

with Dr. Taylor, as I am sending no orders anywhere out of the country for anything.

We thank you sincerely for so promptly sending to our assistance Brother Semmens. He is beloved by us all. He has won golden opinions at the Fort among the whites, and the Indians at once felt to love a missionary, who was willing to travel the whole length of Winnipeg, in the depth of winter, to come to the assistance of their sick missionary, in giving

them the Word of Life. On account of his parents he seems to lean towards the white work; but I have not the slightest doubt but that he is, in every respect, adapted to the Indian work. He is also beloved by all. My light is eclipsed, but I am warmed and cheered by the brighter one that has dawned upon us.

I pray earnestly for guidance myself, and ask the Great Head of the Church to direct and bless you all.

*From the REV. J. SEMMENS, dated Rossville, Norway House, April 18th, 1873.*

Last time we wrote you we intimated that we were about to visit Cross Lake, where several bands of Pagan Indians usually reside. Since that, the trip has been completed. I had expected to go under the protecting wing of Brother E. R. Young on this, my first trip, for he is now considered an experienced voyager, but was disappointed. The sickness of our beloved Brother Memotas (an acceptable local preacher and faithful class-leader, since gone triumphantly home), made it necessary for one of us to stay at home, and Brother Y. remained, sending me off with the two Indians he had hired.

After making half a dozen portages, and crossing as many beautiful lakes, we reached the island, where ten or more of the Hudson's Bay Company's servants are lumbering, and we talked to them of the religion of the Bible, and tried to preach Christ and him crucified. Next morning we hurried on our journey; called at the fishery close by where many of our own Indians are securing food for their families at home; but as these returned regularly to N. H. on Saturdays, we exchanged congratulations and passed on. Here we came to one of the natural curiosities of this country; a broad, deep and rapid river rolls along here all winter without freezing over. The trees around were laden with ice crystals; and as the sun shot its first golden beams through the coated branches, the sight was inexpressibly grand. Across another lake, and then down into a deep, dark valley, and when we were at the bottom, the sun

shone full down upon us from the other side. I could not help but pray, "When I come down to the valley and shadow of death, shine thou into its gloom, O Lord!" It was late in the day when we reached our first village, if four or five miserable huts, with no chimneys, but some holes in the roof, and no floors but the ones nature laid; and no chairs, no tables, no beds but the ground, could compose a village. Here we found a few poor sheep that had strayed from Rossville. We talked to them of the Good Shepherd; administered the sacrament to such as are in good standing here; had a prayer-meeting with them and departed. In the evening of the next day, as we were nearing our second village, the "guide" threw up his hands and shouted, "The ice is poor here, stop your dogs!" He then took his axe and felt his way toward the shore. One place was so weak that the first blow sent his axe through into the water, and several times he found the ice too weak to venture. At length he found safer ice, and told us to "come on," and we, with fear and trembling, obeyed his command, and got safely over. Lord, when we are in danger of sinking, mark thou out our pathway of safety, and, though it be with fear and trembling, we will follow at thy bidding. At our second village we found a few Indians of the inland class, and talked to them of Jesus and his love, and can only pray that that which was sown in weakness may be raised in power. Here we found that the Pagans were far away in the woods, and that it would be useless to con-