

Miss Grouch

Virgil Post



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### Mr. Wilson's trip to the Rocky Mountains.

**T**HE day before I left Sault Ste. Marie May 13th on our trip to the West the glass was standing at °82 in the shade, but after 250 miles run by steamboat across the waters of Lake Superior the temperature had become decidedly lower, and for the last 15 miles before reaching Port Arthur we were ploughing through a field of ice some of it 18 or 20 inches in thickness. The ice was a nuisance as it made us just an hour late for the train, and we had to wait until next day before proceeding on to Winnipeg. We were three in party, young Robin Besant, a clergyman's son, 10 months out from England, going with me to prospect and to have a little experience in camp life, and Jesse Eastman, a Sioux Indian boy belonging to our Shingwauk Home, but returning to his home at Beulah on account of the death of his father. We only stayed 40 minutes at Winnipeg and then steamed on again westward about 200 miles to Griswold. This was our first stopping place. Back seven miles from here was the village of Oak River containing some 400 wild Sioux Indians, we wanted to visit them and induce them if possible to give up a couple of boys to go back to our Home. A mission has been started among these people by the Rev. Mr. Burman whose house is close to the Reserve, but only very few of them have as yet been baptized. Mr. Burman and his wife had been all the winter in England and were only just back. We hired a rig and drove out to their house and camped in the field close to them, and it being late they kindly invited us to have some supper. The next day we moved our camp down to the Indian village as we wanted to see as much of the people as possible, and Mrs. Burman kindly sent us down a hamper of provisions. Our tent door was crowded with Indians the whole time we were there; they came in parties sometimes 2 or 3 together sometimes 5 or 6, men wrapped in blankets with long shaggy or plaited hair, some with their faces painted, some with feathers in their heads, some in European trowsers, some in Indian leggings with beaded bands below the knee. They also wore a strange variety of necklaces and earrings, the latter were generally brass chains of 5 or 6 inches long with some ornament at the end, one fellow had some

clock wheels hanging from each ear. With each new arrival young Besant, who thoroughly enjoyed the novelty of the situation brought out his tobacco, and handed a plug of it with his knife, the knife meant that they were not to accept the whole plug as a present but cut off what they wanted and return it. Then we showed them our photos. We had the Dakota boys who came from Beulah (about 50 miles from here) in a group. They seemed to interest our visitors, especially as many of them recognized the boys faces. We also showed them photos of the Shingwauk Home and chapel. I found my study of the Sioux language during the winter of great service to me. I told the people in Sioux where we had been from and where we were going to and that I wanted to take 2 boys from the Reserve back to our Institution when I returned east in about 3 weeks time. I had no difficulty in making them understand me. Jesse too proved a good advertisement. A good many people knew him and questioned him closely about our Homes. Several of them were related to his family and seemed quite pleased to see him. We had a slate and Jesse showed how he could write his name and draw a horse, and do a sum in simple multiplication. In the afternoon we had a very demonstrative visitor in the shape of a big chief. He came plunging into our tent in a very excited manner and sat himself down on the top of my writing paper, ink bottle and some chocolate which I was eating. He began gesticulating wildly and talking at the top of his voice in Sioux. It was some time before I could make out what he was saying. He kept tapping the tent and saying "sica do" (that is bad) and shaking his fist under my chin, and then he informed me that the big knife country was "sica do," and Minnesota was "sica do" and everything seemed to be "sica do" except the Queen. At last I came to the conclusion that he must be a man overflowing with loyalty to our Sovereign and that he imagined that I and my party were Yankees. I proceeded then to assure him that I was English, and he put me through a regular catechism on the subject. Is your father English? your grandfather? your great great grand father? your g. g. g. f.? your g. g. g. g. g. father etc., and the same on my mothers side. After satisfying himself that I was thoroughly English from head to foot, he smiled most benignly stroked my

beard, shook hands for I don't know how long, and repeated over and over again "waste do" that is good). Then the chief got on another subject, and I floundered unable to follow his meaning. It was something about Ottawa and something about his land, for he kept tapping the floor of the tent and saying "makd mitawa" my land, and something about where did I come from. Three quarters of an hour passed and still I could not get at his meaning. At length to change the subject I proposed to visit his teepee, to this he agreed, and so we started off. A number of wild Indians came in to the teepee and sat around, and the chief who is a tall fine athletic looking man with a powerful Roman nose, plaited hair, and chain earrings, shewed us with much pride the silver medal given to his father by King George III. It was wrapped up carefully in a piece of old silk handkerchief. He also shewed me a number of government letters and papers which he had in his possession. Then he got on the old question again determined to have it out with me. At last, happily, I hit on his meaning, and began drawing with a charred stick on the floor of the teepee a rough map shewing the position of oak river, Winnipeg, Port Arthur, Sault Ste. Marie and lastly Ottawa. This seemed finally to convince him that our schools were on Queen's land. However, in common with the rest of his people, he is a bigotted old pagan, and does not believe in education and civilization, with him schools and religion and everything of that kind seemed to come under the head of "sica do." After leaving the chief we started back to our tent, but had not proceeded far when we found the chief following us with long swinging strides. He pointed to a teepee some distance off and told me his "sunka" (younger brother) lived there, and that he could "sagdasin eapi" (talk English) and he wanted me to go there with him. So we went with him. When we got there he began making a sing-song noise and peeped cautiously in, there was beating and drumming going on inside. At last he beckoned to me to peep in, there were a lot of people seated round in a circle and two men stark naked. One of them said to me in very good English "We will be through with this in about half an hour, you go to the end of the village and wait there till we come." Instead of going where he told us, we went up on the hill to see some Indian graves which some of the people were busy fixing with peeled poplar poles, then we sat on the grass waiting until it was nearly half an hour, and then as it was already half past eight, we marched off to our tent. It was rather a cold night, and at 4 a.m. we got up made a fire, and with our blankets wrapped round us, like the wild Indians, crouched over it and had a cup of tea, then we went to bed again till seven. About nine o'clock Mr. Burman came to our tent, and I went with him to see an Indian, who had been run over and hurt, by some horses during the night, his wrist was dislocated and two ribs broken. Mr. B. sent an Indian on horseback to Griswold to telegraph to Brandon for a doctor. While I was sketching a part of the village, an old woman, who seemed to be half crazy, ran out of one of teepees flourishing a tomahawk, and came towards me

shouting. I sat quietly, and the old thing turned about and went back. Some Indians were crouching by me on the grass, and I said to them quietly "Toketu" (what's the matter) at which they all laughed. I have spotted two boys for the Shingwauk, one of them, about 12, seems a bright little fellow, and Jesse said that he wanted to come; another older one, about 15, with long plaits of hair on each side of his handsome face, seemed more doubtful, Mr. Burman seems to think he can get 2 or three to go by the time I come back about three weeks hence. At 2 o'clock we broke up camp, went back to Griswold & took train for Elkhorn. We stayed at Elkhorn 4 days enjoying the kind hospitality of Mr. & Mrs. Rowswell, and while there I drove about 25 miles to visit the Bird Tail Indian Reserve and take Jesse back to his home, we found nearly all the Indians away hunting gophers, (or prairie dogs) are the pest of prairie farmers and the Indians get 2 cents a tail for killing them. As many as 25,000 tails have been taken over the counter in a store at Beulah since April. Of the few Indians whom we met two or three were parents of some of our Dakota boys at the Shingwauk Home. One mother was very dissatisfied that I had not brought her papoose back to see her, forgetting I suppose that he had gone to our school on the understanding that he would remain three years. The expense would be too great to bring him back sooner than that. Another parent, a father, was more sensible, and said that he wished his boy to remain with us two years longer. Late in the evening of May 22nd we arrived at Qu'Appelle; we went to a hotel for the night, and early the next morning were out seeking to engage a horse and buck-board in which to drive round and visit the various Indian Reserves in the neighborhood. We succeeded in getting a very good horse and buggy at the moderate sum of \$2.50 per diem, and by 10.30 a. m. we were off on our travels. Our kit consisted of our two valises, a bundle containing tent, blanket, and hatchet, a satchel in which were my drawing materials and photographs to shew to the Indians, a wrench and grease for the wheels, and a long rope and halter with which to tether the horse. We took no provisions, as we expected to get meals at the farm instructor's or Indian agent's houses, and indeed the tent would only be necessary in case we lost our way or got benighted. At 1.30 p.m. we reached Fort Qu'Appelle and had dinner with the Rev. Mr. Lewis. Then we drove on 19 miles further to the File Hills. Two Cree Indians were sitting outside the store-house at the farm instructor's dwelling, and we asked them to direct us to the Indian agent's house.

We found them to be very comfortable quarters, the buildings having only been recently erected. Mr. Williams was in his office, conversing with Pipikijis, the Cree chief, who on a former visit I had seen sitting in his Indian dress driving a hay-rake. We stayed at Mr. Williams' house for the night, and the next day went round with him to visit the Indians. There are 4 bands containing in all about 400 Indians, but only 3 of the chiefs are now living, Pipikijis, Okinees, and Star Blanket. Little black bear lies on the hill top in his grave. The people

have got a day-school since I was here last, but it is very poorly attended, and these Indians seem to have very little idea of improving themselves or getting their children educated. They are just living on the Government, getting 1lb. of flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of bacon, each per diem. They do a little farming, but it is very little, not averaging more than 4 or 5 acres to a family. I suggested to Mr. Williams that it would be a good plan if government would refuse rations to children between the ages of 10 and 15 unless they went to school, and Mr. Williams thought it would be an excellent arrangement; the rations for children of schoolable age might be served out to the school teacher instead of to the parents; and with a little back-kitchen adjoining the school, and a cook stove, the cooking might be attended to while school was going on. We tried to get 1 or 2 boys to go to the Shingwauk, but it was quite in vain. One little fellow of 12 years old said he would like to go if his father would let him, but we saw no more of him. These people are all heathen, and go about in their blankets and leggings, their faces painted and ornamented with earrings, rings, necklaces, and feathers.

About 4 p. m., the 24th, we left File Hills, and drove back to Fort Qu'Appelle. Mr. Lewis kindly gave us both a shake down for the night in his bachelor quarters, and found stable room for our horse, and at 7.30 next morning, we were off again for a 5 miles' drive to the camp of "Standing Buffalo." This was a Sioux Reserve, and I found my knowledge of the Sioux language very serviceable again as I had no interpreter. I have 6 or 7 cards with Indian words and sentences written on both sides which I carry in my pocket, and these serve to refresh my memory; they are much more handy than a book, and they have the advantage that as soon as one card is well known it can be left behind and another substituted. It is also easy to substitute a Sioux set for a Cree one, or a Blackfoot set for a Sioux, as I pass from one reserve to another. I would advise any missionary who is fresh in the field, and desirous of learning the language of his people, to adopt this plan. By means of these cards and what I know by heart, I was able to make myself well understood by the Indians of Standing Buffalo, even though it is less than a year since I began learning the language. We showed them the photos, and tried to get some boys to come, but from all I could hear, I fear the Roman Catholics have gained a pretty strong hold of these people. Since my last visit the institution at Qu'Appelle has been enlarged so as to accommodate 80 to 90 pupils, and it is said to be quite full. There can be no doubt whatever that the Roman Catholics are doing all they can to bring the whole Indian population of Canada under their influence. They are pushing on the work in every direction and if protestants don't rouse themselves up and cease their bickering one at another, and join one with another in an effort to bring these poor heathen Indians into the true fold of Christ, I fear that before many years it will be too late. The people were very friendly and seemed intelligent and anxious to have their children taught, but the day school master who was also a Roman Catholic

said it would be no use for us to try and get any boys. The next reserve we reached was Pausquah's and we put up at Mr. Huckley's, the farm, instructor's house. Pausquah was not at home, but we visited a good many teepees and conversed with the Indians. Some of them seemed almost inclined to let their children go, but the great distance deterred them.

Next day we came to Mushkewepeetung's camp, these are Saulteaux and talk Ojibway, so I was able to converse quite freely with them. We let down our pony's bearing rein and allowed him to graze, and sat ourselves down beside one or two Indians close to one of their teepees. Soon we were surrounded by quite a crowd of these wild people in their blankets, they remembered my visit two years ago, and received us in a most friendly way. There were several very nice boys 12 or 13 years of age, and they were very sociable, squatting or lying on the grass close up beside me, and answering my questions quite readily; one nice little fellow with long black hair and clad in a blanket, which once was white, seemed quite inclined to go with me, he said his father was dead, but he would ask his mother; so we went with him to her teepee, a short distance off. The old grand mother was sitting in a shelter outside, and we sat down beside her. She would not hear of her grandchild going away so far. She said the child belonged to her, and she would not let him go, even though the mother seemed comparatively indifferent. I made a sketch of the teepees, and then we went for dinner to the house of Mr. Lash, the Indian agent, who two years ago, during the rebellion was shut up in a close cellar with some other unfortunate prisoners for 10 days. In the afternoon we drove on to Piapots reserve. Since my last visit I found that quite a handsome school house had been erected, and a lady placed in charge, who not only conducts the school, but also teaches the Indian women to bake bread, cook and knit stockings. We went to this lady's house, and were hospitably entertained in the apartments adjoining the school. It ought, I think, to have a healthy civilizing effect among the Indians to have a Protestant lady thus caring for their welfare, but she complains that it is very difficult to get anything like a regular attendance at school. The Indians are all heathen, clad in blankets and living in teepees. Late in the evening I visited the Indian camp, and had an interview with chief Piapot. He said he could not consent to any boys going so far away unless he could see the place for himself, and he seemed disposed to go back with me on my return. I told him I was going to see the Blackfoot Indians in the far west, and he sent a message by me to Crowfoot, the Blackfoot Chief whom he said was his friend. The next day (May 20) a thirty miles drive brought us to Regina, I went to the Indian office and had a long and satisfactory interview with the authorities there. At 11.45 p.m. the same night, I started for the Rocky Mountains, leaving my young friend Besant to take the buckboard back to Qu'Appelle and then return homeward. At about 8 p. m. next evening, May 21st, I caught my first view of the Rockies. Just a faint outline, 100 miles distant, almost veiled in the twilight. On

alighting at Gleichen station quite a crowd of blanketed Indians,—men, women, and children, surrounded the train, and caused quite an excitement among the passengers; they had evidently come for what they could get. A messenger from Rev. Mr. Tim's house had come to meet me with a buck-board and a pair of Indian ponies. He said that Mr. Tims had been summoned away by telegraph, but would be back on Monday morning. It was a pleasant drive across the prairies, a distance of about 4 miles, every here and there we passed a group of Teepees, and an Indian clad in a striped colored blanket came running behind asking in the Blackfoot language for a ride. The mission house, I was glad to find, was in the midst of the Indian camp, Indian teepees and mud huts all around us; they use the former in the summer, the latter in the winter. The mission buildings are small but comfortable, and consist of a log dwelling house divided into 5 or 6 rooms, and a mud walled school house with 4 tiny windows. Mr. Tims' sister had only arrived from England a week before, but had already succeeded in making the house comfortable and homelike. Next morning was Sunday and Mr. Tims being away, it devolved on myself to conduct the usual services. There was a new little church in Gleichen to which we drove for morning service. Gleichen is a mere hamlet of 8 or 10 houses, so the congregation was necessarily small, but it was supplemented in a rather peculiar manner by the forms of a dozen or so blanketed Indians, who came peering in curiously both at the door and windows, making their remarks one to another as to what they saw going on. At length a member of the congregation got up and made signs to those at the door that they must either come in or go away. Three or four then came in and sat themselves quietly down on the floor near the door. Those at the windows were reproved by sundry shakes of the head, but they were very slow in moving away. In the afternoon we had a very interesting little gathering of Indians in the mud walled school house. "Old Sun" is chief of these northern Blackfeet, and he came bringing his wives and a number of his people. I spoke to them a few simple gospel words, Mr. Stocken, the school teacher, interpreting for me, and then told them about other Indians I had been visiting, which seemed to create considerable interest among them. It was thought better not to say anything about my institution at Sault Ste. Marie, as these people have a great dread that the white people are trying to get their children from them with a view of breaking them up as a tribe, and depriving them eventually of their lands.

The Government a year or two ago, built an institution at High River, 30 miles from here, at the cost of \$25,000, placing it in the hands of the Roman Catholics, but not one Blackfoot child has been persuaded to stay there and the institution is practically useless. Mr. Stocken invited the Indians to come again on Monday evening, when Mr. Tims arrived home, and they should have a pot full of tea to drink while talking with me.

The next morning, Monday, Mr. Tims arrived home by the early train, and joined us at breakfast. I made some sketches, and then went over to the school. The children are collected by ringing a hand bell round among the teepees. Sometimes Mr. Stocken goes round ringing it himself, sometimes he gives it to a little blanketed Indian to take round and ring for him. It was a motley group that met my eyes when I went into the school house. The children, 30 in number, of all ages, from 2 or 3 up to 20 years or more, wrapped in blankets of all stripes and colors, crimson, blue, white, yellow, red, and green stripes, their necks ornamented with necklaces made of bright brass rings, or blue, red, or yellow beads; fingers ornamented with coils of brassings; earrings of brass or shell; brass or bead bracelets; leggings of all colors, ornamented with bead work; mocassins on their feet. Some of the little ones had nothing on but an apology for a shirt reaching down to the hips, but were profusely decorated with necklaces and bracelets. It was a curious and picturesque sight, and there was nothing unpleasant or revolting about their appearance,—faces and hands were clean, a nice brown color; many of them were painted with ochre or crimson. There was not much attempt at order, piit (come in), apiit (sit down), O ki (go on), mow piit (behave), seemed to be the most frequent orders given, varied sometimes by kika [wait] the children talked to each a good deal, and as soon as they got tired, jumped up and made a bolt for the door. If much attempt is made at discipline they will not come at all, and those that do attend are rewarded afterwards by a biscuit each, supplied by government. In the evening the people came together for the pow-wow. There were between 50 and 60 of them, and they squatted or sat round the room, an oblong tin boiler full of hot tea being placed in the centre; each one was provided with a cup or bowl of some kind, and two of the Indians did the ladling, meanwhile the talk went on, Mr. Tims interpreting for me while I spoke. I thought it better to speak out plainly and tell them about my work, so I gave them a history of it from the beginning and got to the point where our first institution was burned down. Then an idea struck me. It was getting late and about time for the meeting to close, so I said to them, "Mr. Tims has given you a tea drinking to-night, I want with his permission to invite you all to come again to-morrow night when I will give you a pot full of tea and will tell you some more about my work amongst the Indians. There was a general assent to the proposal and the meeting dispersed. The following evening, Wednesday, there was a large gathering in the little mud walled school house, over 100 of them, and they were packed as close as could be. The feed consisted simply of a boiler full of tea, some soda biscuits, and some apples. Just at the opening of the proceedings, chief "Old Sun" said that he wished to adopt me into their nation, and conferred on me the name of Natusi-asam,—the sun looks upon him. The old man seemed very much pleased

when I went and shook hands with him and his head wife, calling them "my father" and "my mother." This is the fourth Indian name I have received, having been adopted by the Six Nation Indians 20 years ago, by the Ojibway Indians 17 years ago, by the Sioux Indians a year ago, and this year by the Blackfeet. After they had all regaled themselves with the tea and biscuits, I continued my speech of last evening, Mr. Tims again kindly interpreting. I told them all about my work up to the present time, and showed them the medal presented to us by the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. Then I said I had something to say to them, that their missionary, Mr. Tims, had advised me not to say; Mr. Tims had warned me that they would become angry and refuse any longer to listen to me. If they did become angry I should be sorry, as I wished to be friends with them; I hoped if God spared me to visit them again next year; if I came again I would like to be able to speak to them a little in their own language. Would they then let me take a Blackfoot boy back with me to my home, just for one year, so that he might help me to learn the Blackfoot language? If they would let me do this, I should be glad, but if they objected to it, we would still be friends. Next day there came several applications for me to take boys back to the Shingwauk. This is remarkable as they will not allow any of their children to go to the Roman Catholic institution at High River, only 30 miles distant.

#### Change of Editorship.

The Rev. E. F. Wilson, the present editor of the Algoma Missionary News, has addressed the following letter to his Lordship the Bishop of Algoma.

Sault Ste. Marie,

June 18th 1887.

The Right Rev.

The Lord Bishop of Algoma

My Dear Lord—

After thirteen years editing the Algoma Missionary News in the interest of the Diocese and our Indian Homes. I desire now to be relieved from that somewhat onerous position, and shall be glad if you will at the meeting of our conference at Parry Sound in August appoint some one to take my place. The clergy of Muskoka have not considered done me justice in furnishing me particulars about their mission work, their communications having almost invariably gone to the Toronto Church papers, and I have consequently had the greatest difficulty, especially during late years, in obtaining any information as to what was being done in that important part of your Diocese. I would suggest now that the paper be edited and published in Muskoka, and I shall be very happy to continue to supply my successor with any particulars he may desire in regard to our Indian Homes. I must apologize for the July issue being almost filled with my recent trip, but I had nothing else to put in.

I remain, my Lord,

Yours Sincerely,

EDWARD F. WILSON.

#### Hilton. St Joe's Island.



T JOHN'S Church Sunday School in this place, had what the children considered a special treat this year, for their annual pic-nic. On other occasions they have been taken to a blue-berry patch, or some such place, but this year Mrs. Beer, the lady Superintendent, promised them a trip to Sault Ste. Marie, and great was the joy of the little ones.

As the time drew near the excitement of the children was intense. A visit to a town, and a ride on a steamboat, and a sleep on board, were rare events in their experience.

At last the long looked for day arrived, and in spite of evil forebodings and fears of rain, the sun rose in all his glorious brightness and majesty. The children had been told to have an early dinner and then come to the wharf, but one family of a boy and two girls, who lived a couple of miles back passed by for the wharf, at five o'clock in the morning. They had to wait until three in the afternoon. About noon teachers and children, all in their best, gathered on the wharf, and the boys amused themselves with fire crackers until the boat came. At last the boat arrived and soon we were all on board, the lines were cast off, and we went steaming away to the Sault. The weather was all that could be desired, warm, bright and pleasant. The children were wild with delight, a happier crowd you never saw. They behaved remarkably well too. There was only one mishap, some urchin left the water running from a tap, and flooded the place below. This brought on an annoyed look on the face of our friend Mr. Quirie, the steward, but it soon passed away, and nothing could exceed his kindness and attention. In fact we are under the deepest obligations to the officers of the steamer Atlantic. Capt. Foote called at the American Sault first to give the children an opportunity to see the Sault before dark. Mr. Bellher, the purser, put the fare so low as to make it possible for us to take the children, but impossible for the boat to make any profit out of us. Mr. Quirie allowed us all at the first table and saw that we fared well. These three gentlemen were most kind and contributed more than anything else to the pleasure of the trip.

It was nearly dark before we got to the Sault, and Mr. Beer led the whole tribe of twenty five teachers and children up to the canal, and great was the interest of the children in this wonderful structure. Only a few minutes could be spared here and then all went out by a beautiful fountain, on to the main street and besieged the first candy store they came to. It was lively work for the shopman for a little while. Just as we drew near the wharf the steamboat whistled and soon we were off to the Canadian side again. A short stroll through the village and another visit to a Canadian candy store and then it was time to go on board and to bed, oh so tired, but yet so happy.

Next morning at four the boat was off again on the return. All but two or three of the youngest got up even at this unearthly hour. They were out for a trip and they were bound to see all that was to see. At seven the breakfast bell rang and a

most welcome sound it was to both girls and boys. By half past eight Hilton was reached again, we were once more at home, and a red letter day was ended. The recollection of this most enjoyable pic-nic will live in our memories no doubt, when heads now young and free from care shall be mantled over with the thin and silvery locks—decrepid old age.

### The Neepigon Mission.

SUNDAY JUNE 12th 1887.

My dear Mrs. Wilson:—I am sure you will be glad to hear of our safe arrival here after our long journey. We left Red Rock at noon on Monday, and that night stopped at Camp Alexander. Mr. Renison had Joe Eskimo and Obheseken, and Oshkakpekeda and one of his boys helped to bring the things in their canoe. Georgie Renison was one of the party. The Indian Department had sent a young bull for the Indians, and Mr. Renison bought a cow from Mr. Flanigan, and they were brought through the bush by two Indians.

We saw a good number of Indian camps that day. There was a brisk wind, so they put the sails up, but the heat on Tuesday was intense; We passed through glorious scenery that day. I think it must be like the Rhine. The high rocks prevented my seeing a heavy thunder storm coming up, which broke over us in our camp on Split Rock. Mrs. Renison says it was awful here, the Indians ran out of their houses, thinking they were falling upon them. I really was frightened as we came to Split Rock, and again next day, by some rapids we passed through. We camped on Wednesday on Flat Rock, and, oh! how the mosquitoes devoured us, and next day a host of them went to sea with us. Mr. Renison said he never remembered the mosquitoes and black flies so bad. We got here about five on Thursday, and the cattle arrived on Friday.

I am very happy here; Mr. and Mrs. Renison are most kind, and the children and I are great friends. Most of the Indians have been to see me and my little presents gave great pleasure. I only wish I had brought some dozens of caps, they are all so pleased with them, and they make the place look like a flower garden. I have made some more and shall have one for all, I hope. Annie Eskimo looks very much better, and Edward is a fine little fellow. Joe is a great help and comfort to Mr. Renison, and I was very much pleased to hear the children in the school; they know many texts, read nicely, and have a very good general knowledge of geography, besides other things. I was really surprised to hear them, such bright intelligent looking boys too. I think they do Joe great credit, and Mr. Renison looks upon them as the beginning of a very promising settlement. He says Joseph has such a good influence in the place, and gives them sound religious instruction. I think too, that he does the Shingwauk great credit.

This morning Mr. Renison was made glad by a congregation of 40, every man, woman, child, and baby in the mission being there, and every one most earnest and devout, all joining in the respon-

ses and singing. This is the usual congregation, all attending when they are at home. I was struck by the neat and comfortable dress of the people, who have learned to keep their best for Sundays. Afternoon service was followed by Sunday School, about a dozen boys and girls, including Mr. Renison's own, repeating the commandments and texts, and answering various questions. There were a good many babies present in church in their cradles, who at times made their voices heard.

Having read all about this mission from the beginning, and the whole touching story of the Indians waiting so long and anxiously for some one to teach them about God, I had a very great wish to come here, and am very much pleased with all that I have seen, and astonished at the progress these people have made. Mr. Renison says he has of course had many difficulties and discouragements, but now he is comforted and encouraged by the signs of real and solid progress the people are making in matters concerning both their souls and bodies. He himself acts on the belief that the Missionary must help the people to improve their temporal as well as their spiritual state, and most certainly when he tells them they ought to work, he does not stand idly by and watch them, but sets them the example of industry himself. They are very busy now in their gardens, and anxious to have them in good order for the Bishop to see.

Some of the Indians are going to Red Rock tomorrow for their potatoes, so I shall take the opportunity of sending this, and hope they may bring some letters back for me. I will add to my letter that these Indians have never seen, much less had, a Christmas Tree. Would it not be a good thing to help to give them a very great treat, and a great pleasure to Mr. and Mrs. Renison, by sending things to make a Christmas Tree? The Indians settled here are fifty in number, and at Xmas they generally have friends to visit them, and share in what is going on. Mitts, hoods, mufflers, and such things, would be very useful, and children's cast-off warm clothing, as the children are very badly off for warm clothes, and the winters are very severe. I can fancy the delight of the good people at seeing the Tree lighted up, and all the things, both useful and pretty, hanging on it; and I should also suggest that the Missionary and his wife, and five children should not be forgotten.

With kindest love to all,

Yours very truly,

MARY E. PIGOT.

P. S., I hope Mr. Wilson is safe at home again.

### To the Editor Algoma Missionary News.

SIR—Will you allow me to say through your columns (as the wrong horse is universally saddled, though I do not say that any has been saddled in this case) that though the church lately removed from Falkenburg Muskoka was erected by me, 40x20, seated for \$398 yet the site was not of my selection though it seemed at the time a possibly good one.

J. J. COLE.

### Queen's Jubilee at the Shingwauk Home.

The 21st. was a day of great rejoicing for the children at the Indian Homes. All the buildings were decorated with flags and it was manifest to every one passing by that we were doing our best to celebrate the 50th anniversary of our "beloved Queen's" accession to the Throne.

At 10 o'clock a.m. we all went to service at the Bishop Fauquier Memorial Chapel and the "Jubilee hymns" were joined in heartily by the boys. After Service a light lunch was handed round and the boys took their flags and banners and were arranged in order for a procession through the town. The procession was headed by two wild Indians on horseback, dressed in blankets, tomahawks etc, and one of the horses was also harnessed in the wild Indian manner head dress etc. of feathers. Next to the wild Indians came our principal Mr. Wilson and behind him a waggon with a very tastefully arranged tableau of 4 Indian girls dressed in their uniform, white mob caps and flowers, and 4 white children dressed in white, with white mob caps and flowers, these were supporting pictures of the Queen on both sides of the waggon and above the Queen was the Lectern with the open Bible upon it and a banner attached inscribed with the words "The Secret of England's Greatness." Then followed the boys marching two and two carrying Union Jacks and banners. At Bishophurst we were joined by the girls from the Wawanosh and further up town by the children from the various Protestant Sunday Schools. We called a halt in the centre of the town and sang one of the "Jubilee Hymns" and "God Save the Queen". After which the Sunday School children went to the Shingwauk by ferry boat and the Indian children returned as they had come. We commenced our sports at 2 p.m. and had jumping, swimming, tub racing, a horse race, and a beast race in which the dog won but was followed closely by a calf and a lamb; they had a very good race for second place but the lamb was fortunate enough to win by a head. At 5 p.m. the bell sounded for the pic-nic and we all had an enjoyable meal under the trees. At 6.30 the ferry whistled at our dock and we escorted our guests down and saw them on board, our boys singing "God Save the Queen" and cheering loudly. We then returned to the school room and our boys composed a letter of congratulation to her Majesty which was sent off next morning and so ended a very happy day.—H.D.M.

### JOTTINGS.

Mr. Wilson brought back two Blackfeet Indian boys with him. They are learning carpenter and bootmaker trades respectively. They are very bright and intelligent and take notice of everything but at present it is impossible to obtain their ideas on what they see as no one can speak their language.

Holidays at the Indian Homes commence on July 8th Prize giving July 7th. Reopen for school September 5th.

The Rev. J.J. Cole Mrs Cole and family beg to thank their friends who sent so many valued presents to them through Mrs. Grae of York St. Toronto, and unknown friends for a bale which arrived without invoice.

We are informed by an English correspondent that Miss Peache, England, sent £60 last winter towards repairing the Rev. Mr. Renison's house at Neepigon, and are anxious to know whether this handsome gift has already reached Mr. Renison or is being battled over & shuttle cocked about among the innumerable treasurers. A further sum of £18 has just been sent to him direct.

### A Visit to the Darkies, Hampton, Virginia.

*Continued.*

My massa, she said, had a mighty large plantation, it was tobacco he growed mostly, and corn and such like. He had a mighty lot of niggers working for him, I can't tell how many. He mostly treated 'em kind. I never heard of any of 'em being any-ways ill treated. Here the white witch put in again. The worst was when he hired us out to other folks, sometimes he'd hire us out for 6 months sometimes for a year. These folks he hired us to used to treat the slaves awful hard sometimes, and then they'd run away. Did you ever run away? we asked. Yes, indeed I did; one time I was away two months just living in the woods. But how could you live all that time? Oh, I would come out at night and get food secretly from the niggers; you see I was afraid to go back, fear I'd get nixed and then the massa put up signs and papers and such like offering a reward, and then he get some of his niggers to tell me if I come back quietly he won't punish me. People tell me he won't hit you, he won't lick you, so I went back, and he kept his word alright, he never punished me at all that time. Is there any place near here we asked Peggy, where the slaves used to be sold? You mean a hiring place, yes indeed, right here in Hampton, right on the cross roads, there where King crosses Queen street, that's where they used to sell the slaves, sir.

After this we called on aunt Julia. She was busy at the wash tub, her sleeves turned up, a turban on her head, a little grandchild cooing in a clothes basket. Yes, sir I was a slave, my massa's name was Hickman, John Hickman. I suppose he is still living, is he? No sir, old massa died a good time ago, but young massa Charles is living yet, he keeps a hardware store in Hampton, and there is another of the sons in Maryland. Were you ever sold? No I allers lived on the one place, and I raised all my children there. Were any of your children ever sold away from you? No, sir thank God my children were never taken away from me. Massa was good to his slaves, I never heard of any of them being ill treated. This was our last visit and we wended our way back to the Institute.

### Receipts Algoma Missionary News.

Mrs. G. Gwyn \$1. Mrs. Boulton 20c. Dr. Francis, 20c. Miss Wood \$1. Mrs. Maingy 20c. G. E. Armstrong \$1. Rev. W.B. Ralley 21c. Rev. S. Bennetts 20c. W. Joyce. \$2. P. L. Spencer \$2. M. Howard 50c. Rev. J. Boydel \$1. Mrs. Stubbs \$2.60. Miss Powell 25c. Mrs. Lawrence 20c. Total \$12.56.

## Clothing Received for the Indian Homes

MAY 1887.

From the S. S. of St. Paul's, London, per G. A. Jewell Esq. :—A box containing dolls, cups and saucers, marbles and other toys for a Xmas Tree, also 9 very nice articles of girls' underwear, handkerchiefs and aprons, and a packet of books.

A barrel per Mrs. Tippet, Fredericton, containing clothing from Mrs. E. H. Wilmot, Miss Jane Gregory, Mrs. Beck, Miss E. Maxwell, and the Miss. Aid Asso. : 3 mufflers, 2 pinafores, 19 shirts, 1 quilt made and 1 unmade, 9 pr. socks, 5 dresses and over skirts, jacket, top coat, 2 fl. petticoats, 5 articles of girls' underwear, 6 handkerchiefs, 4 pinafores, paper and books

S. S. papers from Miss J. Hamilton, Collingwood.

From the W. A. Trinity Ch., Que. :—Per Rev. A. Bareham.

No. 1, 2 barrels containing 19 frocks, 19 petticoats, 13 articles of girls' underwear, 1 cape, socks, 20 aprons, books and some boys' clothing.

No. 2, 6 aprons and pinafores, 1 scarf, 2 clouds, 7 hats and caps, 9 pr. socks and stockings, some collars and cuffs, boys' and girls' underwear, 3 pr. mitts, 7 frocks, 2 top coats, 4 jackets.

From Miss White, Toronto, material for boys shirts, girls dresses. Boots and shoes, from a friend. Books and papers from Mrs. Draper. 12 Testaments from Miss White, buttons, tape cotton, thimbles, pins, candies and several other things. From Rev. S. L. Smith, St Thomas : A box of clothing for boys and girls, also toys and a Bible.

The ladies of St. John's church, Belleville, per Mrs. Bogert :—A box of clothing containing socks and wool, caps, mitts, ties, material, shirts, top-coat, jackets and several other articles. A large box from the Niagara Ladies Working Party, per Miss Beavey, containing 229 most beautiful articles of clothing for the two Homes, also a handsome present for Mrs. Wilson from "a friend. From a working party in England, per Mrs. Jeaffreson : A box containing socks, night socks, mitts, mufflers, shawl shirts, knitted petticoats, jackets from Mrs. Haukin and Crossover and from Mrs. Harke. A large box per the Bishop of Algoma : A large supply of books, quilt, a handsome quantity of clothing for both Homes, of frocks, dresses, coats, trousers, hats, and caps, girls underwear, shirts, books for the "Missionary children," made by Burdie and Hilda Brotherhood, and several other things. Two other English boxes have been received but too late to appear in this paper.

## SHINGWAWK HOME FOR INDIAN BOYS

\$75 (£15) feeds and clothes a boy for one year \$50 will provide food for one year. Contributions to general fund and to the Branch Homes solicited. In England address Mrs. WM. MARTIN, 27 Bloomsbury Square, London W. C. In Canada, Rev. E. E. WILSON Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario.

## SHINGWAWK HOME FOR INDIAN GIRLS.

Support of a girl \$75 or \$50, the same as for a boy. In England, address Mrs Halson, Stickworth Hall Arreton, Isle of Wight.

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