

GARDEN RIVER.

No part of the subjoined acceptable letter is more satisfactory than this statement: "During the past winter we have made several journies to other bands, and the Lord has invariably owned our humble efforts." Here is the Itinerancy with its original intention, aggressiveness, and blessing. This is the process of gospel permeation, the joy of our Canadian settlements, and the hope of the wilderness.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. G. Mc. Dougall, dated Garden River, June —, 1855.

Though we have been silent during the past year as regards writing, yet I trust we have not been idle. Last fall we bought a frame building from the Canal Company, formerly occupied by the Lumbermen on Sugar Island. This we tore down and rafted home. The lumber was of great importance to us, being worth \$20 per thousand. We then, by way of improving the Mission House, built an additional apartment sufficiently large for a bed-room and study. We also finished the upper part into rooms. The cost of the materials, as lumber, glass, nails, amounts to £58, independent of the labour. We are now making an effort to raise the amount necessary for the purchase of a bell, towards which the sum of five pounds has already been subscribed.

As regards the great object of the Mission, the salvation of these hitherto neglected tribes, the past winter has been one of great prosperity. Amidst the combined opposition of Puseyism and Jesuitism our work has continued to progress, several have been converted, intemperance has been driven from our community, and our members are growing in grace.

And as our way of doing things in this back country is somewhat peculiar, I will give you a sketch of our last trip to Point Iroqui. A letter had been received from the American Chiefs inviting the Garden River Indians to attend, and assuring them that they should be furnished with plenty of bread and pork, &c., in addition to the greater privilege of enjoying a *Spiritual feast*. On the Friday evening prior to leaving, a joint Council and Prayer Meeting were held, when twenty-four of our number, nine women and fifteen men, were appointed to go. A herald was appointed to run through the village next morning at four o'clock,

and call up the travellers. Truthful to his charge he entered upon his duty long before the hour had arrived. A hasty breakfast—snow shoes, and blankets in order, and we were ready for our thirty miles trip to Camp Meeting.

At one o'clock, P. M., we reached the Cove named after the venerable Case, who, in company with Rev. C. Vanduson, and Garden River Indians, spent a night there on their return from Lake Superior Camp Meeting. Here, while making a short stop to lunch on frozen bread and fish, we witnessed the commencement of one of those fearful and terrific snow-storms peculiar to the northern country. The wind changing suddenly to the north-west brought with it such clouds of snow that we almost feared to proceed farther. "Nanebozhoa," said an old man, "is getting *nenhkah deseh*, (angry) and is shaking the snow off his blanket." Six miles were yet before us, and to proceed we must face the storm across the bay. After a brief consultation, however, it was decided that we should proceed, and tying on our blankets we started, "Indian file," each one facing the storm, or rather taking the lead in turn. The storm continued with increasing violence until we were well nigh buried beneath the snow drifts; yet, even here we felt assured that we were under Divine protection: and though we were nearly four hours making the six miles, yet we all arrived in safety. Here we met the *Nayahme Koug Indians*—chapel warm, and all things ready for service. The meeting upon the whole was one of the best we ever attended. God was truly amongst his people.

During the past winter we have made several journies to other bands, and the Lord has invariably owned our humble efforts: how encouraging to the friends of Missions! Evans has long since gone