

burdens; they were not allowed to eat or speak in the presence of their husbands. The poor children, neglected by their wretched mothers, often died from starvation.

When visited last summer, they were living in good houses, well furnished with necessary furniture; they had plenty to eat; during the year they had raised a great many hundreds of bushels of wheat, and oats and other crops, such as Indian corn, potatoes, &c. They had several fine teams of horses, yokes of oxen, milch cows, and plenty of young horses and cattle, a great many pigs, poultry, &c. They were preparing for their spring crops; and an Indian boy, twelve years of age, was seen ploughing by himself with a team of horses; he had ploughed several acres in a workmanlike manner. The dress of both men and women was becoming, both plain and neat. There is among them a strong religious feeling, and a desire to profit by the truth delivered to them by the Missionary. The situation of their village is very beautiful, on the borders of the lake, as you see in the picture. The chapel is built of wood. The house on the right under the tree belongs to the chief Podash, the flag-staff stands on his grounds, because he is the Chief of the tribe. The house next the chapel on the left is the Mission-house, where Mr. Brooking, the Missionary, lives; the next building is the school. A year ago some friends in England sent a few presents to this station; and amongst other things, there was a communion service for the chapel, of which they were very much in want. The Indians were greatly pleased with their presents, and have written a letter of thanks to the ladies, which I give you; it was written in their

own language, and translated by the interpreter.

LETTER FROM THE OJIBWAY
INDIANS.

Dear Sisters,—Wide and deep are the waters between us; but we shake hands with you in our hearts. The same Great Spirit made the white man and the red man; and we are glad you can look up to Ishpeming,* when the sun is up or the stars are shining, and pray for the poor soul of the red man in the woods of the far-off land, and our souls are made happy. We are the children of the same Father; and, wherever we are, He will hear our prayers and bless.

Our fathers were hunters and warriors; the swift-footed deer did not fly swifter than their arrows; the bear trembled when he heard their voices; the wolf smelt their trail and hid himself in the dark swamp; if an enemy crossed their path, he turned pale. The Ojibway rejoiced in his wisdom at the council fire. The clear spring, the broad river, the driving rapid, the roaring fall, in dark midnight or in broad sunshine, were heard when he spoke. The Ojibways were a great nation, and loved their brethren. Like a great elm, they filled the sky with their branches, and the earth with their roots; one ran towards the sun-rising, where the waves of Natawalege mingle with the waters Kechigume, one to where Kesust goes to sleep, one to the hot Shawahnoong, † and a strong one to Kewatenoong. § The little trees grew in its shade, the Mohawk and the warriors in fur from the land of snow laid their heads in peace on its roots. The Ojibway loved his friend and hated his enemy; ere his tongue spoke, his hand struck the

* Heaven. † The Sun. ‡ South. § North.