

Ghost, which was indeed full of glory. My tongue could not express the joy I then felt. I could say nothing but, "Happy, happy!" When I found this religion of Christ so sweet in the heart of man, I wanted all my people then to know of the great and true God; but they all said, No: that I was wrong; that I had been to the white man's God, and not the Saviour of the Indians. But I said that God was the Saviour of all the nations of the earth; for I know in my own heart what he has done for me: and what he has done for me, he can do for you. And they began to pray for mercy, and the forgiveness of their sins; and they praying in strong faith, many of them were converted; and now at this time there are hundreds that are now converted among the North American Indians. I was the first fruits of the Missionary labours in my tribe. After I was converted, I became a prayer-leader, and afterwards, when the Indians were settled in houses, I became a class-leader, then a Local Preacher.

When I was a Local Preacher, I used to preach very long, very hard, and very often. Once I had been preaching till eleven at night, to the converted Indians from Lake Simcoe, and was just finishing, when the Indians said, "When we were heathen, we never gave up drinking the fire-waters the whole night. And why should we now go to bed? Why should we not go on singing and praising God till daylight?" I was young, and full of spirits; and though I had just done preaching, I began again, and preached great part of the night.

After their conversion, the Indians were settling in houses, and I built myself a large house, and then began to keep a store, and got a great deal of money by selling

things; but I wished to be a Missionary to the tribes of Indians who had not heard of the Gospel; and I offered myself for the mission-work, and was accepted, sold off my store, and went as a Missionary.

I have been a Missionary for sixteen years. Twelve years I have been to the far west, among the Indians in the Hudson's-Bay Territory.

In the year 1842 I came to England, and was ordained in the Centenary-Hall; and in 1843 was sent back to the Hudson's-Bay Territory. I cannot tell you about all the tribes of Indians that I have visited, it would take too long. I have preached to many poor Indians in their Heathen state, and they have become Christian. At Norway-House I first formed seven classes, and helped the Indians to build eleven houses; kept school for children and married woman. This Mission is now one of the best in the Hudson's Bay-Territory. There are more than three hundred hearers, fine chapel, and eighty children in the school. Since I have been in the Hudson's-Bay Territory, there has been slow progress made among the Indians there. There have not been many converts; but the Indians are not so wicked as they were. I am now going back, and my heart is altogether bent to go to Hudson's Bay.—*Peter Jacobs.*

A STORY FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

There was once a little boy who heard a clergyman preach on Sunday. The text which the clergyman read was, "Verily, verily I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it to you."

After reading the text he stopped a minute, and asked his hearers to