

name of Jesus. At council, the Chief courteously and gratefully accepted Richards as teacher, signified the pleasure felt in my proposal to spend some weeks with him, and concluded with some very wise and good counsel to his people. He is quite an orator. In the evening we started for Mississagua River, but a dead calm caught us midway, and in dread of a threatening storm we rowed hard until late in the night, when providentially we found in the dense darkness a little cove, into which we managed to thrust our boat, and despite the rain, we lit a fire and sat down, longing for the day. The day came, but with it the storm, and no small difficulty in saving our boat from the breakers. Provisions getting short, Barrell secured a pigeon and a crane for food, and we were glad to get off in the evening from this place which we named Hunger Island. A fair wind carried us to Mississagua River after sunset, when one of the first sounds which saluted us was that of the Pagan drum; the monstrous thumping was carried on almost all night. Next morning we started early, having a fair wind up the river. After vainly calling upon a French trader and the Hudson Bay Co's. post in order to purchase bread or potatoes, we passed up to the Indian Camp ground, where we found only six wigwams and about forty Indians, most of the band having returned to their hunting grounds. In the absence of their chief we persuaded some of the men to gather around us, and on the ground evidently just trodden down by their Pagan dance of the preceding night, I preached Christ to them. Then we went to each of the wigwams and spoke of Jesus and His grand salvation to the women and children. One man here—an old man with a firm thoughtful brow, said that he had heard of this religion before. One of our men (viz., the Romish Priest!) had spoken to him about it last week; but he himself was like a wild deer, he could not stay in one place beside a teacher, *and he was not strong enough to be a Christian.* I could only assure him that God is our strength, strength made perfect in weakness. Jesus stirred him by my enforced silence; “while I kept silent *the fire burned.*” It is hard to get at man's heart through an interpreter. Oh, for the power to speak to those poor souls in their own tongue. Oh, miserable sin and curse of Babel. The priest had recently induced several of this band to be baptized. In the evening we started with a fair wind, saw and conversed with some Roman Catholic Indians at Blind River and reached Serpent River about sunset. The Pagan village here consists of some fifteen log houses, and four or five wigwams with their inmates; with most of the people we held religious conversation; in one wigwam we had a long talk with the tall chief to whom I spoke of Jesus some four years ago. He would not say much about religion, but his wife being sick and feverish, I gave her some medicine, and they both consented that we should pray to our God for her recovery. On the next day, Sunday, visiting this couple, they expressed gratitude for the medicine and its beneficial effect, and the man, although lame, came limping by aid of a chair to council and preaching service.

“I had a fair opportunity for preaching Christ. The second chief and the oldest son of the absent head chief expressed their favourable opinion of education, and assured us that they would receive and kindly treat a teacher. Even the old medicine man who has previously been so cross, seemed to be somewhat ameliorated, and I trust that we have here found an open door for education and Christianity. Quite a number of people belonging to this