

CANADIAN INDIANS.

"I recollect the first time I saw the Canadian Indian was in coming up the St. Lawrence, when, on the break of an autumnal day, the most picturesque and splendid scene of the passage from the Isle of Orleans, opened itself gradually out as the morning mist yielded to the sun. The white and fleecy Falls of Montmorency, the high-capped mountains, the bold and lofty promontory of Cape Diamond, the glittering silver-roofed city (for so Quebec appears to a stranger,) the formidable citadel, the broad and majestic St. Lawrence, covered with noble vessels of war, and of trade, strangely mingled with the woods of Point Levi, on the opposite shore, where, their night-fires slowly expiring, we observed an Indian encampment. The contrast between the solitary wretchedness of the wigwam camps, hastily formed of boughs and bark, and incapable of resisting the rain-storm, with the splendid city, and the mass of noble vessels, of the whites, was, to me, very striking and melancholy. The poor and defenceless owners of the soil seemed to have been pushed back into the lonely cove of the forest, by the arrogant intruders on their birthrights. The extremes of civilization and barbarism were separated only by a few yards of mountain land; whilst the knowledge that the power of the white and bearded stranger, as the Mexicans, and others of the red family, designate their conquerors, was originally exerted only to annihilate, increased the feeling for a people whose condition, though somewhat ameliorated, is, perhaps, with a few exceptions, as bad as it well can be. I have seen the red man in all his relative situations—of warrior hunter, tiller of the soil, and preacher of the word; I have seen him wholly wild, but never wholly civilized; for the best specimen of an Indian missionary I am acquainted with, in Upper Canada, forgot all his instruction, all his acquired feelings and habits, when he witnessed with me the war dance of heathen and perfectly savage warriors. He had been carefully educated from a boy, spoke English perfectly, was modest, intelligent, and well-bred; guided his young family excellently, and did not intrude his professional habits and opinions when in society, nor seemed to be in the least elevated by his superior acquisitions. Yet, he grinned with savage delight at this exhibition of untutored nature. And when I asked him if it was not a blessing that the Indian had listened to the mild spirit of the white man's religion, and having proved himself capable of appreciating it, that he might be the means of

imparting its doctrines to the savage nation before us, who displayed human frailty in the lowest state of degradation, he calmly replied, 'What you say, my friend, is true; but I never before saw my red brother in the condition of an absolute and acknowledged warrior. Alas! he is very brave! My father was as brave as wild as he is, and often have I hid me from his frown in the depths of the woods. Listen! the warrior is telling of his battles! I will interpret the brave man's speech to you.' As he became excited beyond the power of control by his native feelings, he went on translating the mighty deeds of a second Walk-in-the-Water, or Snapping Turtle, or some other chief, in equally euphonious and terrible cognomen. He stayed out a second edition of the war story, and even of the pipe-dance, which late exhibition, a European missionary would consider himself justly degraded by being present at, and I left him involved in rapid discourse with the heathen warriors."—*Bonnycastle in Canadas, in 1841.*



CHURCH MUSIC.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

— "All the train
Sang Hallelujah, as the sound of seas."

Milne

AGAIN! oh, send those anthem notes again!
Through the arched roof in triumph to the sky
Bid the old tombs give echoes to the strain,
The banners tremble, as with victory!

Sing them once more!—they waft my soul away
High where no shadow of the past is thrown
No earthly passion through th' exulting lay,
Breathes mournfully one haunting under-tone

All is of Heaven!—yet wherefore to mine eyes
Gush the quick tears unbidden from their source
E'en while the waves of that strong harmony
Sweep with my spirit on their sounding course!

Wherefore must rapture its full tide reveal,
Thus by the signs betokening sorrow's power
— Oh! it is not, that humbly we may feel
Our nature's limits in its proudest hour!



If toil were only toil, or if it had no object but the supply of one's own bodily wants, to gratify hunger and thirst, or to minister to luxurious appetites, if this were all, the labour of man would be as the labour of brutes.