

PREFACE.

Soon after the death of Mr. Chandler, his widow placed in the hands of the compiler what papers he left, for the purpose of examination, and if thought of sufficient merit, to furnish to the public some account of his experience as a Christian Minister. But the partiality which he had entertained for this deceased brother, and the satisfaction which he had derived from a perusal of his diary, rendered him distrustful of his own judgment in a matter of such delicacy as this reference imposed; and accordingly, the materials from which the following work has been composed, were submitted to the Troy Annual Conference at its session in this village, June 1840. The subject was referred to a committee, and after a careful examination of the documents, they reported in favor of the compilation of a memoir, by the author.

The way now seemed to be opened; and as time could be spared from other pressing duties, attention was directed to the preparation of the work, which is now presented to the christian public. Wishing however to take no step in sending it abroad without the approbation of his brethren, by whose recommendation the undertaking had been assumed, the compiler submitted the first draft to the examination of the Conference at its last session, determined to abide the decision,

whether to offer it to the public or not. The report of the committee, which was cordially adopted, is here given entire, for the purpose of showing that the memoir has been executed under advice as encouraging as could be desired.

COPY OF THE REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON THE MEMOIR OF
THE REV. D. M. CHANDLER.

The committee, to whom was submitted the manuscript of the Memoir of the late Rev. Daniel M. Chandler, compiled by Rev. C. Prindle, respectfully report as follows :

They have heard the entire manuscript read, and are of the opinion, that such were the talents, piety, labors and usefulness of this lamented Missionary,—so brilliant and varied his earthly career, though short,—so interesting the narrative of his life, and so judiciously compiled, as to justify its publication.

The committee therefore recommend to the Conference the adoption of the following resolution :

Resolved, That Rev. Cyrus Prindle be requested to prepare the above named memoir for the press, and that it be recommended to our Book Agents in New York to publish the same among the books of the General Catalogue.

(Signed)

JAMES COVEL, JR.
JNO. FRAZER,
WARD BULLARD.

Albany, June 10, 1841.

A true copy,

J. B. HOUGHTALING,
Sec'y Troy Conference.

Notwithstanding the flattering manner in which the committee speak of the compilation, it has since then undergone a thorough examination by my esteemed friend S. H. Tupper, Esq. A. M., and such corrections have been made, as to make the work conformable to the standing and usefulness of

our departed brother. The extracts of poetry from Mr. Chandler, that are to be found in the following pages, have been pruned and improved by the practical skill of the above named gentleman, who, in this kind of composition, is "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." The poetical effusion dedicated to the memory of Mr. Chandler, which will be found in the Appendix, is from his pen, and is inserted with the approbation of Mrs. Everdell, late widow of Mr. Chandler.

In the arrangement of the matter, which makes up the substance of the memoir, the compiler would say, that not deeming embellishment of style important in a work of this kind, his object has been to furnish the reader with the most interesting particulars in the history of one whom the Lord delighted to honor, as a Christian, a Missionary, and finally as a dying witness of that "perfect love that casteth out fear that hath torment." And should this memorial of one dear to all who knew him, contribute to the increase of that personal devotion to God, which gives calmness and hope in death, facts so conspicuously manifested in Mr. Chandler, let the reader render the glory to God, from whom cometh *every good and perfect gift*.

C. PRINDLE

Middlebury, Vt. May 9, 1842.

MEMOIR
OF THE
REV DANIEL M. CHANDLER.

CHAPTER I.

DANIEL MEEKER CHANDLER, third son of Joseph and Sarah Chandler, was born in the town of Granville, Washington Co. New York, September ninth, 1810. In 1816, his father removed his family to a town then called Pendleton, in Essex Co. in the same State, which has since been organized by the name of Newcomb. There were only about half a dozen families in the place, and they were twenty miles from any other settlement. At this time there was no religious society in the town; the consequence was, a general neglect of spiritual things. But notwithstanding the moral darkness that surrounded and pervaded this remote region, God, in his infinite mercy, awakened Daniel to a sense of his lost condition, at the age of twelve years, and led him to seek the salvation of his soul, until he found pardon and peace through faith in the atoning blood of the Lord Jesus Christ.

For a time, he enjoyed the comforts of redeeming love; but being young, and destitute of the advantages of christian society, his ardor abated, and for a number of years he lived

in a backslidden state; though at intervals, he appeared to be anxiously desirous to live in the fear and love of God. When in the twenty-first year of his age, he attended school, in the town of Schroon, about thirty miles from his home. Here he enjoyed gospel privileges; and during his stay in this place, there was an interesting revival of religion among the people, and Daniel then came to a resolution to seek the Lord with all his heart. Through the goodness of God he was reclaimed, and immediately came out a bold and faithful witness for Christ, and from that time, held out faithful *unto death*.

Soon after his restoration to the favor of God, he exhibited an intense desire for the salvation of sinners. While thus anxious for souls he had the following dream. He thought he was on a large plain, surrounded by all the inhabitants of the world; and soon he discovered that death was among them, and one after another fell lifeless to the ground. In a short time he saw death approaching him, and soon he fell before this resistless destroyer. Immediately he began to rise, and soar, as on wings, until he arrived at a beautiful gate, which he found to be the gate of heaven. He heard the melodious voices of those who had entered before him: so enchanting was the scene, and so enrapturing the music of the blissful host, that he greatly desired to enter and join them. But the Savior, who stood at the gate, told him he could not go in until he had accomplished a work he had for him to do. He awoke with a deep impression upon his mind, that he must labor for the salvation of sinners. He felt particularly drawn to the town in which his parents resided, where the people lived entirely regardless of the things that belonged to their peace. There were his youthful associates and his early attachments. By them the Sabbath was spent in sinful recreations and vain amusements; the settlement having never enjoyed the preaching of the gospel, or any of the established means of salvation: and as no one seemed to care for these lost sheep of the wilderness, brother Chandler, moved

by the love of Christ, resolved to visit them, and "warn them to flee from the wrath to come."

Having made known his intentions to some of his Christian friends, and obtained the approbation of Rev. S. Colman, the preacher in charge of Warren Circuit, he left Schroon, endeared to him as the place of his readoption into the Divine family, on his mission, to "tell what great things the Lord had done for him." This was in March 1831. While on the way, he knelt before the Lord, in the wilderness, and prayed that some sign might be given him as a token of Divine approbation. When he came to the settlement, he requested the people to come together the next Sabbath for the worship of God.

This request, coming from their youthful companion, had much of novelty in it; but many were led to the conclusion that it would be better to attend meeting on the Sabbath than to spend this holy day in fishing and hunting, employments that had been common with them for years. The next Sabbath was the time for holding their first meeting. It seemed strange to the young people who had been Daniel's associates, that he should be so wonderfully changed. And some of them humorously said, when they were ready to go to the meeting, "they must have a pocket handkerchief to wipe off the tears," &c.

When the hour drew near for the exercises to commence, the whole settlement, old and young, were making their way to the place appointed: not from an anxiety to be benefited, but to have their curiosity gratified in seeing and hearing Daniel M. take the charge of a religious meeting. Immediately however, after the exercises began, solemnity appeared on every countenance. The power of God came upon the congregation, and one old backslider, who had formerly belonged to the Methodist Church, manifested his determination to reform his life, and return to God. This gave an additional impulse to the impression already made on the assembly, and the meeting being concluded, the people returned to their

homes, with very different feelings from those they had anticipated, when they came in the morning.

During the ensuing week, Daniel went through the settlement, and talked with every individual respecting the salvation of their souls. They listened with candor; and conviction seemed to fasten upon every heart. The next Sabbath the people were all punctual in their attendance, but not with that lightness apparent at the preceding meeting; but with that solemnity that indicates true penitence for sin; and many were ready to cry with the publican, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

While Daniel was engaged in this meeting, the power of God came down "like a mighty rushing wind," which caused believers to rejoice, and sinners to fear and tremble." Daniel appointed prayer meetings through the week, and spent his whole time in attending them, and in visiting the people.

The next Sabbath was a day of increasing interest. Some had obtained pardon, and were rejoicing in God their Savior: while others were inquiring "what they must do to be saved." The work increased until all in the settlement, who had come to years of understanding, (excepting two or three,) professed to find salvation from sin, through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. "If," says Daniel's father, "God ever blessed the means used for the conversion of sinners, He did it on this occasion. The devil seemed to be chained, and love and harmony prevailed through the whole settlement. Daniel was beloved by all, and believed to be the instrument, in the hand of God, by which this people were brought from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God."

The news that God was saving souls in Pendleton with such power and glory, extended abroad; and some came between twenty and thirty miles, to witness and share the gracious shower, so abundantly poured upon the settlement, in which was fulfilled the prediction—"The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

Daniel's father remonstrated against his devoting all his time to the work, but could not persuade him to abate his efforts, or turn his attention to any other employment than that of saving souls, until nearly every adult was converted to God. As the result of this gracious work about thirty, who had been made partakers of the "great salvation," were joined in society, by Rev. Joseph McCreery, then in charge of Warren Circuit.

The remaining part of the season brother Chandler continued at home with his parents, and spent his time in study, and in taking the oversight of the newly collected flock, of which he was leader. In the forepart of the succeeding winter he guided Mr. McCreery through the wilderness to Pendleton, in which they were both near perishing. Mr. McCreery became so exhausted in traveling through the snow, as to sink down with fatigue several times. They often knelt and prayed for Divine guidance and support, and several times, when Mr. McCreery was unable to walk further, Daniel carried him on his back. After great labor and suffering from these causes, they reached the settlement, in thankfulness to God, and to the great joy of the people, who were expecting them.

During the winter of 1831-2, Daniel attended a school in Chester, N. Y. kept by Rev. P. H. Smith, now of the Troy Conference, a short time excepted, in which he attended a select school kept by B. R. Seaman of Schroon, where the revival had been going on the year before.

In 1833, brother Chandler resided in Rutland, Vt. and a part of the time attended school, preparing himself for those public labors to which he felt himself called in the Providence of God. It was during this year that the writer became acquainted with him, and in April, 1834, gave him his first license to officiate as a local preacher. From the first of 1833, until July, 1834, he remained in the above named place, and on what was then called Granville Circuit, the place from which his parents had removed a number of years

before. In these places, his ardor in the cause of God secured to him friends, who still cherish for his memory the kindest remembrance; and to some extent, he was useful in promoting the salvation of souls, who shall be as "stars in his crown of rejoicing."

He had not long exercised his gifts in preaching the gospel of the grace of God, before he made known his intentions to consecrate himself to the labors of a missionary among the Indians in our North Western Territory. In May, 1834, the writer received a communication from Rev. John Clark, who was then superintendent of the Missions in these parts, making known the wants of this newly cultivated field, and asking for two young men, full of zeal for the souls of the Indians, and requesting his aid in supplying them as soon as practicable. His mind was immediately directed to brother Chandler, as possessing all the requisite qualifications for this work, and accordingly he was addressed on the subject, and desired, after mature reflection, to give a decisive answer. But a short time had elapsed before he informed him of his willingness to obey the call, and pledged himself to repair to the mission field, as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made.

Though aware that he must suffer many privations, encounter many difficulties, and expose both health and life, far from civilized society, yet, the decision was made in view of his responsibility to God, who he believed had called him to the work, and of the worth of immortal souls.

Although it was not before the fourth of June that this subject was mentioned to him, yet in July he bade adieu to all that was dear to him on earth, and started for the place of his future labors.

To break away from home and friends under the most flattering circumstances, is usually trying and often presents a scene of moving interest. But to part from all the endearments of youth and Christian associations, as the young missionary is called to do, requires a sacrifice that renders the

“farewell missionary meeting,” one of sublime interest. And if under any circumstances, we are permitted to behold human nature refined from selfishness, and influenced by the benevolence of the gospel, it is when one, young in years, and full of hope and promise, cuts himself off from the treasures of the world, to preach among the heathen, “the unsearchable riches of Christ.” Such must have “gotten the victory by the blood of the Cross,” and “been created anew in Christ Jesus, unto good works.”

The occasion on which Mr. Chandler took leave of his parents and friends, was during a Camp meeting which was held in the town of Chester, Warren Co. N. Y., and in the vicinity of his relatives and early religious companions. This was about the middle of July, and he and his colleague, Milton Bourne, (now of the Rock River Conference,) were called upon the stand at a time in the meeting when the hearts of preachers and people were well refined by the spirit of holiness, which was eminently prevailing. The presiding Elder addressed the congregation, briefly stating the call of brothers Chandler and Bourne to go to the Indian tribes at the North West, to be employed as teachers in the common branches of education, and as spiritual guides in their salvation; and then introduced them to the congregation, as wishing to make such communications, as their own feelings and the occasion should suggest. The exercises and addresses which followed were powerful, yea almost overwhelming.

Here were the aged parents of young Chandler, his brothers and sisters, and the great majority of those with whom he “had taken sweet counsel, and walked to the house of God in company,” in the early part of his christian profession. *Here* he was standing to give his salutations perhaps for the last time, to his dearest earthly friends. The gushing tears which were soon seen coursing their way down the faces of old and young, and the buried countenances, rendered it the most thrillingly interesting time that I ever witnessed. He spoke of his attachments—his friends—the painfulness of

breaking away from all his early connections—his love for the souls of his fellow men—and his willingness to dwell in the deep dark wilderness alone, if thereby souls might be saved in Heaven. These and other similar themes, he dwelt upon for a season, amid the deep weeping of preachers and people; and then, after earnestly imploring their prayers for himself and his work, he bade them all an affectionate farewell.

Such were the leading particulars of the “farewell Missionary meeting,” held on the eve of the departure of this young man, to seek some of the “lost sheep in the wilderness.” And in the previous history of Mr. Chandler, as well as his subsequent labors, there were coincidences that well correspond with the circumstances above stated. He had lived most of his former years in a wilderness situation; and as will be shown in the future pages of this memoir, was about to seclude himself for two years in the forests, to be employed in teaching the red men and their children the elements of education, and the truths of salvation. Taking these facts into consideration, the time, place, and congregation here assembled, appeared to the writer, most appropriate to bring the Missionary cause before the people, and let them feel the inspiration of the “Farewell address.” To be sure, we had not the “carpeted platform,” nor the forms of chairman, and regularly built resolutions: but we had the missionary fire—the missionary offerings—and inspired hopes of finally meeting some of our Indian brethren in the paradise of God, as the fruit of the personal devotion of two young men to the work of “teaching them the good and the right way.”

Having made the necessary preparations for their extended journey, brothers Chandler and Bourne, left the home and friends of their youth, on the 22d of July, 1834, for their respective fields of labor. But as no account of the journey is to be found in the materials furnished me, I am unable to give particulars, beyond incidental allusions, and what was subsequently received from brother Chandler himself. The

cholera was prevailing more or less in many portions of the West, and especially in the city of Detroit, where considerable numbers were dying daily. On arriving at that place these brethren retired a short distance from the city, and remained a day or two, where they were considered more secure from danger, and then took passage on board a steamboat for the upper Lakes.*

The following letter written soon after his arrival at Sault St. Marie, will be read with interest, both for the pious spirit which it breathes, as well as the interesting particulars which it details, of native zeal and simplicity in the Indian character.

SAULT DE ST. MARIE, August 30, 1834.

Dearly beloved parents,

Having been preserved by a kind Providence through the trials, dangers and fatigues of a long journey, and having arrived within two hundred and fifty miles of the field of labor assigned me, (from which place I shall seldom have the opportunity of writing,) I thought I would write to you from this place. Since I saw you last I have enjoyed good health, with the exception of frequent colds, and an attack of the cholera morbus.

I arrived here on the evening of the 22d inst., having been just one month on the way. I left my friends in Vermont, as I did in Chester, *weeping*—not because I was sorry to leave them, but because I *loved* them. I left brother J. with feelings of which none can have a just idea, except called to a like parting. I am thankful for strength from above, by which I have been able to break from the firm and affectionate embrace of my parents, brothers and sisters, for the sake of Jesus and his gospel. Though I speak of weeping, while

* Mr. Chandler was recommended to the Troy Conference from Rutland and Pittsford Circuit, July 9, 1834, and was admitted on trial into the travelling connection at the session held in Plattsburgh, N. Y. in the September following, and was stationed at Sault St. Marie Mission.

parting from friends, yet, thank God, I have not been tempted to repent of making the sacrifice, if such it may be called.

No doubt the tempter is aware of my determination, to throw every thing which God requires on the altar, and preach the gospel to the poor. My gracious REDEEMER ! assist me in this *great* and *good work*.

Last Sabbath, for the first time, I preached in this far Western country; in the morning through an interpreter, to the Indians; and in the afternoon to the officers and soldiers in the garrison. Dear parents, could you have been present at our morning meeting, you would, I think, never say to me again, though called to earth's remotest corner, "it is hard to part—we cannot let you go." No; dear parents, as much as you love me, you would have said, "go in the name of the Lord, and preach Jesus and the resurrection." Could you witness the wants of these poor wanderers, you would be lost to all sense of present enjoyment in the society of your children, or any thing else; and would only feel for the Indians, who in many places, are dying for lack of spiritual food. I found it somewhat difficult to preach by an interpreter, as it was a slow process of conveying my thoughts. The interpreter read a hymn in their own language, and prayed. While he was doing this I was weeping, and so were many of the Indians. I took for my text, "Unto you is the word of this salvation sent." I spoke short, and gave place for a native exhorter, who is to accompany me to the interior; his name is Taunche. He exhorted as I never heard a man before. The Indians cried aloud the whole time the red brother was exhorting, and I helped them. All I could understand was the name of *JESUS*, (which he spoke as we do,) and all I could *feel*, or wanted to *feel*, was the love of *Jesus*; and of this love my soul was *full*. O, thought I, I am glad I left my friends, and all behind, to come among the simple-hearted Indians. The same feeling pervades my heart while I am penning these lines for your pe-

rural ; and never did I feel a stronger determination to labor for their welfare.

I called into one of their lodges last evening, but as no one present could speak English, I could not converse with them. But having a hymn book in my pocket, I took it out, and one of the brethren observing it was written in his language, took his from his hat, and putting his finger on the hymn he wished to have sung, held up his book before me. I soon turned to the hymn, and joined him in singing.

“A charge to keep I have,”

&c. The hymn seemed familiar to the others, and we all began to sing, as though we had been acquainted for years. After singing a few hymns, a brother who could speak but one word in English, said, “pray, pray.” We were all in a moment bowed before the Lord, and such a shaking I never witnessed in any prayer meeting before. All prayed both male and female, and God gave us a blessing which caused us to “rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.” I left the cabin at nine o’clock, and returned to brother Clark’s, refreshed as with the new wine of the kingdom.

I love the red brethren as well as the white ; all the difference there is in my feelings while mingling with them around a gracious throne, is, I cannot speak their language but I can read it, so they can understand me without difficulty, which to me is a great consolation. I am determined to learn the Chippeway language the first thing, as I can now do little in comparison to what I might, could I speak it readily. I could do as all have who have come among them, preach by an interpreter ; but this is a slow way of proclaiming the glad tidings of the grace of God. I am determined to talk faster next year, if God spares my life. My opportunity for learning the Indian language will be good, as I am to be with the natives *only*, two hundred and fifty miles from *this place*, which is the last white settlement, and the Indians there do not speak English at all. So you see ne-

cessity will urge me to learn as fast as I can, that I may be able to talk to them about Jesus, the Bible, and *Ishpeming*, i. e. heaven.

The place to which I am going is called Ke-wa-we-non, on the south shore of Lake Superior. I am to start for that place next Tuesday, September 3d. Shall have no company but an Indian exhorter, and a boy for my interpreter. These are to remain with me until spring.

I am provided from the Mission, with three barrels of flour, two of pork, one of hulled corn dried, twenty-five pounds of rice, two pounds of tea for the Indians who go with me; and one keg of salt, with a few other articles, such as pepper, ginger, &c. Upon these, I and my companions are to subsist eight months, excepting what fish we may take, for doing which, we are furnished with a net or two. Thus equipped, I am to direct my course into the interior of the Indian country. Lord, give me favor in the sight of the heathen! and grant me success in preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ thy son, my REDEEMER.

My long passage was a pleasant one; not a wave disturbed the sleeping billows, while I sailed through lakes Erie, Huron and St. Clair. The Lord gave me a passage on board of one of the best steam boats on Lake Erie, which came to Mackinaw, which is within one hundred miles of this place to which I came in a bark canoe, in which kind of craft I am to go to the interior.

The weather here begins to feel like our October, and soon it will be winter, in this bleak northern wilderness.

Brother Clark is in poor health, but we hope he will recover. You will, if you love me, write often, and direct your letters to this place. Love to all my brothers, sisters and friends. Tell them to pray for my success, in my abundant labors.

I am, as ever,

Yours, in the bonds of filial affection,

DANIEL M. CHANDLER.

On the 3d of September, 1834, Mr. Chandler left St Marie, with instructions from Mr. Clark to go to Ke-wa-we-non, and if possible, erect a house for his own convenience, and a building to be used as a school house, before winter. But on his arrival, so far had the season passed, and so little help could be commanded, that he was compelled to abandon all objects but that of providing himself a house. And indeed, this was a work of such magnitude, that it was not ready for its occupants until the middle of November. And although the erection of an unembellished log cabin, in this remote wilderness, may present little to command the attention of those who are absorbed in the pomp of the world, and are influenced alone by the *things that are seen*, yet, to our young missionary, circumstanced as he was, the work when completed, afforded to him all the beauty and worth of a palace; and served him the treble purposes of a church, dwelling and school house.

The difficulties in the establishment of this Mission could not have been known when Mr. Chandler received his instructions, as no American missionary had been there at the time. Mr. Chandler was the first one that ever visited the place. There had been some converted natives at Ke-wa-we-non, from the Upper Canada Missions, and through their efficient labors, souls were converted to God; and thus the field was prepared for the occupancy of Chandler and others, who have since been appointed to this station.

CHAPTER II.

The conclusion of the foregoing chapter stated the arrival of Mr. Chandler at Ke-wa-we-non, hundreds of miles from any white settlement, surrounded with difficulties in carrying into effect the instructions he had received, in the erection of suitable buildings for the use of the Mission.

An early winter was approaching, and necessity urged him to unremitting efforts, to protect himself and those connected with him, from the cold and storms of that northern region. The amount of labor which he performed in the erection of his house, could have been endured by but few. But his inurement to manual labor, fitted him for the work in which he was now engaged, and protected him from that prostration of health, which would doubtless have been experienced by most other persons.

The first entry I find, in that portion of his diary which has come to my hands, is as follows :

“ *October 2.* This day I have been at work in building my house. I am, in one respect, as was my Master when on earth, inasmuch as I have not where to lay my head. Lord, grant that in every other respect I may be as much like him. I feel this evening, that all I want to make and keep me happy, is to have my heart filled with the love of Jesus, and a good log-house to shelter me from the beating storms. With these two appendages, the one from heaven, the other from earth, I expect soon to be furnished, as my heavenly Father still makes provision for my returning wants. ‘ O Lord, thou art good, and doest good.’ ”

Sabbath, October 5. This is one of the most beautiful Sabbaths I ever witnessed. The heavens are clothed in blue, beautiful beyond description. The sun, in the glory of his strength, pursues his ceaseless course, diffusing over this wilderness region his illuminating rays. And yet I am *this* day, as I have been many Sabbaths past, without an appointment. The reason is because I have none to whom I can offer a free salvation, as the Indians have not yet returned. O how much I would give to preach to-day! My brethren are preaching by hundreds, while I remain silent, as though there was no gospel. Lord, is it well pleasing to *Thee*, that I remain thus unemployed? If it be, I pray to be free from this insatiable desire to publish the glad tidings of the gospel, until I shall have an opportunity of doing so.

I have visited a lodge of Indians to-day, and endeavored by means of an interpreter, to instruct them in the way of life, but saw no other token of good, than attention while I was speaking. Could I speak their language, I am *confident* I could convince them of the divine reality of the Christian religion, and persuade them to embrace it.

Lord, remember me for good,
Look from heav'n thy dwelling place;
O apply the Savior's blood,
Now supply my lack of grace.

Thou hast called me here to labor,
And thy call I have obey'd;
All I've left to serve my Savior,
When with friends I might have stay'd.

Strongest ties I broke with pleasure,
Tore from weeping friends away;
Said to all *farewell*,—my treasure
Lies in climes of endless day.

Here I am with all my weakness,
Here I still my Savior find;

Father, grant me grace and meekness,
Grant me all of Jesus' mind.

And as holy Sabbaths leave me,
May they leave me more like THEE ;
When in death I fall, receive me
To thy rest—thy face to see.

October 7. This morning early, while it was yet dark, I arose, and directed my steps towards my unfinished house, so great is my anxiety to finish it. I have a good reason however for being thus anxious, as in my present condition I am exposed to every storm. I am much fatigued by carrying clay from morning till night, to the top of my house, with which I plaster the roof, before shingling it with cedar bark. The clay is designed only to keep out the cold. O my Father! grant that a few hours of repose, may restore to my limbs their wonted activity. Preserve my health, that I may still labor in thy vineyard."

The missionary who goes *alone* into the wilderness among the Indians, or other heathen tribes, is not only in circumstances that deprive him of many of the comforts of life, both social and religious, but he is often obliged to employ himself in labors, that usually belong to the other sex. This was the case with Mr. Chandler, during the two years he remained at Ke-wa-we-non. He was obliged to exercise himself in many branches of mechanical labor, as well as in that of house-wifery. And from what he has recorded in his diary, it is quite evident, that in some particulars, at least, he put to sufficient strength to accomplish his task. He says :

" *October 8.* This morning at four o'clock, I arose, and at an early hour began my washing ; and after rubbing the skin from my wrists until they were quite raw, I began preparing breakfast. Having gone through with this, I completed my washing, and then began and continued through the day to work on my house.

October 10. This morning I received a great blessing, while making my requests known to God. How true are the words of the apostle, where he says, "Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you." So did he fulfil his word to me. With the poet I could sing,

"My willing soul would stay,
In such a frame as this;
And sit and sing herself away,
To everlasting bliss."

A little while longer, and I shall leave this vale of toil and tears, for my mansion in the heavens. Yes, my soul, thou wilt soon fly away and be at rest. Glory to God in the highest.

"Sabbath, October 12, 1834.—

"Another toilsome week is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
My soul, return a song of praise,
To him who lengthens out thy days.

How sweet the Sabbath God hath given,
A prototype of rest in heaven!
How sweet to rest from worldly care,
And by His grace for heaven prepare!

How sweet to read his word divine,
And know his promises are mine!
How full of joy, how blest to know,
That heaven is mine, while here below.

And yet this knowledge God imparts,
To all believing—~~holy hearts~~—
Nor will I blush to own in me,
God has revealed this mystery.

In God my soul now makes her boast,
In God reposes all her trust;

This God I love with all my heart,
Mind, might and strength, which He imparts.

By His free grace will I proclaim,
Salvation full in Jesus' name;
Lord, grant success I humbly pray,
Thyself the *truth, the life, the way.*"

October 13. I feel more and more attached to the Indians. The native exhorter and interpreter are fast stealing my affections. This they do by treating me with kindness and respect. When away from them but a few hours, I feel restless, and uneasy, and am the most contented and happy, when they are both with me. I feel an increasing anxiety to learn the Indian language; and hope to be able to turn my attention to this subject, when I get through with my building. Last night I dreamed that I must be hung by my neck, until I was almost dead, in order that I might lose all knowledge of the English, and be brought to life again, before I could learn to speak Indian. "For," said the Indian, who gave me the prescription, "so long as you know how to speak good English, you will trust to that, and be careless about the Indian. But when you be most choked to death, you will forget the English, and then we will learn you to talk as we do." I thought this was a severe method of studying a language; but, so essentially necessary did I deem it to be, that I should obtain a knowledge of the Chippeway, I consented to comply with the Indian's advice; and begged of him, and all the bystanders, to watch me narrowly, lest I should never speak Indian, nor English more. And while they were fastening the fearful cord around my neck, I awoke. The interpretation of this dream, I leave to the "wise."

October 15. This day, my interpreter related to me the following particulars, which he received from an Indian, who is now a Methodist. A few years ago, an Indian murdered the father of this Methodist Chippeway, who being then des-

titute of religion, and full of the spirit of revenge, resolved, that within a certain period he would take the murderer's life. This he deferred however, until the set time had nearly expired; when he said, "I must kill him *soon*, that my word be not forfeited." In this condition was he, when the Lord plucked him as a brand from the burning. This he did by sending a native preacher *hundreds* of miles into the Chippeway country, to preach a crucified and risen Savior to the Indians. The result was, a speedy and powerful reformation, in which many were brought from their native darkness to God's marvellous light, among whom was this Indian, who was about to dye his hands in the blood of his fellow. He was soon filled with love, even to his most implacable enemy; and has ever since lived a prayerful, watchful life. I saw him a few days since, and he bids fair to make the port of peace. Since this is the effect of preaching the gospel, who would not leave all to preach it?

"*Sabbath, October 19.* This day my soul has been blest, while reading and explaining to the Indians the fifteenth Chapter of the gospel of St. John. How earnestly did the brethren listen, while I passed from verse to verse, in going through the Chapter. We concluded with a prayer meeting, in which my exhorter gave an exhortation in his own tongue. Tears flowed, and groans were heard while he spoke. God grant us a seal to our labors today."

The simplicity of the manners of the Indian tribes, has often been remarked by those who have resided among them a sufficient time to become acquainted with their habits. When the power of the gospel is brought to bear upon their souls in their conversion to God, they become ardent and moving in their religious exercises, and especially in their addresses to the throne of grace. Their savage ferocity is melted down—their spirits are broken—and their tears, mingled with their partially suppressed intonations of voice, render it often a scene of unsurpassed interest, to witness these rem-

nants of the lords of this continent, in their religious devotions. An instance illustrative of these observations, is given by Mr. Chandler, under date of

"*November 9.* This evening," says he, "I attended a prayer-meeting at the lodge of a brother with a few of my Father's children; and such a scene I never witnessed before. So much faith and humility joined together, while presenting their petitions to the throne of grace. The Chipeway prays with a broken heart, and utters his desires amidst sobs and sighs. And while one hand is in the dust on the ground, or raised towards heaven in token of his needy condition, the other is employed in wiping away the flowing tears, which seldom fail to flood his face, while asking mercy at the hand of the Lord. If any get to heaven by trusting in the Savior, I am sure it will be these humble, happy Indian brethren.

"*November 10,*" he says, "I have felt happy all this day; nor have I lost the blessing I received last evening. I feel more submission to the will of God than ever, though before, I thought my submission perfect, nor dare I doubt it; though I have received an additional blessing. For as long as God exists, and eternity endures, will the soul increase in happiness; and by its ceaseless expansions, be able to receive a greater, and still greater fulness from God."

The endearments of Christian friends become greatly increased when they are few; and especially when far removed from the comforts of civilized society. The truth of this remark fully appears from the journal of Mr. Chandler, in which he often speaks of his interpreter and exhorter, in terms of unqualified commendation and love. They helped him in the erection of his house, and were unremitting in their exertions for the spiritual welfare of their brethren. Often did they make journeys abroad from their station, to meet the scattered tribes, and look up those who were hunting, or fishing, to ex-

hort and strengthen them as occasion might require. And from the perusal of the documents from which this Memoir is compiled, the belief that the writer has entertained for years, has been greatly strengthened, that the most efficient mode of carrying forward the missionary work among the Indian tribes, is to send into the field a strong body of native Teachers and Exhorters, who can bring the truth home to the heart, in all its warmth and force; without being compelled to communicate it through an interpreter. This plan of course could be carried into effect, only as the men could be obtained, duly qualified for the undertaking. As a specimen of native zeal in the missionary work, we have the following particulars, under date of

"Saturday evening, November 15. This day I have finished laying the floor of my house, and shall soon move into it. I had purposed to spend the evening in study; but my exhorter and interpreter, unknown to me, had invited a few brethren to meet us at our new house for a prayer-meeting. I gladly laid aside my books, and soon the praying ones came in. After singing in Chippeway the hymn,

"Come Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,"

&c. we fell down upon our knees before God, and in Jesus' name began to cry for mercy; and mercy we all found before we arose. The Lord has seen fit to honor my house of clay, with his holy presence. Glory to God! I am filled with his love."

From the time of Mr. Chandler's arrival at Ke-wa-we-non, which was September 23, until the above date, he had not enjoyed the privilege of preaching a regular sermon in a single instance. The reason for this long silence, which deeply afflicted his active and benevolent mind, was the absence of the Indians from their residences. But now with his house in such a state of completeness as to admit of his occupying

it for the purpose of Divine worship, and some of the Indians having returned, he more formally opens his mission to these scattered sheep. In reference to this he says :

“Sabbath, November 16. This day, for the first time, I have held a regular meeting at this place : I mean it is the first time I have taken a text, and preached from it in a formal manner. The reason for this I have assigned before, which was, I had none to preach to, as the Indians were almost all absent. With those few who had returned, I held prayer-meetings regularly, and have read and explained the Scriptures to them as well as I could. But having so far finished my house, as renders it convenient, I this day appointed a meeting in it, and had the pleasure of seeing a few of my Master’s faithful followers collected, to whom I preached a short sermon from John 9 : 27—“ Will ye also be his disciples ?” and felt some comfort in my soul while doing so.

“In the course of my remarks, I mentioned my taking leave of friends, and home, to preach to them the gospel. While I dwelt a moment here, and begged them to become the true disciples of Jesus, my interpreter burst into tears, and in broken accents, which were interrupted by his sobs, interpreted the remainder of my exhortation. The heart of a Chipeway is quick to feel.”

In the absence of the light of the gospel, practices of deception obtain, intended to awe the vulgar multitude into submission to the most degrading and unfounded pretensions. And among the Indians, this deception is carried to as great an extent, perhaps, as with any portion of the human family, living contiguous to a Christian people. These remarks are naturally suggested by an incident which occurred under the personal observation of Mr. Chandler, which he notices under date of November 17.

“This day,” says he, “as I was walking with my inter-

preter a little distance from my dwelling, I saw what I never saw before ; which was the frame work of an Indian lodge, made for the express purpose of performing magical, or rather Satanical exploits in. Its shape was, large at the bottom, but quite small at the top. In this *monument-appearing* wigwam, the subject of wonder stands, I mean the actor ; for such the Indian is, who possesses this, as they suppose, supernatural power. And among other wonderful things which take place, while he is in the inner court with his master, the devil, is a dreadful shaking of the lodge in which he is inclosed, accompanied by strange noises, &c. I learned from a converted Indian here, who is a member of our church, and to all appearance an upright and living Christian, that before his conversion to God, he was one of these actors. And he actually alleges that he performed these strange acts by the direct assistance of the devil ; as he knew not at the time, by what unseen influence he was helped. But since he became acquainted with the Lord Jesus, he says it was not the Savior that helped him, but the devil, as his heart was then very wicked. This is *his* testimony."

Although the great object of Mr. Chandler was the conversion of the Indians, and confirming believers in the truths of the gospel, yet he was not insensible to the importance of storing his own mind with that knowledge, which would tend to increase his usefulness, as a gospel minister. He did not think, because he was in the midst of the uneducated, that he should be justified in making no improvements himself. He had a taste for study, and appears to have been diligent, in improving all the fragments of time in profitable reading. A part of the time, he arose at 4 o'clock in the morning and applied himself to a regular course of study, preparatory to his full admission to the Christian ministry. In his journal of November 27th, he says :

"I have this day commenced study a little. I have fur-

nished at last my bed-room with a convenient apparatus for studying, and have commenced with Watson's Institutes; and while carefully reading them through, I purpose to notice every thing most important. In this way, I hope to understand what I read. The Lord has restored me to my wonted vigor of body and mind, in answer to prayer. Blessed be his holy name. "His eyes are upon the righteous, and his ears are open to their cry"—so says his word. May I not be faithless, but believing."

To acknowledge God in all his ways, was an established practice of Mr. Chandler; and hence we find him often recording those Providential interpositions, that strikingly illustrate the sentiment, that "the very hairs of your head are all numbered." Several interesting particulars are furnished the reader in the following extract from his diary, under date of November 28, in which he says:

"This evening, my exhorter informed me there would be a prayer-meeting. I told him I was glad he had appointed one. But little more being said, I supposed the meeting was appointed at our house. Soon, however, both my exhorter and interpreter were gone, as I thought, to call in the brethren who live near us. After waiting until it was very dark, and none coming in, I set out without a light, to find the lodge where the meeting was held. After having groped my way along until I was near the place, I slipped and fell my length to the earth. I fell on my right arm and was fearful I had broken it; but on examination, was happily disappointed. I nearly fainted before I recovered from the shock. After sitting awhile on the frozen ground, I began to recover, and with my feet and hands, felt my way along to the lodge, where the brethren were praying. As I went in, my exhorter was on his knees exhorting the brethren. I sat down and at once became calm, and my soul began to look up to God. I prayed, and while I was praying, I was

enabled to lay hold of the promises by strong faith, and to cast myself down at the feet of Jesus. O the "joy unspeakable I then felt! My bruised arm at once forgot its pain, and I have felt no soreness or pain from it since. Had not the Lord interposed, I do not think I could have used my arm for many days."

The importance of having the ignorant instructed in small matters as well as great ones, is presented in a clear light in the following account which I copy entire, for the purpose of showing the results of a misapprehension, and as an admonition against the indulgence in a spirit of *extravagance*, in meetings for the solemn worship of God.

"*Sabbath, November 31.* This morning at half past ten o'clock, I preached to the brethren and friends from "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." I had the power of conveying my thoughts, by divine grace, in a simple, plain manner. My exhorter followed me as usual, with a powerful exhortation. The enemy seemed quite vanquished, but got a stroke at us in our class-meeting, where he ever delights to scatter freezing flakes at warm and melted hearts. I have not met the class myself since I came to my appointment, though I have met with the brethren. The reason for this has been, my exhorter appeared to be a good leader, and I have trusted to him, though present myself, to meet the class. For a few times he had not spoken to the members individually, but rather invited them to speak of their prosperity and prospects, as is customary in prayer-meetings. I corrected him in this, and instructed him how he should proceed the next time he should meet the brethren. He followed my directions, but thought he must have help; inasmuch as he must speak to each individual, though the number did not exceed twenty. Of this I knew nothing, until the class-meeting commenced, when it was too late to administer correction.

"The meeting opened with earnest prayer, and longing desires for the living God, apparently from every heart. The two leaders began each at once exhorting the brethren to look to God for his blessing. And as they differed in their talents and abilities to speak, one seemed to run over the other in exhortation. The poor brethren who wished to listen, and thereby to profit by hearing each relate the dealings of God with their souls, must follow their example. And two speaking at the same moment soon produced confusion, as all seemed anxious to listen to the one who spoke the most feelingly, and appeared to possess the greatest degree of love. This is nothing new or strange; as love will lead away safely her captive, whether he be found among the Chippeways, or in the church of God elsewhere. But to hear the relation of the weeping one, while the other was with dry eyes telling his resolutions, could not be done. This seemed to create a kind of dissatisfaction in the minds of the brethren, and prayer evidently ceased. This was a favorable opportunity for the adversary, who is as a roaring lion. For myself, I prayed earnestly for my escape out of his jaws; and through the mercy of God my bones are all whole, though I received a few flesh wounds.

"The meeting, to be brief, was protracted, notwithstanding the much human help at hand, far beyond what was reasonable for a class-meeting; and finally concluded, much resembling the Irishman's cane, with which he proposed to kill mad dogs, being as he termed it, "much the biggest at the little end." Lord save us in future, from class and prayer meetings, that terminate as this one did.

"Sabbath, November 30.

The Sabbath is ending, and with it is dying
The last month of autumn—the season of sighing;
This day, O November! will limit thy reign!
When thou, with past seasons, must fall with the slain.

How swift thy decline, and how brief thy career!
 How soon thy successor will close up the year!
 E'en now thou art dying—so cold is thy gasp,
 Thy breath is congealing—this hour is thy last.

Adieu, dear November! the moments you stay,
 In secret I'll spend on my knees while I pray;
 That I may so live, that when I shall die,
 My soul may be praising my Savior on high.

Here then, my inscriptions at present I end,
 Lord give me thy spirit—on thee I depend
 For grace to accomplish the work thou hast given,
 Then lay down my charge, and ascend up to heaven.

“Monday evening, December 1. This day I commenced my school, and greatly rejoiced to see my kitchen so nearly filled with Indian children, thirteen in number. More will come. I hope to have twenty or twenty-five through the winter, which will give me full employment through the day. The most of those present can read a little, some of them in words of two syllables; having been taught by the Chippe-way brother, who was here last year. He could read but little himself, but that little he labored to teach others. O, how my heart has been affected, while these little simple children have come around me for instruction! I long to see them able to read the Bible, that they may learn what God says concerning them. I need much practice and grace in order to succeed, but my trust is in the God of Jacob; and He has said, He will “withhold no good from those who walk uprightly.” May I so walk as to receive the promised blessing.

This morning December ascended his throne,
 With proofs of his power, we feelingly own;
 He tells us most plainly his lordship will stay,
 And rule o'er this region, perhaps, till next May.

As stern as a tyrant—intent on his gain,
 By conquest to add to his ice-bound domain,
 Old WINTER has come—from his ice-breathing mouth,
 Preparing his way to march to the South.

Poor Indians, I pity you—during his reign,
 How much you must suffer no tongue can explain !
 No food, and no raiment ! how dark is your doom !
 With spirits still darker, you tend to the tomb.

The day in my school I will spend with delight,
 In study the evening—till late in the night ;
 At four in the morning will constantly rise,
 From that time till nine, with books will advise.

This course I've marked out, and hope to pursue.
 By the help of God's grace I will carry it through ;
 From this time till winter again shall appear,
 And save by this method much time in the year."

Under date of December 2nd, he says :

"I close my school by prayer, and every little one without my instruction, is in a moment on his knees engaged in devotion. How should those parents blush, who live in civilized society, and who neither teach their children to pray, nor even to kneel while others pray ; but encourage them to treat those solemn duties with contempt, while Indian children pray ! Such parents and children God will judge."

From Mr. Chandler's diary, it appears that on Saturday evenings, the pious portion of the Indians in the vicinity, were in the habit of meeting at his house for the purpose of uniting with himself, exhorter and interpreter, in a prayer-meeting. And often does he speak of these seasons as greatly contributing to his spiritual consolation. And it is a fact of much interest, that though performed in different languages, there is such an identity in the *spirit* of prayer, that all

who love these exercises cannot fail of deriving consolation from them. In illustration of this fact, he says :

“*Saturday evening, December 6.* I have this evening been strengthened with might in the inner man, while attending a prayer-meeting. I feel that the blessing I have received is preparing me for the coming Sabbath. O may I abound in the riches of God’s grace, in time, and in eternity.”

One of the prominent traits in the character of Mr. Chandler was tenderness, which rendered him alive to the wants and sufferings of others. The proof of this is furnished in great abundance, in the manuscripts before me, penned while he dwelt on the shore of Lake Superior, among the poverty-stricken Indians. Often was his soul pained, almost beyond endurance, while he witnessed the personal sufferings of those who were lying under the influence of disease, and to complete their anguish, had not food needful for the support of nature. And he states that instances are not unfrequent, of Indians actually starving to death in the interior, in consequence of the failure of fish and game. Under date of December 8th, he remarks as follows :

“I have spent a part of this day in visiting a sick sister, who lives back in the woods, in a most wretched lodge. I found her lying on the cold ground, while every blast of winter’s wind found a ready access to her languishing limbs. I found her destitute of food, excepting a little *dried fish*. I returned from this most needy family with feelings that can *only be felt*, but not described. I returned more grateful to God for the comforts of life.

“13th. What will the sceptic say to the following relation, given me this evening by a converted Chippeway ?

“I was gone to-day for a load of wood,” she said, “and after I had got as much as I could carry, I started for the

camp, and as I went, I began to sing praises to God; and as I sung I began to be happy, and could not stop singing. It was happy *more and more*, until I could not see the trees that were all around me, and then all my strength was gone, and I fell with my load of wood into the snow. How long I lay there I do not know, but when I came back I was covered with a shower of snow that had gone by me."

"This story seemed free from affectation, and it was the effect produced in her system and feelings that led her to speak of it. Being alone, in the woods, she could not have fallen to be seen of men. Half-hearted Christians may strike hands with infidels by disputing what they cannot understand, and never experienced of the mysterious operations of the Holy Spirit: but those who drink deep into the well of salvation, know there is in Christian experience a *power* and *glory* that can neither be told, nor understood, but by *communion* with the spirit of grace.

"*December 17.* I began this day with prayer and praise; then resumed my studies until nine, when I commenced my school, in which I was engaged till four—since then until nine this evening, I have been visiting the Indians, and reading to them the Scriptures, with exhortation and prayer. I close the labors of the day in peace, trusting in the blessed Savior, and friend of sinners, for every temporal and spiritual good.

"*December 18.* By the assistance of God's grace, I have spent this day pleasantly and profitably. I am happy while in my school, and when out of it. In my school I am happy in seeing a daily improvement in my little black-headed scholars—and then am happy in my studies; and thank God, my Heavenly Father, for a little heaven to live in below, until my labor and trials shall be over, and my Master shall say, come up higher.

"*December 19.* While I am cut off from all those helps and special means of grace, such as Quarterly meetings and sacramental seasons, I am not cut off from the throne of

grace, nor are my prayers shut out from God and Heaven. And while destitute of many of those privileges I enjoyed while I mingled with my Eastern brethren, I will fly to the Lord my "strong tower," as he has said, "ask and receive, that your joy may be full."

"*December 20th.* To bring to a close the labors of this week, I walked this evening through the woods a mile and a half, and preached, by request, to a lodge full of Chippeaws. God gave me a clear view of the duties of his followers, while I dwelt on "Whosoever will come after me, let him take up his cross, and follow me." I am quite weary, having just returned, by the feeble light of a torch composed of cedar bark. But feeble as it was, we could not have followed the snowy path, which is very crooked and narrow, winding around logs, tree-tops, and mire-holes, without its aid.

"*Sabbath, December 21.* I realized help from on high this morning, while preaching about thirty minutes from this text—"Ye that love the Lord, hate evil." Deep attention seemed to be given by all, and in our class-meeting, the holy, heavenly flame broke out from several hearts, and the blessing of God's love came into them to overflowing: inso-much, that the language of many trusting souls was that of the Psalmist, "My cup is full—it runneth over." One was converted the other evening in our prayer-meeting, who spoke of the goodness of God to her soul, and of the witness of her acceptance with Him, in so clear and simple a manner, that unbelief must yield to positive evidence. Such is the goodness of God, and I am standing and waiting for his full salvation."

In holding intercourse with savages, much wisdom, fortitude, and prudence must be exercised, to secure personal safety, as is well known to all acquainted with their peculiarities of character. The haste with which they revenge injuries, real or supposed, renders it important for those

who reside among them, to be bold, but often yielding to their demands. This was especially true of Mr Chandler, being far from any white inhabitants, surrounded by those who were not only disinclined to receive the gospel, but at times manifesting no trifling hostility to it. And of course, he was under the necessity of acting with caution, to conciliate as far as possible, their savage feelings and prejudices. One of those circumstances which tested his prudence and courage, is detailed in the following particulars, under date of December 24th.

“This day my soul has been with the Lamb, but my body in a circle of lions. I looked out at my window and saw two Indian canoes approaching the shore near my dwelling, and waited to receive the new comers. At length my house was filled with Chippeways, among whom was the chief who presides over this section, painted black. Yet his face would have appeared like pure snow, if compared with his heart. All were seated, and silence for the space of half an hour, brought forth its convincing arguments to prove that their call was not that of friendship. The painted chief broke the silence in a tone which I shall long remember. Said he — ‘Where did you come from? Who gave you a right to build a house on my land? I have come now for my pay.’ You were from home, said I, on a hunting tour, so that I could not consult you; and as winter was at hand, I was obliged to build before you came back, or not at all. ‘Well, now pay me for the land your house covers.’ What do you ask, said I? ‘A great deal,’ was the reply. How much? Name it if you wish me to pay you? ‘I will not sell it, but every year, I must have a barrel of flour, one bag of corn, and some tobacco, for the land your house covers, and the wood you burn.’ I was in an Indian country, and must therefore, to preserve peace among them, yield to this demand, at least for one year. I went directly to the Trader and engaged the flour, corn and tobacco, and his party went after them. But before the wicked crew broke up, my ex-

horter gave them an exhortation to flee from the wrath to come. To this, they all replied—‘that they never would embrace the Christian religion while they lived.’ Their God is their belly, and all their happiness consists in the worship, of this God. Lord, have mercy upon them !

“ *December 25th.* To day I was requested by the French trader to preach at his house, as Christmas is strictly observed by the French catholics, and many of his hired men were of this class. I accepted the invitation, and at 1 o’clock P. M., took for my text, ‘This is a faithful saying.’ &c, and preached to a house full of Chippeways and Frenchmen, with a good degree of freedom. Lord, grant that the seed sown may spring up into everlasting life, in the hearts of those who were present !

Notwithstanding the frequent repulsions given to benevolent effort for the salvation of the heathen tribes inhabiting our wildernesses, there are some relieving facts furnished as the results of missionary efforts, that throw a new aspect over their prospective condition. The day of redemption to them draweth nigh ; and the fruitfulness of labor heretofore bestowed, furnishes the most satisfactory assurance of their ‘being given to Christ for his inheritance,’ should the labor of love be persevered in. When an Indian is truly brought to God, and inspired with the power of gospel grace, he becomes ardent and devoted to the simple duties of salvation, almost unequalled. This fact we have already seen brought to view in the former pages of this work, and Mr. Chandler was often struck with astonishment at this trait in the character of the pious Indians. Under date of *Dec. 27th*, he remarks,—“I never saw so powerful a set of beings as the Indians are, after their conversion to God. In prayer, they are the most humble, and exercise the most faith ; so that I feel like living and dying with these *humble* and *loving ones*.

“ *Jan. 1, 1835.* I have entered on this year with prayer and praise, determined to live and die in the good work of the Lord. I have preached twice to day, to as many as could

get into my house ; in the morning, mostly to the brethren, from 'We must all stand before the judgment seat of Christ' &c. and in the afternoon from 'Repent ye, and believe the Gospel' &c. I feel that I have delivered my own soul ; and if they perish, their blood will be upon their own heads.— This evening I have received an additional blessing in prayer meeting, as did all the brethren.

" *January 4th.* I preached to day to the brethren on the importance of keeping holy the Sabbath. Lines composed on the text—'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.'

" These words from Mount Sinai God loudly proclaimed,
Midst trumpets, and thunders, and terrible flames ;
Remember my Sabbath, my sanctified rest,
And keep the day holy—this day I have blest.

" The work of creation was wrought in six days,
The seventh appointed for prayer and for praise ;
The soul that refuses this law to obey,
Shall die without mercy, though judgment delay.

" No work on my Sabbath by you may be done,
Your servants and cattle shall rest every one ;
My sanctifi'd rest keep most holy to me,
Since holy am I, so my servants must be.

" A partial compliance with this my command,
With sin in your heart, and my word in your hand,
Can never commend you to favor divine,
The soul that is sinful, I own not as mine.

" Remember my Sabbath ; remember your God ;
Yield perfect obedience and trust in his word ;
Then robes of salvation to you shall be given,
And rest from all labor eternal in heaven."

To show the almost unbounded confidence the Indians often repose in the christian missionary, we will here introduce to the reader a most curious and affecting occurrence

which took place Jan. 8th, and is noticed by Mr. Chandler in the following manner—

“This evening, a circumstance took place, which made my poor heart to bleed and eyes to weep. It was this; an Indian came to my house, begging the privilege of bringing his only child to us, a son of about sixteen years of age, that we might cure him of his disobedience. For said he, *he* will not mind his father or mother. I want him to be a good boy; and if you can help me, *do* help me. I will send him to you to-morrow, and want you should keep him two days, nor let him go out of the house except in case of necessity; but teach him good things from morning till evening, nor let him rest a moment, but talk to him two days about good things from morning till night.

“So anxious was this poor heart-broken father to have his only child become obedient and dutiful, that he wished me to commence a discourse to him respecting his duty to his parents, and continue without intermission for two days. And he hoped that such a mighty discourse would convince him of his obligation to his parents, who were still loving him, notwithstanding his grievous conduct to them. While this prescription was being given, by the trembling father, how did my poor heart feel, think ye? I promised the poor Chippeway I would do all I could to make his son a good boy; and gave my consent to receive him. My heart was bursting full, and my eyes broke forth in tears! How much does this father love this only child, thought I, and what confidence does he place in *me*, that he should commit him to my care for instruction! Perhaps this is his last resort, and if this means fail, his hopes will be forever cut off.

“*January 10.* This morning, soon after I arose, I awoke my interpreter, and commenced my labor with the lad entrusted to my care. I read to him in Ephesians, where children are commanded to obey their parents, and the fifth commandment, that promises long life to those that ‘honor

their father and mother.' I pointed out the way he should walk, and told him the consequences of not obeying my instructions. I have done what I could to make him better, and must leave him in the hands of a merciful God. May his Holy Spirit reclaim him from the error of his ways, for the Redeemer's sake."

Facts that are constantly developing themselves in the exercise of the Christian ministry, often afford illustrations of the truth of the sentiment, that 'duty belongs to us, results to God.' Not unfrequently, when appearances are most forbidding and there is the greatest amount of mental depression, does God most manifestly bless and crown with success the efforts put forth to promote the salvation of souls. These facts ought infinitely to outweigh all our blind reasonings, and urge us to the most faithful devotion of our talents to the work of doing good, amid outward discouragements. Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due time we shall reap if we faint not.' The following transcript from Mr Chandler's diary, under date of Jan. 18th of this year, will show the truth of the above sentiments.

"I took for my text this morning, 'Hold fast that thou hast, that no man take thy crown.' I felt much while speaking, yet thought I was the only one, who felt the force of the exhortation in the text. I sat down with a mixture of joy and grief in my heart. I was joyful—being blessed while I labored to point out the 'good and the right way,' to the brethren; and show them the importance of holding fast 'wherunto they had attained,' and in exhorting them to press onward. And yet I was afraid I had failed to impress their minds as I wished. My exhorter followed me, and such a season I never witnessed before. The fire that had been burning in their hearts, from the commencement of the meeting, now began to *flash out*, and soon such a bursting forth of the heavenly influence, I never witnessed. Every heart seemed to be melted and filled with God's love; and before

the exhortation was closed, all were crying aloud, some praising God, others praying for the fulness of love. My heart is strengthened with new courage to labor for God, and run the high way of holiness.

"Hear what the sacred Scriptures say,
Your confidence cast not away ;
Hold fast to what you have attain'd,
Through faith the crown of life is gained.

"Faith is a shield to faithful hearts,
With which they quench temptation's darts :
And if you would with Jesus reign,
Your confidence you must maintain.

"Hold fast—press on—the prize is sure,
To all who to the end endure,
'Through grace our arms we'll not lay down,
Till we exchange them for a crown."

"*January 20th.* My soul was refreshed to-day, with the sound of fervent prayer from the humble dwelling of a Chipeway. O, thought I, as I listened to the hearty thanks, and humble pleadings embraced in the prayer, who would not leave their all behind, and venture into the distant wilderness, to hear such *moving petitions* as these ! How true it is, that a minister of Christ is a messenger of glad tidings to a dying people, as their Master was to a dying world ! Yea, the 'wilderness, and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall blossom as the rose.'

"*January 21.* This day some of the brethren left for a few days on a hunting excursion. I saw some of my *little scholars* pass my house with burdens, which I should judge, were grievous to be borne by men ; and yet the bearers were *little girls*. Were they not accustomed to such things they would die. May God preserve their souls and bodies from harm.

"*Sabbath, January 25th.* To-day I preached from Psalm 68 : 20—'He that is our God, is the God of salvation.' I had a clear time, and believe I was understood by all present. The great difficulty in preaching to the Indians, is, to adapt the subject to their understandings, and to make use of the most simple terms. If this be not done, you place the lamb's food in the rack which is so high, that they will die of hunger, with abundance of food just above their heads. If many who preach to enlightened congregations would remember this, it would save their hearers from many dry sermons, because delivered in the words which man's wisdom teacheth."

The above views will be admitted by every discriminating sensible minister of the gospel. The principal object of a thorough intellectual training for publicly teaching the truths of the gospel, is, to enable one to present them with the greatest plainness and force. And a departure from this general rule, is attended with the fault of 'darkening counsel by words without knowledge.' A florid or mystical style in speaking in public, is so far from being evidence of a well disciplined mind, and good taste, that in almost all instances, it is the result of bad instruction, or want of judgment. And whether we are preaching to the Indians, whose language is simple and limited, or to those who by the advantages of a finished education, are prepared for the copious flow of our own vernacular, it should be one of the leading objects of a minister of the Lord Jesus, to make himself *fully* understood by his hearers ; otherwise, 'he speaks to the air.'

The power of the gospel, in triumphing over the ignorance and depravity of the human heart, is in no instance seen more clearly, than when its influence invests the savage ; leading him to cast away his idols, and trust alone in the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation. Every instance of this kind may be regarded as a fresh proof of its divine efficacy. The compiler is led to these sentiments, by the circumstances of.

the reformation of an Indian, detailed by Mr. Chandler under date of

“January 30th. This day, an Indian, whose wife and daughter are members of our church, and who have long made this wicked husband and father a subject of prayer, came to my house to have me instruct him in what he must do to be saved. I pointed him to the ‘Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world,’ and he said he would give up his medicine, so termed by those who use it in the performance of those acts, which the Indians regard as supernatural. Thus he said he would destroy, or give into our hands that we might do it; as he would try to be a christian. The Lord enable him to part with all his idols, and yield to be saved by the gospel of Christ, which is the ‘power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.’

“January 31st. This morning at an early hour, the Chippeway arrived with his bag of enchanting articles. I felt solemn and thankful while he poured out its contents, and told us the several uses of the different kinds of enchanting compositions he had brought; all of which he wished us to destroy, as he was now determined to be saved by the grace of God, on the gospel plan. I exhorted him, that inasmuch as he had given up his idols to us, he would give up his heart to Jesus, as this was the only way he could expect salvation.

“February 15th. I preached to-day with as much feeling in my own heart as I ever did since I took a text; and by the help of divine grace, explained the passage, ‘Whosoever shall drink of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst,’ &c. I would have given a fortune had I possessed one, could I have preached in Chippeway. I felt near the closing remarks, like leaving my interpreter, and going on, whether I was understood or not. Had I done so, it would have been as much of a relief to my mind as it was to the man who preached to the corn-stalks, as he was alone in the field. His excuse for doing so was, ‘that there were no oth-

er hearers present, and as he must preach, he preached to them.'

"*Sabbath, March 8th.* I arose this morning at my usual hour, read a portion of the word that standeth sure, and was blessed in so doing. But what to say to the Indians I did not know; I thought indeed I could say nothing. No text occurred to my mind from which it appeared to me I could speak. I took my pocket-bible and left the house a few moments: I saw a band of French, or half-breeds, making their way towards my house, whom I knew to be without hope in the world. I therefore determined to offer them a free salvation on condition of their repenting of their sins, and exercising a living faith in Jesus Christ. This I did, while I spake from, 'Ask and ye shall receive,' &c. The Lord graciously strengthened and blessed me while speaking, and I feel thankful that I have got through the labors of another Sabbath with so many good feelings as I have realized from the Lord.

"This evening the express returned from St. Mary's bringing me three letters; one from Rev. John Clark, the first I have received from him since I came here; one from brother Bourn, and one from my brother Joseph, from Vermont. O, how these have lifted me up, and encouraged my heart! I have enjoyed in sweet silence, an interesting interview with these beloved ones, and can now content myself another season, though shut out from the world."

In several instances Mr. Chandler mentions in sentiments of respect and esteem, a medical gentleman living near him, in the employ of the Fur Company, originally from Denmark. And from the opportunities he enjoyed with him, he recognized in his friend, as he thought, the spirit of true religion. He often extended the tokens of friendship to our young missionary; and to find one who could speak the same language with himself, and who cherished a common sympathy for him and his work, was a source of great consolation, in his re-

tirement from the privileges of civilization. Under date of **March 24**, Mr. Chandler makes mention of his medical friend in the following manner.

Doct. Borup called on me a few moments this morning, and told me he left his parents and native country, Denmark, and started for the West Indies, just eight years ago from this present day. The climate in the West Indies being too warm to permit him to live there, he sailed to this country, and after staying two years in the United States, was employed by the American Fur Company and sent into this country, where he has remained ever since. This day is to him a day of reflection and he seems astonished to think how strangely he has wandered from the far distant land of his fathers and friends.

"*March 26th.* I am thankful for having received in a letter from a distant friend these words of encouragement—'Do not once think of your privations, nor seclusions: you are as near your bible, your God and your heaven, as you would be were you still with your eastern friends.' I am glad to be reminded of this, though I knew I should have the same bible, God and heaven as if I were to remain with all the friends of Jesus; had it not been so, I should never have been here.

Under date of *March 27th*, he says—'Though I many times lament my slowness of heart to believe all that God has said concerning those that love Him, yet I *do* feel that the atoning blood of Jesus, this moment avails for me in the sight of God, and that I shall be like Him when he shall appear. For then shall this vile body be changed into the likeness of his glorious body, and I shall see him as he is. So says the word that standeth sure. 'We shall see him as he is.' *Glory, Glory!*

The habits of the savage tribes, contrasted with the civilized portion of mankind, are, in many respects, almost incredible. And should the alleged practices alluded to in

the following extracts from Mr. Chandler's diary, be considered as bordering on the marvellous, it should be remembered that where the intellectual and moral education of man is neglected, the animal propensities become strengthened, and predominate in a degree, most disgusting to our feelings.—To the predominance of the animal appetites, over the moral restraints, are we to ascribe cannibalism, and other degrading customs which obtains among the heathen portions of mankind. These facts afford abundant evidence of the importance of missionary efforts, to bring those outcasts to the knowledge of the true God, and eternal life.'

" *March 28th.* To day I have learnt something more respecting the situation of the country around me. I find an extremely wide, and whitening harvest, waiting for laborers. O, how many thousands are dying in ignorance, whose God is their belly, if the relation I received from a trader be true ! He *assured* me he knew of Indians, who had been known to eat a whole deer at one meal. And it is said of these gluttonous savages, that they glory in these things ; and that the one who can prove to his fellows, that he is the most beast-like, has established his character, and acquired a high reputation among his countrymen. The promise is sure, I know, that ' the wilderness and solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall blossom as the rose.' But when will this promise be fulfilled to *this vast wilderness* ?

' How long, my Saviour, O how long,
Will this bright hour delay ;
' Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day. '

CHAPTER III.

" Sabbath, April 12th. At the usual hour, half past 10 o'clock, my house was well filled, mostly with converted Chippeways, to whom I preached with more than ordinary liberty, for an hour or more, from, 'If ye love me, keep my commandments.' The class meeting was solemn, and full of spiritual life. O how did my heart burn within me, while a poor woman of the wilderness, spoke, with a melted heart and streaming eyes, of the goodness of God to her ! Happy, soul ! just born into the spiritual world ! The poor woman that was so beaten and bruised by her demon like husband, for attending meeting last Sabbath, dared not come to day, as no doubt her life would have been in danger, from her dreadful husband. The Lord pity and pardon her in the very sight of this brutal opposer, for the sake of Jesus and his gospel.

" April 22d. Just nine months this evening since I left for this place. How swiftly time flies ! Three quarters, of the year gone, and how little I have accomplished of my first year's study ! I can, it is true, read Chippeway, and understand a little of it. I have seen the work of God prosper in some degree, in the wilderness. Numbers have fled for refuge to lay hold of the hope set before them. May the glorious work go on until all shall hear, believe and live.

Mr. Chandler gives an account of an ineffectual effort that he made, in company with a few others, to visit Lapoint, distant to the west of Ke-wa-we-non, about 200 miles.—The voyage was commenced on the 25th of April, and cost

them eight days dangerous sailing, without accomplishing their object, in consequence of the ice, which obliged them to return. They proceeded to about half the distance only, notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts were made, of which they were capable. On the Sabbath, they remained in their tent upon the shore of the Lake, and spent it in the manner described in the following note.

“ I have spent this day mostly in reading and meditation. At four o'clock however, myself, Doct. Borup and the brethren, George and John, engaged in a short, yet sweet season of prayer in the tent. This ends the last Sabbath in April, 1835.

“ Here in this desert place
Thy Sabbath I have spent ;
Yet with thy heavenly grace,
O Lord I am content.

“ Content to live, or die,
And love *Thee* to the end ;
In hope with *Thee* on high,
Eternity to spend. ”

On the first day of May, the company commenced their homeward voyage, and the season was so winter-like, that Mr. Chandler composed the following lines, in the evening in relation to it.

“ Hail thou virgin of the year !
As such to some thou may'st appear ;
Far to the South thy breath is sweet,
Where flow'rs spring up beneath thy feet.

“ Yet at this place thy dreadful blast,
Is not unlike the winter past ;
The plumed songsters seem to say,
Why do the milder months delay ?

“ They would rejoice, and so would I,
Once more to see thy beauties nigh ;
With them a tuneful voice I'd raise,
And sing for joy a song of praise. ”

We have heard much of the reputed medical skill of the Indians ; but whatever credit some may merit, the compiler hazards nothing in saying that the Chippeways in the vicinity of Mr. Chandler's location, were almost totally ignorant of the nature of bodily ailments, or those remedial properties known to exist in roots and plants, adapted to the cure of these complaints. After he had been two years at Ke-wa-we-non, he said when questioned on the subject, " that the supposed medical skill of the savages, was wholly a chimera, as he had often fully proved." The medical men among them, profess the power of *magic*, and *enchantment* ; and by these supernatural means, to *protect* from disease, and when a person is sick, to *drive* it from him. These facts are here stated, because often referred to in Mr. Chandler's Journal, and also, to introduce to the reader the following amusing incident, illustrative of aboriginal simplicity.

" *May, 8th.* I was pleased this evening with the astonishment of an Indian, who happened to call a little after I had prepared some African pepper in spirits, to cure my lameness. He had never seen any before, and I asked him to put a little on his tongue ; he did so, and was filled with wonder at its effects. I then asked him to let me rub some of it on his arm, and he consenting, I took a woolen rag, and rubbed some on faithfully. I then told him to hold his arm to the fire ; he did so for a moment, when it began to smart and burn dreadfully. With surprise he wished to know of what the material was composed ; but as I was alone, I could not tell him. He thought it the most powerful medicine he ever saw, and that it will cure every thing. He has gone away saying, " when John, my exhorter comes back, he shall want to talk with me about the medicine, and learn how it is made."

The reader will doubtless remember the lordly demand of the chief, who claimed jurisdiction over the district of Ke-wa-we-non, for pay of Mr. Chandler for the use of the land on which his house stood, and the wood he consumed.

It appears by the following note, that the Indians became apprehensive that they had endangered their safety, by their proceedings in these particulars.

“ *May 13th.* To-day the red councillors, who exacted of me such a tax for my building spot and fire wood, last winter, appeared and wished to know what news I had received from below during the winter. I told them I had received some good news, which was, that the Indians around Green Bay and elsewhere, were beginning to pray. At hearing this they were silent as stones. Such news, I knew, they had rather not receive. They said they had heard that when the other preacher came, (meaning brother Clark,) he would send them away from this place ; and if they were to go to St. Mary's, they would all be put in prison.’ How true are the words of the Psalmist. ‘ In great fear were they, where no fear was.”

Mr. Chandler was a strict observer of the beauties of nature, and marked with great attention, the peculiarities of the seasons in the high latitude of his station. He often draws important practical lessons from the passing changes, and pledges himself to entire devotion to the cause of God. As a sample of his custom in these particulars, we have the following under date of May 31st. “ Farewell to another Spring! A few more passing seasons, and these eyes will no more look out upon the changes produced by the revolving year. But I have living hopes of being admitted to that happy world called heaven, where I have laid up all my treasure. *Then*, no longer will the freezing winds of Northern regions chill my trembling limbs ; nor shall I, in all my walks around the golden city, be travelling towards my grave. For saith my Redeemer, ‘ God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death; neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain : for the former things are passed away.’ Glory, honor, and praise forever be ascribed to the author of these words.

That the incidents found in the historical parts of the scriptures are among the most interesting, and awaken the most profitable exercises of the imagination, has often been remarked : but in no instance has the author seen a more amusing illustration of this fact than is furnished in the following note, under date of June 2d.

"I heard one of the brethren relating to a number who were present, the famous battle fought by David and Goliath. It was told in the Indian style, and listened to with as much eagerness, as though it were the last wonder they expected to hear. 'He was covered *all over* with *iron*,' said the brother, 'and David killed him with a stone' ! At hearing this, the whole company burst into a roar of laughter, and seemed ready to shout a present victory, as though in their imagination, they beheld the couragous youth cutting off the head of his boasting enemy, and bearing it away in triumph.

"*June 3d.* I visited the grove this evening, and my reflections gave rise to the following lines—

"What pleasing impressions are made on the mind,
When the soul on the Saviour is sweetly reclin'd ?
While musing alone in the silent green grove,
Where lovers of nature delight most to rove.

"The shades of the evening in silence increase,
All objects around me are emblems of peace ;
No leaf is in motion, this eve is so still,
Nor sound breaks the silence excepting the rill.

"The songsters of nature are closing their lays,
To God their Creator in songs of sweet praise ;
How solemn, yet pleasing, and sweet is the hour,
I spend in His presence, who planted this bower.

"The murmuring streamlet seems softly to sigh,
Refreshing my mem'ry with seasons gone by,
Fit time to remember a far distant home,
And friends of my youth, who are now in the tomb.

"I'll bow here alone—here worship my God,
And praise the Great Giver of every good ;
With Israel's Redeemer here wrestle and pray,
Till night's deep'ning shadows extinguish the day.

The following extracts of a letter written to his parents will be read with interest, as they afford the best evidence of Mr. Chandler's devotion to his work, and the success that at that time crowned his labors.

KE-WA-WE-NON, *June 20th, 1835.*

"BELOVED PARENTS :—Though I have written to you once since I entered the wilderness, for which I have received no return, yet with gratitude to God for the providential opportunity with which I am favored, I sit down in my little house of logs and mud, to write you again.

"You will, no doubt, praise God for his mercies to me in the preservation of my life and health, while thus far away, as I am, from my dear friends ; who, were it in their power, would gladly contribute to my necessities, were I to fall upon a sick bed. I am thankful, that at present, I stand in need of no such contributions, nor have I since I came to this place.

"Since I wrote you last, I have passed through many fiery trials, but out of them all the Lord hath delivered me. And since then, he has manifested his power in the salvation of poor Indians, which has greatly encouraged my heart in the good work of offering to these wandering objects of christian charity and pity, an Almighty Saviour. O, beloved parents ! how it would make you rejoice, could you accompany me to their prayer meetings, and behold them reaching out the withered hand, at the command of this, to them, newly heard of Jesus ? If I ever felt the force of the truth, ' We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power might be of God, and not of us,' it has been since I came among the Indians.

"Imagine you behold me standing by the side of an Indian boy, who but poorly understands the English language, surrounded by the natives of the forest, endeavoring to hold up to their view a crucified Redeemer ; I speaking a short sentence, and the boy repeating it in Indian after me. And

thus see how the word, through this cold way, fastens on the heart of the lion-like Indian, and makes him weep, and beg for instruction both from God and man. He gladly catches the good news that by believing in the atoning merits of Jesus, he may be saved from the destruction he sees hanging over his guilty head. He does not walk, or run, but *flies* and hides himself in the rock that was cleft to take in poor perishing sinners; and ere you are aware of it, he is rejoicing in the love of God. Surely the excellency of a gospel *thus preached*, and producing *such effects*, most convincingly appears to be of God and not of us.

“I feel it would be a great privilege to preach, a part of the time, to hearers who understand English, though I had rather instruct the poor Indians, than any others. After all, it is grievous to me to have access to them, only through an interpreter. I many times feel like talking on and not waiting to have it interpreted. You very well know my temperament, and can easily form a just idea of the affliction I realize, while preaching in this second-handed way. Sometimes my whole soul is bent on getting them all to believe, and be saved from their sins and superstitions. I feel much for them, and speak with a heart full of love; but perhaps what I say with a melting heart, is interpreted in a *cold*, lifeless manner, and by the time it reaches my hearers, is ready to congeal around their hearts.

“Dear parents, pray for me, that while I am among the poor heathen, I may exert myself to the utmost, and be the instrument of saving many souls. I often think that I shall never see you more, as both of you must soon lay down your charge, and cease to work and live. Yet, after all, I may finish my course before you. O may it be with joy! I can only say to you, dear parents, be faithful to yourselves—be faithful to your few remaining children—be faithful to your neighbors,—and never suffer sin upon them. Prize highly your great privileges, remembering the great price paid for them, and improve all to the glory of God.

" I have passed nearly one whole year entirely destitute of every special means of grace. How much I desire to attend a Quarterly meeting, or hear a single sermon ; but in this I cannot be gratified, and must be contented with constantly boring for the salvation of those around me. I have received but one letter from my friends at the East, since I came here, *that* was from my brother J.

In much love, I am yours until death,

D. M. CHANDLER.

" *N. B.* I begin to understand and speak Indian.

D. M. C."

For sometime, Mr. Chandler had been looking for the superintendent of the mission, Rev. John Clark ; and to his great joy his hopes were realized on the 23d of June. The society, counsel, prayers and ministrations of Mr. Clark, while he remained at Ke-wa-we-non, appear to have refreshed his spirits and encouraged him to prosecute his labors among the long neglected natives of the forest. This visit and the circumstances attending it, Mr. Chandler has noticed in the following manner.

" *June 23d.* I have greatly rejoiced at seeing brother Clark, who arrived here this evening.

" *24th.* I have spent this day very pleasantly, in the company of brother Clark. We have been traveling most of the day to find a convenient location for building a small Indian village. We do not know as yet, that the chief will permit us to build a single house ; but to-morrow will determine that, as we have appointed a general council, at the house of Mr. Holiday, for this purpose.

" *25th.* At the hour appointed, and even before, the chief and all his men were on the ground, the most of them painted, men, women and children. The council soon began, and brother Clark requested permission to build a little village, and a school-house, for them, that they might all be comfort-

able, and their children eventually become wise. But the chief said, 'no houses should be built on this bay, so far as he could prevent it;' and he remained unyielding in his purpose.

"26th. The brethren are resolved to stand up for their rights, and hold on for land to build on. They have talked with the chief again to-day, but all they could say availed nothing. They then told him they would do as they pleased, and came away, leaving him to reflect on their resolution.

"Sabbath, June 28th. My soul has been greatly refreshed and encouraged to-day, while listening to two good sermons, preached by brother Clark: in the morning from, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature,' &c.; and this evening, on the deliverance of Daniel from the lions' den. While commemorating the death of the Savior, for sinners, my soul covenanted anew with God to be more fully for Him, and to spend all my days in his service. Eleven, including children, were baptized this afternoon, and nearly all came forward to the sacrament.

"29th. This day the chief and all his men, came to offer us the privilege of building on this side of the bay, where we please; but, as for himself and party, they wished to remain in peace, on the other side, as they intended to have nothing to do with *our religion*. While the writings, giving us permission to build, were being drawn, the chief requested us to make him a house in our village, where he might hold his councils; forgetting that he would be mingling with his praying neighbors.

"Brother Clark smiled at this request, and told him to choose the spot where he wished to have it stand. The Lord, who has given them this yielding spirit, only knows where this good beginning will terminate.

"30th. I have been torn away from the embraces of my brethren this afternoon, as brother Clark has left, and taken away both my helpers, viz: my exhorter and interpreter; yet he has left two others in their room. I am to pass one

year more here, and then I am to return to the East, if I desire it."

Immediately after Mr. Clark left Ke-wa-we-non, Mr. Chandler made a voyage to La Point, about 200 miles distant; and as the incidents attending this excursion, and the interesting information afforded in the account given by him, will fully justify copying it, the compiler will present this account entire, as it was published at the time, in the *Christian Advocate and Journal*. It is as follows:—

"DEAR BRETHREN:—As I have lately returned from a tour 200 miles west of this mission, toward the head of this lake, (Superior,) I hereby transmit to you a brief account of those incidents which transpired during my short voyage: if in your judgment, they are sufficiently interesting, you will give them a place in the columns of the *Advocate*. I will begin my brief relation by saying that on the morning of the 2d of July I took my leave of the native brethren at this place, and at an early hour got on board a trader's bark canoe, which was bound for an island called La Point, which place I also intended to visit. Being loaded with goods, but having but four boatmen, our progress was far from being rapid, as we were often under the necessity of contending with violent winds and boisterous waves. Being wind-bound on the 2d morning of my voyage, I was obliged to strike my tent, and patiently wait for the evening's calm in which to pursue my journey. Feeling lonely and being weary of my stationary condition, I wandered away from the tent, along the bank of the lake, reflecting, as I listened to the note of the rollin willow which broke on the shore beside me, upon the perishing condition of the many wandering thousands who are scattered among the mountains of this vast wilderness, like lost sheep having no shepherd.

"While my mind was borne down with reflections like these, I lifted up my eyes, and looking a little before me, I saw a little pen built around with small poles, and a cross standing

out of it. As I drew near, I found within its enclosures, a grave, which no doubt contained the remains of some Catholic who had been buried many years since, as the little pen-like house had nearly decayed.

"While looking at this lonely grave, and the cross which seemed ready to lay down its testimony to the profession of the deceased on the grave, and mingle its dust with the mouldering ruins, my mind became fruitful with thoughts that were peculiarly such as the time, place, and my situation were calculated to inspire. I turned away in silence, and felt it would have relieved my depressed feelings to have sat down and wept.

"I had gone from this place but a few steps, when I looked down the bank, and lo! the bones of an Indian lay bleaching on the beach. The grave had been dug near the brink of the bank, which being quicksand, had now fallen down, grave and all, many feet toward the water's edge. I thought, as I looked upon the remains of this poor heathen, how many like him have lived and died, without ever hearing of Jesus' name or gospel, whose scattered bones only serve to whiten, in a literal sense, this wide, waiting harvest-field.

"I returned slowly to my tent, with feelings of which I leave the reader to judge, rather than undertake to describe them.

"The wind dying away as the evening drew near, at sunset the boatmen deemed it safe to venture onward. After rowing all night and the next day until noon, I arrived at an Indian village at the mouth of a river called Ahn-ta-nah-gon,* where being wind-bound again, we tarried until sunset, during which time I was visited by the two chiefs of the place, and also by most of their men, all of whom seemed very friendly.

"As I was taking down in my diary the observations I had made through the day, one of the most interesting young men in the whole band said to me, 'I wish I could write as

* At this place the gospel has never been preached.

you can.' I told him in broken Chippeway, (for I cannot as yet speak the language much,) I could soon learn him both to read and write, and if they would receive missionaries among them, they would rejoice to teach them all good things, which would make them like their teachers, both wise and happy.

"At sunset I left my Chippeway friends, promising to call at their village on my return home. From this place to the end of our voyage we traveled mostly nights, except the last day, when we were overtaken by a storm of wind and rain, which having faced for several miles, until we were severely drenched by the rain, and chilled by the winds, we were happy to find a little harbor in the entrance of a river into which we could run and hide from the rolling billows of the lake. Having got into the river we ran to the shore, threw out our loading, and by turning the canoe partly over us, we in a few moments had a shelter which was impenetrable to the violent rain. Such is the missionary's house, and such their accommodations on their circuits in this country; and for one I was truly thankful for so good accommodations in a time of need. After a few hours the storm abated, the dark clouds broke and fled, and the beautiful sun by his illuminating beams, caused the face of nature, which but an hour before was bathed in falling tears, to wear a pleasant smile. I spread my wet clothes on the wild grass and bushes to dry, which detained me a while at this place. I however reached the Island La Point that evening and was kindly received by the few inhabitants who reside there. At this place there is a mission of four years' standing, established by the American Board, with a Rev. Mr. Hall to superintend it. At this place I also saw Indians from almost every part of the interior of the Chippeway country, all of whom were objects much to be pitied by all Christians. Many of them were dancing the scalp dance around the scalp of an Indian chief, of another nation, whom they had a few days before scalped while yet alive, and then in a most barbarous manner butch-

ered with their knives, which were still reeking in his blood. The wild cries and war-whoops which broke upon the silence of every midnight hour while I stopped on this island, were enough to make the most living blood run chill; and as I listened to them, I said in my heart, how much, how very much yet remains to be done on the part of Christians, in order to rescue these dying thousands from the jaws of ruin. The missionaries of the American Board had returned from the far interior to that place for a short time, with whom I spent one day very profitably in learning the state of the Indians, and of the facility of establishing missions this side or beyond the respective places of their locations.

“The time having arrived for me to leave this place, I bade all farewell and set out for home, remembering my promise to call at the Indian village at which I had stopped on my way up the lake. I did so; and to my astonishment found Indian flags hoisted, a long lodge erected in the centre of the village, and both men, women and children, all painted in a singular manner, some white, some black, and others red; and on several faces I observed the three different colors had been most unsparingly applied. I inquired of the boatmen the reason of this extra decoration. ‘It is a great medicine day,’ said they, ‘and soon they are to begin their operations; come, let us go and see them.’ I had heard much about their yearly commemoration of these things, and was now determined to know whether they related to the religion of their fathers, or to other things. I found as I shall presently show, they all related most strictly to their old religion. As I came near to the door of their lodge, where they were about commencing their first ceremonies, I was observed by one of the chiefs, who invited me to come in and sit down by his side. I did so; which gave me a fair view of all their proceedings. I shall relate them just as they took place before me.

“To commence. One of the chiefs arose with a small band of his most brave men, who marched from end to end of the lodge in single file, the chief marching before. At

length the chief gave a signal, and a sudden halt was made, when the chief began a speech which consisted of two parts: the first part was an address to the Great Spirit, in which he many times gave thanks for the preservation of his own life, together with the lives of all his men, their wives and children, &c. He also desired this Great Spirit to be pleased with what they were about to do, and not to be angry with them, but as he had done to their forefathers, so he desired he would do to himself and all his people. The second part was a kind of exhortation to all his people to continue steadfast in the religion of their fathers, who were now dead and no longer able to help them take care of their religion. He said some things which I could not decipher, being without an interpreter and unused to his language. The instant this harangue was finished, the chief and every man of his party screamed out as though all the evil spirits in the world of darkness had alighted upon them. They began to march from one end to the other of the lodge, and with their features much distorted, screamed every breath as though they were in the greatest agony; at the same time calling at every one in the lodge, and shaking in their face a rattle box, which contained a pound or two of shot, which was followed by a kind of drum which must be beat at every one's ear. Putting all these things together, they made strange melody I assure you.

“One of the Indians who sat near me, thinking I might get frightened at such a performance, said to me, ‘God is very near us now;’ giving me to understand it was his Spirit that made them act so. This spell which took up near half an hour, being over, one of the spectators arose and greatly applauded them for their zealous performance. In a few moments a kind of dance commenced, in which all who were left out of the before-mentioned exercise joined, principally however, women and children.

“I saw little children, which I should not judge six years old, joining with their mothers in dancing before this drum

and rattle box—so you see they train them early in the way they wish them to go. How ashamed ought those parents to be who bear the christian name who neglect to instruct their children in the religion which they profess to enjoy and love, while heathen parents take care that their children are instructed in their infancy.

“ During this performance all seemed solemn ; not a smile was found on any face until it was done. At the end of this also a short speech was made, addressed to those who had taken part in the dance. The children especially were met with many flattering words and great applause.

“ A few moments elapsed, when preparation was made to receive a member into society. The master medicine man, or one who was the most thoroughly versed in their religion, was selected to perform the ceremony before receiving the proposed candidate. The Indian was a chief, who at first pretended he was unfit, by reason of a bad heart, to attend upon so great an ordinance as the one about to be attended to. He, however in a few moments fully qualified himself by curing his bad heart (as he pretended) with a few holy seeds as he called them. These he pretended to swallow down, and instantly fell like a dead man prostrate on the earth. This was to show the efficacy of the holy seed. In a few moments he began to come to and soon was able to walk, yet pretended to be greatly affected by the holy shock. The person to be admitted now came forward; a blanket was spread, upon which she kneeled. The Indian then took from his bag some of the same seeds which had proved so effectual in the case of his own bad heart. These he carried around the ring, calling them the seeds of life, but was careful to keep them so high above the heads of all that they could not see them. I found out his seeds of life, however, and they were nothing more than a few little sea shells, about the size of the shell of a snail. With these he approached the kneeling one, and began a kind of significant ceremony unto all the spirits, both good and bad of which he had any knowledge. The sun, moon and

stars were taken into the list, with many other inferior *Mun-etoos*, as they call them. At the last of all, the good and bad spirit, or as we should say, God and the devil were besought. The good spirit to protect them and do them all manner of good, (pointing to him in the heavens,) and the bad spirit, that he would be so good as to let them entirely alone and not take any notice of them, (pointing down into the earth, for they believe it is there he has his residence, and that when displeased with them, he comes up and makes them die.) He then poured the before-mentioned seeds into the hand of the woman, and she too would have us believe she swallowed them. The same effect followed as in the former case. She pitched down upon her face, and pretended to be senseless, for some time. I saw her, however, in a few minutes, joining in the march which soon followed, and which ended this strange performance.

“It was in the main similar to the one above mentioned, with this exception: there was a young Indian who followed in the rear, who with his paddle pretended to be in a boat, and it was with great difficulty he could steer it. This was to impress more forcibly the mind of the woman who had just joined them, that she must walk straight in the pathway of their religion, and to set before her the difficulties she might meet in doing so, and the danger of total apostacy. He would seem at one time to let his boat run up to the bank of the stream, which he pretended to be following, and at another his boat would be sideways to the current, floating idly along. Among all these seeming dangers he at one time appeared perfectly easy and safe, and at another time greatly alarmed, and would spring to right up his floating boat, and head it up the stream. Here I was under the necessity of leaving at the end of this exercise, as the canoe was already waiting for me. There was but little else to be seen had I stayed longer, as I learned they were nearly ready to conclude.

“I have in these lines given a summary view of the religion of these heathen Indians, who wander unsheltered and

unsaved among these dreary mountains. By this religion they live, and by this they die, it being in fact the best they have. But let me ask the friends of Jesus, who are true lovers of heathens' souls, for whom he bled and died, and especially my brethren of the Methodist Episcopal Church, let me ask you, is this the religion of Jesus? You answer, no. I ask you then, will these foolish forms, which constitute this religion, which has no Jesus or Holy Ghost in it, make them wise unto salvation? You answer, no, none but Jesus can do helpless sinners good.

"With these acknowledgments and these facts before you, permit me to ask you but one more question. Will you do all you possibly can to send them a gospel which is quick to convict, powerful to convert, and which is sharper than any two-edged sword, to cut in pieces the ranks of the king's enemies?"

"I leave this question with you, and subscribe myself yours in the bonds of a peaceful gospel,

"DANIEL M. CHANDLER.

"Ke-wa-we-nou mission, lake Superior, Aug. 1."

"*July 28th.* My heart has been made glad to day by reading communications from brethren from La Point, forwarded by Mr. Holiday. I had hardly finished perusing them when a canoe hove in sight, which brought back my last year's helpers, John and George. I greatly rejoiced to see them, though they had been but a little while absent. They are on their way to an interior post, where they hope to succeed in offering the gospel to the poor Indians of the forest. May God grant that their hopes may be more than realized, in this work of faith."

Occasionally, we hear the happiness of the children of nature eulogized, by those who entertain an implacable hatred to the holiness and purity of the gospel of Jesus Christ. And from the laudatory language held by this class of persons,

one would conclude, if he knew no better, that there were some secret sources of happiness to be enjoyed in savage life, incalculably beyond civilized society. Some, however, who have made themselves acquainted with the facts of a savage state, have had the candor to admit the utter groundlessness of their views, and ceased to propagate them. To show the reader a picture of the condition, in which *nature's children* are often found, when unimproved by christianity, or civilization, we direct his attention to the following particulars in Mr. Chandler's diary.

"*August 8th.* On my return home from my work to day, I found the most filthy object of pity, that I have seen since I came to this country. It was an old man, who sat eating some fishes' skins. John talked to him about the white man's religion. He said he liked to hear, and if he lived as near as the Indians do on the other side of the bay, he would listen more than they do. We gave him a dinner, and some tobacco, which seemed to make him happy, if happiness consists in the enjoyment of such things.

"Some little children from the heart of the wilderness, were here, also, with their parents. We gave them what we thought they would very much relish—good wheat bread; but to our surprise, the little fellows bit the bread, and then threw it away, when in fact, they were almost starved. But the mystery was, they did not know it was *food*, having never seen any before. Their parents seemed to relish it well, but said, 'their children had never seen any before.' These children, thought I, are truly children of the forest.

"*12th.* I have visited the chief to day, and found him quite out of health; and one of his children is, I think, near his end. A finished picture of poverty, and wretchedness! O how it would excite the sympathy of my eastern friends to behold this suffering family of the woods! I promised the chief I would send, or bring from time to time, something for the comfort of his child. I shook hands with him, and

left, feeling I ought to be very thankful for the blessings I enjoy.

"15th. To day, I visited again the sick chief and his family. While speaking to him about the importance of religion, one of the Indians who was sent for the purpose, by the wicked party, said to me, 'if you are going to speak about these things, you must go to another *camp*.' I however continued my directions to the chief, not regarding the admonition from the bitter enemy present. The chief seemed very much inclined to listen, and so much so no doubt, that the fears of our enemies are awakened, lest he should repent and believe in the Lord Jesus."

The determination of Mr. Clark, the superintendent of the mission to build a cluster of houses for the occupancy of the Indians, imposed upon our missionary new and laborious duties. And as a new house for himself and a school house were to be put up in addition to the superintendency of the whole, he was again called upon to handle the axe, and other implements required in such undertakings. This of course, not only called off his attention from his studies, but was exceedingly fatiguing to his bodily powers. The following extracts will give the reader some idea of the nature, and amount of his labor at this time.

"18th. To day I found myself in the woods, to prepare timber for building. At four o'clock I finished my day's work; the flies and musketoes are too troublesome to be endured longer. I am too much worn down with the labors of the day to read this evening, if I had my books. My blanket is my only bed, and I am thankful for so good a one on the ground.

"23d, *Sabbath*. With many good feelings I preached, by the special help of divine grace, from Rev. 3:20, 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock,' &c. After preaching, I and my exhorter entered the missionary car, a bark canoe, and hoisting sail were soon at another place of worship, in an

Indian lodge, where we held a prayer and class meeting, and were greatly blest in both. Many of the members, who felt the need of more grace, came forward for prayers; all were soon fallen before the throne of mercy, crying for delivering grace.

"This evening I have returns from Sault St. Marie, by Mr. Holiday's boat. I am disappointed in not receiving letters from my eastern friends. John, my interpreter, has received one which brought the sorrowful tidings of the death of his sister. Though he received the intelligence with the composure of a christian, yet he has gone out in the stillness of the evening to weep. Having never been called to mourn for any of my near relatives, I cannot enter fully into his feelings; but could I do so, how willingly would I help to bear his burden. In broken accents he told me, she lived a christian life, and having died a peaceful death, he hoped to meet her in that world, where 'sickness and sorrow, pain and death, are felt and feared no more.'"

From the above date I find no account left by Mr. Chandler of his labors, until the last of March following, excepting what is gathered from his correspondence with his parents and friends. His late companion, (now Mrs. Everdell) informs me that some portion of his diary has been lost, as he kept a regular account of his daily experience and labors during the time he resided at Ke-wa-we-non. The following letter to his parents will supply in a great measure, this deficiency, and give a just idea of the outward trials he endured, as well as his comforts of soul, in his isolated condition. It is as follows:—

"KE-WA-WE-NON, *Jan. 18th, 1836.*

"DEAR PARENTS,—You cannot imagine the unspeakable joy I felt in reading once more, a letter written by the hand of my much loved father. The letter I allude to is dated August 1st, 1835, and has reached me this day, by the express, while I was listening to an exhortation from my In-

dian helper. As soon as I saw the hand-writing, I fled away to my bed-room, and I hope you will not think me possessed of a feminine constitution, when I tell you I wept over every sentence till I had finished the whole. I did not weep because I found in it sorrowful tidings, but for thankfulness and joy.

“ I expected to hear that some of my relatives were dead ; (for we cannot always live here below,) but in this, I learn they all yet live. I am most thankful to my gracious Redeemer, that I can once more cheer your hearts, dear parents, with the intelligence of my good health ; though had I written last October, I could not have done so. For a season I then thought my grave would be numbered with the inhabitants of the wilderness, over which the thoughtless savage might tread, without stopping to consider that one who loved him much had fallen there. But God, who is always with his feeble servants, even to the end of the world, has been pleased to raise me up again, that I may a little longer labor in his vineyard. I was suddenly attacked with an affection of the brain, attended with a strange dizziness, which in a few hours, laid me almost helpless on my bed. Being destitute of every kind of medicine, I thought I could do no better than to stay my soul on that promise, ‘ Lo I am with you always,’ and wait my hour of departure. As my prospects of remaining long in this truly desert world became more and more obscure, by reason of my increasing disease, my prospects of entering into that rest that remains for the people of God, became unclouded and bright. Blessed be God for the comforts of his grace and love in the hour of affliction and trial. It was then I found that the friend that sticketh closer than a brother, would do it anywhere, even in the wilderness where but few earthly friends are found. But my Heavenly Father did not leave me quite destitute of these. A kind Chippeway sister, who is the wife of one of my native helpers, was to me all that a mother could have been. She spared no pains in waiting on me. Her kindness to me in this hour of affliction, I am sure I shall never forget.

“ While in this condition, the Indian trader, not far distant, heard of my helpless condition and sent me some blister salve, which was the very thing I thought would relieve me. I applied plasters to my forehead, and the back part of my head, which at last had the desired effect, by giving me a measure of relief. From this time I very gradually recovered. My eyes were greatly affected, and for a long time I doubted whether I should ever see clearly again. But as I recovered, my eyes became better, until with my health, my sight is perfectly restored.

“ There has been considerable sickness among the Indians at this place, and some of our good sisters have gone rejoicing to that heavenly land, where piercing winds will no more chill, nor the sufferings of distressing poverty be endured. Yes, my dear parents ; in this heathen land, the gospel of Christ is to the dying believer, ‘ a sovereign balm for every wound, a cordial for all fears.’ O, may it run and be glorified, until it shall win its widening way to the ends of the earth ! till in every desert, streams of salvation shall break out, and every heathen’s heart rejoice for the glad tidings of the gospel. For this I am looking, laboring and praying. And let me entreat you still to join your prayers with mine, in behalf of the many thousands in this country, who are perishing for the want of the word of life. I repeat again, I feel a great attachment to these poor Indians for whom I am laboring. And should I live to take my leave of them, and return to the embrace of my friends, I shall find it exceedingly hard to part with them.

“ Since brother Clark published his letter, relative to his visit here, the Lord has revived his work in the hearts of the brethren, and called a number of poor sinners to repentance. It is true some of our brethren have died ; but the Lord has filled up our ranks with new converts, and the prospects of this mission are much better now than when he was with us. My heart is greatly encouraged to labor for the salvation of souls wherever my Heavenly Father and his church may send

me, though it should be to the ends of the earth. I have not determined what time I shall leave for the East next summer, if I should return; probably sometime in June. Do not look for me until I come.

"As I wish to answer the few lines from sister H., you will justify me in closing these to you. Be faithful and fervent a little longer to a throne of grace.—I hope to meet you in glory. Remember always to pray for your son,

"D. M. CHANDLER.

"I give you many thanks, dear sister, for the few lines you sent me on father's sheet; by the spirit of which I spelled out your name, before I came to the bottom of the page. Never can you judge of the joy a few lines like those you sent me can give, until you, like myself, are separated many hundred miles from those you love, without the possibility of receiving or sending communications oftener than once or twice a year. * * *

"I shall tell the mother of your little namesake, as you wished me, the words you have written, respecting your desire to send her little daughter a dress. Let me remove the apparent difficulty of sending it to the mission. There are a great many good praying sisters in the mission, who, while I am writing these lines, are shivering in the winter winds of this high latitude, with nothing but an *old ragged blanket* about them, and no comfortable house to shelter them. I have shed tears in secret and in public, while beholding their suffering and destitute condition. But my tears cannot furnish them with a single garment to cover their shivering limbs. Cannot you and the good brethren in Chester, make up a small box of clothing, in the course of next summer, for the benefit of this mission? I know you can, if you feel so disposed; and God would bless all who contribute, though it were but the widow's mite. All that is wanting, I am convinced, is for some one to suggest this to the friends, and it will be done. I do not ask any thing fine or costly, by any means. Coarse clothing of any kind and quality, that

would pay the freight in service, would be thankfully received.

"Remember my love to all my kind friends in Schroom and Chester; tell them the condition of my brethren here, and ask them if they will not make my heart glad, by sending a box of clothing.

Yours truly,

"D. M. CHANDLER."

To show how much folly and ignorance attach themselves to the practices of those who are without the knowledge of the true God, Mr. Chandler records what fell under his observation in the burial ceremony of an Indian, under date of March 29th, 1836.

"I witnessed the burial ceremony of an Indian to day, who was buried after the old way among the Indians. After he was brought to the grave, he was laid along side of it, where his relatives knelt and kissed him. Then his brother brought forward a bag, containing pipes and a quantity of tobacco, and put it into the bosom of his dead brother. This, I am informed was done that his departed brother might have no lack of tobacco on his way to another world.

"*April 11th.* I have finished reading the life of Brainerd to day, and have admired the christian fortitude he possessed through all his afflictions, especially his last. The glory of God seemed to be 'the circle where his passions moved, and centre of his soul.' O may I imitate him in holy living, and in peacefully dying, when my day is past below.

"I enjoyed a blessed season in conversing in Indian, though in a broken manner, with a good brother who is a class leader among us here. Could I speak the language *well*, I should feel as much at home, as in the most delightful place on earth.

The irregular modes of living, and of procuring the means of subsistence, adopted by the Indians, renders it necessary for those who would benefit them, to be very eccentric in

their plans of operation. A specimen of a part of a missionary's labors are detailed in the following note from Mr. Chandler's diary. And it should be remembered, that what is here stated, was of frequent occurrence, both with himself and his helpers.

" *April 20th.* At 8 o'clock this morning I left home for a visit through the day, to the brethren at their sugar camps. I arrived among them a little before noon, and began to exhort them from camp to camp, being assisted by my native brother. The Lord gave me unusual liberty, by which I was enabled to express myself with clearness and simplicity. The east wind brought up a great storm soon after I commenced, and before I got home, I was quite cold and wet. O that the sealing influence of Divine grace may attend my feeble endeavors to spread the truth to day ! By walking more than eight miles, and talking much, I am not a little wearied.

" *22d.* I received a visit from the chief this morning, and had the privilege of offering him another exhortation to become a christian. He appeared to give great attention to my advice, and was much more friendly than ever before. O that the good Shepherd would bring him into his fold, and all his unbelieving party !

" *23d.* I have been running from place to place, all this day, and am quite worn down this evening. I walked eight miles, or more, to work a while at Peter's trade, when called to follow his blessed Lord and Master, viz : fishing. I caught two fine trouts, and returned thankful to my home at 3 o'clock. We are supplied with food by him who ever careth for his needy children. I have chopped and carried wood the remainder of the day, and have no other time than this evening, to prepare for the coming sabbath. So it is with the missionary, and so let it be if God thereby may be glorified.

" *May 8th, Sabbath.* I have been comforted in the duties of this sacred day, and have only desired more and more grace, as duties come pressing on me.

"This evening, in family prayer, as brother Herkimer was praying as he usually does, in the Chippeway language, he broke out in English, and prayed for *me*, and all the world. O how refreshing it was to my heart, to hear a prayer in my mother tongue, after near two years listening to the three-legged Indian language!

"*Sabbath 22d.* I preached from Jeremiah 8 : 6, 7. All seemed greatly interested, as the figures I used were such as they could easily understand. I never fail of getting the undivided attention of the Indians, when I can explain a text by figures which they can understand. This afternoon, I spent a precious season in the woods, a mile or more from my house, and returned just as the leaders were closing the class meeting. The Lord be praised for the comforts of his grace to my soul on this sanctified sabbath."

As one of the purposes of Mr. Chandler's mission was to instruct the Indians in agriculture, so far as might be expedient and promising to them, and as the season had arrived, when the seeds that promised to be productive must be planted, he devoted himself for sometime, to clearing land for planting potatoes, and to assisting the Indians in doing the same for themselves. And in order to encourage them to effort in making an experiment in agriculture, he purchased seed of the trader who lived near him, and distributed it among them, in addition to assisting them to prepare the ground. His labors were excessive, and almost beyond endurance.

But as the time had well nigh arrived, when he was expecting to leave, to visit his friends at the east, he applied himself to every part of his work with great assiduity. He hoped also to see the respected superintendent again at Kewa-we-non, to inspect the work and give him the necessary instructions before his departure. In reference to this he says, under date of May 30th,—

"I am looking daily for dear brother Clark. I know however, he cannot come until the east wind dies away, which

blows severely to day. The vessel from St. Marie is also daily expected. The brethren are all busily at work at clearing land, and planting potatoes. This rejoices my heart to see them so willing to work. The Lord in mercy give them a plentiful harvest."

Of his spiritual prosperity at this time, we learn from the following interesting note.

"*June 4th.* Blessed be my dear Redeemer, for the continued manifestations of his mercy to my poor—undeserving soul. I can never praise him enough for his endless grace to me. I thank THEE, O my FATHER, for the preservation of my life and health, until this Saturday evening; for the gift of thy Son, and the way to Thy kingdom through Him; and for the gentle influence and striving of the Holy Spirit, to lead and direct me in that way.

"At 10 o'clock this evening, I have been most solemnly impressed with gospel truth, while listening to an exhortation from my interpreter, in the Chippeway tongue. O Lord, send forth more Indian preachers of thine own selection, into this heathen land!"

Speaking of the class meeting on the following day, he says,—

"In class, the heavenly, hallowed flame broke out from many hearts, while speaking of the goodness of God to their souls; and among those who were refreshed with the bread of life, was my own soul. Blessed be God forever. It was sweeter than honey, and the honey comb.

"*12th.* I have doubtless preached my last sermon to the dear brethren of this wilderness land. I preached from the old farewell text,—2d Cor. 13 : 11. I feel that I have preached the plain, simple truths of the gospel, while I have been among the Indians, and am free from the blood of those who may perish in their sins through impenitence. Having

finished the work given me to do, I am waiting an opportunity to return to my dear brethren and friends at the east, the land of my birth.

“The thoughts of leaving the brethren would be still more painful to me, were they to be left destitute of teachers.—Better ones however, than I am, are to remain with them.”

After waiting in disappointment the arrival of Mr. Clark, beyond the time he was to have been at Ke-wa-we-non, and concluding that some providential interposition had hedged up his way, Mr. Chandler purchased a bark canoe, and made his arrangements for going to Sault St. Marie. Unexpectedly he was detained another sabbath with his flock, the particulars of which are given as follows:—

“*Sabbath 19th.* To day I have doubtless preached my last sermon to the brethren here. I preached from Acts 20; 32. ‘And now, brethren, I commend you to God and the word of his grace,’ &c. In class, the brethren spoke in melting strains of heavenly fellowship and love, of God’s goodness to their souls, in sending his servants so far into the wilderness, to bring them the words of Jesus, whereby they might be saved. Each said, as he arose, ‘*I love* the good brethren, who live in that far country, where you are soon going; and I shake hands with them all in my *heart.*’ The glory of the Lord was upon all present, and to some, a fullness was given.

“I shall start as soon as may be, down the lake—the wind and my health permitting. Lord send me, on my return, with thy blessing!

“*20th.* At 10 o’clock I knelt and prayed with my dear brother Jonson and sister Herkimer; and bade them farewell; all in tears. And in company with brother Herkimer, an old sister, her daughter and child, I set out for Sault St. Marie, against a strong wind. We proceeded but four miles, before we were wind bound, and obliged to lay by until next

morning, before we could get out of sight of home. Slept on the point—and in the morning got under way."

Here Mr. Chandler's journal ends.*

* Presuming that a more circumstantial account of Ke-wa-we-non, the place of so many sacred associations to the pious Chandler—and from which we have been so often cheered with the tidings of savages converted to God, would be gratifying, the following has been obtained from the pen of Rev. R. H. Chubb, formerly missionary at that place.

"Ke-wa-we-non Mission is situated on the south shore of Lake Superior, in the 47th degree of North latitude, and 12th West longitude from Washington, about mid way from Fon Du Lac (or the head of the lake) and the outlet of the lake. It is 250 miles from Sault De St. Marie, the nearest settlement. This mission receives its name from a peninsula, stretching 65 or 70 miles into the lake in a north easterly direction, forming a bay on its eastern shore, of nearly the same length, in a south westerly direction; the shores of which, gradually approximate each other as they approach the south western extremity or head of the bay. Traders and other voyagers in routes up the lake, are in the habit of passing along the south eastern shore of this bay, until they reach a point within 10 or 15 miles of its head, and then making a traverse of 8 or 10 miles in a northwest direction, strike the opposite shore of the bay, enter a small river leading into a chain of shallow ponds, or more properly marshes, up which they push their canoes as far as possible. Then by carrying them a mile and a half reach the western shore of the peninsula. Thus by making this portage of one and a half mile, they save about 80 miles travel, around the northern point of this peninsula. This circumstance is what gives it the name of Ke-wa-we-non, it being an abbreviation of the Chippeway word Kah-Ke-wa-oe-nah-ning, signifying the carrying place. The mission is situated on the southeast side of this bay, which at that place, is 3 1-2 miles wide, and nearly 4 miles from its head. One mile farther toward the head of the bay on the same side, is a trading post of the American Fur Company, consisting of two dwelling houses, occupied by the trader and his men, a ware house, store and coopers shop.

"The shore where the mission house now stands is bold and rocky. Along the shore at regular distances, and on a line, there are 10 houses built exactly alike, for the occupancy of the christian Indians; and in the midst of these, stands our school house. Back of these houses the land rises to the height of 40 or 50 feet;

CHAPTER IV.

By the last date, it will be seen that Mr. Chandler left Ke-wa-we-non, on the 20th of June, 1836, for the purpose of visiting his friends in the northern part of New York, and the western part of Vermont. His journey to Sault St. Marie, and from thence to Chester, N. Y., the residence of his parents, consumed a trifle over a month of time, he having arrived at the latter place the 23d of July. He found his friends all among the living, and it was a time of mutual consolation, to embrace each other once more after a separation of so many miles, for more than two years.

and upon this elevation stands the mission house, built after the same manner of those belonging to the trader.

"From this elevation, there is an extensive view in every direction; but especially across the bay. There is the peninsula stretching farther than the eye can extend its vision, with its waving forests of pine, fir, &c., casting a sombre shade over its sterile soil and granite rocks. In the southeast, the clear blue waters of lake Superior, the 'father of lakes,' rolls in majestic grandeur, where sky and water come in sweet collision: while upon its heaving bosom, at almost all times of the year are to be seen flocks of wild geese, ducks and other water fowl—and here and there an Indian in his birch bark canoe, fishing or spreading his nets. At times, the surface of the lake is calm and placid as the summer evening; and like a mighty mirror reflects back the appearance of the sky. At other times, by storms and tempests, it is wrought up to the utmost pitch of fury, and its rocky coast dashed by its high rolling and foaming waves, resounds as the horrid din of battle, and elementary strife. A northeast gale especially, rolls the lake in mighty waves, which rush up this long bay, gathering force as they come, until they dash their foaming heads high up the rocks, which by the ETERNAL, are set as bounds beyond which they cannot pass. For many hours have I stood and watched mountainous waves as they chased each other in

His object in leaving the mission when he did, was to meet the Troy Annual Conference, and undergo the usual examination of candidates, preparatory to his admission into full membership; having been two years on probation. But the conference this year convened in June, a month earlier than it had done before, and Mr. Chandler having no notice of the fact, was disappointed in not arriving in season to attend it. In the mean time, the bishop had transferred him to the Illinois Conference, with a view to his accommodation. These facts somewhat depressed his feelings, as he deemed it important in his station, to be authorized to administer the ordinances of Christ's church, to the flock over which the Holy Ghost had made him overseer.

To obviate the embarrassments of his situation, a few brethren addressed a letter to bishop Hedding, who was to meet the Genesee Conference on the 13th of October, stating the circumstances of the case, and respectfully urging

quick succession, as if impatient of being restrained, until they dashed among the rocks, making most dolorous music in the lonely ear.

"It is a dreary looking country with neither hamlet or cottage to cheer the interminable waste. True, now and then, the curling smoke from an Indian's wigwam tells the traveler there are inhabitants of some kind, however savage and ferocious, in this inhospitable domain. There are no aromatic plants, or sweetly scented flowers, to shed a fragrant perfume over this desert wild; nor of the music kind, save the rolling billow as surge after surge beats upon the rocky shore, or now and then, a Frenchman in his boat, as he steadily plies the oar, and thus beats time, chaunting forth a French Canadian song, with its shrill clear chorus. And even spring, with its balmy breezes, seems loth to travel so far north, but loitering by the way, makes not its appearance until May is half fled, or more. Then summer quickly succeeds, with nothing peculiar, except *ten thousand* times ten thousand musketoos, to destroy one's peace and corrode his happiness. But winter soon drives them off the stage of existence, and by the middle of October, throws his fleecy robe over all the land. And it would seem that old Boreas with his whole family of fierce gales and tempests, must have his lodging place not far distant."

the propriety of his being ordained as a missionary. This suggestion was kindly entertained by the bishop and conference, and he was accordingly ordained both deacon and elder. But from the circumstance of his belonging to an other conference, he could not be admitted into full connection. By his ordination, however, all the obstacles to the full exercise of his ministry were removed.

From the time of his arrival among his relatives, until the first of October, Mr. Chandler was employed in visiting his christian friends, preaching the gospel, and giving an account of his labors and success among the Indians. Included in these labors were several public missionary meetings of great interest, in places where before the missionary zeal had but feebly operated.

The ardor with which he advocated the claims of the depressed aborigines, and the numerous incidents he stated in proof of the adaptation of gospel means to promote their salvation, fanned up the flame to such a degree, that means were multiplied, and new patrons to this holy cause were raised up wherever he went.

The two years of Mr. Chandler's residence at his mission station, which was 250 miles from the nearest white settlement, had tended to convince him of the truth of the divine testimony, that "it is not good that man should be alone." And accordingly, after seeking the advice of his friends, and the most mature deliberation on the subject, he was united in marriage, September 8, 1836, with Miss ELIZABETH B. BEECHER of Hinesburgh, Vt., a young lady of established piety, and good literary qualifications for the wife of a missionary. Though their acquaintance with each other was short, the union proved most felicitous: and in all his communications, in which he speaks of it, Mr. Chandler thankfully acknowledges the providence of God, in giving him a companion so admirably fitted to help him in his pious work, and fill the cup of his earthly happiness.

Mrs. Chandler being well qualified for teaching, both by

education and experience, and possessing a zeal for doing good, that rendered the duties of her station her delight,—and a fortitude that never failed her under all her trials, his choice might *well* be approved by all his friends. Though she was called to practice self denial to an extent that the wives of itinerant preachers seldom experience, and in about two years from the time of her union with Mr. Chandler, to close his eyes in death, amid strangers; yet she never cherished regrets that she gave her heart and hand to this minister of the Lord Jesus, to share in his toils and sorrows.

On the first of October, 1836, Mr. Chandler and his companion bade farewell to their friends, and started for their station, at Sault St. Marie. After stopping at the seat of the Genesee Conference, for the purpose above mentioned, a short time, they pursued their way, and arrived at the end of their toilsome journey about the first of November.

Though Mr. Chandler was now stationed at St. Marie, yet he had the charge also of his former field of labor, Kewaweenaw. In many respects his present situation was pleasant and agreeable, compared with his former one. His residence being near the United States' fort at this place, he preached, a part of the time, to the officers and soldiers. Here, he could call to his aid medical assistance in time of sickness, and being 250 miles nearer civilized society than he had been the two preceding years, he could correspond with his friends with more facility. And added to all these comforts, he could occasionally associate with his brethren in the ministry. And such were his habits and social feelings, that these privileges were highly valued; and from the frequent reference made to them in his correspondence, there is good reason to believe they greatly contributed to his personal comfort.*

* "Sault De St. Marie, derives its name from the falls in the river near which the town is built. The name is of French origin, literally signifying, 'The Falls of St. Mary.'

The falls, or rapids, are 10 miles below the outlet of Lake Su-

In a letter addressed to Samuel H. Tupper, Esq., of Monkton, Vt. dated Sault St. Marie, Feb. 8th, 1837, Mr. Chandler gives the following interesting particulars :

" We have been blest with the best of health and spirits since our arrival here ; and finding employment enough to more than fill our hearts and hands, one fourth of a year has glided away most swiftly and sweetly o'er our heads, leaving on our minds many imprints of pleasure to cheer us in our labors of love among the benighted people committed to our charge.

perior, 40 miles above the entrance of the river into Lake Huron, and 300 nearly north from Detroit. The river here is about three fourths of a mile broad, and descends 25 feet in the distance of half a mile ; entirely intercepting ship navigation, though the Indians frequently pass down in their canoes.

" There is something wild and romantic, yet exceedingly beautiful and sublime, in this lonely cascade. The delicate green foliage of the low white poplar, overshadows this foaming white sheet during the summer months, and when the mass of waters above and below are locked in winter's stern embrace, its perpetual roar is still breaking on the surrounding silence, bidding defiance to the power of frost, while all things else yield to its mighty influence. The course of the river at this place is from north to south. Below the falls, it is from two to three miles wide—banks on either side, a little elevated. Just below the falls, on the western shore, the town is built, consisting of 15 or 20 inferior dwelling houses, two or three stores, and a tavern. These are mostly owned and occupied by individuals connected with the American Fur Co. Three fourths of the population are French or mixed bloods, i. e. French and Indian. They are mostly Catholics, and have a priest constantly residing among them, whose influence, with that of alcohol, opposes no inconsiderable barriers to the success of Protestant missions.

" Fort Brady stands in the immediate vicinity, in which from 80 to 100 U. S. soldiers are quartered. On a rise of ground twenty or thirty rods west of the village and fort, the Baptist mission is located. This mission had been in existence eight years, when Mr. Chandler went to reside there in 1836 ; a boarding school having been in successful operation for about the same length of time. A friendly intercourse was at all times kept up between Mr. C. and the worthy members of this mission family.

" Two miles below the falls, the river divides itself ; a small chan-

"Other messengers of mercy have labored here, and we have entered into their labors. So comfortably are we situated, that I often say to Mrs. C. while comparing the present with my former two years labor in the interior, we hardly deserve the title of missionaries, if present inconvenience, or self denial be taken into consideration. We live in the midst of our brethren, and with them rejoice in the hope of the glory of God, as formerly with our friends in the east. Since our arrival, we have had two quarterly meetings, each of which were signally owned of our Heavenly Father.

"It would more than melt your heart to be present at our

nel turning in a south westerly direction. On the northern shore of this small channel, near its division from the main stream, the Methodist mission buildings are located. This site was selected by the Rev. JOHN CLARK, in 1834, the ground cleared, and buildings erected under his superintendence. The mission house, erected by his own hands, is a very comfortable and convenient dwelling, constructed of hewn logs, laid up in lime mortar, white washed on the outside, with a shingled roof, and having the appearance of neatness and comfort.

"A strip of land one fourth of a mile long, and fifteen or twenty rods broad, has been cleared and enclosed in small lots, which are improved by the Indians for the cultivation of potatoes. The soil is very barren, the climate cold, and the winters long and severe. The cultivation of grain is not attempted; and very few garden vegetables can be brought to maturity. The Indians depend for their subsistence, almost entirely upon the excellent fish, with which the river and lakes abound.

"From this place to Mackinaw, the nearest settlement, is about 90 miles. During the summer season, intercourse between these two places is frequent; the journeys being always performed in small boats on the river and lake. While the river is navigable, which is from about the middle of May until the middle of November, mails usually arrive once in ten days, by way of Mackinaw. Four mails only are brought to the Sault during the winter season: these are brought by footmen, on the ice, from Saginaw city in Michigan, a distance of some 300 miles.

E. B. EVERDELL."

The above description of the place of Mr. Chandler's last station, which is often mentioned in the foregoing pages, from the pen of Mrs. Everdell, is inserted, in the belief that the information it contains, would be interesting to the reader. COMPILER.

sacraments, and see the children of the wilderness, whom God has renewed, coming up from the lake and rivers, and humbly kneeling at the table of our Lord. They weep, groan, covenant and pray, and receiving the symbols of Christ's love, arise rejoicing, and go away refreshed. At seasons like these, who that has a spark of sacred fire in his heart, could withhold a tribute of praise for God's wonderful works of mercy to these wandering outcasts of our race?

"I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord, that the poor have the gospel preached unto them; and that I am counted worthy, by my heavenly Father, and His children, to bear these good tidings of great joy, to these spiritually dying and destitute ones of the earth. My prayer is that they may be saved. I rejoice in the labor assigned me in the vineyard of the Lord, as a missionary; may it be known in the great day of reckoning, that I have been an humble, and successful one.

"D. M. CHANDLER."

In August of this year, Mr. Chandler made a journey to Upper Canada, to a mission station of that province, for the purpose of obtaining native helpers, to assist in carrying on the work in his extensive field. He says, in a letter to his parents, dated

"COBURG, U. C. *Aug.* 1837.

"Notwithstanding I am so near you, as to be able to come to you in a few days, yet circumstances render it impracticable, at this time. I came to this place for the purpose of obtaining native missionaries, to help me in my labors of love, among the Indians. This help I have obtained, and hope soon to return to the bosom of my very dear family.

"We are prospered and blessed in the mission under our care, and are expecting still greater prosperity, if faithful to our trust. My cares, however, wear upon me much, so that in a few years I shall be an old man. My hair is coming out, and will soon leave my head without a covering. But

no matter for that, if I but wear out in the service of God, it will be enough. I more and more love my work as a missionary, and think it the happiest appointment in the world."

Speaking in behalf of himself and his companion, he says :

" We know not, dear parents, that we shall ever see you more, in this world, but we hope to meet you in that better one, where parting will be no more. This comforts, and shall continue to comfort, and cheer us while separated from you. This world grows poorer and poorer, in my estimation, and all my efforts shall be to lay up a treasure above.

" D. M. CHANDLER."

It has been mentioned that Mr. Chandler was transferred from the Troy Conference to the Illinois, as the mission to which he belonged lay within the bounds of that conference, or at least contiguous to it. But in the formation of the Michigan Conference, this section of country fell within its limits; consequently, one year after his transfer was made to the Illinois, he was transferred to the Michigan Conference. This second transfer was made for the same reasons as the first, viz. his accommodation. After belonging to the list of preachers in the last mentioned Conference for one year more, as his health had failed him, and he was advised to retire from active labors for a season, he was transferred back again to the Troy Conference. This last change was in accordance with his wishes; the others being made in his absence.

From all that the compiler has been able to learn, Mr. Chandler was equally assiduous at Sault St. Marie, as at Ke-wa-we-non; though the circumstances in which he was placed, present his labors in a less novel aspect than while at the former place. A part of each sabbath he spent in preaching in the garrison, and the remainder of it in speaking the words of salvation to his red brethren, his more im-

mediate charge. And it should be mentioned to the honor of the officers of this post, that at all times the missionary found a hearty welcome among them; and through the efficient labors of the Rev. John Clark, Mr. Chandler's predecessor, and his own efforts, a portion of the garrison were brought under the influence of regenerating grace, and adorned the christian profession.

Among the Indians the work of grace prospered, and the circle of gospel influence was extended among the pagan portion of the tribes connected with the missionary station, under the jurisdiction of Mr. Chandler. A very interesting confirmation of these facts, is furnished the reader in the following communication to the corresponding secretary of the missionary society, Dr. Bangs.

SAULT ST. MARIE, *March 5, 1838.*

"DEAR BROTHER:—Having just received intelligence from our interior mission at Ke-wa-we-non, Lake Superior, permit me through the medium of the Advocate to communicate to the friends of missions the following interesting items, as illustrative of the fact, that the gospel, wherever its salutary influence is exerted, produces the same blessed effects: that the gospel is still the power of God unto salvation to all who believingly receive it, and yield themselves subjects to its saving efficacy. This fact, we apprehend, may be as clearly demonstrated in these latter days as in those of more primitive date, when the conversion of a Saul was regarded by the persecuted church as a demonstration of its power; and which after his conversion exerted such a constraining influence upon him as rendered him the most indefatigable laborer in his Master's vineyard.

"Those who have experienced the power of saving grace and have thereby been influenced to labor and pray for the salvation of the heathen, especially for the aborigines of our country, will be gratified and encouraged still to persevere in their labors of love, to know that where their labor and

efforts have been blessed in the salvation of these benighted pagans, they most heartily concur in the views, and co-operate with the missionaries laboring among them, and in their native simplicity are striving to carry the glorious light of the gospel still farther into the vast wilderness of moral darkness and death.

“ We are indebted to br. R. H. Chubb, an exhorter and school teacher at Ke-wa-we-non, for the following :— ‘ Upon the eve before New Year’s we held a watch night, which became increasingly interesting. Thus was the new year ushered in under auspices the most flattering, and which will doubtless tell favorably upon the annals of eternity.— New Year’s day we had a full, solemn, and attentive congregation, many heathen being present whom I had never seen before at meeting. On the eve of the same day we invited the chief and some of his counsellors, all of whom are heathens, together with the men of the mission, to partake of a supper which we had prepared at the mission house ; after which we held a council with them on the subject of the christian religion. Br. Kah-beeje, a native missionary, first addressed the chief, which was followed by a lengthy speech from John Southwind, native class leader ; in which he introduced himself as the bearer of a string of wampum of the gospel peace, sent by a principal Chippeway chief in U. Canada, called Me-squah-keenee, or Yellow Head, who is a convert to the christian religion. This christian chief had also sent a speech, with the wampum, to his brethren on this side, which was delivered by J. Southwind with a good degree of native eloquence ; after which he handed the wampum to the heathen chief for his acceptance, and the council broke up.

“ ‘ The following sabbath this chief sent a canoe to our village to inform us that he was ready to give an answer to the wampum he had accepted, and had called a council for that purpose. We went, and found thirty or forty men seated around two fires, in a large birch bark wigwam. A separate mat was spread for us near the fire, around which the

chief and his counsellors sat. The chief then opened the council in a short speech, in answer to that of the Canada chief, which was followed with speeches from his counsellors. I regret that I cannot give you this chief's speech at length, as I saw it on its way to Canada, directed to Yellow Head. Suffice to say, it was favorable indeed to the reception of christianity.

“ ‘ A few days after this council, three men, two of whom were sub-chiefs, and men of considerable influence, openly renounced their heathenism, and joined the church as seekers of salvation. Two women also of their relatives had joined, making *five* in all. Thank the Lord for this. At the request of the chief, I wrote the speech of the Canada chief, together with his own reply, in the form of a circular, to all the Chippeway chiefs in the United States; and which, with the wampum now accepted by this chief, was forwarded on to every band of the tribe. What effect this may have upon the minds of those west, or what influence it may exert in favor of christianity, I cannot say: but I think it may exert a happy influence, as much importance is attached to transactions of this nature by these wild untutored men.

“ ‘ The wampum consisted simply of seven strings of white, and one of colored beads, with near two yards of red ribin, and two pieces of tobacco, all of which had some emblematical meaning, well understood by them. The red ribin, which usually signifies war, was explained to signify that the Son of God came into the world, and shed his blood for sinners.’

“ Pray for us, that the triumphs of the cross may be extended, and that sinners in these ends of the earth may be saved.

“ Yours truly,

D. M. CHANDLER.”

Seven days subsequent to the above communication, Mr. Chandler commenced his last missionary tour. He had been earnestly solicited by the brethren at Ke-wa-we-nòn, to visit

them as early in the spring as practicable. There had been several conversions during the winter—a number desired to receive baptism, and the native brethren wished much once more to embrace their former pastor. These and other reasons influenced him to undertake this long and tedious journey, which he thought best to make on foot. An undertaking quite too great for his constitution, and which ultimately brought him to an early grave. Soon after his return from this excursion, he gave the particulars of it to the missionary secretary, in the following communication.

SAULT ST. MARIE, *June 15, 1838.*

“DEAR BROTHER:—Soon after the date of my last, in which was mentioned the prosperity attending our interior mission at Ke-wa-we-non, I resolved, if practicable, to visit it without delay.

“After obtaining an Indian to accompany me, and a team consisting of three dogs and a train, with a month's provisions and a good pair of snow shoes, on the 12th of March we left for that place; and as the season, together with our new mode of traveling, afforded us a little variety, it may serve as an apology for relating in this communication a few incidents which occurred on our journey.

“The first day being unfavorable to walking, we most thankfully obtained admittance into an Indian's lodge about 12 miles from the place where we started; after partaking of his hospitality (a boiled fish,) we slept through the night. But the second day's walk more fully initiated us into the difficulties of our undertaking; for in attempting to make a traverse of 24 miles, about midway we came to ice, over which it seemed impossible to pass—fields, broken by the violence of the waves into pieces from seven to twelve feet in circumference, thrown together in such wild confusion as to impress upon the huge masses the features of the tempest by which they were thrown up. Between these pieces were cavities filled with water to the depth of nearly a foot, into

which we must inevitably slide as we passed over these rude eminences of snow and ice. We sometimes followed these winding cavities and congratulated ourselves upon our good fortune, esteeming it a privilege to wade through ice water if we might thereby avoid climbing and sliding as above mentioned.

"These were not all the difficulties which attended us. the point of land on the opposite side, (by which we were guided,) by a powerful mirage was deceptively presented to us for a while, and then hid from our view, and we seemed like isolated beings far away upon a frozen ocean. In this condition we took the declining sun for our compass, and were thankful for an object so friendly by which to direct our course. After exerting ourselves to the utmost for two or three hours, and having advanced but little, we began to anticipate the probability of not reaching shore, and that our accommodations for the approaching night would be found beneath some of those barriers by which our course was obstructed. Just at this crisis we came to a narrow passage of smooth ice, which, by following, most fortunately led to still more spacious openings. Land now, like a living spectrum, appeared full in our view, and so near as to reanimate our almost expiring hopes at the prospect of soon reaching the shore. We ran for miles through water which was beginning to congeal upon our feet, and forgot in our eagerness the former toils and fatigues of the day. We reached the land a little after dark, where, after clearing away the snow and making a fire, we broke a few branches from an evergreen for our beds; then rolling us in our blankets, soon forgot the trials through which we had passed. On examining our provisions we found the different articles we had selected for our comfort all mingled together in one compound body, having been perfectly soaked for the last 12 hours.

"Pursuing our journey for the nine succeeding days along the desolate and ice bound coast, a distance of more than two hundred miles, with a single exception we saw not a

human habitation. Our way was directly along the shore of Lake Superior, and between banks of ice so high that all objects but its mighty walls were hid from our view. These were formed by the rolling seas, and in many places arise to the astonishing height of from 40 to 60 feet; we ascended one which I think was even 70. The banks are usually three in number; the first is low and near the shore; the second, 10 or 12 rods from the first, and the last, in some places, three quarters of a mile from the first. Between these the ice is generally smooth, and appears like a river winding its way among the icy hills.

“ We reached the mission house on the tenth day at sunset, and received a most hearty salutation from our brethren, the most of whom providentially were at home and engaged in making sugar. The two sub-chiefs mentioned in my last appear like truly converted men, as do the others there mentioned, all of whom are relatives of one of the chiefs. The spiritual prosperity of the members, as well as the improvement evidently made in their temporal condition, speaks in commendable terms of the indefatigable labors of brothers Carbage and Chubb, who were instant in season and out of season in their efforts to elevate and establish in holiness the people of their charge. Brother Chubb has returned home for the present, having been engaged in these missions for three years past. This leaves the mission school without a teacher, which the brethren requested to be supplied as soon as possible. Bear with me while I relate an incident which occurred relating to one of our native brethren and his family. He is one of the most punctilious keepers of the sabbath that I ever saw.

“ Himself and family, it appears, had been from the mission on a hunting excursion, and although on former occasions of absence he uniformly applied to the missionary for a temporary almanac that he might not lose the day of the week, yet on this occasion he from some cause was destitute; the consequence was that he lost a day; and on sabbath morn-

ing, as usual, shouldered his pack, and set out on a march of several miles, his wife and children following in the train. After having walked miles he began to recount the labors of the passing week, and to his astonishment discovered that he had made his day of toil the sacred day of rest! He trembled, and halted for his family to come up to help in determining this all important matter. On their arrival the pious father called a family council, and after deliberating awhile, all were convicted of having broken the sabbath, and looking each other in the face, burst into tears; and throwing aside their bundles from their shoulders, both parents and children fell upon their knees, and in the name of their Redeemer sought forgiveness of this, to them, seemingly unpardonable sin. The father proclaimed a fast, and from the time of their halting, which must have been in the early part of the day until sunset on Monday evening did their fast remain unbroken, nor did their accompanying earnest entreaties to be restored to divine favor cease. On Tuesday morning they resumed their march, bearing with them assurances of pardon and peace in their souls.

"On the last sabbath of my stay at the mission we held a kind of quarterly meeting. The love feast was peculiarly interesting, the members relating their experience in spiritual things in a manner which evinced to all present that they spake according to knowledge. Some of our friends have heard from Rev. John Clark of the old woman, now upward of 80 years of age, who crept a mile through a swamp on her hands and knees to hear John Sunday preach, and was soon after converted. She is quite well, yet becoming more infirm; she is unable to creep as well as formerly, and could not well be brought from her lodge to our meeting. She sent me a most beseeching request on the morning of our departure to come and administer to her the sacrament for the last time. I went to her lodge, found her alone, and after explaining in a few words to her understanding the design of the sacrament, administered it to her, brother Car-

bage interpreting and exhorting her to fully believe and trust in the Savior, whose death and boundless compassion for her salvation were set before her in these divine symbols. She appeared exceedingly happy, and on leaving she loaded me with blessings. There were *seven* baptized, and twenty four at the communion. For the number in society and school I refer you to brother Herr's letter, found in the 611th number of the Advocate. On the 29th of April we started for home in a small fishing boat, and after three days' rowing were fast bound by fields of ice yet undissolved. In this condition we remained from the 3d to the 12th of May, on which day we succeeded in getting to the open lake by means of two sleds, one at the bow and another at the stern, lashed fast, and then drawn by hand for several miles over ice, through which we often fell, and were drawn out by those who were so fortunate as to retain a standing upon its crumbling surface. We most signally escaped death in one instance. It was while passing a rock of more than a hundred feet high, covered with many tons of loose fragments of rock and ice. This was often falling with a crash like thunder, and in one instance fell in the very spot our boat had occupied but a few moments previous. Had it struck us, every one must instantly and inevitably have perished. After gaining the open lake we were often for miles completely walled out upon the deep by the banks of ice which were yet standing 30 feet high, like a brazen wall, bidding defiance to the contending billows of the deep.

"On the evening of the 15th of May we safely arrived at this place, where we found all as prosperous as when we left, having been absent two months and three days, and traveled by water and land five hundred miles.

"We are looking daily for the arrival of brother Herr, who, after his visit, will doubtless favor you with a relation of our condition at this place.

"I remain yours truly,

D. M. CHANDLER.

"P. S. We gratefully acknowledge the reception of the

box of clothing sent us by the Female Missionary Society of New York last fall. It came to hand a few days since. The articles were judiciously selected, and will be very serviceable to these poor outcasts of the forest. D. M. C."

CHAPTER V.

The following deeply interesting particulars, that occurred between Mr. Chandler's return and the close of his life, have been furnished by his late widow, (now Mrs. Rev. R. Everdell of the Oneida Conference,) who appears to have been alive to every circumstance that took place. Speaking of his journey to Ke-wa-we-non, and hence again, she observes:

"From the toil and excessive fatigue of this journey, Mr. Chandler never recovered. His health soon began to decline—his physical powers seemed nearly exhausted, so that a very little extra exertion, either bodily or mental, would entirely overcome him. He however supposed that his weakness was occasioned by excessive fatigue; and expected he should soon recover his usual good health. In June, the presiding elder of the District visited the mission at the Sault, and at his request Mr. Chandler consented to remain at that station another year. Soon after brother H. left, his health declined more rapidly. He consulted with a physician, who urged the speedy relinquishment of all care, and exercise of body and mind; and also recommended a change of climate. He now determined to leave the first convenient opportunity. Arrangements were accordingly made; and

we finally took leave of our dear brethren and kind friends, at that place on the 20th of July. Crossing Lake Huron, we stopped on the St. Clair, about 40 miles north of Detroit, till the session of the Michigan Conference, Sept. 5th.

"I cannot give a better account of what followed than will be found in the following letter, addressed to his parents, soon after his death. From this letter I make the following extracts.

"The nature of his disease seemed to change with a change of climate. Still his health did not improve, but rather declined. He was able to walk about the most of the time, and preached occasionally. Such was the feeble state of his health, as the time of the session of Conference drew nigh, that with the advice of his presiding elder, he concluded to return to the East, and spend the winter with his friends in New-England, designing to return West in the spring, if his health should permit him to resume his labors. With this arrangement he left me, to attend the Conference at Tiffin, Ohio, after the close of which I was to meet him in Cleveland and proceed on our journey. I went to Cleveland according to agreement, but was disappointed in not meeting him there, and remained near a week without knowing why he was detained. While at Conference he changed his purpose, and concluded to be transferred to the Troy Conference; and went back to Michigan after our goods, which had been left there.

"He arrived in Cleveland on the 17th of Sept. I shall not soon forget his appearance as I met him on my way to church that Sabbath morning. He had evidently changed much for the worse during his absence; yet he seemed almost unconscious of his increasing debility. That evening he preached—the *last* attempt he ever made of addressing a congregation.

"Tuesday morning we left Cleveland; the next morning arrived at Buffalo, and went immediately on board a canal boat for Albany. The same day Mr. Chandler complained

of pain in his head and bones, and said he believed he had taken a violent cold—procured some medicine for the same, slept but little that night, and appeared more ill the next morning.

"A physician (one of our fellow passengers,) examined his pulse, and gave him more medicine—from which, however, he obtained little or no relief. We remained on the boat until Saturday noon. The fever returned every day with increasing violence, and he had now become too ill to proceed further. We stopped at the village of Jordan, Onondaga co., N. Y., 20 miles west of Syracuse. We were strangers, in a land of strangers; your son a trembling invalid, hardly able to walk from the boat to the nearest house, on the bank of the canal, which was but a few steps. When he laid his aching limbs upon a comfortable bed, 'Ah,' said he, as the tears rolled down his emaciated cheeks, 'how thankful should I be for this place of rest!'

"As soon as our situation was made known to the preacher then stationed there, (the Rev. John Lovey,) he called and kindly invited us to a home in his house, where, for the succeeding days, every possible kindness and attention that hospitality and christian sympathy could suggest, were shown us. A physician was immediately called, who attended him to the last. The first attack of the fever was violent, and while we remained on the boat he suffered much. After we stopped, his pains were less severe. The fever still continued, though with less violence. So reduced was his system previous to this last attack, that medicine had little or no effect. His strength was gone, and his constitution, once so firm, was broken. Disease, with a firm, unyielding grasp, had laid his hand upon him. The fever continued twelve days without intermission. During this time he was constantly under the influence of medicine. Most of the time he lay quiet—conversed little—seemed very anxious that his medicine should have the desired effect. No murmur

or complaint escaped him. His mind was constantly calm and composed—thankful for every attention.

“Sabbath, Sept. 30th, the fever seemed to have entirely left him. He was free from pain, and inclined to sleep. This we thought a favorable omen that he would now begin to recover. The next day he appeared much the same, though constantly becoming weaker. This morning his physician expressed doubts of his recovery—this was in conversation with brother L. Mr. C. afterwards told me the conversation which he had had with the doctor. He then said, “If anything can be done to raise me, let it be done speedily; for if I can live and serve God and his church a little longer, I shall be thankful; if not I shall die and go to heaven.” He conversed but little—slept most of the time through the day. Towards evening he appeared to be rapidly sinking. In answer to my inquiry, his physician said he feared he could not be raised; he thought he would continue until morning, and we might then hope for a favorable change. I told Mr. Chandler the conversation I had had with the doctor. “Well,” said he, “the will of the Lord be done.” Seeing me weeping, he very cheerfully said, “I know you do not wish to afflict me.” “Certainly not,” I replied; “does it afflict you to see me weep?” “Yes, very much,” he replied; “I do not wish to have you weep *at all*; we must put our trust in God; he will take care of you.”

“About 10 o'clock that evening we thought him dying, and told him so. He again said, “The will of the Lord be done. I have no choice, to live or to die, just as the Lord will.”

“I asked him what message I should carry to his absent friends, if left to return alone. “Tell them,” said he, “I have tried to follow my Saviour, but I have not been so faithful in his service as I ought to have been; and I have cause on my dying bed to regret that I have not been more faithful in his service: yet tell them that through faith in Christ I shall be saved in heaven. Tell them I have not a

doubt but *all will be well*;—and O! I want they should all so live, as to be prepared to meet me there."

"He then expressed a wish that brother Lovey would read a portion of Scripture and pray with him. He seemed to understand and feel the force of what was read and said to him. He said to brother L., "Pray that I may have an abundant entrance into the kingdom of heaven." While brother L. was praying he often tried to raise his feeble voice and respond a hearty Amen, and several times made an unsuccessful attempt to clasp his hands in token of victory. Every cloud of darkness seemed now withdrawn, and his happy spirit did indeed exult in prospect of immediate glory. We all thought him dying—friends stood weeping around. He asked, "Am I dying?" Some one replied in the affirmative. He then in a whisper said to me, "Tell my absent friends that the glory I now enjoy exceeds everything I had ever anticipated, and of all the blessings of which I ever had any conception, this is the most consummate. Remember and tell them my words." He afterwards looked around upon us, and smiling asked, "*Do you not love to see me die?*"

"The family were all up with him through the night, brother L. often repeating portions of scripture and parts of hymns. He would listen with interest, and often reply—"Precious promises!"—"O how good!" Once during the night he heard sister L. in another part of the house singing to our babe. He exclaimed, "O how sweet!" and expressed a wish to have her sing in his room. The anthem composed from the last words of bishop McKendree were then sung. He seemed now in an extacy of joy.

"The whole of Monday night was spent in a similar manner. We thought several times that a few moments more would close the scene. Our babe was brought to him, and he kissed her and said, "She is a sweet child—we have dedicated her unto the Lord, and I shall meet her in glory." and parted with her, dear as she was to him, with the most

perfect composure. He thanked brother and sister L. for their unparalleled kindness, and added, "I can never reward you, but you will in heaven receive a rich reward." Once or twice he spoke something that we did not understand ;— his mind seemed a little wandering. This he discovered, and checked himself, saying, I know what I wish to express, but do not use right words to convey my meaning. I will not try to speak on that subject, but will think and speak about religion, for on that subject my mind is perfectly clear, and I can speak correctly."

"I asked him several times if he had any doubts or fears relative to his eternal salvation. "*Why no !*" was his constant reply. He spoke with much difficulty. I told him as long as he was sensible of what was passing around him, I wished him to answer our inquiries by a certain sign. Soon after daylight he spoke of having prayers again, and appeared to unite in the petitions as feelingly and understandingly as ever, and twice or thrice pronounced a hearty Amen. After this he spoke but little, but continued to answer our inquiries by the sign before agreed on. About 10 o'clock Tuesday morning, Oct. 2d, he looked around upon us all, and said, 'I can almost see home.' Then addressing himself to me, said, 'Do you love to think about going home?' These were the last words he uttered, though he appeared sensible to surrounding objects for some time afterwards. For an hour or more before he ceased to breathe, we could not ascertain that he saw or heard aught that was passing around him. His breathing became shorter, and his pulse more feeble, till 12 o'clock Tuesday noon, Oct. 2. when, without a struggle or groan, his spirit departed.

"Death was not to him the King of Terrors, but an angel of mercy. Though we were comparatively among strangers, many friends surrounded the bed of your dying son ; and all who witnessed his peaceful exit, felt that

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walks

Of virtuous life, quite on the verge of heaven."

"Death, with his icy touch, left a placid smile on his pale, emaciated features, and many who never saw the stranger till the spirit had fled, involuntarily exclaimed—"How pleasant!"

"The funeral was attended on Thursday following. The corpse was first removed to the meetinghouse, attended by six preachers, as bearers, and one who performed the funeral service. A solemn and impressive sermon was delivered by the Rev. R. Everdell, of the Black River Conference, from Job xix, 25, 26.

"The preacher spoke of the toils and privations through which his deceased brother had passed; of the grace which had sustained him under the severest trials; of the love of Christ, which had prompted to so much toil and sacrifice, to carry the gospel to the poor benighted Indians;—and he spoke too of that crown of glory which without doubt your son had already received; of the immortal honors with which he was already crowned. He administered words of consolation to the bereaved mourners; prayer was offered in behalf of his absent relations, and especially his aged parents, that when this afflictive intelligence should reach them, they might be divinely supported.

"We did not ascertain until after Mr. Chandler's death, that his sister M. and uncle S. resided but 16 miles from Jordan. At their request the corpse was removed to Amber village, and interred in the neighborhood where they reside. It was in the early part of the evening, when the procession arrived at the place of interment, where we found a small company waiting to assist in burying the corpse of the stranger.

"The full moon had just risen in all her silent grandeur; the glittering stars looked forth from the blue vault of heaven, and a mournful silence seemed to pervade the face of nature around. The funeral service was again pronounced in a deeply solemn and impressive manner; a prayer was again offered, while echo from the surrounding hills repeat-

ed each fervent supplication. Earth was then committed to earth, and dust to its fellow dust. Not one that assisted in this last act of kindness, ever beheld the form they interred. Here was a scene not soon to be forgotten ; the impressions then made cannot easily be effaced. I have given an imperfect sketch, and leave the rest to the powers of your own imagination.

“Respectfully yours,

“E. B. CHANDLER.

In bringing this memoir to a conclusion, the compiler feels that he should omit an important item, were he to withhold from the reader the following poetic production, containing so many allusions to the scenes of Mr. Chandler's triumphant death. As it belongs not to the memoir, it is appended as a treat to those who relish the tender, pathetic, and morally sublime, rarely found in the inspiration of the Muse. It is hardly needful to say it is from the pen of Mrs. Sigourney, and will entitle her to the lasting gratitude of all the friends of our lamented Chandler. It is entitled,

DEATH OF A MISSIONARY.

Would we had pressed a little further on,
A few miles nearer to my native hills ;
That so I might have placed thy hand, my love,
Within my father's hand, and laid our babe
Upon my mother's knee—that fond, true friend
Of my own infancy : then could I die
Content—content.

Thus spake the man of God,
Who, worn with missionary toils among the tribes
Of our bleak northern forests, sought once more
The home of his birth, to drink the breeze of health.
Then turn him patient to his work again.
Strong sickness laid him on a stranger's bed ;

And ere the ripening of his manhood's prime,
He felt the blight of death—amid the hopes
That clustered round his heart.

The murmuring sound
Of those old trees, the brooklet's song,
And the bright glittering of familiar things,
Loved in his earliest years, came sadly back,
Mocking his troubled dream. He waked to see
Strange faces round him, and to hear the tones
Of unknown voices, and to gird himself
For a returnless journey.

Fever's fire
Burned 'mid the ice of death upon his brow,
Crisping the heartstrings. Ling'ring was the strife
And fierce the pang that pierced him.

With cold hand,
The blessing of his father's God he laid
Upon the fair brow of his darling child;
And bade adieu to her who all his woes
Had shared with woman's changeless tenderness,
Then bowed himself to die.

But all at once,
Up, on his couch of tossing pain, he sprang,
And with emaciate finger pointing, cried,
"I see my HOME!—MY HOME!"

Unearthly joy
Quell'd the last agony, and the freed soul
Left heaven's own smile upon the breathless clay

It was an autumn evening, and the moon
Rose slowly up, in her full glorious pride,
Shedding strong lustre o'er a mournful group
Around an open grave. The words of prayer
Fell solemnly amid those lonely hills—
Like showering manna on the drooping soul,

Faint with its desert wanderings.

Stranger's tears
Gushed for the missionary, laid so low
With stranger dust; and tender pity sprang
In sternest natures, for a form that bent
Most desolate, in youthful widowhood,
Beside that yawning pit; a sleeping babe
Clasped to her bosom.

Who may know her grief?
The red browed children in their cabins rude,
Far toward the stormy North, must look in vain,
And con their Sabbath tasks, and count the days
Ere the dear teacher come—and watching eyes
Of parent and of friend gaze vainly forth,
While twilight after twilight deepening takes
The blackness of the night—listing the step
That ne'er returns again.

But ye who trace,
In your lone wild, the missionary's grave,
(Unchronicled save by the heart of love,)
Think of the faith that nerved him, and the hope
That crowned his dying strife with victory.

L. H. S

Hartford, Conn. Aug. 6. 1839.

A P P E N D I X .

The following lines were presented to the compiler by a friend, with these prefatory remarks.

“Of all my acquaintance, I think I know no one in whose character is concentrated a richer cluster of gospel graces than adorned our lamented brother, D. M. Chandler. Having never sat under his ministration of the Word, I can say nothing of his talents as a preacher of the gospel; but though he may have been less brilliant than some, yet for a young man of his opportunity for literary acquirements, I believe him to have been quite respectable. But a preacher is not to be estimated principally by his natural gifts, or mental acquirements; if so, the graceless hireling might be valued above many a ‘chosen vessel.’ He that is ‘called of God as was Aaron’—who has received the ministerial unction, and thro’ faith overcome the world, the flesh and the devil, is the greatest man, the best Christian, and the most efficient preacher. For ‘it is not by (human) might, nor by power, but by my SPIRIT, saith the Lord,’ that sinners are saved.

“The rare graces of perfect meekness and humility were striking traits in Mr. Chandler’s character; hence he was inoffensive, self-denying, and winning, beyond most men professing godliness. Your history of his warfare, though brief, will give full proof of his being possessed of living faith, that prompted to the most active perseverance.

“Though my acquaintance with him was short, he won my entire approbation: and by his fruits he may be known and

read of all men, who shall become acquainted with his memoirs, which you are about to give to the world.

"Long will the red brethren mourn their loss; and his friends and the church, while they acquiesce in the Divine will, lament their early bereavement, and to human view, his untimely fall. But he has blest them by his example, by which he has bequeathed them a richer legacy than long life is wont to bestow. In fine, I say with Cowper,

"I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is *honest* in the sacred cause.
'Tis such I render more than mere respect,
Whose actions say that they respect themselves."

My reflections on Br. Chandler's life and death, have led me to pen the following lines, as a *heartly*, though small, tribute to his memory, which I submit to your disposal.

Yours respectfully,

FRATER

Meakton, Sept. 10, 1841.

When Christian soldiers, clad in armour bright,
Forsake their friends, in foreign fields to fight,
By zeal inspired the slaves of sin to save,
And light up hope beyond the gloomy grave;
By HIM commissioned, whose elective call
To gentiles sent the great apostle Paul,
To preach those truths by inspiration given,
That make men wise, and fit them here for heaven—
The church rejoices—knowing God will bless
Whom he deutes, with grace and sure success.

Vain man—when pass'd the academic hall,
Accounts his gifts an ample gospel call;
But worldly wisdom ineffectual proves;

The Spirit works by him the Spirit moves.
 Such feel like Paul—to me is certain wo
 If I preach not—for Jesus bids me go.
 While others preach when preaching most shall please,
 Still moved by love of interest and of ease;
 When fortune flatters with a richer call,
 These watchmen flee, forsaking Zion's wall—
 And well they may, and never feel distress'd,
 Their heartless labors God has never blest;
 They were not wanted on the watchman's post
 While unanointed of the Holy Ghost :
 Their words fall fruitless, save they sometimes kill,
 When they *reveal* God's *un-revealed* will.
 The worldly wise are foolish at the best,
 If not of heavenly wisdom too possessed.
 (These gospel truths no man will dare deny,
 Nor take offence, unless these truths apply.)
 But those God sends to bear the crimson cross.
 Feel in their souls no sacrifice is loss ;
 Their work and calling they can never choose,
 When God says go, they would not dare refuse ;
 They have a choice—but then 'tis to *obey*,
 Or condemnation will not long delay.
 So Chandler felt, when by the Spirit's aid
 To former friends he first a visit made ;
 From house to house—so faithful to his trust,
 An old backslider cried for mercy first.
 (And none are harder in the ranks of sin
 Than old apostates from the truth have been.)
 Then scornful sceptics all their sins confess'd,
 And thirty souls were soon with pardon blest.

See here the proof of Chandler's heavenly call—
 His words were written on the hearts of all.
 How true that Christ is with his servants still,
 Who yield obedience to his gracious will;
 And thousand proofs attest the truth we cherish

Those who forsake Him shall forever perish ;
As all may know who to his truth attend,
He saves the soul that's faithful to the end.
When Daniel felt his mission was of God,
He paused to counsel—not with flesh and blood ;
Revealed the secret on his heart impressed
To those whose judgment he considered best ;
Whose long experience in the gospel field,
Might guide his mind as duty was revealed.
The duty most upon his mind imprest
Was to preach Christ to Indians in the west ;
His heart was fix'd, but when and where to go.
Were points he wished most anxiously to know.
To heaven in fervent prayer he oft appealed—
Ere long his duty Providence revealed.

Now HE whose presence all creation fills,
And works by whom his sovereign pleasure wills,
Beholds in Daniel ancient Daniel's zeal ;
A heart to trust, as well as heart to feel ;
More ready now a martyr's death to die,
Than once his Lord and Master to deny,
Sent from the woods the Macedonian cry.
Come thou, and save poor Indians ere they die !
The cry direct reached Daniel's open ear—
He paused and prayed—God made his duty clear.
A thousand ties to kindred in the flesh,
And strong temptations stormed his heart afresh :
The way was long, and dreary was the wood,
And who can do the ruthless savage good ?
Ke-wa-we-non lies on Superior's shore,
Where winter's blasts both long and fiercely roar.
The faithless savage none can safely trust
Yet God says go, and go I will and *must*.
Since His I am, of me he may dispose,
To live with friends, or die with savage foes.
Christ died for me, and shall I dare complain,

Though doomed by barb'rous red men to be slain !
I'll go—thou God of Israel guide the way,
And let thy truth light up salvation's day;
In the far west, 'mid truth's benighted foes,
Bid wilds be glad and blossom as the rose.

His bold resolve but few had understood,
Till advertised to thousands in the wood :
To crowds collected 'round the preacher's stand,
He said I'm going to a heathen land,
To tell red men, in native darkness bound,
What a dear Saviour Christian men have found.
Though hard to part with friends to me so dear,
And nearest kindred now assembled here,
Yet gladly I with savage tribes will dwell,
To preach that Jesus whom I love so well.
Friends, pray for me, that I may faithful prove,
And live and die in Jesus' work and love.
And if I see your face on earth no more,
God grant we meet on life's immortal shore,
In Jesus' presence evermore to dwell,
Where we shall say no more, dear friends, *farewell!*

His safe arrival 'mong the tawny race,
And hearty welcome by the heirs of grace,
Gave joy to thousands in this land of light,
Who mourn the pagan's long protracted night.
His zeal and labors equaled our desire,
His heart was fervent with celestial fire ;
His soul was happy in the howling waste,
In meetings often had a heavenly feast,
Content to live and labor for the Lord,
And ever ready for his last reward.

Four years thus spent made expectation bold,
And though the fruit in time may not be told,
Yet faith could see, as with prophetic eye,
The day of their redemption draweth nigh.

The groves grow vocal with the Saviour's praise,
And fervent prayers prevent the morning rays ;
While deep devotions in the wildest wood,
Are closed with—"Glory—glory!—God is good!"

Oft Chippeways to Daniel's hut retire,
And pray till all are warm with heavenly fire ;
And as he says, so ardent is their praise,
Their hearts burst out as with a burning blaze.
The pagan marvels at their mighty joys,
And soon his soul his anxious thoughts employs ;
Prevailing prayers, united with his own,
Soon bring down blessings from the heavenly throne;
The savage heart by grace is soon subdued,
The ransomed rebel rises all renewed ;
With admiration gazes all around,
Has lost *himself*, but has the Saviour found.
The voice of praise is sounded loud and long,
And shouts of glory close the grateful song.

Daniel retires rejoicing in the Lord,
While he sits down his goodness to record ;
Turns in to rest, to rise again at four,
When he bows down to worship and adore.
From lodge to lodge, as by his Master sent,
He through the day exhorts them to repent ;
The Spirit working as his works increase,
Has Christ within, and all around him peace.

Christians, sound the jubilee,
Jesus sets the savage free—
Tames the wild, untutored race,
Harmonized by heavenly grace;
As their faith and love increase,
So their souls o'erflow with peace.

Lo, instead of savage yells,
Sounding through the deepest dells,

Indian cries, in mellowed tones,
Mingling prayers with mighty groans,
Strike the wandering wild man's ear,
From Isle La Point to Lake St. Clair.
Zion's songs are loudly sung
In the Indian's native tongue.
Beasts, when wandering from their lair,
Listen now to praise and prayer,
Charmed with sounds so new and sweet,
Scarcely fear their foes to meet.

Chandler labors not in vain,
God is with him to sustain—
Fruit he sees, and grace he feels,
God his mercy so reveals.

Others labor with success,
In this boundless wilderness.
Wandering through these regions dark,
Lo, I hear the voice of Clark !
Wearied oft with tedious tours,
Preaching still with all his powers;
Truth still blooms and blessings bears,
Watered by this preacher's prayers ;
Still his voice, both loud and sweet,
Fixes his hearers to their seat—
Charming every listening ear,
Loth or willing truth to hear,
Clark collects, 'mong savage souls,
Many sheep to Jesus' fold.
Oft we hear the welcome news,
Grace the hardest heart subdues.

Glory, honor, thanks and praise,
Every heart to God should raise,
For the fruit already given,
Ripening for the rest of heaven.

But hark !—a note of sorrow rides the gale!—
 I seem to hear a mourning widow's wail!
 The voice I know, but new and sad the tone ;
 Attend ! ah, sure 'tis lonely widow's moan !
 'Tis her ! she comes in sorrow's mantle clad,
 Her eyes with weeping dim, her heart how sad !
 Ah ! how unlike the cheerful smiling bride,
 When last I saw her by her Daniel's side !
 Ah ! sister, whence and why thy sad'ning look ?
 Has God from thee so soon his servant took ?
 "Most true ! the saint to me so kindly given,
 Has God in wisdom taken up to heaven.
 Worn down with toils in his extensive field,
 He sunk to rise when death his prey shall yield.
 His arms were bright, and when he laid them down.
 He smiling took the everlasting crown.
 Poor Indians mourn in tones of sorrow deep—
 Who next will go to guide these wandering sheep ?
 Their shepherd gone, the sheep will shortly stray,
 And savage foes make many souls a prey.
 My babe, if spared, memento long will prove
 Of him so worthy of her mother's love.
 O may she live a child of heavenly grace,
 And like her father, die in Christ's embrace.
 My tedious tour I never can lament ;
 God's grace supports all whom his Spirit sent,
 I gloried in a missionary life,
 With one so worthy of a better wife."

Thy tale is sad. My heart affects my eyes,
 And thousand hearts with thee will sympathize
 But, praise the Lord ! the hand that laid him low
 Hath raised him high above this vale of wo.
 Does fancy work ?—or do I hear him sing
 Sweet hallelujahs to his heavenly King ?
 Train up thy babe in wisdom's perfect ways,
 That she may be thy comfort and thy praise.

Could pencil paint in cherub charms
 The infant saint now in your arms,
 I'd dip my brush in brightest hue,
 And dedicate the draught to you.
 O may her grace outshine her face,
 And give a lustre to her charms,
 That she may go from scenes below,
 As went her father in his Saviour's arms.

Strike the harp to sorrow's strain,
 Mourning minstrel, now deplore;
 Death has struck a blow that pains,
 Great the loss the church sustains,
 Zion's watchman is no more.

Who will next the trumpet blow
 'Mong the wanderers of the west?
 Who the precious seed will sow,
 Guard the flock from every foe,
 Now their shepherd's gone to rest?

Savage monsters lent an ear,
 Charmed with sound of gospel peace;
 Many hearts were wont to hear,
 Brought forth fruits that still appear,
 Which, if watered, will increase.

God alone the breach repairs,
 He will hear his children's cry:
 Raise to him your fervent prayers,
 Rest on him your sacred cares,
 All your wants he will supply.

Bring your off'rings, trust his grace,
 Though the harvest yield be large
 Regions now a barren waste,
 Soon the heavenly feast may taste;
 God will not forsake his charge.

Lo! on far Pacific's shore,
He has gracious wonders wrought;
There the natives too adore,
Bow his blessing to implore,
Nor in vain have hundreds sought.

Blest is he whom Jesus calls,
Qualified by heavenly grace ;
Soon to stand on Zion's walls,
Ere another watchman falls,
There to fill gone Daniel's place.

Happy youth, so highly blest!
Say, O Lord! I go, I go!
Toil is sweet and labor rest,
When of Jesus I'm possess'd,
All his faithful servants know.

Go, then, sound the Saviour's name,
'Mong the wild men of the west ;
Whom he sends he will sustain,
Comfort them while they remain,
Then receive them to his rest.

Chandler fell, but fell to rise,
High above earth's highest seat;
Crowned with glory 'bove the skies,
Where ere long will all the wise
Christ their gracious Master meet.

Go then, meet the Saviour's foes,
Every wand'ring sheep reclaim;
Earth and hell in vain oppose ;
Christ will conquer all his foes ;
Glory to his holy name !