

upon the German mind. I found a German and his wife who have no children, no friends in America, and but few acquaintances. At Christmas time the thought of friends and fatherland was strong, and Christmas could not be allowed to pass without the Christmas tree. Considerable time and effort were spent in adorning it, and who can tell what a variety of thoughts passed through their minds as they gazed upon the illumination. This incident illustrates the taste of the German mind, and in passing I may give another illustration. The Germans are very fond of flowers. The families referred to were so charmed with the appearance of the country last summer, which they said was like a vast flower-garden, that they gave to their settlement the name "Blumenfeld" (flower-field).

I may add in conclusion, that I was

highly pleased on my way to "Blumenfeld" to meet with Bro. Walton, of Woodlands and Poplar Point mission, and to accompany him to a revival service at Baie St. Paul, where I spent a day and two evenings with him. The meeting had been in progress some two weeks, and fifteen persons had presented themselves as seekers of salvation, some of whom had been made very happy in a consciousness of their acceptance with God. I shall not soon forget this my first visit among the half-breed natives of this country, or the impressions produced by their earnest singing, and by their petitions and relations of Christian experience in English and in Cree. I left Bro. Walton rejoicing in the opportunity of thus labouring for the Master, and determined to prosecute the good work still further. May his labors be crowned with abundant success. Truly the harvest is great.

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*From the Rev. J. WALTON, dated Woodlands, March 4th, 1876.*

I found this mission very difficult to work, inasmuch as it is divided by a lake running east and west, causing an immense amount of extra driving during the summer months, in order to get round it.

It was usual for me to drive twenty-five miles and hold three services, often breakfasting early in the morning, and not tasting food until after the evening service, the great distances, and hours of appointment not giving time enough to stay for meals.

During the winter, acting on the suggestion of the chairman, the work was so arranged as to relieve me of the large amount of travel, as now I leave Woodlands each alternate week only, instead of every week, as formerly.

On the 14th of December I commenced an appointment at Baie St. Paul. The neighbourhood is thickly settled by French and English half-breeds. Upwards of fifty came out the first night, and so powerful was the feeling, I announced for services the whole of the week. Many of them had never heard a Methodist preacher before. The fourth night an invitation to penitents to come forward for

prayer was given; twelve responded: from that night the meetings were seasons of rich blessing; our dear brethren and sisters from Poplar Point came ten miles almost every night to help us.

After continuing the services four weeks there were twenty professed to have found peace in Jesus, fifteen of whom joined with us. A class was formed under the leadership of Bro. Cunningham, a young man who was converted in the meetings held at Poplar Point two years ago. I suppose more would have joined with us, but they are only staying there for the winter, as the hay and wood is more plentiful there than in older settlements where they have been living. Immediately after closing the above-mentioned services, I held services for five weeks in Woodlands. During part of the time Bro. Morrison kindly assisted, and carried on the meeting during my absence on the other part of the mission. We had not much success, the reason for which several causes may be assigned. The neighbourhood is not thickly settled, the lots are half a mile square, and many