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Good Tidings From Neepigon.

(BY REV. R. RENISON.)

On Monday Feb. 12th Oshkahpukeda and myself left Negwenenang to visit a family of pagan Indians about forty miles from this mission. Our blankets, overcoats, provisions and cooking utensils, made a pack of forty pound weight for each to carry: over lakes through the dense bush, up steep hills which were sometimes almost insurmountable. It was one of the most beautiful winter mornings that I have ever yet experienced. The sun shone beautifully, and it was just cold enough to render a brisk walk enjoyable. At 11 a.m. we reached a wigwam at the north end of McIntyre Bay which was occupied by Mishael Obeseekun, their wives and children, who had left the mission some time previous for the purpose of snaring rabbits which at present is the chief support of the Indians. Here we received a hearty welcome; a large pot of rabbits was quickly cooked, we enjoyed them thoroughly; and all the little children declared that they were glad to see their missionary. Mishael's wife having noticed that my moccasin was badly torn took her needle and thread and had it fixed "in less than no time."

Before leaving I took the Indian New Testament and read the following verse:—"This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners of whom I am chief." I find it a good plan when reading to the Indians to take

one text at a time. They differ very very much from the white people in this respect, as you may read it over and over for more than twenty times and yet they will be glad to hear it again. The result of this plan is, that many of the Indians at our mission have committed to memory several verses. I was much astonished as well as delighted a few days ago to find that Obeseekun could repeat accurately ten texts.

Well, at 2 p.m. we reached "Kookookuhooseebee" (owl river.) We followed this river for about half an hour and then entered the bush. We walked rather lively till sun down and then camped near the shore of "Mukuda—Nahma Sahgahegun" (Black Sturgeon Lake). We had a splendid fire as there was plenty of dry pine close on hand. We ate heartily but slept very little, as the night was very cold. We had breakfast by moonlight and then recommenced our journey.

Our route lay right through the middle of "Black Sturgeon Lake" which is about 10 miles long by $2\frac{1}{2}$ road. As we again entered the bush at the north end of the lake, to our great astonishment we met the very pagan Indian whom we were so very anxious to see. He had a small tebaugan drawn by one dog—was on his way to the "Neepigon Post" for pork and flour. His wife and children were very hungry, (rabbits and fish this winter being exceptionally scarce.) So much so that several of the Indians were obliged to abandon their usual hunting grounds and lurk around