

useful he must do something towards developing his native genius. He had good mental qualities, a lively imagination and an aptitude for describing men and things that produced lasting impressions upon the minds of his hearers by their quaintness and power. Help was given him to obtain training for his intellect from the Dorcas Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. The sum total of the education he received was limited, and comprised merely the ability to read and write. He lacked the dignity of the ideal Indian, and was unable to charm his audiences with the majestic stateliness of Indian speech, but he possessed the power of reaching the conscience by his penetrating appeals, and he had the gift of conveying instruction by his quaint illustrations and humorous tales.

The love of Christ constrained him to go and tell to others the sweet story of the Cross. Within two months after his conversion he volunteered to go with Peter Jones on a missionary tour. Love for the souls of his Indian Brethren compelled him to travel amongst them relating his experience, praying fervently with them and preaching pointedly salvation through Christ alone. He began without any recognized authority to instruct him to preach Christ and him crucified.

The Rev. Wm. Case and his family were awakened early one morning by sounds coming from a wigwam, evidently of a person in deep distress. The missionary went to learn the cause of the trouble and observed an aged woman standing up in a wigwam speaking in an intensely earnest manner to those present. Upon inquiring as to who the person was, and the cause of her sorrow, John Sunday replied: "Oh, it is my mother. She so happy all night, she can't sleep."

Happy in his Savior's love he could now rejoice that the Lord had touched the heart of his aged parent. This was a source of encouragement to him to continue telling his Indian brethren of the blessings resulting from the faith in God.

(To be Continued.)

VOTERS' LISTS—FINAL REVISION.

His Honor Judge Jones, the Revising officer for North and South Brant, has fixed the days for the final revision of the Dominion Voters' as follows:

SOUTH BRANT.

Paris, June 26th, at town Hall.
Onondaga, July 12, at Township Hall.
Tuscorora, July 14th, at Council House.
West Brantford, July 16th, at Mt. Pleasant.
City of Brantford, July 19th, at Court House.

St. Thomas Times: "Under the Crooks Act it will be an offence for a white man to sell liquor to Indians. Under the Scott Act Indians visit London, purchase whiskey, bring it to St. Thomas and sell it to white men. Detective Heenan, arrested William Nicholas, an Indian, who had returned from the Forest City and two or three quart bottles filled with liquor were found in his pockets. The Magistrate fined him \$3 and \$3 costs or 30 days.

HOW THE CREES BANQUETED ME.

I was a member of the first Red River Expedition, under General Wolseley, in 1870, and in the year following my discharge was further seized with the spirit of adventure. Purchasing an "outfit" consisting of an Indian pony, a cart, tent, and stock of provisions, I started from Manitoba for the Great Plains of the Saskatchewan, and on arriving at Fort Edmonton concluded to pass a year with the Half-breed buffalo hunters and Indians, establishing my watering post at Saddle Lake, on the north side of the upper Saskatchewan, about ninety miles northwest of Fort Pitt.

Joining a party of French Halfbreeds, I left Saddle Lake in October, 1872, on a buffalo hunt to procure a supply of meat for the winter's use.

After crossing the North Saskatchewan, and arriving at the Great Plains, buffalo were met with in vast numbers, and we soon filled twenty-seven carts, but a severe and protracted snow storm caught us while sojourning in the Cree camp under the leadership of Chief Little Pine, who was poisoned in Poundmaker's camp ten days before the Cutknife fight of last Summer. Owing to the stormy weather we were compelled to remain in camp for over a week.

The lodges were pitched on the sheltered side of a hill, from the summit of which bands of buffalo could be seen feeding, and ample supplies were brought in daily by the squaws, who went out with dog-trains after the hunters had made a "run."

No settlers or mounted police had then appeared on the plains, and the Indians were living in their primitive way, hunting, feasting and dancing, enjoying the present caring nought for the morrow.

Although this was a camp of the Crees, several Blackfeet were visiting it, the two tribes for a wonder, being at peace, in consequence of the terrible havoc made in the ranks of both by the small pox, which had raged on the plains during the previous year.

For several days I had been hunting with the Indians and feeding on fresh meat, humps, and marrow bones, when, early one morning, I determined to go out alone on a "still hunt," hoping to get near enough to a herd to send a bullet through the fattest animal in it. As my arrangements were about completed, and I had donned my dressed skin hunting shirt, powder horn and bullet pouch, Chief Little Pine entered the lodge and noticing my movements, asked Johnny Pritchard, one of the Metis, to request me to remain, as some of my Indian friends intended to visit me that morning. Unwillingly I complied, and soon had good cause to regret that I had done so.

Little Pine's lodge, in which I was living, was a very large and commodious one, well lined with ornamented dressed buffalo skins, to ward off the draughts which entered beneath the walls, and liberally supplied with warm robes, strewn about on the ground, for use as "chairs" and beds.

Johnny Pritchard, who has since become famous as the preserver of Mrs. Gowanlock and Mrs. Delaney, at Frog Lake, was with me in

the lodge, and was the only person, beside myself, in the camp who could speak English. Johnny proved a good, honest, warm-hearted fellow during the long period in which he was connected with me.

Soon after Little Pine's entrance the skin door of the lodge was pushed aside, and the medicine man of the camp made his appearance, bearing under his arm his stock in trade, rolled up in a dressed wolf skin. Seating himself beside me, after shaking hands, he untied his roll, and, amongst other articles, produced a large redstone pipe, into which he fitted a long carved and ornamented wooden stem, and placed it before him on two sticks.

Presently the skin door was again opened, and two Indians came in. One of these was old Bent Reed, who had constituted himself a sort of protector and general guide to me in my wanderings amongst the many lodges, of all sizes, composing the camp. He it was who introduced me to the dance tent, and every lodge wherein a feast was under way. He had a wonderful nose and could tell in a moment when the hump, marrow bone or hip, which was to be the crowning dish of the meal, was cooked to a turn, and the host only waited our presence to place it on the ground before us. The other individual was Dog Tail, who some days before had, with much ceremonial feasting and painkiller drinking, accepted me as his brother.

They had scarcely seated themselves, cross-legged, on the robes spread around the open fire which burned in the centre of the lodge, when a croud of Indians appeared and filled every available inch of space. They all appeared to be in the best of humor, while casting many admiring and expectant glances at two big copper kettles which had been brought in and placed near the fire in front of the medicine man. Old Bent Reed chuckled and nudged me many times, while I wondered what it all meant.

An odor of boiled meat came from the kettles mingled with a strangely fragrant, sweet smell, which pervaded the lodge, and convinced me that it was some special dish of tidbits cooked for my benefit. So it afterwards proved to be, but of a nature quite different from what I expected.

The old medicine man now slowly, and with much deliberation and care, cut some tobacco and filled the big pipe, the Indians meanwhile preserving a perfect silence. Taking a coal from the fire—I never saw an Indian light his pipe from a flame when he could get a coal—he ignited the tobacco with two or three long drawn inhalations, and blew a cloud of smoke to each of the four cardinal points, the earth, and the sky, after each puff pointing the pipe-stem in the same direction.

Following this ceremony came a short oration after which the pipe was passed from hand to hand, until all present had taken from it a whiff of smoke. As soon as all had participated in this observance the ashes were carefully shaken from the bowl, which was again placed in position before the medicine man, who at once began to deliver a mighty discourse. With much gesticulation and many apparent appeals to his audience for approval, he spoke rapidly and harmoniously.