

are with you. The aspirations of the wise and the good—the advancing tendencies of the age, so successfully struggling for deliverance from all that can depress, and for the attainment of all that can elevate and ennoble, are all on your side. Above all, God is your refuge and strength, and your very present help.

Herewith receive an instalment of missionary sketches among the Indians, and, believe me,

Yours ever truly,

WM. CLARKE.

A MISSIONARY EXCURSION—CHARACTER OF THE INDIAN SCENERY BY
THE WAY, &c.

It was a glorious midsummer morning when by special invitation and appointment, the Chairman of the Congregational Union and myself, wended our way to an Indian settlement in the north-western part of our country. All nature had assumed its loveliest hue. The sun had painted the fields, the gardens and the forest with the most attractive shades of verdure, and we felt thankful to our Father in heaven for the gladdening prospect of a fine and plentiful harvest.

As we tarried in the village of Southampton, a pleasing testimony was borne to the trustworthiness and honesty of the Christian Indians, by parties engaged in busy mercantile life. Thus in opposition to the cry not unfrequently heard, "the Christian Indians are the worst of Indians," the man of business and of the world assured us "that there are Indians where you are going whose word can be depended upon, and who can command credit in this place before many white men; their promise of payment is sure to be fulfilled." Thus, the grace of God which bringeth salvation teaches Indians to live soberly righteously and godly in this present evil world.

The Indian settlement lay some three or four miles from the village. We travelled along a new gravel road recently made by the municipality. Indeed, the counties of Huron, Bruce and Grey deserve honourable mention for their fine roads, and especially the two latter counties for giving the traveller permission to use them without paying toll. As we neared the settlement we came to an extended valley of the Saugeen. We had frequently seen this river on the previous day, first as a small, slow moving stream, then, after leaving the fine bridge at Paisley, where it receives two tributary streams, expanding into a fine river, wide and deep, but here at its very mouth spreading itself over a wide stony bed, and then debouching into the waters of the Huron. The valley itself is rich in beauty and fertility. But it has been sadly defiled by the demon of war, for it was once the scene of a fearful battle between the Mohawks and the Ojibways.

Soon we were introduced to an Indian preacher, converted from Paganism. He was once a leading spirit, a medicine man and something of a priest among the heathen, but the truth of God made its lodgment in his heart; he embraced the Saviour, and though as yet he scarcely knows a word of English, yet like the Apostle of the Gentiles with power and pathos he preaches the Gospel of Christ. It was therefore with no surprise we learnt that great efforts had been made by the Prince of Darkness, aided by men under the power of that Prince, to destroy the christian character and usefulness of this convert plucked as a brand from the burning.

He fell by intemperance and lost his standing in the Church, but God had mercy upon him. He was brought into the deep waters of repentance and he is now restored to peace with God and into fellowship with his brethren.