

from the bondage of Superstition, and mental darkness, in which they are involved. They have no idea of a God of mercy and love-willing to do them good; but, believe, that, an angry Being is always ready to kill and devour them, for the neglect of the smallest matter imaginable; and, under such impressions, they frequently sicken, pine away, and die.

When I told them, my God was good, and took care of me wherever I went, and heard me, when I prayed to him, by night or by day! - They said, they had no such God, "their God only punished, and killed them."

Among these tribes, I always thought it most proper, to pray publicly, first explaining what I was about to do: - and, tho' the natives did not understand what I said, the performance of this duty supplied me with matter for conversation tending to their edification.

If they wished to know what I prayed for - I told them - that I might be preserved in health, and from every accident, while travelling thro' their country: and that my God might send them Missionaries to teach them his book, put an end to their wars, and obtain plenty of wheat and Cattle, that their wives and children might have enough of bread and animal food to eat &c. - They paid great attention in hearing all this, saying repeatedly "these things - very good - very good."

In this manner the week ended with us. and we retired to rest for the night. 20<sup>th</sup> - Sabbath day, I had made it known that I would stop another day with Mowetta.