

translated for them, as well as a number of beautiful hymns, some of which he had heard them sing. Oowikapun had never heard of such things, and was so amazed and confounded that he could hardly believe that he was in his right mind. Memotas tried to give him some idea of the syllabic characters in which his little book was printed. He made little sentences with a piece of coal on birch bark, and then handed them to his wife or children, who easily read out what had been written. That birch bark could talk, as he expressed it, was a mystery indeed.

When the time came for Oowikapun to return to his home Memotas went with him quite a distance. He had become very much interested in him. Being a happy, converted Christian himself, he was anxious that this man, who had come to him and been benefited physically, should hear about his soul's need and the Great Physician who could heal all his diseases. Lovingly and faithfully he talked to him and urged him to accept of this great salvation. Then he asked him to kneel down with him, and there, out alone with him and God, Memotas prayed earnestly that this dark pagan brother might yet come into the light of the gospel. Then he kissed him, and they parted, not to meet again for years.

Happy would it have been for Oowikapun if he had responded to Memotas' entreaties, and even tried to become a Christian. But the heart is hard and blinded as well as deceitful, and the devil is cunning. So long, sad years passed by ere Oowikapun, after trying, as we shall see, other ways to find peace and soul comfort, humbled himself at the cross, and found peace in believing on the Lord Jesus Christ.

Oowikapun returned to his little lodge, rekindled the fire, and tried to enter upon his hunting life where he had left off when wounded by the wolf. He stretched the furs already secured, then, early next morning, visited his traps, and spent the rest of the day hunting for deer. His success was not very great. The fact is, what he had heard and witnessed during the days of his sojourn in the wigwam of Memotas had given him so much food for thought that he was not concentrating his mind