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THE INDIAN.

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Where are our Chiefs of old? Where our Heroes of mighty name?
The fields of their battles are silent—scarce their mossy tombs remain!—OSSIAN.

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LIFE OF JOHN SUNDAY.

SHAWUNDAIS.

By Rev. John McLean, Fort McLeod, Alberta.

(Continued.)

The temporal welfare of his people deeply interested him. Along with other Ojibway chiefs he laid several important matters respecting land and timber before the representatives of the Government. He rejoiced to be able to tell the civil authorities of the wonderful work of grace in progress amongst his people, and every sign of material prosperity was to him a source of joy. In his voluntary missionary work he visited several Indian camps along the north shore of Lake Huron where he met with success.

In 1828, he visited New York, Philadelphia and other places. The ninth anniversary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church was held in Duane Street Chapel, New York, and John Sunday delivered a most characteristic address in his native tongue which made a wonderful impression upon the congregation. He related the work of grace amongst his people. His pathetic appeals, deep sincerity and vivid gestures revealed the genuine eloquence of the speaker, and although the language was unknown to the persons in the audience, they were bathed in tears. When he addressed his own people deep silence reigned. The coldest hearts were touched, and the Spirit of God descended upon the dusky worshippers who wept and prayed in their forest temples until they sang in joyous tones:

"My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear."

Scoffers have remained to pray under his preaching. Many have been compelled to say that his addresses and sermons proved to be a means of blessing unto them. At the missionary meeting referred to, Dr. Bangs addressed John Sunday, through Peter Jacobs as interpreter. The Doctor gave him in the name of the congregation the right hand of fellowship which moved him deeply. The climax was reached when he expressed the hope and fervent desire of all present meeting him in heaven, "Amen," cried Sunday through his tears which so melted the hearts of the people that they wept and prayed. When he returned to his home, he did not forget the kindness of the Christian people in the United States to himself personally, nor the deep interest manifested in the spiritual and temporal welfare of the Indians. He spoke to his people of the religious institutions and noble Christian men and women he had seen. He told them that these friends rejoiced in the con-

version of the Indians, and prayed sincerely and earnestly for their prosperity.

He was ever intent on doing good. Several times he visited the Indians at Penetangushine and Sault Ste Marie and his labors were abundantly blessed. The record of one of these missionary tours he gave to Peter Jones as follows:

"After you left us at Matchisdash Bay, we came to five Indian camps, a few miles north of Penetangushine—here we stopped for three days and talked to them about Jesus Christ, the Savior of the poor Indians. Some of the young Indians listened to our words, but others mocked. Among this people we saw one old man who had attended the camp meeting at Snake Island last year. This man told us that he had prayed ever since that camp meeting, but, said he, 'I have been compelled by my native brethren to drink the fire water. I refused to take it for a long time, and when they would urge me to take the cup to drink, I would pour the bad stuff in my bosom until my shirt was wet with it. I deceived them in this way for some time, but when they saw that I did not get drunk, they mistrusted me and found me out, so I was obliged to drink with them. I am now sorry for the great evil that I have done.'

Some of the young people said that they would like to be Christians and worship the Great Spirit; but their old people forbade them. These young people were very anxious to learn to read and sing. Thomas Briggs, my companion, tried to teach them the alphabet. When we would sing and pray they would join in with us, and knelt down by our sides: but the parents of the young people were very angry at their children for praying, and one woman came and snatched a blanket from her child that was kneeling down, and said, 'I will let you know that you shall not become a Christian unless bidden so to do by the old Indians.' After spending three days with these people, we went on to the north on the waters of Lake Huron, as far as Koopahoonahning; but we found no Indians at this place, they were all gone to receive their presents at the Island of St. Joseph's. We were gone two weeks, and having got out of bread and meat, we were obliged to gather moss (called in the Indian Wahkoonun) from the rocks—this moss we boiled, which became very slimy, but which possessed some nourishing qualities; on this we lived for several days, together with now and then a fish that we caught in the lake. After returning to the Watchdash Bay, we saw the same Indians that we spent the three days with at Penetangushine. We talked to them about religion. They answered 'that they were looking at the Christian Indians and thinking about their worship. When we are convinced that they do really worship the Good Spirit and not the bad spirit, then

we shall worship with them and travel together.' At Penetangushine we saw about thirty Indians from Koopahoonahning, where we went, and then returned from our visit to the North. We told these people the words of the Great Spirit, and they said 'that they were glad to hear what the Great Spirit had said to his people. If we were to hear more about these things, maybe we would become Christians too, and worship with you.' We saw one old man at Natchjedash, with Brother John Asance's people, who has been much afraid of the Christian Indians, and has been fleeing from them as his greatest enemy, and kept himself so that no Christian Indian could talk with him. This man kept hiding and running from the praying Indians until he got lame in both of his hips, so that he could not run or walk, and was obliged to call to the Christian natives to help him. He now sees his folly—confesses his errors—prays to the Great Spirit to have mercy upon him, and has become tamed and in his right mind.

We also visited the Roman Catholic Indians, who have lately come from Drummond's Island.

We told them what the Great Spirit had done for us, and how happy we were in our hearts in worshipping the Great Spirit who had saved us from drunkenness and from all our sins. They said that they would like to see and hear for themselves how we worshiped the Lord. So they sent those that came with us to this meeting, that they might go and tell their brethren just how it was as a great many bad things had been told to them about our way of worship by the French people among them. This is all I can tell you of our travels and labours among our native brethren in the woods."

Other visits, subsequent to this, were made to Penetangushine and Sault Ste. Marie where he met with great success in the conversion of the people. Several of the chiefs gave up their medicine-bags and were deeply affected when being received into the church through the ceremony of baptism. At the conference which was held at Hallowell in 1832, John Sunday was received on trial and was appointed 'Missionary to the Sault Ste. Marie and other bodies of natives.'

This was only a central point from which to work the outlying tribes. He made good use of the confidence placed in him, and showed that he was desirous of being in labours more abundant.

Many of the Indians, in the vicinity of his mission were anxious for missionaries and teachers. He sought these out and his labours amongst them were blessed indeed. At Kahkewaonahning, which is about two hundred and forty miles from Sault Ste Marie on the south shore of Lake Superior, he found some Chippeways who listened to the wonderful mis-