

souls and bodies, their strong local attachments to their homes and to the graves of their families have proved insuperable barriers to their being induced to give up their villages and reserves for tracts of land more remote from cultivated settlements, and admirably adapted to their wants and habits by the quality and quantity of the land offered them in exchange, and the rivers and lakes within its boundaries.

As a Society, we have never been inattentive to their temporal improvement and comfort—our Missionaries and their wives urging them to sobriety and industry, both by precept and example. Still, our great work is their present and eternal salvation. In this light every communication from scenes of labor occupied by our brethren and their assistants is principally valued, and on this account we have great pleasure in giving an extract or two from a recent letter forwarded by the Rev. J. Borland. Recognizing the important changes going on in certain places in the Province of Quebec, the Committee at Ottawa made some provision by which more direct oversight might be extended thereto. For this Mr. Borland possesses superior qualifications; the influence of which, we hope, may tell upon the enlargement of Christ's spiritual kingdom in that part of the Dominion of Canada.

Extract of a letter from the REV. J. BORLAND, dated Oct. 28th, 1869.

I visited the Lake of the Two Mountains on Friday last, as I had proposed. I was pleasingly disappointed in the fears I had entertained. . . . Bro. Sickles' visit to the place has been made a great blessing to the people. Some *sixty-five* have been converted to God, so Bro. Rivet assures me; and the change in the place is very great, and obvious to all who visit it. From some with whom I conversed when there on Friday, I learned the marvel they all made at having one of their own people to preach to them. They were all delighted beyond expression. Be assured of it, if Bro. Sickles wants to do a grand work for God and His people, he should come down here, and make a Circuit of St. Regis, Caughnawaga, and the Lake. He will have a population of from twelve to fifteen hundred souls, who now do not know their right hand from their left, so far as religion is concerned; and who are melting away under vices,—drunken-

ness especially,—which the priests promote, by paying them with whiskey for any services rendered. Here is a field which an angel might desire to cultivate. At any rate get him to come down again about Christmas, for then the Indians will be at home, that he may visit these places for a few weeks. The Caughnawaga Indians—many of them at least—come over from their place on Saturday, and stay with the Indians at the Lake for the Sabbath, and then return again on Monday. Several deeply-interesting incidents have occurred at the Lake. It appears that when the seed-grain which Bro. Rivet had purchased for the Indians was given to them, the Priest assured his people that it would not grow, because he had cursed it. But the seed has yielded an abundant harvest, and the Indians now know how to value the Priest's curse. When planting their potatoes, a priestess Indian told his neighbor,—one of our people,—that he would have an abun-