

go yourself straight to the Son?" So when these priests came around again and thought they were going to scoop in a great lot of my converts, they found the Indians were offish, and they wanted to know what was the matter, and the Indians said, "Well, it is just this, if you long-coated gentlemen wish to go and say your prayers through the intercession of the old lady go and do it, we are going straight to the Son every time." The result was that I never lost an Indian convert in any of our missions.

These priests are very zealous and worthy of imitation, as to courage and enterprise and push, and their determination to succeed. In one Indian village was a French priest, an earnest worker in his way and very zealous for the ceremonies of the church, especially as regards Friday. The Indians were told never to eat meat on Friday; they were to eat fish only. That was all right for six months of the year, when they had any quantity of fish, but the other six months, when the ice was often ten feet thick, it was rather difficult to get the required food. One Friday this priest went into one of the wigwams, and found one of his best Indians, as he had supposed, eating a great piece of venison. The priest, with all the excitability of the Frenchman, flew around and said, "Didn't I tell you never to eat meat on Friday?" The Indian carved off another piece and said, "Him no meat, him fish." The priest said, "Can't I believe my eyes? You are eating venison." "Him no venison, him fish." The priest was very much annoyed and said, "Are you crazy or am I crazy? I say that is venison." "Him no venison, him fish." "How do you know it is?" said the priest. The Indian replied, "You came to me awhile ago and said, 'I want you to be one of my people.' I said, 'What do you want to do?' 'Why, to baptize you.' I said, 'What is that you tell me? What will you pay me?' We talked about it and you decided to give me a new shirt if you would baptize me. I said, 'Go ahead;' so you took the water and went through your prayers and baptized me, and you said, 'I change you, you not Ookoosketoo any more, you Peter.' So I am Peter ever since. Friday come, and I have no fish, and I feel pretty hungry, and I don't want to go all day without anything to eat, so thinks I, I will fix him, and I get some water and take up that nice piece of venison and I say, 'you venison are you, I fix you;' and I put water on him and baptize him, and make him fish, and I eat him." So he went on, and had a good time.

One of the saddest things in reference to our North American Indians of this far north was the cruel way in which they treated women. The men in their pagan state were naturally tyrants. They had such false ideas. They thought if a man was kind to his mother, or his wife, or his sister, or his daughter, there was something weak about him, that he was not a big Indian, a strong, great warrior, so they crushed out all kindly feeling. They were fond of the little boys, but the poor little girls had a hard time of it. A man could cuff his wife's ears because the little baby a few hours old was a girl, and not a boy; and all through life that feel-