

THE INDIAN ADVOCATE.

By the Board of Indian Missions.

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THE INDIAN ADVOCATE

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Incidents of Indian Life.

I recollect the day when my people in Canada were both numerous and happy; and since then, to my sorrow, they have faded away like frost before the heat of the sun. Where are now that once numerous and happy people? The voice of but few is heard.

When I think of them, I feel pained to know that many have fallen a prey to its soul and body-destroying influence. I could adopt the language of the poet:

"I will go to my tent and lie down in despair,
I will paint me with black, and cover my hair
I will sit on the shore where the hurricane
blows.

And relate to the God of the tempest my woes,
For my kindred are gone to the moulds of the dead.

But they did not of hunger nor wasting decay
For the drink of the white man hath swept them
away."

The Ojibwa nation, that unconquered nation, has fallen a prey to the withering influence of intemperance. Their buoyant spirits could once mount the air as on the wings of a bird. Now they have no spirits. They are beggled in, bound, and malnourished, by both the American and British governments. They have no other hope, than that at some day they will be relieved from their privations and trials by death. The fire-water has rolled towards them like the waves of the sea. Alas! alas! my people! The tribe became dissipated, and consequently imprudent, and often suffered intensely.

It was in visiting the interior that we always suffered most. [With here narrate a single circumstance which will convey a correct idea of the sufferings to which the Indians were often exposed. To collect furs of different kinds for the traders, we had to travel far into the woods and remain there the whole winter. Once we left Rice Lake in the fall, and ascended the river in canoes, above Belmont Lake. There were five families about to hunt with my father, on his grounds. The winter began to set in, and the river having frozen over, we left the canoes, the dried venison, the beaver, and some flour and pork; and when we had gone farther north, say about sixty miles from the whites, for the purpose of hunting, the snow fell for five days in succession to such a depth that it was impossible to shoot or trap anything. Our provisions were exhausted, and we had no means to procure any more. Here we were. The snow about five feet deep; our wigwam buried; the branches of the trees falling around us, and cracking from the weight of the snow.

Our mother boiled birch bark for my sister and myself, that we might not starve. On the seventh day some of them were so weak that they could not raise themselves, and others could not stand alone. They could only crawl in and out of the wigwam. We parched beaver skins and muskrats for food. On the ninth day some of the men were able to go abroad, except my father and uncle. On the tenth day, still being without food, those only who were able to walk about the wigwam were my father, my grand-mother, my sister, and myself. O how distressing to see the starving Indians lying about the wigwam with hungry and eager looks; the children would cry for something to eat. My poor mother would leave him signs of despair, the team falling from her cheeks profusely as she kissed us. Weed, though plenty, could not be obtained, on account of the fierceness of our limbs.

My father, at times, would draw near the fire, and rehearse some prayer to the gods. It appeared to him that there was no way of escape; the men, women, and children dying; some of them were speechless. The wigwam was cold and dark, and covered with snow. On the eleventh day, just before day-light, my father fell into sleep; he never awoke and said to me, "My son, the Great Spirit is about to take us; this night in my dream I saw a person coming from the east walking on the top of the trees. He said

me that we should obtain two beavers this morning about nine o'clock. Put on your muskrats and go along with me to the river, and we will hunt the beaver, perhaps for the last time." I saw that his countenance beamed with delight; he was full of confidence. I put on my muskrats and carried my snow shoes, staggering along behind him, about half a mile. Having made a fire near the river, where there was an air hole, through which the beaver had come up during the night, my father tied a gun to a stump, with the muzzle towards the air hole; he also tied a string to the trigger, and said, "should you see the beaver rise, pull the string and you will kill it." I stood by the fire with the string in my hand. I soon heard a noise occasioned by the blow of his tomahawk; he had killed a beaver, and he brought it to me. As he laid it down, he said "then the Great Spirit will not let us die here," adding, as before, "if you see the beaver rise, pull the string." He left me, I soon saw the nose of one; but I did not shoot. Presently another came up; I pulled the trigger, and off the gun went. I could not see for some time for the smoke. My father ran towards me, took the two beavers and laid them side by side; then pointing to the sun, said, "Ho you see the sun? The Great Spirit informed me that we should kill these two beavers about this time this morning. We will yet see our relatives at Rice Lake; now let us go home and see if they are well alive." We hastened home, and arrived just in time to save them from death. Since which, we visited the same spot, the year after, the missionaries came among us. My father, with feelings of gratitude, knelt down on the spot where we had nearly perished. Glory to God! But what have I done for him since? Comparatively nothing. We were just at death's door, when Christianity rescued us. I have heard of many, who have perished in this way, far in the woods. In my journey to the west, I have met many who had perished, and who had themselves nearly occupied starvation. May God forgive me for my ingratitude and indolence in his blessed cause!—*Copsey's Mission.*

Indian Revolution.

On the 5th of December last, the Seneca Indians met in convention at the Cattaraugus reservation in Erie county, and abolished their former government, that of chiefs, and established a chartered Republic. The following statement of the reason which induced this revolution, is worthy any people, however refined.

We, the people of the Seneca Nation of Indians, by virtue of the right inherent in every people, trusting in the justice and necessity of our undertaking, and humbly invoking the blessing of the God of Nations upon our efforts to improve our civil condition, and to secure to our nation the administration of equitable and wholesome laws, do hereby abolish, abrogate and annul our form of government by chiefs, because it has failed to answer the purposes for which all governments should be created.

It affords no security in the enjoyment of property.

It provides no laws regulating the institution of marriage, but tolerates polygamy. It makes no provision for the poor, but leaves the destitute to perish.

It leaves the people dependent on foreign aid for the means of education.

It has no judiciary, nor executive department; it is an irresponsible, self-constituted aristocracy.

Its powers are absolute and unlimited in signing away the people's rights, but inadequate and not sustained in making municipal regulations for their benefit or protection.

The constitution is elaborate. The judiciary is composed of three "peace-makers"; the council is chosen at large, and possesses the treaty making power; but every treaty must be ratified by three-fourths of the votes, and by three-fourths of all the mothers of the nation. Suffrage is universal. The government has been officially recognized by a majority of the people; and we do not doubt the assistance of the distinguished Senecas, as well as to protect them from the many wrongs and evils of which they have so often and justly complained.—*Exchange.*

The Indians Meeting at the Ruined City of their Ancestors.

Notwithstanding the sterile nature of the country, the trappers, during the summer, using the hills, saw with astonishment that the arid and barren valley had once been peopled by a race of men far superior to the present nomadic tribes which roam over it. With a little awe they gazed upon the ruined walls of large cities, and the remains of houses, with their ponderous beams and posts, still testifying to the skill and industry with which they were constructed. Huge ditches and irrigating canals, now filled with rank vegetation, furrowed the plains in the vicinity, marking the spot where once the green waving maize and smiling gardens covered what was a bare and sandy desert. Pieces of broken pottery, of domestic utensils, stained with bright colors, every where strewed the ground; and spear and arrow-heads of stone, and quantity carved idols and women's ornaments of agate and obsidian, were picked up often by the wandering trappers, excited with child-like curiosity, and thrown casually aside.

A Teton Indian, who was amongst the band, was evidently impressed with a melancholy awe as he regarded these ancient monuments of his fallen people. At midnight he rose from his blanket and left the camp, which was in the vicinity of the ruined city, stealthily passing through the line of slumbering forms which lay around; and the watchful sentinel observed him approach the ruins with a slow and reverential gait. Entering the mouldering walls, he gazed silently around where in days past his ancestors trod proudly, a civilized race, the tradition of which, well known to his people, served but to make their present degraded condition more galling and painful. Covering under the shadow of a crumbling wall, the Indian drew his blanket over his head, and compared to himself the former power and grandeur

ing their own country for causes of which not the most dim tradition affords a trace, sought in the fruitful and teeming valleys of the South for a soil and climate which their own lands did not afford, and displacing the wild and barbarous hordes which inhabited the land, raised there a mighty empire, great in riches and civilization, of which but the vague tradition now remains.

The Indian bowed his head and mourned the fallen greatness of his tribe. Rising, he slowly drew his tattered blanket round his body, and was preparing to leave the spot, when the shadow of a moving figure, creeping past a gap in the ruined wall, through which the moonbeams were playing suddenly arrested his attention. Rigid as a statue, he stood transfixed to the spot, thinking a former inhabitant of the city was visiting, in a ghostly form, the scene which his body once knew so well. The bow in his right hand shook with fear as he saw the shadowy approach, but was as tightly and steadily grasped when, on the figure emerging from the shade of the wall, he distinguished the form of a naked Apache, armed with bow and arrow, crawling stealthily through the gloomy ruins.

Standing undisturbed within the shadow of the wall, the Teton raised his bow, and drew an arrow to the head, until the other, who was bending low to keep under cover of the wall, and thus approach the sentinel standing at a short distance, seeing suddenly the well defined shadow on the ground, rose upright on his legs, and knowing escape was impossible, threw his arms down he was seized, and drawing himself erect, exclaimed, in a suppressed tone, "Wag-h!"

"Wag-h!" exclaimed the Teton likewise, but quickly dropped his arrow point, and crouched low.

"Wag-h!" my brother want," he asked, "that he spoke like a wolf round the fire of the white hunter?"

"Is my brother's skin not red," returned the Apache, "and yet he asks a question that needs answer. Why does the 'medicine wolf' follow the buffalo and deer? For blood—and for blood the Indian follows the treacherous arrow from camp to camp, to strike blow for blow, until the deaths of those so lately killed are fully avenged."

"My brother speaks with a big heart, and his words are true; and though the Teton and Pima (Apache) black their faces towards

each other, yet it warms here on the graves of their common fathers, there is peace between them. Let us be brave."

The Apache made a bow away, and in Teton once more sought the arms fire of his white companions.—*Blackwood.*

From the Baptist Press.

CHICKASAW, I. T., April 1st, 1849.
DEAR BROTHER BROWN—I am very glad to hear of your success in your mission, and I am sure that the church is having good success in its efforts to save souls. I have never written as much for publication in my life, but as I am far from home, and as you are so near, I thought I would write a few lines for the Banner. I am in the country with my brother, Rev. H. F. Buckner, for the purpose of assisting my sister in her school.

I expect to go to a section of five or six miles to teach, as all the children in this neighborhood are already provided for. There is a good school house at the above named place. The greatest difficulty is a want of spelling books and first readers.

I wish our Kentucky brethren could witness the zeal and perseverance manifested by the Indians in the cause of religion.

Last night my brother and I saw a great number of three miles from the Agency. It was the coldest night I ever knew in the month of April. It snowed and blew hard all the evening and yet there were Indians present who had walked seven miles, and had presented the Virginity river. They brought their provisions with them, and remained on the ground all night. Two passed the church by experience, and are to be baptized four weeks from this time.

To-day there was present a very large and attentive congregation, not more than twenty of whom could sit on the benches.

Prayer was very solemn and fervent. The prayers of the church. I never witnessed more solemnity in a congregation in my life. Those who came forward for prayer did not take a seat, as is customary in the States, but at once knelt down on the floor in front of the pulpit.

I hope the day is not far distant when this people will be numbered with the Christian nations of the earth.

Affectionately, yours, &c.

H. L. DOUGAN.

Report on Indian Missions.

To the Mississippi Baptist State Convention.

Your committee on Indian Missions submit the following report. The increase of prosperity of this mission, through the blessing of God, during the past year, is cheering to every Christian, and calls for devout thanksgiving to the Great Author of all good. The receipts of the Treasurer of this Society the past year have exceeded, by \$1,000, those of any previous year, showing an increasing interest in this good cause. There are connected with this mission eleven churches, containing eight hundred members. Most of these have been blessed with glorious outpourings of the Spirit during the past season. The schools, four in number, are flourishing, the number of scholars being more than doubled in the last twelve months. Another cheering consideration is, that at the request of the Pottawatomie Indians, the Government has appropriated \$4,000 annually, secured to them by treaty stipulations, for the establishment of a school among the above named tribe; and also, \$4,000 in commutation for buildings and other fixtures. These are some of the encouraging facts presented by the mission, and should stimulate all the benevolent to redoubled energy in behalf of the red man of the forest.

In conclusion, your committee would respectfully recommend the pastors in this State, to lay the claims of the mission before their respective churches, and solicit contributions for the same. And through the members of this body, they would urge upon all the churches the great and imperative duty of pushing forward the cause of Indian Missions, by our united prayers and liberal contributions.

Respectfully submitted.

C. B. McCLLOUD, Chm.

THE INDIAN ADVOCATE.

Edited by the Corresponding Secretary.

LOUISVILLE, MAY 1890

The Rooms of the American Indian Mission Association are on Fourth Street between Walnut and Chestnut.

SPECIAL NOTICE:

Letters on business connected with the Indian Mission Association, should be addressed to:
Rev. SIDNEY DYER,
Corresponding Secretary,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

Those containing remittances, to

C. VAN BUREN, Esq.
Treasurer,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

Persons who are regularly requested of all persons coming to the city, having in charge money for the Association, that they call at the Treasurer's office, 511 Main Street, and pay it there.

Agents of the Board.

Rev. V. R. Thornton, Gen. Agent for Georgia
Rev. A. T. N. Vandiver, Georgia
Rev. G. B. Davis, Alabama and Tennessee
Rev. John M. Ashburn, South Carolina

To Kentucky Baptists.

We have constantly looked to the support and liberality of the Baptists of Kentucky as one of the main resources of the Am Indian Mission Association and our expectations heretofore have been in a good degree realized; but we have been led to fear, from present appearances, that the brethren are becoming slack in their attention to the cause of Indian reform, and we would therefore, stir up their pure minds by way of remembrance, lest by their slackness we should be ashamed of our confident boasting of their liberality.

Dear brethren, we ask you to look at the table of receipts, and notice the amount received from Kentucky, and then say if you consider it a credit to the Association.

The Baptists of Kentucky. The Indian Mission Association is peculiarly under your charge and deserves your particular care and support. See how nobly the "Old Bay State" rallies to the support of the Baptist Missionary Union, doing more than any State in the Union, according to her ability; and also, notice how promptly the "Old Dominion" gives its aid to the Board of Foreign Missions of the Southern Baptist Convention; and, doubtless, in both these instances, it is because these States feel bound in honor to surpass their brethren in their devotion to the interest of the Boards respectively within their bounds, because they look upon them as a great trust committed to their special care, by the confidence of their brethren of the other States. And will the Baptists of Kentucky, living in a State possessing a widespread reputation for generosity and nobleness of character, a self-consecration to the service of their brethren, permit a noble institution, which has been committed in trust to their keeping by the confidence of the brethren of sister States, to languish for want of an adequate support, or suffer themselves to be outdone by other and more distant friends? But, above all, will the brethren of this Commonwealth, so truly blessed of Heaven, betray a trust committed to their hands by the Great Head of the Church? We would fain hope not.

Look at the cheering facts found under the head of Missionary Intelligence in this number of the Advocate, and the general prosperity of the Missions under the care of the Board, and have we not cheering evidence of the blessing of Heaven upon our efforts? Then consider the wide spread and whitening fields still without laborers, and the embarrassed state of our Treasury in supporting those who are already in the harvest field, and then you cannot fail to see the necessity of an immediate and liberal effort to relieve the Board from present embarrassments, and to place within its control the means of greatly enlarging its sphere of operations.

Let us respectfully, but urgently request of every Foster in the State to take immediate measures to obtain money for the purposes above mentioned. Let them be as ready as the Bereans, we need help, and we look with confidence to receive it at your hands.

Catalogue of Georgetown College, 1889-90
We are happy to learn from this catalogue that there is an increase of students over last year to the number of twenty-eight; this speaks well for the College, as it indicates a growing reputation abroad, which we feel well assured it richly deserves; and which is abundantly proved by the fact that about forty of the students in the present classes are from other States.

The classes are as follows: Seniors, 10; Juniors, 15; Sophomores, 26; Freshmen, 18; Preparatory department, 57.

The Faculty has been much strengthened by the appointment of Prof. Jacob Ammon, formerly Professor in the United States Military Academy at West Point, to the chair of Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Civil Engineering, &c.; and the transfer of Prof. Day to that of Chemistry, &c.

The Cabinets and Library have been largely increased, and other facilities added to its resources of instruction; and we feel confident that, under the management of its present able President and Faculty, it offers inducements for a thorough and useful education unsurpassed, at least in the West.

Twenty-two Baptisms.

It is with gratitude to the Great Head of the Church, that we are permitted to report interesting revivals at two of our stations, this month, and the baptism of at least twenty-two converts. Fifteen of these are reported among the Creeks, and seven among the Weas. This is the first revival which has ever occurred in this latter tribe, and is the first fruits of seed which has been sown with patience and hope for many untold years; and fully proves the truth of the promise: "In due time ye shall reap, if ye faint not."

Literary Notices.

Hayes' Baptist Cyclopedia; or Dictionary of Baptist Biography, &c.

Here is a work which promises to be of great usefulness to the denomination generally, but more especially to the ministry, as it will bring all into an acquaintance with the names and lives of the most prominent advocates, and the striking phases of its history in a new and easily accessible form.

The work is to be, when complete, a large imperial octavo of 1200 pages; it is printed in large plain type, double column, and on good paper; and is furnished to subscribers at five dollars complete, or in twenty-four monthly parts, at twenty-five cents each. We most cordially commend it to the denomination.

Baptist Memorial for May, 1890.

This number contains a steel engraved likeness of the Rev. Dr. Sharp, of Boston, accompanied by a brief biographical notice. This makes the third likeness which the Memorial has given us in as many months, and these three alone are well worth the price of a year's subscription.

We think the Memorial has hit upon the right course; and if it continues to give us a series of portraits of our denominational worthies, it cannot fail, in our opinion, to secure an extensive patronage. It promises a likeness of Dr. Fuller soon. Think, brethren, steel portraits of Welch, Stanford, Sharp, Fuller, and a large book for one dollar!

Wells' Second Reader, or the People's Guide. Baker & Bostwick, New York. 12mo., pp. 510.

This little work is evidently the production of one who is accustomed to think and judge for himself, and who is unwilling to re-echo, for the thousandth time, the blunders of the old compilers of books for the young; and his aim has been to produce a work which shall make spelling and reading an intellectual exercise, and not, as it usually has been, like reading a parrot in the art of imitation; and so far as we are capable of judging, after a careful examination of the work, we think the author has been eminently successful. We have no suggestions to make.

"Teaching the young like an old man." We should suppose that the book would supply a great desideratum in the school rooms of our country. We believe every teacher, who is accustomed to consider that teaching is not an imitative effort, but, on the part of the teacher and pupil, will find this book a most valuable auxiliary; and we cordially commend it to a fair trial.

MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

Weas.

LETTER FROM REV. D. L. LYNCH.

Dated March 26, 1890.

Half yearly Report of the School—Services on the Sabbath—Services received for Baptism—Encouraging Prospects.

As the spring vacation is at hand, I submit the following report of the general affairs and condition of the station, for the use of the Board. The time embraced is six months, and not included in the report to the Government. The first three months averaged say 25 children; the last three months the average is 29 children. The whole number on the roll is 33. The children were all advancing rapidly, up to the time of sister Ogood's sickness; since then, they have not advanced so rapidly; yet their improvement is considerable—fully as much as we ought to expect. During sister Ogood's inability to teach, I employed sister Sarah Simerwell, on my own responsibility, to teach three months for \$30. Her time is not yet out. I am aware that I had no authority from the Board to employ a teacher; I acted under the necessity of the case, and hope the Board will approve of it. There are now fifteen readers, four in arithmetic, nine in geography, and ten in writing.

SERVICES ON THE SABBATH.—Sabbath School at 9 o'clock; preaching at 12 o'clock; children called in in the afternoon to read, &c.; preaching again at sundown. Preaching, visiting, prayer meetings, &c., occasionally through the week, as circumstances permit.

Our congregations are much larger, and more attentive than heretofore. Six Indians and one white man have been received into the church by experience and baptism, (an account of which sister Ogood has written you,) and some eight or ten are inquiring. We have much cause for thankfulness to God, and much ground for encouragement.

We have room sufficient to keep forty children. Sister Ogood, though unable to bear the confinement of teaching, attends to the writing, and takes a general supervision of the school. We hope that her health will soon be sufficiently restored to enable her to be as useful as in times past.

FARMING OPERATIONS.—Forty acres under fence, beside small patches of two or three acres, are being cultivated. To cultivate this we have three plows, bought at the Board's expense, six hoes, and plenty of boys—if they were large enough.

In conclusion, permit me to say, the station generally is in the most prosperous condition that it has ever been in. The religious interest is more widely spread, and I trust of a more lasting nature. We have lately enjoyed a most precious season. This work began last fall, and the majority of those lately baptized have been some time on trial. The work, we trust, is still going on, and I hope many more will soon be enabled to rejoice in hope of a blessed immortality.

We have had more sickness than usual at this season, in the mission family; but so far no child has died which has been left under our care. The vacation has now commenced.

LETTER FROM MISS S. A. OGROD.

Condition and Prospects of the School—Three Days' Meeting—Deeply Interesting Baptismal Scene—More Inquiries.

Though unable to perform the labors of the school during the winter, I am privileged to report to you its prospects and the progress of its pupils, all of whom have been in constant attendance. The regular number for many weeks, twenty-nine; ranging from the age of four to eighteen years. Owing to the impossibility of supplying the school with a permanent teacher, they have in their lessons advanced less than desirable; but under the discipline and religious instruction of the Missionaries in charge of the Institute, the morals of the children have decidedly improved; their attention has been made comfortable; the efforts for the children are sustained by parents, and their increasing interest in gospel truths, is truly encouraging.

Sabbath School instruction has been faithfully continued, and without effort on the more advanced pupils. One of the most interesting and profitable exercises was adopted by brother Lynch early in the fall, which required all the reading members of the school and family to memorize a portion of Scripture which he selected, to be recited to him Sabbath evening; after which, he instructed from the passage committed. Preparation for the evening lesson occupied all during the afternoon; and secured the observance of God's day by the children much better than any plan previously pursued. The school, during the last month, has been taught by the able assistance of brother Simerwell, a pioneer worker, who has a deep estimate for the salvation of the Indian race.

Our vacation will occur in a few days, after which Miss Simerwell will continue two months of the next session.

My friends advise me not to attempt teaching for some months yet, and I very much fear that I shall never be able to perform as much of the school labor, as in times past. I have often wished the advice of the Board in reference to my continuance, in case my health is restored. However I may desire to do good, I can accomplish very little with such health as I have had for many months past. I having thought much of visiting home for the benefit of a journey, and should I not be able to resume some portion of the labor soon, you will see me in your city.

Our meetings of last Saturday, Sabbath, and Monday morning, were well attended and unusually interesting. Several Indians stayed both nights that they might enjoy all the services. Brother and sister Simerwell were with us; also, two or three brethren from the nearest churches in the state; one of whom brother Jackson is a minister, and I think a warm friend to the cause of the Indian Mission. Sabbath was the day appointed for the baptism of the converts, and it was truly a solemn day, one which we trust will long be remembered by all assembled with us.

The services commenced with a prayer meeting; after which Edward H. Black one of our pupils whom I mentioned in my last, was received for baptism. Brother Jackson then preached from Eph. ii. 19, and he seemed to rejoice greatly in view of so many having been lately added to the household of God. Among the candidates for baptism was a son of his, who has been employed at the station constantly for more than a year; a worthy young man, who, we trust, will become more extensively useful, now that he has enlisted in the cause of the Redeemer. At the close of brother J.'s feeling discourse, brother Lynch addressed the audience through an interpreter; and he spoke most affecting of the condition of the impenitent, and of the separation to take place between those who were about to follow the Saviour, and those who were continuing in sin. While he spoke as one who felt the worth of souls, tears were shed by those who felt the force of truth. At the close of the services, we repaired to the water, where, more than a year since, Amanda went down into the liquid grave, and from which she truly came to newness of life. The scene at the water's edge was solemn. The six converts were ranged together, surrounded by a few followers of Jesus; and beholding them stood their relatives and friends, some of whom had never before witnessed the administration of this ordinance. All were seriously attentive during the exercises; and I assure you I was rejoiced to see three of my pupils following the footsteps of Christ, and giving evidence of their love to him who has been long and faithfully preached to them as the only way of salvation.

After toiling so long without seeing the fruit we desired, we are all encouraged to persevere by this late visitation of mercy. Still, we claim not the work as ours, but feel that God has come near us, and manifested his power in our midst. One sister who had been received, preferred waiting longer for baptism; there is no doubt but that she will come soon. We assembled again to commemorate the sufferings and death of our Lord, and to those of us who are seldom thus privileged, it was a precious season.

In the evening, brother Simerwell and brother Lynch addressed the Indians again; and so much feeling was manifested that brother L. began to invite the anxious to come for prayer, one young man arose and gave his hand to those around him, and took a vacant seat near the desk. He is a nephew of the Chief who was that day baptized. There was not a person present except some wild boys, that did not feel deeply. Many wept freely, and I believe that all the serious desired our prayers. The mother of one of our boys, who had been baptized, was among the anxious, and several of the others are related to Yellow Banner, the Chief. Several prayers were offered, and our waiting before God was not in vain, for he surely was in our midst, and revived the work of grace in the hearts of his children. Monday morning, assembled again for prayer meeting, after which the Indians returned home. Our brother Simerwell prayed when called upon, and also the others.

Amanda is very useful in these meetings; she speaks and sings in her language, and often in very much engaging manner very happy; and all others greatly distressed in view of her father's death while pursuing his career of folly. Others will write you accounts of the meetings. I hope this will prove only as the beginning of a great and glorious work.

CROOKS.

LETTER FROM REV. A. L. HAY.
Dated March 26, 1888.**Arrival of Brother Buckner and Family—
Kindly received by the People—Brother
Perryman—The School at North Fork—
Col. Logan's statement.**

Brother Buckner and family arrived at Creek Agency, their station, a few days since; and soon, by the assistance of the Indians, secured a comfortable dwelling, a mile of the Agency, and within sight of the ground where the first Baptist Missionaries commenced preaching, about twenty years since. A number of Chiefs were in council when he arrived. He made known to them the object of his coming. Gen. Rolla McIntosh, the principal Chief, said, after the Indians conversed together, that "a few years since there was very little intercourse between the Creeks and white people; then they were without schools, scarcely any could read; now teachers were coming among them to teach their children. This pleased the parents, for they are quite anxious that their children may be educated, that they may become temperate, moral, industrious, and highly useful to their Nation."

I have been at several councils, and in transacting business with the whites, and have not, on any former occasion, heard so full an interpretation. This is highly encouraging to the friends of missions. No man ever entered on his mission work under more favorable circumstances than brother Buckner. As soon as he arrived, several Indians came to him, informing him that they would soon have him comfortable home; in the mean time, himself and family were kindly received by an Indian family, where he is made welcome.

Brother Perryman, a native preacher, writes to me, "There are many anxious inquirers at each meeting, and the congregations are larger; and that from several neighborhoods he has the people coming to him, making him to hold meetings." Brother Perryman is extending his labors to the farthest part of the Nation; in this way the whole people will hear the gospel.

Schools are desired in every part of the Nation. This evening a Chief came from a town which has not one child in school, bringing his son to my school. The old man is delighted that his son will now be instructed. His coming will bring others. This may be the means of introducing the gospel into that town. The school has thirty-two scholars, seventeen of the number heard with us, where the girls are instructed in house-keeping, sewing, etc. The boys work on the farm. We find the Indian children will work when kindly encouraged. Habits of industry can be taught them as well as any people; the great difficulty is, that the few who learn to work, mingle with those who work but little, and sometimes become indolent again. The Creeks are not a lazy people, as the traveler going through their country in mid summer will testify. Col. Logan, the agent of the Creeks, says, "The farms of the Indians, though in most instances of small extent, not unusually contain different crops; the corn is most common, wheat, oats, and rice are raised in considerable quantities. I was surprised, in traveling through the nation lately, to observe the many fine orchards, the neatness and regularity of the fences around the farms, and the improvements in their houses, and to see, in many instances, the furniture, neat, cleanly, and appropriate; the spinning wheel and loom are in common use." The Agent makes a statement, which every one among them sanctions: "I do not believe there is a community of people in the world, who are living so happily, and why ought together as well as do the Creeks at the present time. Crimes of any importance are seldom heard of; a case of horse stealing, for instance, has not come under my notice for two years."

We are gratified to notice, at each meeting, more who have come for the first time. Yesterday, at Elk Creek, as many as ten heard the gospel preached for the first time and were very attentive. O, that the harvest time may soon come, and there be a great gathering of these kind and interesting people. Christians, pray for this; remember your missionaries here who desire only this.

LETTER FROM REV. S. V. DOWDNEY,
Dated April 3, 1888.**Kind Reception by the Chiefs in Council—
Speech of the Chief—Thirteen Baptists,
etc.**

Soon after our arrival, we reported ourselves to the Agent, (Col. Logan), and to a council of Chiefs, which happened there to be in session, and obtained their consent for us to remain here as Missionaries and Teachers.

It would have done the heart of any Christian good to witness the hearty reception which they gave us, and to listen to the proceedings of the council, as reported by their interpreter.

The principal Chief, having been informed that we wished "a talk" with him, invited me to take a seat by him and state the object of our visit, which I did in a few words. He then said, "make yourself at home with us until to-morrow, while we consider the matter, and prepare our answer." On the morning I returned to the council; and after they had conversed together for some time, the principal Chief invited me to be seated by the side of his interpreter, and, through him, said about as follows: "No doubt our proceedings appear strange to you, as you cannot understand our language; and I thought, for your sake, I would have our proceedings interpreted. On yesterday, we were preparing an answer to a letter from a neighboring tribe, inviting us to visit them next spring and also adjusting certain old claims. To-day we have been discussing whether or not there is any essential difference between our customs (such as ball plays, green corn dances, etc.) and laws. We have also considered the talk which you gave us yesterday. Our people are anxious to have their children educated. Although I am the descendant of a white man, I have no education. I am glad that you have come amongst us, and that our people with their children to be educated. Some of the chiefs wish your brother (my wife's brother) to teach at Big Spring; there is a good school-house there. We have enacted laws against the improper use of whiskey, but some of those who use it escape the vigilance of our light horsemen. Not many years ago we opposed praying people, but you are welcome amongst us." This is the substance, if not the very words which he used. I felt thankful to God for such favorable indications, and after expressing my thanks to the council, I retired.

The Baptists I think, have a firm hold on the affections of the people; and nothing but prayer, liberality and perseverance, are necessary to our success. I have attended several appointments, and not one has seemed destitute of special interest. Thirteen Creeks were added to the church near the Agency last Sunday, by experience and Baptism; and I have been to baptize next Sunday. There have been, on an average, about fifteen who have come forward for prayer at every meeting; and the interest seems to increase. There may be some in the Nation who have doubts relative to their conversion; and for the information of all such, I will relate, in short, the substance of their experience, for I have them all interpreted. "I was once ignorant. I did not know that Christ died for sinners. I sinned greatly against God. I now believe that God so loved the world that he gave up his only begotten son, etc. I prayed often, and (naming the time) while I was praying the Lord forgave me. I love God and his people, and wish to join the church and serve him." I have no doubt that here, as well as elsewhere, some deceive, while others are deceived; but yet we have evidence that some are true Christians, and the preparation of the latter class is as great here as in any country. I am convinced of one thing however, i. e., if all the Christians in the States who are Anti-Missionary would come to school here, they would see that "our work is great and large," that it is a good work, and they could not, upon any other than Missionary principles, account for its beginning or progress. I have not, as yet been able to visit all the churches in my field of labor; consequently I am not prepared to make a full report of all who have joined since brother Hay's last report. I will do so at the earliest opportunity.

ANOTHER MARRIAGE FAILURE.—We regret to learn by letters received in this city from Rev. John Leighton Wilson, that Mrs. Mary M. Grinstead, daughter of Mrs. Hurdstone of this city, who married home about a year since for the Goshute mission, Western Coast of Africa, died at that Station on the 21st of January last, of a malignant fever. She was formerly the consort of the late Doctor William Wilson, also of the Rev. Mr. Grinstead, both of whom have died on the Western Coast, within a few years, of diseases contracted in that climate, while engaged in their philanthropic and self-denying labors.

In a religious view, the aspect of the mission at the Goshute station is highly encouraging. A revival of considerable power has occurred, and a greatly enlarged number of conversions have taken place.—*Journal Com.*

In company, on a good road upon your tongue; in college, upon your heart.

For the Indian Advocate.

BROTHER ADVOCATE:—Permit me to address a few lines to you upon the much talked of, much written about, subject of Indian Reformation. Though an old one, yet it ought to be the subject of deep and earnest prayer. Many and various are the ways and means which have been employed to accomplish the benevolent designs of Christians; but, alas for mankind, many have utterly failed for want of that steady perseverance, and indomitable energy, which characterize men in his perambulations of worldly ends. Whilst many have abandoned all effort, saying to themselves that Indians were Indians, and would live and die Indians, in spite of all efforts for their reformation. Forgetting that God has said what thy hand findeth to do, do with thy might. Laying the flattering union to their souls that their spirits were free from innocent blood; and that the souls of the poor red man, if lost, were not in their keeping. Oh how much mistaken will they find themselves at the bar of a just and righteous God; how deeply will they regret that they so lightly threw aside, as useless, the labor assigned them. So far as my experience is concerned, I can see no possible objection to the permanent benefit of the red man, if we go to work with a determined will, accompanied and guided by the counsel of our heavenly Parent, and in a humble reliance upon his promise, that the heathen and uttermost parts of the earth shall be the inheritance of his Son; for let others say and do as they may, I know that the Indian is a reasonable being, and possesses a share of ambition which will lead him to strive, and strive hard for his own improvement, to raise himself from his degradation and misery. Amongst the many plans in operation, schools have been, and are yet destined to be, the most prominent, the most beneficial, and the most owned and blessed of God. Why? because if you have a school of 10 pupils, your influence is exerted over the same number of grown persons, and in proportion as the school is enlarged, so much greater is your influence. Impressions are made upon the minds of the children, the truths of the Bible are more forcibly impressed by the word of exhortation, given at the hour of recitation; the habits of personal industry and tidiness of dress, are more easily enforced and brought before their attention than in any other way. You may preach the gospel where they are partly civilized, as the Creeks and Cherokees are, but were they in a wild and savage state, you cannot reach them in any other way, or more effectually than by schools. For, even if you preach the gospel to the grown people they do not often explain the truths they hear to their children; but if their children are instructed in the same things, they often come to school, and the child becomes, in many instances, the instructor of the parent, and eventually prove a source of lasting good to the Native at large. And permit me to call the attention of Christians to this single remark made to the writer by an Indian. Said he, "I have placed my boy here that he might be taught to become a Christian, that he might when grown to manhood, be a blessing to his people; and let them ask themselves, will they deny those poor people those blessings and privileges which they know how to appreciate." Often has the instruction received in school been blessed to the good of the children's souls. True it is, that they sometimes turn out different from what we expect, but is this a serious objection? does it not often prove the case with others more highly favored? Then let us not despair, but do so conscience points out, as our best interest dictates. May God in mercy incline our hearts to deny ourselves more, to be more faithful in the discharge of our duties; may he give us grace to sustain us in all our trials; may the hearts of Christians at home be inclined to remember that holy precept, "Prove ye ye received, freely give;" for, I ask, is it not more blessed to give than to receive? Surely it is. And surely the remembrances that they denied themselves of some of the useless luxuries of this poor fleeting existence, to send the gospel to the heathen, to add in the extension of their Redeemer's kingdom on earth, will soon a dying glory add to the joys of heaven, as they sit in singing the everlasting praises of the Father, Son, and Spirit, with those of the poor afflicted red men of the forest, whose souls have been saved by their benevolence. In conclusion I must say, the day has come, when, if ever anything is to be done for the red man, it must be done now. But, oh it pains my heart to record that there are those, who, not content with grasping all their little worldly wealth, still maintain in their their occasional streams of liquid blood destruction upon the heads of this devoted people. They no longer hunt them

down with their arguments of powder and lead, but pursue a far more deadly and insidious course. "Vengeance is mine; I will repay," saith the Lord; it is not written in their code of morality; but it will be written in characters of everlasting fire upon their forehead.

W. H. FINNEY.

For the Indian Advocate.

"How Much Owest Thou My Lord?"
We present this solemn question to all who love our Lord Jesus Christ, in order to stir up their pure minds by way of remembrance, particularly in reference to the spiritual condition of the world at large, and to the American Indians especially. Dear to them and not so some thirteen years of labor among the Indians emboldens me to address you on behalf of these too long neglected objects of Christian sympathy and benevolence. Millions in that world at large are dying in their sins; and thousands among our aborigines are, at this moment, perishing for lack of knowledge. You scarcely need to be reminded of the infinite value of one immortal soul. No doubt you have frequently had very vivid and affecting views of what the Saviour has done for your souls, when redeeming you from the curse of the law, and also saving you, by his Spirit, from a state of sin to a life of righteousness. Often have you stood by the Cross, and under its holy influence, humbly tried to cast the mighty yoke of your unbeliefness to him who has washed you from your sins in his own blood. And I venture to say, at such solemn seasons, your greatest sorrow has been, that you have done so little to prove your love to him whose you are, and whom you profess to serve. Have you not, while bending at the Cross, most sincerely and earnestly asked, "Lord what wouldst thou have me to do?" It is your privilege to be reminded, the answer to such a momentous question is at hand. Your blessed Lord and Master says, "Feed my sheep—feed my lambs." The great Shepherd condescends to ask your assistance in gathering in, and taking care of those for whom he laid down his life. The individual who pens these lines has seen many of Christ's sheep and lambs gathered into the fold from among the wanderers of the forest; and hundreds more appear wishful to share the protection of the Bishop of their souls. Undoubtedly you often pray for the success of Missions. You well know, my beloved brethren, that progress and acts of Christian generosity, look most lovely when blended together. Let, then, your petitions and charities always be united. Their influence will be incalculably great. It is true, God could create a nation—yea the world—to be born in a day, without any human means whatever. But he honors his own people by making them instruments of his own use, in saving a number which no man can number, out of every nation, hundred, tongue, and people. And what an overwhelming thought—how may we say as do the worthies, because we live unto ourselves, and not unto him who died for us, and rose again. I trust this crime will not crush our souls. We are, in the strictest sense, God's stewards. Nobly may we use the property which supremely belongs to the great proprietor of heaven and earth. For your encouragement, be assured that the prospects among the Indians are brightening. Fresh fields open for spiritual cultivation; much land remains to be possessed. It is for you, as God's humble instruments, to send forth and sustain men full of the Holy Ghost and prayer. Nor can you tell but soon God may make, both your missionaries and yourselves, the salt of the earth, and the light of the world. We are on our way to the judgment seat of Christ. But, blessed be God, Calvary is in the road. Allow me, then, my brethren and sisters in Christ, to conduct you to that most hallowed spot. O, 'tis for us, if Christians, indeed; for us, as we go, to view with grateful astonishment, the love of mercy, spanning the cross and the great white throne, Jesus, who died upon the one, will occupy the other, as our friend and final Judge. O, how inexpressible solemn the requirement, "Give account of thy stewardship." With the love of Christ in our souls, and the judgment close at hand, may we be so steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the works of Lord, for as much as we know our labor shall not be in vain in the Lord." JOHN S. SWEET.

Missouri Indian Mission Association.
The Association agreed to hold its next Annual Meeting in the Baptist Church, Lexington, Mo., commencing on the Friday before the Second Sabbath in June, 1889, at 11 o'clock, a. m., Elder Wm. C. Ligon to preach the Introductory Sermon. Elder N. W. Calhoun to alternate.

Wm. HENNING, Cor. Sec.

POETRY.

The Voyage of Life.

BY SIDNEY DYER.

Floating, floating down the rapid tide,
 In a gay shallop merrily doth glide—
 Booyant youth is in command,
 Bound for Eldorado land,
 Guided by Hope's beaming star,
 Tinkling in the welkin far.
 Floating, floating down the rapid tide,
 With a light shallop merrily doth glide—
 Floating, floating down the rapid tide,
 Life's strong shallop gallantly doth ride
 All the dreams of early days,
 Vanish in the distant haze,
 Stern and real life appears—
 Days of sorrow, toil and tears
 Floating, floating down the rapid tide,
 Mashed a shallop gallantly doth ride.
 Floating, floating down the rapid tide,
 Life's worn shallop wearily doth ride
 Verging to an unknown shore,
 (O'er hearing, raging, hoar,
 Chari and compass, anchor lost,
 Hopes, hopes, temptations—
 Floating, floating down the rapid tide,
 Old age wearily, wearily doth ride.
 Floating, floating down the rapid tide,
 Life's wrecked shallop rudderless doth ride
 Where the ebon death coast lies,
 Turns the hapless voyager's eyes,
 Hoping, longing for its shore,
 Dark and dread to him no more
 Floating, floating down the rapid tide,
 Death the shallop into Port doth guide—

From the Cherokee Telegraph.

First Printed Cherokee Law, known to the writer.

"NIX TOWNS, CHEROKEE NATION,
 October 18, 1822.

"Hoolatooma, (or red fort), Chief of the Six Towns, to the Society of good people, who send Missionaries to the Cherokees:
 "BROTHERS:—The first law I have made is, that when my warriors go over the line among the white people and buy whiskey, and bring it into the nation to buy up the blankets and guns and horses of the red people, and get them drunk, the whiskey is to be destroyed.

The whiskey drinking is wholly cast among my warriors. The Cherokee women have long been in the habit of destroying their infants, when they did not like to provide for them. I have made a law to have them punished, that no more innocent children be destroyed.

The Cherokees formerly stole hogs and cattle, and killed them. I have appointed a company of faithful warriors, to take every man who steals, and tie him to a tree, and give him thirty-nine lashes.

It has been the custom of the Cherokees, where there are three or four sisters, and they marry, that they all live together in one house. I do not want it to be so any longer. I have told them to move away from each other and settle by themselves, and work and make fields and raise provisions.

The Cherokees have taken each other wives, and run away with them. We have now made a law, that those who do so shall be whipped thirty-nine lashes. And if a woman runs away from her husband who is to be whipped in the same manner.

The Cherokees some of them go to Mobile and New Orleans. I have told my warriors to stay home and work; and if they go and do not get back in time to plant their corn, their corn is to be burnt down.

The number of men, women and children in the Six Towns is 2164. (Two thousand one hundred and sixty-four.)

I want the good people to send me men and women to set up a school in my district. I want them to do it quick. I am growing old. I know not how long I shall live; I want to see the good work before I die. We have always been pious, and have had no one to assist us.

Other parts of the nation have schools, we have none. We have made the above laws, because we wish to follow the ways of the white people. We hope they will assist us, in getting our children educated.

This is the first time I write a letter. Last fall the first time we made laws. I say no more. I have told my warriors. I hope you will not forget me.

Signed, Hoolatooma.
 This is an important letter as connected with the Mission at Gushers in the old nation and at Wuchuck in this land. In looking

at the history of the Cherokee Mission, it appears that the Rev. Alfred Wright went to Gushers, August 1, 1823, the next year after the above letter was written.

This instance should encourage others to make good laws, and strive the aid of the people of God.

In the spring of 1825, Jeremiah Beards, Esq., from Boston, and Corresponding Secretary of the American Board, in passing by R-dfort's house, called in to see him; the Rev. C. Kingsbury, Samuel A. Worcester and C. Byington were with him.

But the Chief was very indignant and made hardly any conversation with his visitors. Not long after he died. The company pursued their way to Gushers, which place they reached at a late hour in the night. From such things let the Cherokees Chiefs, and warriors, be all encouraged in the cause of education and religion.

"The Kingdom of Heaven is like a grain of mustard seed, which a man took and sowed in his field, which indeed is the least of all seeds, but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof."

Let your Six Town brethren compare the state of things; of things as they were October 18, 1822, with what they are now among their own people, and tell us how true is the above saying of our Saviour. H.

From the Watchman and Reflector.

Nova Scotia Indians.

The Chiefs of the Micmac Nation of Indians have recently visited the seat of Government of Nova Scotia, for the purpose of applying to the Legislature for aid. They represent about 1500 Indians, the remnants of a people that once outnumbered the present British inhabitants of that country. The Chiefs were received with much attention by the Lieutenant Governor, the Assembly and Council. We cannot resist the temptation to publish their Petition. It is as follows, as translated by Dr. Geary, British Commissioner for Indian Affairs:

The Petition of the undersigned Chiefs and Captains of the Micmac Indians of Nova Scotia, for and on behalf of themselves and their tribes humbly sheweth:

That a long time ago our fathers arrived and occupied all the lands now called Nova Scotia, our people lived upon the shores of the rivers and were a great army. We were strong but you were stronger, and we are conquered.

Tired of a war that destroyed many of our people, almost sixty years ago our Chiefs made peace, and buried the hatchet forever.

When that peace was made, the English Governor promised us protection, as much land as we wanted, and the preservation of our fisheries and game. These we now very much want.

Before the white people came, we had plenty of wild corn, plenty of fish, and plenty of corn, the skins of the Moose and Caribou were warm to our bodies, we had plenty of good land, we worshipped "Grouse," the Great Spirit, we were free, and we were happy.

Good and honorable Governor, be not offended at what we say, for we wish to please you. But your people had not land enough, they came and killed many of our men, and took from us our lands and game and destroyed our game. The Micmac youth of our tribes, where are they? While men kill the Moose and leave the meat in the woods. You have put ships and steamships upon the waters and they chase away the fish. You have made dams across the rivers so that the Salmon cannot go up, and your laws will not permit us to repeat them.

In old times our wigwags stood in the pleasant places along the sides of the rivers. These places are now taken from us, and we are told to go away. Upon our old camping grounds you have built towns, and the graves of our fathers are broken by the plow and harrow. Even the ash and bones are growing crops. We are told to cut on from upon the farmer's ground, and the land you have given us is taken away every year.

Before you came we had no sickness, our old men were wise, and our young men were strong, our small pox, measles, and diphtheria, destroy our tribes. The men and women who were once strong and healthy, are now weak and dying, and they perish, and they leave widows and orphans for ever.

Ready to obey your laws, your words we only upon the hills and the woods. When your children are lost do we not go and look for them?

The white of our people in Nova Scotia is about 1500. Of this number 1000 died in 1820, and the number of deaths in 1821, 1822,

we believe, 94. We were never in a worse condition than now. We suffer for clothes and for victuals. We cannot sell our baskets and other work, the times are so hard. Our old people and young children cannot live. The potatoes and wheat do not grow, and good people have nothing to give us. Where shall we go, what shall we do? Our nation is like a withering leaf in a summer's sun.

Some of your people say we are lazy, still we work. If you say we must go and hunt, we tell you again that to hunt is one thing and to find meat is another. They say catch fish, and we try. They say make baskets, we do so, but we cannot sell them. They say make farms, this is very good; but will you help us till we cut away the trees, and raise the crop? We cannot work without food. The potatoes and wheat we raised last year were killed by the poison wind. Help us, and we will try again.

All your people say they wish to do us good, and they sometimes give; but give a bigger dinner, and he is a bigger still. We do not like to beg. As our game and fish are nearly gone, and we cannot sell our articles, we have resolved to make farms, yet we cannot make farms without help. We will get our people to make farms, build houses and barns, raise grain, fowls, and get knowledge. Some have begun already. What more can we say? We will ask our Mother the Queen to help us. We beg your Excellency to help us in our distress, and help us that we may at last be able to help ourselves. And your petitioners as in duty bound will ever pray.

[Translated and written for us by our Mission-land-agent and Commissioner at Chebeco, the 18th day of February, 1849.]

PALANCA PAUL, his mark " A CROSS.
 COLLIER PAUL, " A PIPE.
 PIEL TORRY, " THE SUN.
 LOUIS PAUL, " A BEAST.
 COLLIER BOWEN, " A TREE.
 SAMUEL MECH, " AN ARROW.
 LOUIS LOUIS, " THE MOON.
 SAMUEL PAUL, " A CAROL.
 PIEL MORRIS, " A FADOL.
 PALANCA PAUL, " A SPEAR.

From the Literary World.

The Spirit Sacrifice—A Chippewyan Legend.

It was Midwinter,—and there was a terrible plague in the wilderness. Many a Chippewyan village on the borders of Lake Superior had been depopulated. The only band of the great northern nation which had been spared, was the one whose hunting grounds lay on the northern shore of the St. Mary's River. Their principal village stood upon a gentle promontory overlooking the Great lake, immediately at the head of the South or Falls, and at this village the chiefs and warriors of the tribe were assembled in Council. Inventions of every possible description had for many days been performed, and yet nightly tidings were received, showing that the fatal disease was sweeping over the land, like the fire of Autumn over the prairie. The signs in the sky, as well as the daily tidings, convinced the poor Indians that their days were numbered. It was now the last night of their Council, and they were in despair. They knew that the plague had been sent upon the earth by the Great Spirit, as a punishment for some crime, and they also knew that there was but one thing that could possibly appease his anger. And what was that? The sacrifice of the most beautiful girl of her tribe. And such was the decree, that she should enter her canoe, and throwing away her paddle, cast herself upon the waters, just above the Falls.

Morning dawned, and lo! and diurnal beyond comparison, was the wail of sorrow which broke upon the silent air. Another Council was held, and the victim for the sacrifice was selected. She was an only child, and her mother was a widow, feeble and infirm. They told the maiden of her fate, and she uttered not a sobbing word. The girls and women of the village looked around their long-haired companions, and doctored her hair and her neck with all the brightest ointments, and the most beautiful feathers and shells that could be found in all the tribe. The time appointed for the sacrifice was the sunset hour; and on the day now rapidly evening, the girls which surrounded the victim, gradually lowered her, and it was as if a descending mist enveloped with the rays of the setting sun. The day had been one of uncommon splendor, and as the sun descended to the horizon a volume of purple smoke, gathered around him, and the great lake, whose waters reached to the sky, was covered with a deeper blue than had ever before been seen.

All things were now ready, and the Indian maiden was ready for the sacrifice. In a

canoe she conducted to her canoe, and lo! was the wail of lamentation. It died away; and now to the astonishment of all the people, a strange echo came from over the waters. What could it mean? A breathless silence ensued, and even the old men listened with fear. And now a louder and a clearer continuation of the same echo broke upon the air. A speech in even upon the waters. The canoes had disappeared, and a small canoe is seen rapidly approaching, as if from the very spot where the orb touched the waters. The song increases; and as the fairy-like canoe sweeps mysteriously over the watery waste, it is now seen to contain a beautiful being, resembling a girl, clothed in a snow-white robe. She is in a standing attitude, her arms are folded, and her eyes are fixed upon the heavens. Her soul is absorbed in a song, of which this is the burden:—

"I come from the Spirit land,
 To appease the Great spirit,
 To stay the plague,
 And to save the life of the beautiful Chippewyan."

Onward she came, and her pathway lay directly towards the mighty rapids. With other astonishment did the Indians look upon this unheard of spectacle, and while they looked they saw the canoe and its spirit voyager pass directly into the foam, where it was lost to them forever.

And so did the poor Indians escape the plague. The St. Mary is a beautiful river; and during the summer time its shores are always lined with lilies, large, and of a marvellous whiteness; and it is a common belief among the Chippewyans, that they owe their origin to the mysterious spirit from whose mutilated body they sprang. And so endeth the Legend of the Spirit Sacrifice.

C. L.

MASSACHUSETTS INDIANS.—Massachusetts contains remnants of ten tribes of Indians: The Chapquequid, Christianata, Fall River or Troy, Gay Head, Mashpee, Herring Pond, Grafton or Massachussetts, Taubet, Pashob and Yarmouth. (The Natick tribe is practically extinct.) The whole number of Indians, and people of color, connected with those tribes, is 847. Of these, however, only six or eight are pure-blooded Indians. All the rest are mixed blood, principally of Indian and African. They own 19,227 acres of land, but are deprived of the elective franchise.

The indomitable perseverance of the Light-bearer, the last few days, in destroying whiskey, deserves the respect of all good citizens. There must have been two or three barrels split, from the many explosions given at the breaking of jugs and bottles in different places; one barrel of 13 jugs with a few bottles, looked pretty much like carrying the "war into Africa," with the greatest anxiety of our people.—Cher. Telegraph.

RECEIPTS.

From April 1st to May 31st.

ALABAMA.	
Collection by Rev. G. B. Davis, Agent.	\$215 00
Edmond King.	5 53
	224 22
GEORGIA.	
B. Thornton, for Ind. Advocate.	1 25
C. A. Davis.	10 00
	11 25
MISSISSIPPI.	
William Jewell, Columbia.	10 00
MISSOURI.	
James River, for Indian Advocate.	25
L. C. Roberts.	1 00
	1 25
IOWA.	
Belling Prairie Church, per T. L. Root.	5 00
S. Harvey, for Indian Advocate.	25
	5 25
INDIANA.	
Washington Female Mts. Society, per Rev. T. Swain.	5 00
KENTUCKY.	
Rev. J. B. Bowman, for Advocate.	5 00
J. T. Carpenter.	25
Robinson Baptist Church, per Rev. J. B. Bowman.	4 00
J. B. Bowman.	1 00
Rev. J. B. Bowman, for Advocate.	1 00
New Castle Female Missionary Society, per Geo. J. Rowland.	5 00
Geo. J. Rowland, for Advocate.	25
	15 00
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
B. Jordan, for Indian Advocate.	1 00
	1 00
Total receipts.	
	\$250 97
EXPENSES.	
Rev. Henry Hunt, Henderson, Ky.	10 per
Robinson Baptist Church, Ky.	1 per
Dr. Smith.	1 per