

in James Gray's little house instead of in the church, and have the baptism at the same time. But there were more people than the house would hold, so we had the regular service in the church, and an after service in the house. About sixteen or seventeen Indians attended. One of these, a medicine man, and his wife, came to see the sick girl. We had a short but impressive service in that small Indian house. Though much in advance of the old Indian tepee, our environments showed very little of the comforts that we consider a necessity in our homes. But the rudest hut that God is pleased to bless with His presence has more of comfort and true happiness in it than the richest mansion where there is no love or fear of God, and although the extra service left me no time to take dinner before the next service, yet I felt I could say with Peter when on the Mount, "It is good for us to be here, for I believe God was with us in that humble Indian home. Maggie Gray, the mother of the girl, after the baptism, said she wanted to say a few words. She said when she went to Regina and saw her daughter she had little hope of ever seeing her home alive. But she made it a matter of prayer to God and she believed God had helped her and granted her request, she said I have seen other friends die, but I never had a child of my own die and this is my only child and the thought of her being taken away from me loaded my heart down with sorrow. I don't know much, but I know God, and I read His word and pray to Him, and I leave everything in His hands. I want you also to write to Rev. Mr. McLeod, at Regina, and thank him for his kindness to us. They did all they could for my girl before I went there, and they did all they could for me and my daughter as long as we were there. As I drove away from the house I felt that poor Indian woman had borne good testimony to the Grace of God and the Christian religion before her fellow Christians, and especially before the heathen Indian and his wife who have not started to come to church yet, but they receive the missionary kindly when visiting them in their home.

We had a letter a few weeks ago from an Indian woman now in the States that cheered our hearts—a woman that was sent away from here in the most cruel and heartless way by her husband two years ago. She wrote us a kind letter and asks for her certificate of Church membership, which shows that in her very trying circumstances she clings to her religion and the God of her help and comfort.

The Holy Spirit Moving upon the Hearts of the Young.

FROM REV. HUGH M'KAY.

Round Lake, Whitewood P. O., Assa, Dec. 11, 1895.

I have just been reading your kind letter to Mrs. McKay, and I am now to spend an hour in writing to you. It is 7 p.m., at 8 the bell will ring and I must stop. I fear you will be weary before you get through reading.

Mrs. McKay went up this evening to visit her mother; the day has been bright and beautiful. The snow has disappeared in the valley and the cattle are all feeding out. Mrs. McKay is kept very busy with our large family, she works too hard. I persuaded her to go out this evening, so I try to take