

Society could witness the beneficent results that have followed its operations in this and other of our Indian missions. Even in a secular point of view, those operations are of incalculable advantage. How infinitely better and cheaper, as well as more Christian, is it to convert these wandering sons of the wilderness into peaceful subjects, than to have to wage a war of extermination against them, as the United States has now to do with the followers of Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull.

The little village exhibits many signs of thrift and industry. Most of the houses are comfortably, and some tastefully, built. Almost every family keeps a cow, and some have a horse as well. Each has one or more canoes. A considerable quantity of land is under cultivation, and many of the gardens were evidently well tilled. Fish and game are plentiful, and in all the conditions of comfort the hamlet is ahead of many white villages—perhaps one cause is that no fire-water is allowed. I observe from the Report that the mission subscribed last year \$28.50 to the funds of the Society. At Parry Sound our Indian boatman, James Pegamahgabow, with his brother and their two wives, contributed \$8.75. If all the members of our Church, of their temporal ability, did as well there would be no debt hanging over the Missionary Society.

Our leaving the village was made the occasion of holding quite a levee. Almost all the inhabitants, men, women, and children, came down to the landing to see us embark and bid us farewell. Our party formed a line beside the flagstaff, and all the Indians passed in single file before us, shaking hands with us as they passed. Several of the squaws in passing produced from beneath their shawls little gifts, which were presented amid a round of applause—a birch bark-basket; fresh and smoke-dried blue berries, the latter rather pungent; some smoked sturgeon wrapped in birch bark; and one aged squaw presented my little son with a skilfully-woven tobacco pouch. I hope he will never use the vile weed; but, in appreciation of her kindness, I had the pleasure of sending her a brilliant-coloured headkerchief. One very old man and a squaw arrived a little late, and I had twice to return from the end of the boat to repeat the valediction. As long as our boat continued in sight the faithful, kindly creatures