

were baptized, and I put them down in the Register Mr. Law has got on the Island. We have our quarterly service among the whites next Sabbath week. Some of the whites are rather unstable, but most of them are going on very well. I have renewed the tickets and find just about the same in number as last quarter.

I find too that the Indians have been very steady. In the Leader's meeting

this morning there were a few things brought up about tattling, but all went very well. All the Leaders say they are determined to live to God, and they are now going off camping; they have promised to hold their class-meetings, and attend all the meetings they can.—I have been fully engaged this last two weeks in protracted efforts at New Market and Holland Landing.

GARDEN RIVER.

*Extract of a Letter from the Rev. G. Blaker, dated Garden River,
January, 18th, 1856.*

Mr. McDougal has often talked to me about writing to you, and was it in Ojibway, I would long ago have done so. Never were Methodists stronger at Garden River than at present. Before our Church neighbors came here, we watched over all these Indians, and kept the fire-water from the whole community. But things are now changed.—Lately most of the Roman Catholics, and others, not Methodists, got drunk. I think the poor Indians will begin to see that those that laugh at camp and prayer meetings, and tell them so much about the *Queen's* religion, are not so strong as they thought they were.

Our field was a large one when we first came to this country. There was great darkness; but the Lord has given us friends. Garden River is only the center of our work. At the Mah-ne-ōo-wah-ning, and Mese-sah-geen there are those that have been converted at this mission. There is also a good class of white people connected with this mission.

On the Lake Superior north shore, at Bah-che-wah-nong, the under Clerk, with his family, have joined us, and are doing all they can to bring others. At the *Pic* we expect to see one of the largest Missions in all our work. Ah-yah-bance, has just arranged to send 1000 feet of lumber, and some window frames to the *Pic* as a start towards erecting a church. If some of the friends of the poor Indians would send

us some glass, nails, &c., we would try and get the work done, we ask the prayers and sympathy of the white man, for the 400 poor perishing Indians of that mission

Next Saturday I start for the nearest band on Lake Superior, intending to spend Sabbath with them; when I return in company with Bro. McDougal, we start for Pumpkin Point, and Bruce Mines. Mrs. McDougal teaches school while we are gone. Our School is the most interesting we have ever had. I wish the friends of Missions could hear them sing and read the Scriptures, &c.

Several of the oldest members of this mission are now in heaven; some of them died very happy. Our good sister who died not long ago,—called her father-in-law, a few hours before her death, and told him to tell all the Indians that she died in the religion of Jesus; "my soul is very happy," said the dying woman, "I shall soon be with my Saviour,—before night I shall see my children." "There", said she, "the angels are coming to carry me home to heaven." Friends could not see those heavenly Spirits, but we all felt the place to be full of glory. Glory be to God for a religion that can raise the once poor pagan to this happy state.—At first we felt we could not spare this good woman; but her happy death has been a great blessing to our people.—To God be all the praise.