

on the platform at the north end of the Church. The tables were all tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers. We were favoured with a seat at the latter table, to the immediate left of the chairman, and an "Indian lady," of herculean proportions, was confided to our care. Opposite to us sat the chief, Wekamekong, and his "squaw." The seats farther down were occupied by "Indian ladies," supported, according to English etiquette, by "gentlemen" of the tribe. Having "done justice" to the good and rare things provided, thanks were returned, and the cloth removed. The warblers of the forest, both "ladies and gentlemen," then gathered around the melodian, and discoursed some excellent selections of sacred music, the programme of the evening being arranged so that "orations" and musical performances succeeded each other in alternate order. At the conclusion of the first of these selections the chairman of the evening, read the report of the progress of the Society during the preceding year; and having explained the objects of the "meeting" or "council," he introduced the head chief "Edwin Wabusee Minoma." The chief arose, and was received with every demonstration of respect. He seemed to be the most "Ancient Patriarch" of his tribe; and certainly a more venerable, and a more amiable looking old gentleman never stood on a platform. Having assumed a solemn, graceful and dignified attitude, for a minute or two, he silently, gravely, almost sadly, gazed on the assembly, as if he were listening to the songs of his fathers in the "happy hunting grounds." Then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he bowed to the audience, and commenced his speech in a low tone, his utterance being, at first, slow, grave, almost "mournful," but gradually becoming more vigorous, emphatic, and lively. Having thanked the Great Spirit for past kindnesses, he invoked the continuance of such mercies, and in the most appropriate terms, gave expression to the feelings of attachment and sympathy, which should bind men to each other, irrespective of color, creed, class or condition, and at all times and seasons, but more especially during the holy season of Christmas,

when even Heaven itself became united to earth, through the medium of our divine Chief, "the Captain of our Salvation." He then spoke of the dissensions and sins which followed in the wake of drunkenness, and invoked his people to be steadfast "water men," and to be an example in all things to their weaker brethern. He then, much to our satisfaction, related the history of the temperance movement amongst the Indians, pointing out the evils that had overtaken many braves of his own tribe, in consequence of their insatiable love for the "deadly fire water" introduced by evil-minded "pale faces." He even quoted statistics showing the evils which the sale of liquor was daily entailing on the natives of the old world. By a skilful use of beautiful metaphors, and a lucid narration of appalling facts connected with the liquor traffic, he gradually drew tears from every eye in the vast assembly. He then proved the drunkard to be insane, and showed him to be a "persistent suicide, the deliberate murderer, by prolonged torture, of his own family." "The drunkard's name and place," said the Chief, "are sure to disappear from off the face of the earth. He can only be compared, (continued he,) with a foolish warrior mentioned in Indian story, who from an inordinate love of adventure, persisted in building his wigwam on an ice field in shelter of a small island in the great lakes. Spring came, and one stormy night while the Indian slept, the ice moved out from the shore, under the influence of the wind. The action of the water soon broke up the ice field, the wigwam of the brave, still remained firm on the "berg," but in a day or two, the ice became so thin, that the hut and its contents fell through it. After clinging for a short time to the "wreck," the hunter and his family sank to rise no more." "This man, (said the chief,) persisted in indulging in his folly, and his folly brought about his destruction. So shall it be with those who drink "fashionable poison."

After this chief had finished his "oration," there was a musical performance, then another speech and so on, alternately, to the end. It has been our good fortune to hear many of the best living