

we have had beautiful weather, until yesterday, which was and is now very cold and frosty. We want a great deal of wood here. I was away at the third crossing of the White Mud River when the storm of last month began, which is forty-five miles north-west of this. If you had seen me on that night, in a little shanty, 15 x 12, when the wind whistled through the place, and was blowing my coarse hair over my eyes, while I was lathing and plastering the dirty thing with an old blanket, and chinking up the great holes between the logs with the legs of my pants,—you certainly would have laughed at the Yorkshire man for once in your life!

This is certainly missionary ground. I came over the prairie in the storm, and

not a house for twenty miles; I felt moved to rejoice in God my Saviour, that I was permitted to do anything in His vineyard. What a glorious work it is to tell those poor creatures that Jesus died to save every one of them. You speak of a small grant to an Interpreter among the Sioux Indians. I have done little among them,—not sufficient to warrant any grant whatever. I have always paid the parties small sums when I have been among them, which is very seldom. I cannot get them together. They are constantly moving about, and seem very indifferent about hearing the Gospel at all. I have taken ten into the church since I came. No remarkable conversions. All well; praise God for all His mercies.

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*From the Rev. E. R. YOUNG, dated Rossville Mission, Norway House, Aug. 29, 1872.*

It is with great weakness I write you this short note. Shortly after leaving Winnipeg I was seized with diarrhoea. I was exceedingly sick the last six days. We had a very disagreeable passage of twelve days. I think if I had not got home when I did, I never should have reached here alive. The disease is not yet cured. If I use strong remedies to stop it I am thrown into a violent fever, and then break out into the most profuse perspiration. I am so wasted away you would hardly know me. I cannot check it gently and restore nature to her natural work. I am so depressed and sad in spirits. I enjoyed the Conference in Winnipeg exceedingly. I felt the continued comforting presence of the Holy Spirit; but now I am under a

heavy cloud, and seem to have so very little faith or power to pray. In the midst of my gloom I can only keep saying, "Peace! doubting heart; my God's I am!" I know you will pray for me. I never was so sick before. I never had such fierce attacks from the devil. "O God, forsake me not!" Will you be so kind as to give my apologies to our honored President, Dr. Punshon, for my not having written, as promised, an account of Indian children's habits, amusements, &c. My sickness has unfitted me for everything. My people were glad to see me back; but alas! I cannot minister unto them. Timothy is pushing ahead at Beren's River.

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*From the same, dated Norway House, September 21st, 1872.*

I think I wrote you a letter when very sick, about a month ago. I had a bad attack of typhoid fever. I was very much depressed, mentally, and had some dark and gloomy hours; but the cloud passed away, and now, with a glad heart, I can exclaim, "The Lord is my light and my salvation," &c. I am very much thinner than when I was in Manitoba, and am still very weak; but I feel well, and am now able to attend to

my labors. One great drawback here to rapid recovery of wasted strength, is the difficulty of getting any of those little dainties, such as beef tea or chicken broth,—which the sick crave. We had in the house pork and pemmican; but at this season there is no fresh meat of any description. We get venison in March and April; wild geese in April. Fish have been very scarce, and are only now appearing. It has been a fearful