being shot down and scalped near Edmonton House. The Pagan Indians know no law but that of revenge. And now, satisfaction having been taken, it is more than probable that the two tribes may become reconciled to each other, and thus the way be opened up for our Mission amongst the Blackfeet.

The transaction, painful as it is, need not, I think, militate against our occupancy of that field of labor, as I believe that the Blackfoot nation, including the Blood Indians and Slave Indians (all speaking the same language), are as accessible as any other Indians.

If some noble, self-denying, heroic brother could be found, who has the faculty for acquiring languages, and could make the sacrifice consequent upon living *with* that people for two or three years, visiting the Company's forts occasionally, then you might anticipate marked success.

NORWAY HOUSE.

This Station is so much shut out from the busy world, and communications with it for one half of the year are of such rare occurrence, that any afflictive visitations resting upon the Mission family, or the Indian community, cannot be known in time to afford practical and sympathetic relief. We received with grief the statements of inconvenience, and even sufferings, endured at this Mission for want of food; doubtless, long before this, plentiful supplies have reached them. The Committee have had frequent occasions to speak in commendatory and grateful terms of the gentlemen in charge of the Hudson Bay Posts; to those at Norway House they are again under obligations for their noble and generous conduct in sharing with Mr. Young and his family "their last bag of flour."

NORWAY HOUSE, June 8th, 1869.

Through the abounding mercies of Providence our lives have been preserved, and we rejoice that after being isolated from the outside world for months, we have an opportunity of communicating with them.

We are still in the possession of our usual health, and are thankful for it, for we have seen some of the "dark shadows" of missionary life since last we wrote you. Starvation and sickness have made havoc in our numbers, and in common with our people we have felt the hand of pinching want. Often have our supplies been so scant, that as we have risen up, hungry from the table, we hardly knew where to turn, except upwards, for our next meal.

For months we have had fish for breakfast, dinner, and supper. We fared well when the nets yielded a good supply, but when the sum total amounted to but a small sucker, it was otherwise.

I often felt for my interpreter. He was a good fur hunter, and used to live well before I engaged him. I could not have blamed him had he left me, as for a time our nets yielded us nothing; and all we could buy, after going a long distance, amounted to but very little. One day he was so hungry that he went and scraped off some black moss that grows on the granite rocks, and ate it to keep himself alive.

The typhoid fever raged with much fatality among us in March and April. One week we had a funeral every day. Some of our members have fallen before its power, but in their hours of consciousness told me that, through believing in Christ, they had no fear of death, and desired, if the Good Spirit willed it so, that they should exchange this world of want and pain for that blest abode, where they hunger no more, and where the inhabitants never say, "I am sick."

I caught the fever while visiting at a house where four were sick at the