

of Jerusalem of old, and the promise is, that they shall still be built in such. Aye, they shall be built, and it becomes us not to let our hands hang down; every form of delusion shall perish, and the cope stone shall be placed on the wall amid shoutings—Favour, favour to it; favour did it all; and then the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day. M.

Missionary Intelligence.

OUR OWN MISSIONS.

Letters have been received from Rev. J. Black, Red River, of date 22nd February, and from Rev. J. Nisbet, Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, of date 13th January. The mission families were all well. There is no recent intelligence from British Columbia. Letters are expected from Messrs. Jamieson and Aitken.

LETTER FROM REV. J. NISBET.

PRINCE ALBERT, SASKATCHEWAN,
January 12, 1869.

TO THE SABBATH SCHOOLS OF THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Although I had several opportunities of writing since I returned to the Mission, I had too short notice to write a letter for you; but from other letters that I have sent, you may have heard of my return to this place, and what I have been doing since I came here.

In my long journey I was mercifully preserved by our Heavenly Father, by railways and steamboats, and across the great plains with the horses, oxen and carts. I was kept in safety, and no accident of any kind happened to me or any of those who travelled with me. I left Oakville (my old home in the province) on the 17th of July, and arrived at the Mission on the 26th of September, having spent two weeks at the Red River Settlement by the way.

What grieved me most when I returned here was to find that the parents of the twin girls that we had taken to bring up had foolishly taken them away from the Mission, on the plea that they had been given to Mrs. Nisbet and myself, and to nobody else; they would have brought them back almost at once, but the friends that I had left in charge, thought it best not to take them back until we ourselves should be at home and do as we might think best in the circumstances. You may imagine how I felt when I reached Carleton House (sixty miles from the Mission), to find that just the day before, poor Annie, one of these twins, died there. She had fallen from a cart some time before, and through neglect she never recovered from the injury she received. I saw the father, who bitterly laments his folly in taking the children from the Mission, and he pleaded with me to take Bella back again, and he would never act so foolishly in the future.

A few days after we reached the Mission, the family came down here, and we took Bella back to the Mission, and she is now making very good progress in school. I think the poor parents have got a lesson they will not readily forget. They would like us to take some others of their children, but we cannot take any more until we have more accommodation for them. Besides, we have not the means of clothing more children