

me cordially, gave me a house, a little on one side, for convenience in receiving the Indians. I, however, messed with them.

Here, all day long, the Indians came to hear the news and ask questions, and were eager to learn to read their own language. Family feuds are common among this tribe, and human life is little set by. The Head Chief one day said to me, "My nephew offended me very much by killing my dog, and I would have killed him only that I remembered that I killed his father long ago." One day the trader pointed out a youngish man, and said, "That man killed one of his wives last winter. He had two, and as they did not agree, he was tired of their jars, and one evening as he came home from his hunting, one complained of the other, and he drew his tomahawk and knocked her on the head and threw her out in the snow, and there left her all night. The next morning being in want of fresh meat to bait his traps, he cut some from his murdered wife, with which he took his furs." These furs have since probably adorned some fair one in Gospel lands. One day I heard that there was an arrival of a part of the band I had not seen before. I went to meet them, and found their leader, or chief, a very patriarchal old man, bent with age, with long white locks. I approached him and offered him my hand, but he refused to shake hands with me. This was so extraordinary that I was at a loss to account for it. The first thought was that it indicated hostility. I said, "Grandfather, let us be friends!" at the same time offering him my hand. This I did several times, but he still refused, and put his hand in his bosom. Finally, he took it out, and passing one hand over the other, said, "My hand is bloody!" I saw no blood, however, and the idea of crime flashed across my mind. I sat down on some billets of firewood, and talked with the old man from a little after dinner to near evening. I was deeply interested, and explained to the old man the leading truths of Christianity, especially dwelling on the point that there was pardon for sinners. I did not expect to see the old man again in this world, and so tried to do my duty. When I attempted to rise, I found I had sat so long that it was with much effort I could straighten myself again. This old man's son was the spokesman for the tribe, and was quite intelligent for one in such circumstances. He was one of my most constant visitors, and was making good progress in reading and Christian knowledge. The next day, as usual, he was with me, and after reading and talking for a time he stopped short and said to me, "Do you know why my father would not shake hands with you yesterday?" I replied, "I do not regard it, or think ill of him for it." "But do you know *why* he refused?" I said plainly, "No, I do not know;" but at the same time I had my opinion. "Well, it was because he has been *moozhuk-nishicapun*—a perpetual murderer—and knowing you were a Great Spirit's man, and had come with His words, out of reverence to you he would not give you a bloody hand." The old man had left us in the morning, and the next day word came that he died very suddenly the night after he left. I felt the hand of God was in it; but on searching I could not see but I had done all my duty to him.