

a handle, and partly filled with shot), which he was furiously shaking, and making most unearthly, hideous noises. I laid my hand upon him saying, "Chaskwa, chaskwa, akwaney, akwaney," which means stop, stop, that's enough, that will do; but all to no purpose. I then threw some brush upon the coals of fire, and made a light, as it was dark in the wigwam; this he put out; and picked up a coal, about the size of a hickory nut, or a little larger, which he put in his mouth; all the time shaking his rattler, and making his unearthly, whining, groaning, and indescribable sort of noise. This coal of fire gave the old conjuror the appearance of an infernal spirit. I suppose the devil himself would look not unlike that horrible sight. The tent was dark, and the coal in his mouth sent forth rays of light, his mouth was opened to its full extent, his eyes glared in the darkness, and had I not seen him put the fire in his mouth, I would have thought him breathing out fire from within. Then, to crown all, he turned full and square upon me, and breathed out the fire upon me, as though he was going to devour or engulf me at once. "That spectre haunts me still."

He then turned to the other side of the tent, or wigwam, and went over his incantations. The light shone from his mouth on the wigwam, and his groans, and cries, and trembling voice made, upon the whole, the most unearthly affair I ever witnessed; to describe fully, is beyond my power.

Just at this juncture I began to sing

"Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood."

And as I sung, the noise became weaker and weaker, fainter and fainter, till it died out, and only a spasmodic shake of the rattler remained of the infernal performance.

After the thing entirely ceased, I called in my interpreter, who was afraid and stayed out and away from the wigwam, while I was within. I

had to go and bring him in. I then found that there were three sick children there, and that he was going over his incantations to cure them. I also found that this conjurer was one with whom I had a conversation only a few days before, when he said he knew that he was wrong. He said this was one thing he felt to be very bad in himself: that his children should become Christians before him, when he knew that Christianity was right, and that he should be an example to his children, and should have been the first to become a Christian; but they had done this good thing before him. I urged upon him, at that time, that he should cast away his sins, to forsake his evil ways, and resolve fully to become a praying man; and, as they appropriately express it, "walk in the ways of the true religion."

He said, he wished to wait another year. I spoke plainly to him of the uncertainty of life, and before another year would return he might drop into everlasting torments. I pressed the matter home to his conscience, and he promised he would give this matter a serious and careful consideration, but made no definite promise. Then, to think that only a few days after this conversation I should meet him in the above-described condition, would almost discourage one!

Well, to return, I told him I was sorry to find him engaged in this miserable performance. I said it was exceedingly displeasing to God, and grievous in His sight. And that if his children were sick, he should pray to the Lord, who is the giver of life, for his children. I said that it was out of pure love to his soul that I had come in at this time to talk and pray with him, and that my soul went out after him to do him good. He said he was very glad to see me, as I had come to see him and talk with him and pray for him. After some further conversation, I sang a hymn and prayed both for him and his sick children. After prayer, I again urged him to leave off his conjuring, any way, even though he did not choose to become a Christian.