

I left Mahnotoahning on May 21st, and arrived at Garden River on the 22nd. The old Chief and several of his men came forward to welcome me, and manifested feelings of joy and thankfulness, that one had, at length come amongst them again to instruct them further in the truths of that holy religion, which they had long been tempted to forsake, but in vain. But when I told them that I could not remain with them, their feelings of joy were soon exchanged for feelings of grief and disappointment. I tried to comfort them a little by assuring them if they would come up to the Sault for me on Saturday, I would come down and have service on Sunday.

The reason of my leaving them was, because I found no place whatever to remain at, except an Indian wigwam or shanty, amidst all the vermin and filth for which those places are remarkable; and, notwithstanding my earnest desire to promote their temporal and eternal good, I was not prepared to settle down with the Indians in one of those places. I knew there was no other place where I could get accommodations except at a Canadian Hotel at the Sault, a distance of nine miles from Garden River, and to this place I came. The Indians, apparently anxious to have divine service performed, and to have God's Holy word read, came according to promise on Saturday to the Sault and took me down in one of their boats. There is nothing in the shape of a Church at Garden River belonging to us, further than a shanty, which an Indian has let us have for a time. During the last two years, both the Papists and Methodists have settled there, and each sect has a place of worship; the former, the Papists, have just finished a very respectable Chapel; the latter have built a very commodious, though not very elegant, Meeting House, and one or the other of these two places, all the Indians in the village, with the exception of a very few, attended; though till the last two or three years, during which time they have been left as sheep without a shepherd, they were nearly all Episcopalians it is said.

Most agreeably therefore was I surprised on Sunday morning, when I saw before me more than 50 persons, devoutly joining in our incomparable Liturgy, and worshipping the Lord our God. My feelings are better understood than expressed on this occasion; my heart yearned over them; my soul longed for their salvation. I began to feel afresh the solemn weight of the momentous responsibilities connected with my office; I felt that I had immortal souls committed to my care, for which the Saviour has poured out his own soul even unto death, and that it depended to an unknown extent upon the faithful discharge of my duties whether those dear Indians shared in that redemption which Christ by His precious death obtained for them. With the prospect of being so highly honored as being the instrument in the hands of God, in bringing them from darkness to light, in leading them from the paths of sin and misery, to walk in the ways of virtue and holiness, which terminate in endless bliss, I could mourn no loss, I was conscious of no want, except that of a tongue to tell them in their own language of the unsearchable riches of Christ. The Service in the afternoon was well attended.

June 24th—I have made some progress in the language, but I cannot speak to the Indians much yet. I can read it intelligibly, and I rejoice that our beautiful Services contain so much of God's own blessed word, believing that He will make up for my present inability by enabling them to understand the truths therein revealed, and so applying them to their hearts and consciences by His Holy spirit as to make

them prove the power of God unto salvation to their never dying souls.

I have had service twice every Sunday since I have been here. The attendance has been very good; and their seriousness and attention tend very much to comfort and encourage me, under my peculiar circumstances. Last Sunday, however, in the afternoon, the attendance was not quite so satisfactory. There was some great attraction at the Popish place; some of those silly priests were firing guns, and ringing their provoking bell, nearly all the afternoon. I am very jealous lest the priests should get hold of these dear Indian children. At the close of the service, I gave notice that I should be glad to see all the children, in an hour's time, to catechise them, &c. Accordingly, in the course of an hour after the service—as nearly as I could guess, for I had no watch—a goodly number of girls and boys came forward, with bright, happy faces, though their Sunday attire was rather peculiar. They seemed very anxious to be taught. I was surprised to find how very quick some of them were to learn the words of the Catechism—I cannot say, to comprehend the meaning. They conducted themselves in a very orderly manner. I taught them a short prayer for God's Holy Spirit, and concluded our first little meeting with singing and prayer. I am very anxious to devote more time and attention to the instruction of these dear children, than I can possibly do under my present circumstances. It is with these that the most good can be accomplished, and the priests, aware of this fact, are beginning to arouse themselves, and like a hungry lion, to seek for prey. I do earnestly hope that the Society will not any longer delay to put up a house for me, and a place of some kind for the Indians. Just now, they seem anxious to have their children taught; therefore, for their sakes, for the Saviour's sake, I pray that an effort may be made, on the part of the Society, to benefit these dear people. Shall our Church be less zealous in spreading the truth as it is in Jesus, and in supporting His blessed cause, than the Church of Rome in propagating error, and in supporting a system so degrading, so soul-enslaving and anti-Christian, as theirs undoubtedly is?

I have said before that I am remaining at an hotel; but I am far from being contented and happy. The business and transactions at such a place, which necessarily interfere with me, are by no means congenial to my taste and feelings; and, besides, I have a painful consciousness that I am far away from my people, to whom my heart is becoming more and more closely attached. My spirit, truly, is willing to reside amongst them, but my flesh is weak. The little experience I have, during the few days I am with them every week, makes me fear that my constitution would not bear up under all the severities of an Indian life. The first night I spent—not slept—in the wigwam, I was in perfect misery from vermin; and the first Sunday evening, (though, as I have before stated, I felt happy during the day), I was obliged to go to bed early, I felt so ill, and the scent from the old hay, as I laid myself down upon it, made me no better, as you may suppose; the effect which it had on my olfactory nerves made me quite sick, which I did not overcome for some time. As I lay, however, on my bed of hay in one part of the wigwam, I was most agreeably surprised to hear the voice of prayer in another part. It made me forget for a time my bodily suffering, and filled my heart with inexpressible joy. The Indian and his family, before they laid down to sleep, assembled around the family altar, and, as though it was with them a customary duty, they offered

up their united supplications to the Throne of Grace. I poured out my heart in thankfulness to God, for this proof that the labours of his servants had not been in vain.

I have resolved to make some alterations in the wigwam, and try to remain with the Indians, if I receive any intimation through Dr. O'Meara, by the next mail, that the Society will put up proper places some time this year. There are two or three most important reasons why I should do so: first, if I do not, I cannot benefit them as I wish; and if I do not benefit them, I have every reason to believe they will be injured by the Jesuits. Another important reason is, my expenses here are greater by half than my limited stipend will defray.

How my health will suffer by the change, I do not know, but it seems the path of duty; and I commit myself to God, whose I am, and whom I desire above all things to serve—hoping He will dispose the hearts of those connected with the Society, speedily to provide for me, lest my health and constitution should be so impaired as to prevent me from labouring amongst these dear people, for whose eternal welfare I am increasingly anxious.

30th.—The inhabitants of the Sault St. Mary consist of persons belonging to several denominations; the majority are nominally, I believe, Roman Catholics, but they are perfectly indifferent with regard to the duties of their religion, and are living in a state as bad, if not worse, than heathenism. Those who profess and call themselves Christians, are exceedingly anxious to have the means of grace afforded to them, and have, I think, appealed to the Bishop. I could not get away from here last week till Sunday morning; and then, before I left for Garden River, I could not refuse to perform divine service, which was the second time only this year that those belonging to our Church have had the privilege of attending our services. The Indians came up for me as usual on Saturday; but, before they could take me down, they said they had to go on the American side. I waited very anxiously for their return till late in the evening; at last I saw one solitary figure of a man, slowly approaching, as though a deep sense of shame impeded his progress towards me. The painful idea suggested itself to my mind at once, that he had been following the evil example of the white man in taking "fire water," and this idea was confirmed by the conversation I had with him. He did not seem willing to take me down then, and, as it was getting dark, I thought it would not be prudent to compel him. Oh that accursed "fire water" has been the eternal ruin of hundreds of these Indians. What will the white man have to answer for, for introducing it! What? If he would reflect that by selling it to them for filthy lucre's sake, contrary to the laws of his country and the law of God, he was only heaping up treasures for the last day; that he was sending them to hell, to hasten his approach with fiendish delight, and to aggravate his misery through the countless ages of eternity, he would I think abandon the practice.

Immediately after performing service here, I proposed to go to Garden River, a distance of nine miles. I found, however, there was only one man and his wife to take me down; consequently, as I wished to get there in some reasonable time, I had to row myself; to this the man objected at first, and worked very hard, hoping to make me feel very comfortable; but, as soon as I had taken a slice of bread and pork, and had given the man and his wife a slice each, I took a pair of oars. Having a strong head wind to row against, we were much longer than I expected in getting down. As