

One of our pupils who had been blessed in this gracious awakening, and in whose heart burned the fire of love to Christ and for precious souls, went to spend her summer vacation with a married sister of hers, living in the vicinity of Sherbrooke city. Her main reason for going there was to labor for the salvation of that beloved sister, her husband and their children. Their home is in a new settlement, four miles from the city, and where they had no public religious privileges. Our young sister started a Sunday-school in her brother-in-law's small log-house, gathering with this brother's family as many of the neighbors' children as she could. It soon became manifest that a larger place must be had for the auspicious school. The school-house was resorted to, but this being at considerable distance, it made it rather inconvenient for teacher and scholars to meet there. "Where there is a will there is a way," and never is this more true than when the will is under the influence and guidance of the Holy Spirit. The skirts of the virgin forest lay quite near the house of her brother, and with his aid our young friend prepared, under the tall and shady trees, a romantic and novel Sunday-school room. A rough board table and seats were put up that could serve also for a pic-nic. Boards were white-washed, and upon them were wrought, with tacks and evergreens, texts of Scripture, such as "God is love," and after which these boards were nailed to the trees. Sunday after Sunday the school met and increased in number and in interest. Adults (the parents of these children) began to attend. A prayer meeting was inaugurated, which followed the Sunday-school exercises. At first the teacher's voice only was heard, but soon the sister, and afterwards the brother and others ventured to call upon the Lord to bless them. The Lord heard these prayers, the spirit of conviction and conversion fell upon them, and the voice of pardoned sinners and the praises of converted souls were soon mingled with the songs of devotion. Brother, sister and three other heads of families were sincerely converted to Christ, and in the month of September it was my sweet privilege to consecrate the waters of the beautiful St. Francis river, by burying these happy converts into them, and "into Christ" by baptism.

During the last year we have been much encouraged by the frequent attendance of Roman Catholics at our meetings. On funeral occasions we always have a large number of them. This