

STUDENTS CANADIAN HISTORY READERS



D. J. DICKIE

ALL ABOUT INDIANS

BOOK TWO



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ALL
ABOUT INDIANS

BY

D. J. DICKIE



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Canadian Pacific Railways.

IN THE YOHO VALLEY.

ALL ABOUT INDIANS

WAR HAWK

THIS is War Hawk. It is a feast day. He has painted his face with red and black.

He wears his war dress. His armlets, his belt, his leggings and his moccasins are trimmed with beads. His necklace is made of beads and Elk's teeth.

War Hawk is a great chief. He has been in many battles. He can tell wonderful stories of the Indians who lived long ago.

He is a great hunter. He knows well all the animal friends of the Indians. He knows all the secrets of hunting them.

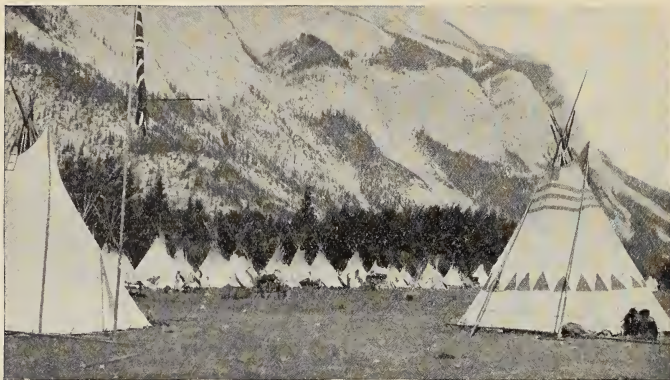
War Hawk is old. He remembers how the Indians lived before the white men came to Canada. He remembers the songs and games and dances the Indians used to know.

He will tell you some of the stories and the secrets.

[TURN OVER!]



Harmon, Banff



Harmon, Banff

This is War Hawk's Tee-pee. He is the chief of his tribe so his Tee-pee is painted with colours.

The Tee-pee is made of cow skin cut in strips and neatly sewed together into a cone. It is placed over a frame of poles. The pole you see on the outside holds up a little flap at the top so that the smoke may pass out.

In the middle of the Tee-pee there is a bright fire. Around the walls there are piles of furs. War Hawk and his family sleep on these.

Near the door a tall forked stick is placed in the ground. Upon it the Squaws hang War Hawk's bow and quiver of arrows, his war bonnet, and ornaments.

War Hawk sits beside the fire, facing the door. The men sit on his left hand, the women and children on his right.

LITTLE BEAR



McDermid, Edmonton

LITTLE BEAR is War Hawk's grandson. He is nine years old.

He is dressed in his best clothes to-day because it is his birthday.

His mother made all his clothes. She made his shirt and trousers of deerskin. His moccasins are made of deerskin and trimmed with beads. His vest and armlets are covered with many coloured beads. He is very proud of them.

He is proud of his bonnet, too. It is called a War Bonnet. It is made of eagle feathers. Each feather counts for a brave deed.

The War Bonnet belongs to Little Bear's big brother. Little Bear will not have one of his own until he is grown up and goes to war. His brother let him put it on because it is his birthday.

You could make a War Bonnet for yourself of chicken feathers. Gather twenty or thirty clean feathers from the chicken-yard. Take a strip of cotton four inches wide and a yard long. Double the cotton lengthwise, and sew the feathers between the edges.

EYES-IN-THE-WATER

EYES-IN-THE-WATER is Little Bear's sister. She is ten years old. She has her feast-day dress on, too.

Eyes-in-the-water does not talk and laugh as little white girls do. She thinks that is silly.

She walks about quietly. She helps her mother cook the meals and make clothes for the family.

She has a doll made of skin. Sometimes she and her little friends make a small Tee-pee and play house in it.

In the evening, War Hawk calls Eyes-in-the-water to him. He makes her stand in front of him and watch him. He makes funny faces and motions with his head and hands. He tries to make Eyes-in-the-water laugh. If she does not, he tells her that she is a good girl and will grow up to be a wise woman.

EYES-IN-THE-WATER SINGS

In the dark sky
Peeps a star
High and far.
Sing, little star!
Sing your song to me!



EYES-IN-THE-WATER.

{ Harmon—Banff.
{ Stafford—Calgary.

A DAY IN THE INDIAN CAMP

LITTLE BEAR and Eyes-in-the-water get up at sunrise. They run down to the river to bathe. When they come out of the water, they stand up very straight, look at the sun, and thank the Good Spirit for the bright day. War Hawk taught them to do this.

Then Little Bear hurries off with the other boys to drive in the ponies, while Eyes-in-the-water goes back to the Tee-pee to help her mother get the breakfast.

They have boiled meat for breakfast. The Braves eat first. By the time they have finished, the boys come in with the ponies. The Braves mount and ride off to hunt, while the Squaws and children eat their breakfast.

All day the boys practise shooting or running or wrestling. The little girls help the Squaws to sew new Tee-pees, to make moccasins, or to dry the meat for winter.

Sometimes they all go berry picking. Some of the berries they eat at once. The rest they dry and save for winter. Sometimes they go fishing. Often they play merry games among the Tee-pees.

At sunset the hunters return, bringing plenty of fresh meat for supper.

THE EVENING

IN the Moon of Falling Leaves the nights are chilly. They light the fires early in the Indian lodges.

Little Bear and Eyes-in-the-water have been playing or working outside all day long. They are very hungry, but they are good children. They wait for their supper till the Braves have eaten.

The hunters sit round the fire. The Squaws dish the food from the pot into bowls. Eyes-in-the-water hands them to the Braves. War Hawk says grace. This is what he says:

AN INDIAN GRACE

Father, Thou,
Look upon us,
Now we partake
Of this food with Thee.

When supper is over, Little Bear and Eyes-in-the-water put away the bowls. Little Bear brings wood and makes up the fire. Eyes-in-the-water puts a coyote skin on the ground near it. She and Little Bear sit upon it. They sit very still and keep very quiet. War Hawk is lighting his pipe. He is going to tell a story.

You may read it on the next page.

HOW THE BIRDS CAME

LONG and long and long ago, when the little Indian children first played in the forest, there were no birds and all the woods were still. The children had only the leaves to play with.

When summer was over, the Great White Bear came down from the north. He breathed frost through the woods and all the happy green leaves turned red and gold as they died.

Then came Wolf Wind. He tore the shining leaves from the trees and blew them all away.

The children were very lonely, for now they had no one at all with whom to play. At Christmas time came Glooscap, the Great Good Spirit, and asked the children what they most wished for.

“Oh! Glooscap,” cried the children, “we are very lonely. The leaves are gone. We have no one to sing with, no one to dance with, no one to play with. Good Glooscap, make the leaves live again.”

Then Glooscap called the Rain Wind, the Sun Wind and the Wind of Flowers. They caught hands and danced through the woods. They blew back all the lost leaves.

Glooscap waved his wand and all the gold and brown and crimson leaves turned into singing birds.

HOW AN INDIAN LIGHTS A FIRE WITHOUT MATCHES

FIRST he gathers some dry leaves and brush, which he places under a little pile of sticks to be ready.

Then he looks about until he finds a stone with a small hole in it. He takes a stalk of the soap-weed plant and puts one end of it into the hole in the stone.

Putting one open palm on each side of the soap-weed stalk, he makes the stalk twirl back and forth in the hole, very quickly.

Soon smoke begins to rise at the end of the stalk in the hole.

When it bursts into flame, he pushes the blazing stalk into the dry leaves under the bonfire.

Try it and see if you can light a fire in this way.

AND the smoke rose slowly, slowly,
Through the tranquil air of morning,—
Ever rising, rising, rising,
Till it touched the top of heaven.

Hiawatha.



Harmon, Banff

THE TRAVOIS

LITTLE BEAR'S father, Kogum, has been hunting. He caught a black bear, a beaver, three lynx, and many coyotes.

As he caught each one, he skinned it. His wife, Wawana, cleaned the skins and took care of them.

The skins were heavy so Kogum made a travois to carry them. Little Bear helped him make it.

They cut two long, strong poles and laid two short poles across them about three feet apart. They tied the short poles to the long ones with strips of skin. They laid a blanket over the cross pieces to hold the skins.

In the morning, Kogum will tie the skins carefully into the blanket, mount his horse and so ride into town, dragging the travois with the skins on it after him. He will sell the skins in town.

THE OLD WOMAN IN THE MOON

THERE was once an old Algonquin woman who knew almost everything. One thing she did not know. She did not know where the sun went at night. She asked the Great Spirit. She asked him every morning and every evening till he was tired of hearing her.

He sent a messenger to tell her to stop asking. He said if she would hide herself away where he would not be bothered with her any more, he would tell her where the sun went at night as soon as she finished her knitting.

The old woman hid herself in the moon. She thought the Great Spirit would not be bothered with her there. There is no one else in the moon so she lives alone with her cat.

She keeps a pot of meat on the fire and every-
once-in-so-often she has to stop knitting and stir
the meat to keep it from burning. While she stirs
the meat, the cat unravels her knitting. Each time
she has to begin all over again.

So she sits there yet and has never found out
where the sun goes at night.



Canadian Pacific Railways.

MOONLIGHT ON THE BOW.

THE BABY'S CRADLE

IN the Month of Flowers, the Good Spirit sent a baby brother to Little Bear and Eyes-in-the-water. They called him Sagamos.

They began at once to make a cradle for him. Little Bear found a large strip of birch bark and Eyes-in-the-water gathered the moss.

They sewed the birch bark together at the head and foot of the cradle. Then they lined it with the moss. That made a soft bed for Sagamos.

Little Bear hunted through the woods till he found a short forked stick and a long, strong pole with a tip which bent easily. The forked stick he fixed upright in the ground. Then he leaned the long pole across the fork as you do when you boil the kettle at a picnic.

When Sagamos was tied safely into his birch-bark nest, his mother fastened him, cradle and all, to the bending tip of the pole. Eyes-in-the-water then tied a little cord to the bottom of the cradle. When she pulls the cord the cradle springs up and down instead of rocking back and forth as our cradles do. See if you can make a cradle like this on your sand table.

While Eyes-in-the-water pulls the cord she sings this song: [TURN OVER!

THE LULLABY OF THE IROQUOIS

LITTLE brown baby-bird, lapped in your nest,
 Wrapped in your nest,
 Strapped in your nest.
Your straight little cradle-board rocks you to rest,
 Its hands are your nest,
 Its bands are your nest;
It swings from the down-bending branch of
 the oak.
You watch the camp flame and the curling grey
 smoke;
But, oh! for your pretty black eyes sleep is best—
Little brown baby of mine, go to rest.

Little brown baby-bird, swinging to sleep,
 Winging to sleep,
 Singing to sleep.
Your wonder-black eyes that so wide open keep,
 Shielding their sleep,
 Unyielding to sleep.
The heron is homing, the plover is still,
The night owl calls from his haunt on the hill,
Afar the fox barks, afar the stars peep—
Little brown baby of mine, go to sleep.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

From *Flint and Feather*, published by arrangement with
the Musson Book Company, Ltd., Toronto.

WAWANA AND SAGAMOS



Pollard, Calgary

WAWANA has brought Sagamos out to show him to you. Is he not a nice little brown brother? Little Bear and Eyes-in-the-water think he is.

They helped Wawana make this beautiful bed for him. It is made of soft, white deerskin. The flowers are made of red and green beads.

Wawana's dress is made of deerskin, too.

Her collar is woven of porcupine quills. Her head shawl is of silk, red and yellow. Kogum bought it for her in the town. He gave a coyote skin for it. Kogum and the children are very proud of Wawana's long black hair.

Indian children love their mothers and fathers as you love yours. When Kogum and Wawana are old, the children will take good care of them.

PAULINE JOHNSON



PAULINE JOHNSON was an Indian maiden. She wrote the poem *Lullaby of the Iroquois*. She wrote many other poems about the Indians. Perhaps your teacher will read you another one.

Pauline's father was the Head Chief of the Iroquois. They lived near Brantford, Ontario.

When Pauline was a little girl, too little to go to school with her brothers and sisters, her father used to tell her many stories and verses about the Indians.

Pauline liked the verses best. Once when her father went to town he asked her what he should bring her. Instead of asking for a doll, she said, "Verses, please, father." So he brought her a little blue book of verses.

As soon as she learned to write she began to write verses of her own. She worked hard at them and by the time she was grown up she had learned to write beautiful ones, like the *Lullaby of the Iroquois* and *The Song my Paddle Sings*.

You should learn those two by heart.

HOW THE RABBIT LOST HIS TAIL

IN the days when the animals ruled the world the Rabbit was the kindest of them all. He was a very handsome animal then. He had a long bushy tail and a thick brown coat. His legs were straight and even. He walked like other animals.

One day in the Moon of Bright Nights, the Rabbit met an Indian in the woods. The Indian had lost his way and was very tired. He told the Rabbit that he was going to be married and that, if he were not there in time, his bride would be forced to marry a rich old Brave who wanted her.

The Rabbit said that he would show him the way very gladly, and as soon as the Indian had rested a little they set off. The Rabbit went first and the Indian came behind. By and by the Indian, who was not watching where he went, fell into a deep pit in the road. He tried and tried but could not climb out. Then he shouted to the Rabbit that now he was lost indeed.

“Come,” said the Rabbit, “don’t be afraid. I will get you out.” He hung his long bushy tail down over the edge of the pit and told the Indian to catch it and pull himself out. The man did so, but he was too heavy. The tail broke off and he fell back into the pit.

Then the Rabbit hung his hind legs down over the edge of the pit and clasped his front legs round a tree. The Indian took hold of the Rabbit's hind legs. He pulled and pulled. The legs stretched and stretched. They grew longer and longer, but at last the Indian pulled himself out. They went on their way again and came in time to the wedding.

The Indian and his bride were very grateful to the Rabbit. The bride gave him a fine white coat to wear in winter time so that his enemies should not see him in the snow.

Ever since that day Rabbits have had short tails, long hind legs, and wear white coats in winter.

AND the rabbit, the wabasso,
Scampered from the path before them,
Peering, peeping, from his burrow,
Sat erect upon his haunches.

LONGFELLOW.

THE CLOWN GAME

MICMAC children like to play the Clown Game. You can play it, too, if you wish. It is good fun.

The children are divided into two tribes. Each tribe takes one corner of the playground or schoolroom for its wigwam. One child in each wigwam dresses up as a clown. The others put feathers in their hair and blankets round their shoulders so that they look like Indians.

When all are ready, one clown takes a flower or a pencil or some other small thing in his hand and, with his tribe behind him, he goes to visit the other tribe.

Then the clown tries to sell whatever he has brought in his hand to the other tribe. The Indians all sit in a circle and watch him. He says and does all the funny things he can think of.

If any Indian belonging to the other tribe laughs, he must go home with the clown and his tribe.

It is then the turn of the other clown and his tribe to act.

SIGNALLING



Noble, Banff

KOGUM is scouting. The tribe has just moved into the valley below. Kogum went at once to the top of the hill to see if any enemy was near. He can see no one. He is signalling War Hawk that all is safe.

Kogum has a little mirror in the palm of his hand. He holds it so that the sun shines upon it. It sends a bright flash far down into the valley. War Hawk is more than a

mile away but he can see the flash from the mirror.

Kogum closes his hand to hide the flash. Then he opens it so that the flash will show. War Hawk will count the flashes. One flash means "Be careful." Three flashes mean "All is safe." War Hawk watches and counts carefully. Kogum flashes three times.

War Hawk tells the Squaws to make camp.

HOW THE MOOSE WAS MADE SMALLER

A STORY TO PLAY



People in the Play

The MESSENGER of the Great Spirit

The MOOSE (a big boy with a coat over his head)

The CHIEF

The TRIBE

The Messenger sits on a high seat. The Tribe sits in a circle on the ground facing him. The Chief stands in the centre of the Tribe.

Messenger. My children, I am the Messenger of the Great Spirit. He has heard your tears falling on the ground. He sends me to ask what troubles you.

The Tribe (speaking all together). O! Ha, O!

The Chief. O Messenger of the Great Good Spirit, we thank you for coming to help us.

The Tribe. We thank you, O kind Messenger.

The Chief. It is the Moose that trouble us, O Messenger. They are so large, they eat the leaves off the trees. They trample our crops. They have killed many of our people.

The Tribe. Alas! Our friends are gone. Ala!

The Messenger. Let some one bring me a strip of birch bark three hands long.

[*A Squaw goes out to get it.*

The Tribe. Alas! The trees are bare. Our crops are spoiled. Our friends are gone.

[*The Squaw brings in the strip of birch bark and gives it to the Messenger. He rolls it into a horn. He blows three times. A Moose as tall as a tree comes out of the forest.*

The Moose. I have come, O Messenger of the Great Good Spirit. What do you want of me?

The Messenger. You are much too large, O Moose. You spoil the crops and kill the Indians. Come here to me!

[*The Moose comes near. The Messenger puts his hands on the head of the Moose and pushes him down and down till he is only a little taller than an Indian.*

The Messenger. Now, Moose, go out into the woods and do no more harm. [*The Moose goes.*

The Chief. We thank you, O Messenger.

The Tribe. We thank you, O Messenger. We thank the Great Good Spirit.

To this day the Moose is only a little taller than an Indian and still the Indian hunter calls him by blowing on a horn of birch bark.

CANOE SONG

IN my canoe I glide along
Beneath the willow shade,
The water sings a pleasant song
Unto my paddle blade.

BOWL STONES

INDIAN boys and girls play Bowl Stones instead of Marbles. It is played in this way.

Take seven plum stones (prune stones will do). Blacken each of them upon one side.

Put the seven stones into a little wooden bowl. Shake the bowl about and then throw up the stones. Catch them again in the bowl.

The thrower counts one for each stone which turns up black in the bowl when they are caught.

The players throw in turns. He who first counts ten wins the game.

WHY THE RABBIT WAS WHIPPED

THE Rabbit is very fond of lettuce. His grandmother also likes it.

One spring the Rabbit was lazy. He planted only a short row of lettuce. When he and his grandmother had eaten all the lettuce from their own garden, the Rabbit stole some from the Old-Lady-Next-Door.

He stole some lettuce every day for a week. The Old-Lady-Next-Door was very angry. She made a large bag with a string at the top to draw it up. She laid it open on the ground and put some nice fresh lettuce leaves inside. Then she hid behind the currant bushes with the string in her hand.

By and by the Rabbit came through the fence. He saw the lettuce and crept into the bag to nibble it. The Old-Lady-Next-Door pulled the string. The Rabbit was caught.

“Now, my fine fellow,” said she, “I’ll just take you over the hill and drown you in the Big Pond. That will stop your stealing.”

She started up the hill with the bag on her back. The bag was heavy and the day was hot. Half-way up the hill the Old-Lady-Next-Door sat down to rest. Soon she fell asleep.

Just then the Fox came up the hill. He sniffed at the bag.

“What are you doing there, Rabbit?” he whispered.

“I have refused to marry the daughter of the Old-Lady-Next-Door,” the Rabbit whispered back, “and she is taking me home to make me do it.”

Now the Fox wished to marry the daughter himself, so he said:

“What will you take to change places with me?”

“Why,” said the Rabbit, “I’ll change for nothing.”

So they changed.

When the Old-Lady-Next-Door woke up, she took the bag over the hill to the Big Pond.

“In you go,” she said, as she opened the bag and emptied the Fox out into the water.

The Fox was very much surprised. He could not understand it, but he swam to a log and got safely away.

The Rabbit went home and told his grandmother all about it. She was very glad to have him safely at home, but she whipped him on both his paws for stealing and lying. He promised never, never to do such things again.



The Buffalo Park, Wainwright

ANOTHER WAY TO CALL THE MOOSE

THE Messenger of the Great Good Spirit taught the Indians to call the Moose by blowing three times upon a horn made of birch bark. Some Indians call him in another way.

They wade out into the water and take up a handful. Then they let it drip through their fingers. It drips and drips. It sounds as if a Moose were drinking.

Far in the forest the Moose hears the water drip, dripping. He thinks it is his mate drinking and he comes to find her.

HOW THE ROBIN GOT HIS RED BREAST

WINTER had come to the world. The snow lay deep upon the ground. The wind whistled through the bare branches of the trees.

The birds and animals had no fire and they were very cold. One day an eagle flew over the mountain. He told them that the Indians who lived on the other side of the mountain had fire.

The Raven, the Robin, the Mole, and the Flea said they would go and ask the Indians for some of their fire. They set out very early in the morning and travelled all day. Just as it grew dark they saw the firelight shining through the trees.

The Raven, the Robin, the Mole, and the Flea crept softly towards the fire, but they could not get very near for the Indians sat in a circle round it.

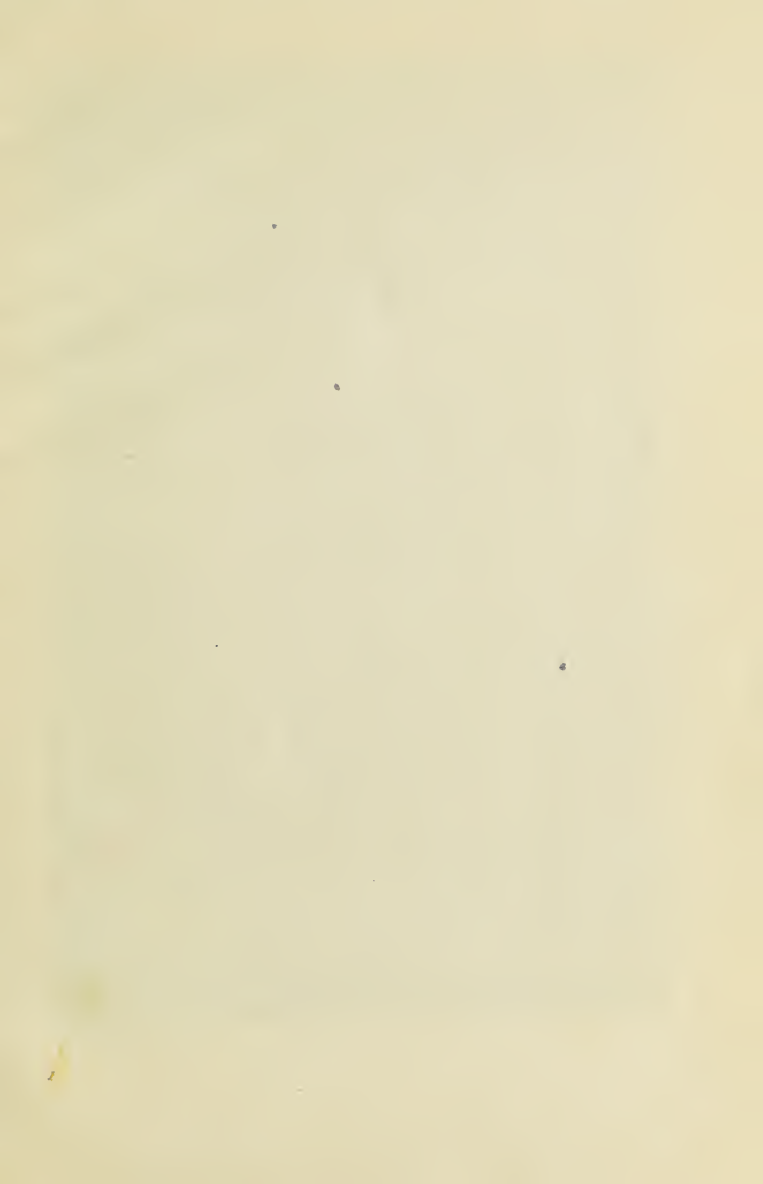
Then the Raven, the Robin, the Mole, and the Flea crept back into the darkness and whispered together as to what they had better do. They were afraid to ask for the fire, so they decided to wait till the Indians were all asleep

and then steal some. The Robin said he would creep up and steal it.

By and by the Indians wrapped themselves in their blankets, turned their feet to the fire, and went to sleep. When all was still, the Robin crept up to the fire. He took a live coal in his beak and turned to fly away with it. But the coal burned him so that he dropped it. It winked and hissed in the snow. It turned black. It was going out. Poor Robin did not know what to do. He leaned over the coal and fanned it with his wings. He leaned so close to it that it scorched him. But in spite of all, the coal went out.

Now the Raven, the Robin, the Mole, and the Flea knew that it was wrong to steal. When Robin came back with his poor breast all burned red, they were sorry and ashamed. Next day they went bravely to the Indians and asked for a coal. The Indians gave them one packed with touchwood in a buffalo horn to keep it from going out.

Then the Raven, the Robin, the Mole, and the Flea took the fire proudly home to their people. And ever since that day Robins have had red breasts.





Canadian Pacific Railways.

MOUNT ASSINBOINE.

THE LITTLE HIAWATHA

THERE the wrinkled, old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
“Hush! the Naked Bear will get thee!”
Lulled him into slumber, singing,
“Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!”

At the door on Summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
“Minne-wawa!” said the pine-trees,
“Mudway-aushka!” said the water.

LONGFELLOW.



Dr. Bell, Vermilion

AN INDIAN SAWMILL

THIS is an Indian Sawmill. When they wish to cut up a log, the Indians first build a rack like the one you see in the picture.

They lay the log on top of this rack. One Indian climbs up and stands on top of the log. The other stands on the ground beneath it. They push the saw up and down between them and so cut the log in pieces.

It takes a long time to cut logs in this way, but Indians have plenty of time. They are never in a hurry.



Harmon, Banff

HOW THE INDIANS LEARNED TO TAKE ANTELOPE

ONCE upon a time Little Beaver took his grandmother's best spoon out to play and lost it. His grandmother spanked him till he cried. He cried, and cried, and cried, and cried.

“If you mean to keep on making that noise,” said his grandmother, “you had better go outside.”

So Little Beaver went outside the Tee-pee and leaned against it and cried, and cried, and cried.

By and by he felt very sleepy, so he lay down close to the wigwam and fell asleep.

As he slept he dreamed that he saw some Indians hunting Antelope. Before that the

Indians could not shoot Antelope because they run so fast the Indians could never get near them.

In his dream Little Beaver saw the Indians shooting them, and this is the way they did it.

All the Indians, Squaws, and children made a great circle round the Antelope. Then the Indians walked slowly towards the centre, making the circle smaller and smaller.

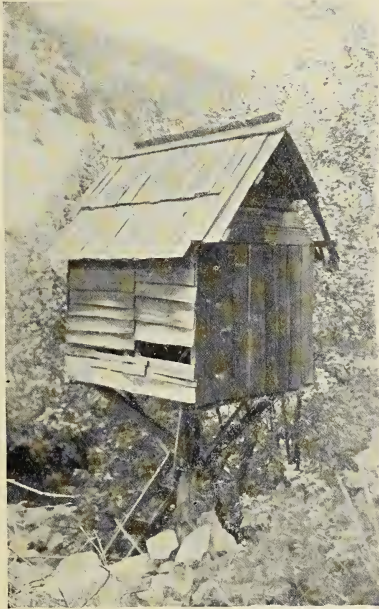
The Antelope began to run round and round inside the circle. Soon they grew dizzy from running in a circle. Then the Indians ran up to them and shot them with their bows and arrows.

When Little Beaver woke he went into the wigwam and told his grandmother what he had seen in his dream. She told the hunters and ever since then the Indians have known how to hunt Antelope.

WAH-WAH-TAYSEE, little fire-fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!

LONGFELLOW.

THE BURIAL HOUSE



Harmon, Banff

WHEN an Indian dies, his friends feel very sad. They do not sleep that night but sit beside him weeping all night long.

In the morning, they go out into the hills and hunt till they find a quiet place among the trees. Here they build for him a little house, high up on a pole as you see it in the picture.

Then they wrap their dead friend in his best blanket and carry him to the little house. They lay him in it and put his pipe and his bow and arrows beside him.

Every night for a long time, one of his friends goes out to the hills. He stays near the little house all night long. He calls the name of his lost friend softly through the darkness, to show that they are lonely in the camp without him.

HOW THE RABBIT GOT PINK EYES

THE Rabbit lived with his grandmother. She was a very old lady and the Rabbit did everything for her. When he had given her her breakfast and made the house tidy, he went out to set a snare to catch some food for the next day.

One morning when he went to look at his trap, it was empty. There had been something in it, but someone had come and stolen the meat. This happened every morning for a week. The Rabbit was very angry.

“I’ll catch that wicked thief,” he said, and he set a great trap near the little snare.

That evening he went to see if he had caught the thief. As he went along the path, he thought the woods must be on fire. The light grew brighter and brighter as he came near his trap. He saw that he had caught a Great White Light, and he was so frightened that he ran home to his grandmother.

When he told her about the Great White Light, she laughed. She said he ought to be ashamed of himself. She sent him back to see what it was.

As he came near the trap again, he heard a voice.

“Let me out,” called the voice. “Oh! please let me out. Will no one come and let me out?”

The Light was so bright the Rabbit could not look at it. He picked up two lumps of mud and threw them at the Great White Light. Then he opened his eyes and looked at the muddy spots. He saw that he had caught the Man-in-the-Moon in his trap.

The Rabbit was very much frightened, but the poor Man-in-the-Moon kept calling for help, so the Rabbit covered his eyes with his arm and ran in under the Light. He cut the cord of the trap and let the Man-in-the-Moon out.

The Man-in-the-Moon got safely home, but he has muddy spots on his face still. You can see them when the moon is full. He goes away every month and tries to wash them off, but he never gets his face really clean.

The Rabbit had looked at the Great White Light so long that the rims of his eyes turned pink. And to this day he blinks when he looks at a light.



INDIAN DANCING GAME

HEY, ho, Up and away!

Up and away!

Up and away!

Hey, ho, Up and away!

Up and away!

Up and away!

Hasten, hasten, let us go!

Up and away!

Up and away!

Hasten, hasten, let us go!

Up and away!

Up and away!

Children! children! let's be gay!

Up and away!

Up and away!

Children! Children! let's be gay!

Up and away!

Up and away!

To play this game the children stand in two rows, facing one another. Each child has two short sticks in his hand.

They sing the verses to any easy tune which they know. If one boy has a drum, he may beat it in time to the singing. The others shake their sticks, keeping time with them.

As they sing the first verse, they rattle their sticks and dance up and down, standing in one place.

As they sing the second verse, each child faces his neighbour, rattles his sticks in time to the singing and jumps up and down.

As they sing the third verse, the two lines of children change places, dancing through in time to the music.

When the two lines have turned to face each other, they are ready to play again.

THE SWEAT BATH

WHEN he was ten years old Little Bear went for the first time to take a Sweat Bath with the Braves. He was very proud to go.

The Squaws built a fire and put large stones in it to become red hot.

While the stones were heating, they built a wigwam of birch bark. They fastened the bark down all round the wigwam and left only a slit for a door. Inside the wigwam they put a tub of water and a dipper.

The men and boys went inside the wigwam and took off all their clothes. They handed them out to the Squaws who laid them in a dry place.

By this time the stones were red hot. Each Squaw took two flat sticks and, lifting a hot stone between them, handed it into the wigwam.

The Braves rolled the stones into the middle of the wigwam and poured cold water upon them. This made the steam rise. It filled the wigwam. It was very hot. The sweat ran down the bodies of the Braves. It was so hot that Little Bear felt sick, but he held up his head and did not ask to go out.

They stayed in the Sweat Bath two hours. By this time they were all very clean. They splashed cold water upon one another. Then they lifted up the birch bark from the ground so that the air might come in.

They danced up and down till they were dry. Then the Squaws handed their clothes in to them. They dressed themselves and the Sweat Bath was over.



The Buffalo Park, Wainwright

IN THE BUFFALO DAYS

IN the BUFFALO DAYS the Indians were rich and happy. War Hawk remembers those days. There were so many Buffalo that they roamed across the prairies in great herds.

In the summer time War Hawk and his Braves rode out on hunting parties to kill Buffalo. The party divided into four groups. Each group rode up on a different side of the herd. Sometimes they set fire to the grass and so drove the Buffalo all together in the middle. Then it was easy to shoot them.

When they had killed many Buffalo, they camped. The Squaws skinned the animals and tanned the skins. They used the skins to make robes, leggings, shields, Tee-pees and many other things.

They cut the flesh into long strips and dried it

in the smoke of the camp fire. Or they pounded the dried meat into little bits with their wooden hammers, mixed it with berries and packed it into a bag made of Buffalo skin. When the bag was as full of meat as it would hold, they melted Buffalo fat and poured it into the bag over and around the meat. The fat hardened as it cooled and joined the meat together into a solid lump. This meat was called PEMMICAN. It was very good to eat. The Indians put the bags of pemmican away to save for eating in the winter time.

As long as there were plenty of Buffalo, the Indians had all the food and clothes they needed.

LACROSSE

LACROSSE is an Indian game. They play it on the grass in summer and on the ice in winter.

They divide the men and boys of the tribe into two teams. Each team has a goal. Each player has a Lacrosse-stick with which he tries to pick up the ball and throw it into the goal of the other side.

The side which makes the most goals wins the prize. The prizes are hung on a pole while the game is being played. They give knives, tomahawks, blankets, leggings, and many fine things for prizes.

WHY RABBITS EAT CABBAGES

THE Chief called all the animals to a Council. They came and sat in a great circle round the fire.

When all were seated, the Chief rose and said: "I have called you together so that you might each choose the food you like best. Then each animal must eat his own food and leave the rest for others."

The Squirrel chose nuts. The Beaver chose bark. The Bear chose berries and honey.

At last, after he had called all the others, the Chief turned round and saw the Rabbit, sulking.

"What is the matter, Rabbit?" he asked.

"I belong to the largest tribe of animals in the world," said the Rabbit. "You ought to have let me choose first."

"Oh ho!" said the Chief. "You are sulky, are you, Mr. Rabbit! I will soon cure you of that. You shall have for your food whatever grows where you fall."

The Chief took the Rabbit by the hind legs and threw him as far as he could.

The Rabbit fell into the middle of a bed of cabbages, and ever since that day he has liked best to eat cabbages.

HOW CORN CAME TO THE INDIANS

ONCE upon a time the Indians had nothing to eat for a long time. Each morning the Braves went out to hunt. Each evening they came back without any food.

The Chief called them all to a Council round the fire. "I will call a Medicine Man," said the Chief, "who will make us some strong, magic medicine to bring us food."

He called once. He called twice and out of the woods sprang two Medicine Men just alike. Each wore a black Eagle feather on his head. Each wore a Buffalo skin painted red, and whatever one did the other did also.

When the Medicine Men saw each other they were very angry. Each thought the other was making fun of him. They dared each other to jump into the river.

"Dare you jump in?" said one.

"I dare," said the other, and they jumped together into the swiftly flowing water.

They sank to the bottom of the river and there they met an Old Woman. She asked them what they wanted. They said they wanted food for the Indians.

The Old Woman gave them each a small wooden bowl and a spoon. "When you want anything

to eat," said the Old Woman, "stir in the bowl three times with the spoon."

The two tall Medicine Men thanked her and rose again to the top of the river.

Each wished to be first to give the magic bowl and spoon to the Chief, but they reached the land exactly together.

As they placed their feet upon the shore, the Great Spirit turned them both into tall stalks of green Corn. Their Buffalo robes turned into leaves. The wooden bowls became the cobs upon which the Corn grew.

Ever since that the Indians have planted Corn so that they may have food when game is scarce.

THE SONG OF THE CORN EAR

WHO sings?

The little corn ear; corn ear.

From the top of the stalk

He sings.

"Oh, the cloud is floating, floating,

Oh, the rain is falling, falling,

Oh, the sun is coming, coming.

"Cloud and rain and sun,

Here they come!

Cloud and rain and sun,

Hither come!"

HOW THE INDIANS MAKE CORN CAKE

BEFORE the White Men came to Canada, the Indians grew Corn, Pumpkins and Sunflowers.

They made sweet sauce of the pumpkins. They made oil from the Sunflowers. They made cakes of the Corn.

When the Corn was well dried, the Squaws beat it into meal with wooden hammers. Then they sifted it through a basket.

They mixed the meal with water till it was like soft dough. They rolled it into a loaf which they wrapped in leaves and baked in the ashes.

The Indians taught the White Men to make Corn Cake.

THE INDIANS SAY THAT

The Corn is Our Mother,
The Bow and Arrow is Our Father.
The Squaw must plant,
The Brave must hunt.



Noble—Bang.

THE MEDICINE MAN

THE MEDICINE MAN

KOGUM was sick. He had pains in his back and legs. Wawana sent Little Bear for the Medicine Man. He came with his Medicine Bag.

He said that a bad spirit had taken hold of Kogum and was pinching him. He said they must all help him to drive the bad spirit away.

The Medicine Man took three little stones out of his bag. He put one in each of Kogum's hands and one in his mouth. He next took out three large stones and put them in the fire to heat. Then he began to dance around Kogum as he lay on the rug. He danced and shouted till the children were dizzy with watching him.

By this time the large stones were hot. He wrapped them in moss and put one under each of Kogum's arms and one at his feet. He took some leaves from his bag, put them in some water and made Kogum drink the water. Then he made Wawana and the children dance and shout to drive the bad spirit away.

By and by the pain in Kogum's back grew less. The Medicine Man said the bad spirit was going away. They danced and shouted still louder. At last all the pain went away and Kogum fell asleep.

TECUMSEH

TECUMSEH was a brave Indian who helped the Canadians to fight against their enemies.

He was a tall and very handsome Indian, very brave and very wise.

He and his Warriors fought beside the Canadians all day long. At night the men were tired. The Leader said they had better give up the fight and go to their homes. But Tecumseh stood up and said: "We are fighting to keep our land. We are not beaten. We are only tired. Do not let us be like a fat and lazy dog who goes off with his tail between his legs if anyone shouts at him. Let us stay here and rest to-night. Then in the morning we will fight again and drive the enemy out of our country."

The Warriors listened to Tecumseh. They did stay and in the end they won the war. But Tecumseh was killed in the battle.

HOW THE OLD MAN STOLE THE SUN'S LEGGINGS

ONCE upon a time, the Moon made her husband, the Sun, a pair of beautiful Leggings. The Sun was very proud of them. He wore them every day when he went to work.

The Sun works all day. When he comes home at night to sleep, his wife, the Moon, and his children, the Stars, go out to work. They are a very busy family.

Now the Old Man saw the Sun's Leggings and he wanted them. He made up his mind to steal them. While the Sun slept he crept softly up to his wigwam and peeped in. There lay the Sun fast asleep and snoring, with the Leggings under his head for a pillow. The Old Man was very much afraid, but he wanted the Leggings so badly that he held his breath and drew them from under the Sun's head. He hid them under his robe and fled away as fast as he could.

When he had run a long way and was very tired, he lay down in a cave and went to sleep, for he thought the Sun would never find him there. But next morning when he awoke, the Sun was shining in his face. The Sun laughed at him and took the Leggings from him.

But the Old Man wanted the Leggings so much

that the next night while the Sun was sleeping he stole them again. He ran twice as far away and hid under a great rock, but when he wakened the Sun was shining in his face.

This time the Sun was angry. He took the Old Man by the back of the neck and shook him.

“Don’t you know,” he said, “that the whole world is my wigwam and that I look into every part of it every day? You cannot hide from me, you silly Old Man. You leave my Leggings alone or the next time it will be the worse for you.”

And after that the Old Man left the Sun’s beautiful Leggings alone.

HOW THE SQUAWS PLAY STRING-BALL

EYES-IN-THE-WATER and the other little Squaws often play String-Ball.

They have two sides and each side has a goal. There are two balls tied together with a strong cord about two feet long.

Each little girl has a short stick with which she tries to pick up the string with the two balls tied to it. She tries to throw the balls into the goal of the other side. The side which puts the balls into the other goal most often wins the game.

HOW THE OLD MAN MADE THE WORLD AGAIN

LONG and long ago, there were only animals living in the world. They worked very happily together and all went well till one day it began to rain.

It rained and rained and rained. The creeks grew into rivers. The rivers overflowed their banks. The lakes spread over the land. And still it rained.

The animals could find no dry places in which to sleep or hunt, so they went to the Old Man and asked him what they had better do.

The Old Man smoked his pipe a long time and thought very hard. Then he took an axe and cut down ten times ten great trees. He tied them together with magic as he sang his war song.

“Let all the animals get on this raft,” he called. And you may be sure they all climbed on as quickly as they could.

The raft sailed for days and days till at last it stopped raining. The sun shone out and the animal people saw that there was no land left anywhere. They were very much afraid and again they asked the Old Man what to do.

“If I had even a tiny bit of earth,” he said, “I could make the world over again. Loon, you

are the best diver. You must dive to the bottom of the water and bring up some earth.”

So the Loon dived. He was gone two whole days, and when he came up he was dead. Old Man breathed into his bill so that he came to life again.

“I did not get near the bottom,” said the Loon. “Someone who is a better diver than I, must go.”

The Beaver dived. The Otter dived. The Gray Goose and the Gray Goose’s wife dived. Each one of them came up dead. Old Man breathed life into them, but each one said that he had not nearly reached the bottom.

Now the animals were more afraid than ever. No one knew what to do. As they were whispering and groaning, someone laughed. Everyone looked around to see who laughed. They saw the Muskrat. He was saying good-bye to his wife. He laughed because they all looked so frightened.

“I will dive,” said the Muskrat, “I will bring up some earth.” So he dived. He was gone four days and then he came up dead. Old Man breathed life into him, and then the Muskrat opened his little claw and showed them a tiny lump of earth which he held there.

Old Man took the earth and rubbed it in his hands till it was warm and dry. Then he blew upon it and it began to grow larger. It grew quite large and then it stopped.

“ There is not quite enough earth here,” said Old Man. “ Muskrat will have to dive again.” So the Muskrat dived again. This time he was gone five days. He came up dead, but Old Man soon made him live again. This time he had a large lump of earth in his paw.

Old Man dried the lump of earth and blew upon it. It grew and grew and grew. He sent the Deer to run round the new earth to find out how large it was. The Deer was gone all summer. When he came back he said he had been running all the time and had just gone round the earth.

Then Old Man blew again. The earth grew very large. He sent the Coyote to see how large it was. The Coyote never came back. He grew old and died before he got all the way round the new world.

SIGHTING GAME

KOGUM is teaching Little Bear to find an animal when it is far off.

He looks for an open space on the side of a hill. Then he looks all round very carefully. He sees a black spot far off on another hill. It may be two miles away. Perhaps it is a Bear. Perhaps it is a rock.

Kogum sets his bow upright in his quiver. He places them both between his eye and the black spot. He watches. If the spot moves past the bow, it is an animal, and he and Little Bear will go to trap it. If the spot does not move, Kogum knows that it is a stone or a stump. They must look elsewhere for game.

HIAWATHA'S HUNTING

FORTH into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows,
To the ford across the river.
Hidden in the alder bushes,
There he waited till the deer came.
And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him.
As the deer came down the pathway
Hiawatha aimed his arrow.
Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river.

LONGFELLOW.

AN INDIAN FABLE

A FAMILY of Mice once lived under a crooked log. As they had never been outside, they thought they were the only people in the world.

One of them stood up on his toes and stretched his tiny arms. He could just touch the under side of the crooked log. He thought it was the sky.

He felt himself to be very tall indeed, and sang:

“In the world,
In the long, wide world,
There is none like me,
Little me!
I can touch the sky.”

Just then a great brown Bear who was looking for honey, put his paw through the crooked log where the little Mouse stood boasting. The Bear's big paw crushed the poor little thing into the earth.

The yellow sunlight shone in through the hole in the crooked log, but the other little Mice ran away and hid in the dark.

HOW LIMPING FOX RAN THE GAUNTLET

ONE morning in the Moon of Berries, when Little Bear went out with the other boys to drive in the horses, one of them was missing. They looked everywhere but could not find it. When the Braves rode out to hunt that day they, too, looked for the lost horse, but it was not to be found.

The next morning, another horse was gone. That evening War Hawk sent a party of men to watch the horses through the night, for he knew someone must be stealing them.

They watched for three nights and no horses were stolen. The fourth night they did not watch and a horse was taken. So it went on for two weeks. When a watch was kept the horses were safe. But if no one watched, someone drove one of them off.

One hot afternoon, Little Bear and Eyes-in-the-water were picking raspberries on the side of a steep hill about a mile from the camp. They did not laugh and talk and eat the berries as little white children do. They moved silently through the bushes as War Hawk had taught them. They picked and picked, filling their bowls.

Half-way down the steep side of the hill, Little

Bear stopped and lifted his hand to make Eyes-in-the-water look. There, in the thickest of the bushes, was a little cave, and in it lay a strange Indian, fast asleep. They knew he must be the horse thief.

The children did not speak. They knew just what to do. Little Bear hid behind the bushes to watch and Eyes-in-the-water slipped down the hill and ran to the camp. Very soon she brought the Braves to the place. They caught the thief and shut him up in a small wigwam at the very end of the camp.

That evening when the fires were lighted, the Squaws and children took their places in two long rows reaching right through the camp from the little wigwam to War Hawk's Tee-pee. They stood about four feet apart. Each of them had a switch in hand.

The thief was brought out of the little wigwam and told that if he reached War Hawk's Tee-pee safely, they would let him go. He began to run down the long path between the rows of Squaws and children. Each of them tried to hit him as he passed. He ran as fast as he could, but he got many blows and was almost ready to fall when he reached the end of the line. He was made to stand up before War Hawk.

War Hawk. Oh, Wicked One, what is your name?
Limping Fox. Limping Fox, great Chief.

War Hawk. Oh, lazy and shameless Indian, why did you steal our horses?

Limping Fox. Great Chief, I am one of a small tribe. We are very poor. We have only two old horses. We cannot hunt. Our women and children are hungry.

War Hawk. You should have asked my young men for food. They would have given it to you. You must give back the horses, but if you will lead us to your home we will take food to your people.

Then Limping Fox was sorry for what he had done and told the Braves where he had hidden the horses. Next day War Hawk's people took corn and pemmican to the hungry ones.



WAMPUM

LONG ago the Indians used Wampum instead of money. A string of Wampum was worth so much money. If an Indian wished to buy a gun from you, he would give you so many strings of Wampum for it.

Wampum is made from clam shells. The Squaws carve the shell into little beads and string them on a thread made of Deer sinew. Sometimes they weave the Wampum strings into broad belts and use them to send messages from one tribe to another.

A white Wampum belt means peace. If one tribe sends a white belt to another, it means: "We would like to be friends with you." If one tribe sends a dark belt to another, it means: "We are going to war; will you come and help us?"

SONG OF THE BLUEBIRD

"HEY-O! hey-o! hey-o!

My song is still,
Sad at heart am I."

Sad at heart, the little bluebird,
Sad indeed is he,

His song is still
Hey-o! hey-o! hey-o!

HOW HIAWATHA BUILT HIS CANOE

“ GIVE me of your bark, O Birch Tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch Tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily!

“ Lay aside your cloak, O Birch Tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the Summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper! ”

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha.
And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
“ Take my cloak, O Hiawatha! ”

With his knife the tree he girdled;
Just below the lowest branches,
Just above the roots he cut it,
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,

Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

“ Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me! ”
The Cedar whispered, bending downward,
“ Take my boughs, O Hiawatha! ”

Down he hewed the boughs of Cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together,

“ Give me of your roots, O Larch Tree!
My canoe to bind together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me! ”
And the Larch, with all its fibres,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Said with one long sigh of sorrow,
“ Take them all, O Hiawatha! ”

From the earth he tore the fibres,
Closely sewed the bark together;
And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir Tree,
Made each crevice safe from water.

“ Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!
I will make a necklace of them.”
From a hollow tree the Hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
Shot his shining quills like arrows,
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers,

“ Take my quills, O Hiawatha! ”

From the ground the quills he gathered,
All the little shining arrows,
Stained them red and blue and yellow,
With the juice of roots and berries;
Into his canoe he wrought them,
Round its waist a shining girdle,
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
On its breast two stars resplendent.

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest,
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.

Paddles none had Hiawatha,
Paddles none he had or needed.
For his thoughts as paddles served him,
And his wishes served to guide him;
Swift or slow at will he glided.

LONGFELLOW.



Canadian Pacific Railways.

EMERALD LAKE.



Hudson's Bay Company, Edmonton

THE RABBIT SKIN BOYS

THESE boys are Rabbit Skin Indians. They live in the far north of Canada. The Rabbit Skins are very poor Indians. They have no fine Teepees, no warm fur robes and blankets such as War Hawk's people have. In summer they are happy, but in winter they are often cold and hungry.

Then they go to the Mission. It is near their camp. A Minister and his wife live at the Mission. They bring the Rabbit Skin children in and make up a big fire to warm them. They make soup and cocoa for them. They give them warm coats and caps.

One day Little Billy Longfoot had the toothache. The Minister wished to pull out the tooth, but Little Billy would not let him. The Minister's wife said she would tie a string to the tooth. "Then we will tie the other end of the string to the door knob," she said, "perhaps that will cure the tooth." They did that. Then someone shut the door quickly and out popped the tooth. Billy Longfoot laughed at that. He was very glad the tooth was out. They put a scarf around his cheek to keep him from taking cold.

HOW THE WOLVERINE FROZE TO DEATH

IN the Micmac country, down east by the sea, lived a young Wolverine who was very proud of himself.

He went, one day, to visit his brother the Bear. The Bear was glad to see him. He put on the pot and cooked him a good dinner. After dinner, they sat down to smoke and chat.

"If there were no soap-weed sticks and no stones about, how would you make a fire, my brother?" said the Bear.

"No one could make a fire without soap-weed sticks and a stone," said the proud Wolverine.

"I can do it," said the Bear.

“Then show me how, brother Bear,” said the Wolverine.

The Bear gathered a little pile of maple bark in front of his wigwam. He jumped over the pile and as he did so it burst into flame.

“That is wonderful, brother Bear,” said the Wolverine. “Please show me how to do it.” So the Bear gave the Wolverine the power to make a fire by jumping over the pile.

The Wolverine was so proud of his new power that he used it all the time. He made fires at every turn in the path. By and by he used his power all up.

By this time it was winter. The Wolverine was cold. He wanted a fire. He made a pile of bark and jumped and jumped, but no fire came, so the poor thing froze to death.

In the springtime he thawed out again, but as he was asleep he did not know that he was thawed.

One day his brother, the Raccoon, came by. “Wake up, brother Wolverine,” said he. “It is very late.”

“Thank you, brother Raccoon,” said the Wolverine. “I must have overslept myself.” And he trotted off into the woods as proudly as ever.

LITTLE BEAR'S MEDICINE

WHEN Little Bear was twelve years old, Kogum told him that it was time for him to go to find his MEDICINE.

Wawana and Eyes-in-the-water built a Sweat Bath for him and he stayed two hours in the lodge with the steam rising about him. Then he ran out and jumped into the lake.

When he came out of the lake it was dark, but Kogum was ready and led him off into the woods. They did not speak till they came to the very top of a high hill.

Then Kogum showed Little Bear a large flat rock, and told him to lie down there till he had dreamed what his Medicine was to be.

Little Bear was so tired after his bath and swim that he went to sleep at once. He slept soundly and did not dream at all that night.

Next day he stayed all day upon the rock, though it was very hard and hurt him. He was hungry, too, for he had had nothing to eat. At sundown he went to sleep, and again he slept all night without dreaming anything.

Next day the sun was very hot and Little Bear



THE THREE CHIEFS.

Stafford—Calgary.

grew more and more thirsty. In the afternoon he was so weak from hunger and thirst that the tears ran down his cheeks, but he would not leave the rock till he had dreamed what his Medicine was to be.

That night he slept and dreamed. In his dream he saw a great black Bear coming towards him. It walked on its hind legs, upright, and carried in its paw a beautiful Peace Pipe with a long stem and trimming of horsehair and scarlet feathers. The Bear came close to Little Bear. He built a fire and lighted the Peace Pipe. He blew the smoke toward the north and toward the south. Taking another whiff, he blew the smoke toward the east and toward the west. Then he handed the Peace Pipe to Little Bear and motioned that he should smoke.

In the morning when Little Bear awoke, he remembered all the dream quite plainly. It was a beautiful dream. He was very glad that he had stayed upon the rock as his father had told him. He went down from the hill. At the foot he met Kogum, who was waiting for him. He told his father all the dream. Kogum was very proud and glad. He said that the Peace Pipe meant that some day Little Bear would be a great Peace Chief.

When they reached the camp, Wawana and Eyes-in-the-water had a feast ready for Little Bear. All their friends and neighbours came to the feast. They brought necklaces and feathers

and blankets for Little Bear. War Hawk gave him a necklace of Bears' claws to wear.

Everyone was glad that Little Bear had found his Medicine and that it was Peace Medicine.

THE WAR SONG

Oyay! Oyay!
I am young!
I fear not death.

Oyay! Oyay!
I am strong!
I fear not any man.

Oyay! Oyay!
I have painted my face,
I toss up the tomahawk;
Who comes to fight with me?

HOW THE CREES WERE SAVED

LONG and long ago the Cree Indians lived beside a river with great falls upon it. They built their wigwams below the falls and lived there for a long time in peace.

At last their bitter enemies found out where they were living, and made up a war party to go and drive them from their homes.

When the war party reached the river edge they found an old Squaw fishing. They were glad. "She is a Cree Squaw," they said, "and will show us the way to her camp." The old Squaw said she would show them the way, and they put her in the first canoe.

All the afternoon and evening the old woman sat there as still as could be. As it grew dark, the war party drew near the Great Falls. It was dark, they could not see and the wind rustled the trees so that they could not hear. Down, down they came, nearer and nearer. The old woman sat quite still and said never a word.

At last the warriors in the canoes heard the roar of the Great Falls, but it was too late to stop. They were swept over and drowned.

The old woman was drowned, too, but she had saved her people.

THE MAGIC SUGAR LUMP

A HURON woman was tapping a Sugar Maple Tree. The sap ran down on to the chip and made a little lump of sugar.

The woman was about to eat the lump when a person she did not know stood by her and said: "Do not eat the lump, put it in a box. When you need sugar, take the lump and mark the place in the big sugar kettle, where the sap is boiling. The syrup will fill the kettle up to the place where you mark it with the lump."

The Huron woman kept the lump and so it turned out.

THE WHIPPER

INDIAN fathers and mothers are very fond of their children. They do not like to whip them even when they are naughty. This is bad for the children.

The Kickapoo Indians know that it is bad for the children not to be whipped when they are naughty, so they have a Public Whipper, who goes around, once every week, to each wigwam in the camp and whips any child who has done wrong that week.

THE PEACE PIPE

THE Peace Pipe is smoked when peace is made between two tribes of Indians.

It is made of white stone and is painted with colours. The stem is often four feet long and has beads, coloured horsehair, or porcupine quills hanging from it.

The Chief lights the Pipe and points it toward the sun. He takes a whiff of smoke and passes it to the warrior next him. Each warrior does the same until the Pipe has been round the circle.

THE PEACE PIPE

GITCHE MANITO, the mighty,
From the red stone of the quarry
With his hand he broke a fragment,
Moulded it into a pipe-head,
Shaped and fashioned it with figures;
From the margin of the river
Took a long reed for a pipe-stem;
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
And erect upon the mountains,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Smoked the calumet, the Peace Pipe.

LONGFELLOW.

THE COUNCIL

ONCE, when War Hawk was a young man, a band of Cree Indians came down upon his tribe in the night and carried off many of their horses, Squaws, and children.

Next morning, Sleepy Eye, the Chief of War Hawk's tribe, called his people about the fire. Even the Squaws went to that Council. They planned how to get back their women and horses and how to punish the Crees. They said they would ask their neighbours, the White Stony Indians, to go with them and help them fight against their enemies.

They chose three chiefs, Spotted Tail, Deerfoot and Sleepy Eye, to go to the White Stony camp and ask them to help. They sent word to Eagle Arrow, the Chief of the White Stony Indians, that the three Chiefs were coming. Eagle Arrow had his Council fire ready. His Braves sat in a half-circle around one side of the fire. The Squaws and children sat back in the shadow of the wigwams.

Sleepy Eye, Spotted Tail and Deerfoot came up to the fire. They did not speak, but sat down on the other side of the fire. Then Eagle Arrow rose. He took up the Peace Pipe and lit it at the fire. He held the Peace Pipe toward the sun.

He took one whiff of smoke and passed it to Sleepy Eye. When Sleepy Eye had taken one whiff, he passed it to Deerfoot. Each Indian in turn smoked and passed the Peace Pipe on round the circle. All this time no one spoke a word. When all had smoked, Eagle Arrow rose again and said:

Eagle Arrow. Brothers, we thank the Great Spirit that we are all here.

All the Braves. We thank the Great Spirit for His goodness.

Sleepy Eye. Oh, Eagle Arrow, you are a great Chief. It makes us glad to sit by your fire.

All the Braves. You have said, O Chief.

Eagle Arrow. You have come a long march to sit with us.

Sleepy Eye. True, O Chief, but we so wished to come that it seemed but a little way.

All the Braves. You have said, O Chief.

Sleepy Eye. I raise my hand to heaven and take the white feather to brush out the ears of my brothers that they may hear well.

All the Braves. Our ears are open, O Chief.

Sleepy Eye. I raise my hand to heaven and take the white wool to brush out the eyes of my brothers that they may see well.

All the Braves. Our eyes are open, O Chief.

Sleepy Eye. I raise my hand to heaven and take the clear water to wash the dust from the bodies of my brothers that they think well.

All the Braves. Our minds are open, O Chief.

Sleepy Eye. I raise my hand to heaven and take the white linen to wipe the hearts of my brothers clean of all evil. I call down sunshine into the hearts of my brothers. That is all I have to say.

Eagle Arrow. Our hearts are open to hear the words of our brothers. Let them speak on and tell us what is in their hearts.

Deerfoot. O Chief, we have come to you in sadness and you make our hearts glad with your words. The Black Snake of the North has lately hidden in the grass near the wigwams of your friends. In the darkness they caught us. While we slept, they struck. They have carried off our women, our children, and our horses. We go to strike the head of the Black Snake. We go to take back what is our own.

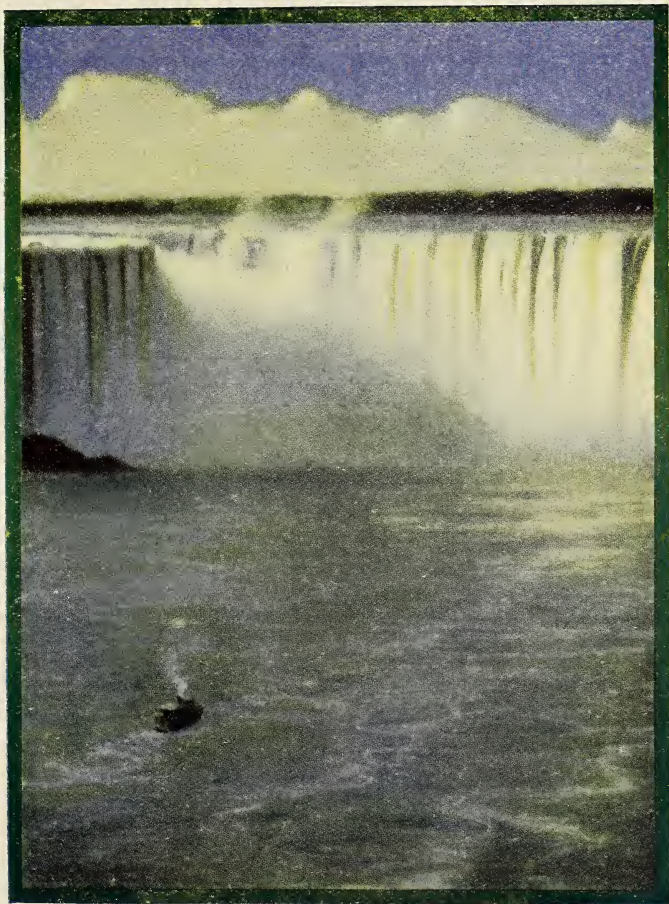
All the Braves. Alas! Alas! Oh Yah! Yah!
Yah!

Eagle Arrow. Let our brothers speak on.

Spotted Tail. Your words make us glad, O Chief. They wipe the tears from our eyes. We go to strike the Snake. We go to take our own, but we are few and the Snakes are many. We come to ask if the young men of the White Stonys will go with us.

All the Braves. Oh Yah! Yah! Yah!

Eagle Arrow. Our hearts are hot for our brothers. My young men think the time long till they



Canadian Pacific Railways.

NIAGARA FALLS.

are upon the war trail. They have painted their hearts. They wait but to paint their faces before they go with my brothers to strike the head of the Black Snake of the North.

All the Braves (tossing up their tomahawks). Oh Yah! Yah! Yah!

THEY BURY THE HATCHET

Sleepy Eye then took from his bag a small hatchet painted red. He handed it across the fire to Eagle Arrow. The Chief made a hole in the earth with the point of an arrow and laid the hatchet in it. He put a handful of earth upon the hatchet. Each warrior of the tribe laid a handful of earth upon the hatchet and Eagle Arrow stamped upon it with his foot.

This was to show that the White Stony Indians had forgotten all quarrels with Sleepy Eye and his tribe and were their friends.

When the hatchet was buried, Spotted Tail took from his bag a belt of dark wampum and handed it across the fire to Eagle Arrow. Eagle Arrow took it and held it up so that all could see it. He tied it to a pole set in the ground near the fire, and all the Braves sprang up and began to dance and shout and wave their tomahawks around it.

When Eagle Arrow took the belt of dark wampum, he meant that he and his tribe would go with Sleepy Eye and his young men to fight the Crees and take back that which they had stolen.

THE WAR DANCE

That night the two tribes danced a war dance together. The Squaws made a great feast. The White Stony Indians ate as much as ever they could. At an Indian feast it is rude not to eat all you can. The warriors painted their faces. Some of them painted their horses, too. They put feathers in their hair, took off their deerskin clothes and put on their war belts and war bonnets. They danced wildly about the fire all night long. They sang and shouted. They cut themselves with their knives and put blood on their faces and hands. They sang songs telling what they had done in other fights. They shouted what they would do in the war against the Black Snakes. The Medicine Men beat drums all night long to keep the dance going.

THE PRAYER TO THE SUN

The next morning was cloudy. They could not see the sun.

The warriors caught their horses and took plenty of arrows. They put their knives and tomahawks into their belts. Each warrior stood beside his horse ready to mount.

Sleepy Eye stood out toward the east. He raised his arms toward the sun and made a prayer to the Great Spirit. He asked the Great Spirit to help them to catch the Crees and to win back their women, their children and their horses.

As he finished making his prayer, the sun broke through the clouds and shone upon the camp and the warriors standing beside their horses. The Braves thought this was the Great Spirit's answer and that He would be sure to help them. They shouted and tossed up their tomahawks. Then they rode off after the Crees.

They caught the Snakes, fought with them and won back their wives and children. It was a great battle. War Hawk fought bravely in it. It was after this fight that he was made a Chief.

THE BOY AND THE LION

A HURON mother once wished her little son to be very brave and strong.

She took him far into the woods, built a little wigwam for him, told him to watch, and left him there.

The next morning she went to ask if he had seen anything in the night. He had seen nothing but a turkey. The mother was not pleased with that so she left him alone again.

That night a Lion came to the boy's wigwam. At first the lad was frightened, but the Lion said that he had come to make friends and offered to shake hands. The boy said he would have to ask his mother first.

Next morning the mother came again to see what had happened to her boy. When he told her about the Lion she was very pleased. She made him a fine hunting shirt of deerskin and sent him out to hunt.

As he walked through the woods he met the Lion again. This time he shook hands with the Lion, who gave him a small bag with a bit of his own heart in it. The boy thanked the Lion kindly for the bag and tied it around his neck.

Ever since that time the boy fears nothing and always finds game when he goes out hunting.

HOW THE INDIANS LEARNED TO MAKE CLAY DISHES

ONE morning, in the Moon of Red Lilies, Little Crooked Eye's mother left him to mind the baby while she went to gather wild strawberries.

Little Crooked Eye took the Papoose down to the river edge to play. He played with her in the water all the morning.

When he heard his mother call he took the Papoose under his arm and tried to go back to the Tee-pee, but his feet sank in the soft mud. He could not pull them out. He set the Papoose down and her feet stuck too. Their mother came and lifted them out. They laughed to see the shape of their feet in the mud.

Next day the tribe moved away from that river. They were gone all summer. When they came back in the autumn, Little Crooked Eye found the print of his feet still in the mud. The sun had dried the footmarks till they were quite hard. They looked like four little mud bowls.

Little Crooked Eye took one of the footprints to the Tee-pee and showed it to his mother. He played with it all day. By and by he put some water in it and it melted away.

Next day Little Crooked Eye took another foot-

print to play with. This time he put some coals from the fire into it. Then he forgot it and the coals burned in the footprint all night. The next morning it was so hard that when he put some water in it, it did not melt but held the water. He played at carrying water in it all that day. That night he showed it to his mother.

Little Crooked Eye's mother was a wise woman. She took some of the mud and shaped a bowl out of it. She put coals in it to burn it hard. It held water or soup or anything. She showed the other Squaws how to do it.

So the Indians learned how to make clay dishes.

THE LEGEND OF NIAGARA

WHITE CLOUD was very sad. The people in her village were sick. Near the village lived an ugly and wicked Giant. The Giant said that he could make the people well, and that he would cure them if White Cloud would marry him. White Cloud felt that she would rather die than marry the Giant.

She stepped into her canoe and pushed out into the river. It bore her swiftly down toward the Great Falls. The Spirit of the Falls saw her coming. He was sorry for her. He caught her canoe as it rushed over the rock, and took her to his Cave of the Winds behind the water.

White Cloud stayed with the Spirit all winter. He told her many secrets. He told her that it was the Wicked Giant who made her people sick, and that if they moved their village away from the water's edge they would soon be well again.

In the spring, White Cloud went back to her father's wigwam. She told her people what the Spirit of the Falls had said. They moved their Tee-pees away from the water and put them on a hill in the forest. From that very day, all those who were sick grew well again.

The Giant was very angry because the people moved their Tee-pees away and because they would not give him White Cloud for his wife. In his rage he threw himself into the river. The busy water carried him down to the Great Falls. His body was so big and so heavy that when it went over the Falls it bent the rock. That is why the Great Falls are bent in the shape of a horseshoe.



Pollard, Calgary

THE CHICKEN DANCE SOCIETY

THE Indian Braves have societies as the White Men have. Perhaps your father is a Mason or an Elk. Little Bear's father, Kogum, is a member of the Chicken Dance Society.

The Chicken Dance Society is an important one. Only the bravest and best Indians may belong to it. Not only must they be brave in war, good hunters, and honest men, the members of the Chicken Dance must be wise Peace Chiefs and kind to everyone.

Look at the members of the Chicken Dance Society in the picture. They have beautiful robes, bonnets, and guns, but their faces are more interesting than the things they carry. Look at each face. You can tell that they are brave and strong and wise Chiefs.

THE WICKED WITCH

IN the far west by the sea, in the country of the Siwash Indians, lived a Wicked Witch who caught little children and hid them in her wigwam. No one ever knew what she did with them.

One day some children were quarrelling and one of them called out, "O Witch, come and take Tavots, for he is bad." The moment he called, the Witch came out of the woods. She put pitch in the eyes of all the children so that they could not see where she took them, and then she carried them off to her wigwam. As she strode through the woods, two little boys caught hold of a tree and so pulled themselves out from under her arms. When they had washed the pitch out of their eyes, they ran home and told what had happened.

The parents of the lost children felt very sad. One mother sat on the sea shore and cried until her tears made quite a large pool in the sand. As she sat beside the pool crying, she saw a tiny little boy in it. She took him home and fed him. He grew so fast that in two days he was a strong man. He asked her why she cried so much. She told him about the Wicked Witch and how she

had stolen her little girl. "Do not cry any more, Mother," said the strong Young Man, "I will go and save her."

He went through the woods till he came to the river near the Witch's house, and there he hid in a tree. When the Witch came down to drink she saw his face in the water.

"Young Man," she said, "what makes you so very beautiful?"

"I lay on the ground," said the Young Man, "and my mother put a flat stone on my head. If you lie down and let me put a stone on your head, you may be beautiful too."

The Wicked Witch lay down, and the Young Man put so heavy a stone on her head that it killed her.

Then he went into the Tee-pee, untied all the little children she had hidden there and took them home to their parents.



LITTLE HOLE-IN-THE-CHEEK



Noble, Banff

THIS is Kewis and Little Hole-in-the-cheek.

War Hawk and his tribe were hunting in the foothills. Each morning, the warriors rode off to hunt the Wild Goat, but Little Bear and the other boys stayed near the camp to guard the women.

One afternoon the boys went up into the hills to shoot with their bows and arrows. In the bushes between two

hills they found a small Tee-pee. They hid in the bushes for a time, but could see no one. At last Little Bear said he was going to look inside.

When he came near the wigwam he heard a child cry. He hid in the bushes again, but nothing stirred, so he lifted up the flap of the

tent and peeped in. A poor mother lay on the floor dead, and beside her the Papoose cried and kicked. The boys took the Papoose home to the camp and the women fed her.

That night War Hawk held a Council to see who should adopt the baby. Kewis begged to have her. Every man, woman, and child in the camp gave her a gift. Little Bear and Eyes-in-the-water gave her her moccasins. Kewis loves her and takes good care of her.

They call her Little Hole-in-the-cheek because of her pretty dimples.

JOSEPH BRANT

JOSEPH BRANT was a Chief of the Mohawk Indians. When he was a boy, he went to the white man's school. There he learned many useful things which he taught his Indians.

Joseph Brant was a good friend to the British. In his day the British were fighting with the Americans. The Americans wished Chief Brant to fight on their side. They offered him many things if he would join them. But Brant said that the British had been kind to him and he would not leave them when they were in trouble.

While the war was going on, the American soldiers came to take a fort where the British

were. Only women and old men were left in the fort. They could not fight so they thought they would try to get across the lake into Canada. Joseph Brant helped them to get safely over.

The British gave Brant a large piece of land near Brantford, Ontario. He brought all his Mohawks with him and lived there happily ever after.

NENEBOJOS AND POKWIS

NENEBOJOS and Pokwis lived near Niagara Falls in Ontario. They were brothers. In the summer they fished and dried the fish to eat in the winter.

One day in the autumn Pokwis said: "This winter let us eat all your fish first and then eat mine." Nenebojos said he was willing to do this, so every day Pokwis came to his brother's wigwam and got fish for himself and his family.

Soon Nenebojos had used up all his fish. "Now," said he, "we will begin to use your fish, Pokwis." But next day when he went over to the other wigwam to get fish, Pokwis would not give him any.

Nenebojos and his family were very hungry, so he went out into the woods to hunt. There he saw an arrow fall and heard someone call, "That is my arrow, bring it to me." Nenebojos picked

up the arrow and gave it to a tall man who stood near.

“Now,” said the man, “I know how wicked Pokwis has been. I know you have no food. Do as I tell you and you will have plenty. Go to the lake and cut a large piece of ice. Tie a rope around it and carry it home on your back. Do not look back once while you are carrying the ice. When you reach home, put the ice in a hole and cover it up till morning.”

Nenebojos did this, and next morning he found a fine lot of fish in the hole. Every morning when he went out to look there were plenty of fish in the hole.

By and by Pokwis had eaten all his fish, and he came to ask Nenebojos where he got so many fine fish when the lakes and rivers were all frozen over. Nenebojos told him about the man he had met in the woods.

“Well,” said Pokwis, “I will go out and meet that man, too.” So he did. He picked up the arrow and gave it to the tall man. He was told to go to the lake, cut a piece of ice and carry it home on his back. “And be sure,” said the tall man, “not to look back while you are carrying the ice. No matter what you see or hear, do not look back.”

Pokwis cut the ice and tied it upon his back. It was almost night when he left the lake and

started home through the woods. As he walked softly along he heard someone calling, " Thief! Thief! Where are you going, Thief? What are you carrying on your back, Thief? "

Nenebojos had heard these voices, too, but as he was not a thief, he knew the voice was not calling him and he went on toward home. But Pokwis was a thief, so he thought the voice was calling him. He was afraid. He looked round. As he did so the ice melted and he had nothing to take home.

Nenebojos lived in plenty all winter, but Pokwis had only a few small rabbits to live upon till spring.



THE TOTEM POLE



THIS is a Totem Pole. Many of the Indian tribes have Totems. The Totem is an animal which the tribe chooses for its own. One tribe chose the Bear for its Totem, another chose the Wolf.

Every Indian loves his Totem animal. He thinks it will help him to fight well. When he goes hunting he never kills his Totem animal.

When the tribe camps in one place for a long time, they often build a Totem Pole to do honour to their Totem animal. They build it of wood. They make the head of it like the head of their Totem animal. They carve strange faces and lines all over it. Then they paint the faces with bright colours. They set the Totem Pole up in the centre of the camp where everyone may see it.

HIS BEST FRIEND

RUNNING WOLF, Chief of the Sioux Indians, heard a whisper in his heart. It told him that he must set out at once for the Happy Hunting Ground. Running Wolf knew that it was the Great Spirit speaking to him, so he set off that very day toward the West.

His Squaw and his two sons said they would go with him, at least as far as the gate. His dog, too, ran on behind them.

They walked many days through the woods and across the prairie toward the West. At last the little son grew tired. He hid himself in the bushes and lay down to sleep.

Then the oldest son said, "My little brother is lost, I must go back to find him." He turned back and hid himself in the bushes to sleep.

Now they began to go up into the mountains. The trail was very steep and rough. The Squaw fell upon her face. When she got up Running Wolf was out of sight. "I will go to find my sons," said the Squaw, and she, too, turned back.

The little dog still ran on after his master. The mountains were very high and the trail grew worse and worse. The little dog's feet were

bleeding, his tongue hung out of his mouth. Still he ran on after his master.

At last Running Wolf came up to the gate of the Happy Hunting Ground. He rapped and called out, "I am Running Wolf. The Great Spirit called me. I am come."

The Great Spirit came to the gate and said, "Welcome, Running Wolf; but where are those who set out with you?"

"They were tired," said Running Wolf, "and went back."

"Who is this that has come all the way with you?"

"This is the one who loved me best of all," said Running Wolf, "my little dog."

"He is welcome here," said the Great Spirit. So the little dog went into the Happy Hunting Ground with his master.

HOW HIAWATHA WENT TO THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND

“ I AM going, O Nokomis,
On a long and distant journey,
To the portals of the sunset.”
Forth into the village went he,
Bade farewell to all the warriors,
Turned and waved his hand at parting.
Launched the Birch-canoe for sailing,
Whispered to it, “ Westward, westward ! ”
And with speed it darted forward.
Westward, westward Hiawatha
Sailed into the fiery sunset,
Sailed into the dusk of evening.
And the people from the margin
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,
Like the New Moon, slowly, slowly
Sinking in the purple distance.
And they said, “ Farewell for ever ! ”
Said, “ Farewell, O Hiawatha ! ”

LONGFELLOW.

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