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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 McLeod, Fort McLeod, Alberta.

(Continued.)

"Brother Scott want me that I shall write my conviction about 9 years ago. First is, we had camped at Mr. James Howard's place one morning. I go to Mr. Howard to get some whiskey; so I did get it some. After I took it—that fire-water, I feel very happy. By and by, James Farmer he says to me. 'Do you want go see them Indians at Belleville? They want see all Indians.' I say to him. 'What they want see Indians for?' He says to me. 'Them are Preachers talk about God.' So I went home to my wigewaum to tell others: and we took some our blankets:—we hire with them. Mr. Howard with his team, to take us at Belleville. We got there about nine o'clock. We have no chance to go in the meeting-house: so we went to the wood-pile; so we sit there all day in the wood-pile, until about five o'clock in the evening.

By and by them came out from the meeting-house; so we went to them, and shake hands with them. About seven o'clock in the evening went to the meeting; I want to hear them very much, what they will say to us. By and by one of them rose up—talk to us, he begin talk about God, and soul, and body:—he says this—'all mankind is only two ways we have got to go when we come to die: one is broad way and other is narrow way. All wicked white men, and wicked Indians and drunkards shall go there; but the good white people shall go in the narrow way; but if the Indians also become good, and serve the Lord, they can go in that narrow way.' Then now I begin think myself; I begin feel bad in my heart. This is, I think I am one, I am one, to go in that broad way, because I had hard drink last night. My father and my mother had taught me this ever since when I was little boy—'all the Indians shall go where sun set, but the white people shall go in the Ispeming.' That I had trouble in my heart. Next morning again they had talk to us; so they went off from us. As soon as they went off, some of them Indians says. 'Let us get some more whiskey to drink it.' What them men say unto us, 'we shall not do so;' we must do our own way; so they went to get more whiskey. So I take it little with them; and immediately after I had drunk it, I went home—me and Moses. Is about seven miles to our house. All way along the road, I thinking about these two ways. Four nights I do not sleep much. On Saturday we all went to Belleville again.

There I saw Brother Case. He says to me. 'How you like Peter Jones' talk?' I say unto him. 'Four nights I do not sleep much.' And he began to talk about religion of Jesus Christ. O. I feel very bad again; —I thought this, I am one of devil his men, because I so wicked. On next Monday we all went back home again. That night I thought I would try pray; this is first I ever did intend to pray—my heart is too hard—I cannot say but few words; I say this, 'O, Lord, I am wicked, I am wicked man, take me out from that everlasting fire and dark place.' Next morning I went in the woods to pray;—no peace in my heart yet. By and by I went to other Indians to tell about what them men had said unto us at Belleville; so I went home again. By and by we went to cross the bay on Sahgegwin Island. So Indians come there on Island. By and by we begin have prayer meeting in the evening and in the morning. I talk with them all the time. I had boy about six years old; by and by he got sick and died. I felt very bad. I thought this, I better not stop to pray to God; —I went to Belleville to all them methodist me to come on Sahgegwin Island to pray for us. I ask one of them methodist men for glass of beer to comfort in my heart. That man say to me. 'Beer is not good for you better for you to have good spirit in your heart.' None them they do not want to come on our wigewaum. So I went home without glass of beer. So we have prayer meeting. None of us had religion yet. By and by I went to Quarterly Meeting at Mr. Ketcheson. I saw one man and one woman shouting; I thought they were drunk, because is them christian;—must be something in them. Brother Belton he preached that day; he says this. 'If any man be great sinner, Lord will forgive him, if only believe in him.' I thought this, if I do well may be God will forgive me. About one week after this, another quarterly meeting at Seventown Mr. Dings' Barn. In the morning we had Love-feast; they give each other little bread and water. I do not know what they do it for. When I took it the bread, had stop in my throat and choke me. O how I feel in my heart. I think this—surely I belong to devil, because the Lord's bread choke me; I know now that Great Spirit is angry with me. I think this again, I do not know what must I do to be save my soul from that everlasting fire. I thought I will try again. Take another piece and bread—not that the Lords bread, but some I got at a house, I did swallow it down. I feel worse again, because I swallowed down that bread. O how I feel in my heart; I feel like this—if I in under water. In afternoon we went to pray meeting in the Old House, about five o'clock, and Peter Jones says to us. 'Let us lift up our hearts to

God.' I look at him. I do not understand him. I think this, if I do this—take my heart out of my body, I shall be died; however I kneel down to pray to God. I do not know what to say to ask for religion; I only say this—O Keshamunedo, shahnaneshim. O Lord have mercy on me poor sinner. By and by the good Lord he pour his spirit upon my poor wretched heart; then I shout and happy in my heart. I feel very light; and after pray meeting, I went to tell Peter Jones how I feel in my heart; I say to him this, 'I feel something in my heart.' Peter says to me, 'Lord bless you now.' O how glad in my heart. I look around—and look over other side a bay—and look up—and look in the woods; The same is everything new to me. I hope I got religion that day. I thank the Great Spirit what he done for me. I want to be like this which built his house upon a rock. Amen."

Several years after his conversion he related in forcible language the story of God's dealings with his soul.

Two years after the light shone into his soul, he attended a camp meeting held on Snake Island, and gave several addresses. He spoke of his pagan life and entrance into liberty. Christians ought to be, said he, as wise as the red squirrel who looks ahead and, thinking of the approaching winter, provides food. They ought to imitate the red squirrel by preparing to meet God. Now is the time to lay up the good words of the Great Spirit. Where will he go who refuses to be as wise as the red squirrel?

During the same meeting he said: "My brothers and sisters. I have been one of the most miserable creatures on earth. I lived and wandered amongst the white people on the Bay of Quinte, and contracted all the vices and soon became very wicked. At one time I had a beloved child who became very ill. I tried to save the child from dying, but I could not, the child died in defiance of all that I could do for him. I was then more fully convinced that there must be some Being greater than man, and that the Great Being does all things according to his own will. When I heard the missionaries preach Jesus Christ, and what we ought to do to be saved, I believed their word, and I began at once to do as they advised, and soon found peace to my soul. Brothers and sister, I will tell you what the good missionaries are like: they are like sun glass which scatter light and heat wherever they are held; so do the missionaries of Christ spread the light of truth amongst the people, which warms their hearts, and makes them very happy."

After he had experienced the enlightening influence of God's Spirit there sprang up in his heart a desire to obtain more education. He was unable to read or write, and he felt to be