

meetings were appointed and for a time held in the Congregational Chapel; suffice it to say that in the spirit manifested by our people on the whole we felt cheering evidence that God was amongst us of a truth. Along with a general feeling of disapproval of what had the appearance at least of mere party zeal, there seemed to be a deeply prevailing fear lest the Holy Spirit should be grieved away, and an earnest desire after His continual presence. As the autumn advanced the roads became almost impassable, yet it did not occur to any one that the nightly meetings could be discontinued. It was with even renewed astonishment that I saw what numbers of young men and old, through darkness, rain, and mud, found their way to the house of prayer. The scene often presented at the close of the meeting was both picturesque and interesting, as in different directions the eye could trace the progress of the various groups of pedestrians by the blaze of the burning torches carried by the young men to guide them safely through the darkness.

The first Sabbath of the year was fixed on as our Communion Sabbath. Were it not that this paper is already by far too long, I would be tempted to dwell on some of the details of that season of charming interest and solemnity. Suffice it to say, we had the valuable and highly appreciated assistance of Mr. Anderson of Lancaster. We were privileged to admit sixty new members to our communion. Among these were fathers and mothers with their adult children, making the same blessed profession; the majority of them, however, were young people—the children of the Church. It was a day much to be remembered, such a day as Indian Lands had never seen.

About this time my health became seriously impaired, though still able to attend the meetings, I was obliged to curtail my share of the work and throw more of the burden on my faithful Elders and the beloved band of youthful Witnesses which the Lord had raised up around me. Here again we could sing, Jehovah-jireh. He sent us help in our time of need. Mr. McDonald of Winslow for a few days, and again Mr. Whyte of Osgoode, who laboured most unweariedly amongst us for nearly a fortnight. May he know to the full extent the blessing of "him that watereth" in being watered himself. More recently we have received valuable help from Mr. Cameron of Lochiel; and thus having obtained help of God we continue unto this day, encouraged to hope that the Lord's work is still progressing amongst us, a considerable number of inquirers being yet in our midst, from among whom one now and one then, professes to find the Saviour. Another encouragement in this hope we find in the earnestness He still puts in the hearts of his people for the coming of His kingdom. As yet they have not forsaken the assembling of themselves together, no twenty-four hours having yet passed since the opening of the church in which its walls have not resounded with the voice of praise and prayer.

In conclusion I would wish, if I have not already far exceeded the limits both of your patience and of your space, to mention one or two features of the work of God in Indian Lands, which make me hope well of its solid character. One feature on which I may perhaps lay more stress in this respect than some of my esteemed brethren may be disposed to do is the exclusive use and intense appreciation "of the good old Psalms of David." No one could listen to the soul stirring strains of that "grave sweet melody" without the conviction "it is revival singing," and yet we felt no need of revival hymns, sweet and refreshing as we find these, as we use them at the fire side. Again I have observed that the distinguishing doctrines of the Gospel—the doctrine of total depravity—the imputation of guilt—man's utter helplessness—God's electing love—the Spirit's sovereignty in the work of Regeneration—and kindred doctrines, were those most manifestly owned of God in carrying on His work.

Apologizing for the great length of this communication,

I remain, dear sir, yours very truly,

D. GORDON.

Manse, Indian Lands, April 6th, 1865.