

Visiting a camp one day I had a long talk with the man. In the meantime I observed scars on his limbs, that appeared like bullet marks, and his daughter, about twelve years of age, had a scar on her shoulder, and in the breast before. The man saw my attention was drawn to these marks, and he explained that in passing up a small stream with his family, just as he turned a short bend in the stream, he was fired upon; the ball passed through the chest of his daughter, and struck his hand as he held the paddle, and grazed his arm up to his elbow. He turned his canoe as soon as possible, but another shot passed through both his legs above the knees. In addition to this there was a liberal spattering of buckshot over their persons. They all survived, however. I was told that some of these people think they are not men until they have committed murder.

During my stay of about three weeks the prospects seemed hopeful. We had, however, no decided converts. One evening I was walking with the trader, enjoying the cool of the evening, when a young man came up and asked me if they might have a heathen dance, called *Mita*. I was surprised at this question, because none of them had made a profession of Christianity. I could not sanction it, and then I had no authority to forbid them. I was going on to explain that the medicines that were good were not made better by the *mita*; but this he would not admit, saying that without the song and the drum any medicine was possessed of no more virtue than rotten wood. "Well," said he, "I suppose we are not altogether Christians yet," and concluded they would have one more dance. I had no idea that they had become so favourably inclined.

The following year I paid them another visit and found my friend *Mishimukwu* at home, but he received me coldly. After a little he told me frankly the reason of his change of views. Said he, "When you came here last summer, we made up our minds to be Christians, and so threw away all our medicines and incantations, but when we went to our winter's hunting we had great afflictions. The game all died, and many of our people were taken sick and died. I had thrown away all my medicines, and felt the greatest reluctance to take them again; I did violence to my feelings in doing so, but I could not endure to see my children die, so I resorted to my old ways again; and you have brought all this evil upon us in your visit to us last summer." His belief was that I had so much supernatural power, that like a malaria it had spread all over the country for hundreds of miles, and had destroyed all the animals, and caused a pestilence among themselves. This was a grave charge, and how to remove the impression from his mind, I could not see. To simply deny the possession of the vast supernatural powers attributed to me was of no use, for he was firmly persuaded to the contrary. I listened with all gravity, and pondered the subject in my mind, not knowing but he might feel called upon to make retaliation for the grave crime with which he charged me. Something must be done immediately, and I could only argue with him from his own stand point, or from his own admitted premises.