

being in their own snug cottages. I said to one woman with a large family, you have plenty of wood close at hand and can make large fires, and she replied:—"If I could only return to the comforts of my home at Garden River, I would cheerfully carry wood on my back from a long distance to make fires." Strong as their attachment to Garden River is, their dread of starvation was stronger, and several families who did not go to the fishing grounds, have been compelled to leave—some to join their relations at the Mines, and others to the American side, so that there are only a few families left on the reserve.

At the commencement of my letter, I mentioned the inclemency of the weather, and for the last month we have scarcely had a day in which it has not rained or snowed, and drifted. As soon as a few inches of snow had fallen, a strong east or north-west wind would spring up and raise the snow into dense and blinding clouds, and whirl them along with irresistible force, making an appearance like the dreadful simoon but less disastrous in its effects. We had some such weather as this on last Saturday week, when I went to the Sault. The storm very fortunately abated in some measure on Sunday morning and gave the people an opportunity of attending Divine Service, which was embraced thankfully by a goodly number. As it was the general wish that I should hold service on Christmas day at the Sault, I gave notice to that effect, and further, in due form, declared my purpose to administer on that day the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. As I was preparing to return for afternoon service at Garden River, I was summoned to attend a poor but very respectable woman who was lying dangerously ill, and wished to receive the Holy Communion. I spent more than an hour with her to her very great comfort. By that time the storm had recommenced and raged with increased violence. I set out, however, on my homeward journey, but I was obliged to protect myself, as well as I could, from the terrible wind and drifting snow, and allow the poor horse to go on at his pleasure or pain, there was no danger of missing the road, or of meeting any other sleigh. There was one event which seemed likely to happen, the anticipation of which gave me considerable uneasiness, namely:—the falling of some of those old pine trees, which then rocked to and fro, along the way, in the most threatening manner. Under God's good providence, however, I and my horse escaped being crushed by a falling pine, or frozen by the cold.

In order to counteract the alluring tendency of the midnight theatrical displays at the Romish chapel, and in order that I might be able to meet the wishes of my people here at the Sault, in having Divine Service there at eleven o'clock on Christmas day, I had service here at midnight. The Church was beautifully decorated, and when all the lamps were lighted, the whole effect to our unaccustomed eyes was very grand. The Indians came from every quarter, some even from the Bruce Mines, to join in the commemoration of our Saviour's nativity. The key-note sounded by the Angels at Bethlehem, was taken up by the Red Indians who sang heartily "Glory to God in the Highest." I concluded the very interesting service by administering the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. I retired to rest about three o'clock, and arose at half-past five to attend to my horse and to make the necessary preparations to go to the Sault, 12 miles distant. I left the Mission House at seven o'clock, the morning was dark and cloudy, as it grew lighter some snow began to fall. I arrived at the Sault in good time, and found the temporary Church most tastefully and beautifully decorated, and every preparation made to keep the holy festival of Christmas. The attendance was good, and the congregation joined heartily in prayer and praise, and listened attentively to my discourse from Gal. iv. 4, 5. I afterwards administered the Holy Sacrament to a goodly number of communicants, one of whom was Miss Patton from Peterborough, who was very kind to the Indian deputation there last year. Soon after I left the Sault on my return home, it began to rain, and poured down incessantly all the afternoon; as the rain fell on the trees and bushes, it was speedily converted into ice, and presented a most singular and beautiful appearance. Three hours, however, exposure to one in-