

fish caught, and seven terrible months before them. Fortunately a good many have their cellars full of potatoes, and the prospects are good for abundance of game. The people came to me with their sorrows, and said they did the best they could, but the falling snow, uniting with the rapidly forming ice, was driven with such force against their nets as to tear them from their fastenings. I talked to them for about an hour, about the patient Job, of his losses and sorrows, so much greater than theirs; I cheered them by telling them how much better off we all were than he. We had our homes and families, and many other blessings. They listened with great attention, and seemed to forget their own losses in their sympathies for poor old Job. I urged them to imitate Job in his anxiety and solicitude for the spiritual welfare of his children, in his patience in his unbounded trust and confidence in God, which was not only an entire submission under the sore trials, but a hearty approval of the act. "He kissed the hand that held the rod." Then I requested them to open their syllabic Cree Bibles, and read with me from the tenth verse of the last chapter of the Book of Job. While reading it their bright eyes glistened and mirrored forth the joy and gladness that had welled up in their souls. I closed by urging them to do the very best they could, and to trust in God, and all would be for the best; that this was a world of losses and disappointments, and that I could not tell them whether they would be richer or poorer in this life than they were now; but this I

could with confidence tell them, if they were faithful to the grace given, and lived up to the spiritual privileges bestowed upon them, by and by, when the storms of life were over, a home more lasting, riches more enduring, friendships more exalted, than ever Job had on earth, would be theirs in that land where they hunger no more, weep no more, die no more.

November 14th.

#### ENCOURAGING DISCOVERY.

The Lord has been better to us than our fears, and we desire with grateful hearts, to acknowledge His goodness to us and our people.

Although the number of nets was so diminished by the storms, the quantity of fish caught has been as great as ever, and in addition to this He, who sent the quails to the Israelites in their extremity, has sent us large numbers of partridges and the beautiful ptarmigan. The men are shooting them, and the boys and women are catching them in snares.

Mr. Hamilton, the gentleman in charge of this Fort, has lately returned from Red River. The great storm met him at Poplar River, about a hundred miles south of this. Of course, it soon froze them in, and they were obliged to leave their boat there, and perform the rest of the journey on foot, carrying their provisions and blankets on their backs. He kindly brought me my packet of letters, &c., and the information that my flour is in his boat. My dog trains will be off after it in a few days.

#### WINNIPEG.

*Letter from the Rev. G. Young, dated January 12, 1872.*

Our new church, toward the building of which so many of our generous and zealous people, in different parts of our extended Dominion, have "desired" and done "liberal things," and for which I have toiled for so long a time, is now completed, and on the 17th of September last dedicated to the worship and glory of the only true God. Our congregations on that day were large, filling the church comfortably at each of the three services; and were

made up not exclusively of our own adherents, but of many representatives of the other Churches in the land, all of whom seemed to rejoice with us in the completion and opening of our beautiful sanctuary. But better than all this, we were greatly cheered in our services throughout the day by tokens of the Divine presence and approval; and were made to feel that it was good for us to be there. In view of the circumstances under which it was built,