

every evening, unless prevented by inclement weather, and a prayer-meeting at the same place every morning. These meetings have been well attended, and the profound and solemn attention given by the Cherokees, strongly evinced that they felt themselves in the presence of Him who searcheth the heart. On Sunday, a discourse was delivered from the chief's stand, in English, by the Rev. Evan Jones, Baptist missionary,—interpreted into Cherokee by Jesse Bushyhead, a native preacher. The discourse was a very impressive one in English, and, from the countenances of the Cherokees, I was convinced that it was so in Cherokee. Bushyhead entered with all his soul into the spirit of the discourse. He is a large, noble-looking man, and the best interpreter in the nation. He was all life and eloquence in interpreting; his actions increased with the life of the discourse; his gestures were elegant and forcible, upon forcible expressions. But when to "Calvary they turned," when the preacher brought forth the soul-stirring doctrine of a God, sending his Son to die for sinful man—the spirit of Bushyhead began to melt; his countenance swelled; the big tears started in his eyes; his voice choked—and for a moment he was hardly able to give utterance to the discourse. One burst of his feelings, however, freed him from his embarrassment, and he proceeded in the melting strains of dying love. I looked around upon the vast number of Cherokees, to see if the emotion of Bushyhead had been caught by the sympathies of the audience, as I had been accustomed to see in white congregations, and I was convinced that the effect was even more general than what we usually witness at large meetings.

In the afternoon, Bushyhead preached in Cherokee, and his emotions at times would nearly prevent his proceeding. In the evening, a discourse was delivered in English by Mr.

Butrick, a Presbyterian missionary, and interpreted by Bushyhead. In all these cases, a large proportion of the Cherokees collected, and were attentive listeners.

One circumstance particularly struck my attention,—the interesting and correct manner in which the music was conducted. Their hymns were all in Cherokee; the music was the common tunes we are accustomed to in our churches, and was performed with far more correctness, as regards time, enunciation and effect, than what is found among the white congregations at the south and west. It was easy and natural to imagine that the tunes were learned from the missionaries. But although I discovered that the different parts were sung, that a Cherokee, sitting beside me, sang a very good bass, I had no idea that music had been taught them as a science. On Monday, during a fall of rain, while passing through the camp, my attention was drawn by some strains of music, proceeding from a small shed. On approaching, I found some six or eight Cherokees sitting round a rude table, with their singing-books before them, practising upon some tunes, which were new to most of them—one more expert than the rest, acting the part of a teacher. I joined them in their happy amusement, and, while singing with these real sons of the forest a few such tunes as China, Windham, &c., I was forcibly reminded of the prophecy of Isaiah—"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing."—*Bapt. Miss. Mag.* (Boston.)

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

From the Rev. J. S. Green. "We have just closed our general meeting at this place. God has blessed us