

The Morning Star.

"GOD HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES."

VOL. VII.

INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., JULY, 1887.

NO. 10.

FOR THE MORNING STAR.

"BUILD AN ADAMANTINE WALL AROUND THE RESERVATION REACHING TO THE SKIES."

Old Red-Leaf's Response.

BY M. C. COLLINS.

The Indians firmly believe that all the forts are erected and all the reservation lines are drawn to pen them up, because white men are afraid of them. The following verses carry that idea and are a response from an Indian to the plan of Dr. Sunderland to fence them in forever.

M. C. C.

What is that sound I hear?
What is that noise so drear?
Like sound of clanking chains,
And now dead silence reigns,
O, fearful sound!

Hear it again, that sound,
It fills the air around.
What are they building there
On plains so cold, and bare?
Great Spirit, hear!

Tie me, my hands and feet,
Until the wall's complete!
Old Red-leaf will not run,
He has no horse nor gun,
Be not afraid.

He's helpless in your hands
You've robbed him of his lands,—
You've fed him every day,
You've clothed him? So you say,
But what of that?

I'm Red-leaf, not a dog,
My heart is not a log,
I am a free born man,
Gainsay it if you can,
I'm chief Red-leaf.

A chief of one small band,
I own no foot of land,
My hut is not my own,
You say its but a loan,
But I'm a man.

You build a wall so high
'Twill touch the clear blue sky?
An adamant wall,
And shut within it, all
That I hold dear?

Great Spirit, hear this man!
O, hear his wicked plan,
To tie our hands and feet,
Until the wall's complete
To shut us in.

White man, what have we done?
We're loyal, every one
We eat the food you give,
We try our best to live,
We're helpless now.

I give my word big chief,
The word of old Red-leaf.
You need not build the wall,
You're great and we are small,
Should you fear us?

I am a man with brains
My life is clean from stains,
Old Red-leaf will not lie,
Do you wish us to die,
And be forgot?

Then build your wall of Rock,
And feed us like a flock,
Hold us, a Prison's Band,
On Reservation land,
Then watch us die.

Our manhood soon will go,
Our pride is dying now,
We feel the dire disgrace
Of filling such a place,
Not counted men!

You call yourself our friend,
Yet bring about this end?
Build not that wall so high,
'Twill reach up to the sky
Let us go free!

Red-leaf has hoped to live,
To see our Country give
Justice to every race,
However dark his face,
Though native born.

You thought to do us good?
White stranger if you would
Your gates throw open wide,
With Red-leaf at your side,
Proclaim him free!

No adamant walls,
No feeding in the stalls
No stealing of his lands,
No tying of his hands,
Blest Liberty!

Old Red-leaf's work is done,
Soon with the setting sun
He will lie down to rest,
But he has done his best
To free his sons.

I'm going, white man, good bye,
Where white men never lie,
Where Indians may be free,
Through all Eternity,
With the Great Chief.

Feb. 7, 1887.

ONE LITTLE INJUN.

I am a jolly little Indian pappoose. I keep pretty close to my mother. She does not often like to face a responsibility of my size, but she will shoulder it any time, and we are bound together by the strongest ties.

When I am at home I live in a wigwam which mother and I built. We made it of poles covered with bark and skins. We built it together. Mother did the work, and I backed her up heavily, and between us both we pulled through without interrupting father, who was busy sitting around basking in the sun and smoking. My father is bound to bask in all the sun there is, no matter how much time it takes to do it, and he is just as ambitious about the smoking; he is bound to do it all himself, and he does not want mother and me to meddle with it; and it is a good deal the same way with the eating. He works at basking and smoking and eating nearly all the time when he is not sleeping, unless there should be a war or a hunt; then he goes off with a gun. It gives a look of luxury and repose to our wigwam to see father sitting out against the warm side of it watching mother and me work. Without this our home would seem cold, stern, and uninviting.

Mother and I do all the rest of the work; we plant and hoe and harvest the crops; we grind the corn between stones or pound it in a mortar; then we make it into cakes, and roast them in the fire for father to eat. Mother does it but I keep right around after her, and see to it all.

Sometimes we have nothing to eat—roots, berries, acorns, everything gives out. My father can shoot no squirrels, my mother can get no corn. Then we start for the Agency to get rations. It is a long tramp, but I don't mind it, for mother does the walking. We form a procession of two—a double header. Mother heads the front and I head the rear. As the column moves forward I go ahead backward, and I pass everything on the road that is not going my way. Of course I can't see what I am coming to till I am going away from it.

The first thing I notice is our wigwam and corn-stalks and bean poles. They are large at first, then they get smaller and fainter till they are no bigger than a mosquito, and then they fade quite away. So all our village goes from sight, and the sky gets big and empty, and the earth has no end. At length we come to things—horses, mules, ditches, rivers, trees,

houses. One by one they bounce out upon me from around mother's shoulder. They all begin big and strong, and they go away little and faint. Everything I see is going away from me. I don't know what is coming, and I can't dodge it till it is past. That is what comes of going ahead backward.

My people are pretty much like me. The old Mother Government straps them upon a board and shoulders them around from one place to another. If she hears them moan with hunger, she feeds them; if she sees them shiver with cold, she blankets them; when they shriek and kick with rage, she beats them. She lets them live on the back side of somewhere till somebody else wants it, and then she bundles them off to the other side of nowhere which nobody wants.

My people, like me, are going ahead backward. Once they had all America to hunt and fight in; now they have only a small portion of the land where they can stay. The father of all my fathers could shoot an arrow right through a bison, but his son could only kill a bear, and the bear-killer's son could only kill a deer, and the deer-killer's son shot foxes, and the fox-killer's son shot squirrels, and the squirrel-killer's son—that is myself—can only catch flies. Ah! my people started in "big Injun," but they are coming out little pappoose.

White men who stay home and make books say my people are dying out; but white men who look around and count say, my people are living on, as many as ever. Oh! it is chaps like me that keep the Indian question going. There are thousands upon thousands like me, bright-eyed, brown-skinned, lusty young braves, at this very minute cutting our eye-teeth on our knuckle-bones and toughening our lungs on young war-whoops, but we are always on the rear side and looking backward.

They say there are white babies who are carried upon their mother's hearts and next to their cheeks; these babies always look forward, and everything starts small and grows large and comes toward them, and they can catch it if they want it. These babies have their eyes and ears trained to find out what is coming, their foreheads bulge out to meet future events, and their noses are sharpened upon them as they whiz by. So these babies grow to be strong men. They talk with the lightning; fire and water are their horses, and the smoke is their banner. The forests and the mountains bow down to them.

Oh! old Mother Government, take up my poor people and bear them upon thy heart! feed them with the milk of human kindness; give them justice, and teach them, by example, the law of love. Then shall my people lift up their heavy heads; they shall "look forward, and not backward, up and not down, and lend a hand."—[Harper's Young People.]

WHAT DOES GOOD NEIGHBORHOOD TO THE INDIANS DEMAND OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCHES OF AMERICA.

Some real friend to the Indian sends us the following, which we print, because there is something of our long practiced and best Carlisle plans in it.

It demands—does it not?—the reproduction, in this 19th century, of our Lord's simple yet thrilling story of the good Samaritan.

Christ plainly taught us in that parable to regard the man as our neighbor, whether living next door to us on a thousand miles away from us, who stands most in need of our brotherly help. The divine sense of justice which is in us all, will

add to the unselfish motive of gospel charity, this consideration: that the man whom we have, by wrong doing, brought into his present necessitous condition, has the greatest claim upon our friendly offices.

The Indian is that man, as related to us. A few years ago it was the negro. But the nation has given him freedom with citizenship and is working efficiently toward his education.

It is time now for the Indian to have his "innings." The wrongs which have been heaped upon these original inhabitants of the continent need not be here rehearsed. They are a familiar story to every school boy.

There are estimated to be 300,000 Indians in our land to-day. Forty thousand of these have already, (according to J. P. Dunn, Jr., in his valuable work "Massacres of the Mountains," published by Harper & Bros.,) by treaty arrangement, been admitted to citizenship, having shown themselves possessed of "a good moral character and ability to support themselves."

Our government has placed a few hundred Indian youth, of both sexes, in schools at Hampton, Carlisle, Forest Grove, Chillico, Geona and Albuquerque; but, what are these to the 50,000 children of the various tribes?

It is time for the churches of Christ in America to take this great Indian problem—that part of it, at least, which concerns the children of the aborigines—out of the hands of the government, and into its own keeping, by distributing these children, pro rata, (as rapidly as the consent of their parents can be obtained, among the Christian homes of the land, where they can be educated in the ways of learning and industry. This method would prepare the Indians of the future to be good American citizens.

Two arguments press their claims upon the united church thus to befriend this race: 1. Amendment for past wrongs; and 2. The constraining power of Christly love. Gospel missionaries have already accomplished blessed results among the Choctaws, Cherokees, Dakotas and other tribes; but all this is only the beginning.

We have grown rich as a people beyond any other nation. Indeed, in 1880, as Dr. Josiah Strong states in his wonderful book, "Our Country," we were worth \$43,642,000,000, which means money enough to buy out Russia, Turkey, Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Italy, with Australia, South Africa and the whole of South America thrown in for good measure. The bulk of this wealth may be in the hands of irreligious men; but the average annual increase in the property of church members from 1870 to 1880 was \$391,740,000. One per cent of this increase alone would support all these Indian children while they were learning how to support themselves.

In 1880 there were 10,000,000 church members in the United States. Judging by the rate of increase of the previous decade, there must be now not far from 14,000,000 of them. Dividing this number by 37,500, gives one Indian child to every church of 375 members, for adoption. This figure (37,500) is obtained by deducting from the afore mentioned 50,000, one-fourth of the children who are too young to be removed from their parents. It will be universally conceded that children can be trained more successfully in Christian families than in charitable institutions. Such a plan is also far less expensive.

This proposition is herewith earnestly and respectfully submitted to the prayerful consideration of the churches. There would be, doubtless many difficulties incident to the successful prosecution of this

plan; but with the application to them of an earnest Christian spirit, combining determination, practical wisdom and hearty co-operation, it is believed that the obstacles can be surmounted.

Will you kindly indorse this undertaking? If so, please signify it and add any suggestions.

GEO. H. GRIFFIN, New England Secretary American Sunday School Union, Springfield, Mass.

MICHAEL BURNHAM, Pastor 1st. Cong. church, Springfield, Mass.

GEO. C. BALDWIN, JR., 1st. Baptist church, Springfield, Mass.

Chas. S. ROGERS, Pastor State St. Methodist church, Springfield, Mass.

JNO. W. HARDING, Pastor 1st. Cong. church, Longmeadow, Mass.

DAVID ALLEN REED, Pastor Hope Cong. church, Springfield, Mass.

DEAF-MUTES HELPING THE INDIANS.

Extract From a Private Letter.

Accepting Prof. Chickering's invitation to pass Sunday at his home in Kendall Green, I took the New York Avenue cars and after a dusty ride of a mile or two, alighted at Eighth Street, North East. This section of Washington is passing through the struggles incident to a city, conquering the country. Streets run on raised embankments. Young trees in prim rows border the side walk, and seem hardly akin to the easy sprawling willows that shade the bits of meadow far below the street level. Blocks of small brick houses are gradually covering up the old-time fields and "improvements" are making sad havoc with the natural waywardness of hill and dale.

A short walk along the new made street, leads directly to the entrance gate of Kendall Green. One step more and the embryo city is forgotten, in the midst of a beautiful park. Passing the Keeper's Lodge, wide asphalt paths and roads wind under arching trees, and through stretches of lawn, to the large vine clad buildings of the Columbia Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, and past the pretty residences of the Professors. Young men and women are moving about, and to the eye the scene is full of life and beauty. As one walks on, one begins to wonder why the birds seem to sing so loud, and by and by the peculiarity of Kendall Green is at last recognized, that one is in the midst of human beings whom one can see, but can not hear. The strangeness grows with the hours, as the visitor encounters social life everywhere, yet making no sound.

Sunday morning as I sat in the Professor's cheery rooms, while the family were absent at church, the windows were open and the songs of the busy birds rang through the house and seemed to possess it. I heard foot-steps, but never a human voice. It was like an enchanted land, and the page of my book grew spectral. I rose and moved about. Looking between the blossoming shrubs, on the lawn beyond, I saw people moving about, some passed quite near my vantage point. They were all full of animation but a great gulf of silence lay between us, seemingly as impassable as the airy spaces between the stars. Much as I love the solitude of the forest and the plains, this silence was uncomfortable, and the voices of my returning friends heard afar off were welcome in a new and strange manner.

Dr. Gallaudet called and asked me to address the students that afternoon. The idea of talking in the midst of this weird silence was perplexing. Many had felt my dilemma, and stories were told of the mishaps to speakers.

"On one occasion, a gentleman from England repeated what he thought a capital story; no response followed from the students; thinking that perhaps they were unable to enjoy a joke, the speaker shifted his ground, and began an exhortation with great seriousness of manner. In the midst of his grave remarks, the audience began to sway, as with the wind, then came laughter, followed by applause. The bewildered speaker turned to Doctor Gallaudet for some explanation of the

peculiar mental processes of the Deaf and Dumb. "The fun has just reached them," said the Doctor. "Few new speakers," added the narrator, "realize that it takes time for their thoughts to be transferred by the interpreter into the sign language."

In the afternoon when I stood before the students I had less trouble in speaking slowly than in forcing myself to keep on talking. It is very queer to address a hundred or more persons and not have a pair of eyes give you even a passing glance, but on the contrary for every one to sit with attention fixed upon some one other than the speaker. The strange feeling of the morning that a great gulf separated me from those whom I saw, returned, and halted my words, just then came the response of smile and hand, to the story of Indian struggles and Indian needs, which I had as I fancied thrown out into unheeding space.

Humanity alive with sympathy, lay in those silent ones, and effective purposeful action came forth from the minds and hearts that had heard in very deed.

The Sunday School shortly after appropriated \$25 toward the work of helping needy industrious Indians to build homes. Nor were these the only mute ones to offer help to the Indians rising out of the silence and isolation of ignorance. The students of the Institution at Hartford held a fair recently when all the articles offered for sale were made by the deft fingers that must talk as well as work. The proceeds, \$90, were sent to Mrs. Kenney, of that city, to be applied toward the education of an Omaha girl, who is now in the second year of her course at the Woman's Medical College, of Philadelphia. Surely when the dumb speak the word of help for Indian education and homes, we whose powers have suffered no abatement will not let the work fail for lack of means, and the strong sustaining power of public opinion. A. C. F.

A Native Missionary at Pine Ridge Agency Dak.,—What he says of our Returned Pupils.

EDITOR MORNING STAR:

The students from the Carlisle School have returned.

We are glad to see them—we welcome them home. I wish to say a few words regarding them. I have personally met most of them and talked with them. I am highly pleased with what I have seen of them.

Perhaps, you are aware that a daily evening prayer is said in the church here at the Agency. This daily service is maintained, in the first place, in the belief that through it the power of heathen darkness and ignorance must, of necessity, yield to the strength that comes from God's light and the education which is a fruit of the knowledge of His ways and laws; and, secondly, the maintenance of such regular religious exercises besides benefiting others takes these returned students back to the Institutions which at least to a certain extent have equipped them for the race that is before each one—and taking them back thither in this way, with what a power, with how much vividness, the farewell words from the Superintendents of the Institutions or the Sunday Schools cause to them, as they sit there listening to the word of God, or to a simple address from His servant who ministers to them. Then, too, such services consume at least part of the time, which must hang heavily upon their shoulders, in the evenings, and thus diminishing to that extent the possibility of any temptation or bad company which they might otherwise have to encounter.

I cannot ever say too much for the manly Christian course of Edgar, Frank, Clarence, Amos, and Charles Bird since their return from Carlisle. I have never heard a single breath of ill report, detrimental to the character of any one of them.

I am grateful to say that the new comers have begun well—they are generally represented at our evening services. My choir (for the Dakota and English services) is almost entirely made up of Carlisle students. I thank Heaven for what Carlisle is doing for the youth of my

race—not only instructing their heads and hands, hoping for the year of grace which may see them admitted citizens of these United States—but more especially for teaching their hearts, rendering them more impressionable for the future working of God's spirit—not simply hoping against hope that some day they might, but believing and feeling positively sure that they will become citizens (if they fulfil the conditions thereof) of a higher civilization, a higher republic—the Republic of God in heaven.

Long live Carlisle, Hampton, Philadelphia and Genoa, for I believe they are doing a mighty work under God—a trinity of work, the heart, the head, and the hands, which in a few years, will be the entering wedge to the vexed and so-called insoluble Indian Problem.

But to return to the new comers from Carlisle. It is a great pity that there is no work in the line of their crafts when they return to their Agencies.

This grim fact of "there is no work for you" has come to be a serious matter—and will be more so as the years go on unless something is done (and that soon) to meet the question. We hope soon to have the Carlisle students (old and new) and others to a small social gathering at our log-cabin home. In this way I hope to keep a hold on them.

I want them to feel that having lived a life on a higher scale, they must keep their heads above their surroundings here. In other words, they must try to be men and women, and strive to live that life in the line of which they have been directed and started, through their education and advantages. If an alumni and alumnae Society were formed of returned students, I think, it might be productive of good. Having such a Society, they will be more easily accessible and will not altogether be severed from their "Cherishing mother."

Your well wisher,

CHAS. SMITH COOK.

P. S. Most of the returned students, from Carlisle intend, so I have been told, going back to school. Others desire to go with them. I went on a missionary jaunt to two out stations, yesterday accompanied by eight or ten of the young men about whom I am writing. We had rousing services—their gentlemanly and reverent behavior in church, and hearty participation in the responses and hymns, making a wholesome impression, as well as affording a keen satisfaction to myself personally.

C. S. COOK.

THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED.

Nothing so nearly concerns the welfare of this land, and of all lands, as the thorough merging and assimilating of all the races here into one Christian commonwealth. This is needed for the unity and strength of our own nation, and for an example and influence upon the nations abroad. The despised races, in particular, need to be thus fused and absorbed, in order that they may be inoculated and empowered with the spirit of the Republic to carry its freedom, its learning and light, to the lands in darkness. They are part and parcel of our people, fused or not, and the character of the nation will be affected by their presence and influence. The measure with which we mete to them shall be measured to us again. We are in a partnership which involves common gains and common losses. What we put into them of intelligence, piety and moral power, we put into the nation not only, but we put into the mightiest of the unbaptized races of men. We have little conception, indeed, of the immense inertia of the heathen races; or how much sympathy, money and labor, will be needed to move them into new lines of thought, or of moral action. But it is a work to which we are specially called, and for which we have special facilities. It may tax all our patience and charity, and then we shall barely touch the necessities of the case. The churches, the school-houses, the intelligence and the character that will be needed for the uplifting of these races, we have only begun to supply. Indeed it

is a question as to whether we have yet formed any adequate idea of a work, *as for races*, in distinction from a work which deals merely with individuals. But if we could bear in mind, in dealing with the Chinaman, the Indian, and the Negro, that it is the races we are after, the turning of single souls to God would not seem the small thing that it does. We should then comprehend, perhaps, how much more favorable was a Christian land for the conversion of men, and for the raising up of broad, intelligent, and thoroughly equipped teachers and preachers for the benighted and perishing, than were heathen lands. The activities of our daily life, the forces of our liberty, learning, piety, government, *must* do immensely more for a man in America than the feeble pulses of gospel life and light can do for him in China and Africa. How much easier, then, the conversion of heathen under the blaze of our Christian sky, and how much stronger and better men can we make of them to undertake the salvation of their own lands!

The great want is the means—both men and money—to throw upon the Pacific slopes, upon the Indian reservations, the Southern savannas, a Christian force large enough to put these races under thorough Christian culture. Anything less than this will fail of the end. It is an opportunity to lay hold of the unsaved races, such as is likely never to come again; which it would not only be unwise to neglect, but deeply criminal not to improve. God sets before us this open door, and not to enter in is to peril *their* future as well as our own. A responsibility greater than this could hardly be given to men, and an eye to see it and a soul to feel it are what, beyond all things, our people need.—C. L. WOODWORTH, in *American Missionary*.

Swift Bear's Colony.

Swift Bear and his tribe live on the Niobrara river about 135 miles to the eastward of Rosebud Agency to which they belong. And what they are there for is that they are looking ahead for their children.

In time past the Indians had their customs and ideas anyway they happened to, and so they had no fixed plans for the future life of their children. But now, although they are Indians, they have many plans for their children, and probably many will bring their children into them.

Now this people as yet all hold to their Indian customs. But they are looking in to the future for their children, and therefore they have gone to live at a distance from their agency and suffer hardships therefore in every way, but do it bravely.

They live on their individual pieces of land, and have made themselves fields thereon, as much as they are able, and there Mr. A. L. Riggs has built a beautiful school house. Thus they are enabled to have that which they have most desired. And in it they have come to school, this is now the second winter. And of them some are now able to read well in the Bible.

On every Sabbath day we have an assembly for worship, and often many attend. And then at other times only a few come. But the boys and girls who attend school always attend meeting well. And now they know some of the hymns. Our singing is good.

At first they knew nothing about when Sunday came. But now they know it well. And at first when we had meetings I and my wife alone did the singing and it seemed hard. But now we have good singing and by it I am made strong.

And thus this people have in past reached that which they set their hearts upon. They have now houses and they have fields; and they are now able to raise some things. And their children are some of them making progress in learning through their own language. And for these things they are more determined in the purpose they have had.

Thus God has blessed this people, and that God will give them understanding to go on to comprehend his laws and that they may believe and have faith in him. Whenever you pray will you remember them.—FRANCIS FRAZIER, in *Word Carrier*.

INDIANS IN CANADA.

In Canada there are 130,000 Indians distributed as follows:—17,000 in Ontario, 12,000 in Quebec, 2000 in Nova Scotia, 1550 in New Brunswick, 300 in Prince Edwards Island, 11,000 in Manitoba, 21,000 in the North West, 2000 in the Peace River District, 8000 in Athabasca, 7000 in the McKenzie River District, 4000 in the Hudson Bay District, 1000 on the coast of Labrador, 4000 on the Arctic coasts, and 38,500 in British Columbia.

The tribes represented in Ontario are the Ojibeways, the Ottawas, the Pottawotamies, the Algonguins, the Munsees, the Mississagas, the Delawares, the Iroquois, the Wyandottes, and lastly the Six Nation Indians (nearly 5000 in number) consisting of the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Senecas, Cayugas, and Tuscaroras.

In the Provinces of Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, the tribes represented are the Algonguins, Iroquois, Hurons, Micmacs, Amalictes, Naskapees, Montagnais and Abenakis.

In Manitoba are Crees, Saulteaux, and Ojibeways.

In the North West, (Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, and Alberta) are the Sioux, Stonies, Assinoboines, Sarcees, Blackfeet, Piegans, Bloods, Saulteaux and Crees.

In Athabasca are Chippewayans, Beavers, and Crees.

In the Hudson Bay District chiefly Crees.

In British Columbia are the Aht Nation (about 6000), Hydahs, Cowichan, Quackewalth, Tsimpshheans, and many other tribes.

There are about 18,000 Ojibeways (including Saulteaux) in the Dominion, about 18,000 Crees, about 5000 Six Nation Indians, about 5000 Blackfeet (including Bloods and Piegans), about 4000 Micmacs, and about 2000 Sioux. These last are chiefly refugees from the States.

The most reduced of the Indian tribes seem to be the Delawares about 270, the Munsees about 270, the Hurons about 260 and the Wyandottes about 100.

At the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes, we have the following tribes represented; Ojibeways, (61) Pottawotamies (6), Ottawas (7), Sioux (6), Delawares (2).

The American people are spending a million dollars a year in educating the children of their 260,000 Indians. They have 36 institutions, each with a capacity for upwards of 100 pupils who are taught the English language and instructed in trades besides receiving a good Christian education.

In Canada the only institutions at present existing are the New England Company's School at Brantford (ch. of England) for 90 pupils; the Mount Elgin Institute at Muncey Town (Methodist) for 60 pupils; the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes at Sault Ste Marie (ch. of England) for 85 pupils; the Wikwemikong School on Manitoulin Island (R. Catholic) attended chiefly by day pupils; the Qu'Appelle Industrial school (R. Catholic), for 40 pupils; the St. Joseph's Industrial school, near Calgary, (R. Catholic) attendance of about 20; and the Battleford Institution, Saskatchewan, (ch. of England) attendance about 40.

Of the above institutions, the Brantford school receives no government aid. The Mount Elgin, the Shingwauk and Wawanosh, and the Wikwemikong schools receive grants in aid towards the partial support of pupils, and the Qu'Appelle, St. Josephs, and Battleford schools are wholly supported by the Government.

The whole number of Indian children of schoolable age throughout Canada is probably about 25,000.

The entire number of children enjoying the advantages of institution training at present in Canada is less than 400. In the States they have about 50,000 Indian children of schoolable age; and of this number about 10,000 have the advantages of institution training.—*Our Forest Children.*

CHARGE TO THE CANDIDATE APPOINTED BY THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION, AS MISSIONARY TO THE DAKOTA INDIANS.

Mr. George W. Reed, of the last class of the Hartford Theological Seminary, has been appointed by the American Missionary Association a missionary to the Dakota Indians. He was ordained a minister of the gospel of Christ, on Tuesday, May 17th, by a council called by the Olivet Congregational Church of Springfield, Mass., at Springfield. Mr. Reed is a member of the Olivet Church. The sermon was preached by Prof. Llewellyn Pratt, of Hartford Seminary. Ordaining prayer by Rev. Wm. Thompson, D. D., also of the Hartford Seminary. Right hand of fellowship by Rev. Michael Burnham, of Springfield. Charge to the candidate by Secretary Powell.

The following is a portion of the charge to the candidate:

I charge you to remember that the interest which this Council expresses in Indian missions is in the line of our historic development. Away back in the year 1644, the General Court of Massachusetts ordained "that the County Courts in this jurisdiction shall take care that the Indians in the several shires be civilized, and the courts shall have power to take order from time to time to have the Indians instructed in the knowledge of God." In 1646 John Eliot, a Congregational minister, was at work as a missionary among the Indians. He translated his famous Indian Bible, the first and for many years the only Bible printed in America, gathered the Indians into communities by themselves, and in 1647 had 14 Indian villages, with 1,400 praying Indians, organized into 24 regular congregations, in charge of 24 native pastors, and the discipline of the churches and the qualifications of the ministers were fully up to the Puritan standard then required. In 1743 Rev. Eleazar Wheelock, of Lebanon, Conn., another Congregational minister, took up the work where Eliot had laid it down, and out of his missionary labors grew Dartmouth College, an institution that stands to-day a proud monument of New England Congregationalism's early interest in the education and evangelization of the Indian.

In 1810 the American Board came into existence, and in 1815 we find it adopting measures for carrying the gospel to the Indians. So rapid did its work grow in that direction, that in 1830 three-fourths of all the church members in its missions were Indians. In 1846 the American Missionary Association was formed, and of the 30 missionaries who held its commission the first year, 11 were missionaries to the Indians. In 1883 the American Board, deciding to prosecute its work exclusively in foreign lands, turned over its Indian missions to the American Missionary Association. So that you see what this Council has done to-night is in the line of our historical development, and connects your life and work in an unbroken line with the early history of Congregationalism in its efforts to reach the Indians.

I charge you to remember that in your special mission, justice, as a Christian principle to be observed in all our dealings with our fellow men, must find in you a champion. This because of the fearful wrongs that, in the name of religion, have been committed against the people to whom you go.

In the person of the poor Indian, entitled to all his rights as a man, Christ has been standing in the presence of the white man's civilization on this continent for upwards of three hundred years, asking for justice, and it has not yet been accorded him. A most shameful record is the history of the white man's dealings with the Indians, whether read in the conduct of individuals or in the conduct of the Government. The white man, by reason of his intelligence, his resources and his numerical superiority, had the ability to cheat, rob, and overpower the Indian, and putting his sense of justice out of sight, he has proceeded

to cheat and rob and overpower him. Between the years 1778 and 1871, the people of the United States have made with the Indians 649 treaties, and the majority of them they have violated. By these treaties nearly all of the territory of the United States has been acquired—a territory that by reason of its vastness is at present the home of 50,000,000 white men prospectively to become the home of at least 150,000,000 more—a territory that by reason of its marvellous resources of climate, soil and minerals, has produced a wealth already rivaling that of the oldest nations, and promising in the not far distant future to surpass them all. This territory has nearly all of it been deeded by the Indians to the people of the United States, on condition that the Government should compensate them by money annuities in cash payment, or their equivalent in food, clothing, agricultural implements, and instruction in farming and trades; by establishing and maintaining schools for the education of their children, and rigidly excluding white intruders from their reservations.

Well, we have got the territory, but what about the conditions? The money agreed upon has not been paid; the rations stipulated for have not been issued; the schools promised have not been maintained, and white intruders upon the reservations have not been excluded. From pillar to post these children of the forest have been driven. As fast as the white man has wanted the Indian's land, a reason has been speedily found for violating the treaty and consummating the robbery. The savage has been goaded to go on the war-path by white men's villiany, and then the Government has been obliged to go out and whip him into submission; and, as a punishment for crime he never would have perpetrated had he not been driven to it, move him elsewhere, and divide up his land among his despoilers.

My brother, remember as you stand to preach the gospel among the Indians, it will be your precious privilege to show that the wrongs and injustice they have suffered at the hands of the white man have been inflicted in opposition to the teachings of Christianity and in defiance of its commands.

I charge you to remember that your mission gives repeated emphasis to the faith of the Christian church in the *redeemability* of the Indian. Lack of faith in this truth has been the cause of much of the cruel indifference on the part of many good people—even Christian people—to the wrongs that Indians have suffered, and has occasioned lack of enthusiasm in the prosecution of Indian missions. It has paralyzed endeavor, and prepared the way for the indulgence of enmity. But notice this: No body of Christians have ever put themselves on record as not believing in the Indian's redeemability. Stories of massacre and one-sided testimony, when the Indian could not have a hearing, have led many Christians by their opposition to Indian missions, unwittingly to array themselves against the gospel. They did not think, in taking up the cry, "There is no good Indian but a dead Indian," "The Indian cannot be civilized," "The Indian should be exterminated," and other such falsehoods, that they were denying the Christian faith and practically proclaiming that there was no salvation for themselves nor for anyone else; yet that was precisely what they were doing, for if the Indian cannot be redeemed, then no one can be redeemed. If the gospel cannot save the lowest, then there is no salvation for the highest. The Indian is a man, and Christ tasted death for every man, and he is able to save to the uttermost every man. That lowest savage, wretched and vile as he is, can be redeemed, and in this redemption can be raised to highest manhood. All culture and excellence of mind and heart are attainable to him whose soul has felt the redeeming power of Christ's salvation.

Why, then, after 300 years of the presence of Christianity on this continent, have not the Indians been civilized? does

any one ask. Rather, when we think of the way that the Indians have been treated, our surprise shall be that any of them have accepted the gospel. And yet despite all of the difficulties, Dr. Jas. E. Rhoades affirmed that there is no field of mission enterprise which has yielded larger than that of our native tribes. Indians have been reached by the gospel, and that, too, in a very remarkable degree.

There are 40,000 wild Indian children in the country. Of this number, all told, there are but 12,000 gathered in the Government and mission schools, leaving 28,000 children to whom no school opens its door, and to whom no Christian Missionary comes. There are at least sixty whole tribes upon whose darkness no ray of gospel light has ever fallen, as pagan and as savage as were their ancestors when the first white man landed upon these shores!

You have given yourself to this work, my brother, at an auspicious time—at a time luminously prophetic of grand results. God's bell strikes the hour. Providential lines converge. The machinations of wicked men are growing less. Our government is shaping itself to do right. Our legislators are becoming more humane in their attitude. The voice of the people is rising louder, and louder and becoming more united in its demand for justice. The Christian church is awaking to a sense of its responsibility. The seed planted by Elliot, and Mayhew, and Wheelock, is fruiting in the reviving interest in Indian missions that to-day is seen spreading among the churches. The Indian turns his face towards the sunlight. He stretches out his hands for help. Confidingly he places his destiny in our keeping. To help him into the light and the manhood of the gospel is a work that an angel might covet. To that work you have given yourself, to that work this Council has consecrated you, and into that work we will all follow you with our God-speed and benediction.

BARBARISM MUST GO.

Boston has lately been astonished by the advent of an avowed apostle of barbarism, in the person of Dr. T. A. Bland, who in many halls and pulpits inveighed against the Dawes bill for making citizens of the Indians. In one of his addresses Dr. Bland explained that the friends of the Indians in this city held that "barbarism has no rights that civilization is bound to respect." Dr. Abbott of the Christian Union in a letter to Mr. Frank Wood of the Indian Rights Association says: I have received your letter enclosing the extract giving the views of Mr. Bland on the Indian question. I do hold that "barbarism has no rights which civilization is bound to respect;" that it is the duty of civilization not to preserve and protect barbarism, but to eliminate and destroy it by civilizing the barbarian; and that the radical wrong of the reservation system is, that it keeps sacred to barbarism great tracts of land and separates from the civilizing influences of trade and commerce—the railroad, the post office, the telegraph, the newspaper, the ballot-box, the market-place—a great mass of men, and wildly expects to compensate for the absence of all these civilizing influences by a few churches and schoolhouses. I believe that the only just and right way to treat the Indian is not as a red man, but as a MAN, and that we have no right to continue a system which keeps him in pauperism and degradation because our fathers, perplexed with their own abundant problems and not foreseeing the future, agreed to pursue such a policy. In a word, I would give the Indian his land, confer on him the rights of citizenship, require him to conform to modern civilization, and put his now useless wealth in the hands of trustees appointed by and amenable to the courts of justice—trustees whose duty it should be to see to it that he received the benefit of this wealth in educating and civilizing agencies. I have never thought it worth while to reply to misreports of my views; but this letter is quite at your service to use in any way which you may think best to advance the cause of justice, humanity and equal rights, and to take the Indians out of that pupilage and wardship which has been to them a curse and degradation.—[Boston Evening Transcript, July 2nd.]

Halle Katakah Toh.

OR
THE MORNING STAR.

Published Monthly in the Interest of Indian
Education and Civilization.

The Mechanical work done by
INDIAN BOYS.

R. H. PRATT,
A. J. STANDING,
MARIANNA BURGESS,
ALICE C. FLETCHER, Washington, D.C.,
regular contributor. } Editors.

Address all business correspondence to
M. BURGESS.

Terms: Fifty Cents a Year.

Entered in the P. O. at Carlisle as second class matter.

CARLISLE, PA., JULY, 1887.

The conscience of the people demands that the Indians, within our boundaries, shall be fairly and honestly treated as wards of the Government, and their education and civilization promoted, with a view to their ultimate citizenship.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

Carlisle Osage Dancers Again.

Since our last remarks in these columns upon the criticisms on the Osage dance by Senator Platt's Committee, we have obtained some facts of interest in relation to the participation in these dances of our former students from that tribe. We find that of 17 young men who spent three years at Carlisle, only one has not participated in the tribal dances. The two young men who led the dance for three hours while the Senatorial committee looked on, were, when at Carlisle, among the very best of our students. This fact stated alone would seem to present a disastrous state of affairs; but there are circumstances which it would be as well to weigh in connection. The Osages have a tract of excellent country, 50 miles square. They are placed on that tract by the Government, and rigidly isolated from the associations, examples and competitions of industry and civilized development. This says to them, continue your old customs! In addition to this the Government pays every Osage man, woman and child above \$160 per year in quarterly instalments. This says to them, you need not work! amuse yourselves! be savage! be idle! During the past two years they have had four agents, all strangers to them and their needs, two of whom, by their records, had little desire or intention to elevate the Osage people. It would be a disaster to the growth and development of any people to change the head every six months, and have half the heads inimical to the interests and advancement of the people. In their dancing, the inexorable rule of the Osages requires that when the dance committee designates a young man to dance, he must do it or pay a horse. Failing in this he is publicly whipped. On the other hand if he dances well he is rewarded by gifts of horses. The solitary one out of 17 of our former young men students who has refrained from dancing escaped it by paying the horse. Of the other 16 who engaged in the dance one gained 23 horses by his superior ability as a dancer. With these facts in view, and the additional fact and notoriety, that the United States has publicly approved, and encouraged Indian dancing by its sanction of Buffalo Bill and his Wild West Show and other parties in the same business, it may well be questioned as to just how much blame we must lay upon the young Osages, who thus, so profitably for themselves, entertain and amuse both races.

A letter just received from an Agent, who has charge of one of the largest and most difficult Agencies, where the Indians are backward in educational matters, says: "I should be glad, if I could send you an hundred; but no amount of persuasion, I fear, can induce them to part with children. Though I have never had the pleasure of meeting you, yet I am familiar with the work you have done, and am strongly in favor of eastern Indian Schools and of sending the brightest boys and children from the Agency schools, whether the parents are willing or not, and in such number as to keep them (eastern schools) always full."

Miss Elane Goodale, who had charge of the Indian Department of the *Southern Workman*, published at Hampton Normal Institute, Va., and Miss Tileston, formerly a teacher at that Institution, together have been for some time managing a little day-school among the Indians near Lower Brule Agency, Dak. Extracts from home letters written by Miss Tileston are frequently printed in the *Workman*, and the following taken from a recent letter is particularly interesting to other workers in the same field who have seen how averse most Indian girls are to wearing hats even after adopting other modes of dress and ways of civilization:

"Well, my dears, just skip back a week and imagine Miss Goodale, John Archambeau (Hampton boy), and me, in a big wagon toiling up our hills.

Miss G., John and I, on one seat, as the back of the wagon was filled full, first by a box of provisions, then ice covered with straw, a big bundle of tins for the cooking class, two brooms standing up in high derision of conventionalities, and last, but not least, a barrel.

Miss G., had on a farmer's hat, with no trimming, just purchased, but donned to keep off the blazing sun, which we faced.

Can you see us?

Well, then, get home with us as fast as you can, and open that barrel and find fifty hats sent by dear little Miss Scudder, in answer to a letter she wrote me some time ago to know of something else to do after sending about one hundred ribbons, sixty pairs of stockings, besides ruffling and neckties, and I said hats, old shade hats, and hats for boys, and sure enough here they are.

We laughed well over them, and the pretty little toys stuck here and there in stockings, socks, etc.

But Sunday, yes, Sunday, after church, I told the children I wanted to see them, and when they came I said, "Now, all who want to throw away shawls and wear hats go into the house."

Down went the shawls, and in they flocked like so many chickens, and on went hats right and left, exactly the right ones turning up for the right chicks, until it seemed as if some one must have seen them all and fitted! and while we bobbed in and out the old people stood about the door laughing and commenting with happy faces and voices!

Then out marched our procession, each with shawls neatly folded over their arms, and their pretty hats shading the bright eyes.

I do not think I was ever happier, unless it was at Sunday School in the afternoon, when every one came back and sat looking brightly up at me; eighteen girls in hats out of this wild camp! I do not believe there is another congregation in Dakota like that. Miss G. said she never saw one, and I must add, though it be to their shame, that the Hampton girls (at Lower Brule) do not do as much to face these people in hats when they come, neither do they wear hats at the Agency church, excepting Susie De Shenquette.

Every day through the week the little hat-room has looked like that of any school in a white community with its line of hats and shawls hung around, and today one of the older women had a new hat on, while two more asked if I had any left.

Out of sixteen women and girls at church, eleven had on white women's dress. Aren't we glad? Well, I think we are, very!"

THE WILD INDIAN AS A MODEL.

Dr. McGlynn would reform things backward. He wants to turn the civilized world back to the barbarism from which it began to emerge when the present civilization began.

Thus he quotes disputed passages from St. Basil and St. Ambrose, and interprets them to maintain the doctrine of communism. Then he declares, "I have taught, and I shall continue to teach, in speeches and writings, as long as I live, that land is rightfully the property of the people in common, and that private ownership of land is against natural justice, no matter by what civil or ecclesiastical laws it may be sanctioned; and I would bring about, instantly, if I could, such change of laws, all the world over, as would confiscate private property in land, without one penny of compensation to the miscalled owners."

What is this but the practice of our wild Indians? They hold their lands in common. The earnest efforts of misguided reformers have been directed to plans for getting the Indians to hold lands in severalty, that they might acquire notions of responsibility and stability, and so emerge from barbarism. "Not so," shouts Dr. McGlynn, "keep them in barbarism. The land is rightfully the property of the people in common. The wild Indian is the type you should imitate!"

The German tribes held that notion some two thousand years ago. Dr. McGlynn would turn back the hands on the dial of civilization for that two thousand years.—[*New York Tribune*.]

The Indian character possesses noble traits; if this were not so, the efforts made for his education and civilization, would not be as full of hope as we know them to be. While at Carlisle we seek to lose the Indian in the American citizen, we would not deprive the boys and girls of any heritage of their race, which will stimulate and help forward this effort to attain a noble manhood. The following words spoken by Shegenaba, an Ottawa chief, a hundred years ago at Detroit, Michigan, are worthy to ring in the memory of men.

Shegenaba had protected a white man who was in danger. For this act, thanks were rendered and assurances of friendship given by the man's comrades. The chief replied: "I am conscious I did but my duty. He who barely does his duty merits no praise. I foretell that the sunny rays of this day's peace shall warm and protect our children's children from the storms of misfortune. To confirm it, I present you my right hand, that hand which never yet was given but the heart consented, * * * and I assure you of my friendship with a tongue which has never mocked at truth, since I was at an age to know falsehood was a crime."

A committee of the U. S. Senate, consisting of Senators Platt, Blackburn and Cullom, have been investigating Indian matters. A long telegram, every point of which tells against the Indians, professing to be based on the investigations of this committee, has been sent out all over the country. Depend upon it, when so lengthy a telegram is sent over the wires of the Associated Press, there is an agency behind it that has an axe to grind. The dispatch was so one-sided that any careful reader could not help seeing that in so far as it stated facts, they were but partially stated. It said the committee had witnessed a dance among the Osages, and that "it was especially sad to learn that two of the sprightliest of the dancers, covered almost all over with little looking-glasses, sleigh-bells, rings, feathers, and ribbons, were graduates of Carlisle Indian School, who have relapsed into shameless savagery." If this language, taken in connection with its setting, means anything, it means a slur at Indian education. But suppose the telegram had said that there had been connected with the Carlisle School, in all, eighty-four Osages; that none of them stayed in the school over three years; that more than a half of them

remained less than a year, and that there have been no Osages at the school since August, 1885; had the telegram made that statement, there would be nothing "particularly sad" in the discovery that two out of eighty-four had yielded to the tremendous temptation to fall back into ways out of which they had never been lifted. It is sad, of course, that these people are savages, but the spirit that lurks behind this telegram is far sadder. It is absurd to talk of these youth as lapsing. Indian education is not to be judged by the conduct of those who have been in school from less than one year up to three years at most; nor, even had they been in school for ten or fifteen years, is it to be condemned should it be proved that two out of eighty-four, yielding to temptation, had fallen.—[*American Missionary*.]

LEGISLATION BY CLAMOR.

It is already evident that one feature of the "new time" into which we are hastening will be the subjection of Legislatures to the pressure of groups of persons or combining votes. Under the old notions of Legislation, the duty of legislators was to study carefully the details of proposed legislation, to debate and discuss measures, and so, by deliberation, to arrive at decisions as to what should be enacted. The notion was that the statesman should know what he intended to do and should consider the proper means of reaching the desired result. This theory of legislation never has been very thoroughly put to practice anywhere, but now the idea seems to be that it is antiquated, that we do not intend to seek a more complete realization of it as a reform in legislation, but that we abandon it altogether.

At the same time, therefore, that there is a vast extension of the field of legislation, we abandon all sound traditions as to the method of legislative activity. Legislative bodies not only lay themselves open to be acted upon by outside influences, but they submit to clamor more than to any other influence. The tendency can be traced through the legislation of France, England and the United States, during the last twenty years. If a faction of any kind assails the Legislature with sufficient determination, they carry their point, although the sincere opinion of nearly all who vote for the measure may be that it is foolish, or idle, or mischievous, or crude, or irrational, or extravagant, or otherwise improper to be passed. Opinions differ greatly as to what it is which is "falling" or "going to decay" just at present. These phenomena support the notion that it is "the State" which is passing away. On the one hand, the highest wisdom of those who want anything now is to practice terrorism, to make themselves as disagreeable as possible, so that it shall be necessary to conciliate them, and those who appeal to reason, find themselves disregarded. On the other hand, the public men seek peace and quiet by sacrificing anyone who cannot or does not know enough to make a great clamor in order to appease a clamorous faction. It is thought to be the triumph of practical statesmanship to give the clamorers something which will quiet them, and a new special kind of legislative *finesse* has been developed, viz., to devise projects which shall seem to the clamorous petitioners to meet their demands, yet shall not really do it.—[Prof. Williams G. Sumner, in *Independent*.]

A reporter for the *New York Freeman*, after giving an account of the last Commencement exercises, at Hampton Normal Institute, and describing a visit to the various industrial departments, very truthfully remarks:

"There is a broader significance reaching beyond the term of school life, and giving the boys and girls trades which will be a means of future support and independence. Besides this, the habit of industry thus acquired, the idea of the dignity of labor thus instilled, will be a lesson of great value to a struggling people, who are already too anxious to enter the so-called learned professions to the neglect of the practical and useful."

AT THE SCHOOL.

The roof on the school-building is being repaired.

Nearly all our teachers are absent on their vacations.

About ninety of our boys are camping in the mountains with Mr. Campbell.

Mrs. Woodward and her son Jesse, arrived on the 27th, from Washington, D. C.

Miss Burgess and Miss Irvine are in Dakota, among the Sioux, getting a party of pupils for the school.

M. C. Collins' poem, on our first page—unique in principle and forcibly pathetic—will be read with interest.

Mr. Standing returned from his Indian Territory trip, on the 22nd. He has many things to tell about our returned pupils and the condition of the tribes he visited.

A party of our pupils went, on the 18th and 19th., to attend the Sabbath School Convention, held at Williams Grove. A number of their speeches will be found on another page.

Miss Stafford, the matron of the dining-room, left us the first of the month, not to return. Mrs. Laura Lutkins, of Topeka, Kansas, takes her place. Mr. Good-year, of Carlisle, has Mr. Richards' position.

Quite a number of improvements are going on at the school. The foundations for a new gymnasium have been completed, and the brick-work begun. The small boys' quarters are being torn down, to be rebuilt. The large boys' quarters are being completed and a large cistern is being dug between the gymnasium and the new quarters.

On the afternoon of the 17th, we were visited by a terrific storm of wind, rain and hail, which considerably damaged several buildings at the school. Hailstones as big as walnuts came flying down, breaking windows in all directions.

Trees in all parts of the grounds were blown down and the limbs and branches scattered promiscuously. A portion of the roof on the girls' quarters was blown off and crashed into the Captain's house breaking a window and shattering two posts. The roof of the school building was lifted and torn and will need to be replaced.

In the shops, a large number of window panes were broken and 164 large panes of glass in the dining room were also broken. The building which sustained the most serious injury was the small boys' quarters, about one-third of the roof being blown off and the building thoroughly soaked with rain. Fortunately, no accidents occurred.

A letter from J. H. Seger, telling of the death, by consumption, of Clay Ainsworth, a returned Arapahoe pupil from this school, has been received.

Mr. Seger says: "Clay died while on his way from Darlington to Seger's Colony, which he was very anxious to reach, in order that he might see his father's farm and growing crops, before he died. This pleasure was denied him, as he died before he reached the Colony. He knew he was going to die and was reconciled. He called the Indians around him and told them not to mourn, as he was going to live with God, where he would always be happy. He wished word sent to Capt. Pratt, that he died a Christian and did not allow Indian medicine to be made over him. His father wished me to tell the Captain that they gave him a white man's burial as near as possible, as they knew it was his wish. His father also said that although his son came home to die, he felt no regret at having sent him away to school, for, although his son failed to get the medicine that would make him live, yet he did get the medicine that made him willing to die."

Other Indian Schools.

The past week has been an eventful one to the pupils of the Genoa Industrial School. Last Saturday an entertainment was given, which, though we were unable to witness it, we can state upon good authority was fully up to the standard of these interesting diversions. On Tuesday evening of this week, at 8:30 o'clock, the large school room was crowded to its utmost capacity by those invited to witness the closing exercises. M. V. Moudy opened up with one of his able, characteristic speeches, in which he presented to the band, on behalf of the contributors, the new brass instruments. He was followed by Supt. Chase with eloquent words of acceptance. Then came successively, music by the band; kindergarten song by six little girls; recitation by Jas. Thompson; song and chorus, "Little shaking Quakers," by Volly McKinzie and several girls; fan drill by eight girls; recitation by Etta Lemon; rapid notation by Rose Seission; coasting song by the school; recitation by an old crow; song, "Thy Sentinel am I," by Willie Hunter; flag drill by sixteen boys; recitation by Henry Strangerhorse; essay by J. C. Rouse; distribution of prizes; music by the band. We have not space to comment upon individual excellence of the performers, nor to criticise the few who may do better in the future—enough to say that, on the whole, the entertainment was good, and the entire audience, of four hundred souls or more, were well pleased to have been in attendance. About sixty of the pupils went this week to the Rosebud and Winnebago agencies, their time having expired. After visiting with relatives for a few weeks probably two-thirds or more of the sixty will return to the school.—[Genoa, Leader, July 2nd.

The promptness and coolness of three little Indian girls has undoubtedly saved the life of one of their colored friends. While in bathing at high tide this girl, who is quite large and heavy and unable to swim, was seen floundering in the water; the others thought it only sport and paid no attention until one noticed the expression of her face as she sank for the third time; her scream for help brought out from the bath-house little Edna Traversie who though partly dressed put up her hands and plunged into the water. Grace Decora followed and between them raised the girl, who was then five or six feet under water, to the surface where little Addie Stevens caught and helped hold her until relief came. These little girls swim with the ease of fishes and can remain a long time under water, otherwise even their best attempts would have been unavailing in this case, as also would have been their skill without their instinctive promptness and courage.—[Southern Workman, July, 1887.

The farm and garden are looking first class. The boys are busy tending corn and the vegetable garden. The children are enjoying the fresh products on their table. Peas, onions, lettuce, etc., they have had some time. Visitors wonder what can be done with fifteen thousand sweet potato plants, what can be done with the ten thousand cabbage plants, growing. Little do they know how readily the Genoa children are taking to the taste of the civilized life of vegetables. They are growing fond and look forward with a relish to the time, when the table shall be spread with them.—[Pipe of Peace, of the Genoa Nebraska Indian School.

The past year the Indians at San Carlos Agency, Arizona, have been made to do a large amount of work, digging ditches, reclaiming old lands etc; and some of them have manifested a restive spirit.

One of our Indians desires a black coat to wear on Sundays. The same one being partially disabled in one arm by a shot, wonders if he cannot get a "job at minister."—[From Berthold items, in Word Carrier.

An Indian Speech.

At the request of several persons I send you an Indian speech. It was made by Tullux Holoquilla, of the Warm Spring Mission, on Thanksgiving day. Brother Owens had spoken, through interpreters, to the Wascos and Warm Spring Indians. An opportunity was then given for the Indians to talk. Bro. McBride and I observed that the speeches were simple and good, and were prompted to take down a specimen, and here is it:

"My white brethren (Owen and myself): As it was said by the speaker, we should be thankful. As the sun passes over our heads the times go on and on, and the time has come when we meet to give God thanks for his goodness. We live and move in our Creator. We are here to-day in safety. Our bones are not broken. Sin is the ruin of all people. This we learn from the Bible as it is taught us.

Our brother has said our learning will do us no good unless we try for ourselves. From this time forward I will do all I can. This is a wilderness world, and we are people traveling in it, and we are hungering and thirsting. Like a tree in a wilderness, we need water. We need care. When a man plants a tree, he goes in a few days to see it, how it is doing; so these men have come a long way to see us how we are getting along. These men have been among us. They see only the outward part. They cannot see the heart. One above can alone see that. I will say I do not know what kind of help you mean (Dr. Owens had asked what they wanted), and what help you can give.

We have not made much headway. You see it. Mr. McBride has been here many days. It has been up-hill work for him all the time. I do not expect all the Indians to become Christians, but do not be discouraged. I say again to these men, we are glad to see them. We began to think that people thought we were of no account, but when these men came, we began to feel that there were some who did care for us.

When the men of old came from far, they gave us robes to cover us. These robes lasted but a little while, but these men brought us robes that will last forever. We should not spend our time in idleness. We should try to do better, and keep on trying. For myself, I will try forever. That's all."

The speech was, of course, delivered in the Indian language, but it was interpreted for us. It is only a specimen of the plain, simple talk of an Indian, who knew nothing of God, a few years ago.

—[J. B., in United Presbyterian.

H. Chase addressed a letter to the Governor sometime since, protesting against his guarantee to some Omaha chiefs exempting them from taxation, as against the act of Congress declaring them citizens. He has received the following explanatory reply:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
LINCOLN, NEB., June 20th. '87.

MR. HIRAM CHASE, MEMBER OF OMAHA TRIBE, DECATUR, NEBRASKA.

MY DEAR SIR.—I received your letter of May 30th., and regretted to find that my letter to the Omaha Chiefs might have given them a wrong impression. You will see by the enclosed, I was not aware, at that time, that the act of February, 1887, making them citizens, had become a law. I trust the letter herein enclosed will serve to correct any such impression, and I request you to read it to any of them who may feel interested in the matter, and use it in such manner as you think proper. I will be glad to hear from you again.

Respectfully yours,
JOHN M. THAYER.

TO THE CHIEFS OF THE OMAHA INDIANS. IN CARE OF HIRAM CHASE.

Some of the Chiefs of the Omaha tribe called upon me during the month of May and expressed an apprehension that their rights were in some way to be interfered with by the authorities of this state. I addressed a letter to them assuring them, that such was not the intention; that they were under the laws of the United States, and that we could not deprive them of any rights they possessed. They seemed to fear taxation. At that time I was not

aware of the passage of the act of February, 1887, which renders their personal property liable to taxation, themselves subject to the laws, criminal and civil, of the state of Nebraska. And I now write this letter to remove any misapprehension caused by my former communication. It seems now, that their personal property is subject to taxation, although their lands are not. It is the design of the Government to furnish the Indians with every facility for becoming civilized and educated, so that they may make good citizens. Both the people of the state of Nebraska and myself, are in favor of protecting the Indians in the enjoyment of their rights and their property under the law.

And I desire to impress upon all the Indians their duty to conform to the laws of the United States, and of the state of Nebraska, which may be applicable to them, and I urge upon them their duty to make all possible progress in the way of civilized life, and to perform their duties as the United States government shall make them known to them. They must not turn back into evil ways, but to strive to be good, upright and Christian Indians. They must avoid habits of idleness and labor zealously to improve their condition. They should labor constantly in the cultivation of their lands, and seek to improve them.

Respectfully,
JOHN M. THAYER, Governor.
—[Decatur, (Neb.) Eagle.

A Wealthy Indian Tribe.

The Osage is the wealthiest tribe of Indians in the United States. This is due not so much to their personal ability as financiers as to a succession of favorable circumstances and to the good guardianship of the United States Government. The Osages long years ago occupied the country about St. Louis. They were removed from there to a reservation at Westport, Mo., near Kansas City, then to the valley Neosho, then to a reservation in southern Kansas, and finally to their present home in Indian Territory. The Osages were a powerful tribe, and to get them off the coveted lands, Uncle Sam seems to have been willing to pay them more liberally than the other wards of the nation. In this way the Osages came into their present possessions, which include a tract of land in Indian Territory fifty miles square, or about 1,500,000 acres, and an annuity of \$250,000. This is the interest on United States bonds given them in exchange for their former lands in Kansas and Missouri and held in trust by the government, which pays the annuity in semi-annual payments.

There are about 400 families, averaging about four to a family—a total of about 1,600 people. Out of this interest fund the Indians draw \$165 a year for each man, woman and child—so that the larger his family the more the head of a family is enabled to draw. This system would apparently foster a rapid increase of population, but, strange to say, the full-blood Indians are decreasing in numbers. The full-blood families are small and the tribe is doomed to extinction. This is probably due to two causes—the changed physical condition of their life and the loss of all ambition as a race.

The wild Indian was a fine specimen of robust physical development, with enduring powers. He could face any storm, brave the most vigorous weather, endure the toils and privations of the march and camp. Nature, somehow, took care of him, healed his wounds and warded off disease. But now taken from his "native heath," cut off from much that was part of his physical existence, his territory circumscribed, compelled by superior force to keep peace with neighboring tribes, coaxed to adopt the habits, food, the customs, and the dress of the white man, compelled to send his children to school, and too often tempted to adopt the white man's vices—with all these changed conditions he is a changed being.

As he has deserted nature, nature now deserts him. He is more susceptible to disease. The wild Indian could be careless in dress and indifferent to exposure, but on the reservation it is different. If he gets his feet wet or sleeps on the ground, he is liable to "catch cold" like his white brother. They are subject to lung troubles. Some are consumptive. This and the small-pox and other diseases are decimating their ranks. Ten years ago there were 3,000 Osages; to-day only a little over half that number. The mothers die prematurely. You find comparatively few old squaws. The tribe being rich as a community very few of the men will work. They live in idleness, and that is fatal to a longevity based upon active outdoor life.—[Cor. Burlington Hawk-eye.

REPORT OF MRS. CLARK, GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR OF INDIAN SCHOOLS, TO THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

A meeting of the Kentucky Woman's Indian Association was held yesterday at St. Paul's church at 10 o'clock. The meeting was called to order by Mrs. Dudley Haydon, the president, and was opened with prayer. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved, after which the treasurer read her report, which showed a balance of \$23 in the treasury.

Mrs. Haydon read an article about Bright Eyes, an Indian girl, from a New York paper, and Mrs. Campbell, of the Committee on Organization, read very encouraging reports from Frankfort, Lexington, and Henderson. A letter from Mrs. Quinton was read. Mrs. Charlotte Clark, of Virginia, who succeeded Mrs. Jackson (H. H.) as Inspector of Government Schools upon the Indian reservations, was present, and upon the request of the ladies of the association, read the report she had prepared for the Secretary of the Interior. The report is given below in full. Mrs. Clark has studied the Indian question at some length, and before her appointment as Inspector had written two novels, "Baby Rue" and "The Modern Hagar," both of which deal with the subject. After the reading of the report, she made some remarks upon the situation in response to questions from the ladies. She told the story of the Blackfeet Indians, who were exterminated by starvation, dying at the rate of 700 in three days. She thinks that military rule is better for the Indians than agencies, for there is no possible chance of an honest agency. The orphan children of the tribes are in the most destitute condition possible. The teachers in the schools are inefficient, often ignorant, and the children poorly fed, badly clothed, and generally discouraged. After the brief address of Mrs. Clark, the motion was made and carried that the ladies of the city meet the first Wednesday in July at the residence of Mrs. Dudley Haydon. Forty-five members were present at the meeting, and \$25 were added to the treasury. The following is Mrs. Clark's report:

"TO THE HON. L. Q. C. LAMAR, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR, WASHINGTON, D. C.—*Sir*: In my special reports to the Indian Department I was directed, by a line of warning in my only letter of instruction, to send the department facts, and nothing but facts. It was evident that the Indian Office eschewed conclusions, and was distrustful of such dangerous things as theories. Now, as my appointment was altogether of your giving, and as I do not believe that even such pregnant facts as those which confronted me in the Indian reservations I visited will tell all the truth as I read it, I venture herewith to present to you a skeletonized exhibit of the facts, and also with the conclusions which forced themselves upon me.

"My first visit as special agent was to the school at Carlisle. It is but fair to say that I went to Carlisle with a certain shade of prejudice in my mind against the school. This prejudice grew out of a mistaken belief, that like the school at Hampton, Carlisle admitted negroes as well as Indians, and I held, and still hold to the conviction, that Indian children should touch only the civilization of the white race, during the short period in which the Government undertakes the task of lifting them out of the savagery of the wild tribes.

"In spite of the prejudice which I carried to Carlisle, I had instinctively felt that a study of the methods of that school, and the results obtained as well as such far-reaching results could be understood in a compressed state of limited time, was necessary training to one who was to weigh other methods and calculate their results. However, the prejudice I have mentioned vanished as soon as I had entered the school, for there are only Indian children at Carlisle. In ten days of careful study of the class-rooms, the workshops, the progress of the children and the influence of the 'farm homes,' the facts which faced me forced three conclusive opinions.

"First—I was convinced that no teaching could be better calculated to catch and hold the interest of pupils, unlearned in English or letters, than the teaching of the Carlisle class-rooms. The children were intelligently interested and eager to learn. The surprising progress of Apache children not yet a year at school was the

best possible evidence of the capability of the teachers and of the excellence of the system of object lessons.

"Second—In the organization of the work-shops it seems to me that there are two cardinal defects, due to the limitation in the time of apprenticeship, and to an inefficiency in the income of the school. The boys have only the half days of five years to master trades in which white boys are usually apprenticed for five and even seven years for whole days' work. And this second defect more than doubles the first—the instructors in the workshops are not master mechanics. No master mechanic could afford to work for the wages given. Owing to these defects in the equipment of the shops, master workmen are not sent from Carlisle back to the reservations. In fact, these Indian boys, when their time is completed, would not rank in the grand divisions of labor as journeymen apprentices. I am very sure you will think this petty saving to the Government ill-placed economy, for it pinches just where the need of a generous and wise outlay is greatest.

"Third—The Carlisle 'farm homes' are so admirable in their influences as civilizers, and in the formation of character, and their reformatory effect upon habit, that they should be regarded as an indispensable part of each girl's course of instruction. The 'homes' give an individual training which cannot be given in classes for domestic lessons. The drill in the class is of necessity automatic. It can be gone through without thought and without any clear understanding of the reasons of things. This domestic drill would never develop what the New Englander designates as faculty. Yet that can be partially gained when the 'farm home' supplements the instruction of the school, with its suggestive special training. The reactionary effect of the decided change attended by a liberal outlay in the further equipment of the work-shops, would leave all the 'farm homes' open to the Indian girls. It is a wise and prudent regulation of the school not to permit boys and girls to go together to these outside homes; yet one consequent result is unfortunate. When both cannot go farmers consider their crops and prefer to take boys. It is self-evident that with improved advantages in the work-shops, and such an addition to the school as a Scientific Department of Agriculture, with the thorough training that could then be given at the school farms, the boys would remain at the Carlisle barracks, which would be much better if the general advantage is reckoned. For then the special education of the 'farm homes' could be given to every girl sent to Carlisle. The benefit this would be to their people is almost incalculable. In no computation could it be overestimated. If the women of a race are lifted above the plane of barbarism, the upward progress of that race is assured.

"The wisest statesmanship is that which takes into the account of final results the first educators of a people. Through lack of such statesmanship, England has failed to civilize and unify India; and to-day fears of the advance of an inimical power, through provinces where the spirit of revolt still smoulders, is a constant terror to her imperial Majesty's Government. Through this same lack, with the added factors of the failure of the Government to keep its pledges, of its violation of faith and its constant tinkering with treaties, together with the illimitable greed of the mercenaries who have stood for many decades (unhappily some still stand) between the Government and the Indians, we are yet constantly threatened with the savage outbreaks of disaffected tribes. It is a grave question, and one which behooves us to ask, how long shall this condition of things last? Has this wonderful nineteenth century, with its almost miraculous inventions and its new ideas, failed to teach us that between races and peoples as well as between man and man, honesty and justice are the peace-makers and peace-keepers of nations?

"My second study of Indian schools was in the Mackinac Agency of the Michigan reservations. The existence of these schools and the buildings in which they exist are the primal facts for which the Government is responsible. In all minor particulars they are crude enough to leave everything to be desired. Not that one can always find fault with the primitive. The old field school, of that early period which has so nearly faded out of remembrance, was essentially primitive, yet it was most admirably adapted to its surroundings and to the conditions under which it existed. The scholars who entered the pathway of learning under the rule of those keen-eyed and heavy-handed dispensers of knowledge, throned upon the tribunes of the old field school house, had an immense advantage of the wards of the Government in the Michigan Peninsulas. The young colonial American was born inside of the language barrier which shuts out the Indian. The English tongue was the only vehicle of speech known to him or to his instructor. It awakened and developed his intelligence; it was the sole pabulum of his mental

growth. The severely simple explanations to which he listened, were given in the language to which his ear was accustomed. To forget lessons so taught and so heavily emphasized was impossible. But 'other days, other manners!' However, if these Government schools be pitted against the past there may be honest doubt as to any gain over that dead primitive. The public schools of Michigan are much better fitted for civilizing the Indians of Mackinac Agency than are the agency schools. In the public schools the association with English-speaking children, in the class-rooms and in the play-ground, is a part, and not a minor part, of the instruction the Indian child gets from the school. Any lack of teaching is supplemented by class-mates in the class-rooms and play-fellows in the play-ground. Two of the agency schools are not more than forty rods distant from public schools that are well taught and (scarcely less important) well attended. Surely these two agency schools are only expensive works of supererogation. The foundation defect of the Mackinac schools is the inefficiency of the teachers, an inefficiency due to their lack of training as Indian teachers. They do not comprehend the inert force of the obstacles their pupils have to surmount. They cannot understand why such disheartening results should follow their really well-meaning efforts. They do not realize that the failure is their fault, because they do not know how difficult is the language they are trying to teach to children who do not speak English at home and to whom thought in English is impossible. To these obstructions to learning, the teachers, add two others—the teaching is not oral, nor is it made intelligible through the medium of object lessons. Not knowing the worth of such aids to instruction, they give to children, to whom letters are an unknown quantity, only books, nothing but books. If her pupils made any perceptible progress they would be simply superhuman. How can a child learn when only strange words are dinned into sealed ears, while unreadable symbols are put before tired eyes. In addition to these mental worries, the Indian children have bodily discomforts and personal suffering to encounter in the pathway of knowledge. These wards of the Government—and so your wards—are in the main poorly clad and scantily fed; that, too, in a climate where warm clothing and plentiful food mean power of resistance to cold. These physical and mental troubles of the scholars explain the low average of the schools. Eleven of these schools prove by the returns, sent quarterly to the department, their utter worthlessness to nearly all the Indians in Michigan. To sustain this statement, one need only to reckon the figures. The census gives Michigan an Indian population of over 7,000. The Vicar General of the Roman Catholic Church, in the upper peninsula, than whom no one is better informed on this question, thinks the Indian population is over 10,000, if the broken tribes all along the lake shores are fairly counted. These scattered, non-English speaking families, are in out-of-the-way places along the coast marshes or upon the little islands in the rivers and near the shores of the lakes, or hid away in the stunted forests of the poor lands. They are squatters, living wherever they can find a vacant space, which no white man claims. The ground they owned has slipped from their grasp through methods they do not understand. They are spiritless and helpless, so they hide themselves and their children in lonely spots, where the women and children can raise corn, and the men and boys can fish and hunt for a meager support, which too often in the early spring drops to semi-starvation. These people are beyond the ken of the census-taker. Schools are a dead letter to them; yet to them schools mean everything that can help men to reach the one universal level of manhood—equality before the law. Add to the census the additional number given by the Vicar General, and then to go on with the demonstration of numerals we have in these eleven schools an average that rarely exceeds four pupils per day and never thirteen.

"The mission schools at Baraga and L'Ance are altogether better; there the conditions are different, and the teaching more in accord with the capacity of the pupils; therefore in those two schools the attendance is fairly good.

"The department wishes facts. These units of the average attendance are stubborn, decided facts, yet logical withal, for through these units decisive conclusions can be reached and the value of the present expenditure determined. To sum up of the cost of these Government schools and put the outlay in trenchant, truth-telling figures, is not difficult. The interest upon the original cost of the buildings, the yearly expenditure for repairs, the value of the lands upon which they were built, the sum invested in school furniture and books; the expense of the agents' visits and the teachers' salaries will certainly amount to more than \$1,000 per year for each school. Now take the average number of children in these eleven schools, for whose education this

money is spent. At the average of four pupils per school (in rare instances the average approaches thirteen), which is not below the record given by the teachers themselves, the department is paying at least \$11,000 a year for the education of forty-four Indian children. Costly as is this expenditure, it would not be altogether wasted if the children upon whom the money is spent were thoroughly well educated. It would be a wise and blessed economy to the Government and to the Indians—for it is their money—if ten times the sum now spent could be used to establish an industrial school, either near Mackinac City or St. Ignace, which would be accessible to the tribes scattered through the upper and lower peninsulas. The one great need of the Mackinac Agency Indians is an industrial school, which will feed and clothe its pupils during the transversal, cryptogamic period, that is we trust some time to end in the full protected citizenship of these native Americans. When I return to Washington I hope I shall be permitted to present this Michigan Industrial School question to you personally. I think I shall then be able to strengthen the presentation by letters from people of wiser and better judgment than mine whose opinions will have a certain weight with you. There are yet other reasons for radical change in the methods now in use, to which I think you will listen. Reasons of the heart and of conscience, that properly have place in an appeal to you, as guardian of these people, for at times, reasons that are even more moving arguments than facts present themselves when we touch questions that are to better human lives. The greatest factors of human happiness are intangible realities, and sound arguments can be predicated upon such verities.

"From Michigan I went to the White Earth Agency in Minnesota. From White Earth I sent to the department a special report of the Government school there. It is a boarding-school. The school consists of a superintendent and two assistant teachers, and two of the staff are fairly good teachers. The children are well clad and well fed, and their progress toward civilization is as well cared for out of, as in school. There is also at White Earth an excellent orphanage under the care of the Benedictine Sisters. No school for very young children could be better, and nowhere could they be better cared for. All of the facts of the school and the orphanage were given in my special report, except one most important fact, which I failed to mention to Mr. Atkins because it is a fault in the construction of the school building, and it can be made more intelligible by reference to the plan which is in the department archives.

"Referring to the plan, it will show that the verandas were also intended for fire escapes. The front and back verandas were to be provided with stairways. Now the plan is all very well, only these verandas do not exist. If the school building should take fire during the night it would be next to an impossibility to save all the children. The dormitories for the girls and boys are in two separate divisions on the third floor, and only one long stairway leads to each division. This is more frightful in view of the fact that all the water obtainable at the agency in winter is from melted ice. At the school it is difficult to melt enough for domestic purposes upon the kitchen range. If the verandas were built and a steam engine that would heat the building and furnish sufficient water and keep it from freezing, and fire service buckets were added, the children would be comparatively safe. Now the dormitories are warmed by stoves, and stoves are always dangerous in rooms occupied by children. Although nothing can be done until the spring, late coming in that latitude, these alterations should be provided for now. The movement of the department is slow, and should action be postponed and another winter come before anything is done, there is and will be imminent danger of a terrible calamity. My appointment ended on the 14th of January, while I was at White Earth. I had decided, although my time was ended and I expected no further pay, to visit all the schools in the reservation possible for me to reach in the teeth of the blizzards that were then dangerously frequent. At one of the schools there had been some trouble, and my going there would save the Government the additional expense of sending another special agent after my return to Washington. I had already arranged to start for Red Lake when the department telegraphed my recall. Being thus relieved of all responsibility, I returned to Chicago and then came here to rest while waiting my final settlement with the department. I have not been able to send this report sooner, because I was suffering from severe recurrent attacks of neuralgia of the eyes, brought on by exposure to extreme cold in the Northwest.

"If you will write a line acknowledging the receipt of this report I shall be greatly your debtor.

Very sincerely,
CHARLOTTE M. CLARK,
Late Special Agent of the Indian Office.

ORIGINAL SPEECHES DELIVERED
BY SOME OF OUR PUPILS AT
THE SABBATH SCHOOL
CONVENTION AT
WILLIAMS
GROVE.

The Harvest is Ready.

I am thankful to know that God is no respecter of persons, that He has created all men equal, and loves all men.

I am especially glad to know that He has something for every one of His creatures to do for Him whether white, black, or red.

The Indians as a race have been rejected of men, deprived of the enjoyments of Christian happiness; but God owns them and remembers them in their darkness. How glad I am that notwithstanding all the disadvantages they have had to endure, they have the same rights in the kingdom of God as their white brethren.

The time has come, however, when God throws open the gate of injustice that has so long enclosed the red man in barbarism. The harvest is now ready for the gleaners; but where are they? How few are the laborers in this broad field. It is indeed marvellous to think how vast the opportunities are of doing good to those who may take advantage of them; but so very few have taken upon themselves, the work that belongs to all of God's people.

Should the farmers linger and wait for other farmers to do their work, I fear that very little would be accomplished. Their grain would all go to ruin.

The few workers among the Indians can not be expected to accomplish all that should and must be accomplished in order to bring the long neglected people into light and enable them to stand for themselves and march along with their civilized brethren who are truly civilized by Christianity.

Christ said to His disciples "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel," and He commands His present disciples to do the same thing.

My friends do we pay heed to this call? Are we willing to take advantage of the opportunity of doing good by teaching the ignorant the way to better life?

In one tribe of Indians alone the Commissioner of Indian Affairs acknowledges that there are twelve hundred Indian children who are lying idle about their homes.

No schools have been provided for them, no Sabbath Schools, where they may be taught the word of God and to keep His day, but are left to ruin: and remember that there are many other twelve hundred that are in that same condition. There are too few Ruths in the harvest field. Two or three Ruths cannot gather all the grain in so vast a field, and thus we must have the laborers or the grain ready for reaping will come to naught. There must be more schools, more Sabbath Schools among the Indians. Since we acknowledge the grandeur and the good effect the Sabbath Schools have upon the civilized races of the land, we should without hesitation, admit that there must be more of this kind of work done among the ignorant. Here is a chance to do something for the Lord. Go to the field, or send the laborers, for the harvest is ready.

CHESTER CORNELIUS, Oneida.

We Come to Tell You.

There is one question which never becomes old. A question which so materially affects the progress and welfare of the Nation, that the only time to cease discussing it, is when it ceases to affect us for good or evil. This old and yet ever new question is known to all the intelligent people of this country; it is the "Indian Question" so called.

The good Christian people now talk much about it all over the United States; we to-day talk about it; your fathers, before you, and so on through several generations of men, and still the Indians as a race are uncivilized and unchristianized. Almost four hundred years have passed away and the Indian Question, is still before the

people with a persistency that "will not down."

Living in a Christian land, among Christian people, with courts of justice on every side, still the Indians are not christianized, have no social standing, nor legal status. This is before you, ladies and gentlemen, not by sufferance but by right. Words have been spoken to this effect by those who have gone to their graves; words are in course of utterance now, and words are to be spoken in regard to this burning question which should have no uncertain ring of your duty to the heathen at your door.

You may speak of foreign work, as you do and foreign need, and may God inspire your thoughts. But may I not ask whether you can, with good grace, go to save the heathen on England's frontier while you are neglecting your own? Behold the heathen, the worst type. What is the difference between the heathen in this country and the heathen across the ocean? I tell you, there is no real difference spiritually, but materially. The only difference I can show you to-day, between the heathen you are providing for in foreign fields and the heathen in this country is, that the one you have robbed and the other you have not. (Applause.) For this we came to tell you friends.

We also come to tell you that we are the fruits of the Sunday School work. We come here on this auspicious occasion to assemble ourselves with you, to join with you in your songs, prayers and praises to the Lord of hosts who made himself known to us, strangers to the covenant of grace.

We come in a different way than our fathers have been accustomed to approach. We come not in blankets, with no tomahawks in our hands, nor are we in search of your scalps. But come simply to urge that you must take the blood stained banner of the Lord Jesus, and march toward the Indian country, and make war upon the vice, superstition and ignorance of our much degraded people.

We come to tell you that the famous sun-dance, the scalp-dance and other heathenish practices of our people sadly need your sympathy and attention, and the lives of our fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers need to be regulated by Christian principles.

The lives of our women are little better than the slaves of 24 years ago. They are treated like brutes by their husbands. They are sometimes whipped without cause.

They are created as our fathers think, for work and drudgery more than anything else, hence they must endure all the hardships of life. At the death of their husbands, sons or daughters, they begin to beat themselves, cut their own bodies with knives, employ professional finger and ear cutters to do the most painful work—letting the blood dry on the bodies—cutting their faces. Thus showing their bereavement and love for their dead as well as other womanhood. These and many other inhuman practices are common among my own people the Kiowas and among others. Therefore we come to say, the only remedy I know which will surely and forever do away with these superstitious rites and habits, is the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. That Gospel which cured and enlightened with truth three thousand men and women on the day of Pentecost.

The light that shines farthest, shines brighter at home, then if your light shines and gives illumination to the hearts of those in Africa, Japan, China, India and the islands of the sea, why not give us also a light to guide us through our journey instead of giving us candle-lights which when the wind begins to blow puts our small light out, and thus we move on not knowing whither we are going. The sound of the Sunday School bell will certainly be pleasing to the ears of those who have never heard. Hence we come with the interrogation. Who will go among a people noted for scalping and other barbarous habits? Oh, how sad! "I cannot go," may be the thought of some here be-

fore me. "It is impossible and I cannot go among those most war-like and treacherous people, because peradventure they will kill me and I will lose my life for nothing." Yes, friends, it is impossible, but mark you, nothing is impossible with God. "All things work together for good to them that love God." Thus we only come to make known our wants.

We come to tell you that as Christ willingly gave himself up to be crucified for the sake of the dying world, so you Christians must be willing to sacrifice your talents, time, means and lives if need be for the sake of others who have never heard the name Jesus—"the only name given among men whereby we can be saved."

Work for the elevation of our race, is our earnest cry. "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren."

Perhaps, some of you think very little of the responsibility of becoming missionaries because you are lawyers, or doctors, or statesmen, or mechanics, or because you are not ministers. Good Friends; was not Jesus a physician as well as a minister? Did he not go about healing all manner of diseases? Was he not a carpenter, working with his reputed father Joseph? Is he not our advocate? Is he not now standing before the All-wise Judge pleading for some criminal? Yes, he is now this very moment pleading for sinners. For this we come before this Sunday School Convention to tell you.

We come to appeal to you in behalf of our people; go and tell them that there is a Saviour. Point them to Christ,—"behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." A truer Macedonian cry for light and help is ringing in your ears—and oh! where are the Christian people of America? Have not they faith enough or no interest in the spiritual welfare of the Indians? For nearly four hundred years you have tried to exterminate the Indians, hunting them like rabbits in the Rocky Mountains and in the plains of the wild west, but will you not now try and help our people in their struggle for a better life? Will you not now hunt them up and tell them like that obedient Angel speaking to the shepherds who watched their flock by night: "fear not for I bring you glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all people."

We come to tell you, the souls of the Indians are just as precious to God, who gave them, as those of other races, and why should they be neglected? Is it because our Saviour commanded you, "go ye into the world and preach my gospel," therefore you must of necessity go across the mighty deep? Yea, but did not His immediate disciples remain at Jerusalem for a while and as a consequence of their remaining, three thousand souls were saved? "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you," said the Master. If so then help send the blessed news to the Indians. Be liberal in your missionary contributions towards the civilization and christianization of them. For a dollar spent in elevating and educating the Indians goes further than ten dollars spent in trying to kill them off.

We come here to tell you, that the cause of Christ in this world needs assistance in many ways, and I am sure it is the will of the Master that this cause should be advanced. It is not to be done by the ministry of Angels, nor by Christ himself immediately and directly, but by you and me. By us who have been redeemed and saved. The sweet story of salvation needs to be told by the lips that have first uttered the cry for mercy.

We come here to tell you, that we are obligated to God for something. He has something for every Christian here in this assemblage to do for Christ, and we all should be deeply imbued with the missionary spirit. A portion of the responsibility for carrying the news of salvation to every creature rests upon each one of us.

In these days of missionary activity, there is no one who cannot do something

to help send the gospel to heathen countries. Therefore we come to tell you, over yonder, toward the setting of the sun, a vineyard of the Lord is large and the grapes are dead ripe, ready to be picked for the Master of the vineyard. But there are no laborers to pick them and make wine. What, must they be allowed to rot? And friends of the convention, we come to tell you that "From the land of wigwams comes—A doleful cry—

"We want help and succor,
Christian, pass not by.
See our smoking homesteads;
View our fields of grain
Trampled by the white man
To a dreary plain."

"God has heard the Negro—
Will He hear our cry?
Or will He—like white men
Only pass us by.
Hear us, oh! Great Spirit,
Hear our urgent plea;
Let this nation make us
Freemen of the free."

JOSHUA H. GIVEN, Kiowa.

What is Expected of us?

Some people get it into their heads and say that it is no use trying to educate the Indians, they will not learn and it is a waste of money; others don't go quite so far, but say that the reservation schools are good enough for them; others say establish more schools like that of Carlisle, where the Indians can have all the privileges of learning; where Christianity is taught and where they can be surrounded with civilization. I belong to the people who believe in bringing the Indians to the east and I hope you all do.

There is a difference between a reservation and an eastern school. On one hand you are in the midst of wilderness; on the other you are in the midst of civilization. On a reservation school, it is surrounded by Indians, prairies, and you breathe no civilized atmosphere, while an eastern school gives all the advantages that any body could wish. It is surrounded by farms, well cultivated, and we see people going to and fro—busy. At home all is quiet; we hear no mills and factories running; we see no trains of cars carrying people from one place to another; we do not come in contact with civilized people, and there is no work. We find all these things in the east. Why not then, if a reservation school is deprived of all facilities, why not bring the Indian children to the east where education is easily acquired. I came here because I find it much better.

Some people say, Indians who have been at school in the east go back and put on blankets when they return, which shows that a reservation has nothing in store to help one along. Stick to the east until you are well prepared for the work which you are expected to do. So much is expected of us and one year's schooling is not enough.

I read in the *Indian Helper* the other day, a paper published at the Indian school, that 67 young men graduated from the Lehigh University, and soon after, every one of those young men found places to work. Now, if they had gone on the reservation, would they have found positions as they have now? No, sir, they, like the boys who have been in the east, would have gone and put blankets on again, but as you see, being surrounded by industries, there was no trouble in finding work.

I am a printer. I have worked at the trade over seven years and can go to any printing-office to work. I have worked in Washington and received the pay any average compositor can earn. Suppose I go back on the reservation now, would there be any chance for me to work at the trade? There being no printing-offices I would soon lose it. Why then, can't we stay where there is work, instead of shutting ourselves where there is none. We have to-day on farms, in this and other states, 282 of our pupils and they are taking care of themselves. We want a chance. We don't want to be on the reservation. They are too small. We want to get out into the world and learn by experience. Let us stay where Christianity is taught.

So many tell us to go home and teach our people, when we need the training ourselves yet. That is a heavy load. It would take those who have more education and experience than we have to be able to lift a whole nation.

SAMUEL TOWNSEND, Pawnee.

OUR PUPILS' PAGE.

STANDING OFFER.

For ONE new subscriber to the MORNING STAR, we will give the person sending it a photographic group of the 13 Carlisle Indian Printer boys, on a card $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ inches, worth 20 cents when sold by itself. Name and tribe of each boy given.

(Persons wishing the above premium will please enclose a 1-cent stamp to pay postage.)

For TWO, TWO PHOTOGRAPHS, one showing a group of Pueblos as they arrived in wild dress, and another of the same pupils three years after; or two photographs showing a still more marked contrast between a Navajo as he arrived in native dress, and as he now looks, worth 20 cents a piece.

(Persons wishing the above premiums will please enclose a 2-cent stamp to pay postage.)

For THREE, we offer a GROUP OF THE WHOLE SCHOOL on 9x14 inch card. Faces show distinctly, worth sixty cents.

(Persons wishing the above premium will please send cents to pay postage.)

Unless the required postage accompanies the names we will take it for granted that the premium is not desired.

WHAT FARMERS AND OTHERS, HAVING OUR PUPILS IN CHARGE, SAY OF THEM.

From Report Cards for June.

Under the head of "Conduct" and "Remarks" we find the following statements:

"Good. M—is learning."
 "J—is a good boy again."
 "Changeable."
 "Very good disposition and kind and has a great desire for reading books and papers."
 "Fair. Not quite as punctual in returning when away and more for going than last year."
 "Very good."
 "Very good."
 "Excellent. Has attended church and Sabbath school regularly which she seems to enjoy and appreciate."
 "Satisfactory. We would like to keep her this winter if thee is willing and she is willing to stay."
 "Good."
 "Good."
 "Extra good boy."
 "Very good."
 "Good. Works well."
 "Good."
 "Good. Is willing and works well."
 "Good."
 "Good. Is willing and works well."
 "Good. He is a very good boy and tries to do the best he can."
 "Good."
 "Very good. Is willing but very slow."
 "Good."
 "Very good. She is learning very nicely, and is a very satisfactory, kind good girl. We like her very much."
 "Very good."
 "Very good. No remarks to make except in praise, (an honor to Carlisle.)"
 "Very good."
 "Very satisfactory."
 "Good."
 "Very good. She is learning very well, and is a very satisfactory, good, kind girl, and we like her very well."
 "Good."
 "No remarks to make except for well doing. Are all so good."
 "Good."
 "Pretty good."
 "Very good. She continues in well doing and we like her very much."
 "Good."
 "Good. She is very good at present, but she has her cross spells."
 "Good."
 "Perfect. She is always pleasant and seems very happy."
 "Middling good."
 "Good. Progress in cooking very satisfactory. Makes white and graham bread all but baking. Learning to tell the time by clock."
 "Unexceptionable. She is entirely satisfactory."
 "Unexceptionable. She is entirely satisfactory."
 "Very good."
 "Very satisfactory. Pleasant in manners, amiable in every way, and very helpful."
 "Good. Gives satisfaction. She attends the Presbyterian church and Sunday School."
 "Good."
 "Good. Does not understand much I say to her, yet may improve."
 "Seems to try."
 "Satisfactory. A—is learning to milk and they both seem to enjoy themselves." (For two girls.)
 "Very satisfactory. Always pleasant and amiable, seems interested in learning to work and constantly improving."
 "Generally good."

"Good. Have had little time for books. Always studies Sabbath School lessons. (No school in summer.)"

"Good."

"Good. Is anxious to try to do his work well. But will not talk or ask questions."

"Good. He is doing well."

"Good. He is very willing and obedient."

"E—is a bright, good boy, and I think he tries to do as near right as he can. We like him very well."

"Very good."

"Is very obedient but is very slow to understand. Like him very much."

"Good. He is very pleasant and tries to do well."

"Good."

"Good. He is doing well."

"Proper. Needs much showing, but shows an improvement over last year. Appears well contented and works cheerfully."

"Good."

"She is only pretty good."

"Good. M— seems glad to get back and works with a will."

"Good. I think I shall like him right well."

"Very good. Well satisfied with B's work."

"Good. She seems desirous to please and does well generally."

"Good. I was confined to bed for three days the first of this week and A—did remarkably well without any assistance in the kitchen and seemed glad to do it and happy all the time."

"Good. Has gone away without permission frequently, and I think smokes cigarettes. Has been complaining to the other boys that he doesn't get enough to eat, and the grub does not suit here."

"Very good. Very polite in every respect."

"Good."

"Excellent. Always willing. We find him very satisfactory."

"Excellent. He could make many of the whites blush if placed side by side in a contest."

"Good. He is getting along very nicely."

"A little sullen at times. A first-rate boy to work, and never seems to slight in any respect."

"Good."

"Very good. Not very handy with the team."

"Indifferent. J—is stubborn and disobedient. Will not come promptly to meals and sometimes not at all."

"Good. Has learned to milk as well as any man on the place, and works very satisfactorily."

"Excellent. He has so far proved himself to be an excellent boy in every respect."

"Good."

"Is a good, capable farm hand and is satisfactory in every way."

"He is very obedient, does all he can and is learning. He tries very hard and I like him, as he is trusty. He is good to the animals, I have never seen him angry."

"We like him very much."

"A good worker but is very slow, going from one job to another."

"Good. Is doing very well."

"Generally good. Conduct not commendable for a few days after N— came, but he is doing better now."

"Good."

"W—is doing all right, I have no fault to find."

"Poor."

"Good."

"Very good. Very much pleased with her and she seems perfectly contented."

"Good."

"Very good."

"M—appears to realize what she is here for and is doing very well, but is slow."

"We like her very well now and she tries to do. She seems to improve quite fast."

"Good."

"She has improved in work very much and is cheerful and happy."

"Good. Is improving in his work."

"G—does fairly, is a little slow to move."

"Good."

"Good."

"Good."

"He seems to be more interested in the work, and I think he is trying to do his best—We see that he improves, but very slowly."

"Fair."

"A good girl; learns slowly, but does her work very well."

"She is sullen and will not answer at times and not obedient. At other times she is pleasant and obedient. Please write her."

"Satisfactory."

"She is always willing to work and is learning to go on with her duties without being told, performing them nicely."

"All right."

"His general deportment challenges the respect of those who come in contact with him."

"Excellent."

"Had a large boil on his arm which prevented work for a day. Other ways all right."

"Very good. I am well suited with him."

"Not so good."

"Very good. He has gained five pounds this month."

"Good."

"Excellent. Well pleased with her improvement."

"He made very commendable progress in general work and has been very helpful in many ways."

"Generally good. We will be sorry to part with him. He will be difficult to replace."

"Good. We like her. She works as well as could be expected for her age. A little slow."

"Excellent. She has been very well and doing very well since her visit at Carlisle, as she did before going. She will have been here one year on the 3rd. of next month, and has been satisfactory throughout; so much so that I would be glad to have her another year."

"Very good. We like her more and more. Very helpful."

"Very satisfactory. Would not wish a better helper. It will be hard to give up either of the girls in the fall."

"Satisfactory. Louisa is growing into a very useful and womanly girl, prompt and obedient on nearly every occasion."

"Excellent. After a week's severe sickness and another of slow convalescence she is beginning to regain her usual elastic step and cheerful spirits." (Had the measles.)

"With little exception very satisfactory. It is the same old story with M— when it comes to writing her letter home. Inexplicable."

"We like her very much and I think she is happy."

"Good."

"Satisfactory."

FROM OUR PUPILS ON FARMS.

"I am getting along all right about my work, so is every thing and I am doing my best too, that is the way I think make a man out of me."

"I have not been discouraged of the chance of getting a good and thorough education, I lost, for I trust, that the broad future is yet mine. I want to go and help my father to select a land for his farm. I think I can now, tell the soils rich or poor, and locations. A farm is well off, when it is near to a town or a railroad. I want to have this (selecting a land) to be done in my presence. For what my father will get, will be mine, as I am only their child."

"I will try to do better, for that is right. I will try to go right straight and never turn back to old ways. I was sorry when I read your letter and find my conduct was not good; too bad."

"I have a kind and considerate master and mistress. My wages are not sufficient to enable me to save much. However I have done sufficiently well to be able to send you the sum of twenty-five dollars. In these hard times, a man must have his eyes wide open and must look twice at a shilling before he spends it. But I think I shall keep to the slow and sure style of work and trust to industry and God's blessing to make enough to keep me in plenty and respectability."

One of our Printers on a farm—How he spent the Fourth.

Mr. J. S. was kind enough to let me go off that day. About 12 o'clock I had my dinner, and at half past, I went down to the Station to take the train at 12—51 for the Park.

I got off at Girard Avenue, and from there I went out to the Park to see the balloons, sending them off, and had such

delight to see which I had never seen one before in my life.

One of them was the Independence, in which I saw General George Washington's picture. In this balloon three men went up at about half past three o'clock in the afternoon.

After this one went up, I went to the next one which was to go up at four o'clock. I was told that it was the government balloon. It was a big one.

Then I hurried on in that way thinking that I could go in front so I may have the room to stand on where I could see better. But, Oh! my, there was a very big crowd of people there.

I tell you Miss B. I never was in a crowd like that, but I could see all I want. When the men were fastening the big basket ready to go up, the wind began to blow a little and after a while it began to blow harder and harder, that the men could not manage it. It was a terrible wind and the balloon burst out and the gas came out so the balloon did not go up, came down to the ground.

I just could see the people rushing through the safety places when the balloon was nearly falling on top of them, and those who cared for nothing on earth but making noise, they shout and yell, while the others rush in to see the big balloon.

The middle of the afternoon I went to hear the children singing at the Memorial Hall, where I was told that there were 1,200 children to sing. I did not stay there very long for there was a big crowd and could not stand any longer in the middle of the crowd and it was very hot but I enjoyed to hear the singing and it was beautiful.

Then at about six o'clock I hurried on down to the station to catch up my train back home. When I got home I don't feel very much of playing, I was very tired. I sit outside on the porch looking at the sky-rockets going up and the rest of the fire works. That is all. I am very much thankful for the kindness of Mr. J. S. for letting me go.

I am, most respectfully, your friend,
 LORENZO MARTINEZ.

Adelia Low, a Pine Ridge Dakota girl, writes after she gets home.

"DEAR SIR: I thought I would drop a few lines as my brother Thomas wants me to do. He wants me to write to you soon to tell you that he's going to send his first daughter with me back to Carlisle she is between 6 and 7 years old. He wishes to know whether you think she is too small to go there, but I do not think she is too small, I want to take her along very much, because she is big enough to go to school. She is very smart girl. She could read in Dakota very nicely."

I haven't seen any of the Carlisle girls yet since I came back here, our home is about 13 or 14 miles from the Agency. It is called Kneecreek the place where we live. I saw one of the old Carlisle girls here, yesterday, Nellie Robertson. She is very well looking, she called me to her house and I expect to go to see her either to-day or to-morrow.

I am sorry to say I haven't found any work to do yet for 3 months, anyway I don't wish to stay here any longer than 3 months if you would come that time. My drother was very glad to see me back, and he says I could go back again if I want to. He has had a very nice place, out here in the country I call this country because it looks like country. I like this place great deal better than at the Agency. The big white mountains around here, the green trees over the creek, the green fields all over green, it looks very pleasant to me. My brother Thomas has a prayer house by his house. On Sunday he gathers all the young Indian boys and girls, and this morning the house was full. I think they are doing very nicely they sung some songs and read the Bible; they can sing very nice. Be sure and let us know if you think she is too small to go there, and when do you expect to come. Hope to hear from you soon."