

THE INDIAN.

Single Copies, each:]
TEN CENTS.

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

\$1.50 per Annum
IN ADVANCE.

VOL. I.

HAGERSVILLE, ONT., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23, 1886.

NO. 12

LIFE OF JOHN SUNDAY.

SHAWUNDAIS.

By Rev. John McLean, Fort McLeod, Alberta.

(Continued.)

After his experiences as missionary at Grape Island he was sent to be assistant to the Rev. Wm. Case at Alderville, and during his residence there he was received into full connexion. Through his excessive labours in the work his health failed, and he was induced to accompany the Rev. Wm. Lord, President of the Conference, who was returning to England. Other motives besides that of recruiting his health led him to pay this visit. He was invested with authority to attend to the interests of his tribe and it was thought that he might accomplish much good in pleading the cause of missions. Accordingly in 1837 he was in England where he attracted large crowds to listen to his quaint and impressive addresses, and to gaze in astonishment at the converted red man of the forests of Canada. The Christian people of England were delighted and many received profit to their souls. Writing from Hatton Garden to John Mathewson, Esq., of Montreal, he says: "I write a few lines to you to inform you what the Lord hath done for me body and soul. I am a great deal better since I left Canada. Also my heart gets warmer more and more; this is the best of all, to get happy in our heart. Since I came here to England, the English Methodists have plenty of steam in their hearts. The English people are very kind to me; very kind people indeed."

This visit intensified the interest of the Christian people in the Indian tribes of Canada, and many prayers were offered up in their behalf.

He was presented to the Queen as Chief Shawundais. His labours and interviews with those in authority, on matters affecting his Indian brethren were not in vain. His visit is still remembered by many, who, nearly forty years ago listened to his eloquent appeals on behalf of those he loved. After his return from England he spent a short time at Sault Ste. Marie seeking to evangelize the natives there. For several years he labored among the Indians at Rice Lake, Mud Lake, and Alderville. From 1839 to 1850, he was in labours more abundant among these people. He delighted in doing good, and we are not surprised to find him roving in quest of opportunities to preach to the Indians or plead their cause before cultured audiences in Canada and the United States. Well and truly did he say, "My family lives at Alderville; but I live everywhere." Four years were

spent at Mount Elgin and Muncey, and eleven years among the Indians at Alnwick. In 1867 he was superannuated and lived at Alderville, where he spent the remaining years of his life.

These last days were full of labour among his people, and many loved to listen to the words of salvation as they fell from his lips. During his last sickness, with deep humility and pious heroism he said, "One minute in heaven will make up for all I have suffered on earth." Again the memory of the early days of paganism and entrance into the kingdom of life came back to him and he related to those who gathered round his bed the experiences of his life. Amid the prayers of his Indian brethren, and the sympathies, devout wishes and honour of all, he passed away from his Alderville home to be forever with the Lord, on Dec. 14th, 1875, at the advanced age of eighty years.

He was a man of genuine piety, exhibiting by his life strong faith in God and a passion for saving the souls of men. This faith generated an independence of mind that made him a true champion of Indians' rights.

When coercive measures were adopted to induce the Indians to leave the Methodist Church, the chiefs were sad and in very despondent tones said: "Then all our labors have been in vain, with our Great Father, the Governor," but the heroic Sunday replied. "We have heretofore made out to live from year to year, even when we were sinners, and shall not the Great Spirit whom we now serve, take care of us, and preserve us from all harm?" He was an earnest advocate of the cause of missions. At a missionary meeting held in Hamilton, Ontario, in closing his address, he gave what has been called his "Gold speech." It is as follows: "There is a gentleman who, I suppose, is now in this house. He is a very fine gentleman, but a very modest one. He does not like to show himself at these meetings. I do not know how long it is since I have seen him, he comes out so little. I am very much afraid that he sleeps a good deal of his time, when he ought to be out doing good. His name is Gold. Mr. Gold, are you here to-night, or are you sleeping in your iron chest? Come out, Mr. Gold, come out and help us do this great work, to preach the Gospel to every creature. Ah, Mr. Gold, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to sleep so much in your iron chest. Look at your white brother, Mr. Silver; he does a great deal of good while you are sleeping. Come out, Mr. Gold. Look, too, at your little brown brother, Mr. Copper; he is everywhere. Your poor little brown brother is running about, doing all that he can to help us. Why don't you come out, Mr. Gold? Well, if you won't show yourself, send us your shirt—that is, a bank note. That is all I have to say."

Ag request of the Rev. J. Scott, he wrote out

the substance of a discourse which he preached in 1835, to the Indians of Grape Island. It is characteristic of the man and is well worthy of perusal. The following is a copy of it as written by him:

"Brother Scott he want me that I shall write a little about my sermon last Sabbath. My text is from the Epistle of Paul, Ephesians, in the 5th chapter and 14 the verse. St. Paul says in his epistle, 'wherefore he saith, awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.' My dear brother: I do not know or plainly understand about sleeping, but I will tell you what I have saying to my Indian brethren. I suppose Paul means this,—who know nothing about religion of Jesus Christ—who do not care to pray to God,—who do not care to live to God—who do not want to hear the word of God. I suppose, in that time, all mankind they were all asleep in their sins—know nothing about Saviour—know nothing about salvation of their souls; so St. Paul he called them dead men. When a man sleeps in the night he does nothing, nor useful, nor thinking; he makes nothing; he is like a dead man. And not only that. I will tell you other things,—Indians worshipping dead gods; that is, I mean, the images. You know images cannot save soul; these are dead in their sins, because they are in darkness. I suppose St. Paul take out from Isaiah, in the 26th chapter, in the 19th verse: "Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise; wake and sing, ye that dwell in dust." And in another place in Isaiah, 60th chapter in the 1st verse and 3rd verse: "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee," and "the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."

Now, Isaiah; his word is fulfilled. Look to the Gentiles: how many now get enlightened in their minds! I suppose great many hundred thousand now enlightened. My text says, "Awake, thou that sleepest, arise from the dead, Christ shall give thee light." I suppose St. Paul meaning a light, the Gospel shall arise like the sun. When the sun rises little, and begin light little, so people awake up and begin work; so the Christian people worshipping true God; no matter where, or in the sea, or on the islands, or in the lakes, or in the woods. Let us think of our America. I suppose about four hundred years ago, no gospel in America, nothing but wooden gods. And now the sun begin arise here too. Thank God that He sent the Gospel here in the America! My brethren, and sisters, let us think about ten years ago. We were all asleep in sins; but the good Lord He had blew with His Gospel in our ears; so we awake up; thank God! My brothers and sisters, let us