

We killed two geese and a gosling. We saw a good number of geese with their young. We landed on a small rocky island, and got about 60 gull's eggs; two-thirds of which were good. We are getting so much good living on our way that I find it hard work to dispose of the good things Mrs. H. put up for me. I have not touched my Buffalo tongues nor pic. The men have all on board, and I must quit.

June 29—Yesterday we had east wind all day, which made it calm along shore. We crept along quietly all day, and at night camped on a small island, to get away from the mosquitoes. We got more gulls' eggs yesterday and this morning also. We got off early this morning, and with wind and oars made good speed for about 2½ hours, when we feared it would rain, and stepped into a fine cove, and prepared for breakfast. I record these little matters that relate to the outer man: but how can I record the deep emotions that are constantly heaving like ocean tide in my inner man: my wife poorly, my children scattered, and without a parent's care, and I cut off from the world, so that very little of earth intercepts my view of heaven. For some days I have had a vivid impression of the blessedness of a soul entering paradise after the storms and toils of life are o'er. Oh! the calm; oh! the peace, security, perpetuity—the *rest* of heaven. After breakfast we put out, and in a short time heard the report of a gun on an island. I did not like to go out of our course when we had a fair wind; but, as we were on a mission tour to these very Indians, I concluded to go. We found two families with a host of dogs. I improved my time by telling them of my errand. We gave them, according to custom, (a bad one,) some tobacco; after which, they begged some flour. We found these people very filthy, very ignorant, but entirely friendly. Oh! for more labourers in this harvest. The wind being fair we made good speed until half-past six o'clock p.m., when it became so high, though fair, that we thought it prudent to put ashore. We were 14½ hours on the journey, and have made about 60 miles. I steered and managed the boat all day, and found it sprained my arms. As soon as the tent was erected, I lay down and took a nap.

June 30—After breakfast we put out with a fair wind, and had sailed a mile or two, when we were hailed from shore. We turned in, and at the mouth of a small river, found an encampment of Indians; and while we were stating the object of our visit, and listening to their talk, the wind became so high, that we were compelled to remain. We had, of course, to give some tobacco, after which they wanted "one cook" of our provisions, which we gave them, and then they sent two of their young men to hunt ducks for us. I invited them to my tent, and they all came. I had twelve hearers able to understand, besides the children. I preached to them and sung and prayed. After which, we talked long, until the sun was low. These people seem only to want a man of the right stamp among them to turn them all to the Lord. There is not the least sign of hostility, but Indian like, they are waiting for each other.

July 1—Last night, about half-past seven p.m., we put out, the wind having lulled a little. Just as we were ready to start, an old man came to me, and said, he wanted to say something. The purport of his communication was, that he, with others, were ready to become christians, if the Indians now at Beering's River, will do the same. He promised to come soon to visit me at Rossville. About midnight we arrived at Beering's River. The Indians have been waiting for me some time: but have now nearly all gone to their summer haunts—this place not affording a sufficient supply of food for such numbers to remain long at a time. We had a talk with the Indians at their own camps; after which they all assembled in the trader's house, and I preached to them. This party, if I say 30 souls, belongs to the other side of the lake, and are pure Chippeways. There is an old man among them that came from Lac la Pluie, in his younger days. He has been on war excursions against the Saux, and is a great medicine man. With this man I had much talk and much debate. Here we meet the old objections. "Once on a time an Indian died, and went to the place where the whites go, but could not get in there. He then went to where the Indians go; and finally came back to earth to report his adventures, &c." Also, "The Mun-ntoo has given the Indians their way of