

Once there was an Indian boy named Lycooso who grew up to be a man like any other Indian who had lived all his life among the mountains and lakes, until a white man from a far away country across the ocean, came to tell him of the great and wonderful Christ, who died for him, and now lived above the clouds and sky, and who would do a great deal for Lycooso, if he would but love and trust him, and learn the Holy Word he had left behind on earth.

Lycooso laughed at the white man's talk and turned aside, at the same time shooting an arrow from his bow into the air at a bird, to let the white man know he was not interested in what he was saying. He did not care to talk about things which he did not understand. Then the white man took him by the hand and said :

" Lycooso, look up over the mountains into the blue sky."

Lycooso did as he was bidden, dropping his bow at his side.

" If you are a good man and will believe what I am going to tell you, you will live up there among the stars some day."

The Indian looked far into the sky for a moment, expecting to see some house or wigwam, then he shook his head and laughed harshly again

" Indian can't walk in air, white man ! " he said.

The white man then told him all about the Holy Father and the good Virgin Mary and what they had suffered for Lycooso, the Indian. Then he tried to teach Lycooso a prayer with which to ask forgiveness for his sins.

But Lycooso turned his back on the white man and shot another arrow into the air. Just as the white man was going to speak again, Lycooso espied a squirrel skipping over a log, and he stealthfully spread after it. As he drew his bow up to his shoulder, he looked back at the white man standing pale and still, and laughed again.

" Poor white man crazy ! " he said and disappeared in the thick bushes.

Soon after Lycooso went fishing in the lakes. When he returned, he found his mother in tears and the wigwam still and solemn. His little sister, Wapoona had died in his absence and he had returned just in time for her funeral. Lycooso loved Wapoona very much and he wept long and ate no fish for many days. One day Lycooso saw the good white man again.

" Wapoona is in God's wigwam, up there " he said, pointing to the skies.

Lycooso growled and gnashed his teeth. He thought the white man was making fun. " White man crazy again," he cried, " Go! Go! " Then he threw a small bolder at him and rushed off into the forest. Soon Lycooso's mother died, and he ran out into the mountains where it was lightening and thundering and cried as if his heart would break. The next day the white man came to him.

" Lycooso," he said, " will you not learn the prayers now ? Thy mother, too, is in God's wigwam up there."

Lycooso scorned him and ran away again.

One day a heavy forest tree fell on his father, Mysicka, crushing his breath away. Poor Lycooso could not stand this blow for the wigwam was now empty and deserted. He did not wait for the white man to come to him again, but rushed away into the mountains, his long hair flying behind him, where he fasted for a long while. His heart was broken and he had no home to whom he could go for comfort. All at once he began to think of the Holy