

place than a cotton tent, hastily erected on a bleak, rocky shore.

I visited four different bands of Indians, three of them speaking the Cree language, and one the Saulteaux (Soto). I spent a Sabbath among the Poplar River Indians. They are the most degraded specimens of humanity I ever saw. Summer and winter they live in wretched bark wigwams, only about half enclosed. How they keep from perishing, during these dreadful winters, is more than I can comprehend. When fish or deer are plentiful they seem to be always eating. When pinching want overtakes them, which it often does, but generally through their own indolence or want of forethought, they bear up through it with amazing stoicism. They are so vile and filthy in their habits that I could hardly induce any of our own people who were with me, to accompany me into their wretched abodes, when I went to preach to them of a Saviour's love. They are the slaves of the most debasing superstitions. I had two long conversations, or rather controversies, with Mookowosen (the Bittern), the vile old conjurer and medicine man, who burnt to death a poor old woman last winter. He still gloried in his dreadful deed, and described with great ceremony how he first strang'd her with a rope, and then burnt the body to ashes, "to kill the soul, or at least to keep it from haunting their hunting grounds." My words seemed to make no impression upon this poor old murderer, yet even here in this band so degraded, there were some "whose hearts the Lord opened, and they were baptized with their households."

At Black River I found a small band, who listened to the word with attention. They begged for frequent visits, and urged me to devise some plan for the education of their children.

At Leaf River the band is very small, and would gladly join any place not very far distant, where religious privileges could be enjoyed.

The Indians at Berens River were very glad to see me. They are very sanguine as to the future, and express themselves in their beautiful metaphoric language as follows: "We have long been dwelling in the dark night, but the bright day is fast approaching,

we are now in its morning twilight." In my last letter to you, I wrote about their visit to me, and their touching appeal for a church and school. My visit has shown me that that cry for the Ambassador of the Cross is a very important one. They have already shown the genuineness of their promises made to me, to do all they possibly could for themselves to better their worldly prospects. Several houses have already been erected, and timber for more is being prepared. But they need the aid of a carpenter. I spent a good deal of time examining their country, for the purpose of finding the best site for the establishment of an Indian village. The best place is in the Omemee River, about ten miles south of Berens River. There is abundance of good land, plenty of timber, fine, natural, wild rice fields, and close at hand is the best fishing in all Lake Winnipeg.

OPENING FOR A MISSION.

Here is a splendid opportunity offered for the commencement of a Wesleyan Mission, which I am confident in a few years would be much larger than this at Norway House, as the natural advantages are so much greater. Many of our people from here would go there if a mission were established. As things are now, we lose many of our members every year, who are crowded out from this place to parts of the country where Methodism is not represented.

My journeying home was not without its perils. As the boat in which I went to Berens River had to go on to Red River, I was obliged to hire a canoe and some Indians for the return trip. The good canoes were all away or engaged, and I was obliged to make the journey in a seven and sixpenny old one, that had been condemned as being unsafe for even river fishing. Fancy travelling a distance as great as that between Belleville and Hamilton, on a much stormier lake than Ontario, in an old birch bark canoe, so rotten that the pressure of the thumb was quite sufficient to burst through the bottom. But "the King's business required haste,"—the winter was fast approaching, my people were gathering