



JOHN SUNDAY.

tural stately gracefulness, but largely possessed the *not*-Indian attribute of humour; these two characteristics, joined to his broken English, rendered his manners and conversation very amusing. His rough white acquaintances (we speak of his irreligious days) often stimulated his natural aptitude for the ludicrous, for the purpose of enjoying his clown-like drollery. These peculiarities, with the well-known fact that he was a successful hunter, albeit, like all Indians then, a notorious drunkard, was all the celebrity John enjoyed in his heathen state; and all the celebrity he would ever have achieved

had not the Gospel shed its light on his dark mind.

It may seem incredible, but long before that day dawned, this merry, or frenzied savage, as he sometimes seemed to be, could have said, had he known the lines—

“My thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead.”

Long after he entered the ministry he declared to the writer that he often spent sleepless nights in his lone wigwam, deep in the recesses of the solitary woods, because of his revolving in mind such questions as these:—
“Who made the trees and animals,