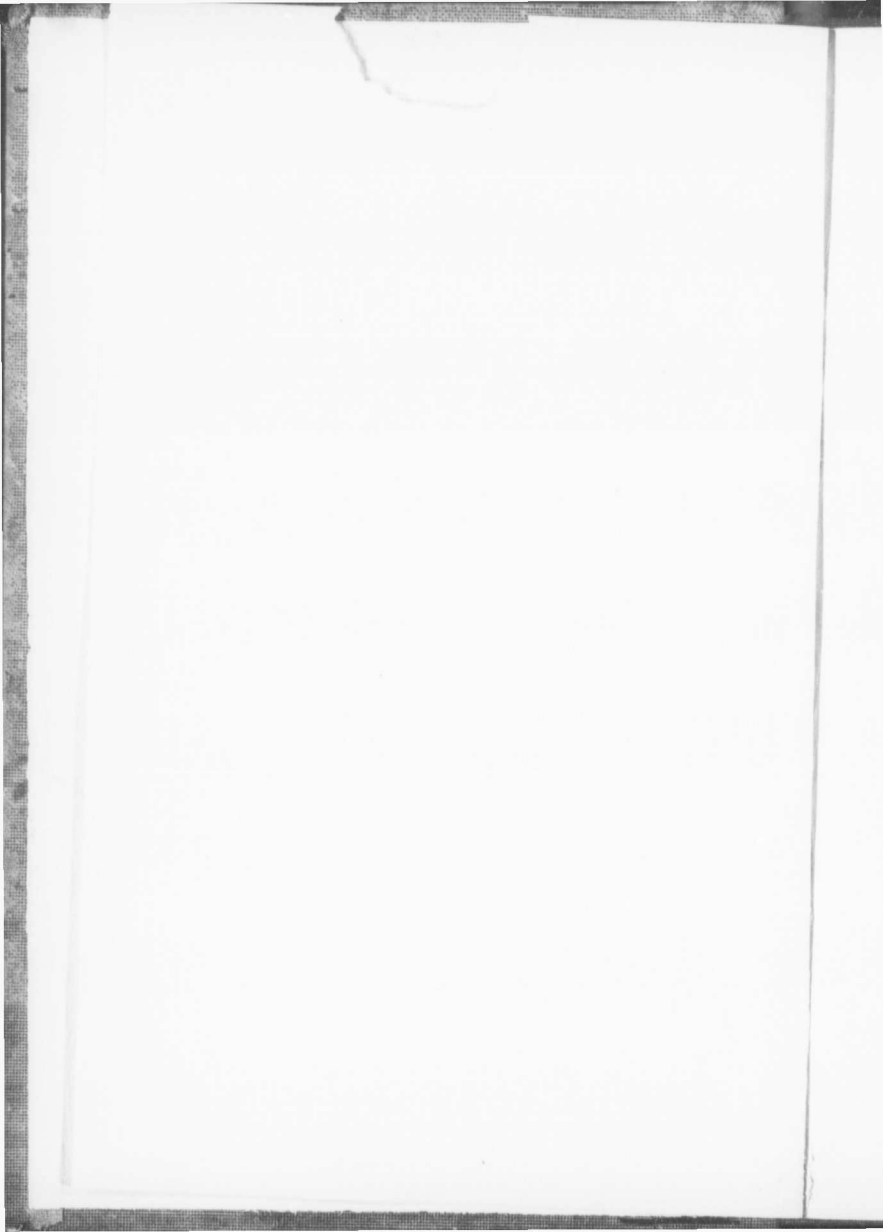


Sketches of Indian Life

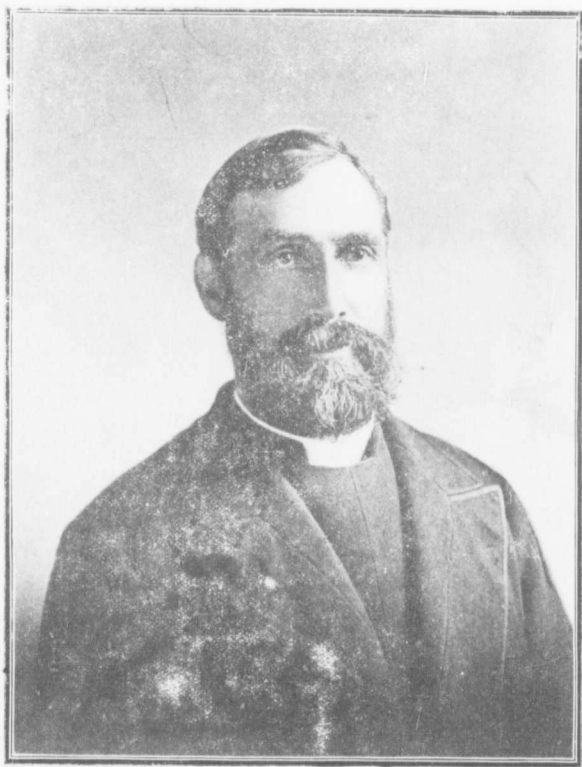


J. Frost

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SKETCHES OF INDIAN
LIFE

BY

REV. F. FROST

FOR THIRTY YEARS A MISSIONARY TO THE INDIANS

WITH INTRODUCTORY PREFACE BY

HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF ALGOMA

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INTRODUCTORY PREFACE.

THIS little book has been written with a running pen. It does not profess to be an elaborate treatise. Its sketches are not mere theories. They are rather the overflowings of a full and ripe experience—pages from actual history, pictures out of the book of real life in Indian missions on the northern shores of Lake Huron and Lake Superior.

Mr. Frost knows whereof he writes. He has been for thirty-one years a missionary to the Ojibway Indians of Garden River and the Manitoulin Island and the north shore of Lake Huron and Lake Superior. During all that period he has had almost unique opportunities of intercourse with those to whom he has ministered, and has seen them in almost every relationship of life.

So completely has he mastered their tongue that he assures me his thoughts take readiest shape in Ojibway forms, and it is not unusual for him to attempt Ojibway idioms in his use of the English language.

In his dealings with these people he has naturally formed a thorough acquaintance with their habits of life and thought, their character and their folk-lore. And from the stores of his well-stocked mind he now draws these

few treasures and lays them at the feet of his friends, the reading public.

The calling of the writer naturally invests the book with a religious turn ; but I venture to think it thus secures a truer presentation of the tone and temper of a people naturally religious and in a peculiar way alive to the realities of the unseen world and the inspiring influences of our most holy faith.

It is my earnest hope that the book may serve to quicken the interest of those who read it in a race that deserves well at our hands. This broad and fair Dominion once was theirs. Upon its shimmering waters their frail canoes danced happily in the golden sunshine. Through its vast forests they roamed and hunted at will—its lords. A feeble, decaying people, bereft of almost everything they once held dear, confined within narrow limits, scantily provided for, but picturesque and fascinating to the last, they claim at our hands to-day, as their just and lawful due, a knowledge of the "Better Country," and, so far as we have it in our power to secure it for them, a title to its never ending joys.

GEORGE ALGOMA.

BISHOPHURST, SAULT STE. MARIE, ONT.

May 8th, 1903.

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Sketches of Indian Life.

I.

BY THE CAMP-FIRE.

AFTER thirty years' experience of work among the Indians, with its many journeys by canoe and boat, and its many campings out with the red men of the forest by the shores of lakes or on the banks of rivers, or on islands standing by themselves in the wide waste of waters in lakes that are as big as seas, one should remember some interesting incidents, of stories told and adventures recounted by the camp-fire, which ought to be good reading for all classes of people.

Even in summer-time, when camp is pitched and all things made ready for the night, a fire is pleasant; but the first duty, of course, is to cook supper. This is the principal meal of the day; for, if you are on a journey, the morning repast is made before your appetite is very brisk, and then, at noon, though you are hungry, yet you are in too much of a hurry to cook an elaborate feast, or wait for its preparation. It is at night, after your camp is pitched, that the "real good meal" is prepared.

It is indeed glorious to sit by the camp-fire when there are all things richly to enjoy ; but it is not so good when you are out of everything and have to go supperless to bed. I remember on one occasion—an occasion, I might remark, that will be fixed indelibly in my memory as long as life shall last—something occurred that has woven itself, so to speak, in the very texture of my being.

We had been sailing, but the wind had died down to the faintest breeze, that scarcely moved our vessel along ; but just as night was falling over the sky and earth, or water rather, a black cloud, as black as ink, appeared in the sky near the horizon, and in that cloud was treasured up the concrete elements of the most fiendish storm that ever was. The cloud opened and spread itself to let out the storm, which burst forth upon us with all its fury.

We had shortened our sails to very small size, but there was more than enough, and we were driven along before the gale. The night closed in black darkness, the darker, of course, because of the storm. In a while I had lost my bearings and could not see which way to go. After a time I heard the keel of the boat grate on the coarse gravel, and I knew we were in the midst of shoals. We slipped over and were in deeper water again, and I said to my son, " We are out of our course and we know not where we are ; so soon as we catch sight of any object that we recognize we will run ashore and stop—for a while, at any rate—until the weather improves."

The faintest outline of a point looms up and I recognize the land we draw near, because through the blackness I just catch a glimpse of a house, an abandoned house which a man had built many years ago and had left. I knew there was a landing here which was sheltered somewhat by a stony point, and I just managed to make it without striking the boat on the stones. "Here we are!" I said, "and here we stay. We know where we are now, and if we go on we shall be lost again."

Yes, we will stay here for a while and get supper; but when we come to look over our grub we discover, to our dismay, that we have none. Our cook had served the last of our provisions at the place where we stayed for dinner, storm-bound then as now.

We had matches and an axe, and got some wood. We made a fire composed of slabs of wood which the man long before had left from his firewood. We soon had a good fire, and we sat around the camp-fire and talked as well as we could, but, ah! we missed the supper. We made a cup of tea, I remember, but we missed the food that supports the body. It is not enjoyment at the camp-fire exactly, when you are supperless; indeed, we did not retire to rest, but sat round the camp-fire until nearly daybreak, and then, the weather improving, we went on our way. It seems that a good supper is necessary to the enjoyment of a camp-fire.

But let us proceed. It appears that if you are camping out and the weather prevents your lighting

a fire in the evening at your camp, it is a great drawback to enjoyment, because you cannot very well sit around your camp-fire if you have none.

I remember one dark and stormy night, when the rain was falling fast—a fearful storm it was, and the thunder rent the heavens, and the lightning flashed from pole to pole—the rain fell in huge drops and pierced through the covering of our tent. It was impossible to light a fire. How terrible was that night! It flooded our tent. I had with me a young gentleman from England, a gently bred aristocrat, who had been shielded from the rough elements all his life. It was an experience for him.

I had a stretcher—not what in England is called a stretcher, for that is used to carry a sick or dead person upon, but a stretcher bed for the living to sleep on. My tenderly bred friend appropriated this, because it kept him out of the wet. He had a hat, a beautiful hat, which he had bought in England—indeed, it was too good for this country. My friend was very anxious concerning this hat, for fear it should get crumpled or crushed. My friend, as I was saying, had taken possession of my bed, and I had nothing to lie upon but the wet ground. How I longed for a glorious camp-fire! But there was none. I envied my friend his bed, I was going to say, but it was *my* bed. I envied my friend *my* bed, and I shook him slightly, and I said, “Harry, you are lying on that nice hat of yours!” “You don’t mean it? Well, it must go; I can’t move now.”

I remember that I had noticed just before the thick darkness spread its canopy over the earth, that my Indian friend, who resided near where we were camped, and whose mother's name used to be Mindemooyashahbwakummigooqua, had a heap of hay, which he had cut in his front garden, and I took a bag and filled it with the underneath part of the hay, where the rain had not penetrated, and I used this for a bed to keep me out of the wet; but, oh! for a good camp-fire that we might sit around it to dry ourselves.

But why do I write about this? It is that every one may see and judge for themselves that, to enjoy a camp-fire, it is necessary to have one. In the first place, a good supper is a necessary adjunct to secure enjoyment, and, in the next place, the fire itself is necessary.

I went out next day to see the Indians at our encampment, and I found a family; it was the chief's family, and the chief himself was there. The name of this chief was quite significant; it was Ahnishenahbanahwegahbowoogwissunahgeewakeezhik. The rain had abated by morning and they had built a good camp-fire to dry themselves out after the wet night. They were wise in their generation, and the chief, whose name is written above—it is not necessary to repeat it—had chosen a spot that was sheltered by a clump of shrubbery from the wind, which had arisen, and so their fire was burning nicely and shedding its bright beams around them in their snug shelter. A

glorious thing is a camp-fire, and I sat around it with the chief and his family while I read the good Book to them, and we prayed around the camp-fire.

I shall never forget an experience I had round a camp-fire. It is many years ago, yet I remember it as clearly as if it were yesterday. We had gone out to visit an Indian village far away in the wilds of the forest, through dense swamps, where the trees grow thick together—but this was after the camp-fire experience.

We went a long distance in the boat beating against a head-wind, till, as the short autumn day was drawing to its close, we ran into a bay at the foot of an island of some size, to get something to eat, and push on or stay there according to circumstances. In consequence of a slight accident we met with we determined to stay where we were for the night, so we made our preparations. It was a cold evening, but we made a camp-fire and sat around it, and the Indian I was with, named Ogemahmanitoowahsing, was a great singer, so we spent the evening singing hymns round the camp-fire, after first enjoying a good supper, which, as I have already stated, is a necessary adjunct to a camp-fire. We found that a mouse, or something, had eaten part of our tent; but we repaired the holes with the jib sail—but this is an incident merely—and we retired to rest.

Toward morning the wind changed and it rained and the wind blew the rain into our tent and wetted us where we were sleeping. We arose and fastened

our tent, but the wind tore it open again, and the temperature falling, it began to snow. The wind blew in the drifting snow, which froze upon our already wetted garments and bed-clothes, which soon were as stiff as sheets of crumpled tin. Finding it difficult to keep warm in bed, we arose to secure a more sheltered position for our camp. It was quite dark yet, but the Indian chief, whose name is written above, and which I need not repeat, made a fire in a sequestered nook, at the roots of a pine tree which had been torn up by a storm.

The fire burnt up the spreading roots of the pine tree, which, being saturated with gum, were very inflammable, and it made a wall of fire, glowing and gleaming in the darkness. The heat from the glowing mass of fire seemed to warm the whole district, and as we secured shelter near, under the spreading boughs of a cedar, we were indeed blessed. How comforting was the fire! What gladness and warmth it shed abroad in the heart! It is grand to sit at a camp-fire, when the snow comes down and ceaseth not and the stormy wind doth blow. And what improved our circumstances was that we had materials for a good breakfast, and, by the aid of the fire, we put these materials into such a condition that we could assimilate them. It was good, indeed, to be there, and we praised the God of heaven, from whom all blessings flow.

We had other experiences before we penetrated the recesses of that dense forest, on the other side of

which the Indians lived, but these things do not belong to this chapter. We are talking about the camp-fire.

Two Indians, named, respectively, Ahkewanzeoogemahoogwissun and Pahmegummenahgakesheoongai, were out fishing for whitefish. When they were wet through with rain, the temperature falling, they were frozen, or, rather, their garments were, and by the aid of a large camp-fire they thawed them out again, and went fishing till they were frozen again, or rather, their garments were, and they built another fire and thawed themselves again, and so on.

But one goes through many and varied experiences during one's journey through this wilderness world; or, to take another simile, as one sails over the sea of life he meets with many troubles before he comes to anchor, or ties up, as the case may be, in the haven where he would be.

We were sailing along on a return journey from some place where we had been doing the Lord's work among the red men of the forest, when rain came on, accompanied by a heavy gale of wind, which affected us in such a way that we nearly lost our lives; but we pulled through, or rather sailed through, for we never took an oar.

We were wet to the skin, above and beneath; for a boat is a bad thing when it rains, as you sit in the wet. But these things have an end, and at nightfall we made shelter in a cove between two rocky islands, and made a camp-fire on the bare, flat rock.

It was a good place for firewood and there was no stint. We made a huge camp-fire, and it burned up brightly and warmed the atmosphere around, and we, not having any change of garments, took off what we had and stood and sat around the camp-fire, in a state of nature, while our clothes dried. We were a long way from any human being beside ourselves, and it did not matter. The heat from the glowing logs of our camp-fire soon dried our garments, and we re-dressed and afterward refreshed ourselves with hot tea and good food, and then felt ready for prayer before retiring to rest. Prayer and praise around the camp-fire. But this chapter would not be perfect without relating the experiences of the late Bishop Sullivan, of Algoma, around the camp-fire.

It was on the occasion of a visit to several stations in my mission, which we were trying to reach by sail-boat. At the first of these series of visits we anchored at an Indian village where the Bishop was to preach and administer the rite of confirmation to some Indian lads.

That night we slept in a tent, and during the night it rained very heavily, and the Bishop, who was a very learned man, lay too near the canvas, and the rain ran down upon his head. Now it is not good for a learned man to get his head wet, and his lordship was very uncomfortable in consequence.

The rain came down in torrents the next morning, but we managed to make a camp-fire, and cook some breakfast. We did not eat it sitting around

the camp-fire, because of the rain, but carried it into the tent. The Bishop was very miserable because of the wet. It is very cheerless in a tent while it rains, especially for a learned man like Bishop Sullivan.

In order to improve the situation it occurred to me to build a large camp-fire in front of the tent, and then remove the canvas entirely in front, so that the tent would be quite open to the flames. We gathered together a large quantity of wood and pine roots, and other substances, so as to make a good fire for the learned Bishop, and when we had gathered what we thought was sufficient to make a good fire, we put a match to it, and in spite of the rain it burned up bravely and shed its beams around us. We opened the front of the tent so that the learned Bishop could see the flames, and he was glad and rejoiced greatly, and said, "Ha! Ha! I am warm! I have seen the fire!" It is truly wonderful what a difference it makes with a camp-fire.

I arrived at the same place late one night, too late to go up to the church, which was some distance inland, and as all the Indians had congregated there on the shore to greet me, I said I would like to pray with them and speak to them before they retired to their homes.

We made a large camp-fire, and around it we said our prayers and sang the praise of the Most High. I exhorted them to love and good works, and some stayed with me and talked while we sat around the camp-fire.



GROUP OF INDIANS AND WIGWAM.



Sometimes the camp-fire is made the scene of other festivities. I remember one night, camping on the Nepigon River, the Indians all gathered round the camp-fire and talked, and one of them brought out a fiddle. It was a poor instrument, to be sure; it was minus a string, and the others that were there were of a very poor character, but the chief feature was that the Indian who played it could bring music out of it. We sat and talked and sang till it was time to retire to rest.

While staying on Lake Nepigon I invited each family in turn to stay with me to supper, and after supper we sat around the camp-fire and talked. I told my friends and visitors about the work of God in other places, and they, in their turn, related to me such things as they thought would interest me.

I remember once round the camp-fire at Mashkoodawang we were in great straits. Striving to make our way across the big water we were beaten back by the wind, which was so strong that it literally blew the water into the boat. We were compelled to put back for shelter. We let the boat back in the wind till we came to a little sandy beach and bay that went by the name of Ozahwabhikoogunkuhbashewin. Here we determined to stay for the night. There was little shelter at the place except for the boat, because the plains were flat rock, where trees did not grow. This was why it is called Mashkoodawang. However, we made a shelter with our sails and used the poles of a deserted wigwam as fuel for a fire.

It was a cold night and the wind tempestuous, with no immediate prospect of improvement. Our provisions were not abundant, and we had brought a boy back with us who wanted to visit his friends in the village whither we were bound. However, we got some supper and sat around the fire. It was here that our Indians told me about the war with the Iroquois in days gone by. The site of the war was not far from the place where we were camped.

It seems, according to their story, that there was a cave about half way up the steep cliff of rock, and it was here that the Ojibways placed a woman and child in the cave as a decoy to the Iroquois, who were passing that way in their war canoes. The enemy came along in due course, saw the woman and child, and tried to climb the rock to reach them and take them prisoners. The Ojibways had placed already in position large boulders of rock on the cliff above the cave, which they now hurled down upon the canoes, and most of the enemy were slain or drowned.

It was not far from this spot where we were camped that a large and populous Indian village was situated about two hundred years ago. It was around the camp-fire that I was told about it. A chief named Kahgooqua was living there then and ruling over the colony. It was a unique place for an Indian village, because it was a shelter for canoes and commanded a position both on Lake Huron and the smaller inland waters. It was close to a good hunting ground and for fishing could not be excelled. How-

ever, smallpox, that fiendish disease which has carried off so many of the native race, made its appearance and depopulated the place. Old Chief Ogemahnah-gahbow told me that when he was a young man some of the skeletons of Indians were lying around. The last that died had no one to bury them. This was sad.

We sat around our camp-fire until away on in the night. We took care of the fire in turns, and once in the night I had to take an axe and get more wood. As the day was approaching, I went to look around, and noticed that the wind had moderated and changed to the north. So we packed up and set sail for fear the wind would change again or become too boisterous for our small boat.

II.

AMONG THE TRAPS.

WHEN I was quite a young man and fresh from the Old Land, the very first winter I spent with the Indians of North America I was asked by an Indian chief if I would like to go with him on the morrow to look at some traps he had set for wild animals of different kinds, to secure them for their fur and for their flesh. Some animals are good to eat and some are only good for their skin; you kill them for their hide and fur.

As I was saying, the Indian chief asked me to accompany him, thinking the experience would be interesting to me. So, early in the morning, we started off. It was in the very beginning of winter, when the snow was not as yet very deep, and yet deep enough for snowshoes, and the ice on the lake was not very strong as yet and it was covered with snow.

The first part of our snowshoe tramp was over the ice of the lake, and it was thin. I could feel it bending under my feet when we were very far indeed from the shore. The old chief knew I was afraid. I could see him shaking with laughter, while I was shaking with fear. He motioned to me to keep away

from him a moderate distance, because, I suppose, the ice was only strong enough to bear one person in one spot; and as a further precaution, he called to me and warned me on no account to take off my snowshoes, because they spread the weight of one's body over a larger space and so relieve the ice to some extent. I went on in fear and trembling, the ice cracking and bending. It seemed almost as if the whole stretch of ice was moving up and down, as if we were treading on floating boards, or more like a floating skin. It was a singular experience, but all is well that ends well, and it is gratifying to be able to state that we reached land at last.

After we had crossed this wide stretch of thin ice we entered the forest—the greenwood forest—the forest of fir. It has been said by a wise writer that a kind Providence has in these northern regions clothed the country with firs in view of the intense cold. It is clad with firs at any rate, whether it is on account of the cold or for some other reason.

After we had safely crossed the stretch of forest we had “one more river to cross.” I am not sure that people will believe what I am about to relate. I only write my own impression of what actually took place; but we crossed that river, as it seemed to me, just on the snow that was floating on the top of the water. I really do not think there was any ice at all. The wide snowshoes kept us up. I asked the chief if my surmise was correct, and he said I was nearly right.

But let us get on to the traps. We came to a piece

of tamarack bush, where everything was clean and nice, and the sweet, resinous smell from the trees was very pleasant. Then the chief stopped and addressed me, making the following announcement:

"The time has now arrived when we need to refresh ourselves with food. This is a dining-room that the great Manitou has provided. The floor is strewn with clean material. The air is sweet and pleasant. There are no bad smells to annoy us or cause us discomfort. Let us eat."

So we sat on some brush, and after the chief had said an elaborate grace in his own tongue, ate with infinite relish the food we had brought with us.

He entertained me while we were eating with cheerful conversation, making pleasing remarks on the beauties of nature, the grandeur of the woods, the purity of the snow, the crisp clearness of the air, and the brilliancy of the sky. He also related to me some anecdotes, but I do not remember them now, and asked me about the people in England, especially the poor. I did not give him a very cheering account of the poor. I told him that the poor people in England were not allowed to roam the woods when and where they pleased and trap hares and other animals for their food. The chief, on hearing this, expressed the opinion that he should not care to live there.

After we had eaten we went on toward the traps. We came to the first one in due time. It was a trap set for hare. "He has arrived," said the Indian, "but he did not get in the trap."

We went on to the next trap and found a hare dead in the trap, a pole across his neck, and frozen stiff and stark. The chief took him out, put him in his bag and reset the dead-fall, and we went on to the next. At the next trap the chief uttered an exclamation of annoyance. Indians never swear or use bad language of any kind, unless they can speak English, which for bad language is the worst language on the face of the earth; but the Indian, though he does not swear, can express himself very strongly, using very forcible language, though not bad.

The reason why the strong language was wrung from our friend was because a weasel had come and very nearly consumed the hare that was caught in the trap. It was most provoking, I do not wonder that the Indian was vexed. He threw away the partly eaten beast and then delivered a lecture on the infernal propensities of the whole weasel tribe since the earliest days of the world, and the difficulties of obtaining redress for their depredations. It seems that it is difficult to trap a weasel.

A friend of mine some years later was very much annoyed by a long-eared owl, which was all the time robbing his traps. He trapped the owl one day in a very ingenious fashion. I forget how it was done, but the depredations ceased after the owl was dead.

But let us get on. A large proportion of the traps had nothing in them, but still they yielded a fair crop of hares. The old man had a good many traps. It must have been a great labor to set them in the first instance.

The making of the dead-fall, when the poles are cut down, and the little house around the bait, so that the animal can only come at it through the door; the fastening the trigger with the salted wegoob, which is so enticing to the creature, and then cutting twigs of birch to attract the beast near, to lead him up, so to speak, to the wegoob,—all this takes time and patience, the Indian possessing a fair share of both.

We encountered the weasel in several instances, but he had only been very gluttonous in some cases. Some of the hares were very little injured. The Indian had quite a load when he had been a'll around the traps.

He hung up his bag for a while, till we should come that way again. He was showing me his gun when his attention was riveted on some curious tracks in the snow, and he said "Pena" (partridge), and up in the trees were two penas; but before the Indian could raise his gun they had dived into the thickets and were lost to view.

"We will follow them up," said he. "Come on!" We went on and on, and scoured the bush for a long time, but did not see the birds again. It is often thus. An opportunity occurs and you let it slip, and it never returns again. But it is the trap we have to do with, not the shooting. Farther on into the depths of the forest, where a stream meandered through the dark glade, a young beaver was secured in a trap. He was a fine young beaver, weighing about ten pounds, or probably more. Here was meat

to eat of the very finest quality, and a pelt of no mean value. I had the pleasure of eating some of the beaver meat at a later date.

Some other fur-bearing animals were secured, and we had a long tramp to where we left our hares, and then we were some miles away from our home.

While we were travelling along the chief gave me some very valuable information about the habits of different animals, and their cunning ways in avoiding traps, especially in the case of the otter, who can only be caught in a trap that is under water, set in a spot where he comes ashore, where the water is just deep enough for him to touch bottom; and then, on the other hand, the lynx is so stupid that he will walk into a trap right before his eyes, plainly exposed to view. The mink and marten yield very good fur, but they are getting scarcer and scarcer every year.

The old chief proposed that we should try and get out to a road of some kind, where we could remove our snowshoes; he feared I should find their continual use for so long a time very trying.

We came out at length on an Indian wood road, were able to take off our snowshoes and walk on the track. The Indian had a very heavy load to carry. I do not know if he was tired. I know that I was, and was carrying no load at all except my snowshoes; but we were going home, and my companion was very kind to talk to me all the time, and so the way did not appear so tedious as it otherwise would have done.

I was a little disappointed that we did not see any large game. We could not expect to see a bear, because they are asleep in their dens at this season of the year; but a deer, a herd of cariboo, or a moose, would have been interesting to relieve the monotony of the woods. I did not see any large wild animals on this occasion, however much I would have liked to see them. They were farther away, in the distant woods beyond the mountains, where the feet of the Indian do not so frequently tread. Perhaps we did not go quietly enough to see them, and they heard us coming and kept out of our way; but this could not have been the case, for we would have seen their tracks sooner or later. So the only conclusion we can come to is that they were not there.

I forgot to say that the beaver was caught in a steel trap, and not in a dead-fall. It is very interesting to notice the way beavers gnaw down the trees to make their dams and for a supply of food. They gnaw the tree in such a way that it will fall where they want it. A beaver is a very intelligent little animal. It is a pity that he will be destroyed from off the face of the earth.

Beavers generally live in little colonies; but there are what are called bank beavers, who live almost alone, and make their home in the steep, dry bank of a stream, where a good supply of water at a turn will shelter their food and be deep enough so that the ice will not form to the bottom.

III.

THE STONE AXE.

IT has been said of the Red Indian of North America that he soon will disappear from off the face of the earth, and will leave nothing behind by which he will be identified and remembered, because all his works are of such a transient character. He makes nothing that will last. His wigwams, his buildings, his tombs, his implements, are all made of perishable materials, which decay very soon, and so nothing will outlast himself. When he dies his memory will perish.

This is true in a way ; but yet there are some implements that the Indian has made which will withstand the ravages of time for a great number of years—some useful tools and implements of the chase, and which were used in warfare, perhaps, as well.

The Indian pottery that was found in the mounds is very curious. I have seen some Indian kettles that were made of clay—burnt clay—real crockery, but it was nothing particular as regards lasting qualities. Like the old china, that is so much thought of and large prices paid for, it will last for some time, for the simple reason that it is laid up in lavender, so to speak ; and so far from being used at all, even the sun is not allowed to shine upon it, or any

heat. It is put in a glass case so that no dust can fall upon it, lest the friction of the dusting brush might wear it away somewhat. If the Indian pottery were kept this way it might withstand the ravages of time for a considerable term of years.

But there are things more desirable than pottery which the Indian of past ages has made, and which the wild Indian, removed from the influence of the civilized man, still makes and uses to some extent. I refer to the stone tools, which were, and in rare cases are, still in use.

Not far from my home, in an Indian village—or, rather, to speak more correctly, near an Indian village—was a rock of hard white quartz. Pieces of this living rock had been broken off by some of the many powers of nature, which apparently were more lively in past ages than they are at present, and these broken pieces were carried, either by the action of water or ice or something else, a great distance from the mass of rock and scattered about over the face of the country in pieces of every conceivable shape and size. The greater part of these fragments retained their sharp edges intact, the same as if they were freshly broken, which showed that by whatever influence they were carried away from the old block from which they were chipped the “moving influence” was not continuous. These “chips from the old block” were so hard that they would cut glass.

One day, as I was looking around, I found a stone axe in an unfinished state. The maker had

not completed his work; indeed, he had been unfortunate and had broken his axe before he had finished it and had thrown it down in disgust. I am glad that I was not there at the time, for though an Indian is patient as a rule, yet he is not always so. A "mad" Indian is a dangerous Indian.

It is to be noted that the stone axe is made in a different way to a steel one, because, in the first place, the Indian had no tools wherewith to make a hole in the axe—the hole that is called an eye, into which the handle is inserted—and also, it should be borne in mind, that supposing he could have made an eye in the stone axe, the stone is of such a texture that it would not serve the purpose; it would not be strong if it had an eye in it.

Speaking of the eye of the axe. There was a negro once who was accused of assaulting his brother with the eye of an axe. The negro lawyer who defended the accused said that his client was charged with assaulting a man with the eye of an axe. "Now," he said, "the eye of an axe is a hole, and how in the name of goodness can anybody hit a man with a hole?"

The Indian's stone axe has no eye. In the place thereof it has a neck, which is chipped into a groove, and around this neck and groove a withe of supple wood is bound, and the two ends of the stick that goes round the neck makes the handle. It is a useful article and chipped till it is somewhat sharp; but I think an Indian would find it difficult to chop his

cord of wood per day with it, unless it was very rotten wood.

As I examined carefully the place where the unfinished and broken axe lay (I forgot to say that it was the neck and groove of the axe that was broken) I could discern with the utmost clearness the whole circumstantial evidence of the manufacture of that broken stone axe.

The very stone—a large, round stone, flat on the top—on which the Indian sat when he chipped patiently at the axe, breaking it into shape literally, and the stone which he had chipped with, were still lying there—the broken pieces and chips of stone which he had made while working, as well as the piece which had broken from the neck of the discarded axe. It was all there—the whole chain of evidence. The good axe which he had eventually made to suit himself, and had carried away when he himself went, of course, was gone. He was gone, in more senses than one, many years before; but the evidence of his presence and work was unmistakable.

In a mild sort of way, but none the less certain, these broken stones were crying out, testifying to an event of the distant past. The place where the Indian sat and worked was, curious to state, quite undisturbed. No one had ever touched it for perhaps a century. It was a most interesting spot. I took away the broken stone axe and destroyed the chain of evidence.

I have found stone axes of perfect construction,

and yet they are a poor affair compared with those made of steel, though they answered a purpose and will answer the purpose which we are so interested in. If the stone axes are preserved they will last a long time, and will testify to the actual existence of the Indian for ages after he himself is gone.

Old Uhkewazoozahwahbikogun once gave me a small arrow-head made of flint, the very best and hardest kind of flint. The workmanship was of the very finest, and it was wrought with delicate skill. It was indeed a perfect gem in shape and beauty, yet it was not polished. It was a flint chipped into shape with no other tool than another stone; it might have been a flint or some other stone.

The flint was of such intense hardness that the little facets made by the chipping process glistened like an amethyst. Like the stone axe, it had a neck and groove, which made it possible to fasten it on the arrow.

I had a spear-head made of obsidian. I found it. It was a great deal larger than the arrow-head, longer and thinner and wider, but very much the same in shape. I suppose it had been used for the purpose of spearing fish, and, perhaps, on certain occasions, for spearing large game, and possibly it had been used in spearing an Indian enemy. In that case it was a gruesome relic.

I read of a sword that came home from the war, or, rather, was brought home. Its owner was killed in battle, and the sword had never been touched since the owner had used it. The friends of the slain found

it difficult to remove the blade from its sheath, but a long and strong pull brought it forth. It was a clot of blood that had rusted it to the sheath. I did not look at the flint spear-head for this kind of proof as to its having been used.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling tells about a knife that had belonged to a man who was accidentally killed on a fishing smack. He fell from the rigging and broke his back. The man's effects were sold by auction and this knife among them; but it fetched a poor price, though it had a silver handle, because people said "it had been used."

The boy that bought it was out fishing with a friend in a dory. They got a bite, as they thought; but as they drew up the line they found that they had hooked the corpse of the poor unfortunate man who formerly owned the knife. "Throw the knife overboard," said the boy; "he is come for it. He has been to the great Judgment and they wanted the knife for evidence and sent him back for it."

These stone axes and arrow-heads of flint and spear-heads of obsidian, made by the Indians, will be in the ages yet to come lasting evidence of the Indian race and proofs unmistakable of their patience and skill with those materials which a kind Providence has placed within their reach. These will not rot for all ages. In time, I suppose, they will be lost. They ought to be put in the British Museum. Perhaps they have some there—I hope so, most sincerely. I could send them mine, only I have either lost them or given

them to some one, who I hope will take care of them as relics of the noble red man.

I know people in this country who are busy buying up all the curiosities that they can—Indian curiosities, I mean. Among these the rage seems to be for medals, more especially the silver medals that George III. gave to the Indian chiefs. This particular medal has a bust of King George III., and out of the breast of the King an Indian is peeping—at least the figure is intended for an Indian—with feathers in his head; but some think it is more like the evil one.

Well, these medals are bought as relics, and a large price is paid for them; but they will not last so long as the stone axes and flint arrow-heads and spear-heads made from obsidian. These things are kept in private museums, and will be credentials of Indian life and history, let us hope, for ever and for ever, till time shall be no more.

There are knives made of copper—native copper, obtained from the mines of Lake Superior. These were made by the Indians, and will last for a while if “kept in a dry place,” but they will not last so long as the stone implements mentioned above.

Stone is a lasting thing. It is the everlasting rock that the ages make no impression on, which withstands, to a great extent, the ravages of time.

It is true that the Indian has built no pyramids, but he has made something of the same material as that of which the pyramids are composed, and though it is not so big, it will outlast the pyramids if cared for and kept in a dry place.

IV.

NANABOOSHOO'S BLANKET.

NANABOOSHOO is, or rather was, the American Indian god or deity, answering to Confucius among the Chinese, or Buddha among the Hindoos, or Jupiter among the Old Romans, in a modified degree.

Many years ago—I don't know how many—Nanabooshoo was travelling through the country in the neighborhood of the Nepigon River, to the north of Lake Superior. He met with an obstruction in the shape of a mountain range on the banks of the river. Now, it would appear to an ordinary human being that if in one's journey a mountain obstructs the way the best thing to do is to get over it, if it is possible; or, failing this, to go round it. But Nana—I will call him Nana for short—was not an ordinary human being; in fact, he was not a human being at all, but a god who possessed powers other than human; so he simply said to the mountain range, "Split open and let me through," and immediately it did so, and Nana passed through the chasm, and, as there was no reason why it should take the trouble to shut itself again, and Nana neglected to order it to do so, it continues an open cleft in the mountain range to this day, and

can be seen by anyone passing that way, and so prove to any sceptical mind that these things are really so.

It would seem natural to anyone—that is, to any human being—that since Nana could cleave a mountain at a word he could do anything; yet it seems that it was not so, for after he had passed through the mountain cleft he had a river to cross in addition, which he could not, or did not, open up to let him over dry-shod. One would think that it would have been as easy to have opened a way across the river as to cleave the mountain range; yet he could not, or did not, do that, but waded and swam across the river.

In his passage through the waters he wetted his blanket, to his very great disgust and annoyance. Now, you must know that an Indian blanket is made of rabbit-skins, and is called "wahboosagwung." It is not merely rabbit-skins sewed together, but woven together almost like the way a German quilt is made—not merely woven or plaited in stripes, but the whole skin is plaited in—so that it takes upwards of two hundred skins to make an ordinary sized blanket, and, in consequence, it is of great weight and bulk even when it is dry, but much more so when it is wet.

Once upon a time I asked the Indians what they did to wash the blankets when they got dirty, as blankets will in time. "Oh!" they answered, "we never wash a rabbit-skin blanket." "Then," I inquired, "how do you remove the insects with which it may possibly become charged?" They replied, "If insects of any

description take cover in the blanket they cannot be dislodged. The only way to remove them is to destroy them by burning the blanket, and then, of course, both the blanket and the insects are destroyed." I replied, "Yes, of course, for if water were used as a medium of destruction it would amount to the same thing, because when once wet the blanket would never dry properly, and it would be sacrificed in any case." No wonder that Nana was "mad" when his wahboosagwung was wet!

Nevertheless, he laid it on the bank to dry—on the rocky bank of the river. He could have dried it by a miracle, but he did not, any more than he made a passage through the water, which would have prevented it from getting wet, and that would have been best of all and would have prevented the annoyance and subsequent anger. There seems to be an inconsistency in Nana's conduct or in the narrative of it, yet we know that "truth is stranger than fiction."

Well, to proceed, Nana spread his blanket on the rocks to dry. He waited some time, but it dried not. Then, at length, his patience being completely exhausted, he left it there and went on without it. I do not know, because I was never informed, what he did without it, whether he got another or went about in a state of nature, blanketless by day and also by night. It is not with Nana that I have to do, but with the blanket, the wet rabbit-skin blanket that he left upon the rocks to dry.

The wahboosagwung lay spread out on the rocks,

and some Indians passing saw it there, but, recognizing it as Nana's blanket, left it there; besides, it had not dried as yet—in fact, it never dried, but was noticed there year after year and generation after generation. It is still there, lying on the rocks as Nana left it, through summer's heat and winter's cold. When the snow falls it covers it, but it is there all the same in the spring. It is dry now sometimes, on the surface at least, and it is wet sometimes, on the surface at least, when the rain falls upon it. It never dried, properly speaking, in the first instance until it turned to stone. It was only the process of petrification that dried it out, and it is there to stay, a wahboosagwung turned to stone, a rabbit-skin blanket petrified.

It is there still. I saw it this year and last year and the year before that, and the traveller who ascends the Nepigon River, the most wonderful river in the world for scenery and beauty, can see it if it is pointed out to him. It will remain there in the ages to come as it has remained since the ages that are past. It will not decay, because now it is turned into stone; it will not decay, I say, for many years, because stone is so durable. It has an advantage over its original texture, because if it gets wet it soon gets dry again, and insects will find poor cover in it and nothing under it to eat. No one will steal it, because a stone blanket is of no use for the purpose which a blanket is intended to serve. It is only useful as a monument, a lasting monument, of Nana's passage across the river.

V.

POD.

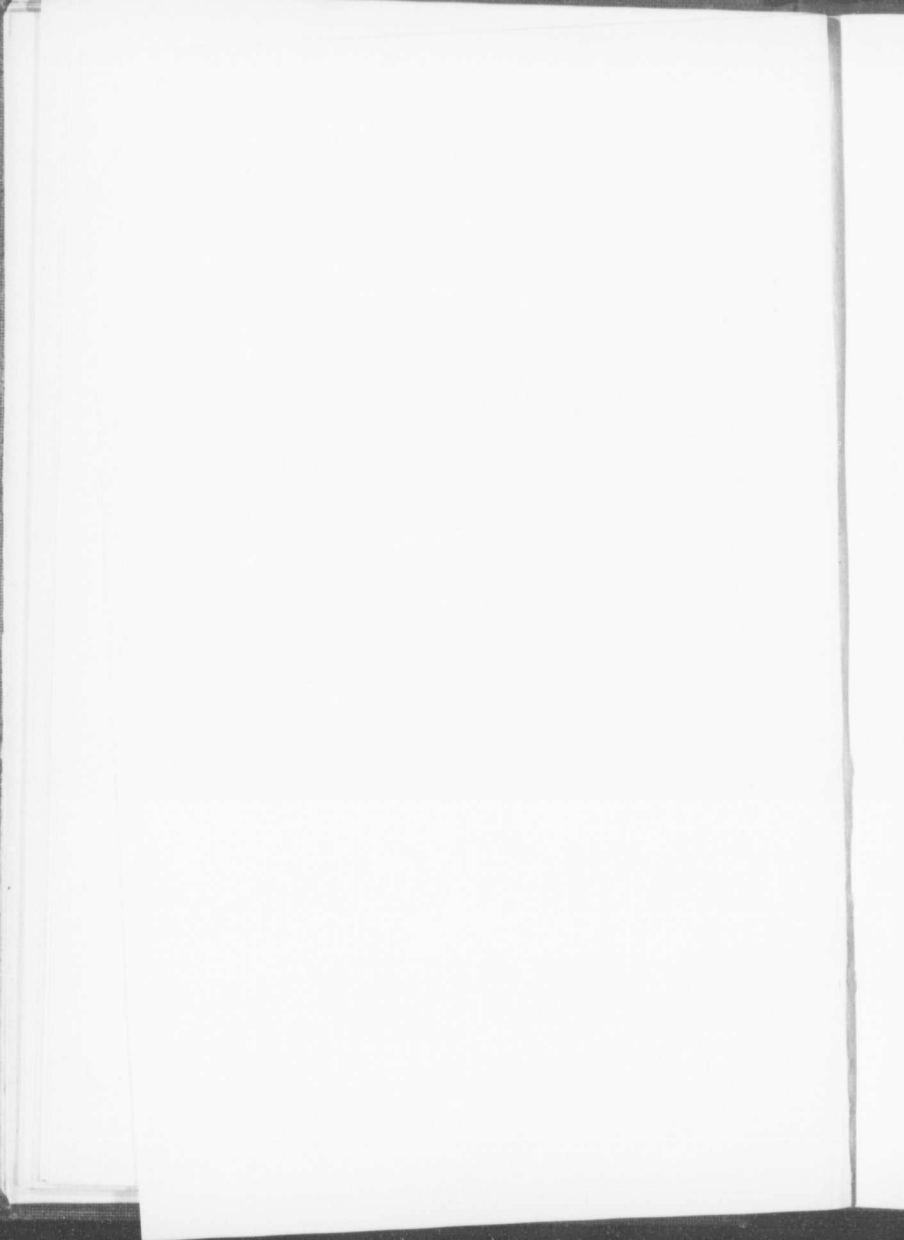
AFTER all the long names we are accustomed to bestow upon Indians, or, rather, let us say, after all the long names that Indians are accustomed to bestow upon themselves, or to bestow upon one another—(it is difficult to say who bestows the name, for if an Indian were asked the question, Who gave you that name? he could scarcely give an intelligent answer)—I was going to say, after all the long names of Indians by, whomsoever given, it is pleasant to come across an Indian by the name of "Pod"; it is so short and so easy to pronounce, and so handy.

I once christened a child by the name of "Bud." The mother did not like the name, but the father insisted, and, strange as it may seem, he got his way. It is not often thus, but he did. He said, by way of apology for the name, that it was short and could not easily be tampered with, and he did not see that it was unreasonable, since some children were called "Blossom," and he thought that "Bud" was as good a name as "Blossom," and maybe better.

But to keep to Pod. He was not christened "Pod," though now I know how he got that name and who gave him that name, though for many years



GROUP OF CHRISTIAN INDIANS, GARDEN RIVER.



I did not. I used to think it was a silly name, that had no meaning either in English or Ojibway, though I rather inclined to the notion that it was a contraction of an obsolete Indian word, brought down from a remote antiquity. But one day, however, the mystery was cleared up. I met with a son of a former missionary who lived in the place where Pod was born and was there to receive him, so to speak, when he first came into the world. I mean to say that the mother of the son, the wife of the missionary, was there to receive Pod when he came into the world, and she said to the mother of Pod, "He is like an Irish lad; we will call him 'Pat.'" And so he was called "Pat," or, rather, as the Indians pronounced it, "Pod," ever after. This was more than fifty years ago.

We buried Pod the other day. He was honored with a magnificent funeral, a funeral that a king might envy, if such a feeling as envy could occupy the breast of a king under such circumstances. But, come to think of it, it is a curious sketch of a man's life to skip from his birth to his funeral; yet I must do so here, because I want to make this sketch different from any other. Then it is true, and we must write of things as they are impressed on our mind. And after Pod's birth the next great event in his life is his death and burial. For, indeed, the funeral was a very great event. Pod was embalmed like the Egyptians of old. I looked on the body as it lay in state in the church, and all the Indians came round to look at it. Pod was dressed in his Indian clothes, made of skin, and a

leathern girdle about his loins, and his tunic all trimmed with porcupine quills of different colors, and fringed edges, like epaulettes, at the shoulders. He had on his garters, and his feet were shod with moccasins—beaded moccasins, most beautiful to behold. Of course it was only the remains of Pod. I don't know how much of him there was—not more than the bones and skin, most probably. I do not know how they embalm nowadays. I know that the Egyptians of old did not leave very much of the original body in their mummies, just the frame and skin—very little more than this.

The reader may wonder how it was that Pod was embalmed, since Indians never embalmed their dead. They do not know the art now, if indeed they ever did; but Pod was embalmed by the white man—the American white man—because he died in one of their large cities, and his Indian wife and children and sisters and friends sent for his body to be brought home, and so the kind people in this large city made a collection of money and had Pod embalmed and sent home.

A very large crowd of Indians went to the train to meet the corpse and conduct it through the pine woods to the church. It was in a beautiful casket, and the ceremony was most imposing. I watched them as they came out of the pines toward the church. The bell, with solemn toll, spoke the departure of a soul, or, rather, spoke the remains coming for burial. We had an oration after the service. The

missionary had known Pod for thirty years or more, and told the people some facts about Pod which the people knew better than he did, most probably; but then this is almost always the case. "I bring these things to your remembrance," the apostle says, "though ye know them."

The Indians all came to look at Pod. He looked very natural. Some of the Indians wanted to touch him, and some of the women would have kissed him, as their custom is, but the son very wisely kept them off. We buried him in his grave, and the Indians sang while the earth was being shovelled in.

It is hard to write the life of a man after you have buried him. According to the opinion of a Scotchman the burial is the most satisfactory event of all, because, as he says, "You can't tell how a christening or a wedding may turn out, but there is no such uncertainty about a burial."

Pod was the son of a chief, and he ought to be a person of some consequence for that reason, if for no other. The first thing I call to mind about him is his marriage. He found a wife among the daughters of a neighboring band of Indians, and the wedding was a grand affair. The old chief, father of the bridegroom, made a great feast and bade many—in fact, the whole inhabitants of the village were invited—and the feast lasted for many hours, because they went on in relays, so to speak. When one relay had eaten they left the table and their places were taken by another set, and so on to the end.

The marriage was not altogether happy. No couple are always agreeable, except the couple that secured the Dunmow fitch. So it happened that this couple quarrelled, because Pod was a little ill-tempered sometimes, like other men are. There was a man and his wife who bickered and quarrelled, and the wife said to her husband, "We are worse than the cat and dog; they don't quarrel." "No," said he, "but tie them together and then see what." So, I suppose, married people disagree because they are tied together.

Well, Mrs. Pod, sad to relate, ran home to her father because her husband was hard on her, and I went with the husband to bring her back, and she came back willingly and they lived happily together for ever after that—that is, as happily as most people do. It is nice to see people reconciled, especially husband and wife. Pod used to take care of the church and see to things generally, and a very good custodian he was. He would make a good fire to warm us while we were in church. They used to have a stove that received the fuel from above, and when the top was removed and the wood thrown in a great deal of smoke issued forth and made its way round the church. This seems a very simple circumstance to go into the sketch, but it is so intimately associated with Pod that I put it in.

One of the many good works in which Pod excelled was the ringing of the church bell. There was only one bell, and a person would think that it would not require very much skill to ring it, but Pod thought

that no one could do it like he could. I was tolling the bell for a funeral once and Pod came and relieved me of the duty, remarking that I did not do it right. "I am doing it the way they do it across the big water," I said. "Ah, well," said Pod, "we are this side of the big water."

There was something about Pod that all people, whether Indians or white people, would do well to copy. It is known that Christian people (it is a shame to have to record it) sometimes get displeased with something their clergyman does or says, and they show their displeasure by keeping away from church. This is most idiotic as well as wicked, but Pod did not do this. He was often angry with the "blackcoat," but he came to church all the same. There are a great many other things that Pod did which I have not written yet, but I cannot think of them. He was a most devout communicant, and always in his place when we knelt at the Holy Communion. We miss him now.

There is another thing I must not forget. Pod was an Indian scholar. When a boy he learned to read in his own tongue, and studied the scriptures and works of devotion which are translated into the Ojibway. He was so well equipped in this direction that he was chosen by the Bishop to take the post of lay reader at a mission station in the far North while the missionary was absent. Pod stayed there for the winter till the missionary returned the following spring.

Our friend thought this was a great honor. He described to me with the greatest minuteness all the circumstances relating to the examination which the Bishop put him through. I remember I was in a hurry at the time, but I stopped and listened with the best grace I could command. The recital took a very long time. "The Bishop sat there where you are sitting and I sat here where I am sitting, and he asked me all these questions, and then he asked me to read the Indian Bible, and I did so in fear and trembling." This was the way he described the interview to me.

This Indian scholarship made Pod very helpful in church in leading responses and reading the alternate verses in the Psalms. You always knew when Pod was there. I wish that all people who came to our church would engage as heartily in the glorious service as Pod did. People don't know what they lose by their silence in church. Pod did what he could. He could not sing but he could read, and he did this most earnestly. We shall miss him much in church because of this.

A sad accident once happened to our friend Pod. He was an adept with the bow and arrow—the old weapons of the Indians both in war and in the chase. I met him once with a brace of partridges in one hand and a bow and arrows in the other. I asked him if he had killed the birds with the bow and arrow. He said, "Kagat." But, after all, the archery tools are not so effective as a gun. The next day I

loaned him my gun when he went out hunting. He came home an hour or two afterward with the middle of his hand blown out. He explained the matter to me in this way: "I was carrying the gun over my shoulder with my hand over the mouth, when all at once it banged and my hand was destroyed." He carried the maimed hand to the end.

Pod had a great many children, but most of them died when they were young. A little girl whom I knew, named Esther, lived till she was twelve years old, and then she died. Her father did all he could for her, and in spite of all she died, to the great grief of Pod. I wrote a letter to the Bishop at Pod's dictation, asking that prayer be made in all the churches of the diocese for his daughter, that her life might be spared, and that her soul might be blessed if it pleased the Lord to take her to himself.

The Bishop wrote a kind letter to Pod and granted his request. The child rallied for a while, but a return of the malady subsequently hastened her death. The mother felt the loss keenly, but did not complain of God's will.

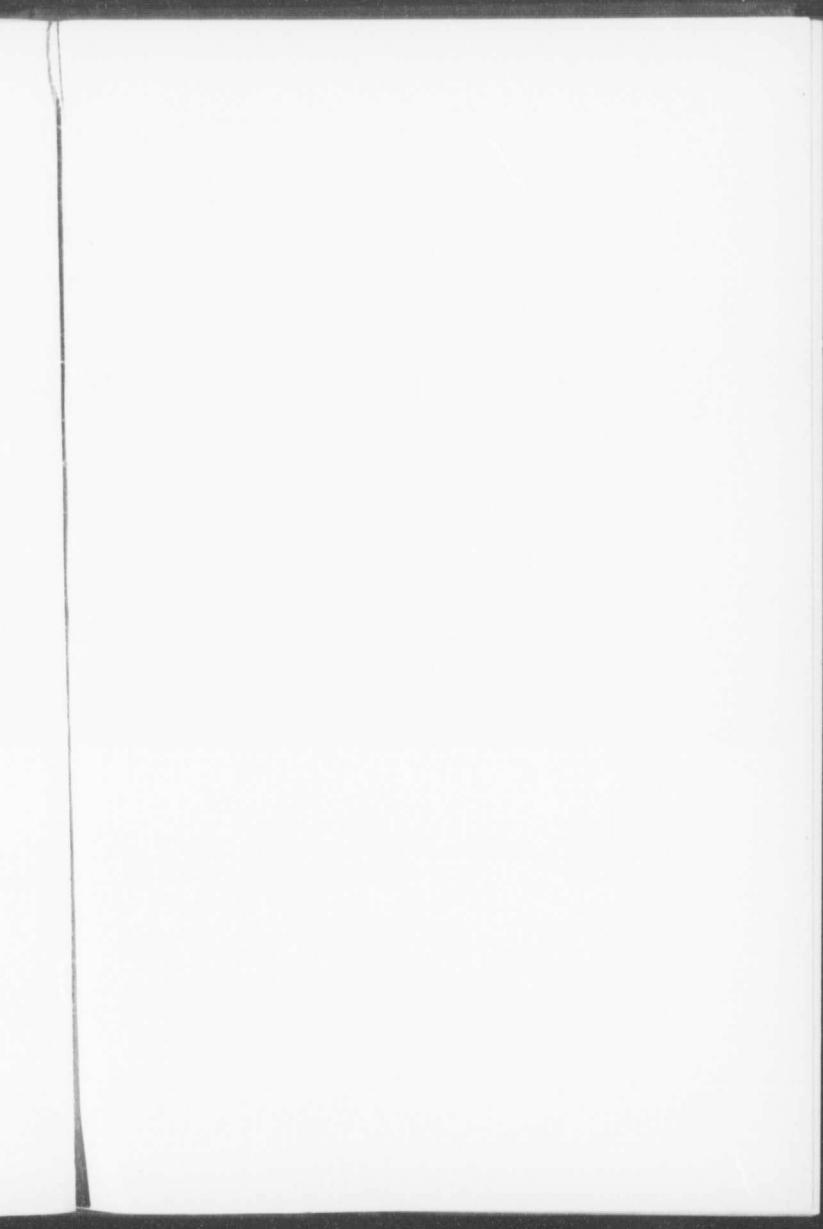
Then there came another little boy named James, a stout, healthy little chap, who lived for two or three years, the joy of his father's heart; but he caught cold, which turned to inflammation of the lungs, and he died, too. I shall never forget the night when the little boy died. I sat up with the parents, but went home after midnight, thinking the boy was a little better. In the early morning an Indian came to toll the bell to announce the death of James.

Then, only a few months afterwards—only two months, I think—the father himself died in that far-off hospital, and his corpse was brought home as related above.

There are just two sons left. A young man, married, who plays the organ in the church, and a little boy about eight years old.

Pod left a very nice log cottage, which is an ornament to the village. It is whitewashed pure and clean. The window and door are painted an Indian red. It is as nice inside as it is outside, for Mrs. Pod is a jewel of a woman for cleanliness and goodness.

I myself stayed at this house once and lived with the family, taking meals with them and sleeping in the house. I was just as comfortable as I could be in any house that I know of among whatever race of people my lot might be cast. It is a good home for the widow and her sons.





AN INDIAN GIRL.

VI.

OKEZHEGOOK.

There has been a great deal written about Indians—that is, men—but very little about Indian women. Perhaps it is because they are so little known, or, possibly, it has been thought that there is nothing in the women to write about. They have done nothing worth recording, with the exception of a certain woman conspicuous in history called, or, rather, the name is pronounced, Poker Honters. The rendering of an Indian name by the white man is truly a wonderful exhibition. It should go into the British Museum to be preserved for evermore.

There is an account given in the history of the wars on this continent of the exploits of an Indian called Pontiac, at least this is the way it is generally spelt. I thought it was an Indian of some race with whose language I was unacquainted till I was talking one day with an Ojibway chief about the war, and he said that Pontiac was an Ottawa chief. "How is it I do not understand the word?" I inquired. "Oh," said the Ojibway, "that is easily accounted for. The white man has a way of his own in speaking of and pronouncing Indian names. That Indian's name is 'Poodeauk.'"

I felt a little angry with the historian that wrote Pontiac and misled me for so many years. Perhaps I shall grasp "Poker Honters" when I get a little more light.

But speaking of Indian women and their capabilities and virtues, I have always found them better than the men. Speaking generally, a bad woman is rather bad, but the good woman is very good. Some of the best women I have known have been of the aboriginal race. They are more to be depended on, better principled, and more industrious and persevering than the men.

But to come to Okezhegooqua. She was but a poor woman of ordinary abilities, not at all conspicuous in any way, just a common Indian woman—a pure Indian of the woods, who never went to school, because when she was young there was no school, and, besides, she was not a Christian till she was past school age. The missionary and the school teacher did not come her way until she was too old to learn to read and write, but she understood the Christian religion, and tried to frame her life and conduct according to the precepts of the Master, and succeeded a great deal better than most of His professed followers.

It is grand to read about those who have distinguished themselves in life so as to be known and read of by all men, and have acquired by their superior abilities a great name in the world; but it is delightful, also, to read of those humble ones who have followed the Saviour in the common duties of life,

who have not been great as the world calls great. These are records of those in humble life, "the short and simple annals of the poor."

I first saw Okezhegook nearly thirty years ago. (I'll leave out the *qua*; it merely signifies that it is a person of the feminine gender, and is not used among the Ottawas.) I was coming up to the beach in a small row-boat, and the entrance to the harbor was filled in with sand. I wished to draw my boat over the bar. Okezhegook saw me dragging the boat and generously came to help me.

"You take hold of one side of the boat and I will take the other side, and between us we will take it over the bar," she said.

The powerful woman put forth her strength before I was quite ready to haul, so I was spun around most ignominiously. "You are very strong," I said. "It is you who are weak," said she. We tried again and managed to pull together and took the boat over the bar.

I walked up to the village with Okezhegook and we were friends from that time. When Sunday came I saw Okezhegook in church and noted her devout demeanor, though she was unable to join audibly in the service because she could not read, but followed with her mind the prayers, reading and sermon. There was service then in the gardens after that, because the Indians had moved to the gardens to plant their corn and potatoes, and I went to see the old woman, for she was old even then. On the Sun-

day church was held in her wigwam, because it was the best wigwam in the garden. I called during the week and the old woman was planting her corn. I watched the operation for some time and then took hold of the hoe. "You come from a far-off country," she said. "Do they grow corn there?" "No," I said, "not much. Corn does not ripen in England with any satisfaction. It is grown for ornament."

Okezhegook had a son whom she loved as her own soul. His name was Bahmahkezhik. Perhaps this was the father's name. I never knew the father. I always looked upon the woman as a widow. Some women seem to be widows all their life, as if it was their normal state and were born so. Okezhegook was one of these.

Bahmahkezhik was a very delicate man. He reminded me of the words of the hymn: "Dear Lord, and shall we ever live in this poor dying state?" He was just as weak as the mother was strong, and, like her, was a true Christian. Though his body was sick his soul was in health. It is good when the soul is well.

One day Bahmahkezhik was taken worse, and was bleeding from the lungs. Poor man! the mother knew that his days were numbered, and he knew it himself. He was ready to die and was happy in the prospect of death, and was glad when it came. It was a great blow, though, to the mother.

Bishop Fanquier came to the village to see us just after the funeral, and administered the rite of

Holy Communion in the little log church with the tin-covered spire. Okezhegook drew near and knelt down to receive Communion. When the Bishop had delivered the bread into the hands of the old woman, she did not put it in her mouth, but kept it in her hands.

The Bishop passed on to the next communicant, watching the old woman, because she did not eat the bread. He was trembling violently, thinking the old woman meant to keep it and use it superstitiously; so I went to her and told her to eat the bread, which represented the body of Christ. She did so. I asked her after church why she behaved in such a singular way. "I was thinking," she said, "of my dead son and the times we took Communion together, and he was not with me to-day." "He was there, perhaps," I said, "but you did not see him. We cannot see a spirit."

Okezhegook now lived with her daughter-in-law and her children. They occupied the same house together. One of the children was blind, and on that poor afflicted child the grandmother lavished all the attention that love and devotion could render. It has ever been so with good women. They must have someone to tend and love who needs their care. The delicate, sickly son was gone, and the love and care was transferred to the afflicted grandson.

In the fall of the year, when the corn was ripe and the Indians had moved again to the gardens to gather the corn, I went once more to see the woman in her

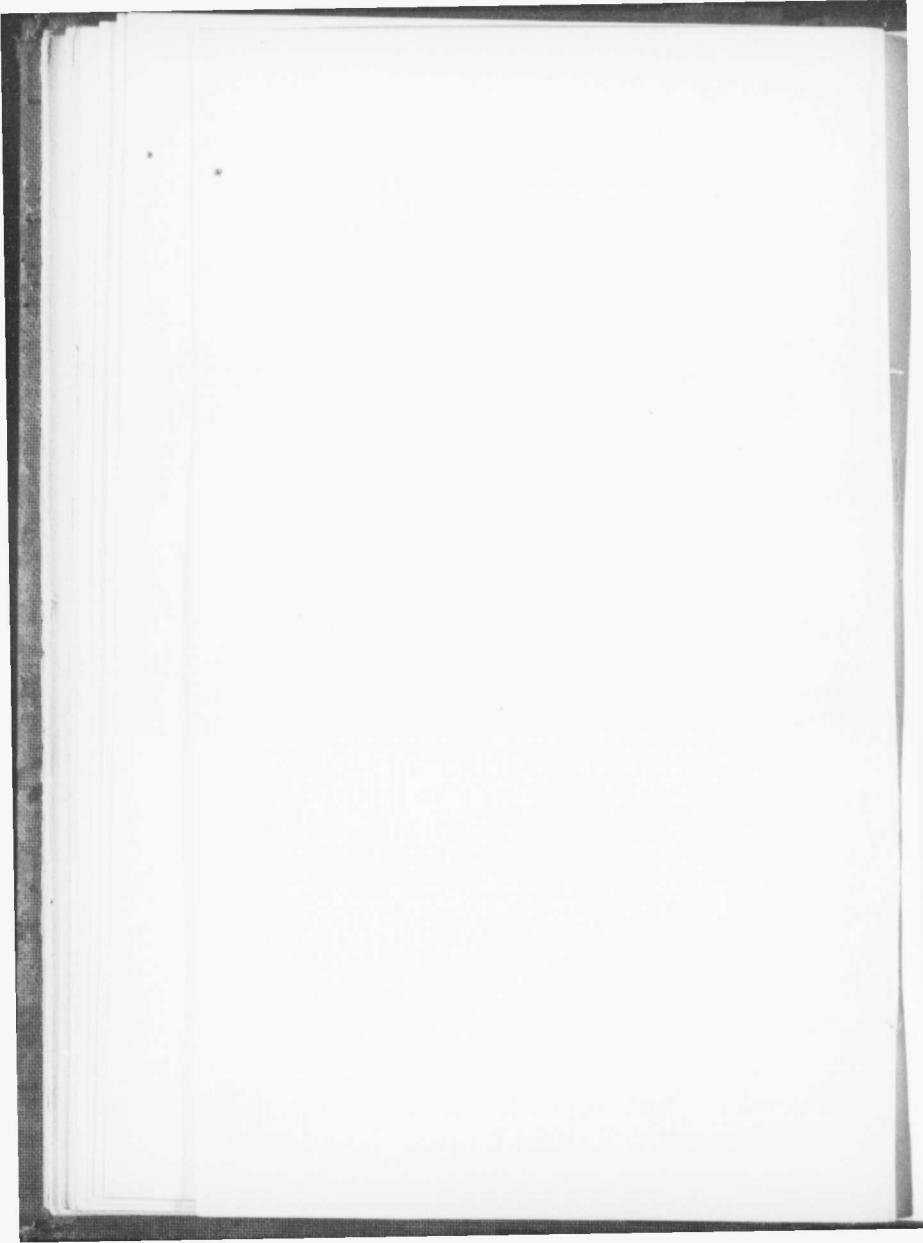
wigwam. She was surrounded by heaps of the yellow corn, and it was hanging around the inside of the wigwam overhead. She was taking the outer husk from the corn, and I sat down and helped her in her work. "God is good," she said, "in giving us a good crop of corn." She then gave me some of the largest and longest of the ears, and I carried them away with me. We prayed together, and I departed. It is a privilege to visit the industrious poor.

We had a dear child who was taken sick, and in spite of all that medicine and care could do she died. Okezhegook came often to see the child while it was sick, and was sad when it died. It was her earnest desire to wash and dress the body; but she said nothing and I did not divine her wish. Some friends were staying with us, and these performed the duties that the old woman so wanted to do. I shall never forget her disappointment when she saw the child was already prepared for the coffin. Still, she was satisfied that everything was done right, and she gazed on the face of the child and its dress and examined the trimmings of the coffin, and then she said, "Quanarge" ("It is beautiful").

Some years after another baby came to our home, and when the birth was expected I called on my old friend and asked her to stay with the expectant mother until I could go for the nurse, who lived some miles away. The child was born while Okezhegook was there alone. It gave her unspeakable enjoyment to recall the event in after years and some of the



INDIAN MOTHERS AND BABES.



circumstances connected with it. When the baby was grown into a big schoolboy, she would say, "Ah! this is the baby I wrapped in my old blanket when he first came into the world." She would laugh until tears came into her eyes.

I met the old woman as I was going my rounds of visiting, and I noticed that she stooped with age and infirmity, though still plodding on her way undeterred—still following her Saviour and attending the services of the church. No one was sick or in trouble but she was there to help and bless. She was always on the lookout for opportunities of doing good to others. It is the blessed privilege of women to comfort those who are in trouble or bereavement, and our aged friend was the foremost of these; not merely speaking words of comfort, but giving practical proof of her sympathy.

One day I noticed that her wrist was bandaged. "What has happened?" I inquired. "I slipped on a piece of ice," she said, "and dislocated my wrist. I suppose I am not so active as I used to be. I was carrying some water when I slipped and fell; I tried to save myself, but I could not. I am getting stiff and old."

I could not help but see that the old woman was failing, and would never recover the use of her arm. I saw her in her home making cord from basswood bark to form the warp of some mats she was weaving, but the loss of her usual strength was evident to anyone. She was stooping more than ever nearer and nearer to Mother Earth.

About this time her blind grandchild, the object of her tenderest care, was sick, and after some time of suffering he died. It seems that the poor afflicted lad was mentally deficient as well as blind, but before he died his mind was restored, and this gave the grandmother great comfort. "He spoke wise and sensible words to me before he died," she said. "He knew and understood the hope of the Christian, and looked for happiness after death."

This bereavement she felt very keenly, but a greater loss was in store for her. Another grandson, a fine-looking young fellow, in the prime and vigor of youth, was struck down with that fell disease, consumption. He had commenced to build himself a house, and intended it for a home for himself and his grandmother, whom he wished to take and live with him; but God arranged it differently. The strong young man was cut off, and the bent old woman was still left to struggle on in the wilderness alone. I went into the house just as they were closing the coffin. They were debating what to do with the young man's hymn-book. Okezhegook announced that it was to be placed in his hand in the coffin; his overcoat was to be folded under his head, and his hat also was to be placed in readiness near his hand, so that he could find it handy when he went on his journey in the world beyond the grave.

It was just after this that I left the village where our friend dwelt, and she was grieved at my departure. About a year or so after I went to the village and she

was still living and able to come to church. I conversed with her and found her as bright in intellect as ever, but more feeble in body. Her faith was steadfast as of old.

Last year the word was brought to me that Okezhegook was dead. I saw an Indian from the village and asked concerning the welfare of my friends. "Your friend Okezhegook is dead," said he. Some time afterward I went to see the daughter-in-law, and she told me of the triumphant death of the Christian veteran. She had outlived all her grandchildren, and was the last of her family.

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their humble joys and destiny obscure,
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor."

VII.

THE FIRST INDIAN CORN.

WHO grew the first Indian corn on this continent is a question that has never been satisfactorily answered. Did the Indians grow corn before the white man came? Then there is the question of tobacco and potatoes. Was it from the Indians of North America that Sir Walter Raleigh got his tobacco? Did Indians give him the potatoes that we hear of as the "staff of life" in Ireland, and uncommonly useful in England? Tobacco may be only a luxury, but corn and potatoes have come to be one of the necessities of life; yet I never could find out from the Indians that they grew corn and potatoes before the white man came.

The tobacco that the Indians used, and which they still use to some extent, is not tobacco at all, but a mixture of bark and leaves called "bahkoosegun." The bark is the bark of the red willow and also of another shrub, with spotted or rather mottled bark, called "misquahbeemish," and the leaves I always thought were the leaves of the winter-green (wene-seebug); but they are not. They are the leaves of a small plant with foliage similar to that of the winter-

green, but of slightly different shape, called by the white man "kinnekinnik," which, by the way, like the words "papoose" and "squaw," is the white man's production, and not an Indian word at all.

The Indians call the potato "opin," and they had tubers which they ate as food before the white man came, called "opin," but which were not much like the present potato at all. There is "nuhmapin," which is a small, undeveloped tuber, containing very little nourishment; "wuhduhpin," also, is a tuber that was used as food. Then there is "eshkebwah," which is a species of wild artichoke. These, I suppose, were a sort of embryo potato, the first one, at any rate, and, according to the opinion of an intelligent Indian, the last one as well; though I beg leave to doubt this, because the artichoke, wild or cultivated, is a different plant to the potato.

But it is of Indian corn we are speaking, and I have been trying to discover and get information from the Indians for the space of thirty years concerning the growth and cultivation of Indian corn before the white man came. There is no doubt at all but that they grew corn, because it is bound up in the bundle with their old ceremonies and ancient cults, social and religious; yet the present generation has very foggy ideas on the subject.

Old Tegoosh told me some years ago about the remains of a very old garden, in which could be detected by a "skinned eye" the small knolls in the ground where corn was once planted, but in which

trees had grown to a very large size since the garden existed, and the Indians who cultivated it had been for many years lying, like John Brown's body, mouldering in the ground.

Perhaps it is due to old Tegoosh (who, by the way, has been dead also for many years), that I should let him tell the story in his own words: "I was out hunting in the wilds of the forest, far away from any rival Indian hunter or the dwelling of the usurping thief of a white man. I had gone a very long way round the shore of the lake before I took to the bush, and it was a long distance back in the woods where I found the indications of a garden which some Indian had made in the far distant past. I could see where the hills of the corn had been, and the pit where the corn was stored, and yet it was so many years before that the trees, which had started to grow in the garden after the clearing was left, were already of a very large size—nearly a hundred years old, I should think. I sat down and pondered on the small garden, and the Indian who had made the garden many years before. It looked like the rest of the forest, and yet the evidence of its former cultivation was unmistakable."

It is thirty years since the Indian related the circumstance to me. He was then an old man of seventy winters. It was when he was quite a young man, say fifty years before that, when he noticed the little garden in the woods. It was at least two hundred years from the present time since the Indian

made the small garden in the lone forest and planted his corn. The old Indian, Tegoosh, expatiated on this adventure for a long time, as if the circumstance had made quite an impression on his mind.

There are some most interesting stories told by the Indians about the corn in its different stages of growth, from the first sprout of the germinating seed until its final completion in the ear, when it is ready for food. The long, thin leaves seem to them to convey to the mind thoughts of their peculiar beauty and grace. They observe with rare appreciation the glory of the silken tassels. They are the shining beard of the corn. This is noticeable, because an Indian never has such an appendage on his own chin, and scorns such an ornament, yet appreciates it on the corn. The husks of the corn, covering the ears like a wrapper, is an object almost of adoration. All these things seem to make it appear that corn is no new thing to them. It is part and parcel of themselves.

The Ottawa Indians have a very simple and primitive mill in which they grind their corn—indeed, it can hardly be called grinding. The article is so ancient-looking that one would think it belonged to the stone age, though it is made of wood. It is really a pestle and mortar, only the pestle has two pounders and the corn is pounded into meal and not ground. The mortar is made from a piece of the trunk of a birch tree, with the bark left on to form a ferrule, so to speak, to the vessel and keep it from splitting.

It is hollowed out to hold the corn, and is pounded with the two-headed pestle, about five feet long, which is grasped in the centre by the operator, who uses either pounder as he chooses. It is not right to say "he," because I never saw a man pounding the corn. It is always done by the women. When it is sufficiently crushed the hulls are separated from the meal by shaking in a pan, if it is intended for a cake; if the meal is for soup the skins are left. It is used just as it comes from the poodahgun.

The Ottawas and Ojibways boil the ripe corn with peengwahboo to soften the outside skin of the corn and make it fall off. Peengwahboo is made of wood ashes and water. This removes the outer skin and makes the corn soft and white. After the boiling in the peengwahboo it is washed very clean and boiled in pure water; then it is ready to eat, and very good indeed it is.

The planting of the corn is a very important affair in the history of the old-fashioned Indian. It is the women who plant the corn, and the men prepare the ground, though I have seen the women cultivate the unploughed ground with the hoe and make the hills before putting in the corn, which has been soaked for a few days previously until it is ready to sprout. Then there is the hoeing and cultivating all summer, and then the gathering of the corn in the autumn.

This is, indeed, the season of the year when joy and satisfaction come to the heart of the Indian,

because he is reaping the fruits of his labor, or, rather, of his wife's labor and his own combined. The whole inhabitants of the village now move to the gardens and erect wigwams to live in while they gather the corn. It is then stripped from the outer wrappers and hung up in the wigwam to dry. It is nice to see the long strings of corn hanging in the wigwams.

Once upon a time there lived an old Indian named Wandubbees, and he was in his garden one day, pulling his corn. I went to see him and to speak with him on the subject of religion, because he was not yet a Christian, and I hoped he would be.

I shook hands with him. He invited me into his wigwam, where he had hung his corn, and I sat down on his brush bed while he occupied a seat on the opposite side of the wigwam. There was a small fire burning in the middle, and the smoke was finding its way among the hanging corn and making its way out through the hole in the conical roof. It is generally believed that the smoke, as well as the heat, dries the corn and imparts a flavor to it that improves it, though I was never able to appreciate this.

There were several ears of corn still in a state of nature, though with their clothing unremoved. Some things in a state of nature are dressed and some are undressed.

I took up an ear of corn and commenced to strip it; the old man did the same. I counted the number of grains on one ear and it mounted up to some hundreds. "All these," I said, "come from one grain ;

God giveth the increase. Corn is the most prolific of all the fruits of the earth." "Kagat" (yes, indeed), he said. It is gratifying to know that the old man became a Christian at last.

We had a Thanksgiving service once, and Indian corn formed one of the chief and most beautiful decorations. The long, yellow ears of corn were strung in the most fantastic forms, and festoons of unusual beauty were disposed in graceful fashion round about the church. The autumn sunshine streamed in through the windows, and the yellow ears of corn glistened in the glowing light. The women made fancy baskets and filled them with the corn, and these were placed upon the altar like the offerings of old. I did not think it was a desecration.

I never realized before what great possibilities there are in Indian corn as a decoration, and I took some down to a little church in the farm settlements of English people, and they all were astonished at the beauty of the Indian corn for a church decoration at Thanksgiving service.

I do not think, after all, that we have threshed out the Indian corn—I mean, we have not threshed out the subject of the Indian corn in connection with its early cultivation by the Indians. I have not the least doubt but that they have used it since the world began. Very likely Adam had a poodahgun in the Garden, or, rather, Adam grew the corn and Eve pounded it into meal in the poodahgun; but this must have been after the Fall, because they did not work and perspire before that, and it is impossible to pound in a poodahgun with-

out "the sweat of the brow." Undoubtedly Noah had a poodahgun in the Ark, because how else could he have ground his corn, since there was not convenience in the Ark for a windmill? And although there was no scarcity of water to run a mill, yet it was too uniformly distributed to be serviceable.

When the North American Indians migrated from the east country in the years that are past, they, no doubt, brought the Indian corn with them. I do not know whether it was Mongolia or where it was they came from originally, or whether they were put in America. It is almost impossible that they should be so like in feature to some of the tribes of the East without being related to them. I met a lad once from Northern China, and he was so much like an Ojibway lad whom I knew that I spoke to him, thinking he was the same. The lad from Thibet, or somewhere, was so much like the Indian that I would defy anyone to tell the one from the other. Anyhow, we are sure that the Indian has cultivated corn for ages and still clings to it, even in a climate where it does not ripen properly without a great deal of trouble. It is to him a "thing of beauty and a joy for ever," besides being a most useful and nourishing article of food. There is more sentiment in it than there is in the potato, though the latter is extremely useful. The plant itself is of no great beauty, and the blossoms and berries—the least said about them the better—and the useful part is hidden under-ground. When this is fit for use the plant is "gone dead." About tobacco I am not qualified to speak, so the corn "takes the cake."

VIII.

ON THE ICE.

MANY and varied are the adventures that the missionary meets with in his work when journeying from place to place across the ice. There is a certain amount of danger, too, as well.

Some time ago I was travelling across the ice to visit an Indian village on the banks of a large river far from my home, when I met with an adventure that is not without interest to any one whose mind is open to the appreciation of these things.

I had travelled safely across a large stretch of ice many miles in extent when I reached at length an establishment belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, which consisted of a store and dwelling-house and other offices, where business was carried on with the Indians for furs, which were taken in exchange for provisions, etc. There I was entertained most hospitably and guided on my way.

My road now led me through the bush for a considerable distance; then out on an inland lake of some size; then across a track of country where high rocks and hills seemed to predominate, and after that across a lake of no very great extent; then, after climbing a high hill, the way led across some level stretches of

country till I reached the river where the Indians dwelt.

I had not been to the place before, yet I knew some of the people, because they had come to the village where I lived in order to be baptized in the Christian faith. It was most interesting and encouraging, for one of the number had been instructed in the Christian faith and he had influenced some five others to cast in their lot with Christ and His Church.

In the small cabins of which the village was formed I found my Christian friends. We met together in one of the cabins for religious worship, and I preached the gospel to them and we worshipped God together. It was blessed to meet with these few poor Indians in the wilderness to minister to their spiritual needs.

I bade good-bye to them just as the short winter day was drawing to its close, and although they pressed me to stay with them, I had promised to go back at night and hold service at the Hudson's Bay Company's post, more especially because the officer in charge, with his family, were members of the Church, and the mother of the family was an invalid.

After I had crossed the first stretch of country and come upon the small lake night was coming on in real earnest, and it was cloudy and threatening a storm. Already the wind was rising and a few flakes of snow were whirling in the blast.

I crossed the next portage safely, travelled over the high hills, but as I went out upon the large lake I found it very difficult to follow the trail. I got down from

my seat and sat close to the dashboard of the sleigh, watching the faint marks which the sleigh-runners had made ; but these, in the gathering darkness, were getting more and more indistinct, and, besides, they were being obliterated by the falling snow, which had already become a storm.

At length I was obliged to confess to myself that I could not see the track, and as the direction now brought us so that we were facing the storm, this made it all the more difficult to find the way.

Some people will tell you that if you leave your horse to follow its own devices it will find the way itself. My experience that dreadful night proved the utterly fallacy of this. The beast went on and on, and I let her go, hoping she was going in the right direction ; but she was only making a circuit so that she could eventually get her tail to the storm, and then she stood there waiting, as the song says, for the clouds to roll by.

The wind had now increased to a gale and the air was full of snow. Carried along by the howling blast, it swept over the lake so that one could see but the shortest distance around. It is not pleasant to be lost on the ice in a snowstorm at night. It may seem childish, but I cannot help it, I prayed to God for guidance and for help. When we are in trouble we pray to God for help, but we do not know in what way the help can come to us. We do not stop to consider this. Alone on the ice on that terrible night, what could one do but pray ?

The thought came into my mind that I must try to find the place where I lost the trail, but how could I do this? I tried to retrace my steps by the marks the sleigh had made in the snow, but these marks were soon covered over by the snow, which was falling faster than ever and driving along with the blast.

After some time, which seemed to be hours and hours, I determined to try and find some marks to guide me, yet I was afraid to leave the mare and sleigh for fear I should not find them again in the storm. I went a few steps, as far as I dared, and laid one of my garments down, which showed a black mark. I fastened it by crushing it in the snow so that it should not blow away, and yet leave sufficient of it exposed to show on the white surface. Next I put my coat, and then I fetched a horse-blanket from the sleigh to make an object beyond to guide me. I felt around in the snow, and at last found a small piece of horse manure peeping out of the whiteness around.

Here was something definite and unmistakable. It is wonderful on what a small thing sometimes our salvation depends. I laid some other dark thing there, and then followed the rest of my marks until I got my horse and, retracing my steps, leading my horse, I recovered my things and put the mare on the trail. But here the difficulties were only partly overcome, because the beast would not keep the trail and face the storm. I must by the help of God work out my own salvation.

I had on a pair of thin deerskin moccasins, and by

careful and painstaking effort I was able to detect with my feet the difference in the texture of the snow on the trail and on the unbroken surface of the snow on either side of it. I took a leading rein and fastened it to the bit of the bridle and felt my way hour after hour across that storm-stricken lake on that terrible night. It was a short journey in point of distance and long in point of time, but I got to the land at last. It was no trouble finding the way in the woods, though, if anything, it was more lonesome though not so exposed. The trees cracked with the frost with explosions like infernal artillery. The noises in the woods at night are of a most unearthly kind and quite inexplicable. I reached my friend's home and found shelter for the remainder of the night.

More recently I was travelling in a different direction on the ice, and was on my way to some lumber camps, where I was carrying the Gospel of Christ to the people who were working in the woods, and also visiting some Indian villages *en route*. I had already gone some fifty miles on the ice, and nearly as far through the woods and across inland lakes, when I came to a small village where was a saw-mill and some dwellings. I ministered to these people and went on towards another Indian village, through an inlet where the ice had a rather bad reputation, but which was reported to be pretty good at this time.

I was advised to follow the southern shore of the inlet, the ice being less treacherous on that side. The weather was not so cold on this morning as it

had been for some time; in fact, it was thawing a little.

I had gone some few miles, and had already passed the bad places, where I had proceeded warily, testing the ice with my axe from time to time. I could now advance with more confidence and at greater speed.

I had gone perhaps a mile farther when the mare fell, but regained her feet quickly. It never occurred to me that she had broken through the ice and jumped out again. A few steps farther and she was out of sight, except her head. She was right down in the black water. We were not far from the shore; but it was of no advantage, because it was a wall of rock rising perpendicularly from the deep water.

I called for help, for I knew a few days before there were a number of men working near the place; but I did not know that now they were working a mile or more away, out of the reach of my voice.

I could not leave the beast struggling in the water to go away for help. I must do what I could with God's help to rescue her, even if I failed to get her out alive. I unfastened the reins and managed to pull one out from the rest of the harness, though it was under water. I then put it round the neck of the beast and pulled with all my might, at the same time urging the beast to help herself. At length she was able to get her fore-legs on the ice; but do what we would this was all we could accomplish. I had freed her from the sleigh, but she seemed held down. She

could get no purchase in the yielding water, I suppose, and was becoming benumbed with the cold.

I pulled her over on her side and beat the water with the whip, and by persevering effort little by little I worked her out on the ice, and pulled her as far from the hole as I could, and got her on her feet. I was very glad, of course, for one does not like to see an animal perish; but as far as profit and loss is concerned, I should have been money in pocket to have let the creature perish there, for she was never any use to me afterwards; injured by the long immersion and hurt by the broken ice, she was ruined for the rest of her natural life.

I went the rest of my journey with a dog and sleigh, and when I came back that way some few days after, I went to look at the place, but it was frozen over again so strongly that I could make no impression on it with the travelling axe I had with me. The Indians whom I visited were very much interested in the event, and were sorry for my accident.

I must relate another incident, and that will do for this chapter. Sometimes the snow is very deep upon the ice, and travelling is very laborious and slow, and then there is sometimes water underneath the snow, which makes it a great deal worse.

I started out one morning to return to my home after a long journey in the far-off woods, doing the work of God among those who were working in the wilds of the forest and looking after the spiritual welfare of Indian families in out-of-the-way places where

the services of God are very seldom held. I had reached a village on the outskirts of the forest, and started out, as I said before, on my journey next morning across a wide stretch of ice-bound water, some forty miles to my home. There had been a very heavy snowstorm, and the snow had fallen to a great depth in one day and night, and had increased the quantity of snow around, which was already too abundant. The snow was very deep on the ice as well as in the woods, and we were six hours going a distance of nine miles. The heavy wind, which had accompanied the snow, together with the great weight of the deep snow upon the ice, had caused the water to rise above the ice underneath the snow, and the sleigh runners, cutting through the upper soft covering, drew along in the water, and this froze on with the snow—the temperature being many degrees below zero—and in a little while the beast was drawing an enormous weight of ice and frozen snow congealed on the sleigh. This made it necessary for us to stop every little while to chop off the ice from the sleigh with an axe which we carried with us.

At noon we had reached a rocky islet, on which a few pine trees struggled for existence, and we made a fire to thaw out the food which we had brought for the mid-day meal. It was nice to sit around a fire under the open canopy of heaven and warm ourselves. The fresh, sweet air blew around us, carrying away all germs of disease from us; for nothing can live in the air when it is twenty degrees below zero, not even a molecule.

We made some tea, and dried ourselves, or, rather, melted ourselves, for the process was rather a wetting than a drying one. However, like the poor woman in the Bible, we did what we could for our comfort and went on again after resting and feeding our horses as well as ourselves.

Now the real difficulties commenced, for a long stretch of many miles was before us, and the wind was increasing—it was right in our faces—and we had no shelter at all from the pitiless blast.

The snow became deeper and the cold more intense. In consequence of the large masses of ice congealed on the sleigh, and on the belly and tail and legs of the horses, we were compelled to stop very frequently to knock off the incumbrance. After a time the horses could only draw the empty sleigh, and, besides, we were too cold to sit still, and there was danger of getting our feet frozen, being wet.

The place we were struggling to reach was a long distance away, and we did not seem to be getting any nearer; yet by plodding perseverance we kept on our way. At nightfall we were within a mile or so of our destination, and then we found a track which aided us somewhat, and we reached a place of shelter, where we spent the night. It was not till the evening of the next day that I reached my home.

IX.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

INDIANS are dying out, they say, and in a few more years the Indian of North America will be a thing of the past. They will be one of the types that the poet Tennyson speaks of, that

“From scarped cliff and quarried stone,
She cries, a thousand types are gone.”

The Red Indian of North American will be one of the thousand types that are past and gone.

I am not sure that the Indian “scarped” many cliffs or “quarried” many stones to perpetuate his history and identify himself after he is gone, so that people can say, this was “Neje.” He has quarried rocks around Lake Superior to get out copper, but these marks have been rubbed out by the white man already. I have not forgotten the mounds; but these are of the earth earthy and will not last long. They are not like the pyramids of Egypt. The relics found in the mounds are crockery of a rather poor quality and will not stand the test of time; so there will be nothing left but the pictured rocks, and these, though drawn with a pigment that does not rub out quickly, yet being on the surface only,

will not bear lasting testimony to the race when it is past and gone.

Speaking of the pictured rocks, I saw once, as I was going in a canoe up a small river, some rude pictures painted on some perpendicular rocks that rose sheer from the stream to a considerable height. They were rude figures of game and birds, made of some kind of stain. How long they had been there and who made them, I cannot say. I am morally certain the pictures of the animals, deer, moose and smaller animals, were made by Indians a good many years before. Yet, in the nature of things, these pictures will not last long, I say, because they are only skin deep. The rocks will last, but the pictures will not. They are not "scraped cliffs," only written on the outside, not with iron pen in the rock for ever.

The same may be said of their buildings. An Indian wigwam is a poor, frail concern. It hardly lasts for the time the Indian wants it. Birch bark is not made to withstand the storm and tempest, though it is not to be despised for durability. The poles of the wigwam are a poor monument of antiquity, though it is wonderful how long they will stand; but the sticks of a wigwam are no use as a memorial of a dying people.

It seems that everything is of a piece with the rest. An Indian never makes anything to last. His "tombs" are things of a day, a few logs thrown up in the form of a hut and covered with bark. Before you can turn round it moulders away in dust like the dead inside.

It is the same with the tombstones of modern civilization in an Indian graveyard. By the way, they are made of wood and fade away suddenly like the grass ; indeed, they are not so lasting as the grass. I go through the graveyard occasionally and set up the wooden tombstones, which rot off at the earth-line and fall over. An Indian graveyard is a good picture of desolation and death.

But to come to the "deserted village." After the Indian has passed what might be called the wigwam stage, he builds himself a hut of small poles and fills the crevices with moss or clay ; a little more substantial than the wattle and daub of the African, but very little. He covers this with bark, and the whole building is an illustration of the instability of earthly things. It is very soon a heap of ruin. For why ? It is not made to last. It is very little better than the wigwam to stand the test of time.

He improves on this and makes a cabin of hewn logs and covers it with cedar bark. It is neater and stronger than the hut that was made of poles, but not very much. Wood in whatever way it is placed is a very perishable material. It will not last very long.

I used to go some years ago to teach school in an Indian settlement, some miles from where I made my home. I used to cross a river, then walk some miles through the bush to an Indian village on the bank of a lake.

The school-house was an Indian hut of the kind that I have tried to describe, it was inhabited by

an Indian and his wife and family, which consisted of three children, two of whom were of school age. There were not many people in the village, yet there was a pretty good attendance at the school. It did not take many to fill the building. Perhaps this was one reason why there always seemed to be a good school.

One day the biggest boy, who was one of the bread-winners of the family, cut his foot very badly while chopping wood in the forest and was brought home. His injured foot kept him confined to the hut. It is "an ill wind that blows nobody good," and the lad through his accident got some schooling which he would not otherwise have had.

The old man was very much interested in the academy and helped on the work to the best of his power. One day I remember he noticed that the eyes of his little daughter were wandering from her book and he gave her a lesson to show her how necessary it was that she should give her undivided attention to her studies if she would quickly learn.

I taught this school and helped in some missionary work in the place in other ways, and made the acquaintance of all the inhabitants of the village, and went to see the Indians in their huts.

It is some thirty years ago or more since these events happened, and I left that part of the country soon after. I had occasion to visit the neighborhood after the lapse of years, and was unable to find the village. I recognized in some measure the country around, though that was very much changed. The

river and lake were there, but the village was not. I searched among the raspberry bushes, the descendants of those from which I gathered fruit in bygone years ; but I only found the merest fragments of the buildings which once stood there. There were buildings there, some more substantial than the rest ; but even of these one log was not left on another that had not been thrown down, and, unlike the stones of Jerusalem, the logs themselves had decayed. The village was not only deserted ; it was gone. Not only were the inhabitants gone and the village left desolate, but the place itself had disappeared, and the dwellings had rotted away.

But the question was, What had become of the inhabitants ? Where were the Indians who once lived there ? Where were the old people ? What had become of the children that used to attend my school ? The old people were dead. The old man who was so interested in the undivided attention of the scholars to their books was frozen to death out on the ice of the lake. The mother died some years after that calamity occurred.

The middle-aged ones had moved away, some of them, and others were dead. One aged couple are still living who were in their prime when the village stood. One big tall Indian had left to dwell in another country, and has since left for the heavenly land. Some left to seek better hunting prospects, and they are now in the happy hunting-grounds. Some have left the village to found another city some two

miles farther along the shore, but there are only three little cottages there. One man, who was a boy when I used to teach school, had built himself a house and made a clearing some distance inland from where the village stood; but he has left his property to live elsewhere, and another Indian occupies the place.

One of the old stagers still lives near the spot where he used to flourish, only the house is different. The old house has gone to decay. The old woman is still in the land of the living. This was some distance from where the old village stood.

Taken altogether, meditation on these things was rather depressing, yet we must not despair. "Change and decay in all around I see." This might be said of other places far enough away from where the Indian lives, and under the sway of the progressive white man, since sometimes his villages are deserted and fall into decay, according to the testimony of the poet Goldsmith.

But it might be said that the tendency of the Indian race is toward decay. Like all that he is and does, he is dying out. The negro, says the American, is here to stay; but the Indian is going, passing away like Artemus Ward's breast-pin. This gentleman tells us that he got into bad company once, and someone among the bad company asked to look at the golden breast-pin that he wore in his scarf. Upon receiving it he passed it on to someone else to look at, and he passed it on to another, and it reminded one of the solemn words of the poet, "passing away, passing

away." The Indian, they say, is passing away, like the breast-pin, never to return.

It is unfortunate, therefore, in view of these circumstances, that the Indian does not make something like the pyramids to remember him by, something that will last for centuries after he has passed away.

The wigwam is a frail affair and the log tomb is no better. The log cabin in the village, as well as the better dwelling, is a thing of a day, and will soon fade away; and then, when the Indian himself has become a name merely, every vestige of his work and every proof of his presence here on this earth will be gone. He will die out or be amalgamated with the rest of the people. It will be a pity, yet "a thousand types are gone" and have left no sign. The "scarped cliff" testifies of the one-time existence of some, but the Indian will leave nothing that will outlive himself.

The future inhabitants of the world will find petrified bones, and these will last after all vestige of habitation is gone. They say that the skull of an Indian is twice as thick as that of a white man, so it will not be difficult to identify it in the distant future, when the race shall have become extinct. It is certainly thick enough to withstand the ravages of time, and after the village is decayed the skulls will be there as the only testimonial of habitation, the credential of residence.

There was once a village containing a large number of inhabitants at a place called Ahsinmutwawag; but there are no people there now nor any vestige of

habitation. Perhaps they only had the perishable wigwams. Once, in days of long ago, a dread disease, called smallpox, visited that Indian village and wiped them out as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down.

The last who were smitten with the fell disease were unable to bury themselves, for the dead cannot bury the dead. Where they fell in the last agonies of death there they lay, and there their bones bleached in the summer sun and winter cold. Some of these skulls will bear testimony to those who once lived at Ahsinmutwawag. The village is gone, but the bones are there still.

We will hope that the Indian will live still in the world. He is not gone yet. In some places he is more than holding his own; he is increasing slightly in numbers. This is not an entirely satisfactory criterion, because it may be through the introduction of new blood.

The mortality among children is the saddest of all. The old ones are more tenacious of life than the young. Two people must raise more than two children or they are not increasing; sometimes they do, but not often. We hope that they will improve in this respect with time. It is a good thing to know how to live. I knew a mother who had lost nine children by death, and they were buried in a row—a row of little graves. The mother used to go and visit the graves now and then—the graves of her dead children. I told her that there were children in heaven. "I know," she said.

X.

CHIEF BUHGWUJJENENE.

THERE resides at Garden River an Indian chief whose name is Buhgwujjenene. He is a man of remarkable intelligence; he has a fine countenance, a pleasing manner, affable address, and entertaining powers of conversation. He has a wonderful memory, an almost unlimited stock of Indian folk-lore at the end of his tongue, and relates interesting incidents of his long and eventful life.

He is the son of the great chief Shingwauk, who flourished as a chief of the Ojibways nearly a hundred years ago. The band of Indians that he ruled over were living on the shores of Lake Superior, hunting and fishing, living the wild, free life of their race; roaming from place to place, and setting up their wigwams wherever hunting and fishing were best; making maple sugar in season, peeling the bark of the birch tree for their wigwams and canoes, and for the many useful purposes for which that most useful article can be used, or gathering wild fruits to be dried for winter, or in places where "green grow the rushes O" gathering these to make mats for the floor of the wigwam, and for their bed at night; or, in winter,

trapping the bear and otter for fur, or hunting the deer and moose for meat. Glorious and free was the life of the Indian before the white man came and spoiled it all; but yet, even in that early day, they could not do without the white man, for they used to come to the Hudson's Bay post at the Sault to trade.

At this time there was war between the British and their enemies over the border, and the Indians who were loyal to King George were invited to come and help to fight the enemy. Shingwauk and his band of chosen warriors, made their way to Niagara in their frail canoes. He offered his services, and fought under General Brock in many engagements.

There was a song composed to celebrate their victories, and the chief carried this song back with him and sung it to his band.

He used to relate with soul-stirring eloquence the exploits of the battle-field. The son still remembers the song, and how to sing it. He says that Shingwauk used to address his people with forcible earnestness, and tell stories of the valor of himself and his warriors, and would hold them spell-bound recounting with vigor the glorious deeds of war with the Yankees and their Indian allies.

In one engagement Shingwauk and his Indians slew sixty of the enemy, while the loss on his side was only twenty. In the song referred to above the enemy is represented as weeping and lamenting over the sixty slain warriors. They repeat over and over again the sad refrain, with weeping and gnashing of teeth, "Sixty

of our brave men slain." They lay on the ground stark in death, pierced with bullets shot by Shingwauk. Our hero did not get pierced with any bullets, although he had many narrow escapes, according to his own account.

When Buhgwujjenene was relating to me the incidents of the war his old eyes kindled and his countenance glowed with excitement. He waved his arms about to emphasize his words, and I thought, what was old Shingwauk's emotion, or that of his people, when he first related the account of his deeds of valor on the field of battle, the glow and glory of achievements in the war!

When the war was over Shingwauk went back to his hunting-ground on the shores of the Keche-gumme; but, as I said above, they were accustomed to come to Sault Ste. Marie to trade, and here, eventually, they came to live. Here he fell in with the great historian Schoolcraft, who took such a fancy to his son, Buhgwujjenene, and here, too, they dwelt when Rev. Mr. McMurray was sent as missionary to the Indians at the Sault. Shingwauk sent his children to hear the Christian religion, and they were eventually baptized, and Shingwauk himself also.

They moved to Garden River, where a reserve was surveyed for them, and here Shingwauk died and was buried.

On the slope of the shore, a short distance from the edge of the water of St. Mary's River, the old man was laid to rest, and subsequently the present church

of St. John was erected over his bones. The old tombstone, or at least a part of it, is still in existence. There is a rough sketch of a pine tree (shingwauk) upon it, and the words "Shingwauk, Chief of the Ojibway Nation."

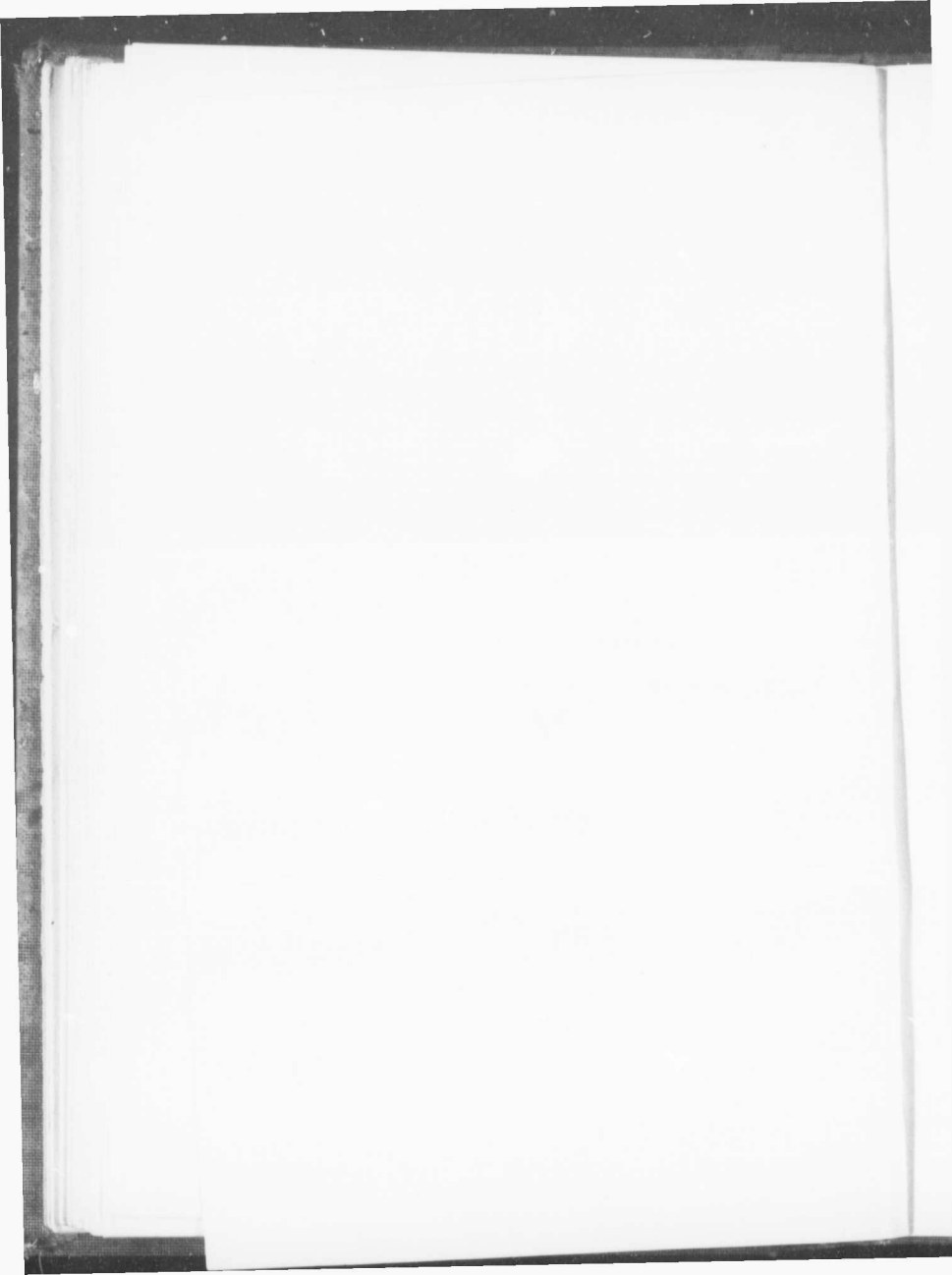
When the old man was still in the prime of life, a silver medal, of large size, was given him by King George. There is a figure of the king upon it, and in the breast is an Indian peeping out. The Indians were told that this was to show that a warm desire for the welfare of the Indians always occupies the bosom of the king. He carries the Indian in his heart. Buhgwujjenene, as the son of Shingwauk, inherited the medal, and is as proud of it as the father had been.

As regards warlike qualities the son was not like the father; some such difference as between David and Solomon—one a man of war, the other a man of peace. Had he been called upon to do so, Buhgwujjenene would have fought for his Queen and country, but he was not a warrior. When quite a lad he heard the Gospel and was impressed with the teaching of Christ.

He tells of the wonderful change that came over him when he gave himself to God. In referring to it he says, "I thought of the great Spirit, of His love and goodness, and joy filled my soul. I knelt under a bush and prayed. I looked toward the west; the sun was setting in glory and splendor, and the glow and glory was a pledge of God's favor; it was like the glory that filled my soul."



SHINGWALK AND WIFE.



He was a believer now in the Christian religion. He had personal knowledge of its power.

He was still in his youth and prime when he met in the Sault the learned Indian historian, Schoolcraft, for whom he had great love and respect. This seemed to be mutual, for Schoolcraft took to the fine-looking, well-behaved Indian youth, and interested himself in his welfare. He took him with him in his journeys here and there, and was kind to him in many ways. Once they were a year and a half away together on the great Mississippi expedition.

When the Indians moved to Garden River Reservation Buhgwujjenene built himself a little log house and took a wife—not the woman that his father and friends picked out for him, but one whom he chose for himself because he loved her, and in spite of opposition he was married to the woman of his choice by Christian rites.

He made himself a garden round his hut and grew corn and potatoes. He made sugar in the season and hunted for meat and trapped for furs. He set his net for fish, and supplied himself and his family with food, and so got along fairly well, living a quiet, godly, respectable life.

At this time a missionary of the Church of England came to reside at Garden River. He was a young man, and Buhgwujjenene gave him a home in his own cabin. According to the testimony of an aged woman at Garden River, Buhgwujjenene used to hold service himself. She remembers distinctly when a child

going to church in a wigwam when Buhgwujjenene was praying. He was glad to welcome the missionary, supplied him with wood and water, and food from the product of his own net and gun.

The Indians were happy, now that a representative of the Church to which the Queen of England belonged was in their midst, and soon a church was built, and Buhgwujjenene was a warm supporter of its services, as he had been earnest in helping to build it; and, when a schoolhouse was needed, he made a tour through Ontario collecting funds to build it. The people who listened to his appeals were stirred with the power of his eloquence, and on one occasion, in the town of Guelph, the audience was moved exceedingly as Buhgwujjenene told of his own religious experience, and his earnest desire and effort to do that which is good.

Our chief has been to England. He accompanied the Rev. E. F. Wilson on his journey thither, and went about in England holding meetings, and among his hearers were those in high positions, the best in the land. He had the honor of being presented to the Prince of Wales at some great function. He dined with the rich and great, and always behaved with dignity and politeness, and people were charmed with him. At a party a very great lady said, "Buhgwujjenene shall be my escort this evening and I will sing a song in his honor," which she did. The Chief was relating this to the writer, and said, "That lady had a voice like a flute."

He visited most of the largest places in England. He went to see the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Tait, of whom he always speaks with the greatest respect and esteem, and from whom he received the warmest kindness.

The whole visit, the people he met, the sights he saw and the pleasure he experienced, are a source of unceasing enjoyment to the old man, whose memory still retains a faithful impression of all the events connected with his stay there. "I shall always love the English," he said, "because they were so good to me."

One circumstance only he remembered with regret. It was in connection with his stay in London. He was at some grand reception at the Mansion House. At the entrance he was announced as "a great Indian chief from the Continent of America," and was welcomed as royalty. In the course of the evening he was asked to sing a native song or entertain the assembly in any way he chose. He said, describing the affair, "I pretended that I was diffident, so that they would ask me again. They thought I was serious and did not wish to entertain them, or was unable to do so. I lost my opportunity and have always regretted it. I could have sung a war song and accompanied myself with the drum, but I was remiss and slow."

One thing he noticed with sorrow while in England, and this was, as he expressed it, "The poor were too poor and the rich were too rich." When asked if

he would like to live there, he said, "No; I would rather be with my own people at Garden River. There are fish in the river, game in the bush, and lots of wood for fuel; land to make a garden, hay for my cattle, berries on the rocks, and sugar in the maple trees—all free."

When Lord Dufferin came through Garden River Buhgwujjenene had an interview with him on the steamboat as it lay at the wharf; he also saw the Marquis of Lorne on his tour. He met the Prince of Wales in Canada and received from him a medal which he still wears, together with the one left him by his father, which was given by King George III.

There is still in existence the wampum belts which were given by the Government as a pledge of faithfulness to the Indians. The presents of blankets and guns and other things which were given should continue to be given so long as the sun shines and the grass grows and the river flows. "But," says Buhgwujjenene, "the sun still shines, and the grass grows still, the river still flows on, but the presents are done."

Buhgwujjenene is still living at Garden River (1900). He is alone now; his wife died twenty years ago. He has some of his grandchildren living with him, and he still occupies his seat in church, the most devout of all. His daughters come now and then and clean his house, because Buhgwujjenene is very particular. He told me once that his mother was such a clean woman, and so particular in her cooking, that he found it difficult to eat a white woman's cooking.

This is different to the received opinions on these subjects. It reminds me of an Indian once who travelled with me. We slept at a white man's house and I asked my Indian how he slept. "Oh," he said, "not much; I am always consumed with insects and vermin when I sleep at a white man's house."

Our friend the Chief is always ready to entertain his visitors. He shows them his treasures, consisting of curious Indian articles of rare worth. If they can understand his language he will tell charming stories of his adventures. He has at his tongue's end, as I have already stated, more Indian legends than any one who lives at this time.

It was his ambition to place in the church a memorial window in memory of his father, but he was not able to complete his project.

This was written in the year 1900. Chief Buhgwujjenene is dead now (1902). His death was as peaceful as his life had been. He called his children and grandchildren around him and assured them of the certainty of his hopes and happiness hereafter being realized, and he exhorted them to be faithful to God and His Church. While they were all near him he sat in his chair and died.

The memorial window that he wanted for his father is now in place in the church. It was given by Miss Longfellow, the daughter of the great poet, who was very much interested in the chief and his connection with her father through Schoolcraft.

The window contains an inscription of the last

words of Buhgwujjenene, in Ojibway, "Jesus suh yah ge id nin de shah nun" ("I go to Jesus, who loves me"). Then there is a verse that he loved. The translation is, "God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." And under the other panel, the words of the hymn in Ojibway :

"A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky."

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AN OLD-FASHIONED INDIAN.

XI.

OLD GAKESHEOONGAI.

AN OLD-FASHIONED INDIAN.

I HAVE met with some Indians of the old-fashioned school, who seemed never to be able to change their old ways for the new kind of life which intercourse with the white man seemed to demand. They still clung to their old way of life and way of thinking, though living on a reserve in the midst of civilization.

It was because of this that some failed to embrace fully the Christian religion; not because they had any dislike to it, but because they seemed unable to shake off the old way of life and follow on the path that Christianity points out, not morally, but socially. It was not the precepts of Christ that they found so difficult to follow as the customs of Christians and the exercises of the Christian religion as carried out according to modern systems of worship.

One of the old men that I used to know never could remember to take his hat off when coming to church, or at a funeral, or some other public function. He never could stand up at the right time or join in any way in the religious exercises, either of singing or prayer, or, indeed, appreciate the order of things,

or even the sermon, though in plain words in his own tongue; yet, because it treated of a subject that he had never learned, he found it difficult to follow, though, of course, he was more at home here than in the rest of the service, for the orators of old time among the Indians used to exhort their people. The chief used to exhort his subjects, the warrior his braves; and, of necessity, it must have been that some took the position of listeners, for they could not all talk. Indeed, this is the reason why it is so pleasant to talk to an Indian, old-fashioned or new-fashioned; he knows how to listen. It is a good quality not possessed by every one.

I used to call on the old man and try to teach him Christian truth in a very simple way, and he would listen to me with the most profound attention; but I was unable to discover how far he was influenced by it, or how far he understood it. He was a simple-minded old man, doing his work day by day in the same way as it had been done by his ancestors. The old man had a family of sons who kept ponies and oxen and had every facility for getting their firewood; but he would have none of the new-fangled labor-saving contrivances in using horses or cattle. He would take his snow-shoes and hand-sleigh and small axe (he would have preferred a stone axe had he possessed one), and go to the woods for firewood. In the fall of the year, before the snow came, he would carry the wood on his back, although he could have had the use of his sons' oxen; but he preferred

the old way, the way his forefathers used to do before the country was invaded by the white man, who came and upset everything.

The old man used to grow corn and peas, but he tilled his land with a hoe, like the Indians of old used to do. He would not have a plough come into his garden, but picked with a hoe until he brought the ground into condition for planting, making the little hills and putting in the kernels of corn, one at a time with his fingers, and covering up the seed with his hand, the way the Indians used to do who tilled the land after the flood had dried up in the days of Noah.

The old man planted some wheat once with a hoe and reaped it with an Indian butcher-knife that is used for killing wild animals. He reaped it, I say, with the knife and tied it up in small handfuls. He threshed it on the ground in the autumn sunshine with an Indian walking-stick, and fanned it in the wind, using the forces of nature in preference to any artificial wind-instrument made for the purpose; but, as for that, the forces of nature should be preferable to the windy inventions of man. He secured some two barrels of wheat, which made quite a little bit of flour. When we consider how it was obtained, and with what labor it was gathered, one cannot help but admire the industry and perseverance of the old man. This old Indian had a wife somewhat different to himself, better in fact than himself, who was a true helpmeet to him and a good mother to his children;

but it is of the old man we are speaking, so we will not bring the old woman into the story, only when we cannot help it.

I was going to tell about the corn that the old woman helped the old man to grow, because she helped plant and hoe it, and ear by ear they cleared off the outer covering and stored it away to make mats, and shelled the ears with the hand, a kernel at a time, and beat it into meal in a poodahgun—and here, I must, of necessity, bring in the old woman, because I never saw an Indian man work at a poodahgun. This is made of a short log of birch hollowed out and placed on end; then the hammer part is made of some hardwood, like a pestle with two heads—in fact, the affair is just like a pestle and mortar, only it is made of wood instead of stone, and this the Ottawas use for grinding the corn for soup. I never knew the Ojibways to use it.

I met the old man once on the ice, where he had been fishing through a hole in the ice with a spear. I do not know how long the old man had been there watching at the hole, all for nothing, but this day he had secured two very fine sturgeon, and he was almost overcome with gladness and joy as he exhibited the fish to me. He was glad and happy to be sure to know that he had got some food for his hungry boys, for this was when his boys were growing up to manhood. I went home with the old man, and the boys, who saw by the way their father was lugging his sleigh that he had secured some booty,

went out to meet him and together pulled the sleigh, while the old man pushed behind with the spear, and when they came to the bare ground on the beach other help was forthcoming to drag the fish up to the village. The two large sturgeons represented quite a quantity of food. The old-fashioned Indian is never in a hurry, he does things very deliberately and time is literally no object.

One day the old man went out to get a new spear pole, and not finding one to suit him very near, he went a considerable distance back in the bush. Well, it was three days after before he returned with the stick. The boys waited patiently till the third day, when they began to be anxious. They found the old man in the woods, and they inquired as to the reason why it took three days to get a stick for a spear-pole. "Oh," said the old man, "it rained and I did not wish to go home in the rain, so I made a shelter of brush and stayed till the weather improved." The old man had snared some rabbits which he had roasted for food while waiting for the clouds to roll by.

This reminds me that the old Indian never used a gun with any great satisfaction. I think I scarcely ever saw him with a gun. I believe he generally trapped or snared his game, though some of the other old-fashioned Indians used a flint-lock gun, and were skilful with the weapon. I rather think that Gakesheongai had not reached the stage of the flint-lock gun, but preferred older weapons in the chase.

I called on the old man one day, and he was trying

to saw a stick of wood with a buck-saw. I marvelled to see him using such a modern implement, and I asked him how it was. He said one of the boys had taken his axe, and he had to fall back on the saw, but he did not think much of it.

I examined the implement, and I did not wonder that the old man disapproved of it. I heard once of a man in prison cutting some iron bars, which were across his cell windows, with a piece of iron which he had jagged into some resemblance to the teeth of a saw. Of course, it took an endless amount of labor to saw through the iron bar with such a tool, but the old Indian's tool was no better than that jagged piece of iron. It is wonderful the patience of some people.

There were living at the village, at the time of which I speak, several Indians of similar antiquity to the old man, but they are all dead now, and there was something pathetic in their death. There was the old Chief Ogemahaduhwekeesis; he was a Christian, too, but never quite gave up his old ways. I often went to see him when he was sick, and he received the Holy Communion and seemed to grasp the faith in Christ. His old squaw was very anxious that he should die with his eyes shut. I do not know if there is any significance in this, or whether they think that it affects one in the other life. I noticed as I sat watching the old man die that the wife would shut the lids of the dying chief's eyes, and though they would open again, yet, till life was extinct, she persevered in closing them till the lids stiffened in death

and remained closed. I have heard of friends who waited to see the last, say, "I closed his eyes," but I never saw it actually done before.

This old chief left word to his subjects that they were to shake hands with him in his coffin before he was covered up in the ground, and then they were to "bang guns" over his grave afterwards. The "boys" thought the missionary would object to this, but I could see no objection. The first ceremony was modified to some extent. The old Indian who was master of ceremonies thought that the principle of the old man's desire would be fulfilled if they made a procession around the coffin, and each placed his hand upon it; but I explained that the shooting over the grave had a military significance, for my soldier friends in England did this honor to a dead officer or comrade, so I arranged this part of the obsequies myself, letting it come after the funeral service.

Old Ahkewanzemasgunner and also Mahnoonanuh-washkung were old-fashioned Indians. With the latter I remember there was something mysterious in his death. I called to see the old Indian, who had been ill, but nothing particular. "I am different," he said; "I feel most strange and uncanny." I said, "Perhaps you are going to die." "How does one feel when he is going to die?" he asked. "I don't know," I said, "I have never been there. It is probably a feeling that you would call strange." I pointed out to him that a Christian does not fear death. He was not afraid, only it was a different experience to

what he had ever been through, consequently he was anxious, that was all. I told him of Christ, who had been there and came back to encourage His followers, so that they should not think it strange. The old man died a little while after.

But we are neglecting our old man. I was only trying to point out that there is something mysterious in an old-fashioned Indian, in his death as well as his life. Our old friend had been ill for some time, but only failing gradually through age and general decay of physical powers.

He wanted, one day, to have a wigwam built outside, so that he could rest in it; he preferred that to the house. So the boys (the old woman was dead now) put up a wigwam, and the old man was happy in his dear old home. The boys went away to work in the garden, leaving their old father in his wigwam.

I went to see him a little time after, and I could see he was failing very fast. "I am glad you are come," said he. "I will pray for you," I said; "but try and understand the Christian's hope. You know the Saviour, who goes to prepare a home for His people, after dying for them and rising from the grave." The old man nodded. I prayed for him to Christ, and committed him to the Lord. I looked at the old man; he beckoned to me, and I went near. He tried to say something, but failed. He looked at me as if he had something to say. Finally, I made out, "Kahween ninkushketooseen" ("I can't—"). He had something to say, but could not say it. In a few

moments he was dead. I should like to have known what he wished to say.

At that time there were several old-fashioned Indians, regular old stock. This old man was a true type. The last one died the other day. This was Uhkenanzewanduhbees, whose portrait is printed here.

I would like to offer a word of explanation to conclude this chapter. It will be noticed how different one of these old-fashioned Indians is to an Indian like our friend Buhgwujjenene. How is it? Christianity came to them late in life, when their ways were too established to be changed. It is difficult to bend an old tree. Buhgwujjenene, on the other hand, was brought up from a youth in the Christian faith. It came to him when he was young and impressible, and he never was a heathen, not since a boy; and though well versed in pagan mythology, he never took part in heathen orgies. It is well to become a Christian when young.

XII.

THE RECEDING VILLAGE.

TRAVELLERS in far-off lands who cross tracts of desert tell us that views of splendid country appear to them in the distance, which disappear as they draw near; either move away, as it were, into the farther distance, or vanish altogether.

The traveller, suffering from lack of water when crossing a sandy waste under the burning sun, sees before him what appears to be an oasis in the desert. He sees, as plain as can be, the clumps of palm trees and the green grass that tell of water springs at hand, and he perseveres to reach the spot, which recedes as he advances, and at length vanishes altogether. There is nothing there. It is a mirage.

It happens sometimes that an actual object one sees in the distance seems to recede as one advances, and yet, by persevering effort, the object is reached at last. We had miscalculated the distance. It was farther away than we thought, and it took a long time before we seemed to make progress towards it.

When I was a boy in England, I remember going with some friends to visit the abbey at St. Albans. We left the train at Hatfield and took the road. Not knowing the direction exactly, we made inquiries, and

following, as we thought, the road pointed out to us, we went on our way.

I had some misgiving that the way was a wrong one, especially as I noticed the road was wide and good and well travelled, and there was a peculiar fence on the side, which I knew was the kind of fence that the Marquis of Salisbury built around his park, and I knew that the road to St. Albans did not skirt Hatfield Park.

We inquired at some rustic cottages, where we were laughed at for coming the wrong road. "You be on the road to Barnet," said the woman. We asked for a cross-road that would lead us to the right one, and followed this for some distance. "You will walk six miles," the woman had said, "before you come to the St. Albans road." We travelled a mile or so, and found a man working at some timber by the roadside. "How far is it to St. Albans?" "Seven miles!"

We went on farther, and the distance lengthened as we advanced, according to the information we received from those on the road of whom we inquired. It seemed curious that the nearer we got to our destination the farther it was away; but we got there at last.

I remember being out in my sailboat on a part of Lake Huron. Night came on, and it seemed as if it would be a very dark night. Clouds came over the sky, and darkness covered the face of the deep. We found no suitable place to shelter our boat. The shore was one unbroken line of rock. The night was

calm, and not a ripple on the water; not the smallest wave to dash the boat against the rocky shore.

We fastened the boat, and prepared to spend the night on shore; but, before we had settled ourselves to sleep, we heard the distant boom of coming wind, and the boat began to be uncomfortable in its shelterless moorings. "We must get out of this," I said.

We saw in the distance, across a wide stretch of water, the lights on an island; where a saw-mill was situated; and I knew there was a dock there and harbor for my boat. This was the only place of shelter I knew of.

We put our things on board again and set forth. The wind was ahead, but not much of it as yet. We bent to the oars and made towards the lights. My friend rowed and I rowed, each for a while. Then we rowed both together for a considerable length of time, but the light seemed to come no nearer. We persevered and toiled on, rowing far on in the night. "The light seems to be getting farther away," said my companion. "Are you sure it is not a steamboat going away from us?"

"No," I said, "I can see the lights in the cottages on land; but it is true that they do not seem to be any nearer than when we started. They seem to be going from us, but they are not. We can only persevere and we will get there at last." And we did. We reached at last the haven where we would be.

But I am thinking of a village in which my home was. I was coming home and did not seem to come

any nearer home, though I was doing my best to reach it. It is sad to be unable to get home.

This happened to me in the winter-time. I was not in a boat, but was walking on the ice. I had been storm-stayed in the place where I had preached the gospel, and, as I could not bring my horse home, I borrowed a pair of snowshoes and started to walk. The snow lay very deep all over the country, but in places where it was drifted it was a great many feet deep. Bret Harte used to tell of some travellers who lit a fire on the snow and went to sleep. When they awoke their fire was gone. They found it, burning still, sixteen feet down in the snow.

I called at my next appointment, but no one came except a young friend of mine who had lit the fire. We stayed for some time. No one came through the storm. My friend said he had not ventured home to dinner, though it was only a few feet away.

He invited me to his sleeping-room over a store where he worked, and fetched me some raisins and biscuits to refresh myself. He invited me also to spend the night with him, which I consented to do.

There are times in one's life when an unaccountable restlessness comes over one; when we cannot content ourselves in the situation where we are at the time, though we know it is best for us to remain quietly there. So it was with me.

As the afternoon wore away, the wind seemed to go down and the snow to cease falling; so, after I had given up all thoughts of home for the night up to the

moment, I determined to start. My friend tried to dissuade me, but I would not listen to reason.

I fastened my belt around me (in which I had a package which contained my surplice and other things), put on my snowshoes, and bade farewell to my friend.

Across the face of the mountain, which I had to climb when about three miles on the road, the snow had drifted and made an almost perpendicular cliff of hard snow. I could not climb it with my snowshoes. I made steps in it with my toes, and so climbed to the top.

When I reached the summit, I found my package had become loosened from my belt and I had lost it on the slope. I found it in a little while, and came up to the top again. The wind had drifted the snow over my snowshoes, so that they were hid from my eyes. It was partly the drifting snow and partly the darkness that was falling that prevented me from seeing my snowshoes. I found them at length.

I went on a little farther into the snow and into the darkness, and came to the end of the road that led down to the lake. Should I go this way, across the ice of the bay (which would take me straight to my home), or take the safer way round by the road? I decided to take the straight road. Sometimes the farthest way round is the nearest way home.

There were some hay-stacks on the shore near where I should take the ice, and I made toward these, and so reached the shore in safety and strode out bravely on the snow-covered ice of the bay.

It was very cold now, the keen wind penetrating the joints and marrow. I was not very heavily clad, for the snow had been damp and I was perspiring. This made me more liable to freeze, but I pushed on. After turning the point, which I dimly discerned, I knew that I ought to see the lights of the Indian village, about three or four miles away. I was careful not to go too far from the shore and lose myself until I could see the lights, and then, I thought, I would make a bee-line for my home.

It was now very dark. The wind had blown the snow into ridges similar to the waves of the sea, and it is singular that these ridges and corresponding hollows are deceptive in the uncertain light, so that when you think you should step up, you ought to step down, and *vice versa*. The ridges all appear to be hollows and the hollows seem to be ridges, and the consequence is the toes of the snowshoes catch and you are on your face. This was my experience, and it was aggravated, no doubt, by the tired condition of body I was in.

I saw the lights after I turned the point, and shaped my course for them. I thought, "Now my troubles are over. I have only to press on and I shall surely reach my home, and then comfort and rest." But I never was more mistaken. The lights were miles away yet, and I was getting exhausted. I was falling more over the ridges of snow and the wind was chilling my body after the perspiration. My wrists, too, were stinging being wet with the snow; and then came the freezing wind.

It is not suffering one has to fear; it is that restful feeling of freedom from pain which is the sure precursor of perishing with cold.

I persevered, but the lights seemed to get farther and farther away. I could almost see them depart. I was sure they were going from me instead of approaching me. "I shall never get home this way," I thought.

I began to feel an almost overwhelming desire to sit down in the snow and rest. I felt sure it would be delicious to do so, and then, after resting for awhile, I should feel refreshed to go on again with renewed vigor. But I knew in my inmost soul what this would mean. I began to experience the drowsy feeling coming over me, and I fought against it with all the strength there was in me.

The lights still seemed farther away than ever, but still I persevered. I knew, in spite of the apparent illusion, that I was getting there. I knew that it was no mirage that was deceiving me. I had been there before and knew its objective existence. One thing helped me considerably. I heard a dog bark, which I had not heard before, and I knew that I was drawing nearer; but I was now completely exhausted, and I felt I could not go another step. I must sit down and rest. I fell to counting my footsteps to take off my thoughts from my weariness and desire for sleep. I counted one hundred steps; then I started again and counted another hundred. I heard that a Roman mile was a thousand paces. I surely ought to be near if I

could hold out to count one thousand paces, but I was unable to keep track of the hundreds I had counted. I could only persevere up to a hundred. Then I became so exhausted that I could count no longer; but still I would not sit down. I was afraid even to stand still. Now I could see the outline of the shore. The willows and alders that fringed the beach looked like a dark line merely, but the fact of my being able to discern the dark line of the bush was a proof to me that I was really getting there. I reached the shore at last, and it seemed to take ages to get up to the village; but I got there.

The Indians had met in the church and had been singing hymns by themselves while waiting for service. When I reached my home I sent word to them that I had come. I told them subsequently of my experience, and they regretted they had not seen or heard me so as to come to my relief. "It was a wonder that you had been able to stick to it so long," they remarked. "Of course," they said, "it was God that upheld you. He always remembers His own servants." "Yes," I said, "He does." "You prayed," they said. "I did," I answered.

XIII.

THE NEPIGON MISSION.

ENGLISH CHURCH MISSION, LAKE NEPIGON—FIRST
BEGINNINGS.

It is now thirty years ago this summer since the writer had his first experience of missionary life among the Indians of North America. I travelled around the north shore of Lake Superior then in the company of a clergyman of the Church of England, who was missionary to the Indians in that region. We embarked, first of all, on a steamer bound for Batchawana, which was an Indian village on Lake Superior, some fifty miles or so above the rapids at Sault Ste. Marie. We arrived there at night, I remember, and as it was raining we did not erect our tent, but secured a lodging in a little shanty, where we spread our blankets on the floor, and slept there. I remember that a man was sleeping on a truckle-bed in the room, and when his mate came to bed, some time after we had lain down, he marvelled to see such a spread on the floor. The man from the bed explained the situation, saying, "These are some gentlemen, Bill, that came off the boat." The newcomer inquired anxiously if there were many mosquitoes. "They



NEPIGON CHURCH, LAKE NEPIGON.



aren't bad to-night," said the other. We stayed there some days, instructing the Indian children by day and preaching to the elder people at night. The Indian village, or rather encampment, was a short distance away from the dock.

On the Sunday we held two services and a Sunday School. We went to the Indian camps, or wigwams rather, for the first service, and the Indians came to our tent for the evening service. We also gave some instruction to the white people who were working near the dock. After this we went on farther up Lake Superior, intending to visit the Indians living near the Hudson's Bay post at Michipicoten River, but the steamboat stopped at the island dock and would not take us to the river, which was about thirty miles distant, and as we had no means of reaching the Indians we re-embarked on the steamer and went on to Pic River. There the steamer was not able to get into the river on account of a sandbar across the mouth; so a boat came out from the Hudson's Bay Company post, and we embarked on this boat and went in with the Indians to the landing-place in the mouth of the river. It is thirty years ago, and I have never to my knowledge made any record of these events, yet I can recall them to my mind distinctly.

There were a good many Indian boys out in canoes around the steamer, I remember, and they were rewarded with loaves of bread thrown over to them. Their dexterity in managing their canoes caused universal admiration; there was a heavy sea running at

the time. These lads came in with us to the river. We made the acquaintance of the Hudson's Bay Company's officer who was in charge of the fort, and he gave us the floor of the store to sleep on, pointing to a pile of new thick blankets, saying we could use them if we were short of bed-clothing. We looked over the floor for the most level and comfortable place to spread our blankets. The floor was rather rough, I remember. I told the story of the Irishman who, when condemned to sleep on the floor, pricked around with a fork to find the softest boards. My companion laughed. Next day we looked around us and spoke to some of the Indians who were camped there. We found they did not live there permanently, but came down from places up the river or away back in the woods, or in the neighborhood of inland lakes, to trade their furs with the Hudson's Bay Company for the stores and ammunition which they required. There was a large encampment of Indians there altogether. A few of them had been baptized, but the majority were pagans, and the others only nominally Christian, not having been instructed in the teachings of the Christian religion.

We set up our tent a little farther up the river than where the Indian wigwams were, and, having arranged our things, we got our dinner, and then made a tour of the Indian dwellings, inviting them to come to our Indian service in the evening, which we would hold in front of our tent. Several accepted our invitation and came. We preached to them the simple truths of

the Gospel, made as plain as they could be made. After service we announced that school would be held next day, and every day during our stay, and that there would be divine service every evening outside the tent. This programme was carried out during our stay there.

On the second day, I think it was, we made the acquaintance of the chief, who made himself known to us, and we invited him to supper after the evening service. He told us about himself and his people. He came every evening to church, and on the Sunday evening he remained and talked with us after the rest had gone, but did not, so far as I can remember, express a desire for baptism, though he took great interest in the services. Subsequent events proved that he was thinking of it. This is the chief Muhnedooshanse, who was so prominent in the establishment of the Indian mission of the Church of England on Lake Nepigon.

We continued our work at Pic River for some time, and then bade farewell to the Indians there. Before we leave the Indians at the Pic I should like to relate an experience we had on the Sunday evening after our service. The pagan part of the encampment held a sort of pagan performance after their own manner. We already had retired to rest when the orgies commenced, and the whooping and yelling were something very discomposing—to one, at any rate, who had had no former experience in heathen rites. They ceased after midnight, and we settled ourselves to sleep.

A steamer arrived in the "roads" and a boat came out to where our tents were pitched. One occupant of the boat was a young man whom I had met coming out on the steamer from England.

They helped us to pack our baggage and we bade good-bye to the Indians and left on the steamer—*City of Montreal*, I think it was called. After this we visited the Hudson's Bay Company's post at Red Rock and went up the Nepigon River. We camped on the shore for some time and found some Indians who were camping in the neighborhood. One offered to conduct us to a camp of Indians on Lake Helen. Here we found the Indians all pagans. I remember our missionary asked them where they expected to go after death. They said, "Tebedoog" (We don't know where). We told them of Christ and the teaching of Christ, and the salvation which Christ gives here and hereafter. They asked us what church we belonged to, and we said, "The same church as the Queen of England belongs to." They did not respond much to our words. We did not know then that our preliminary work would tend to the establishment of a mission in that region, and that some of these very Indians would be connected with it.

It was after this that Bishop Fauquier came this way, accompanied by the very same missionary who is here referred to, and the old Chief Muhnedooshanse and some of these Indians welcomed him, and the chief said he had been waiting many years for a Church of England bishop who represented the

church to which he had resolved to give his allegiance. He there offered himself as a candidate for baptism, and his sons also were baptized, and a mission was organized there and a missionary sent and a church was built on the shore of the great Lake Nepigon, where the village is situated and the settlement called the English Church Mission is established. The Rev. R. Renison lived there for many years and did a great work for God, which remains to this day.

These are some interesting facts concerning the beginning and establishment of the mission which is referred to in these pages, which the late Bishop of Algoma, Dr. Sullivan, took such an interest in, and which the present Bishop, Dr. Thorneloe, is even more earnest in supporting, if such were possible. He is working with all his heart and soul and mind and strength to carry on this work on Lake Nepigon. He is striving not merely to keep it on, for this has been done in spite of untold difficulties, but to enlarge it, to gather in from the heathens around more souls for Christ. There are hundreds of Indians in the woods around the north shore of Lake Nepigon living in ignorance of the Gospel of Christ, following their old fetich superstitions, just as heathen as any who are living in the heart of Africa. These would listen to the teaching of Christ if it was carefully and plainly set before them. It is of no use to tell them that their pagan ritual is wrong and they will go to the "bad fire" (mujje ishkoontang) unless they give it up. It needs one with some sympathy, even with their old

cult, and infinite patience, to show them the better way. It is unfortunate that the religion of Christ comes to them as the white man's religion, and it is even expected by some teachers that the Indian shall become a white man before he becomes a Christian, the same as the Jews in the Early Church insisted that the Indian (gentile) of that day should become a Jew before he could become a Christian. I always tell the Indians that it is no more English Christianity than it is Indian aboriginal, and that some of the very earliest converts to Christianity, the result of early missionary effort, were Indians (Ahnishenahbag), the aboriginal inhabitants of countries still retaining their aboriginal tongue. These turned from their pagan ritual to serve the living and true God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent.

The Bishop of Algoma, I say, is desirous of spreading the knowledge of the truth and increasing the size and influence of this mission away there in the wilds. He needs the sympathy and pecuniary assistance of every one who is interested in the work of God.

There are many incidents in connection with the work in this mission which are to the last degree interesting. When Bishop Fauquier visited the mission he laid his hand on the head of a little Indian boy in a caressing way, and said, "God bless you, my boy." This boy was baptized by the Bishop and called by his own name, Frederick. In after years the boy was a pupil in the Shingwauk school and he

always remembered the kind way the Bishop placed his hand upon his head.

He would have been a great man in this world had he lived, but he is not, for God took him. He is buried near the good bishop who laid his hand upon his head. They both lie, the good bishop and the Indian boy, in the pretty cemetery at the Shingwauk Home for Indian children.

Mr. Renison had many cheering experiences while working there—of Indians who died in the faith, and, better still, of some that lived in the faith. He tells of finding an Indian hunting in the woods and stopping at his wigwam; of putting the truth before him, "Whoso believeth shall be saved," and the Indian, grasping the truth, there and then received the gospel and was afterward baptized.

He has told us of travelling a long distance through the depths of the primeval forests, tearing his garments from his person, pushing his way through the dense bush and reaching the place of the Indians' temporary abode to find nothing but the bare poles of the wigwams, the Indians gone, leaving no notice as to their subsequent address. He had expected to stay the night there, but he was left homeless in the lonely bush. He built a fire and made a little shelter to sleep under, disappointed most of all because there was no one to whom he could minister.

I heard this worthy missionary addressing a gathering of clergy and laity. He was telling us of the work which the Indians had done for the mission,

how they had sawn the lumber to build their little church, because there was no mill within a hundred miles of the place and no way of getting it; doing hard work with dogged, persevering effort, that is so disgusting to an old-fashioned Indian. And the Indians themselves have told me that they were surprised by the missionary on one occasion when they were working in a state of nature, having removed their garments because of the heat and the severity of the labor. "He only laughed," they said, "and we laughed as well." The missionary might well laugh for very gladness of soul, because to see an Indian at work of this kind is the surest sign of grace there can be.

We will pray for these Indians. They ask our prayers. The last time I was with them they sent messages to their brethren of the Ojibway nation, to whom I ministered, and asked their prayers that the mission might be blessed to the salvation of many. They also sent greetings to the white brethren, asking their sympathy and their prayers.

May God bless the mission, and may it be a centre from which the Church of Christ may extend "to all the region round about"!

XIV.

ON THE TRACK OF THE BEAR.

I WAS watching a canoe coming to the shore when I noticed it contained an old Indian named Ozahwah-bikooqun. He had been out hunting for some time and was returning with the spoils of the chase. I went to the shore to meet him and see what he had brought. He had a quantity of meat, which he was lifting out of the canoe as I arrived. There were limbs and parts of a carcass of some kind of beast, but I could not tell what it was, as wild meat, the flesh of wild animals, is more or less alike, unless you see part of the skin or head by which to identify it. The old Indian asked me to guess what it was; but while I was guessing he told me it was "mukwahweyans" (bear meat).

He then proceeded to tell me about his experiences in hunting. I asked him if he had on him any marks to show where he had been attacked by wild beasts, or wounds which he had sustained in struggles with them. I said I had heard of a white man who had fought a bear in his den and was torn to pieces—at least his clothes were.

The old Indian laughed and said he did not tackle bears in their dens, and so far as showing fight, his experience was that the bear was always in a hurry

to get away, and did not, as a rule, stop to fight. The old man was right in saying that Indians as a rule do not fight bears in their den. They are very cautious in approaching a bear in its den. Uhkewansegagezheoongaogwissun was out hunting one day in the winter, seeking what he might slay, when he came upon the tracks of a bear. There was snow on the ground, so he had no difficulty in following the track till it led up the mountain slope and finally to a hole between the crevices of a rock, where the bear's den was. He could see that the opening was too small to admit a man, and even if it were not he had not the slightest intention of entering in; and as he observed that the bear was secure in his fortress for the present, and it would take a considerable amount of trouble to dislodge him, he blocked up the hole and departed.

Next day he obtained assistance and for days they worked to dislodge the bear. They picked with pick and chopped with axe, and blasted with powder, and at last it was believed that they had almost got the bear. He was there, but behind a corner in his den, and no one was found who would go in and shoot him! So they tied a gun at an angle on the end of a long pole, so that, like the Irishman's gun, it would shoot round a corner. They tied a string to the trigger and fired two shots at the bear. He is dead they said; still no one would venture in to bring out the carcass for fear there might be some life left in him. They procured a long crooked stick

and twisted it until the end caught in the fur and they were able to draw him out.

I was out one day with an Indian. We were on our way to an Indian mission situated among the islands of a large lake. We were sailing along so pleasantly when we spied in the far distance a black object coming along the shore towards us. My Indian called out, "Mukwah!" and we went on toward it. We had a gun in the boat, but it was only loaded with duck-shot, and we had not a bullet in our possession. It is always best to provide yourself with everything when you go out on missionary work, for you know not what you may meet with on your way. However, this did not alter the fact that we had no bullet, nor a marble even, and duck shot is not the thing to shoot a bear.

The bear came trotting along the shore toward us, utterly unconscious of danger, and whether he knew it or not there was not much danger for him. Perhaps he knew that we had nothing but duck-shot in our gun. Well, as I was saying, the bear trotted along to meet us and we sailed along to meet the bear. In a while the situation became extremely interesting. We were drawing near to each other. The bear and the missionary would soon, to use an expression taken from Holy Scripture, "look one another in the face." On comes the bear nearer and nearer, and we sail along towards him. The wind is very close now, and I cannot draw any nearer the shore without flacking the sails. The Indian is

squatting in the bow of the boat with the gun in readiness. The bear is hidden for a moment behind a clump of small cedars, and he comes out on the other side. He is only a few feet away. He turns on his haunches to bite at the fleas, as you see a dog do often. He is not the least aware of our presence. Bang goes the gun and I see the charge knock the dust from the breast of his coat. He looks up at us, grunts, and puts off into the bush as hard as he can go. We jump ashore, but he has reached cover before we reach the rise of the bank. My Indian was a "mad" Indian. While going on our way he was saying, "If we had a bullet we would just be skinning that bear now." And when we were talking with the Indians after church that night I heard him regretting still, "chiefly on account of the 'Black-coat,'" he said, "who would have been so pleased to have killed a bear."

I was driving with my wife along the road one evening, returning from church, when we saw a bear in the road. My dog ran to fight the bear, but the bear declined the challenge when he saw us approaching; but, as we did not kill the bear, this event should not, by right, find a place in these pages.

A neighbor of mine on the mountain was very much annoyed with bears. He was keeping his sheep, like David of old, when a bear came and took a lamb from before his very eyes. The bear went off with it in its forepaws down the bluff, and he saw neither bear nor lamb again for evermore.

About this time I went with a friend to hunt this bear. We found the tracks of the bear, and followed it about from place to place, over the mountain and down in the valley, and through the bush and across the cleared land, but we never saw the bear. Some lads told us that the bear ran across the field while they were at work, and they threw their implements at it. This encouraged us to persevere; but night overtook us before we overtook the bear.

An Indian chief whose name was Ogemaheduh-weekeezi was out hunting, and camped at night by the side of a small creek. The chief was accompanied by a young man, Pahmekoomenahgakeshe-oongai by name. It was he who related the occurrence to me. "At night," he said, "we had taken our things out of the canoe, and were sleeping by a fire which we had made. We heard a noise, as of someone approaching up the bank of the creek, which woke us up. We saw the head of a bear come up over the bank and sniff about. The old man got his gun and fired at the bear, but, as there was only the light of the fire, he did not shoot straight, and we heard the bear moving off, but not very fast. We were so uncomfortable that we could not sleep, and we were afraid if we did so that perhaps the bear would return, so we packed our blankets and goods and went off in the canoe to another place."

This young Indian was not always so unsuccessful in killing bears. I met him one evening, not far from the village, with a bear on his back. He was

holding the bear by the forepaws, one over each shoulder, and the body of the bear was thrown over his back. Of course it was not a full-grown bear, yet of no mean size. I asked him where he had killed it, and he said, "A long way back in the bush, and I am tired of carrying him, but I will soon be home." He gave me some of the meat, and I sold the skin for him to the Hudson's Bay Company, at La Cloche.

One morning there was a great movement in the Indian village, and I knew that something important was in progress. There were fires being lighted, and kettles hung on the triangles. Then I inquired and found that a bear-feast was to come off that day.

We were invited to the feast, and we went—my wife and I—and enjoyed ourselves very much. It was not really a feast in the sense that all eat together. It is only the head that is eaten in this way ; for the rest the cook cuts off parts of the flesh and each family gets a piece and carries it home to eat it. We got our share and carried it home. The only difference in the equal distribution was that the hunter who killed the bear received a double portion. So far as I could see this was his only distinction.

An Indian one day was out on the track of a bear, and ignorant of the fact that a hunter was before him, a white man, who went out also to hunt a bear. The Indian had followed the trail to the bank of a stream, and, unable to proceed farther that day, set a trap there for the bear. He was setting his trap when the white man came near. The white man heard a move-

ment and saw over the bank of the creek what appeared to him like the back of a bear, but what was in reality the rough black coat on the back of the Indian. The white man is aiming his rifle carefully; he will not fire yet, he is waiting for the supposed bear to show a little more of his back before he pulls the trigger. The Indian stoops down still lower and arranges the bait of his trap again. He does not know in the least that he is mistaken for a bear, and that the black muzzle of a rifle is pointing at him. The white man still keeps the rifle in position, expecting the bear to come more prominently into view. The Indian, having finished his trap to his satisfaction, stands up quickly and stretches himself; he is a tall man, about six feet four inches in height. The white man recognises him just in time to save the shot. He never told the Indian how near he was to killing him. This white man was a friend of mine, and as he told me about the affair, he said, "I was not able to carry a rifle for years afterwards, it gave me such a shock."

I was out on a missionary tour once far from home, and was left at a little village, having no mode of conveyance farther. I met with a party of hunters who gave me a seat in their canoe. They had a very large bear with them, which they had caught in a trap. "I saw him first," said the hunter, "and got the sight of my rifle on him, but it was just in line with the setting sun, and it glinted on the sight of my rifle. I knew that I should miss him, and I did. We were not to

be baulked, though," he said. "We got on his tracks, and set a trap for him, and after some days of waiting we had him at last."

An Indian whom I knew was out hunting for tracks of bears, with intent to kill, when he came upon some tracks recently made by bruin, and followed them along the bank of a stream for a distance; then the bear entered the thick glades of evergreen woods, and as it is dark earlier in the dense forest than it is in the open, so soon as the first shades of evening were falling after the sun was set, the Indian could no longer discern the tracks of the bear in the gloom. He gave it up for the time, intending to follow up the trail in the morning light.

The bear kept on his way until he came to a large river, one of the large rivers that connect with the chain of lakes which are the highway of commerce in North America. There was a barge moored to a dock on the other side, and as the barge was in the way of the bear, he climbed on board, thinking, I suppose, that it was the bank of the river.

He was walking round the deck of the barge when he met the captain, who in the darkness thought it was a black dog and essayed to stroke the bear. The latter, however, did not want to be stroked, but, most ill-naturedly, bit at the hand that would have stroked him. Then the captain knew it was a bear.

He called out to the mate, "Sam, there is a bear on board; bring a revolver." The mate, not finding the

revolver handy, said, "Ain't there an axe aboard?" The captain ran for the axe and met Mr. Bruin, who had not yet found a convenient place to disembark. The captain dealt him a savage blow on the back with the axe, upon receiving which the bear jumped overboard and was seen no more for a time.

The Indian in the morning followed the tracks of the bear till he came to the river, and crossed over and found the trail on the other side which, unaccountably as it seemed to him, was stained with blood. He soon after came up to the bear, which he shot and killed. When he saw the wound in the back he wondered what had happened to the bear. It was some time after before he found out what had happened.

I will subjoin one more incident and that will do. An Indian was out hunting, looking for "tracks," which, when he came upon, he followed, until they led to a tree that was broken off at the top, or near the top, rather, where the branches commence to spread out from the trunk of the tree. By indications on the bark the Indian could see that the bear had climbed the tree, yet he was nowhere to be seen and there were no tracks beyond. This struck the Indian as rather curious, yet, of course, he knew that since the bear had come to the tree and climbed it and had not left it, and was nowhere to be seen outside the tree, he must, of necessity, be inside.

The Indian climbed the same old tree that the

bear had climbed, and found, as he had expected, that the tree was hollow and the bear was inside; and as there was no way of getting at the bear from the top, and he must see what to do to reach him from the bottom, he descended and commenced to attack the tree with his axe.

The Indian could tell by the ring of the axe that the hollowness did not reach quite to the ground, but a short distance above, and just within reach of the axe—at least, so he thought; but he found he was mistaken, and after chopping for some time he discovered that the tree was hollow right into the roots, and perhaps the bear had its den in the ground right under the roots of the tree.

He made a hole large enough to put his head in, but, for reasons that are obvious to any reasonable mind, he did not do so; but he heard a growl and he hoped the bear would put his head out so that he could strike it with the axe. He kept quiet for a while, suspending operations and waiting for developments.

He heard the breathing of the bear on the inside of the tree and saw the muzzle of the animal at the hole. In a moment the axe fell with a crashing blow on the nose of the bear, and he fell back into the hollow root of the tree. The Indian concluded, of course, that he had killed the bear, and chopped away at the tree, considering that it would be necessary, probably, to cut the tree right down to reach the bear.

In a while he heard growls, and suspended operations again, when the head of a bear appeared again in view. "Oh!" said the Indian, "I thought I had killed you; but I was mistaken; it takes a good deal to kill a bear." He dealt him another blow on the head, which seemed to be more satisfactory, for quietness reigned supreme in the hollow tree. The Indian cut down the tree and found two dead bears in the hollow root.

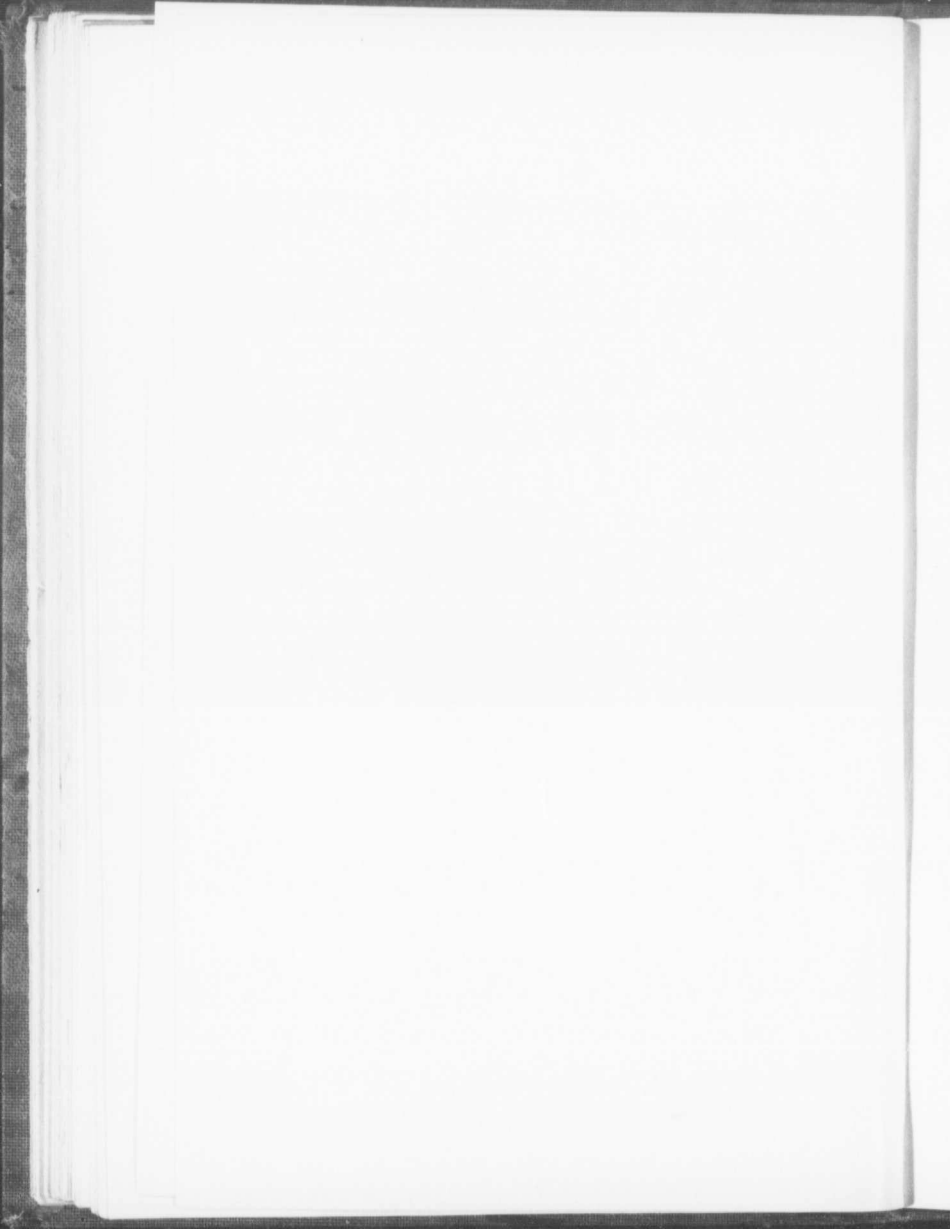
THE MYSTERIOUS LAKE.

THERE is a lake away back in the woods, about a mile or so from the English Church Mission on Lake Nepigon, in which fish abounded, so the Indians told me. I had been fishing with a "spoon" for some time in the large lake with very indifferent success, and we tried our skill in a small river not far from the encampment. Here we got a bite or two from large fish, but they managed to escape from the hook—it is always a large fish that gets away. We travelled over the same ground again, back and forth, but the large fish did not bite again, and we returned to our tents with very few fish. I do not mention this because it is anything extraordinary, but because it is true.

On our return we fell in with an Indian, who gave us a very intelligent and interesting account of some lakes in the interior, and stated, with considerable assurance, that we were bound to catch fish in the inland lakes, because the fish are more closely confined and more numerous, and are perhaps hungrier than in the large lakes. Possibly one does not know the precise spot where the fish congregate, and at certain times in the year they do not congregate in any particular spot at all, but are all over, so to speak, and it



CANOES WITH BAGGAGE STARTING OFF,
LAKE NEPIGON.



is only by the merest chance that the hook comes anywhere near where a fish happens to be swimming. This is true; yet I remember that, on one occasion, we did hook a very large fish in the big lake, though it got away. This was not imagination at all, either as to the fact of capture or as to the actual size of the fish, since we drew it close alongside of the canoe. The Indian made a grab at it to insert the ends of his fingers into the eyes of the creature (for we had no gaff hook), when it lunged and snapped the line, going away with the hook in its mouth or stomach, I do not know which. We were sorry for the fish, because the hook and spoon and feather must have caused it a great deal of inconvenience in its throat or stomach; but we were sorry most of all for ourselves, because we desired this fish for dinner and were correspondingly disappointed at its escape.

So, on the evening of the day when Dandish was telling us about the advantages of the inland lakes over the big lakes for fishing, we went to try our powers on the inland lake, where we were so sure of getting fish. The Indian lads who were cooking for me carried the canoe, and I carried the tackle; but, as the way was long, I took a turn at the canoe at intervals, thus giving the boys a rest. A mile or more through the bush is a long way to carry a canoe, yet the road, or path rather, was not so exceedingly rough. We had to make detours occasionally to avoid some obstacle in the shape of a fallen tree or something of the kind, but in the course of time we reached the lake.

It was debated as to whether we should all three embark or only two of us, because, though the canoe would hold three conveniently enough, yet it was thought that it might sink beneath the waters with the quantity of fish we expected to catch. We decided to risk the possibility of such a catastrophe, for we could easily run the canoe ashore, throw out the fish, and continue our fishing till the canoe would be in danger of sinking again, and then we would repeat the operation of disembarking the cargo if it should be necessary. We were told that it would be better if we would put on a bait of some kind in addition to the shiny spoon and the feathered hooks, because this would be a greater inducement for the fish to bite. We had brought with us some remnants of small fish for this purpose, and we found it answered admirably.

We tried the centre of the lake for a spell, but not meeting with much success, we paddled round the shore at a judicious distance from the edge of the rushes, and we were rewarded for our efforts. We caught several fish of fair size and considerable weight, yet we did not find it necessary to remove our cargo until we had finished our fishing, but kept on board all we had caught until we drew up at our landing and went ashore. We had a good many fish—more, indeed, than we wanted—and we carried them to our tents with us, or, rather, to the village, and what we could not eat ourselves we gave away to our Indian friends.

All this is a mere introduction to this chapter, yet necessary to it, because it was in connection with

this fishing expedition that I heard of the mysterious lake of which I write.

The lads, while we were on this trip, either in our journey to the lake or while we were fishing, spoke of another lake that was farther back in the bush some miles, but they remarked that none of the Indians ever went to it in the summer-time because of its strange appearance and the unnatural color of the water, and other mysterious peculiarities of a more or less unsatisfactory character that awakened suspicion and, of course, superstition. The Indians go to it in winter, but never in summer, the boys said. They would not think of embarking in a canoe upon its surface for any consideration.

It is singular that Indians are afraid of certain localities, both of water and dry land. There are other lakes that I know of where the Indians never go. Some are, they believe, inhabited by fishes of enormous size and vicious habits, something like the sea serpent, that destroy any canoe and eat up any poor Indian who happens to come near. The reader will notice that the Indians would fish through the ice on the mysterious lake, because there would be every chance of escaping from a strange monster who might come to the hole; but on the water the danger would be great indeed, for unless one happened to be near the shore you would have so far to flee for safety and the monster would have such scope for the exhibition of his powers when he wished to compass your destruction. So that even if the occupant of a canoe saw the mon-

ster while yet at a distance, the victim would be overtaken and destroyed before he could reach a place of safety.

It is idle to talk of fighting these monsters of the deep. They are endowed with supernatural powers, and no weapon can possibly affect them. They kill and destroy, but it is impossible that they themselves should be destroyed. But on the ice it would be different, since no monster of the deep would travel on the ice, supposing he could get through the hole in the ice where you are fishing. All these things should be carefully considered.

Of course, I was fully aware of this danger, yet such are the follies of man that the greater the danger the more is he determined to rush toward it, so to speak. Yet I felt that, come what may, I must see this lake, and, if possible, paddle upon its uncanny waters and fish in its infernal depths; for I gathered that fish were found there, else why would the Indians go in the winter to fish through the ice. It stands to reason that fish which are under the ice in winter are in the waters in summer, especially in a lake where there is no outlet.

I spoke to one of the most intelligent of the Indians and inquired about this lake. He told me that it was true that the Indians never went on it in summer-time. They were afraid of it, because the water was such a ghastly color, altogether different to any water in any other lake that an Indian had ever seen. He was quite willing, however, to go with me and take

his canoe through the woods and embark with me on the treacherous surface of the lake. Perhaps he did not share in any great measure the general superstition, or, maybe, he thought that the presence of a "black-coat" would ward off any evil, infernal or any other kind.

We brought a good-sized canoe with us when we started next day after our morning school, and made the first part of our journey to the lake that I have already described in connection with our fishing. We went across a part of this, and after we had disembarked on the farther shore we found no path or any indication that anyone had ever travelled that way before. The brush on the shore was so thick that we could scarcely get the canoe out of the water; it was only by crushing down the small trees that grew down to the very water's edge that we could do this. Then we commenced to thread our way through the trees of the forest, working the canoe through any opening which afforded sufficient space to let it pass. It was impossible to keep to a straight line, because where the tree trunks were thick together it was impossible to advance; but we had to look out for an opening on either side, where the trees were not so close together, and after some hours we arrived at the shore of the mysterious lake.

It was truly a wonderful sight; the water was, indeed, a peculiar color, a glittering, lustrous, greenish blue, not like the color of the water at Bermuda, or the blue of the Mediterranean, nor like the water in

the harbor at Barbadoes, nor a mixture of these. The Indian was right when he said it was ghastly. It was a beautiful color, yet somewhat repulsive. I have never seen a blue snake, but it was the same color a snake would be, supposing it were blue. It was intensely brilliant, glittering in the sunshine; it looked like a pigment, yet it was quite white, of course, when taken up in a vessel or in the hand. It might have been the descriptions of the Indians that had affected my imagination, or the contagion of superstition, but I do not wonder that they were struck with the unusual appearance of the lake. It was not the sunshine that made it that peculiar color; it was not the reflection of the sky. It was the same when cloudy; it was the same always, in the daytime, probably.

We embarked on its surface, and paddled out into the middle, where the water was deep. It was the same color down to the very depths, and so pellucid that you could see a great way down. I drank some of the water; it was quite fresh and good, though not quite as cold as the water of Lake Nepigon. I do not know how large the lake would be. We paddled around it for the greater part, and so influenced was I by its singularly beautiful color that I forgot about the fishing. It seemed to be so strange that one would hardly expect to find any fish in it. It was pretty in other ways, too—the shape of it, and the general cleanness of its banks, and, except in some small bays that opened out from the larger sheet of

water, it was free from rushes and weeds. A great part of it was clean shingle on the beach, and some parts shaly rock, which the clear blue water lapped against.

The banks on all sides were of fairly steep slope down to the water's edge, except on the side on which we had launched our canoe; and the shores were heavily wooded right down to the water. I noticed that the trees were much larger than those through which we had passed. There were Norway pines of considerable size, and birch trees much larger than others in the neighborhood. There is no maple and yellow birch as far north as this, but then the poplars are very fine, and the wood is of a better quality than that of the eastern parts of Algoma.

After we had sufficiently viewed the beauties around, the Indian put out the fishing tackle. We did not catch anything for a while; then we secured a large pickerel. But the fish were not nearly so plentiful as in the common lakes; perhaps the water was so clear that the canoe and everything could be plainly seen by the fish. I have always succeeded better in dark-colored water in fishing with a spoon.

The Indian at length suggested that we try the smaller bays, where there were more rushes, and we soon secured three or four large fish, but we took in our tackle after a while and gazed around. I asked the Indian if the lake looked the same at night. He did not know. I said I had seen water beautiful to look at in the daytime, but by night it had lost its beauty; perhaps this was so.

When we had paddled round some time longer we decided to return, as the day was waning, and we had no food or no means of cooking our fish. We were hungry, and had a long way to carry our canoe; but it was a pleasant trip to me, and a beautiful and unexpected sight, for, after all, though the Indians had described to me the color of the water of the lake, yet as there is no word in Ojibway for blue only by saying, "it looks like the sky," and as this blue was not like the sky, they had some difficulty in making me understand. As a matter of fact, I did not understand.

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CHIEF AT SPANISH RIVER.



XVI.

VISITING THE INDIANS.

It would seem that it is more interesting visiting Indians than white people—I mean for a clergyman or missionary rather—and people will read an account of Indian visiting with more zest than that of others, for the only reason, perhaps, that it is different. But, as a matter of fact, in spite of the general atmosphere of gloom that seems to surround the Indian, it is more interesting to visit him than others. He thinks of things, and talks of things, and refers to subjects different to others, and then he is informed on subjects which most people know nothing about. The moroseness or disagreeableness which seem to characterize him is on the surface only, to a large extent, and then it is not always genuine. It is undignified to be “all smiles”; a sort of gloomy stiffness conveys a sense of importance more than does an easy affability, and also it must always be remembered that an Indian is a person of some consequence; he can't be “hail fellow well met” with every Tom, Dick and Harry in the world. If you get to know him he is not a sinner in this direction, he is really friendly enough till you offend him. His sins, indeed, are of another kind, and, of course, there are all kinds of characters. Some

are friendly and gracious at first sight. These, by the way, are not always the best; generally speaking, they are not.

It is interesting to visit them, because they like to ask questions, and always very intelligent questions. It is of infinite satisfaction to give information to people who can appreciate it. I was chopping wood in the bush for my fire, when an Indian came to me and asked me very gravely, "What is the news of the world?" I told him that this was a very large order, but I would inform his mind to some extent; but it would take quite a while, so it would be advisable for him to take the axe while I related the news of the world; and while my friend was chopping I was talking, and then now and again he would stop to make some remark, and the end of it was we were both sitting on the log conversing. To hear about the Boer war was a never-ending source of entertainment to them. I called on a family one day while the war was in progress, and the head of the family wanted to know how the fighting was. I spoke of the tactics of battle; how it was no longer what it used to be; that, instead of coming out in the open and fighting like men, they sneak behind stones and rocks and elevations in the ground, or any kind of shelter. "Ah," said he, "that is the right way to fight; that is the way the Indian used to fight. Watch your opportunity, shoot an arrow, and drop down quick behind a tree, or fire round the corner of the rock. I thought the white man would learn sense at

last. He fights like the Indian now." I then referred to some particulars of the war, which were listened to with breathless attention. It is a pleasure to talk to some people. We had prayers afterward, and we prayed for the wounded and suffering in the war, and all said "Amen" very fervently.

I called upon an old man and his family who lived together in a house which for an Indian was quite a pretentious residence. The old man was very skilful in different kinds of handicraft, and was a good man. When I went in he was busy mending a spade. With infinite patience he was fastening an iron plate over a crack on the implement. He had bored some small holes in the plate and corresponding ones in the spade, and was fastening with tiny rivets the whole together. I said, "You are working away with great skill." "Yes," said he, "a white man would throw this away and buy another; but I want to make it last yet." I inquired if the Indians in olden times made tools of metal. "I had heard," I said, "that they made tools of copper." "Yes," he said, "they did; but not large tools like a spade; just small things, like knives and arrow-heads, or spear-heads, but large tools, like a shovel, were made out of wood — hewn out of the solid piece generally, the handle and blade all in one piece." He then gave me some interesting information about these things. I now turned my attention to the women, who were weaving baskets of beautiful patterns and arranging the colors with great taste and skill. There were the wife and two

daughters, who were working in this department. I asked if they did not weave mats like the Ottawas, whom I had lived among in bygone years. They said, "No, not now; it was hard work, and took so long to do." I suggested that a hand-loom would do the work much quicker than the fingers. Then I talked about the Hindoo women, who weave such beautiful things with hand-looms, and told about what I had seen in the great Exhibition—Hindoo people weaving a carpet for the Queen of England.

Then the old man spoke to the wife, and she fetched out a marvellous piece of work woven with great taste on a perfect hand-loom. It was still in the loom, a tiny thing no bigger than your hand, yet perfect as a loom, and the article was made of delicately colored fibres intended to be used as a fancy band or garter for Indian leggings.

I did not try to enlighten them any more about looms. There is a time to speak, and a time to be silent, the wise man says.

Some old people are very interesting. I called on a blind old man once, and he gave me some information about the old Indian law courts which I had never obtained elsewhere, though I had lived thirty years with the Indians. I suppose that it never occurred to me to inquire.

At the time of which I write there was a man condemned to be hung for murder, and the blind man asked me if it was true that the murderer was to be slain. I said, "Yes; that very day." He said, "It

seems hard to kill a man, even for murder. You see," he said, "it can't bring back the murdered man; nothing can."

This is the way the Indians used to do in olden times. There was a great deliberation between the friends of the murdered man and the friends of the murderer. The criminal is brought up before them. He has a "kekedowenene" (an advocate) and so have the others. The advocate stands up and talks. It would not be well to kill the wrongdoer; this would not bring back the dead, it would only increase the number of the dead. How grand is forgiveness and mercy! He knows that the man has done a great wrong, but the murderer is sorry. He is willing to make compensation. He has brought a great pile of things to offer as compensation. Canoes and furs and blankets, and venison and other provisions—a huge pile of all these. "Come! It is no good to be angry. Let us smoke the pipe of peace. Here, take a whiff." He offers it to the representative of the others. No! most emphatically no. He waves away the pipe with a gesture of anger. Such small compensation as that would be enough to provoke laughter were it not for the solemnity of the occasion. Some more goods are brought and added to the pile. "Howh! Smoke! Let us be friends. The murderer has given all he has. He can't do more." At last, after more talk, they smoke the pipe, and it is all settled.

The old man having finished his narrations, we had reading and prayer, and I talked to the sons who

were there and asked them to bring their old blind father to church, which they promised to do.

It is satisfactory to minister to people who value the ministrations of religion and give devout attention to reading and prayer, and listen respectfully to a good scolding when it is needed.

I called the other evening on a family, a large family, who were all at home. The mother was suckling her baby, and the others, all little girls, were standing around as quiet as lambs.

I had been out to a distant part of my mission and was returning, and had not long to stay. The sun was setting in the west and casting his beams through the little windows of the cabin, and I looked around at the group. The father was sitting with bowed head and the children were looking intently at me as I was preparing to read. The mother, and another woman who had come in, were in an attitude of deep attention. "We will sing a hymn," I said; "'God be with you,' it begins." I then read and spoke to the parents and to the little ones, and we prayed together, all joining fervently in the Lord's Prayer.

Visiting the sick is sometimes pleasant and sometimes not so. I called with my wife and child the other evening on a poor family of women living together in a little shack. One was stone blind, one was bedridden with age and sickness, and the other was almost as helpless with consumption. The only one who could be called well was the youngest of the sisters, and she was lame. I talked to the elder sick

one about her friends whom she had left behind in another village, where she had been living for some time, and with whom I was acquainted. We spoke about her sickness, and she said that she really believed she was a little better, but the improvement was scarcely noticeable. All of them were deeply interested in my little girl. The blind woman felt her all over, and the others tried to get her to come near them, and when she sang for them a little bit of an Indian song I thought they would go into fits with laughter. It was genuine enjoyment. The blind woman was very pleased, and laughed until she cried. When I suggested that we pray for the sick they were immediately devout; but when we sang a hymn and the little one joined in, it was an effort to keep countenance. These facts seem to contradict what is generally received as to the gloom of the Indian.

Years ago I was out with my sailboat to visit an Indian village on the north shore of Lake Huron. On approaching a channel between the rocky islands that form the boundary, so to speak, of the inner waters, we saw across the small bay a wigwam or two on the shore, and as we drew near, an Indian came down to the beach and motioned us to come ashore. I turned the boat toward shore and we let down the sails, and as the boat's keel grated on the beach I stepped ashore. The man came to meet me and asked me to come into his wigwam and see a sick child that was there. He said he hoped that I would

pray that the child might recover. He said that the apostles of Christ were able to pray for the sick and that the sick people recovered. He thought, he said, that the ministers of Christ at the present day should have such power.

I said, "The apostles were able to do miraculous things which the ministers of the present day could not, but we would pray for the child and ask God if it was His will that He would restore the child to health."

I went in to see the child and perceived that it was dying of consumption. I prayed for the child and for the parents, and I told them that if the child did not recover in this world, yet he would be well in the other world, where the inhabitants shall no more say, "I am sick." I pointed out to the father that supposing the child would recover this time, yet it would be sick again and would die eventually in the nature of things; but in that happy land it would never be sick or die again.

A day or two after this I was sailing by and looked through the opening in the rocks and saw an empty space where the wigwam had stood, and I heard afterward that the child had died.

Sometimes it is interesting to visit Indians when they are camping together at different places, away from the place where they usually reside. I went one day to visit a part of my congregation who were camping on the shore of an island, fishing and working at other kinds of labor. It was dark before

we reached the place, because of the fact that the wind had failed us as the day declined, and we were not able to propel the boat with the oars as fast as the wind could. We did not know the place exactly where the Indians were camped, and we feared that we should pass the place and not know.

The Indians heard the splash of the oars and lit a fire of bark on the extremity of a small point of land so that we should see it and know where to come. I was very thankful to them for their thoughtfulness. It is a great comfort to know where you are going, especially at night. It is an uncomfortable feeling, that of uncertainty as to where you are to spend the night, and, of course, I could not minister to the Indians if I did not get there at night. Perhaps in the morning they would not have time to attend a service.

Well, we saw the light and the figures of some Indians around it, and you may be sure we called out to let them know who we were. We drew to shore and sat down. They gave us some fish for supper, and I announced my mission. We had no lamps, but they made a fire of materials that gave a great light, and we sang and prayed around the fire, and I preached. It was a grand sight—the Indians around the fire, and the missionary preaching to them the glad tidings of great joy, which was intended for all people, of whatever race or color. We made a temporary shelter for ourselves in which to spend the night.

I must tell you now of some of our visits to Lake Nepigon. We went round to all the cabins, the Bishop and I, and saw all the people. In that remote region they do not use many articles of furniture, unless they make the things themselves; and as for seats or chairs, an Indian always prefers to sit or recline on the floor. It is a mark of great advance in civilization to sit on a chair. When they built the little church here and put benches in, some preferred to sit on the floor even after the benches were made. So the furniture consisted of stove and bed, or perhaps stove alone. There were a few boxes, etc., around the walls. They showed us any articles of interest that they possessed, which were not numerous. Some were still staying in wigwams, perhaps because the cabin had too great a population of a certain kind. They had some fine fish in one of the wigwams, and had a most ingenious way of catching them, which I thought was very cruel, but, so far as that goes, all kinds of fishing is cruel—the hook, or the net, or spear, or anything. The arrangement I speak of consisted of a piece of hard bone about three inches long, sharpened at either end, with a groove in the centre, to which the gut is tied firmly and the line attached to that. This is thrust through a piece of fish as a bait and lies in the bait parallel with the line. The fish swallows the bait and pulls on the line, which, being fastened on in the centre of the sharp stick, pulls it across the stomach of the fish. It is a terrible trap indeed.

They gave us some fish, which our men carried to the tents, and we went on with our visiting. The old chief was very entertaining, but I do not remember any particulars of his discourse. He had around his shack all the letters he had received from different persons, and from the Indian Department, and from the Bishops of Algoma, past and present. These were fastened, like pictures, to the wall and behind the door. Some people collect old postage stamps and paste them upon the wall. I knew of a room once that was completely papered with postage stamps. This Indian had almost papered his shack with letters. There might be a suggestion here for some one who could paper his room with autographs. I know of things that people do less reasonable than this. We visited some other cabins, but I do not remember anything of interest.

One day I called to see an old man who had met with an accident; he was most unfortunate in this way. He was chopping some poles to make a fence around his haystack, and, while doing so, his axe slipped in some way and he cut his foot. It was not a very big wound, yet it was the cause of his death eventually. I called to see him frequently, and on the day that I refer to he asked me to read to him out of God's book, where it tells of a very short Indian who wanted to see Jesus, and could not see over the heads of the people because he was such a short Indian, so he climbed into a basswood tree to see Jesus, and the Lord noticed him and invited Himself to the house of the short Indian.

I found the passage and read to the poor old Indian about Zaccheus, the short Indian, and the kindness and love of Christ, who recognized and rewarded his eager interest. I spoke of this to the poor old man, who grasped with the keenest appreciation the point of the story. "Christ is the same now," I said. "Kagat," said he, "indeed He is."

I will just relate one more incident. I visited a poor Indian woman, who was lying sick in her wigwam in the bush. She was so very sick that everyone thought she would surely die. I read to her the description, in the book of Revelation, of the saints in glory—about their happiness, and that they have no need of the sun to give them light, because the glory of the Lord's presence lights up the place. The sick woman said, "I know that is true what you read. I know it by my own experience. Last night, while I was lying awake in my wigwam, it was quite dark, and I was thinking and praying, when light and glory shone round me and lit up my old wigwam with splendor; then I knew that the Saviour had come to me and His glory shone round about me and in my soul as well."

"Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near."

XVII.

FISHING FOR SPECKLED TROUT IN THE NEPIGON RIVER.

THIS river has been noted for its trout fishing for a great number of years. It is visited by great people from all parts of the world. I have met lords and dukes from the Old Country, and people who had more money than if they were lords or dukes, all coming to fish for speckled trout in the Nepigon, which everybody knows are the best and largest speckled trout in the world.

I was travelling in company with the Bishop of Algoma, then prosecuting his work as a Missionary Bishop in that remote region of the world, when we saw in the distance a very strange figure standing upon the rocks. As we drew near the figure resolved itself into a man. The exposed part of his person was covered with network to protect him from the flies, which were in millions. This accounted for his strange appearance. He proved to be a nobleman or the relative of a nobleman, I forget which, who had been a missionary in India and was just returning home to England, but had stopped on his way to fish in the Nepigon. He showed us a large speckled trout that he had caught. It was indeed a beauty and it

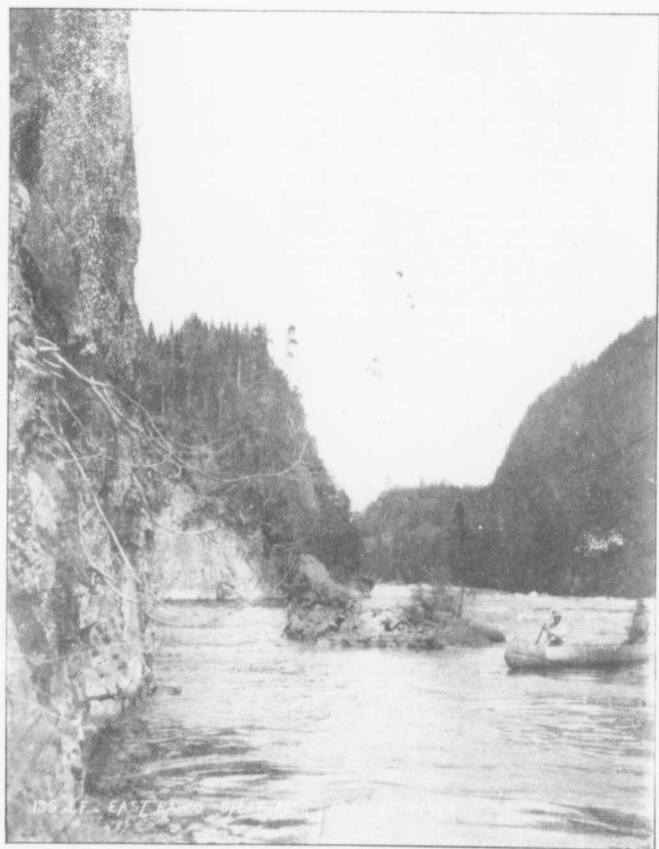
gave the nobleman much pleasure in exhibiting it. He had it skinned and fastened on to a sheet of birch bark so as to preserve it.

Once when on my way down the river I came upon some gentlemen from Pittsburg, who had been fishing for some days. They had five very large fish, but were rather dissatisfied, and intended to remove their camps farther up the stream. One of the gentlemen was sick that day and was unable to go out to fish. He was very much interested in the scenery around the Nepigon, and he told me that he had once visited the locality when he was younger, and was determined to come again before he died.

He then inquired about the Indians and Indian folk-lore, and I told him the legend of the flood which the Indians had handed down by tradition from past ages. It is not quite consistent, like all legends, because, though all creatures are represented to have been destroyed by the flood, some were not destroyed. The beaver, for instance, was swimming about on the top of the waters when the flood was at its best; so was the otter, and so, I may add, was the muskrat. Nanabooshoo had caused the flood in a fit of anger, and now regretted it and wished to restore the earth to its former dryness. He first sent down the otter and then the beaver to fetch up from the original earth a small quantity of mould. After being absent for a long time, each returned gasping to the surface, but without the grains of earth. The muskrat was now sent down, and, after being despaired of, he returned

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156 1/2. EAST RAPIDS, NEIGON RIVER.

EAST RAPIDS, SPLIT ROCK, NEIGON RIVER.

exhausted to the surface—I am not sure, but I think he died from exhaustion—but in his little paw was found a few grains of earth. This Nana took, and, having rubbed it dry in the palm of his hand, blew it over the surface of the water, and this became the nucleus of the new world.

It was just after I had finished my story that my Indians came to tell me that the last of our baggage and provisions was on its way over the portage, so I bade adieu to my friends from Pittsburg and went with the Indians.

That night, just before sundown, our Indians said that we had better do some fishing to help out our provisions, and, nothing loth, when we reached the foot of the next rapids, we put out our tackle. I fished for some time with a akootahjegookun, but never a bite did I get. I tried another kind of megishkun, but with no better success. I then tried a mushnedooshish, but nothing seemed to succeed. Fly and worm seemed equally unattractive to the fish.

Meshelmuhnedooshanseween tried with different kinds of tackle and every kind of bait, but it was no good. They worked the canoe up into the boiling waters of the cascade and let the tackle float down with the stream. They climbed out on the rocks overhanging the seething flood at the imminent peril of their lives; but all to no purpose, and we retired to our tents, which we had pitched for the night, with absolutely no fish. And this was on the best river in the world, in the best spot on that river, at the

best time of day for the sport, and the best kind of weather for success. What do we learn from this? We learn that the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong, but time and chance happeneth to all things.

The very next day I caught several fish just as we were paddling along, without turning out of our course a hair's breadth or abating the usual speed of the canoes, and in a part of the river which is not reckoned as renowned for its fishing. What do we learn from this? We learn that while we are in pursuit of duty we find more pleasure than when we are after the pleasure, so to speak.

We were on our way to our mission, waiting for the packages to be carried over the portage, when His Lordship the Bishop proposed fishing in the waters of the cascade, where speckled trout abound. It was a bad spot to entangle the lines among the foliage, so we worked our way farther out into the rapids. Here we were fairly successful, but our fish were not of phenomenal size. The Bishop caught one of fair size, but nothing extraordinary. I noticed that these moderate-sized fish tasted, when cooked, nearly as fine as the larger fish, only there was not so much meat on them. In any case, whether large or small or middling, the speckled trout of the Nepigon are the best fish in the world.

That night, while in camp, we were talking of our sport and other things, and among them the similarity of Indian traditions with some of the nar-

ratives of Holy Scripture. I mentioned the legend of the dry bones. One day an old man called on me and told me this: He said that he had heard something read in church which very much reminded him of some traditions of his race. He said it was about some bones which came to life again. "Yes," I said, "it is in the book of the prophet Ezekiel. What is the Indian legend?"

The old man then gave me the legend substantially as follows:

"Waubequkoosig went out to seek for adventures. He launched his canoe and paddled leisurely along the shore of the lake for some time without seeing anything of interest. After a while he noticed a landing-place with a path to it, and, as he drew near, he perceived that a string, fastened on to sticks placed upright in the ground, led down from some place in the bush to the water. Deeply concerned, he ran his canoe aground, leaped out quietly, and followed the string. It led him to a wigwam, wherein were two old Indian crones, who were quite blind. He observed the curious way they were armed, for they had long knives fastened to their elbows in such a way that they had their weapons always in position while busy with their work, and apparently used their weapons with a backward, jabbing motion, which was very effective.

"Waubequkoosig noticed that the women were preparing meat of some kind in a sort of stew in a large kettle over the fire. On closer examination he noticed

that the meat was none other than human flesh, and around the wigwam were repulsive remnants of human bodies, the offal of their food. He slipped quietly in and secreted himself, disgusted though with what he saw, and the sickening stench of the human soup was almost overpowering; but our hero kept quiet and waited for developments.

“By and by a young man came in who, like Bunyan's sinner, had a burden on his back, the contents of which he shot out on the floor. They were human bodies, freshly slain. The crones commenced cutting off joints and adding these to the contents of the pot on the fire. Altogether it was a gruesome sight.

“Our hero had seen enough; he watched his opportunity, rushed on the cannibal with drawn dagger, and laid him out in death. The old hags, aroused by the death-cry of their supply agent, and knowing that the enemy was there, commenced jabbing and stabbing about promiscuously, and Waubequkoosig so manipulated matters by his adroit movements that he got them back to back, and they stabbed each other to death.

“He went out now to take a look around. He came to a plain near by, which was strewn with bones—bones everywhere—bones in all stages of dryness and age. There were bones of those who were lately slain, some older and dryer, and some bleached and dried with great age. Waubequkoosig fitted his arrow to his bow; it was the invincible arrow. He drew the bow with his full strength, and the arrow flew swiftly

straight toward the sky. It came down at length, and as it struck the ground the shaft began to vibrate, a mighty quivering vibration that seemed to fill the world. There was a decided movement among the bones corresponding to the vibrations of the arrow. He took the arrow again and sent it swiftly toward the zenith. As it struck the ground descending it quivered again, and its vibrations had a still greater effect upon the bones; they came together bone to his bone. He fired the arrow a third time, and on its vibration, as it struck the ground, the whole of the bones became alive and stood on their feet, a large company, and our hero recognized his own friends and relatives who some time before had mysteriously disappeared. There was greeting and great rejoicing, and gladness and happiness filled every soul."

It is very evident that there are some points in this saga corresponding with the description of the vision in the book of the prophet Ezekiel. We discussed it that night in camp; and after we had evening prayer I talked to the Indians about it.

Another day we tried fishing for other fish, and the old chief suggested that we should go and get some pickerel, which we did. I went with the old chief in his canoe, and he took me to spots where fish were supposed to be found, but they did not seem to be very plentiful. Then we tried some quiet pools in the neighborhood of the cascades. Here the sport was more lively, and we got abundance. The old man was very interesting, and told me a great many things

about the country around, the names of the places, and many interesting particulars as to why they were called by the names they bore. Then we talked of the troubles of the Indians themselves. The last winter, he said, had been one of great trouble; they were short of food, and had gone out to a new hunting-ground where they killed a moose and a cariboo, and had caught some thirty-five sturgeon in the lake. "But sickness came upon us," he said, "and one of our young women, my son's wife, was carried off by death. And beside this what was sad was, we were unable to bring the corpse home, and had to bury it in the bush. Then a little child died, and my old wife seemed to feel this more than all." I comforted the old chief as well as I could, telling of the hopes of a Christian, and that "blessed are the dead." I saw the old wife after this, and she was weeping over her troubles. It was after we had carried our fish back to camp that I was speaking to her. We were waiting for some of our Indians who had gone to borrow a larger canoe to carry ourselves and our baggage; they said it would be more convenient than the smaller canoes. The Bishop went out in the afternoon with the old chief, and met with satisfactory success in fishing.

Farther down the river we met some gentlemen who came from somewhere in the United States. They were camping at the end of a long portage, and I gathered from what one told me that it was their first experience in that part of the country. "The

Indian cooking is very interesting to us," he said. "They make us some queer messes. There is our cook," pointing to an Indian reclining on the sward. I spoke to the cook afterwards, and found he came from a distant part of the country, away inland. I asked our American friend if he had had much success fishing. "Yes," he said, "we catch more than we can eat." I found that this was true, for we saw as we embarked in our canoes that a part of their beautiful speckled trout were thrown into the water; it seemed such a pity.

The river and the scenery around were very lovely as we descended. There was a slight haze in the atmosphere that seemed to make the foliage so lovely, and the high banks on either side looked beautifully green; not all the same kind of green, but many tints, from the dark foliage of the pines to the light green shades of the poplars, and all shades of green intervening. They will look lovely in the autumn when the tints of colored foliage are marvellously brilliant. I caught a very fine speckled trout as we paddled along. He fought bravely, but we landed him at last. "He is a beauty," was the general verdict.

When we stayed for dinner all hands turned out to fish; but there were no thrilling adventures, no soul-stirring struggles with mighty fish—the monsters of the deep. I was telling a story at dinner about a man fishing on the coast of Labrador, who afterwards was boasting of his catch. They were enormous fish, but he couldn't remember their name. Some one sug-

gested that whale was the probable name of the fish. "No," he said, "it couldn't have been whales; we were baiting with whales."

I think it was just then that an Indian ventured a story of Nana. It was not a fishing, but a hunting story. The god was travelling along and was hungry; but a lazy fit being upon him he would not hunt. He saw a moose in the distance, and being too idle to pursue it himself, and meeting with a snake, he ordered the snake to go and kill the moose, and he should be rewarded with some of the meat.

The snake started, and meeting the moose as he was grazing on the long beaver grass, he crawled into his mouth, and, escaping his teeth, he crawled down his throat into his stomach. He dug his fangs into the heart of the moose, who was soon lying dead upon the earth. Nana now came up and began to skin the moose and cut him up into convenient joints for roasting. As he was removing the entrails he saw the snake, which he seized and flung away with a gesture of disgust. He built a fire and the meat commenced to cook. He kept up the fire and watched his dinner, anticipating enjoyment.

While watching the feast, the wind arose. The branches above began swaying to and fro in the breeze, and two branches chafed together, making a most unpleasant grating noise. This sound, above all things else, is abominable to Nana. He cannot eat his dinner while the noise is in progress; he shakes his

hatchet in the direction of the sound, and finally ascends the tree, and with his hatchet strikes at the offending branches. Slipping slightly while striking he misses the stroke and wedges his arm between the colliding limbs and is fastened there.

In the meantime the snake, being extremely angry at the shameful way he had been treated, began to think of revenge. He met a wolf, to whom he told his grief. "Let us go," said the wolf, "and see if we cannot whip Nana for this." They come to the place where the dinner is cooking, look up in the tree, and grasp the whole situation.

"Wait a while," says Nana to the wolf, "I was just thinking of inviting you both to dinner, but I am in trouble; come up and help me, and then we will all dine together." They grinned audibly and began their feast, mocking Nana, struggling up there among the branches. They told him that he was rightly punished for his meanness and ingratitude. He did not blaspheme—being an Indian god he could not—but had he been a white man he would have done so most vigorously.

This was a good story, with a moral, and after we had digested it, together with our dinner, we went on our way. We travelled southward, and as we reached another portage we met another party of fishermen, who hailed from the city of New York. It was a gentleman and his wife. We were making a rush across the portage to see the empty canoes go down

the falls, but we were too late. We had a glorious run down a more gradual slope. It was truly exciting. These tourists from New York were most interesting people. We inquired about their fishing, and they said that they had caught a great many fine fish, and were more than satisfied with the sport and the scenery of the river.

We had a stormy passage across a lake farther down, but we reached the railway at last.



PORTAGING—LOADING UP.



OUR INDIAN COOK.



XVIII.

THE STORMY SUNDAY.

ONE is accustomed to think of Sunday as a calm day, a day of peace and quiet, a day when the elements are in agreement with the peace and calm that should fill the soul.

It is said by the writer of a certain hymn that in heaven the stormy winds shall cease. "No storms shall break across my peaceful soul," because it is one eternal Sunday, a Sabbath of peace and calm. So in this world Sunday is the day of peace, and a storm seems out of place then.

Yet there are stormy Sundays in more ways than one, when there is more than usual disturbance around. The wind blows as if it would blow its last, and there is fierce conflict in the air, a sound as of a rushing, mighty wind. The elements seem to be trying to rend all things to pieces.

I have seen a good many stormy Sundays in my life, and it would not seem to be right to single out one particular Sunday from among the rest. A missionary whose work demands Sunday travelling must, of necessity, meet with many stormy Sundays. Yet there is one which on account of its peculiar character, stands out clear and distinct from all the rest.

It was in the early days of settlement on the lands

that were ceded by the Indians to make homes for the white man, the Indians retaining some portions of the land for themselves. Travelling in winter was not so frequent then, and a larger quantity of snow fell than is now the case.

On the last days of the preceding week the storm had raged without ceasing, and on the Sunday morning that I speak of it was still raging, but with abated force; so at least I thought.

I started out from the Indian village where I resided to minister to a band of Indians who lived on a reservation on the other side of the mountain, on the summit of which was a level plain of tableland that had once been a forest, but was burnt off so clean that we called it "the prairie."

As I left my home I saw an old Indian who was shovelling the snow from the door of his hut to make an entrance. He shouted to me, "Kah-wa-sah" (You can't do it). But I pushed on like the youth who was told to desist when climbing the mountain, and who cried, "Excelsior!"

I reached the mountain without any great trouble. There were deep drifts in places, but they were not impassable. My pony took me through; but these things hindered progress. There was one particular place where, in the fall, the clay is sticky, and, a quantity of woodland overshadowing the road, the dead leaves fall and stick in the clay, being pressed by the feet of the cattle. I always thought of the lines of Tennyson when I went through this place:

“When the rotting woodland drips,
And the leaf is stamped in clay.”

Now, of course, it was the deep snow, lying in drifts, which gave me trouble. However, in the forenoon I reached a small farm-house, where I concluded to leave my horse, for I knew that away ahead were snow-drifts that no horse could plunge through.

I found to my very bitter disappointment that the man had no hay to feed my horse, so I pushed on to the next farm, which, by the way, had a little house but a large barn, and here I left my horse.

I borrowed a pair of snowshoes from the man who lived here and went on toward my destination. I was more than half way there now, and within a mile or so from the farther slope of the mountain. Now that I had the snowshoes I was not compelled to keep the road, but could travel wherever I wished on the surface of the snow. I avoided, therefore, the places where the road turned aside, and kept straight on as nearly as I could. It took me a long time. The snow was falling and the wind was blowing it in my face. The cold was intense. I was obliged to leave off some of my heavy clothing, because of the exertion of walking. I felt the stinging blast, though moist with perspiration. I reached at length the reservation, where the road through the woods was more sheltered and less drifted with the snow. In due time I arrived at the cabin where the service was to be held.

It was late, and the Indians concluded I had succumbed to the storm, but some few came in from their huts near by and we had a good congregation. In spite of my tiredness I was able to minister to them, and we sang the praises of God, our voices mingling with the storm. Old Mukkadabin was there, and the old man Sahquabinans, besides some of the Obitossoways and others, and they were all very much concerned about my journey through the storm.

The woman at whose house the service was held was particularly anxious about me and my return journey; so, while I was eating the dinner which she had prepared for me, she despatched a messenger to her son, asking him to accompany me on my way back as far as the house where I had left my horse. The storm was still raging as we left the hut, and though while in the lowlands we were sheltered somewhat, when we reached the open country it was worse than ever, and on the prairie above the slope of the mountain it was savage to the last degree. My Indian friend left me here and returned to his home.

I decided to stay with my friends at the farm till the storm should abate, whenever that would be. The family consisted of an aged couple and a son. The old mother was reading the Bible, and I asked for it, and read to them the lesson for the day. We prayed together. They asked me to supper and after this we looked out again at the weather. The snow had ceased falling. The moon was shining through the

drifting snow, which was blown up by the wind, and anon hid everything from sight; then a slight lull for a moment and it was bright and clear, but just for a moment only. I suggested that I would try and make my way home, but they urged me to stay. It was too late now for me to fill my evening appointment at the church near my home, but I knew my wife would be anxious for me. After waiting a little while longer I started across the prairie through the drifting storm.

I remembered that I had gone for a short distance through the fields of the farm where I had been staying, and had to come out on the prairie some distance farther, near where was a large barn. It was with difficulty that I kept the road, because it was drifted level with the surrounding snow; but I knew, of course, the moment I was off the track, and so did the pony. We came to the point opposite the landmark and I drove out through the fence to the open commons, and over all and everywhere was the pure white snow.

When the moon came out during a lull in the storm I saw a man coming towards me. His figure stood out clear and sharp, a dark figure plainly seen amid the whiteness around. I thought it was an Indian. I thought I noticed his moccasins as he came nearer. I thought he stepped to the side of the road to let the mare pass. I felt sure the mare shied to one side to avoid the man.

I made up my mind when I noticed him first to ask him, when he should come up, what was the

condition of the road ahead. I pulled up the beast sharply just as we passed him. He was standing, as I supposed, just behind the sleigh, over my shoulder. I said, "Ahneen ezhe nahgwuk meekun?" (What are the roads like ahead?) He did not answer. I thought perhaps he had not heard me and had gone on his way indifferent to my inquiry.

I turned to look at him. The moon came out in all its brilliance of light o'er the snow. There was not a single object in sight in all the wide expanse! Where was my Indian? He had vanished completely. He could not have buried himself in the snow. He could not have run away, because he would still be seen in the distance. He could not have hidden himself, because there was no tree, or bush, or stump around which he could have hidden his person; yet he was gone.

Perhaps it was pure imagination on my part, an optical illusion, the wind blowing the snow in my eyes making me see something that was not there. I do not know. It was strange that my pony swerved out of the way to avoid the figure. Perhaps it was an illusion that affected both man and beast.

I told the Indians of my adventure. They had seen more wonderful and unaccountable things than this, in comparison with which my vision was as the small dust in the balance.

I went on farther, where the drifts were larger than those which I had overcome in the morning, and

where the fences were the way was blocked with the snow. I saw a team of horses and a sleigh coming. I wondered if they would turn out to be phantom horses. I heard the jingle of the sleigh bells, and I wondered if there were sleigh bells in the world of spirits. I heard the driver swearing at his horses, and I wondered if this was some devil from the infernal regions who would vanish into the abyss.

It is a terrible thing to be haunted, especially on Sunday. I came across an Indian and his wife and baby once who were haunted, and they were terribly distressed. Somebody was after them, they said—some being from the other side.

I was meeting my phantoms; they were not after me at all. When I reached the team and horses they did not vanish into space as I expected. I wish they had done so. We had a terrible time in passing each other in the drifted road. I had, of course, the advantage of his track for a time, but in about fifteen minutes from the time I met the man the track was obliterated. The wind-storm continued and I went on down the mountain "where the leaf was stamped in clay" far down under the snow.

When I reached the settlement at the corner a man came out and accosted me: "You never got there?" said he. "I did," said I. "You never got there with the pony?" said he. "I did not," said I, "but I got there; that is the chief thing."

The Indians had retired to rest when I reached the

village. I let them rest. I did not ring the bell for church; it was near midnight and I knew that Sunday is the day of rest and I was at home at last. Oh, the unspeakable blessings of a quiet Sunday!—a day of calm and peace. A calm Sunday, both in body and spirit is a beautiful thing.

In contemplation of this very stormy Sunday, I shall always appreciate the calm ones as long as it pleases God that I shall live in this world.

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CHRISTIAN INDIANS.

XIX.

A GATHERING OF INDIANS.

THERE have been, from time to time, gatherings of Indians for religious worship and mutual religious exercises, for the furtherance of spiritual life, for the mutual help and comfort which one Christian ought to have of another, whether in prosperity or adversity. These gatherings have been called camp-meetings, but this name has been disapproved of. The first held in the diocese of Algoma in connection with the Church of England was instituted by Bishop Sullivan many years ago. The writer had the privilege of attending this gathering. There were Christian Indians gathered together from many Indian villages. They were called together at a village on the Whitefish River Reserve, where the assembly and the religious exercises took place, and thither the Bishop went with his yacht to meet the Indians and pray with them.

It was decided that an island a short distance from the shore should be the place of meeting. This island was very pretty and in every way suitable, and just large enough to hold the congregation, something like a church warranted to seat so many ; only instead of the walls of the church there was the water. The water would be a wall on the right hand and on the left, and in front and behind.

The Indians moved about getting boards to make seats for the island church, and they carried them across to the island. Other preparations were made, and when all things were ready the congregation was notified that it was time to go to church, and they commenced to gather from the east and west and north and south to the island church. It was a pleasant sight, and calculated to inspire one with gratitude, to witness the different craft making their way to the island from all points of the compass. There were steamboats and sailboats, and bark canoes and other craft, all speeding toward the island, which was consecrated to the service of Almighty God.

It was indeed God's temple. The roof was the sky, yet still there were a good many trees, and these formed a roof, in a sense, to shade one from the heat of the sun. We sang the praises of God, and worshipped the Lord, using the old prayers. The Bishop preached a wonderful sermon, which was listened to with rapt attention. At that service, I remember, an Indian chief and his wife were confirmed by the Bishop, and there was great rejoicing among the Indians because of these two gathered in from the power of the adversary. During the evening some of the Indian chiefs present made speeches and gave good advice, and good feeling seemed to prevail. We stayed at the island church considerably longer than it is usual to stay in church. We did not leave till near sundown, and it was grand to watch the boats

and canoes carrying back the congregation to the shore.

Early the next morning there was a celebration of the Holy Communion in the church, and a great number communicated, and afterward there were some athletic sports and entertainment, which lasted until the evening of the day, when all started to their different homes, all the better for the services in which they had engaged.

It was decided to make an annual affair of this gathering, and the next year it was held on the same island; but after this, in consequence of a feeling which existed in the bosom of a great many, and was expressed in words, it was decided to hold the gathering at the different localities near where the Indians resided, at a different place each year, so as to suit the convenience and wishes of all parties; and so the next year it was decided to hold the gathering at the Indian village of Sheguiandah on the Grand Manitoulin Island.

This was a gathering to be remembered by all who took part in it. It was different to the others, because it was on a Sunday that the religious services took place. The Indians made a bower with trees, placed in such a position that they represented the aisles of a church. The branches were interlaced above so as to form a shelter from the rays of the sun, and it proved a great comfort in this way, for the day was warm and the sun shone with intense brightness.

One feature of the gathering was the large number

of young people of both sexes that were confirmed, all of whom seemed earnest and devout. One old man, who came from a long distance in the interior of the country, was confirmed, glad of the opportunity of uniting himself with the Church of God, since in the isolation of his far away home he had no opportunity of joining in worship with a congregation, only just his family.

Special effort had been made to make the musical part of the services as complete as possible, but it requires greater power of voice than Indians possess in a general way to make out-door singing effective; but in this case, representatives being present from several Indian choirs and all joining in, it produced a volume of sound of no small amount and of great sweetness—the Indians, especially the women, are renowned for this.

The Bishop spoke some good words to us and celebrated the Holy Communion, of which the newly-confirmed, as well as a great many others, partook. It was a great gathering indeed, and next day was the day of social entertainment and general rejoicing. A large number of wigwams on the shore accommodated the visitors from foreign parts and made the place look very festive, with the Indian damsels in gay attire moving about.

Some of the young men distinguished themselves at the athletic sports, and old and young competed at some of the contests and gained prizes of greater or less value; and even the losers seemed somehow or

other to come in for a reward, so that the winners should not crow too much over the losers. It was good to be there, because you were sure to get something. I remember that I used this feature of the contests as an illustration of the Christian race. I pointed out that in the Christian race it is different to ordinary contests, because in the latter only the winners are rewarded, whereas the Christian race is like Bishop Sullivan's race, you are sure to get a prize if you stick to it to the end of the course and run as well as you can.

There were some farewell speeches of a more or less interesting character after the races were done, and good wishes were exchanged, and the place of gathering decided on for next year, and then all repaired to their homes.

We have had many gatherings since then, and the last year or two they have been renewed again by Bishop Thorneloe, the present Bishop of Algoma, who is much interested in the Indian work. There was a large gathering at Aundagwahminekauning last year, and there were Indians there from every village and reserve in the neighborhood, and some from places far away from the scene of action. This gathering was something like the others as regards the religious services, although I think, if anything, there were more Indians there from places at a distance and more speaking than previously; not that it was necessarily any better for that. Another departure was that the Indians at the place gave the feasting part of the

entertainment entirely themselves, and laid out the dinner on tables, with chairs around them, and with all the paraphernalia of civilization and all the product of modern cookery, with everything up to date in the way of embellishments. The sight of the table was extremely encouraging to those who believe in the advance of the Indians in all the arts of civilization and in all the cunning of the white man ; but the proof of the pudding is in the eating of it, and in this case it is satisfactory to be able to record that the feast was all right in this direction as well.

A combination of exciting circumstances occurred in connection with this festival in consequence of a fearful thunderstorm, which came on just in the thick of the first engagement, so to speak, and though some persevered in their attack for a while, yet the down-pour was so awful that there was a general retreat in a completely disorganized manner. It was a great pity to see the beautiful provisions destroyed by the rain, but these things all added to the interest of the affair, and it is nice to think that the consumption of the food still continued in the house in spite of the rain.

There were races here also, and other amusements as well. There was a race for the clergy present, and the Bishop ran too, and won, as of course he should. The ground was in bad condition for running on account of the wet, and there were many falls ; but these were only temporary, for when anyone fell he rose again and pushed on.

As I stated above, there was much speaking here. The Bishop made a very powerful speech, pointing out that the Church of England was *the* Church and was true and good. The speech was wrung from His Lordship in consequence of some one remarking that it did not matter what religion one belonged to so long as he was good. The Bishop exhorted all present to be true to the historic Church—the English Church—and not help any kind of division.

Kecheuhkewanzemukkuhdabin made a very picturesque speech, using all the lovely flowers of Indian oratory to garnish his remarks. I do not remember at this moment what he said. I know that it was a wonderful display and good and forcible as well.

The last of these gatherings I can here refer to was a glorious and successful affair in spite of some unpreventable disappointments. It is to the last degree exasperating to get within a few miles of your destination and to be unable to get any farther. It is in vain that you weep and wring your hands; you are absolutely helpless; even prayer is only useful as helping you to bear your disappointment with fortitude and patience. If a stretch of water some forty miles in extent separates you from the place where you would be, how can you get there without a boat? If it is impossible to get the boat you are helpless. It is vain to fume and fret; you are stranded.

Such was the condition of our beloved Bishop on the occasion of the Indian gathering. He came by train as near as he could to the place of meeting,

expecting a boat to take him the rest of the distance. He was cheered on and encouraged to wait by the assurance of friends: Yes, the boat will be here for sure in about an hour—any time, any moment. So the time passed on in unhappy expectancy. The evening passed away and the night, still hoping and expecting a boat to appear. At length the morning dawned and brought not the boat. As the day advances a boat comes in and we hasten on board, but she will not leave till the afternoon train comes in. However, we must wait till the boat likes to take us. This is the day of the gathering and we are many miles away. The Bishop is sorry; we are all sorry, but we cannot help it.

It reminded me of an incident that occurred when the good Bishop Fauquier was bishop of the Diocese of Algoma, only his lordship then was within sight of his destination and could not get there.

It happened this way. The good Bishop arrived by steamboat at a point about ten miles from his destination on the evening of a certain Saturday, and he was to go this ten miles on the following morning, which was Sunday, when the Indians expected to meet their Bishop at church.

There were no roads that early day and no conveyances except a boat. So a sailboat of rather large dimensions was engaged to carry the Bishop to the place where he was expected.

The wind was favorable and fairly abundant, and they sailed along very pleasantly, and there was every

indication that they would soon reach their destination. They came within two miles of the place, or less than that distance, and suddenly the wind dropped entirely. There they were, in full sight of the church and unable to get there. They looked across the expanse to the church and the village. The good Bishop saw the Indians going to church. He knew the service was going on. He hoped for wind, but none came. They lay there in the lovely calm-sunshine. They saw the Indians come out of church and go to their homes. The Indians saw the boat out in the bay, but had not the remotest idea that their Bishop was on board, or they would have gone out in canoes to bring him in. The good Bishop saw the Indians go to church in the afternoon and saw them come out, but could not get there till, just before sundown, a breeze sprang up and they sailed in to the shore. Well, this is a digression, so let us get back to the gathering.

The boat landed us near midnight at the very spot where Bishop Fauquier was left when he hired the sailboat to take him the rest of the distance. We heard that the gathering was a tremendous success; that the attendance was very large and enthusiastic; that a great number were at church, and the religious exercises were very helpful and enjoyable, though all regretted that the Bishop was not there. The athletic performances and the contests were of a first-class order. The jumpers jumped very high, and the runners ran very swiftly. Even the old men's race

was run in better time than usual. The damsels were elegantly attired and the weather was superb. But still the regrettable incident was that the leader was not present, except in spirit, and this kind of presence did not seem to give much satisfaction. We hear people say, "I will be with you in spirit even if I am absent in body"; but this is rather a poor affair, I am afraid.

However, we went out to the place of gathering next morning, because the missionary had announced that the Bishop would be there on the day following the festivities, and all that could should stop to see him. A part of the crowd were obliged to return to their homes, yet when we arrived at the place of gathering and festivities and repaired to the church we found a large congregation there to meet us; indeed, the church was well filled with Indian children of both sexes, as well as of grown-up people and some of maturer years, and one or two very aged ones. Some very striking features of this service deserve to be brought prominently into notice, not but that some such things have occurred in other places and under different circumstances; possibly some features of other services may have been just as striking as these that I record, still I contend that these are worth recording.

Two children were brought to the Bishop to be baptized by him; but the Bishop does not baptize unless no priest is in charge of the place. So the children were baptized by the missionary who was in

charge, a missionary and the wife of another missionary being the sponsors. The church was so crowded that it was with difficulty that room could be found to perform the baptismal service, for everywhere in the neighborhood of the improvised font was filled with the congregation ; yet all was done decently and in order. The singing was hearty and good. The Bishop's chaplain presided at the organ, and interpreted the Bishop's discourse to the Indians. It was an able sermon, an exposition of the whole Christian faith, salvation through Christ in the Church of Christ. The text was, "Come unto Me and I will give you rest."

The Bishop expressed the regret he felt that he was not with them on the previous day, but was glad that all things had gone on well without him. He also referred to the fact that he had found a missionary to come to them who could speak the Indian tongue. "He is with us to-day (his lordship said), and I hope that he will stay with you, for I am most earnestly desirous that you should have a missionary that can speak your language. I wish you to be faithful and loyal to him, and help him to the utmost of your power."

The Chief responded in behalf of the band, and said, "I am glad to hear the Gospel so fully explained, and I will treasure up in my mind the good words which have been spoken, and I am sure my people will, too. We were sorry that the Bishop was not with us yesterday, but still it was good notwithstanding."

ing, though it would have been better if the Bishop had been present; yet we have not been entirely at a loss, because he is with us to-day."

The chaplain then delivered some messages which he had received from Indians in other places to be delivered to the Indians at the gathering, also greetings and good wishes of every kind.

The Bishop then spoke of a lady from England whom he wished to introduce to them, a friend who had come a long way to see them, who was deeply interested in them and in the diocese, Miss Eda Green, who desired to shake hands with them, and who would take home to England recollections of the Indians and their devotion. He went on to say that as the church was so crowded it would be well for them to shake hands with the lady outside; so all gathered together out on the grass, and Miss Green shook hands with them all. Afterward some photographs were taken of the Indians together, and there were more mutual expressions of good-will. It was good after all.

XX.

THE BAD INDIAN.

OUR friends over the border say that there are no good Indians except those in the happy hunting-grounds. One fails to see how this can be, since only the good get there. However, what they mean to say is that there is no good Indian except a dead Indian, since all would be over then ; but even this is illogical and untrue. I have known some Indians, during my long residence among them, who, to say the least, or rather, to say the best, were not very good. Indians have their besetting sins the same as the white man, and some Indians have a great many besetting sins that beset them very frequently ; but the question is, Is it well to write about the misdeeds of people ? Is it not better to hide these and write about the good ones only, so that people who read what is written may be led to copy the good ? To write of one's evil deeds can serve no good end.

This is the reason, I suppose, why biographies and memoirs of people contain only an account of their good deeds, and say nothing about their bad ones. But one is led to ask, Where are these people who never do anything wrong ? How is it we do not meet them in this natural world ? Only in books do they

live, and I fear they do not *live* much in books, since the biography is so unnatural.

The Bible tells us of the bad deeds of the saints and worthies with startling fidelity. We know it is true. These people are alive. They lived once and they live still.

But what is the reason that their bad deeds are spoken of? It is, I suppose, that we may avoid the bad and follow the good. If people in this world could live absolutely innocent, then it would be better never to know evil; but since sin and wickedness are here to stay, apparently, ignorance is weakness.

Yes, there are bad Indians. I want to speak of one whose name was E——. I do not wish to give his name, lest in doing so I might cause pain to living relatives. He was little, if any, worse than others of his race I have known, and not as bad as some white men that I could tell of; but he had a bad temper, and when he was angry he was a savage indeed.

The first time I heard of the old man was on the occasion of a fire. He had been angered by some women, and in revenge he set fire to their dwelling, with the intention of consuming them also in the flames; but they effected their escape, though their home and goods were destroyed.

E—— was put in prison for this, but was liberated after a term for good conduct, so I suppose there was some good in him. It is seldom a man is so very bad that there is no good at all in him. So it was with E——.

Then, again, where woman is concerned, it is difficult to pass an unfettered judgment. Some women are so fearfully aggravating that it is no wonder a man retaliates. I do not, of course, mean to say that there can be any excuse for burning them out. It was very wicked indeed of old E—— to do this. The women who were burnt out went away from the place and never returned, like the ship. They were afraid that E—— would burn them out again.

I was called upon one Sunday to minister to the congregation worshipping in the place where old Eshkemah lived. I was not the incumbent. I went to take the place of the missionary who usually officiated, for that Sunday only.

There was no place of worship, not even a school-house, so we held the service in an Indian house, a little log house which was placed at our disposal by the resident Indian. On this particular Sunday there was a good congregation, and among them, and occupying a prominent seat, was our old friend the incendiary, E——.

I forget now the subject of the sermon, but after it was over, or after the whole service was over, E—— rose to his feet, and said, "It is good to hear the Gospel. It is good to hear of Jesus Christ the righteous One. But what do Indians care for Jesus Christ? There is M——" (pointing to an Indian present). "He calls himself a Christian; but if Jesus Christ was to go into his house he would not offer Him a seat. He

would not put out his pipe in respect for Him. There is no Indian here that is a true Christian in his heart. They are all humbugs. I only knew one good Christian Indian, and he is—I don't know where."

I told E—— to sit down, because he was getting excited, and then he was too personal. None of the congregation were offended, because they knew old E——. I tried to get him to tell me who the good Indian was that he referred to, but I could not get the information I desired. It reminded me of the man who said, "I have a good opinion of one man and he is sitting in my breeches at this moment."

While the old man was in prison the son had appropriated an ox belonging to the father, and sold it to get food for the mother, so he said. When E—— came home, before he was expected, he was very angry with the son for selling the ox. He came to me and said, "The ox is mine, and I shall go to the man that bought it and take it away." I told him that this would not be permitted, for he could only recover it by a process of law, and perhaps not even then. He became very angry and seized a table knife, and flourished it around his head, telling what he would do to the man, his son, and every one else concerned. My wife was very frightened, because she did not know old E——, the bad Indian. I ordered him quietly to put up the knife and go home, which he did. This bad Indian threatened my life once upon a time. I told him it was very

wicked to threaten to take the life of any one, more especially a missionary, because his life was very precious, being engaged as a special messenger by Almighty God. He put up the knife in this instance also.

It seems hard for me to remember the bad things this bad Indian did; but, like Peck's bad boy, he was always up to something. He used to drink sometimes, but not often, I think. He was not a subject that whiskey would improve, being very excitable in his natural state without the influence of a stimulant.

One day he was put in the lock-up, prior to being taken away to prison. The jail-keeper watched him very carefully, putting him in the inner prison; but one day, on going to see his prisoner, he noticed that the door was out of gear, and was more than usually cautious. He called help. Old E—— had the screws all taken out of the hinges of the door, and the door arranged in such a way as to crush the keeper when he came in. Then he would remove the keys from the hand of the prostrate form, unlock the outer door, and depart. He was unsuccessful in this deep scheme. They took him away to prison, not knowing what else to do with him; he was such a bad Indian.

The way to prison led across the country, where there were lakes and rivers to cross by a process of travelling called portaging. On one portage E—— asked to have his hands freed for a moment, so

that he could discharge one of the natural functions, to use the language of Dean Swift. So one hand was liberated, and E—— bolted like a shot and jumped into the lake. He could not be seen for a while. They hunted among the rushes, and found him at length. There he sat, quite under water, and breathing through a rush which he had plucked; one end of the hollow reed was in his mouth, and the other end poking up just above the surface of the water. The constables would not have found him had not the water been very clear. They say that it looked very funny to see the old man sitting in the water and sucking the rush for breath. They said, "Come out of that, E——," and he came out. Some people are of opinion that he only did it for fun, and did not seriously intend to escape. He yielded himself up to justice, laughing the while.

I tried to talk to him at different times, to lead him in the good way, but he knew more than any minister of religion. He understood religion; he was not like an ignorant person who did not understand the eternal fitness of things. E—— was not a bad man at all, according to his own views of life and conduct. He was one of the ninety-and-nine that went not astray.

A friend of mine, a missionary likewise, went to see him while he was in prison. "E—— was so full of talk," said my friend, "that I could not get in a word. I read the Scriptures to him and prayed,

and hurried away before he got started again to talk." The faculty of speech is a great nuisance sometimes.

They took E—— to prison. He had a sort of trial, but they had no particular crime to lay against him. However, the authorities put him in prison, not knowing what else to do with him. He was discharged after a time for good conduct, and he came home again. He told me how well he was off in prison, and told of his work and occupation while there. "I was the washerman of the whole institution," he said, proudly.

After a while this bad Indian did something else that was bad, and they put him in prison again. Then, after a time, word was sent from the prison authorities that they wanted to discharge him for good conduct; but the sons would not send for him again, so he stayed in prison till he died. Apparently he was best off there.

I fear that I have not succeeded in painting a very bad Indian; but he is among the worst of my acquaintances, and we can speak only of those we know.

In the case of E—— it was bad temper. When angry he was a madman. Some whiskey—a very little—aggravated the malady, and he was then a nuisance. So they put him in prison.

He left several sons and daughters to mourn their loss. His widow was alive a few months ago. I rather think I heard that she is dead now.

It is unfortunate when one gets a bad reputation. E—— was one of these. He was always looked upon as being dangerous. His brother Indians, and more especially his sister Indians, were afraid of him. There may have been worse Indians than E——, but they were not known as well, and did not have such a bad name. They used to tell a story of a Quaker whose dog displeased him. He said to the dog, "I will neither hurt thee nor harm thee; but I will turn thee out and give thee a bad name." So he ran after the dog, calling him "bad dog." The people thought he said "mad dog," and so they shot the dog.

This is an old story, but the story of E—— is new and original. He was like the dog, because he got himself a bad name; yet he was not altogether bad. One Sunday the bishop of the diocese was present at the service. There was a school-house at this time, or, rather, school-house chapel. E—— was there too, one of the most devout worshippers. The Bishop, in an address to the people after the service, asked the Indians to come into line with the rest of the congregations and subscribe to the support of the Church. They had been supplied with the services of the Church for a number of years and had not been asked to do anything for its support beyond supplying the building with light and fire. Now they were expected to give the amount of two dollars per capita per annum.

Old E—— rose to reply. He gave us, of course,

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a small quantity of impudence to begin with, but eventually fell in with the proposition, and was the first to come forward in response. I am writing from memory. I hope I am right.

There are a great many other good things the old man did, very likely, if I could only think of them ; but the uncertainty of my memory does not alter the facts, supposing there are any facts.

SUPERSTITIONS OF NORTH AMERICAN
INDIANS.

THE superstitions of native races in any country are something very strange and unaccountable to civilized white people. We wonder how they can believe such things. Not that the advanced races, as they are called, are free from superstition—on the contrary, they are not; neither is it the result of ignorance merely, because some educated people are superstitious; but the superstitions of white people are different to those of native races. They are less interesting, perhaps, because they are not so extravagant. The superstitions of the North American Indian are very singular, and cling to him with wonderful tenacity even after he becomes a Christian.

Among the peculiar beliefs that they hold to with such a grasp and will not let go, is the belief in witchcraft or sorcery. I had quite an argument with an educated Indian, a man who had been a Christian for years and read his Bible, and was naturally an intelligent man apart from the advantages he had received. He had been an interpreter for religious teachers for years.

The wife, first of all, attacked me, saying that as I was a minister of religion, and because of my position, I should have considerable influence with the Great Spirit, and I could secure His aid in any matter. Would I pray to the Great Spirit to deliver her from the power of an enemy who was trying to work mischief upon her and her family? The husband seconded the petition for my assistance.

I said that before I could help them or pray to God for them I must know exactly what the difficulty was, and in what way the enemy was trying to hurt them, and who the enemy was, and all about it. The man spoke now and said, "The enemy is Kahshkuhsha. He is bewitching us; he is bringing sickness and trouble upon us, and causing great unhappiness in our thoughts as well as the bodily ills." "How can he do this?" I asked. "Does he give poison to you secretly, or injure by slander, or something that way?" "No," they said, "he makes mysterious signs and figures on birch bark and then he rolls the birch bark in a small coil and lays it near the house when nobody is looking." "Well," I said, "I do not believe in this, or think that he can hurt anybody in this way, so I can't pray against it." "Oh!" they chimed in, "many have this power. It is sorcery, Medaawin." "Yes," I said, "but I don't believe there is any such power. God does not permit it." "However that be," said the man, "do not we read about sorcerers in the Bible, and does not God say that sorcerers shall not enter the kingdom of heaven? What sense would there be in God saying

sorcerers shall not enter the kingdom of heaven if there were no sorcerers." This seemed a poser, but I answered: "There were always people who pretended to possess occult power, and God said that because of the deception they practised they should not be permitted to enter heaven."

With reference to their belief in supernatural powers. It seems that some things are dangerous in this way and not others; for instance, this same couple said that packets or vessels of bad medicine placed in the window would kill all in the house just the same as if they drank it. By way of emphasizing my remarks and making clear my illustrations I put a knife on the window-sill. "There," I said, "it is just as reasonable to say that the knife lying there would kill anyone just the same as if one were stabbed with it as to say that bad medicine would have the same effect on the window-sill as in the stomach of a person." "Oh, no," they said, "it is not the same, because medicine has a secret power that the knife has not." "It is just here," I said, "that you are mistaken."

I went to visit a sick woman once. The woman was very miserable, weeping in grief. She said she had found out who it was that was causing her sickness. It was old ——. "He is a poor, feeble old man," I said, "and how can he hurt you?" "He is in league with the evil one," she said, "and gets his power that way." "Now," I said, "you are a Christian and believe in the care and love of God. God has promised to

keep under the shadow of His wings all who trust in Him, so that no evil shall come near them. He preserves them from the power of any enemy, either human or superhuman, so you need not fear if you trust in God." "Oh! ah!" she said.

On one occasion I travelled a long distance to visit a boy who was dying of consumption. The boy had been a pupil in my school on another mission. My way lay across the frozen lake for many miles, then across the country and over the ice on some smaller lakes, then away up the ice on a large river for a long way. Upon reaching the river I met with an Indian lad, who informed me that the boy whom I was going to visit was dead and was buried that morning. "There was no missionary there," he said, "so a good man living not far off read and prayed over the grave. He was buried in the garden near the house, and," added the Indian lad, "I am going there myself and will guide you."

We continued our course up the river, but the farther we went the worse the road became. The snow lay deeper and there was water under the snow. Night overtook us when we were far from our destination. The snow seemed to become deeper and deeper, and our progress slower and slower. At length a glimmer of light in the distance told us we were approaching the house of mourning. We arrived at last.

A number of Indians were gathered at the house. The father and mother greeted me, and I expressed

regrets that I had not been able to see my former pupil. "We kept the body a long while," they said, "expecting that perhaps you would come."

Having partaken of supper I had a service with the family and the assembled friends. I spoke of the departed, and the hopes of a life of blessedness beyond the grave which the Saviour's resurrection secures for his people. After some more singing and prayer I retired to rest. My friends had prepared a bed for me in a little shack that opened out from the main room where the company was. I did not sleep for some time. I was thinking of my dead friend. I was uncomfortable, too, because my bed was composed of my buffalo robes, which were covered with snow, and a sheet being placed over them the warmth of my body melted the snow, which came through the sheet, and did not add to my comfort. However, I could hear that the company in the next room had not retired to rest, the sound of their voices reaching me from time to time. At last I fell asleep.

I awoke with a start and heard a tremendous rush and stampede in the next room. There was a shouting and overturning of chairs, the sound of someone rushing downstairs, and then all was still; the crowd was outside. I thought perhaps a herd of cariboo had been seen, and they had rushed out to get a shot at them. I opened the door of my shack and the old woman was standing near. I asked, "What do these things mean?" "Oh," she said, "it is an owl."

Some time after this I was sleeping in the same room with an Indian and I related these things to him. He thus explained the situation : "The Indians believe," he said, "when anyone dies, and is buried and left alone in the grave, the bad spirit comes to the grave in the form of an owl, taps on the grave, and the corpse comes to the surface. He then takes out the heart of the dead one and departs and works untold evil to the dead, and what one has to do is to watch the grave by day and night and scare away the owl."

They have a dread of a certain class of semi-human Indians that haunt one. I call to mind, on one occasion, an Indian who arrived with his family in a canoe at a place where I was staying. He was in a state of great excitement and breathing heavily. "We were camping," he said, "on an island not far away, and were preparing supper, when a number of wild Indians, decked with feathers and armed with deadly weapons, appeared. We rushed to our canoe and disappeared before they could overtake us." This was pure imagination probably.

In some cases it must be wilful deceit. Old Ukhewanzhemashqunnun once came down from the Indian gardens and caused great consternation among the inhabitants of the village by the following story : "I was out this morning," he said, "when the faintest streak of dawn appeared in the eastern sky. I observed a strange figure on the edge of my garden. It was a wild Indian, a foreign savage, not one of our

own Indians at all. He was clad in garments of strange shape, and carried weapons of queer construction, such as other barbarians of a bygone age might use. I went up to him, and said, 'It would be well for you to leave these parts as quickly as you can, because the Indians here have weapons that are more destructive than yours, and you would not be able to stand against them. They have weapons that bang and kill, so it would be well for you to go.' Then," said he, "the wild, foreign, inhuman savage went away."

Now, it would be possible for an Indian to imagine he saw a figure like this and then run away; but to go and address him at some length—no stretch of imagination ever went so far as this. So we must conclude that old Uhkewanzhqemashqunnun was a humbug.

But Indians are a strange race; very queer things happen to them. Three women once went in a canoe to visit some friends living near a river some distance away. They never reached their destination, and no traces were ever found of them or their canoe from that day. When I say there was no trace of them found, I must explain that the Indians believe they did find traces of them in the shape of fragments of their dresses found in the woods, torn from their persons while they were being carried off by savages—the fantastic barbarians spoken of above. They found also, so they declared, a sheet of birch bark on which was drawn, with a piece of charcoal, a rude

picture of a canoe, with feathered warriors paddling with all their might and three women as captives in the canoe. This drawing was shown to me as it was found, so they said. I cannot say how far it was a hoax. At any rate, the total disappearance of the women and their canoe is a little strange. One of the women was the wife of an Indian named Jacob Kewetahoosa. He saw his wife embark in the canoe with the others, but he never saw any trace of her from that time.

I could speak, or write rather, of some of the superstitions connected with the pagan rites of the Indians, but it is not very satisfactory to write of these, because, in the first place, I have never seen very much of them in my thirty years' residence with Indians, and then, again, the disconnected, bungling, hopelessly mixed account that the Indians have given me of these things is not very interesting, certainly not satisfactory, and most of what has been written about it is extremely misleading. I will give a simple account of what an Indian told me when I was camping with him one night. I will translate what he said so far as I can remember.

"The Chasuhkeewenene builds a little wigwam very strong. He uses big wood and binds the frame together so that it is impossible to shake it. He goes inside alone and sits on a seat which he has made on a platform elevated above the ground. This is all fastened very strong and solid. He has eaten very little for some time. He is preparing for the perform-

ance. He sits on his platform and commences to drum. He chants and beats his drum. In the course of time the spirit fills him. He drums faster and chants louder. The stout and strong wigwam commences to sway and vibrate. This increases; it shakes and groans; it sways backward and forward with great velocity. The singing and drumming is tremendous and deafening. After a while it stops and the Chasuhkeewenene comes out and is inspired. He can prophesy. He can do anything. He is deified."

This, of course, is self-hypnotism. It is rather humbling, one would think, to the spiritualist to know that his powers were possessed by the Chasuhkeewenene hundreds of years ago, and were probably more effective then than now; but, however, it is a little insipid. We will leave any further description to Mr. Catlin and Mr. Schoolcraft and others.

The Indians have some curious beliefs connected with their ideas of another life after this life on earth is ended. The land to which the departed go is perhaps a remote and unknown part of this world. This is the happy hunting-ground that we hear so much about from the white man, though I never in my life heard an Indian use this expression of the regions of the blessed. It is somewhere in the west. One advantage it has over this part of the world in the way of hunting is that the game do not run away from you; everything is easy. The deer stands still and lets you shoot him, and he invariably falls

to the hunter. The partridge never flies away, but allows you to get close, and stays quite still till he is slain. The mother tells the child that the small birds are all tame and easy to shoot with the small bow and arrow. All this is very nice if you are pot-hunting, but it hardly increases the sport. It seems a little inconsistent if the place is a place of enjoyment. It would appear that the Indian's idea of enjoyment is to get provisions as easily as possible and with as little exertion as may be.

Many years ago I went to visit the grave of an Indian. He was a Christian, but the father was a pagan. I found upon the grave, under a canopy that had been erected over the spot by the father, an interesting assortment of various articles in miniature. There was a small bow and a small bundle of arrows. There was a miniature gun, a miniature net and other fishing tackle. There were marionette figures of other utensils that might be found useful either in this world or that which is to come. There was a small canoe with paddles complete, but it was scarcely large enough to accommodate a pigmy; but I suppose the *post-mortem* body is small; it must be, one would think. The spirit needs less room than the body, we say.

I notice that the Indians are accustomed to provide for the departure of the spirit from the coffin, or rather, I should say, for the visit of the spirit to the abode of clay after its departure at death. They leave in the coffin for this purpose a small hole, not large

enough for a mouse to go through. This is for the spirit to step in and out. They are accustomed to place offerings on the grave of the departed, such as tobacco, or sugar, or a cake, or some other offering for the use of the departed in the other life. Each thing in its season is presented—berries of different kinds when they become ripe, and many other things. The toys of a child are brought to the grave, and dainties, if obtainable.

Their Christian idea of the other life is more liberal than ours. They put the prayer-book and hymn book of the departed in his coffin with him. A Christian child whom I knew wanted his Sunday-school cards to take with him to show them to the Saviour. I am not at all sure that I ought to call any of these things superstitions.

With regard to the offerings to the dead, I draw the line at tobacco; for the rest I think they are much the same as our offerings of flowers and things that we place over or upon the graves of our departed friends. We may say that the offering of food and implements of the chase convey the idea that the life in the state beyond the grave is only a continuation of this, under improved circumstances possibly, and this, we say, is wrong. Of the details of the life to come in this connection we know very little more than the North American Indian. "Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God."

XXII.

THE GOOD-NATURED INDIAN.

INDIANS are said to be rather morose and disagreeable in their manner. They do not appear to be very amiable or friendly with anyone who tries to be kind to them. Perhaps this is only their way. They are not really unkind; indeed, they are sometimes very good to each other when one of their number is in distress. Under an appearance of selfish hardness some of them have a kind heart. Then again, it has always been the custom when one of them had very good luck in hunting to divide up among the rest. It was no use in summer-time, for instance, having a large carcase of a wild animal on hand and let the meat spoil; it was better to give it away, which they did.

I know it might be said that there was no particular kindness in that, because it was only to prevent waste, in the first place, and also, no doubt, it was understood that another would do the same and a recompense be made, as our Lord said.

Yet some Indians are better and more successful hunters than others, and these would always give more than they received, and also some poor, helpless and lazy creatures would be getting much more than

they would ever give. So it resolves itself into this, that true kindness consists in giving to the helpless and poor, from whom no return can be expected. This is exactly my view of the case, and the very thing that I wish to write about; for there is really no good in indiscriminate good-nature, with no object in view. An Indian told me once that he had sold his boat because some one was always wanting to borrow it and he had not the heart to refuse. So when he wanted it some one else had it, and the boat was no more at his service than if he had not owned it; therefore he sold it to let some one else enjoy the pleasure of lending it.

But something really worth telling about is a matter that came under my observation, relating to an old chief who for some years has lain in his grave, but who was living once on this earth. He had sold his right in a mine he had discovered, and had received a sum of money which, for an Indian, was rather large. The rest of the band knew of this, and looked for a share of privileges. The old chief kept open house for some time, feasted everyone, and gave away to the sick and poor with an open hand; but these things must have an end, so the old man announced one day that the money was all gone. He confided to me afterward that there was a trifle laid up for future use, but he was obliged to shut down on the feasting. I took pains to notice, on subsequent occasions, when one was sick or in trouble, the secret hoard was drawn on to do a kind act to a neighbor.

Once a young man met with an unfortunate accident. He was hunting in the forest, carrying his gun with his hand over the muzzle, when the charge exploded and blew the palm of his hand out. The old chief came to see him, and handed him some bills in a clumsy though kindly way, shaking with sympathy. I can see him now doing his furtive act of charity.

A good many of the other Indians came in and made offering to the wounded man, some of food and other things; and these kind donors were as poor as he, only they wished to show their sympathy with him in his accident.

I remember, on another occasion, at another Indian village, an Indian met with an accident which disabled him for a considerable time and left his family depending on the kindness of others. Many were the presents of fish and meat and corn and vegetables which found their way to that man's house, and one day when I was there an old woman came in bringing a large pan of cakes which she had baked for him. This act of charity was not done for my benefit, because she did not know I was there. An Indian would scorn to do an act of kindness to be seen of men. He rather errs in the other direction, and neglects to "let his light shine before men that they may see his good works."

Old Uhkewazewahbuhamma was taken sick in the bitter cold of the winter, and, to make matters worse, his old wife, Mindemooyakookooshequa, was sick at the same time. There was nobody to get fire-

wood, because a partial providence had neglected to provide them with children. Word was given in the church that there was a scarcity of firewood at a certain hut, where the inmates lay on a bed of sickness, and when I went to see them the next evening there was a large stack of firewood at the door, and two able-bodied young men were sawing it up and putting it in the shed ready to feed the old people's fire. It did me good to see it, and I helped to pile the wood in the shed. I went to pray and remained to work.

Take an instance mentioned elsewhere. Not long ago an Indian killed a very large bear, and what did the successful hunter do but make a feast. But this is nothing; the wonderful thing about it was that it was not a feast in the sense in which the function is generally understood. It was more like a butcher-shop or cook-shop, where all the meat is given away to anyone who comes for it. The only difference between the hunter who killed the bear and the rest of the people was that his mess was not, like Benjamin's, five times as large as that of any of his brethren, but only twice as large. The poor and old people were very glad to get a joint of bear's meat ready cooked, and they enjoyed the feast in their own home. If I remember right, there is an account of a feast in the Bible which was conducted in this peculiar way, where everyone took his share home to eat it, each family by themselves.

Of course, it was the Indian who killed the bear

who was giving the meat to his friends and neighbors, and especially to the poor and needy. It was his treat.

It is well when young people are kind to old people and help them every way they can. I think that Indians are very good in this way. The young sons, for instance, are expected to provide for their parents when the latter are old. They are not like white people, when the larger the family the worse they are off. Indians, on the contrary, look upon children as a blessing and of great benefit, expecting that in the future their children will work for them and help them. This is as it should be.

I went to see a very old man who was feeble with age and sickness and drawing near to the gates of the grave. Several young men were waiting upon him, leading him around the house whenever he wished to move, and bringing to him whatever he desired. It did my heart good to observe them ; their devotion was beautiful to see. The old man had arrived at that stage in his debility when a condition of childishness comes over one, and his exactions were most oppressive, wanting this and that, and asking to be moved from chair to bed, and then again from bed to chair, and again asking to be taken to another room, and then desiring to return. When one lot of fellows were tired another set took their places. They waited on him night and day until the end. He sat down in a chair, led by one of the young men, and gave up the ghost.

Once upon a time a young man was accused of neglecting his grandfather in his old age. The insinuation was made to me by one other member of the family, and I shall never forget the indignation of the young man as he explained the position to me, showing me how untruthful was the charge. "I did all I could for the grandfather," said he, "and never neglected him at all. It was the interference of the others that caused the misunderstanding. Even after my marriage, and I had a wife and family to support, I kept the old folks in firewood and gave them a bag of flour from time to time, and helped them just the same as when I was a lad at home with them."

The devotion of the women to the old people is just as great as that of the men, only, of course, the women cannot earn as much as the men and cannot help so materially in the matter of providing food; yet they make baskets and sell them, and so get things for their needy parents. There is a great deal that a woman can do in the matter of comfort to the aged and poor more than a man can, and these things they are always ready to do. Sometimes the Indians in one village will help a sick person or a poor family who reside in another village when they hear of a case of great need.

The wife of Joe Masquabanookee came to this village not long ago, and I inquired about her husband. I had not seen him for some time. "Joe has been sick all winter," she said, "and has not

been able to earn anything or get any fish or any other food for his family." I said I would come and see him, for they lived in a small settlement on an island in a foreign country across the river.

The Indians here heard about the poverty of the family, and the report went around that they were starving, which I did not believe; but no doubt they were in great need and wanting the necessaries of life. However, a young woman went among the Indians collecting provisions for the sick and needy family, and in almost every case a generous response was given to the appeal. A large bag of flour was collected in instalments of a few pounds each. There were tea and sugar and other provisions. This was augmented by a quantity of candies and toys for the children, as well as some articles of warm bed-clothing for the sick man.

The people had heard that I was going over to see him, and they entrusted me with the things and asked me to carry them in my sleigh to the sick family. I was only too glad to do so. It was good to see the joy of the poor people as I displayed the good things before them.

"Well!" said the woman, "it is quite a while since we saw flour; it is hard to recognize it." The children jumped for joy at the candies, and begged for a sample. The mother gave them a few. "You must only have a few at a time," she said, "and then they will last longer, and you will have the pleasure of

eating them for a long time; otherwise if you eat them in large instalments they will soon be over and gone and then you might not get any more."

The mother tried on the garments and expressed satisfaction at the bed-clothes. "These will keep us warm," she remarked. They were living in a very small shack, situated on a high bank that overlooked the lake. It was a pretty place, but, as the negro said, "What avails the beauties of Nature when the saucer scrapes the bottom of the flour barrel and there is nothing left on the bone." It was very good of the Indians to allow me to carry their gifts. It was like St. Paul taking the offerings of the Gentile Christians to the poor saints at Jerusalem.

The sick man was getting better, and soon hoped to be able to work again.

It might be said that, after all, this benevolence is not to be put to the credit of Christianity, since the Indians, before they were Christians, were kind to the sick and the poor. I hope they were; it is that much to their credit as a race and people. To be kind and charitable is not solely a Christian virtue, but a trait of humanity; it should be, at any rate. But there are instances on record of heathen Indians who left the feeble and aged to perish because it was not convenient to carry them farther, but I hope this was not often the case. It was the teaching of Christ that emphasized the duty of kindness to the sick and poor. "Inasmuch as ye did it to these ye did it unto me." The Christian Indian is kind for Christ's sake.

XXIII.

FUNERAL OF AN INDIAN CHILD.

THERE is nothing of absorbing interest, one would think, in a funeral. It is rather a sad affair and associated with grief and tears. It is what we must all come to. "The paths of glory lead but to the grave," but there is nothing entertaining in the prospect. We cling to life and try to put away from us all thoughts of the grave. Some people, though, like to go to a funeral. In country places in Canada, especially, people seem to go for the sake of the outing and meeting people, and they converse together with apparent enjoyment, as if they found it interesting discussing the number of people present, especially the number of vehicles. It is well to find happiness in everything, even in a funeral. Why not ?

There was once a man who always attended funerals and seemed to be deeply stirred by the solemnity of the service, tears starting from his eyes when the clergyman read some affecting part of the service. The clergyman spoke to him one day, and inquired why he was so regular in his attendance and so interested in the proceedings. "I like to come," said he, "it does me good. There is always one thought that fills my mind and gives me joy: 'I am glad that it is not

me.'” The clergyman thought, of course, that the man found spiritual benefit from the service. Let us hope that he did. It is quite natural that one should be glad that he is still in the land of the living. The grave cannot praise Thee. Death cannot celebrate Thee. The living, the living, he shall praise Thee, as I do this day. It is the hope of life eternal that gives joy. But the realization of this is not incompatible with an appreciation of this life.

It seems to be natural to find some solace even in the grave, judging by what the Indian feels, or, rather, shows. He is a child of nature. I officiated at a child's funeral once, and at the grave the Indians were extremely sedate, behaving with exemplary seriousness; but when everything was done and all was over, they raced their ponies home and seemed to give themselves up to hilarious enjoyment. I could not find it in my heart to reprove them. The bow cannot always be bent. It is well to loosen the string sometimes.

I was travelling in my sailboat to visit some Indians who lived far away from my home, among the bays and islands of one of Canada's inland seas. At night-fall I drew to shore at an Indian village where we had a little church, and where, at intervals, I had been accustomed to minister to the inhabitants. It was summer-time, and I did not expect to find many of the Indians at home, for the red man is very nomadic in his habits still, especially in summer. This evening, though, I noticed that several people were about, and

some of them came down to the shore to greet me. They told me that I had arrived at a good time, because there was a dead child in the village waiting to be buried, and they were grieving because they feared that they must bury the dead themselves without the presence of a "black coat." But now they were glad because a missionary had come in the nick of time to perform the last rites for the dead.

I cooked my supper as quickly as I could, and set up my tent for the night. I then made my way to the house of mourning, where the bereaved parents were watching the dead child. They were glad to welcome the missionary, and I spoke to them words of consolation from the Holy Scriptures; and, because of the bereaved and for the sake of others who would join with us, I said we would stay and pray in the house where the dead child lay, sending word round to all the rest to come there, which invitation all gladly obeyed. We had evening prayers and singing, and I gave some instruction on the hope of the Christian in the life after death, more particularly with reference to the happiness of children, who, our Lord assures us, belong to the kingdom of heaven, whose angels always behold the face of our Father.

We kept up our religious exercises and service of song till far on in the night, and a few remained after I repaired to my tent to spend some hours in rest and sleep in preparation for the duties of the following day.

Before I left I gazed on the features of the dead

child, lovely even in death, and noted with pleasure the exquisite beauty of the drapery of the coffin and the dress of the dead, not extravagant at all, but arranged with great skill and patient work.

The funeral service in the church commenced quite early in the forenoon, because the graveyard is some distance from the village, and everything takes time. We conducted in the church that part of the funeral service which is appointed, and I preached a short sermon; but it was still early in the day when we started on our journey to the grave.

There is always something to hinder one, and it took some time to get under way. The conveyances consisted of boats and canoes, because our cemetery is to be reached by water. There is no road to it, and no conveyance to take us through the woods, so we embark in boats and canoes and set out on our journey. The wind did not favor us; indeed, there was no wind at all, so we had to toil in rowing. It was just as well there was no wind, because it is not dignified to hurry at a funeral. When going with horses or on foot one can regulate the pace and advance with stately steps and slow. The speed in rowing also is under control of the rowers; but the wind—who can control the wind and make it blow at funeral regulation speed? One has to go with it, whether fast or slow. It was just as well that there was none of it.

After a long time we reached the place where the dead are laid to rest. It is a charming spot indeed.

At one time it was the village where the Indians lived, but some epidemic visited the place, or rather death visited the place more frequently than the inhabitants thought desirable; and then they had their own superstitions about the place—one was that the dead and the living do not get along comfortably in the same town—and as it was easier to move the living than the dead, they went away and left the dead in quiet possession. It was here we brought our little dead child.

I observed, as we landed, that the coffin was not taken out of the canoe; on the contrary, the canoe was let out by a long cord so as to float in the deep water far from the shore. I did not know why this was until I saw the dogs come sniffing round, and found that no grave had been dug, and the coffin must be kept out of the way until this was done.

We had just commenced to dig the grave, after considerable time had been spent in debating as to the exact spot where the grave should be dug, and its exact dimensions, to the fraction of an inch, and also its perfect relation to the points of the compass, due east and west. All these matters take time, and we had scarcely commenced when word was brought that dinner was ready, and we were told by those in authority that we would be better able to go on with our labors after partaking of refreshment, because, even at a funeral, one cannot dispense with food.

We found, to our great satisfaction, that the women had prepared a repast while we were debating at the

grave, and all things were in readiness for the mid-day meal. It is true that there were no plates and knives or forks and spoons, but these things, or rather, the want of these things, only made the affair more uncommon. It is very monotonous to have everything one wants. It is a subject not entirely devoid of interest to eat soup without spoon or plate, or any vessel except the kettle. It is very entertaining to a mind that is open to an appreciation of these things. We had other kinds of food beside soup. There were cucumbers and other things.

But to return to the grave and the funeral. We went to work with renewed energy after our refection, and we felt like giants refreshed—with broth. Big John went to work at the grave, but he was so big that his person entirely filled the hole, so that he could not move his arms either to right or left, after he had got down a little way. So a smaller man took his place and worked for some time.

While these events were transpiring I thought it would be well to improve the occasion by giving instruction to those present on the subject that occupied our minds, namely, death and the grave and the life beyond, and the necessity of preparing to die, so that we have sure and certain hope, because we all have to die, and the affairs of the soul are of the utmost importance; for the things which are not seen are eternal.

Everything takes time, and it was a long time before the grave was dug to the satisfaction of all;

and then, when it was finished, it was discovered that we had no rough box to form the outer shell of the coffin. This was necessary to preserve the lovely covered coffin from contact with the earth.

It was the custom at one Indian village where I frequently ministered, to cover the coffin with birch bark instead of using an outer shell. The bark was wrapped around the coffin after it was lowered into the grave, and the time consumed in doing this was considerable. I think it was a part of the old heathen custom of wrapping the corpse in birch bark and putting it upon a scaffold. The intention seems to be to keep the corpse dry, to make it as comfortable as possible. It stands to reason that no one can be comfortable with the wet dripping on him, not even a corpse. I think, too, that this is the reason why they build little houses over the grave.

Our friends were desirous of having a rough box, as it is very irreverently called, and they had forgotten to bring it, and what is more to be deprecated, they forgot to bring the material to make it with. But an Indian is never cornered; he is never in such a tight place but what he can get out of it. He has a very useful faculty of finding what he needs. They found a straight-grained pine log and split some boards out of it. They have no nails with which to fasten the boards together so as to form a box; however, let us have patience. One man found a nail in his pocket that he did know was there; then another found a nail in the lining of his coat that

had lain idle for some time, but now was rescued from its obscurity and made to serve a purpose in the world. When no more nails could be found they made some wooden ones, and so the rough box was at length completed.

It will be evident to any intelligent mind that these things occupied a long time, and the sun was still moving towards the western horizon. He knoweth his going down and waits for no man. It is time now for the funeral service to begin, so we move toward the shore, near the spot where the little coffin in the canoe is floating out in the deep. The cord is reverently and slowly pulled in, and the canoe with its precious freight comes to land. It is taken out by the father, and a procession is formed to follow the coffin as it is carried to the grave.

The missionary puts on his surplice and leads the movement. A hymn is sung, a child's hymn; I think it was—

“Here we meet to part again,
In heaven we part no more,”

and we slowly file up the steep slope of the shore to the graveyard among the birches.

We read the service at the grave which is appointed, those beautiful prayers, which are as impressive and grand in the Indian tongue as they are in the English. We committed the body to the ground, ashes to ashes. The Indians are very much interested in this part of the ceremony of interment, and they

all put in a little earth into the grave. We sang another hymn and then commenced to fill in the grave.

After the service, the father came to me and expressed his gratification that a missionary had come to bury his child. "It is well," he said, "when things are done right." They retired to their homes, and I started on my journey homeward. The sun was setting as I sailed away from the shore.

XXIV.

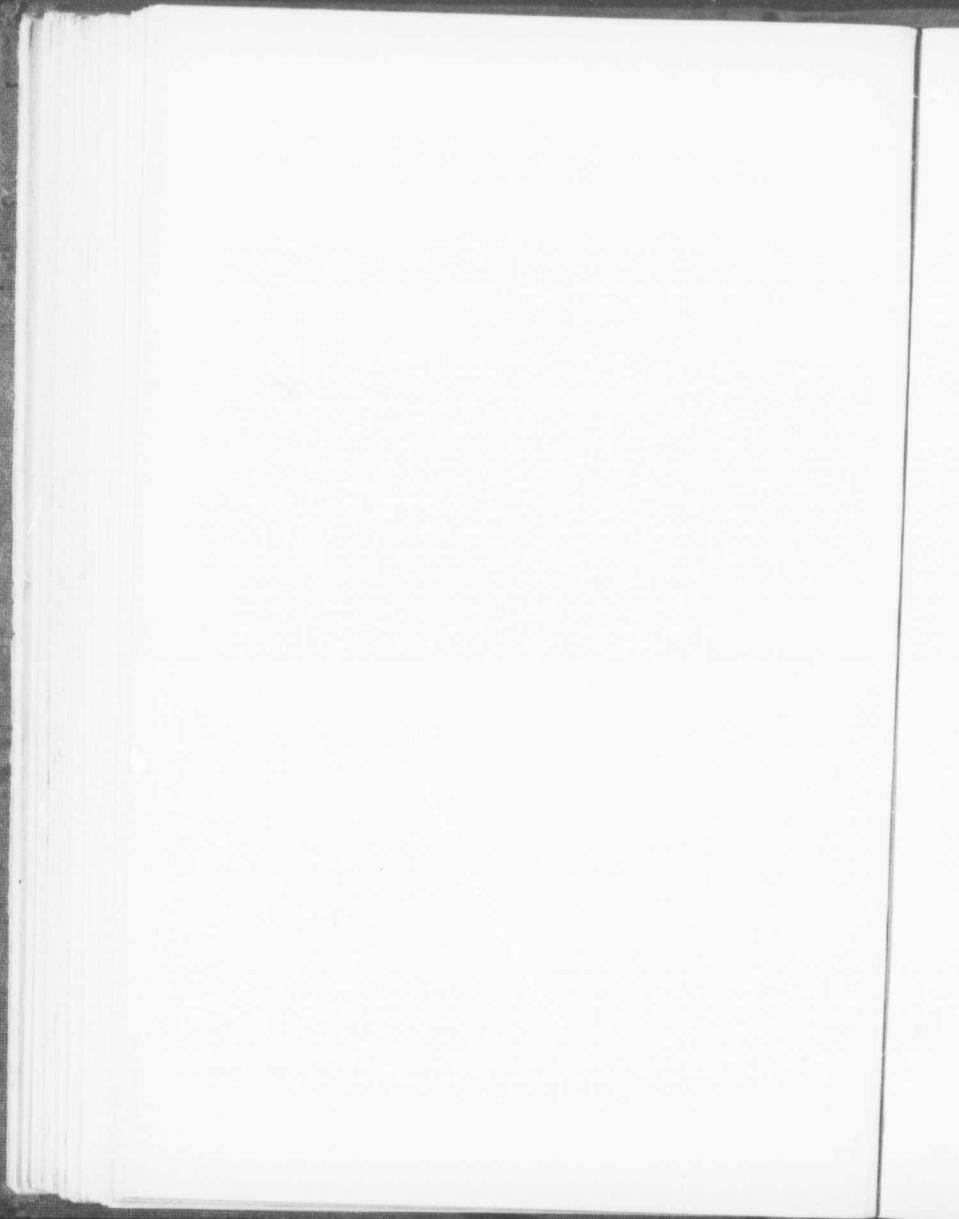
CAMPING AT THE WHITE CHUTE,
NEPIGON RIVER.

WE were coming through a lake on our way to the Nepigon River, when we were overtaken by a terrible thunderstorm, which seemed to "rend the heavens and come down" upon us. We ran for shelter, or rather, paddled for shelter, under the overhanging boughs of some cedar trees which grew close to the water. In order further to improve our shelter, we hung some canvas among the overhanging branches; but all our endeavors were worse than useless, because, as the storm proceeded, the wind changed, and blew the waves into our shelter, and dashed the canoes together in a way that was most unpleasant; and as the nature of the coast was such as to prevent our disembarking, on a temporary lull in the storm we were fain to seek a better shelter in a bay some distance ahead. An Indian seems to know intuitively the vagaries of the elements, and we just managed, by his guidance and engineering, to provide a shelter with the tent when down came the rain again in torrents.

We left this place after refreshments, the weather somewhat improving; but ere many more miles were



ON THE WAY TO THE WHITE CHUTE.



covered on our journey, as we were crossing a short, rocky portage, our weather prophet announced that another storm was impending, worse than any yet experienced. We re-embarked our goods very quickly and rushed down the river to the White Chute, and on a rocky point on the shore of the cascade, yet in the slack water beyond, we disembarked with our baggage. This was covered from the rain, and the tent was quickly tied up to the trees, and we found shelter therein. It was another dreadful storm, worse than the first. The Indians were cheerful, in spite of it all. They were wet to the skin, yet still laughing and joking. They made a big fire when the worst of the storm was over, and in a measure dried their clothes, some on their bodies and some hanging on sticks round about the fire.

Our prospects for the night were not encouraging. We were sitting in our tent with our feet on some logs, because there was over an inch of water on the ground. The Bishop said, as we could not lie in the water, we would occupy our chairs for the night. But storms must have an end, and after the rain comes the sunshine, and so it was here—not much sunshine, it is true, but at any rate a cessation of rain. The Indians said it would be better for us to move our quarters, since we could not sleep very well where we were.

We looked around for a drier place, but the only dry place was the bare rock, which is very hard to sleep on, but still better than the water, or even the

wet ground; so we made our bed on the rock, and the Indians very kindly gathered some fir brush and dried it at the fire before laying it down for our beds. It was not so bad, after all. A huge fire shed its warmth around, and as it is always chilly when it is wet, we were warmed and comforted, and a good supper of fish, which we had caught, made us feel more cheerful and hopeful, and then—there was the glorious cascade. People say that Indians do not care for, or fail to appreciate, the beauties of nature; but every now and then an Indian would go and stand on the brink and watch with deepest interest, which almost amounted to awe, the rushing, foaming cataract.

It is a wonderful sight. The whole river comes together in two distinct currents at the curve at the head of the cascade, with smooth water between them. This is caused, probably, by the narrowness of the stream as it enters the slope of rock at the beginning of the falls. Then it rushes down an indentation in the rock; then boiling up in foam as it strikes obstructions in the centre of the cascade, the smooth water being at the sides, indicating the flat rock. Then the water rushes from this into a chasm, falling over the side, as it were, and the middle part of broken water pours over into a hollow farther down the stream, then rushes tumultuously at a rock in the centre of the river, which is sometimes visible and anon hidden with the foam; then charges at a large round boulder on the north

side and over a slippery fall on the south side; then boiling on with fury towards a huge perpendicular wall of rock, like a grand bastion, which effectually bars its progress in that direction. From that point the river proceeds on its way to Lake Superior at right angles to the falls.

While standing with one of the Indians looking at the flood of waters, I asked him if he thought it were possible to go down in a canoe. He said, "No; the waters were too broken and the obstructions too numerous for that." "Would it not be possible," I asked, "to let down a canoe with cords from the bank, or with ropes from above?" "No," he said, "it could not be done. I went down some falls on the Albany River," said he. "The canoe was let down by ropes from a point above the falls and we made the trip safely, but it was not so dangerous as this."

Then he went on to relate that on one occasion two men were descending in a canoe in this way and the rope broke just as they were in the worst of the flood. One man was carried down with tremendous velocity, but was rescued at the foot of the cascade. The other man could not be seen for some time and was given up for lost; but just as they were turning to go away in despair, he was seen also and was rescued. He was unconscious when taken from the water, and was with difficulty brought to life. He told how he was spun round for a considerable time in the circle of water before he was carried on by the

current. "It is dangerous," said the Indian, "to attempt to go down rapids unless the water runs in a straight, unbroken flow."

Farther down the river the Indians took us down some rapids, and we found the experience very exciting. We were carried along with great speed, but there was no obstruction in the flow; it was nothing like the White Chute. One never seems to tire looking at the foaming waters of the White Chute, and the noise of the rushing, mighty waters is in our ears continually. That night, at evening prayer, a psalm was recited, and the Indians strained their ears to hear the word above the roar of the cataract; and though the prayers could scarcely be heard by ourselves, yet He who sitteth above the water floods can hear notwithstanding.

We sang a hymn with all our might, and our voices uprose with the music of the waters as an accompaniment, and He whose voice is as the sound of many waters would accept our hymn of praise.

ON THE TRACK OF THE CARIBOO.

WHILE I was staying among the Indians on Lake Nepigon they were very much concerned about me for fear I should not have enough to eat; for though I had taken a supply of provisions with me, yet in course of time these were consumed because of repeated attacks upon them. "A continual rubbing wears away stone," they say. How much more are provisions worn away by continual whittling. A side of bacon is soon whittled away, and nothing is left but the rind—if indeed this is not consumed with the rest.

The Indians brought me presents of fish from time to time, more especially when one of unusual size or quality was captured. The chief brought me a rabbit now and then, for he was particularly skilful in killing these animals; and one of the younger men brought me part of a brood of wild ducks, about three parts grown, which he had secured in some way while out hunting; and though they were slightly out of season, according to the game laws of Ontario, yet when they formed part of the ingredients of a pot pie the young ducks seemed to taste as well and to answer the purpose as well as if they were in season—better,

in fact, for the same reason that the things out of season seem to be more valued than those that are in season, as, for instance, partridges are better just before the season opens; so are deer, and all kinds of game, and, indeed, everything seems to be this way. If, when you are out hunting, you come to a tree or pole on which is posted a notice that any one found hunting on the place his life is in danger, and you can secure a partridge or anything there, it is always a better partridge than one killed in any other part of the world where there is no notice posted. Of course, in the wild bush there are no game laws—but there, where am I? Oh, yes; I was telling about the Indian bringing me some ducks which he had killed.

The Indians very much wished to give me some venison to add to my stock of provisions, because venison is a meat that seems to be more satisfying than almost any other kind of meat; that is, I mean, more so than any small animals, or birds, or fish. When I came to dwell among them, just for a season, it seemed to be inopportune somehow for food. They had killed a moose only a short while before I arrived, but the meat was all eaten before I came. One of the women, it is true, made me a pair of moccasins of the skin of the moose, and a most serviceable pair they were; but this was not the same as giving me some of the meat to eat. The Indians have a way of drying venison so as to preserve it when one has no salt, and I have had some of this presented to me by Indians and found it very good. It tasted slightly of



NEGIGOOSHTEQUAN, LAKE NEPIGON.



the smoke and looked black, but that did not hurt it; but on this occasion they had no dried venison to present to me, or if they had, they did not see fit to present it.

I almost think the Indian who brought me the ducks had been out in the hope of killing large game; for although he went in a canoe, yet large game are looked for even from a canoe, either on the possibility of sighting the quarry as it came to drink, or grazing or browsing near the shore, or possibly in the water, or now and again disembarking in a suitable place and looking for tracks; and if tracks were found he would follow the tracks through the woods, leaving his canoe for the time being and returning to it if unsuccessful, or perhaps following up the shore in the hope of picking up the trail in some other feeding-place. If the Indian is successful in the chase he will carry the meat to his canoe, or take the canoe as near as he can to the meat, for this is his only mode of conveyance for his provisions. If the Indian who travels the woods without any settled place of abode kills a large animal of any kind he brings his family as near the carcase as he can, and they camp there until they have consumed the slain beast. It is easier for him to move his home and family than to carry the meat to them.

But the tracks of the cariboo that I speak of were not found, in the first instance, by means of a canoe, but were seen at no great distance from the Indian village where the English church mission is situated;

for you must know that even large game come very near the bounds of one's habitation in the woods. I was living once at an Indian village on the shore of a bay when a pair of large moose came trotting over the ice, in the middle of the day, right in front of the village, in sight of everybody and only a short distance from the shore. Once upon a time, when the Indians were playing ball in the village, a bear came in view right in the graveyard, that was situated on a bluff quite near. The bear was scratching and eating something on the ground. It was not one of the corpses that he had dug out of the grave, but it was ants he was eating, ants that had wintered in some of the decayed timbers that had formed a covering for the graves, after the manner of Indians in bygone years. The Indians ran after the bear, but they did not kill it. The man that met the bear was armed with nothing but a stone, while those who were armed with effective firearms did not come to close quarters with the beast at all. Sometimes it happens this way.

Well, as I was saying, the Indian found the tracks of the cariboo at no great distance from the Indian village. It was fairly fresh, the beast having passed that way not very long before. The Indian can tell, almost to a minute, by examining the track, how long ago it is since it was made; and then there are other indications, of course, besides foot-prints by which these things can be known, such as the condition of the spoor or the freshness or otherwise of the bite the

animal makes on the herbage near. The Indian followed the track for some distance and was gratified to find that the hoofs of the animal sank very deep into the virgin soil of the woods. "I knew," he said when describing the fact, "that it was a large beast, and very fat and heavy, because of the distance his feet went down into the soil." (I remember, on one occasion, while travelling in the woods, I came upon the tracks of a moose freshly made. The indentations of the hoofs were very deep; he had left plain evidences of his movements). The Indian followed the tracks of the beast for some hours, but failed to overtake it; for some reason or another it was making speed away, and the reason was not far to seek. The cariboo was no longer alone; on his trail was plainly seen at length the tracks of wolves, which had scented him out and were wanting him for supper. The wild animal of the woods has many enemies that are ever seeking his life, as well as man. The beasts of prey that go about seeking whom they may devour are ever dogging his steps and are close upon his trail. A friend of mine told me many years ago that he was travelling up a river on the ice, somewhere on the north shore of the Georgian Bay, when he saw at intervals on the ice in front of him a deer crossing the river, followed by a pack of wolves; then now and again he came upon the carcass of a deer, or rather, the remnants of the carcass left by the devouring wolves. They had left the partly eaten carcass to follow fresh prey.

I stayed once at a lumber shanty where hung the carcase of a deer, one side of which was almost entirely eaten away. The men had come on the deer in the early morning before daylight, being consumed by the wolves while yet living and squealing in terror. The wolves had driven it among the logs on the dump and had surrounded it whilst entangled, so to speak, among the logs. The men had no weapons but their canthooks, and the wolves cleared off and left the half-eaten deer still living. It was a terrible sight. They put the entrails of the deer with poison in them, but the wolves had not returned as yet.

As I was saying, the Indian found that the cariboo was being hunted by others as well as by himself. He still followed the tracks of the cariboo and the wolves until he came to a river. Here was a chance for the cariboo to escape from the wolves, because the scent will not lie on the water and the wolves had not, perhaps, come in sight of him.

Our Indian hunter crossed the river in some way and found, as he had hoped, that the footprints of the cariboo were plain on the other side without the tracks of the wolves in company. He had baffled the wolves for the time. They had lost their quarry at the stream.

But is man more merciful than the beasts of prey? He has, perhaps, weapons of precision, as Professor Huxley calls the modern rifle, that are death-dealing, quick, and, perhaps, almost painless, so the beast, to use a common expression, never knows what it was that

struck him. The wolves are more bloody and barbarous and pain-inflicting in their attacks, but the rifle is not always so swift; it sometimes causes a lingering death when the beast falls not at the impact of the bullet and the more merciful axe or knife complete not the work. The beast struggles on, suffering agonies unspeakable, yielding himself not unto death for hours. Given up by the pursuing hunter, he dies at length in his own way, succumbing to the wound of the bullet.

The hunter pushes on following the foot-prints of the cariboo. He hurries on, for the sun is sinking in the west; yet he overtakes him not. He cannot be very far ahead; yet, perhaps, his experience with the wolves, if known, has accelerated his movements, or possibly he knows by instinct that enemies are still on his trail. At any rate, at nightfall he is still not overtaken. He has yet another night to live.

I do not think that the cariboo go very quickly through the bush when undisturbed. They graze on the herbage near the ground and browse on the small brush something like cattle would do. I am not acquainted with the habits of cariboo as well as moose and deer. I know that moose will graze for hours in a beaver meadow or on the wild grass near the bank of a stream. They will lie down in the shade from the heat, or take rest at night utterly unconcerned and "at rest from fear of evil." Indians have told me this, and I have observed it myself. I remember once meeting with an Indian just returned

from moose hunting, and he told me about his luck. He said, "I had been moving very quickly and stealthily among the trees, not making any noise or crushing any more twigs than I could help, but seeing no game. My eyes at length caught sight of a slight movement that I perceived was the tail of an animal brushing off the flies; then I took in the head and the rest of the beast standing quite motionless except for the waving of the tail. I perceived that the moose was not alone, but a young one was standing near it, and I knew it was a cow moose and calf. I kept quite still, and as my powers of vision seemed to improve, I saw another moose lying down not far from the others. Still moving my eye around without stirring my body I could see nine moose around me. Some were behind me, so I had passed unseen by them and they by me. Some of them were standing and some were lying down. I was right among them, and they were quite unconcerned and unaware of my presence. I shot two of them and the rest made off."

These beasts had not been disturbed for some time, and that was the cause of their indifference and repose. The cariboo that our hunter was pursuing was in a different position; he was pushing on for safety and for life.

The hunter found that he could not follow the tracks any longer, and was debating in his mind whether to spend the night in the woods by a fire (he had no blanket), or go home and return to follow up the trail

in the morning. He was not far from the shore of the lake, and he remembered that a small canoe was left hidden not far from where he found himself at the close of the day. He found the canoe and returned home across the lake.

At daybreak he is on the war-path again. He comes with his canoe to the spot where he had left the trail on the previous evening. He has brought some nuhwuhpoowin (lunch) with him, and he is ready for the chase. The sun rises higher and higher in the heavens, and he still plods on. Across marsh and beaver-meadow and through the thick woods the hoof-marks are plainer than ever, and yet he sees not the quarry. At noon he is still following the trail. By and by he rests for a while and eats his nuhwuhpoowin and decides in his mind. The cariboo cannot be far away now. He is soon on the trail again. After a while he sees where the creature has been to the water to drink, and then he sees also that the beast has found a companion, and they go on together. Our hunter is now following the trail of two cariboo instead of one. After going a short distance farther he discovers they are not travelling away, but are wandering about leisurely and browsing among the trees. Now he knows they are near, and he may see them at any time. Just now is the critical period of the chase. He moves with great caution, and uses his eyes and ears with the utmost intentness and care. He wants to see the cariboo, if possible, before they see him.

I was having divine service one night in an Indian's

cabin, and we were waiting for the owner to return. The wife said he had gone out to look at his traps and would be home at dark. The congregation had assembled, but our host came not. He arrived just after the service was over, regretting that he had been unable to be present.

He related his experience, not of religion—except that religion is a part of one's daily life—but of hunting. He said: "I had looked through my traps and was returning home to meet the "black coat," when, across a beaver meadow, I espied a herd of cariboo grazing on the long marsh grass. I crawled around the cover as near to them as I could, but still they were too far away for a shot to take effect. They were grazing along toward the bush in another direction, and I worked around to meet them. They had gained the cover of the trees before I arrived, and they saw me before I saw them. I fired at one of them as they rushed through the woods, but the small trees were too close together for me to take aim. The herd broke cover at a spot too far away from me to serve, but I fired a shot at them as they crossed the open, too far away, I knew, to be of any use. They looked grand," he said, "as they legged it, a big buck leading, with his head in the air."

This was the position of our hunter. He must see the cariboo before they saw him, or all his toil and journeying would be lost. He follows on cautiously. There are foot-prints in every direction. He stops frequently and looks and listens. They are now in a

thick under-growth of small trees, growing among trees of larger growth. He can see only a short distance, and he fears he will lose his quarry. He hears a sharp grunt, then a rush through the bush. He just catches sight of a dark object and fires. The ball has struck a tree. He hears the brush crashing in the distance. He runs on, but sees them not again. All his labor is in vain. He knows that it is useless to follow them any farther now he has been seen. He returns home a disappointed man.

The Indian was telling us all about it in the evening. "If the growth had not been so dense I could have brought one down, for they were not far from me; but I could not get a clear space to point the rifle. It was too bad. I was hoping I would have some venison to feed the 'blackcoat.'"

THE INDIAN WAKE.

It is not generally known that the Indians of North America are accustomed to hold a function over the departed similar in some respects to an Irish wake. Indeed, this is the name by which the ceremony is known among the Indians who speak English. "Are you going to the wake?" I am not sure that the function has any Indian name, only nuhgulmowug kahneboodahyaud, which, being interpreted, is, "The singing at the dead." This is a good name for it, because the ceremony consists of singing. They sing hymns all night long.

I do not know how the wake originated, whether it is a survival of the old customs made over into a Christian service, or whether it was introduced by some missionaries in the past. It is not confined to one tribe or band, but is religiously kept by all the different bands of Indians that I have met with during my long intercourse with them.

They use all kinds of arguments to support the practice, and labor hard to find apology for it. They love to go to the gatherings at the corpse and to join in the singing for the dead.

One Indian told me that it was a going part of the

way with the dead on his journey. The word he used to express what he wished to say is a word very seldom used, Omisisssekuhwaun. It means this, "A friend comes to see you. When he leaves you, go with him part of the way home; you see him on his way." "So," said my Indian friend, "is the waking of the dead. You may go with him part of the way to his home." I have been present at some of these gatherings. Years ago, I used to go as a religious duty and take part in it as a religious service, but I did not approve of the all-night affair, though I have occasionally stayed out to the function until the break of day.

One of these occasions was the death of a member of my own family, who was cut off in the prime of life by a dreadful accident, and the Indians greatly desired that they might be allowed to come to sing for the dead, because he was like one of their own people, they said.

At nightfall the first part of the company came, and sat quietly down in the room; the rest came in by twos and threes and took their places, until a large number were assembled. Then the singing commenced. An old man with white hair, who has conducted the singing for the dead during a great number of years, started the first hymn, and it was taken up by the rest in a sweet, mournful key. The women's voices mingled with the old man's voice and when the rest of the men chimed in, the clear, sweet treble of the women was still in the ascendant.

They do not start simultaneously; the leader has already sung several notes before the rest join in, but this is to make sure of catching the right note exactly so that they may be sure of singing in tune. A translation of the hymn, "O God, our help in ages past," is a favorite one to open the meeting, and it is very suitable, the first line is, "O Kesha muhnedoo kahpe," and is sung to the tune called "Martyrdom."

After the hymn was sung they rested for a while. There is no conversation, all are still as mice, with a rapt and reverent expression on their faces. Presently another hymn is started by our aged friend. He has been a devout Christian for many years and has always taken an interest in the musical part of the Christian's religion. He knows by heart about one hundred tunes of the old kind, which are very much better than the new. The next hymn is a long metre to the tune called "Duke Street." This is a rather robust tune, yet by dexterous manipulation and great suppression of energy it is made to sound as funereal as possible.

After this other hymns follow in order, with suitable and regular intervals, so that there is no undignified haste, and the intervals filled up with absolute quiet—a death-like stillness, that may be felt, yet suggestive of sympathy with the departed and the friends of the departed. The Indian has that peculiar faculty, which is denied to most people, to show their sympathy in the most delicate way there is, by absolute

silence. They know that this is better than the best expressed words of condolence, which only vexes any one who is in trouble, more especially if the trouble consists in bereavement of any kind.

The hymn-singing continues till well on in the night, and some hymns of the Moody and Sankey variety are interspersed with others of a more dignified quality; it is only the most subdued of the former that are sung, like "Think of the home over there," and "I'm going home to die no more." The latter is a gem, and they sing the refrain repeatedly and some of the non-singers join in till almost everybody is singing. Among others, too, "There is a land of pure delight" is in evidence, sung to the tune called "Wests," which is not very much used in the modern Church. It is full of music, containing over a hundred notes in the four lines of the hymn. All this is serviceable, as it helps out the function, so to speak, for "the night is long." About midnight, or a little after, someone makes a speech in a very quiet way, referring to the accident that caused the death of our young friend, and all listen with profound attention and church-like demeanor; then they sing again.

About two o'clock in the morning some cakes and tea are passed around. This is partaken of as if it were a sacrament, and then some of the older ones withdraw, after shaking hands with the bereaved; but the rest continue perseveringly until the day breaks and breakfast is announced. Some stay on until the hour for the funeral, and the women weave

garlands for the coffin and sing at the grave, "God be with you till we meet again!"

I went to the wake of an old chief who had passed many winters in this "vale of tears." Being a chief as well as an old man, he deserved a more elaborate ritual at his wake than if he were just an ordinary mortal. I can testify that all that was befitting the occasion was done to make this wake an event in the life of the chief, or rather, in his death.

The proceedings were persevered in for several consecutive nights. It is this part of the affair that I never had any sympathy with. It is nice, of course, to sing to the dead for a few hours, but I am not sure that all night is good. For the living to lose their night's rest for several nights to sing to the dead I feel sure is not desirable. But to get on with my description. I can only describe one night's wake, because I did not attend the others.

The corpse of the old man lay in the coffin, dressed in his very best clothes. There was nothing connected with heathen ceremonies to be seen in or around the coffin. All was purely Christian—no offerings or anything. The old man had been a devout Christian for many years—ever since he was a boy.

The Indians came in, and every one went towards the coffin and gazed reverently on the features of the dead. He seemed as if asleep. There is nothing of deathly pallor on the features of a dead Indian; perhaps the complexion prevents that. I remember once seeing a young man lying dead upon a sofa. He was

clothed in his best black and had his hat in his hand, just as if he had come in and lain down to rest for a while. I could hardly believe he was dead. They had arranged the corpse in this way to receive the callers. One Indian came in and tried the fingers of the dead man to see if he was really dead. He took up the arm of the corpse and let it fall again. The rest of the people looked on wonderingly and never said a word. I told about a young girl who was thought to be dead, and the friends put the supposed corpse into a coffin. While the watchers stood around she gave a sigh and came to herself, as one awaking out of a sleep. One, more thoughtful than the rest, took her out of the coffin and laid her on the bed before she had completely recovered consciousness. The Indians said "Ah!" in a breathless kind of way, and someone else came forward timidly and raised the arm of the dead and let it fall again.

The old man in the coffin looked exactly like anyone asleep. The children and grandchildren came near and greeted the dead. All the rest did the same, then calmly and deliberately the meeting commenced. Our aged friend was there, but he did not lead the singing in the first part of the night. A relative of the dead chief had the honor. He was a good singer, and seemed to be installed as master of ceremonies and to be fully conscious of the weight of his responsibilities and the dignity of his position. He offered a few words of introduction and started the first hymn.

Soon all were under the spell of the music, and it

seemed as if one was in church. It was the same as the wake described, only varied with speeches and a greater effort to convey an impression of the importance and solemnity of the occasion. The most sensible thing about it was the absence of tears. At the very end of the wake someone cried; but one spoke and said that our departed friend had lived until his life was completed, his children all grown up and married, so that really there was no cause for regret or grief, so we must not cry. This is the proper way to look at it.

After several hymns had been sung, our old friend of long experience at these assemblies was called upon to assume command, and he drew on his vast experience for music suitable to such an august occasion. It is not every night that we "wake" a chief; it is a function of unusual importance. The old man started some tune that was unfamiliar to most of the singers, and he had gone far on in the hymn before they caught the air. It was one of the oldest of the old tunes, weird and funereal to a degree. I forget the name of the tune, if indeed I ever knew it. Then after this effort some tune more familiar and less difficult in execution was started, and all things went as smoothly as a marriage bell, if such an expression can be permitted in connection with a wake.

And so it went on through the long night. The supper was one of the most interesting parts of the wake, and supported the singers; and so this and the following nights were spent in singing for the dead, and so on until the funeral.

There is a good story told of a man who came home in the morning when his wife expected him the evening before, and she asked him where he had been all night. "I have been sitting up with a corpse," he said. "Was it a-wake?" she asked. "No," was the reply, "it was dead."

It is comforting to the friends of the dead to have friends come and sit with them and sing. I remember a very old man, a pagan, lost his only son by death. The Christians came in to sing, and the old man lay in a curled-up heap in the corner, sleeping away, while the rest were singing the songs of Zion. Poor old man! he could not understand or appreciate the music, so he went to sleep; exhausted, no doubt, with watching the sick, he had no energy left to wake the dead.

Perhaps it is just here where the practice contains an element of good. It gives confidence and a sense of security to those who are bereaved. Some people do not like to be alone in the presence of the dead. They can't sleep with a corpse in the house. It is a feeling akin to superstition, a fear of the dead. Perhaps old Masqunner could not have slept with his son's body in the cabin if the singers had not been there. And then of course it must not be forgotten that it is a religious exercise, and consequently a means of grace. Like a funeral service, it is an admonition to the living, if it is of no benefit to the dead, and we will not be too dogmatic on this point. We are not qualified to be dogmatic. We know very little about what does or does not help the dead.

I do not believe in nocturnal gatherings among the Indians. I do not think they are good either for religion or pleasure merely. The people are best at home.

I was present at a wake once at a village a long way from here. This was the wake of an old chief, too. It was not held at night, but in the morning. The "wakers" did not reach the dead till the early morning, and they sang hymns until the evening, when the funeral took place. Perhaps this was the most satisfactory wake I was ever at. They sang, "There's a land that is fairer than day." The wife of the dead chief re-arranged the corpse at the last, just before the closing of the coffin. She took the face of the dead in her hands, one hand on either cheek, and kissed it. Then she smoothed out the face and put it in position. It was almost impossible to believe the man was dead. The complexion of the face was brighter and more life-like than that of any Indian that was there. I hope the man was dead. We buried him on that supposition.

XXVII.

WITH THE INDIANS IN THE LUMBER WOODS.

It is always interesting to read about things that *are* interesting, provided that the matter is put before us in an interesting way. Even the commonplace events of one's daily life can be made intensely interesting to read about if the record of them is written in a way that is readable. Perhaps it is like one's conversation. It is a pleasure to listen to some people talk, while others bore you extremely. It is a peculiar something that gives a zest to the thing; it is not learning; it certainly is not scholarship. I know a man who never went to school in his life, but, when a boy, used to go with his Indian mother to trap rabbits in the bush miles away from any opportunities of education; yet his conversation is most entertaining as well as instructive. He converses well in three languages, and he does not know the alphabet in either. But there, some people seem to accumulate a vast amount of knowledge without books and can impart it, too, in a very charming way. One meets these in out of the way places, and sometimes in the lumber woods. But it is of Indians in the lumber woods that I am writing. Perhaps we

may find some interesting items in connection with this industry, though I do not remember anything special at this moment.

Speaking of people knowing things, I was visiting a lumber camp, which the Indians were operating themselves without the aid of the superior white man, when one of the Indians announced at breakfast time that he would not go to work to-day in the woods, but would go and hunt some venison for the camp, or rather, for his family, who were at the camp. He said he would return with the deer at nightfall when the rest of the Indians were returning from their day's labor in the woods.

Everyone knows that of all uncertain occupations that of hunting is the most uncertain. You never know what a day may bring forth; generally speaking, it brings forth but very little to the hunter. It is something like fishing in this respect; but perhaps a special providence watches over the Indian hunter, and it becomes true in reality what Jacob stated, lying to his poor father, in answer to the question, "How is it you found the game so quickly, my son?" "Because the Lord thy God brought it to me."

On the evening of the day I am speaking of, just as the men were returning from their day's labor, a man was seen overtaking them as they drew nigh to the camp. It was the Indian drawing a hand-sleigh, on which was the carcase of a deer that had been slain by a bullet from his rifle. He was bringing home the venison according to agreement. One would

think that he had had the carcass hidden somewhere in the woods and had fetched it home, but this was not the case. It was just the combination of circumstances that the Indian had foreseen; he had tracked and overtaken the deer, brought it down, secured it on his toboggan and hurried through the woods on his snowshoe trail, and timed himself to arrive just as his fellow-workers were returning from their labor. He knew his subject.

I had reached the camp by an entirely different route, for I had come through the woods from the Indian village, guided by a lad who went with me for the purpose.

We came upon some men working when we were some hours on the road. They were making saw-logs and logs of spruce to be cut up into wood-pulp to make the lovely white writing-paper, some of the finest in the world. It is only the kind of spruce that grows in this northern region which is so good for the purpose. And yet it is not the kind of spruce fir that makes it valuable so much as the nature of its growth. It is due, experts say, to the fact that it is frozen up so hard in winter that the tree is entirely dormant, the sap being so incessantly congealed, and then the growth in the short warm summer is so vigorous that the wood gains that peculiar fibrous texture that it gains not in any other place in the world.

My intelligent Indian friends were speaking of this as I stayed talking awhile with them. I would like

to have stayed with them, for there was a young man in their gang whom I wished to influence ; but they advised me to go on to the big camp, where a large number were staying, and I should have a good congregation and more comfortable quarters to sleep than they could offer, having nothing but a temporary shelter and no cook, only as each cooked his own food in a very rough way. I said I had my own bed and blankets and would not mind the accommodation if I only had a place big enough to sleep in, but I would press on to the other camp where the greater number were staying.

It was evening ; the short winter's day was drawing to its close when we reached the camp. The cook was a prominent Indian in our congregation, leading the singing, and helping in other ways. He said he would cook me some supper, but I said I would wait until the men came in. Very soon the workmen returned from their day's labors, some from a considerable distance, and others working nearer. I noticed that all helped to make the camp comfortable for the night, for it was rather a poor shack, the ridge board of the roof being off, leaving space at the top to let in the free air of heaven, and the cold as well, of course ; yet I was glad of this opening in the roof before the night was over, for the camp was full, so that the bunks and floor were all occupied, and free ventilation is a good thing under these circumstances.

The Indians gave me a good supper, and things

were very pleasant indeed. After all had supper and smoked, I suggested that we should pray and sing. I had brought some books with me. At this they all rejoiced greatly, being glad of the opportunity of worship. Most of the men present were members of my own congregation, and there were a few others.

The lighting arrangements were a little defective, because the camp was used as a place to eat and sleep in, chiefly the latter, and there was no necessity for any great amount of artificial light; but, however, we made out quite well, and though the lights were defective, we sang familiar hymns that all could sing in the dark as well as the light, and as the service was familiar to all, and to myself especially so, we were not at a loss in any way. I read portions of Scripture that I could see in the dark, because, like the luminous dial on the clock, they furnished their own light. I hope and trust that the Word was as luminous to the congregation as to me.

After the service we talked on till bed-time, which soon came, as the men had to be up very early in order to get to their work at dawn of day. One by one they turned in, the preparation for bed being very simple; it consisted chiefly of taking off the coat and moccasins, and as, in most cases, these were already removed, so that their socks would have longer time to dry, there was nothing to do but to lie down and pull over the blankets if they had any. I lent my buffalo robe to two young fellows who were sleeping on the round logs on the floor, with no bed

or blanket. They said they did not need the robe, but after a while they pulled it over themselves.

I made myself as comfortable as I could, and in spite of surroundings, I fell asleep. I awoke after a while. The fire had gone out and the cold was intense. I looked up at the stars shining through the open roof. It is beautiful to behold the stars of heaven, they are so numerous and so bright; but they give very little heat to this world at any rate, and though I was covered with blankets, I lay and shivered. Someone was coughing terribly. It was an Indian trying to light up the fire.

It burnt up after a while, and shed its warmth around its own circle; it did not seem to reach far. I inquire the time; it is nearly four o'clock. Soon one and another begin to stir, and breakfast is under way; and while still night reigned supreme, and no sign yet of approaching day, all had left to begin their labors.

I waited till it was daylight and then went out to see the men at work. I found an Indian with a brand new saw, and he explained that he had broken one and had to buy another. He did not complain, he said, because if saws never broke what would people do who make saws for a living? If the saw never broke or wore out, why, it stands to reason that the business of saw-making would be at a standstill.

I saw a magnificent stick of square timber which the Indians had made. It was from a large tree and hewn as smooth and true as if it had been planed; but

the size and quality of the piece of timber astonished me. It seemed to be without a knot or flaw, or even discolorment of any kind. The Indian explained to me that he had worked in torment all the day before because the tree, in falling, had struck the top of another tree near and left some of the ends of the top branches suspended on another tree, and these were hanging in a very threatening way over his head as he was hewing his timber. The wind would blow and the limbs of the other tree would shake and the hanging limbs would tremble in the balance, and yet not fall, and our friend would hew and look up. It was rather aggravating and disturbing to the mind and took away from any enjoyment one would feel in his work.

I stayed and helped to make a road with the rest; but first of all, I watched the Indians taking a large piece of pine timber down a sloping bank to the lake. Sometimes it would go too fast, and they had a long chain made fast to a tree at the top of the hill, so that it could be kept from striking the horses or the heels of the men, and to control its movements. It was got down all right at last.

But the road was another matter. It was to reach another large piece of timber farther away, and, as I was saying, I borrowed an axe and worked at the road until dinner-time. I did not work very hard, and got in a good word now and then with the men without hindering them in their work, and so labored till the trumpet sounded, and after dinner I left them.

The weather was something bitter, and I had chosen a more exposed way in returning so that I might call upon another Indian, who was doing some lumbering; but he was away from home, or, rather, away from his shanty. His wife and daughter were there and I prayed with them. But the journey home was a cold one. I forget how many degrees it was below zero, so I will not say—not for fear I should exaggerate, as that would be impossible.

I went often to see the Indians in the woods while working at the timber. On one reservation the Government gave the Indians the privilege of cutting a quantity of pine which had been slightly injured by fire and would have been destroyed by worms in a year or two had not the logs been cut. I made several visits to them in their camps and held service among them, but do not remember anything of importance that would interest me except this: After service one night an Indian said he would like to ask a question. I said, "I will answer it to the best of my poor ability. What is the question?" "What is the reason," he asked, "that dead people whistle?" I thought I had not heard the question aright and asked him to repeat it. "What is the reason that the dead whistle?" "I do not know that the dead either whistle or sing," I said. "Well, they do! Frequently at night, when passing the graveyard, I have heard the dead in the graves whistling away like anything. Often at night they whistle. I wish to know why they whistle?" I said, "I fear you are

mistaken; it was the wind whistling through a hole in the fence that you heard." He was offended because he thought I was treating him with ridicule. It is curious that most superstitions are in some way associated with the dead.

I called at an Indian lumber camp to get dinner. This was far away from my home, in the thick, dense forest. I was looking for a young woman who was in danger of forsaking our communion to follow a strange faith. I saw the young woman and talked to her, but there were ties I afterward learned. She married an Indian from another village a long way off; he was a Roman Catholic and Mary went with her husband.

There is something mysterious and awe-inspiring in the dark pine woods. We went that day through forests of pine and hemlock fir, very large trees, which shut out the sun and almost the light of heaven.

XXVIII.

THE INDIAN DANCE.

WE had already turned into our tent on the shores of Lake Nepigon, and had partly undressed before retiring, or rather, before lying down (because there is no such thing as retiring when all share the same sleeping-place), when I said to my companion, "I have an idea, gathered from the conversation of some of the Indians, which I happened to overhear, that there is to be an Indian dance to-night in one of the cabins. Perhaps it might be interesting to you to see an Indian dance; as for myself, I have seen these things before, and still find them entertaining. Seeing the thing for the first time, you would be more interested." "Yes, by all means, let us go," said my friend. So we re-dressed and departed for the row of Indian cabins along the shore, which formed the Indian village.

There was no moon and the evening was slightly hazy, consequently it was with some difficulty that we kept the path. I had noticed in the daytime the wealth of wild roses that abounded on either side; we could not see them now, but their perfume filled the warm night air. We could not well lose our way, because the primeval woods were on one side of us, with the tall, slim Okikaundug trees, that towered

high toward heaven, and on the other side of us was the magnificent lake, that shimmered through the slight haze. It must be extremely dark when one cannot see the water.

It is a peculiarity, I think, of the climate in these northern regions, especially at night, that there are waves—or, to speak more correctly, spaces—of warmer or colder air, not necessarily at different altitudes, but frequently on the same plane. You walk along and the warm air embraces you like a comforter—you feel it warm on your face. You go on a distance farther and come to a cold piece of air; it chills you and you shiver at the impact. You go on farther and it is warm again; then again you are in atmosphere at the ordinary temperature of the evening. We noticed it and commented on it as we felt our way along the path to the Indian village.

We soon arrived at the cabin which I thought I knew was the place where the entertainment was to be held. It is curious that an Indian's intuitions are nearly always right and a white man's intuitions are nearly always wrong. If an Indian were going to a place of entertainment in the evening, he would not fetch up at a cabin that was black dark, with not a sign of life around but the numberless dogs howling at you. It must be that the Great Creator, when he made an Indian, took more pains to dispose his head at a perfect level than He did that of the white man, or that the former makes better use of his advantages in this way.

"There doesn't seem to be anything going on here," said my friend. "No," I said, "I feel very much humiliated. There don't seem to be anything going on anywhere. Except for the dogs, it seems as silent as the tomb." We saw in the far distance, across a bend in the shore, a light shining, a very small light, not such an illumination that would betray a place of festivities, but only such a glimmer as one would expect from a small candle lighting anyone to bed. "That," I said, "is the house of the Chief. I don't think there is anything going on there. What do you say to going back?"

"Oh, let us go on. Yes, let us go on and see if we can find anything, only let us arm ourselves with an axe or a club to keep off the dogs." We went on to the next cabin, "finding neither light nor murmur there," nor any indication of the slightest character betokening the presence of any human being. The dogs press around us, too closely for convenience, and we strike around with our weapons to keep them off. They seem to be everywhere. We go on to the next place of residence.

"Everybody seems to be dead except the dogs," we remark. We have now reached the lower end of the village, where the tall poplar trees stand like sentinels around the place. Everything seems ghostly and uncanny. There is nothing but those dogs, those abominable dogs, to remind us that we are in this world. I have often wondered why the Indians keep so many dogs.

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal."

It is better to be a living dog than a dead Indian. There is a point in this somewhere, though I fear that I have not made it quite clear.

But to proceed. We go on to the next Indian cabin. There is a huge pair of cariboo horns ornamenting the posts of the gate at the carriage entrance, but there is no sign of human presence. Peace and quietness seem to reign, except for the dogs; but there is a time in one's life when the failure and ill-fortune of a lifetime give place to success, and we reach at last the goal "if we will only persevere"; and even so it was here.

The next hut belonged to an Indian whose name was Meshelmuhnedooshance, and here at last was the place of entertainment. Here at last, like the ill-tempered brother of the prodigal, "we heard music and dancing."

It is a relief to one's feelings, after a season of death-like stillness, to hear the sound of earthly music and some kind of human movement in the place of quietness that might be felt. The sounds were of a subdued character at first, for I think the party must have heard the barking of the dogs and judged that some one was approaching, and, in consequence, suspended all violent operations until they discovered who the intruders might be. However, when we quietly opened the door, after a deal of

fumbling for the latch, they laughed gleefully and welcomed us gladly.

There was quite a goodly number of Indians, though only a few women, present, and I think that up to the time of our arrival not much had been done; but I suggested that my friend and I would be pleased to see some ancient Indian dances and acrobatic movements, which few people have the advantage of beholding, and which a good many of the present generation of Indians themselves have forgotten.

They at once and willingly exerted themselves for our entertainment and diversion, and gave us such an exhibition of muscular effort that was fearful and wonderful to the last degree. We laughed and they all laughed; but it was a terrible strain on the performers. One young fellow, almost in a state of nature, danced with such a tremendous tension of the muscles that in a few seconds he was drenched in perspiration. I can only think of it now, as I recall the scene, with a fear and trembling that make all my bones to shake. Of course he only kept on for a very short time, yet much longer than one would think any human being could endure the strain of the tension and the movement.

They showed us all kinds of native dances and movements of feet and limbs—every posture and attitude that one could conceive; sometimes one alone and then several together, and sometimes a woman alone—but this was a quiet movement of the feet corresponding to the beating of the drum. They per-

formed all kinds of pipe dances and cariboo dances, bear and buffalo dances; sometimes the whole company would dance round, following each other in a circle, with a variety of individual movement and a sudden leap into the air; then together, in a straight line, with a rhythmic motion of all the limbs; then rocking backwards and forwards to the singing and drum-beating, which gradually increased in rapidity and violence till it was most exciting and delirious. Then the singers would change, and then the drummer also, and these would give an entertainment of their own—an exhibition of their own powers in the athletic and acrobatic line.

At this point in the programme the dances changed their character and became scenic portrayals of events of different kinds. Some were representations of the hunting and capture of different animals, from first sighting the quarry till its final slaughter, and the struggle with the beast, which "showed fight" at the end of the chase.

Another dance was a representation of war and conflict between Indians themselves. Arrows, as it were, were aimed at the enemy, who dodged to avoid them or fell down suddenly as if mortally struck. Then they danced around the victim. The only thing that was not portrayed was the scalping business; this was lacking, or, at least, I did not observe it. Then the whole entertainment changed its character to a sort of Indian opera, and instrumental and vocal music was the order of the programme. I had

been accustomed to think that Indian music consisted of about three notes, and these of a very dun color, if, indeed, there is any color in sound; but that night we heard quite a variety of notes and many different and original Indian songs. I have always found it extremely difficult to follow the words of the song when the drum is making such a thundering row, but, however, it was all very interesting.

Then the white visitors, of course, must add their quota to the general amusement. So I sang a song in English, explaining beforehand what it was about. This was duly cheered and applauded, and then my friend sang a song, which was also applauded and very favorably commented on afterwards.

After these doings I made a speech, thanking them for their most unique and painstaking entertainment, which was of a character that very few indeed are privileged to see, and which a great many people would give their very ears to hear. I said I thought it would be a pity if they ever lost the power to perform these things; that though in a sense part of their old life, yet they had no pagan significance in a religious sense, but were purely social amusements, infinitely better than the white man's dances in every way, and healthier than many of his other pastimes.

One of the leaders of the Indians responded in a suitable manner, and then I suggested that we sing the National Anthem. So they all stood up and we sang with a vigor that few could excel that glorious patriotic song. Three cheers were called for and we

shouted and cheered the King, and then returned to our tent to find that those abominable dogs had stolen our provisions.

We had been accustomed to place our provisions on a ledge in the porch of the church, which was put there for the purpose some years ago to keep it out of the reach of the dogs; but on the evening of the Indian entertainment our cooks, I suppose, were in a hurry to go, so they put a box containing food in our tent, and when we left the tent to go to the exhibition the food was left to the mercy of the dogs, who devoured it. After all it was only the cheese that they devoured. It was better this way than that they had devoured us, which they tried to do. I suppose that failing in this they avenged themselves on us by going to our tent and eating our cheese. We had to do without cheese for the rest of our stay, and also on the return journey, and we missed it very much. It was a lesson to us about going to dances which I trust we will never forget.

XXIX.

AT THE INDIAN SUGAR CAMP.

ONE of the most interesting occupations of the North American Indians is the making of maple sugar in its season. It is one of the old occupations which has not entirely been discontinued. They can still keep on at this, though a great many of their other old ways of helping to get a living are past and gone; and in time, of course, when the maple trees are all levelled to the ground by the improvements of the white man, this will go too. But the Indians still have maple trees on their reserves, and they still make maple sugar. It is twenty-nine years ago this last spring since I made my first visit to the Indian sugar camp. It was in the company of a clergyman of the Church of England, who was a missionary to the Indians. He invited me to go with him to see the family of an Indian Chief at his sugar-camp in the bush, for you must know that an Indian Chief makes sugar as well as the rank and file.

I was glad of the opportunity of seeing all things connected with the life of the Indians, for I was fresh out from England, and was getting initiated in missionary work. It is delightful to walk out on a spring

morning in Canada when the sun shines bright and the air is crisp and sweet and keen and bracing. It was late in the month of March or early in the month of April, probably the latter, for the snow had already melted in the open country near the river, though it was still deep in the woods. I remember when we were in the woods, skirting the mountain, we regretted that we had not brought our snowshoes, for the snow was too deep to walk with comfort after the sun had melted the crust; but in the early morning the walking was good, though we found it wise to keep to the little path which the Indians had made in their journeys to and from the sugar-camp.

Once over the brow of the mountain we followed on into the hardwood bush. We passed a small lake that was frozen over and looked like a cleared field in the woods, only the rocky shores betraying its true nature. I remember once I took a friend from England for a drive across a frozen lake that was covered with snow just the same as the land, and he remarked, as we drove along, "What a beautiful field, as level as a floor, not a stump or a stone to be seen."

We passed the lake and pushed on into the deep woods. We came to no habitation and the way seemed long. At length we heard the sound of an axe, and then soon after we saw the smoke of the camp. It was a beautiful sight to behold the blue smoke issuing from the apex of the cone of the wigwam and ascending up to heaven through the clear atmosphere.

It has never been my privilege to gaze upon a happier man than that Indian chief was that morning when he found that the "blackcoat" and his friend had come to visit him. He quivered with excitement (nothing less than a volcano will move an Indian generally). He shouted aloud to his wife to come with all speed, because the "blackcoat" had arrived. He led us into the wigwam from which the smoke was ascending so gracefully, and motioned us to a seat on the floor, which was covered with fresh fir brush. The wife came in and we talked for a while. They fed us with pegewhwisugun and shewahgoomizegun and mushkooduseminnug, boiled with buhgwajegonsug for to eat with the rest. I thought it a most singular combination at the time, though since then I have learned, like St. Paul, "in all things to be content," and to eat what is placed before me, asking no questions. After dinner we had prayer and then went out to examine the surroundings and to see how the sugar was made.

I had an idea that the maple tree was cut up into small pieces and boiled to extract the sugar, but I found I was mistaken. A cut is made in the side of the tree with an axe, a chip is inserted, and a trough of birch bark is placed underneath to catch the sap. This is gathered and put into adoobahgun, and afterward boiled down in large kettles till it comes to syrup. This is cooked till it is the right consistency to knead into sugar or make into cakes, as the case may be. These cakes are made in moulds of singular shape and

formed into rude representations of different animals, and are much sought after as sweetmeats. It is extremely interesting, as I stated above, to visit an Indian sugar camp. The old chief and his wife bade us good-bye very reluctantly. They gave us some cakes of maple sugar "to take home to our families if we had any." I had none at that time, so I ate the cakes of sugar myself. Nothing occurred on our homeward journey worth mentioning, only in crossing a large stretch of water on a tree I slipped from the small end of the tree into the water, which consisted chiefly of melted snow and so was cold; but that was an incident merely.

This was my first visit to the sugar camp. I have been there many times since. I will record a few visits that occur to me as being worthy of notice.

The following year after that referred to above I was left in charge of the mission and often went to visit the sugar camps in my mission work. It happened that year that a large number of families made sugar in one locality, over the mountains a considerable distance, and there were so many together camping in an area of moderate extent as to form a colony. I spent some time there, so that I might visit each family, for I feared that it might not give universal satisfaction if any were left unvisited. One family had a very large kettle, almost as large as what we used to call in the old country a copper, though it was made of iron. This was too large to hang in a wigwam, so they had erected a

substantial frame outside to hang the copper, and a very large fire was necessary to boil it. The Indians used to say that sugar was better boiled in brass or copper kettles.

One place I went to the old people were boiling their sap in the wigwam and the children were carrying in the sap to boil. These were continually exhorted to "wa weeb" (hurry up). They had an ox in the bush, which was probably insufficiently fed, for it commenced to eat the mats, of which the lower part of the wigwam was composed. It was extremely annoying and I do not wonder that the old woman was angry and struck the ox with a stick. I administered some religious instruction before I left the camp, and was well supplied with segagun when I went home. I got lost in the bush on my way back, but I climbed a tree and caught a glimpse of the surrounding country in connection with the lake, and I marked my course, coming out all right at last.

Early one morning, while pursuing my studies in theology, a young man called and asked me to go to the sugar bush and see his mother, who was very sick and they were not sure if she would recover. She had asked for the "blackcoat" to come and pray for her. The young man said he would accompany me to the camp, because there was a possibility that I might not get there alone; so I went with him, being very glad of his company, and glad also because I was relieved of the responsibility of finding my way through the forest, which is most bewildering and

takes away from any enjoyment which one might otherwise obtain from considering and observing the beauties of the landscape. I was glad, I say, to have the company of the young man to guide me, so that my mind might be free to enjoy the scenery; but our interest was chiefly taken up in conversation, for my guide wanted to know all about the Old Country from whence I came and the ways of the people. I told him, among other things, that a poor man would be put in prison for shooting a rabbit. He was aghast, and expressed a fervent hope that he would never have to live in that country.

We reached at length the sugar camp, and I ministered to the mother, who lay sick upon a bed of hemlock brush. She said that she was glad I came and hoped to be better soon, though, as she was getting old, she could not expect to live long. I reminded her of the hope of the Christian beyond, and she said, "Kagat." On another occasion I started for this camp, but never got there. Like Lucy Gray, I "wandered up and down and never reached the town." I found a deserted camp where the pony was kept, but as the snow was already melted it required greater skill than I possessed to follow a trail over the dead leaves of the forest. These things take time to learn.

But let us pass over some years and move to another place, some hundred miles away. Here the snow melts away quicker in the spring. One sugar season the snow was gone before the season com-

menced, and the Indians were glad and happy, because they had not to carry the sap through the wet snow. All around was dry and clean, just the dead leaves from last year strewed thickly on the ground, making a carpet to walk on to keep you out of the dirt. All around and about were the maple trees and some large trees with two or more taps, and all drip, drip, drip of the sweet sap into the birchbark troughs. It was almost running in a stream, so fine was the day, the warm sunshine stimulating the flow of the sap, and very little wind to disturb the branches overhead and thus to hinder the free circulation of the sap. But the sap requires a good deal of boiling down before it becomes sugar. Years ago, the Indians say before the Indian was as bad as he is now—it must have been in the paradise of Eden or in some garden near—the trees ran molasses; but as the Indian retrogressed in goodness the sap became thinner and weaker, till it got at last to its present consistency. It is a great pity that the good old days, which everybody speaks of, should be past and gone and left no trace behind. I visited every family in the camp and ministered to the sick, and we had a service in the camp for those that were able to come. They were all rejoicing at the glorious sugar weather, and though the snow was almost absent, yet the sugar was good nevertheless.

It has always been the orthodox opinion that if the snow goes away early the sugar is not good; but this year disproves the commonly received opinion. I

was abundantly supplied with cakes of sugar, which I took home for my children, and one old woman made a little fire to cook me some pegewhwizzigun in a small brass kettle, which she said invariably made good sugar. She wrapped the pegewhwizzigun up in birch bark, and I carried it home to give my wife some, who pronounced it the very best pegewhwizzigun she had ever eaten.

I have often been to sugar camps among the Indians since then. The last time was when I went to visit a blind man, old and somewhat feeble, who was in the sugar bush with his wife. They were camped on a spot, behind a big mountain, not very far from where, thirty years ago, I visited the sugar camp in company with my friend of old time. I did not find my blind old man, because the wife had taken him home to the shore while the snow was still on the ground and before the marshes would be thawed into water. I ministered to those who were there and referred to the fact of my visiting the place when I was a youth from England.

I once went to visit another band of Indians in the sugar bush, some of whom were still pagan. It was on a small lake in the woods, not far from a large post belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company. I was trying to induce an Indian and his wife and family to put away their heathenism and become members of the Church of England by baptism. I was moved and seconded in my efforts by some other families of Indians who were Christians, and who were sugar-

making near by. We gathered together in the heathen camp and had service, and finally the man gave up his family of five children to be baptized. The eldest, a girl of thirteen, answered for herself. The Christian Indians were sponsors for the rest. They are Christians still (fifteen years after), but the mother still remains a pagan. The father is dead; he was drowned in the river. One of the girls married a man who did not care for religion, and their children were growing up unbaptized, living quite a distance away from any means of grace. I hunted them out the other day (they live a hundred miles away), and baptized two little girls. I reminded the mother of the time when I baptized her in the sugar bush, many years before.

XXX.

AN INDIAN POW-WOW ON LAKE
NEPIGON.

It is generally believed—I know not why—that an Indian council does not amount to anything; that it is just a gathering of Indians at which they talk and smoke, and that the talk is very much like the smoke that floats away in the air and is done with. I was present once, in the days that are past and gone, at a meeting of white people who were seeking for suggestions as to a name for their assembly, and some person rose and suggested that it should be called a “pow-wow,” because it was just a talking it over without any particular result, like an Indian pow-wow.

But it is not always thus, even in an Indian council, as I will try and show. I will endeavor to describe a pow-wow that did amount to something and will amount to something more in the future, I firmly believe.

I am writing on the pow-wow ground while the events connected with it are fresh and vivid in my memory and the lovely panorama of lake and islands and mountains is spread out before me. It adds a

lustre to any function when it takes place in a spot so indescribably beautiful as this.

It was after daily morning service that the Bishop of Algoma took the chair in front of the Episcopal encampment, and the Indians, who had been lying in different attitudes and at different "slopes," so to speak, between the perpendicular and the horizontal, the latter predominating, seeking what shelter they could from the burning rays of the sun among the bushes that grew around. They were asked to come under a temporary shade that they had erected for our comfort, and they did so. It is no disgrace to sit on the ground, or even lie on the ground, or rather, recline on the ground, when there is nothing else to recline on; even so it was here.

The women, also, were asked to take part in the proceedings, and even address the assembly if they had any manner of communication of interest; but they seemed to prefer to get behind the lords of creation and literally to take a back seat. They listened attentively to the speech from the chair, and took the deepest interest in all that went on.

The object of the council was to find out how much the Indians were willing to do to help on the mission that we were seeking to re-establish, and how much they would help the missionary who had come to live among them.

The Bishop of Algoma explained the position to them. He said: "We are bringing a missionary to you who comes to live among you. He leaves his

wife and family and friends and a great many pleasant things to come and live with you. He has no house to live in here, and he cannot live without a shelter of some kind even in summer, and particularly in the winter, when the cold is distressing and the stormy winds do blow. I want the Indians to work and help build a house. I do not ask for money, because I know they have no money. I want the Indians to make the logs for the walls and floor and roof of the house, and I will buy the windows and doors and nails and other things which the Indians cannot make. I ask them if they will do this, and work faithfully for the mission in this way, by the direction and under the order of the missionary?

"I also ask the Indians if they will help the missionary to go about and visit the pagans that live a distance away round the shores of the lake, or in the woods? It is my desire that he should seek these poor pagans for Christ, and I want the Indians here who belong to our Church to help him go about for this work. I ask them are they willing to do so?

"I also want them to help the missionary at all times when they have anything to give. As I said before, I do not ask them for money for him, because the Indians have no money; but they have fish; they have the produce of their gardens; they have venison and moose meat, which they get in hunting; they have partridge and ducks and other wild fowl, and they can give him these. I ask the Indians if they will do this? I pause for reply."

The Chief was the first to answer, and delivered himself thus: "I answer first for myself and then on behalf of my people. First of all for myself. I shall be happy to do all I can to help the missionary. I used to do so when the former missionary was here. I will help to get the timber for the house and will help build the house, and do anything else I can. I am an old man, but will work with all my strength. As regards my people, it is my ruling that they should work for the Church, but each one will answer for himself."

Then each in turn promised to work to build the missionary's house, and also to give him part of the produce of hunting. Some said they could not work incessantly, because they would want to get food, etc., but would do all they could to help the missionary and give all the time they were able to work for him. Each one was cheered as he completed his little speech and promise of help.

The Bishop then made it plain to the Indians that he did not expect them to give their work continuously in a general way, since he knew they had their living to get; but the matter of building the house for the missionary was an urgent and special work, and they must not leave it when once commenced, but must persevere until it is finished.

This they agreed to do, and the Chief said this is what they intended to do all along, and they would not fail to perform their promises.

I am pleased to be able to say that the very next

morning the Indians commenced work in earnest, and the first day they made twenty-one logs for the house, and also the old Chief cut a road into the bush to where the logs were, and the next day, that is to-day, they made thirty-five more. These were all hewn flat and ready for building. They brought out to the site of the house twenty-eight logs.

I have not the least doubt but that they will work faithfully until the house is done. I have not the least doubt but that they will keep all the promises they made, and that the pow-wow will not be a "talking it over" merely, without any result, but will have good and permanent results, that will be seen and known.

Written on the shore of Lake Nepigon,
July, 1902.

[The missionary's house is completed and he is living in it with his family. It is satisfactory to know that the Indians kept their promises and helped to the utmost of their power.]

XXXI

FAREWELL SERVICE ON LAKE NEPIGON.

A FEAST AND AN ENTERTAINMENT.

THE Indians were both glad and sorry when we announced that we intended to leave them on the morrow. They were glad that their Bishop was able to come and see them and stay as long as he did, but they were sorry that he could not stay longer. We announced at the evening service, on the day before our departure, that the service, which hitherto had been in English (our own devotions chiefly), would be for the benefit of the Indians, as a farewell service, because we were leaving in the afternoon, and then after the service there would be some farewell entertainment in the way of a send-off, at which all the Indians were invited, and a dinner would be included of which they would partake, composed of pork and potatoes and bread and tea and such other edibles as were available.

When the church bell rang out the summons to prayer, the congregation filed in from the shade of the trees around and the service commenced with the hymn, "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun," etc. Then followed the morning service in Ojibway, the

new missionary reading the lessons. At the close of the service we sang the hymn, "God be with you till we meet again" ("Jesus kegahwijewegoonauh nah-nauzh chenuhwashkoodahdeyung"). It was truly inspiring to hear the Indians sing this hymn. The ascending scale of the tune of the chorus was carried up with a vigor and earnestness which lifted up the heart with it. When this hymn was sung the Bishop pronounced the benediction in a most impressive manner.

Then we repaired to the scene of entertainment and valedictory feast. The Chief came to us and asked if he could add a rabbit to the viands of the feast. Then a loon was seen on the lake, and instantly two canoes went out to attempt a capture, wishing to add the bird to the feast. Some branches were placed around the canoes to cajole the loon to think it was a floating island. They followed and watched for its head to pop up out of the water. Soon we hear the report of guns—one, two, three. The canoes are returning—now with or without the loon? We will soon see. I inquire, "Do they bring the loon?" The answer is, "Kahween." We must feast without the loon. It is very sad to think that this is the case, but we must remember that disappointments are part of the discipline of life.

The Indians are squatting around in easy attitudes—some are smoking—they are waiting for the feast to begin. It is rather tedious work waiting for dinner, and they are doing what they can to beguile

the time. Indians are supposed to be a silent race. There never was a greater mistake, for while together they talk incessantly among themselves and laugh and joke without ceasing.

The Chief now inquires if we would like a skunk for the feast. He said the prejudice against skunk meat was entirely the result of ignorance, since by proper manipulation any unpleasant odor was completely eradicated, and unless one were told, they would not know but what they were eating a rabbit or fowl. Then an Indian went on to remark how foolish people were to interfere with a skunk when the animal entered their house or tent. The proper way is to let him alone; let him eat what he wants; let him walk about over your legs or face and take no notice, and when he is ready he will take his departure quietly and orderly without making any unpleasant sensation.

An Indian brings his drum and commences to sing an Indian song; then one dances to get up an appetite for dinner; then a whistle strikes up and some go to help along the dinner. They have made a shelter from the sun under which to work. One woman is kneading the Indian bread; two men are attending to the pots on the fire. The drummer does not succeed in exciting the dance, so he leaves his drum and joins in the general conversation. There is a movement, and a lad comes bringing a nice trout in addition to that already contributed.

The dogs come around smelling the feast. Each

family of Indians keeps, on an average, nine dogs. They come too close to the food on the fire; there is a kick and a howl—it is extremely interesting except for the dogs. It seems cruel, of course, to kick a dog, but when he persists in coming close when he is told to keep back, and you have no stick, what is there left to do?

In due course the feast commences, and full justice is done to the numerous mysterious dishes the cooks have prepared. Then they commence some athletic performances, but desist to show the Bishop some Indian dances, which he pronounced very effective. The Chief made a speech thanking the Bishop for all that had been done for them, more especially for the missionary who comes to live with them. He is helped and comforted by the teaching received during the Bishop's visit. The Bishop speaks in response, saying how glad and happy he is in finding such proof of earnestness and devotion among the Indians, and, above all, he is glad that he has found at last a good man, and the right man, for a missionary to stay among them.

The Bishop's chaplain then spoke to the Indians, exhorting them to be true and faithful to the missionary, who leaves his family to reside among them the first winter alone; that will help him if lonely. He also spoke some words advising them to be true and loyal to the Church to which they belonged; to be careful and not listen to any foreign priest, who would try to undermine their faith and make them

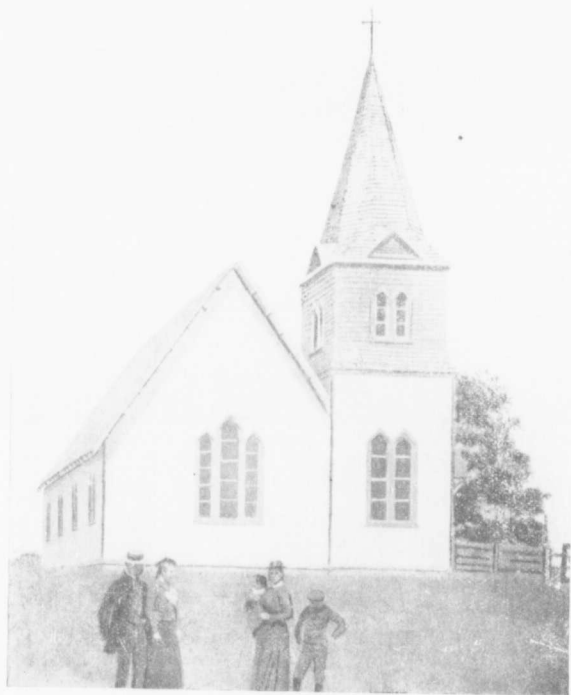
uncomfortable by telling them, perhaps, that unless they believed as he believed, and belonged to the church that he represented, they would be cast into the bad fire. The chaplain assured them that they could rest satisfied that if they were faithful to the teaching they received in the English Church, they would not be cast into the bad fire, but would undoubtedly reach the happy land where the wicked cease from troubling; that they may be sure that the Church is true, and right, and safe, and good.

Then followed a grand handshaking and booshon, and after that we put together our baggage preparatory to departure.

Written at the English Church Mission,
Lake Nepigon, July 10th, 1902.

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INDIAN CHURCH. GARDEN RIVER.

XXXII.

THE CIVILIZED INDIAN.

THE question is often asked, Is the Indian any better for being a Christian? or, to put it another way, Is the Indian of to-day any better than the Indian of long ago, before the white man came? or, to put it this way, Is the Christian Indian any better than the pagan Indian?

It is the same thing that is asked of the native of Africa, or the native of New Zealand, or Borneo, or any other place, providing it has any natives, and it is answered not always according to the truth, nor always according to knowledge, but according to prejudice, and often according to ignorance. You hear it said by people who are not qualified to open their mouth the least bit ajar on the subject, that the Christian negro is no better than his heathen brother, but perhaps worse; and you hear it said by some people who have as little qualification to speak as the negro critic, that the Christian Indian of North America is no better than the pagan, and it would have been better to have left him to his paganism. I called one night at the depot of supplies belonging to a great lumber company to stay the night with the gentleman in charge. It was in the woods, away from

any town or village, on the shore of a lake which was on the route of intercourse with the outside world and the base of supplies for several large lumber camps. I was on my way to or returning from some Indian settlements, and my friend with whom I was staying, said, "I suppose you have been preaching to the Indians. Don't you think it would be as well to leave them in their heathenism, and not try to convert them to Christianity, because the more they know the more they will have to answer for, and if they are left in ignorance they can't be judged for what they do not know or have any opportunity of knowing."

"What do you mean?" I asked him. "Oh," he said, "you teach them Christianity and they cannot or they do not follow its teaching, and they will be punished at the judgment for their defections. Whereas, if they know nothing about it, they could not be punished supposing they did not do quite right."

I did not see fit to attempt to answer this. It put me in mind of an Indian who, when I asked him why he did not come to church, said, "I could not find my pipe." Of course, I might have asked him what he wanted with his pipe at church, but I did not. But the argument of the white man and the excuse of the Indian are both about alike—one is just as good or as bad as the other.

I do not wish this to be an essay on the abstract question of aboriginal Christianity, but I wish rather to tell what I know, and testify to what I have seen, of

the Indian in a state of heathenism and the Christian Indian, and leave it to the judgment of anybody who is qualified to judge. Of course, I know that it might be said that this is hardly fair, since I might instance or describe rather the worst heathen I knew, and then go on to describe the character of the best Christian Indian I ever came in contact with, and leave these to be compared. When a sample of wheat is taken from a large quantity it is not lawful to pick out the finest kernels one by one, but take it haphazard from the pile; or, if one wished to depreciate the article it would not be just to pick out the worst, but in each case to take it as it came, anywhere. But if I describe several kinds of heathen and several kinds of Christians—not one merely of each, but some of each—this ought to be fair.

For indeed and in truth there are some Indians whom I know of, though they are Christians nominally, yet live so badly and behave so wickedly that they might as well be heathen; but it is not fair to take these as specimens or samples. Then there might be, and indeed I knew one heathen who was not as bad, much better, indeed, than some Christians; but it is not fair to take him as a sample of a heathen. The old man was very bitter against Christianity. He would take his hand-sleigh to go for firewood just as the Christian Indians were going to church, not because he was short of firewood, but just from sheer devilment. He came to me one Sunday just as the sun was sinking in the west. He brought a fine fish,

and he wished to trade it for some tea. "I have a sick daughter," he said, "and she wants a cup of tea." "I will give you the tea," I said; "but I will not take the fish, because it is Sunday, and it is not right to trade on Sunday." "Look out toward the west," said he; "the sun has just sunk below the horizon; the day is over." "Go away!" I said. "Now," said he; "look here! you give me some tea and I make you a present of the fish. How will that do?" I sent him away, as I thought, with the fish; but after he was gone we found it in the wood-box, where he had secretly placed it during his exit. It is extremely hard to get even with some people. The same old heathen had some plovers he had shot, the large long-winged plover, a bird of which I am very fond. He knew I had a predilection for these birds, and this was the way he "fixed" me. "I would give you some," he said, "but I am afraid you would not accept them, because they were shot on Sunday."

I was once making a tour of the Indian gardens on a Sunday, rounding up, so to speak, the congregation, and I called at the old man's wigwam. His wife, who was a Christian, was sitting in camp, and I inquired for the Indian. "He is at the back of the camp; the old sinner is making a net. I told him it was Sunday, and I says to him, 'You old devil, why don't you be a Christian? When do you mean to repent?'"

I told the woman that I was glad to know that her husband had enough respect for Sunday to weave

his net behind the camp. Some of my white friends have not this much respect.

I do not insert this story in my paper to show that there are good heathen. It is scarcely an argument for either side, because this Indian eventually became a Christian.

Let us try to picture to ourselves the heathen Indian before they came under the influence of Christianity at all. I have already written about their superstitions, but they are harmless ones. There are some that tend to wickedness of the worst kind. They inspire dread of evil spirits and a fear of man that keeps the pagan in perpetual wretchedness, a terror that makes him supremely unhappy. It was and is the policy of the medicine man to foster this feeling. It is the aim and object of Christianity to remove it. The pagan is wicked. The system is in no way connected with goodness or morality. It is not a part of his influence to make any one better; it is not meant for this. It is only to secure power or influence on the part of the sorcerer for his own emolument. It is the aim and object of Christianity to make one good. Christ says that no amount of religious exercises will make up for moral defections.

The pagan is revengeful. The pagan idea seems to encourage quarreling and fighting and all kinds of bitterness and revenge. The Indian naturally is rather an evil-tempered sinner. That Christianity has not made an angel out of him in this respect I readily admit, but its aim and object is to do so. It

has not yet made an angel of the white man, or the white woman, for that matter, judging by the amount of ill feeling and quarreling there is in some Christian societies, but we hope it will in time. Whether the white man gets to be an angel in temper before the Indian does is uncertain. The question is, Is the Christian Indian any better in this way than the pagan? Is he more forgiving and kind than the pagan? I answer that he is. I speak of what I know and testify to what I have seen. That he should be more so than he is I admit.

Is the Christian Indian more honest than the pagan? I must ask, What pagan? There were pagans, according to the testimony of the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, who paid their debts like gentlemen, and there were and are Christians that do not. There were and are pagans that did not pay their debts, and there were and are Christians that did and do so still.

The question is, Does Christianity make a dishonest Indian honest? or, to put it another way, Does the dishonest pagan, when he becomes a Christian, become honest? I answer, Sometimes. It all depends on the quality of the Christian. Christianity does not *make* anyone honest without their co-operation and consent. I have known Indians who were thieves and rogues when pagan, and when they became Christian they became honest and true. This is the point after all.

The pagan has nothing to support and comfort

him when he is in trouble or trial. It is the peculiar and blessed privilege of Christian teaching to do this. The Indian, and, more particularly, the Indian woman, thoroughly recognize and appreciate this. It is the mission of Christ to comfort those that mourn, to bind up the broken-hearted. When you are in trouble or sorrow or bereavement it is a good thing to be a Christian. The pagan has no hope beyond the grave. That idea about the happy hunting-ground is very vague. I never heard the expression that I know of among Indians. At any rate, it is no support to the Indian in death. He has no real hope in his death. I have already related what the Indian on Lake Helen said when the missionary asked him where he expected to go after death. He replied, "Tebeedoog" ("I do not know where").

The Christian, and more especially the Christian Indian, has most certain hope in the blessedness of heaven. "Ishpeming" ("I go to heaven, where the Saviour is"), said one. These people are always well, always satisfied, always blessed. "Shahwandahgoozewug."

But let us look at his social surroundings. The Christian Indians on Lake Nepigon are deeply struck by the difference in themselves now from what they were and what the pagan Indians are now who roam the woods. The latter only have one kettle and all eat out of that. They have no dishes or plates—just eat off the ground. They make gruel if they get a little flour, pour it on the bare rock to cool, and eat it off the

rock. I had dinner with a Christian Indian the other day and I did not see any difference between the table of the Indian and my own table, and I have the credit among my white friends of living in style, whatever that may mean.

The Christian Indians say that the pagans do not take the trouble to build a wigwam, but sleep on the ground; or, if they do, it is of the simplest kind, a wretched kind of shelter.

Now, one kind of a shelter may be as good as another to some people; but I have seen homes in Christian villages that are just as good as, if not better than, some of their white neighbors'.

The habits of cleanliness which have been inculcated by Christianity in some Indians are acknowledged by their enemies. This does not apply to all, because some are dirty still. I called the other day to see an old Indian and his wife in company with a lady from England and the Bishop of Algoma. The old man, who was sitting outside his cabin, said:

"Don't take your friends inside. I can't ask you to go in. You did wrong to come unawares on a body. You should have sent word of your coming some time before, so that we could have made the house ready."

"Yes," I said, "it was my remissness. I should have sent a telegram. But what is the matter with the house?" I asked.

"It is all littered up and not fit for gentlefolks to go into."

"Well," I said, "I will go in and hear what the old woman says."

I enter the house and the old woman apologizes for the untidy condition of her home. She is making baskets, and the fibre is littered all over the house. It is not dirty, but, on the contrary, very clean indeed, except for the fragments of basket-wood, which is clean likewise.

"I will bring in my friends," I said, "for there is nothing to be ashamed of."

"Oh, yes ; bring them in !" And they applaud the cleanliness around.

Of course, an Indian who lives in a wigwam without a floor, except the ground, cannot very well scrub the floor ; but even here there is room for tidiness, but not very great scope, except in their persons and dress, and we will compare these.

I saw a woman, a heathen woman, whose dress was very simple indeed ; it consisted of nothing but a blanket. With the exception of the blanket, which was none of the cleanest or sweetest, she was absolutely in a state of nature. Now a blanket does not cover the person very well unless you are continually watchful. The least carelessness in the disposition of the robe and some part or other of the person is exposed to view. This woman was not particularly watchful, and I noticed her skin was something like the bark of a maple tree, not a young tree either. It seemed to be encrusted, so to speak, with the accumu-

lation of ages of neglect; it had not been washed since the flood! But let us pass on!

I married a couple yesterday. Their names, respectively, were T. Shahwunoo and Maggie Wahbunoosa. The bride was most tastefully and elegantly dressed, with just as perfect taste and just about as good material as royalty would produce. The hat and white veil of the bride were gems; but I write this with the deepest humility, not being qualified to pronounce on these things. My judgment, however, was endorsed by some of the fair sex, who were qualified to judge, so I feel bold to uphold my opinion.

I do not set such store by these things as some people do. The dress is not of such a consequence as some people think. But, allowing this, I think that most people will agree that the young Christian girl with her perfect costume was ahead of the poor Indian woman in the blanket and the general uncleanness of her person. But I forget that I was not to bring forward extreme cases. Take Chief Buhgwujjenene, for instance. He was a very devout Christian. He had his faults, but they did not lie in the direction of indifference to religion. In manner and address he was a perfect gentleman—at home in any kind of society. He was just as natural in his manner when speaking to the Prince of Wales as when speaking to one of his brother Indians at Garden River, and just as polite in each instance. It was because he was a Christian. Compare him with the moroseness, suspicion, and general disagreeableness of the savage. But I forgot

that I was not to make extreme comparisons, because it is unfair.

It has been my experience to find all kinds of characters among every race of people. I am not sure that the Indian, the civilized Indian, is any worse than his brother white man. It must always be borne in mind that there are all kinds of Indians as there are of other races. There are some that are out and out good; but they are not the many, but the few. It is just the same with others. There are some that are a sort of middling, not very good and yet not very bad; and, as with the Indian so with the white-man, these compose the mass of the people. They are Christians, we say, but they are not the very best specimens; in fact, to tell the truth, they are rather poor specimens. They take a drop too much whiskey sometimes, too frequently in fact; they are rather disposed to have differences among themselves—a little spite perhaps, a little jealousy and anger, and so on, and bad temper; but these are sins that all people are more less subject to. I am not sure that they excel in this way their white brother. But then there are some that are very bad indeed, though these are comparatively few, thank God. Yet there are some that are very bad, of both sexes, and a bad Indian woman is worse than a man when she is bad. I have found, I think, that the women are better than the men as a rule; yet a bad woman is pretty bad.

They are charged with being lazy and improvident. They are not exactly lazy. It is the monotony of

sustained exertion day after day at the same thing that is so distasteful to them. A change of work is preferable. There are all kinds in this direction as well. Some are not lazy, but just as persevering as any man that ever lived. Christianity should have made them industrious. Well, so it has. The pagan never did anything that he could make his squaw do. Now the tables are turned in some cases.

But to proceed. They are improvident. Why don't they lay up for a rainy day? Why don't they get wood enough one year to last them for two years, and then it would be dry and burn better? It is wise to provide ahead. I tell them this, and some do it, but not many. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." They obey literally the command of Christ to take no thought for the morrow. Yet they make hay in the summer to feed their ponies in the winter, and they grow corn and potatoes for themselves. This is, in a sense, a providing for the future.

In their hunting and fishing of past years it was not necessary for them to lay up for the future; yet they dried meats for winter use, and they dried berries for future use, and fish, to some extent; but they never distinguished themselves in this way. They suffered untold hardships through their improvidence. Many were, and are still, starved to death in the woods. It will take time to remedy this. Besides, they are very little worse than some white men.

But what is to become of the Indian? He will surely die out, as other aboriginal races have done, or

be absorbed in the dominant race, so that people will not be able to say, "This is Neje."

The policy of the Canadian Government seems to be this: The Indians are cut up into little bands, and are given reserves among the white population, so as to weaken their existence as a tribe, and encourage their amalgamation with the rest of the inhabitants of the country. If they had been kept together in large bodies of several thousands and given a large tract of country, they could have formed a nation and worked out their own salvation, with the help of teachers, in a unique way; but then they would perhaps have given trouble. Besides, the Government cannot have a distinct community of another race and language inside of its dominions.

"Give them their lands in location to families or individuals, and the franchise, and let them take their chance with the rest," some people say. Well, in a few years, to use a very forcible Americanism, they would be "swamped." The present system seems to be as good as any, and we must work for them as well as we can to further their welfare, temporal and spiritual.

If one should ask me, "What, according to your opinion, is the great evil and the hindrance to their salvation?" I would unhesitatingly say, Whiskey. Keep that away from them absolutely and completely and they are saved. It is the Indian's damnation.

This reminds me that I have forgotten to touch on two subjects. It is noticed that the civilized

Indian gets drunk occasionally. Is he any better than the pagan in this respect, with reference to drunkenness? Is the Christian Indian any better than the pagan with respect to this? I answer, Yes; inasmuch as I have known cases where efforts—earnest efforts—have been made to overcome the besetting sin. I know cases where Christian Indians have abstained most faithfully for a year, so as not to bring discredit on Christianity.

I know a pagan who gave as his reason for not becoming a Christian that he could not keep away from drink, and he said, "If I became a Christian I would think that I ought to give up drinking whiskey, and I would think it a great hardship." But, as I say, it is a damnation to the Indian. The other day quite a young fellow was overcome, and at my solicitation he made a solemn pledge to abstain, and he kept it for a time only. It is an awful curse. If it could be wiped out it would be a blessing to the Indian.

And there is yet another point, that is, morality as the world understands it. Are the morals of the Christian Indian any better than those of the pagan?

In olden times it was the custom for an Indian to have two wives, and sometimes more. The Christian Indian takes one only. But some one will say, That is no criterion. A man may have two wives, or three or four; if he keeps to these it is not very bad. The real wickedness is profligacy, the clandestine and indiscriminate mingling of the sexes. This is the

XX.

THE BAD INDIAN.

OUR friends over the border say that there are no good Indians except those in the happy hunting-grounds. One fails to see how this can be, since only the good get there. However, what they mean to say is that there is no good Indian except a dead Indian, since all would be over then ; but even this is illogical and untrue. I have known some Indians, during my long residence among them, who, to say the least, or rather, to say the best, were not very good. Indians have their besetting sins the same as the white man, and some Indians have a great many besetting sins that beset them very frequently ; but the question is, Is it well to write about the misdeeds of people ? Is it not better to hide these and write about the good ones only, so that people who read what is written may be led to copy the good ? To write of one's evil deeds can serve no good end.

This is the reason, I suppose, why biographies and memoirs of people contain only an account of their good deeds, and say nothing about their bad ones. But one is led to ask, Where are these people who never do anything wrong ? How is it we do not meet them in this natural world ? Only in books do they

live, and I fear they do not *live* much in books, since the biography is so unnatural.

The Bible tells us of the bad deeds of the saints and worthies with startling fidelity. We know it is true. These people are alive. They lived once and they live still.

But what is the reason that their bad deeds are spoken of? It is, I suppose, that we may avoid the bad and follow the good. If people in this world could live absolutely innocent, then it would be better never to know evil; but since sin and wickedness are here to stay, apparently, ignorance is weakness.

Yes, there are bad Indians. I want to speak of one whose name was E——. I do not wish to give his name, lest in doing so I might cause pain to living relatives. He was little, if any, worse than others of his race I have known, and not as bad as some white men that I could tell of; but he had a bad temper, and when he was angry he was a savage indeed.

The first time I heard of the old man was on the occasion of a fire. He had been angered by some women, and in revenge he set fire to their dwelling, with the intention of consuming them also in the flames; but they effected their escape, though their home and goods were destroyed.

E—— was put in prison for this, but was liberated after a term for good conduct, so I suppose there was some good in him. It is seldom a man is so very bad that there is no good at all in him. So it was with E ——.

Then, again, where woman is concerned, it is difficult to pass an unfettered judgment. Some women are so fearfully aggravating that it is no wonder a man retaliates. I do not, of course, mean to say that there can be any excuse for burning them out. It was very wicked indeed of old E—— to do this. The women who were burnt out went away from the place and never returned, like the ship. They were afraid that E—— would burn them out again.

I was called upon one Sunday to minister to the congregation worshipping in the place where old E—— lived. I was not the incumbent. I went to take the place of the missionary who usually officiated, for that Sunday only.

There was no place of worship, not even a school-house, so we held the service in an Indian house, a little log house which was placed at our disposal by the resident Indian. On this particular Sunday there was a good congregation, and among them, and occupying a prominent seat, was our old friend the incendiary, E——.

I forget now the subject of the sermon, but after it was over, or after the whole service was over, E—— rose to his feet, and said, "It is good to hear the Gospel. It is good to hear of Jesus Christ the righteous One. But what do Indians care for Jesus Christ? There is M——" (pointing to an Indian present). "He calls himself a Christian; but if Jesus Christ was to go into his house he would not offer Him a seat. He

would not put out his pipe in respect for Him. There is no Indian here that is a true Christian in his heart. They are all humbugs. I only knew one good Christian Indian, and he is—I don't know where."

I told E—— to sit down, because he was getting excited, and then he was too personal. None of the congregation were offended, because they knew old E——. I tried to get him to tell me who the good Indian was that he referred to, but I could not get the information I desired. It reminded me of the man who said, "I have a good opinion of one man and he is sitting in my breeches at this moment."

While the old man was in prison the son had appropriated an ox belonging to the father, and sold it to get food for the mother, so he said. When E—— came home, before he was expected, he was very angry with the son for selling the ox. He came to me and said, "The ox is mine, and I shall go to the man that bought it and take it away." I told him that this would not be permitted, for he could only recover it by a process of law, and perhaps not even then. He became very angry and seized a table knife, and flourished it around his head, telling what he would do to the man, his son, and every one else concerned. My wife was very frightened, because she did not know old E——, the bad Indian. I ordered him quietly to put up the knife and go home, which he did. This bad Indian threatened my life once upon a time. I told him it was very

real wickedness—fornication, as the Scripture calls it. Is the Christian better in this way than the pagan of either sex? I answer, He is much better morally than the pagan—ininitely better. There is no regulation in this respect among pagans. The system does not encourage purity of life. The majority of Christian Indians live respectably, and though some are irregular, yet these are despised by the others. They are continually reminded by Christian teaching of the sacredness and blessing of the home. It is the special forte of Christianity to prevail here. Keep thyself pure!

The Christian Indian in his way of living is much the same as his white neighbour. Take the Indian village here at Garden River, for instance. The houses are much the same as the cottages of the settlers around. Most of them are little log houses, but there are some frame houses of fair size; some of them quite nice looking tenements. A few of the Indians divide their houses into rooms, but some object to this as being unsociable. They have wire fences and picket fences around their gardens, and grow corn, potatoes, beans, pumpkins and other garden stuff. Some even make an attempt at farming, and grow peas and oats and hay. They also keep ponies and some good-sized horses. Some keep cows and make butter. This is an advance indeed. They work at different kinds of employment. They load boats, work in the woods at lumbering in winter, drive the logs on the river in the spring. Some still

hunt deer and an occasional moose. There are no cariboo near here. Some still fish and every day set the net like the Indian of a thousand years ago used to do.

The services in the church here are much the same as in a white village, except that they are in the Indian tongue. An Indian plays the organ, and we have some good singers. We sing the same tunes that others do—"Old Hundred," "Duke Street," "Dundee," "Winchester," and so on. We sing the "Te Deum" and other canticles to the usual chants, "Mornington," "Farrant," and others, only in the Indian tongue. The men dress fairly well, and the younger women fashionably, and a good many make their dresses themselves—this to their credit. I forgot to say that the women are industrious. They weave baskets and make fancy articles of sweet grass and bark, ornamented with porcupine quills. We have a day school for the children, and they are taught the ordinary routine of the Public Schools in Canada. We have Sunday School, and the children get cards and reward tickets very much the same as English Sunday Schools, only on Sundays the children are instructed in their own tongue. They also receive religious instruction from the missionary every Friday afternoon.

What else would one want? This has been a Christian village for fifty years, and the work is something like ordinary parish work, except that the people are often away for berries or fish or at

work. The missionary has also other places to minister to, and to see after Indians far distant who have not the privileges which those enjoy who reside here.

I suppose we must acknowledge that the present civilized life of the Indian is better than the old way, yet I am not prejudiced in favor of it. I would as soon work among the Indians in the woods—I mean Christian Indians, of course. An Indian in his wigwam is not so badly off. He makes a sort of divan around and fills it with hemlock brush, and lays his blankets to sleep on. He builds a fire in the middle, and it is pleasant to look at the fire. But there! everything must give way to the march of the white man, and the Indian must move with him or be left to perish.

It is all of a piece with the rest. I was travelling some years ago through the country with a canoe, and we came upon some very pretty falls. I came that way some years after, and the lumberman had made a wooden slide to take his logs down the falls—all the beauty was gone. I could have cursed that lumberman.

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