

dures forever—the latter perishes. Let Elders, Deacons, lay workers in every sphere, private members, examine themselves and weigh their little labours in the impartial scales, and see if that which prompts them is worthy the name of devotion.

Missionary Intelligence.

LETTER FROM REV. JAMES NISBET.

We are in receipt of a letter from Mr. Nisbet of date July 8th.

After some paragraphs of a more private and less important nature he says:—

I have not yet heard if Mr. Vincent or any other is on the way. In whatever case I believe I must leave with my family not later than the close of next month, if Mrs. N. shall be well enough to travel, and if one is not here to take my place the Presbytery of Manitoba must send one of its ministers to remain till my return.

We have been occupying our little church for the last three Sabbaths. The walls were put up just before seedtime, and now we have only some plastering to do to it, unless we could get boards prepared to weather board it outside; but, even without that, it has a very respectable appearance. It is a neat comfortable building, with open belfry-shaft and vane. It contains 120 sittings, and more may be provided when required. The people have given a good deal of voluntary help; but the greater part, by far, of the work has been done by ourselves, considerably to the neglect of my garden.

Of late there have been more deaths among our Indians than ever since our coming among them, chiefly from a kind of bilious fever. I am not without hope that good will flow therefrom. One old man (not yet persuaded to be a christian) thus addressed his dying son. "You know, my son, the white man tells us that the Great God is merciful, that He sent His Son into the world to die for us and to save us, and that He will take us to heaven when we die. You believe *that*, my son. God will be merciful to you; you are going to leave us, but Jesus will take you to heaven, and I will do the best I can to follow you to that place." The father of that boy has a good deal of knowledge of our religion, having often attended our services.

When the spring camp broke up, an aged couple were left near the Mission. They had never manifested any particular desire to become christians; but after their friends had left, first the old woman began to attend our evening worship, and then the old man also made his appearance, and much to our surprise, he *knelt* at prayer, (a sure token among the Indians that one is turning to the christian religion). One evening he returned from gathering eggs in the swamps, and complained of being sick, and asked for medicine, which he got. In a day or two it became evident that he had erysipelas of a very bad kind; we did what we could for him, but the disease made rapid progress. As the disease advanced he said to Mr. McKay that he had long intended to become a christian, and now that he knew that he would not live long, he wished to be baptized. I went to talk with him, but he was too weak, and his mind wandering too, often to have sufficient conversation with him to warrant the administration of the ordinance.