

INTRODUCTION.

WHEN I accepted the appointment which removed me from my native land, I looked forward to the long vacations as seasons in which I might both obtain recreation from sedentary employments, and be made useful to the church, by travelling upon some religious errand in the country to which I was about to expatriate myself; what that errand was to be, circumstances of course would decide. About the first Christmas I spent in Canada, I received a request from Mr. McMurray, rector of Ancaster, to preach at the opening of his new church at Dundas. The visit made me acquainted, not only with himself, whom I found to have been formerly engaged in a successful mission amongst the Chippeway Indians, at the Sault Ste Marie, on the southern extremity of Lake Superior,—but with his amiable and intelligent wife, herself the child of an Indian mother, and retaining many of the characteristics of the