

no fire-water, and everybody remarks "How changed is Fort Simpson."

The watch meeting, that grand old institution of Methodism, was not to be lost sight of; we had a short sermon and prayer meeting at the close, a very solemn time in that old dark, bark-covered Indian house, once a place of heathen feasting and dancing; now covered with canoe sails and very nicely decorated with evergreens, and between four and five hundred people bowed in silence before the Lord, was a scene never to be forgotten, and such happiness and pleasure there was in seeing them as they all shook hands and wished one another a happy new year, as they could best express it. In the evening we had the magic lantern, which was a grand treat to them, and seemed to instruct as well as amuse them very much. We commenced special services Jan. 2nd, and now every afternoon at four o'clock the altar is crowded with those who profess to be "seeking for Jesus." Their tears and their cries are an evidence of their sincerity. One man said, "Now, my brothers and sisters, I got the mark in Victoria some time ago, (referring to his being baptized) but when I came home here the devil met me and knocked me down (referring to a quarrel he had with a friend); I have been in the woods ever since, but now I am going to arise and go to my Father," and his heart filled; and at another time he said: "Yes, I was upset from my canoe and nearly lost, but I have got on board a *good big canoe*. You may all come on board my dear friends; don't sit there where you are, it's cold. Come to Jesus; we who are in Jesus' canoe—we are warm, come, come!" Many more exhortations might be given of those who have found Jesus.

But, Oh for soul-converting power to sweep through this land! May we hear of showers of blessings all over this Dominion of ours, yea, on brethren across the Pacific waters in Japan. May we hear of glorious news. I hope we shall see some such as David Sallaselton of precious memory raised up here, who will go

out with the message of peace and good will to men, to the thousands around us who are still in darkness!

We need the land reserve question settled here, and hope that the Indian commission will visit us soon, and let us know where the Indian land is to be; then we hope the people will build a better class of houses. At a meeting which was called for the purpose of having their words written down, I took the speeches, some of which will be very interesting to you.

The Indians wishing to send their words to their Christian friends in Ontario and Quebec, a public meeting was held, and some of the principal men spoke as follows:

CLAH.—"God knows my heart. About three years ago I heard about God; then I travelled about five hundred miles to find Jesus. Another year I went North again, and when I came back I found just what I wished. It was as when the snow comes down from heaven; I saw a track and did not know what it was—now I find it was Jesus. I say now, to all my friends, 'Come.' If I am in a great storm I know it cannot hurt me. And now I do thank God that he has sent the Missionary, and I thank the good people of Canada for their help. I pray much that I may see the house of God put up. Long ago I was blind, and now God has opened my eyes. I hope the good people of Canada will still pray for us, for we are very dark; and I send my love to Dr. Wood, the chief who looks after the missions."

GEMK.—"My friends, I wish to send my words to you, to tell you how my heart feels. Long ago I was as though in a thick fog, and while in this blind state something came to me—it was like something warm—it opened my eyes; yes, I believe it was Jesus, and now it is light—all light. I thank the good people of Canada for sending us help."

NEAH-WO-TO.—"A long time ago there was a missionary here. He held us like a big raft—then the rope broke and the Missionary left us. (This refers to Mr. Duncan, who first