

flag behind the canoe, and with good breeze it took well. We landed every night; because in a little bark canoe we could not float about all night. We passed on for a hundred miles, and then we came to a large crossing place. There were many altars erected there to gods unknown, where the Heathens worship every time they cross. It was only eight to twelve miles across; and round one way it was three hundred miles. It was a fine day; and we prayed to our heavenly Father, as the Heathens prayed to their idols, to preserve us, and to protect us over this great traverse where the two seas meet. Then we pulled away; there was distant thunder, and some rain. In the midst of the large traverse, the thunder came on, and what we call a whirlwind, which raises the water into the clouds.—Being brought up on these waters, I knew the strength of the wind and of the canoe; and I thought no common vessel of two masts could stand that wind; and, therefore, that it was impossible our poor little canoe could escape.—When the whirlwind came nearer, I thought, in twenty or thirty minutes, we should be in eternity. It came up closer and closer. I said to Mr. Evans, "There is Rock Island, about five miles off, where the trees overhang the water; and it is possible for one of us to be saved by catching the branches of the trees, and to tell what became of his brother Missionaries, and the canoe." Mr. Evans said, "We will try when the wind strikes us." The wind still approached nearer and nearer, and not a word was said; but when it came within a very short distance, the whirlwind separated: one went a few yards behind us, and the other a few yards before us, and then a little way off it met again. We were tossed about by the swell of the water, but the wind passed by. I was led to exclaim, "O Lord, thy goodness endureth for ever." When we got to the other side, we sang praises to our heavenly Father, as the children of Israel did when they passed through the Red Sea. We soon afterward came to a great body of about seven thousand Indians, and preached the Gospel to them. Many of them believed, and were baptised "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." We then went on to Lake Superior, where we were weather bound, and we spent the winter there. We met with the Governor of the Honourable Hudson's Bay Company, and he gave us all the encouragement he could to go into his territory, assuring us that he would supply us with any little articles of which we were in need. We mended up the old canoe again, and went to Fort William, where we were very kindly received by all the officers of the company. We were there told that our canoe was too large, and that we must have a smaller one. When I recollected that we had passed Lake Superior and Lake Huron in the old canoe, and that she had done her duty in carrying out the Missionaries again and again, I was very sorry to part with her. I looked at the old canoe, and said to her, "O, poor thing, there you are," and off we went with the new canoe, and passed up several small rivers; and when the new canoe could not carry us any farther, we used to turn it over, and carry it upon our shoulders, making an exchange of carriage. In that sort of way we worked a considerable distance into the country, until one day we were so fortunate as to shoot some ducks, and obtain a good breakfast.—We made a fire under a large tree, and as soon as we had finished breakfast, the tree cracked. I said, "I believe it is coming upon us." We immediately jumped from the place, and got clear of the tree; but our canoe could not jump. The tree fell upon our poor canoe, and broke it in two. I was sorry indeed when this occurred. We were now about fifteen hundred miles from the Canada Mission, in the heart of a solitary wilderness, and there were no Indians from whom we could purchase a canoe, or who could assist us in making a new one. I went out to seek for bark, and one or two others went in a different direction. I found none worth having to mend our canoe; however, some of the others found some bark. On my return, I found one of the party raising my great Redeemer's praise. I said, "My dear friend, how can you be singing so joyfully? do not you know our canoe is broken?" He said, "The Lord has been with us thus far, and he will still go with us." In short, we mended our canoe; and, in the month of June, we got to the Hudson's Bay station. We went to

Norway-House, and met with great success. We were kindly received by all the officers of the Company. In the last January Notices, it is stated, that in the Hudson's Bay Mission, in the Red River country, I mean Norway-House, and other places, four or five Missionaries are wanted; but it would be extremely desirable to send one to Fort Vancouver. These people are very simple hearted. They are wicked, it is true; they delight in taking scalps, and in using the tomahawk; but when the Missionaries go among them, they forget their old ways, and become another people. On the Rocky Mountains there are a great many who are now no better. Two years ago the enemies of one tribe attacked it, and destroyed a great number of females, taking some of the younger ones as slaves to the Fort.—These women were the wives of some of the hunters of one of the officers of the Fort. He bought them for about 20s. or 30s. each; and they were afterwards re-purchased by their husbands, who, about a fortnight afterwards, attacked their invaders and almost destroyed them. This is the way in which they go on; but wherever the Missionaries obtain a footing, these practices are soon forgotten. I have had many a scalp brought home to me, in order that I might rejoice over the victories of the Chippewa Indians. They have many little gods,—gods made of skins, and a variety of other materials. In telling them that "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but obtain everlasting life," and in showing them the love of God to man, and assuring them of going to heaven, if they believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, I said to one man, "You are all worshippers of images: they are not gods; they have mouths, but they cannot speak; they have eyes, but they cannot see. I am pointing you to the true and the living God—the God that feeds you—the God that preserves your life. How much better would it be for you to worship that God?" I went home; and a few minutes afterwards, he came to me, with a very sad countenance. I said, "What do you want?" He replied, "I am troubled in my mind. You have a God, as you tell me, and I want to serve him; but if I forsake this chap, (god,) I'm afraid I'll anger him." I said, "What chap?" "This chap," said he. "If you'll protect my life from this chap I'll not worship him." I said, "I don't understand what chap you mean." He said, "I mean this chap." (Here the speaker held up a wooden image, about eight inches in length, with a red tuft on its head.)—Now this is the god of battle. It is said he delights to deal in blood, and will lead every man to victory who enlists under his banner. Before battle he is worshipped, and sacrifices are offered to him, sometimes of dogs, and sometimes of human beings, if they have any prisoners. From this act of worship they derive fresh courage, and they believe their little god helps them; but if they fall, they suppose they have angered him in some way or other. This god keeps his medicines between his shoulders; (pointing to a small cavity in the figure;) and there is a liquid which is supposed to prevent the balls from entering the body. When I made the man understand that the God whom we worship—that the God of the Christians—would preserve him, he threw down the image, saying, "I never will worship it again;" and so this little forsaken deity makes its appearance here. There is one thing which I wish to impress on your minds before I sit down. Amongst the poor Heathen, the females are indeed slaves; and it is no wonder that a poor woman sometimes shows her love towards her female offspring. I formerly had a little female slave, and was in the habit of thrashing her every day, without any cause. When a female is delivered of a boy, it is a day of rejoicing amongst the tribe, because it is considered that he will make a fine warrior; and this is joyful news. The birth of a female, however, is a sorrowful time; and it is said, "A good-for-nothing girl is born." The poor mother, kissing the poor child, says, "Your father does not love you; but I do;" and then, taking the infant by the legs, dashes out its brains, exclaiming, "Would to God my mother had done so to me when I was born! I should not then have been such a slave." On one occasion, a female child was rescued from the mother by her sisters, who said, "It is better for your child to be a slave, than to kill it in this way." That little child has now grown up. When she was

fourteen years of age, she was converted. She has now become a Sunday School Teacher, and is a faithful member of the society. To speak of females generally, I believe they are 150 per cent. in higher estimation than they were formerly. A man now loves his wife and children, whether they are girls or boys, because he has got the love of God in his heart; and the poor females do not miss one day in praying for the Christian ladies of England, that God will reward them for what they have given towards the Missionary cause, and will bless them with the riches of this world. God has blessed you with the riches of this world; you are a rich and happy people; but it is religion that makes you so happy. The poor people of the heathen land are praying that God will reward you, because you have sent these Missionaries amongst them, with everlasting life in the world to come. I am greatly obliged to you for having listened to me with such attention. In less than ten days I shall leave this happy England, this Christian country, to go into solitary wildernesses, to endeavour, in my feeble way, to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ to these perishing Heathens; and I hope you will pray for me. I thank you for the kindness I have met with in England. I have met with the warmest reception in all societies. Pray for me; and when you give to the cause of Missionaries, pray that God will sanctify it to the end you give it. Let us do all the good we can, during the few remaining days we have to live. I am sure you will do so; and I trust I shall endeavour to do the same, until that happy hour shall arrive when our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ shall say to you and to me, "Well done, good and faithful servants; enter into the joy of your Lord."

## THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, FEB. 15, 1844.

HEAVEN is the imperial palace, which the Almighty, as the great architect, has built and fitted up for the special residence of himself and his devoted followers. Here, as "the Blessed and only Potentate," he sits enthroned in unapproachable light; and while the trophies of redeeming love form radiant circles round the place where his honour dwelleth, multitudes of blessed spirits minister unto him and acknowledge his absolute sovereignty, by casting their crowns at his feet—saying,—"Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto God for ever and ever. Amen."

Exercising that faith which is "the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen," we behold in heaven "an innumerable company of angels," clothed in raiment white as snow;—the least of these celestial creatures surpasseth in beauty the fairest of the children of men; and all of them are as active as fire, as subtle as lighting; and more resplendent than the sun. In another part of the divine dominions, we behold thousands, and tens of thousands, of those that were redeemed from among men. These are they that "subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, and put to flight the armies of the aliens."

The Patriarchs and Prophets saw numerous wonders which were intended to set forth the wisdom, the goodness, and the majesty of God. In dreams and in visions—in the broad