

beneath us seemed to shake, the blood chilled in our veins, and the very hair on our heads stood up in mass!" Turning himself round, Muh-nut-quott addressed the old Pagan Priest, and spoke vehemently. At this moment were heard the voices of other Indians approaching from an adjoining camp. The noise of those outside, and the gestures of those within, plainly told that they were ready for any kind of violence.

The Indian interpreter now said to the Missionary, "Leave quickly; go, go, and I will come when I can." The young Minister left immediately, and felt his way along through the dark, one mile from the wigwams. Here, stopping on the bank of a creek, he leaned himself against a tree, and awaited with prayer and some anxiety the arrival of his interpreter. An hour elapsed, and he came up with this word from the Chief, "Where is that Preacher? where is that Preacher?"

Next morning the interpreter went down to see if they were sober; but they were stupidly drunk. After waiting two days, both went again to the sugar camp. Apprised of their coming, the Indians had all things in readiness for the anticipated "talk." On entering the wigwam, at the right of the fire were seated the young men. On the left lay the Chief, partly reclining on his elbow, with a large knife in his hand; but as all were now sober, the servants of Jesus feared not to approach them. Again the friendly hand was offered; for a moment the Chief looked into the Missionary's eyes, as if he would read his very soul, then, rising up, he threw his knife three or four feet from him, and gave the Minister a hearty welcome. They conversed together for an hour, and, as is usual on such occasions, the pipe sent up its curling incense as a token of peace and mutual good-will.

Preliminaries over, the Missionary

offered up a prayer, in which he felt that fire came down from heaven to consume the sacrifice. He then preached to them. During the sermon the Chief listened attentively, and it was easy to see that the truth affected him, for the big tear often gathered in his eye, while ever and anon a deep sigh would break from his troubled heart. At the close he was invited to speak. He rose and said, "All you say is very true; I like it much; but I am weak in my heart, and cannot do good. We cannot meet these whiskey traders: they are too much for us."

Several times during the ensuing summer the Missionary visited this band, and preached to them the words of eternal life. In the autumn of the same year Muh-nut-quott and several of his Indians were converted, baptized, and received into the Church. For more than three years this Chief has been a faithful Class-Leader in his band, during which time he has seen many of his Indian brothers, including the head Chief, made happy in a Saviour's love. Thus was organized an infant church in the bosom of the wilderness; and thus, also, was verified, in the experience of our youthful Missionary, the truth of those inspiring words, "The cross shall conquer:" words which have often since led him on to similar victories.—*Report of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.*

THE MILLER'S BOY AND HIS BIBLE.

The following record of one of the happy results of Bible distribution in Sweden, appeared in the "Presbyterian" about four years since. The incident is as interesting now as when it was first related:—

I returned, says a Swedish colporteur, through a village where there are several water mills. A Bible had been