

are pleased to accompany me in my missionary labors onwards upon the great frontier, to be a *Pioneer* with me, I should certainly be very remiss were I to neglect informing you from time to time of the progress of our work; for the work is quite as much yours as it is mine. We are servants for Christ, and so are you. We that are in the field are the immediate laborers, you are the more remote ones, but fully as much laborers as we are.

*Ascension-Day* counts the *first Anniversary* of the mission to the Chippeways! And how thankful should I be for the blessings that have attended our endeavours to benefit *spiritually* and *temporally* these poor aborigines, the Pagans of our own land! I could in no wise have looked for the results that now appear, short of *three or five years* labor, but the Great Head of the Church has been pleased to bless us, through the prayers and offerings of the faithful, which have been so sincerely offered up, as to relieve us from that *usual necessity* accompanying new missionary efforts, *the leaving our post* to make *public* and *personal* appeals through the Church. We are thankful indeed that the poor Indian has friends so many and earnest amongst our people, who have stepped forward, upon our first entering amongst them for the work of the Gospel, to supply all our lack.

"Our design has been," in the language of an Indian Missionary, "first to labor to make these Indians *men*, that so we may be the better able afterwards to make them *CHRISTIANS*." How far we have succeeded in the *first* and in the *second* of these objects I hope now to show you. The romance usually thrown around the Indian and the wigwam as found in books is most untrue to the original. He is a poor degraded creature living on the ground, in *birch bark* huts, and continually wrapped in the *blanket*, which is never washed except by the rains of Heaven! His bodily support comes from the uncertain chase and the wild products of nature. But having no houses in which to preserve anything, he is often in great straits for preserving life. And if this is his condition *corporeally*, what must it be *spiritually*, when, having indeed a sense of the Great Supreme, he only pays *Worship* to Him once or twice a year in excessive dancing and hideous yelling! Here are then *two pictures*, one, of the Indian in his state *bodily*, and the *other*, of the Indian in his state *spiritually*. In both respects, the work of our humble mission has refuted the assertion made us by too many before we entered into this field of labor. It was told us that we could have no hopes of the present generation of *adults*. That they would not change. That the children only could be wrought upon, and even herein the question was a very doubtful one. But what has been the result? This almost twelvemonth shall speak for itself. Those houses of *hewed logs* which you see but a short distance from the Mission House are Indian dwellings, the result of their own exertions. We have encouraged them indeed *in building*, which was our duty to do, but with little exception, they did the work themselves. How rejoiced we were on seeing the *light* from a neighbor's house, on the *first night* of the Indian moving into his more substantial and *fixed* abode! This much we saw during the first winter, and moreover through that winter we saw the Indians to the number of perhaps three hundred at different periods laboring as he had not done before, and as many as *thirty continuously working* with the axe or otherwise for a support. We may with truth say there was not a *hungry wigwam* round about us. This could be said of no other spot in the Indian country, bordering upon the white population. I am too unacquainted with the more remote *interior* to be able to answer correctly concerning the Indians, when wholly removed from the influence of the whites. The work of the past winter has not been confined to the Indians of this single village, but many Indians from abroad have been here to work, or to take note of the treatment of their brethren by the mission. In consequence of which, several petitions have been made us from abroad to come and plant missions in other por-

tions of the Indian country. The following letter is most interesting to every true lover of the Gospel and its power over men. "FLAT MOUTH," the aged and principal chief of a band of eleven hundred Indians, who live eighty miles to our north-west, at a lake thirty miles in length, called "Kah-sah-squah-jee-mo-kag," writes through an interpreter under date the 27th January as follows:

"My friend—Since I saw you, you have been always in my memory. I have since thought of a great many things that you could do to better our condition. My friend—You cannot imagine how anxious I am to have you come and live among us, and oh! how glad I will be when I come from my Hunt to see some part of your House put up on the borders of our Lake. This lake has been owned by our forefathers, and no one will have a word to say when I have made any promises, and I now say to you, come and chose out a place which is not occupied, anywhere about our lake, and take and use freely anything, wood, hay, fish, &c., which will make you comfortable.

My friend—I shall leave in a few days for my Hunt, and will not be back again before the Spring opens.

My friend—If you have any compassion for us and our children, you will not hesitate to come now and choose a place for your home. I shall leave word with BUFFALO and the old men what to say to you. They will not be bad words, but good ones, that they shall speak.

My friend—When I get back from my Hunt and see you getting ready to live among us, I will then be glad to know that some of our people will have the opportunity to learn from whence the *whites* get their knowledge.

My friend—This is all at present, and I hope the Great Spirit will spare my life, until I see you living amongst us."

During the month of March, I visited this chief's lake and selected an admirable site for another Indian Mission House. I trust under circumstances so favorable and *imperious* upon us all, as indeed the cry for help from the Pagan to the Christian must ever be regarded, this appeal of "FLAT MOUTH" will not pass by unheeded by ourselves and the Church at large. We regard this first Indian Mission House as the *training* establishment, where the clergyman and layman (male and female) may be prepared in the *language*, *manners* and *habits* of the Indian for the Church's work through the whole Indian country. The recently chosen site then for the next Station will form the *second* link in the chain. Our journey to the old chief's residence was in many respects a novel one for me, for notwithstanding I have camped out, sleeping upon the ground for thirty nights in succession whilst travelling, yet this one had its peculiarities, and it was fortunate for me that the Chaplain and Commanding Officer of Fort Ripley consented to be my companions, for the latter having served in the Florida and Mexican wars understood completely the necessary preparations for *bivouacing*. The intensity of the cold required large fires during the night, and hence it was quite impossible to use a *tent*. We therefore slept upon the ground, after clearing away the deep snow, wrapping ourselves in blankets and lying down with our feet towards the fire. And notwithstanding we were travelling through a Wilderness where there was not a habitation of any kind (Indian or white man) we slept, after commending ourselves to the Divine protection, as free from all fear of *man*, the *beasts* of the forest, or the *elements*, as you can in the midst of a barred city. The weather during this journey ranged from 12 to 18 degs. below zero! And yet we slept in the open air without peril of our lives! Our conveyance was the *train* which is a species of the *Lapland sleigh*, but drawn by a single horse, or by three or more dogs. The *train* is a long narrow board, *without runners*, seats or sides, to which our robes and luggage are lashed, and upon which we sit in constant expectation of being laid off at full length upon the snow, which for the first two or three day's journey was too often a reality. But at length we became quite