

of the habitations, show that the arts and manners of civilized life are as yet but imperfectly acquired. The European artizans have Indian apprentices, to whom they teach the crafts; while the ministers of religion endeavour to disseminate the knowledge of the blessed truths of Revelation. Amid the hardships presented by summer heats and winter snows, passing from island to island, or from station to station, in the frail canoe or on the dreary ice, and contending against the ignorance and prejudice of the savage, and—yet more arduous task—against the evil influence and bad example of the crafty and greedy trader—in the face of all these impediments, the devoted missionaries preach the glad tidings of the Gospel to the remnant of these ancient tribes, and inculcate on them obedience to its sacred precepts. At the principal station, the Indians assemble annually to receive their presents, coming for hundreds of miles in their light canoes. A lovely scene was presented to our view, as we rested on our oars, at the close of a fine day in August, on the mirror-like surface of a deep land-locked bay. Not a cloud was in the sky; the sun was setting behind the tall pines on our left, and his ruddy light fell full upon the great encampment of the tribes. We gazed, astonished and delighted, for the view had burst upon us suddenly as we rounded a headland about two miles from the landing-place, admiring, as we went, the clear and complete reflections of the banks, far down in the deep water. We now looked towards the station; and as we could just discern the flags at the pole of every larger tent, and the dry matting glancing like white canvass in the sun-beams, we could fancy an army encamped before us, instead of three thousand peaceful Indians.

Hence, to the great rapids of St. Marie, where the waters of the mighty Superior rush with foaming wave into her sister sea, is a succession of grand scenes. Islands in all variety of size and outline, and whose numbers are yet uncounted—some barren of tree or herb—some covered with timber—fill the deep water, and that water pure and clear as crystal. What luxury to glide with well-filled sail along that brilliant surface, while fifty feet beneath is the hard rock, on which the rays of the sun play tremulously through the rippling water, rendering it discernible to the minutest jutting; and the multitudes of fishes, as they skim along, half a dozen fathoms from the eye, appear as if the hand could reach them. No storm, however fierce or protracted, sullies the purity of this matchless water—so clean and smooth is the rock on which it rests.

Glorious is LAKE HURON on the soft summer day, when the light breeze but plays upon its surface, and all looks bright and beauteous in the sunshine. Majestic is she, when suddenly the black thunder-storm arises, and with a fury, brief as it is violent, bears the dark mass of cloud down upon her waters, which the gale tears up in foam, sending it to leeward swift as the lightning-flashes; and the tall