

the notion that they were very devout. It is very difficult to keep the door shut on account of the many whose curiosity leads them that far, but who have no desire to enter. The familiar chatting there, and polite congratulations of those who do come forward, strike a newcomer as very odd. Some will approach near the pulpit, bow low to the minister, and then to some one else before taking a seat. I need not try to tell you the sermon, for you hear plenty at home, and I fear if I gave you the variety in Japanese you would not be edified.

I must hasten to Monday morning. If I lie much after six I feel a serious loss of time. Breakfast at seven and study at half-past. At 8.30 prayers in the school-room, at which every pupil is of course expected to be present. Some do not think it a very important lesson and find it hard to be in time. After that, from 9 to 11, I try to study something I may teach again in Japanese. You may think that easy, I think it very interesting, most engrossing but difficult work. From 11 to 12 I have my little folks, varying in age from 6 to 11. You would laugh, as they often do, at their attempts at English pronunciation. The eagerness with which they try is very pleasing to the teacher, and their success encouraging. Though the holding of the pen is very different, and the style of writing nothing like their own, they improve rapidly in penmanship, and I think would take a prize from you. I like their slate dusters: some have neatly-made little cushions, others a regular little brush like a tiny blackboard brush. I have not seen one with a rag, and only one wet her fingers to rub her slate.

All are very polite, bowing prettily when they enter and before they leave, saying, "Sensei sayo nara," or "O haio."

I must say Sayo nara (good-bye) too. Sorry not to write more.

Yours lovingly,

M. J. CARTMELL.

Our Young Folk.

ABOUT INDIAN CHILDREN.

AS we have lately been favored with a visit from the Rev. John McDougall, one of our missionaries in the North-West, we have been gathering from him a little of such information as would be interesting to our young folk, about the Indian boys and girls.

A few of these children whose fathers, and in some cases mothers, are dead, are gathered by Mr. McDougall into a home provided for them, called the Orphanage. At present there are about fifteen in this Institution; but it is desirable to have greater accommodation, so as to increase the number—and this means that more of these fatherless, destitute children will be taken care of as soon as the means are furnished to do so. Those in this home are being taught the English language, and receiving an education that

will be helpful to them in after-life. They learn various kinds of work, just as our Canadian boys and girls do, so that they may live as civilized people when they are grown up. But, above all, they are told of the one true God, and are led to trust in Jesus Christ as their Saviour.

The religion of the Indians is a very dreadful and cruel one. They think that the God who sends the sunshine and the rain, and all the blessings they enjoy, is a good Being, and that it is not necessary for them to worship Him, for He is never angry with them; but they are afraid of the Evil Spirit, and therefore offer sacrifices to him, and do all that they can think of to please him.

The children at present in the McDougall Orphanage are from six to fourteen years of age, and have very strange names. Generally their Christian name is English; but the name given to them by their parents is often very long, and has a meaning. It is strange, and sometimes amusing, to hear the roll-call, where very small children have very large names. One little girl, whose Christian name is Jessie, has a long Indian name, which, if I remember correctly, means "Crept-on-her-hands-and-feet-through-the-long-grass-into-the-camp;" and as the Indian words are longer than the English, you may imagine its length. The English name given to little Jessie gives the Indian idea, but is considerably shorter—it is "Crawler."

Some time ago an Indian, who was not a Christian, brought his baby boy to the missionary to be baptized, and wanted him called "Scorched Wolf." Several English names were suggested, and at last the Indian substituted Paul for Scorched Wolf. So, in time, English names only will be found among the Indian tribes of North America.

While all our young folk will be glad to hear of the care taken of a few of our little Indian brothers and sisters, they must not forget that a great many are neglected or ill-treated who ought to be reached. Think about this matter sometimes, and see what you can do to help.

LETTERS FROM INDIAN CHILDREN.

OVER a year ago we published several letters from native scholars in our Indian school at Muncey. We have just received a second lot, which we are sure our young folks will be pleased to read. They are printed just as received, save that we have put in a few punctuation marks:—

ONEIDA, March 6, 1885.

Dear Dr. Sutherland,—I like to come to school every day, but I have to work sometimes. I want to learn fast, so I can go Institution next summer. My sister Jenny Lind went to Institution. She a good