

prise, and every other, should be supported by its friends, to make it an instrument of saving souls. This was likewise interpreted. All the other speeches were in the *vernacular*; by Anjecahbo Francis Wahbaze; the second Chief (I have forgotten his name); Joseph Jones, the chairman; and some more. Although it was near midnight, there seemed to be no diminution of the interest. Still the orators exerted themselves, and still the soft beating of mocassined feet, (so different from the rattling din of our assemblages,) cheered on the "taking" passages. The animated gestures as they got warm on the subject, and the (to us) uncouth gibberish,—the ready laugh, or clap, or stamp, showing they quite carried their audience with them—the great chandelier swinging up and down with extra and needless flourishes, followed by the great black eyes of every *papoose* in the house,—the occasional snatches we got, when something was said *too good* for our friend Jones to keep to himself; and the singing liberally interspersed, pitched sometimes on so high a key that no white man could be inspired enough to reach it, (though the Ojibways did,) all combined to form a scene both novel and exciting to us.

Each of the speeches was prefaced by a bow, and "Mr. Chairman!" but all the rest was in Ojibway. Wahbaze's speech was worth preserving. He said he was born away near the Mississippi, in paganism. He never heard of Kishemanitu (the Great or Good Spirit) till twelve years old; and then only casually from a French trader. He asked his mother who Kishemanitu was; she told him to be still, and not to be asking foolish questions; and that was all he could learn for several years. At length he came to Canada, and in the neighbourhood of Orillia first heard of God and His Son Jesus. He then entered the communion of the Anglican Church. He was most anxious for the moral and social improvement of the Red man, and urged the claims of the C. I. Society upon the audience. Although we had in private protested against it, a collection was taken up, and I am inclined to think urged by some of the speakers. Two caps went round, into which all put something, and which were then placed on the table with sufficient force to *chink* well; at which the young boys laughed. Then the Chairman announced that a subscription paper was ready; which he headed with a dollar. Three or four others marched up to the table and promised the same. At last the meeting closed; and with a great amount of hand shaking and *bu-zus*, we retired to Henry Jones's for the rest of the night.

While the two Joneses and a young relative, occasionally assisted by Mr. Hooper, were singing hymns, English and native, I took occasion to examine and ask questions about the Ojibway language, and the various translations into that language. The Ojibway, like most, if not all the American Aboriginal languages, is unwritten; and the Roman characters are used. It is deficient of the sounds represented by the consonants *l*, *r*, *f*, and *v*. It has all the vowel sounds of the English, but wants some of the combinations; as for instance, the sound of *th*. The language therefore has a harsh sound to our ears—any language wanting *l*, to say nothing of the others, would sound unmusical to us. There is a certain sound of *u*, which I think would be best represented by *uh*. which in the version of the New Testament issued by the American Tract Society, is represented among the Roman characters by an Italic *v*. The *i*, in this version is to be pronounced *e*, and the *e*, *a*. Though this version is, in consequence of this spelling, more acceptable and better