

necessary, carrying it on their backs; and they chop the wood, and carry it home on their backs. They brought the venison home, when the deer is killed by their husband; they dress the skins for their husband's clothes; and make the coats, shirts, mocassins, which completes the Indian dress. All was done by the women. Notwithstanding the poor woman done all this, they got very little gratitude from their heathen husbands.

I will just relate to you one of my prayers in heathen life:—"O God, the Sun, I beseech you to hear my prayer, and to direct my steps through the woods in that direction where the deer is feeding, that I may get near him, shoot him, and kill him, and have something to eat thereby." And this was all the prayer I ever made. There is nothing about the soul-salvation in that prayer. Some pray for fish, or ducks, or rabbits, or whatever they wish to get.

At length the Missionary came, and began to preach about Christ, and how he died for me; but I first said, "No: that is the whiteman's God and whiteman's religion, and that God would not have anything to do with the Indians." But he assured me that God would save me, if I would believe on the Lord Jesus Christ; and, as a proof, he read portions of Scripture to me, again and again. And then, at last, I began to think that he must be right, and I must be wrong, because he read the "book of God" (as we call the Bible) to me. Then I began to pray, for the first time, in English. I only then knew a few words. I said, "O God, be merciful to me, poor Indian boy, great sinner." And the word of God had now got hold of my heart, but it made me feel very sick in my heart.

I went to bed, and I could not sleep, for my thoughts trouble me very much. Then I would pray the words over and over again, and got more and more sick in my heart. I was very sorry that God could not understand my Ojibway. I thought God could only understand English; and when I was praying, tears came spontaneously from my eyes; and I could not understand this, because I had been taught from infancy never to weep. In this misery I passed three or four weeks. I then met with Peter Jones, who was converted a few months before me, and, to my surprise, I heard him return thanks, at meal, in Ojibway. This was quite enough for me. I now saw that God could understand me in my Ojibway, and therefore went far into the woods, and prayed, in the Ojibway tongue, to God, and say, "O God, I was so ignorant and blind, that I did not know that thou didst understand my Ojibway tongue! Now, O God, I beseech Thee to be gracious to me a sinner! take away this sickness that I now feel in my heart; for all my sins lay very heavy in my heart! Send now thy Holy Spirit to come work in my heart! Let the blood of Christ be now applied to my heart, that all my sins may depart!" Though I could now pray in this way in my native tongue, yet God did not seem to think it best to hear my prayers at this time, but left me to pass many miserable nights. And I cried out again, "O God, I will not let Thee alone! I shall trouble Thee with my prayers, till Thou bless me!" And at last God heard my prayers, and he took away this heavy sickness of heart; but not till many tears had been shed. And when this sickness was taken away from my heart, then I experienced another feeling, which was joy in the Holy