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M. J. Griffin '97



VOL. III, No. 12.]

SHINGWAUK HOME, MARCH, 1890.

[NEW SERIES, No. 10.

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Edited by Rev. E. F. Wilson.

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OWEN SOUND, ONT.

OUR FOREST CHILDREN,

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF INDIAN EDUCATION AND CIVILIZATION.

VOL. III, No. 12.]

SHINGWAUK HOME, MARCH, 1890.

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A Rough Road.



WHEN Mr. Wilson first came to Canada in 1868, he used to travel about a good deal among the Indians of Western Ontario, his headquarters at that time being the Sarnia Indian

Reserve. The accompanying cut illustrates a journey that he made at that time, with his interpreter, to visit the Indians at Sauble, near Southampton. An old journal of that date says: "A most dreadful road it was, the whole way. We had both to get down and



A ROUGH ROAD.

lead the horse more than half the distance, and then our traps were in the most imminent danger of jumping out as the buggy went jolting and rolling over huge boulders and logs and stumps. It took us over two hours to reach the place, and when we got there, rain was coming down in torrents. We enquired for Wau-

besee's house, and, after some trouble, we at length found it; but it lay back at a distance from the road, with only a foot-path leading to it, so we had to take the horse from the buggy and lead him after us. The little house, made entirely of bark, stood in the most picturesque spot, surrounded by lofty pines. Near the house was a calf shed, into which we tried to squeeze our horse, but he would not go, so we had to take him to a stable about a mile off."

Shingwauk Jottings.

WE expect another Government grant for building purposes this spring.

1889-90 has been the mildest winter we have ever experienced at Sault Ste. Marie, so far, the glass not having fallen below zero more than two or three times; the snow, however, averages about two feet deep.

We shall have to put a new roof on the Shingwauk next summer; it is leaking in many places.

OUR Shingwauk boys have a merry time at the "shanty" back in the bush about four miles, cutting cord-wood for fuel. The gardener and four of them go at a time, starting out on Monday, and coming back Saturday afternoon. They take food with them and do their own cooking.

MISS CHAMPION is now lady Superintendent of the Wawanosh Home. She is a capital teacher, and all the girls like her.

THE Social given by the Buckskin Base Ball Club at Bowlby's Hall, in the Sault, passed off very well. The Indian choir sang "Jingle Bells," "Men of Harlech," and "Kemo Kimo." The net proceeds amounted to \$30.

THE Shingwauk Brass Band is playing twice a week at the public skating rink, Sault Ste. Marie, and receives \$5 each time for its services.

SEVERAL Wawanosh girls have gone out to service since the New Year began. Nancy Petahnuhquod to a house in the Sault, Nancy Henry to Bay Mills and Bella Matthews to Algoma Mills. Several more parties are wanting them.

THE funds of the Indian Homes are very low at present. It is no small matter to keep four Homes in

running order, besides raising money for building purposes. Ninety dollars was kindly contributed by Trinity Sunday School, St. John, N.B., in *December last*, towards our new buildings at Medicine Hat, but it has not yet reached us.

Two sums contributed to our Homes by Trinity Sunday School, Digby, N.S., have failed to reach us.

OUR Shingwauk Chapel, in 1887, contributed \$28.70 to Foreign Missions and \$17.08 to the Jews; and in 1888, \$25.75 to Foreign Missions and \$19.11 to the Jews. We wonder that we are not given credit for these amounts in the late financial report of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society.

THE telegraph at the Shingwauk is beginning to be of practical use. Seven or eight business telegrams pass between the various shops and buildings nearly every day, the operators being young boys of from 12 to 16 years of age. Of course they have to spell slowly at present, it taking from three to seven minutes usually from the first call until the telegram is written out.

MR. WILBERFORCE WILSON, is at present acting as Assistant Superintendent at the Shingwauk Home, the late Superintendent, Mr. Dowler, having taken up Mission work, as lay-reader on the C.P.R. line, east of the Sault. Mr. Dowler still resides at the Shingwauk, and does the accounts.

The Battleford Indian School.

THE Saskatchewan *Herald* contains an account of the Christmas days at this school. It is a Government Institution, under the control of the Rev. T. Clarke, a clergyman of the Church of England. Speaking of the Christmas gathering at the school, the *Herald* says: "Every one was welcome. And the gathering was a thoroughly representative one, ladies and gentlemen from all classes of society being present. Many had seen the children just as they were taken from the teepees and put into the school, and could therefore judge of the mighty improvement that had been effected in their condition in the short space of time the school has been in operation. The change was greater than it was thought possible to bring about in the course of a long term of years. In connection with the Christmas tree, which bore the gifts of friends, were articles manufactured by the pupils. Amongst these, as specially deserving notice, were some small trunks made by the lads employed in the carpenter's shop, which for neatness of jointing and finish would do credit to any shop in town. Hand sleds, equal in

elegance and of infinitely greater strength than any that can be bought in the shops, attested the joint skill of the youthful carpenters and blacksmiths. Some of the lads in the latter department can shoe a horse in the most satisfactory manner, and the work on the sleighs is evidence of their skill in other branches of their trade.

"More marked even than in the boys is the improvement noticeable in the girls. To one who does not know the appearance they presented when first removed from the squalor and wretchedness of their native homes, the change is incredible. Clean, smart-looking and well dressed, they give promise of the great possibilities in store for them in the future, when they become the heads of Christian households instead of remaining the slaves and drudges of the Indian camp. Besides the learning they acquire in the school-room, they are taught the art of good housekeeping, and how to perform the thousand-and-one duties that mark the well ordered white family; and it is most satisfactory to be able to say that they evince great interest in their work, and display a far greater aptitude in learning than was expected at the beginning of the experiment."



Snowed Up.

THIS cut represents our old original house at Garden River, and shows the way we were "snowed up" in the winter of 1872. That was just before the first Shingwauk Home was built. The first Shingwauk Home was built on as an addition to this building. It was built in 1873, and burned down six days after it was opened.

Send in your Subscriptions for OUR FOREST CHILDREN.

Indian Tribes—Paper No. 10.

THE MOKI INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.



MONG the Indians of North America are some tribes who, like the Sioux, the Cheyennes, and the Blackfeet, have probably for centuries back lived by buffalo hunting on the plains; and there are others,—their homes bordering on the sea coast or shores of the great lakes,—who have for

ages past made their living by hunting and fishing combined;—all these people are nomads, wanderers, their houses of the most temporary style of construction, birch bark wigwams, skin teepees, or huts made of sticks and grass. But among the Indians of North America it should be understood there exists a third class—a distinct family of Indians,—of the same colored hair and skin and of much the same general appearance and character as their wilder brethren, yet differing from them very materially in their way of living and in their mode of gaining a livelihood. These latter are the so-called *Pueblo* Indians of New Mexico and Arizona. *Pueblo* is simply the Spanish word for village. And they are called Pueblo Indians because they live in villages or towns of curious construction, the houses built in terraces one above another. These Pueblo Indians do not rove about the country as do the plain or bush Indians; they remain stationary in one spot. Their towns are built either on or in the immediate locality of the site of those which their ancestors inhabited before them. These people know little or nothing about hunting or fishing, they have nothing to do with the buffalo chase, neither do they delight in war. They cultivate small fields, irrigate their land, keep flocks of sheep and goats, weave blankets, and are adepts at making pottery.

The Mokis are one of these Pueblo Indian tribes; but, strange to say, they differ entirely in language from any other of the Pueblo Indians. Their language is considered to belong to the Shoshonee linguistic group,—a stock which embraces the Shoshonees, Utes, Comanches, Chemehuevis, Snakes, Bannocks, and Diggers, but with which none of the Pueblo dialects, except the Moki, have any affinity.

The Moki Indians have another curious peculiarity: they build their villages up very high on the summit of precipitous rocks or *mesas*. The villages, all situated in North-east part of Arizona, are seven in number, and they are believed to occupy the old Spanish Province of Tusayan; indeed, the people are known by the name “Tusayan” (meaning, “standing detached”), as well as Moki. The names of the villages are Walpi, Sitcumovi, Tewa, Mishoninovi, Shipaulovi, Shunopovi, and Oraibi. The most populous of these is Oraibi, but the first named, Walpi, holds the predominance among them owing to priority of settlement. The total population of the seven villages is at present about 2,000.

Moki, or Moqui, is a foreign term, a corruption of A-mo-kwi, the name given to them by the Zuni Indians. They call themselves “Hopituh.”

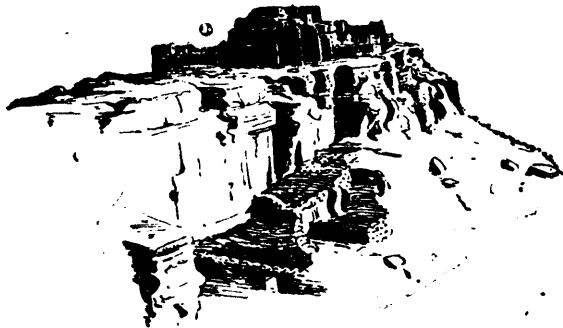
At the time of the Spanish discovery, the Province of Tusayan had seven cities, and singularly enough, there are still these seven villages in existence; although none of them, except perhaps Oraibi, are the same as the seven of Coronado’s day, and the early sites are marked only by ruins. The most interesting of these ruins are those in the vicinity of the villages still occupied by the Hopituh, because clinging to them are fragmentary legends with which many old men of the tribe are still familiar. These agree in ascribing the first occupancy of this region to two gentes of Hopituh still extant, and known as the “Antelopes” and the “Snakes.” These two gentes are said to have come from the north, and to them is assigned the building of the first village of Walpi, all traces of which are now buried up in the sand.

A curious and characteristic letter addressed by these people to the authorities at Washington, appeared in the American Indian Bureau Report for 1886: it contained a petition for a school to be established among them, and reads as follows:—

“We, Moki Indians, live in stone houses upon the *mesa* top, high above the valleys. In bygone time we were forced to live here to be safe from our foes. But we have been living in peace for many years, and we have been thinking. We would always like to observe the precepts which our fathers taught, because they are true. But there are better ways of getting a living now than our fathers knew, and we would like to learn them. Like our fathers, we have always lived on the *mesa* tops, but the roads to our cornfields are long and rough, and when we go to work in them we are tired before we begin to hoe, and the homeward road is hard

to climb with loads upon our backs. And our women grow old and tired before their time carrying the heavy water bottles up the steep cliffs. We have seen a little of the White man's ways, and some of us would like to build houses as they do in the valleys. The houses we build ourselves are good ones, with stone walls and clay roofs;—but doors and windows and board floors were things unknown to our fathers, yet they are beautiful, and we would like to have them. We are also greatly concerned for our children. We pray that they may follow in their fathers' footsteps, and grow up good of heart and pure of breath. But we would like them also to learn the White man's tongue and his ways of work. We pray you to cause a school to be opened in our country, and we will gladly send our children."

This letter was signed by Cimo, the head chief, and by eighteen minor chiefs and priests of various orders. The Indian agents' report of the same year, says: "The Moquis are a singular people. For three hundred years they have lived on high mountain tops, from 500 to 700 feet above the bottom lands of the surrounding country, in seven villages, their houses built of stone, often one upon the other, to the height of three storeys, reached by means of ladders. They carry all water, fuel, and subsistence on their heads and by burros (donkeys) up the steep sides of the mountain. Their farm lands lie in the valleys beneath, of which they cultivated last year 1,000 acres, raising 1,000 bushels of wheat, 5,000 bushels of corn, besides a great quantity



PUEBLO TOWN OF WALPI.

of vegetables, melons, and peaches. They have also 20,000, sheep and 15,000 burros."

Lieut. Ives, of the Colorado exploring expedition, who visited the Moki Pueblos in 1858, thus describes his visit: "After ascending the rugged sides of the mesa by a flight of stone steps we came upon a level summit, and had the walls of the pueblo on one side and an extensive and beautiful view upon the other. Without giving us time to admire the scene, the In-

dians led us to a ladder planted against the front face of the pueblo. The town is nearly square, and surrounded by a stone wall 15 feet high, the top of which forms a landing extending around the whole. Flights of stone steps led from the first to a second landing, upon which the doors of the houses open. Mounting the stairway opposite to the ladder, the chief crossed to the nearest door and ushered us into a low apartment, from which two or three others opened towards the interior of the dwelling. Our host courteously asked us to be seated upon some skins spread along the floor against the wall, and presently his wife brought in a vase of water and a tray filled with a singular substance that looked more like a sheet of thin blue wrapping paper than anything else. I learned afterwards that it was made from corn meal, ground very fine, made into a gruel, and poured over a heated stone to be baked. The room was 15 feet by 10, the walls made of adobe, everything clean and tidy. Skins, bows and arrows, quivers, antlers, blankets, &c., were hanging upon the walls or arranged on shelves. At the other end was a trough divided into compartments, in each of which was a sloping stone slab for grinding corn upon. In a recess of an inner room was piled a goodly store of corn in the ear. Another inner room appeared to be a sleeping apartment. The lower rooms are reached through trap doors from the first landing. The houses are three rooms deep and open upon the interior court."

Mr. A. M. Stephens gives further details of the process of making and baking bread. "There are numerous small houses," he says, "specially constructed for baking their peculiar paper-like bread, called *pi-ki*. These are not usually more than 5 to 7 feet high, with interior dimensions not larger than 8 by 10 feet, and they are called 'Tüm-tcok-obi,' the place of the flat stone. A large hood-shaped chimney, fixed in one of the corners, covers the fire-place, which is a pit, about 10 inches deep and of a size corresponding with the baking stone, which covers it. The pit extends about a foot in front of one of the ends of the stone to permit light fuel being thrust in, and this space in front is the only draught and smoke exit, as the sides of the stone are luted with mud to the edges of the fire-place. A large basin of finely-ground corn meal having been mixed with water to the consistency of cream, the woman seats herself beside the stone, her basin beside her. The stone having been brought to a desirable heat, she deftly spreads the mixture, dipping up a small quantity in her fingers and rapidly sweeping them over

the stone; this she repeats until its entire surface has a very thin even coating. As it dries it cooks, and is tenacious enough to form a sheet about the thickness of tea paper, this she lifts off and places on a flat wicker tray, the process occupying about two minutes. After she has baked all her mixture, she takes three or four of these sheets together, folds them and rolls them up loosely, and the bread is then ready for consumption. The stone used is generally about $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick."



MOKI WOMEN.

A few words must now be given about the general appearance and habits of the people. The native dress consists in a calico blouse, loose calico trousers, red buckskin leggings, and moccasins for the men, a scarlet turban on the head, earrings of silver, and necklaces of coral and turquoise. The women wear a tunic of heavy wool, dyed blue, the upper part passing over the right shoulder and under the left armpit, and the skirt falling a little below the knee; the legs from knee to ankle are wrapped round with many folds of buckskin, and they have moccasins on their feet. The people are monogamous, and marry very young. A young man sends a white cotton blanket to his sweetheart; if her friends approve, they retain it, and the young man then goes to her house. Both families entertain their friends with a feast. The woman owns the house, and if she tires of the man she throws his effects out, and sends him back to his mother. Generally, however, they live together peaceably. The manufactures of the Moki Indians consist chiefly in woven goods and pottery, in both which arts they excel. The loom they use is vertical and primitive, consisting of upper and under beams, fastened to pegs; over these beams the warp is stretched and the weft is introduced with the fingers; they have no shuttle. When an Indian is sick they administer to him infusions of roots and various herbs; but their chief faith lies in singing and rattling

by a "medicine man" or *Shaman*, by which means they think to drive away the evil influence. They do not use the sweat bath. They bleed occasionally by incising with a sharp stone. The people have a number of games and amusements, but they do not gamble. At one of their feasts is a curious ceremonial in which the *kadcina* (supernatural beings) are supposed to play against the men of their chief *kibva* (sacred lodge.) They guess under which of four cups a ball is concealed to determine whether the *kadcina* shall be admitted. Another amusement is a primitive sort of "checkers" played on a "board," the lines of which are carved on a stone slab. Sometimes a boy may be seen lying on his back with the loop of a string slipped over his great toe and holding a small stone; with a quick motion of his leg he tosses the ball and string over his head to surprising distance. He then runs to the place where it has fallen and repeats the process. Another kind of play requiring great dexterity is to lift a small stone nodule with the toes and keep tossing it in front while running swiftly all the time.

These people have a very elaborate native belief. They address their prayers mainly to *O-man*, the cloud deity. Living as they do in an arid region they esteem *rain* as the most precious gift of the deities. In early times, they say, there was a race of supernatural beings, called *kadcina*, who bore the mandates of the gods to the people, and listening to the people's petitions bore them back to the deities. Before they disappeared they initiated devout Hopituh, who still maintain these orders or Societies of *Kadcina*. An endless succession of these feasts and fasts is still observed. They believe that as soon as they assume the sacred masks at their dances they lose their human identity, and that their songs are listened to by the deity invoked. The startling festival known as the "Snake Dance" is celebrated every alternate year. The history of this strange festival has been related at length by Lieut. Keam in *Chambers' Journal*, February, 1883. He shows therein how according to Moki legend, a mighty serpent once destroyed for them all their enemies and secured to them their country, and that ever since then these people have shown the greatest veneration and affection for snakes, and every second year hold their Snake dance in gratitude to their great deliverer. The Snake priests are forty-two in number. Four days prior to the dance are occupied in capturing the snakes in the sandy plains around the village. Carrying in their hands painted wands, with two black eagle's feathers attached to each, they find, tickle, and caress the snakes with

them while coiling in the sand, then seize them in their hands and thrust them into sacks. Some of the snakes are harmless, some poisonous,—garter snakes and rattlesnakes. From 120 to 150 are in this manner collected. For many ages past no Moki has ever killed a snake or been killed by a snake,—so they say. The *Estufa*, or sacred chamber of the Mokis, is a chamber excavated 10 feet deep in the solid rock with a ladder descending to it from above; here the snakes are first turned loose—a writhing, living mass, while the priests guide them with their wands, and make them follow each other from east to west around the floor. The priests are naked except for a breech cloth, and have their bodies painted black, white, pink and brown, and have tortoise-shell rattles attached to their legs just below the knee. While the excitement is going on, they keep drinking freely from a large urn containing "medicine water." The "Snake dance" itself takes place in an open court in the middle of their principal village. In the centre of this court is traced a mystic circle, and within the circle is a grotto with a small entrance close to the ground, in which the snakes are confined. When all the dancers, twenty-four in number, are assembled, music, rattling, and wild chanting commences; then the chief priest advances to the grotto, and after chanting in a monotone for several minutes, suddenly dives into it on his hands and knees in among the writhing, hideous mass of serpents, and in a moment more appears again with a large snake twisting in his



THE SNAKE DANCE.

mouth; he does not bite it, but holds it between his lips, his mouth having previously been filled with sacred meal. A fellow priest joins him, and together they speed around the mystic circle. Then the snake drops on the ground, coils in anger, and is about to spring, when it is subdued and pacified by the wand of an attendant, and taken up in his hand. All the dancers enter the grotto in turn and bring out snakes in their mouths, generally one and sometimes two at a time. When all have been brought out, they are thrown together on a leap of corn meal; then the

whole priesthood together rushes upon them, seizes them in their hands and rush wildly away down the rocky slopes of the *mesa*, to liberate them among the sands, north and south and east and west. Their idea is that the snakes thus released will find a rain-god (whose form is that of a gigantic serpent) and tell him of the honor which his children had done him, and of the urgent need of rain among them. Immediately after the Snake dance there is a prolonged feast, and between the intervals of the feast the dancers partake of a violent emetic; this they call purification.

The Mokis believe that their dead return to the "under world," whence they originally came. The bodies are washed by female relatives and wrapped in blankets, and buried in pits close to their village. Formerly the pit was prepared with great care, as deep as a man's head, circular, and lined with stone. The body is placed in a sitting posture, facing the east. Burial takes place as soon after death as may be convenient.

No books, so far as known, have as yet been printed in the Moki language, but a vocabulary of words has been published by A. S. Gatchett, in his "Classification of Western Indian Dialects."

GRAMMATICAL NOTES.

The only letter of the Roman alphabet wanting is F. There is a *w l* sound produced by the uvula, impossible to represent by any of our letters. There is a distinction made between animate and inanimate objects, different adjectives being used, and sometimes different verbs. Two first persons plural are distinguished, e.g. *i-tum-ni*, we (excl.) go; *ita-so-shu-ya-ni*, we (all) go. There are dubitative, causative, and reflexive forms of the verb. There is a diminutive ending attached to nouns, as *pi-tco-ti* a pig; *pi-tco ti-ho-ya*, a little pig. *Ka*, *kalo*, are derogative prefixes. A verb may be made to indicate the object spoken of by its formation, as *pa-ni pa-ma-ka-a*, give it to me (meaning a solid object.) The following sentence, "The man came home and put his new gun in his lodge," would have the following construction in Moki:—the man house-to returned put away his new gun laid house into. A single word in Moki may, as in most Indian languages, be made to express a sentence, as *i-ta-na-mi-kyu-zrik-to*, he came and looked at us, from the root *yu-zri*, to see. *Opi*, *ovi*, *obi*, are terminations meaning "the place of;" e.g. *Wal-pi* from *wala*, a gap, and *opi*, the place of.

VOCABULARY.

Pronounce *a*, as in father; *e*, *ē*, as in they, met; *i*,

i, as in pique, pick ; o, ô, as in note, not ; u, as in rule ;	he does not sleep, i ka'ima	give it to me, ni ma'ka a.
â, ü, as in but ; ai, as in aisle ; au, as in bough, now ;	pü'ig wü.	I am hungry, nu tco'n a
ic, as in church ; dj, as in judge ; j, as in <i>jamais</i> , (Fr.),	we two sleep, itana'ma pu'	are you sick? pum tu' tu ya?
pleasure ; â, as in law ; ä, as in fan ; ü, as in French	ig wü.	he is very sick, i-a'ni tu' tu ya.
tu' ; h, as in German <i>ich</i> ; ñ, as in sing ; dh, as in that ;	we sleep (excl.), i'tum pu'	it is cold, pas yo'ho-o.
th, as in thin ; ĝ, a guttural <i>ghr</i> sound.	ig wu.	it is not cold, ka yo'ho-o.
man, ta'ka.	we sleep (incl.), ita so'shu'	he is a man, i ta'ka.
woman, wüh'ti.	yum tok'ig wü.	it is a house, i ki'hü.
boy, tiyohó'ya.	do not sleep, um ka pu'ig wi	I see him, nü'au yu zri.
house, ki hü.	don't be afraid, umka tcau'	thou seest him, umau yu zri.
boat, wina'shi büh.	na ni.	he sees him, i au yu'zri.
river, mü'in añ wüh.	If I see him, Sen nü au yu'zrik ni.	he sees it, i mit au'yu zri.
water, pa'hü.	Thou seest me, um i nü'mi yu'zri.	
fire, küe'hi.	I see thee, nü ü'mi yu'zri.	
tree, tü wa'bi.	He sees me, i i nü'mi yu'zri.	
horse, kavai'yo (from Sp.)	I see myself, nü na'mi yu'zri.	
dog, po'ko.	We see each other, itüm na'mi yu'zri.	
fish, pa'ki wüh.	Do you see him? Püm tü'wa?	
town, ki'ki bva.	I do not see you, nü ka a'mi yu'zri.	
kettle, shi va'shi vwüh.	Two men, lu'yüm ta'ka.	
knife, po'yo.	Three dogs, pa'yüm po'ko.	
tobacco, pi'ba.	Four knives, na'liyüm po'yo.	
day ta'la.	Did John see the horse? John kavaiyo au yu'zri?	
night, mi'hi.	I will see you to-morrow, nuka'vo ümi yu'zrik ni.	
yes, u-wi'.	John saw a big canoe, John wuko' momo'spi au'yu zri.	
no, ga'ï.	I shall not go if I see him, Paitush nü ka a'k ni au-yu	
I, nü ü.	zrik ke'e.	
thou, ü'mi.	If he goes he will see you, i aknen' son ka-ü-miyu	
he, i'i.	zrik ni.	
my father, i'na a.	What is your name? Hin ümma'tci wa?	
it is good, i'pash lo'lo ma.	Where are you going? Pu'um' ha ka' mi?	
red, pa'lüm püh.		
white, kü'ü tca.	The following books and papers have been referred	
black, kü'ma bi.	to in the foregoing account of the Moki Indians :—	
one, shü'kyü.	Bureau of Ethnology Report (Washington); Geological	
two, lu'yü mü.	Survey Report (Washington); Bancroft's Works; A. S.	
three, pa'yü mü.	Gatschett's Vocabulary; Indian Bureau Report (Wash-	
four, na'li yü mü.	ington); The "Red Man" (Carlisle); The Indian's	
five, tci'wo tü.	Friend; Science; Chamber's Journal; American	
six, na'vai i.	Journal of Folk Lore. The most valuable assistance	
seven, tca'ñ ä ä.	of all was that rendered by Mr. A. M. Stephens, of	
eight, na'na li.	Kean's Canon, Arizona, who supplied the author with	
nine, pe'bï.	some twenty sheets of type-writer matter besides filling	
ten, pak'tü.	in closely and most carefully all the answers to the ques-	
twenty, shü'na tü.	tions contained in the pamphlet of enquiry.	
hundred, shü'pak tü.		
come here, pe'wü i.		

Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society.

AMONG those who have joined the Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society since last month's Report, are Hayter Reed, Esq., Indian Commissioner, Regina; the Ven. Archdeacon Lindsay, Waterloo; E. M. Chadwick, Esq., Toronto; Revd. G. A. Anderson, Deseronto; Revd. L. H. Kirkby, Collingwood; Revd. Dr. Sweeny, Toronto.

Revd. Dr. Burman, Winnipeg, writes that he is procuring names, and will shortly send a list.

The Hon. E. Dewdney, Minister of the Interior, has written very kindly about the proposed Society. He says: "I hope it will prove successful; and, being of a distinctly national character, I think it should command general sympathy and endorsation."

It is proposed to hold the first inaugural meeting in Ottawa, about the first or second week in April, and it is hoped that as many names as possible may be sent in prior to that date, either to the Revd. E. F. Wilson, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., or to David Boyle, Esq., Canadian Institute, Toronto. Due notice will be given of the meeting to all who have subscribed their names as intending to become members.

Aoneo-Maranonians.

THE above is a new—decidedly new—name for the North American Indians. It has been coined for them by Mr. A Featherman, in his "Social History of the Races of Mankind." The London *Athenaeum*, commenting on this portion of Mr. Featherman's work, says:

"It may be convenient to explain that by Aoneo-Maranonians Mr. Featherman means the peoples who were designated in a non-scientific age by the convenient if inaccurate title of 'North American Indians.' Maranon is, as he tells us, the ancient 'Indian' name of the Amazon river, the hypothetical place of origin of the race; and the name of Aoneans is derived from a poetical legend of the Iroquois to signify those tribes which migrated northward.

"That they came from the southern part of America he holds to be conclusively proved by the fact that the only products they cultivated before the white man invaded their country were maize, tobacco, and squashes, which are all of southern origin. In their dispersion through the vast territory extending from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Ocean, they lost the high order of civilization which had been attained by their ancestors.

"Mr. Featherman divides these peoples into thirty-nine tribes or tribal groups. He takes occasion fre-

quently to observe that the 'Great Spirit' who has so large a share in their conventional mythology, was introduced to them by Europeans, and we think there is no doubt that it represents rather the Indians' conception of the white man's God than any god of their own. In our author's words, 'The primitive Aoneo-Maranonians knew nothing either of demons or gods; all that is published about their religion has been falsified and perverted by making use of terms of which the natives had not the least conception.' It is true that the Indians have availed themselves of these imported ideas in the modern development of their old pagan religions, and that the Great Spirit, chief of all the gods and demons, has now come into prominence in their mythology; but authorities are agreed that he was hardly, if at all, known to their thought before he was introduced to them by the European. There has been the same modification, we are told, in their forms of religious observance, and ancient wild incantations have developed into ceremonies more of the nature of worship. It has thus been observed of the Iroquois that while only half of them profess to be Christian, they have all become believers in God. Their early religion was that of nature worship, and the abstract ideas of spirits of good and evil, endowed with endless existence, reported by the early Jesuit missionaries as being possessed by these savages, were really the suggestions of the missionaries themselves.

"The Reverend Daniel Dorchester, Superintendent of Indian Schools in the United States, is now on a tour through the territories, looking out places to form schools. He says: 'It is the aim of the department to put the whole of the Indian school service upon a strict non-sectarian and non-partisan basis, as we do in the States, and the most improved methods of teaching, including the kindergarten, are to be introduced. Considerable money will be expended in the improvement of school buildings and furnishing charts. In my work I inquire into the sanitary condition of the schools, the buildings, with reference to repairs, the industrial work, hospital, bath tubs, stock, and everything pertaining to the schools and the general morals of the agencies of the reservation. There are now 1,100 children in the Indian schools, and the work will be very much enlarged within a few years.'"

Two sons of a Sioux Chief returning from Carlisle to their home after three years, were not allowed to enter their father's lodge until they had donned the Indian dress.

Indians and Japanese.



ON the occasion of a late visit to Philadelphia, I had the satisfaction of meeting with a well educated young Japanese, Mr. Motochica Tsuda, and we spent some three hours or so together, comparing the languages and the histories of the two peoples. As is probably well known, one story in regard to the origin of the Indians of North America, is that they either crossed over from Asia by Behring Straits or the Aleutian Islands, or else that they are the offspring of Japanese sailors and others who at some time in the far past were shipwrecked on the Pacific coast. Very little importance is at the present time attached to these stories. The Indians of North America are now believed to be of very ancient origin; it is believed that they have occupied the continent for not less than two or three thousand years. Indeed, it is coming to be considered quite as pertinent a question whether the Japanese and other Eastern nations of a similar type may not have originated on this side of the Pacific, as that the Indians of this continent came originally from Asia. There certainly seems to be some affinity between the Indians of America and the Japanese, both in their physiognomy and in their language and customs; and I believe that this affinity has been recognized by certain Japanese who have resided on this continent and have had the opportunity of visiting some of the great Indian schools. There are one or two boys of the Thlinkit tribe, from Alaska, now at the Carlisle Indian School in Pennsylvania, who are of decidedly a Japanese cast of face, and it is said that most of the Indian tribes on the Pacific coast are of that particular type. Still, that may not prove anything more than that the original Indian of this continent may have intermarried with shipwrecked Japanese, and that some of the coast tribes have come to be an intermixture of the two races. But apart from physiognomy, it has often struck me that the names of places on the map of Japan, such as Nagasaki, Nagoya, Ozaka, had a remarkably Indian sound about them. I noticed the open syllables, the prevalence of k's and g's, the polysyllabic character of the words—so different to Chinese and so like many of our Indian dialects,—also the termination 'aki,' which in Ojibway means 'earth,' e.g. Muskoka, which is properly 'Miskwaki'—red earth. It was therefore with much pleasure and satisfaction that I received an introduction to Mr. Tsuda, and we had a very interesting conversation. The first thing was to find out whether there was any similarity in the vocabulary of

the two languages. In this part of the investigation I was at first a little disappointed, but of course we had only time to compare very few words. The Japanese for man is *hito*, woman—*on-na*, house—*ie*, boat—*fun*, water—*mizu*, fire—*hi*; the numerals 1, 2, 3—*hitotsu*, *futatsu*, *mitsu*, contracted generally to *hi*, *fu*, *mi*. I got a full vocabulary from Mr. Tsuda, the same words and sentences that I am collecting in each Indian dialect, and I also procured from him a Japanese dictionary. I could not detect any marked similarity between the Japanese and any of the 70 or so partial Indian vocabularies which I have collected, but in looking over the Japanese dictionary afterwards I found that although the Japanese word for water is *mizu*, in compound words relating to water they use *min*, just like the Dakota *mini*. *Minagawa* in Japanese means at the water's edge; *minakami* means the head waters of a river. It is rather strange that the Dakota word for water is *mini*, and the Ojibway particle for water (used only in composition, never separately) is *gami*. This system of having two distinct words for a common object, one of which is used separately by itself and the other only as an attachment to a compound word, is one peculiar characteristic of the North American Indian languages. I notice also that in Japanese *ko*, prefixed, implies that the object spoken of is of a metallic character; so in Ojibway (for instance) *abik* at the end of a word implies that the object is metal. Again, *ko* prefixed in Japanese, implies that the object is past, late, deceased; so *bun* as suffix in Ojibway means the same, e.g. *Ojimabun*, the late chief. *Cho*, again, in Japanese, is a numeral ending expressing the character of the article spoken of; most Indian languages have similar numeral endings. In regard to their history, Mr. Tsuda said that anything earlier than the sixth or seventh century was very obscure. Their written characters, he said, they obtained from the Chinese, and it was very doubtful if they had any knowledge of writing before coming into contact with those people. They have now two distinct forms of writing, the idiographic and the syllabic; that mostly in use is the idiographic aided by the syllabic. His own idea as to their origin was that they came from Corea. The Corean language, he said, was a good deal similar to their own. In regard to religious belief, the Japanese believe in the transmigration of souls; they think that the soul of a person may after death pass into some animal; this also is very generally believed among the Indians, and it is well known that the Indians will take the skin of some animal of which

they have dreamt as a medicine charm. The Japanese again, are a gentle, simple-minded people, patient, good listeners, very fond of their children, and until quite lately have been very conservative in their ideas and unwilling to change their ancient customs. Certainly of late years, a wonderful change has come over them as a people as regards this last point; and we can only hope that it may soon be the same with the Indians, and that they, like the Japanese, will adopt the white man's methods and break down all those barriers which at present hinder the progress of Christianity and civilization among them.—[Ed.]

Jottings.

AT the Anglican Sunday School Festival, held at Hintonburg, near Ottawa, at Christmas time, Mr. David Osahgee, clerk in the Indian Department, gave two songs. The chairman, in introducing him, gave a short outline of his history, showing how an Indian boy, with adverse circumstances to contend against, can, by good conduct and perseverance, rise in the world. David Osahgee was formerly a pupil at the Shingwauk Home.

TYENDINAGA INDIANS.—Mr. Venning, of the New England Company, has recently visited the Tyendinaga Mohawk Mission on the Bay of Quinte, Lake Ontario. The Company has a school there, with 40 pupils on the register, taught by a young Indian lady, Miss Kate Maracle. The missionary in charge is the Revd. G. A. Anderson, and the Chief is Mr. J. B. Brant, whose son is at the Shingwauk Home.

Buffalo and Scrofula.

UNTIL the buffalo began to fail the Indians were increasing rapidly."

Such was the opinion expressed by the late Dr. T. S. Williamson, physician and missionary to the Minnesota Indians, and quoted by Dr. Washington Matthews, Surgeon-General's Office, Washington, in an essay on "Consumption among the Indians," printed in 1889.

It certainly seems to be a well ascertained fact that since the Indians gave up their old way of gaining their livelihood by the chase, and have adopted white men's ways and partaken of white men's food, they have contracted diseases from which in former years they were comparatively free, and amongst these ranks first and foremost, consumption. Dr. Washington Matthews has given the subject much careful study, and has collected statistics as to the death rate and the cause

of death in some of the principal States in which Indians reside. He finds that the death rate from consumption far exceeds that from any other disease, and that the more Indians are brought into contact with civilization the more liable do they become to the disease. He is of opinion that this increase of consumption among the Indians is not due in any appreciable measure to climatic causes, and he states that consumption is not so much a primary disease among the Indians as it is a sequel and concomitant of scrofula. We have evidence, he says, that scrofula begins to prevail among these people so soon as they cease to live by the chase, and that it is a condition predisposing to consumption among them. At Lacqui-Parle, he says the women and children who remained in the neighborhood during the winter, subsisting almost entirely on corn, nearly all were attacked with scrofula, enormous swellings forming about their necks and arm-pits, and generally ending in abscesses. In the spring, when the ducks returned so that they could get animal food, most of them got better and some entirely recovered. The same with the Minnesota Indians—so long as they had buffalo in abundance and lived by the chase they were comparatively free from disease; but when the buffalo failed and they were forced to live in a great measure on vegetable food and meal, they became scrofulous and consumptive. When subsisting for the most part on fresh meat, says Dr. Matthews, the Indians had the soundest gums and teeth, and no flesh when wounded healed more rapidly than theirs; but when the buffalo meat was changed for bacon and flour, then scrofula and scurvy commenced among them. The cause that induces this disease, he says, is generally a low state of living—not low morals—and imperfectly cooked food, with exposure to cold and wet.

Lincoln Institution.

THE Indian pupils of the Lincoln Institution, Philadelphia, about 100 in number, were lately treated to view a theatrical exhibition for children in that city. "The Indians walked in," says a Philadelphia paper, "with stolid, sober faces, giving no outward evidence of an anticipated pleasure in the forthcoming proceedings; in fact, they could easily have been mistaken for a party mourning over the decease of a great chief, so solemn was the appearance of especially the male portion of the pupils. * * As soon as the play commenced, however, they were all attention."

Since the opening of this Indian School in 1883, 208 girls and 190 boys have been admitted.

The Indian Report.

PARLIAMENT has already met, and on the 22nd of January, Mr. Dewdney, the Minister of the Interior, laid his Indian Report on the table. The Indian outlays for the past year were shewn to be \$1,074,235, the great proportion of the expenditure having been connected with the North-west, where it cost \$978,000 to feed the Indians and keep them in tune. Mr. Hayter Reed, the newly-appointed Indian Commissioner for the North-west, thinks that the time is fast approaching when the North-west Indians will be practically self-supporting. They are, in his opinion, becoming attached to the soil, and to some extent industrious. Among some there is a disposition to abandon bannocks and to eat the loaf-bread, which they make themselves, and to use milk and butter; while the squaws are learning to knit and to sew. The men are paying attention to their personal appearance. Many of them wear decent tweed suits with hats and boots, and what is more, short hair. These changes are significant, as they indicate the gradual disappearance of strong prejudice. Then the red men are practicing personal cleanliness. The distribution of towels, soap, and washing-tubs among the bands has encouraged many of our wards to wash themselves. Sun dances have been fewer than ever. Unfortunately at last year's dance prayers for rain were followed by the desired showers. The medicine men have made a great handle of this with a view of perpetuating the orgies. It is estimated that we have 121,520 Indians in Canada. Of this number 35,765 live in British Columbia, 24,522 in Manitoba and the Territories, 17,752 in Ontario, 13,500 in Quebec, 26,000 in the Peace River district on the Arctic coast and in Labrador, and 4,000 in the Maritime Provinces.

The Indians of Canada.

THE well-known ethnologist, Mr. Arthur Chamberlain, speaking recently at a meeting of the Canadian Institute, Toronto, on the above subject, said that the tendency of American investigation at the present day was to study the aborigines as Americans, "to find out what they are" before seeking to discover "who they are." To find out how long they have been on this American continent before trying to determine from what part of the world they migrated hither. There was also a distinct trend of opinion in favor of the great antiquity of savage man in America. The lecturer pointed out in what relation the study of the

aborigines of Canada stood to these great questions, what had been done in investigation in the past and what yet remained to be done in the future. He also dealt with race classification, showing how impossible it was to catalogue races of men by the color of their skin, their hair, or the formation of their skulls. A study of these peculiarities amongst the Indians of Canada was sufficient to reject all of them, for the present at least, as absolute race classifiers. He noticed the opinion of Major Powell that a classification of mankind into groups had resulted everywhere in failure, and inclined strongly to the view advocated by the venerable philologist Horatio Hall, shared also by Freeman, the historian, and seemingly, too, by Prof. Max Muller, that in our day language is the only certain test of race.

The question of the relation of the Canadian aborigines to those of the United States was pointed out as being of very great importance, as was also the connection that must have existed in the past between the Indians proper and the Eskimo. The subject of the religion of the Indians of Canada was then taken up, and the opinion of Col. Mallery cited and agreed with, that apart from ideas imparted to them by the whites, the American Indians never had any knowledge of a sole beneficent being, had no idea of monotheism as we now understand it. Myths of origin were then considered and curious beliefs cited, such as those of the Iroquois, who believed their forefathers came out of a little eminence near Oswego Falls; of the Blackfeet, who thought that their ancestors came out of two lakes in their country—men out of one, women out of the other; of the Eskimo, who thought that their forefathers were seals, tired of the sea, who began a new life on the land. Myths of migration were also discussed, and the importance of recording at once all that can possibly be obtained of the myths, legends, and folk-lore of the Canadian Indians was dwelt upon. The sociology, customs, and habits of the Indians were becoming more and more a subject of research, and in Canada valuable results in this field had already been obtained, and much more was to be expected in the very near future. The writer concluded by emphasizing the importance of the study of the American Indians for the proper understanding of the evolution of modern civilization and modern social and political institutions, and by expressing the hope that both the Provincial and Dominion Government would in the future aid in carrying out these needed researches much more than they have done in the past.

MY WIFE AND I.

A LITTLE JOURNEY AMONG THE INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued).

AS a city, Denver appears to be a success. The public buildings and private residences are, for the most part, large, handsome and substantially built structures; and the streets are wide and clean, shaded with rows of cotton-wood and maple trees, and with little streams of running water on either side. There is nothing stagnant about Denver.

Water is pumped from the Platte River, and forced over the city with such power that in case of fire no steam engine is necessary to send a strong stream through the hose. The building materials are sandstone, marble and limestone, also a pinkish trachyte, almost as light as pumice, and ringing with a metallic clink when struck, which is largely employed in trimmings.

The street car lines seem all to converge at the Union station. There, each car on its arrival is turned on a turn-table, and sets off back again; three or four cars may be seen turning on the turn-tables at one time.

The Denverites boast greatly of their climate (they are rather people for boasting). They are higher up in the world than most people, their feet, as they walk their streets, being five thousand one hundred and something feet (were I a Denverite I should know the exact figure) above the sea level. It is grand to be up so high. It makes one feel like singing cock-a-doodle-doo!

The Denverites have 205 clear, bright, sunshiny, lovely days in the year; 126 fair days, such as people would call lovely in other places; 34 days when a few clouds pass over them, and only 18 days in the year in which the sun declines to brighten them with its countenance.

There are a great many sick people in Denver, and an immense host of doctors. The reason that there are so many sick people in Denver is that the place is so healthy. Invalids are pouring in all the time from unhealthy places east and west and north and south, and are getting better all the time, notwithstanding the doctors.

The two leading streets in Denver are Sixteenth and Larimer streets. They cross at right angles.

My wife went to the bazaar to get a few odds and ends. It was an immense place and all the things were

very lovely, but very dear. Down-stairs in the basement a Punch and Judy show was going on, by way of attracting in the little folks and their papas and mammas with the purses. The Denverites are great on music. All the musical talent of Europe is culled over, and the services of the very best musicians secured to meet this popular demand.

We will only add in conclusion, that Denver publishes six daily newspapers, twenty weekly papers, that her fire alarm system embraces twenty-six miles of wire and fifty signal boxes, that her police force numbers forty-five, that her street cars transport two million passengers annually, that she has eight banks, a mint, railway shops, a splendid club house, an Episcopal cathedral, a Roman Catholic cathedral, a multiplicity of other large churches,—and that, notwithstanding her great prosperity, she is only twenty-three years old.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE RIO GRANDE VALLEY.

I had heard that it was a grand ride through the Rio Grande valley—and it certainly was so. I had left my wife with our friends at Denver, and was now off on a little trip of three weeks or so on my own account. I had embarked on board a Denver and Rio Grande Valley narrow-gauge train the night before, had slept



I GO ON ALONE.

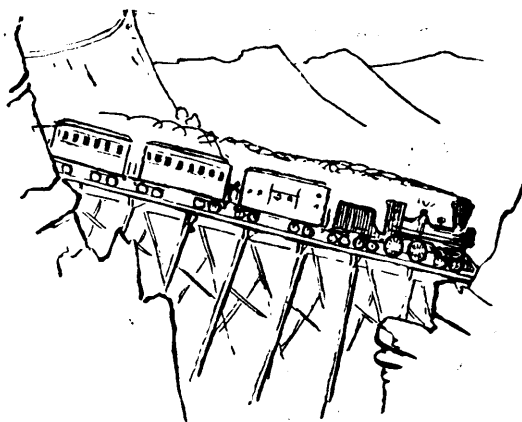
fairly in a Pullman, and at about 6.30 a. m. put aside my blind and looked out. I was surprised that it was so light at 6.30 a. m., but remembered that our time was now 'mountain time,' and that we were on the eastern border of the mountain time section, so that really the day was more advanced than my watch shewed. I was a little surprised, too, to note a sprinkle of snow on the ground, but the sky was almost cloudless and there seemed to be every prospect of a fine day. We were traversing a broad flat valley, twenty or thirty miles wide, and fringed on either side by mountains. While I was dressing in the rear of the car the sun arose—rose very gorgeously. I seemed to see it moving, and in a very few minutes it was up above the horizon,

shining with dazzling brightness, lighting up all the snow-capped mountain peaks with golden radiancy and throwing dark shadows behind them which served to increase their splendor.

The character of the country was very different to anything I had yet seen, either in the States or in Ontario or in the North-west. It appeared to be a wild almost uninhabited region; but there were no tall leafless trees, with outspreading branches, such as one sees in the wild parts of Ontario, no stumps, no boulders, no water, no great matted roots of fallen trees sticking up twelve or fifteen feet in the air—neither was it prairie, like those in the North-west or in the Central States; the scene presented generally was that of a dry, level, treeless, grassless waste, fringed with mountains, the soil a reddish grey, the only vegetation, large tufts of grey sage brush. Piles of stones lay here and there—not smooth, rounded boulders, but black, volcanic-looking, sharp-pointed, honey-combed, lava-like rocks; and where there were trees, they were generally low, stumpy-looking pines, called *pinon*, or cedars spreading their branches from a short rugged trunk not more than six or eight feet high. The formation of the rocky hills through which we threaded our way was very curious. There was a weird look about it all. It reminded me sometimes of those strange telescopic photographs of the surface of the moon, which appeared some time since in the *Century*. Once we passed through a tract of scrubby trees, which had been burnt over. They looked to me more like burnt bones than burnt trees—skeletons of extinct animals scorched with fire. It was a curious mixture of tangled limbs, some as black as soot, others bleached and glistening white. The colors which met the eye as we swept along presented about the same variety as would a pile of different kinds of wrapping paper if spread out—all looked withered and dry, and there was no water. Occasionally the eye was relieved by a patch of genuine green—clumps of pine trees in the far distance at the foot of the mountains. As we entered New Mexico, the stations at which we stopped began to have Mexican names—Trespiedras, Antonito, Servilletta, &c. We stopped for dinner at Servilletta. There was nothing unusual in the bill of fare; it was cleanly served, a Mexican waited, and the price was seventy-five cents.

It was a grand run of eight miles from Barranca to Embudo—a steep down grade winding through the mountains the whole way. I stood outside on the lower step of the railway car platform and enjoyed the wild ride, our little narrow-gauge train lying over first

on one side for a sharp curve to the right, then to the other side for a counter curve to the left; now we were skimming like a wild goat along a narrow ledge of rock, with a precipice towering above us and a deep abyss below us; now we were crossing a gorge on the narrow



HOW I WENT WHEN I LEFT MY WIFE.

ridge of a rocky embankment; now we were rattling over a frail-looking trestle-bridge high up in mid-air; now we were plunged into momentary darkness in the middle of a short tunnel; again we had emerged and on either side of us rose high rocky walls with loose black rocks at the top or jutting out of the sides, looking just ready to fall on us; a sudden swish to the right and down we swept again at a rattling speed; far away up in our rear we could see the winding track by which we had come and the telegraph poles looking like pins; and far away below we could again discern the distant line, like two black threads, winding in and out among the rocks and could scarcely believe that we should ever get down to it in safety. Every sharp turn in the track brought a change of scenery, but all so wild and rugged, and the great snowy peaks of the Rocky Mountains towering up above all. Now we come suddenly on a flock of a thousand or more yellow sheep, that waggle their shorn tails and bound away among the rocks as our train rattles by. Another turn in the track, and welcome sight—a river! Can it be possible that there flows a river through this arid treeless waste of sand and stone? Yes, it is that river of American historical fame, the Rio Grande, which takes its rise in the mountains of Colorado and flows through New Mexico and along the Southern border of Texas into the Gulf of Mexico. It is not a wide stream at this point where we meet it; the river itself does not seem to me more than thirty or forty yards wide and looks as though it might be easily forded, but the water is

clear and it flows swift and sparkling over the shining pebbles. On the other side of the stream is a Mexican village, the houses all single-storeyed, flat-roofed, and built of large adobe (adoby) bricks of a reddish grey tint, the same color as the soil from which they are made. This is our first view of Mexican life; there are their fields of Indian corn irrigated by water brought in open ditches from a distant point higher up in the river; there are their corrals (k'rals) rudely fenced in by sticks of scrub piñon or cedar, of all lengths and thicknesses, planted upright in the ground, and containing the live stock—cows and donkeys. Donkeys are called "Burros" (booroes) in this country, but appear to be identical in size, color, voice and character, with their brethren of Hampstead Heath. Outside each adobe house is a dome-shaped baking oven built of the same material, and near at hand are their apple and apricot and peach orchards, enclosed by low adobe walls. The Mexican men are dark-skinned, have black hair and eyes and generally short stubby beards; the women wear shawls, generally dark ones, over their heads and drawn up round the lower part of the face; the children look much like those of the French half-breeds in Canada. The people are generally quiet, well-disposed, industrious and happy, but seem to be slow-moving and old-fashioned in their ideas.

At 4 p.m. we reach Espanola and change engines. Three or four Pueblo Indians are lounging on the station platform; this is my first sight of them; they are wearing white buckskin leggings ornamented with a leathern fringe, and buckskin moccasins; they have cotton shirts on and a dark blue and black blanket wrapped about them in a manner usual to Indians; their heads have no covering except their black hair which is tied in a bunch on either side of the face. They stand watching the busy Americans as they run to and fro like ants, talking to and jostling each other and lugging things about; a mixture of sadness and wonder seems to mark their faces—a sort of askant look, such as a dog gives his master when he finds himself in his company in some strange place.

(To be continued.)

Letter to the Sunday Schools.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—In my last letter I gave you an account of the Christmas festivities at the Shingwauk Home. Now, I think I must remind you that the Shingwauk and Wawanosh are not the *only* Homes for Indian boys and girls under Mr. Wilson's care. Far away in Manitoba, in a little

bit of a place called Elkhorn, there are two more Homes. The Washakada Home for girls, the Kasota Home for boys, and the central building where all meet for school and meals. There is a nice description given of these Homes, the farm, etc., in the October number of OUR FOREST CHILDREN, which I daresay many of you have seen.

There have been thirty pupils at these Elkhorn Homes since July, 1889. There are twenty there at present. Of course they are generally very home-sick and unhappy when they first arrive; they don't see any sense in their being taken away from their teepees and their own free prairie life. Probably they think the white people very unkind and unjust, and very meddling into the bargain; so several of them have just taken the matter into their own hands and run away. Then the Superintendent has to run after them, and he has generally managed to bring them back, and after a time they become quite contented and happy, and so fond of the white people in charge of the Homes. They really are very affectionate, these poor, wild, little boys and girls. The other day the lady Superintendent at the girls' Home was putting away some clothes in the clothing closet; it was very cold and her hands were quite blue and numb; some of the girls were standing round, trying to get a peep into the mysterious cupboard. They noticed how cold Miss Vidal was, so Flossie and Agnes went down on their knees and commenced rubbing her cold hands with their own little brown, warm ones, and Elizabeth trotted off to another room, warmed a scarf at the stovepipe, and then, running quickly back, laughingly wrapped it round Miss Vidal's hands.

They all take a good deal of interest in Mr. Wilson. Some one heard Flossie saying to Rose (a newcomer), "Mr. Wilson, my Fader," and then trying to tell her about his long beard, which must have seemed very extraordinary to Rose.

All these children had a very happy Xmas, for their kind friends wanted them always to look back with pleasure upon this their first Christmas in a white Home. And, indeed, I think they will, for a happier, brighter lot of children, one could not wish for. We can only hope that they will continue so.

I must just repeat what I said in my former letter, that I will gladly answer any questions about the children, that would be interesting to the Sunday Schools, in my next letter; but they must reach me not later than the 10th of the preceding month. Address, care of REV. E. F. WILSON,

BARBARA BIRCHBARK.

Indian Names.

MR. WILSON has been four times christened by the Indians. Twenty years ago, the Mohawks



"OLD SUN."

on the Grand River, gave him the name 'Shagoyateyostha', (beautifyer of men) In 1868, the Ojibway chief, Ahbetuhwahnuquud of Kettle Point, gave him the name of 'Puhgukahbun,' (clear day light.) In 1885, the Sioux Indians of Oak River, Manitoba, named him 'Kasota' (clear sky.) And in the summer of 1887, the Blackfoot Indians bestowed

upon him the name 'Natusi-asamiu,' (the sun looks upon him.) It was chief "Old Sun" who bestowed upon him this last name, and in doing so he adopted him into his nation, and told him he must call him "father," and his wife "mother."

At the Carlisle Indian School, a stray dove has attached itself to the Hospital. They have but to leave the window down at the top and the dove flies noiselessly in like a heavenly messenger bringing hope and sunshine. He will stay all day sometimes, sit on the hand or breast of a sick child and look at him with its sweet expressive eyes. He loves to be caressed and to pick up the crumbs of toast which fall on the coverlet. Nobody brought him to the hospital, he 'just came' himself. He has found his mission.

THE January number of OUR FOREST CHILDREN appears in a tasteful tinted cover, with 16 quarto pages filled with pleasing and interesting information upon Indian peculiarities, customs, ethnology and philology, and also descriptions of the efforts being made for their improvement, with many illustrative engravings. At first it was well to take the magazine for the good of the cause; now it is worth taking for its own sake.—*Orillia Packet.*

The Indian's Prayer.

[A friend sends the following, which, though suggestive of African rather than of Indian origin, certainly does reveal the experience and trust of converted Indians, and we insert it as truthful in that regard, whatever may be thought of its authorship. It was written three-quarters of a century ago.

In de dark wood, no Indian nigh,
Den me look heaven and send up cry,
Upon me knee so low ;
Dat God on high in shiny place (*Matt. vi. 6.*)
See me, in night wid teary face,
De Spirit tell me so. (*Rom. viii. 26.*)

He send He angel, take me care, (*Heb.*)
He come He self, He hear um prayer
If Indian heart do pray ;
He see me now, He know me here,
He say "poor Indian neber fear,
Me wid you, night and day."

So me lub God wid inside heart,
He fight for me, he take um part,
He saved um life before ;
God lub poor Indian in de wood,
Den me lub God and dat be good,
Me praise Him two time more. (*Phil iv. 6.*)

So when time come poor Indian die,
Me go Great Man above de sky
And blanket leave behind ;
Me have no need of wigwam dere,
Me better habitations share (*Jno. xiv.*)
With Jesus good and kind.

When me get dere me young and fair,
Me see my Jesus berry near,
Me praise Him all de while ;
Me will not tire, me always dere,
And dat be nuff ; me end my prayer ;
"Amen, so let it be."

—*Indian's Friend.*

Clothing for Our Indian Homes.

JANUARY.

- MRS. WILSON begs to acknowledge with many thanks the following clothing, etc., to the Indian Homes :
From Mrs. Hagaman, boys' clothing, hats and books, sent by Miss Kyle.
From Misses Garland and Elliott, Sault Ste. Marie, boys' clothing, hats, and a pair of skates.
From W. A., St. Paul's, Innisfil, (per Mrs. Murphy), a bale of very nice clothing for boys and girls ; also, from "Little Gleaners," some useful articles of clothing and some mitts.
From Miss A. Williams, a parcel for Mary ; also, socks and mitts from a Ladies' Miss. Society, Montreal.

Receipts—O.I.H.

FROM JAN. 10TH TO FEB. 10TH, 1890.

- W. A., Montreal, for Washakada, \$55.50 ; Boys' Branch No. 1 W. A., Montreal, for boy, \$13 ; St. Peter's S. S., Tyrconnell, for Elkhorn, \$10 ; St. James' S. S., Strathroy, for boy, \$9 37 ; the Rev. A. T. Colter, \$1.50 ; S. S., Allensville,

\$2; St Matthias' S S., Montreal, for boy, \$6.30; St John's S S. York Mills, \$3; St. Mark's Parish, Niagara, for girl, \$25; Thank offering, H. B., Toronto, for Hospital, \$10; Dr Burman, 70c; Mrs. McWilliams, for boy, \$40; Trinity S. S., Mitchell, for boy, \$6.22; Miss A. Williams, \$2.50; Hayter Reid, for Indian Research Fund, \$2; St. Mary's S S., Como, \$8.25; Mrs. Beaumont, \$1; St. James' S S., Kingston, \$30.35; S. S., Carleton Place, for boy, \$20; St. John's S S., Berlin, for boy, \$9.38; Colonel Sumner, \$20; Mrs. Halson, for Wawanosh, (£23 5s.)=\$111.72; S. S., Ridgeway, \$5; W. A., Memorial Church, London, \$25; W. A., New St. Paul's, Woodstock, \$10; Mrs. Haganman, \$1; W. A., Montreal, for Elkhorn, \$50; W. A., St. Andrews, for Wawanosh, \$5.

Receipts—O. F. C.

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