

years, my opinion is that they are just about like the rest of poor humanity. They need the Gospel, and the blessed Gospel is just the thing for them. We had a little log-house, in which to live. A gentleman wouldn't keep a decent horse in it, but it was the best the country afforded; the Indians were living in wigwams, and we were glad to have that log-house. We thought the best thing was to come thoroughly in touch with our people, so we gathered them together, and stood before them with our Bibles, and said, "Now, look at us. We have not come here to buy your silver foxes, your beavers, your otters, your minks, or your martens; we have not come to make a fortune in the fur trade, but we have come with *this book* to do you good, and to help you to a better life, that you may be happier here and happier beyond. We know you are sinners, and that you have your faults, and need the Gospel, but we are going to trust you as well as help you." We knew the majority of white people think that the Indians are thievish, dishonorable, and unreliable. We do not believe that. So we decided to trust them. We took the fastenings off all the windows, and the bolt off of the door, and the keys out of every drawer and chest, and threw them away, and from that day to this we have never fastened a window or locked a door in an Indian country; we have never had anything worth sixpence stolen from us by the Indians. That is our experience among the Indians, when putting them on their honor and treating them fairly.

We mastered the language as quickly as possible, because I believe in all missionaries being able to look into the eyes of the people and tell them the truth in their own language. We worked and toiled among them, and we had at first the effects of the work of some blessed men who had been before us, and before we had been there five years, in addition to what had been done, we had gathered a congregation of from eight to ten hundred Christian Indians, who used to pack our church every Sabbath, although some of them had to come from their hunting-grounds fifty or sixty miles distant, on Saturday, to be present, and on Monday they would walk back to their distant hunting-grounds. We had the Bible translated into their language by Mr. Evans, one of our missionaries, not printed in the letters of the alphabet, but in syllabic characters. These characters are so easily acquired that in a few weeks an Indian can learn to read the Word of God. It is a marvellous invention, and as a result of it in some of the missions 90 per cent of the people are reading the Word of God in their own tongue. Often have I been made ashamed of the littleness of my love by the devotion of these Indians and by their love for the Bible. Let me give you an incident. One of our Indians with his son came away down from the distant hunting-grounds to fish on the shores of our great lakes. We catch our winter's supply there in October and November. My good wife and I have lived chiefly on fish twenty-one times a week, for six months, fish and salt with a cup of tea, at times no bread or vegetables at all. We live six months on fish, and