

take George Richards thence, as a Teacher for She-she-gwah-ning. By the kind invitation of Rev. Thos. Williams, Wesleyan Missionary, I preached in the afternoon of Sunday to about forty Indians; an audience orderly, attentive, and apparently interested..... I think the Methodists are doing a good work here. They seem to have thorough hold of the consciences and sympathy of the people: may the good Lord bless them an hundred fold! Even doctrinal differences grow beautifully less—rather sink into whispers, emphatic it may be, but low and loving, in the presence of Paganism and Popery.....

“On Monday, taking Richards with us, we started about nine A.M. Our mast broke in a squall off Cape Croker, but happily we were near a harbour, and rowing to land, we repaired the mast and resumed our journey. About seven o'clock, P.M., we reached Cabot's Head, having made a good run of about thirty-five miles. Here we hauled up, and as well as we could, caulked our boat, now rather leaky. A heavy sea prevented our starting until noon of the next day, when we made our wide crossing to Manitoulin Island, and reached Smith's Cape, some thirty miles, about sunset. The Lord kindly gave us a favourable voyage, fair and safe, although preceded and followed by storms. Next day, storm-bound, we could not start until two o'clock, and then only made the harbour at the east end of the Island about sundown. Next day we reached Little Current, where Barrell visited a sick Indian. We find here that the Whitefish Lake Indians have returned to their homes, so that we need not go to Lacloche. On Saturday and Sunday we were stormbound at Sucker Creek. On Sunday I held service and made the experiment of proposing and answering religious questions, as part of our exercises. With prayer and praise and the Word of God, we spent some hours of that stormy Sabbath, assured that the same blessed Lord who sailed over Tiberias and taught on its shores nineteen centuries ago, was with us. Next day we reached West Bay, our old mission ground; this settlement now contains about thirty-five houses. The men with their chiefs being absent at their farms, we could only visit a few women in their dwellings, converse with them on the subject of religion, and assure ourselves that the door here is really shut against our teachers by the priests. One man could not restrain his indignation against us, saying: ‘We do not want your teachers or your words about religion.’

“In the afternoon we made a good run of about thirty-five miles, and camped at Maple Point. Before daylight next morning some Indians beached their canoes near us and proceeded to get breakfast. After refusing an invitation to join in our worship, commerce, in the shape of our purchasing two or three fish, drew us more closely together; when we began our worship, music soothed the savage breast, and the men came over to our camp and listened to hymns, scriptures and prayer in Indian, and to my commendation of Christ to their acquaintance and experience. During this time the women and children stood aloof and they all looked wild enough; they were Pagans from Sagamook, and I was glad of the opportunity of speaking to them.

“In the midst of squally weather we only reached She-she-gwah-ning on Thursday morning; we found most of the people waiting in holiday garb to welcome us on the shore; appointed one o'clock for council and preaching service; spoke from Heb. iv. 14-16., of importance and acceptance of prayer in the

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