

hymn in their language, and they had learnt but one tune, and that was "Walsal." This they sang and sang, over and over again, as if it was always good and always new. Their voices were remarkably melodious, and softened and refined by the meltings of divine grace, the singing was quite delightful and charming.

To give a specimen of their language I here insert the first and third verse of the first and only hymn these Missisungahs had ever sung; the translation consists of the four first verses of the first hymn in our book, commencing—

"O, for a thousand tongues to sing;"  
or, as the translator has it—

"O, for thousands of Indians to sing."

"O up pa-gish ka che ingo wok,  
Neej uh ne she nah baig;  
Che nuh nuh guh moo tuh wah woa,  
Ning e zhu Mun e-doom."

Jesus! kah be, non duh we 'nung,  
Kah gah sees been gwa 'nung;  
Ka gait che me no me kah zo,  
Kah noo je mo e nung!"

We conclude this sketch by the relation of an anecdote of one of the converts, a youth of about eighteen, who by more intercourse with white persons had acquired a smattering of the English. Peter, and a number of the Indian brethren attended an-anniversary of the Missionary Society at Demorestville. In

the evening the Indians had assembled by themselves in a meeting for prayer, and several of the white people had gathered in to witness their devotions. Esq'r. Demorest present, requested Peter to speak a few words by exhortation in English; Peter arose and in broken but plain English addressed them thus:—

"You white people have the Gospel great many years; you have the Bible too; 'spose you read it sometimes, but you very wicked; 'spose some good people; great many very wicked. You get drunk; you tell lies; you break the Sabbath day." Then pointing to his brethren he added, "But these Indians, they hear the *good word* only little while, they can't read the Bible, but they come good right away. They no get drunk any more—no more tell lies—they keep the Sabbath day. To us Indians it is very strange you have the Bible and Missionary so many years, and you so many rogues yet; the Indians hear Missionary only little while, and we all turn christians." After the lapse of 29 years we hope Demorestville has made some improvement.

Our next will shew the further progress of this great work among the Indians of Bay of Quinte; their settlement on Grape Island, including thrilling incidents of providence and grace during their eleven years residence on that island, their removal to Alnwick, &c. &c.

## HUDSON'S BAY.

The unprecedented London Conference will be remembered for its two solemn Ordination Services—such was the demand for Ministers; and the first was unusually interesting on account of two of the candidates being destined to the distant and toilsome post of Edmonton and the Rocky Mountains, in the Hudson's Bay, the Rev. Messrs. Woolsey and Steinhaur. Shortly after bidding farewell to their brethren, Mr. Woolsey writes, "Having parted with the wise, and great, and good, I now begin to feel my isolation." Isolation there is, and will be; and yet who is it that says, "Lo, I am with you?"

In presenting the following letter, we bespeak for the writer, and his excellent companion in labour, and for the devoted brethren and their families, whom the indefatigable Co-Delegate so nobly conducted last year into the North, the liveliest sympathies, and effectual supplications of the friends of our Missions. Only one thing is painful in sending these two brethren; the two ought to have been twelve. But Canada—west and east makes reasonable requests for more Missionaries; and impartiality is as virtuous as gen-