VOL. III, No. 3.] SHINGWAUK HOME, JUNE, 1889. [NEW SERIES, No. 1.

CONTENTS

	PAGE.
The Indian Tribes.	1
Indian Tribes—Paper No. 1..	1
Day by Day at the Shingwauk	6
Please do Help.	7
English, as she is written by Indian Students ..	8
Map showing our little Trip of 7000 miles ..	8
My Wife and I	8
The Sun Dance	12
Rupert's Land Indian Industrial School.. ..	12
The Battleford Government Indian School ..	13
Jottings	14
Letters from Indian Pupils	15
Clippings	15
Receipts—O.I.H.	16
Receipts—O.F.C...	16
Advertisements.	16

Edited by Rev. E. F. Wilson.

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OUR FOREST CHILDREN,

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF INDIAN EDUCATION AND CIVILIZATION.

VOL. III, NO. 3.] SHINGWAUK HOME, JUNE, 1889. [NEW SERIES, NO. 1.

The Indian Tribes.

IT is our purpose, if God will, to collect and put together material for a brief history of one hundred of the best known or most noted North American Indian tribes, together with a short vocabulary of words and a few remarks on the grammatical construction of each of their languages. These one hundred Indian tribes we shall take up one by one, not in any particular order or according to tribal classification, but just as we can succeed in collecting material; and we shall publish these brief histories one by one in the pages of "OUR FOREST CHILDREN." The advantage of doing this will be that these histories can thus be offered for criticism and correction while yet in a crude state; and at some future day we may, perhaps, after correcting all mistakes and collecting as much additional information as possible, republish the histories in book form.

We have already, in former numbers of O. F. C., given very brief histories of five tribes, viz.: the Ojebways, the Sioux, the Micmacs, the Blackfeet, and the Chipewyans; but now that our Magazine is enlarged, and our information is more extended, we shall be able to give a much fuller account of each tribe than we did about those first five; hence it seems best to call our article on the Ottawa Indians in this present number not No. 6 but No. 1. Indians in former days thought the white people were all one; they have become aware now that the white people belong to several distinct nations. Most white people seem to think that the Indians are all one; it will be our work to shew that they belong to a number of distinct nations, and to endeavor to trace up their origin and early history.

IT is said that there is no word in the Red Indian language for the word "year." Indians reckon time by the return of snow, or the springing up of flowers, and the flight of the birds announces the progress of the season. The motion of the sun marks the hour of the day; and these distinctions are not noted in numbers, but in language and illustrations of highly poetical character.

Indian Tribes—Paper No. 1.

THE OTTAWA INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.

WHERE the proud city of Ottawa now stands, the capital of the Dominion, which extends 3,000 miles, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, there lived 500 years or so ago a proud and numerous people—the Ottawa Indians.

Ottawa, or rather, if properly pronounced Ahdahway, with the accent on the 2nd syllable, means a "trader," one who buys and sells.

The Ottawa Indians are a branch of the great Algonkin stock, which, when the white people first arrived in this country, extended from the Atlantic seaboard westward and northward on to and beyond the five Great Lakes, their great rivals being the Iroquois in the Eastern States and the Sioux Indians in the west. These people are related distantly to the Delawares, Munsees, Cheyennes, Arapakoes, Blackfeet, Micmacs, Gros Ventres, Sac and Fox, and Miamis—more closely to the Crees, Minominees, Shawnees, Kickapoos, and Mohicans, and still more closely to the Ojebways and Pottawatamies. With these two last named tribes they formed a confederacy, and it was called "the Ottawa Confederacy," because the Ottawas were att he time the leading tribe. They were looked up to by the others, and indeed by nearly all the Indians, as the oldest and most expert on the war path, and as the wisest counsellors. They also spoke very nearly the same language as these two tribes with which they were allied.

So far as their history can be traced back the original home of the Ottawas was, as has been already said,

the country watered by the Ottawa River, and their neighbors and friends at that time were the Ojebways and the Mohicans. From that neighborhood, pressed and harassed by their hereditary enemies, the Iroquois, they migrated westward to Lake Nipissing, and gave it the name Kitchi Nibissing (the little Big-water). Here they pitched their wigwams and formed a village and remained a considerable time; but becoming impressed with the idea that the place was haunted by a spirit which sought their destruction, they after a time continued their migrations further west to the north shore of Lake Huron and Manitoulin Island. This island, 100 miles in length, and now occupied mainly by white people, was at that time called "Ottawa Island." While at Ottawa Island there was born the greatest warrior and prophet which the Ottawas ever had, by name Kah-pe-nah. Kahpenah fought the Winnebagoes in many battles, and brought great glory to the Ottawa nation. Just about that time there was living in the north of Michigan, about the Straits of Mackinac, an Indian people called Michilimackinahgoes. The Michilimackinahgoes made friends with the Ottawas and formed a confederacy. But a sad day was coming upon their new formed friends. The Iroquois of New York were pushing their way westward, laying waste the villages of all minor tribes who opposed them. One large division of that nation, the Senecas, arrived at Mackinac, several bloody battles were fought, and it ended in the total extermination of the Michilimackinahgoes; only two of the tribe were left—a man and a woman. These two, according to Ottawa tradition, fled to the woods north of Lake Huron, and had a family of ten children, all boys, and they all became endowed with supernatural powers, and are still in existence, and sometimes appear in bodily shape and address themselves to the living Indians;—they are called "buhkwuj-ahnishenahbag," wild beings; sometimes they will throw a club or a stone at some person walking in solitude, and their footsteps are heard at times walking around the camp; even at the Shingwauk Home, a report sometimes gets about that a "buhkwuj-ahnishenahba" has been seen back in the bush, and some of the boys manifest genuine terror. The Island from which these ill-fated people were driven by the Senecas was called Michilimackinahgo by the Ottawas in memory of them, and is now known as Mackinac Island. The Straits and Island of Mackinac after this, about the year 1700, became the headquarters of the Ottawa nation, and quite a number of them are still living in that neighborhood and in other parts of the Michigan Peninsula. There are also remnants of the tribe on the Manitoulin Island, and 100 or so in Indian Territory, whither they were removed from the State of Ohio and the south of Michigan in 1831. It is difficult at the present time to arrive at any clear idea as to their numbers, as they have intermarried through many generations with their friends and allies the Ojebways. There are reported to be 6000 Ottawas and Ojebways now in the State of Michigan, 110 Ottawas in Indian Territory, 1900 Ojebways and Ottawas on Manitoulin and Cockburn Island, north of Lake Huron, and a few Ottawas on Walpole Island, near Windsor, Ont. Perhaps in round numbers there may be 2500 of the Ottawa Indians still in existence. "Macketebenessy," son of the great Ottawa Chief, a well educated man, and still living at Harbor Springs in the State of Michigan, says of his people in a little book recently published by him: "My own race, once a very numerous, powerful, and warlike tribe

PONTIAC.

of Indians, who proudly trod upon this soil, is now near the end of existence. In a few more generations the few that are left will be so intermingled with the Caucasian race as hardly to be distinguished as an Indian nation, and their language will be lost."

The Ottawas have been a great people in the past,

and the names of many noted chiefs have been handed down to posterity. Chief among these we may notice those of "Pontiac" and "Black Hawk," the latter being father of the gentleman just alluded to.

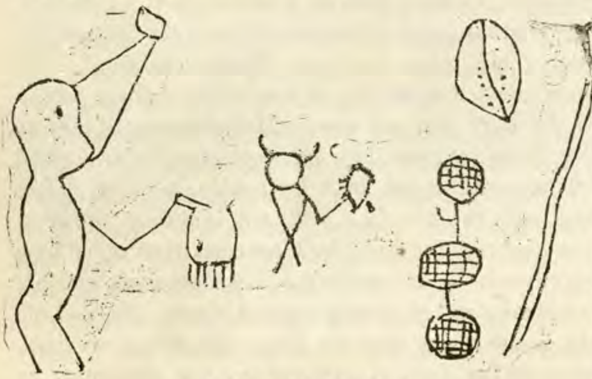
Pontiac lived at the time when Quebec was taken by the English under General Wolfe, in the year 1760. The Ottawas had at that time penetrated as far south as Detroit, and Pontiac, making that place his headquarters, gathered around him all the surrounding tribes in a bold attempt to resist the aggressive progress of the white man. His schemes were well and artfully laid, but they were defeated through the intervention of an Indian woman who was friendly to the whites and exposed the secrets to the British General. The British tried at first to make friends with Pontiac and induce him to join his forces with them against the French, and for a while it seemed as though they would be successful. To a message explaining the object of the expedition, and asking permission to enter his territory, Pontiac replied, "I stand in the path you travel until to-morrow morning." The British General obeyed this order and waited for the morning, and Pontiac then supplied him with food and afforded him every facility for the advance of his troops. He said also that he would allow the English to settle in his domains, and that he would call the King of England "uncle" but not "master." The friendship however was short lived. A great council was to be held, at which all Pontiac's warriors were to be present, to meet and arrange a treaty with the British General. A plot was devised by the Indians—every warrior cut his gun short and hid it under his blanket, and at a signal from their leader they were to rise and massacre all the whites. But this plot, as has been said, was revealed by a woman. The General was prepared, and just at the critical moment he stepped forward, drew aside the blanket of one of the chiefs, revealed the hidden musket, and in a moment every officer's sword was drawn and the assembled chiefs were at their mercy. However, they were allowed peaceably to depart on that occasion, after being well censured by the commanding officer for their treacherous conduct.

The other famous chief we have mentioned, "Black Hawk," was noted more for his wisdom and intelligence than for his prowess in war. Before the year 1800, he was living in Manitoba. After that he took up his residence at Arbor Croche, in the State of Michigan, and became chief of his tribe. He was always favorable to Education, and he invented his own alphabet, which he called "Pah-pa-pe-po," and taught it to his children and other Indians. His family consisted of six boys and four girls. The eldest boy was a great hunter; the fourth boy, by name Petahwahnequot, was sent to Rome to be educated for a priest, at the college of the Propaganda; a girl who received the name of Margaret, was educated in Cincinnati, and in later years became well known among the white people as "Auntie Margaret" or "the Queen of the Ottawas;" another son, Macketebenessy, has already been referred to as author of a small book on the Ottawa Indians.

There are several Ottawa pupils, both boys and girls, now at the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes, Sault Ste. Marie, and they are especially noted for their intelligence. Johnny Maggrah, an Ottawa boy, is now junior teacher at the Elkhorn Institution; and Jane Sampson, a young Ottawa woman, about 24 years of age, is at the head of the tailor shop at the Shingwauk. Both these come from the Manitoulin Island. We must now tell something of the habits of these people in the days that are past. Mackedepenessy tells us that in his younger days he lived with his father and brothers and sisters in a long wigwam 60 or 70 feet long, with two fires in it. "Early in Spring," he says, "we used to come down the Muskegon River in our long bark canoes, loaded with sugar, furs, deer skins, venison, bears' meat and oil, deer tallow and honey. On reaching the mouth of the river we halted for five or six days, when all the Indians gathered, as was customary, to "feast for the dead," which consisted principally in throwing food into the fire for the dead to consume. Then we would start for Arbor Croche, our Summer resort, to plant our corn and other vegetables. Arrived there, the first thing was to examine our stores of corn and beans; then there would be prolonged merriment and feasting; and then we would plant our corn." The same author tells us further that the mode of securing their corn was first to dry the ears by the fire, then to beat them with a flail and pick all the cobs out; then they winnowed the grain and put it in sacks. These were put under ground in a large cylinder made out of elm bark. "To prepare bulrushes for mats," he says, "they are cut very green, and then they go through the process of steaming, after bleaching by the sun; they are colored before they are woven, and the mats are 6 or 8 feet long, and about 4 feet wide.

Before the white people arrived, the Indians had no written language, but they would communicate with each other through the medium of rudely drawn pictures or pictographs; the accompanying outline sketch was found traced on a sheet of birch bark at Red Lake,

and is probably the work of an Ottawa, as the Ottawa Indians at Harbor Springs were able to decipher it; it was discovered in the year 1882, and is supposed to be upwards of 70 years old; the picture is copied by permission from the Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology, Washington, 1882. It represents an Indian holding a scalp which he has taken from the head of a noted enemy, shown to be noted by his horns; the object of the expedition was to get shells for trade as shown by the rudely drawn shell at the top; the three circles crossed with black lines mean "black suns" or nights, so he was 3 nights on the journey: the two parallel lines are equal to a period or full stop. The two lines and circle above the man's head are supposed to indicate his name.



OTTAWA PICTOGRAPH.

The coat of arms or totem of the Ottawas is said to be the *Moose;* that of the Ojebways a Sea-Gull. There is a curious old drawing of 1703, representing 4 mooses, each facing a different point of the compass, and explained to be "the arms of ye Outaouai."

The Ottawas had several curious old legends and traditions, very similar generally to those of Ojebways. *Nenabozhoo*, they say, became a man, and he had for his hunting dog a great black wolf. His brother was a monster with a body made of flint. Nanahbozhoo was enraged with the flinty brother because he had killed their mother, so he pursued him all over the earth and kept striking at him with his war club; and every time he struck him, a piece of flint was chipped off, and that accounts for the flint stones being found scattered about everywhere. Then Nenahbozhoo enraged the god of the waters, and the waters tried to drown him; but he made a great canoe and floated on their surface, and by and by he made a new earth with some mud which a muskrat brought up for him in its claws from the bottom of the deep.

Before the white people came, the Ottawas were a moral, well-behaved people, and lived under strict laws. They were governed by twenty-one precepts, or moral commandments, which they were taught to observe just as we teach our children the Ten Commandments. They embraced very much the same precepts as our own decalogue, except for the observance of the Sabbath day, which, of course, they knew nothing about. The children were taught that the great spirit could see them continually, both by night and by day, and they must not do any wicked thing to anger him. They were taught also that they must not mimic or mock the thunder; that they must not mimic or mock the mountains or the rivers; and that while they were young they must blacken their faces with charcoal, and fast for ten days in each year.

In their marriage and burial customs they followed in the same line as the Ojebways; they employed the vapor bath for many varieties of sickness; they would bleed sick persons from the temples or the leg, never from the arm; for medicine they used decoctions of various roots and herbs, and sometimes employed the poison from vipers' teeth. Their manufactures were birch bark and dug-out canoes, bows and arrows, snow shoes, paddles, baskets and ornamental work. When they died they believed their spirits went to the land of "Tchi-ba-ya-boos," the king of the spirits, out in the far west. Thunder, they said, was a great bird which flapped its wings on high over the earth to guard its inhabitants and to prevent those evil monsters hidden in the bowels of the earth from coming forth to injure them.

Before the white people came, there was no such thing as profanity among these simple children of the forest. To illustrate their innocency of mind on this point, the following short but pointed story is told by a French priest. An Indian wished to be baptised, and was told by the priest that to do so he must take a Christian name in the place of his present one, and he could choose the name he would like to have. There was one name which the Indian had heard so often applied by the French people, both to himself and others, that he thought must be a very good name, and that was 'Sacre chien,' so he asked to be called Sacre chien—damn dog.

It remains now only to give a brief insight into the grammar of the Ottawa Indians, and a short vocabulary of their words.

The letters *f*, *v*, *l*, *r*, are not used in the language. A distinction is made between animate and inanimate

objects, similar to gender in other languages, as Latin, French, &c., but it affects the formation of the verb as well as that of the noun, article and adjective; In this sentence "the big dog eats the white rabbit," each one of the seven words must be in the animate form. The objective case of the personal pronoun is expressed by a change in the verb; 'You see me' in Ottawa or any cognate language, is one word, an inflection of the verb to see. In this there is an analogy to the Hebrew.

A doubtful sense may be thrown on what is said by using the "dubitative" form of the verb.

A distinction is made in the first person plural of the pronoun or the verb between *we exclusive* of the party addressed, and *we inclusive.*

There are certain 'noun endings' as *kamig*, earth, *gammi*, water, which can be used in composition only, not separately, as anamakamig, under the earth; kitchi gummi, big water (lake); the separate words are *aki*, earth; *nibi*, water.

Three third persons are distinguished, *e.g.*: (1) My son, ningwiss; (2) his son, ogwissăn; (3) his (another's) son, ogwiss*ini*. In the sentence "He took the child and his mother," any ambiguity in the meaning is avoided in Ottawa by the use of the ending *ini* with 'mother.'

There are causative, reflexive and reciprocal forms of the verb, and diminutive and derogative endings, that can be used with nouns. *e.g.*: Niwaban*dis*, I see myself; makak*ons*, a little box.

VOCABULARY.

Pronounce *a* as in father; *e* ĕ as in they, met; *i* ĭ as in pique, pick; *o* ŏ as in note, not; *u* as in fool; ă, ŭ as in but, must; *ai* as in aisle; *au* as in bough, now; *tc* as in church; *dj* as in judge; *j* as in jamais (Fr.).

man, anini.
woman, akwe
boy, kwiwisans.
house, wigiwam.
boat, tci man.
river, sibiwe.
water, nibish.
fire, ishkute.
tree, mitig.
yes, a.
no, ka, kawin.
I, nin.
thou, kin.
he, win.
my father, noss.
it is good, onishishin.

horse, pepejigùngashi.
dog, animosh.
fish, kigo.
town, odena.
kettle, akik.
knife, mokoman.
tobacco, assèma.
day, kijigăd.
night, tibikăd.
twenty, nijtănă.
hundred, ningodwak.
come here, wipàn.
be quick, waw'ibitan.
to-day, nungum.
to-morrow, wabăng.
good morning, Buju.

red, misku.
white, wabishku.
black, makadèwa.
one, pejig.
two, nij.
three, niswi.
four, niwin.
five, nanăn.
six, ningodwàswi.
seven, nijwaswi.
eight, ishwaswi.
nine, shàngaswi
ten, midàswi.
he sees him, o wabăndan.
he sees it, o wabăndan.

Indian, anishin'abe.
call themselves, ŏttàwa.
my hand, ni nindj.
your hand, ki nindj.
John's hand, John o nindj.
my knife, ni mokoman.
I walk, nipimose.
thou walkest, ki pimose.
he walks, pimose.
we walk, ki pimosemin.
they walk, pimosewăg.
I see him, ni wabăma.
thou seest him, ki wabăma.
I am hungry, nim păkăde.
are you sick? kid akos ina?

if I see him, kīshpīn wabămag.

thou seest me, ki wabăm.
I see thee, ki wabămin.
he sees me, ni wabămik.
I see myself, ni wabăndiz.

he is very sick, kitci akosi.
It is cold, kisina.
the, anim. au, inan. iw.
I sleep, ni niba.

we see each other, ki wabăndimin.
do you see him? ki wabăma na?

he is asleep, niba.
is he asleep? niba nă?
axe, wagakwăd.
little axe, wagakwădons.
bad axe, wagakwădosh.
big axe, kitchi wagakwăd.

I slept, ningi niba.
I shall sleep, ninga niba.
we sleep (excl.) ni nibamin.
we sleep (incl.) ki nibamin.
he sleeps not, kawin nibasi.
do not sleep, kego niba ken.
It is not cold, kawin kisin'a'sinun.

big tree, kitchi mitig.
black kettle, măkăde akik.
money, shunia.
bird, pin'asi.
snake, kinèbig.

he is a man, ininiwi.
it is a house, wigiwam iwan.
God, Kije manidu.
devil, mătci manidu.
heaven, kitci kijik.

don't be afraid, kego s'egisi ken.
give it to me, minishin. white man, sagonash.
three dogs, niswi animoshăg. two men, nij ininiwăg.
four knives, niwin mokomanan.
did John see the horse? ogiwabăman nă John pepejigungăshin.
I will see you to-morrow, kigawabămin wabăng.
what is your name? anin ījinikasoyăn?
where are you going? anindi ijayŭn?
I do not see you, kawin kiwabamisinun.
John sa canoe, John ogiwabăndan kitci tciman.
I shall not go if I see him, kawin ninga ijasi kishpin wabamăg.
if he goes he will see you, kishpin ijad kigawabămik.

The following books have been referred to in the above account of the Ottawa Indians :—Catlin; Bureau

of Ethnology Report, Washington; Indian Bureau Report, Washington; Indian Department Report, Ottawa; Geological Survey Report, Washington; The Century of Dishonor; The North American Indian, by E. M. Haines; North American Indians, by B. Hawes; History of the Ottawa Indians, by A. J. Blackbird. Special thanks also are due to Mr. Blackbird, for further particulars, sent in answer to Question Pamphlet.

Day by Day at the Shingwauk.

THE school bell has just rung nine; the morning pupils have trooped into the school and taken their places; morning workers are at their various employments; Mr. Dowler is in the accountants' office, making a set of labels for the boys' lockers. I am in my private office, deep in pen, ink, paper and thoughts. A knock at the door: "Come in." A pencil note folded and dog-eared is handed me by an Indian boy. "Mr. Dowler he sent it." I scribble the answer on the back and the boy takes it back. Another knock at the door. This time the farm man. "Please sir, can you give me an order for the things you wanted up town?" I take my order book and scratch off the order with a blue chalk pencil and hand it to him. Two sewing machines are whirring in the next room, that apartment being class room and tailor shop in one. "Francis," I call—directly there comes a pause in the whirring. Francis knocks and opens the door. "You had better put a little more wood on the fire, please, Francis." Francis gets the wood and makes the fire up. Rather a heavy thump at the door this time, and Mr. Dowler appears. "This is P's account, Mr. Wilson, if you have time to settle it." "I am very busy just now, Mr. Dowler, but if you will leave it, I will send him the money up town, either to-day or to-morrow." "Very well. And excuse me, but H. wants an order for some small bolts, and Mrs. M. wanted some rolled oatmeal. Shall I give the order?" "Yes, please, for the bolts, but I will see about the oatmeal this afternoon when I go to the Wawanosh." "Thank you, and when you have time would you look at Riley's work in the Dormitory. I don't know whether it will suit you." All right, Mr. Dowler, I will be up there at noon."

"Amos!" I call. No answer. The machines are whirring. "Amos!"—Amos knocks and opens the door. "Please take this note to Miss Pigot for me, and wait for an answer."

In a little time Amos returns. "Miss Pigot, she says she is very much obliged to you, and she tell me to tell you his medicine all gone, Sharpe." "All right, Amos."

About 11 o'clock I make the medicine and take it over to the hospital. "Well, Miss Pigot, how are your boys to-day?" "Oh, I think they are pretty well; Johnson has a little headache and feels rather chilly, so I made the fire up. Do you think it would hurt Sharpe to get up to-day?" "Well, Sharpe, how are you?" I say, rubbing his black hair with my hand. Sharpe grins all over and says, "first rate." He has been sick nearly two months and is only just getting well. "Do you think you could knock me down yet?" I ask. "I guess so." "Well, Miss Pigot, I think he might get up for a little, but you must keep him warm, the wind is chilly outside." "Oh yes, I will keep him warm; he shall run no risk of taking a chill. Is he to keep on with his quinine?" "Yes, please."

From the hospital I cross the wide stretch of land between our front road and the river. We are having it levelled and graded, and six or seven men and two teams are hard at work. After a few words with these men, I cross to the carpenter shop, then to the weaver where dying is going on; then to the bootshop; then back again to my office. It is time to copy the letters and put them up for the mail. I have barely done this when the twelve o'clock bell rings, and Abram, the mailcarrier, a boy of about 17, knocks at the door. He has the mail bag in his hand, the letters and packets are poured in, the bag locked, and off Abram goes on the pony 'Fly.' Then I turn again to my papers and my pens. Tick-tick-tick—tick-tick-tick-tick, tick-tick-tick—tick-tick-tick-tick. The initiated know that this means "S H, S H,"—the telegraph call for my office. The instrument is on a shelf just at my back, and I twist round on my screw-chair and respond, tick-tick, tick-tick, tick-tick, tick-tick-tick — tick-tick-tick-tick,—which means "I, I, I,—S H"—that is—"I, I, I am here in my office waiting to hear what you have to say." The telegram delivers itself—From Albert Sahguj, Captain's room, to Mr. Wilson. "Please, is there to be inspection to-day?" I repeat the question to shew that I understand it—which is the best way for amateurs. Sahguj says "O.K., sig. A.S., 7"—which means all right, followed by his signature and the number of words in the sentence. Finding it to be all right, I respond "O.K., sig. E.F.W." Then I give him my answer "No, not to day; all keep at work." After "O.K." again on both sides, and signature, I say "G.N." (good night), and Sahguj responds "G.N." That means, I am leaving the key;—"we always say "good night" on the telegraph for this—whatever time it may be.

It is lunch time. The mail bag has just been brought

in and is lying on the floor by my arm chair. Myself and family are busy at the table. A knock at the door. "See who it is," I say to one of my olive branches. "It is Joe, father." "Well, Joe, what is it? "Please can you come at once, Kiyoshk, his bone come right out." I step outside the door and close it after me. "What do you mean, Joe?" "Kiyoshk, his bone come right out; he got hurt pretty bad; come right out his shoulder." I go down with him to the office and find the little fellow, Kiyoshk, sitting on the edge of a chair, shedding tears, moaning piteously, and holding up his left arm with his right hand. "How did he get hurt?" I ask. "On the truck; the truck ran off the track and the boys fell off." Two or three boys have followed me in, and a pack of little chaps are peering in with their black eyes through the half open door. "Well, Joe, you can go to your work," I say, (Joe is a bootmaker) "and please tell Arthur to come and help me." Then I take little Kiyoshk into my private office, and very carefully and gently we remove his coat, which happily is a loose one. Then I try a pair of scissors, and the little fellow (he is 10 years old) screams when he sees them; thinks I am going to cut his arm off. But I re-assured him with a few words in Indian, and in a few moments I have ripped his shirt sleeve from wrist to neck, and also his under vest. Now the mischief is visible—he has dislocated his shoulder, the ball of the arm bone being down in the arm pit, instead of in its socket. I call in the services of Mr. Dowler to help hold the child, and Abram to help pull the arm. In a little while I have the little fellow adjusted; a long roller towel with a slit in it for the injured arm is passed round his chest and tied to the door handle. Mr. Dowler holds the little chap; Abram and Arthur pull steadily at the arm in the opposite direction, and I stand behind ready to slip it into place. We all speak kindly to the little fellow, and tell him to be brave. "Now then, boys, pull—very steadily,—but whatever you do don't slack up unless I tell you." The boys do their part well—the little fellow behaves bravely, and we are all glad to hear the click as the ball of the bone once more slips into the socket. I bandage his arm to his side, and send him over to the hospital to Miss Pigot's care. My horse is waiting, and I have to rush the remainder of my lunch, glance hastily through my letters, and then off to the Wawanosh. Such and such like is our daily life at the Shingwauk.

Send in your subscriptions for OUR FOREST CHILDREN.

Please do Help.

IT is a great undertaking—starting "OUR FOREST CHILDREN," in this new form—as a 16-page illustrated monthly at 50 cents per annum. There are so many, many, many Magazines published now; and it is the lot of all but the very best to go to the wall; it is with fear and trembling therefore that we are launching our frail craft—our Indian bark canoe! Fifty cents does not seem much to ask;—for anything else but a paper or a magazine it would be deemed a mere trifle,—but many people think it a condescension even to glance through a magazine apart altogether from the consideration of having to pay for it; and so we fear that many of our little papers, like the stray leaves of the forest, will find their way into the waste heap and the fire, and never bring back to us even one cent to pay for their cost of production and transmission.

We state our case plainly. We are launching forth because we believe we have a work to do. We are impelled to do it. We will bend all our energies to it. No issue of "OUR FOREST CHILDREN" shall be common place or uninteresting, not one page of it or even a column shall be filled with common place matter, culled carelessly from other papers. We will endeavor to make it bright, interesting, sparkling, and reliable as to its information in every page and with every issue. We will bend our energies to make the pictures amusing and attractive. All that we have we will give. But one thing we have not, and that is money to pay the printers' and engravers' bills, and so we ask you not to throw away or to waste this leaf from the Forest which has alighted at your door, but kindly send us promptly and cheerfully the modest sum of 50 cents.

In Canada send 50 cents in 25c. bills, 3, 1 or 5c. stamps, or by P.O. Order to Rev. E. F. Wilson, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario. In England, send two shillings in stamps or P.O. Order to Mrs. William Martin, (M. L. Martin), 27 Bloomsbury Square, London, W.C.

1500 subscribers are needed before it will pay its cost.

THOMAS JOHNSON, pupil of the Shingwauk, has gone home sick.

THE following interesting item is taken from the statistics of the Carlisle Indian School:—

At the school 272 boys and 154 girls, or 426 pupils.
Out on farms 125 boys and 67 girls, or 192 pupils.
Belonging to the school there are 397 boys and 221 girls or a grand total of 618 pupils.

English as she is Written by Indian Students.

THE RACES.—They are five races, which are the white and yellow black and red and brown. The yellow race likes to eat rat, and the black race likes to eat man, and the white race likes to eat frogs, and the red race likes to eat buffalo.

The white people they are civilized; they have everything, and go to school, too. They learn how to read and write so they can read newspaper. The yellow people they half civilized, some of them know how to read and write, and some know how to take care of themself. The red people they big savages; they don't know anything.—[*The American Missionary.*

MY WIFE AND I.

A LITTLE JOURNEY AMONG THE INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.

CHAPTER I—EXPLANATORY.

MY WIFE and I live in the wing of a School,—a large Boarding school for Indian children. It is very prettily situated on the Canadian bank of the broad St. Marie river,—which connects Lake Superior with Lake Huron.

Our house, though small, is considerably occupied. We have ten children. In addition to superintending this and another home, about three miles off—one for boys, and the other for girls—I have of late years travelled about a good deal among the Indians. I have twice been as far west as the foot of the Rocky Mountains in Alberta. I have also travelled a good deal through Canada, speaking about and trying to stir up interest in my work among the Indians. But in these "journeyings oft," my wife hitherto has not accompanied me. Her time has been occupied at home, looking after the babies. No sooner was one able to crawl about the house, but there was another in the cradle. Now, however, our youngest, a fair-haired boy, is seven years old and past. My wife thought she would like to go a little jaunt with me. So we planned a little jaunt. It was to be through Indian country—all among the Indians.

We counted up the miles which our proposed trip would cover, and we found that it would be within the neighborhood of 7000 miles. We counted up also the approximate expenditure which such a trip would involve—a large family and a small income have trained us to be both systematic and economical in our movements—and we found that the cost would be about $700. Fortunately, we had just been the recipients of a little legacy, which would go a long way towards covering a part of this expenditure, and thought we could see our way clear to meeting the rest; so we said we would go—God willing, we would go.

My wife's object in making this trip would be to see and make friends, to cheer me with her presence, and in a general way to enjoy herself. My own object in making the trip would be to see as much as possible

of the Indians,—and, perhaps—if pen and pencil would yield their powers—to enlighten the public by-and-bye as to the present condition and chances for improvement of that interesting, but little known and little understood people.

Ever since we were united in matrimony twenty years ago, my wife and I have lived among the Indians. I like them all. My wife likes a few, and bears with the rest. We both have Indian names. My wife's Indian name is Nah-we-gee-zhe-goo-qua, which means "Lady of the sky." My Indian name, given me at the same time, is Puh-guk-ah-bun, meaning "Clear day light." These names were given us at an Indian feast, by the Ojebway Indians, 18 years ago. In the course of my travels I have been adopted into other Indian tribes, and received names from them. The Mohawk Indians call me Sha-go-yah-te-yos-thah, (beautifyer of men); the Sioux Indians Ka-so-ta, (clear sky); the Blackfeet Indians Na-tu-si-a-sam-in, (the sun looks upon him.)

But we have not always lived among Indians. Our home is England. We were married in a dear old ivy-clad church, with a great old Norman tower, in Gloucestershire, and thence, while the bells were clanging, we walked together as bride and bridegroom, amid a throng of smiling villagers to the dear old Rectory, mantled

THE DEAR OLD RECTORY.

with clematis and jessamine and honeysuckle; and within the Rectory walls we had our wedding breakfast, and cut our wedding-cake; and then we bade adieu, and went to Chepstow, and Clifton, and Cheltenham for our honeymoon.

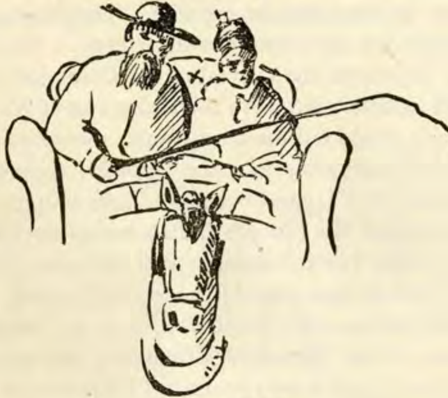
Since then our lot has been cast in Canada; and our work has been among the Indians. We have a big Indian school for 60 Indian boys at Sault Ste. Marie, which we call the Shingwauk Home; and another one, three miles away, for Indian girls, which we call the Wawanosh Home; and we are building a third Institution at Elkhorn, in Manitoba, which, when completed, will have accommodation for 80 pupils.

I am also greatly interested in Indian history, and Indian languages, and expect to spend what time I can during the next few years of my life, if God will, in collecting from all possible sources all the material that I can, bearing on this two-fold interesting subject.

It was with a view to collecting such material, and establishing a connection in various parts of the States, with those already engaged in a work similar to my own, that I first thought of starting on this present expedition, accompanied by my wife. The journey that we planned for ourselves was as follows: We would go first to Ottawa, the Capital of the Dominion, where I hoped to obtain letters to the authorities at Washington, which would aid me on my way; thence we would proceed to Kingston, on Lake Ontario; cross the St. Lawrence to the United States, and take train to Philadelphia, to visit the Lincoln Indian Institution; thence west, through Pennsylvania, to visit the great Carlisle school, with its 600 pupils; thence to Washington, to visit the Smithsonian Institution, and to confer with members of the Bureau of Ethnology, and others interested in Indian history; then to Chillicothe, in Ohio, to examine the ancient Indian mounds, of which so much has been said and written; then to St. Louis on the Mississippi; then south-west into the Indian Territory to visit the Cherokees and other civilized tribes who were said to have their own Legislative Assembly, their own judges, lawyers, and other public officials, and to support their schools and public institutions entirely out of their own funds, without any help from the U.S. Government; then west through Indian Territory to visit the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, and other wilder tribes, who still wear blankets and paint their faces. Then into New Mexico and Arizona, to see the Pueblo, Moki, and Zuni Indians, who build miniature cities, the houses one above another in a succession of terraces, and who are supposed to be the only remaining representatives of the ancient semi-civilized Aztecs; to see also the Navajoes, who have immense flocks of sheep and goats, and weave on looms of their own construction the most beautiful and costly blankets. In New Mexico we should visit also Santa Fe, the oldest city in America, and see something of the ancient Aztec ruins. Then, from there north, to Denver, in Colorado. Then to the Genoa Indian School in Nebraska. Then through Omaha and DesBoines to St. Paul, Minnesota, and thence home.

CHAPTER II.—Ottawa and New York.

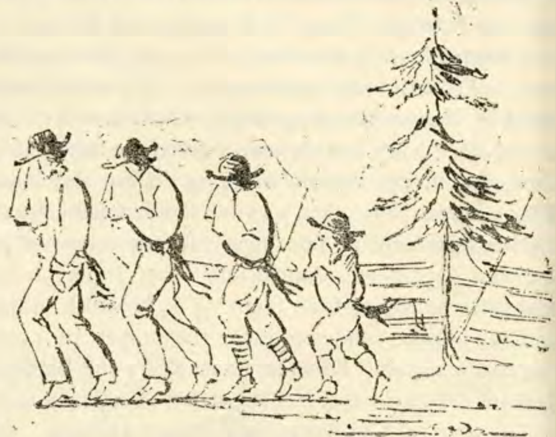
It was a bright, crisp, frosty morning, when we left the Shingwauk Home, the fir-covered islands on the broad Sainte Marie River standing out clearly against the cloudless sky, and the hoar frost on the grass, sparkling like diamonds under the early rays of an autumnal sun. Myself in sombre black, my wife in a quiet mousey-brown cloak, seated in our pony carriage, a black-and-white check rug over our knees, and one or two small satchels and bundles at our feet, we drove along on the crackling ice-bound road, and drank in


THE START

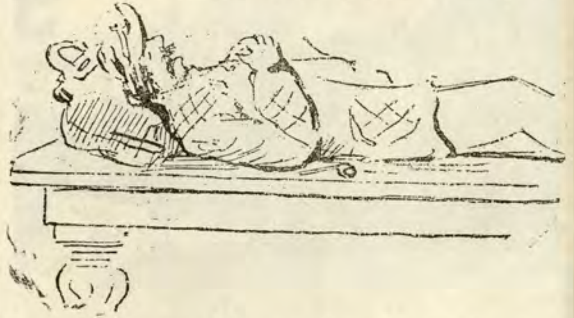
the wholesome frosty air. We kept passing little knots of our Shingwauk boys, who gave the military salute as we went by, accompanied by a not very military smile. Free permission had been given to as many as liked to go to the Station to see us off, and when we arrived

"THE BOYS BADE US 'GOOD BYE!'"

there, we found quite a small army of our uniformed boys assembled on the platform, as well as several of our own children who had driven in the vehicle that preceded us with our baggage, in order to bid father and mother a last good bye.


"AND THEN WENT HOME, WEEPING."

It was early morning when we arrived in Ottawa. We were to be the guests of Major and Mrs. ——, but it was too early to go to their house, so we repaired to the ladies' waiting room, and told the cabman, who had pressed upon us his services, to come for us at eight o'clock. The ladies' waiting room which we entered was dark. We turned up the gas, and, to my wife's



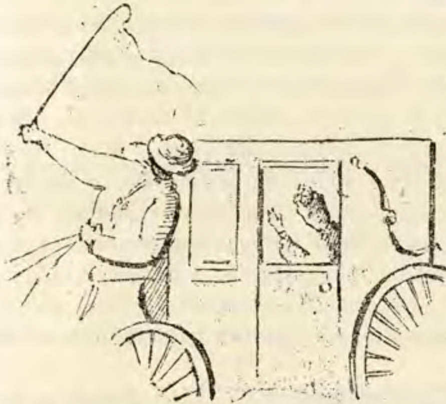
dismay, a man was lying on the table, his head supported by the bag he was wont to carry. Happily, there was another table in the room, and on this we deposited a little square box, in which my wife was accustomed, when at home, to keep her hand sewing machine; but which now, while travelling, came in very usefully as the receptacle for a small tea-pot, an etna, tea, sugar, a bottle of milk, and some biscuits. The morning was chilly, the surroundings unattractive, and the daylight still in the future, and we thought we would cheer ourselves by having a cup of tea. So the

I MADE A CUP OF TEA.

little etna was brought forth, some water procured from a tap in the outer waiting room, spirits and a match applied to the base of the little machine, and soon water was boiling, and our inner organization was refreshed and warmed by a good cup of hot tea.

* * * *

It was afternoon. I had been all the morning occupied at the Indian Office, and had a very satisfactory interview with the authorities there. My wife was to meet me with a cab at the moment of my exit, but failed to do so. I went in search of her. I found her



in Sparks street. She was in a cab with a friend, on her way to a match factory. The friend had kindly planned this little expedition for us, so I jumped into the cab, and we all three went together. The match factory was very interesting and instructive. We saw a young French girl filling the little paper cases with wonderful quickness and dexterity; we saw how the little slivers of wood were separated from the wooden blocks, and run through troughs on moving straps to the place where they were next wanted; how by means of a most intricate looking machine these slivers of wood were folded in the ever-tightening embrace of a snake-like strap, which when it had coiled itself full, resembled a bristling porcupine. We saw these porcupines deftly dipped in liquid brimstone; we saw how by a further device the porcupine was slit in two right down the centre of its spine, and finished matches fell out on either side in troughs prepared for them. And then, in another apartment, we beheld a still greater wonder, a revolving machine of bright polished steel—a great disk fitted with what looked like little tapes and cocks innumerable; into one part of this machine entered an endless strap of brown paper about two inches wide —from another part were ejected, as though by magic, neatly formed little paper match-cases, cut, shaped, glued, stuck, completed, 360 in a minute.

* * * * * *

This was the first time in nine years that my wife had been for a trip with me away from home, and during those nine years she had been shut up almost uninterruptedly in the very quiet village of Sault Ste. Marie. In her early years, before leaving England, she had been a great traveller, and was continually making rounds of visits among her many English friends --but since our arrival in Canada her companions had been for the most part Indian lads and maidens, her walks abroad had led her among snake fences and stumps, in summer time; and over a boundless area of snow, in winter. Her drives were frequently performed in a buckboard, or at best in an ill-kept pony carriage, drawn by an unkempt pony, wearing unpolished and delapidated harness. This little prologue seems necessary to lead up to the very astounding fact, that my spouse had never up to this date seen a telephone. However, she had the privilege of seeing one during our stay at our friend's house in Ottawa; and she applied her ear to the hearing tube and her lips to the speaking tube, and had a most interesting conversation with a lady friend of our hostess, to whom she had never spoken before, or had even seen. At 8 o'clock that evening a well-attended meeting was held in St. George's school room, the Bishop of Ontario in the chair, and I told about our Indian work, and explained the object of our present tour.

The following day we arrived at the Kingston and Pembroke railway station in Kingston, where we were met by a clerical friend, at whose house we were about to stay, and by our red-coated son who was attending the Royal Military College.

A very interesting drawing-room meeting was held in the evening, at which many ladies and gentlemen attended, and I exhibited my large map of North America, shewing the number of Indians to be found in each American State, and in each Canadian Province; also the number of Indian Training Institutions at present in existence—104 in the States, but only 9 in Canada. After some little account of our intended

tour, and the exhibition of some Indian Curiosities, the party was regaled with fruit and cake, and then dispersed.

The next day we bade adieu to our kind Canadian friends,—went on board the steam ferry 'Islander,' and after a run of twenty miles, which occupied nearly three hours, arrived at Cape Vincent, in the State of New York, where we took train for New York City.

(To be continued).

The Sun Dance.

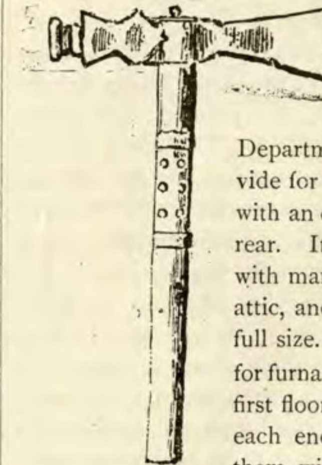
(By Rev. J. McLean, D.D.)

Two young men having their whole bodies painted, wearing the loin-cloth only, and with wreaths of leaves around their heads, ankles and wrists, stepped into the centre of the lodge. A blanket and a pillow were laid on the ground, and one of the young men stretched himself upon them. As he lay, an old man came forward and stood over him, and then in an earnest speech told the people of the brave deeds and noble heart of the young man. In the enumeration of his virtues and noble deeds, after each separate statement, the musicians beat applause. When the aged orator ceased, the young man arose, placed his hands upon the old man's shoulders, and drew them downward, as a sign of gratitude for the favorable things said about him. He lay down, and four men held him while a fifth made the incisions in his breast and back. Two places were marked in each breast, denoting the position and width of each incision. This being done, the wooden skewers being in readiness, a double edged knife was held in the hand, the point touching the flesh, a small piece of wood was placed on the under side to receive the point of the knife when it had gone through, and the flesh was drawn out the desired length for the knife to pierce. A quick pressure and the incision was made, the piece of wood was removed, and the skewer inserted from the under-side as the knife was being taken out. When the skewer was properly inserted, it was beaten down with the palm of the hand of the operator, that it might remain firmly in its place. This being done to each breast, with a single skewer for each, strong enough to tear away the flesh, and long enough to hold the lariats fastened to the top of the sacred pole, a double incision was made on the back of the left shoulder, to the skewer of which was fastened an Indian drum. The work being pronounced good by the persons engaged in the operation, the young man arose, and one of the operators fastened the lariats, giving them two or three jerks to bring them into position.

The young man went up to the sacred pole, and while his countenance was exceedingly pale, and his frame trembling with emotion, threw his arms around it, and prayed earnestly for strength to pass successfully through the trying ordeal. His prayer ended, he moved backward until the flesh was fully extended, and placing a small bone whistle in his mouth, he blew continuously upon it a series of short, sharp sounds, while he threw himself backward, and danced until the flesh gave way and he fell. Previous to his tearing himself free from the lariats, he seized the drum with both hands, and with a sudden pull tore the flesh on his back, dashing the drum to the ground, amid the applause of the people. As he lay on the ground, the operators examined his wounds, cut off the flesh that was hanging loosely, and the ceremony was at an end. In former years the head of a buffalo was fastened by a rope to the back of the person undergoing the feat of self-immolation, but now a drum is used for that purpose.

From two to five persons undergo this torture every Sun-dance. Its object is military and religious. It admits the young men into the noble band of warriors, whereby he gains the esteem of his fellows, and opens up the path to fortune and fame. But it is chiefly a religious rite. In a time of sickness, or danger, or in starting upon some dangerous expedition, the young man prays to Natos for help, and promises to give himself to Natos, if his prayers are answered.

Rupert's Land Indian Industrial School.



HE buildings for this Institution are now in course of erection. The plans prepared by the Department of Public Works provide for a brick building 80x40 ft. with an extension of 40x35 in the rear. It is to be two full stories, with mansard roof, giving a large attic, and the basement will be of full size. The latter will be used for furnaces, store-rooms, &c. The first floor will have a class-room at each end, about 40x29, between them will be an office, hall and sitting room. The dining room and kitchen will be in the rear. On the first floor, two large dormitories and three rooms for the staff are provided in the main

building, with lavatories and six bedrooms in the rear. The attic is divided into numerous rooms, and will accommodate 30 or 40 children.

The outbuildings of lumber comprise a laundry of two stories, cow and horse stables, piggery, etc. The site selected is a very fine one, close to St. Paul's Church, six miles from Winnipeg. The building will face the Red River, which is here a fine stream. Kildonan station on the C.P.R., west Selkirk branch, is on the property about 300 yards in the rear.

The buildings will be occupied in the course of the summer, and the work, it is hoped, will be well started before winter. The institution is near Winnipeg, and is under the control of the Bishop of Rupert's Land.

It is proposed to teach the boys farming and different industries, and the girls such things as are likely to fit them for domestic service and civilized life. Above all, it will be the aim of the managers to make the school a real Christian home, to which all may look back as a place of spiritual awakening and Divine blessing.

Contributions of money, clothing or other gifts in aid of this important work will be thankfully received and acknowledged by the Rev. W. A. Burman, B.D., the Principal.

The Battleford Government Indian School.

(From the Saskatchewan Herald.)

As it may prove interesting to those who have not an opportunity of seeing for themselves, let us pay a visit, with the kind permission of the Principal, to the Battleford Industrial School, and see what is being done.

First, then, we must cross the Battle River and ascend the deep slope of its valley by the road leading to Swift Current, the nearest station on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and that two hundred miles distant; and on reaching the top we see to the right a large two-story building, the residence of our registrar, and on our left a large white building, formerly used as Government House, but which has since been converted into the Industrial School. We turn off the road at the top of the hill and pass through a large gate in a neat wire fence (put up, as we are informed, by the boys) and enter the school grounds, passing a compact vegetable garden surrounded by palisading and trees planted last spring. We find the boys playing football on our left, and see farther on the lawn tennis court and swings for the girls.

The front of the building faces the north-east, and on entering we find ourselves in a lofty hall. On the left are the officers' quarters; facing us the girls' schoolroom; and on the right the Principal's office and the passage into the kitchen and the employees' and pupils' dinning-room. Opening from the latter is the schoolroom—a light, well ventilated and comfortable room, with blackboard on two sides and conveniently furnished.

The daily routine of the pupils, who are in an excellent state of discipline, particularly considering their origin, is as follows:

Rise at 6 in summer, 6:30 in winter, and wash and dress under charge of an officer; breakfast and prayers; then boys and girls are detailed to their different fatigues and housework under monitors; and at 8 a. m. the trades commence work.

As we visit the boys in their respective shops we look with pleasure at the industrious and workmanlike manner in which they handle their tools. With a word of advice now and then from their instructor, each boy seems to be thoroughly at home and enters into his work with energy and spirit.

Part of the boys attend classes in the school from 10 till 12, and go to the shops in the afternoon; and those who were in the school in the morning alternate with those who were in the shops from 2 till 4 in the afternoon.

They are making satisfactory progress with their studies, and this is testified by the postmaster from the correspondence that passes through his hands to and from the pupils and their friends. Prizes were distributed from the Christmas tree to the best boys in the various classes. The classes range to Standard V.

In the carpenter's shop here is little Gilbert Bear, working away at a window sash. He ran that tall fellow, Alex. Sutton, very closely for the first prize sash at the examination. Indeed, honors had to be divided. Aaron is at work at a sleigh, Joseph planing and sawing. The building they are at work in was built by themselves, and is a well-finished model. Putting up frame buildings is a branch of the instruction which has particular attention paid to it. In the blacksmith's shop we find John Benson shoeing a horse in a manner which shows that it is not the first time by a good many that he has performed such work. Johnnie Wright is ironing a pair of bobsleighs, and Louis making a pair of pincers, each doing his work without aid from the instructor, who is engaged in showing some of the smaller boys in his charge how to weld. This shop does all the blacksmith's work for the agency. Thence we proceed to the stables and yard,

all kept in good order, and remark how well the oxen are handled by that smart looking boy, Paul, in bringing in a load of lumber. There are eight boys under charge of the farmer, and they are a very bright looking, active lot of fellows. Their chief work during the winter is attention to stock and wood and water fatigues, though in summer they do all the work on the farm and large vegetable garden with the help for an hour or two a day of the small boys. They are said to understand practically all the work on the farm, and this knowledge will be most useful to them in after life.

At 12 the large bell rings. Preparations for dinner follow; and at 12.15 dinner is served, also under charge of an officer; and it is a treat to see the way in which they behave and handle their knives and forks. Recess till 1; trades again till 5; tea at 6; recreation till 7; study till 8, and then prayers. After prayers, each boy as he passes up stairs says "Good night, sir," to the Principal, and all march in an orderly manner upstairs to the dormitory—an oblong room containing three rows of beds, and a large coal stove in the centre. The room is warm, clean and well ventilated, and extends above the dining and school rooms.

Each boy has a separate iron bedstead, with mattress, two pairs of blankets, two sheets and a scarlet coverlet, and a pillow enclosed in a white case, the whole giving the beds a clean, warm and comfortable appearance. The boys undress quickly and quietly and stand at the foot of their beds, arrayed in nice white nightshirts, for inspection; after which at the word of command they jump into bed and instantly disappear between the sheets.

Proceeding to inspect the girls' work, we are particularly struck with their knitting and needlework. They make nearly all their own clothes, and do all the repairing, under the direction of their instructress. Some of them can work both the sewing and knitting machines, and appear to be making rapid progress in all that pertains to housekeeping. They are docile, attentive, and good workers, and appear to be quick and handy at learning washing, ironing, and all kinds of housework; and their education will most certainly prove a chief factor in effecting an improvement in the home and social life of the Indians. Some of the girls would make excellent servants; indeed, Mrs. Reed, wife of the Indian Commissioner, was so pleased with their appearance on a recent visit that she has one of them now engaged in her own household.

We will now conclude our visit, and must express our satisfaction in noting the difference of the children of the institution and those of the teepee. Their clean bright look and contented and well-nourished condition show they are being well cared for, and we are informed that there are a large number of applications for admission as soon as the contemplated addition has been completed; and this shows that the Indians are beginning to appreciate what is being done for them in these institutions.

MANITOBAN.

Jottings.

THE Indian Homes, at Elkhorn, Manitoba, will, it is expected, be entirely completed and ready for occupation by the first of July.

JOSEPH SONEY, pupil of the Shingwauk, will enter Trinity College School, Port Hope, in September.

THE Shingwauk holidays commence June 28th, and end August 19th.

A LEADING publication in Toronto says there is an increasing demand for books on Indians and Indian languages.

THE Hon. Hayter Reed, Indian Commissioner, of Regina, has been on a visit to the Carlisle Indian School.

MR. W. B. BACKUS has been recently appointed Superintendent of the Genoa Indian School, Nebraska.

MISS LIZZIE DIXON, 29 Wilton Crescent, Toronto, will receive contributions for the support of Christ Church Mission School, Peace River.

WE regret to record the death of Dr. Given, who, for many years, has been connected with the Carlisle Indian School as medical practitioner. In his death the Indians have lost a strong and disinterested friend.

FROM the Carlisle *Red Man*: THE FOREST CHILDREN for April is just out. This neatly printed four-page paper of the Shingwauk Home at Sault Ste. Marie, Canada, of which Rev. E. F. Wilson is the superintendent, now proposes to enlarge to a sixteen-page illustrated magazine. Mr. Wilson says: "We believe it is a right work to try and establish one bright illustrated, readable periodical to champion the Indian cause," and we think so too.

Letters from Indian Pupils.

FROM A PUPIL AT THE MOUNT ELGIN, IND. INSTITUTE, MUNCEY TOWN.

I will try to write a short composition about this place. It is called Mount Elgin Industrial Institution. First thing I shall say is about farming, because I am one of the farmers, and I like that best, better than any other work. I will leave this for a little while. I will tell you something first. First time I came here it was in 4th of September 1884, A. D. I was very lazy, because I never worked when I was home but just play, play, play day after day. So when I came I was here about two or three weeks, then Mr. William W. Shepherd told me to go in the Shoe Shop and be shoemaker. So I went and I was very glad. When I got there I thought that was very easy work, but afterwards I found out that it is not very easy work always sitting down and sewing, hammering, fixing the old shoes, and I am always watching how am I going to sew. So I got tired of it, and I was very glad when I got out of it too, and now to-day I am one of the farmers. The reason I like to be farmer is because I will be always working outside and be working with the team every day, and sow all kinds of grain such as wheat, oats, peas, and barley. And plant some corn, potatoes, cabbage, turnips and carrots, and raise some cattle, and then sell them all for hundreds of dollars; and then when I would get the money I would buy some more land, and some farmer's implements to work with. And while I am here Mr. Shepherd always gives me a team to work with when I am going to work, so as to know how to get started after I'll leave here. And we are doing lots of work in one day, I suppose it would take a man about a week or more to do the same work, as much as we can do in one day. First thing we do in morning is to clean the horses. There are eight horses for working and two for driving, and we always clean them first thing in morning, and then when we get that done we would get ready for our breakfast, and we get up at five o'clock in morning, but on Sundays we get up at six o'clock a. m. And after we get our breakfast we would get ready to go to church, and after we would have our dinner we have our Sunday School in our school room, &c.

My name is NOAH WILLIAMS,
From Oneida Reserve.

A Letter from an Apache Girl in New Mexico.

BAMONA INDIAN SCHOOL, N. M.

Sante Fe, N. M., March 30, 1889.

DEAR MR. WILSON:

You want to know all about our people so you can put it in a book. They are making farms and they are building houses for themselves so they can live as the white people do. They come to see us very often, and bring the boys bows and arrows. We are all writing letters this morning and I am writing to you. I wrote to your children a long time ago and they have not answered it yet—I answered when they wrote to me. Wilson is well—you know the little boy you gave your name to. I would like to see your childien and you too. We get letters from our people, they don't know anything about our dear Saviour Jesus. This is all for this time.

Your friend,
MARY WOOD.

Clippings.

A SCHOOL boy at Sitka came to his teacher one day, saying, "Please ma'am, I cannot get my lesson; it is broke off." A portion of a leaf had been torn out of his book.—*North Star.*

A TEACHER at Hampton, Va., recently asked one of the Indian pupils what lbs. stood for. "Elbows, I guess," was the unexpected reply.

RED CLOUD, a keen, shrewd chief, once said in parting with some white friends, "I hope to meet you again, if not on earth, beyond the grave—in a land where white men cease to be liars."—*Word Carrier.*

A PRECOCIOUS Winnebago, who stands high in geography, was recently asked by his teacher where Africa was located. He promptly answered "All over the United States."—*Pipe of Peace.*

A GIRL said to her companion, "If an Indian lives in a wigwam in the summer, what would he live in, in the winter?" "I should think," she adroitly replied, "that he would want to live in a warmwig."—*Indian Helper.*

THE boys were weeding a neglected patch of carrots. One, who possibly thought there would be more fun in going fishing, quoted the parable of the tares, and argued that it would be more in accord with Scripture to allow the weeds to grow until harvest time.—*Word Carrier.*

THE only permanent and telling force in Indian progress has been one which is independent of the Government. The life-long labors of men like Bishops Whipple and Hare, the Rev. Messrs. Williamson and Riggs and scores of others, including many of the Catholic faith, and not a few noble women, have laid the foundation of all that is hopeful in the Indian of our country.—*Ex.*

THE Bishop of Athabasca writing from Vermillion, Athabasca, says:—"The Indians among whom we are laboring are Beavers, the aborigines of this country; the Wood Crees, who seem to have gradually penetrated from further south, the Chippewyans and Slave Indians to the east and north. The Beaver, Chippewyan, and Slave languages are more or less akin, the Cree is the same as that spoken to the south of the Sackatchewan but not so pure. We possess two good churches, that

of St. Paul's, Chippewyan, and St. Luke's, Vermillion. We were aided in the erection of the latter by a grant from the S.P.C.K. Society of England."

THE Indian Question, so-called, is a very practical one, and varies with circumstances on the different reservations, no two of which are in the same situation. The ethical question for each would be what does justice require for this particular tribe, and the answer would not be difficult to find were this the only question considered. Could the intricately interlaced screen of white interests, the number of which would be startling, be removed, the long withheld remedy for existing evils would quickly be discerned, and methods of redress for existing wrongs would as quickly meet the eye of moral scrutiny. Take, for example, the case of the Sioux Indians of Dakota, for whom a present Indian Question is, "Shall the government agree to fulfill its treaty promises of 1868, to provide schools for Sioux children for twenty years, promises kept for ten years only, before compelling that tribe to accept new compacts?" Should not a Christian nation compel itself to be honest before compelling savages to be civilized? If that demand of the Indians is just, if it is but a demand for common honesty, then the guilt of any war which may result from compelling them to accept new terms, will rest upon government, for it can fulfill its school promises.

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