

But the mission aimed at a wider enterprise than the supplying of the gospel to this small band of semi-civilized and Christian Indians. The large and savage tribes of the Menomonees, the Brothertowns, and the Winnebagoes were in close vicinity, and it was intended through this settlement to reach them with Christian influences. The letter to Mr. Miner, from Jeremiah Evarts, the distinguished statesman and lawyer, then at the head of the Board of Missions, which appears upon a later page, was written only a year or two before Evarts's death; it sets forth the rules and the aims that are to govern the mission.

In Marsh's diary, reports, and letters, we read of that devoted missionary's daily round of work, his visits to the sick and dying, his personal interviews with the impenitent and the careless, with the anxious and the troubled, with the poor and the needy, and the ignorant. We see him preaching twice on every Sunday, superintending the Sunday School, conducting a weekly prayer meeting, laboring in revivals, and rejoicing in new converts. We see him following up the delinquent in duty, encouraging the weak, distributing religious books and tracts, burying the dead, and comforting the afflicted. His hands and heart are continually full. Sometimes we find him overwhelmed with care and responsibility, and a sense of his own unfitness and unworthiness; but never once does he think of abandoning his duty, of forsaking his post.

It seems that soon after entering upon his work, Marsh came under the partial care of the Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge, a body whose headquarters were at Edinburgh. Marsh's letters and yearly reports to that Society give us a full view of his life in this mission work. He tells of striking conversions, of triumphant deaths, of the victories of faith over all the adversities of life as then seen. He tells of the awful depravity as seen in the savage state, the cruel neglect of the aged and the weak, the revolting superstitions of drunken revelries — for, as ever, whiskey was the curse