

LIGHTS AND SHADES
OF
MISSIONARY LIFE:

CONTAINING
TRAVELS, SKETCHES, INCIDENTS,
AND
MISSIONARY EFFORTS,
DURING
NINE YEARS SPENT IN THE REGION OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

BY
REV. JOHN H. PITEZEL,
ALIAS, WA-ZAH-WAH-WA-DOONG, OR "THE YELLOW BEARD."

"Every matter in the universe is linked in such a way unto others,
That a deep, full treatise upon one thing might touch
all things."

The Catholic
TUPPER.
Theological Union
LIBRARY
Chicago, Ill.



CINCINNATI:
PRINTED AT THE WESTERN BOOK CONCERN,
FOR THE AUTHOR.

E. P. THOMPSON, PRINTER.
1860.

p. 355-361
287

"*Pi-ah-be-dah-sing*, one of the chiefs from Garden river, said: 'I would be glad if the weather—sun of the Great Spirit—would stop to allow the meeting to continue longer. I am thankful for the labors of brother M'Dougall. I am very happy in my heart. I know that God has changed my heart.'

"*John Ogishka*, once a boarding-scholar at our mission, said: 'Since I heard brother Pitzel I have been trying to serve God. I was converted last spring, in the sugar-bush, under brother Marksman's preaching.'

"*Ab-be-tah-ge-zihik* said: 'I was converted to God, in the sugar-bush, last spring—same time as the one above. I was very happy. I long for the conversion of my relatives. I am very happy now, and ever since I came here.'

"*G. Bedell*, from Kewawenon, said: 'I think I have just come to life. I am very happy. Last night, while praying for sinners, it was like heaven on earth. The singing was heavenly. I feel as if I must go and tell all the Indians how good Jesus is.'

"*Johnson Skay* said: 'I feel that I must go to heaven to God. Seven years since I was told that I was a sinner. I felt sick in my heart and head. My wife and by my wife left me, and, on her return, she exhorted me to serve God. When I began to serve God, I felt that this camp meeting was going to be finished. I was glad. I have been greatly blessed since I came here.'

"*Moses O-non-o-mon-ee* said: 'I have been a sinner

bling Christian; I rose up, and then fell; I found that I was not soundly converted. But since I came here my soul has been blessed, and now the sun shines very bright and clear.'

"*Mather Washkee* said: 'I am very happy. One of my sons died, and on his death-bed exhorted me to be faithful. I am glad that I am here. I know that God loves me. I am thankful to see my children turning to God. I hope to meet my brethren and sisters in heaven.'

"*Rauh Nah-ben-a-osh* said: 'I am glad in my heart. I am glad to feast with my brethren. Religion is very good for me. I will try to meet all in heaven.'

"*Sarah Pwam* said: 'I feel very small in my heart. By faith I see my children in heaven, who exhorted me to be faithful. I often shed tears of joy. I am very happy now, and want the prayers of the brethren.'

"*David King*, chief, from Kewawenon, said: 'It has been ten years since I began to pray. I am very glad to be here to unite with the people of God in this feast. I am thankful that I have heard the words of the Great Spirit which were brought to me from the east.'

"*Adam Ah-nun-goo*, from *Lake Vieux Desert*, converted from heathenism last winter, at Kewawenon, said: 'I feel the good feeling in my heart. As the sun now shines so does the heavenly sun now shine in my heart. I feel as if I could now arise and go to my Father.'

"Nancy Asher said that she was happy in the Lord.

"William Pawan, one of the chiefs from Naomikong, said: 'About ten years ago John Kah-beege came here. I then began to pray. I was converted in the woods when alone. I was very happy all the night. I could not sleep, I was so happy. When the morning came I felt as if a host of angels were around me. I looked up to heaven and saw, by faith, the glory of heaven. I went and told my family what God had done for my soul.'

"Mesh, from Garden river, said: 'I have Jesus for my sun.'

"Louis Washkee, chief, from Waishkees Bay, said: 'I have been taught in all the arts of the old Indian ways; but I have cast them all away. Religion grows better and better.'

"Henry Kakakoos said: 'I am well known by my Indian brethren, and what I have been—a great sinner. I am very poor.' This is all I got of what he said, though he was evidently much blessed.

"Isaac Kakakoos, who had apparently been a long time waiting for an opportunity to speak, then knew that my mind centers on Christ. He then said to God; for this reason I am very thankful.

"Ogishka, chief, from Garden river, arose and stood upon a bench in the altar, and said: 'I am myself in a conspicuous place, that you may know a poor Indian who has a very heavy load. I want to tell what is the state of my poor body and how

I am almost fifty years old. I have seen a good deal of earthly pleasure. And these things now make me cry. Nothing formerly could make me cry, only when my children were called away from me. I have lost several. My eyes have often wept; I have lost my brothers and sisters; I have seen them die. Now since I have come here I rejoice to hear the words that I have heard, and to see what I have seen. I am glad that brother McDougall was determined to bring me along. About twenty years ago I heard about the Great Spirit. Rev. Mr. McMurray—of the Protestant Episcopal Church—continued with us about six years. I then exhorted the Indians to become Christians. Mesh joined in with me. But I found that I was only deceiving myself. Now I have found out what the true religion is. My eyes weep and my heart shakes. When I lost my children I felt very sorry. I was very anxious that they should all do well. When I was young I was accustomed to fast, and to blacken my face with charcoal. Some years ago I gave my son John to the mission school—at Saut Ste. Marie. He did not do right when he ran away from the school; but now he is weeping on account of the goodness of God. I wish him to be useful. When I heard of the fast,* I set apart the whole day, that my soul might be fed. I desire

* Saturday, till afternoon, was set apart for fasting and prayer. Ogishka did not break his fast till Sunday evening! and then was urged to eat! Christian, here learn self-denial. The body was unfed for two days, "that the soul might be fed."

to walk with my brethren, and go on with them in the good way, and met them in heaven.'

"Close.—The camp meeting—*formally*—closed on Monday afternoon. A sermon was preached by brother Jones, and we then marched around the ground and sung, while each gave to the other the hand in affectionate farewell; but, in truth, though most orderly, it was the driest farewell I ever witnessed. The wind was ahead, and, much as our brethren from abroad wanted to leave the ground that day, the Indians were sagacious enough to know that this was out of the question; they, therefore, rather *smiled* than *wept*, at being so hoaxed.

"Well, camp meeting was now over, but we were all as firmly fixed as ever. Something must be done. The first thing we knew the Indians were collecting about the stand, and we soon discovered that the *rite of Indian christening* was about to be performed.

[In the published account of this meeting I do not give the particulars of this naming process. The novelty was interesting to us, and may be equally so to the reader, and is, therefore, here briefly mentioned. The chief, from Garden river, made a long and impressive speech, in which he mentioned "the benefits which the Indians had received from the labors of the missionaries, and that they wished to remember these benefits, and they had names that it was difficult for them to speak. He was going to give Mr. Warner a name that any child could understand." He then named him so that all could hear—"Shing-wank," the "Paw-

Tee," by the way, the name of the aged Garden river chief, O-gish-ta's father. He then said that, "when Shing-wank should come among them the next year, and should lift up his voice, they must all gather around him as chickens around an old hen;" to which all heartily responded, "*Hai-h!*"

They next named the writer through *Wm. Pawan*, who acted as speaker. The name "*Wa-zah-wah-wah-doing,*" the "*Yellow Beard,*" is an old family name, and was the name of one of the best Indians ever connected with the *Te-quah-me-nah* band, who died a few years since, in the faith of the Christian, lamented by all who knew him. I was then addressed as a *brother* by the acting chief, *Pawan*.

Rev. E. Steele was next named, "*I-ah-be-wa-die,*" which signifies "*Male-Eth.*" He was warmly greeted afterward, as were the rest, as a brother now adopted by the Indians.

The other ministerial brethren having had this honor conferred on them before, were now left out of the list. Thus closed this novel performance.]

"At night we had a famous temperance meeting. This, we hope, in its future bearing upon the Indians, will prove as beneficial as any meeting we had. Louis Wishkee, an Indian chief, made us a dignified president. The meeting was addressed by several speakers. Marked attention was paid to all that was said. Meanwhile a pledge of total abstinence was presented, and one hundred and five persons signed—most of the Indians then on the ground.

"Tuesday morning, after breakfast, we left the encampment, in a large batteau, with the Indians from Garden river, and the preachers from Canada, amidst abundant cheers, the firing of guns, etc.

"Now, my dear brother, I have given you a hastily-written account of this *first*, and, to us, interesting, Lake Superior camp meeting. You can only get a glimpse through this imperfect sketch. But I hope that at least it will be seen and felt, that true religion is the same,

'In the void waste as in the city full.'

the same in the heart of a poor northern Indian as in the heart of an Anglo-Saxon; that the name of Jesus is that which charms the fears and soothes the sorrows of the heathen; and that,

'Where He vital breathes there must be joy.'

"That souls have been saved and God glorified, is to us cause of rejoicing; 'yea, and we will rejoice.' Pray for our continued prosperity.

"Affectionately yours,

J. H. PIERCE.

After Rev. Peter Jones returned home, he gave a very interesting account of his missionary journey to Lakes Huron and Superior, which was published in the Christian Guardian, Toronto, in which our camp meeting was described quite minutely. Mr. Jones's complete acquaintance with the Ojibwa, enabled him to seize upon the peculiar expression of the language

so as to present it with great force. I can not better close this chapter than by giving a brief extract from this account. It thus describes our temperance meeting:

"The wind being contrary, we were obliged to tarry on the ground another night. In the evening we held a temperance meeting. Chief Wauboieig Washkee was called to the chair, and made a short speech, after which the following brethren addressed the meeting: Warner, Pitezel, Steele, Gregory, B. Shing-wauk and myself. The usual pledge was then readily signed by one hundred and five Indians. Chief Ogestaih was then requested to proclaim the number who had given their names to proclaim the temperance, which he did in a masterly manner, causing his powerful voice to resound through the woods and along the shore of the Lake to a great distance. He rose up and said, 'Hear me, hear me, Ogestaih has been chosen to proclaim the result of this meeting; the number of Indians who now say that they will never again drink the fire-water, is one hundred and five. These one hundred and five Indians now say, that there shall be no more deaths by drowning in the water—no more burning to death—no more quarrelling nor fighting—no more bruised eyes—no more dragging the wife by the hair of her head—no more murders—and you who are husbands now say, you will no more be jealous of your wives, and your wives say you will be no more jealous of your husbands—and last of all, Ogestaih says, that he also