

speakers, during our travels in different lands, but, so far as our judgment goes, we are inclined to believe that few white men can rival, in oratory, the Nestors of the Western forests. Moreover, the star of our best musicians would grow pale before the performances of the daughters of the woods. The Indians excel as vocalists, they sing like birds. Some of the missionaries informed us that, being naturally diffident, they sing much better in their native wilds than in a church, especially when "white critics" are present. Never, in all our travels through Christian lands, did we see a church so tastefully decorated for Christmas, nor one so thickly interspersed with appropriate scriptural mottos, as was that of these people whom "white folks" imagine to be so far inferior to themselves. Never were we present at any meeting which was carried on in a more orderly and fraternally Christian manner. It was certainly a re-union of brothers. Every one seemed to be intent on promoting the happiness of his fellows, each and all were true to their order and to the "regalia they wore." The scene strongly reminded us of what the house of the Jewish Patriarch must have been, after the return and repentance of his "prodigal son."

The speeches were delivered (with one or two exceptions), in the Indian tongue, and then translated by the interpreter, for the benefit of the English visitors; and the speeches of the white men were translated into Indian by the same personage. A white man cannot fail to admire the power of language the Indians possess, when speaking in their own language. On this occasion, a gentleman from Cariboo (Mr. James Jock), gave a short account of the Chippewas of the Plains, and of the Sioux and Blackfeet of the Saskatchewan and Rocky Mountains, and related many interesting anecdotes of his adventures in those regions. Amongst others was the following:—"While living up at William Creek (said Mr. Jock), an Irishman named Gahan, who was judge of the district, sent me, by a Cree Indian, a present of a small bottle of "Mountain dew," (whiskey), telling the bearer to present his compliments with

the bottle. Curiosity prompted the Indian to draw the cork, when he either spilled or drank the contents. At all events he duly arrived at my hut, and spoke as follows:—"Friend and brother, the judge sent you a muzzled bottle, with compliments—here is the vessel, but I have lost the compliments."

Another white visitor then addressed the audience, exhorting them to strictly observe the laws of their order, and to endeavor to induce their brethern to prefer "empty bottles to dangerous compliments," and in support of his views, related several anecdotes, amongst which were the following:—

"A lecturer on temperance once stated at a meeting, that all those who once acquired the habit of "tippling" would, in ten years, be either total abstainers or confirmed drunkards. There is no such thing, in this indulgence, as moderation; a man will either advance upwards or retrograde downwards." He then affirmed that if the experience of any man present could contradict the fact, he would account for such a phenomena or desert the teetotal cause. Immediately, a tall man arose, and folding his arms across his breast, said,—“Sir, my experience contradicts your statement. I have been a moderate drinker for ten years—nay, more, forty years—but have never yet been intoxicated.” “Well,” (said the lecturer, scanning the man from head to foot), “yours is truly a singular case, but I think I can account for it. Permit me to state a story which may possibly throw some light on the subject:—“A negro, named Tom, was once sent on an errand by his master to a village called Crossabeg. Having a dollar to spare, he bought a loaf of bread and a bottle of “Stedman’s whiskey,” wherewith to enjoy himself on his way home. While returning, he came, by accident, on a camp meeting in the woods. A preacher was speaking on temperance, Tom listened, he heard the words of life. “A drunkard can never enter the kingdom of Heaven.” He became convinced of the sin and folly of intemperance, and at last resolved to drink no more “fire water.” After leaving the camp, he sat down beside a small creek to eat some bread. While doing