

saying, I am afraid any longer to speak against sin. Long time ago, Jesus came and preached His gospel to the Jews who were His enemies, and although they maltreated Him, He was always kind to them and returned good for evil. I want to imitate Him, and although you may not like what I say to you, and may get angry, yet I will not resent it. The enemies of Jesus were offended at Him, not because He spoke evil words, for He spake nothing but good; and you may say that I am speaking bad words too; but no, I speak good words, for although I speak against your wicked practices, yet I do so according to the teaching of God's Word. By-and-bye, when you die and leave this world, where do you suppose you will go to if you keep up these sinful practices? You will go to hell if you sin thus. But on the other hand, if you repent and do good, and take Jesus as your chief [King], when you die you will go straight to heaven, where there is no sickness or evil, but where God our Great Father will give us all that is good for us.

"My friends, you know my name and character. You know that I have been converted to God, and all my friends, both whites and Indians, know it; it is known far and wide. Shall I therefore go back to my former state? What would my friends say of me? And should I have before me the fear of God? And would not some of you say, 'Ah, Captain John is changing his mind, for he says nothing against our dancing, and therefore he approves of it?' No, I am not going back from my principles. I am not afraid to witness against sin. I am not alone! you are many, and your opinions against me may be many and strong, yet the Holy Spirit moves me thus to speak, and makes me not afraid." [For he said that, as he warmed with his discourse, the countenances of the braves around became red, as he termed it, and with lowering looks showed much displeasure and anger.] "You see me now well and strong, but soon I may be dead; and I want to be faithful in warning you of the consequences of sin, and in witnessing for Jesus my Chief. For I have no chief on earth like you, Roman Catholic friends, who have your priests. You sin, and then go to your priest. You confess your sin. The priest absolves you, and you come back home telling us how good you are now,—all

right now! Now I do not act thus. See: my minister (Mr. Crosby) is in Canada, and Mr. Bryant is the only one left in the neighborhood, but they are not my priests or chiefs, who have power to absolve and set me right again. No, Jesus is my Chief, and He is our minister's Chief too. If I were to confess to my ministers as you do to the priests, and tell them what I please about my sins, they would see my face but not my heart. That heart would still be wicked in the sight of God, for He dwells above us all and sees and knows all our hearts. He is my Chief and to Him I go for pardon and grace.

"Ah, my friends, we are all here tonight before God and we shall all appear before Him at the resurrection. Then the great Judge, and my Chief will appear. Then there will be no going to the priest to confess our sins or paying him \$1 for absolution! Then, if I were to offer the Judge \$100 it would be of no use. He will not want my money, and will not take it. For if we are wicked then, He will send us straight to hell. If we get there no priest or minister can take us out again! No priest can do that business, or buy us out of purgatory, for there is no purgatory; but if in hell once, I must be there for ever. No priest can take us out of the pit! See: if I am poor in worldly circumstances, but holy in heart, God will not notice my poverty, but take me to heaven. So, if I am rich, but have not the Holy Spirit in my heart, my riches will avail me nothing then, and I must be sent to eternal perdition. So, friends, come to Jesus and make Him your friend."

This can only be an imperfect sketch of what he said, for he is an impassioned, natural orator; at the conclusion of his address he found himself with cap in hand, with which he had been gesticulating and unconsciously swinging around and over his head (as he expressed it,) although when he began, the cap was under his arm.

He assured me, without the least semblance of boasting, but with free native simplicity, that his words flowed as a stream, his heart being warmed and his face emboldened by the help and presence of the Holy Spirit.

He routed the company of heathen dancers, although they tried in vain to rally after he left. David Salacalton