

people were then reading about the missions in china, had more charm, and more profoundly touched those who read them. I had threatened those to whom I was then writing that I would never write to them again, unless they kept my secret; but at last the secret has been revealed. I have also been reproached in Canada as being too indolent to compose relations; but obedience then obliged me to do so. All this has carried away my mind, which had first resolved to say nothing but what I had seen or heard. Secondly, having written something, I resolved to stop; to live in the place where God has put me in this world; and to profit in my own person by the examples of virtue which I see every day among our new christians. Finally, the fear that I have of being really obstinate—as some one has reproached me with being—constrains me to give some form to a sort of annals that I have compiled; and to other observations which were made only for my private consolation, awaiting future events.

I limit myself to the iroquois missions alone, to which God has appointed me,—and especially to the mission of the Sault, which is my special purpose; thus the reader will here see the birth and progress of this new church. My attachment for this mission is as old as the mission itself. As it was nineteen years ago this winter that the iroquois missions began, it is also nineteen years since God, who had already made known to me His Will, inclined me to the foreign missions. At that time he more specially moved me, so as to draw me toward him by an abundance of his mercy, which he poured upon me on a Christmas night—which is also the special attraction by which he has drawn the