

engaged in making sugar; so, leaving their horses they proceeded thither on foot. The interpreter being lame, and having to walk with crutches, it was dusk before they came in sight of the red men's fire. At this moment a silent prayer was offered up, and they went forward putting their trust in the living God. The youthful Minister felt that his enterprise was not without peril, yet he faltered not, for a voice within him whispered, "The cross shall conquer."

They soon came up to a tent, and pulled aside the blanket door; on entering they found the old Pagan Priest lying wrapped in his Indian blanket. Quickly rising up, he said, "What you want? What you come here for?" The Missionary replied, "My friend, we have come to see you,—to visit your Indians here." "O, O! then come, go with me over to Muh-nut-quott's (the Chief), and then we will have a talk," rejoined the Priest. Accordingly he led the way to the Chief's dark palace.

But whom do they meet?—Two white men; peddlars of that liquid fire that has destroyed so many thousands of the noble Indian race. They had been selling this cursed poison to them until they were quite drunk. The Missionary inquired of these men whether they had seen Muh-nut-quott? They said sneering, "He is in his wigwam." They entered the tent. To the left of the door, wrapped in a large red blanket, lay the Chief. The Missionary's heart almost sank within him; for he perceived, alas! that the *spirit* of evil was there to resist the Spirit of good. Nevertheless, he approached, and gave the friendly hand: but the Chief would neither take the hand nor speak to him; on the contrary his face grew black with anger, and his eye spoke fight. One of the whiskey traders now came in, and sat down by his side. This seemed to add fuel to the fire already kindled in

his breast; for they talked freely together, and in a very excited manner.

As all the Indians had been drinking the "fire-water," and some of them were quite intoxicated, the Preacher and his companion felt that their situation was anything but safe or comfortable. It was dark. They were in the dense forest, far from a white man's dwelling, with nothing but blind roads to follow, if it should become necessary for them to fly. Not that they were afraid of death, but the thought of being at the mercy of drunken Indians—there was something in it revolting to human nature, from which the mind shrank in terror, and appalled.

At length the Chief rose, and fixing his keen black eye on the Missionary, said, "What do you want?" "We have come to tell you the words of the Great Spirit," was the answer. "But," said the Chief, "I know as much as you; I know about the Great Spirit myself." Seeing that Muh-nut-quott had lost the power of self-control, the Minister asked to be excused from talking to him about "this new religion" till the next morning; but, "No," was his decided answer, "you must stay and talk to-night. You talk a little while, and then I will talk, and we will see which is the wisest man, you or I." Again he was advised to wait till morning, but "No, no," was his reply. In vain the Missionary and the interpreter tried to reason with him, or to tell him of their intention to pass the night with a white friend. "You must stay and talk now: by and-by, at mid-night, the moon will be up, and then you can go to the white man's house."

Muh-nut-quott now became so much excited that he sprang from the ground, at the same time clapping his hands, and giving the Indian's wild and frantic whoop! This sound, so sudden and full of terror, startled our young men, till, as one of them says, "The earth