



CHAPTER I.

THAT Oowikapun was unhappy, strangely so, was evident to every one in the Indian village. New thoughts deeply affecting him had in some way entered into his mind, and he could not but show that they were producing a great change in him.

The simple, quiet, monotonous life of the young Indian hunter was strangely broken in upon, and he could never be the same again. There had come a decided awakening—the circle of his vision had suddenly enlarged, and he had become aware of the fact that he was something more than he imagined. In his simple faith he had paddled along the beautiful rivers, or wandered through the wild forests of his country, catching the fish or hunting the game, where at times he had heard the thunders crash, had seen the majestic tree riven by the lightning's power, and perhaps in these seasons of nature's wild commotion, had "seen God in the cloud and heard Him in the wind." Yet, until lately, he had never heard of anything which had caused him to imagine that he was in any way allied to that Great Spirit, or was in any way responsible to Him.

What was the cause of this mental disquietude; of these long hours of absorbing thought; why did Oowikapun thus act? To answer these enquiries we must go back a little and accompany him on a hunting trip which he made in the forest months ago.

Hearing from some other hunters of a place where grey wolves