

the blindness of his heart; his mind, now a carnal mind, is enmity against God, and is not subject to the law of God; and that his heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. These statements are amply corroborated by every view that can be taken of human society at large. And every man who has been brought to know himself at all aright, must feel convinced of the melancholy truth. How obvious is it, too, that man has lost much of his sovereignty over the creatures; since he is obliged to have recourse, partly to force and partly to art, or both, to retain any of them under his power. But

3. We may rejoice that though man is fallen, he has not been suffered to remain so forever. No, his gracious Creator resolved to raise him up, to do so in the experience of all who will avail themselves of the offered remedy, and to make such ultimately, even more than was at first. And oh, the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God. He resolved to do this by sending his own son, in the room and in the very form of man, to be the repairer of human nature and the human condition; and to effect this by dying that man might live, and by putting into execution the effectual plan, consummated by his death, by which man might be made righteous and enjoy eternal life. What praise is due unto the God of salvation, a triune God! May all who read these lines, seek and realise an interest in and connection with the great Redeemer; that as sin hath reigned unto death by the first Adam, even so, to their unspeakable benefit forever, may grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ, our Lord, the second Adam, who came to be "a quickening Spirit," and is so to all who truly believe in him.

REPORT OF A MISSIONARY TOUR IN THE OWEN SOUND DISTRICT.

(Continued from last No.)

Southampton, or Saugeen, is an infant village pleasantly situated upon the western shore of Lake Huron, at the mouth of the river Saugeen, which has here a deep and broad channel. Formerly it was a trading post of the Hudson Bay Company, and the graves of some of the traders are still to be seen near the bank of the river. Although it is only a short time since it was chosen as the site of a town, and laid out into town lots by the surveyor, yet, already a number of houses has been erected, including a Free Church. At the time of my visit I counted twenty-two buildings, and the people are sanguine in their expectations that the village will rapidly increase—outstripping its rivals upon the same shore, and coming in the course of time to be as large and populous as Hamilton or Toronto upon Lake Ontario. One hindrance to its progress is the difficulty encountered by schooners in coming in to the mouth of the river, and injury has already been done from the fact that some wrecks have taken place in the neighbourhood, attended in two instances, at least, with loss of life. One of these has occurred since the period of my visit, when four persons were drowned, five others narrowly escaping; another occurred nearly twelve months since, when all perished, one of them being a personal and intimate acquaintance of my own, whose body was not found for several months after the melancholy accident. The people of the village say that if a wharf were constructed running out into the lake, past the bar which is formed at the entrance, vessels could put in with safety, even when a heavy sea was rolling, and lie undisturbed by a storm. Expectations are entertained that Government will advance the money necessary for this purpose, and that then the interests of the place will be materially benefited.

In the immediate vicinity of Saugeen the soil is of a light sandy nature, but at a short distance changes, and so far as we could observe, and from all that we heard, becomes of an excellent quality. Settlers are fast crowding in—shanties are being raised—the axe of the backwoodsman is heard in the forest, and the place which a few years ago was trodden only by the trapper and the trader, will soon be a cleared district, occupied by a population busily engaged in agricultural labours.

On entering the village we saw a number of Indians in their canoes fishing. I asked the landlord if he could procure some fish for supper, and, putting off in a boat, he soon returned with a plentiful supply. My fatigue was too great to allow of my walking far out in the course of the evening, but rising early next morning, we had a stroll while the landlady was preparing breakfast. The sun had risen with unclouded brightness. Lake Huron stretched away to the west farther than eye could reach—its waters lay at rest—and, in the distance, a sail was seen bearing up from Goderich. The village occupies an exceedingly pleasant situation. Standing upon elevated ground—with a large stream running close by—it promises to be healthy. There is no stagnant water in the neighbourhood.

After breakfast I inquired of the landlord if there was a baker in the place from whom we might obtain provision for our journey through to Owen Sound, and was informed there was not, but that I might try if the landlady could supply me. She consented to give me twopence worth of bread, and placing this in the carpet-bag, my companion and I started about seven o'clock, expecting to arrive in Sydenham village in the course of the afternoon. There is no road between the two places but an Indian path, and we were told that the distance was reckoned at 25 miles, allowing for turnings and windings. We were further cautioned to be attentive to the path we took on leaving the Indian village, which stood about two miles up the river; and to make us more careful, were inform-

ed that, two or three days previously, a party set out in the same direction we were going—that they wandered into a beaver meadow, where they found they were off their way—and had returned to Southampton in the afternoon.

Starting at seven o'clock, we got ferried across the river to the Indian side, and made our way up to the village, which consists of about fifteen houses, including a church occupied by a Methodist missionary, and a school-house. The buildings are all frame, erected by government, and, to all appearance, very commodious. Down on a flat by the river-side we saw patches of corn and potatoes—the raising of these being the utmost extent of the red man's farming operations. Called at a house to inquire what path we should take—found no person in but a squaw, who did not deign to give us an answer—and, on repeating our inquiry, she still maintained her silence. Taking what seemed most likely to be the way, we entered the woods, inwardly resolving we would hasten through and astonish both ourselves and others by the shortness of the time in which we could perform the journey.

On we travelled till ten o'clock, when our path opened into a beaver meadow, and there ended. Carefully as we had been warned, we had just committed the same mistake that the party just spoken of had done some days previously. Instead of the Owen Sound path, we had taken a sleigh track which the Indians have for bringing home their hay from this meadow. My companion asked what shall we do! turn back to Southampton or proceed? I replied that we were some miles nearer to Owen Sound than when we started—if we turned back it would detain us a day longer, which I could not afford. We had some idea of the direction in which Owen Sound lay, and although we might have to remain in the bush all night, better to proceed, for we might expect to reach our destination some time on the following day.

Crossing the beaver meadow we entered upon the pathless forest, keeping east as nearly as we could judge. We soon found ourselves in a black ash swamp, and had scarcely got extricated from it when we came upon a small lake. Things now began to look very gloomy. It was hard to say how many lakes and swamps we must encounter on our way through to Owen Sound. It would have required persons more accustomed to the woods, and better prepared for them than we were, to persist in attempting to pass through. We knew, however, that there was a road distant, we thought, about twelve miles to the south, on which men were then working, and that if we could make it we would be safer, and might find a house in which we could stop all night. We now turned back, round the western end of the lake, through grass which was almost as high as ourselves, and succeeded in crossing the creek by which the lake was fed. Once more we entered the trackless woods, and in a short time came providentially, and most unexpectedly, upon the Indian trail, and were thus, for the first time since leaving the Indian village, upon our proper course. My readers may be assured that this was a moment of joy.

Forward we now pressed with renewed ardour. A little before 12 o'clock we came to the place where the Sable river crosses the track.—Here a large jamb of timber has lodged, and the river is, in consequence, very broad. Going forward till nearly half-way across, we sat down to appease our hunger, and, taking out our bread, threw it into the water to soak, that it might be more easily eaten. A sudden splash in the water aroused our attention, and looking down we saw a big sucker making off with a lump of bread, and eating it under the shelter of a log. Very soon there was a shoal of smaller fry that seemed determined to partake of our meal, thus levying a bread-tax, although our stock could very ill afford it.

After a short rest we went on our way, and about two o'clock in the afternoon reached a large swamp, through which the Indian trail passes. When we had got nearly through, we sat down upon a log and finished a crust of bread which remained of the morning's purchase. An hour after we came into a clearance—the first we had seen since leaving the village—and calling at the house and asking for a drink, we were supplied with vinegar and water. Earnestly did I wish that this were the end of our journey, but we had still five miles to travel. We stopped an hour, then started once more and reached Sydenham about six in the evening, having been eleven hours on the road. On taking off my boots one of my stocking-feet was red with blood.

Before leaving Guelph I had received a petition from a Free Church congregation, seven miles out of Sydenham, desiring to be admitted into connexion with the United Presbyterian Church. I had written them to say that I would be with them (D.V.) on a certain day, and I was thus near my destination. Soon after my arrival I was informed that, in addition to the Lake Shore Line, arrangements had been made for me to preach in Sydenham village on the afternoon of the ensuing Sabbath—an arrangement which I had not anticipated, but with which I agreed, after reflecting for some time, to comply. I had not long sat down, till Mr. Wylie, of Leith, came in, and was introduced to me. On telling him of my travel, and consequent fatigue, he said he had a boat with him, and could give me a sail down next day to his place, which was within a mile or so of the place to which I was going. Showing him my boots, he kindly took them to be repaired, and returned to inform me that they would be ready in the morning; he then bade me good night, and went to his boat to await the arrival of the steamer, which he expected to bring some goods he had ordered from Toronto.

To be continued.