

which he had been excommunicated by the priest of the Roman Catholic church. The following morning was the Sabbath, and at the public service, which was largely attended, we discoursed largely on the value of the Word of God. "Excommunication" said the preacher, "was a terrible nothing. It was a thunder cloud without the lightning. It was a great gun, filled with powder that sent forth a big blaze, and went off with a great noise, but there was no shot in it, therefore no body was hurt. The ban of excommunication had been pronounced against Great Britain, but she had risen higher and higher in prosperity and power ever since. King George III wished every child in his kingdom to be able to read the Bible. And when Queen Victoria was asked the cause of Britain's greatness, she presented the Bible." Then presenting the chief with a copy of the book of Psalms, we said, "Take this most precious portion of the book of God. We rejoice in the stand you have made. Still maintain your rights as a man and as a christian, and may God be your rock and your salvation." He replied with much feeling and true manliness, "yes, though excommunicated I am still alive. I can see as well, run as well, and eat as well as ever I did. No, the big gun of the priest has not hurt me, I am no Frenchman, no Roman Catholic. I belong to Queen Victoria and the British Government, and will continue to hold to the Missionary and the word of God.

This meeting was most satisfactory and cheering. We thanked God for the good work accomplished, and with mutual expressions of christian love and courtesy we bade them farewell in the name of the Lord, after presenting a little bag, which the ladies of Owen Sound had filled with good things, to each child in the school. Anjelahbo, our Indian preacher's services were very useful. After a hasty dinner we left for Missasauga River, near the Bruce Mines, driven before a fair wind some forty-five miles in the afternoon. On landing the next morning we sought the chief and asked permission to address his people, some eleven families which were there encamped. The service, conducted by Mr. Robinson, was very interesting. Here we were preaching the Gospel to a people nominally Pagan, which numbered about 40 souls. They were living in squalor, filth and privation. Probably they had rejected the Gospel on previous occasions, and yet for the most part they listened with the greatest interest to the precious truths spoken to them. This was especially the case with an old man and his wife, both very sick, who heartily thanked us for our visit, hoped to see us again next year, and then most emphatically said, "if we live, wherever we go, we will tell the Indians what you have now told us." Two women also, both far gone in consumption in another wigwam, listened with much attention and gratitude to the truths we presented, and promised to think of what they had heard. We left this interesting spot thanking God for the door he had opened for preaching the Gospel, and made all speed for the Serpent River, distant twenty-five miles. On our way we landed on a singular island, called Egg Island. With the exception of a few jagged rocks, it was covered with sand. Here were birds innumerable, pigeons, gulls, ducks and geese, all giving attention to one great command, "increase and multiply." Under the little bushes springing up among the sand, we saw the nests where all the stages of incubation were going on. Indeed, we found it difficult to step without treading upon some of the young ones, which, after breaking the shell, were making their first efforts to see the world upon which they had so recently burst. One of our Indians informed us, that once in early spring, he was with a party, and they gathered two thousand eggs.

On our way to the Serpent River, we saw a wigwam on the side of a rock in a lovely little bay. We landed, and, disappointed in seeing but one wigwam, we separated to gather berries. On our return to the boat, we found the Chairman of the Congregational Union of Canada eloquently preaching to a single Indian.

We will try to give you the picture. The Indian, a fine, athletic man, about sixty years of age was *en dishabille*. He was sitting upon his haunches, clad in a checked shirt, sadly deficient in size and length, and listening with profound attention to the earnest preacher. His squaw was busily employed in cleaning a fish. This accomplished, she toasted the entrails before the fire and the head of a loon, and then threw this wretched food before her lord and Master. With