

my residence near Delaware about half-past eight; a shower of rain made the Indian path by which I returned very tedious and unpleasant; added to which, I felt tired and hungry, as I was fasting the entire day, the poor Indians using no other diet than roasted corn soup, which is both unsavoury and unpalatable—their cookery is certainly of the worst kind.

11th Sept.—On my way to the Indian village, called at a young man's house, a native of Scotland, who has been in the habit of accompanying me to the Indian church for some sabbaths during the past as well as the present year. Our conversation by the way is commonly on the subject of true and undefiled religion. I fondly hope that this person is now really awakened to a sense of vital godliness and true christianity. I have known him, on first settling here, to be in the habit of drinking too freely, and therefore neglecting the means of grace; it is delightful to witness in such a person, so remarkable a change; now, the Sabbath and the privilege it brings, are subjects of joy, peace, and comfort.

On reaching the village, I immediately perceived it to be deserted, to all appearance. Seeing none stirring abroad, I called at my friend Snake's camp, and out he came, dressed as usual, in full regimentals, (a la Indienne) with his silver hilted dagger of his own workmanship, dangling by his side, suspended by a very small and handsomely gilt chain, with the accompanying addenda of sash, turban, moccasins, &c. 'Where, Capt. Snake, are you people, I can see none about the place?' 'They are all gone to church before you, and I stay home that none stays back, till you come.' 'Good Brother Snake, I replied, you just come up to my idea of what a chief ought to be—a Chief or Head-man in every good word and work—to be a chief leader among your people in all things holy, just, and good: to be a chief under the great Captain of our Salvation, Jesus Christ, is the most honourable office on earth.' The old man appeared much pleased with my remark, and said, 'so it ought to be.' When I asked him, was his squaw gone to church, he answered, 'no go to-day, she sick.'

On reaching the church I found his people already assembled in their places. I waited a while for the Bear Creeks to arrive before commencing service. The text was from Romans viii. chap. latter part of 9th verse; whereupon I commenced by pointing out the spirit that all men are naturally possessed of as the children of guilty Adam—its awful effects is too frequently exhibited to us in the world—instanced the melancholy end of George Johnson, a native of England, at the village of Delaware, who met an awful death in the course of the past week by falling from a loft in the dead hour of the night in a state of intoxication—then proceeded to show them, by contrast, who the Holy Spirit is, especially as regards his fruits—the Spirit that wars continually and effectually against the evil one—this Spirit which the Most High has promised to give all those who believe, love and obey the Lord Jesus Christ the Saviour. I concluded by telling them how deeply interested all true christians are for their salvation—alluded to our monthly meetings at home, on the first Monday evening of every month, for the out pouring of that blessed Spirit and spread of the Gospel among them. After the interpreters concluded their task, then Snake arose, and with uplifted eyes to heaven commenced to touch briefly on the leading heads of my discourse; from thence he proceeded to exhort them most powerfully and feelingly, as appeared from their frequent ejaculations, urging them to 'lock up all these things, which are the best riches, in the store-houses of their hearts.' I then examined the children of my class in reading a little in the New Testament, and in repeating the Catechism. I have promised to make each child a present of a Prayer and Hymn-book who commits the Church Catechism to memory, and repeats it to me without missing a word. With the anticipation of this treasure they are really overjoyed. To have a Prayer Book and another of Hymns in their own hands, like the few white persons whom they see at their church sometimes: the idea of this actually transports them with joy, and it serves, at the same time, to give them a spur to redouble their industry, perseverance and diligence in learning these prized tasks.

---

*To the Subscribers and Supporters of the Upper Canadian Travelling Mission Fund.*

Subscriptions and Donations received by the Rev. W. J. D. Waddilove, Beacon Grange, Hexham; at Messrs. Stone, Martins and Stones, 68 Lombard Street, Hatchard's, 187 Piccadilly and at the Record Office, London; and the Banks of Messrs. Lambton and Co. Newcastle; Swanns and Co. York; Beckers, Blayds and Co. Leeds; Terrys, Harrison and Co. Ripon and Knarebro'; Mortlock and Co. Cambridge; Sir W. Forbes and Co. Edinburgh; Tuffnell and Co. Bath; and by Sir W. Lawson and Co. Joint Stock Bank, Carlisle; by Messrs. Deighton, Booksellers, Cambridge; Messrs. Todd, Booksellers, York; Warder Office, Berwick; Mr. Humble, Advertiser Office, and Mrs. Andrews, Bookseller, Durham; by the Very Rev. Vicar of Newcastle and Messrs. Akenhead, and Currie and Bowman, Booksellers, and at the Journal Office, Newcastle-upon Tyne; by the Rev. James Lawson, Vicar of Buckminster, Northampton; at the Patriot Office, Carlisle; and by Edward Pruddah, Bookseller, Hexham.

---

*Edward Pruddah, Printer, Market Place, Hexham.*

PRICE ONE PENNY.