledge with many thanks the following bales and boxes of clothing:

From Miss L. Betts' S.S. Class, St. John's Church, Portsmouth: dresses, petticoats, mitts, stockings, aprons and girls' underwear; also some handkerchiefs from a member of another class.

By mail (doner's name unknown), one quilt, four shirts.

Parcel by express containing a large number of aprons and girls' underwear, also a doll from the Church Ascension S.S., per Miss McLaren, Hamilton.

**Receipts—O.I.H.**

FROM JULY 7TH TO AUGUST 4TH, 1889.

St. John's Township, \$5; St. Mark's S.S., Parkdale, boy, \$22; St. Paul's Guild, Sherbrooke, girl, \$37.50; Schneider, Rev. G. A. S., \$5; St. John's S.S., York Mills, girl, \$3; Miss Baring (England), \$63.25; St. John's Church S.S., Wolfille, N.S., \$2; St. James' Church S.S., Kentville, N.S., \$3.30; Thank offerings, Kentville, N.S., \$2; St. Luke's S.S., Halifax, N.S. \$6; The Misses Durnford, 50c.; St. Martin's S.S., Montreal, girl, \$12.50; St. Mark's Church, Niagara, girl, \$25; St. Charles' S.S., Dereham, \$3.65; Church of Ascension S. S., Hamilton, boy, \$75; St. John the Evangelist S.S., London, boy, \$15; A Visitor (per the Matron), \$1; Miss Clara Goodeve, \$1; Mrs. Gibbs, Como (Chapel Organ Fund), \$10.

**Receipts—O.F.C.**

JULY 10TH, 1889.

John Bowker, 50c.; Mrs. A. Bennetts, 50c.; Rev. G. A. Schneider, \$1.25; Mrs. Fortire, 50c.; J. F. Dumble, 50c.; Indian School, Genoa, 50c.; Mrs. Fearon, 50c.; Mrs. J. Hiscott, 70c.; The Misses Durnford, 50c.; Mrs. J. Young, 50c.; Mrs. Parsons, 50c.; Mrs. Beck, 51c.; Mrs. Sanborn, \$5; J. F. Gilkison, \$1.12; Mrs. M. Howard, 50c.; Miss Scott, 50c.; Miss Smith, 50c.; Miss C. Goodeve, \$1; Mrs. Gibb, 50c.; G. Turnbull, \$1; E. Rapelie, \$1; Mrs. E. H. Wilmot, 50c.

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