

until death. To this many assented, and my way seemed blocked up. I addressed myself to the speaker, questioned him, warned him, admonished him, and before it was over he told me he was ashamed of himself, asked me to pray for him, offered me his children as candidates for baptism, and promised that at no distant day he himself would become Christian also. Others, who had come to disturb our gathering, sat with closed mouths, unable to say anything against Christianity or in favour of idolatry. Two had the boldness to offer themselves for baptism, and were baptized in the presence of their fellows. This is the first overt opposition I have met with, and I was glad of the opportunity of defending our religion against the false and debasing system of idol worship, in the presence of so many who knew not God. I am convinced that on my next visit to Poplar River some positive good may be accomplished, for the recent discussion will awaken comment and stimulate thoughts of a serious character.

Grand Rapids is a place of promise, though little or nothing has heretofore been done for it. I have visited it on two occasions now, and the people seem decided to seek God through His Son. Such a trivial circumstance as the death of a baptized Indian child has had a wonderful effect on many. The child was about nine years of age, was baptized in 1877, and died the same year. He had heard us talk of heaven and its joys, had asked strange questions about the beautiful land beyond; and when death drew near, and weeping parents sorrowed

over the departing spirit, he turned to his father and said:—"Father, don't cry for me, I am going to Heaven where Jesus is; where people don't get sick any more. I shall be far happier there than I can be here with you." Never has anything like that been heard from a death-bed in Grand Rapids before, and the people say that if Christianity could do that for even a child it can do much more for them. I feel warranted in using the circumstance and in exciting them to expect even greater things than these. Who can tell? Perhaps at no distant day we may have cheering records of triumphant death-bed scenes even from Grand Rapids.

Fisher River people are suffering from a scarcity of food just now. Some only eat once a day, and it is reported that others in the desperation of starvation have devoured their dogs. Without being able to contradict this statement I feel bound to regard it with suspicion. This much is certain, that times are hard with all, and especially so with the old and infirm. They have appealed to me for relief, and I and the people of this place have contributed eight hundred white fish, the sum total of our ability to aid them. I expect to visit them soon, when I shall ascertain their wants and be able to write more fully of their sufferings.

Spiritually, I think them a dear, good people, earnest, devoted, true. There are many among them living witnesses of Jesus' power to save, and not a few who boldly say that for them to live is Christ, but to die would be gain.

#### WOODLANDS, MANITOBA.

*From the Rev. W. R. MORRISON, dated February 25th, 1875.*

I suppose it is time I was giving you more information respecting my work upon this field of labour. I have already informed you of my changing my boarding-place from Meadow Lea to Poplar Point. I

am now residing with Bro. John Setter, of that place, and on the whole am comfortably provided for. I find the change equally advantageous to my work.

The month of January was spent