

some of the benighted black tribes of that dark and mysterious portion of the globe. The missionaries are now unfolding to them the word of the true living God, contained in the sacred volume.

The Indians of North America, in their original nature, although of a reddish copper colour, from some cause or other, still retain the faith of their ancestors, who believed, as their descendants now do, that a great and good spirit exists who rules the universe.

The wild Indian of the plains has been observed to look up and wave his calumet, with grateful feeling, toward the Good Spirit, before he takes a smoke by his camp fire.

The great back-bone (the Rocky Mountains) of the West, has lately been cut through by the white man, for his iron track across the continent, and the Indians now hear the thunders of his "*fire waggon*"* that sends its startling whistling sound through their habitations in the defiles of the mountains; their hunting ground is now ripped through into two great divisions, and the buffaloes—their principal game, and main staff of life—are scattered to the right and left by the "*fire waggon*," as it rolls along the iron track with its train. A great portion of the buffaloes of the plains have been frightened away southward by the locomotive on the Pacific Railway, probably never to return.

*Locomotive.